

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 589.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26 1899

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For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 125 Hollis Street, North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

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**L. E. BAKER,**  
President and Director.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 26, 1899.

**Star Line Steamers**  
For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 4:30 p. m. for Wickham and Intermediate Ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 5 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1:30 p. m.

**JAMES MANCHESTER,**  
Manager, Fredericton.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after THURSDAY, July 27th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make two excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indiantown at 2 a. m. local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 2:30 p. m. Arriving back 7:00 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 10 Cents.

Excursions may be taken to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 80 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or J. C. B. Station.

On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 8:30 a. m., Wednesdays 2 p. m. and Saturdays at 8:30 a. m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays at 2 p. m.

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New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 15th, 20th, and December 5th, and weekly thereafter.

Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PER 11, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 20th, 25th, and Dec. 10th, for BAKERSFIELD, N. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be by WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our BAKERSFIELD, BERTON, and other ports, together with our arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

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## BALL TOSSERS' GOSSIP.

WHAT THE BOYS ARE DOING ON ST. JOHN'S DIAMOND.

Why the Tartars Didn't Play the Alerts—Labor Day Games—Tip O'Neill and His Boston Trip—Come by Redies of Umpire—Why the Bosses Don't Want Scott.

Base ball seems to be upon the ebb in Halifax. To let the Tartars make such scores is rather surprising, but a portion of the reports concerning the base players of that team are true. There was a time when good ball was played in Halifax, when it paid to have good players and large crowds assembled to see the game. The reason for the decline is not hard to find. It dates back to the days of Pickering and then this year when the game was beginning to recover favor the Bosses gave it a set back by attempting some funny business.

There does not seem to be any remedy for such breaks. There is no league, no system of fines, and the payment to the players is so meagre and uncertain that few of them can afford to spend all of their time on ball. Until the day arrives when the people will support base ball well enough to make decent salaries possible the management can have no control over their teams. Look at the Bosses. In a short space of time two of their best players have deserted them, McLeod to accept a permanent position which has nothing to do with ball and O'Neill to take chance in one of the National League teams. If the boys had been getting decent pay from the Bosses and had signed an agreement to stay during the season, such changes would not be possible.

The Tartars are almost purely local. The back stop, McLean, is not a native of the capital. He has been there this summer and has played good ball, is a gentleman on the diamond and, so far as St. John knows him, when away from it also. Some say he drifted into the celestial, came in on a freight train but it does not matter how he got there he proved to be a good ballplayer. If the fielding of the Tartars was not so good the work of Howe and Tibbitts in the box might not show to such advantage. Though he did not show it here, Finmore has a great record as a short stop and Ferguson on second base plays his position splendidly.

There was some hope here that before returning to Fredericton the Tartars would have given the Alerts a game but there is quietness in ball playing as in everything else. The Alerts owe the Tartars a call, or rather game in Fredericton, and until they are played there the boys from the capital won't play here. The rule is that St. John gives Fredericton \$65 for coming here and playing two games. No matter how large the crowds are the Alerts or Bosses get all that is over that sum and local expenses. Owing to some difference in expenses St. John gets \$60 for two games in Fredericton and the Tartars get the rest. It seems that Manager Armstrong of the Alerts offered the Tartars \$100 for two games but they refused on the ground stated above.

Tip O'Neill's offer of a trial on the Boston team has occasioned a good deal of talk among the ball tossers. "Hardly up to league standard" is a common remark. Perhaps not in some ways but in others well up to it. He couldn't play second base on the Boston team, but he can field well, run bases with any of them and is no slouch at stick work. He is a good man knows how to take care of his health and should give a fair account of himself on a trial.

The Bosses will have a crack battery next week. They will not say just who they are but their backers are eager to wager on the success of their team against the Alerts when they meet. When will they meet? Sometime next week some say and others say not. Connolly will not umpire any more because he is the manager of the Bosses and this team will not agree to Scott because they say he is one of the "committee" controlling the Alerts. There is some truth in this no doubt. Scott has engaged men for the Alerts and looks out for teams to play them. But where will the umpire come from? There is no one in town capable of filling the position? The job isn't a snap especially when there is only two or three dollars a game in it.

There is some difficulty about labor day games. It seems that there was some sort of an agreement at the beginning of the season about holiday games. The Bosses say that the understanding was that two games

## THE FREDERICTON TARTARS.



J. DORAN CAPT. & MGR., B. McFARLANE L.F., G. O. FINNEMORE S.S., TOM HOWE P. AND 2B., A. SWENNEY, F. FLANNIGAN, A. TIBBITTS, C.P., GEO. FERGUSON 2B., CAPT. J. TIBBITTS, MGR., S. JONES, MGR., W. MCGOLDRICK 1B., R. EMBREE C AND RF.

FREDERICTON, Aug. 24, 1899.—The Tartars of Fredericton have just returned from a successful trip to Halifax and St. John, playing four games—two with Halifax and two with the St. John Bosses. Winning three out of the four games—whilst many ballcranks claim the whole tour for the champions, the umpire being it is claimed, responsible for their defeat in their first game with the Bosses.

The photos of the Tartars which appears in Progress today was taken before the changes that have been made recently: McLean the Massachusetts back stop now takes Doran's position and Sterling now plays in Finmore's place.

Out of 16 games played by the Tartars during the season they have won 15 a great showing and a record which surely entitles them to their claim of Champions of the Maritime Provinces.

May 24 Tartars 10	Greenants, St. John, 11	July 18 Tartars 17	Halifax, " 4	Aug 15 Tartars 11	Portland, " 9
" " " 24	" " " 15	" 21 " 9	Alerts, St. John, 4	" " " 9	Roses St. John, " 10
June 14 " 17	Roses " 15	Aug. 1 " 7	" " " 0	" 17 " 8	" " " 8
" 16 " 17	" " " 9	" " " 8	" " " 11	" " " 22	Resolute, Halifax, " 5
" 18 " 17	" " " 9	" " " 14	All Goleadians " 1	" " " 11	" " " 1
July 15 " 22	Halifax " 2	" 14 " 17	Portland " 11	" " " 11	" " " 1

where to be played on May 24th, on the Shamrock grounds, two on July 1st on the Victoria grounds and two on labor day on the Shamrock grounds. Of course the Bosses got the most money on the Shamrock grounds and the Alerts likewise on the Victoria grounds. Now the Alerts want to divide the receipts on Labor day and the Bosses refuse and threaten to bring a fore'gn team here. If any agreement cannot be reached there will likely be plenty of ball on that holiday.

**CONSTABLE GIBBONS AND KING.**  
A City Officer Who is Said to Have Encouraged a Disturbance.

Constable Gibbons is not a big man but according to all accounts he had something to do with that disgraceful disturbance on Fort Howe on last Sunday. He is a city official, sworn to assist in preserving the peace and yet he seems to have been very prominent in leading the disorderly mob that surrounded the speaker King and endeavored to stone him from the height.

King appears to be one of those sort of bigots who go around making trouble. He is apparently trying to take Father Chiniquy's place but he lacks all of those qualities that made that man so well known. He preaches no popery and all that sort of thing. A few months ago he preached in a hall on Main street and then there was trouble and a large police court investigation which caused bad feeling among a number of people. This time King started to preach on Fort Howe which is a sort of recreation ground for a lot of the North End people many of whom are members of the catholic church. They did not allow him to get far in his discourse before he was interrupted and the police had to interfere.

One Sunday's experience should have taught King and the police that his words were provoking a breach of the peace and the occasion should not have been repeated. But last Sunday he tried it again and then there was serious trouble. Stones were thrown, women were struck and trampled upon, faces were set open and a howling indignant mob followed King to the police station where he had to seek protection. Gibbons was one of the ring leaders and he was before the police court on a charge of assault brought by King. The magistrate took Gibbons' denial of the charge and

dismissed the case which the common council now propose to try in their own fashion.

**MR. MICHAEL BLACKHALL'S DEATH.**  
He Passes Away When From Home On a Business Trip.

The news of the death of Mr. Michael Blackhall away from home and friends came as a painful surprise to those who have been watching his health with some concern in this city. He went to Queens county on business and was found dead in his bed shortly after his arrival there.

Perhaps there was no man better known in the city than Mr. Blackhall. He was not so advanced in years as many took him to be having hardly reached the allotted age of man. His physical condition and looks gave him the appearance of advanced age. Still whatever his years were he was always youthful and buoyant in thought, regarding life from its brighter side even while so seriously ill that his friends thought he could not recover. A year or two ago it used to be his proud boast that he had never been ill. He was a stranger to such an article of clothing as an overcoat when around town in the coldest day of winter and it may be that was the reason he contracted the serious attack of congestion which may almost be said to have been the start of his illness.

He was a keen horseman, a man who not only lived by them but who loved to see them cared for and attended to with the greatest of care. His livery stable was a model in many ways and the personal attention the owner gave to the animals he owned and boarded often surprised those who knew him best. No matter what happened, when alive and well, Mr. Blackhall always took care that once a day at least his horses were fed by himself. He will be missed and regretted by many who esteemed him for his sterling qualities.

**Suspension Of the Record.**  
The Daily Record suspended publication Thursday evening. For a short time it has been a one cent four page paper but there are not enough people in St. John to support that sort of a venture. The Record's suspension came as a surprise to lots of its readers but it was not to those who knew that the owner wished to get out of newspaper life and to this end endeavored to dis-

## CAN'T GET THEIR ROOMS.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE IS STILL FIRM IN OPPOSITION

To Giving Inspector Jones a Room to Keep Seized Liquor in or to Allotting a Private Room for the Use of the Detective of the Force—Some of the Reasons.

"Have you got that room yet John?" This is the question that is greeting Detective John Ring nowadays and perhaps there is something in it that is not always pleasant.

For some time the officer has been asking that he should have a vacant apartment that is just off the guard room for his own but the chief insists that there is no necessity for this.

Even if there was no necessity for it there surely could not be much objection to the detective of a police force like that in St. John having a room, especially when there is one vacant. But it may be that the chief thinks one room would not be sufficient because it is difficult to say sometimes just who are detectives and who are not. It would almost seem as if Ring should at least have knowledge of all the cases that need inquiring into but it is said that he has not, that frequently other officers are called upon to hunt up information which he has in his possession and which would be gladly given if he knew it was required.

The voluminous books in the chief's office are not the only ones that are kept. An officer who is on the look out for criminals all or nearly all the time should at least have a private desk of his own to keep his memoranda in. And when there is a room to spare why not let him have the room. In reality he has as much need of it as the captain and in many respects greater need.

Still the chief does not think so and as long as that is the case and the Safety board is inactive of course he will have his way. Under the law passed last winter certain powers were given the council in reference to the control of police affairs but it does not seem as if the aldermen wished to avail themselves of the privilege. They were indignant then and even went so far as to say that if such and such was not done the Chief of Police would have to walk the plank. The government didn't care, they did not want to assume the responsibility for the chief and so instead of dismissing that official they gave the council power to clip his wings. But the safety board has mislaid its scissors and his feathers are as long as ever. The application of Ring for a room has been before them but nothing has been done.

It was before them, unofficially perhaps before the magistrate gave that noted order about the tea—by the way where is that tea?—and the fact transpired that there was no place to put goods in charge of the detective. It may be that the chief thinks nothing should be in the detective's charge but all under his own eye. The magistrate differed with him so far as the stolen tea was concerned.

It is pretty nearly time the question was settled and when that is done a number of others should be put on the shelf at the same time.

The chief protested earnestly against the advent of the liquor license inspector into the police building. In one respect Mr. Jones is his superior officer. He is the chief inspector and Mr. Clarke is the sub inspector. The latter has to report his information to Mr. Jones and it is all according to the evidence he submits whether a prosecution follows or not. But in spite of this fact the sub inspector in his character as chief of police does not want the chief inspector even to have the key of a room in the basement in which he might keep any liquor that might be seized. The request was not an unreasonable one. Reasons for the chief inspector to have a key but they were not given. Still the objection of the chief in the eyes of a portion of the committee appointed to look into the matter was sufficient reason why the inspector's request should be laid to one side. So from this time when any seizure is made of liquor it will have to be carted down to the rooms of the inspector and the license commissioner on Prince William street and if the magistrate orders it produced in court, as he sometimes does of necessity, it will have to be carted or lugged from the inspector's office to the police station and back again.

So the inspector and the detective are for the present on the wrong side of the question. The chief will not have liquor in the station—the tea has departed too. Some say it was too strong to stay in the building and for this reason went on an excursion as far as the lake. No doubt the limpid waters that flow into Carleton are all that is necessary to reduce its strength.

Opera House Labor Day September Fourth.  
H. Price Webber's Company, supporting the popular Actress Edwina Gray, two performances only.





FOR ADDITIONAL COUNTY NEWS, SEE PAPER AND LOCAL COLUMN.



RAILWAY NOTES.

Passengers for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and counters.

Messrs. G. C. Robert left yesterday for a trip to Montreal, Niagara and Toronto, to be absent three months.

Mrs. John McKay and Miss son of Shirley street, has arrived home after a pleasant trip through New Brunswick.

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The Story Teller. In eastern countries, writers, they have professional story-tellers.

The medicine is the discovery of Dr. E. Y. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Another good thing to have in the relief is a visit of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.

For Point on Thursday. Miss Elsie Townsend is the guest of her uncle and aunt.

Mrs. D. S. Howard arrived home from New York on Monday.

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Poland Water.

I have just received a barrel of POLAND WATER direct from the POLAND SPRINGS and can supply same to my customers by the gallon.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 87 Charlotte Street.

Mail orders promptly filled. Have you tried my delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda?

Miss Agnes Tabor is visiting friends at Robb's.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDER" (illustrated serial), and all his other new writings.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

if you are weak and run down, use Puttner's Emulsion which is Food rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 75 Elys. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

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Fry's Cocoa

has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield.

It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.



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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

- GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS... RICHARD HARDING DAVIS... RUDYARD KIPPLING... GEORGE W. CARLE'S NEW SERIAL... SENATOR NOAR'S... MRS. JOHN DREW'S... JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S... Q'S SHORT SERIAL... ROBERT GRANT'S... SIDNEY LANIER'S... C. D. GIBSON'S... THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS...

Music and The Drama

Maurice Grau's conductors next season will be Mancini, Heinrichs and Emil Faur.

Big Peroni has just finished an oratorio called 'Christmas,' and has selected the daughter of the innocents for the subject of his next work.

A number of eminent musicians, were asked by a London (Eng.) musical paper to answer the question, 'What is the best way for a professional musician to enjoy his summer holiday?'

At the musical festival to be held in Meiningen next October, the new memorial statue of Johannes Brahms will be unveiled by Joachim, the violinist.

At the Covent Garden opera in London an extra price is charged on the evenings when Jean de Reszka sings.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's musical memoirs are being prepared by Arthur Lawrence under the supervision of the composer himself.

Of course the Worcester musical festival is far and away the most important thing on the tapis and is set for Sept. 25 to 29 inclusive.

The Maine musical festival has been postponed from the middle of September to the first week in October.

Says the Boston Times of last Sunday: 'Miss Dorothy Cole achieved a veritable triumph by her singing at the recent musical festival at Weirs, N. H.'

It numerous writers are to be taken seriously 'Yankee Doodle' at some period in its long and varied history was known and sung by the Latin, Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races long before it became nationalized and 'settled down' in this Yankee land, says Ernesto.

Richard Mansfield's infant son was christened last Thursday George Gibbs Mansfield.

There are more than thirty speaking parts in 'The Gadfly,' which Stuart Robson will produce this season.

once vast empire of Holland, and to the Roman Catholic church, where it probably originated, somewhere about the year 1500 A. D.

It is a well known fact that a pianist, in playing a programme of length, uses up a great amount of energy.

The cables bring frequent accounts of the jewels presented by Queen Victoria to the singers or musicians who appear before her.

Miss Lissie MacNichol, formerly of the Castle Square, Boston, opera company, died a week or two ago, at Chicora, N. H.

The Morrison Comedy Company has been attracting large and well pleased audiences to the Opera house this week.

George W. Lederer, of Casino, New York, and Shattisbury Theatre, London, who has collaborated with Hugh Morton and Gustave Kerker for the past four years.

Charles Coghlan is at Prince Edward Island adapting a play by Zola for Ross Coghlan.

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Trafalgar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University.) SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL. For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN

That Flancon, for instance sings an entire opera in admirable German, without being able to speak a single word of that language in conversation.

Marie Wainwright will this season play the part originated by Rose Coghlan in 'Mlle. Fifi.' Alice Judson will have the role first played by Louise Beaudet.

Joseph Haworth has been engaged to originate the role of Raphael in Jacob Litt's production, 'The Ghetto.'

Olga Netherole has completely recovered her health and is now entertaining a number of friends at her country home, St. Helens, Walcot-on-Sea, Bacton, England.

The opening attractions for all the Boston theatres are now announced.

George C. Tyler, the executive head of the theatrical firm of Liebler & Co., has completed an arrangement with Mr. Marion Crawford.

Mr. Crawford was very anxious to meet Miss Allen that he might have the opportunity to talk to her and to study her personality as an aid to him in the creation of the heroine of the story.

London and says she has no intention of marrying.

John J. McNally is in New York watching the rehearsals of the Rogers brothers in the new play he has written for them.

Arthur Lewis, Julia Arthur's brother, has retired from theatrical interests and is engaged by a New York firm that manufactures automobiles.

Mlle. Fifi. Alice Judson will have the role first played by Louise Beaudet.

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

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

if you are weak and run down, use Putner's Emulsion which is Food rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs.

F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND. Blts. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

MOS. L. BOURKE

ouche Bar Oysters

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.

D. TURNER.



SOFT WHITE HANDS. Wash the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of CURVED SOAP, the most effective skin purifying soap, as well as preservative and sweetener for toilet, bath, and nursery. Dry, sensitive freely with CURVED Ointment. It cures skin eruptions and prevents their recurrence. It soothes itching, burning, and painful finger-ends. This one right treatment is wonderful.



BAKING POWDER... and wholesome...

ORDERLY BUT REMORABLE... deeply enjoyed...

probably never was a table at which... standard of talk was higher than around...

was to quote the account of one... often a guest, a courteous inellegant...

of Joshua never minded what he ate or... and never recommended the fish or...

an anecdote, related by Northcote, the... who was a pupil of Sir Joshua, shows...

to send him some medicine," he said... saying, "which must be taken in a...

after he had gone the old woman sat... a recumbent posture—a recumbent...

to put some medicine in?" Mrs. Smith... as her friend, replied.

Whether it is better for a young man... coming of age to have one thousand...

to be the final meeting of a West... chosen for the final meeting of a West...

to be better to have the money, be... a fortune! Quite other is the recent...

What's the matter with him?" asked... Passed in his checks?

No; went by here just now is his cross... red suit. What are you looking so...

Monieur Caline can never remember... thing, nor keep anything to himself...

SHAMPOO

with Tarina—It cleanses the scalp... and hair—alays scalp irritations—

"TARINA"

The Ladies Hair Soap

a preventive against the evil effects... of perspiration, and every lady...

Sold in tin lined box, 25c.

Not for sale at your druggist... send price and we will mail box...

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

P. O. Box 2114. MONTREAL.

MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED

BABY'S OWN SOAP.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis... Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore, Miss Bertie...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles French, Miss Madeline... Miss Mila Fowler, Miss Alice Bourgeois...

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gausson and Ned Nelson.

REPROBATE

Ans. 15.—Miss Stella Wetmore of St. John is... visiting her cousin Mrs. A. H. Robinson.

Miss Wetmore of Ontario is the guest of her... uncle R. T. McCready.

Last Thursday evening Miss Len Keith gave... a small party. Eighteen or twenty guests...

Mrs. Thomas and Miss Blanche... owned left Saturday for Lynn, Mass., where they...

Miss Ella Fowler of St. John is the guest of... Miss Len Keith.

Miss Louisa Fowler has returned from visiting... her sister Mrs. (Baz) N. A. MacNeill at Hampton.

Mr. Leon Keith of St. John spent Sunday in... our village.

Reform Lodge I. O. G. T. intends holding a... picnic at Fawcett Hill, Friday Aug. 18, if...

OL SHEPPARD, WOODSMAN.

A Character of the Hemlock Belt who has... Favored Away.

"I didn't hear that Cal Sheppard was dead,"... said Archie Meyer of Hazelburg, "until I was...

"The Sheppard and West Branch country is... full of reminiscences of him. One day he found...

"Cal Sheppard lived in the mountains of... Cameron county and was certainly one of the...

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"The Sheppard and West Branch country is... full of reminiscences of him. One day he found...

and, and it was said by some of the... best of his kind.

"Cal Sheppard was a great practical... farmer of an extreme to reach the...

"Cal Sheppard never waited any time by... getting his meals at a hotel when he was in town.

"I'll either look up with him either in... his home or in his office."

"I don't know how many times he... got into Cal's place. The house was darker than...

"Then he said: 'I know what you... mean, and I know what you mean for, Cal.'"

"Of course, Dan couldn't answer the... question, and he had to acknowledge that outward...

"But who could do this to Cal? he... asked. 'Dan said that Cal thought it over...

"Cal was pretty sure that Lavy had... killed the bear, but he saw a chance for a...

"I knowed, Cal used to say, with his... queer grin, 'that if Dan Bar got it in his...

"The woods was darker than the... inside of a bear den," Cal used to say, "and...

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After he had killed the bear he... dressed his coat and got out.

"I don't look quite so pretty as... I've been," Cal used to say, "but in...

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to die in harness, waiting the way the... old man did for his money? What's the use?

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YOUR TABLE SILVER

can never look well if the plate is worn off. We guarantee that silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bearing this mark

will last with ordinary care, a generation. Is it not while asking your dealer to sell you that kind, "The kind that lasts?"

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

Whoooping Cough and Asthma ARE ALWAYS RELIEVED BY DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

25 cts. Everywhere.

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WE SOLICIT YOUR PRINTING.

All our work we do good. We employ good, intelligent workmen. Ha e pleasant premises and a good plant, and have the habit of delivering orders when promised. No order too small or too large for us.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

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 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.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

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

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. BURNHAM, Proprietor.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

217 St. John Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Apply at the residence of Mrs. H. L. Whitlock.

BLOODLESSNESS,

Or as Doctors Say "Anemia" is Cured By Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

An anemic person is usually weak, listless and pale. He gets out of breath on slight exertion, the pulse is rapid and weak and the sleep frequently disturbed. The feet and hands are cold, ankles swollen at night and there is puffiness under the eyes in the morning.

Since the cause of anemia is lack of a sufficient quantity of red blood corpuscles in the blood, a cure can only be effected by a treatment which will increase the number of red corpuscles and so improve the quality of the blood.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anemic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering the ill effects of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

AN INDIAN CATSKAM  
Section as to the Liability of Owners of  
Interests in Fallow Property.

Now, this is the strange, true tale of a cat, which comes from far India, where the law knows no jesting and justice is weighed with delicate scales. It has been duly published in the legal reports and it is truth.

The ancient house of Manockjee, Poonjesjee & Co is situated in Boran Bazar Street ford, Bombay, and it is claimed by the members of firm that their ancestors have carried on the same business, with a few modifications to meet the necessities of the European trade, for more centuries than the United States has been known to this map of the world.

One day there, staryed into the house, where the four sedate and dignified merchants sat smoking the opium, the solemn silence so common to the prosperous Oriental merchant, a pretty white kitten.

Little attention was paid to pussy until she had made the round of the room, rubbed her fur against the leg of each member of the firm, and finally walked demurely over to the strong box which stood in one corner.

She sat down and seemed to critically examine its fastenings. The animal seemed quite satisfied with the construction of the safe, and when she had again reached the door-side she made a playful leap, repped the bunch of keys with her velvet-like paws, stretched herself comfortably beside the door, and began to sing a little cat-like song, looking at the four partners with an expression which seemed to say: "Now, gentlemen, you may rest perfectly secure. I will assume all the responsibility of this business myself."

"Brothers," exclaimed one of the party, "this is surely a good omen. Unbidden this pretty little creature comes into our place of business; without ceremony she introduces herself to each member of the firm. Next she examines our property to see if we are solvent and in good standing with the world of trade. May this not be a visitation from heaven disguised in strange form? Let us adopt the little stranger and give it a home in the great house of Manockjee, Poonjesjee & Co. Should we refuse her shelter it is possible we offend the deity. What say you, my good brothers?"

"Well," said another member of the house, "I am quite willing to admit that we really have no right to turn it away. Suppose, as has been suggested, we take the little thing, and in order that the good or ill-fortune it may bring be equally divided we will consider it one of the assets of the firm. Now, how shall we divide the ownership of the animal?"

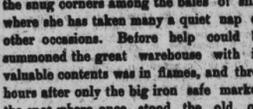
"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Mumor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and it is excellent as a nerve tonic." JAMES HAYES, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Erysipelas Sores—"After scarlet fever a running sore was left on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COURSEY, Burden, N. B.



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

syll flew in terror through the counting-room into the warehouse. The agony of the burning bandages about the leg kept the poor beast going at top speed evidently hoping to find relief in some of the snug corners among the bales of silk, where she has taken many a quiet nap on other occasions.

Before help could be summoned the great warehouse with its valuable contents was in flames, and three hours after only the big iron safe marked the spot where once stood the old, old house of Manockjee, Poonjesjee & Co. The partners took their loss with all the stoical forbearance of the confirmed fatalist.

But now came the important question of settling for loss. Who was at fault? A business meeting of the firm was held and it was soon decided by the other three partners that the whole damage was caused by the burning bandage wrapped about the left fore leg of the cat. That left fore leg was the individual and separate property of Manockjee, which made decision an easy matter.

Of course, Manockjee was responsible for the destruction of the warehouse. There was no room for doubt. Although Manockjee did not dispute this assertion outright, still he asked for time to reflect before assuming the entire responsibility. At last he asked his partners if they would object to a friendly suit in

the courts to decide for a certainty just where the blame should be lodged. "In this manner," said he, "we may settle the matter for all time and it will leave no room for hard feelings."

The case was presented fairly and without prejudice. Manockjee had retained one of the brightest pleaders before the Indian bar, and through his shrewd efforts the judge handed down the following remarkable decision.

"A cat being owned in coventry by four men, each being proprietor of a designated section of the animal, overturned a lamp and set fire to a bandage on the left fore-leg. The cat in flight ran into the warehouse and communicated the fire to the goods stored therein.

Held, that the owner of the section of the cat which included the bandaged leg is not responsible for the damage caused by the fire, because the three other legs, were guilty of contributory negligence in that it was by the assistance of the legs owned by them that the cat was enabled to run into the warehouse and spread the flames. Judgment for defendant."

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

to have demonstrated its superiority over all other library systems. It simply means that any member of the library if he wishes to borrow a book goes directly to the proper shelf, makes his own selection, has it charged to him and goes away.

It will be seen at a glance that this method offers a great many advantages to the reader. There is no longer any need for his spending his time looking over the catalogue for the proper number of the book he wants, no more filling out slips, and no waiting till the librarian returns after weary search to inform him that the book is out.

To the librarians also the open shelf system has been a boon in more than one way. It has saved them a great deal of physical fatigue, the running about in looking for books and the carrying them from all parts of the building to the delivery desk, and the reduction in amount of purely physical labor has made them more alert to exercise their influence in another direction.

tion consequent upon crowds clamoring outside the railing is gone. One of the women librarians said:

"Now we are fresh when our day's work is done. Moreover, we know that we can and do help these people who use the library to an extent not one of us thought possible under the old system. Before we mostly only carried books; now we advise about books.

There are however, two serious drawbacks that go with the open shelf system. First of all, the books suffer much more. They are handled by many hands. This tells, and the wear and tear is much greater than under the old system.

"A Much Maligned Beverage.  
"Death in the teapot." Well cheap tea—steeped instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good tea properly drawn, and a wholesome, as well as palatable drink, but it may not be good, as for instance, Tully's Elephant Brand India-Tea.

Like the Professor's Case.  
How the Professor's Desk Came Back at His Own Expense.  
The young lawyer has good taste in antiques and has done much browsing about in search of them. He knows the places in Worcester and the neighboring towns where those who like old furniture and have the money to pay for it may find what will delight their souls.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
Harvest Excursion  
TO THE  
Canadian North-West.

On August 29th and September 21st, the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will run two Harvest Excursions from points on this line to New Westminster to all points in the Canadian North West. Tickets will be second class in each direction and good for return till October 25th, and November 15th, 1900, respectively.

Winnipeg, Duluth, Boston, Estevan, Blainville, Moosehead, Cowan...	\$28.00
Regina, Moose Jaw, Yorkton...	30.00
Prince Albert, Calgary...	35.00
Red Deer, Edmonton...	40.00

**FOUR 4 DOLLARS**  
—YOU CAN HAVE—  
Progress,  
—and those popular magazines—  
Munsey McClure  
.....AND.....  
Cosmopolitan  
sent to your address for one year.  
**DON'T MISS IT!**  
You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.  
P. S. — Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renews, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899.

### A BIT OF POKER ETHICS.

QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE PUT BY A KENN OBSERVER.

An incident outside the game told him what his opponent held—his right to make use of the knowledge—suspected through that he told a fair tale.

'Let go the anchor,' cried the skipper. 'Four poker hands were slapped down on the cabin table and four lead lubbers started in four different directions to obey the order.'

'You're it, Penfield,' said the skipper to the man who came nearest to obeying the orders. 'That is the rope right in front of you.'

Penfield let the anchor drop and the yacht was presently riding quietly.

'Now, see here,' said the skipper, a little man with large inspirations. 'I have put up with you fellows long enough. It is quite evident that you will never learn the name of the different parts of a yacht and I am going to fix things so that you will know at once what I want done and you can obey me in turn instead of all jumping on deck at once.'

Acting on his inspiration, he took a discarded poker deck and fastened a card to each article regarding which he might be obliged to issue an order. Immediately he had an intelligent and servicable crew. When he called out to 'let go the king of clubs' or to 'take in the queen of hearts,' the landlubbers jumped to their proper places like old sea dogs. With this satisfactory arrangement they were able to continue their poker game with but few interruptions. When an order was called one man could attend to it with the others laid their cards on the table and waited, instead of all rushing away in four different directions in the hope that one would be in the right place to perform the required service.

And now that the situation is known, you must get acquainted with the players. Chief of the group was John Bain, millionaire, who once announced in a burst of unusual confidence that he never played for more than a five-dollar ante for when one got above that he was gambling. Of course he looked on any game with a limit on it as merely a showdown and the others in the party suspected that he was showing ostentation to them when he took a hand in their little dollar limit game. When he played poker the cards occupied a secondary part for he played the men more than anything else. He seldom paid any attention to the cards during the first few rounds but devoted himself to noting how the different players acted when they battered their hands in the draw. He asserted his right to use every fact he could observe in a game of poker and the keenness of his observation was marvellous. It is recorded that on one occasion he met a man with a corporation face who proved to be a worthy foe. By dint of close watching, however, he finally discovered that his rival had one weakness. When he betted his hand although he never changed a muscle of his face or showed the slightest tremor of his well trained voice, the little finger of his left hand twitched perceptibly. Banking on this knowledge, Bain had beaten the other man to a standstill. With such a player in the game it naturally followed that everyone was keyed up to his best; for he smooth, leathery-like face and steel-grey eyes made one feel that the game was presided over by the fates themselves.

The most enthusiastic player was Will Penfield, a young married man who used to tell about his wonderful baby, when they were not playing, and who was enjoying his first outing since his married life began. From his conversation it was easy to see that he was one of the most uxorious of men. His wife knew all about his business and was his chief adviser. The sole reason for his presence in the party was that his wife was still younger and had ideas about allowing a husband a proper amount of freedom. She had urged him to take this holiday and be one of the boys again. He enjoyed himself like a half-broken colt turned out to pasture and kept up enthusiastically the game of Poker which Bain took part in astoundingly. Elkins the third member of the party, need not be especially described for he was one of those self-effacing men who enjoy themselves without the inobtrusive and may be bored without showing it. He could always be counted on to take a hand in a game of poker wherever and whenever proposed. As for the last member, Smith he possesses some high priced information about the game which he would willingly dispose of to

some rich beginner who is nobly blessed with a beginner's luck.

For five days of the cruise they played most of the days and all of the nights without any occurrence, especially exciting. During the daytime, while they were cruising, the skipper stood at the wheel and issued his orders from time to time, from where he sat he could watch the game by looking down into the cabin and could take part in any conversation that took place, during the evenings he naturally took part in the game.

They touched at various towns and club-houses along the Sound and owing to the varying luck of the game had each cashed checks so that they were considerable money in circulation about the yacht. As is usual where a game is kept up continuously the limit became irksome. With only a dollar limit no one could do any bluffing, so when Penfield finally exclaimed: 'Say, fellows, this is the last day of our cruise. Say we wind up with a game of poker that will be really a game. I move that we throw the limit to the fishes,' all agreed and the game proceeded. Penfield was the largest winner, and so the others had no compunctions about letting him into a game that was much too warm for him. They took a fresh deck of cards and began. The skipper interrupted them from time to time, but in spite of that they continued to get more and more interested. The bets continually crept higher. At last there came a jack pot that seemed as if it would never open, and even with the ten cent ante there were several dollars in it. Finally it came to Bain's deal. The cards were dealt to Penfield on his left, Elkins opposite and Smith at his right.

'This pot is worth opening for \$2,' said Penfield, after looking at his cards.

The pot was worth opening for much more, and the others all knew that he was only trying to coax them in. Elkins came in but Smith dropped out for one of the things he had learned in purchasing his knowledge of poker is that a speckled mediocrity which shows neither a pair nor the nucleus of a straight or flush is an excellent thing to throw into the discard. Just as Bain had picked up the deck for the draw the skipper sang out:

'Let go the ace of spades.'

Being the next in rotation for deck service, Smith jumped up to obey the order, saying at the same time:

'Go right ahead, boys; I am not in this.'

After exclaiming the order Smith returned to his place and found that the game was waxing furious.

'I raise you another hundred,' Penfield was saying, excitedly.

'That let's me out,' said Elkins, throwing down his hand.

By this time there was about \$5000 on the table. The skipper was watching uneasily, for he had no intention of allowing such a game when the cruise began. Still he could say nothing while this pot was under discussion, but from the way he was fidgeting at the wheel it was evident that he intended calling a halt as soon as possible.

'I'll have to go you a hundred better,' said Bain, pushing the money into the pot.

Penfield counted the money he had left, found there was not enough, and then drew his check book from his pocket.

'The money I have here, with what is down on the stub of my check book makes \$460. I raise you \$360.'

Bain said nothing, but drew out a freshwad and laid \$360 on the table.

'I have four aces,' exclaimed Penfield, triumphantly.

'No good,' said Bain. 'I have a straight flush,' and he laid down the king, queen, jack, ten and nine of hearts.

Penfield fell back in his chair rigid. It was evident that he had lost all the money he had in the world. He gasped a couple of times and then said involuntarily:

'Good God! What will Elks say?'

The others said nothing. In a moment Penfield realized that it looked as if he had pushed the money toward Bain, who had made no move to pick it up.

'Hold on,' said the man of iron, quietly. 'I am not sure that I can honestly take that pot.'

'If you think I am going to do the baby act,' exclaimed Penfield angrily, 'you are mistaken. Take it.'

'It is not that,' said Bain. 'Before I take the pot, I want you fellows to decide a point of honor for me. You know I always declare that I have a right to anything I observe in a game of poker. Well, I made no observation in this game that I feel I had no right to.'

All the other players waited breathlessly.

'By an agreement with our skipper we

were all to stop playing when he called out an order, while one of the party attended to it. Just as Penfield was asking for his draw of two cards the skipper called out 'Let go the ace of spades.'

Penfield involuntarily caught one of the cards in his hand and I knew instantly that he had three aces. I had three kings myself, and knew that he had me beaten. But I also had the jack and queen besides the king of hearts, and I threw away the other two kings. I drew two cards in the hope that I might catch either a straight or flush on the two card draw. As you can see I caught both. Now, I am not sure that I had a right to make use of what I noticed about Penfield's hand, for it was shown to me by something that was outside the game. I leave it to you.

A moment's consideration sufficed to make the players decide that a man with a keen sense of honor would not permit by such an accident in a gentleman's game, and it was decided to divide the pot.

It was some weeks afterward before the players not directly concerned began to wonder if B in had really thrown two kings into discard or had simply let Penfield out with a fairy story.

### DOGS THAT CATCH FISH.

A Wolf-Like Breed Used by the People of Labrador.

Dogs trained to catch fish are among the features of everyday life on the barren shores of that distant part of Labrador which belongs to Newfoundland. The valuable cod fisheries along the 1,000 miles of Labrador's coast yield about one-fifth of Newfoundland's total catch of cod, and furnish employment annually to thousands of hardy fisher folk. They fish with lines from 150 to 200 fathoms long, two men to a boat, and man using two hand lines. The usual bait is capelin. When fish are plentiful it takes a very short time to fill a boat with cod. A number of the fishermen have trained their dogs to assist them in catching fish.

The rapidity with which the fishermen haul up their long lines when they feel a bite, robs the fish almost entirely of life and breath by the time it reaches the surface of the sea. It comes to the top as completely exhausted as a salmon that has been played by an angler until he can tail it with his hand and so avoid the necessity of gaffing it. It is one thing, however, to bring a heavy cod to the surface of the water and another to get it into the boat. Gaffs and landing nets are unknown to these toilers of the sea. If they can lift the fish into the boat by the line, all is well; but this is often where they fail. If the fish is large and but lightly hooked, as is often the case the hook breaks away from its mouth when the attempt is made to haul it from the water. The fish, still quite inanimate in manner and appearance, floats away from the boat on the surface of the waves. This is only for a moment, however. The fisher's trained dog, often without a signal from his master, leaps over the gunwale of the boat, plunges into the sea, swims after the floating fish and seizes it in his mouth. Returning consciousness, hastened by the new sensation of being taken entirely from the water and firmly gripped between the jaws of its captor, often produces lively struggles on the part of the fish, which add considerably to the difficulty the 'dog has in swimming back with his burden to the boat. The dog rarely releases his hold upon his wriggling captive until safe within the boat.

Sometimes these dogs have larger game than codfish to struggle with in the water. They are trained to plunge into ice-cold water in the spring of the year and to act as retrievers for their masters when seal are shot from the shore on the surface of the sea.

The dogs employed by the fishermen of Newfoundland and Labrador are by no means the specimens of canine magnificence usually known as Newfoundland dogs. They more nearly resemble Eskimo dogs than anything else, and are often quite wolfish in both manner and appearance. It is even believed by many people that the blood of the wild brutes of the forest runs in their veins. At a post near Hamilton Inlet not long ago the door of a house in which an infant was sleeping in a cradle had been left open for a short time during the temporary absence of other members of the family. When the mother re-entered the house she found only the bones of her child. The little one had been completely devoured by the dogs.

The Labrador dogs are excessively quarrelsome, and, wolf-like, always attack the weaker. All seem anxious to take part in the fray, and scarcely a season passes without the settlers losing two or three dogs during the summer from wounds received in quar-

rels among themselves. Peace is instantly restored even if twenty or more are engaged in the affray, by the sound or even sight, of the dreaded Eskimo whip used by the Labradorians. These people have seldom succeeded in raising any other domesticated animal on the coast; cats, cows, and pigs have all been destroyed by the dogs. If ever a dog is brought up in the house, his doom is sealed. At the first opportunity, the others will pounce upon him in the absence of his master and worry him to death. This is the invariable fate of any privileged dog on the coast that is permitted to enter his master's house and to receive the caresses of the different members of the family. The preference excites the deepest jealousy in the breasts of the Labrador dogs and they patiently wait for an occasion to avenge themselves.

In the winter these animals will drag a commettique, or sleigh, fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow. They haul wood from the interior, carry supplies to hunters in the forest far back from the rocky and desolate coasts; merrily draw their masters from house to house, and with their wonderful noses pick out the right path even in the most pitiless storm. If the traveller will only trust to the sagacity of an experienced leader, he may wrap himself up in his bear and seal skin robes and, regardless of piercing winds and blinding snowdrifts, these sagacious and faithful animals will draw him securely to his own door or to his nearest post. The commettique is about thirty inches broad and ten or twelve feet long. The runners are shod with whalebone, which by friction over the snow, soon becomes beautifully polished and looks like ivory. The commettique is well floored with seal skins over which bear or seal skins are nailed all round, with an opening for the traveller to introduce his body. The harness is made of seal skin; the foremost dog, called the guide, is placed about thirty feet in advance, the others are ranged in pairs behind the guide. Sometimes three, sometimes four pairs of dogs are thus attached to one commettique, besides the guide.

The Eskimo dog of pure breed, with his strong-built frame long white fur, pointed ears and bushy tail, is capable of enduring hunger to a far greater extent than the mixed breed. But the latter beats him in long journeys, even when fed but once a day. An Eskimo dog will travel for two days without food; one of the mixed breed must be fed at the close of the first day, or he is good for little the next. In the winter their food often consists chiefly of dried capelin—the small smelt-like fish used by the cod fishermen for bait. An expert driver can hit any part of the leading dog he chooses with the extremity of his formidable whip.

### AT THE HOISTING OF A SAFE.

How the Danger Signs on the Sidewalk Were Regarded by the Passerby.

On the sidewalk in a downtown business street, in front of a building into an upper story of which men are hoisting a safe from a truck standing by the curb, there were two blocks of wood, in each of which, sunk into the wood as a hatchet might have been but with only a corner sticking into it, so that it stood at an angle, was a flat piece of heavy sheet iron, maybe a foot and half long and half as wide, marked on each side with red paint. "Danger" to warn passerby. Almost without exception the people who came along saw the signs, and in a majority of cases those who spied them looked up to see what danger they indicated. They saw the safe, which was in this instance a pretty big one.

This was a locality where there were many passerby, only a small proportion women; but the first persons that saw the signs, on the sidewalk and stepped off into the street before they came to them and walked around the truck, then to step upon the sidewalk again, were two women in quick succession. For a time that is to say a minute or so during which a considerable number of men passed, nobody else stepped off into the street and it seemed as though perhaps the two women would be the only persons to take precaution on seeing the signs; but presently a man off the curb and walked around the truck to step up again on the other side of it, and in the course of five minutes, in which time, at a rough estimate 150 people passed, four men stepped out and walked around. In two or three other cases men who came along and saw the signs stepped down before actually coming to them, as though they were going around as the others had done; but in these cases the men kept on diagonally across the street. There was one man of those who passed along on the walk who, seeing the signs and looking up, started and ran past the building, but he didn't run very fast,

and it seemed, somehow, as though he were doing this because it was a duty—because he owed it to himself not to take any unnecessary risk. But though of them the greater number looked up and saw the safe the great majority of those who passed along walked on calmly and without any acceleration of pace.

### A ONE-HORSE BATTERY.

No Harm was Done but the gun was Condemned.

The celebrated one-mule two-gun battery projected by Lieutenant Darby ('John Phoenix') is remembered by military men. It consisted of one mule and two small howitzers one of which was mounted on the mule's back, pointing backward over his tail, while the other was slung under his stomach, the muzzle pointing between his fore legs. The mule was first to be placed with his tail to the enemy, and the gun on his back fired. The recoil was expected to turn him completely over in a somersault, so that he would come down with his head presented to the enemy. The lower gun was then to be fired, once more reversing the mule. The guns were then to be reloaded, and the process continued as long as should be necessary.

The advantage of this battery seem to have suggested themselves to Gen. Sir Henry Brackenbury of the British ordnance department, if a story told in the clubs and by a British exchange is true.

Sir Henry made a test at Woolwich of a gun designed to be fired from a horse's back. The horse's head was tied to a post, the muzzle of the gun being directed toward an earthen butt. The general and his staff stood on the other side of the animal to watch the result.

The gun was loaded, and in order to afford time, a slow burning fuse was used to fire it off. Unfortunately the animal was only fastened by the head. The result was that when it heard the fizzing of the fuse on its back, it became uneasy and commenced prancing round the post so that the gun instead of pointing at the butt, was directed straight at the heads of Sir Henry and the gorgeously attired generals and staff officers with him, who had assembled to watch the experiment.

Not a moment was to be lost. Down they all went flat on their stomachs in the mud. Then the gun went off, the recoil knocking over the horse, which was found at some distance from the post on its back.

It was a miracle that no harm was done by the projectile. The officers received no injury except to their uniforms. They presented a rather demoralized appearance when the experiment was over, and they reported unanimously against the adoption of the gun.

### New Jersey "Eare Marks."

A history of Middletown, New Jersey, recently printed, contains some curious revelations of life in the editorial period. Middletown in the early days was prosperous and contented, living at peace with the Indians and with all the world—except the wolves, which were apparently the only enemies of the town; but the wolves made necessary this town ordinance:

'Concerning wolves it is ordered that if any one shall kill a wolfe he shall have twenty schillings for his pains all see if any Indian shall kill a wolfe and bring the head to the constable: The Indian so doing shall have for his reward Twenty gilders provided it can be diorned that it killd within ten milles of the towne.'

However, the town had less trouble with the wolves than it had over the wandering of its domestic animals. As the pigs and cattle were bound to become more or less mixed up, and as it was necessary that the marks used by every owner should be known and recognized, it became the custom for the towns fathers to authorize and record those marks. Such curious statements as the following abound, therefore, in the Middletown records:

Mr. Thomas Smeal's Eare Marke is a Round Hoole in Each Eare.'

John Holmes his Eare Marke is a hole in the left Eare which was formerly John Hawess.'

### But They Have No Taxes.

'What are you doing, Thomas?' asked the father of a young man who sat dreamily gazing into space.

'Building air castles, father,' replied the visionary youth.

'Quit it, my boy, quit it,' said the old man. 'You can't mortgage structures of that kind for a cent.'—Chicago News.

### Descriptive Reading.

'I'm in trouble again,' said the new reporter. 'Here's a story of a debate at the Deat and Dumb institute. What head shall I put on it?'

'That's easy,' suggested the snake editor. 'Make it "Head to Hand Content."'

ON THE BRINK OF A CRIME.

"Bad luck darling! Of course not—, all superstitions—vulgar superstitions! Why do you say that? Look up! I am your husband now, little one, and remember, you have just promised to obey me. Here we are, by Jove!"

"By Jove! Carolina, who would have thought of meeting you here? You of all people in the world, out of the season, too! How is it that you are not treading your native heather, stalking the deer, popping anything but stewing in 'Gay Paree' which, by the way, isn't a bit gay just at present. Phew! how hot it is, quite an Indian summer."

The speaker who thus addressed Adrian Carolina was a man some three years younger than the latter. A handsome debonaire-looking fellow, with a countenance frank and open as the day, blue eyes, truthful and honest as though they could not lie, a sunburnt, genial glow on whom to rely.

Both men and women liked and trusted Arthur Bertie and their trust would not be misplaced. "What are you doing here?" he repeated as Adrian was silent, being indeed, utterly taken aback, and looking none too well pleased at the meeting.

"Nothing—that is—oh—er—nothing. Awfully pleased to see you, old chap. I have—the truth—is I have—a lady with me. Ta-ta, see you again."

And Bertie, looking after him in much astonishment at his unusual embarrassment, saw his friend join a young and very beautiful girl, who at that moment emerged from one of the boxes at the Odeon Theatre.

"What a lovely face," he thought, as his eyes rested on Mavis Carolina. "I do not think I have ever seen such perfect beauty, combined with an expression so innocent. I wonder what Carolina is up to—not his old tricks again surely. She looks as good as she most certainly is beautiful."

And, as Arthur Bertie strolled through the brilliantly lighted streets of the gay city, he thought more than a little of the exquisite face, of which, after all, he had had but a fleeting glance.

"Who was that you were speaking to, Adrian? He had a nice face," said Mavis, as they drove towards their hotel. "I am so glad if it is an old friend you have met, darling. Sometimes, I have feared, you must be very dull, with only me to talk to."

And she sighed. "Alas! already she had detected the fatal signs of boredom—fatal indeed, in a man of Adrian Carolina's disposition."

"He is a man I know; I do not call all my many acquaintances friends, Mavis," replied her husband coldly; "and I must beg that, another time, you will remain quietly in the box till I come for you. Do not stand in the doorway alone; it is not the thing, and I do not like it."

"Oh, Adrian! I had taken your arm before your—your acquaintance saw me!" exclaimed Mavis, the ready tears springing to her eyes as she noticed the look of displeasure on the face of her idol. "I did not mean to displease you," she added, simply.

"There I say no more about it—be careful another time, that is all," said Adrian, impatiently, who knew he was in the wrong and resented it. "For Heaven's sake do cry! You know I hate tears and scenes. Here we are at the hotel. They will think with their pigheaded foreign ideas that I've been ill-treating you."

Mavis dried her eyes, and in silence, they entered their private suite of apartments, where a choice supper was awaiting them.

For the second time in her short life Mavis Carolina sobbed herself to sleep. A presentiment was over her, which haunted her even in her dreams. Was it a foreshadow of the future?

CHAPTER VII. It was Christmastime—a veritable old-fashioned Christmas—sharp frost, white and sparkling like the icing on a wedding-cake, powdering the fields and country lanes—glittering icicles, pendant from branch and house-tops alike.

On the big ornamental lake, frozen a veritable inches deep, a large and merry party was skating.

Christmas was being kept up in the good old style at Mountjoy Park, and today being Christmas Eve, saw the house-party throng assembled, and largely augmented by

contingents from neighbouring country farm houses, dispersing themselves to their hearts content upon the smooth, carefully swept surface of the ice.

The bright costumes of the ladies wrapped in velvet and furs, gliding hand-in-hand with their attendant cavaliers, formed a pretty picture, and so it evidently seemed to two, older and more sedate, who passed now and again to gaze and comment on the animated scene.

"How particularly well dear Celia is looking to-day," John. Don't you think so?—and so happy," remarked Lady Mountjoy to her companion who was also her husband and the owner of Mountjoy Park.

"She does indeed, my dear," replied Mountjoy, thoughtfully. "Has it occurred to you Helen, that her cousin seems much struck with her?"

"It has most certainly, and I will own it has caused me some uneasiness. You know the dislike I have to the idea of first cousins marrying. Still if her affections are fixed upon him—and I confess it looks so—and Lady Mountjoy cast a significant glance towards the lake—why, then, I should be inclined to forego my opinion on the subject. He has changed greatly of late."

"And for the better," put in her husband, with whom Adrian Carolina was a prime favourite. "That unfortunate affair of his youth thank Heaven, so providentially ended, was a sad and severe lesson for a young man. It has borne its fruit, however—his wild oats are sown, and Adrian will, I have little doubt, settle down into an excellent husband, to whom I shall have no hesitation in giving our child—always provided he asks for her."

"He will ask for her," said his wife smiling. "Trust a woman for being a true prophet in matters where the heart is concerned. Here they come. What a handsome couple they make!" exclaimed Lady Mountjoy, involuntarily.

They did indeed. Both tall, and with that air of perfect health which makes even the plainest attractive.

Adrian in the prime of his manhood, she his junior by seven years—tall also, and fair—not with the delicate, rose-tinted fairness of her unknown rival; but a regal blonde—auburn haired, with velvety-brown eyes, that could flash with sudden anger, as well as droop beneath the passion of a lover's glance.

High-bred, haughty features: a delicious mouth, which, at this moment, was smiling, parting to disclose two rows of even white teeth.

In very truth, Lady Celia had earned deservedly her title as "Beauty of the County."

And she was clever, too—well-read, and an admirable musician, with a voice of great purity and power.

She had been trained by the first teachers, both in England and abroad; and, were it not for her rank and position, would have made her fortune upon the operatic stage.

Adrian Carolina adored music; he also admired fair women.

"None of your black-browed, swarthy beauties for me," he was wont to say. "A woman should be fair and gentle-looking."

"But I am not gentle-looking," said his Cousin Celia, to whom, one day, he made the remark.

"No; but you are fair and queenly, and could and would be gentle to one whom you loved. You are my ideal of what a woman should be, and how a woman should look," and then he remembered Mavis.

But on this particular winter's day, Adrian was not thinking of Mavis. She had no place in his thoughts—for the time being she was forgotten.

The glamour of the beauty of Celia Mountjoy was upon him.

That he admired her immensely was evident to all.

That he loved her, she hoped and believed.

The whole love of that great heart of hers had gone out to him—to her cousin Adrian Carolina—and with tell-tale eyes she stood before her parents, looking up into his dark handsome face.

"Not tired yet?" said his lordship, smiling down at her from the bank above.

"Oh, no," she answered; "Adrian is such a perfect skater, I feel as though I was skimming through space—it is no exertion at all—with him."

"And you, too, are a perfect skater—our steps go as though we had practised together all our lives; and yet I never saw you till two months ago."

This from Adrian, in a lower tone, and it was true.

And well, indeed, did they become the rich beauty of the girl who wore them, and all eyes were turned upon the couple, who sat side by side, seemingly engrossed with each other.

"If the engagement about to be announced," whispered Captain Braye to his partner.

"I should think so," answered the lady; "and a most suitable match, too. Lord and Lady Mountjoy have set their hearts upon it, I believe."

The two thus discussed appeared blissfully unconscious of such like remarks.

They gazed into each other's eyes, and what they read there was all-sufficient.

After dinner, Celia sang. She chose an Italian love-song.

Her voice was a pure, true soprano, clear as a bird's, and as the liquid notes rose and fell, Carolina's fickle heart went out to the singer, and he revolved upon a great crime.

He saw Celia Mountjoy through a haze of passion.

The scent from the waves of her glorious hair intoxicated his senses; he seemed in a dream.

"Sing something, Adrian."

His aunt's voice roused him to the present.

He bent nearer to the girl, whose head was drooped, so that he could not see her face, but he knew that the spell was upon her also.

She trembled, and her white jewelled hands fell nerveless upon the keys of the piano.

"This?" and he placed a song before her.

"What shall I say to thee, heart of my heart? How can I prove thee my peasant and part? How shall I tell thee how we met first? Seeing I never shall see thee again."

What had possessed him to choose that song, with its passionate words and music? Did a thought of that other rise before his mental vision—of her whose claim upon him was surely the most sacred of all claims?

—or did her better angel hover near, bidding him say farewell to the woman before him ere he took a deeper step into the mire of deceit and crime? Who shall say?

The song was sung and finished.

The greatest compliment that can be paid to a singer was paid to Adrian Carolina.

There was perfect silence for at least a minute.

"I had no idea you sang so well, Adrian," remarked his uncle, at length.

"It must be the theme. It is evident Carolina's whole heart was in the words," drawled Captain Braye, with a laugh.

Adrian heard him and never knew, till that moment, that he hated inoffensive Captain Braye.

The remark jarred him.

"Come away from these fools, Celia," he whispered in her ear. "Come into the conservatory."

Amid the buzz of conversation resumed, they disappeared unnoticed, and silken yellow curtains dropped behind them, shutting out the world, and leaving them face to face—alone.

When Adrian Carolina and his cousin re-entered the drawing room, they were pledged to each other.

Passion had gained the day.

And all went merrily as a marriage ball.

Lord Carolina was written to, and returned from from his beloved Riviera to bestow his blessing on the betrothed.

There were public interviews, and private consultations, and at last everything was satisfactorily arranged.

Adrian went to town, and returned with a magnificent present of jewels for his beautiful fiancée.

He brought, too, an engagement-ring, and, as he placed the glittering circles on Celia's finger, he whispered words of tenderest love into the small pink ear.

As he did so, the memory of another face—another and a plainer ring—rose before him.

His hand shook, his face paled; the costly ring fell to the ground.

"Surely this is not an ill omen," said Celia, but she smiled as she said it.

Almost the identical words from other lips!

Small wonder that the betrayer trembled, and that his heart sank; but for all that his determination wavered not one jot.

Presently and congratulations were the order of the day.

When the bells rang in the New Year, the engagement of Lord Mountjoy's heiress was made public.

There was feasting for the tenantry on the adjoining estates, and great rejoicings were held, only to be rivalled, it was said, when the wedding should be an accomplished fact.

This date of this was fixed for Easter week, which, this year, fell in April.

"None too long," said the bride elect's mother, "to get the trousseau; the jewels rest—for I shall not wear them again when Celia is married—the settlements drawn up, and, oh, heaps of other things!"

And Celia Mountjoy, how did she take it all? What were her feelings whilst those around her arranged all for her present and future happiness?

Happy indeed was she.

Her love given, as she fondly believed, to one worthy of it.

Celia was no flirt—no woman to give lightly the first that asked.

In all her twenty-three years of maidenhood she had not loved, or even, as many a girl does fancy that she loved; therefore, when her heart was given it was given for ever.

"Adrian," said Lord Carolina to his son, as they walked together in the woods of Carolina, where every tree and path was as a stab to the younger man by reason of memories. "Adrian, are you not full of thankfulness that you are free to take Celia for your wife? That is a tall folly over, there is now no bar to a happy and prosperous life."

"The coffers of the House of Mountjoy are fuller than those of Carolina, it is true, but our name is, it anything, an older one than theirs. It is, indeed, a suitable match and one entirely after my own wish. Had you wedded again with one beneath you in station unknown, obscure, you would have broken my heart—I should have washed my hands of you. I could not have borne it again, Adrian, dear as you are to me, and the proud old man looked as though he meant it."

Adrian made an appropriate answer, and turned away.

In spite of Celia and her love, he was as sad but natural, miserable.

It was now February, and he had not seen Mavis since before Christmas.

At this moment, in his pocket, lay an imploring, piteous little letter, begging, entreating him, her husband, to come to her.

It was directed to his club, the only address he permitted her to use.

He was worried to death, he told himself—never reflecting that he had brought it all upon himself by his weakness and wickedness.

must go, you must; but, how I shall miss you! Celia answered.

"Shall you, my own? God bless you, Celia! Promise me, sweetest, that you will never believe any word against me, unless I tell it you with my own lips; no scandal, nothing—"

"Of course not, Adrian; no one would dare, to me! she said proudly. My husband to me is beyond reproach," she added.

Then, indeed, did Adrian Carolina feel what in truth he was—a black-hearted villain!

CHAPTER IX. A small, but well-furnished room, bright lamps, rose-shaded, casting a subdued light on the pretty chairs-covered furniture. Evidences of refinement and comfort everywhere, if not of extravagance or wealth.

The room contained one occupant—a woman—and in her we recognize Mavis Carolina, changed, indeed, by weeks—months—of weary waiting and watching; but still Mavis, fair and sweet as on that summer day when she beckoned to the fatal words and promises that fell from the lips of the man who, even now, would betray her still further.

He was expected.

All was in readiness.

The excitement of anticipation had given to the pale cheeks a rose tint that rivalled the carnation blooms upon the table.

Mavis had prepared everything with her own hands, and now sat awaiting her lord and master in a state of mind almost hysterical.

"It is getting late, and he has not come, Martha," she said, piteously, to the kind-looking elderly woman whom Adrian had provided as her sole servant and companion in the days when the girl was his idol and his love.

And then had become attached to each other, these two—so dissimilar in age, and in all else.

Martha had been a wife herself. She knew the world well—too well. In her youth she had married a soldier. He had deserted her years ago, and whether he was living or not she neither knew nor cared. She pitied Mavis from her heart. She could read the ending of her happy dream.

"Late, ma'am! Lor' bless you, 'tain't so late. If I don't a hansom outside the garden gate a-stopping this very blessed minute!" she exclaimed, running to the door, which opened into a small, trim, walled garden.

The tiny house, of which Adrian was master, was situated in St. John's Wood, and had been chosen chiefly because it possessed a garden and because of its privacy.

Sure enough it was Adrian Carolina, and no other.

Mavis flew to meet him, flinging her arms in rapture round his neck.

"There I that will do," he said, peevishly. "Let me get into the house first, at any rate; and, by Jove! there's the cobby grinning! Can't you see the gate is open? You behave like a child, Mavis!"

And this was his greeting after long absence!

This to repay her for months of weary waiting!

The tears were in her eyes as she re-entered the little drawing room.

"Don't cry, ma'am," whispered Martha. "You know how master hates what he calls 'a scene.' The 'brute' she added, beneath her breath.

Mavis knew it too, and controlled herself.

"I am going up to wash some of this confounded dust off; and let me have something to eat!" and Adrian went up stairs. Mavis did not dare follow him.

What was coming?

A vague, dread presentiment seized her. The choice dinner was partaken of in silence, relieved only by generalities.

Later on, in the drawing-room, there was also silence—in very truth, Adrian Carolina knew not how to deal the blow to one so fond and trusting.

At last he said, and his voice was harsh and unlike his own—

"Mavis, why did you not write and tell me about—that, and he looked at her significantly.

PARSONS PILLS. will cure Biliousness, Constipation, all Liver complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Bilious women find sure relief from using these To Cure Sick Headache and remove impurities from the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle, one a dose. Recommended by many physicians everywhere, as the best Liver Pill made. Sixty-four page book sent free by mail. Sold by all Druggists, or sent post-paid for 25 cents in stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

Youthful Recklessness.

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

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong. Mrs. G. Orisman, 205 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says: "My daughter, now 23 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am ever thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her."

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Sunday Reading

No true to thyself, my soul, No true to thyself and God; There's never a path to go But Jesus himself has trod...

THE WATER OF LIFE

Jesus Christ can and will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, for he received that he might give. Whoso drinketh of this water, he said to the woman at the well, shall thirst again; it will quench the present thirst, but the thirst will return...

Until we know Christ we cannot know God. It is to Christ we owe all our best thoughts about God. When we have met the absolute goodness and kindness of Christ, we have ever after different thoughts of God...

But how is this great gift attainable? Only through Jesus Christ, and by faith in him. We must pray with Paul, that we may have, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit of God...

'Come, then, to the Saviour, thou poor, weary soul— 'Tis Jesus invites you to come; By the power of his blood he will make thy heart whole...

Jesus will be a Saviour to all who are willing to be saved. No sinner will ever be forced against his will into the Kingdom of Heaven, and none who come to him seeing their sinfulness, and willing to be saved from their sins...

for the quenching of our thirst, rivers of living water. We may drink from the world's cisterns, yet drain them dry, without satisfying, but rather increasing our hunger and thirst...

Every life a Plan of God. Some of our readers will remember among the sermons of the late Rev. Dr. Bushnell one whose key-note was, 'Every man's life a plan of God.'

There is nothing incongruous in the thought that the great Father, looking down the years, taking into account the endowment and inheritance received by the child nature, and knowing all its circumstances, should plan its life...

It is easy to believe that, as life moves on and the nature in its development falls far below its best, he whose plan, if carried out, would have made a useful and happy life, mourns over the wreck caused by indifference and sin...

We are safe in believing, then, that the same love that planned to give us his own highest and best, seeing to what low estate we have fallen, plans again to get our feet out of the miry clay and to set them upon a rock...

Yet even when destruction is whole or in part has been the result of our errors, here again is a plan of God by which the best we may still be, if not the best we might have been, can be wrought out...

Are we among the souls that have fallen out of the ranks and are sitting dazed, and blind by the wayside? Has God's victorious army gone marching on toward the Kingdom, and are we left behind? Yet in the beat of their receding footsteps there is a throbbing to which our pulses are keeping time...

'All is not lost, it murmurs, in tones that have been pleading with us since we were little children at our mother's knee. 'Still it is possible to build on the ruins of God's thwarted plans for the body a temple that shall be a fit dwelling for the living

God. Still it is possible to train the stunted and neglected intellectual powers until they shall grasp the purport of God's present plan. Still it is possible for the soul to come in such accord with God's latest purpose that all our powers bodily, mental and spiritual, may be bent in trustful obedience toward helping him to carry that plan forward.'

How many times before we hindered and thwarted him by ignorance, by carelessness and worse! Now, may we bend every energy toward becoming co-workers with him for the redemption of lost years, for the restoration of lost powers, for becoming the very best that he can make of us—now that we are done, once for all, with the poor, pitiful business of making ourselves. The clay in the potter's hand, that was found so poor that it would not take and keep the shape he meant, may yet be fashioned into some shape that can be made to serve. He may be forced to put it to more common uses, to make a vessel less shapely and fair than the one his love had planned, but he will never throw away one lump of clay nor cease to strive to overcome its unfitness, so long as it lies passive in his hands, however unworthy of his touch the life may be.

Unworthy enough seemed the clay with which he anointed the eyes of the blind, but his hand upon it was all that was needed to set it a-seeing with life and power. The result of that contact, so long ago, was that the blinded eyes were opened and another soul crept up out of darkness into his marvelous light.

That the clay may come to know and to answer the divine touch with a pulsing, radiant life is everywhere a part of the plan of God. And so long as there is clay, and so long as there is God, he who sits 'blind by the wayside' may be comforted as the child is comforted who is not left alone in the dark.

Speak the Truth!

Much that is printed in the cheaper and more sensational 'daily newspapers is of interest only to the parties concerned, and should have no place in public print; it is, in fact, gossip of an utterly worthless character. Even supposing that this sort of reading was of interest to the public, its value would be in large measure destroyed by its inaccuracy, no two of these papers giving the facts the same way. Many a cruel slander is thus scattered abroad by the carelessness or intentional exaggeration of the reporter, who often makes 'copy' at the expense of truth and justice. As a practical suggestion to any who possess a like infirmity, the following, taken from the Rev. F. B. Meyer's book entitled, 'A Good Start,' is pertinent: 'I heard Mr. Moody say the other day that a lady had come to him, asking how she might be delivered from the habit of exaggeration, to which she was very prone. 'Call it lying, madam,' was the uncompromising answer, 'and deal with it as you would with any other temptation of the devil.'

'Continue Ye in My Love.'

'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love.'—St. John xv 9.

What a gracious thought that Jesus should love us as he did, making the Father's love to him the measure of it and the manner of it!

But what an admonition is that, 'Continue ye in my love.'

It seems to say: 'Exert yourselves to enjoy my affections and to taste the wonderful benefits my love will bestow.'

It is of the highest importance to us, that we may often think of this blessed injunction, and learn and practice obedience.

It shows that we may forfeit the expression of that love, not so much, indeed, that

CAMPERS

Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhoea.

Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhoea and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhoea doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.



Don't use

an imitation—especially imitations of Pearlina. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is 'Pearlina,' 'same as,' 'as good as,' 'made in the same factory,' etc. It's false. Pearlina is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical.



We shall have our title as heirs of God revoked, but that darkness, doubt, unhappiness and many fearful apprehensions of the future may be our lot. There is conduct which may call down discipline, and in its train severe chastisement.

But we have a positive direction how we may abide in that love: 'If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love. Gaining Manhood. The higher must always come through the loss and death of the lower. Manhood can only be gained by the giving up of childhood. If the office and life-work are ever to be reached, the nursery must be left behind. The blossom must die before there can be fruit.—[M. J. Savage.]

DECLINE OF FRENCH SHIPPING.

France Alone of the Great Commercial Nations Shows Decline on the Sea. The maritime traffic of France is continually declining. The Chamber of Deputies, the French Geographical Society and numerous newspapers have been seeking for a remedy, but as yet have found none. The greatest part of the French merchant fleet that figures in the Annuaire is not counted at all in Lloyds or other statistical publications because it is so insignificant. The Annuaire, for example, reported that the merchant ships in 1896 numbered 15,536, while outside of France that country was credited with only 1,957 steam and sailing vessels in the merchant trade. The French, foreign and colonial Review has recently explained this remarkable discrepancy in figures. It says that, omitting from the total of 15,536 vessels in the Annuaire 150 steamships, averaging 3,000 tons each, which represent the fleets of five large companies that receive subsidies for mail carrying, there are left 15,386 vessels, whose total capacity is 440,000 tons, or an average of a little over twenty-eight tons to each vessel. 'Most vessels in our so-called merchant marine,' says the Review, 'have a tonnage so small that they are not even mentioned in foreign statistics. Furthermore, 61 per cent. of our sailing vessels are from ten to forty years old; and our dockyards have so few orders that they are three years turning out as much tonnage as the English yards produce in a month.'

There are more commercial geographical societies in France than in any other country, and some of them are now declaring that the persistent policy of succumbing French governments is killing the French flag on the seas. They assert that Paris and Nantes might be made to rival Hamburg and Antwerp as shipping centres if the government would consent to improve the Seine and the Loire so that they would float large ocean shipping. They praise the German policy that has improved rivers and dug canals so that heavy freight which will stand slow transportation may be carried to the seaports or from them by water thus saving the heavy expense of railroad transportation. 'In France, on the other hand,' says the Bulletin, 'the ministers of Public Works allow the Loire to become filled with sand and are opposed on principle to the development of waterways, for fear that their competition will lower the receipts of the railroad companies.'

'It is a mistake,' says the Revue Francoise, 'to neglect the water communications between our ports and the interior of the country. Bremen, Hamburg and Antwerp are expanding every day because of the great network of inland navigable waterways that end at these large ports. As long as our merchant marine continues to be an administrative annex of the military ministry our merchant flag will continue to decline.'

The Geographical Congress that recently met at Algiers recommended the establishment of 'free zones' in the principal ports where goods may be landed free of duty and subsequently removed to foreign countries without interference from the customs officials. It is thought that this might attract attention to French ports as convenient places for the transshipment of freight. Other plans are being discussed and the French are pretty wide awake to the sad state of their merchant marine.

They cannot forget the time when both Havre and Dunkirk looked down on Hamburg as almost beneath their notice, while now the German city has far outstripped them and become the third great seaport of the world.

A Tragedy of Mont Blanc.

The story of the destruction of the baths of St. Gervais at the foot of Mont Blanc, in 1892, is told in 'The Annals of Mont Blanc.' This was one of the calamities that could scarcely have been predicted or averted.

Owing to the stoppage of the sub-glacial drainage, in some way never ascertained, a lake was formed under the Tete Rousse glacier, in which an enormous body of water was pent up at a spot ten thousand feet above the sea-level. Between one and two o'clock on the night of July 22, 1892, the ice that had held the lake gave way.

The water swept in a torrent of tremendous force over the Desert de Fierre Ronde, gathering up thousands of tons of rock and stones in its course. It passed with a terrific roar under the hamlet of Biomassay on the highroad between Contamines and St. Gervais, and tearing up trees as it went along, joined the main river of the Bon-Nant.

Following the river-bed, and destroying on its way the old Pont du Diable, it hurried its seething flood of water, timber, stones and mud upon the solid buildings of the Gervais baths, and crushed them into fragments. Then, crossing the Chamonioux road, it spread itself out in the form a hideous fan over the valley of the Arve, destroying part of the village of La Fays in its way.

Such was the catastrophe of St. Gervais which claims over one hundred and fifty victims. Utter ruin was everywhere. The once lovely gardens of the baths were five or six feet deep in mud, fine trees had been snapped like reeds, and enormous blocks of stone were strewn over the dreary waste.

Too Near to Tread Lightly.

Almost any one can be brave when danger seems distant. The Washington Post draws a suggestive picture of a young man who, during a storm, was trying to calm the fears of a young woman.

'That lightning is twenty miles away,' he said, when there came a sudden roar. Yet she shuddered. There was another flash and a loud report about three seconds later.

'That's a good five miles away,' said the cheerful youth.

There was another bluish flare, quickly followed by a very heavy rumbling. 'A good mile from here, that,' said he, not quite so confidently.

Then there came a flash that illumined the room for two long seconds, and the report that succeeded the flash, almost instantly was like the simultaneous discharge of half a dozen thirteen inch guns.

'My goodness!' cried the young man, jumping up suddenly. 'That was in the back yard.'

Man in Distress.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the auster pang of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago makes life a misery. But Nerviline—nervine cure—will relieve all these. Nerviline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

Exchange of Compliments.

A dime museum had among its curiosities an 'Armless Wonder' and a 'Legless Marvel,' whose peculiar claims to the notice of mankind may be inferred from these titles.

The manager of the museum promulgated a rule that all excuses for absence on the part of the living 'treasures' caused by sickness or accident, must be handed in two days before pay day.

'He says they must be handed in,' remarked the Legless Wonder. 'I should think you would come down flat footed against that.'

'Perhaps so,' replied the Armless Wonder, 'but at any rate you can't kick.'

Temporarily Patched Up.

'I hope,' said the pastor and confidential friend of the family, 'you and Mrs. Mosker have adjusted your difficulties and are living in peace and concord with each other again.'

'Well,' answered Mr. Mosker hesitatingly, 'we are not exactly on the old footing as yet, but we have established a modus vivendi.'—Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER IX. A small, but well-furnished room, bright maps, rose-shaded, casting a subdued light on the pretty chintz-covered furniture. Evidence of refinement and comfort everywhere, if not of extravagance or wealth. The room contained one occupant—a woman—and in her we recognize Mavis Carolin, changed, indeed, by weeks—months—of weary waiting and watching; but still Mavis, fair and sweet as on that summer day when she had beckoned to the fatal words and promises that all from the lips of the man who, even now, would betray her still further. He was expected. All was in readiness. Two excitement of anticipation had given to the pale cheeks a rose tint that recalled the carnation blossoms upon the table. Mavis had prepared everything with her own hands, and now she sat awaiting her lord and master in a state of mind almost hysterical. 'It is getting late, and he has not come, farther,' she said, piteously, to the kind-looking elderly woman whom Adrian had provided as her sole servant and companion the days when the girl was his idol and his love. And then had become attached to each other, these two—so dissimilar in age, and all else. Marthe had been a wife herself. She knew the world well—too well. In her youth she had married a soldier. He had deserted her years ago, and whether he was living or not she neither knew nor cared. She pitied Mavis from her heart. He could read the ending of her happy dream. 'Late, ma'am! Lor' bless you, 'tain't so late. If I don't a hansom outside the garden gate e-stopping this very blessed minute?' she exclaimed, running to the door, which opened into a small, trim, allied garden. The tiny house, of which Adrian was master, was situated in St. John's Wood, and had been chosen chiefly because it possessed a garden and because of its privacy. Sure enough it was Adrian Carolin, and no other. Mavis flew to meet him, flinging her arms in rapture round his neck. 'There! that will do,' he said, peevish. 'Let me get into the house first, at my rate; and, by Jove! there's the cabby-ringing! Can't you see the gate is open? On behave like a child, Mavis!' And this was his greeting after long absence! This to repay her for months of weary waiting! The tears were in her eyes as she re-entered the little drawing-room. 'Don't cry, ma'am,' whispered Marthe. 'You know how master hates what he calls scenes.' The 'brute!' she added, beneath her breath. Mavis knew it too, and controlled herself. 'I am going up to wash some of this conundrum dust off; and let me have something to eat!' and Adrian went up stairs. Mavis did not dare follow him. What was coming? A vague, dread premonition seized her. The choice dinner was partaken of in silence, relieved only by generalities. Later on, in the drawing-room, there was also silence—in very truth, Adrian Carolin knew not how to deal the blow to so good and trusting. As he sat, and his voice was harsh and unlike his own. 'Mavis, why did you not write and tell me about—that,' and he looked at her significantly. In plain words, Mavis Carolin was about to become a mother, and at no very distant date. 'Because—because—somehow, I thought you would not like it; that—that—Adrian would vex you; but you are glad? Oh, darling! say that you are glad.' And she got up and bent over him, as he by back pulling away at his cigar savagely. 'I cannot say that I am glad, Mavis. I am vexed—more vexed than I care to admit. You should have told me.' In his heart of hearts Adrian was furious—angry. Here, indeed, was a new and unpleasant implication. Mavis herself might have been managed—portioned off, but a child, perhaps a son—an heir! Mavis was silently crying. The disappointment was too cruel. Adrian was thinking. In those few moments of swift thought a resolution was taken. To his credit, however, he said, that he would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth than do what he had to do. 'Mavis,' he said, with his face turned on her, 'dry your eyes, and listen to me. Have done you a great—a grievous wrong, or think you are my wife. You believe do you not?' 'Yes, Adrian, I am your wife—your wife,' the girl replied, wondrously.

CANCER And Tumors cured to day... For Canadian distribution to 10-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MARSH MEDICINE Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Men and Women of To-day.

The Man of the Hour in South Africa. Sir Wilfrid Milner, K. B. E., G. C. M. G., Governor of Cape Colony, and Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the Bloemfontein Conference with President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, is one of the most talked-about men in Europe today.

Sir Alfred has won his way to his present post by persistent hard work, begun in old Balliol under Doctor Jowett and in company with Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. A. Arlath. New College, Oxford, elected him to a Fellowship in 1881, but the future Commissioner resigned it and entered journalism on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, under Mr. Stead.

A good interviewer Sir Alfred makes. His newspaper training helps him there. He has learned both sides of the art. He can talk without saying anything, and interrogate without asking questions. He is imperturbable, unemotional, and insinuating. He accomplishes many things without working apparently. He never seems to be busy. Yet he is in his office twelve hours of the day, and in his study till midnight.

In appearance he is slender, active and dark. His hair is beginning to show the silver threads of age, but his face is that of a college boy, fresh and clear. Who's Who, the British Commoner's "Banks," puts him down as having no special reputation save work. But this is a slander. He is a tennis player of note.

Temperance's Objections Against Composition. Probably no American preacher has had his sermons more faithfully reported and more widely published than Dr. D. Witt Talmage, who has recently left his Washington pastorate to devote his whole time to writing and lecturing. Doctor Talmage believes the press is mightier than the pulpit, and is a most congenial companion among newspaper men.

Many years ago, when my sermons first attracted the attention of city editors, said Dr. Talmage in a recent conversation, "you reporters used to make me fume and fret, but since I have come to know you better I have transferred much of my wrath to your adversary, the compositor. My eyes were opened when, after annoying blunders in print, I determined to report my own sermons for a certain New York morning paper. It chanced that the first time I reported myself I was preaching a sermon on the Penitential Psalms, in which sermon I said with emphasis:

"You will notice that in these verses the name of God does not appear once. Is not this significant?" "Calm and confident that this time the sense of my sermon would not be distorted by careless reporting, I picked up the paper on Monday morning and read:

"You will notice that in these verses the name of God does not appear once. Is not this significant?" Printing for the Portrait Painter. "One of the most difficult tasks of a portrait painter, says William M. Chase, the eminent artist, "is to keep his sitter in a natural pose. It is the man whose likeness we want—the real man. Some persons do not realize this, and often a subject will change his appearance as far as possible before going to a studio. He will dress himself in an unusual costume. He puts on his best clothes and his company manners. I remember once being commissioned to paint the portrait of a very distinguished New Yorker. He was a General and had been a statesman of national fame. As I knew him, he was an ideal subject for a painter. His head was leaning. His hair

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Suffering from Biliousness, Flatulency, Indigestion, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EYALIN & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Headache. It is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take Hood's Pills. While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

was snow white, and his complexion was pink. "The first day that he came to my studio he was alone, and I made a very satisfactory beginning. The next visit his daughter came with him, and I noticed that they did not view my work with much enthusiasm. I had made their father look too old, they said. The next time, I hardly knew the general. He looked ten years older. His shoulders were square and his cheeks were round and plump.

"There," said the youngest daughter complacently. "We want you to paint father as he is now." "What have you done with him?" I asked. "The young woman drew me aside and said: 'We have put 'plumpers' in his cheeks (you know how hollow they were!) and we have had the tailor pad his shoulders. Don't you think he looks better?" "I'm afraid I didn't tell her exactly what I did think."

Landed From a Crutchie. Lady Henry Somerset is always a prominent figure at the meetings of the International Council of Women, especially when they are held in London. On such occasions her place, the Priory, is thrown open to the American delegates and their friends. It was at a tea in the Priory, during the latest London meeting of the Council that Lady Henry told how she came to devote a large part of her life to slum work among the children. Lady Henry, by the way, is almost as well known in the line of charity as she is in Women's clubs and British temperance work.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I got into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting day while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful. I was told yet to my surprise the little sufferer neither stirred nor wined, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth.

After the doctors left I said to him: "How could you possibly stand it?" "That's nothing," he answered; "why, I just made believe that a bee was stinging me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept 'bzzzz' because I was afraid I'd forget about it being a bee if I didn't."

How Stanton's Feet y Affected the Rats. Frank L. Stanton, the well-known writer of verse, is the wonder and amazement of everybody who has followed his work. Not long ago, Mr. Stanton had completed his work and was about to leave the office when he discovered that the three poems that were to constitute part of the column fitted well with the details of a Northern publisher's request. Taking them out from the copy which was ready to go to the composing room, he mailed them North, and in less than a half hour had written three substitutes, all of which were copied with unusual frequency.

Some of the poet's negligence is shown in the way he preserves his work. The poems are cut out of the Constitution and put into cloth bags. Recently when he was getting ready his new book, Come One With a Song, he went to these bags and found that the rats had gnawed in and had "teast of reason."

The experience, however, has given rise to the belief among Mr. Stanton's associates that since then the rats in Atlanta show a strange deformity—all having two short feet and one long foot—the snapest being not infrequent in the poet's work. Took His Cheeks Instead of His Scalp. General Guy V. Henry, late Commandant of the United States forces in Porto Rico, will carry to his grave the scars of a terrible and nearly fatal wound which was inflicted by the savages in the great Sioux uprising of 1873. The General was slashed in the face with a knife, and the first impression is that he has lost both cheeks. Shortly after his arrival in Porto Rico a native oococant peddler made bold to ask him while counting his change, how he came to lose his cheeks. The General smiled and replied: "When

I was fighting the Indians in my country I was wounded and fell from my horse. The savages didn't think much of my scalp, and so, by way of compromise, they they took my cheeks." Mrs. Henry is in this country interesting her countrywomen in the work of the Colonial Aid Society, of which she is President. During her husband's official term in our new possession she started many classes for young girls and boys in the study of American history. In one of these classes there was a young girl who had studied just enough of our early annals to misunderstand the subject, thoroughly. On a particular day the talk was upon the early patriots and their wives and the teacher eloquently held forth upon the virtues of Hannah Adams, Abigail Adams, Miriam O'Leary, Martha Washington, and others of like fame.

"Oh yes," spoke up the girl, who knew all about America, "they were great women. They came from Massachusetts didn't they, where they burn witches, and it was because of this that George Washington started the Revolution in Virginia and had the Declaration of Independence signed in Philadelphia?"

WOMEN'S SECONDHAND CLOTHES. Changes in the Trade Caused by Extravagant Fashions.

The second hand clothing business as regards women has attained some curious developments. "Now these are art galleries," said an auctioneer. "We sell rare mosaics, Carrara marbles, oil paintings, cabinets, and rich bric-a-brac. But this morning I sold fifty hats and bonnets, the stock of a retiring first-rank milliner, and twenty-five lots of second-hand silk lined gowns and wraps, dinner, ball and street costumes, the real creations of world-famous modistes. You saw that tall, rather distinguished-looking woman who went out a moment ago? She wouldn't strike one as a second-hand clothes dealer, would she? But she bid in nearly the whole consignment, and she'll make a pretty figure out of it, and make a number of clients happy as the result of her morning's work. She doesn't confine her operations to one locality or to two or three. She goes about things in a dignified, matter-of-course way that allays scruples and assures her trade. "Transactions cordial and pleasant with an asterisk at the foot of her announcement cards—cards that she sees to it reach the right people, and she has dressmakers, cleaners and remodellers all ready and at hand. I know of four or five other notably successful second-hand dealers in various parts.

The best of them do a legitimate business with people too wide awake to be taken in. The thing mark of luxury has put a distinct commercial value on clothes. A dress made of the best silk or cloth that can be found, and lined, trimmed, and fitted out with costly material, has always value. The same thing with good jewelry that is a little out-dated, with dimity, linen, and fine white goods only needing making over to be as serviceable as ever; with shoes a trifle off the latest type, but scarcely worn, with opera cloaks and furs only needing the cleaner's and remodeller's care, with flannels slightly shrunken and worn, but good for a long time still. All these the dealer turns to good account. A fashionable woman now has to have so many and variously assorted appointments for different functions, and must comply so strictly to the styles, that the clothes don't get a chance to wear out before being thrown aside; and, moreover, they are so costly, and those that must replace them are so costly, that any hard cash put in the owner's hand on their account is not to be sniffed at. The second-hand dealer has evolved from these conditions; and to bring the people who could use these cast-offs in sight and touch of the bargains is easy enough to those who know how.

"A lady suddenly called into mourning. The dealer puts down many important memoranda during the day. Mrs. K., at the family hotel, wants a wide skirted silk velvet gown, something good, but as reasonable as possible, that she can cut up into coats and hats for her two little girls. Never mind how frowny or soiled the waist is; the skirt breadth are the main things. Miss Smallwages, the typewriter, wants a real sealskin wrap. Later in the day a pen-and-ink artist, a married woman, who is hard up comes in to sell the pawn ticket for her sealskin sack that has been in detention for two winters. The two needs fit in as if made for each other. People in search of imparted costumes, of silk underwear, of tea gowns, skirts, and negligees, come to the exclusive accommodation flat to find them.

Some patrons are of the sort that the uninitiated might think out of character with second hand transactions; some are curiously seekers, who examine the goods critically and buy only some inconspicuous trinkets as pledges of good faith; others are of the humdrum, plodder, and tailor class, looking for substantial, good wearing bargains, and nothing to show or a smart effect. One young woman looks in for an outing costume; another for a plain gray travelling suit, and they are willing to overlook a few wear-and-tear marks if the cut is fashionable. Nobody asks for the cheap, common wares. They know well from the look-

A WISE WOMAN. Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK. Written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it. WRITE TO-DAY. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

having distinctive new costumes made by first-class artists, will dispose of same at half value; seen between 8 and 9, second room apartment, 519 Blank Street, will be the form of the advertisement. No 519 is in a good neighborhood; the lady called into mourning must be a fashionable person, with things worth seeing, the readers conclude. They go to see and price; the dealer knows how to display her goods. The lady in mourning does not of course appear, and the cleaned and remodelled costumes from the art-galleries sale find find buyers. Lady going abroad for a year will sell her scarcely used outfit of costly robes and gowns, all bearing trademarks of well-known makers; is another private sale announcement issuing from the same source. The address in this case proves to be the parlors of a well-established dressmaker.

"That's an Armand gown worth \$500. The price now \$95," says the saleswoman as the fine figured young woman model, revolves slowly in order to show off a superb peach-blow satin, trimmed with effective lace and flots of ribbons. The customer knows good stuff when she sees it. She knows when a dress is built on good lines, and although she may not swallow the entire \$500 value, she realizes that when the dealer has taken \$25 off the \$95, she will be getting the worth of her money. She sits down in a rocker to think it over, while an attendant brings her a pick up and gets ready to show off the other bargains. The women who go to overhaul, price, and size up the wares are of the sort who never buy cheap things in a shop, and who never wear cheap clothes, however plain but who although ambitious, are limited in means, and have to exert all energies in making out on a skimpy allowance. They would never take a gown or a wrap with a soiled lining in it, or a rubbed or worn foot frill but the bureau looks well to these details before offering and in nearly every case gives good value. The manager knows well when to put in a word that will give romantic interest or additional importance to her wares.

"That's a Vanderhouse gown, came straight from the family," she says in regard to the black-cloth gown that a pretty young woman customer is trying on in the private rooms. "I happen to know just how and when it was ordered from Robinson's, in London last year. Just see the quality of that silk lining, and the cut of the sleeve is exactly what they are wearing now." That open net effect on white on the poke is a nice touch; suits your style. Some time I'll tell you how I happened to get this lot. Well, here is the hat to go with it. Such ting and that dear old buckle mark it at once as uncommon. The whole thing, with extra stock collar and belt, will go for \$20, and it will wear for three winters, and never look commonplace.

"The young woman, who travels for a novelty company, and depends upon dress and good looks for her entering-wedge in strange offices, pays the \$28 cast down, and turns to look at the stock of fancy waists and silk petticoats.

"I'm delighted to have found you out, a picturesque looking woman is saying as she puts the pretty hair ornament she had been examining back on the table. "I open with a concert and variety company on the 1st of September and need just three costumes; good, showy looking, but not expensive. I can't go the price of any of these here. Not over \$20 apiece, all evening gowns. Send me word promptly when you have anything, and put me down for the red kersey cloth cloak. I must have that," and she takes leave in excellent humor.

"The dealer puts down many important memoranda during the day. Mrs. K., at the family hotel, wants a wide skirted silk velvet gown, something good, but as reasonable as possible, that she can cut up into coats and hats for her two little girls. Never mind how frowny or soiled the waist is; the skirt breadth are the main things. Miss Smallwages, the typewriter, wants a real sealskin wrap. Later in the day a pen-and-ink artist, a married woman, who is hard up comes in to sell the pawn ticket for her sealskin sack that has been in detention for two winters. The two needs fit in as if made for each other. People in search of imparted costumes, of silk underwear, of tea gowns, skirts, and negligees, come to the exclusive accommodation flat to find them.

Some patrons are of the sort that the uninitiated might think out of character with second hand transactions; some are curiously seekers, who examine the goods critically and buy only some inconspicuous trinkets as pledges of good faith; others are of the humdrum, plodder, and tailor class, looking for substantial, good wearing bargains, and nothing to show or a smart effect. One young woman looks in for an outing costume; another for a plain gray travelling suit, and they are willing to overlook a few wear-and-tear marks if the cut is fashionable. Nobody asks for the cheap, common wares. They know well from the look-

tion and the dealer's methods that she enters to a discriminating trade, but the things, for instance, that the poor relation's family would have thanked her for.

"The professional packer and unpacker and the professional house-opener and general overhauler intrusted with the charge of making a shirt up, having fit for occupancy of the coming of the home brood, is a main element in the cut-off clothing agent's success. It is the professional unpacker and airer-out w a neatness known as care about the poor relation, and who studies her own individual interest in furnishing garments and souvenirs from the great rich family belongings to the enterprising clothes broker. The slightly worn but still assured valued mantle, with fine passementerie, might as well be included in the mass of not-wanted things, hauled into the big clothes basket for the mistress's careless inspection. That child's costume made by X., the children's clothes specialist, is slightly worn at the wrist and may as well go along with the rest; and that silk and linen mixture morning gown so rumpled in the skirt, would do good service when smoothed out and furnished with new ribbons. The professional packer has rare chances, and the clothes agent, notebook and pencil in hand, is on the spot to see that she neglects none. The gleamings of the two are worth more than the auction sale to the accommodation flat.

"The storage-house left-overs are another resource for the second-hand dealers to tap. Very elegant personal effects are frequently to be got by simply paying the amount lent on them. The people who disappointed them, and who meant to pay at the time, are either you and everywhere over the world, not knowing or caring what becomes of their things. Wholesale firms, retailing shirts and jackets at manufacturer's prices for their own purposes, are another source to be taken advantage of; also things detained in the Custom House over long, or that have been worn once or twice and brought through the Custom House by special agents traveling for the second-hand trade.

SCOURY IN ALASKA.

Arctic Scourers are Now of Opinion the Dread Disease may be Averted.

The N. Y. Sun recently reported that a score of miners had perished of scoury in Wind City, on the Wind River, in Alaska. They had no vegetables nor fresh food, their medicines were soon exhausted and about half the men in the camp died of scoury. If they had equipped themselves as Arctic explorers do nowadays it is probable they would have escaped the terrible visitation.

Those who venture into the far North without knowing the hygienic rules required for the preservation of health, or the means for preventing scoury take their lives in their hands. The sad fate that often overtakes them awakens sympathy, but they invite it.

Six years ago six Russian priests were sent to labor among the Samoyeds, who live near the south end of Nova Zembla. A comfortable but had been erected for their use, and they might have spent the winter in good health if it had not been for the fact that as priests of the Greek Church they were not permitted to eat meat. Their religion, however, permitted them to partake freely of salt fish and with tea and bread comprised their diet. A more dangerous bill of fare for the Arctic winter could hardly be invented. They had with them a Russian boy, who ate what the priests did, except that he did not touch salt meat, as the natives gave him a plentiful supply of fresh reindeer meat.

When the traders who had seen the party established in their new home returned in the spring they found that all six of the priests had died, while the boy was in good health. True to their conviction that duty required them to refrain from eating meat, the priests had clung to their salt fish diet, and scoury spared not a man of them.

When explorer Jackson went to Franz Josef Land his party of seven men camped on the shore while the crew of the Winward, which had taken him north, was prevented by the ice from returning that season, lived on their ship. The land party ate pretty freely of fresh bear meat during the winter, but the crew of the Winward professed themselves meat eaters and some of them refused to eat any bear meat at all. The Jackson party lived in good health for three years and not a man among them had been sick when they returned home. On the other hand the crew of the Winward, who did not like such fresh meat as the Arctic afforded, in the one winter they spent suffered from scoury and one man died of it.

What she Wanted. Mrs. Fadd—Have you any sympathy with me? Clerk—I think so. What color do you wish? Mrs. Fadd—Black. You see poor little Fido died last night, and I wish to send out cards announcing the fact.

DO THE DEAF—A rich lady, cured of deafness and St. Hubert's Head by Dr. Richard's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Dr. Richard, O. Q. The Institute, "Limpwood," St. James'bury, London, W., England.

tion and the dealer's methods that she caters to a discriminating trade, has just the things, for instance, that the poor relation's family would have thanked her for.

The professional packer and unpacker and the professional house-keeper and general overhauler entrusted with the charge of making a shut-up house fit for occupancy against the coming of the home brood, is a man in demand in the east-of-climbing agent's success. It is the professional unpacker and airer-out who really knows not care about the poor relation, and who studies her own individual interest in furnishing garments and souvenirs from the great rich family belonging to the enterprising clothes broker. The slightly worn but with textured velvet mantle, with lace passementerie, might as well be included in the mass of not-wanted things, hushed into the big clothes basket for the mistress's careless disposition. That child's costume made by K., the child-dresser's clothes specialist, is slightly worn at the wrist and may as well go along with the rest; and that silk and linen mixture morning gown so rumpled in the skirt, would do good service when smoothed out and furnished with new ribbons. The professional packer has rare chances, and the clothes agent, notebook and pencil in hand, is on the spot to see that the neglected home, the gleamings of the two are worth more than the auction sale to the accompaniment of flat.

The storage-house left-overs are another resource for the second-hand dealer to tap. Very elegant personal effects are frequently to be got by simply paying the amount lent on them. The people who disposed them, and who meant to pay at the time, are hither yon and everywhere over the world, not knowing or caring what becomes of their things. Wholesale firms, retailing shirts and jackets at manufacturer's prices for their own purposes, are another source to be taken advantage of; also things detained in the Custom House over long, or that have been worn once or twice and brought through the Custom House by special agents traveling for the second-hand trade.

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What she Wanted.

Mrs. Fadd—Have you any sympathetic ink?

Clerk—I think so. What color do you wish?

Mrs. Fadd—Black. You see poor little Fido died last night, and I wish to send out cards announcing the fact.

TO THE DEAR—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Hoarseness by Dr. Mitchell's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department D. Q. The Institute, "Lancaster," Lancaster, England.

Frills of Fashion.

On the principle that the early bird catches the first worm many sun-browned women come quietly into town these latter days of summer in order to keep a sharp lookout for the first samples of autumn goods. This is a policy that pays, for every year the merchants anticipate the season more and more and she who does the bulk of her shopping before the rush begins, makes the cream of the fall display and hooks herself first with the dressmaker. There is already, for example, no small amount of sight-seeing to be done around the counters where wooleens and heavy silks are displayed and the impression one receives, after a study of the newcomers, is that there is a battle for supremacy already on between the plaid and the dot. Highland plaids, as we knew and wore them a few years ago have nothing to do with the present case, for the dominant cross-bar pattern just now is a study in warm monochromes on a background of dull colored goods having as rough a surface as a penitent's hair shirt.

To be explicit the material itself is usually a thick, soft camel's hair, dyed a lustrous graphite grey, roan red or bronze brown, and then crossing at right angles run bands of red and green, yellow and gray, or blue and mulberry that are just one note higher or lower in tone than the body of the goods. Very sympathetic and autumnal are these color arrangements and particularly pleasing on goods that look as thick as a travelling rug, but are really as light as a Shetland shawl and bristling with a handsome woolly nap, some of which is as long as one's finger.

A cloth surface it is done with a very coarse silk, and the bobbin in the shuttle is wound with a silk of some shade that shows in bright contrast to the dress goods. By this device a beaver-brown gown decorated with stitchings will show the tiniest points of green or pale yellow where the shuttle thread peeps through.

To coats as well as gowns the stitching infection has spread, and among the very early coat models two new comers excite most comment. The first is the short coat in black, blue, or brown, having its edges everywhere bound with ribbon. A thick, rich armure ribbon that wears well and has a satin cord edge, is commonly put to this service, and is very much du moment, as the Parisian tailor says, for it is his own clever idea. The other interesting stranger is the long Empire ulster, and the question naturally arising is whether we must accept this as foreshadowing the coming of the high girted Josephine fashion that Jane Harding, with her Napoleonic play, has set on its feet. Undeniably the Empire gown is coming but whether or not it is to fully develop in the autumn no one can yet be sure for it all depends on what the women who are to wear it say and feel on the subject. A goodly number of semi-Empire gowns have come over already as models for ball and wedding dresses; the entering wedge is typified by the new coats and cloaks.

But over against a counter full of three Caledonian beauties the spotted fabrics make an enticing show. There are rough wools in green and brown wovens with large transparent or grenadine dots, through which a well chosen silk lining will glimmer to advantage. Then there are winter cashmeres with damask spheres sprinkled over and most attractive of all are the pied

velvets and satin-faced cloths with velvet dots woven into them. According to the Parisian dictum no woman can wear a costume compiled wholly of plaid or dotted goods; but she must combine one or the other with a plain faced material. Another clause in the most recent legislation for clothes commands the association of a rough surfaced material with a satin surfaced fabric in the same toilet and no braid at all anywhere. As has been remarked before clusters of machine stitching appear to reign in place of braid and this machine stitching is very novel and artistic and decorative in its way.

No-law-abiding, beauty-loving American woman is going to take kindly to the box coat that is now the candidate for popular use and favor this season. She may wear it as it is for a while, but when the inevitable belting in comes, it will probably be done high up under the arms, and thus the fashion of the Empire will be established.

There is no denying that momentarily the box shape will prevail, and on some peculiarly slender graceful women it is a complete success; for all others it is a hissing and an abomination. Undoubtedly the sisterhood of comfortable bust and hip girth will be driven into the arms of the long fur and cloth capes, for the slight and especially the girlish looking women will have none of these save as evening wraps.

Lovat mixture, beaver and felt cloth, livery melton and a rich-rip are some of the coat goods that prevail, and the linings this season are done in white or black moire, of soft, heavy quality, showing a broad watered vein and widely spaced lines of blue satin. A number of smart coats have their bodies lined with silk, and their sleeves with satin and any length of coat skirt is permitted. Quite an unusual number of long cloaks are being made to order, which, seemingly, is an indication that feminine great coats are to be extensively worn. The capes that catch the eye are distinguished often by extremely handsome throat clasps. A dull locking whitish metal, called celtic silver, is what many of these are made of, and they are enameled or set with stones that are unearthed in Scotland and approved by ancient highland fashion.

Last year wraps made wholly of fur were not regarded as an expression of the best taste; but now the fine flower of the mode promises to be a box coat of seal, Persian lamb, broad tail or sable, lined with satin striped moire, topped with a positively lolly collar and showing on its buttonless front a pair of satin-faced revers encrusted with lace application. Some of the fur coats, certain to win a warm place in any woman's heart, are made of beaver, and the promise is that white fur will not be worn at all; also that many fur and velvet coats will have their high collars made wholly of ostrich feathers.

Only toward the tail end of last winter did the combination of lace and fur make a place for itself, and so admirable are handsome wovens wrought with the needle on richly colored pelts that it is no wonder that this arrangement will be the highest achievement of artistic luxury for wraps for special occasions, for the opera, for calling, and most especially for capes. Circles of lace, backed on satin, form broad borders to wide falls of sable or selected mink, or silver fox. For opera capes that portion of the interior that lies against bare shoulders is lined with down, the rest is done in satin.

The first theatre bonnet, of the new era

in millinery has just blossomed and it proves to be a frothed double handful of white tulle, light as soap suds and set off with two long hat pins that have elaborately cut and very large jet beads. It is worn perched rather forward on the head and has not a touch of color nor a spangle to rob it of its charm. In the garden of hats, where something new breaks forth every day, tokens of dotted velvet ornaments with huge silk flowers and a dotted quill or two call for intelligent interest. The quills are treated with pasted on velvet disks and then cunningly tinted round the edges till a marked resemblance to the large dark velvety eye spots in a butterfly wing is noticed.

The geniuses that build these hats say that it is sure to be the fashion later on for the wearer of a smart cloth or silk frock to have her Directoria toque made of goods like her costume, brightened with stross or celtic silver buckles and the many eyed tulle. The left broads will one and all come in with velvet bound brims and in tones of genardine blue, bronze, green and murky grey that strike a sharp contrast with their black velvet brim borders. Another striking type is the felt with velvet dots or big satin dots on its surface; and the big flowers, made of silk with velvet hearts—mauve poppies as big as ice cream saucers, and mulberry-colored roses as large as a coffee cup—achieve in very dashing style, with their black, crimson and yellow centres, the important business of ornamenting the feminine roof and crown of things.

You can, with your new locust green veil wear a garrote collar, as the high tight neck band is called, or if the gown is intended chiefly for at home use you can have its neck comfortably cut down as low as the collar bones in front. Flat throat-waists promise indeed to be the conspicuous in the near future [and when the theatres open next month many women are to be seen in gay special waists on which the tide of ruffled chiffon, lace and ribbon rises no higher than the base of the round white necks. This will be pleasing and novel and the women will look twice as comfortable in the throbbing bands to which they have clung with such devotion. Elbow sleeves are of course the rational accompaniment of the low-necked waist, and the trick now played with the sleeves is to have them of lace to the elbow and hugging the arm closely from the shoulder down. At the shoulder a scarf of lace incrustated chiffon springs out and is draped daintily with a strap of black or hortenisa ribbon and a buckle. The scarf may measure a few inches and wave delicately from a shoulder, or it may more prettily measure about an E. cell and is looped round the elbow and the end hangs as a frill would, from the elbow of the sleeves.

Naturally the requests to these sleeves is the long glove, and ootonal yellow is the new evening tint in suede. They are showing in the shops an autumn novelty in the form of a special elbow long suede that buttons from the wrist to the elbow buttons and yet wrinkles a bit, and the fastening of the pretty thing is done by a series of silk loops passed over small silver ball buttons. For walking and street wear the heavy and smooth-surfaced red and brown leather gloves are no longer the indication of extreme good taste; heaviest mole gray undressed leather, stitched with coarse white silk and fastened by one large pearl button, gives the proper touch of distinction to a toilet as does the small flexible change purse of gray leather with the owner's initials in brass thereon and the umbrella having a brass knob on its handle over-laid with clear glass.

For, after all, it is at this transition season the detail, not the gown itself, that marks the woman of fashion. You can tell her by her broad-toed brown ties and white spotted hose and, more than all, by her necktie. It may be of sheer white tulle, or a broad La Valliere (cash off black) limousine ribbon, or a neckerchief of blurred blue Liberty chiffon; but it is sure to be wound twice around her neck and pulled to her waist line through at least two jeweled rings. They are fingerings set with gems or enameled bands, but one of them gathers the tie folds in its circle at the throat, the other at the bust, and then the ends of the scarf are left to wave or are tucked into the top of the skirt band.

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Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-cover, loom goods.

**Irish Linen:** Real Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46cts. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 67cts. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 6cts. per yard. Purple Linen, 14 1/2 in. wide, 10cts. per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Diapers, 17cts. per yard. Our Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 6cts. per yard.

**Irish Damask Table Linen:** Fish Napkins, 70cts. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.32 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 2 1/2 yards square, 90-25. Towels, \$1.08 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coat of Arms, Lintills, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Clubs, Hotel or Mass Orders).

**Matchless Shirts:** Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and our Special Indian Gauze, Oxford and Unshrinkable Flanne for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with best materials in neck and cuffs, and fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.

**Irish Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs:** Clear have a world-wide fame. "The Queen," "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen," "Spolia's Home Journal," "Children's," 30 in. per doz.; Ladies', 34 in. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 75 in. per doz. Extra-strengthened—Ladies', 66cts. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 94cts. per doz.

**Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs:** Collars—Ladies', from \$1.50 per doz.; Gentlemen's, 4-0-0, all newest shapes, \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from \$1.42 per doz. Sample Makers to measure at home, and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Four Irish Linen Collars, Cuff, Shirt, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness." Court Circular.

**Irish Underclothing:** A luxury now within the reach of all. Ladies' Corsets, \$1.00 to \$2.00 (see list). Trimmings, 40-0-0. Nightgowns, \$1.00. Combinations, \$1.00. Lad's or Colonial O.S.S., \$1.00. Special Postpaid, \$2.50. Ladies' Laps.

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naturally, with an air that said very calmly, "Give me a hard one while you are at it, and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend, "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.

GOOD NEIGHBORS.

How They Helped a Family in Its Time of Need.

The sad news went out over the Kansas prairie neighborhood one day in early May, "Farmer Piper is dead." He had come to the community several years before, but had not made a success of his little claim. In a cabin, small, unpainted and without a shade-tree about it, he had lived, and through the winter had suffered from sickness. The wife and three small children were in sore straits when the father and provider was called away, and the first thought of the neighbors, when they heard of Farmer Piper's death, was, "What will become of the family?"

The widow herself could not answer the query. She could hold her claim if there was a crop in the waiting fields, but they lay unplowed, with sturdy weeds springing up through the old corn-stalks of last year. She had no relatives to whom she could appeal, and there was nothing, after the doctor's bill was paid, that could be used to hire help.

What was her surprise one morning, three weeks after her husband had passed away, on looking out of her window, to see the vicinity of the house alive with teams and men. There were men with plows, men with harrows, men with listers, and men with corn-planters. There was even a machine for cutting the old stalks that lay on the ground, and a corn sheller was mounded on one of the wagons.

Work began without asking leave. While one team drew the stalk-cutting machine, others followed with plows. Then came the harrows and the planters, while the listers rapidly planted the corn on the fields that did not need so much care. Men were busy selecting and shelling the seed-corn, and when the late spring evening came there were seventy-five acres planted, and as pretty as any in the neighborhood.

In the company were thirty-nine teams and twice as many men and boys, all of whom did their part in making the day a good one for the widow and her family. A photographer came by at noon and made a picture of the party, with the widow and her children in the foreground.

Toward night the visitors filed out of the yard, with waggon rattling, plough-shares jingling, and men and boys cheering and waving good-bye. The widow and her children stood in the door of the little prairie cabin. Tears did not allow them to recognize every one, but in their hearts was a thankfulness not to be put into words.

There were no politics in the act of the visitors that day, for men of all parties were there; no sectarianism for men of many churches and of no church held the plows; but in their souls was that touch of human kindness that makes the whole world kin, and a spirit of Christian service that is characteristic of the Western people, who have

lought out the battles of the prairie, ride by side, and so far as in them lies, are ready to share one another's burdens.

LINCOLN AND THE SOLDIERS.

His Kindness and Tact Won the Soldiers' Hearts.

Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's hospital visits, says Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine, there is none more characteristic, none better worth preservation than the following, preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn.

Just a week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the army of the Potomac, at City Point, Virginia, and carefully examined the hospital arrangements of the corps there stationed. At that time I was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, and although a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system.

The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty; and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentlemen's friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, "Mr. President, you won't want to go in there. They are only rebels."

I shall never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder, and quietly answered, "You mean Confederates." And I have meant Confederates ever since.

There was nothing for me to do, after the President's remark, but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should care for our own sick and wounded. When I visited, next day, these three wards, the Southern soldiers and officers were full of praise for "Abe" Lincoln, as they called him, and when a week afterward, the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates.

Embodiment of Wisdom.

The man with a fat, who was talkative, as such men generally are, had been discoursing to his friend, says the New York World, on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, although fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discourses, mag-

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ARCTIC STEAMER RACING.

A Yukon Boat Makes the Record on Lake Bennett.

Steamboat racing on Lake Bennett and the upper Yukon River is now at its height and some of the recent contests have in excitement equalled the old-time races on the Mississippi River. The steamers are not unlike those of the Mississippi. They have stern or side wheels, big deck houses, and the usual half-glass pilot house. They burn wood altogether. Some of the vessels were built of steel in the East shipped across the continent on flat cars in sections carried to Lake Bennett and launched. Others were built of native timber on the shores of the lake. The most exciting race so far was between the steamers S. S. Bailey and the Australian. The latter was beaten by a few miles and Capt. Bailey won a small fortune.

The Australian is owned by the Canadian Development Company, an English corporation, and is undoubtedly the finest boat on the lake. The Bailey is a wooden steamer owned by a Seattle hotel man, and was the tramp of the Lake Bennett fleet. Although she cost only half the price of the Australian she developed speed from the start. The two steamers had several contests before the great race, but something always happened to the Australian's machinery which prevented an actual test of speed. About a month ago the Australian and the Bailey lay at the upper end of White Horse Rapids about to start for Bennett City. A telephone message was received from the lower end of the rapids that the Bonanza King had just arrived from Dawson with six Klondikers who were in a hurry to reach Skagway. H. Maitland Kersey of the Australian line took several ticket sellers over the three-mile trail to meet the Klondikers making the portage. Capt. Bailey followed along on a mule. All sorts of inducements were held out to the Klondikers by the rivals. The miners were not in a hurry to purchase transportation and decided to wait until they saw the boats. The portage was finally completed and bidding for business became very brisk. Capt. Bailey at last detected a movement in favor of the Australian on the part of the leaders of the Klondike party. He mounted the box and said:

'You fellows are in a hurry to reach Bennett City. You say you will travel on the fastest boat. The fare to Bennett on either steamer is \$20. If the Bailey does not land you there first the trip will not cost you a cent.'

This offer won the day for the Bailey, and the Klondikers filed on board. The steamer's longshoremen began to hustle the baggage on board. As soon as the owners of the Australian saw that the passengers were not for them, they started their boat at full speed for Bennett. Her owners said that Capt. Bailey must lose the \$1,200 fares involved in her offer. Nine minutes later the Bailey left the White Horse landing, and a stern chase began.

Several miles ahead the Australian could be seen. Black smoke poured out of her stack, and occasional blasts of flame showed that oil was being used to make the boat go faster. Her stern-wheel was kicking through the water at a tremendous rate. The Klondikers on board the Bailey thought they were surely in for a free ride to Bennett. Capt. Bailey went down into the fire-room and showed his firemen a stack of bright \$20 pieces, which he said would be theirs if the Bailey landed first. A quantity of bacon had been left on board by mistake. It was put into the furnace carefully. Slowly but surely the Bailey began to draw up on her rival. After two hours she was immediately astern and fighting against the Australian swell. The channel of the Taku, in which the boats were then running, is narrow. There was room to pass had each vessel a course. The Australian crowded to either side whenever the Bailey tried to pass her and the miners thought they were shut out. Over the stern of the Australian hung a number of Klondikers, who taunted a group of miners on the bow of the Bailey with their seeming defeat. Big Bill Anderson, a rich Klondiker on the Bailey, saw a chance for a gamble in the race on which Captain Bailey had staked so much. Holding up a stack of gold he yelled to the Klondike crowd on the Australia:

'I'll bet this sack we beat you in.' 'I'll take the bet,' cried a Klondiker on the Australia. 'Have the sack weighed and put it up with Jack D. vice. I'll give you a sack in champagne with your money. It'll be just like finding it.'

The gold scales were brought out and Anderson's sack was found to be worth \$5,600. The Klondiker on the Australia put up a like amount in crisp Canadian Bank of Commerce notes with 'Yukon' on each end in heavy red letters. The channel was still too narrow to ad-

mit of the Bailey's going ahead, and the Klondikers still joshed each from stern and bow.

'Are there any more fellows with money on the Bailey?' asked Bert Ashton, a San Francisco man who had cleaned up big money in Dawson gambling dens. 'I've got two thousands here that I'd like to double. You fellows seem pretty easy.'

Two men on the Bailey put up \$1,000 each and covered the money. Several wagers of \$500 and less were placed.

Near Cariboo Crossing there are two channels that lead into Lake Bennett. One is very safe, but some five miles longer than the other, which is full of rocks. The Australian had no pilot, and was compelled to take the longer run.

'We'll beat them sure, now,' said Capt. Anderson of the Bailey. 'I can take this boat through the 'cut off' without the least danger.'

Owner Bailey shook his head. 'We will go through the long channel,' he said. 'We need no unfair advantage. There will be no doubt when this race is over which boat is the faster.'

The relative positions of the two steamers did not change an inch as they rushed along through Cariboo Crossing, across Windy Arm and finally into Lake Bennett. There was now plenty of room to pass, and the Bailey had the chance she had waited for. Not a soul on either steamer was asleep. The decks were crowded. The dark haze that forms an Arctic summer night had settled down, and both steamers looked like great fireworks machines. Showers of bright wood sparks were scattered out in a wide trail behind the steamers. The Bailey's twin stacks were belching fire, for the supply of bacon was still good. The Australian had several barrels of machine oil, which was willingly sacrificed to produce a few more pounds of steam. The Bailey's deck boy was sent on the Texas to sit on the safety valve. She simply had to win that race or go to the bottom. The superiority of the Bailey's engines was soon apparent. She slowly drew ahead. Soon the boats were neck and neck, and the Klondikers were more excited than ever. The Bailey steadily gained on the Australian. When the last bend in the lake was rounded the Canadian steamer was not in sight. A mile ahead was the Bennett wharf. The run was the fastest ever made on the lake. All records were broken. Capt. Bailey's pursuer collected \$20 from each passenger as the steamer tied up to the wharf.

Fifteen minutes later the Australian rounded the bend, and finally tied up twenty-three minutes behind the American boat. She was beaten and beaten badly. The Klondikers for the Bailey bettors got together and turned over the money. Bennett's stock of champagne was much reduced before the White Pass and Yukon train arrived to take the Klondikers to Skagway.

That afternoon Kersey sent his attorney to Bailey with an offer to buy the opposition steamer. The Canadian company simply had to have her. Capt. Bailey's lowest price was 30,000, and it proved satisfactory. The Bailey now flies a Canadian flag, and is still the fastest steamer on Lake Bennett.

A Fee That Meant Millions.

Even more romantic than the career of Senator W. A. Clarke, the 'Copper King' of Montana, is the rise of United States Senator George L. Turner was a political power in his State, and while he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate he still had influence enough to defeat the reelection of Senator Allen, and for two years Washington was represented in the National Capitol by one Senator only. Shortly after this struggle Mr. Turner lost his fortune, and the future looked black indeed. About this time a party of miners



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

came into his law office. They had struck a lead up in British America, near Victoria, and wanted some law papers made out.

'We can't pay you cash for 'em, George,' said one of the party, 'but we'll give you some stock and call it square.'

'I don't want the stock, boys,' returned Turner; 'we've known each other for some time and I'll do the work for nothing.'

'No, sir,' replied the leader; 'we pay as we go,' and his comrades nodded approval.

'Well, you keep your stock and pay me cash when you get it.'

'We'd rather give you the stock, George,' urged the miner, and to please them Turner took the certificates and tucked them away in his safe. During their stay in town the prospectors put up at a miner's hotel, and paid out more of the certificates over the bar for liquor, which the host unwillingly received.

That was two years ago. To day Senator Turner is a millionaire through those same mining stocks, the hotel-keeper is out of business and is living on his money, and the mine is the famous Le Roy, one of the richest in the West.

PLEA FOR THE CODFISH.

A Chef Who Says This Dish Is Not Appreciated at His Real Worth.

'If codfish cost a dollar a pound,' said the chef, 'it would be more universally beloved. I tell you, it is the best dinner fish known. I have tried the whitefish all over the world, but the codfish is king of them all and is not appreciated at its real worth. Cook him in any way you like and he is delicious. Even the dried codfish, picked up and served in cream for breakfast, is a fine dish. Put him in a bag, sew him up tightly and let him boil, or bake him carefully, well stuffed, and he is delicious.'

'Let me tell you that when you make fish cakes you should not drown out fish with potato. Put as little potato or other substance in the cakes as possible, and, if you want them as fine as they can be made, wrap them in a blanket of eggs and do not be sparing of the egg. You can make a tasty dish of codfish cakes if you will follow my advice. Fish cakes are considered a very democratic dish, of course, but my patron, who pays me a large salary, is as democratic as he used to be in his younger days. When he sends down to me an order for fish cakes for the next morning's breakfast, he says he wants Meschutt's fish cakes, with egg. That is the order and he is thinking of his younger life, when, as he once told me, in a basement on Broadway, he used to get the finest butter cakes and fish cakes he ever tasted, "excepting yours, chief." He adds always. But I know that times in those days, were as thousand-dollar bills are to him now, and his appetite was keener and more appreciative.'

FOUGHT DEATH SUCCESSFULLY.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves a Little Girl's Life.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound never suffer disappointment. The great medicine at all times and under all circumstances brings to all sufferers relief and a permanent cure.

Mr. Maxime Martel, 189 Mitcheon street, Montreal, tells what Paine's Celery Compound accomplished for his little daughter, whose case was considered an incurable one: he says:

'My daughter, now eight years old, was afflicted with terrible scrofula for nearly six years, and we thought her case an incurable one. We had several physicians to attend her, and she took medicines of all kinds, but she got worse instead of better. Having had our attention drawn to the fact that Paine's Celery Compound wrought cures after other medicines failed, we procured a supply, and after a fair use of the medicine we can report that the disease is overcome, and we trust has disappeared forever. Our little girl is now bright, strong and healthy, sleeps and eats well, and her blood is now as pure as it can possibly be. I have great pleasure in recommending Paine's Celery Compound as a cure for scrofula and blood disease; it is the best medicine in the world.'

Pleasant For Constant.

Mrs. Chinner—Practising, my darling, do you expect Constant tonight? Ernestine—Of course, mamma. Why do you inquire? Mrs. Chinner—If he asks you to marry him, tell him to come and speak to me. Ernestine—And if he doesn't ask me? Mrs. Chinner—Tell him I'm coming to speak to him.—Tit-Bits.

The class was having lessons in natural history, and the teacher asked:—'Now, is there any boy here can tell me what a zebra is?' Tommy: 'Yes, sir, I can.' Teacher: 'Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?' Tommy: 'Please, sir, a zebra is a donkey with a toothball suit on.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

SAYS a county newspaper: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

Snooper: 'Certainly it is. The baby of fifty years ago is half a century old now.'

Stump Ouster: 'What is better than to die for one's country?' Pensioner: 'To live on her.'

Never talk about yourself in company. That is always done satisfactorily after you have left.

An enterprising merchant in White-chapel has the following sign in his window: 'We sell goods, not customers.'

Author: 'What excuse have you for abusing my book?' Orator: 'I read it.'

According to Professor Proctor, 'the sun is 1,200,000 times as large as the earth.' They must have an awful time hunting for their North Pole up there.

Mrs. Snooper: 'I wonder if it is true as Dr. Jacobi says, that the baby to-day has a better chance of living than the baby of fifty years ago?' Father: 'This preparation will remove any kind of stains or dirt, will it?' Mother: 'It will remove anything. I had Tommy's clothes cleaned with it.'

Husband (wearily): 'Well, how are you getting on with your shopping?' Wife: 'Oh, splendidly! Let me see, we've been to fifteen shops, and I haven't bought a thing yet.'

Mother: 'Harry Tucker is the worst boy in school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.'

Tommy: 'I do, ma. He is always at the head of our class.'

Faustious Old Gent (showing a false set of teeth to his grand-daughter): 'There, my dear, I told you when next you honored me with a call I'd show you my new set of dining-room furniture.'

Ted: 'Was it hard to tell Miss Prim you loved her?' Ned: 'Not very. The hard part came in a month later, when I had to tell her I had made a mistake.'

Johnny: 'Did you go fishin' yesterday?' Freddy: 'Yes.' Johnny: 'Wojfer catch?' Freddy: 'Five Fish an' a wollopin' from dad.'

'How is Surlyone getting on in the butchering business?' 'Very poorly, I hear. They say he does so little he can't afford to kill more than half a cow at a time.'

Squelched.—'Sir,' began the book-cannasser, 'I have a little work here—'

'Sorry,' interrupted the busy man, 'but I have great deal of work here. Good-morning.'

Such a Radical Change.—'Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?' She (protesting): 'But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?'

The Captain's Blunder.—'I am very sorry to hear, Captain Salter, that your wife left you so unceremoniously.'

'My mistake, sir. I took her for a mate and she proved to be a skipper.'

'I HAVE discovered another clue,' said the detective.

'What a good thing it would be,' returned the man who had employed him, 'if clues were criminals.'

His contact with people.—Miss Frettie, Mr. Rider is so entertaining! He seems to have some in contact with so many people.'

Mr. Wheeler (viciously): 'Yes, indeed. You should watch him on his bicycle.'

Tracked.—Visitor: 'Well, my little man, are you going to follow in your father's footsteps when you grow up?' The Little Man: 'No; I'm goin' to follow in other people's footsteps; I'm goin' to be a detective.'

In a Restaurant.—A customer takes a boiled egg and makes a wry face which leaves a doubt about the egg's freshness.

'Water,' he cries, 'how long do you do you keep your eggs?'

'Until they are, eaten sir.'

She: 'Is old Closefit mean?' He: 'Mean! Why, he lives in the suburbs, and has made a complaint to the authorities to prevent cyclists from pumping the poor air of the place into pneumatic tyres.'

'That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?'

'By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.'

First sweet thing: 'Isn't that an ugly man over there?'

Second Sweet Thing: 'Yes—almost as ugly as the one next to him.'

First Sweet Thing: 'Who is he?'

Second Sweet Thing: 'My husband, who is the other?'

First Sweet Thing: 'Mine.'

'I suppose you like your new play very much?' said the interviewer to the actress. 'Yes, indeed.'

'No doubt the lines are quite bright?' 'Well, to be frank with you, I haven't read them yet, but the costumes are simply gorgeous.'

Mrs. DeJinks: 'Watkin's garden party was a great success. There was a professor of magic to entertain the guests, and he was very clever, but he could not do all his tricks.'

Mr. DeJinks: 'How was that?'

Mr. DeJinks: 'Well, he wanted someone to lend him a diamond ring—and nobody would.'

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



MRS. GILHULA. Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Bolton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her life would be short.

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

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

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

ELIZABETH GILHULA.



TO INTRODUCE \$1.00 our new models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to every address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES

FLYER—17 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1-piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 25c; fitted with Dunlop Tires, 50c. M. & W. Ladies Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any rent. Wheel slightly used, modern types, \$3.00. Write for Free. Secure Agency at once. P. O. BOX 1077, MONTREAL.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent you should consult a worthy firm who understand the patent laws—be aware of firms who offer schemes—Our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information. U.S. Office, 207 St. E. W. Washington, D.C. CUTLER & SANDALL, 105 St. Mary St., Montreal.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

is unequalled as a remedy for Chapped Skin, Itch, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworms, and Itch of the Scalp. Large Pots, 1s 1/4d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions.

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

F.C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

ARTISTIQUE HAIR COVERINGS

are those which are so natural that only the person wearing them know that they are not growing on the head. Our specialty is making Wigs, Toupees, Bangs and Switches, which defy detection. Write or call for full particulars and prices.

J. PALMER & SON, 1245 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'TWO', 'Pills', 'Tall How', 'Pills', 'LAXA-PILL', 'grips, curing', 'Constipation', 'that is later in'.

Mr. DeJaks: 'Well, he wanted some one to lend him a diamond ring—and nobody would.'

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ELIZABETH GILHULA.



TO INTRODUCE \$1.00

Our new models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to-day, upon receipt of \$1.00...

INTRODUCTION PRICES

FLYER—18 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Crank, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 25c; fitted with Dunlop Tires, 32c...

U.S. Office, 305 St. N. W., Washington, D.C. CUTLER & SARGENT, 155 Berry St., Montreal.

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CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Take one at night before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.'

Two Stratford Ladies

Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BARTON, Britannia St., says: 'I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them.'

Mrs. POLAND, Brunswick Street, says: 'My husband suffered greatly with nervousness, complicated by heart troubles. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have cured him, and he now is well and strong.'

CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal.

PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING

25c ALL SHOE STORES

L. N. Packard & Co., ALL COLORS BLACK, TAN, BROWN, Etc. Montreal.

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It was a simple tale, and not uncommon—want, hunger, despair. 'No man in it? Humph! how about that? I said the woman, sarcastically, pointing to the sleeping infant. 'Well, well, it's past one o'clock. Get to bed, and in the morning I'll talk to you, and you shall tell me—what you will.'

With the morning came the inevitable reaction. Mavis was ill—the result simply of semi-starvation and trouble. She lay ill in the house of the woman, who bade her call her Mrs. Clare.

CHAPTER X.

Six months later. In a small room, in a tenement house situated off the Mile End Road, a girl was sitting. It was Mavis.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. CLARE sat silent until Mavis had finished the sad story of her betrayal.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. CLARE sat silent until Mavis had finished the sad story of her betrayal.

'But this person, my lord—this woman—is so like—' and Boyd floundered helplessly. 'Who? inquired Lord Carolina, with dry lips. 'He feared he knew not what. 'Like—like—' and Boyd whispered in his master's ear.

'Who am I? Look well. Do you remember me? I am like her, am I not? He! It brings back to you things you would rather forget! I swore an oath that I would avenge her death for to her death you drove her! With your haughty, aristocratic ways, your coldness, you drove her to drink, to evil-living, to death! And I, her sister—her twin sister—who loved her, swore to be even with you—and Fate has done it. You shall not ruin another—'

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Carolin.—His lordship seriously ill, wishes to see you. So ran the telegram placed in Mavis's hand some six months after the events narrated above. Needless to say, Mavis travelled to Carolin as fast as steam could take her. Once more was she to look upon Adrian—her lover, her husband.

'Mavis—Mavis, you forgive me? Kiss me, darling, and tell me so. When I am gone—live here—you—and—the boy.' It was all over. Adrian Carolin, his errors, and his sins were alike buried in the big family vault which held so many dead and gone Carolins.

SOFT SHELL CRAB FARMING.

An industry in a Maryland Town That Yields a Half a Million Annually.

Less than a quarter of a century ago when James Kyle, James Landon and other citizens of this place originated the system of impounding crabs and caring for them until after they shed, and then shipping them to market, they were laughed at and ridiculed and sneeringly referred to as 'crab breeders,' but the idea proved a most important one, and it has spread and grown until to-day it is a source of income to the people of Crisfield and this immediate vicinity of \$500,000 annually.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 157 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

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Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every grain is pure and develops LIQUID FRAGRANCE. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Carolin.—His lordship seriously ill, wishes to see you. So ran the telegram placed in Mavis's hand some six months after the events narrated above. Needless to say, Mavis travelled to Carolin as fast as steam could take her.

SOFT SHELL CRAB FARMING.

An industry in a Maryland Town That Yields a Half a Million Annually.

Less than a quarter of a century ago when James Kyle, James Landon and other citizens of this place originated the system of impounding crabs and caring for them until after they shed, and then shipping them to market, they were laughed at and ridiculed and sneeringly referred to as 'crab breeders,' but the idea proved a most important one, and it has spread and grown until to-day it is a source of income to the people of Crisfield and this immediate vicinity of \$500,000 annually.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 157 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

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THE SPORTS OF ANIMALS

A NATURALIST TELLS OF FISH-SKIDS THEY ENJOY.

Others That Make a Slide From Which to Dive into a River—See Otter's Swim With Her Young—Birds That Have Play-Houses and Hold Cakes Waits.

My ideas may be those of an extremist, but I believe that animals of all kinds know very much more than they get credit for. I have been off on a trip for several months collecting, and have paid special attention to what might be called the sports and games of animals, and if they don't play after the manner of children then I am very much mistaken.

I was particularly struck with the otters which I saw, I found in my travels a famous place for them, and so made my plans to study them, which I did by hiding in some brush in the side of a little stream watching them with a glass. It was a most fascinating sight. Nearly all of the half dozen animals which I saw were as playful as kittens, rolling over and over, pretending to fight, and engaging in graceful and enjoyable pastimes. One of the sports which struck me as most interesting was a slide. The descent to the river at this point was perhaps ten feet, and the animals had formed a regular slide at an angle of about forty-five degrees. An otter would start a few feet back and run, twisting himself on his back when he struck the slide, going down the slippery place like an arrow, entering the water head first and disappearing for a second to rise and swim in and try it again. Sometimes two or three would go sliding down at once, with feet up in the air; and once two, by some error in judgment, became entangled and struck the water in a heap, rolling over and over. This entertainment was kept up for nearly an hour and renewed at various times during the day. The slide, which I examined later, was smooth and nicely made.

The sea otter is also very interesting. Some years ago I was travelling along the coast of Washington when I came to a town of shacks occupied by sea otter hunters. On a long point of land which ran out into the sea was a tall pole or mast with an old ship's ladder leaning up on it, and on top a place where the hunters hid. The sea otters lived in the kelp beds, and the men watched for them, and if near enough shot them or signalled a boat. I went out in the latter, a double-ender, which lay behind a point of rocks waiting for an otter to appear. When one came I had an opportunity to see this rare animal free. Its cat-like head showed first, the eyes glancing about in a suspicious manner. Then I saw it swim out where the surf was rolling in just beyond the edge of the kelp. Here it turned on its back and rode the waves like a boat, and I saw that it held between its legs a little one, supporting it as a swimmer would a child. It was a pity to kill such an affectionate creature or break up so perfect a family party, but the ring of the hunter's rifle sounded in a few moments and the old otter rolled over dead.

That birds have games as perfect as those of children is well-known. They not only play but have play-houses. This is particularly true of the bower birds of Australia. I have been fortunate in seeing one in confinement, and the habit was so strongly impressed upon it that even in a cage it took the various things offered and attempted to decorate the floor and walls. In a short time this bird had nearly a bushel of rags of brilliant colors, pieces of shining tin, bones, sticks, colored stones and shells all of which it used in its games. In playing such things are picked up and carried about by the male bird, undoubtedly to attract the attention of the female.

"I have seen one of these play-houses in Australia that was five feet long," continued the traveller. "It had nothing to do with the nest of the bird and was just as much a playhouse as any possessed by a child. The bird has been watched in the act of making one. Sticks were first selected, two or three feet in length, and placed in the ground, the large end first, so that they fell over and met other sticks on the opposite side, which thus formed a tent-shaped structure. In it the birds danced up and down, affecting miming airs, hung their toys on the branches and scattered others about on the floor.

"The perfection of this play-house habit is found in one of the great islands south of Malay, where a little bird known as amblylopsis erects a perfect house, the work showing that in constructive ability it is ahead of some human beings. The first one ever seen by white men was found by Becari, an Italian naturalist who was travelling in the heart of Borneo. He suddenly came upon it in a little clearing, and for some time could not be convinced that it was not the work of native children; but he was taken aside to watch, and finally saw the birds about the playhouse, which

was a perfect hut with a peaked roof. The birds had cleared away a spot about a small tree, which was denuded of verdure on its lower part, and then a fast-growing orchid was selected as timber and leaned against it, the birds being careful to leave a door or opening. The orchids soon grew together, forming a roof, and in front of the house a lawn was made, the birds picking out the desirable weeds. The grass was dotted with flowers, collected from far and near, and at the back of the house was a heap of withered blossoms, fresh ones being provided every day.

"What might be called a cakewalk has been observed several times among the little birds known as cocks of the rock. They resemble pigeons, but are of a blood red hue. The feathers are especially valued, and in the early days of Brazil were used only for the Emperor, his robe of office being entirely composed of the richest plumage. The birds are very rare and their habits little understood, but some years ago a naturalist traversed Brazil with the express purpose of studying them, and it was his good fortune to catch them at their sport. He had a number of native scouts who reported anything of interest, and one day he was called to witness what they called a meeting of birds. He was conducted some distance through the brush, finally coming to a little opening which he reached by crawling through the thick brush on hands and knees. Standing in an almost perfect circle about five feet across, was a flock of cocks with their mate, each bird pointing to the centre, all evidently gazing at a bird which it was not going through a cakewalk was at least doing an interesting imitation. It was bowing to the audience, dipping its head to the ground, turning round and round and bobbing this way and that, its every motion being carefully watched by the lookers on. The bird would hop on one leg, lower its wings and strut like a turkey cock, and by its grotesque movements showed that it was undoubtedly giving an exhibition. The dance was continued until the bird was exhausted, when it fell back into the ranks and another took its place, repeating the strange antics. As near as the naturalist could judge each bird was vying with the others in dancier or perhaps making a display of its attractions.

In Africa certain birds have a decided realization of what constitute comfort. A naturalist was travelling through the country when he came upon a flock of storks, each bearing on its back a copper colored bird about the size of a robin. Three storks were hunting for grasshoppers and when they found them the little bird riders would fly down have a feast and then fly back and ride on.

"I have seen fishes repeatedly jump over a stick in a game of leap frog. I once kept a small hawkbill turtle and with it were a number of gar fishes, which amused themselves frequently by playing leap frog with the turtle as it lay on the surface of the water asleep. Sometimes, one would miss and fall on the turtle which would dash away in alarm."

MILLIONS OF DICE.

They are Made of Various Materials and Sold in Large Numbers. The bone dice used in the United States are all imported from France, though it may be that the bone of which they are made came originally from this country. They are made in a manufacturing district not far from Paris in which are produced various articles of bone, and also things partly of bone, as, for instance, tooth brushes. Bone dice are made in eleven sizes from 0 to 10 inclusive, and in each of these sizes they are made both square and round, and are all other kinds of dice. In all kinds of dice there are sold of the square cornered variety ten times, perhaps twenty times, as many as of those made with rounded corners. Round cornered dice are often used in playing backgammon; they wear a board less than square cornered dice would and roll easier. There are made some black bone dice with white spots, but the sale of these is comparatively very limited. The great majority of the very large number of bone dice sold are in the form of the familiar white cubes with black spots.

Celluloid dice, which are made in this country, are of both opaque and transparent material. The transparent dice are made in saffron color, in magenta and in green; the opaque in imitation of ivory. The imitation ivory dice are finished in various ways, as to the color of the spots some being made with black spots and some with spots of blue and some with red spots. The spots on the various transparent dice is made white. These various kinds of celluloid dice are made in seven sizes.

There are made in celluloid two styles of poker dice, one octahedron-shaped and containing on its eight faces representations of the seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king and ace of ordinary playing cards; the other poker dice is cube-shaped, containing on its faces, instead of the spot numbering from one to six, as seen on common dice, representations of the ordinary playing cards from the nine-spot to the ace. Dice are made in various sizes of vegetable ivory, of ivory, and of pearl; the most costly dice are of pearl, a set of five of medium size would cost at retail about \$7.50.

Some of the bone dice are very cheap, dice of small size selling at retail for a cent apiece, or ten cents a dozen.

A considerable number of dice of one kind and another are sold for use in the household. All cabinets made to hold cards and counters and so on have a compartment for dice, which are part of the equipment, and many dice for such use are sold separately.

Take it altogether, the consumption for dice in this country amounts to millions annually.

How would you define luck? Luck. 'How would you define luck?' was asked of the man who has made more money than he knows what to do with. 'It is the product of a reasonable amount of ability backed by tenacity.'

BORN.

- Truro, Aug. 10, to the wife of J. Pearson, a son.
Canaan, Aug. 12, to the wife of M. Eaton, a son.
Halifax, Aug. 13, to the wife of J. Thomas, a son.
Truro, Aug. 14, to the wife of L. Kennedy, a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 9, to the wife of E. Hebb, a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 9, to the wife of T. Knack, a son.
Amherst, Aug. 8, to the wife of David Turner, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 20, to the wife of H. Warner, a son.
Parsons, Aug. 9, to the wife of Dr. Johnson, a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 9, to the wife of Capt. Miller, a son.
Springhill, Aug. 14, to the wife of J. H. Froggart, a son.
Annapolis, July 18, to the wife of John Hayes, a son.
Annapolis, July 30, to the wife of Wm. Brown, a daughter.
Springhill, Aug. 7, to the wife of John Taylor, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 9, to the wife of Alex. Yung, a daughter.
LaHave, Aug. 6, to the wife of Capt. Smith, a daughter.
Truro, Aug. 14, to the wife of William Cream, a daughter.
Halifax, July 20, to the wife of John Balser, a daughter.
Springhill, Aug. 15, to the wife of Beverly Ferguson, a son.
Brigewater, Aug. 14, to the wife of Jacob Croise, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 15, to the wife of Howard Hebb, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 15, to the wife of Capt. Richard, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Aug. 10, to the wife of Thos. McKay, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Aug. 14, to the wife of John Barrett, a daughter.
Wolville, Aug. 11, to the wife of Frank Webster, a daughter.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 15, to the wife of Zacharie Cozart, a son.
Ashcroft, Aug. 15, to the wife of John McIntosh, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Aug. 10, to the wife of Thos. McKay, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Parsons, Aug. 9, by Rev. A. Boyd, Alfred Wilson to Mary Ferguson.
Advocate, Aug. 7, by Rev. L. Cooney, Chas. Field to Marie Cooney.
Springhill, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. Bancroft, Eli Corkin to Mand Coitwell.
Fort Egin, Aug. 12, by Rev. Wm. Dakin, Charles Everett to Francis White.
Everett, Mass., June 28, by Rev. A. Hart, Ethel foot to Emma Ramsay.
Bangor, July 28, by Rev. W. E. Jackson, Mary Jackson to Geo. Bacon.
Washington, June 21, by Rev. Dr. Young, Andrew Cozer to Mabel Crosby.
West Gore, Aug. 9, by Rev. H. Wallace, Wm. McDonald to Rosa Bacon.
Argyle, Aug. 15, by Rev. W. W. Brown, William Crowe to Iva Nickerson.
Fort Medway, Aug. 9, by Rev. F. Bishop, George D. Melrose, Mass., by Rev. Joel Leonard, George D. Stephenson to Jennie Spicer.
Annapolis, Aug. 15, by Rev. Jas. Eddy, Capt. Eandred Hardy to Stella Parks.
St. Margarets Bay, Aug. 11, by Rev. N. E. Ingram, Hilda Bottler to Fred Ellis.
Guysboro, Aug. 1, by Rev. R. O. Morse, Wm. Besanson, to Mrs. Mary Gammon.
Truro, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. F. Waring, Robie W. Ford to Sarah F. Jamieson.
Hopewell, Aug. 13, by Rev. Wm. McNichol, Geo. Blackwood to Maggie Forsner.
Lorway Mine, C. B., Aug. 9, by Rev. J. McLaughlin, Arthur Woodill to Marie F. Best.
Springhill, Aug. 15, by Rev. Chas. Wilson, Arthur J. Davis to Margaret L. Robertson.
Antigonish, July 19, by Rev. P. S. MacGregor, Mary Ann Macgregor to Elizabeth Hattie.
Digby Aug. 17, by Rev. B. T. Deane, Bernard C. Morhouse to Annie A. Hutchinson.
Sheet Harbor, Aug. 9, by Rev. W. McNatra, Joseph Bolong to Lillian E. Jackson.
Newcastle, England, June 28, by Rev. Wm. Suttler, Cameron MacDonald to Mary E. McKay.
Fort Medway, Aug. 9, by Rev. T. H. Siddall, Mr. Johnson J. Atkins to Mary Desiah Foster.
Fort Edward, C. B., Aug. 16, by Rev. L. A. McLeod, Danca MacDonald to Hannah Laney.
New Westminster, B. C. July 27, by Rev. Thos. Scouler, J. Kaye Henry to Mary McDougall.

DIED.

- Pictou, Aug. 10, Annie Grant, 83.
Pictou, Aug. 10, Hiram Beers, 36.
Halifax, Aug. 16, Amy Rissey, 9.
Lunenburg, Mrs. Frank Demone 78.
Moncton, Aug. 19, Annie Thom, 79.
St. John, Aug. 18, Jane Morrison, 61.
Digby, Aug. 14, Epoch Whitbeck, 77.
Digby, Aug. 15, Wm. H. Dunham, 84.
Annapolis, Aug. 10, John Dimsars, 91.
Halifax, Aug. 16, Wm. H. Saunders, 71.
Wolville, Aug. 16, Harry C. D. Starr, 18.
St. John, Aug. 21, Joseph Willard Breen, 7.
Brookville, Aug. 20, Arthur Percy Brass, 20.
Moncton, Aug. 19, Margaret C. Fleming, 77.
Yarmouth, Aug. 15, Lancel Keith Folger, 13.
Halifax, Aug. 15, Edward Kelly.
Hilberts Settlement, Aug. 20, Edward Kelly.
Apostol, Aug. 18, Elizabeth Mary Webster.
Bedford, N. S., Aug. 17, Laura F. Carman, 24.
Brookfield, Queens, Aug. 14, Willie Wraucht.
Moncton, Aug. 20, Alexander McNaughton, 73.
Lock Lomond, Aug. 20, Melvin W. Stackhouse.
Roxbury, Mass., on Aug. 18, Bernard McGowan, 49.
Halifax, Aug. 15, Ann, widow of Samuel Hardin, 72.
Halifax, Aug. 15, Beatrice A., wife of William White, 36.
Moncton, Aug. 21, James Infant son of Mary and John Daley.
Halifax, Aug. 16, Mary J., infant child of Thos. Dwyer and wife.
Wolville, Aug. 15, Martin Robins, wife of Edward P. Bowler, M. D., 81.

For Hard Use
The SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
WAGON and IMPLEMENT PAINT
Made for nothing but wagons, farm machines, and tools. The makers guarantee it, time and thousands of users have proved its great qualities.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SATURDAY SUBURBAN EXCURSION.
Tickets now on sale at St. John, Saturdays, good to return until Monday following date of sale, at following rates, viz:

Dominion Atlantic Ry.
On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.
ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE
(Luncheon excepted.)

Steamship "Prince Edward,"
St. John and Boston Direct Service.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).

S.S. Prince George.
S. S. Prince Arthur.
YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

Intercolonial Railway
On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Suburban Express for Hampton, Mon., 8.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Suburban Express from Hampton, 7.10

CITY TICKET OFFICE
New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line
Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 1898, and December 2nd, and weekly thereafter.

1899. 1899.
THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.
For Boston and Halifax VIA Yarmouth.
Shortest and Most Direct Route.
Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.
Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEARERS.
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For Boston and Halifax VIA Yarmouth.
Shortest and Most Direct Route.
Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.
Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

Star Line Steamers
For Fredericton and Woodstock.
Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

Excursions to HAMPTON.
On and after THURSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Yarmouth at 9 a. m., local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 3.30 p. m. Arriving back 7.00 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 40 Cents.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y
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