

WITH THE BOYS IN CAMP.

HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES WHEN UNDER CANVAS.

They are all said with the Y. M. C. A. Leaders who look well after their charges—how they spend the time—Some Portraits.

"The Maritime Boys Camp is now so well known that its history may well be given here for the benefit of those who are interested in boys and who are not, for while we are sometimes annoyed at their tricks, or amused at their pranks, in our hearts we love them and delight to see them enjoy themselves.

In 1898 Mr. E. M. Robinson of Saint Stephen having had large experience in camp life realizing the benefit of such outings resolved to give the boys of the Y. M. C. A. there a chance to participate in the pleasures of camp, and arranged for a fortnight's outing at Mill Cove, Campobello. About thirty boys took advantage of the opportunity offered, and a jolly time they had, swimming, boating and playing all kinds of games. The two weeks passed only too quickly and all who attended were



J. A. IRVINE, Halifax, N. S., Gen. Sup't M. B. C., 1898.

of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had guarded them through another day.

Breaking up day came at last which proved to be the breaking down for some of the more tender hearted who were loath to break the ties which bound them to their newly made friends. How close a friendship can be formed in two weeks is known by those who have been in camp for that length of time.

The boys returned to their homes much better in every way for the outing spent and with nothing but praise for the management which made it possible for them to have such a good time.

in any possible way, and to join heartily in all the exercises of camp.

The only real hard work that the boys indulge in at camp is the work of running after or away from some kind of a ball. It may be a base ball, foot ball, basketball, cricket or tennis or something else; but it makes little difference to the boys, as long as they have some agreeable way of working off their surplus energy.

Games and sports of every kind are indulged in; for there is always crowd enough to play any game that was ever invented, and yet never so much of a crowd but that the smallest boy has his equal share in with the rest, in any fun that is going. Among our leaders and assistants are some fine athletes, who always appear to be suffering for some kind of sports. It is also expected to have in each section, a competent Physical Director to see that nothing is overdone, and an experienced physician to relieve the cares of the leaders.

When the evening hour has come, and every boy wants to sit down where he may be and rest, they gather on the hillside or

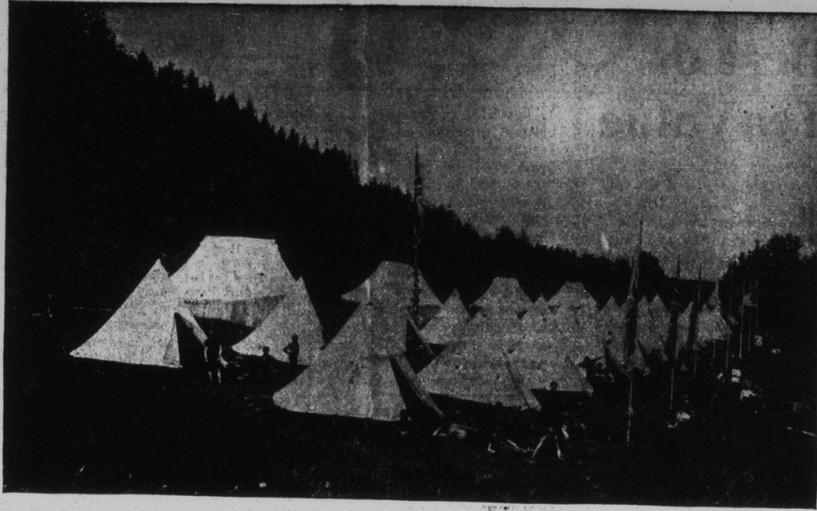
in any possible way, and to join heartily in all the exercises of camp.

The only real hard work that the boys indulge in at camp is the work of running after or away from some kind of a ball. It may be a base ball, foot ball, basketball, cricket or tennis or something else; but it makes little difference to the boys, as long as they have some agreeable way of working off their surplus energy.

Games and sports of every kind are indulged in; for there is always crowd enough to play any game that was ever invented, and yet never so much of a crowd but that the smallest boy has his equal share in with the rest, in any fun that is going.

Among our leaders and assistants are some fine athletes, who always appear to be suffering for some kind of sports. It is also expected to have in each section, a competent Physical Director to see that nothing is overdone, and an experienced physician to relieve the cares of the leaders.

When the evening hour has come, and every boy wants to sit down where he may be and rest, they gather on the hillside or



CAMPING GROUNDS, SECTION 1, M. B. C., 1897.

of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had guarded them through another day.

Breaking up day came at last which proved to be the breaking down for some of the more tender hearted who were loath to break the ties which bound them to their newly made friends. How close a friendship can be formed in two weeks is known by those who have been in camp for that length of time.

The boys returned to their homes much better in every way for the outing spent and with nothing but praise for the management which made it possible for them to have such a good time.

tic splendor presents itself to the beholder. At the foot guarded from the sea by a long Island is to be seen the glass like surface of the harbor. Ten miles away to the left lie the Wolves with their wonderful pebble beaches while twenty miles distant in the opposite direction the outline of Grand Manan is visible. Still farther to the right the island of Campobello is plainly seen.

Califf's Island which contains nearly a thousand acres and inhabited only by the owner and his family, gave abundance of room for all kinds of sports and games that boys love.

In 1897 so great was the demand for

eral Supervisor, while the leaders of the different sections are the same as in 1897.

Section number two began camp last Tuesday at a beautiful spot at River John Pictou Co. N. S. About 80 are in attendance representing Halifax, Truro, Pictou, Amherst, Moncton and other places.

Section one will open on the 20th inst. at Goat Island about seven miles below the historic town of Annapolis N. S. This Island with its fine beaches will be an ideal place to spend a fortnight.

Side trips to Annapolis, Bear River, Digby, etc., are being arranged for and an

SOME OF THE LEADERS.



REG. WALKER, Dartmouth, N. S.

W. M. DAKIN, Truro, N. S.

G. E. WILLIAMS, St. John, N. B.

DR. BARBOUR, Fredericton, N. B.

WILL PATTERSON, St. John, N. B.

G. H. WOODMAN, Manchester, N. B.

KEN. HALEY, St. John, N. B.

JAMES MALCOLM, St. John, N. B.

W. M. STEELE, Amherst, N. S.

H. M. FORBES, Halifax, N. S.

And still the circle widened. During the years 1896, 1897, the camp was located at Califf's Island about 50 miles down the coast from St. John and opposite L'Etang (7 miles from St. George). The situation was all that could be desired.

It was a pretty sight to see the tents as they nestled at the foot of a mountain whose precipitous wooded slope rose high above.

Below almost at the doors of the tents stretched one of the finest bathing beaches to be found in the province, giving a splendid opportunity to those who so desired to refresh themselves in the clear and bracing water, or enjoy a row in one of the numerous boats controlled by the camp.

From the mountain top a scene of major-

the distant parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that it was decided to hold the camp in two sections. With Mr. Robinson as general supervisor section 1 situated as described above at Califf's Island was under the control and leadership of Andrew W. Robb of this city. J. Howard Crocker General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Amherst now Physical Director of the Halifax Association acted as leader of the second which was pleasantly situated near Pugwash N. S. and was largely attended and much enjoyed by those who were present. A picture of this party as well as one of the tents at section one are given herewith.

The camp this year is again held in two sections. J. A. Irvine of Halifax is Gen-

enjoyable time is sure to be spent by those who attend. Applications will be received until Tuesday July 19. Full information may be had at the Y. M. C. A.

It has always been a source of wonderment to the leaders that so many parents have entrusted their boys to their care but never yet has there been cause for regret on the part of the parents.

The weight of the responsibility is no light burden to bear but the leaders undertake it gladly that the boys may lead higher and better lives.

The Maritime Camp has had reason to rejoice in the young men who so nobly assisted in the capacity of assistant leaders. This is a position where no amount of ability can take the place of a love for the

boys, without which any man is utterly unfit for the service. It is planned to have at least one trustworthy man for every five or six boys, a man whose heart and brain are ever busy figuring out some scheme to help the boys have a better time than they ever had before. Strong in the belief that a boy will not betray the trust placed in him the boys are trusted and they trust the leaders; and past experience has convinced them that with this happy understanding and mutual confidence, rules are quite useless where there are no unruly ones to rule. To relieve the anxiety of over-anxious parents, however, it is insisted that nobody shall enter the water for bathing or swimming except in the presence and with the consent of one of the assistant leaders. It is but fair to the boys to state that even this slight restriction is quite unnecessary as far as their disposition in the matter is concerned, but for the reassurance of their parents it seems wise to insist upon it. To each assistant is given a rank, and the highest ranking leader present, anywhere, at any time, is responsible for the party. Under this system the boys enjoy perfect liberty and yet are under perfect control. The system works well, and everybody is glad to help everybody else

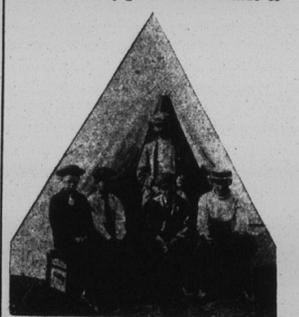


J. HOWARD CROCKER, Halifax, N. S., Leader Sec. 2, M. B. C., 1898.

in any possible way, and to join heartily in all the exercises of camp.

The only real hard work that the boys indulge in at camp is the work of running after or away from some kind of a ball. It may be a base ball, foot ball, basketball, cricket or tennis or something else; but it makes little difference to the boys, as long as they have some agreeable way of working off their surplus energy. Games and sports of every kind are indulged in; for there is always crowd enough to play any game that was ever invented, and yet never so much of a crowd but that the smallest boy has his equal share in with the rest, in any fun that is going. Among our leaders and assistants are some fine athletes, who always appear to be suffering for some kind of sports. It is also expected to have in each section, a competent Physical Director to see that nothing is overdone, and an experienced physician to relieve the cares of the leaders.

When the evening hour has come, and every boy wants to sit down where he may be and rest, they gather on the hillside or



ONE OF THE TENTS, Section 2, M. B. C., 1897.

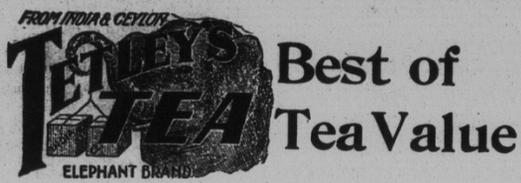
around the Camp fire on the beach, with their backs to some friendly log and their feet to the cheery blaze, and talk together about the future plans, and crack jokes and sing songs. Then the sweetest hour of all the day drifts naturally to nobler things, and they lift their hearts in gratitude to Him whose watchful care has kept them from all harm, and with simplest words speak of all his goodness, while in swelling songs of praise, is heard a ring that music alone can never give. The boys almost unanimously declare the evening hour to be the best feature of the camp, and the boys usually know what they are talking about.

The culinary department is in the hands of experienced cooks who see that good substantial food, and lots of it, is ready at the appointed hours for meals.

The camp is intended to be strictly a Boys' Camp. It is not intended for young men nor for children, but boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen are especially desirable, but either older or younger fellows may be admitted, at the discretion of the camp leader. All the young men of the camp are under the supervision of the (Committee of Parents' Party).



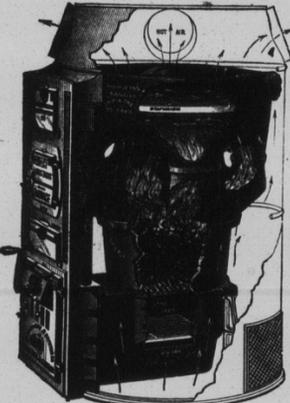
GROUP, SECTION 2, M. B. C., 1897.



Best of Tea Value
HOUSEKEEPERS, if you have not tried *Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas*, you should do so at once. These Teas are put up especially for family use.—Wrapped in air tight lead packets, the flavor and purity in ensured to the consumer, who is also protected as to the correct value by having the **RETAIL PRICE PRINTED ON EVERY PACKET.**

Sold by most grocers in Canada and the United States.
 25c. to \$1.00 per lb. in ½ and 1 lb. Packets.
 If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will see that your order is filled.
 JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., London, Eng., Canadian Head Office: 14 Lemoine St., Montreal.

FURNACES



This is the season to make the necessary change in your Heating Apparatus. Perhaps you need a New Furnace.
 We are showing a new **WOOD BURNER** this season—A powerful heater—The body is made of heavy corrugated iron, while the Radiator is heavy cold rolled steel. Made in many sizes. Prices very low.
 Our **Coal Burning Furnace** (of which we have sold so many) is still very popular, and gives satisfaction. The large steel Radiator on this Furnace generates heat quickly. It is simple in construction, and very economical on fuel. Ask for prices.

EMERSON & FISHER,

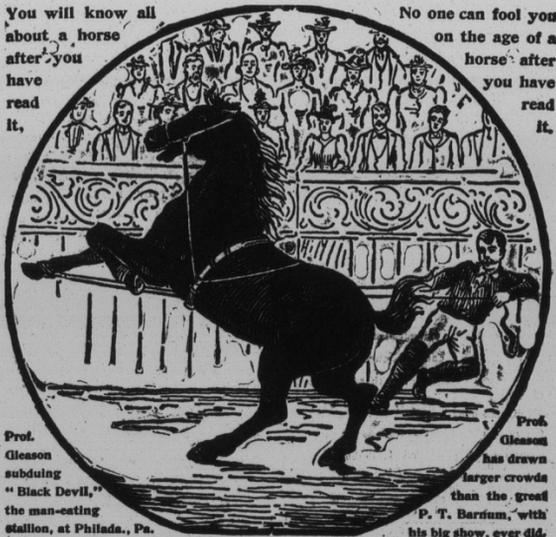
P. S. A Second Hand Furnace in stock will be sold low to clear.

NOW WE HAVE IT! FREE GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK FREE

The Only Complete Authorized Work By America's KING OF HORSE TRAINERS,

PROFESSOR OSCAR R. GLEASON,

Renowned throughout America and recognized by the United States Government as the most expert and successful horseman of the age, **The Whole Work**, comprising History, Breeding, Training, Breaking, Buying, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, Doctoring, Telling Age, and General Care of the Horse.



416 Octavo Pages. 173 Striking Illustrations
 Produced under the direction of the U. S. Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his most wonderful methods of training and treating horses.

10,000 SOLD AT \$3.00 EACH.
 But we have arranged to supply a limited number of copies to our subscribers **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** First come, First served.

OUR Offer

Regardless of the fact that thousands upon thousands of these books have been sold at \$3.00 each, we have by a lucky hit arranged to send "will for a limited period" a copy free, post paid, together with *The Progress* for one year, on receipt of \$2.00 the regular yearly subscription rate. Old subscribers can also receive a copy of the book by sending \$2.00 and have their subscription advanced one year.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Lovers of good music will hail with pleasure the return of the Jaxon Opera company. Their engagement begins next Monday evening, and in addition to the opera's that were most successful during the company's stay last winter—*Maritana*, *Faust*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, and *Carmen* will be given. By the way I note among the personnel of the company Mr. W. P. Carlston. It is to be hoped he will reach St. John this time. Though he sang with the company in Halifax during their engagement in that city and was announced to appear here, he failed to materialize.

The Misses Furlong are at work for their concert which takes place on July 21st not on the 28th as previously stated. This event promises to be of unusual interest and enjoyment. Miss Helen Furlong a violin pupil of the celebrated Charles Loeffler of Boston will give selections and Miss Kathleen Furlong about whose appearance there is considerable anticipation will be heard for the first time since her return from New York and the instructions of one of the best vocal teachers in that city.

I had the pleasure of listening to Miss Furlong on Thursday evening and though I anticipated the improvement a five months study would naturally give, I was scarcely prepared for the revelation her singing was to me. Her voice is a flexible, warm and appealing soprano and her selections were given in a way that it would be impossible to overpraise. The quality is beautiful and the feeling and purity of tone marvellous. Those who have heard Miss Furlong since her return are charmed with her voice and predict wonderful things for her future.

Tones and Undertones.

The horrible ocean accident of last week has cast a far-reaching gloom over the country and some of its darkest shadows fall on the Boston Symphony orchestra. At first it was rumored that as many as 15 of the members were passengers on board the ill-fated French liner, *La Bourgne*, but later reports reduced the number to three. They are Mr. Leon Jaquet, Mr. Pourteau and Albert Weisz.

The tragic ending of their lives, just when all three were in the flower of manhood, and the prime of their musical careers, is the saddest accident which has affected the musical world in many years; sorrowfully touching to those who knew them as men, and a pathetic loss to thousands who new them only as musicians.

Emma Eames had an original costume as Saeglinda in "Die Walkure" for the London season of grand opera which is said to have been far more beautiful and appropriate than the usual drapings of white cheesecloth which Wagner's heroines usually wear. Her robe was of course linen stuff made up with a tiger's skin.

It is predicted that before the year is finished there will be a new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. The two can make no success apart, and the gossip of London is that they have joined hands again.

The many admirers of Padcrewski, the famous pianist, will be interested to learn that it is his intention to play in Russia next winter and to travel thence to Australia, coming to San Francisco in the autumn of 1899 to begin his American tour. A big revival of "Patience," with Lillian Russell, Della Fox and Henry Dixey in the cast, is one of next season's possibilities.

The famous old music master, Manuel Garcia, has lately completely his ninety fourth year. He keeps his interest in his art, frequently attends concerts, and still gives occasional lessons. His memory is sound, and he recall episodes of Napoleon's war with Spain. After the taking of Badajoz by Wellington, Garcia's father

SLEEP FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

And rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES afford instant relief, and point to a speedy cure of torturing, itching, burning, bleeding, crusty, scaly skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. Forras Dose and Directions. See Progress, Boston, Mass. "How to Cure Skin-Tortured Babies," free. **SKIN SCALP** and Hair Restored by CUTICURA SOAP.

shed with him to Naples. Manuel Garcia is one of the few living musicians who personally knew Beethoven, says the Music Trade Review.

Melba, it is said, never sees a newspaper criticism of her own performance. But, according to the English illustrated it was not ever thus. The prima donna confided to her interview that she could never forget "the excitement of that night of my debut at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels. I entered the theatre a timid girl—I left it a triumphant woman!" Then followed London. The first character I assumed was one sympathetic, imagined, to an English audience, the "Bride of Lammermoor." Afterward I sang in Paris, Monte Carlo, St. Petersburg, Palermo and Milan. It is more difficult than you can imagine to please the Italians. Don't laugh when I tell you that I have kept all my Italian notices (I don't despise newspaper criticisms like some other artists). Yes, I have kept them everyone, from *La Perseveranza*, *Il Secolo* and *L'Italia del Popolo* and all the rest."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Dave Marion Extravaganza Company conclude a week's engagement at the Opera house this evening. A varied programme has been presented nightly, many of the features of which are excellent. The performances have been free from everything that could be considered at all objectionable, and in fact have been refined, as vaudeville performances go. A matinee will be given this afternoon.

Mr. W. S. Harkins has been telling the people of Fredericton that they have a much better theatre in that city than has St. John, so says one of the Celestial papers. Indeed the capital can boast a charming play house, with every modern convenience that can add in any way to the comfort of its patrons or to that of visiting companies. Every seat has an equally good view of the stage, the acoustic properties are splendid, and the house has six or seven dressing rooms—all within hearing distance of the stage. The lighting and ventilation are excellent and last autumn the house was given a thorough renovation, new scenery was added and many other extensive improvements made all of which aimed toward placing it among the best theatres in the maritime provinces.

It is pleasing to note the return of Miss Margaret Anglin to this her native city for a week's engagement at the opera house beginning July 25. Miss Anglin will bring with her a specially selected company and during her stay will present *Christopher Jr.*, a play in which Maud Adams won much of her present popularity, and *The Mysterious Bugle*. That both pieces have achieved metropolitan successes should be a guarantee of their power to attract here. Miss Anglin was an important member of the E. H. Southern company last season and met with an unusual success, her great opportunity coming when Virginia Harned was ill. With very little preparation she played Miss Harned's role in *The Adventures of Lady Urusula* in a way that won for her most favorable notice.

Miss Anglin goes with Richard Mansfield next season, as leading woman, and the dramatic papers speak of her as the youngest and prettiest leading lady on the American stage.

KILLED:—Mrs. Fred Williams, Brighton, Mass.

The above announcement in the papers on Tuesday, July 5, in the account of the awful cyclone at Hampton, N. H., July 4, would not convey to the thousands of admirers of the lady known on the stage as "Mora" that she was the one referred to. The little lady was playing in a drama (illustrating the destruction of the U. S. man-of-war "Maine") in the pavilion at Hampton on Independence Day, when, without a moments warning, a terrible cyclone sprang up, wrecking the pavilion, and one of the timbers in falling struck Mora on the head as she was crossing the stage, killing her almost instantly.

The deceased lady was a bright, clever artiste, and had endeared herself to the hearts of a large number of the lovers of the drama. She was a decided favorite in St. John, having played several engagements here during the past six years. Her last appearance was at the Opera House, August 25th, 1897, in the comedy of "A Dangerous Game." In private life she was the wife of Fred Williams, the well-known comedian, and who was also her manager. "Mora the Comedy Sunbeam" will be missed from the stage and *PROGRESS* sympathizes with her relatives in their loss and is sorry for her untimely and sudden death.

Mr. Frohman has cabled that he will open the season at the New York Garden theatre on or about September 1 with an English musical comedy, which will shortly be produced in London. This will be followed October 4 by Richard

Cheap Sale of Summer Millinery.



Great reduction in Trimmings and Untrimmed Hats, Trimmings and Untrimmed Toques, Trimmings and Untrimmed Tams, Trimmings and Untrimmed Bonnets.

Misses' and Childrens' HATS, Trimmings and Untrimmed, Together with a large assortment of Sailor HATS and Walking HATS, at greatly reduced prices.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.
 77 King Street.
 STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING.

Mansfield in his new production "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Rhea, after having made all arrangements to play next season in combination with Louis James and Frederick Warde, has been compelled by illness to retire permanently from the stage. Kathryn Kidder of "Sans Gene" fame is to take Mme. Rhea's place in the triumvirate star combination.

A movement in favor of a so-called "moral theatre" has begun to have effect in Italy. The pope is said to have contributed \$12,000 for the building of such a theatre in Rome, and \$100,000 has been promised in Milan for the same purpose. Not alone "moral" dramas will be given in Milan, but operas of the same sort, and a priest has already composed one for the purpose.

It seems that Sadie Martinot has not gone into vaudeville after all, but has sailed for Europe instead, where she will remain until rehearsals for "The Truth" begin. "The Truth" is a French farical comedy which Brady and Ziegfield will put on early in September with the fair Sadie in a congenial role.

"Dan" Daly has been engaged to star in "The Belle of New York," which is to begin a tour on September 15.

"Poor Kate Vaughn is breaking very rapidly," writes a London correspondent, "and you need not be surprised to hear of her death before many days." The fitful and variegated career of the original skirt dancer is a startling object lesson for the heedless, frivolous young women of the stage. In fact, it teaches a whole bunch of lessons, none of which, of course, will ever be heeded in the slightest degree. A singular beautiful and graceful woman, with a mysteriously acquired charm and distinction of manner, for her origin was obscure. Kate Vaughn was the idol of London's aristocratic fast set some fifteen years ago.—New York Telegraph.

Uncle Sam's War Month.
 April is the month made notable by great events in American history. The first great struggle for American liberty broke into hostilities at Lexington and Concord in April, 1775; the war between the Confederate States and the United States began in April, 1861; in April of 1862 Farragut captured New Orleans and in April 1865, came the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House.

Young couples start right...

if in buying their plated table ware: Knives, forks and spoons, they insist on having the kind marked with **W. ROGERS** ★ Its the trade mark placed only on the very best of plate—the kind that should wear 20 or 30 years, by the celebrated silversmiths.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
 Wallingford, Conn. U. S. A.
 and Montreal, Canada.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 22 to 24 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. FISHER, Managing Director. 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 a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 16th.

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

ECONOMY NECESSARY HERE.

The city will soon hand over some \$147,000 worth of bonds to the bank of New Brunswick and the proceeds of them will go towards the expense of laying the new water main from Carleton to Spruce Lake. We say "go towards" because if the estimate of Mr. MURDOCK is not more correct in this large undertaking than that he made of the cost of the small power house at Silver Falls there will not be nearly enough money to complete the work. The engineer, Mr. MURDOCK, estimated that \$7,000 would build and equip the new power house at Silver Falls. The cost so far has been between eight and nine thousand dollars. It is said that the expenditure exceeded the estimate by \$1,100 or about sixteen per cent. Now if the expenditure exceeds the estimate in the same proportion on the proposed work on the West side the city will have to provide some twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars more to pay the actual labor bills!

It appears to us that the officials of the city would be thoroughly justified in adopting the suggestion of Mayor SEARS that some information should be had from the company that proposes to operate the pulp mill as to what measure of success their prospectus met with. There is no reasonable doubt that the aldermen were influenced very largely indeed by the representations made by the Messrs. CUSHING in deciding to improve the water supply. We believe that if these gentlemen had not made the representations that they did and pointed out what a benefit such an industry would be to the community the council would not have taken any definite action in regard to the improvement up to this date. It is a well known fact that if the additional water had not been wanted for the proposed pulp mill, and presumably for other pulp mills, the city would have put down an eighteen inch pipe instead of a twenty-four inch main. The difference in cost would have been between forty and fifty thousand dollars—perhaps not much money the way things go now a days in St. John, but still enough to be saved in the opinion of prudent tax-payers.

However, what is done, is done, even if it was a hasty action. The surveys have been made, the pipe purchased, the bonds issued and the land arbitrators are at work. It only remains for the officials of the city to see that the work is done as economically as possible to keep the expenditure within the estimate and not by exceeding it to plunge the city still deeper into debt.

WHAT WILL AMERICA ASK?

America is now talking of what indemnity she will ask of Spain. That poverty stricken, misgoverned country will probably pay dearly both in cash and colonial possessions for her war with the great republic. The straits has cost the United States far more than it has Spain. They have entered the fight to win and have not spared money or men. The destruction of Spain's fleet both in the Pacific and in the Atlantic leaves that once powerful nation without even the ordinary means of coast defence. She will in all probability become the ward of European nations, a second Turkey in Europe. England will, no doubt, stand by the United States in all of the just demands of that nation and the government of President MCKINLEY will not be so foolish as to make extraordinary demands of indemnity. The freedom of Cuba may be taken for granted, though it is a great question if the people of that fertile island will be able to make the best use of the independence they have been fighting for so long. These matters will

adjust themselves in time and there is no reasonable doubt that the United States will not be quite willing to lend a helping hand to enable the new republic to get a fair start. But a country that can raise such patriots as GOMEZ and GARCIA and whose people have struggled so long against the whole power and might of Spain may be trusted to find men capable of handling the affairs of state.

Still, the independence of Cuba will not be any particular gain to the United States who is fighting her battles for her unless it is in the commercial advantage it will be to have a splendid and will disposed customer so near at hand. Years must, however, elapse before the decimated Cubans will be able to restore their native land to anything like its former state of cultivation and production.

Cuba, however, is not the only island Spain possesses in the West Indies. The island of Porto Rico is one of the most important of the group and it may be assumed that the United States will not permit her vanquished enemy to retain that. Then in the East the Philippines are already, it may be said, in the possession of the United States. We do not believe that President MCKINLEY and his cabinet will deem it wise to assume anything more than a protectorate over those islands. There are many of them and the natives have been fighting for liberty for some time. The reports that reach this country would indicate that the insurgents are savage and almost beyond restraint and, if that is a fact, the Americans may have a harder task before them than they ever dreamed of. The conduct of the insurgent chiefs in the late rebellion does not impress one with their patriotism. Spain succeeded by bribery where she could not succeed by force, and for a certain sum the leaders sold out their chances of liberty. Then they began to quarrel over the bribe. The United States A. maral was forced to make use of them before the American troops arrived. Now that they are there the face of affairs may be changed.

The Ladrones, a small group of islands in the Pacific, midway between the Hawaiian group and the Philippines, are already in the hands of the Americans. Unimportant from the ordinary standpoint, this little group may become of the greatest value to the American nation as a coal- and supply base.

But returning to the question of indemnities it is interesting to note what the victors have demanded from the vanquished in the wars of recent years. The four greatest wars of the last thirty five years have all been followed by exactions of this kind. After Prussia defeated Austria in the "seven weeks' war" of 1866, she demanded of her adversary 20,000,000 thalers, or about £3,000,000 sterling, a modest sum as indemnities go. She made similar exactions also from the states which allied themselves with Austria. This was in addition to territorial concessions. Five years later France was defeated by Prussia and besides being compelled to give the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, was forced to pay her victorious enemy the enormous sum of £200,000,000 sterling. Payment was to be extended over four years, and German garrisons were to be retained in France until the whole was paid; but the splendid patriotism of the French people enabled the Government to anticipate the payments, and the last German soldier left France in July, 1873. Again, Russia, after defeating Turkey in 1878, claimed, in addition to territorial concessions, a money indemnity of 500,000,000 roubles. A considerable part of this amount Turkey still owes to Russia. In like manner, Japan, following the example of European nations, exacted from China in 1895 a war indemnity of more than 100,000,000 dollars and millions more for surrendering her claim on the Liaotung Peninsula. This was in addition to the cession of the Island of Formosa.

The American nation is not without examples therefore but it may safely be said that the nations of Europe will not submit to any exorbitant demands though they will consider it right and proper that the United States should be recompensed in some way.

To attempt "to draw a prisoner out," to make him convict himself, is not a clever move on the part of any police officer or detective. Persons arrested on suspicion and induced to talk should always be warned that their conversation may be used against them on their trial. No man should be tempted to convict himself. Judge FORBES gave a little lecture upon this point a few days ago and it appears that he had the concurrence of the chief justice in what he said. It is not likely that these methods will be pursued by our policemen in future.

To shake up the government of any institution is an excellent thing once in a while. Perhaps Chairman KNOWELL of

the Alms house commission may not agree with us but it does seem to us that if the gentlemen associated with him on that commission took as lively an interest in the management of the institution as he and Mr. COLL do, that there might be less call for such criticism as has been meted out to it lately. Messrs. FURLONG, HILYARD and BARNHILL are excellent citizens but two of them at least are busy men removed from the active scene of affairs and consequently unable to give that close attention to the management that it seems to require at the present time.

The balmy days of summer have had an appreciable influence upon the usual sternness of his honor the county court judge. And yet no one finds fault with the leniency he has extended to two offenders against the law of late, which speaks well for his decision. It does no new offender any harm to give him another chance. Men who have done wrong when under the influence of passion have had their lives ruined by a stern judge inflicting the full penalty of the law. It is well to be severe when severity is called for in the public interest but if an error is to be made let it be on the side of clemency.

PROGRESS congratulates the people upon the selection of "Rockwood" as the name of the park. The voting contest is ended at last and there is no regret that it is so. These popular votes must be rushed through while there is enthusiasm. That is the only way to make them a success.

Fredericton is a beautiful city at this season of the year but the green trees and beautiful foliage must have been in the background Tuesday when the orange yellows thronged the parliament square.

A few Maine newspaper men and women dropped into St. John one evening this week at near midnight and started by the early boat next day for Nova Scotia. Where is our tourist association?

Martin Butler's Poems.

Martin Butler's "patriotic and personal poems, have reached PROGRESS office in book form. Martin is an indefatigable worker and of late years he has an incentive to labor even harder than he was wont to do in the shape of a growing family. His poems are dedicated thus, "To my infant son, Martin Alfred Butler, hoping that God will grant to him a long life free from the troubles and misfortunes, temptations and afflictions that have fallen to the lot of his father, this volume is affectionately dedicated." In his introduction author Butler says "the volume is unique from the fact of its having been written, set up, printed and folded by a one armed printer, a curiosity that is scarcely paralleled on this continent if in the world." The volume sells for 40 cents and to those who are willing to lend a hand and at the same time enjoy a half hour with the poet Butler, the sum will appear large.

These Bequests will be Welcome.

The will of the late Mrs. T. B. Millidge gave substantial evidence of the thoughtfulness and interest that lady always had for her favorite church, Trinity, and those worthy institutions, the protestant orphan asylum and the Home for the Aged. A considerable portion of the property she left was willed in that direction and these bequests will be the more welcome inasmuch as of late the P. O. Asylum and the Home for the Aged, at least, have not been remembered as frequently as some other institutions.

To be Reopened.

It will be good news to many in the Provinces that the St. Catherine's Episcopal School for girls, in Augusta, Maine, will open again in the coming September. It has been closed for awhile, but will be ready for occupation at the time stated. Through the energetic labors of the Rev. George F. Degen, of Augusta, the coming term will be as good as formerly, and the excellent reputation achieved by the school in former years will be fully maintained by the new administration.

On Another Business Trip.

When the customers of Gustavus Fischel of the firm of Messrs. Smith, Fischel & Co. were fairly at business Thursday they discovered that he was in town and were glad of his brief preparatory call and cordial greeting. Mr. Fischel is one of the popular and successful men upon the road. He makes friends and keeps them. That is one of the reasons his St. John customers are always glad to greet and patronize him.

They are Handsome Signs.

The new signs on the front of Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons building are not only a credit to the concern but an ornament to the street. Mr. Ring made an excellent job of the lettering and the gold leaf is particularly bright and selected for its durability. The cost of such a set of signs is far greater than most people imagine but they seem to be necessary in these days of business.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

No Right.
How readily some learn the way,
To over reach their kind;
To trample down a fellow man,
His life in chains to bind.
In godly greed exalting self,
Enslaving by our might;
And thus to trap the smallest grain,
We have no right.
The little white lies schemes we see,
To grasp another's gold;
To tap the coffers of the rich,
With acts and faces bold,
To touch kind hearts with language false,
Of scenes of sorrow's night;
To tell of needs existing not,
We have no right.

To publish that within our reach,
Some sick and suffering lie
Frolicoming trials sore abound,
Our calls to justify
To paint a scene the facts condemn,
To conscience in the light;
To plead for need when none is known,
We have no right.
Thus he who blinds his brother man,
With dark and secret art;
By subtly true trustful souls,
To make his working smart;
Is but in his too thin disguise,
A most offensive sight;
To stoop to such degrading means,
We have no right.

O, surely no man just or fair,
Will bend to schemes so foul;
What wonder if such faces wear,
A hang down scowl.
For theirs the scolded souls must be,
That other homes would blight;
For thus to wrong one trustful friend,
We have no right.
The petty tyrant of his time,
Slave driving when he dares,
To serve his more than heatless ends,
For none has any care.
Resisting such is serving God,
Such hawkers God shall smite;
And prove to break His law of law
We have no right.

A Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory;
"Have mercy, mighty angel—hear my story!
"I loved, and blid with passionate love, I fell,
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.
"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.
"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I will fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."
Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of the punishment!"
But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so—
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"
The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanquished in the ether far.

But soon down the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She flittered back, with broken-hearted wailing,
She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curied his hair and kissed him. 'Woe is me!'
She wept: "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been just and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."
The angel answered: "Nay, and soul, go hither!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"
—John Hay.

The Little Armchair.

Obdly sits in the little armchair,
It stands in the corner dim,
But a white-haired mother, leaning there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sits through the dusk of long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.
Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate;
And the figures hard to make:
But she sees the nod of the father's head,
So proud of his little son,
And she hears the words so often said,
"No fear for our little one."
They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Went to school, to kiss and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair,
She lost him back in her busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.
But now and then it a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate,
And she dreams again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.—Margaret E. Sangster

The Whistling Boy.

Is there a sound in the world so sweet, on a dark
and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the gloom within,
And we wish we'd not been born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly whistling
in the rain,
While he drives the cows to pasture green, down
the path in the muddy lane?
The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by
autumn rain:
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet are
not spoiled by grime or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place that he means
some day to explore,
If there's time to play and plenty to eat who cares
if the heavens pour?
Oh, that cherry trill of a heart as fresh as the drops
that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears the soul of the
gloom that brooded there;
And we bless the boy as he spats along through
rivers of rain and mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would
rainbow the sky in a flood.

The Whistling Boy.

Is there a sound in the world so sweet, on a dark
and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the gloom within,
And we wish we'd not been born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly whistling
in the rain,
While he drives the cows to pasture green, down
the path in the muddy lane?
The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by
autumn rain:
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet are
not spoiled by grime or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place that he means
some day to explore,
If there's time to play and plenty to eat who cares
if the heavens pour?
Oh, that cherry trill of a heart as fresh as the drops
that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears the soul of the
gloom that brooded there;
And we bless the boy as he spats along through
rivers of rain and mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would
rainbow the sky in a flood.

Our Complete Collar Shaper.

Arrived Saturday, a collar of any shape
can be turned without injury, we have the
sole right to use the machine. Ungar's
Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 68.

Young Wife (proudly): George always
says there's no cooking like mine.
Uncle Crusty (with a disdainful smile):
Does he? Well, he's about right there,
poor chap.



WITH THE BOYS IN CAMP.

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.]

who attend go in the capacity of assistants in one way or another; the camp is for boys; and the assistants go, not for their own personal pleasure or gratification, but simply to assist the boys to a fuller enjoyment.

Sunday is the quiet day in camp, and it is not desired that visitors attend at that time. It will be necessary to secure permission from the leader if one wishes to visit camp on that day.

The Maritime Boys' Camp is an organization which has, during the past few years, been a great help to the boys of not only our own provinces, but the United States as well. Every one who has ever had the privilege of attending these camps, or of sending their boys there, speak only in the highest terms of the influence and the way in which they are conducted, also of the benefits received by the boys coming in contact with the workers who are present.

THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE PRIZES.

Halfax Amateur Oarsmen Return the City's Oub Button Prize.

HALIFAX, July 13.—Considerable dissatisfaction has arisen over the recent regatta held on our harbor, both before and after the event. In fact the only satisfactory fact of the whole affair was the races. The trouble was all over the prize list. The lessees of the Lyceum offered several medals and cups for the amateur races and the civic committee appointed to carry out the programme supplemented these with the sums of \$160 in cash. The question arose at the meeting as to where the prizes should be presented. The Lyceum people wanted to present their prizes at the theatre while the city fathers expressed a very strong desire to have the presentations made at the concert in the public gardens. Then there was a deadlock, and after debating the question at some length it was finally agreed upon that Mayor Stephen should present them at the city hall.

The number of prizes offered by the Lyceum managers were not sufficient for all of the amateur races, so the civic committee, after allotting about \$100 for the professional events, decided to purchase some small prizes suitable for the amateurs. They did so, and a poor and miserable lot they were. In one of the events there were six boats started over a course of two miles and it was one of the greatest races of the day. When the winners Messrs. Johnson and White stepped up before his worship the following day for their prizes, they were highly complimented and then handed a small box. It contained two pair of cuff links valued at not more than \$1.50. Of course the young fellows felt very much put out at receiving such miserable and cheap prizes and they brooded over it so that the next day they returned them with thanks—thus making the city a present of them. There was a considerable of a balance on hand after the paying of the cash prizes, and many are wondering what became of the balance of the money.

Of course there was the usual steamer out on that day with a "select party" on board and this no doubt helped to swell the expenses. It was a pretty hard matter for them to buy "refreshments" and then have sufficient funds left with which to purchase creditable prizes.

The oarsmen above mentioned were not the only ones who got cheap prizes; there were several others, but they kept them. It is not likely that they will participate in any more events in which the city's representatives have the giving of the prizes. They and their friends are loud in their denouncement of the cheap prizes, and do not hesitate to speak out publicly about them.

Our Complete Collar Shaper
Arrived Saturday, a collar of any shape
can be turned without injury, we have the
sole right to use the machine. Ungar's
Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 68.

Young Wife (proudly): George always
says there's no cooking like mine.
Uncle Crusty (with a disdainful smile):
Does he? Well, he's about right there,
poor chap.



Golf still continues to attract many lovers of the pastime to the lake, the number being unusually large since July came in with its bright sunny days. The various hostesses are indefatigable in their efforts to make the afternoon attractive. On Thursday of this week Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Vroom and Mrs. Walker dispensed hospitality to the players and their friends.

The A. N. C. club had a delightful outing this week to Manchester's beach, some of the party going out on wheels while others drove out. Mrs. George Smith, Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. John Thomson chaperoned the merry gathering in an ideal manner. Supper was served at Mr. Manchester's cottage and the evening was spent on the beach around a blazing fire; singing and conversation made the evening pass pleasantly for the young people among whom were the following: Miss Ella Payne, Miss Daisy Fairweather, Miss Gladys McLaughlin, Miss Frudie Babbitts of Fredericton, Miss Nellie McAvity, Miss Vera Robinson, Miss Edith Hogan, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Connie Smith, Miss Leslie Smith, Miss Muriel Thomson, Miss Winnie and Nan Barnaby, Miss Mary Inches, Miss K. Robertson, Mr. Roy Thomson, Mr. Weldon McLean, Mr. Eugene Fairweather, Mr. F. H. Holden, Mr. Douglas McLaughlin, Mr. E. K. Allison, Mr. Harry Harrison, Mr. Kenneth Inches, Mr. Arthur Dick, Mr. Sandy Fowler, Mr. Frank Magee, Mr. William Beer, Mr. Ned Sears, Mr. Will Rogers, Mr. Walter Harrison, Mr. H. Robertson, Mr. Guy Robinson, Mr. H. Robinson, Mr. B. McLeod, Mr. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson also took part in the delightful outing.

On Tuesday Miss Pauline Johnson entertained a party of friends at her home on Douglas avenue. Progressive whist, music and dancing were indulged in until midnight when supper was served after which dancing was resumed. Among the guests were, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Nellie Thorne, Miss Louise Chesley, Miss Leo Johnson, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Maggie Tapley, Miss Alice Small, Miss Lillian Roberts, Miss May Ellery, Mr. Lance Campbell, Mr. H. Tapley, Mr. Russel Hamilton, Mr. George Ellery, Mr. George Robertson, Mr. Ned Sears, Mr. Charles McDonald, Mr. Otto Nae, Mr. Perry Howard, Mr. Guy Johnson.

Miss Freda Towers who is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Diabrow entertained a party of young friends at the latter's residence corner of Westworth and Mackenburgh one evening recently. Dancing was the principal amusement, the music was excellent and loss were served during the evening ending with a supper at midnight. The guests included the following persons: Miss Amy Smith, Miss Connie Smith, Miss Nellie Thorne, Miss May Harrison, Miss Ella Payne, Miss Alice Walker, Miss Hazel Bridges, Miss Lou Kimball, Miss Emma Titus, Miss Estie Holden, Miss Patton, Mr. Sandy Fowler, Mr. Gerald Farlow, Mr. Harry Harrison, Mr. Harold Sears, Mr. B. Sturdee, Mr. Dacre Walker, Mr. Bert Harrison, Mr. Harold Kimball, Mr. Ned Sears.

The Misses Furlong's concert will be an event of next week and one to which society is looking forward with every expectation of a rare treat. In addition to the ladies themselves, all of whom are talented musicians, the others who will assist are Mr. Dunn, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Seely, Mr. Lindsay, and Mr. Chip Ritchie. There will be two quartettes and four solos from the gentlemen. The concert last year was a very great success and there is good reason to suppose the event of this year will be quite as successful.

Miss Louise Lewin is in Westfield a guest of Miss Bertha Schofield.

Mrs. Stephen Thorne and Miss Nellie Thorne left Wednesday to spend the summer with friends in Amherst and Port Elgin.

Miss Marion Smith gave a very pleasant picnic at the Bay Shore on Tuesday. After a delightful afternoon and evening the party returned to the city.

The Misses Travers spent a day or two at Westfield lately guests of Mrs. Thomas Rankine.

Among the city people sojourning at Westfield during the heated term are Mrs. H. P. Zimmerman, and family. The Misses Sydney Smith are visiting friends at that popular resort.

Mr. Ned Sears entertained Mr. Guy Johnson at his home at Westfield over Sunday.

A delightful function of the week was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George Jones this week in honor of their guests: Colonel and Mrs. Wilson. The dinner was perfect in every detail the guests congenial and the host and hostess most happy in their way of entertaining. The table decorations were in artillery colors and looked exceedingly pretty. Among the guests besides the house party were Lt. Colonel Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Douglas Hazen, Mrs. Hazen, Miss Dever, Mayor Rutherford of Halifax, Mrs. Busby, Col. Cotton and Mrs. McLeod.

Miss Minnie Nevins of this city is spending a little while in Moncton with her aunt Mrs. J. W. Wortman.

Mr. A. N. McKay spent last Sunday with Richibucto friends.

Rev. J. M. Davenport left Thursday for Rimouski for whence he will sail on the Parisian for England.

Mr. Fred Saunders who has been in Chicago for some time and away from St. John for seven years, spent a few days in the city visiting relatives and friends this and last week. He returned to the west yesterday.

Miss Belle Cole is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Cole of Richibucto.

Miss Nessie Ferguson has returned to Richibucto after a pleasant visit here.

Miss Walker was the guest of Mrs. R. P. Foster of Dorchester for a day or two lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Eagles of Woodstock have been paying a brief visit to St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour of St. Martins spent this week in the city.

The Misses Smith of Princess street are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Eaton of Baltimore.

Dr. S. F. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson and Misses Wilson of Montreal are paying a short visit to St. John.

Miss Mello Vroom is spending a month with Yarmouth friends.

Mr. Pat Holden is contemplating a trip to Edinburgh in a little while.

Mr. Norman Leslie is expected to-day, Friday, from Montreal for a short stay in St. John.

Hon. M. de Faconval of Belgium, consul general

for Canada is a guest of Count de Bury with whom he will spend a week before returning to Ontario. Mrs. Chas. G. D. Roberts, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Carter, for some days returned to Fredericton Monday by steamer accompanied by her daughter Edith.

Miss May Ellery of Fredericton is visiting relatives on the Douglas avenue.

Rev. T. A. Baker of Monticello, Minnesota, has recently been visiting his brother Rev. S. A. Baker of the Reformed baptist church.

Miss Ryan of Norton is a guest of Miss Pauley, St. James street.

Miss Mamie Carlson who spent four months in New York has returned home accompanied by her sister, Mrs. T. H. Mahoney and child who will spend some time here.

Miss Minnie Smith is in St. Stephen visiting friends.

Mr. Charles Manning of the staff of the Bank of Nova Scotia is here on a visit to his parents.

Rev. Mr. Fraser of St. Stephens church is spending a week's holidays in Halifax.

F. H. Hale, M. P. and Mrs. Hale were here from Woodstock for a little while during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen of Fredericton were in town during the week.

The Misses Chipman of Houlton are spending a week or two in St. John.

Mrs. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore of Truro and the Misses Florence and Allison Stewart of Dartmouth are making a short stay in the city.

Mr. F. A. Longley of Boston is registered among the weeks visitors to the city.

Dr. William Mitchell of Philadelphia, a well known physician of that state was here for a day or two lately on his way home from a fishing trip.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Wetmore returned the beginning of the week from their wedding tour.

Mrs. M. Flanagan and Mr. Arthur Flanagan are among the weeks visitors from New York.

A very pleasant evening was spent this week in St. John's church school room when a successful strawberry festival was held. The room and tables were prettily decorated with wild flowers and the following excellent programme was rendered during the evening: Piccolo Solo, Mr. Harry McDuffee; Solo, Mr. J. A. Coster; Reading, Miss Ethel Brown; Solo, Mrs. Sewall; Piano Duet, Miss Maggie Danham and Lucy Coster. The candy table was in charge of Miss McDuffee and Bayard, the ice cream, Mrs. Thurmont, Pitman and Connor; other refreshments, Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Chas. Coster, Mrs. Dennett, Miss Peters and young lady assistants; apron table, Mrs. McDuffee, Mrs. J. A. Coster.

Miss Mand Logan of North Cambridge, Mass., arrived on the State of Maine last Saturday on a visit to her father Mr. R. J. Logan with whom she will make a tour of the maritime provinces during the summer.

Dr. J. E. Porter of Portland Me., is in the city accompanied by Mrs. Porter.

Sirion Lodge had a very successful entertainment in their rooms this week. There was an excellent attendance and the following programme was well rendered:—Song, Miss Bessie Williamson; piano solo, Miss McLean; solo, Mr. Noakes; reading, Miss Baird; clarinet solo, Mr. Stokes; solo, Miss Thomas; comic imitations, A. J. Boddington; reading, A. W. Baird; solo, M. A. Titus; reading, Mr. Gibson; solo, Mr. McDonald; reading, Mr. McKay; musical selection, A. J. Boddington; song, Mr. Noakes.

Mrs. N. T. Peatman of Greenwich is visiting St. John friends.

Miss Grace Dickey, daughter of J. A. Dickey, C. E. of Amherst, is spending a week or two with friends in this city.

Mr. John Wilnot and family are spending the summer at Beniah grounds on the St. John river.

Mr. and Mrs. James Barlow spent Sunday with friends in Greenwick.

The Misses Lizzie and Alice Henderson returned this week from a visit to Annapolis.

Judge Wells of Moncton spent Wednesday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Dakin of Digby are here for a few days visit.

Mr. Will O. Connor of Somerville Mass., is in the city visiting his friend Mr. Stephen P. Gerow.

Mr. Frank Wortman, Miss Myrtle Seely and Mr. Roy Dixon are in Wolville guests of Prof. and Mrs. Wortman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jones have returned from Wolville where they were visiting Mr. Jones parents Dr. and Mrs. Jones.

Miss Ida Scott has gone to her home in Wolville after a visit to friends here.

Mrs. B. A. Stammers has taken rooms at Duck Cove where she will spend the next two months. The Misses Gladys and Annie Stammers are spending the summer with their cousin, Miss Hattie Steeves of Elgin, A. Co.

Miss Kate Grant of Eastport is this week entertaining Mrs. Hutton of this city.

Miss Annie Gregory of Eastport is here visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Grace Stevens of the St. Croix is visiting friends here.

Mr. Parker Grimmer of Calais has spent the past week visiting St. John friends.

Miss Julia Lawlor of Pitt Street spent the first two days of this week with out of town friends.

Mr. J. Douglas Hazen and family and Mr. James Tibbitt of Fredericton are camping at Beach Knoll, near Fredericton.

Mrs. L. W. Bailey, Miss Bailey, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. West of the capital are visiting the city. Miss West of London, England joined them a few days ago.

The Misses King are in Fredericton where they are staying with Miss Woodbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Higginson of New York were in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed and Miss Vivia Creed are here staying with friends for a few days.

Mrs. Thomas A. Graham and Miss Graham have gone to Stanley to spend a few days.

Mr. A. M. Smith formerly of this city, but now of New York is spending a holiday here.

Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke will sail from Quebec for England on the S. S. Laurentian next Thursday the 21st.

Ex-Mayor Robertson sailed from Liverpool for home last Saturday.

Dr. George Addy and Miss Addy returned Monday from a trip to Kentville where they spent a few days at the close of the medical convention in Halifax.

Mr. Manning Secretary of the Board of School Trustees will leave for England Saturday on the Flats.

Senator Temple was in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Baxter of Somerville, Mass., are spending a short time in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bradt of Boston are among recent visitors to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Windsor of New Mills are a newly married couple who are spending their honeymoon in the city.

A very enjoyable little picnic was given this week by Miss Emma Kirk to a number of friends, the spot chosen being Rockwood where the time was pleasantly spent. A tempting luncheon was served and late in the evening the party which was chaperoned by Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Elsie and included the following persons returned, home on

FREDERICTON.

(Programme for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

July 13.—With the delightfully cool and pleasant weather of the week, picnics, canoeing parties, garden parties and camping parties have been thoroughly enjoyed. Invitations are out for a garden party at "Frogmore" the residence of Hon. A. F. Randolph for Friday.

A large party gave this evening gone on a canoeing picnic up the Nashuapensic. The party is chaperoned by Mrs. T. Carlson Allen and was gotten up for Miss Maggie Allen who is home on a vacation from Waltham.

Another large picnic party go tomorrow to Pine Bluff camp, the party being made for Mrs. F. I. Fellows of London, England, Mrs. Tabor is to be chaperon of the party.

Mr. James Tibbitts and family with the family of Mr. J. Douglas Hazen are camping at Beech Knoll. A. D. Vanwart, Mrs. Vanwart and family are camping near Springhill having a very commodious camp with several compartments makes camp life very enjoyable.

Messrs. J. F. McMurray, C. A. Sampson, B. C. Foster, Frank McCanlaid, A. Shute, Frank Whitehead, A. W. Edgecomb, Frank J. Sherman, Le Roy Shane, Jas T. Sharkey, Y. S. Campbell and Prof. Cadwallader left this morning for St. Andrews, from which place they will start tomorrow in a sailing schooner on a ten days cruise down the bay going as far as Yarmouth, N. S. and visiting all the principal places on the way. The schooner is well provisioned with all the delicacies of the season and will be manned by able seaman, white cap and suit, in the dress of the party enroute to the Passamaquoddy.

Dr. Coulthard, James S. Nell, Joseph Walker, and Dr. Simmons returned on Saturday from their fishing trip on the Dungsang, well pleased with their delightful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Everett of Windsor Hall gave a very enjoyable picnic to their guest and a few friends on Friday afternoon, as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Everett on their departure for St. Andrews, where they will spend the summer. The party were conveyed to the picnic grounds at Kingsclear in covered carriages and returned in the evening after an enjoyable outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Badger of Boston have been enjoying a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe.

Mr. Frank Eaton of Calais, Me., is among the visitors in town.

Mrs. Robinson of Millerton is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Philips.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tattrol of Woodstock are in the city.

Mr. Percy Chestnut of Montreal is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Chestnut.

Mrs. Herbert Grant of St. Stephen is visiting the city.

Mrs. Taber of New York is here on a visit to her sister Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher.

Dr. Fred G. Foster of Boston has arrived home on a visit to his parents.

Miss Florrie Foy of this city registered at the Canadian office London, on June 21st.

The large congregation in St. Paul's church on Sunday evening were much pleased with the solo rendered by Mrs. Troop of Halifax. Mrs. Troop is the guest of Inspector and Mrs. Bridges.

Prof. Bristowe is away on a four weeks vacation. During the absence of Mr. Bristowe Miss Carman will preside over the Cathedral organ.

Mrs. L. W. Bailey with Miss Bailey and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. West are spending a few days in St. John. The party have been joined by Miss West of London, England.

Mr. John Cameron of London Eng., is in town and sails from Montreal for home on Saturday next.

Mrs. Wm. Jaffrey entertained a few lady friends at her residence Glenola on Wednesday evening. Those who were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening were, Mrs. Wm. Black, Mrs. Carman, Miss Carman, Miss Fenety, Miss Covert, Boston, Mrs. Wm. Fenety, Miss Hamlin Crookshank, Miss Kate Crookshank, St. John, Miss Clowes, Mrs. Jaffrey's charming singing is a great acquisition to her entertainments.

Miss Edith Hilyard, has returned from a pleasant visit to Stephen accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Waterbury of St. Stephen.

Mrs. Keenan of Rhode Island, N. S. is visiting Chancellor and Mrs. Harrison at the University.

The Misses King of St. John are the guests of Miss Woodbridge at old Government House.

Mr. Edward Jewett of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen spent a few days in St. John last week.

Mrs. G. H. Coburn and family left yesterday for

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

Quick Soup for Campers.

You don't want to spend all your time getting meals ready—Lazenby's Soup Squares make a rich, strong, nutritious Soup with very little trouble.

Hot water and a single one of these little English Soup Squares make a pint and a half of soup of the very highest quality because there are the soluble parts of 1 1/2 lbs. of the best beef free from fat and bone in each square. Only the purest ingredients are used in the favoring of

Lazenby's Soup Squares.

Best Grocers Sell Them.

Where Welcome Soap is Used

there is no bitterness, "Blue Monday" is not known, wash-day is as pleasant as any other day, because Welcome Soap enables the Laundress to do the work easily, quickly and thoroughly. Welcome Soap has eliminated drudgery and therefore is the great sweetener of the lives of home-keeping people.

It drives dirt from every hiding-place. Where it is used there can be no Uncleanliness.

No Disappointment.

Powder dyes were well enough in their time—so was the candle light once. Science makes progress. The English people were scientists who gave that Home Dye of highest quality, to economical women the world over.

Maypole Soap Dyes give absolutely sure results—Maypole the color's brilliant, fast and leaves NO streaks in Soap Dyes.

what you dye with it.

All colors of progressive druggists or grocers. 10 cents—15 cents for black.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..

For... **Coal or Wood.**

More than 100 styles and sizes for FAMILY, HOTEL and Restaurant use.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.

ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

YOU A heavy steel range, 8 holes with reservoir and hot water CAN buy any part of Canada for \$50.00 Equal in Weight, Durability and Efficiency to any in Canada or U. S.

The McClary Mfg. Co.,

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

HEAT YOUR HOUSE

with hot water. You will find it the most satisfactory method if you get a good heater.

The "Robb" Hot Water Heater

is adapted to the use of soft coal, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flame and no soot can collect on them. This also ensures highest economy and quickest heating.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd.

Amherst, N. S.

When You Order.....

PELLEE ISLAND WINES

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—FROSTON LITERARY.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—Dr. DENTON.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. G. SCOVIL Commission Merchant 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



AMBERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amberst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

JULY 14.—Mr. and Mrs. David Lawrence most generously threw open their pretty home at Amberst on Tuesday evening the 8th, and assisted by their friends held a strawberry festival...

Mrs. C. H. Bent went to Bridgetown last week to spend a few weeks with her sister Mrs. Mark Curry...

Mrs. D. A. Bishop of Truro with her three children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main, Holm cottage.

Miss Beatrice Fuller is at home from Truro, where she has been studying the Kindergarten system under the talented instructor Mrs. A. Patterson...

Miss Hatfield is in town from Halifax and will board at Mrs. Richardson's Church street for a few weeks.

There has been a great exodus to the seaside the past week, and several of our hospitable houses are closed in consequence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran and son Stanley spent Sunday in Dorchester with Mr. Moran's mother Mrs. B. Moran.

Mrs. Cameron who has been visiting friends in Halifax is at home again.

Mrs. W. Black and children have gone to Parrsboro to spend several weeks.

Miss Maud Bent who has had the school in Fort Lawrence for the last two years has resigned and will remain at her home in Fugwash for a year to recruit.

The formal opening of the new pipe organ, which has just been placed in position in the Methodist church took place on Friday evening last. Prof. Blair of Moncton presiding under whose master-hand its various musical combinations were displayed to advantage.

Mrs. Spencer of St. John and A. W. Brander violinist. Mrs. Spencer gave the solos, with organ accompaniment which were beautifully rendered.

She possesses a very fine and sweet soprano voice, and received a hearty encore to which she gratefully responded. If she should again favor Amberst with a visit she may be sure of receiving a hearty welcome.

Mr. A. W. Brander gave two solos with taste and masterly execution, for which he received hearty applause. This organ was built by R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd. of Toronto. It has a tubular pneumatic action throughout. There are in all 65 pipes. The Methodist congregation are to be congratulated upon the possession of such a fine instrument.

The Y. M. C. A. have made arrangements with the band to give a number of open air promenade concerts on the athletic grounds during the summer. A small fee will be charged for admittance to the grounds and I hope everyone will take advantage of this laudable move in the right direction by the Y. M. C. A. and patronize these concerts. It is a capital place for tired humanity to rest for the grounds are large and there are plenty of seats for all.

Mrs. Crane widow of Dr. T. Chandler Crane formerly of this town spent Sunday with her sister-in-law Mrs. W. Foster Parker Croft street. Mrs. Crane has been spending the winter in Halifax and has now gone to Baie Verte for the summer.

Miss Grace Dickey second daughter of J. A. Dickey C. E. is visiting a school mate in St. John. Mrs. Rice of Bear River Digby Co., is in town with her daughter Mrs. B. C. Munro Victoria St. Miss Hunter of Moncton is visiting her aunt Mrs. David Lawrence, Fort Lawrence.

Amberst mourns the loss of a good man and true in the removal by death of Dr. C. Allen Black, whose sudden demise on Sunday morning last seemed to paralyze everyone. Dr. Black retired to rest the night before in his usual health and about five o'clock on Sunday morning he complained of a severe pain in his chest and in fifteen minutes afterwards life had fled. He leaves a wife and one son and was 64 years of age. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon attended by a very large concourse of people. The Foresters attended in a body. The floral tributes were numerous and included wreaths, crosses, and other emblems from Dr. and Mrs. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hewson, the Methodist church and many other friends.

And now I pass from grave to gay, in noticing that Mrs. Froggatt was at home the first three days of this week to her many friends. She received in her wedding gown of cream brocade and was assisted by her bridesmaid Miss May Farley who was gowned in white brocade.

Miss Maggie Harding returned from Halifax last week and leaves tomorrow to visit her friend Miss Brown in Woodstock, and is accompanied by her little niece Miss Lillian Watchford.

Mrs. Fred Christie accompanied by her little daughter Dorothy McLeod, and her mother Mrs. Fred Bent of Cincinnati Ohio, are visiting in New Glasgow, Pictou Co.

Dr. Charles Bent of Truro, was in town on Tuesday attending the funeral of his nephew D. C. A. Black.

Mr. Fred Moore of Boston, is in town the guest of Mr. Jesse Harding, Victoria street.

WOLFVILLE.

JULY 13.—Dr. Keirstead returned from St. John on Monday. Mr. Arthur Donell of Montreal is spending his vacation here the guest of Mr. Ernest Elliott.

The Hon. D. McNeil Parker M. D. and Mrs. Parker of Dartmouth will spend the summer at the Acadia sanitarium hotel. Miss Parker has been visiting Miss Sawyer.



The men who do their work in the battles of life, in men whose arteries pulsate with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach weak, his blood soon gets thin and impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it is impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fulness and swelling of the stomach after meals, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, imaginary lump of food in the throat, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the keen edge of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the food that build healthy tissues, firm strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of constipation, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obdurate lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

Miss Alice Knowles of St. John's Newfoundland, is the guest of Mrs. Elliott Smith.

Mr. Frank Wortman accompanied by Miss Myrtle Seely and Mr. Roy Dixon came from St. John on Saturday and are the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Wortman.

A very delightful picnic was held at Starr's Point on Monday. Judge and Mrs. Chipman of Keaville, Mrs. Keirstead and Mrs. Elliot Smith were chaperones. The picnickers drove to the point had a boat sail and supper, coming home again by moonlight. Miss Nell Morse of Bridgetown was among the guests.

Miss Ida Jones of Amberst is spending a few weeks in Wolfville with Mrs. Joseph Jones.

Miss Annie Cohoon is visiting Mrs. J. H. Eaton at Kingston.

Capt. and Mrs. J. P. Singley of England who have been guests of Capt. J. N. Singy for several weeks have gone to Annapolis.

Prof. and Mrs. Wortman chaperoned a small picnic party at The Ridge on Monday afternoon.

Judge Graham and family of Halifax are spending the summer at "The Lindens."

Mrs. Robinson and her daughter Miss Jennie have moved from Wolfville. They will reside in Weymouth with Mr. J. Scott Robinson.

Mrs. C. E. Starr of Malden Mass., is visiting her son Mr. George Starr.

Mrs. Biggs of Boston has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Colin Roscoe for several weeks. She returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Minnie Hayes is spending her vacation in Parrsboro.

Mrs. C. M. Murray accompanied by her daughters Miss Mary, and Miss Margaret, have gone to Truro for a month. Miss Murray is spending the summer in Dartmouth.

Prof. J. Edward Barrs of Vermont arrived home this week to spend his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. DeW. Barrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gormley of Canoe are visiting Mrs. Gormley's mother, Mrs. Reid.

The following left Wolfville on Monday for the B. Y. P. U. convention at Buffalo: Mr. G. H. Wallace and Miss Wallace, Mr. A. H. Patterson, Miss Jennie McLatchy, Miss Avora Dickey.

Dr. Trotter has gone to the Eastern part of the province to solicit subscriptions to the Forward Movement Fund. Prof. Tuttle will join him there.

Mr. Herbert Currie who has been teaching at Bloomfield is home for his vacation.

Miss Yull who has been spending the winter in Wolfville returned to her home at Great Village this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tabor and the Misses Tabor returned from vacation last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jones of St. John returned home last week. They have been here for some time visiting Mr. Jones' parents, Dr. and Mrs. Jones.

A strawberry festival under the auspices of the Union church of Long Island was held at Evangeline Beach on Tuesday evening. The evening was very fine and about five hundred people were on the beach.

Miss Edith Barrs of Halifax is spending the summer with her grandfather Mr. J. W. Barrs.

Mrs. Hanington of Bridgetown is visiting her brother Mr. Wm. Chipman.

The Hon. Dr. Borden spent Monday in Wolfville. Dr. Borden and family are spending a few months in Canning.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]

JULY 13.—Mrs. William Denver, Col., and Miss Whidden Portland Me. are guests of Mrs. A. C. Page at High Elms.

Mr. A. O. Hastings and his bride are here from Montreal, guests at the Learmont.

Mrs. Carlyle, Toronto, and her baby daughter are visiting Capt. and the Misses Yull, Bibb Hill.

Mr. F. L. Murray spent Saturday and Sunday last with Halifax friends, making final adieux ere his departure for the West.

Mrs. Hermon Glaskell, New York, who has been visiting Mrs. Fred Miller, has gone to Halifax to visit friends.

Miss Etta Yull one of the successful teachers in one of the advanced departments of the Wolfville public school, is spending a few days in town, guest at her brothers Mr. H. W. Yull, Queen street.

Miss Winnie Bligh spent a few days last week with Halifax friends.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 50c.

Mr. John Lewis sr., has returned home from a lengthy visit with friends in Ontario and other parts of Western Canada.

Mr. James Corbett and Mrs. Corbett are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Fleming at Grassmere.

Mr. F. L. Murray left yesterday morning for his new field of labor, Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Murray carries with him a constant reminder of the good will of hosts of friends here, a handsome gold watch suitably engraved with monogram and inscription.

The same was presented to him last Friday evening at the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Moonman of the Halifax Bank. President C. E. Beatty of the T. A. A. C. in a few graceful words conveyed the regret of that body at Mr. Murray's departure. Mr. Murray's reply expressed in a few words his appreciation of so handsome a gift, and also his regret at leaving so many congenial friends and such pleasant surroundings.

Mrs. Michael Wallace, Halifax, is visiting Miss Dorsett, Halifax Road.

Miss Lilia Brook and her friends the Misses Tabor have returned from their pleasant outing at Scotch Matiland.

HILLSBORO.

JULY 13.—Mrs. Parker and daughter Miss Mamie Parker and Miss Carrie Steeves of Liverpool, England are visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Tomkins of Maryland Virginia are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osman.

Miss Romaine Beatty of Moncton is spending her holidays here at her old home.

Mr. Harry Burns is the guest of his brother Mr. W. M. Burns.

Mr. Theo. J. Allen of Hampton is spending a few weeks with his father Rev. T. J. Allen.

Miss Allen and Miss Frances are visiting friends in St. John.

Miss Jessie Randall entertained a number of her friends on Monday evening. The party was given as a farewell to Miss Burns, who leaves on Friday for Massachusetts. A very enjoyable time was spent. Among those present were Miss Lily Steeves, Miss Emma Steeves and Mrs. W. M. Burns.

Miss Olive Rowe, Miss Abigail, Miss Lily Steeves, Miss Elia Rowe, Miss Abigail, Miss Lily Steeves, Miss Nellie Steeves, Mr. Carl Duffy, Mr. L. Wood, Mr. C. Munro, St. John. Mr. A. Tomkins, Mr. Fred Steever, Mr. C. Allison Peck, Mr. H. Burns, Mr. Ward and others.

Mrs. C. J. Osman has sent out invitations for an at home this afternoon.

Rumors has it that two of our popular young people are to take upon themselves the responsibilities of married life in the near future.

Miss Ida Scott returned from her trip to St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Edgett and Mrs. Beatty Steeves wheeled to Klein on Monday.

KENTVILLE.

JULY 13.—Miss Roberta Sharpe left Kentville for Providence R. I., on Tuesday morning where she will reside for the future. Miss Sharpe has made many friends during her residence among us for the last three years.

Miss Moore and Miss Jennie Moore were among the number of Kentvillians who attended the very pleasant moonlight excursion from Canning on the steamer Beaver Tuesday evening.

Miss Olive O'Keary and Miss Holland of Port Williams are spending the last week at Hall's Harbor.

Miss M. O'Chrane of Canning spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Tupper of Truro passed through Kentville last week.

Miss Alice Chipman gave on Monday last the most enjoyable picnic of the season at Starr's point over seventy-five people enjoyed her hospitality and charming manner as a hostess. The day was perfect, the menu superb.

The Evangeline tea long talked of and for which preparations has been going on for the last two weeks did not enjoy the success it deserved, from a monetary point of view, the only successful part being the "tea and accompaniments" or rather it should say "the accompaniments and the tea" which by the way were not taken with tea. The accompaniments patient reader you must know were not eatables appealing to the dainty tooth but were perhaps more pleasing to the taste comprising as they did a group of our most popular young ladies dressed in the old French peasant costume of the white kerse trimmings and their draped red ribbon in front and white bodices and their draped with a transparent material of the same color.

The daintily dressed and pretty figures with the many trees which cover and form the chief beauty of the grounds of the Chestnuts where the tea was held, formed the background of a most entrancing picture. Miss Alice Chipman as Evangeline looked especially nice.

PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

JULY 13.—The rite of confirmation was administered to fifty young people in the Roman Catholic church by Archbishop O'Brien yesterday evening. His Grace was assisted by Rev. T. J. Barber, C. Campbell D. D., and W. J. Mihan. Mr. Pisan who has returned to Parrsboro for the summer presided at the organ. Beautiful flowers adorned the altars.

The Evangeline left the wharf at an early hour this morning for Whitewaters near Blomidon freighted with two picnic parties, the Methodist Sunday school and a party of tourists who are at staying at one of the hotels. As the weather is perfect no doubt a delightful day will be spent.

Dr. Macree is at Moncton attending the summer School of Science.

Rev. H. H. McLean, Mr. Jas. Day and Master Keith McKenzie started on their wheels this morning for New Glasgow where the G. O. Endeavor convention is in session. Miss Lizzie Kirkpatrick has also gone to this convention as a delegate from here.

Mrs. W. Black and children Amberst came down on Friday for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Clarence Loasby arrived yesterday from British Columbia to visit relatives.

Mr. C. R. Smith and family Amberst are at their summer cottage.

Mrs. T. Costes, Mrs. Jas. Howard, Amberst, Mrs. McKay, Nappan, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Vernon Burrowsfield, were among the guests on Wednesday at the Howard Langille wedding.

Rev. W. G. Lane the newly appointed Methodist minister began his duties on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Sharp's family are about removing to North Sydney.

Misses Longhead and Lou Thomas have gone to their homes, Truro, for the holidays the former having resigned her position in Parrsboro school.

Mrs. A. H. Upham has returned from St. John feeling improved in health.

Miss George Reid, Winnipeg, recently paid a brief visit to her sister.

Mrs. and Master Sand are back from Digby, Miss Rice of Bear River and Miss Thina, Kentville are Mrs. Sand's guests.

Miss Thomas, Truro, and Miss McSweeney, Moncton are guests of Mrs. D. Gillespie.

Mr. C. F. L. Jarvis, Halifax, has been in town. Mrs. Parsons and Master Fred went to Springhill today. Dr. Townshend returned from Digby on Saturday.

Mrs. Graves of Boston with her daughter is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Reed.

Mrs. Kane and Miss McKean of Montreal are Mr. J. R. Cowan's guests.

ST. GEORGE.

JULY 13.—Mr. Daniel Gillmor and family from Montreal are occupying their summer residence at the beach.

Rev. A. B. O'Neill of Memramcook paid a short visit to relatives recently before leaving for the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Henry Seelye from New York state is visiting her sister Mrs. Arthur Hill Gillmor.

St. Mark's Sunday school held their annual picnic on Tuesday at Dr. Dick's farm. A most enjoyable day was spent.

Rev. Mr. Smith returned from St. Stephen on Thursday last.

Mrs. Ella MacVicar and Irene O'Brien returned from St. Stephen on Friday where they had been to attend the examination of candidates for Normal school.

Rev. Mr. Street occupied the pulpit of St. Mark's church on Sunday morning. Rev. and Mrs. Street are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, L'Etang.

Rev. F. M. Young of Bridgetown N. S. is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Hawley and children from N. S. are visiting at Mr. Peter McVicar, L'Etang.

Dr. Alexander is taking a short vacation.

Mrs. Hannah Dustin an elderly lady of ninety four is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. George Campbell of Boston is spending his vacation with his parents.

Among the visitors in town are Mrs. Wm. Craig of Woodstock, Mrs. Gillmor Stewart, Miss Besie Stewart Upper Falls, and Miss Laura Wetmore Truro.

Confirmation services were held in the R. C. church on Tuesday morning.

The members of the B. Y. P. U. are holding a strawberry and ice cream social in Court's hall this (Wednesday) evening.

Tomorrow evening (Thursday) the Mission band give a concert in the Baptist church under the direction of Miss Lavers.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

JULY 13.—The bathing season has begun at Coles Point and there have been two or three picnics there in the past fortnight.

Miss Walker of St. John spent a few days with Mrs. F. Foster last week.

Mrs. Deborah of Montreal is visiting Mrs. J. B. Forster, at Willowside.

Mrs. Welsh and Miss Welsh of Dobb's Ferry are spending the summer with Mrs. Welsh's sister Mrs. H. W. Palmer.

Mrs. Robb, Miss Robb and Miss M. E. Robb, are also visiting Mrs. Palmer. Miss M. E. Robb went to Shediac today for a fortnight's visit before returning to Brooklyn.

A series of games of tennis have been arranged between Dorchester and Sackville, for Saturday afternoons. The first match game was played on Mr. H. W. Palmer's court last Saturday, Sackville was successful. Among those who came over from Sackville for the game were Dr. and Mrs. Borden.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Black, Miss Black, Messrs. Harrison, Allison, and H. Wood. After the match had been played, the party with a number of Dorchester friends drove to the shore for tea.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson returned to Moncton last week.

Miss Sadie A. Borden, spent Dominion day with Miss Chandler at Mapleton.

Mr. J. B. Chandler of Sackville spent Sunday in town, with his mother, Mrs. J. W. Chandler.

Mrs. E. B. Chandler and little son of Moncton spent a few days in town last week with Mrs. Joshua Chandler.

MUSQUASH.

JULY 14.—N. W. Cousins, M. D., of Waltham, Mass., spent a few days at "Sunnyside" last week the guest of Mr. G. M. Anderson and family.

Miss Minnie Parkin and Miss Julia Clinch are spending a few weeks in St. Andrews.

Mr. Albert Henderson is very ill at his home "Manzie's Manor."

Mr. H. E. McVey spent Sunday here.

Miss Estelle Spika is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Knight, "Inglewood."

George Bidell, M. D., returned last week from Marysville, where he has been the guest of Mrs. J. J. J. J.

Mr. C. C. Clinch went to St. George on Friday on his bicycle.

NATIONAL DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY

Metric System Taught. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

PUPILS thoroughly taught by mail how to cut and fit all kinds of dresses, costumes, garments, etc., by a new, simple method absolutely correct and reliable. No failures with this system. It is easily learned by any one in a very short time. Diploma, recognized all over the Dominion, granted for proficiency. Full particulars upon application.

Menu Cards, Wedding Invitations, Programmes, etc., Printed in the very latest styles, by the Progress Job Printing Department.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the run dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE IF NOT CURED of Calves of all kinds, Colic, Croup, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Boils. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

Remains yours respectfully, E. L. EROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufrain.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

IN STOCK

- Ladies' Short Back Manila Sailors, White Chiffon and Straw Hats, Black Chiffon and Straw Hats, Colored Chiffon and Straw Hats, Leghorn Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Millinery Novelties.

The Parisian NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives, combined in the most palatable form.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leshchitzky" Method; also "Byzath System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFÉ ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

USE
Baby's Own Soap
and you'll know why we recommend it
BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.
The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

MONROE.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Treedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.

July 13.—Although the usual midsummer quiet prevails in society circles there was no lack of entertainment in town last week. First the summer school of science, the delegates of which are holding their annual meeting in Moncton this year were given a reception in the opera house on Thursday evening and cordially welcomed to the city. Mayor Cole making the formal speech of welcome. The platform was occupied by Dr. Inch Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick, Dr. McKay who occupies the same important position in Nova Scotia, Dr. Bailey of the University of New Brunswick, Principal Oulton of the Moncton schools, who is also president of the summer school of science, Rev. W. W. Lodge, Rev. W. B. Hinson, Rev. J. E. Brown, Mr. F. A. McCully, secretary and superintendent of the Moncton schools, Mr. D. Grant, C. W. Robinson, M. P. F. and other distinguished citizens. The evening was most enjoyably spent as the more serious business of the meeting was pleasantly interspersed with music, Prof. Watts orchestra rendering some fine selections and Mr. and Miss Wetmore kindly favoring the audience with some delightful vocal music. Both were in excellent voice and Miss Wetmore's beautiful soprano was heard to great advantage and her selections much enjoyed. Addresses of welcome and replies were in order, and Dr. Inch, Dr. McKay, and Dr. Bailey expressed their warm appreciation of the cordial welcome which the delegates had received from the citizens of Moncton. Mayor Cole read a communication from the Y. M. C. A. placing their rooms at the disposal of the members of the school during their stay and the meeting closed shortly after ten o'clock.

The ever popular W. B. Harkins' Company played "Nobbs" in the Opera house on Friday evening to a rather small but delighted audience. The play was in a manner that has scarcely ever been excelled in Moncton and winning fresh laurels for themselves with individuality and collectivity.

Saturday was circus day, and the usual excitement prevailed, the circus ground being the centre of attraction for all classes. It was a quiet and well-managed circus creating no disturbance, and singularly free from the fakir element.

Miss Alice Wetmore left town on Saturday for Fredericton to spend some weeks visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thompson are being congratulated upon the arrival of a baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans and family, are spending the summer months at their cottage at Cape Brule.

Mr. Maley, of Montreal, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Grant Hall of Main street.

Mr. E. B. Chandler returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been visiting Lady Smith.

Mr. A. C. Jones of Boston, who was called home a short time ago by the death of his mother, returned to Boston on Thursday.

The many friends of Mr. Rupert G. Davis of Ottawa, private secretary to Mr. Henry Strong, Chief Justice of Canada, are giving him a very cordial welcome to his former home. Mr. Davis was a resident of Moncton for several years and made many warm friends during his stay in our city. He is spending a month's vacation visiting different points of interest in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Miss Lillian Elliott left town on Thursday for Hillsboro where she will spend a short time visiting friends.

Miss Minnie Nevins of St. John, is spending a few days in town, the guest of her aunt Mrs. J. W. Wortman of Queen street.

Mr. A. H. Bowley of Fredericton, is taking the place of Mr. G. W. Daniel, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia during the latter's absence. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel are spending their vacation in driving through some of the most beautiful parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Miss Florence Wortman of Newton, Mass., is spending her summer vacation at her home in Moncton.

Mrs. J. H. Wetmore left town on Monday to spend the remainder of the summer at Marysville, with her parents Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Parsons.

Mr. Walter Colpitts of the I. C. R. engineering department left town on Saturday for Windsor, N. S. where he has received the appointment of assistant engineer on the construction of the midland railway. While awaiting his departure from Moncton, Mr. Colpitts' numerous friends will join in congratulating him on securing so desirable a position, and in wishing him every success and happiness in his new home.

Mrs. E. G. C. Ketchum who has been spending a few days in town visiting her sister Mrs. I. W. Binney returned to her summer home at Tidnish, last week.

Miss Alice Phelan of Amherst, who is spending the summer school of science, is the guest of her

aunt Mrs. W. H. Bartlett of Fleet street, during her stay in town.

Mr. F. H. Blair, organist of St. John's presbyterian church returned on Saturday morning from Amherst, whither he had been called to conduct the opening of the magnificent organ recently placed in the Methodist church of that town. The opening took the form of an organ recital, which was pronounced an unequalled success by the large audience in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Allen and little daughter left town last week for Shediac Cape, where they intend to spend a short vacation camping out.

Mr. Dickinson of Truro, is taking the place of Mr. J. H. Abbott, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax who is absent on his summer vacation.

Mr. Edward Record Jr., of Medford Mass., is spending a few days in town the guest of his aunt Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street.

Mrs. J. B. Jackson of Ingersoll Ont., is spending a few days in town visiting her sister Miss Tilney. Mrs. Jackson, who is accompanied by her friend Miss Kalso of the same city, and also by her little son and daughter, is en route to Prince Edward Island, where the party intend spending the remainder of the summer.

Mr. John McKean of Watertown, N. Y., arrived in town last week to spend his summer holidays with his mother Mrs. Samuel McKean of Main St. Mrs. Horace E. Dibbles and little son of Manservantville who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. Bertram Hooper at St. George's rectory for the past few weeks, returned home on Monday. Mrs. Dibbles was accompanied by Mrs. Hooper and children who will remain with her for the next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude W. Price left town yesterday for Millstream, Kings Co., where they intend visiting friends.

Mr. Robert Chandler of St. Andrews is spending a few days in town visiting his brother, Dr. E. B. Chandler of Bedford street.

Miss Mila McSwainy left town on Monday for Parrboro, where she will spend a few weeks visiting friends.

Mrs. W. Sargent of Windsor, N. S. is the guest of her cousin Mrs. J. A. Davidson of Luts street.

Mrs. J. W. Clarke and family left town last week for Nova Scotia where they intend spending the next two months.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson returned last week from Dorchester where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. George W. Chandler at "Maplehurst."

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall C. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treas's.]

July 13.—A very happy affair on Monday afternoon was a lawn party given by Mrs. C. B. Eaton in honor of Miss Goucher's seventh birthday. There were a number of little ladies present all the young friends and school mates of Miss Alva. The beautiful grove surrounding Mrs. Eaton's residence was adorned with lanterns, flags and bunting and everything was prepared and done to make the occasion a jolly and delightful one. Luncheon was served in the grove. The hours of the party were from three until seven o'clock.

The "at home" given by Mrs. John Prescott last week was an extremely pleasant one. There were forty ladies present. Mrs. Prescott was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. C. G. McCully. She wore a most stylish costume of black canvas over green silk. Mrs. McCully was attired in a rich black silk with trimmings of white lace. The floral decorations were chiefly roses. In the dining room the flowers were La France roses and pale green ferns. The ladies who assisted in the dining room were Mrs. Frank F. Woods, Mrs. Percy L. Lord, and Miss Alice Boardman served lunch. Mrs. Prescott intends to give another "at home" at an early date.

A very pretty five o'clock tea was given on Friday afternoon by Miss Lillian McKenzie at the home of Madame Lee, Church street, Calais. The entertainment was given in honor of Miss Ma'el Clerk to announce her engagement to Lieut. Frank V. Lee. The house was beautifully adorned with flowers for the occasion, and the dainty tea served to the guests was most delicious. There were almost fifty ladies present and the affair was a most delightful and greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

A large party of picnickers enjoyed a jolly afternoon at Porters Mill Stream on Monday. Two electric cars were chartered to convey them to and from the picnic grounds.

Union Street is greatly improved by the handsome residence now in process of erection by Dr. Deinstadt. It is built with every convenience to suit the doctor and his family, and when finished will be counted as one of the finest residences in town.

Mrs. James G. Stevens accompanied by her daughter Miss Edith Stevens left on Monday for St. Martin's where they will spend a month.

Rev. Fredric Robertson and family left yesterday morning for North Lubec, Maine, where they will enjoy a fortnight of sea air at the M-m-a-t-to hotel a delightful and much frequented spot for summer tourists.

Miss Edith Ellivard left yesterday for her home in Fredericton after a delightful visit of two weeks here. She was accompanied by her friends Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Ethel Waterbury who will be Mrs. Ellivard's guests for several weeks.

Miss Alice Roberts of Utica, New York, and Misses Alice Lane and Evelyn Mansa of Vinal Haven, are guests of Mrs. G. W. Vinal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Amador of Salem, Mass. are guests of Miss Martha Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mills of Belfast Maine, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Vose.

Miss Constance Chipman left this morning for Fredericton and will visit Mrs. L. C. McNair.

Miss Hattie Eaton is visiting friends in St. John.

Mrs. Hutton of St. John is the guest of Miss Kate Grant.

Miss Agnes Lowell has gone to Portland, Maine.

Rev. O. S. Newham and family left today to occupy their summer cottage at Oak Bay, and expect to remain out of town until the last of August.

Misses Maude McClaskey of St. John and several other young lady friends of Miss Vera Young are guests at the Young cottage at Oak Bay during this week.

Rev. W. H. Sampson and Mrs. Sampson, who have been Mrs. W. B. Wetmore's guests, left this morning for their home in Carleton.

Mrs. Fredric H. Pike of Baltimore, Maryland, arrived here yesterday, and is the guest of her cousin Mrs. Willard B. King.

Mrs. John Hodgins of Ottawa, is visiting her aunt Mrs. B. B. Murray.

When in Calais last week, Mr. Gorham K. King of St. John was the guest of Mrs. A. E. Nell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ross and family who have been visiting relatives at Red Beach, have returned home.

Mrs. Henry Hathaway of Houston, is a guest of Mrs. Warren Hathaway.

Mrs. Budgett of Chicago, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Webber.

Mrs. John W. Govill and her young son Leon, and have gone to Shediac to visit relatives, and will be absent a month or more.

Miss Noe Clarke has returned home after a long visit in Dorchester, Mass., with her aunt Mrs. Annie Melick. Miss Clarke returns much benefited in health, and is most cordially welcomed home by her friends.

Miss Annie Gregory has gone to St. John to spend a fortnight.

Mr. John Clarke Taylor of Boston, made a short visit here this week.

His lordship Bishop Kingston who has been here since the meeting of the C of E synod last week and who administered the rite of confirmation in St. Peter's church Milltown, Sunday afternoon, and Christ church Sunday evening, left for Fredericton on Monday morning. During his stay was the guest of Rev. O. S. Newham at Christ church rectory.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon of Lynn Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Hill.

Mrs. Almer J. Teed and her daughter Miss Bertie Teed spent Sunday at Deer Island.

Miss Grace Stevens is spending this week in St. John.

Master Henderson Magee of Boston made a brief visit this week with Miss Berna Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker of Winchester Mass., who are summering at the Algorquin hotel St. Andrews were in town last week on a brief visit and were the guests of Mrs. Howard B. McAllister.

Madame Chipman has recovered from her illness and has been able to drive out.

Miss See Ganong of Smith's college is at home during the vacation season.

Mr. Parker Grimmer is spending this week with friends in St. John.

Dr. James B. Porter of Washington, D. C., accompanied by Mrs. Porter are visiting Calais this week.

RICHIBUCTO.

July 13.—Mr. A. N. MacKay of St. John spent Sunday in town.

The concert on Saturday night was a well arranged affair and was much appreciated by those who attended. Great credit is due to Mr. B. E. Johnson. Miss Burt of Dorchester is in town since Monday the guest of Miss Maude Grieron.

Miss Belle Cole of St. John arrived here on Saturday, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Cole.

Rev. Wm. Lawson returned home from his vacation trip to P. E. Island on Saturday last.

Messrs Wm. O'Leary and Geo. V. McInerney were in St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Atkinson of Moncton are spending the summer in town.

Miss Nessie Ferguson returned home on Monday from a pleasant visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Finney arrived home from Chatham on Monday afternoon.

The young friends of Miss Eva McKinley entertained her with a pleasant picnic to the south side of the river on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Jas McKinley with their family lent taking their departure from our town in a week or two.

Mrs. D. J. Cochrane entertained a few friends on Tuesday in honor of Miss Burt of Dorchester.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Drury Lane Theatre has the largest fire-proof curtain in the world. It is forty-two feet by thirty and is built of iron and asbestos, and in case of fire can lower itself automatically in fifteen seconds.

Grief can take care of itself, but to give the full value of joy you must have somebody to divide it with.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curative agents being such that the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient would relieve one ill, in turn, from another. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undegraded state, a remedy for many and grievous ailments. It is a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound sleep, imparts vigor to the action of the system, and by strengthening the healthy frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, approved appetite, Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the results, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A recent landship in China revealed a pile of money, numbering about 7,000,000 coppers. The coppers were made about the middle of the eleventh century.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Sickles Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure your self. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a powerful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Queen Victoria is perhaps the only European sovereign who has a positive aversion to tobacco in all its forms. Wee to the prince who polishes the apartments at Windsor with its fumes.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, influenza, hoarseness, whooping cough, croup, whooping cough, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Catarrh Pills.

A greyhound has a greater speed running than a horse. A greyhound has been timed in running 125 yards in eight seconds.

The Best Pills—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney (New South Wales), writes: "We have been using Parmentier's Pills, and find them by far the best pill we ever used." For Delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. T. Keen in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant and excites the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Young girls complain that all the desirable men are married; so are all the women who are good cooks.

Chronic Derangements of the stomach Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmentier's vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the bowels, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. It is in this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills.

An Amazon warrior faces powder and her peerless father's powder her face.

As PARMENTIER'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain roots and herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespear, writes: "I consider Parmentier's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliaryness and Derangement of the Liver having used them myself for some time."

One Kentucky grower has 117 acres planted in tobacco. He says there are 1,160,000.

Encountering a Crocodile.

Whilst staying at Sandakin, British North Borneo, three of us (writes a correspondent) set out along the banks of a small creek one morning to shoot, all three of us carrying repeating rifles. We had not gone far, when we saw a little

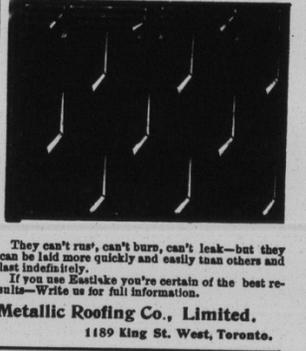
ESSENTIAL FEATURES, QUALITY, WEIGHT AND PRICE.
You get them when you buy Monsoon. Follow the directions on the inside of the packet and the result will be a delicious cup of tea. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound. All grocers.
THE MONSOON TEA CO.
7 Wellington St. W. Toronto.



"The Ideal Tonic."
CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite.
No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

in front of us, what looked like the trunk of a tree cast ashore by the waves. It was not until we came up to it and were on the point of stepping over it, that one of my companions started back with a suppressed cry and signed to us to stop. We obeyed and none too soon; for there, lying right across our path, was the sleeping body of a gigantic crocodile. Not a word was spoken. Each silently raised his rifle and fired. The bullets glanced harmlessly off the hard scaly back, and in an instant the creature was on its feet, with its enormous jaws open to their widest extent. I was directly in front of it and shall never while life lasts forget the horror with which I looked right down into the creature's very gullet. Instinctively I let fly down its throat, whilst almost simultaneously the gentleman next to me aimed and struck it full in the eye. That shot saved my life. The crocodile gave one spasmodic heave and fell dead. The body was preserved and is now in the Berlin Museum, where it may still be seen, and is considered one of the finest specimens ever caught.

WHEN YOU GET TO THE ROOF
Make Sure of Durable, Economical Protection, by Using Our Famous Eastlake Steel Shingles.



They can't rust, can't burn, can't leak—but they can be laid more quickly and easily than others and last indefinitely.
If you use Eastlake you're certain of the best results—Write us for full information.
Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.
1189 King St. West, Toronto.

Individual Instruction.

The thorough mastery of shorthand assures the beginner of immediate employment. It introduces him into confidential relations with important business concerns, so he can soon rise or go into business for himself. He gets the knowledge and ripened experience of others and is rapidly promoted according to proficiency. Others complain that they can get nothing to do, but the bookkeeper or stenographer gets a job at once. You can fit yourself for promotion of this useful profession at your own home and need not quit your present work. Lessons by mail, Shorthand, \$10; Bookkeeping, \$15; Art Penmanship \$10. Write today.
S. P. SNELL, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

BOYS can earn a Steam-Wind Watch and Chain during the Summer Holidays, by selling \$2.50 worth of our 5c and 10c goods—to kinds, assorted. Boys who send to the States for goods have to pay postage. Goods not sold exchanged. No money required. Write at once, stating your father's occupation, and we will mail the goods.
Manufacturers' Agency Co., Toronto, Ont.

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BAUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church member, willing to leave our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 388 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tins property about one and a half miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Farnley Building. 54-57

No Summer Vacation. 

ST. JOHN'S COOL SUMMER WEATHER, combined with our superior ventilation facilities, make study with us just as agreeable in July and August as at any other time. Just the chance for teachers and others to take up the ISAAC FITZMAN SHORTHAND and our NEW METHODS (the very latest) of BUSINESS PRACTICE. Students can enter at any time. Send for Catalogue. Oddell's Hall. S. KERR & SON.

HOTELS.

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

QUEEN HOTEL.
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Library Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Delicious!
Is what everyone says after drinking my **Fruit Phosphates** OR CREAM SODA.
Have you tried it yet?
I have just received another lot of that

LOVELY SPRUCE GUM.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
Chemist and Druggist.
35 King Street. Telephone 339

I have a few Dahlias Roots left for each purchaser of Seeds.
Chickens, Turkeys and Sweet Peas.

THOMAS DEAN.
City Market.

LAGER BEER.
On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case } Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE
FRESH MACKEREL,
The First of the Spring Catch Received this day at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.



(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Philadelphia, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Coburn's mother.

Mr. Baker of Toronto is looking up old friends in the city.

St. Dunstan's church was this morning the scene of a very happy event, when at an early hour Miss Maudie McGabey was united in marriage to Mr. Thos. Sullivan of Stanley.

Mrs. N. A. Haberly, of Boston, nee Miss Janet Rosborough is here on a visit to her mother.

Mrs. H. C. Crew and daughter Miss Viva Creed are visiting friends in St. John.

Mrs. Edith Sparden is having a happy holiday with friends in Andover.

Mr. Bert Fowler of Lewiston Me, accompanied by his wife and children are visiting his parents on Regent St.

Mrs. Henry Esty is enjoying the cooling breezes of St. John.

Messrs Wm. McLellan and Spencer Sterling are enjoying a holiday at Newcastle Miramichi.

Miss Nellie McNally and Miss Ethel Lottimer have gone to Biown's Flats on a two weeks vacation.

Dr. Bailey, Dr. Inch and S. H. McKee Jr. of this city are among those in attendance at the summer school of science, at Moncton.

Mrs. C. W. Beckwith and daughter Miss Lillian Beckwith are enjoying the sea breezes at the Bay Shore.

Among the visitors in the city this week who spent Sunday in the Celestial were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. W. T. Harrison, the Misses Harrison and Mr. G. F. Adams of St. John.

Lieut. Col. Mansuelli, Inspector of Infantry, arrived home on Friday and is now enjoying the delights of his beautiful summer home, "Fern Hill."

Mr. G. Y. Dibblee spent Sunday at St. John.

Mrs. J. E. Colter and niece, Miss Mamie Gibson, daughter of Mayor Gibson of Marysville, have been spending a few days in the city by the sea.

Mr. A. W. Ferley and daughter Miss H. Ferley of Spokane, are visiting relatives down river.

C. W. Beckwith Jr., is enjoying his holidays at Grand Lake, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Balmale.

Miss Francis Gibson of Boston, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Thos. Parent, at St. Mary's.

Miss Brown of Hampton, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Frank S. Creed, has gone to her home at Hampton.

Mr. Vernon Mathews of this city and Miss Eva Inch, daughter of Councillor Inch, were married at the residence of the bride's father, at St. Mary's on Wednesday evening. Rev. Mr. Turney tying the knot connubial. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. The F. C. B. church Sabbath school of this city, of which the groom is superintendent presented the bride with a beautifully bound Bible. Mrs. Mathews will receive at the residence of Mr. H. C. Jewitt tomorrow afternoon from two to five o'clock.

Mr. Amassa P. Flagler of San Francisco a native of York Co., but for many years resident in the West, is visiting at his old home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindlow Yerxa spent a few days among St. John friends this week.

Miss Lottie Vandine and Miss Emma Thompson are enjoying the sea breezes at St. Andrews and will remain there all summer.

Mr. E. L. Crosby of Bangor has been here the guest of Mr. W. T. Chesnut this week.

Mr. John Black M. P. returned on Saturday from a pleasant trip to Boston.

Prof. and Mrs. Davidson are spending their vacation in New York.

Miss Edith Gregory is visiting friends at Andover.

Miss May Gardner has gone to Woodstock to spend the summer with friends there.

The Misses Sarah and Probie Merritt of Brantford, Ont., are here the guests of their uncle Mr. F. B. Merritt.

Mr. Frank Mitchell of Brantford, Ont., is spending a week in the city.



Another Big Cut in Prices Special for a few days. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE LIKE?

- Solid Gold Frames, warranted \$2.35
Best Gold Filled Frames, - - - 1.10
Best Lenses, per pair, - - - .90
Alloy Frames, (note), - - - .35
Nickel Frames, gold filled nose-piece, - - - .35
Steel or Nickel Frames, - - - .10

The above prices are quoted on strictly First Quality Goods. This is a Special Sale and the prices quoted are good for a few days only.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN FRAMELESS EYE GLASSES AND SPECTACLES. Open till 9 o'clock Nights, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it.

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

Miss Sadie Knox of Upper Caverhill is visiting her aunt Mrs. F. H. Clark.

Miss Elizabeth Bamford of Kingsclear died suddenly at her residence on Thursday morning of pneumonia. The deceased lady was the last of the family of the late L. Bradshaw Bamford.

On Friday last Mrs. Helen Hudson, widow of the late Richard Hudson passed peacefully to rest, after an illness extending over seventeen years.

Hudson was surrounded by her family during her last hours, besides her two daughters, the Misses Kate and Mary she leaves one son Mr. John Hudson of New York who with his family arrived a short time before her death.

After high mass of requiem in St. Dunstan's church by Rev. Father Casey on Monday the remains were laid tenderly to rest in the Hermitage Cemetery.

Mrs. John Tapley who has been spending the last few months visiting relatives in Marysville returned to her home in St. John on Saturday accompanied by her grandchildren Miss Florence Tapley and Master H. Wark Tapley.

Mrs. Southworth and family of Boston are the guests of Mrs. James Gibson.

Miss Maud Foster returned home on Tuesday from a pleasant visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merritt are being congratulated on the birth of a fine baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waterston, St. Stephen, paid Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, Marysville, a visit this week.

Mrs. Earnest Tapley, Mrs. James Robinson Millerton, Mrs. Southworth, Boston, Mrs. James Gibson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Likely, Mrs. J. Walker Read, Mrs. A. G. Robinson, Mrs. John Gibson, Miss Beatie Gibson, and a few other friends spent a charming day at "Glendale" the new summer hotel this week.

On Friday last Mrs. J. W. Read entertained a large party of ladies to tea, in honor of Mrs. John Tapley.

Mr. Obber Sharp of the Bank of B. N. A. St. John spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cuddey in Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Read [Lincoln] spent Wednesday in Marysville the guests of Mayor and Mrs. Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Swinertown of Boston accompanied by Mrs. James Holly and little daughter of St. John paid a visit to the Celestial this week and were guests at the "Queen" CRUCKERT.

WINDSOR

JULY 13.—The ladies of the presbyterian church held a social on Friday evening to introduce the young men who had lately been added to their congregation.

Miss Connie Hill who has been the guest of Mrs. Olesley returned to her home in Dartmouth on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cann with her daughter Mrs. Calkin of Kentville spent a few days with Mrs. Woodworth at Clifton.

Prof. Butler formerly of Kings college but now of Kingston military college accompanied by Mrs. Butler paid Windsor a short visit and were the guests of Mrs. W. D. Sutherland.

Mrs. Lawson of Riverside Cal., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Drysdale, Avonhurst.

The Archdeacon and Mrs. Jones left on Monday for a holiday trip part of which will be spent with friends in St. John.

Miss Millie King of Halifax is spending a few weeks here with Mrs. Wiggins.

Mr. Reid contractor for the Midland railway has returned from Montreal. He was accompanied by Mrs. Reid as far as Truro, where they propose residing until the completion of the road.

Mr. Colla Locke left on Thursday on a bicycle tour through the western part of the province.

Mr. David Solon of New Glasgow visited his parents here for a few days. Mr. Solon leaves very soon for Germany where he intends further pursuing his studies.

Mrs. J. O. Stewart who has been spending a few days with Captain and Mrs. Morris, King street, returned to Halifax Wednesday.

PERTH

JULY 13.—Mr. John Niles is spending his vacation at his home Centreville.

Mrs. C. F. Grant of Woodstock with her two children is here visiting her mother.

Sidney Ross station agent at Hibernia spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Street.

Mrs. Walter Burdett will go to Fredericton on Friday to join her husband.

Dr. Weaver of Arthrette was in town yesterday. The ladies of the baptist church held a strawberry festival in the Union Hall Saturday evening. The affair was largely attended and quite a goodly sum realized.

Mrs. A. B. Street who has been quite ill is now recovering.

Miss Fannie Craig is home for her holidays.

Miss Alma Armstrong is expected home Saturday from Boston where she is attending a training school for nurses.

Capt. George Armstrong of New York is here and intends spending the summer with friends in this vicinity.

GREENWICH

JULY 12.—Miss Helen Pickett has returned from a pleasant visit in Springfield where she was the guest of Mrs. Cresswell at the rectory.

Mr. John Wilmet and family of St. John are spending the summer at the Benish grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. James Barton of St. John spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. Sanborn is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Gorham. Capt. Thomas and family, Mrs. Gilmore and Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore are at Mrs. R. F. Belyea's.

Mrs. N. T. Postman's visiting friends in St. John. Mr. Arthur Belyea spent Sunday here.

Misses Muriel Inch and Hazel Flewelling spent last week the guests of Miss Jennie Holder at Sunnyside.

Miss Margaret Jaffrey of St. Mary's is the guest of her friend Mrs. A. L. Postman this week.

HE HAS A GOOD PULL

A Young Halifax Lawyer Gets an Important Task to Do.

HALIFAX July 13.—Some weeks ago the city council decided to revise the city charter and also the ordinances relating to the city. A committee after carefully considering the matter decided that it would cost in the vicinity of \$1,000 to do the work. Of this amount \$750 was for legal expenses and the balance for printing. The recorder was to receive \$400 of this amount in addition to his fine fat salary of \$1,200 yearly. It was also agreed at the time that the recorder should have associated with him an expert legal gentleman, who was to receive \$350 for his services.

When the money was voted it was generally understood that the best legal authority should be obtained, and the selection was left with the mayor and recorder. The two have agreed on a choice, and the lucky man is W. E. Thompson. He is a young man with only a couple of years practice at the bar. Of course he had to have a "pull" to get the position, while other members of the bar with many years experience had to take a back seat. Thompson no doubt secured the work through the influence of the mayor, as he is said to be the intended brother-in-law of that dignitary. This is generally conceded to be the reason that Thompson came out ahead of so many of the legal fraternity who had an eye on the cool \$350.

COOPERHEADS SPARE CHILDREN

Belief That the Snakes Won't Bite the Young Apparently Confirmed.

One day, a week or so ago, according to a New Jersey newspaper, Florence, the 6-year-old daughter of George Wilson of Woodburn, found much enjoyment in stamping her foot on an object she saw protruding from the foundation of the house. The sport went on until it attracted the attention of her elder sister, who, when she saw the game, was scared and ran to call her mother. The object the child had stamped proved to be a big pilot. 'Such reptiles, added the newspaper, although amusing, are dangerous playmates for children.'

'I can't see wherein these reptiles are amusing, but in the light of this incident and of others of which I have heard I begin to have my doubts that they are dangerous playmates for children. I recall now one instance in particular that occurred a season or two ago on the York county side of the Susquehanna River, where copperheads—or pilots, as they are called in New Jersey—are uncomfortable common. On the farm of which I am going to speak the haying hands were killed as many as ten in one day this season, moving over one field.'

'The farm is the Loan farm. At the time I refer to one of Loan's children, a girl of 3 was playing in the front yard, and her mother noticed her sitting in the grass near the gate. Every now and then the child was heard to laugh gleefully, and Mrs. Loan at last walked out to see what it was that amused the child so much. When the child saw her mother coming, she shouted:

"'Hurry, mamma, and see the live carpet rags!"

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

A TRAVELLER'S TESTIMONY!

What He Carried on the Cars

To Take when Travelling.

Every traveller knows that continuous journeying on the railroad is very apt to derange the system in some way. In spite of springs and soft seats there is a continuous jar and vibration, which acts upon the nervous system, and produces results varying somewhat according to the strength of the traveller or his predisposition to some specific ailment. The most common consequence of continuous car riding is constipation. And this condition invariably produces headache, and tends to biliousness. J. J. Converse, St. Louis, Mo., found a way to avoid the evil effects of constipation, to which he was subject when travelling. He carried with him "the pill that will" cure constipation and all its sequent sufferings. This is what he says:

"Travelling on the cars tends to constipation with me, but by using Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills moderately, my bowels are kept in healthy action. They also prevent headache."—J. J. CONVERSE, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Ayer's Pills are good for constipation under all circumstances and conditions. They have cured long standing cases after every other medicine had failed. Rev.

Francis B. Harlowe, of Atlanta, Ga., furnishes a case in point. He writes:

"For some years past, I was subject to constipation, from which I suffered increasing inconvenience, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, until some months ago, when I began taking Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and vastly improved my general health."—(REV.) FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, Atlanta, Ga.

Constipation is, perhaps, the most serious physical evil of to-day. It is like the Octopus, that grasps its victim and fastens its tentacles on trunk and limbs one after another, until at last, incapable of longer resistance, the helpless being succumbs to his frightful foe. Constipation is the beginning of many of the most murderous maladies, the clogged system becoming charged with poisons that affect the liver and kidneys, and prostrate the entire being mentally, morally, and physically. Dr. Ayer's Pills will cure constipation. If you doubt it send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, free, containing the testimony of those cured by this remedy. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Confidence

Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his location in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual who depends upon the public for his patronage may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realise that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past fifteen years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

"At the same time she held up to her mother's gaze a snake she had grasped in her hand which twisted and squirmed in the air. Mrs. Loan saw a once that the snake was a copper head. Although she almost swooned with terror, she acted with rare presence of mind. It occurred to her that if she showed her alarm by crying out suddenly to her, the child would undoubtedly become frightened, and the change that would naturally follow in her handling of the deadly reptile might anger the snake and cause it to sink its venomous fangs into her hand or face. With a great effort, Mrs. Loan controlled herself sufficiently to say coaxingly:

"'Fetch it to mamma, dear. Don't hurt it.'

"'But there's two of 'em, mamma,' replied the little girl. 'I'll fetch 'em both.'

"She reached down and picked up another copperhead that lay in the grass which Mrs. Loan had not seen, and came toddling along the path toward her mother with a wriggling snake in each hand. Mrs. Loan, although almost paralyzed with terror over the plight her little one was in, for one stroke of a copperhead's fang would have been her swift and sure death, retained her composure, and when the child was within a couple of yards of her spoke to her gently, and said:

"'Put 'em on the ground, darling, and let me see them walk.'

"This seemed to please the child, and she placed the copperheads in the path. They then saw Mrs. Loan for the first time, and their manner changed instantly. The copperhead, unlike the rattlesnake, is aggressive, and these two, showing all the fierceness of their nature, at once moved toward the child's mother, plainly with hostile intent. The child clasped her hands and started to catch the snakes again. Her mother rushed around the snakes, and snatching the child up in her arms, flew to the house, closed the door behind her, and fell fainting to the floor. The copperheads were killed later, and the little girl mourned for her deadly playthings for days.

"That is only one of the scores of incident one may hear over in that part of Pennsylvania about the immunity from danger the copperhead snake grants to children, and the New Jersey case is also one in point. Still although it looks to me as if the standing Welsh Mountain belief had good grounds, I don't believe I would take a copperhead home as a plaything for my children, just the same."

MARRIED

CLARK-GALT.—At Elm Ridge, Dorval, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Charles Ross, Robert Clark of Moncton, N. B., son of the late Robert Clark, M. D., late of Harris, to Madelaine D. Galt, daughter of the late John Galt, Goderich, Ont.

Ten Thousand Sovereigns. There is one interesting incident in the career of Sir Henry Kitchener which is not generally known. After the fall of Khartoum in 1885, an enormous quantity of stores had to be destroyed owing to the want of transport. Among them was about a million rounds of ammunition, which was ordered to be thrown into the Nile. The duty of superintending its destruction fell to Kitchener, and when it was finished he found to his dismay that the contents of two of the boxes thrown into the river contained not ammunition, but 10,000 sovereigns each.

Law Abiding. 'You should always boil your water, said the solicitous friend. 'Yes,' replied the man who uses a well in a surface-drainage neighborhood. And get arrested for cruelty to animals.

Natural History Prizes

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, St. John, N. B.

13 to 23 September, 1898.

Over \$150 is offered in prizes to Natural History Collections. Collectors and others who may have Specimens of Collections of ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS, FISH, PLANTS or MINERALS, are invited to send them to the Exhibition.

Handsome glass show cases will be provided for all exhibits requiring protection. Competent caretaker will be constantly on hand. Exhibits will be received, placed and repacked for shipment without cost, if the exhibitor cannot be present.

Large exhibits will be made by the Provincial Government, the University of New Brunswick, the St. John Natural History Society and the Department of Marine and Fisheries these are not eligible for prizes. For prize lists and all information, Address: W. C. FITZGERALD, CHAS. A. EVERETT, President, Mgr. and Secy.

RECIPE

For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....one cake
Sugar.....five pounds
Lukewarm water.....five gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling cool and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1898.

SOME PEOPLE WE MEET.

HOW TRAVELLERS MAY MAKE THEMSELVES OBNOXIOUS.

An Amusing Description of Some Persons met lately by a Correspondent of PROGRESS—An Englishman who Lost his Bearings—A Choleric German Traveller.

I suppose it really is true that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and I am quite certain that one meets some of the oddest specimens in the great conglomeration during the course of even the shortest journey. It lowers one's self-esteem wonderfully and tends to keep the most conceited of the human race in reasonably humble frame of mind, just to see how ridiculous and how obnoxious other people manage to make themselves when travelling, and then to wonder how we ourselves appear to strangers. The very fact of travelling seems to change some people's natures and turn the quiet, unassuming man into an objectionable bully, and the shrewd clear-headed man of affairs into a sort of incapable, who never appears to know what his next move is to be; whether he is on the right train or not, or even when he happens to be quite sure of the train itself, when it is due to reach its destination.

We had a most instructive instance of this the other day when we travelled from Halifax to Levis with a gentleman who had actually managed to go the distance between those two cities, and back again out of his way, just because he had not taken the precaution to assure himself that he was travelling in the right direction.

To be sure he was an Englishman, but still he looked like a man of intelligence and at least ordinary business capacity. He had been engaged in some business in Vancouver and feeling in a position to treat himself to a trip home to England he engaged his passage on a steamer sailing from Rimouski, packed up his rifle and fishing rods, and set out on his journey with a light heart. It may be that the trustful voyager had landed at Halifax when he first arrived in this country, and therefore he was looking for familiar landmarks, but it is certain that he rested peacefully in his pullman car without asking a question, or displaying the least anxiety about his destination, straight from Vancouver to Halifax, and only awakened to the fact that he was slightly out of his reckoning when he reached that sleepy city by the sea, and found that there was no vessel of the name his ticket bore, sailing from that port. Then his mistake dawned upon him and he did the only thing possible under the circumstances—took the first train back, and retraced his steps with the same stolid calm he had displayed in coming down.

Why he was permitted to go so much further than his ticket extended, without being charged more fare, and why he came so far, knowing his own ignorance of the country, without providing himself with a map, are questions I cannot answer, but I believe he succeeded in reaching Rimouski safely, and secured his passage on the next outgoing steamer; and I hope he will be more careful next time he starts out on a pleasure trip, or else take his valet with him.

We have another instructive instance of the variety of human nature at the next table to ours in the hotel dining room. He is a delightful old man—to view from a safe distance, and make a sort of philosophical study of, but as a daily companion I should consider him a person to avoid. He is evidently of German extraction and possesses the light, prominent eyes, scanty sandy hair, and florid complexion common to elderly Germans; but it is his expression which attracts the student of human nature even before he opens his lips. It is compounded of extreme disgust for his entire surroundings evidenced by a downward curve of the mouth which would put an ill-tempered mule to shame, and a peculiar elevation of the nostrils, as if he were being forced to inhale a disagreeable atmosphere much against his will. This charming old person is accompanied by his wife, a bright and clever American much younger than himself, who, though she does not seem to pay much attention to her lord's tempers, has evidently become a little cynical and world-worn herself from constant association with him.

Nothing in the shape of food that is placed before this amiable specimen of humanity seems to suit him even by accident, and the comments he makes upon

the different dishes, together with his remarks to the waiters are positive studies in the art of advanced hoggishness. Why the girl do not rebel, and insist on his being turned out of the hotel on pain of a general strike, is a mystery to me. But strange to say none of them seem to mind him in the least. They bring him what he asks for, are quite civil and perfectly indifferent to his outthrusts that he sometimes shows symptoms of spoplexy, so greatly does their indifference enrage him.

He makes it almost a point to be late for all his meals, invariably arriving when nearly all the other boarders are finishing, and then he pours out the vials of his wrath because everything is not in perfection. He seizes the menu card, reads it aloud and makes sarcastic comments on it at the top of his voice, and to the general edification of his hearers.

sweet old man, "and I want canned peas." "I tell you Marie," he snorts when he can get his breath, "that if we could just see what those servants have to eat we should find they have everything of the best, and hot too, though anything is good enough for us."

"Marie," who is purring the even tenor of her way, and eating her dinner with bland unconcern, assents briefly, and her choleric lord snarls his way through the meal much as a wolf who was not particularly hungry, might do.

He is not an attractive person by any means as I said before, but still he serves a purpose of his own, and quite unconsciously furnishes the rest of the boarders with a healthful distraction during their meals which is almost as good as a band of music, and much less expensive.

XXX.

thirty-four Englishmen against overwhelming hordes of an infuriated savage enemy:

"When the white incos Wilson came across the big River Shangani," said the native, "we watched him, and although he knew it not, he was surrounded on all sides by the remnants of regiments which had fought at the Bembezi, the Imbezu the Insugameni, the Nyama Indhlovo and others. At nightfall we missed the white majakas, but toward the rising of the sun Upjaan, the great chief, came to us and said: 'I have heard the white warriors in the bush; come let us go and kill them.' We were about 1,000 in number, and without noise we went and surrounded the place where the white men had made their fire. Two of them were standing up looking into the bush. Some of us made a little noise. One of the white men standing awake went and awoke another

as we were well protected by the trees and bushes. As the sun rose we noticed several of the white warriors lying dead. Umjaan gave orders to rush up to the enemy. We issued from behind the protecting trees and tried to run up to kill all the white men, but they killed many of us with the little guns in their hands and I wounded more."

"How many were killed and wounded in that first rush, M'Kotchwana?"

"As many as six times the fingers on my two hands—so many," and the old warrior waved his hands six times.

"But how many were killed outright?"

"So many," and M'Kotchwana signified forty. "Then we went back behind the trees and fired often, till many of the amakiwa fell and few remained. Again Umjaan said: 'Let us kill all that are left,' but some of them said: 'No; they are brave warriors; let us leave the life in those who are not yet dead.' But the men of the Imbeza said: 'No; let us kill all the white men.'

Again we rushed against the few who remained standing. When they saw us coming they made a big singing noise and then shouted three times. They killed more of us. I was struck near the temple and remembered no more. My brother told me afterward that all the white men fell fighting till the end. They were brave men, my father. The next day at sunrise we took all their clothes and skinned the face of the biggest white majaka and took it to Lobengula, who was away one day's journey. The great chief said that was not the skin of the leader. We returned and took yet another skin off the face of a white chief. When Lobengula saw it he was satisfied. He asked whether his Imbezu regiment had done all the killing. When he heard that they had not done more than others, he said: 'Have I then all this time put my trust in a lump of dirt? I had two sons killed that day, my father,' said M'Kotchwana, "and my brother was shot in the stomach. The amakiwa were brave men; they were warriors."

Asked how he had obtained possession of the cape, M'Kotchwana said it was on a white soldier who was killed before the first rush. He fell outside the ring of dead horses; they thought he was not dead and kept on shooting at his body. When the natives ran up M'Kotchwana seized this cape off the white man's body.

Costly Wedding Outfit.

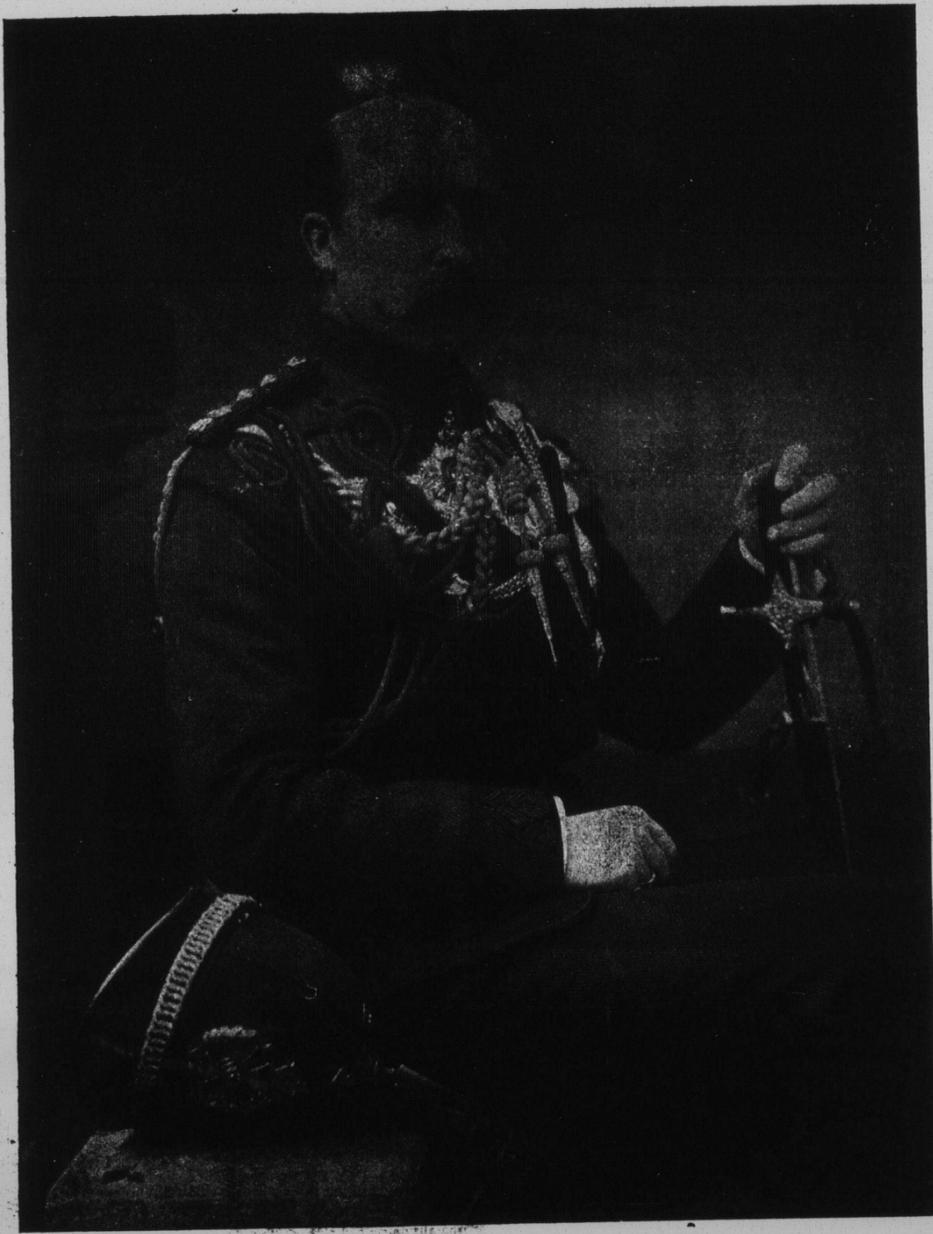
One of New York's Easter bridegrooms could boast of wedding finery which cost him over £10,000. It was declared by some to be the costliest trousseau ever owned by a bridegroom, but that is a point open to dispute. This vain young Benedict spent some six weeks in shopping and visiting his tailors before the happy day, and a few brief particulars of his expensive nuptial outfit are interesting.

Probably the most expensive item were two dozen pairs of pajamas at £15 a pair. They were made to order of the best quality Indian silk, all hand-embroidered in delicate contrasting colors of white, pink, blue, heliotrope, and red. The cuffs were adorned with beautiful pearl links, and on each pocket flap appeared a most elaborate monogram. Three dressing-gowns, made of the softest silk, were procured for £50, while three pairs of slippers, contrasting in color, amounted to £15.

Then we have six crimson silk shaving suits, three serge lounge suits, and five bath robes, made to order, and fit for a king. Indeed, the tubbing finery swallowed another £50. In underwear he chose the most delicate shades in cream, pale blue, heliotrope, and pink. Three smoking jackets of Persian silk cost £20, while six silk night-shirts ran into £30. In fact, for house garments alone the young bridegroom spent over £1,200.

Miss Duer's wedding outfit, though not so extensive, was probably equally expensive. She was recently wedded to Mr. Clarence Mackay, a well-known American millionaire. For the satin and making of the wedding-gown Miss Duer has paid £140. In addition, the lace which adorned it is valued at another £150, while the silk underwear which was ordered from Paris runs into three figures. She wore white satin slippers, with tiny buckles of solid gold, while pearls, distributed lavishly, adorned both waist and skirt.

When she appeared before the altar in all her bridal array the outfit was valued at £5,000. Some of the diamonds she wore, which have been given to her by two or three of her wealthy friends, are very rare and costly. There was much talk in New York society of this wedding, which equalled, if not eclipsed, that of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Connelo Vanderbilt for splendour—a wedding which cost over £10,000.



The Royal Visitor at Bisley—His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught.

THIRTY AGAINST A THOUSAND.

The Heroic Stand of Col. Wilson and His Men Against the Matabeles.

The heroic deeds of brave Englishmen will always linger in the minds of their countrymen, and any additional particulars that can be obtained in connection with such deeds are always welcome. A representative of the Matabele Times, a paper published in Bulawayo, recently succeeded in obtaining a narrative from M'Kotchwana, one of the warriors of the Inguba regiment which attacked and annihilated Wilson's force. It took some time getting M'Kotchwana to speak of the affair. He was quite ready to talk about the crops, locusts, &c., but it was not until he was twitted as to whether he had ever done anything but till the land like a woman that he spoke.

"Yes, my father," he answered. "I have fought in battle," and then he related the following account of that grand stand of

men. I think it was their incos. He came and looked all around the bush, and then aroused all the other amakiwa. They got up, and I saw they were busy getting their ammunition ready and saddling their horses. As it drew near the time for the sun to peep over the edge of the world, we started firing at the white men. They mounted their horses and tried to proceed in the direction of the great Shangani. But our men shot well and their horses dropped dead. It was a cloudy morning, and the rain fell fine and swiftly. There was as many amakawi as three times the fingers on my two hands. Most of them had on black covers over their shoulder [apes].

"When the white warriors found they could not go on they shot the living horses and stood behind them waiting for us. We fired our guns at the white men, but at first they did not do us much harm,

"Soup a la Maitre de hotel" he snorted furiously. "Beef tea, or boiled essence of mutton bones I suppose. Bring me some and I'll see if it's fit to eat. 'Green peas'—canned peas that means. 'Roast goose'—been kept on ice all winter I suppose. 'Spring lamb' what spring I wonder? 'new potatoes'—old ones with their jackets half peeled off. 'Tomatoes,' canned again, of course. 'Cottage pudding, mince pie, ice cream,'—steamed cake scraps, resurrection pie, and frozen skim milk. Here! take away this soup, it's colder than the ice cream will be, and bring me some lamb and canned peas."

"Green peas, sir?" asked the waitress respectfully.

"No! I said canned peas, canned peas."

"They are not canned, sir," says the waitress with perfect serenity, "they are fresh."

"I said C-A-N-N-E-D peas," yells the

* A TANGLED WEB. *

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Audrey—Miss Hope—you here!" exclaimed Lorrimore, his dark face flashing, his eyes lighting up with sudden joy and gladness.

Sylvia looked from one to the other, but not a glimmering of the truth dawned on her.

"Yes, no wonder you are surprised. Audrey—Miss Hope—is an old friend of yours, Lord Lorrimore, so she is of mine; aren't you, Audrey?" and she smiled at her.

But Audrey seemed unable to speak for a moment or two, and she gave her hand in silence to Lorrimore, whose heart rose at her embarrassment. It was the first time she had ever shown any emotion at the sight of him, and it made him hopeful.

He sat down on the couch between the two, and Sylvia at once proceeded to ply him with questions.

"Why did you not write and tell me you were coming?" she asked chidingly, "and why have you been away so long?"

"I didn't write because I didn't know until yesterday that I was coming to England so soon, he said, scarcely knowing what he said, all his thoughts scattered by the fact that the woman he loved was sitting within reach of his hand.

He stole a glance at her, and his faithful heart throbbed with love and admiration. She was more beautiful than ever, he thought; he longed to hear her speak that he might once more hear in reality the voice he had heard so often in his dreams.

He had not seen her for more than three years, and yet as she sat there arrayed in all her splendor, with her lovely face downcast, the long lashes sweeping her cheeks, it seemed to him that it was but yesterday that he had stood beside her on Stoneleigh Burrows and started on the quest for Neville Lynne.

"I hope Lady Marlow is quite well, he said.

Audrey found her voice at last. "Yes, thank you," she said, and without raising her eyes; but the voice thrilled through him as of old, and he turned his eyes with a dazzled, far-away look in them, to Sylvia.

Audrey took advantage of his averted gaze to steal a glance at him. He was tanned by travel in all weathers and climates, but he looked as handsome as ever and not a day older. A slight smile between her lips and her head dropped. She knew that he loved her still. A woman knows whether a man's heart is still hers after a long absence the first moment she sees him on his return. A look is enough. What had she not lost—thrown away!

Sylvia, meanwhile, had been chatting more brightly than Lorrimore had ever before heard her.

"You seem in excellent spirits, Sylvia," he said, with a smile. "And no wonder. I have read of your triumphs, and am given to understand that all London is at your feet. I quite expected to find you the personification of vanity, and I hope you won't disappoint me."

"I won't," said Sylvia, laughing. "I am almost too vain to live. Yes, I have been very fortunate, and they all praise me far too much. But this is my greatest piece of good fortune; and she leaned in front of him and laid her hand on Audrey's arm.

Lorrimore looked questioning from one to the other.

"I've found the best and dearest friend a woman ever had," Sylvia went on. "We are like two sisters, only more so; aren't we, Audrey?"

Audrey smiled and pressed her hand. "I suppose you are surprised and startled to see such warm friendship between the aristocratic Miss Hope and a poor opera-singer, my lord?" and she looked up at his dark face with a mischievous mock gravity.

Lorrimore smiled. "I am rather surprised. I know how proud you are," he said; "but I am very glad. How did you come to know each other?"

"It's too long a story to tell," said Sylvia. "Suffice it for the present that we recognized an electric bond of sympathy between us—that we came together by mutual attraction, and here we are. And now, if you will promise not to be too elated, we will tell you how glad we are to see you, and express a hope that you have abandoned the role of the Wandering Jew forever."

Audrey's and Lorrimore's faces flushed, but Audrey's grew pale again.

"You are looking absurdly well," Sylvia ran on, "but you are always well, aren't you? And now you must tell us your adventures. Never mind Miss Hope, she need not listen unless she likes."

Lorrimore stole a glance at the downcast face.

"There's much to tell," he said hesitatingly, as he wondered what Sylvia would say if she knew how closely Audrey was connected with his "adventures." "I have just come back from Switzerland."

The servant knocked at the door and entered.

"Miss Mercy's love, madame, and it is time to dress."

Sylvia nodded and smiled. "You see, Mercy is still my guardian angel," she said. "She watches over me almost every hour of the day. I am sorry she is not here to see you, she is not very well, and I have made her rest; she will be so glad to hear you have come. I must run away and put my cloak on. You will come to the opera tonight, Lord Lorrimore?"

He looked down at his suit of gray tweed.

"Oh, you can go into the pit, as you are not dressed," she said, as she ran to the door.

Audrey rose with her. "I—I will come with you," she said, "and help you dress, Sylvia."

Lorrimore's face fell and he put out his hand imploringly.

"One moment, and—Miss Hope," he said, with repressed agitation.

"Oh, pray stop and keep him amused for a few minutes or he will be off to the other end of the world perhaps before I get down again," exclaimed Sylvia, laughing.

Audrey sunk back into her seat and Lorrimore rose and took a turn up and down the room, as if to steady himself; then he came and sat beside her again.

"Audrey," he said, and his voice trembled, "though I came back to see you and only you, this meeting is so sudden and unexpected that I can scarcely believe it is really you sitting so near me. I am afraid that I have startled you, that—Audrey, you—you are not sorry to see me!" he broke off, for her face had grown paler and her manner more constrained, as if she disliked being alone with him, he thought.

"I am very glad to see you, Lord Lorrimore," she said; but there was no gladness in her voice, he noticed, and his heart fell.

"I am afraid that you will not be very glad when I tell you that I have come back unsuccessful and without any good news of any kind for you," he said, as regretfully and humbly as if it were his fault that he had not brought Neville Lynne home in his pocket. "I have not found your lost friend; I have not even been able to hear of him. They say that the world is a very small place."

"Anyway, it is large enough to hide Neville Lynne. I think there is scarcely a likely place that I have left unexplored; but he seems to have disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up."

"It is very strange," said Audrey in a low voice, but almost coldly.

Lorrimore was rather astonished at her spathy. The least a man who has been scouring the habitable globe for nearly three years to please a lady has a right to expect is that the lady should display some interest in the result of his wearisome mission; but Audrey did not appear to feel anything of the kind.

Lorrimore, if he had not been so passionately in love with her, might have felt hurt at the absence of even thanks; but whatever Audrey said or did, or thought, seemed just right and perfect in his eyes, and he went on:

"I dare say you wondered that I didn't write to you?"

Audrey's lips quivered, but no sound came.

"Heaven knows I wanted to write to you often enough, but I thought that you might think that I was bidding for your sympathy, and—and so I kept silent. You see, I hoped to bring your friend back to you, but I haven't, and—and, Audrey, I haven't any right to go on—no right to tell you of what lies so near my heart."

She did not forbid him to continue, and, of course, he went on:

"When I started, Audrey, you said—no, you didn't say a word—but I thought, I hoped that if I were successful you might perhaps feel that I had done my poor best to prove my love for you; not that it wanted any proving, for I think, Audrey, that you have always known that I have loved you, and that you might—I mean—"

He broke down, stammering like a school-boy, and leaning forward, took her hand and held it though it struggled feebly in his grasp.

He stopped abruptly, for something in Audrey's face told him, swiftly as the lightning flash, that there was some one else.

He stood looking at her, his eyes fixed upon her, as if he feared to put the question that must still be put.

"There is some one, isn't there, Audrey?" he said in a low voice.

She did not answer, at least in words; but her head sunk low and her face grew hot as if with shame.

"Who is it?" he asked in a voice he tried to keep steady.

Audrey tried to lift her eyes to his, but it was as if a heavy weight hung on her eyelids.

"I am engaged to Jordan Lynne," came in a whisper at last.

Lorrimore started, and a terrible change came over his face. His Spanish blood—what little there was of it—would have fired if she had mentioned any other name, and his heart would have winced; but the name of Jordan Lynne set his blood on fire.

That man to be her husband! His beautiful, pure-hearted Audrey to be the wife of Jordan Lynne—the woman whom so many good men and true loved, perhaps almost as well as he, Lorrimore, loved her! The thought almost drove him mad. He knew—felt—that the man was a villain, Chesterwood felt it. And this smooth, He could not speak; his handsome face grew black, his eyes glowered down upon her as she sunk from his crown, and his tall form seemed to dilate and tower over her like that of some indignant and outraged god.

"Audrey, is there any hope for me? I don't want to trade on this search business; it was nothing, after all, except the being parted from you so long." At this piece of masculine simplicity the tears began to gather in Audrey's eyes. "I don't want to take advantage of it in any way. I'd go through it all again to please you, even if you told me that there was no hope for me—for I love you, Audrey, ten thousand times better than ever, it that were possible. You see, I have spent the last three years thinking of you. In frost or heat, in city or wilderness, your dear presence has seemed to be with me. Sometimes I have dreamed—and when did I not dream of you?—that you were actually near me, and hear your voice—actually heard it. Then when I awoke I felt bad and wanted to come posting home."

A tear rolled down Audrey's cheek and fell upon her tightly clasped hands; but she did not speak, though she knew that she ought to stop him. But there is no music under heaven—not the trill of the nightingale, the clear note of the thrush, the song of the curlew on some moonlit river, so sweet to a woman's ear as the voice of the man she loves pleading for that love, and Audrey could not bid it cease.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I have tortured myself by thinking that you had forgotten me, that some other and better man had won your love, and that I should come back and find you were his wife. My heart leaped when I heard Sylvia call you by name; I have whispered to myself in the silent night, and I knew that you still were Audrey Hope, and that I was still free to love you."

A tremor seized Audrey, and she tried to stop him; but she could not speak.

"It was Sylvia who told me that I ought to come back and try for the heart of the woman I loved, little thinking that it was you of whom she was speaking. Did I do right, Audrey? Is there any hope for me, or ought I to have stayed away and ceased to trouble you?"

Her hands untwined convulsively, and he seized the opportunity to take the one nearest to him again. It was burning hot.

"Tell me, Audrey," he said in a low voice; "whatever the verdict is, I will try and bear it. If—it what I want can not be, I will go away and trouble you no more. Audrey, will you be my wife?"

She turned her face from him that he might not see the awful longing in it—the longing to throw her arms round his neck, to hide herself in his strong arms and give him love for love. Perhaps, with a lover's intuition, he read her heart, for he put out his arms toward her; and "No, no!" broke from her trembling lips.

Lorrimore's arms fell to his side and his face paled.

"It is 'No' he said, almost inaudibly.

"That is your answer, Audrey?"

His head drooped, and he put his hand up to stroke his mustache to hide the tremor of his lips.

"Well, I must bear it! I—I am sorry that I have troubled you, Audrey. I might have guessed why you shrunk from me when I came in just now."

"No, no!" she said.

He shook his head sadly.

"Yes, you did. I saw it, but—Well, I went on hoping. It is hard for a man to give up the hope that he has been nursing for years—the hope that has been keeping him going when everything seemed against him."

He was silent for a moment, gnawing his mustache, then he glanced at her and saw the tears rolling down her face—the face he had loved to picture to himself as bright and happy—and his heart smote him. He called himself a brute, to worry this radiant beautiful creature who was born to wear a smile, and go through the world as sorrowless as some tropical bird.

"Don't cry, Audrey," he said, gently.

"It does not matter. I—I shall get over it. Better fellows than I have had to bear this kind of thing, and I am not going to make you miserable by hanging about you with a handkerchief to my eyes. I will accept my dismissal at last. I—I think I will take myself off now. Tell Sylvia I have got to hear how you and she became such friends. By the way, tell her I will come and hear her sing some other night, and—and good-bye, Audrey. I hope you will be happy whoever you marry."

He stopped abruptly, for something in Audrey's face told him, swiftly as the lightning flash, that there was some one else.

He stood looking at her, his eyes fixed upon her, as if he feared to put the question that must still be put.

"There is some one, isn't there, Audrey?" he said in a low voice.

She did not answer, at least in words; but her head sunk low and her face grew hot as if with shame.

"Who is it?" he asked in a voice he tried to keep steady.

Audrey tried to lift her eyes to his, but it was as if a heavy weight hung on her eyelids.

"I am engaged to Jordan Lynne," came in a whisper at last.

Lorrimore started, and a terrible change came over his face. His Spanish blood—what little there was of it—would have fired if she had mentioned any other name, and his heart would have winced; but the name of Jordan Lynne set his blood on fire.

That man to be her husband! His beautiful, pure-hearted Audrey to be the wife of Jordan Lynne—the woman whom so many good men and true loved, perhaps almost as well as he, Lorrimore, loved her! The thought almost drove him mad. He knew—felt—that the man was a villain, Chesterwood felt it. And this smooth, He could not speak; his handsome face grew black, his eyes glowered down upon her as she sunk from his crown, and his tall form seemed to dilate and tower over her like that of some indignant and outraged god.

"Jordan Lynne!" he said, "Jordan Lynne! It is not possible!"

He waited as if he expected her to tell him that he had mistaken her, then he drew a long breath and looked round for his hat, caught it up and, all unconsciously crushed it in his hands.

"I take that back. I can't wish you happiness. It would be useless. Jordan Lynne! You are going to marry him!" and dashed from the room.

Sylvia was just coming in, and he ran against her and sent her slight form spinning there laughing, he seized her by the arm, and, instead of apologizing, cried in a low but terrible voice:

"Good-bye, Sylvia; I'm going."

"Going where?" gasped Sylvia, thinking he had taken leave of his senses, and not knowing whether to laugh or to be frightened at his darkly furious face.

"Where?" he said. "To the devil! Good-bye. For God's sake, save her if you can!" and, wringing Sylvia's hand, he dashed down the stairs.

Sylvia stood staring after him for a moment, then she went into the room and found Audrey lying on the couch with her face buried in the cushions.

"Oh, what has happened?" she exclaimed.

"What have you said or done to him? I never saw him like that before."

"I've only bro—broken his heart!" wailed Audrey.

"Only!" said Sylvia. "How have you done that?"

"Oh, can't you guess? It was for me that Lord Lorrimore has been wandering all over the earth."

"I thought it was for a man called Neville Lynne," said Sylvia, without any intention of being witty.

She was a little confused and bewildered.

"So it was," said Audrey; "but it was I who sent him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sylvia, flushing as she recalled all the hard things she had spoken of the unknown lady whom Lord Lorrimore loved, little thinking that she was Audrey.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! then it was you? I—I'm sorry I said what I did the other day."

"You need not be. I deserved it all, and more," said Audrey, with a sob. "It was cruel and heartless, but I did it all in a moment, and almost without meaning it, and before I could stop him or take it back he had gone. Men are so—so quick and sudden, especially this one."

"Yes," said Sylvia in a low voice, "and it is well for us women sometimes that they are," and she thought of the way in which Lord Lorrimore had saved her from Lavarick.

"But why are you so unhappy dear? Is it because he has not found Neville Lynne?"

Audrey shook her head without raising it to the cushion.

"No, it is not that. I don't care what has become of him now. I don't mean that."

"I think I know what you mean; but still I don't see why you should cry. Lord Lorrimore has come back."

Audrey raised her head with a kind of despair.

It would have been better if he had never come back," she said. "I am engaged to Sir Jordan Lynne."

Sylvia started.

"Oh, poor Lord Lorrimore!" she murmured, the tears gathering in her eyes.

Lynne? Is he—"

"Neville's half-brother," said Audrey.

"How strange! But still, Audrey, dear," and she bent over and smoothed her hair lovingly, you must not be so wretched. You can't help loving one man instead of the other. It is not your fault."

Audrey shuddered at the words "loving."

"Yes, it is," she said—"it is all my fault. I have been as cruel and heartless as you called me, and now I am punished—punished!"

The servant came to the door to announce that the brougham was waiting.

"I must go, dear," said Sylvia. "You won't come, will you?"

"Yes, I will," replied Audrey, drying her eyes. "I can cry at the back of the box just as well as anywhere else. Oh, I wonder if there was ever any one so wretched as I am tonight!"

"Yes, I think so," said Sylvia, inaudibly, at the thought of the moment when she saw Jack fall, and that other when they brought her his coat and told her that he was dead.

As they drove on in silence she remembered the passionate words Lord Lorrimore had spoken as he had rushed away just now. He had asked her to save Audrey, if she could. But what was she to save her from? Audrey must be going to marry of her own free will and choice? A vague uneasiness fell upon her mind, and she would have liked to ask Audrey some questions, but she could bring herself to inflict additional pain to that which Audrey was evidently suffering.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Old Mrs. Parsons shed tears of joy when she was got to understand that the tall young man with the bronzed face was "her mixture of affection and respect that made poor Neville's heart throb."

"Why, Lor, Master Neville!" she exclaimed, after the first surprise, "it do seem as if it were only the other day when you and Miss Audrey used to steal up to the lodge window and about out just for the fun of seeing me jump in my chair."

"You used to jump first rate, Mrs. Parsons," said Neville, with a smile; "and you used to be very angry for the first five minutes; then—well, then just to finish it, you always used to make us come in and eat some of those wonderful cakes o' yours. Do you remember?"

The old lady nodded, and laughed with pleased recollection.

"What a Turk you were, Master Neville and Miss Audrey was a most as bad—a regular tom-boy you made of her. Lor, how pleased she will be to see you! The last time she was here she did nothing but

talk of you and wonder where you were. Bless her heart! she's got to be the most beautiful young lady that ever was! She little thinks you're here, just like the old times."

Neville sighed.

"I suppose you've heard that she's going to marry Sir Jordan?" she went on, as she busied in and out the tiny bedroom she was preparing for him.

Neville nodded gravely.

"It took us all by surprise, it did—Sir Jordan being so much older than Miss Audrey; not that he looks his age. I suppose you've seen him, Master Neville?"

"No," said Neville, and his tone caused Mrs. Parsons to stop with a pillow-case in her hand and look at him.

"Oh, dear, dear me! I remember," she said. "Well, it isn't everyone as can get on with Sir Jordan. He's a very great man now, Master Neville; and we don't see much of him. The last time he was here I went out and gave him a courtesy; but I don't think he remembered me—as was very natural," she added, as if desirous of explaining that she was not complaining. "He wasn't my boy, as you were, you know, Lor, how glad I am to see you! Now, if Miss Audrey was here we should be all complete, so to say. And you haven't seen her yet, Master Neville?"

"Not yet, Master Neville?" he said; "and I don't want to see anyone or be seen just at present. You must let me be your nephew comes from sea, or something of that kind for a little while."

The old lady nodded after a moment's pondering.

"Whatever you say is to be shall be, Master Neville," she said, with the implicit obedience of an old servant. "I did have a nephew as went off to sea; but I'm afraid he's drowned. Oh, don't you be afraid, Master Neville; I can keep my lips shut, as Mr. Trale knows."

The tiny bedroom under the thatched roof was as clean as a new pin, and as sweet as lavender, and Neville slept soundly for the first time for many a night.

In the morning he looked round the cottage, and found a patch of what might have been garden, but was at present a weedy day—much to the grief and pain of Mrs. Parsons—by digging it up and putting it into something like order; and in the evening, with his soft wide-awake well over his brow, wandered about the place, every spot of which was rich in associations of his boyhood days.

He spent an hour or two at the inn with Trale, talking over old times; and this was the programme that followed day after day for nearly a week.

If any one had asked him why he was dreaming away his time at Lynne he could not have told him; and every day he reminded himself that he must be off somewhere. His small stock of money was disappearing—slowly, still surely—and he must go into the world and get some more somehow.

"After all," he said to himself, with a sigh, "I have seen the old place. It's very unlikely that once I've left it again I shall ever see it more. Why should I stay and make myself known to—Jordan and Audrey? I should only become an object of charity and pity. No, I'll be off! There must be work somewhere or other for a man with strong arms and a will to use them."

It was on Friday evening when he communed with himself after this fashion, and he was sauntering along the lane wh ch led past the Grange to the Burrows. He stopped and looked through the gate at the corner of the house, which he could just see, and thought of Audrey and then of Sylvia.

There were two women for whom he would cheerfully have laid down his life, especially now when it seemed of very little use to him, and he should in all probability never see them again.

"Dear little Sylvia," he murmured. "I wonder where she is, and if she is happy? I wonder, too, if she has quite forgotten me? They say that if you love a person ever so much you forget them when they're dead. I hope she hasn't quite forgotten me. I should like her to give a thought now and then to the old days at Lorn Hope. How happy we were out there in the wilds with old Meth and the 'claim,' and how pretty she used to look with that wonderful hair of hers getting into her eyes as she sung like a nightingale while I worked. Yes, we were very happy. I didn't know how I loved her then, not till we parted never to meet again."

"Something rose in his throat, and a mist gathered before his eyes as he went on: "Perhaps we shall meet again; who knows? She'll be all her titled friends and—and will never guess that the seedy individual, who'll be sure to sink out of her way, is her old friend Jack, her 'brother,' with whom she was so happy long ago! All the better if she doesn't. I'm a failure—a right down failure and it's only proper that I should make myself scarce. One more night, and then goodbye to Lynne. I'll work my way back to Australia, and have another try at it, though God knows I haven't the heart or the desire for the gold now. All the heart died out of me when I lost Syl!"

By the time he had reached this cheerful conclusion he had reached the edge of the Burrows.

It was dusk, nearly dark, and the moon, what was left of it, had not risen yet; but the darkness and the stillness of the night suited his humor, and, instead of turning back to the supper which Mrs. Parsons was preparing for him with loving hands, he passed on to the Burrows.

As he did so he heard a brisk step behind him, and Trale's voice.

"Out for a stroll, Mr. Neville?" he said cheerily.

Neville nodded.

"I am just going a little way, Trale," he said, trying to respond as cheerily.

"I wish I could come with you," said Trale, wistfully; "but I am due at the station. I suppose you have heard that Sir Jordan is down at the Court, sir?"

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Sunday Reading.

HER UNSELFISH ACT.

Little Dolly lived in a pretty house in the country with her father and mother and Lucy, the old servant. One cold winter's day papa and mamma went to visit a lady who lived a long way off, and Dolly was left at home with Lucy, for she could not walk so far. So Lucy put on Dolly's warm jacket and hat and gloves, and told her she might run along the road a little way. Presently she saw two naughty boys who had caught a poor little robin, and were thinking it fun to hurt and tease it. The robin was very much frightened, and lay on the ground panting, with all its feathers ruffled and looking ready to die.

When Dolly saw them she cried out—'Please—please—don't be so cruel! How can you be so cruel?' And she ran to the little bird and picked it up very gently.

'You let our bird alone,' cried one of the boys. But Dolly still held it, and was ready to cry when she saw how it panted, and felt its little heart beating with fear.

'Do give it to me, please,' she said; 'I will thank you very much.'

But these naughty boys would not listen to her, and only told her again very roughly to let the bird alone.

'You should not meddle with our bird,' one of them said. 'Let it go, I tell you, and run off, or else you will be sorry.'

But Dolly was a brave little girl, and she still kept hold of the bird.

'Please don't hurt it, then,' she begged. But these bad boys only laughed at her distress.

'I wonder if would they sell it,' she thought; and she remembered she had no money, except a bright new shilling that a lady had given her. She soon made up her mind.

'Let me have the poor little bird,' she said, and I will give—'

'What will you give for it?' said one of the boys.

Little Dolly took the shilling from her pocket and showed it to them. It did not want many words to that bargain, so Dolly carried home her bird in triumph. It was very mean to take a whole shilling from such a tiny girl, but when people are wicked enough to be cruel, we cannot wonder if they behave badly in other ways.

How happy was Dolly when she had got the robin safely away from those bad boys, and happier still when she carried it in to Lucy, and Lucy found it was more frightened than hurt by its ill-usage. To be sure, Lucy said that a shilling was a great deal too much to give for a bird, and told Dolly she would never be rich if she parted from her money so easily; but Lucy had a kind heart, and she brought a little basket with a soft handkerchief at the bottom, and they put the robin in it, and strewed some crumbs for it to eat, but it was too tired and frightened just then to do anything but lie still in the basket.

'Now, what do you want to do with the bird?' Lucy asked.

'I should like to keep it, if I may,' answered Dolly.

'Well,' said Lucy, 'we must see what your mamma says when she comes home.'

After dinner Dolly and Lucy brought down an old cage out of the store-room, and they were very busy mending it and cleaning it ready for robin. Then they took it out of the basket and put it in the cage, with plenty of crumbs, and you may guess how pleased Dolly felt, when the little bird hopped about the bottom of the cage to pick up the crumbs, and then got upon the perch, and said something like 'Peep, peep, peep.' Then when it grew dark, and Lucy lighted the lamp, they threw a handkerchief over the cage; and presently, when Dolly lifted up the handkerchief and looked in, she saw poor robin asleep.

When papa and mamma came home at night and heard what Dolly had done, they were very glad that Dolly had been so kind to the little bird, and they were very willing to let her keep it. Dolly loved her little pet very dearly, and she fed it every day, and Lucy helped her to clean its cage very nicely, and she talked to it so kindly, that soon poor robin knew her voice, and was always ready with 'Peep, peep, peep,' when it saw her. It was such a pretty fellow, too, with a bright red breast, and such smooth feathers, and all that winter it seemed very well pleased with its cage.

By-and-by the spring came and the flowers came out, and then one day Dolly noticed that her robin was fluttering about its cage and seemed very unhappy, and did not care for his food. She talked to him and coaxed him, but still she could not make him contented. What could be

The germs of consumption are everywhere. There is no way but to fight them.

If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you. At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

the matter? She ran and fetched her mamma.

'Oh, mamma!' she said, 'is he ill? What is wrong with him?'

'No, my dear, answered mamma after looking attentively at the cage, 'it is not ill, but it wants its liberty now the spring has come. Would you very much mind letting it fly away, Dolly?'

'Oh!' cried poor Dolly, 'I want so much to keep it always. Won't it really be happy here any more?'

'I'm afraid not' said mamma. 'It wants now to fly about and find a mate, and build itself a nest. You have been very kind to it, and now you can do one thing more for that will make it quite happy.'

'Oh, I can't spare it,' said poor Dolly, and she began to cry.

'Well, it is school time now, said mama 'You must go now, and you can consider about it when you come home.'

All the time that Dolly was at school the little bird kept coming into her mind, and I am afraid the lessons were not done quite as well as usual, though Dolly really tried.

As soon as school was over she ran to the cage, and saw the poor bird still looking very melancholy. Dolly was a good, unselfish little girl, and when she saw that, she made up her mind to give up her favorite.

She took the cage into the garden and opened the door, and out flew little robin, and perched on a tree quite near, and said, 'Peep, peep, peep,' as if he meant 'good-bye.' Then he flew away quite out of Dolly's sight. She almost cried as she picked up the empty cage and came back into the house, but for all that she was quite glad to think that she had made her dear little bird quite happy.

NOT HIDDEN SERVICE.

A Church That is the Oldest and Grandest of all Edifices.

The most magnificent church building in the world, and possibly the oldest, is the one dedicated in Constantinople one thousand three hundred and sixty-six years ago by the Emperor Justinian, and named the Sancta Sophia, that is, the 'Holy Wisdom,' or Holy Word. It cost many million dollars, and was begun and finished in the incredibly short space of five years.

Nine hundred and sixteen years after its dedication Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, and ever since then the majestic Christian church has been known as the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Mohammedans adopting it as their religious temple, and covering as far as they could, the Christian symbols with those of their own faith. Bible verses inscribed in the stone, carven crosses, cherubims, etc., with faces of saints and martyrs, were concealed with plaster, and written over with Koran texts and the praises of the califs. For five centuries the sacred sculptures have lain hidden under the usurper's mortar, among them a relievo of the face of Jesus on the wall of the apse or pulpit end of the great nave or centre aisle; but around this, we are told by visitors who have been admitted into the guarded sanctuary, the crust has cracked and crumbled, and the stucco is falling away, until, looking forth from its long eclipse, can once more be seen the countenance of Christ.

In the turmoil of the world the forgetfulness of even the declared followers of the "Son of man" may suppress His spirit and ignore His presence as eff-ctually as

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to inter-view the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Stained-Glass Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

the trowel of [the Turk, concealed [His image; but He will not always remain neglected and forgotten. How much is Christian and how much is pagan in the fever of a time like this, when the very air throbs with a passion and a cry, may not appear till the event is past, but all the mistakes of men and the stripes of nations cannot hold Him unseen and silent forever.

Down the dark future thro' long generations The echoing sound; grow fainter, and then cease And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace.'

An Unhappy Prince.

The 'Missionary' gives the following from an account of Mr. Sherwood Eddy's tour in Ceylon:—'In the evening we called upon the Prince of Siam, who has left his title, his property, and his country to become a Buddhist priest, and who, we learned, was among the worshippers at the festival. He was sitting wearily after his day's labors, and arose to receive us most courteously, apologizing that he had no chairs to offer us. He politely remained standing with us until we insisted upon his being seated. His face, though bright and intelligent, was wrinkled and worn beyond his years. He spoke freely in English. During our conversation he admitted that Buddhism was not properly a religion at all, but only a system of philosophy, as they believe in no God. He confessed, too, that some of the Buddhist priests were immoral, and that they were growing worse instead of better. All his efforts to reform Buddhism in Ceylon had failed. He confessed, too, that he himself had not found peace. This only could come with liberty, he said, and he could not have liberty or peace in such conditions in Ceylon. He said that he was going to Burmah in search of peace, for he hoped that circumstances would be better there. Poor man! He will only find that no circumstances can give peace, nor can any destroy it if there is peace within where the heart is right with God. It was sad to see one who had given up so much and found so little. We told him with love of Him who promised rest to the weary and heavy laden. He said he believed Christ was a good man and wished we were all as good. We left him a copy of the New Testament, and he promised to read it when he found time. We also gave him a copy of Bushnell's 'Character of Jesus.' Pray that he may see the light from Him who came to guide our feet into the way of peace!'

Give Offerings Freely.

'One reason why I like the system of tith-paying is because it brings out so clearly the idea of giving our offerings to God. We set apart our tenth, and call it the Lord's money, dedicated to his service. And we go a step farther, and ask his aid in spending it for him, and his blessing to go with it on its mission, we have learned the secret of true Christian giving. When we give in this way we forget to worry about the way in which our offerings are used. We give cheerfully as God directs us, and then rest in perfect confidence that the Lord is able to make the very best use of what we have given him.'

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to inter-view the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to inter-view the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to inter-view the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to inter-view the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to inter-view the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr Ernest De-war, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With such superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy. Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

VALUABLE CATTLE

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If you dealer does not sell it, send us the price 25 cts., and we will mail you a full size package as sample.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Cattle need Spring medicine, just as people do. If you want your cattle to be well—to do the work you want—to look sleek and healthy, and fetch a good price if you want to sell them, give them a few doses of

DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

Free BIGGEST OFFER YET Free

EVERY FARMER WANTS

The Celebrated and Popular work, Entitled

Manning's Illustrated Book

ON Cattle, Sheep and Swine.

300,000 Sold at \$3.00 per Copy

READ OUR GREAT OFFER.



This great work gives all the information concerning the various breeds and their Characteristics, Breaking, Training, Sheltering, Buying, Selling, Profitable Use, and General Care; embracing all the Diseases to which they are subject—the Causes, How to Know and What to Do in plain, simple language, but scientifically correct; and with Directions that are Easily Understood, Easily Applied, and Remedies that are within the Reach of the People; giving also the Most Approved and Humane Methods for the Care of Stock, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health.

OUR OFFER. Although the price of one year's subscription to the PROGRESS is Only \$2.00 we now offer to send this great work in slightly cheaper binding and for one year's subscription to the PROGRESS.

Think Of it? MANNING'S BOOK. Former Price, \$3.00 All for Only \$2.00. Send by Postal Order or Postage Stamps \$2.00 at once and secure this unrivalled and useful premium.

Yet another shy suitor constrained his mother to act as inter media in scouring the hand of a lovely girl, which the good dame did with such exquisite finesse that the climax was a happy wooing and a joyous bridal.

To Cure a Corn. There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get 'Putnam's,' and no other.

A Cheap Drive. A wealthy foreigner, intent upon a day's outing, wanted to hire a dealer's best horse and trap, but not knowing his man the dealer demurred at trusting them in his hands.

Determined to have his drive, the gentleman proposed paying for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the other saw no objection, so his customer's wants were supplied, and off he went.

He was back in time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go.

'Hold on!' exclaimed the dealer. 'You have forgotten to pay for the hire.'

'My dear sir,' was the cool reply, 'there is no hiring in the case. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day.'

And he left the dealer to his sorrowful reflections.

A Serious Case. Customer: 'My watch won't go.' Jeweller (examining it) 'My! My! Have you been in a railway collision?'

Customer (surprised) 'Why, no.' Jeweller (solemnly) 'When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.'

Customer (thoughtfully) 'I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to repair it?'

Jeweller (after another examination) 'You'd better leave it here at least a week;'

but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.'

Customer: 'Very well. Do it up right. Good day.'

Jeweller (to assistant) 'Hans, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up 5s. 6d. for repairs.'

Easily Satisfied. Willie had done an errand for Uncle Frank and received simply a kind 'Thank you.'

'Oh I don't care for any thanks,' said Willie. 'I'll be satisfied with your jack-knife.'

She Had the Money. 'Say, I thought you said Miss Scarynelow had money in her own right?'

'Well, that's the hand I've seen her carrying her pocketbook in.'

The 1st Cost—25c.

Cuts but a small figure when buying ordinary Shoe-Dressing. It is the indirect cost—The Injury Done to Shoes—That runs into money.

PACKARD'S Special Combination Leather Dressing (RUBSET, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.) Though sold for 25 cents. REALLY COSTS NOTHING. IT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN SHOE-LIFE.

PACKARD MARKED PACKARD OF MONTREAL (L. H. PACKARD & CO.)

Notches on The Stick

The Scottish poets, Dunbar and Drummond, were only a century apart, or a decade more,—scarcely time enough in these days greatly to modify a language; and yet by what amazing differences are they characterized! Alike in classic scholarship, in their attachment to courts and in their devotion to poetry and to nature, they are in many things widely asunder, Dunbar took the sunny cheerful side of life, like Chaucer; and Drummond the sombre and pensive. But the great contrast is in their language, for Dunbar is to be ranked with Scotland's dialect poets, while Drummond wrote the purest classic English of his time. Dunbar sounds in every way as antique as Chaucer who preceded him by a century, (Ch. 1328. Dun. 1465, Drum. 1585); while Drummond sounds to us more modern than Spenser, who was his master, or, indeed, than any English poet of his period. Take this bit which might easily be the product of some rhymist of to-day who had affected an archaic subject.

Mind's eye.

This world is a-coming,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod force's Death;
His speedy grey-hounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er fails amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

Or more especially this, which Aldrich or one of our poets have written:

The Universe.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,
If we the leaves and sheets could turn with care—
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence, extending everywhere,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page and part of the same,
But still we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colored velum, leaves of gold
Fair dangle ribbands, leaving what is best;
On the great Writer's sense not taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Would Aubrey De Vere have written a sonnet in simpler or purer English?

Turn now to the earlier and the greater poet;—for Dunbar in his native endowment is little inferior to Chaucer, and has been pronounced by so good a judge as Scott, "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland ever produced,"—which is saying a great deal, if not a trifle overmuch, when we remember Burns. His strain is sweet and fanciful, and in it the charm of Scotland's youth lives again, with the scent of hedge-rows, the wealth of dewy roses and all the splendor of mornings whose perfume and melody went into the soul of the poet. But the spirit and style, as well as the vocabulary, harks far back from Drummond:

From "The Golden Targe".

Bright as the stern of day becometh to schyne
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucine,
I raise, and by a rosere me did rest;
Up sprang the golden candle matutine,
With clere deparit beames cristalline,
Gladdening the merry son in his nest;
Up raise the lark, the hevyn's menestrel fyne
In May, in thir a mornow myrthfullest.
Full, asellike thir birds sang thair hours
Within thair courtys grace, in to thir bours,
Apparillit quhite and red, with blomes suete;
Anasellit was the felde with all colouris.
The perly droppis schukle in silvir schouris;
Quhill all in blame did brach and levis flete,
To part fra Phobus did Aurora greet;
Her cristall teris I saw hung on the flouris
Quhill he for late all drank up with his hete.
For mirth of May, with skipis and with hoppis,
The birds sang upon the tender croppis,
With carolous nois, as Venus chapel clerkis;
The rosis yong, new spreading of their knoppis,
War powderit brycht with hevilly herall droppis,
Throu beames red, blynyng as ruby sperkis;
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the iarkis.

Now will you smile, my reader, over these primitive accents,—this touch of virgin loveliness, so fresh and infantine as to rank it with the choicest in our early literature?—That word, "hevinly," starts up in memory a form and face the reverse of poetic. But I can see and hear the worthy brother, on whose lips lingered the dialect of an English midland county, who always began his prayer with the words,—“Hevinly Father.” We will perhaps spoil such delicious lines by trying to put them into modern form:

Bright as the star of day begins to shine,
When gone to bed are Vesper and Lucine,
I rose, and by a rosery did me rest;
Up sprang the golden candle matutine (of morn-
ing),
With purifying beams, clear, crystalline
Glad'ning the merry birds within their nest;
Up rose the lark, the heavens' minstrel fine
In May unto a mornow myrthfullest.
Full angel-like the birds sang out their hours
Behind their curtains green in their deep bowers,
Apparelled white and red, with blossoms sweet;
Enamelled were the fields with colored flowers,
The pearly drops shook down in silver showers;
While all in balm did leaves and branches meet,
To part from Phobus did Aurora greet (weep);
Her crystal tears I saw hang on the flowers
Which he for love drank with his lips in heat.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. &c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Or suppose we give the last stanza in a prose rendering:

For Maytime mirthfulness the birds were skipping and hopping merrily on the tender twigs of the thickets, uttering their curious notes, as if they had been chapel clerks (choiristers) of Venus. The young roses, spreading abroad their knobs (bunches), were brightly powdered with dew-drops that through ruddy beams burned like ruby sparkles; while overhead the skies rang with the shouting of larks.

We might quote passages not so full of archaic Scotticisms, for with Dunbar, as with Burns, there is a difference in the quantity of dialect that he uses.

Here follow some specimens as in the Seminary Journals:

Johnny Quiz.—Mamma, is Dinah a widow?
(Blush not, reader,—Dinah is the family mare!)
Ready Mother.—Yes, my dear, a grass-widow.
Johnny Quiz.—And what is a grass widow?
Ready Mother.—It is a widow whose husband did of hay-fever.

Questions in Universal Supposition,
Submitted to the candidates for the non-collegiate degree of *Misunderstanding*.

By ONE OF THE PROFESSORS OF ION HANES.

1. What kind of fish are the Upanishads?
2. Is, Y. ur War-shiya a suitable title in time of peace?
3. What sort of garb do the R'g Vendas wear?
4. How many Hours are in Paradisiac day?
5. To what line of Kings belong the Eddas?
6. Have you read Pellony's book, entitled, "Walking Backward" etc., etc.

While reading Dryden's "Hind and Panther," to-day, we were led to contrast one of his passages with that of another illustrious convert from protestantism,—Cardinal Newman. There is in this work of the earlier poet, which combines in happiest form its poetical and argumentative styles, a few lines of a personal character.

"My thoughtless youth was wisaged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fire,
Followed false lights; and when their alimpease was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Re thine (the church) the glory and be mine the Shame."

Newman, in his celebrated lyric, one of the choicest of our hymnic possessions, (which we adopt as most expressive of our best attainment toward trustfulness and submission, little deeming it to be an argument used to justify a reprobated course,—or one, at the best, dubious to many.) says of himself:

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years."

The first writer was a man of strong sense and of immense intellectual energy, but without a high ideal of life—without poetic or prophetic vision, like Milton's,—and also destitute of chivalrous loyalty; a man who held his pen the implement of his trade and the minister to his worldly fortune. That he followed the real bent of his mind, and, in the superficiality of the matter, was honest, is probable; but the season chosen for entering the Roman Catholic Church and the peculiar juncture of affairs, naturally gave rise to suspicion. The later writer had a more subtle, if a less vigorous, intellect, and a vastly superior ethical nature,—though with a somewhat morbid spirituality, cloistral and austere. Of his deep sincerity, his moral integrity, his religious earnestness, we can entertain no doubt. We also remember a more simple, child-like nature—that of Faber, who yielded to the allurements of the "milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."

A writer of literary notes declares that the publication of his "Songs of Action" discovers Dr. A. Conan Doyle to be poet, as well as novelist. That he is such was shown in small compass by the following lyric in his "The White Company":

The Bowman's Song.
What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew-trees
And the land where the yew-trees grow.
What of the cord?
The cord was made in England:
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love
So we'll strain our jacks
To the English flax
And the land where the hemp was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England:
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose feather,
And the land where the grey goose flew.
What of the men?
The men were bred in England:
The bowmen—the yewmen,
The lads of date and fall,
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

John Ruskin no longer addresses us, as in the day of his power; yet still he lives at his Bratwood home, and takes note of that ever changing beauty of the sky, and the landscape he was so apt to paint, in its manifestation about Coniston. He may be seen walking abroad nearly every fair day, and is in good health for one who approaches that stage of life wherein we are supposed to have little pleasure. It is said that he is not free from the old annoyances that gave piquancy to his themes, for certain local builders are marring the landscape by their unsightly edifices reared in his neighborhood.

Young Prim enters with the declaration that Uncle Sam is about to be married. He is going to have Anna. That, objects, Madame Pursey, would be bigamy, for he has already wedded Philip Hines' darter, Miss Manila.

English men of letters have a fair chance of governmental recognition. W. F. Henley, poet, essayist, editor, etc., has recently received from the civil list of his native land a pension for his services to English literature.

A wife sometimes proves a man's best counsellor, in literature as in other concerns. He who is fitted for criticism will do well to defer to her who cares most for his fame. Now it is rumored Mrs. Kipling rescued that famous poem the "Recessional" from the waste paper basket to which her husband had consigned it, and gave it to an applauding and grateful public. If this is true it is only an additional instance of feminine taste and penetration. The resonant star zas strike at once the ear and the heart, and may constitute the most welcome part of his message to posterity.

We learn by The Critic that "Elmwood is saved, and the home of James Russell Lowell will be turned into a memorial park. The enthusiastic men and women who had the matter in hand had to raise a good many thousand dollars within a given time, and the money came in so slowly that they were in despair; but now they have the full amount and a little over." The care for places consecrated by the memory of our greatest men is one of the hopeful signs of the time. Many there are to whom mammon is not the only thing worthy their seeking.

The initial number of The New Brunswick Magazine fulfils the promise of the prospectus. It is recently in our hands, but the most cursory examination assures us of its excellence in the particular line chosen. It is greatly to be desired that this venture shall have a patronage and a pecuniary support equal to its merits.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been found of great service in croup and whooping cough. No house where there are children should be without a bottle.

Senor Sagasta, the Spanish statesman, is remarkably deficient in the graces of oratory, a fact the more noteworthy in a country whose very peasants are impressively eloquent. He has, however, a remarkable gift of sarcasm, which, combined with his imperturbable manner, no doubt explains his influence over a people so hot-blooded and impulsive as the Spanish. His relations with the Queen Regent are almost paternal in character, and the wrinkled, kindly-looking old Minister stands very high in the esteem of both Queen Christina and her son, the young king. Senor Sagasta is a Grand Master of the Spanish Order of Freemasons.

M. TESLA has repeatedly declared that it would be possible to send out from the earth an electric vibration which would reach the planet Mars, so that if there were people and instruments there to receive it, telegraphic communication might be opened up between the earth and that distant world.

Yellow stories are not confined to the war; you can hear a yellow story on a man any hour of the day.

CANCER
And Tumors cured to stay
Cured, at home, no knife, no plaster
or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Massey Manufacturing Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

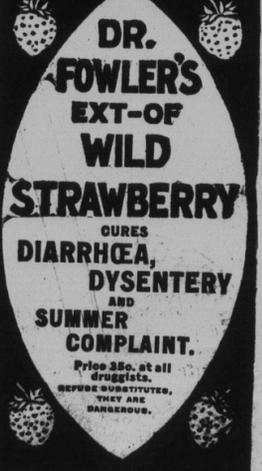
TIRED? Oh, No.
This soap
SURPRISE
greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics
SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.



What Do You Think of it?
A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.
We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, *Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe*, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to *PROGRESS* for \$2.50.
This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.
Apply At Once To
"The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd."
St. John, N. B.

LIVING ON MONKEY MEAT.
A Story Told by an American of Six Months in Oaxaca.
Living in Mexico is often a disastrous experience to the foreigner who is not acquainted with localities and customs. In the case of John Bacon and his companion an Englishman named Martin Hayes, their experience was such, but it was also interesting. In conversation with Mr. Bacon that gentleman stated the following to a reporter:
"Not long ago I came up from Guatemala with an Englishman named Martin Hayes, and we had three burros laden with goods. We prospected all along the line to Tonelado, and stopped one week with an Indian at Tehuantepec. While there we learned that in the district up to Tonelado there was plenty of gold, as another Englishman had passed through there with \$8,000 which he had panned out at a certain point somewhere in the region of San Pablo, in Oaxaca. We traced the gold along the streams for six miles, and reached as far as San Miguel. We were very hungry by this time, having run short of provisions and, going across the mountains, were told that we should be careful as banditti were numerous. Soon after two men met us not far from San Miguel, and they both had rifles. They ordered us to halt, but I pulled a revolver and took their guns away from them and marched them on in front of us. When we arrived at San Miguel one of them entered a complaint before the Jefe Politico charging us with holding them up, but the Jefe knew the men too well to listen to their story, and the result is one of them is still in jail at that place."
"When we left San Miguel we secured a mazo to guide us to where the Englishman referred to found his gold, but when we got there the mazo would not stay, as it was known the Englishman had returned and died there. We found his skeleton, with the legs and arms eaten off, and the mazo being fearful he would see the ghost dead, left us to ourselves. We went across a river and camped in the adjacent woods. Along the stream we prospected for gold, and in two weeks we found gold which went about twenty-five cents to the pan. We remained there about six months, and all that time we lived on monkey meat and green bananas, and both too, without salt. Just think of it! Nothing but monkeys, and occasionally a fowl or two, and not a tortilla or common hot cake. Well sir, my partner, Martin Hayes, of London, England, died four months after from the privations suffered during that time, and I don't suppose his wife and family ever heard of it. But we got some gold all right, and monkey meat would have been good enough for me if we had only had some salt."

DR. FOWLER'S EXT-OF WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY
AND
SUMMER COMPLAINT.
Price 25c. at all druggists.
BEWARE SUBSTITUTES, THEY ARE HARMFUL.



The Gold Coast is a long way from the Cape of Good Hope. The latter is one of

Woman and Her Work

Next to the man who always makes it a point to be as disagreeable as possible to every friend his wife possesses, and who spares no effort to discourage her from wasting her time as he calls it, in receiving visitors at all—defend me from the honest hearty fellow who errs on the other side, and is determined to make all her friends welcome that his very kindness and hospitality are positive thorns in the flesh of his long suffering partner! He is invariably a good soul who is anxious to please the partner of his joys in all things, but who unfortunately lacks the tact to discriminate between ordinary acquaintances who may be far from congenial to his wife, and the valued friend whose society is always an unmixed blessing. This genial being arrives at home some morning just before lunch and finding his wife in earnest and apparently interested conversation with an acquaintance who having more time to spare than she has is ruthlessly taking up that busy housewife's time, he rushes to the conclusion that he will be only doing the proper thing if he asks the visitor to stay to lunch. The fact that it is washing day, that lunch is not ready and that his wife is impatiently awaiting the departure of her guest in order to prepare the broiled fresh shad and fried potatoes which comprise the simple repast, never crosses his mind. So he proceeds to relieve the situation according to his lights. "Is that you Mrs. Jones?" he exclaims cordially, "just ran in to talk to Jennie for a little while and cheer her up eh? That's right, nothing does her so much good, keeps her from moping. Now just take off your bonnet and stay to lunch. Oh yes you must; Jennie will be offended if you say no, and there's nothing I like more than to have my wife entertain her friends. What's that Jen? Mrs. Smith mentioned that she must be at home for lunch, or you would have asked her to stay? Never mind that Mrs. Smith, they will have to do without you to day, for we are just going to keep you so run right up to Jen's room and take your things off."

Of course the helpless wife can do nothing but murmur some polite phrase which may be taken for an endorsement of her husband's more than cordial invitation, and Mrs. Smith is persuaded and remains. Little does it matter to this wrong-headed man that his wife has an engagement with either the dressmaker or the dentist immediately after lunch; or that Mrs. Smith happens to be a notable housekeeper with a critical eye and a sharp tongue for any shortcomings in that line on the part of others. She is perhaps the last person on the earth by whom the luckless Jennie would like to be taken at a disadvantage, but in his good natured obtuseness he never takes any of these things into consideration, and when he wife, with flushed cheeks and nervous manner finally announces the belated meal, he beams with satisfaction, and good feeling, serving out the too plain fare with the same genial hospitality he would display over an elaborate dinner, utterly oblivious of his wife's mortified face, and the general air of constraint which is felt by everyone but himself. Worst of all, he cannot understand why he finds Jennie on the sofa with swollen eyes, and a bad nervous headache, when he comes home to dinner in the evening. Even if Mrs. Smith did stay until nearly three o'clock, thus effectually preventing the appointment from being kept, and even if lunch was late, and not so nice as usual, the too hospitable husband can see no reason for making so much of a trifle; he laughs good naturedly at his wife's distress, and though he soothes her by promising to be more careful next time, he repeats the offence at the very next opportunity—and all with the best intentions in the world. Sometimes his zeal in the cause of making his wife's friends welcome, prompts him to give the woman she dislikes most on earth, a cordial invitation to run down and spend a few days with them in the country; and the disliked one concluding very naturally that the invitation comes from the proper quarter and blissfully un-

(From Toronto Globe.) THIS CERTIFICATE Brings Forth a Story.

BOWMANVILLE, ONT. We, the undersigned, certify that the health of the Rev. R. A. Bilkey has for months been deteriorating, and that he is now suffering from severe nervous prostration, and urgently requires immediate and prolonged rest. J. W. McLaughlin, M.D., A. Beith, M.D., L. Holland Reid, M.R.C.S., etc.

THIS INTERVIEW TELLS IT.

A reporter called on the Rev. R. A. Bilkey, rector St. John's (Episcopal) Church, Bowmanville, Ontario, during a church function, and on congratulating him on the great change for the better in his appearance, the reverend gentleman said, "It is due entirely to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. "I suffered for over three years from extreme nervousness, weakness and prostration, and could not obtain relief. A few months ago it became only too apparent that extreme nervous prostration had set in, as I lost flesh and appetite rapidly. Three of our four medical men pronounced me in urgent need of immediate and prolonged rest in order to build up my nervous system, giving me a certificate to that effect. About this time, by pure accident, Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills were brought to my notice. I decided to try them, and on doing so a decided change for the better took place at once. I have since continued taking the pills, with continued and marked benefit and improvement. My appetite has returned. I am gaining in flesh steadily, and my general health is now good. Further, I am sure that these results are due to the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I have every confidence that they will do for others all that they have done for me."

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.50, at Drugists, or mailed on receipt of price by the Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of Information free.

conscious of the other's feelings towards her, accepts gratefully, and arrives at the appointed time. Hospitality is always a virtue, and a man who is always ready to make his wife's friends welcome to his house is a treasure indeed, but perhaps he would stand a better chance of having his virtues appreciated if he would try to ascertain her feelings on the subject before he exercised them indiscriminately.

All doubts as to the season's fashions in Paris are settled at the race for the Grand Prix, which serves as a final opening of the latest productions in summer dress. While it is not so important a function, from fashion's point of view, as it was a few years ago, gorgeous costumes are still a conspicuous feature, and modes in dress reach a climax which is at least indisputable for two whole months. All the finest discriminations as to cut, finish, and combinations of color have been made, and there is no hope of anything really new until the question of autumn gowns comes up again.

The principal point to be noted from this last display in fashion's domain is that the epaulet has entirely disappeared from the top of the new sleeve, and the really small sleeve, without any illusive little caps or frills to give the appearance of fullness, is here again. It is gathered a trifle at the top, and it may be shirred and trimmed for its entire length, but it is close fitting and very long, falling a little over the hand. No doubt we shall soon get accustomed to this close sleeve, robbed of all the varying protuberances which have distinguished it for several years now, just as we do to every prevailing fashion, but it can never be made so generally becoming as the sleeve which adds some breadth to the shoulders.

The chief feature in the newest skirts are their trailing length and narrow width, but something quite novel is a skirt which fastens at one side and is seamless in the back. Just how this result is accomplished successfully is one of the mysteries of fashion yet to be solved. In apron effects there is a sort of double skirt, made with an apron quite separate from the lower skirt, and not attached to it except at the belt. This is not more than ten inches wide at the back, where it opens, hooks together for the entire length, and rounds down to nearly double the width in the front. It fits the hips very closely, and is trimmed all around the edge to match the lower skirt. Despite the variety in skirts, however, the five and seven gored skirts are still very popular.

The circular flounce may be added at the bottom or not, as you fancy. But if you would have the very latest Parisian model in skirts, it must be the one called seamless, which is absolutely plain all around the hips, with no plaits at the back, where it buttons closely half way down. These scant clinging skirts have some disadvantages for the woman who is not blessed with well-rounded hips, but she is equal to the emergency if she is a Frenchwoman well acquainted with all the mysteries of modern appliances as a means of producing fashionable effect. Padding the hips is simple enough, it seems, if reports

from Paris are true, and it is the fashionable thing to do providing you do not possess the necessary curves to enhance the charms of this new skirt. It does not matter so much whether the Parisian woman is generously endowed with beauty or not, she has ways of acquiring it with her mode of dressing which answer every purpose.

Among the minor features of fashion is the growing fancy for lace in every possible way in which it can be used for trimming for entire gowns, bodices, and coats, the last being made of Irish or Maltese. One new form of lace coat rounds down to the under arm seam like a bolero, and is close in the back, where it extends to the hem of the skirt after the manner shown in one of the illustrations. All the lace coats, however, are not so long in the back, but they round away from the front to a very decided basque, which in outline is very much like a man's dress coat.

Blouse waists of lace are very popular for dreary gowns of foulard, moire and various kinds of transparent materials, and the sleeves may be of lace or match the skirt, as you fancy. Bands of the dress fabric embroidered and inserted between puffs of tulle form another of the many ways of making a fancy bodice. Cross meshed net well covered with lace applique sprays is very effective for this purpose, and pretty contrasts are made with black gauze over white silk ornamented in stripes or small figure with fine jet, this being used for the bodice of a colored grenadine, checked canvas, or any of the ecrú linen gauzes checked with colored satin stripes, with good effect, providing narrow ruches or plaited frills of black gauze are the finish on the skirt.

Sashes of the dress material [ruffled around with the black gauze appear on some of these gowns. A pretty feature of the lace and gauze waists is a blouse corslet of the dress material opening down the middle of the back and front; to show the under bodice to the belt. This rounds up from underneath the arm to points on either side and is trimmed around the edges with tiny flat ruches of gauze or a bias fold of black velvet. Black chantilly flounces, a narrow one at the bottom, and a wider one falling over this, with a tiny ruche of itself for a heading, are the skirt trimming on a grey crepe de chine and are supplemented with a sleeveless lace jacket edged all around with a narrow ruche of net. Bands of cream white applique fully seven inches wide edge the skirts of some of the new wool gowns besides covering the entire front breadth and striping the bodice.

Tailor-made coats have revers of Irish lace over satin, insertions of Irish lace trim the new foulards, and lace is everywhere. Ecrú lace insertion, edged with bouillonnes of gray chiffon, is effective in a grey crepe de chine, and so on to the end of the chapter on the use of lace. Raised flower embroidery of crepe de chine ornaments some of the new gowns, and floral embroideries of black chenille mixed with jet and steel are still another fancy especially striking on white crepe de chine.

Among the new foulards is one made of Dresden blue, patterned with white, made with a triple skirt edged with white satin piping. Another gown of red and white has a short bolero decorated on either side with small antique silver buttons. A wide belt of wide glace silk completes the bodice below, and the skirt is made with a deep flounce plainly hemmed and a narrow flounce at the head.

Plain glace silk in colors, as well as black, is very popular for the dressy summer gowns, which must be light and effectively trimmed to have any style. Something entirely novel is a gown of blue glace in the peculiar shade of the hydrangea, trimmed with three wide bias folds of white taffeta silk above two very full flounces.

SALT "I had Salt Rheum of the worst kind, as our family doctor called it, and could not get anything to cure me. I read of Burdock Blood Bitters, and determined to try it. I got one bottle and before I used half of it I could tell it was doing me good, and after taking six bottles I was perfectly cured, and to-day am a happy woman at being cured of that terrible disease." Mrs. MAGDALENA VOIGT, Rhineland, Ont.

B. B. B. is the best remedy in the world for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Scald Head, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

RHEUM



\$2.50 Costume Complete Skirt alone \$1.35 THE HIGHEST KNOWN VALUE FOR MONEY

John Noble Tailor-Made Costumes

SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST, safely packed to all parts of the Globe direct from The Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED for excellence of Design, Material, Make, and Finish.

THE LADIES of the Dominion of Canada have shown their appreciation of these World Famous Costumes to an extraordinary degree during the past season. It is found that after paying carriage and duty a very great saving is effected by dealing direct with John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng. whose goods are made not only to look well, but to yield faithful service.

PATTERNS sent Post Paid (to be returned) together with a New Illustrated 84 page Dress and Drapery Catalogue of the two good durable cloths in which the Costumes are made.

I.—JOHN NOBLE COSTUME SHATING, smooth-surfaced, medium weight, weight and weather-resisting.

II.—JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE, weight and weather-resisting.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6 yds. 22 in. wide) for \$1.80. Postage 5c.

The Costumes are ALSO SUPPLIED in good WHITE Pique or in HAIR and RUGS (White, Fawn or Blue), at the same price.

COLORS OF COSTUME COATING and CHEVIOT SERGE are Black, Navy, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Grey, Moss, Fawn, Purple, and Electric.

THE THREE STONE SIZES are 34, 36, 38 in. round bust (under arms) in front. Any other size can be MADE TO MEASURE, 40c. extra.

LADIES who cannot wait for Patterns may safely order straight away in the certainty of obtaining full satisfaction.

THE BEST WAY to remit is by MONEY ORDER or draft on London Bank.

BANKERS: "LONDON AND MIDLAND" BANK, LTD.

Kindly name this newspaper when ordering or writing.

MODEL 90.—The New "ST. HELEN" Costume. Well-cut open Coat and full wide skirt. Price complete, \$2.50. Skirt alone, \$1.35. Postage on complete Costume, 5c. On Skirt alone, 40c.

MODEL 91.—The "CURRAGH" COSTUME. Smartly made Bodice, trimmed on facings and cuffs with military braid. Full wide skirt. Price \$2.50 complete, \$1.35 skirt alone. Postage on complete Costume, 70c. On Skirt alone 40c. LADIES OWN DESIGNS estimated for in any material named in Catalogue.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. Brook Street Mills MANCHESTER ENGLAND

arranged to round up a little in front and at the back. Among all the pretty summer gowns there is nothing more attractive and stylish for the money invested than the pique costume, made with a junty coat and skirt, or a blouse waist with a wide collar falling from a guimpe neck or turning back from a vest. The skirt with a circular flounce of even width all around is most popular in this material, and as a means of renovating an old gown it is a great success. Add a flounce of white to a colored pique, and a white collar to the bodice, and you have the latest touch.

It Makes People Well.

Paine's Celery Compound is the one true specific recognized and prescribed to-day by the most able practitioners for all diseases arising from a debilitated nervous system.

That eminent medical professor Dr. Phelps gave it to his profession as a positive cure for sleeplessness, wasting strength, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism and neuralgia, and in every case it has triumphed over sickness and disease when all other medicines failed.

Paine's Celery Compound works wonders in the season of oppressive heat. It gives vim energy and strength to the weak, languid, irritable and morose; it banishes all tired feelings, and enables men and women to go through the routine of daily toil with heart, soul and energy.

FINGER NAIL BITING HABIT.

There is Only one Sure way to Stop the Practice.

"Non-believers in the doctrine of the transmission of hereditary instincts are brought to a standstill when they are confronted with such an indisputable fact that the finger-nail biting habit is, in nine cases out of ten, handed down to the children of those addicted to it," said a Washington physician. "I have for nearly ten years watched this thing carefully, and in almost every case where a parent, either father or mother, has been a finger-nail biter, I have found that the children have at a very early age naturally fallen into the same practice. The chief finger-nail biters of the world are the French, and it was recently stated, upon reliable authority, that nearly two-thirds of the French school children are addicted to the habit. French specialists who have made a careful study of the matter maintain that the finger nail biting habit is a sort of nervous disease and the French educational authorities are about to take steps to stop the habit among French school children. I haven't heard yet what they are going to do about it, but I am certain that they have a big contract on their hands. Even for grown people there is hardly any habit aside from the confirmed abuses of narcotics, more difficult to overcome than the habit of biting the fingernails. It requires a strong mental effort and constant vigilance to do this for once a person has be-

come thoroughly addicted to the habit he does it unconsciously, and is only reminded that he is marring himself when he gets one of his nails gnawed down to the quick. All manner of remedies have been advanced for the care of the finger nail biting habit, including the plying of injurious and bitter compositions on the ends of the fingers, but none of these remedies amount to much.

The only way to stop biting the finger nails is to stop, which is the only way to stop drinking liquor, by the way. The Americans are next to the French in the finger nail biting habit, probably because the Americans, as a whole, are an exceedingly nervous people. A man who accomplishes his determination to knock off biting his finger nails may, by incessant manicure nails is to stop, but finger nail biting, if long persisted in ruins the shape of the ends of the fingers, and the nails can never be brought to look as well as those of the persons who permit their nails to grow as they were intended to grow.—Washington Star.

One Way of Catching Them.

An enterprising photographer has lately completed a system by which his pictures of babies have become 'amused. He has discarded all the familiar expedients of his profession to persuade very young children to submit to the camera, and the scheme has been completely successful. One part of his gallery has been fitted up like a nursery. Around the rooms at convenient points are situated cameras, and these are in charge of his assistants.

The photographer devotes his attention to the baby. He tries all the toys in turn, gets on as intimate terms as possible with the baby after such short acquaintance, and gradually lures the unsuspecting infant into looking his best. When pose and expression are satisfactory, he gives a signal to one of his assistants at the cameras and the trick is done. Mothers bring their babies from all quarters to this tacitful photographer. It would be a difficult matter to find any child who would not, after ten minutes' session with toys, exhibit some expression that his parents would be proud of. The artist catches that expression and as many other agreeable ones as possible. The final light comes to the mother when she receives the proofs, not sent as proofs usually are, but mounted on a large piece of cardboard, which makes it possible for her to compare them simultaneously. This wise man has left nothing undone which could strengthen his hold on the babies and their photographs.

An amateur botanist in Voronezh, Mr. Fetisoff, has succeeded in cultivating roses of a pure black color. His persistent experiments lasted more than ten years, and he intends shortly to exhibit his new black roses in London.

BUY **Colman's Salt** THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Ned: He married the girl I was engaged to. Fred: Well, don't worry, you'll get over it before he does. 'Owing to unforeseen circumstances,' announced an Australian paper not long ago, our last issue did not appear. He: 'May I kiss you just once?' She: 'No.' He (unabashed): 'How many times?' A mother of six declares that those who say that boys know nothing about economy never saw them when they were using soap. Screechley: 'Did my singing make a hit?' Wigwag: 'My dear fellow it was just a howling success.' Whiplight: 'I hear your sister has gone in for the new woman craze?' Salspleigh: 'I suppose so; I've missed a good many neckties lately.' Ethel: 'I've had fully a dozen offers of marriage lately.' Maud: 'Mercy, me! Good ones?' Ethel: 'Yes. All from George.' She: 'Julie and Joe are engaged, but they have decided to keep their engagement a secret; Julie told me so.' He: 'Yes, I know it; Joe told me.'

The following advertisement is from an Irish newspaper: 'This is to notify Patrick O'Flaherty, who lately left his lodgings, that if he does not return soon and pay for the same he shall be advertised.' Teacher: 'Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, 'You can't learn me nothing?' Patsy: 'Yes'm.' Teacher: 'Why?' Patsy: 'Cause you can't.' Maudie: 'Why have you thrown Clarence overboard?' Madge: 'I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose.' Maudie: 'How did his nose get broken?' Madge: 'I struck him playing golf!'

Two commercial travellers, comparing notes. I have been out three weeks, said the first, and have only got four orders. That beats me, said the other; I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home. Mrs. Mulligan: 'An' what did his 'onner say to you this morning?' Mrs. Mulcahy: 'Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?' Mrs. Mulligan: 'An' what did yer say?' Mrs. Mulcahy: 'No, yer 'anner, not happily.'

An open-air preacher, addressing a meeting to young men on the subject of The Prodigal Son, became enthusiastic in showing the depth and persistence of paternal love, and finally shouted, 'Brethren! I believe that the father kept that fatted calf for years awaiting the return of his son. Lord Russell of Killowen, years before he took silk, was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches, during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered, 'Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?' 'Two mothers-in-law,' replied Russell, without hesitation. Tramp: 'Yis, mum, I'm stone broke! I declare I was quietly attending to my business when the copper came up and arrested me.' Kind-hearted Lady: 'What a shame! Here's a shilling for you. What is your business?' Tramp: 'I'm a burglar, mum!'

A lecturer on Colorado asks, 'Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside this state, such products as marble, iron, fireclay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains, and—why enumerate them? Where? I say.' 'To which a man in the audience promptly replied, 'In my boy's pocket.'

SERIOUS DEFECTS



'The hen, sir.' 'And vat you call de shidrens of de cock and his wife?' 'Chickens, sir.' 'But vat you call de shicken before dey are shicken?' 'Eggs, sir.' 'Bring me two.'

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way they were obliged to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the poor fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, 'Here's a pretty mistake, you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me!'

ANEMIA, OR BLOODLESSNESS.

Its Victims are Pale in Color, Subject to Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, and Other Distressing Symptoms. From the Echo, Flatville, Ont. Anemia, which literally means bloodlessness, is prevalent to an alarming extent among young girls and young women of the present day, and is a fruitful source of 'decline' and consumption. The symptoms of this trouble are many, but among the most noticeable are pallor of the face, lips and gums, shortness of breath on slight exertion, dizziness, severe headaches, weakness of the vital organs, palpitation of the heart, and dical swelling of the limbs. The more of these symptoms shown, the greater the necessity for prompt treatment. Among those who have suffered from anemia and found a cure is Miss Emily Webb, a young lady residing near Wolverton, Ont. Miss Webb says:—My illness first came on when I was about sixteen years of age. My complexion was a pale waxy color; I was troubled with general weakness, dizziness and palpitation of the heart. I was placed under medical treatment, but the medicine prescribed by the doctor did not appear to do me the slightest good. As time went by I was slowly but surely growing weaker. I was unable to do any work about the house, and my limbs would tremble to such an extent at the slightest exertion that I could scarcely stand upon my feet. Then my stomach became so weak that I vomited almost everything I ate; I grew dependent and feared I would not recover. While in this condition a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I followed the advice. After I had used two boxes I noticed an improvement and my heart was gladdened with the hope of renewed health. At the end of six boxes my appetite had fully returned, and with it strength, color to my cheeks, and brightness to the eyes. I still continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken in all twelve boxes, and I can truthfully assert that I am healthier and stronger than I ever was before. I owe this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would urge all girls who suffer as I did to give them a fair trial. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more to make strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls than any other medicine ever discovered, and mothers should insist upon their daughters taking an occasional course of this medicine. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Offered in any other form the pills are substitutes intended; do deceive.

are to be found in the common laundry soaps on the market. Get

ECLIPSE SOAP

and you will have a perfect article. Send us 25 'Eclipse' wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of 'Eclipse.'

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Better Than Poetry. 'Well, poor old Parrington has struck it rich at last.' 'What, Parrington, the poet.' 'Yes; he's just made a fortune.' 'Wrote a great poem I s'pose. I always said he had it in him.' 'No; he wrote a few fool verses that a friend of his set to music. Now it's the popular song of the day.'

Always a Kick. Banks—I see that somebody has invented a sail which will enable a bicycle to run before the wind at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Harper—Gee! Wouldn't that come in handy if somebody could turn in now and invent a contrivance of some kind to make the winds occasionally blow in the direction a person wants to ride?



YOUNG WOMEN LOVE The D & A Corset, it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL: YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET.

33 pills for 25c.

—Save money on medicine as well as on food or drink—

Dr. HARVEY'S Anti-Bilious & Purgative PILLS

CURE biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, boils, eruptions, costiveness, etc., and cost only 25c. per box of 33. Over 25 years on the market. Sufferers from liver complaints should write for genuine testimonials. Full size box will be sent as sample on receipt of 25c. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

FAST OF THE JACK POT.

A Gambler's Search for Proof of a Theory Concerning a Womanly Weakness.

Beat, but tall, with sparse whiskers seldom trimmed, nearly 70 years, Uncle Uriah used to sit in the poker game in Omaha, his long, thin fingers tremblingly placing his chips and his old eyes glittering as he timorously skinned his hand. Pathetically like Little Nell's grandfather he looked sometimes, but he was at no desperate shift to obtain a stake, for he was the possessor of a competence, and he brought into the game the saving grace of the parsimony to which he had been habituated in his earlier days in a New Hampshire home. He never bought more than \$5 worth of chips at a time. These he would for the most part ante away waiting for aces or better, and when he finally did get a good hand, a bare call represented the climax of his enterprise.

In those days there was always a game on Sunday afternoons, and Uncle Uriah, although a devout Methodist, could be counted upon to arrive directly after service, and to sit in until the time for afternoon Sunday school. The boys used to joke him at first, and ask him if he had sneaked his stake out of the contribution box, but to this question and to all others of similar levity he opposed a serious countenance which showed that his passion for the game was more a weakness than a vice.

Uncle Uriah lived with his two sisters—Abigail, aged 63, and Ann aged 55. In New Hampshire they had been called 'the girls,' but in Omaha the irreverent, with rude directness, referred to them as 'Uncle Uriah's old maids.'

It did not take the boys in the game long to discover that Uncle Uriah was in much fear of Abigail in general and in mortal dread that she would discover his besetting weakness. He would always shy at a new player and he frequently held forth to the boys on the impropriety of talking on the outside about the features of the game. 'I sh'd hate to hev the parson know,' he used to say. 'I wouldn't keer so much 'bout Ann, 'cause she's easy skeered, but I wouldn't hev Sister Abigail know for the biggest jack pot twas ever played on this here table!'

There was never any solution to the mystery of how Sister Abigail discovered the obliquity in Uncle Uriah's life. Some officious neighbor may have told her or in an excess of caution Uncle Uriah himself may have aroused her definite suspicions. At any rate, on a particular Sunday afternoon he arrived at the room at the regular time, but without the key with which he, in common with other participants in the game, had been provided. The negro attendant admitted him and he was soon engrossed in the play.

There was a good jack pot on the table. Uncle Uriah was in and was dealing. It was his last say and the two men ahead of him had bet \$10 each. He had drawn one card and the play was up to him. He had not, however, looked at his draw when the key turned in the snap lock of the front door and Sister Abigail, pale with a righteous and terrible rage, strode into the room and up to the table.

'Gambling!' she cried. 'And on the Lord's day with the church bells ringing outside and decent people flockin' to His worship. I expected to find you here, you hypocrite!' she went on, turning to Uncle Uriah. 'You better get on your duds right now and come home.'

'I am comin' in a jiffy,' the old man said, weak with fear. 'I guess I might as well go 'long with you as with anybody else.' He rose and steadied himself by holding the chair.

Seth Coe was the coolest hand in the game. Even Sister Abigail had not disconcerted him. He reached over and turned up Uncle Uriah's hand. It was a flush. 'You better straighten this pot out before you go, Uncle,' said Coe. 'You call, of course, I suppose a flush is good?' Coe asked, turning to the others players. They nodded assent. Coe stacked up the chips. 'Forth-three dollars here,' he said, pushing them toward Uriah. The old man started instinctively toward the pot and then remembered Sister Abigail. He stopped and waited tremblingly for her decision. It seemed to the players who turned from the weak and timid old man to the dominant woman that at this critical test something of her moral rigidity relaxed. She did not sweep the chips to the floor. She said nothing about ill-gotten gains. With a visible effort she overcame a slight nervous constriction of the throat. She grasped her skirts firmly and swept toward the door.

'Uriah,' she said with great dignity, 'I will wait for you in the hall at the foot of the stairs.' After Uncle Uriah had obtained his \$43 and departed Seth Coe said in his leisurely way: 'The old man didn't have a flush. I slipped in a card to fill it out for him. I reckoned you fellows wouldn't mind payin' once more for positive proof that no matter what kind of a woman she is, she's always in with her play when you win the pot.'

Mattie: 'Were you ever in love?' Helen: 'Yes, with myself.'

Mattie: 'Well, you never had any rivals to worry about, anyhow.'



Clear as a crystal and delightful in its invigorating and aromatic odor is the coffee that comes to you in pound and two-pound tin cans from the famous tea and coffee importers,

Chase & Sanborn

of Boston, its purity and its strength being guaranteed by their seal.

Its supreme merit has been proved and is acknowledged by thousands of the most fastidious coffee consumers throughout the land. Grocers everywhere sell it.

Kidney Trouble FOR YEARS.

Nothing did Mr. R. E. Pitt any good until he got Doan's Kidney Pills.

Throughout the County of Leeds and the Town of Brockville there is no medicine spoken so highly of for all kinds of Kidney Diseases as Doan's Kidney Pills. As Canada's pioneer kidney pill, introduced by Mr. James Doan, of Kingsville, Ont., in 1885, they stand to-day far superior to all the imitations and substitutes that have been offered the public in their stead. Mr. R. E. Pitt, the well-known contractor and builder, voices these sentiments when he says, 'I have had kidney trouble for years. I had tried numerous remedies without much relief, and had given up my back as gone for good, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills the result has been marvellous! The pain is all gone. I feel like a new man, and can highly testify to the virtues of Doan's Kidney Pills.' Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Teaberry FOR THE Teeth AT ALL DRUGGISTS PLEASANT HARMLESS 25cents A Box ZODESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1s., 1s.-6d. and 1lb. 5s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s.-6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

News and Opinions OF National Importance

THE SUN ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, - - - \$6 a year Daily, and Sunday by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year Address THE SUN, New York.

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"No," said Neville, with a little start; "I have not heard it. When?"

"Well, it's not generally known," said Trale. "He came down rather unexpectedly, and he's been ill and confined to the house. I didn't know whether you would like to see him."

Neville shook his head.

"No, Trale," he answered; "I don't think I will."

"Come down to see about some alterations at the Court; to brighten it up for his marriage with Miss Audrey," said Trale.

Neville's face grew grim in the darkness. "I fear it's to be pretty soon. Well, I must be going."

"Mr. Neville, nothing I can do for you, sir?"

Neville shook his head and held out his hand.

"No; and thank you for all you have done, Trale," he said. "I am off tomorrow."

"Oh, I hope not, sir," said Trale.

"Yes, I'm off," repeated Neville, firmly.

"I've seen the old place and—well, I've found two friends, at any rate," and he grasped the man's hand tightly. "Keep my visit a secret, Trale. Perhaps I'll come back some day, when"—he smiled gravely—"I've made my fortune."

"You needn't wait till then for one man to be glad to see you," said Trale; and as if ashamed of the emotion trembling in his voice, he hurried off.

Neville walked on with his hands thrust into his pockets and his head bent thoughtfully, and reached the clump of trees.

He threw himself down at the foot of one of them, and leaning his back against the thick trunk, got out his pipe and looked round musingly.

"If Syl and I had come back to England together, this is one of the places I should have brought her to," he said to himself, "and we would have picnicked here as we used to picnic in the valley. She'd have been glad to come to see the places I'm fond of, dear little Syl. Halloo!" he raised his hand and knocked something off and laughed. "I'd clean forgotten the ants," he said, and he got up and brushed his clothes with his hands.

The moon was just showing above the dark hill-line, and he felt loath to go. It seemed so very unlikely that he should ever see Lynne Burrows again.

He glanced up at the tree. It was an old oak with a gnarled trunk, and seemed with great hollows, and it stretched spacious limbs toward its fellow-trees.

"It's a long time since I climbed you, old chap," he said, addressing the tree affectionately.

The last time he had done so he had dragged Audrey after him, and they had sat upon the very branch he was now looking at. It looked inviting, and after a moment's hesitation, he knocked out his pipe and climbed up and made himself comfortable.

He refilled his pipe but could not find his match-box, and thinking that he had dropped it out of his pocket when he scrambled to his feet off the ants' nest, he was going to descend when he heard a foot-step.

Some one was coming toward him. He could not see who it was for the leaves and branches before him, but he thought it must be Trale, and was going to call out, when it occurred to him that he had better wait and make sure, and he remained quiet.

Whoever it was, he was coming straight for the clump, and Neville caught himself wondering what business a man could have at Stoneleigh Burrows at that time of night.

"Some poor devil of a tramp hunting up a night's lodging," he muttered. "I shall frighten him out of his life," and he put his hand upon the branch to swing himself down, when a figure, dimly seen in the dusky darkness, entered the circle of trees and stopped about a dozen yards from that upon which Neville was perched.

Curious to see if his surmise was right, Neville remained where he was and watched, feeling in his pockets as he did so to find a copper for the tramp.

The new-comer stood still for a moment, as if to accustom his eyes to the gloom of the shadow-casting trees; then he went round them one by one, and stopped outside the ring and seemed, to Neville, to be looking about cautiously.

"A tramp," he said. "I'll wait and see what he will do. If he takes to Mother Earth for a bed, the ants will make it lively for him. I don't wish him any harm but I should rather enjoy seeing him jump up."

The man came back to where he had first stood, and striking a match, lighted a small piece of candle.

This rather startled Neville.

"Tramps don't often insist upon a light to go to bed by," he thought and he looked down curiously at the man.

He had not much the appearance of the common tramp, but was, indeed rather well dressed in a plain suit of black, and he looked to Neville, who had seen many and diverse types of mankind, like a respectable clerk—say a solicitor's. He was an elderly man with a gray beard, which gave him rather a venerable look, and Neville was puzzling at the problem why a respectable clerk at this time of life should think fit to come to Stoneleigh Burrows and light a candle, when the man gave him another surprise by unbuttoning his frock coat and taking from under it a small hand-trowel.

Neville could scarcely refrain from laughter. If this had been Australia, and a diggers' camp, a performance of this kind would not have been astonishing, for all sorts of curious things occur in such places. But this was England and Stoneleigh Burrows, and—what on earth could a man of this kind want at this hour of night with a piece of candle and a hand-trowel?

Then it flashed upon him. This individual was one of those harmless lunatics who amuse themselves by moth-hunting. That was it; the man was a naturalist in search of some rare specimen of the flying or crawling tribe, and was going to dig or scratch for it.

To jump down upon him, or even to speak would in all probability give the

poor fellow a fit, Neville thought; and he decided to remain where he was till the man had finished his search and gone.

The man stuck the candle on the ground by the simple method of pouring some wax from it and standing the candle in it; then, with his back to Neville, paced slowly from the tree, counting as he went.

He made this measurement twice, as if to be certain of its accuracy; then went down on his knees and began to dig quickly. Every now and then he paused and looked round and listened; and once as he did so, a bird, woke by the noise and light, flew out of the tree. The man extinguished the candle in an instant, as if frightened, and Neville could hear him breathing hard as he waited and listened. Then he relighted the candle and fell to digging again.

Neville wondered what it could be the man was in search of, and ransacked his brain in trying to think of some insect or animal that hid itself under the solid earth, but could think of none.

Suddenly the man uttered a low, suppressed cry of satisfaction, as if he had found what he had been looking for. Consumed by curiosity, Neville stretched himself along the branch and leaned over at the imminent risk of tumbling down, and saw what the curious man was doing.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

What Neville saw as he leaned down from the branch was a round tin canister, such as cocoa or coffee is packed in, lying at the bottom of the hole the man had dug.

Neville had to discard the "naturalist theory" and take up the "buried treasure" one, though why any sane person should choose a hole in Stoneleigh Burrows in which to place his valuables, instead of depositing them in the local bank, Neville could not comprehend.

The man took up the canister, forced open the lid, and drew out, not a bag of gold or string of gems, but a coil of paper. This he placed carefully in his breast-pocket; then flinging the empty can into the hole, he shoveled back the earth and stamped it down, and strewed some dead leaves and broken over the spot. Then he sat down, lighted a pipe, and smoked contentedly. After a few minutes he, with a shake of the head, rose, drew the paper from his pocket, and looked round.

As his eyes approached Neville's hiding place, Neville quietly and cautiously drew himself up to a higher branch and so escaped detection.

The man went up to the tree and carefully placed the paper in one of the hollows, first thrusting in his hand to see how deep the hole went. The paper was thus well within the reach of Neville's arm if he should stretch it out.

The old gentleman then returned to his seat at the foot of the other tree and smoked with patience and contentment.

Neville was far too curious and interested to discover himself; and making himself as comfortable as possible, he too waited and watched.

Presently the man took the pipe out of his mouth and listened with his head on one side; then he got up, knelt, and laid his ear to the ground.

This action startled Neville as much as anything the man had done, for it reminded him of his digger days and the way in which the scouts of a prospecting party listened for the approach of footsteps.

How did it happen that a respectable elderly clerk should know this trick of the backwoods?

The man got up, resumed his seat and his pipe with an evident air of satisfaction, and a few minutes afterward Neville himself heard some one approaching.

Now, Neville was the last man in the world to play the eavesdropper, and he was about to speak to the man and descend, when a tall figure entered the clump, and Neville, after a moment or two, recognized it as that of his brother Jordan.

Jordan had got on a dress of fustian, with the collar turned up; but Neville was sure of his man. Could it be possible that his proud, haughty brother, the Right Honourable Sir Jordan, had come to Stoneleigh Burrows at this time of night to meet a man who dug up buried tin canisters?

The whole business wore so grotesque and unreal an air that Neville was inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses.

That his brother desired to escape observation and recognition was plain from way in which he looked round him—very much as the elderly man had looked before he entered the plantation—and the care with which he kept the coat collar about his face.

It was like a scene in a melodrama, Neville thought, as he looked down at Jordan's pale face and tall, thin form.

Jordan made his way toward the other man, who remained seated, puffing at his pipe and eying Jordan coolly, and Jordan, in a tone of impatience, said, haughtily:

"You are here? Let us get this business over quickly, please."

The man looked up at him with an easy, insolent grin.

"What are you afraid of, Sir Jordan?" he retorted. "We're quiet enough here."

At the sound of his voice Neville's heart leaped and the blood rushed to his head. Was he mad or dreaming, or was that Lavarick's voice?

He shook and trembled so violently under the emotion aroused by the man's voice that he almost fell from the branch, and he had to grip it hard and set his teeth to keep himself from crying out.

Lavarick here, and in collusion with Jordan! Surely he—Neville—must be dreaming! His heart beat so fast and furious that it made a singing in his ears, so that he could scarcely hear the voices of the two men below him, near as they were.

"I am here very reluctantly," said Jordan, haughtily, "and I am desirous of completing this business and returning as soon as possible."

"Right!" said Lavarick, curtly. "Did any one see you on the way, Sir Jordan?"

"I think not," replied Jordan. "But some person, some tramp, may come upon us at any moment, and—"

"You'd rather not be seen holding a conflagration with a stranger at this time of night eh?" said Lavarick, as coolly as before.

"Well, I dare say you are right; it would look singular, wouldn't it, if you were seen?"

People would begin to ask themselves queer questions. But there, you'd have some explanation out and dried for them, wouldn't you? You can't put the Right Honourable Sir Jordan Lynne in a hole easily," and he laughed.

If Neville had entertained any doubt as to the identity of the man it would have been dispelled by the laugh.

It was the laugh he had heard in the tent on the night he had ransomed Sylvia—the laugh that had rung in his ears as he saw her borne away across Lavarick's saddle, and the sound of it now filled him with an almost irresistible desire to spring upon the scoundrel and knock the life out of him. But he restrained himself with an awful effort which caused him to break out into a fit of perspiration.

That there was villainy hatching between these two was evident, and if he could only learn its character he might be able to thwart them.

"It is your nature to be insolent," said Jordan. "When you have finished, will you be good enough to proceed to the matter which brings me here? As I said, I come reluctantly, and it will not require much provocation to induce me to leave you."

Lavarick rose and knocked out his pipe. "You've got the notes?" he said.

"I have the notes," replied Jordan, curtly.

Lavarick held out his claw-like hand. "Pass them over, then," he said coolly.

Jordan handed them over. "Excuse me," he said. "I brought them as an exchange, not as a gift."

"We don't trust each other much," he said, sarcastically.

Jordan remained silent.

"What's to prevent me from knocking you on the head and helping myself to the notes?" said Lavarick, with engaging frankness.

"A regard for your own safety," replied Jordan, calmly. "Before I left the Court I told my servant that I was going for a walk on the Burrows, and if I did not return in an hour he was to drive here for me. If you murdered me—as I have no doubt you would like to do—"

"Well, I should," assented Lavarick, with cool-blooded candor.

"—You could not conceal the evidence of your crime and escape in that time." He looked at his watch as he spoke. "As it is, the time is passing rapidly, and my servant will be here soon."

"You refuse to give me the notes first?" said Lavarick.

"Absolutely," retorted Jordan.

"I thought you would, and I refuse to hand you the will before I get the notes. I wouldn't trust it into your hands for a moment until I got the 'ready.' What do you propose, Sir Jordan?" and he filled his pipe with insolent leisureness.

Jordan thought a moment, then he said: "I will place the notes on the ground beside me here; put the will on the ground beside you, together with the paper for which I stipulated. Have you brought it?"

Lavarick took a paper from his pocket, and, advancing, held it, very tightly, near the candle so that Jordan could read it.

"That's what you want, eh?"

"It will do," said Jordan. Now, go back twenty paces and lay it out and the will on the ground. I will do the same with the notes, and we can cross and make the exchange."

Lavarick looked at him admiringly.

"A good dodge!" he said, nodding.

"You're wasted over here in this stupid old England, Sir Jordan. You ought to come out with me across the herring pond, where those kind of tricks would come in handy and profitable."

Jordan vouchsafed no acknowledgment of this genuine compliment.

"One moment," he said. "The other evening you spoke of the girl."

Lavarick puffed at his pipe and nodded, keeping his skew eyes watchfully on Jordan's face.

"Well?"

"You said that you knew where to find her."

"I don't remember that I did," interrupted Lavarick; "but if I did I spoke the truth. I do know where to find her, and I could put my hand upon her in a few hours."

"And that she had the means of proving her identity—you stated that distinctly."

"I did," assented Lavarick. "Well?"

Jordan drew a little nearer and looked round, as if he feared that the very trees might have ears.

"I should like to see those proofs," he said.

Lavarick laughed with sinister enjoyment.

"How prettily you said that!" and he grinned. "Of course you would like to see them. I should think so. And once you'd seen them—got 'em in your hands—you'd take devilish good care no one else ever saw them."

Jordan bit his lip.

"You boasted that you could obtain these so-called proofs," he said, ignoring Lavarick's taunt. "If that be so—" he paused. "I should not think it fair for you to run any risk on my behalf."

"You may take your solemn oath that I never shall run any risk on your behalf!" remarked Lavarick, bluntly.

"Just so," assented Jordan, impassively.

"I am therefore about to make you an offer."

"An offer?" repeated Lavarick, suspiciously. "What is it?"

"Simply this: that I am prepared to compensate you for any trouble or expense you may incur in—obtaining these proofs of which you speak."

"Oh, I see!" said Lavarick. "You want me to steal them and sell them to you. Well, what's your price?"

Jordan did not wince at the brutal frankness.

"It is only right that I should remind

you that they are of no value to me," he said.

"Then what do you want them for?" demanded Lavarick.

"That is my business solely," he replied.

"You're afraid that there may be another will, eh?" said Lavarick. "Well, there may be; but, as you say, it's no business of mine. What will you give, eh?"

"I will give you five hundred pounds."

Lavarick interrupted him with a coarse laugh of disdain.

"I care say! Do you know how I should have to get those proofs?"

Jordan did not answer.

"I'll tell you," said Lavarick. I should have to perhaps—I think I'd better not tell you. Anyhow, the price isn't good enough. What! risk—" he put his hands to his neck in a hideous pantomime representing a man being hanged.

"Not much, Sir Jordan. No; if I get the thing I'll bring 'em to you and we'll make a bargain. But I've got another job in hand first, and I'm going to do that before I touch anything else. I'm going to find the man who ruined my girl."

He stopped and drew a long breath. "But that ain't your business, you'd say; and it isn't. It's only mine, and by—" he swore an awful oath—"I'll make it his!"

Jordan coughed as if this subject had no attraction for him, and Lavarick, understanding the cough, broke off and said: "Now then, I'm no more fond of this place than you are, Sir Jordan. Put the notes where you said, and I'll do the same with the will."

As he spoke he drew out his revolver.

"Don't be afraid," he said, with a grin; "but I think I should feel more comfortable and easy in my mind with my little friend in my hand."

Jordan shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and unbuttoning his cape, took a pocket-book from it.

"The notes! the notes! No empty pocket-book for me!" said Lavarick, as he stood watching.

Jordan took some bank-notes from the book and fluttered them in the feeble candle-light, then laid them down on the ground and set the toe of his boot on them.

At this moment, while Lavarick, with his back to the tree, was intently watching Jordan's motions, Neville stretched down and took the paper from the hole in the trunk in which Lavarick had placed it.

"The notes are here," said Jordan, haughtily, and he tapped them with his foot.

"Right!" rejoined Lavarick, and he turned to the tree eagerly and put his hand in the hole.

As he did so, Neville saw him start and utter an impatient oath. Then Lavarick thrust his hand in further, down to the bottom of the hollow, and fumbled about searchingly.

Then he swore aloud, glaring suspiciously over his shoulder at Jordan.

"What is the matter?" said Jordan, coldly.

"Matter? Why?"—here followed a string of oaths—"the—the thing was here! I put it here just before you came up!"

The sneer which curled Jordan's lips stung Lavarick to fury, and he passed his hands up and down the trunk of the tree, to feel if there was another opening into which he could have put the will.

"You have not got it?" said Jordan.

"Got it? Yes, I've got it!" retorted Lavarick savagely; "I'll put my hand upon it in a moment. Curse it all, I only stuck it in here just before you came. I thought it safer. You might have made a rush for me, you know," and he grinned—"so I thought I'd put it in a hiding place till we'd settled how to exchange."

Jordan smiled contemptuously.

"There is no will," he said with suppressed triumph.

"There is! By all that's living, there is a will, and it was here a minute—five minutes ago!" broke out Lavarick, hoarsely.

"Here, give me the candle;" and forgetful of his undertaking, he advanced toward it.

Jordan drew out his dainty revolver and pointed it.

"Come a step nearer and I fire!" he said. "You are a liar and a fool! You have lost the will. I rely on you. Put your hands up above your head, or as surely as there is a heaven above us, I will shoot you! Don't hesitate; my plan is ready; I shall say you stopped and tried to rob me, and that I killed you in self defense. Up with your arms or I fire!"

Lavarick, crouched ready for a spring, read determination in Jordan's pale face, and did not dare to touch his own revolver.

"Wait!" he said, hoarsely.

"Not a minute. One—two—three!"

Lavarick threw up his hands.

"Now go!" said Jordan, sternly.

"Turn and go without looking round. I shall cover you while you are within range, and fire the instant you turn!"

"Right!" said Lavarick, his lips writhing.

"You have beaten me this time, Sir Jordan. You've got that will; you watched me and stole behind me while I was sitting here, and got it out of the tree."

Jordan smiled grimly.

"Yes, that's it; you've got me! I'm beat this time; but," he ground his teeth together, "I'll be even with you, if I swing for it!"

"Go!" said Jordan, with an exasperating laugh. "I give you two hours to escape; at the end of that time I shall give information to the police."

He had gone a step too far. With a howl of fury, which reminded Neville of the wolves he had heard prowling hungrily round the camp, Lavarick made a dash for Jordan.

At that moment, as Neville leaned excitedly forward to witness the conclusion of the contest, and to join in it if necessary, the candle was extinguished. Whether it had been overturned and trodden on by one of the villains, Neville did not see; but it was out, anyway, and the scene was plunged into instant darkness. He heard the sharp snap of a revolver, and saw the flash which momentarily lighted up the

darkness, heard a snarling growl, as of some wounded animal; then, unable to hold himself in leash any longer, he leaped to the ground, and colliding against a figure, seized it in his strong grip.

Whichever man it was, he turned upon Neville with furious energy, and Neville knew that it was a struggle to the death.

He set his teeth hard and locked the man with one arm while he felt for his throat with the other.

But his opponent seemed to understand his object, and gripping Neville tightly, bore all his weight upon him; and so they writhed to and fro, locked in a hideous embrace.

Neither spoke; each seemed to tacitly acknowledge that while life lasted the fight must continue.

Neville was surprised by the strength that was put out to meet his, but he attributed it to the fury of rage and despair which must be burning in both Jordan's and Lavarick's breasts. For the moment he did not know which of the villains he had got hold of; but presently he felt a beard touch his cheek, and he was convinced that it was Lavarick.

"Now," he thought, with a joy which no words can express—"now at last is the hour of reckoning!"

He thought of Sylvia of the last time he had seen Lavarick—with Sylvia in his grasp—and in his veins ran the fierce desire to crush the life out of the scoundrel.

To and fro they swayed, the grip of each growing more intense, more intolerable each moment. At last, just when Neville, with a sickening sense of balked vengeance, was feeling faint, he managed to get his leg under that of his opponent, and with a crash the latter came to the ground, Neville falling on top of and still gripping him.

"You—you scoundrel!" he panted. "At last! Move an inch and I'll kill you where you lie!" and his hands tightened upon the prostrate man's throat.

Then—oh, irony of fate—came a choking voice in response, gurgling out:

"Mr.—Mr. Neville! Good God, is it you? Don't you know me—Trale?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Expert
Lad
Dyers.

Mrs. William Warder, Spry, Ont., says: "Your Diamond Dyes are excellent, and nothing could now tempt me to use any other make of dyes. Diamond Dyes always give me entire satisfaction."

Mrs. McNeill, Stanley Bridge, P. E. I., says: "I have used the Diamond Dyes with great success. I recommend them to all ladies who wish to do their own dyeing. For coloring dress goods they are just perfect."

Mrs. L. Reid, Newcastle, Ont., says: "We have used your Diamond Dyes for the last ten years and find them to be the best dyes made."

A Real Prize.

"If I had such a wife as Mrs. Negley I think I could be supremely happy."

"Why, I don't consider her especially good-looking, and it is easy to see that she isn't very clever."

"I know, but when her husband starts to tell a funny story she doesn't assume the look of a martyr or try to change the subject."—Chicago News.

The Victim's Revenge.

The Mad Marksman.

The modern Bisley, with its rows of canvas targets, has no fascination for me. I am an old volunteer, but the ping, ping of bullets and the marker's signals are but so many hideous nightmares now.

Some sixteen years ago I was a private of three years' standing in the 2nd V. B. Blankshire regiment, a battalion that has under the command of one of the finest officers in the volunteer service, won credit and renown both on parade and on the range.

Fred was one of the finest fellows who ever held a rifle, and to say he was worshipped by officers and men alike, and still bore the glory and existed under the hero-worship without the least touch of pride, may give some idea of his true character.

As a shot he was the battalion marksman, and was known far and wide as the best shot in the Midland counties, and no matter what match he entered for he was bound to be very near the top.

At Wimbledon the preceding year he had shot his way into the Queen's Hundred, and finished up, if I remember right, in the first twenty. But that was his first appearance at the big meeting, and he, and indeed all of us, had reasonable grounds for hoping that this year he would be still higher, even if he did not—and most of us had a sneaking fancy that he would—carry off the Queen!

For three months before the big Wednesday and Saturday—practising at all distances, and on these occasions I was always his proud companion. We had been school fellows together, and had stuck to one another for many years with the warmest friendship. For Fred was the noblest and best hearted friend one can conceive; always ready to help a youngster—I was twelve months younger than he, but it seemed twelve years, he was so great in my estimation—and always laughing and joking.

But I had another reason for sticking to him so close, and I may as well tell it. My Mayfield, his nineteen-year-old sister, was the handsomest girl in Dumbleton, and I knew it, and so did several other fellows, notably young George Kempster, who was a lance-corporal in the same company.

George was the biggest fellow I ever knew; it was not so much his height as his massive frame and broad features that made him appear a veritable giant among us. I liked him, for he was quiet, and though he had the character of being surly I rather cultivated him on account of his skill with the rifle.

But to return to Mary. How shall I describe her, for you will not believe me? You will say all lovers rave like that, and laud their ladies to the skies, and cover them with virtues that angels might be proud of. Well, she was an angel, and I'd like to meet the man who dare deny it. She was as good as she was handsome, and that is saying not a little.

It was on the Saturday before the Wimbledon meeting that our company held a match, at which our selected marksmen were pitted against those of the neighbouring county battalion. I was one of the number, and I remember with pride—Mary was present—that after bringing up thirty-two from 200 yds., and twenty-nine from 500 yds., I finished up at 600 yds., with thirty, making my score ninety-one, a good performance in those days, and for the time I was a hero. George Kempster was down next, and I am ashamed to confess that it was not without a triumphant glance and a smile towards Mary that I saw him finish with twenty-five and a total of eighty-four.

It was a blazing hot day, and after George and another fellow had concluded at 600 we adjourned for refreshment, and no sooner had the red flag been hoisted in the mantlets, than the marker—it was a single target—ran out, and came across the meadow towards us holding his handkerchief to his face.

It appeared that a bullet had splashed, and a tiny speck of lead had entered his eye, and was causing him great pain. It was evident the poor fellow could do no more that day, and a cart coming along the road close by, he was sent away to the hospital. Then the question arose: 'Who shall mark?' Most of us thought we could do it, but as the only non-com. who had concluded his shooting, Kempster was chosen, and whether it was to take care of him or help him dodge the splashes I don't know, but the captain asked me to accompany him.

I went, unwillingly, I must allow, for Mary was there; but it was much easier to leave her after she had congratulated me on my marksmanship, and had told me I ought to be proud to be selected for such onerous duty as marking.

George strode away to the butts in such a manner that often I had to break into a trot to keep pace with him. Not a word did he speak, and once when I asked him what caused his hurry he looked at me with such disdain, as I thought, that I subsided at once, and to tell the truth, felt rather ashamed. Arrived at the butts, however, I set to work washing the target.

It is necessary for me to explain the construction of these butts, and a very curious circumstance connected with them, the like of which I have never seen. The target itself a heavy iron plate, stood supported by stout girders some 6 ft. from the bank of earth in

the rear. In the middle of the plate—to be more precise, the tin 'bull' itself had been cut out from the remainder of the target, and when shooting was in progress was fitted in its place by a heavy bolt that dropped from above.

I never understand the reason for this curious contrivance, but I once heard our old sergeant instructor explain that some years ago, when a prize shoot took place for live pigs and poultry, the unfortunate animals were placed in the aperture and were claimed by the marksman who killed them. It was a horrible custom, and I remember thinking that hot afternoon what bloodthirsty creatures our volunteer fore-runners must have been.

I had made the plate look spick and span, and had gone behind in the shade to rest after my labors, when suddenly a heavy beam was laid upon my shoulders and another on my mouth, and before I could move I was thrown heavily to the ground. I tried to shout, but something was in my mouth, and as I recovered from the shock of the fall, I recognized the face of Kempster, though sadly changed, and hot and cruel.

He had a rope, and was binding my arms to my side, rolling me over and to and fro as though I were a dog. Then he ran to the mantlet, and I tried to rise; but my limbs were numb, and before I could scramble to my knees he was back and had struck me to the earth again. When next I looked up he was standing beside me, and I felt my limbs securely bound together. He was mumbling, and I listened.

'Miserable little cur!' he hissed. 'You thought you'd rob me of her, and win her for your own. I saw you smile and show your vulgar pride when I failed at 600 yds. I saw you make a sign with her and laugh together at my discomfiture. Miserable hound! Do you know, coward, I've whistled, leaning over me, 'I asked her last night to marry me, and she refused? Perhaps you know why! Perhaps someone had poisoned her mind against me! Perhaps it was you! Yes, you sneak, villain, coward!'

As he said this his eyes seemed to start from his head, and every moment I expected the heavy stick he held in his hand to descend on my upturned face. In vain I attempted to make signs—to deny his assertions, and to calm his anger.

'Do you remember who shoots next?' he asked.

I did remember. It was Corporal Mayfield.

'I see you do,' he continued. 'It is Mayfield, and I see you thrill at the name because it is her name. Ha, ha; Fred will shoot well to-day, because there's a living bull, and as his bullet strikes the black the people will cheer, and his sister will smile! Heavens! What did he mean? Why did he unbolt the centre plate? And the people would cheer and she would smile? I saw him remove the small black circle from its place, and fasten across the space a thick black cloth; then I was jerked to my feet, and my back pressed against the stiff iron plate, while the madman silently and swiftly bound me fast by neck and feet and body.'

I tried again to shout as I realized my position, and then to prod the black circle with my finger, but I was wedged firmly, and my head was the only member that I could move. I thought of her, and tried to pray, while all the time the madman stood by and jeered. Suddenly, horror! the bugle sounded, and Kempster paled for an instant, then recovered.

'Remember! he whispered, 'My field is shooting. Seem queer that he should murder you, eh? He laughed, and he was gone.

I saw the red flag wave and disappear, and then waited for the end. Oh, how long it seemed. Would that bullet never come! Did I hear it whistling through the air? No, it was only the wind in the trees. What was she thinking about? Did she dream of me at that moment? And Fred? I prayed to God to guide his aim.

'Ping! and a distant report, and out from the mantlet came the black and white signal. Only a magpie! Surely Fred could not be shooting to-day, had never got so low that for months. More waiting. Great heavens! it was terrible. Ping! and out came the red. Nearer this time—an inner; but still not Fred's form. A low laugh came from the mantlet as the wretch divined my own thoughts. This time for certain.

A dull thud, and up flew the white signal! Bull's eye! What did it mean? Was I hit? There was a pain in my back, but it had been there for some time. Was I dying? The earth flew round and round me, and as I gasped for breath, a merciful Providence relieved my sufferings.

When I came to myself, a crowd of red-coated soldiers stood about me, and someone was bathing my brow. It was Fred.

'All right, old chap!' he whispered. 'I think I smiled, and as I turned my head I saw a body being carried away on a hurdle. What could be the meaning of it? Was I killed, and did I see my own funeral? And musing thus I relapsed into unconsciousness.

Now I was in a house, and someone with soft cool hands smoothed my forehead. It was Mary. Others were standing near—my mother, and Fred, and our sergeant. Then I was not dead.

'Buck up, old chap,' said Fred, smiling. 'Take my hand,' said another sweet voice as though to reassure me. And I took it.

When at last I heard the story from Fred's own lips, all the horrid details came back to my mind. I wondered, it was Fred shooting; and how badly he shot

that day was remarked by everyone. He seemed nervous, and his rifle shook in his hands. His first and second shots were poor, but at his third some shadow appeared to cross his sight, and as he pulled the trigger his left hand dropped, and everyone saw the shot strike the bank in front.

To the consternation of the onlookers, a bull's eye was signalled, and the captain of the opposing team immediately challenged the shot. The bugle was sounded, but no answer was given, and no marker made his meadow to ascertain the cause, and there at the butts stood two apparently dead men. One was dead—poisoned by his own hand; but the other, strapped and bound to the target, had only fainted, and help was soon at hand to coax him back to life.

And so George Kempster, hearing the dull thud, and concluding that his grim purpose was accomplished, had signalled a 'bull,' and immediately poisoned himself.

God answered my prayer that day and did guide his aim, and there, he declares, his marksmanship shall rest.

That is why my wife and I are not going to Bisley this year.

No Licence For These. Very few people know that, at nearly every popular watering-place in England, all the usual "nigger minstrels" and the like are licensed, a regular stand being assigned to each party, and, at some places, literally hundreds being refused any licence at all.

The writer the other day had a chat with the "Chief Beach Inspector" of a noted seaside place, an official who declares that quite one-half of his time is spent in adjusting the quarrels of the various performers who encroach on each other. As to the great numbers of applicants who are refused, he said—

'I can show the photographs sent in one case where a real negro asked for a licence in order that he might put his head into a big cage and show how he could catch rats with his teeth alone; we are always having to refuse people who get spectators to stick needles into them; but one of the strangest customers was a German, who had a big catapult cannon to shoot him into the sea.'

Last year we refused several glaciators and a negro who asked that paraffin might be poured over him and set alight. I could tell you of scores more such shows. We have to keep a close watch or the most outrageous displays would be given.

Rare Steeple Climbing. Vienna has been astonished lately by some daring steeple climbing. A steeple jick celebrated the beginning of the festivities for Emperor Francis Joseph's jubilee by climbing in the night to the top of one of the steeples of the Votive Church, 306 feet from the ground, by means of the lightning rods and architectural ornaments and hanging on to a yellow and black banner twenty feet long. He gave a minute description of the manner in which he accomplished his foolhardy feat to the newspapers. A few nights later some one else imitated him by climbing the steeple and stealing the flag.

A well on Sanibel Island, Florida, which had always been fresh water, changed to sulphur water a few weeks after a windmill had been erected over it to utilize the water for irrigation purposes.

THE D'S ARE AHEADS AHEAD. Illustration of a person in a boat.

WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED. BORN. Amherst, July 1, to the wife of E. Biden, a son.

Amherst, July 5, to the wife of Mr. S. J. Harivel, a son. Amherst, July 5, to the wife of Frank Purchase, a son.

Grafton, Kings, July 4, to the wife of W. A. Palmer, a son. Yarmouth, July 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Avard H. Miller, a son.

Port Maitland, July 3, to the wife of Capt. P. E. Crosby, a son. West Head, Cape Island, June 23, to the wife of Reuben Peasey, a daughter.

Milton, Queens, July 1, to the wife of John S. Hughes, twins—boys. MARRIED. Crapanud P. E. I. Augustus Holland to Mrs. A. Page.

Newport, July 1, by Rev. R. Strathie, D. R. Keddy to Mary Deubar.

Caldecote, June 29, by Rev. T. Bowen, Geo. Banks to Fanny Hester.

Amherst, June 26, by Rev. F. Harrison, Eiram Bower to Ruth Cole.

Newport, July 1, by Rev. A. Daniel, Lorenzo Barker to Ella Siskind.

Liverpool, June 27, by Rev. H. Shaw, Clayton Colly to Annie Sawler.

Sherbrooke, June 8, by Rev. A. McDonald, John McLean to Ella Siskind.

Brookfield, July 1, by Rev. T. Bowen, Crofton McLeod to Katie Aubrey.

Liverpool, July 6, by Rev. A. W. Harley, Mary Leach to Clara Aldred.

Liverpool, July 4, by Rev. A. Braine, Calvin Harrington to Edna Godfrey.

Truro, July 1, by Rev. L. Baker, Walker Archibald to Jennie Parker.

Moleys, July 6, by Rev. T. Bowen, Edward Barkhouse to Clara Aldred.

Tatamagouche, July 3, by Rev. T. Sedgwick, Mr. Ross to Edna Crawford.

Bossford, June 29, by Rev. A. Campbell, Duncan McDonald to Robina McKay.

Malone Bay, June 30, by Rev. H. Crawford, Geo. Macdonald to Mary McDonald.

Lynn, June 29, by Rev. A. Chute, Frederick Fraser to Alice Richardson.

Lynn, June 28, by Rev. L. Palmer, Joshua Acker to Minnie Goodwin.

Shag Harbour, June 29, by Rev. Wm. Miller, C. A. Lobson to Mabel Godwin.

Parsons, July 6, by Rev. Jas. Sharp, Clarence Langille to Mary Howard.

Mt. Brook, June 29, by Rev. E. Cumming John McPherson to Mary Moore.

Shag Harbour, June 29, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Edward Hughes to Viola Larkin.

Moleys, N. S., July 6, by Rev. T. A. Bowen, E. A. Sydney, June 30, by Rev. D. Drummond, Fraser McLeod to Annie Ughart.

Marshallville, N. S., by Rev. A. Campbell, W. H. Hayward to A. E. Crawford.

Wawels, June 29, by Rev. W. Morran, Daniel Thomas to Carrie Richardson.

Fort Hood, C. B., June 22, by Rev. Mr. Bane, Rev. Louis Fuman to Magie Grant.

Richmond, June 29, by Rev. A. Teed, Joseph Fiewling to Mabel McIntyre.

Mugogoobit, June 22, by Rev. J. F. Polley, Louise Fuman to Magie Grant.

Windsor, June 27, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, James H. Brown to Catherine Trenholm.

Boston, June 22, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Charles S. Woodworth to Hannah McAlley.

River Philip, June 29, by Rev. W. Nightingale, Harry Austin to Magie McDonald.

Dorchester, Mass., June 22, by Rev. A. Gumbart, Fred Martindale to Bertha Floyd Moore.

Westville Lake, June 22, by Rev. L. McCreery, Nicholas Wentzel to Miss Rodenhiser.

Salem Mass., River John, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, John Murray to Christina Sutherland.

DIED. Halifax, July 8, Mary Watt. Halifax, July 8, James Smyth. Truro, July 8, Roderick Clarke, 7. Truro, July 4, Mabel L. Casey, 35.



Here's a Mattress

In process of manufacture that is not only permanently comfortable and durable but absolutely sanitary. THE PATENT FELT MATTRESS (FULL SIZE) \$15.00

It contains no animal fibre, but is composed entirely of light and buoyant layers of specially prepared Cotton Felt, insured in the same feeling. Write to the undersigned for the names of the wholesale dealers who handle it in your town.

The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd. 293 Guy St., Montreal. Samples at W. A. COOKSON, St. John.

Star Line Steamers

Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Steamer Orlivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time.) Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock. Saturday's steamer will leave at 6 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown.

Monday at 5:30 a. m. Tuesday at 3:30 p. m. Thursday at 2:00 p. m. Saturday at 5:00 p. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton. Tuesday at 9:00 a. m. Wednesday at 8:00 a. m. Thursday at 9:00 a. m. Saturday at 4:00 p. m. CAPT. R. G. SABLE, Manager.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 4th, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE.

Leave St. John at 7:15 a. m., arrive Digby 10:15 a. m. Leave Digby at 1:45 p. m., arrive St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Leave Halifax 6:30 a. m., arrive in Digby 12:30 p. m. Leave Digby 12:45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3:10 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Fiston and Halifax..... 10.00 Express for Halifax..... 12.10 Express for Sussex..... 12.20 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 16.00 Express from Fiston and Camp..... 18.30 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.75

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled 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. FORTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.