

PROGRESS.

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CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

The Proposed New Schemes of Permanent Streets and New City Hall.

The permanent improvement of St. John streets and the erection of a new City Hall are two important matters that are interesting the citizens at the present time. That both are large undertakings and mean the outlay of a great sum of money cannot be denied. At first glance the overburdened taxpayer may look with alarm at the proposed new scheme, but after making a study of the subject he may come to the conclusion that either directly or indirectly he will not be any the worse off, if the plans take practical shape. In fact if the business be carried out in a business-like manner the citizen may find himself in a much better position than he is today.

Every year thousands of dollars are spent on our public thoroughfares to keep them in some kind of ordinary repair. If these thoroughfares are put in first class condition this large sum of money will not be required in that way. The citizen will be taxed, however, the same as formerly and the money received will be used towards paying the interest on the money required to be borrowed for permanently repairing the streets as well as reducing a sinking fund in connection with the same. The taxpayers will be no worse off financially and besides he will be greatly benefited, for the profits that will come to the man indirectly with properly made streets cannot be easily estimated.

Very much the same reasoning holds good with regard to the erection of a City Hall. The building would mean the expenditure of a large sum. But it would also mean the giving up of the present quarters. These latter are situated in the very best part of the business community and should rent readily to banks and for offices. This rental would go far towards paying the interest on the sum borrowed for the new hall. Besides this the new building would afford offices for the various departments in the city which are at the present day an expense. If the registry office and municipal council room be included the municipality might well share in the new construction. If the whole thing is properly managed there is no reason why a new building cannot be erected without any further burden being placed upon the taxpayer.

It must not be forgotten either, that in the carrying out of these schemes, the St. John laboring man, upon whom the taxes fall the heaviest, will be greatly benefited as a large field of employment will be opened up to him. There is no doubt but that St. John for its size has not the streets or city building at all creditable to it and this must be all too apparent to visitors coming to St. John. This may be considered by some of little account, but just the same the good opinions of the tourists means much to a place like this. The climate does its part and man should do his. Both the proposed undertakings are worthy of careful consideration by all who have the city's best interest at heart.

IT TALKS AGAIN.

The Future Escape Once More Glances at Some Paragraphs.

The Future escape after some weeks of rest was brought out the other day and its clerk turned. Some of the items that appear in future issues of certain St. John papers are here condensed.

July 1910—The city council this morning had before it the subject of establishing a bandstand in some part of the city. A warm discussion took place, but no definite action was taken. It is quite probable that a bill will be prepared to be presented at the next session of the legislature giving the council power to erect a stand.

June 1908—Hon. Messrs. Smith and Jones of the Dominion cabinet left Ottawa today on a trip to England. All the federal ministers are now in that country.

Sept. 1904—At a meeting of the St. John Board of School Trustees held last evening it was decided to open the meetings in the future to the press. It has taken the board many years to waken up to public opinion, but it is better late than never.

Aug. 1909.—The St. John police force now consists of twenty-two men, sixteen of

whom hold rank, the remaining six being common policemen. There is some talk of still further reducing the force by doing away with the common policemen altogether.

June 1914—The City Council had under discussion yesterday, the City Engineer's report on the best method and expense of how to permanently improve the streets of St. John. There was a long debate. Finally it was moved and carried unanimously that the report be laid on the table for future consideration.

March 1920—There is some talk in certain quarters of the advisability of erecting a City Hall in St. John. In the new building there would be, besides a Council Chamber, quarters for the chamberlain, assessors, registry office, slaughter house commission and other civic departments. The same idea has been in some people's minds for over fifty years, but some in St. John take a long time to bear fruit.

July 1910—The Alerts and Roses meet again to-morrow afternoon. The games between these clubs have become quite interesting this season. It is expected that in the fall the champions of the American National League will visit this city when the championship of the world will be decided. The St. John teams have beaten every club this season so far except Carleton and Houlton.

TOO MUCH THEY SAY.

A Place Where Temperance is Being Vigorously Pushed Along.

The ways of the temperance worker do not always run smoothly. The Scott Act and Prohibition advocate has his hands pretty well filled these times in trying to put down the liquor traffic. It cannot be said that his success in the past has been phenomenal. The parties in Carleton, and elsewhere, who have been working to push prohibition along, seem to have got in some very vigorous work and some people are beginning to grumble. A correspondent writing of prohibition in that city says—

It is now safely said that Calais is as exempt of liquor selling as it has ever been since its incorporation. Outside of pocket peddlers, it is almost impossible to obtain a drop of the ardent. The effect of this stringent prohibitory movement is, of course, sorely felt by the hotels, restaurants and dives, and it is also claimed that where a man buys his liquor, he will also get his provisions, dry goods and groceries. The conclusion is arrived at, therefore, that as the liquor is purchased in St. Stephen just across the river, in Canada, there also are the above named commodities obtained, and a stream of silver is continually making its departure out of the city and out of the country. Many of those who at first advocated the enactment of the liquor law are beginning to feel its effect, indirectly, and are clamoring for the officials to "let up." But it seems there is no alternative and Marshal Crossman keeps continually on the haunts of "John Barleycorn."

A Picnic Month.

If June was the month of weddings, July is proving itself to be the month of picnics and garden parties and with the latter as well as with the former Wednesday seems to be the day favored for these events. Last Wednesday the person indeed was hard to please if he could not make a selection for a days enjoyment.

Centenary held its picnic at Waters Landing, St. Stephen's Church Sunday School went to Grand Bay and Waterloo street Baptist church to Westfield. Waterford's Episcopal Sunday School came to Bay Shore and St. John the Baptist church held a large garden party on the Barrack's Square. Quite a programme for one day. The weather was not all that could have been desired but still it might have been worse.

New Bandstand.

If St. John is going to have a bandstand, let it be built at once. There seems to be as much talk and red tape over the erection of a simple stand as there is in getting a bill through the British parliament. The summer is rapidly passing

and if a bandstand is going to be erected no time should be lost. It is not such an enormous undertaking and the expense will not ruin the city treasury. About some things there is too much talk and too little action.

Another Innocent Man.

Hagen charged with the stealing of money from Dr. J. M. Smith of North Street, is acquitted by the Police Magistrate, it having been shown that he was entirely innocent of any theft. This makes two young men who have very lately been called to establish their innocence in cases of very serious charges. This is not as it should be. It is all well enough with prosecutions but it is not so very pleasant for those who are called upon to defend themselves. Before parties are arrested it should be evident apparently that there is some guilt. It is very hard on the young man if he is trying to live an upright life to be called upon to defend a criminal charge that had no existence.

Looks Like a Good Thing.

The report that comes from Criddle Creek to the effect that the Gold Exploration Tunnel company is about to build a tunnel to Mineral Hill on which the Little Ellen mine is situated has been received in St. John with much joy. The tunnel company's only source of revenue is in hauling the ore from the mines to the reduction plants and in undertaking an expenditure of about \$200,000 to build the new tunnel they are evidencing great faith in that locality. The Little Ellen is owned by St. John parties and nearly all the leading citizens in the city hold shares. The company was formed some little time ago and the shareholders have been waiting patiently to hear some result of their investments. It looks very much now as if a good thing had been struck. The directors of the company include D. J. McLaughlin, Thor Bell and E. G. Evans. Further particulars will be awaited with interest.

He Decided to Pay Up.

A story is told that the truth of which Progress is not able to vouch for, of how one cigar dealer got somewhat ahead of a competitor one day this week. It seems that he required a particular brand of cigars to accommodate a customer and he went to a neighbor to procure them. He discovered when opening the box that the contents did not correspond to the label and when he took it back the dealer seemed to be only too willing to refund the money and regain the box. But that wouldn't do and the demand of a considerable sum of money was promptly complied with rather than that the circumstances should become known to the custom authorities.

Supply is Plentiful.

Strawberries keep very plentiful and the housewife is taking advantage in laying in a supply of preserves. This week berries sold at three cents wholesale per box, nothing very expensive about that.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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- Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

Information Found in a Directory—One on the Lawyer—Stories of Interest.

The "American Newspaper Directory" is the title of a large volume published by James Rowell & Co. of New York. This book, which consists of nearly sixteen hundred pages is well bound and is supposed to contain an estimate of the circulation of the various papers and magazines published throughout the United States and Canada.

The object of the publication is clearly to give the advertiser an idea of the circulation of the paper in which he advertises. The editor states in his introduction that "Circulation is to mean the only element of value that an advertiser will consider when weighing the probable worth to him of a particular newspaper, but it is the only element that can be measured and stated with exactness."

Upon what basis or knowledge the figures are made up it is not quite evident, but the volume states "Any publisher entitled to a higher circulation rating than is accorded knows that it was his privilege to have his exact figures inserted had he been willing to furnish them, and that where a publisher is unwilling to supply the requisite information, the experience of the editor of the directory has taught him that it is always for a reason more satisfactory to the publisher than it would be to an advertiser who is thinking of using the advertising columns of the paper."

In view of these remarks it is somewhat interesting to look at some of the circulation figures published in this book. If they are at all reliable they must come as a surprise to a great many persons. Looking at New Brunswick certain papers are mentioned while not a few are entirely ignored. There is no explanation of this. It cannot be that these omitted papers have a larger circulation than those mentioned in the book.

The St. John Globe is stated to have a circulation between one thousand and twenty-two hundred and fifty. The Chatham World, the Religious Intelliger, Moncton Times and Transcript and the Educational Review are rated just the same as the Globe. The Daily Sun, Daily Telegraph and semi-weekly Telegraph are placed at between 2250 and 4000 and the semi-weekly Sun and Progress at between 4000 and 7500. Other papers are more definitely rated. Campbellton Telephone 1,800, St. Croix Courier, 2,155, Sursex Record, 1,340, Co-Operative Farmer, 4,704 Woodstock Dispatch 1,600 and Press, 1,215.

The last named papers are really given as good a circulation as those named first. That the St. John Globe and Campbellton Telephone have approximately the same circulation must come as a surprise. It is not worth while to dwell minutely on the figures given above. They speak for themselves. The average business man is not apt to accept them as being entirely reliable. Some papers like the Fredericton Gleaser, St. John Freeman, Star, and others are not given a place in this valuable volume but any one of them is certainly as largely circulated as the majority of those which have come under the publisher's notice.

If the directory's rating regarding papers outside of the province comes no nearer the mark than the new Brunswick estimate, it has yet considerable opportunity of gaining more reliable information. The Advertiser in this Province will probably hesitate before he acts on the above reports.

ONE ON THE LAWYER.

A Joke In Which a Member of the Bar Prominently Figures.

A good story comes to PROGRESS regarding the experience of a well known lawyer on Dominion day. He had planned a pleasant excursion for himself and started for Woodstock on the C. P. R. train on that morning. He went as far as McAdam, got off the train as usual to charge for the capital of Carleton county, but in some way or other when the conductor shouted all aboard he became a little mixed and stepped

upon the eastern bound instead of the north bound train. The result was that about the time he thought he should be arriving at Woodstock he paid some attention to the calls of the brakeman and much to his surprise heard the name Westfield. It is difficult to imagine just how he felt when he discovered that instead of being near Woodstock as he thought, he was near St. John. He did not say much nor does he like to bear much about it as yet but the joke is too good to remain untold.

Attractive Excursions.

The St. John and Halifax newspaper men who went to Buffalo by the Canadian Pacific railway seem to have been well pleased with their trip. They were not gone very long but by this road it does not take any great length of time to go from St. John to the Pan-American. They have given to the C. P. R., a somewhat comprehensive certificate that everything is all right on the railway and that the expenses of the Pan American have been exaggerated. A circular issued by the company since their return states that there will be four personally conducted excursions while the show is open, namely on July 23, Aug. 20, Sept. 17 and Oct. 15. The programme for each of these is good and it will make rather interesting reading for those contemplating making the trip. The advantage of these personally conducted excursions cannot be over estimated. Without doubt good company will be provided and the railway men, especially those of the passenger service are always the best guides in the world. Any person who wishes further information can obtain it by applying to Mr. Heath, the district passenger agent at this city.

He Was Ill at Home.

The illness of Mrs. Bart Rogers brought an old resident to the city this week, Mr. Haviland her brother. He used to be connected with the Intercolonial Railway here and was very well known throughout the city. He is now in the employ of the Boston and Albany as yard master. When St. John men go to Boston they are fairly sure of meeting Mr. Haviland who always delights in hearing of the welfare of his friends here. His visit here terminated somewhat sadly owing to the death of his sister, whose funeral took place on Friday. Mr. Haviland intends to return to Boston on Monday.

A North End Attraction.

One of the curiosities in the North End is the aquarium in the saloon of Mr. Joseph Harley. There in a large glass tank can be found nearly every variety of trout in the province. The fishy company seem to be perfectly contented in their somewhat narrow quarters. Water is always fresh and running and they are always better off than they would be if in the lakes. Besides that they possess the decided advantage of not being subjected to the frequent temptations of the angler's fly or the small boy's bait. They are perfectly secure and seem to know it. Mr. Harley delights to show them to any body who calls upon him and they are certainly worth seeing.

Flooding to the People.

The improvements on the Loch Lomond road during the past month are very noticeable and they are largely due to the energy of the county member, Hon. Surveyor General Dunn. It must be gratifying to the people not only of the county but of those in the city who have much use for the road to find that the repairs have been made this year at such an early date. Formerly it was usual for the repairs to be started in August or September and perhaps be uncompleted when winter sets in, but today the road is in excellent condition. Messrs. Barker, Treadwell and Kain find that their patrons appreciate the difference in the road very much. The fine weather of this summer is giving the proprietors of these well known hostleries a good business and they do everything in their power for the accommodation of their guests.

Why He Kipt a Dog.
A wealthy dog-lancier and wealthy Philadelphia stepped into a grocery store, says the Press, and acci-

dentally stepped over a fat old German who was in a corner smoking his pipe.

The chair was the most remarkable of a dog that the gentleman had had the appearance of a pug with red hair and a long tail. It was able to resist laughing at the man and his nondescript dog.

"And of a dog is that?" asked the man.

"I know," replied the German. "I use him for hunting?"

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FLOGGED INTO MONEY.

Recently came, all the way from San Francisco, news of the death of John Magee, one of the wealthiest residents of that city of millionaires.

In 1874 this same John Magee was British Consul agent at St. Jose, in Guatemala, and was flogged by order of the commandant, Colonel Gonzales. He was rescued by the arrival of a British man of war, and was offered by the Guatemala Government £60,000, being £1,000 for each lash received.

To a somewhat similar occurrence, curiously enough, the O'Briens, another millionaire California family, trace the beginning of their prosperity. Patrick J. O'Brien, the founder of the family, was a missionary in at the time of the Taeping rebellion.

Early in the present century a British man of war's man, named Robert Jeffery, was flogged by his commander, Captain W. Lake, for having tapped a barrel of beer when the ship was on short allowance.

Jeffery was, however, rescued by an American trading vessel, after having undergone fearful privations, and eventually worked his passage to London. Here his case was taken up by Sir Francis Burdett, who secured for him £600 compensation from Captain Lake, who was, moreover, tried by court martial and dismissed the service.

The case of William Henry Barber, a London solicitor who in 1884 was sentenced to a long term of transportation for an alleged forgery of which he was innocent, was an exceptionally hard one.

He never held up his head again; and although after 4 years of misery his innocence was made plain, it was but the wreck of an English gentleman that returned to his native land, to receive, with the congratulations of his friends, the sum of £5,000 which Parliament had voted him as a compensation for his unmerited sufferings.

Curiously enough, within a very few months of Mr. Barber's case being made public another innocent convict, an ex-shopkeeper named Dunne, was discovered in the chain-gang at Norfolk Island.

There is no wealthier family in Russia than the Lapukins of Ustilich, mine-owners and bankers. These owe the foundation of their vast fortune to a hideous punishment inflicted upon their beautiful and accomplished ancestress, Madame Lapukin by the cruel and indolent Czarina Elizabeth.

The unhappy lady was publicly knouted, after which her tongue was torn out and she was banished to the Siberian mines for life. From her subterranean prison she was, however, rescued by Peter III who bestowed upon her personally a million of roubles, and upon her husband sum of dry enormously valuable estates and mining rights in the then little developed mountain region lying between Ustilich and Pass Nier.

Finally, mention ought to be made of Titus Oates, who received a pension of £800 as some sort of compensation for having undergone one of the severest castigations on record. He had been sentenced to be flogged from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after an interval of two

days, from Newgate to Tyburn. This terrible punishment was so rigorously carried out that, according to a temporary account, he might as well have been flayed alive.

NINETEEN COCKTAILS FOR 47.

Mistake of the Hotel Clerk About a Woman Who Seemed to be Thirsty.

'The ways of woman,' repeated the hotel clerk; 'yes, you get a good insight into them in a hotel.' Then in a lower tone with a touch of reminiscence in it, he added: 'Do you know, they are much like the way of Providence, inscrutable and past finding out. And you are likely to jump the wrong way in judging a woman's motives. Now, I'll tell you a story to illustrate that.'

'The other day a well-groomed woman drove up to the hotel in a hansom. She was becomingly dressed and looked city bred. She was particular to get a good suite of rooms and paid for them in advance. I saw to it that she was shown up to her apartment and gave no further thought to her. She was unaccompanied.'

'Some time later my assistant remarked that the guest in 47 was doing a land-office business at the bar, but I paid no attention to his comment, because it is my policy to discourage any seeming familiarity between employees of the hotel and its guests. But I violated my own rule a few minutes later, when the very excellent and discreet mixer of drinks of the house, who has been in its employ for twenty years and has privileges that are denied ordinary barkeepers, came to the desk with an apologetic air in his face and asked for a word with me.'

'What is it, Charles?' I said. 'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but I—well, I thought sir, as how I'd better call your attention to the guest of 47.'

'Forty-seven, Charles?' I said, and there, as I repeated the number I recalled dimly, the remark the assistant clerk had made about the guest in 47 doing business with the bar.'

'Yes, sir, 47, sir, and I thought I'd tell you as how I'd sent up nineteen cocktails in an hour, sir.'

'Nineteen cocktails in an hour, sir? And I hold that's a whole lot too many in a respectable hotel. Yes, even though the woman's city bred. But I flatter myself that I concealed the astonishment that I felt, for I'm a firm believer in officer discipline. Accordingly, I thanked Charles for coming to me and told him that he might as well go to bed, for I was in a mood to have the wool pulled over my eyes by a woman, much less by a woman who had consumed nineteen cocktails within an hour.'

'I believe I recognize you as one more clerk,' the little woman said; and again I wondered that she showed no signs of intoxication. 'Will you please inform me why you want the rooms when I have already paid for them?'

'I could have sworn that the woman was perfectly sober, but the thought of those nineteen cocktails was too overpowering and I blurted out: 'We don't care for women like you in this hotel. A woman that drinks nineteen cocktails in an hour can't stay here.'

'Well, she straightened up a little and the corners of her mouth were twitching with the suspicion of a smile as she pointed to the mantel over the fireplace. 'There,' she said, 'are the cocktails. Did you think that I drank them? I only ordered them for the cherries, of which I'm very fond.'

'Do? Well, what could I do but get down on my narrowbones? But what do you think of the ways of woman?'

'Binks' pretty typewriter is near sighted.'

'And so is Binks, isn't he?'

'Yes. And Mrs Binks came in suddenly the other day when they had their heads together studying the spelling of a word!'

'A New Haven school principal was mimicked by his pupils and was expelled and three suspended. It's funny that it is only the hony men who are so funny.'

'Chairs Reverted, Cane, Splint, Forfeited of Dues, 17 Waterloo.'

Sunday Reading.

The Countess of Warwick and the Salvation Army.

The Countess of Warwick, a well-known leader of English society, is identified with many public movements. She is connected with a college for training daughters of professional men in practical culture, bee and poultry keeping, etc., besides having established a complete organization for the welfare of the poor, and the nursing of the sick. It will be interesting to know that she regards with great favor the work done by the Salvation Army in the uplifting of our castles, in the slums of great cities. At a public meeting in Leamington England, over which she presided, she said: 'It gives me great pleasure to accept the invitation to preside at this great meeting of the Salvation Army, because I have for many years followed with great interest the grand noble work it has accomplished. It was General Booth's scheme that first stimulated public philanthropy in dealing with a vast proportion of the population that no social, or religious agency had ever reached. One of its chief powers, to my mind is that its officers are all poor; hardly less poor than the people whom they go amongst; unselfish, devoted, living as the disciples of Christ. These are not highly paid, salaried officials—these simple, earnest, hard-working Salvationist men and women. Long may this work prosper and find support from the good and true of all classes.'

Samuel Chisholm. 'The Christian World,' of London, makes the following remarks about the present Lord Provost of Glasgow. It says: 'Glasgow is especially favored in having, at this particular time, as its civic head, a man of such high character and oratorical abilities as Lord Provost Samuel Chisholm. He is a Presbyterian to the core, and although true to the Erskines in the United Presbyterian Church, he entered into the ranks of the Free Church as he would enter into a larger hope, with the same fundamental beliefs. There is not a man in Glasgow held in more high and universal esteem. His strong temperance principles were against his election to the office of Lord Provost, but he has dignified it without sacrifice of his principles. His ear is open to all appeals. He will preach for the Congregationalists, as he did last Sunday, or for the Wesleyans, or take the chair at a Salvation Army gathering; but it has no predilections they are for the Total Abstinence and Presbyterian organizations. Lord Provost Chisholm is a man to be relied upon to keep his engagements, and they are legion. His speeches are always worth listening to, and no one man has done so much philanthropic work in seventy odd years on platform and in pulpit, in licensing court and civic chamber, in chapel, church, school and hall.'

The Gordon College at Khartoum. The work of civilizing the Sudan continues steadily, since the natives, freed from the necessity for self defence, are beginning to engage in the nobler arts of peace. The Sirdar, in view of the better sanitary conditions obtainable at Khartoum is encouraging its trade rather than that of Omdurman, and it is probable that Khartoum will gradually become the more important city of the two. Men undertake the actual manufacture, but women, as is usual in the East, perform the humbler duty, carrying the bricks when made to the bricklayers. It will be remembered that when Lord Kitchener overcame the dervishes a solemn memorial service was held in the city where Gordon fell, and it was then resolved that Khartoum should have a permanent memento of the man who gave his life in its service. At Lord Kitchener's suggestion, it was agreed that a college for the education of the people to whom Gordon devoted himself would be the most appropriate monument; the building is approaching completion, and should soon be the means of accomplishing much beneficent work.—'Christian Herald.'

Religious News. The Rev. F. B. Meyer has accepted an invitation from the conference of Syrian Christians to spend ten days in the Lebanon. It is expected there will be a largeathering of Christian workers to meet him from all parts of Syria and Palestine. Mrs. Meyer will accompany him.

It is wonderful to hear of the Convention of Chinese endeavorers held at Yu-yiso. Twenty one societies were represented by nearly two hundred delegates. In spite of chronic poverty and the widespread distress caused by recent disturbances and famine, 427 endeavorers contributed over twenty two pounds. The candidates recently ordained by the Bishop of London to deacon's orders includes Mr. Warwick Pearce, a son of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's colleague in the West London Mission. Mr. Guy Pearce is reported, will terminate his connection with the West London Mission at the end of next month.

The question of starting 'central mission halls' amid populations where an ordinary congregation can no longer hold its own is likely to occupy a good deal of the attention of the English Presbyterian Church in the near future. The case of London is, of course, the most clamant; but the Presbytery of Durham is first in the field, and has been seriously discussing the spiritual needs of central Sunderland.

Two Roman Catholic schoolmasters in Bavarian state schools contracted marriages with protestant ladies and bound themselves to bring up the children as protestants. The Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops petitioned the Prince Regent to prevent in future the appointment of such teachers to Catholic public schools, and to nullify as far as possible such appointments already made. In a reply of the cabinet, signed by the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, the request of the hierarchy is bluntly refused.

The old Catholic church at La Pointe, Madeline Island, Wis., was destroyed by fire last week, says the Michigan Advocate. The church was an ancient landmark and has been visited by hundreds of tourists annually. It contained an ancient painting, 'The Descent from the Cross,' which Indian tradition says was a gift to the La Pointe mission in 1669 by Father Marquette. It is the opinion of some that the picture was stolen and the church set on fire to cover up the loss.

There is a Christian Endeavor society of over one hundred in the New Hebrides, composed of men who were until recently naked cannibals with no written language. Their chief, who ruled four thousand men, was converted and went with the Rev. F. Patton, son of Dr. J. G. Patton to establish a mission in a neighboring village. He was met with loaded rifles and shot while protecting Mr. Patton, but his beautiful Christian death, in which he urged that no revenge be attempted, opened the way and now this Endeavor band of his loving followers goes two days of each week to preach Christ in the villages.

Considerable interest has been evinced, says the New York 'Scottish American Journal,' in the forthcoming translation of the New Testament in Broad Scotch, by the Rev William Wye Smith, whose name has frequently been in these columns, and who first registered his claim as an authority on 'Scotch' is the Scottish expert on the Standard Dictionary. There seems to have been great delays in the getting out of the book; but Mr. Smith now writes us that a letter from the publisher, Mr. Alexander Gardner, Paisley, dated about May 20, the work is promised in two months. It is announced in Gardner's last list as in press. Mr. Smith's address is St. Catherine's, Ont.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

King Khama the Christian chieftain, is still holding his own in his tribe of Bamangwato, but he has been strongly beset by many of the chieftains near him because of his resolute hostility to the drink traffic. His enemies have affirmed that he was 'destroying his town for the sake of forbidding the drink.' Khama has challenged his enemies to prove this, affirming that his government is wise and prosperous and that those who have tolerated the drinking customs have lost their independence and their towns are demoralized. He writes to them: 'Have you any towns, or have you any people, or have you any countries? Answer me. I am happily a government man and I have seen nothing to hinder me in my own country. Can you show me a great town of drunkenness which is either rich or righteous?'

The late Sir Walter Besant, in an article written some years ago on 'Books that have influenced me,' claimed that the book which has influenced the minds of English-

men more than any other outside the covers of the Bible is the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and that while it survives two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English mind. 'The first is the personal responsibility of each man, the next is that they do not want, and cannot have, a priest.' He goes on to say: 'I confess that the discovery, by later reading, that the so called christian priest is a personage borrowed from surrounding superstition, and that the great ecclesiastical structure is entirely built by human hands, filled me with only a deeper gratitude to John Bunyan.'

The organ of the London Missionary Society says that the months of March and April of this year will long be remembered in the society's annals as a time of tribulation and sore loss. Within the four weeks from March 25 to April 30 no fewer than five of our missionaries were suddenly called to lay down their work on earth, together with the young wife of our Kantonian missionary, Mr Percy Hall. In North China, in Cape Colony, in Central Africa, and in New Guinea there are today vacant places which, but a few short weeks ago, were filled by strong and able men, of great promise and of great fulfillment. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way. We could hardly have named five men whom at the present time we seem so ill able to spare as Chalmers, Stonehouse, Tomkins, Howieson and Mackendrick. Some of them seemed indispensable to the successful carrying on of the work. But God who is rich in mercy toward his sinful world, will raise up others to take the places of the fallen. The blood of the martyrs is a challenge to the church. There can be no turning back from fields that have been thus consecrated.

The new missionary steamboat 'Livingstone,' which Messrs. Thorneycroft have built for the R-gions Beyond Missionary Union, has lately been on view at Waterloo pier, London. She is meant for missionary work on the Congo and its tributaries, and for conveying missionaries from Stanley Pool to the upper river stations. Captain, engineers and crew will all be missionaries. She is 111 feet long and 19 feet 3 inches broad, with twenty tons of cargo. Her hull is of steel, zinc-covered below the water line to prevent corrosion. Her contract price was £4,630, and it will cost £2,500 to transport in pieces to Stanley Pool and reconstruct her. The Congo railway are charging 6d. a pound carriage, which is a reduction on taking a quantity. On her upper deck is a miniature hospital, with one bed and a bath, which will save many a sick worker's life on the sickly Congo. All the windows are fitted with mosquito curtains. Above the upper deck is a wooden awning. The missionary steamer looks quaint lying in the docks. She will look quaint still puffing up and down the African rivers, with her little company of English men and women on board, carrying the bible among savages.—'Christian Herald.'

Sore Hands. One Night Cure for Red, Rough Hands, Itching Palms and Painful Finger Ends.



TREATMENT. Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair; for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and irritations, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying inflammations, chafings, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus, it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world. Complete Treatment for Every Humour.—CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal. A SINGLE BAR is often sufficient to cure the severest skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 37-38 Charterhouse Sq., London. FOREIGN DEPOT: D. & C. CO., FRANKFURT.

Monte Opera bo week. The Ve Thursday also be p ing. The attend At the Monday e a splendid The most be introd Navy is d of the prop (Madame London o \$225,000. Amy I Frank M Jamie M John D England is home in L The Val favorably ed houses Rapids, Mi a decided L Louis A home of b Kannebrun 17th. His dramatic p the body to lowing Thu Lettie Al ally enga Nthian H Christian K week. Despite th did audienc production Hopkins S Opera Hou the title-ro tage. A m tended Jo and the bil and Galates lion, one of the stock o scene from raiser to Dav Jessie B company w here early n has met with other cities Allie Garard parts with the opera house Foggie Feri success has few weeks. In Love, a anor Merron in Philadelph well written a episodes. Th sumed by Mi and Joseph P King Dode run in Chicag The Bour great success at the I Reginald R Square tenor the Savage op Olive May a recent produ Chicago. Lulu Glaser a new opera and Julian Ed Adelaide Cu of separation year from Edw Victor Mape A Flower of Y Coquehin had it tion at Keith's special cast, wh principal cities are clude N. Edith Fassett, play is to be female roles are value. Joseph the properties a Sir Henry Irv ed Madame Sar the nam part a The World, t the title of a nev Stanley and rec

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Monte Cristo was the attraction at the Opera house the first three evenings of the week.

The Vendetta occupied the boards on Thursday and Friday evenings and will also be produced this afternoon and evening.

At the Opera house commencing on Monday evening and continuing all week a splendid entertainment will be furnished.

The castle of Craig-y-Nos in Wales, the property of the Baroness Cederstrom, (Madame Patti) was put up at auction in London on June 18th.

Amy Ricord has been engaged by Frank McKee to star next season in Jamie Meredith.

John Drew arrived in New York from England last week. He will remain at his home in Long Island for several weeks.

The Valentine Stock Co. so well and favorably known here is playing to crowded houses at Pamer's Opera house, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Louis Aldrich, the actor, died at the home of her son-in-law Abbott Graves, at Kennebunkport, Maine, on Monday, June 17th.

Etta Butler and Cyril Scott have been engaged for Henry B Smith's new musical farce, The Liberty Bells, which tour the principal American cities next season.

Harry M Blake has been engaged to play Poelps Doone, in Lorna Doone, during the run of that drama at the Grand Opera House, Chicago this summer.

Anna Chapman, a member of Eugene Blais's company, fell through a trap in the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, Cleveland, O., on the night of June 17, and fractured her skull.

Nance O'Neil, supported by McKee, Rankin has opened a long engagement at Perth, Western Australia.

Tesse Lomaine and her husband, Horace V. Noble, will play next season with the Eclipse Park Stock company.

The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast, the last Drury Lane pantomime will be produced in New York in November.

A play entitled The Ussean Helmsman by Miss Tadema, daughter of Laurance Alma Tadema was given a private production in London recently.

Frank McKee, Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett have entered into an agreement by which a Shakespearean production will be presented in the spring of 1902 in New York city, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago and one or two other of the principal cities.

The Shakespearean play in which Miss Mannering and Mr. Hackett will be seen next spring has not been definitely selected, but it is quite likely to be The Taming of the Shrew.

The Bourgmaster one of this season's great successes has been the bill for many weeks at the Dearborn theatre in Chicago.

Reginald Roberts, the popular Castle Square tenor will be seen next season with the Savage opera company.

Olive May assumed the title role in the recent production of Lorna Doone at Chicago.

Lulu Glaser will produce next season a new opera by Stanislaus Starge and Julian Edwards.

Adelaide Cushman has secured a decree of separation with Alimony of \$1,800 a year from Edward Morgan.

Victor Mapes' one act Japanese play, A Flower of Yaddo, presented in Paris by Coquelin had its initial vaudeville production at Keith's, this city, last week by a special cast, who will probably visit at the principal cities of the country.

The players include N. L. Jelenko, Nettie Bourne, Edith Fassett, and Grace Gibbons and the play is to be unique for the fact that the female roles are all of equal strength and value.

Sir Henry Irving has successfully revived Madame San Gene with Ellen Terry in the nam part and himself as Napoleon.

The World, the Flesh and the Devil is the title of a new drama written by Arthur Stanley and recently successfully produced in London.

Rejane opened an engagement in Dublin on June 12th.

Sarah Bernhardt has announced her intention of giving a free performance of L'Aiglon at her theatre on Bastille Day, July 14.

Suzanne Despres of Antoine's company, has been engaged for the Comedie-Francaise, where she will make her debut in December.

The next season at the Porte Saint Martin will open with Emile Bergerat's La Pompadour, Jane Hading playing the title role.

The Wilbur Opera Company has just concluded a successful engagement in Upper Canadian cities.

The Edward Mawson Co., and the W. S. Harkins Company supporting Miss Jessie Bonstelle are the rival attractions at Halifax.

Katherine Rober and her company continue to draw crowded houses at the Empire Theatre, Providence.

The Theatre National Francois at Montreal which has been recently thoroughly renovated and repainted was opened on June 24th with a production of Quo Vadis, with Paul Coszaneave as Petronius.

The Prisoner of Zenda has just completed a most successful run at Montreal.

Norman Hackett has been engaged as leading man with Madame Modjeska.

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capality in western Europe. The hero of the story is a young American whom the Princess Yette first meets while traveling incognito in America.

Although the exodus of players to Europe had hardly ended, the tide of returning theatrical voyagers has set in. Mr and Mrs James K Hackett (Mary Mannering), who left for the other side only a few weeks ago, came back last week.

Mr Hackett found that business connected with his coming tour compelled him to cut short his vacation. John Drew arrived on Saturday from London. He left at once for Easthampton, L.I., to remain until time for rehearsals of The Second in Command.

Eugene Cowles was a passenger on the Germanic, that reached port, Thursday. He has been singing with the Alice Nielson Opera company in London, and will continue under Frank L Perley's management.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

One of the most successful benefete ever known in Paris was that for Marie Laurent at the Opera on June 6.

The chief feature was the appearance of Adeline Patti, who, with M. Alvarez, sang the fourth act of Romeo and Juliet.

Among the other artists that appeared were Madame Laurent herself, Mile. Ackte, Madame Heglon, and Mounet Sully—who recited a poem written for the occasion by Catulle Mendes—Coquelin cadet, and M. Vaguet.

The sale of seats was very large. Madame Laurent surely deserves the \$12,000 that was realized at the benefit.

She is seventy six years old now, and during her long connection with the profession has been ever the friend of the needy and distressed.

During the Franco-Prussian War she did noble work as a nurse to the wounded soldiers that crowded the city and turned the theatres into hospitals.

For her services she received long after, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. She is the founder of an orphan asylum that has hundreds of little ones.

Patti, of course, had an ovation, but it was not greater than that which greeted Madame Laurent. All the volunteers received prolonged applause and the programme was an uncommonly interesting one.

The libretto of Boito's Nero has come out and every one who buys it is filled with admiration for its scenic effects and the beauty of its verse.

The music is to follow early next season. Arrigo Boito was born in Padua in 1842, and studied music in the Milan Conservatory.

In 1862 he wrote the words of the 'Hymn of Nations,' which Verdi put to music for the London Exhibition. In 1866 he fought for Italy with Garibaldi.

Two years later his Mefistotele was given at La Scala, Milan. At first this opera found as much opposition as applause, but he continued to lead the orchestra.

He was not afraid of the ultimate success of his work, and time has proved that his confidence was not mere self confidence. In 1875 Mefistotele was proclaimed one of the operas of the day, and this it has since been proclaimed whenever and wherever it has been given.

Already in 1875 he was thinking of Nero, and it was even announced in one of the papers of the time.

The American Roof Rose Gardens opera company began its season last Thursday evening with The Mikado. The company was to have appeared on the roof, now styled the Rose Gardens, but owing to the coolness of the evening the performance was given in the theatre to a fair sized audience.

The Rose Gardens, however, were open to inspection, and looked very inviting, with new decorations, numerous white arches ablaze with electric lights, and a profusion of flowers and plants.

The defects of the opera would have been less apparent with these surroundings and the tasteful Japanese settings that were wanting in the theatre.

The orchestra was hardly an inspiration to the singers, but the chorus, particularly the male portion, showed good timbre. Henry Vogel as the Mikado sang artistically.

Gilbert Clayton's Ko-Ko delighted the audience. Nanki Poo was sung acceptably by George L. Tatman. J. Aldrich Libbey made a fair Poo-Bah. The Yum Yum of Julia Gifford, the Pitti-Sing of Ada Bernard, and the Peap-Bo of Martie Martz were graceful and pleasing.

Carrie Godfrey as Katisha was well received. The Rose Gardens opened formally Friday night. La Mascotte, Fra Diavolo, Gireffe Gireffa, and Die Fledermaus are in preparation.

Successful Advertising.

Wanted—A young French woman to give lessons to an American gentleman. Apply Hotel—10 o'clock Friday.

The foregoing advertisement, printed in a Paris paper, almost caused a riot at the hotel at the hour named. The American gentleman was G. Webster Jones of San Francisco.

Mr. Jones left orders that he would receive applicants in a room at the hotel, and they might be admitted to the corridor pending his arrival.

When he got there he found a line that reached out into the street and extended all the way to the Place Vendome. Five hundred dashing Parisian ladies were clamoring for a sight of the 'American gentleman.'

They were unanimously resolved to give him lessons. Jones was paralyzed at the sight and fled, leaving the hotel people to get out of the scrape as best they might.

The manager and clerks argued in vain. The ladies would not be pacified. They clamored for a sight of the evasive American. The police were called. The women were put out, but more women kept coming all day.

The hotel was under police protection for twenty four hours. Jones fled to another

Green Sickness or Chlorosis.

Just at the threshold of womanhood, that trying period when the whole system is undergoing a complete change, many a girl falls a victim of Chlorosis or Green Sickness. Her disposition changes and she becomes morose, despondent and melancholy.

The appetite is changeable, digestion imperfect and weariness and fatigue are experienced on the slightest exertion. Blondes become pallid, waxy and puffy, brunettes become muddy and grayish in color, with blueish black rings under the eyes.

Examination shows a remarkable decrease in the quality of the blood. Iron and other such restoratives as are admirably combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are demanded by the system.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Agents wanted for Dr. Chase's Last and Complete Receipt Book and Household Physician.

It came into being last winter through some remarks made by a physician at Sherry's. As a result one woman who was at that supper has gained 40 pounds in weight and is now as brown as a berry and correspondingly healthy.

"At that supper," says a doctor who tells of the club "it was remarked how many persons in New York's social circles suffer from sleeplessness. This caused my friend to say 'and it is their own fault.'

After an exciting evening they take laudanum or some soporific equally bad when they have a natural remedy that costs nothing right. It is sunshine. Sunshine is the best soporific there is.

If you women would discard veils and parasols and spend as much time in the sun as you can you would sleep like a healthy baby.

You fix the fashions in skins as you do in clothes, so make a pale skin a crime and the tanned one the ideal of beauty for the more sun and the more tan the healthier and plumper the body and the more better the sleep.

"The woman referred to immediately proposed a Sunshine Club, to which anyone was eligible to membership by pledging herself to spend so much time each day in sun. All those present took it up and told their friends.

The many tanned skins one sees on the street so early this year are to the Sunshine Club and not to gold.

"These women not only spend so many hours each day in the sun, but many of them take regular sun baths. Several have had built on the roofs of their Fifth ave., homes a small hothouse sort of arrangement. The sides are of wood, but the tops are of glass and there for an hour or so each day they take regular sun baths.

These sun bath tubs have caused curious passers-by much wonder and speculation, but none has guessed correctly the cause of their construction. As a result of the Sunshine Club the society women of New York perhaps healthier than they have ever been.

The only one seriously objects is the doctor who gave the advice, for it has kept several hundred dollars in fees out of his pocket."

hotel, a wiser, and, perhaps, a better man. He is now convinced that people read advertisements, but he has retired from the business.

Remembered at Last.

Though it happened in one of Detroit's swell hotels, neither of the principals belongs here. He had just seated himself at the dinner table when she and another lady came in with the usual flourish of hand-some and well dressed women.

He turned a shade or two paler. After scanning her menu she looked across the tablecloth or the opposite wall. He left first, and she watched through the doors.

"Amie," she said to her companion, "I certainly know that man, but I can't for the life of me place him. I think he knew me, too, but I couldn't bow to him unless I were sure, could I? You know that I never snub any one."

He wandered into the parlor later while the women were there, looked a little too fierce for congeniality, and got away as soon as he could. She again gave out the conviction that she knew him, and wondered where it was and who he could be.

"Never mind," said the companion; "he's nothing to us. Forget him."

"Oh, foolish, it isn't that, but you know how it is when your memory betrays you, and I don't want him to think me rude. But hubby will be here tonight and I'll have him find out all about it."

Half an hour later she smothered a scream and rushed imploringly at the other woman. "For heaven's sake, Amie, don't you say a word to my hubby about that fellow. It just came to me."

"Well?"

"He was my first husband in Chicago."

Kissing by Telephone.

When the woman at the soda water fountain turned round to pay her bill she saw the fat clerk braced back against the perfumery stand, fanning himself limply.

"Did you hear that?" he asked.

"Hear what?" he said the woman.

"What?" he repeated, incredulously. "It doesn't seem possible that anybody could become so absorbed in a glass of ice cream soda as to miss that. I am talking of the osculatory performance of the woman who just went away from the 'phone."

"Honestly, that custom is a new one on me. I've been working in drug stores, one place and another, a good many years, and have heard several millions of women talk through the 'phone, but this is the first time I ever heard one of them kiss over the wire."

"Sure, didn't you hear it? Why, the smack sounded like a pop gun. I'll bet the fellow at the other end of the line caught it, all right. He couldn't miss it, even if he was away out in San Francisco."

"I wonder if this thing of ending a telephone conversation is something new or is it an old fad that I am just catching on to because I am so mortal green? I'm used to hearing pet names slung over the wire by the dictionary full, but this my first kiss, figuratively speaking. It's funny. Long distance kisses may be old style in other parts of the town, but I tell you they're a novelty here."

ONE TEASPOONFUL of Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Sore Hands

Night Cure for Red, Itching Palms and Painful Finger Ends



TREATMENT.

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LIQUORS OF PEOPLE

CUTICURA SOAP assisted by CUTICURA Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin. For cleansing the face, crusts, scales, and dandruff, and for all the purposes of the bath, and nursery. Millions of people use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of a lotion for relieving inflammations, chafes, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for relieving weaknesses, and for many other antiseptic purposes which readily apply themselves to women, especially in the case of the young. No other medicated soap is so compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it is in ONE SOAP AT ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and the most perfect and baby soap in the world. Complete Treatment for Every Humour.—CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, to soothe the inflamed surface, and CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and soothe and heal. CUTICURA SOAP is often sufficient to cure itchy skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair when all else fails.

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PROGRESS. PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED. Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B.

not occur. As it is to say some of the bridges in this province are no doubt condemnable and another accident may be reported at any time.

The trial races of the big yachts would seem to establish beyond much doubt that the Constitution the new defender of the Cup is superior in every way to any craft yet built by the Americans.

Last Sunday was one of much interest to the different Christian denominations in this city. The Rev. JOHN READ who for the past five years has been the much respected pastor of Centenary, made farewell to his congregation.

The King's Daughters which closed its convention here this week, had a most successful meeting. From the reports received and addresses delivered, it is evident that this society has done some grand work in the past.

The attendance thus far at the Pan American Exhibition would tend to show that that great undertaking will prove highly successful from a financial standpoint at least.

This has been a great season for strawberries. Never have they been cheaper and the persons who have not indulged in the beautiful fruit are few and far between.

Lord Minto will be gladly welcomed to this city. He has proved no exception to the excellent governor generals Canada has had since confederation.

An American paper speaking of the recent yacht races thinks that the independence is slow in following the flag of the Constitution.

St. John daily papers are devoting much more space than formerly to the doings of the Police Court. Is the reading public taste becoming more degraded.

The American is not now exclaiming, 'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness', but 'Oh to be in St. John during this hot weather.'

Another July the Twelfth has passed into history. Umbrellas Made Re-covered, Repaired Duvall 17 Waterloo

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TO DAY

Death. To live, to die, To see the great unknown, I wonder if when we are dead, We'll know who's right, who's wrong?

We all must die. But shall we live again? Does death but mean eternal sleep, Or will we wake at dawn?

And if we wake, Will all our hopes be true? Have we beheld immortal truth With only human eyes?

My carra have caught, When I was still as death, A song by fairest angels sung— It might have been a dream.

Brotherhood. That plenty but reproaches me Which leaves my brother bare. Not wholly glad my heart can be While his is bowed with care.

Almighty! Then who Father be Of him of me of all. Do I together, hand and me, What whichsoever fall.

I would be fed, I would be clad, I would be housed and dry, But if so be my heart be sad— What benefit have I?

Prayer. With the sky he blazings with the sun, Or grey with bitter snow it may not shed, I look abroad, and seeing not it done, And not is suffered, this is what I've said.

Of all the creatures underneath the sun— All suffering— they know for they know No rest or pleasure till their day is done; From pain through pain to dreadful death they go.

The 'ot sun marks the summer— who shall care If some few beasts along the gutter lie, And the crowd gapes while they straggle there Until the butcher comes and lets them die?

For turns the streets to grease; a little rain Will make them slippery as a sunset of glass, When 'orses fall I know my 'ole were vain, And do but murmur softly as I pass:

Though thus they escape the ghastly ship that goes Laden with spout 'orses from our English shores, And lurches beastly and laugh untroubled, of woes, Before they quit the Dutchman's with their gore.

Lord out of all the creatures 'ere below, It is those 'orses suffer 'neath the sun, From pain through pain to grisly death they go, 'o give them rest before their day is done.

Poor Girl. She may not tell me that her love Is all for me, Poor girl! The wet— I'll put a seal upon Her lips, and she,

Must wait until I speak! She may Not come with arms outstretched and say She yearns to be mine own for aye—

But she has eyes wherein the glow Of love may lie, Poor girl! And she has lips from which may come The long, sweet sigh,

A thousand ways she has to show Her love for me— to let me know Without exactly saying so, Poor girl!

Pilgrims From Mecca With the Holy Carpet. Once a year, in the spring, a special caravan, escorted by Egyptian soldiers, and accompanied by numerous pilgrims, leave Cairo for Mecca, in charge of the holy carpet.

The steamer America was sold at auction on Tuesday to John E. Moore for \$4700.

It has been decided that the Duke of Cornwall will present South African medals when he visits St. John and Halifax.

The National Division Sons of Temperance opened in session at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Wednesday.

By a collision of trains on the Chicago and Alton railway near Norton, Mo., the middle of the week, sixteen persons lost their lives.

The Sanford baseball team was badly defeated in all games played in the maritime provinces.

The American indemnity claim against Turkey amounting to \$95,000, has been paid.

Expensive Loss Of Temper. Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of western Massachusetts.

These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother.

Have you anything to say? 'Nothing,' replied D., humbly.

Mamma—Come, boys, you must quarrel that way on Sunday.

Wilton—They say He had a game sport? Hilton—He is. He buys a lot of bears and bucks from the guides and tells the people down home that they are the trophies of his prowess.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

News of the Passing Week.

Up to July 7th, nearly two million people had attended the Pan American exhibition.

Pierre Lorillard, millionaire and famous turkman, died at New York last Sunday.

By the collapse of the Wasson bridge on the Central railway last Saturday, Driver Wm Knodell lost his life.

The Royal Artillery paraded to St. John's church last Sunday under command of Col. Jones.

Prince Hohenlohe, formerly German Imperial chancellor died at Switzerland, last week.

In the International cricket matches the Canadians won one game; lost one, and drew two.

The Court of Enquiry on the lost Armenia, held that the captain was free from all censure.

Sydney Locke of Lockport, N. S., on Monday night shot his three children during a fit of despondency.

Hon. G. E. Foster has refused the nomination for Addington, Ont., to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Bill's death.

J. W. Bell, M. P., a leading member of Parliament representing Addington, Ont., died at his home the latter part of last week.

At a meeting of British Liberals confidence was voted in the leader, Campbell-Bannerman.

Hon. Mr. Murlock reached London from Australia the first part of the week.

M. S. Tribune arrived at St. John on Tuesday last.

It has been decided that the Duke of Cornwall will present South African medals when he visits St. John and Halifax.

The steamer America was sold at auction on Tuesday to John E. Moore for \$4700.

It has been decided that the Duke of Cornwall will present South African medals when he visits St. John and Halifax.

The National Division Sons of Temperance opened in session at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Wednesday.

By a collision of trains on the Chicago and Alton railway near Norton, Mo., the middle of the week, sixteen persons lost their lives.

The Sanford baseball team was badly defeated in all games played in the maritime provinces.

The American indemnity claim against Turkey amounting to \$95,000, has been paid.

Expensive Loss Of Temper. Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of western Massachusetts.

These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother.

Have you anything to say? 'Nothing,' replied D., humbly.

Mamma—Come, boys, you must quarrel that way on Sunday.

Wilton—They say He had a game sport? Hilton—He is. He buys a lot of bears and bucks from the guides and tells the people down home that they are the trophies of his prowess.

'Conversation seems to come high in this court,' he observed. 'Five dollars for contempt,' promptly responded the bench.

'I think not,' answered the defendant. 'You have the advantage of me in repayment.' Payment of the lines closed the case.

Kissing and Non-Kissing Families. The New York Sun says that kissing among relatives goes by families, and it is quite true that certain households are known to all their friends as 'great kissers'.

'What did you do when you first saw Jack? Did you kiss him?' 'No-no,' faltered the husband and father 'of course I didn't kiss him.'

'I'll tell you what he said to me,' volunteered the son. 'He said: 'Well, Jack, was your train on time?'

'I see that a pearl necklace has just been sold in Paris for \$84,130.' 'Strange how tools with money will throat away.'

'The new telephone editor is a humorist.' 'Well?' 'He heads an account of the Cannibal Islanders eating the German scientists 'Trouble in their midst.'

She (after they have walked three miles without saying a word being spoken)—Aw, say John, that's a very quiet. Has now for to say?

'Charity, in heaven's name!' cried the man. 'Not for myself; for my family, sir. My children have been without bread for a week, and my wife—'

'I suppose we shall have to let it go,' said the enumerator, putting down the figure, 'but it looks like padding the census.'

A CENT is a little thing compared with a BED SPREAD, but we wash the bed spread for the cent, iron and fold it, too in an. 50 pieces for 50 cts., plain. We do the following six sort of linen.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

'I suppose we shall have to let it go,' said the enumerator, putting down the figure, 'but it looks like padding the census.'

And—No. 2 are sold in John. Responsible Druggists.

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

eration seems to come high in... dollars for contempt, promptly and the bench. 'Have you any-... to say?'

the defendant. 'I did not,' answered the defendant. 'I have the advantage of me in repara-... of the lines closed the case.'

and Non-Kissing Families.

New York Sun Says that kissing relatives goes by families, and it is... that certain households are... to all their friends as 'great kissers'... men, women and children, in... other the first thing in the morn-... the last thing at night, and on any... that they consider suffi-... cient.

may go too far the other way. In... who came of a kissing family... a man who came of non-kissing... At one time her husband went to... way station to meet a son who had... from home for two years, and... return the wife said:

'Did you do when you first saw... Did you kiss him?' 'I... altered the husband and father... I didn't kiss him.'

'What he said to me,' volun-... the son. 'He said: 'Well, Jack, I... train on time?'

that a pearl necklace has just been... Paris for \$84,130.' 'How... how tools with money will throat... new telephone editor is a humor-...'

reads an account of the Cannibal... scientists eating the German scientists... in their midst.'

after they have walked three miles... saying a word being spoken)—... John, that art very quiet. Has... to say?'

'What mum am I say? Aw dunno... Say that she loves me.'

'I'd a feet sayin' I love thee, but... loike tellin' loies.'

'That reminded you of a Raphael? ... art enthusiast.'

'answered the cold blooded critic... more of a raffia.'

'said the colored prisoner, 'I... ter tell de truth?'

'of course, you are?' 'den, des go ahead and sentence...'

'—Old Bally is getting ready for... season.'

'—What is he doing?' '—Having his head tattooed with... of a spider's web.'

'ity, in heaven's name!' cried the... or for myself; for my family, sir... ren have been without bread for a... and my wife—'

'he choked with emotion. 'n't entertained since day before... y, actually?'

'sed \$100 into his hand; a pitiful... ed, but it would at least buy... or a small informal.'

'you die first,' said Mrs. Deear. 'ou'll wait for me I know.' '... yes, I've always had to diear... 'most everywhere we go.'

'is your name?' asked the city... enumerator. 'n,' answered the man of the... children?'

'pon? we shall have to let it go,'... enumerator, putting down the... but it looks like padding the cen-...'

NT is a little thing compared with... EPREAD, but we wash the bed... or the cent, iron and fold it, too... 50 pieces for 50 cts., plain. We... following six sort of linen. Bed... sheets, table cloths, pillow slips... and towels. 50 mixed or all of... flexible pliable finish on shirt... and cuffs. Ungar's Laundry, Dye-... Carpet Cleaning Works. Tele-... 8.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over... 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask... your Druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Com-... make no other, as all Mixtures, pills and... are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 21 per... No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No... mailed on receipt of price and two-cent... The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.,... and 2 sold and recommended by all... ble Druggists in Canada.

and—No. 2 are sold in John... sible Druggists.



The arrival in port of the warship Tribune occa- sioned considerable interest this week. Many visited the ship on Wednesday and Thurs- day afternoons and all were pleased with the order and cleanliness of everything. The tars also came in for a goodly share of praise, their manly bearing and courteous speech making a very favorable im- pression on the visitors.

The Captains and Officers of the man of war were the guests of the golf club at their links on Thurs- day afternoon.

The gentlemen were apparently deeply interest- ed in the game, in fact several of them are excel- lent players, and expressed themselves as being de- lighted with the afternoon's entertainment.

The faint luncheon served by the ladies' tea committee added materially to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Speaking of golf reminds the writer that Mr. MacDonald of Scotland, the celebrated golf expert has been in the city this week giving instructions to the members of the golf club. Mr. MacDonald is touring the country and has instructed the clubs in many of the largest American cities.

The Kings Danzlers' Convention, which has been most successfully conducted here since Wednes- day last was brought to a close on Tuesday even- ing.

The delegates from the different parts of Canada were quite charmed with St. John's lovely climate. On Saturday afternoon last they were the guests of the Guild at a pleasant little outing to Bay Shore. Supper was served on the beach and they returned to the city in the cool of the evening.

This has been a week of many picnics both public and private.

The different Sunday school picnics to charming and cool resorts on the river were of course much enjoyed not by the little ones but by the grown folks as well.

For the private picnics Rothesay, Red Head and Bay Shore are the favored spots. But the picnics of a private nature were rather small and informal affairs though nevertheless enjoyable.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White entertained a number of relatives at the Nest, their pretty Rothesay cottage on Thursday afternoon and evening. A very pleas- ant time was enjoyed. The friends who went out from the city returned on the 10.30 train.

Mrs. Robert Crinkshank entertained a few friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday, the occasion being the christening of her infant child.

The garden party in connection with St. John the Baptist church would no doubt have been a grand success had the weather been at all favorable on Wednesday. The different committees had every- thing well arranged, but with dense fog blowing in from the bay and several light showers during the evening it was impossible to carry on any of the out of door entertainment that had been provided. The ladies also found it rather difficult to dispose of the ice cream and other delicacies previously prepared.

In the face of these difficulties it was found neces- sary to close the entertainment at an early hour and trust to the morrow for better weather and liberal patronage.

Thursday was a somewhat better day for such purposes and the attendance was quite gratifying. In the evening the different drills given by the crew of H. M. S. Tribune were much enjoyed. Dancing in the drill shed was also a feature of the entertainment and no doubt enjoyed by the lovers of the terpsichorean art.

Miss Maud Fairall is spending a short vacation with friends at Fredericton.

Senat. and Mrs. H. H. are home from their very pleasant trip to the Old Country.

Miss Stewart of Boston spent the week here en- joying the cool breezes.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Newton of Lawrence, Mass. are visiting in the city.

Mrs. J. M. Smith and the Misses Smith of Windsor were here for a few days last week.

Mrs. F. H. Armstrong and Miss Phyllis Arm- strong of Halifax are visiting friends in the city.

Miss Evelyn Carleton is in Moncton, the guest of the Misses Quinn, formerly of this city.

Miss Robinson has been spending a few weeks with friends at St. Andrews.

Mrs. E. M. Eason is summering at St. Andrews. Mrs. J. Ross of the West End is paying a visit to friends at Halifax and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown of Montreal are en- joying a vacation here.

Miss Gilmore and Mrs. T. N. Lynch of Rochester, N. Y., were among the tourists who arrived in the city this week.

Miss Chase of Fall River, Mass., is visiting friends here.

Miss Pollard of Boston, is a guest at the Victoria hotel for a few weeks.

Mr. M. Fitzpatrick left this week for Boston, en- route to New York where he will make his home with his son who holds a responsible position on the Herald.

Miss Ethel McGowan of Boston is visiting her cousin Mrs. J. Doherty of the North End.

Miss Agnes Foley who has been in Boston for some time, has returned to her home, Mecklenburg street.

Mrs. J. Bowes of Boston is spending the summer months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Haney Charles street.

Mrs. Harry Leath and son Master Cecil Leath of New York, arrived by Stmr. Cumberland on Tues- day. Mrs. Leath will spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. J. Williams.

Miss Josephine Troop arrived home on Monday from a very pleasant trip to England. She was ac- companied by her cousin Miss Killam of Yar- mouth. Both young ladies are now at Rothesay staying at Troop House.

Miss Nellie McElviran is visiting friends in dif- ferent parts of Nova Scotia.

Mrs. C. J. Coster and little daughter are home from a pleasant visit to Yarmouth.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a pleasant drive to Rothesay on Thursday evening and spent a couple of hours at that pleasant resort. The buckboard was hired for the occasion.

Driving parties in the cool of the evening are now becoming quite the correct thing, the absence of the gentlemen from the afternoon picnic probably accounts for this.

The picnic given to the Roman Catholic orphans at silver Falls this week was much enjoyed by the little ones and by the ladies and gentlemen who are interested in the affair.

The guests of the day included many prominent people and all spoke in tones of highest praise of the neat and healthy appearance of the children and the order of cleanliness of the buildings.

Early in the evening an excellent concert in which some of the best local talent participated was enjoyed. Those who assisted in entertaining the little ones were Miss Lawlor, Misses Furlong, Miss Clara Jean Brennan, Miss Millet of Moncton, Mrs. Mullin, Mr. A. H. Lindsay, Mr. Joe Gagnie and Mr. Jack Kelly.

Miss Crinkshank left this week for Amherst to visit her friend Mrs. Harrod.

Miss Nan Murphy who has been studying at Newton hospital training school is spending the vacation with her parents on Rockland Road.

Dr. Murray McLellan is some from a pleasant trip to England.

Mrs. Frederick Currie of Eastport, Maine, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. E. S. Carter has returned home from Fredericton.

Miss Minnie Carlyn, Miss Katie Buckley and Miss Josephine Quinn, left this week for Montreal and Ottawa, en route to the Pan-American at Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dacre Walker of Peabody, Mass. arrived here this week and will spend a few weeks with Dr. and Mrs. T. Walker, Princess street.

Mrs. E. Wallace of Montreal who has been visit- ing her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Biddington, Waterloo street, has returned home. She was ac- companied by her sister, Miss Bertie Biddington.

MONCTON.

July 11.—Miss Lottie Corbett is home from New York where she has been practising the nursing profession.

Miss Harriett Colpitts left on Saturday for Bris- wold, Mass., where she will be married to Mr. R. N. Hood of the J. Y. Griffin Co. of Nelson, B. C. The ceremony will be performed at the residence of her cousin Dr. H. A. Stewart. Miss Colpitts will be much missed by her many friends in Moncton.

Mrs. George Allan is visiting Fredericton friends.

Mrs. Lyman and her pupils, assisted by Mr. Perry and his pupils gave a pleasant song recital in the Y. M. C. A. building on Friday evening last. The many present thoroughly enjoyed the splendid and in- structive programme.

Mrs. Oliver Jones and Mrs. F. C. Jones left last week for P. E. I. where they will spend the summer.

Miss Alice McEvan and Miss Ethel Sumner have returned from a trip to Wolfville.

Miss Janet McKay of Yarmouth is here visiting Mrs. J. S. Magee.

Miss Belle McDonald left here on Monday for New York.

Miss Evie Carleton of St. John is here the guest of the Misses Quinn.

Mrs. D. Perry is spending the summer at Summer- side P. E. I.

Miss Lizzie McDonald who has been spending some weeks with friends here, has returned to her home at Main River, Kent Co.

Miss Jennie Bulmer—has been spending her vacation here has returned to her duties at Am- herst.

Mr. Theodore Perry left last week for Fredericton where he has accepted a position in the bank of Montreal.

Miss Whitehead of Fredericton is visiting friends in the city.

Hon. Lieut. Governor A. R. McClean was in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dixon of Riverside, Albert Co. are at the Brunswick.

Miss Mary Gellard, abolitionist, is spending the summer at her home in Shediac.

Mr. W. Weldon and Mrs. Weldon are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLellan, Campbellton.

Mr. A. Venner of Campbellton who has been in Moncton for some time visiting her daughter, wife of Dr. Bourque, returned home Monday night, ac- companied by Mrs. Bourque.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. A. S. Knight, who have been spending some weeks in England and Scot- land, have already sailed and are expected home early next week.

WINDSOR.

July 9.—Mrs. W. B. Shaw and Miss Anne Allison left on Tuesday for Yarmouth where they will remain a few weeks, the guest of Mrs. Shaw's son, Mr. M. A. Shaw.

Miss Caldwell who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lawson, for several weeks went to Hal- fax last week for a short visit. Miss Caldwell in- tends returning to Windsor.

Miss Ethel Shangwhite who has been in the States four years arrived home to spend two months with her mother, Mrs. Shangwhite at Newport.

Mrs. Stewart Burrows and two children, came to Windsor last week from Bermuda. They are guests of Mrs. Alex Forsythe. Mrs. Burrows will also visit in Halifax before returning home.

Mrs. Rowick Chappell and family of Windsor are visiting in Amherst and other points in Nova Scotia, September 1st they will go to Sydney to re- side, Mr. Chappell having been there for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith, Misses Evelyn and Geraldine and Mr. Raymond Smith have returned from St. John.

Mrs. Avery A. Shaw of Brookline, Mass., arrived in Windsor last week on her way from Weston, where she has been visiting her husband's former home. On Friday she went to Truro to visit friends and will be joined by her mother, Mrs. King and the Rev. A. Shaw in a few weeks.

Mrs. S. Hunter from Boston with her two little boys and baby girl, arrived in Windsor on Wed- nesday. She will spend the summer months with her aged parents in Waterville, will visit friends in Windsor, Kentville, St. Croix and Montserrat, Denoon, returning to her home in Boston the next week in September.

Miss Corey, Halifax, has been the guest of Mrs. Lewis Dunlop.

Miss Helen Keller is a guest at the Grand Pre House, Grand Pre.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Goudge returned from Sydney last week.

Mrs. J. H. Tabor and children are visiting in Fredericton, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Rosch, are expected home on Saturday evening.

Miss Hattie Vaughan left on Saturday by the Bluebonnet for Boston.

Mrs. Dunsell, Halifax, came to Windsor last week to visit her mother.

Miss Lucille Morse is spending her vacation with relatives in Middleton.

Mrs. Chas. Hensley and two children returned to Canning last Wednesday.

Miss Comber, of Sackville, is a visitor here, the wife of Mr. and Mrs. McKinnam.

Miss Dorothy Smith left on Friday last for Bridgewater where she will visit her friend Miss Davison.

Mrs. P. A. McGregor and children, New Glasgow, are enjoying a holiday at Willow Farm, Gays River.

Mrs. Charles Nicholson passed through Windsor on Saturday evening on her way to Amherst from New York.

Mrs. J. G. Bigney, who has been spending two weeks in Lunenburg, returned to her home in Hantsport last Friday.

Mrs. Edward Stockall and daughter of Halifax, who have been visiting in Windsor, returned home on Monday's Bluebonnet.

Mrs. Fred A. Bowman, Sydney, came to Windsor on Monday to remain a few days, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Theakson, and Mr. Albert Cook spent Sunday at Mr. John Cook's, Sear, Gay's River.

Mrs. Wm. Brown and daughter, Miss Ethel, of Springhill are spending a few days visiting friends in Parrsboro and Advocate.

Mrs. Matilda Miller, Miss Blanche Miller, Miss Annie Thomas and Miss Zilla Reynolds of New- port, were in town on Tuesday.

DIGBY.

July 10.—Miss Fanny Smith has returned from her Halifax visit.

Mrs. Kate Marshall of Lynn is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dunsell.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Jones of Digby have moved to the United States.

Miss Ida Spurr of Annapolis is the guest of Miss Kitty Baxter, Queen street.

Mrs. McCormack, Queen street is the guest of Miss Angie James at Bridgetown.

Mrs. Robert Crum son and daughter, Newton, Mass. are guests at Mr. James Wade's for the summer.

Mrs. Anderson of Litchfield, Annapolis, Co. is the guest of her son, Capt. Howard Anderson King street.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Holdsworth, Jr., and family are the guests of the former's parents, Carleton street.

Dr. W. H. Robbins of Halifax has arrived here and will spend a two weeks' vacation with his parents at Rosway.

R. M. Nichols of San Francisco formerly of Digby is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Nich- ols at Boston, Mass.

Miss Minnie Amberson of Granville Ferry, who has been visiting Capt. and Mrs. Howard Anderson's King street returned home Monday evening.

Mr. Harry Sprout who has been attending col- lege in Massachusetts is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orbin Sprout, Second Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Andrews and Miss Helen Silver of New York arrived here on Friday and are regret that they will be leaving on Saturday. They are one of our regular visitors and has made many friends in our town and vicinity.

Her Boston Aunt—What is the matter, my dear? 'Chicago Girl—I've really been... to trans... about my... on digby, but I can't... over sayin' 'Rats!' instead of merely elevating my eye brows.

Advertisement for 'CREST' CORSET. Features an illustration of a woman in a corset. Text: 'CREST' CORSET will not break at the waist. Bones will not wear through the cloth. Absolutely rust proof, and not only a corset of strength—but a corset shape of grace and com- fort. No other corset to compare with it. TRY IT \$1.25 to 1.50 a pair, drab and white.

Advertisement for Spring Painting, etc. Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 153 PRINCE ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.

Advertisement for Confectionery. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Advertisement for 'PROTECTOR' NEEDED. That's the sort of usage that only a GOOD skirt protector can stand. The longer the need for the greater the need for a first-class protector braid. 'Cortical' is a porous, elastic, braided, all-wool protector; will stand more wear than any other because it is stronger. Every dress goods shade. Sewed on flat, not turned over. Guaranteed by this Trade Mark.

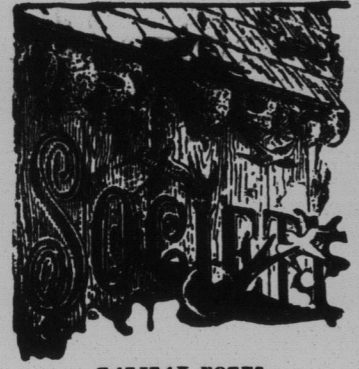
Advertisement for ST. AGUSTINE. When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

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

Advertisement for Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Under-sized saw logs, such as Batting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can corre- spond with the St. John Saltpetre Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand super-dry feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY,

Advertisement for Dye and Save. When you use Maypole Soap for fast, clear, brilliant Home Dyeing, you save time, patience, money—no mess or trouble because Maypole Soap washes and dyes at one operation you see. And you needn't be afraid that you'll spoil the article your dyeing, no matter if it is cotton, wool, silk, satin or anything else—they all dye equally as well. The color doesn't 'streak.' All colors—10c. (15 for black). Maypole Soap. Free Book about success in Home Dyeing by addressing the Whole- sale Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

FOR ADVERTISING, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Provisional sale in Halifax by the boys and at the following news stands and counters.

JULY 10.—Miss Thora McClure of Arlington, Mass. is here paying a visit to her sister, Mrs F Freeman of Morris street.

Miss Sterling of St John's, Nfld, is spending a short time in the city.

Many from Halifax drove out to Bedford on Wednesday to attend the strawberry festival held there at the residence of Mrs Butler.

Miss McKnight left this week for a short visit to Boston.

Miss M Bourgeois of St Margarets Bay is visiting friends in St John.

Mr and Mrs John M Smith and family who have been spending a pleasant week at St John arrived home on Saturday evening.

Mrs Percy H Smith received her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons of last week.

Mrs Burrows, children and nurse of Hamilton, Bermuda, arrived in town on Tuesday evening to spend the summer and are guests of Mrs Burrows' mother, Mrs Forsythe, Grey street.

Mrs Jones wife of the Lieut Governor gave a most delightful garden party on her spacious grounds at Bloomfield, North West Arm.

Mrs W Clarke and little daughter of New York arrived here last week and will spend the summer with relatives at Bedford.

Miss Eva Mettler is home from Boston where she has been residing for the past couple of years.

Mrs Stead and Miss Athalie Stead who have been sojourning for many weeks in Bermuda have returned home much pleased with their trip.

Mrs Boss of West end, St John, is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mrs Hedgwick wife of Mr Justice Hedgwick of the Supreme Court Ottawa, will spend the remainder of the summer here.

Miss B A Lovitt of Liverpool is at the Royal, St John.

Miss Fanny Smith, Digby, has returned from a visit to Halifax.

Dr and Mrs Thornburn of Ottawa are on a visit to relatives in the town of Yarmouth.

Senator John V Ellis and Mrs Ellis St John were here for a few days this week.

Ed Mooney, of St John, is spending a few days with friends in this vicinity.

Mr F D Monk K C, M P, who has been in Halifax for a few days passed through on the express last Wednesday to his home in Montreal.

Mrs Ruggles, organist of the Episcopal church, Annapolis, was the guest of Mrs Geo Rand on Friday and Saturday.

The Misses H-yman stopped off at Annapolis on Wednesday on their way from Providence, R I, to their home in Westville.

Mrs Porter, and child of Yarmouth are the guests of Mrs R B Miller.

Miss Carrie Hardwick arrived home from Indianapolis this week.

Miss Leah Harris is home from Boston.

BRIDGETOWN.

July 10.—Mrs McCormick of the Digby has been visiting Miss James.

Miss Harris of Kentville has been the guest of Miss Maud Kinsey recently.

Miss Ethel Jonsson of Wolfville was the guest of Mrs F Johnson last week.

Miss M C Deelman of Florida, Ill, is the guest of her sister, Mrs F Miller.

Mrs E Burgess with Miss Beattie and master Frank, leaves today for a fortnight's visit at Hampton.

Mrs Sandford and daughter Maud, returned from a pleasant visit of a few weeks in Halifax, last week.

Mrs J Reed accompanied by Mrs S Reed and master Gerald, returned home from Boston on Monday.

Rev E E and Mrs Daley and children left for Canaan Monday, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr and Mrs A D Brown left on Monday for Church Point, where Mr Brown is deputy examiner in the provincial examinations.

Miss Blanche Spurr who has been visiting her island, Miss Lizzie Marshall, returned to her home in Deep Brook on Thursday.

Mr and Mrs Henry A Pratt and Mrs John Nixon and little daughter of Kennebec, spent a few days with Mrs F Pratt and family, last week.

Mr H A MacLean of Lynn, Mass., is visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs John MacLean, here. He is accompanied by Mr Edwin Earp, jr, also of the shoe city.

ANKERST.

July 10.—Mr Harold Main of the Halifax bank at St John, spent part of last week with his relatives here.



"OUT OF SORTS."

Nothing tastes good. Nothing gives pleasure. The mind is dull and sluggish. The will is weak. Little things cause great irritation.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes a man who is run down and dispirited feel like a new being.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1000 large pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only.

Miss Laura Currie will spend the summer in Windsor with her aunt, Mrs Gates.

Mrs J H Tabor left on Monday with her children for a visit to former friends in Fredericton.

Miss Hazel Harrington of Halifax, has been the guest of Mrs E S Cranley for a few weeks.

Norval B Spinary, who spent part of his vacation in Wolfville, returned on Wednesday to the McLean hospital, Waverley.

Mrs Atwood Cohoon is visiting relatives in Mass.

Herbert Crockett deputy provincial secretary and Mrs Crockett, are staying for a few weeks at Mrs Cunningham's Wolfville.

Mr J A McDonald and Mrs McDonald left Wolfville last week. Before assuming church work he will spend a few weeks in Northville Mass.

Mrs Jenour of Digby is visiting her father Mayor Thompson.

Frank Wortman and Miss Wortman left on Monday for their home in St John.

The Plethoric Picnic Pie.

The joyous picnic season is here, but that it does not bring peace and happiness to all alike is clearly shown by a composition written on the subject by a girl in a New York school.

'May parties will soon be ripe, and the June walk season will follow hard upon.

The difference between a May party and a June walk is a simple matter of chronology.

Each has its queen of brief authority and its chaplain of absolute sway.

Each has also its hamper, which is as deadly an enemy to the Manhattan populace as the frying pan to the Kansas farm-hand.

I took an inventory of one of these hampers last year, and as I was a member of the physiology class at the time, it startled me out of a session's growth.

When I came back, an aged and shriveled housemaid followed me into the room. She was wringing her hands.

'Ah, mio signore!' cried she, going up to the dressing table and opening a little drawer. 'Is this yours?'

In the drawer lay ten or dozen gold pieces.

'Yes,' I said, 'they are mine.'

'Ah, signore, how could you do it? How could you do leave this money about? It was all lying on the table.'

'Why, I locked my door. I knew it was safe.'

'No,' she cried, 'it was not safe! It was cruel to put such temptation in my way!'

Perhaps! Don't you run the risk, though, but always buy the well tested and sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

Up in the Attic.

Kicking about somewhat—in the attic, or "spare room," or the back closet, there's a faded old dress or a shirt waist or a party wrap.

Dye it and surprise yourself with the brilliant, fast color or shade you'll get.

Free Book about successful Home Dyeing by addressing the Wholesale Depot, 3 Falck Royal, Montreal.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

APOLI & STEEL'S PILLS.

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superinducing Bitter Apple, Fil Coclea, Pannoyral, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

Piles. To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.



He ran a mile,

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert."

Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monumnt Souvenir Fund.

THE Book of the century, it is commonly illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 lm ROBERT MARSHALL.

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

JULY 9.—Mrs W E have gone to town on Saturday.

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BABY'S OWN SOAP

an a mile,
would many a young
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the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

skin wonderfully soft and
faint fragrance is extreme-
rare of imitation.

TOILET SOAP CO., MRS.
MONTREAL.

Given Free

to each person inter-
ested in subscribing
to the Eugene
Field Monument & a
\$1.00. Subscriptions as
low as \$1.00 will en-
able donor to this
distantly artistic vol-
FIELD FLOWERS
(color bound, 4x11)
as a certificate of
subscription to fund.
Book contains a selection
of the best and most repre-
sentative works and
illustrations.

**FIELD MONUMENT
JUVENILE FUND.**
(Store.) 180 Monroe St.,
Chicago.

Write to send postage, enclose

NOTICE.

efforts of Mr. W. A. Hick-
son, Commissioner, who has
for some months past, it
at in the coming spring a
number of farmers with capi-
tal in the province, with a view
to dispose of will please
with the undersigned, when
filled in, to be filled in
to localities of sale, etc. Quite a
number of laborers are also
farmers desiring help will
communicate with the under-
signed, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.

ROBERT MARSHALL.

and Opinions

OF

of Importance.

the Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Sunday Sun

best Sunday Newspaper in
the world.

By mail, \$2 a year!

THE SUN, New York

KENTVILLE.

JULY 9.—Mr and Mrs S F Barrows and child
have gone to Kingston, Ont., where they will reside.
Mrs W E Archibald of Booklyn, Mass., arrived
in town on Saturday of last week. She is the guest
of her parents Mr and Mrs John Redden.
Mrs Glikas left on Saturday for Liverpool, where
she will spend the summer the guest of her daugh-
ter, Mrs L A Lovett.
Miss Emily Calkin was the hostess at a pleasant
little picnic at Whitewater on Dominion Day.
Mrs Henry Farrel is spending the week at
Evangeline Beach.
Mrs T W Cox returned on Wednesday from
a visit in Boston. She was accompanied by Mr
and Mrs Porter (nee Miss Laura Cox.)
Mr and Mrs H H Wickwire and family arrived
home on Friday evening from a visit to Yarmouth.
Dr and Mrs W S Woodworth were in Hantsport
last week.
Mrs W Yould spent Monday in Windsor, the
guest of her daughter, Mrs Wilson.
Mrs G L Tait is at home to her friends this week.
The Misses Primrose who have been the guest
of Mrs G L Rand returned to their home in Pictou on
Saturday.
Miss A L Chipman of London, England, who
has been visiting here, the guest of Col and Mrs
D De V Chipman, returned to her home this week.
Miss Mary Swanson is spending the week in
Halifax. On her return she will be accompanied by
her sister, Miss Swanson.
Captain and Mrs Saunders of Yarmouth, are the
guests of Mrs J I Floyd.
Miss Reid of Montreal (is the guest of Mrs Mc-
ville G DeWolfe.
Miss McCallough of Truro, who has been the
guest of her sister, Mrs Howard Goncher, left on
Monday for Halifax.
Mrs Florence Dodge left on Friday for Charlotte
town, where she will be the guest of her daughter.
Miss Reid of Montreal is the guest of Mrs M G
DeWolfe.
Mrs Wm Yould spent Monday in Windsor the
guest of her daughter Mrs Wilson.
Mrs Willis and daughter, guests of Mrs Geo
Rand returned to their home in Halifax on Satur-
day.
Mrs John Bishop of Alton has a "border" colic
that it will be hard to beat in the province.
Miss Leon Chipman who has been home from
England visiting her parents returned this week.
The Misses Primrose of Pictou who have been
the guests of Mrs Geo Rand "Salute Rest," for the
last month returned home on Saturday.

ST. ANDREWS.

JULY 11.—Lady Van Horne, Miss Van Horne and
Mr R B Van Horne are enjoying the summer days
beneath the cool shades of "Covenhoven."
Miss Jessie Dunton has gone to her home in St
Stephen to spend her vacation.
Robert Clark of St John, spent Sunday in St An-
drews with his mother and uncle.
Mrs Woodworth and two daughters; Mrs D Mc
Gregor and Miss McCready of Jamaica Plain
Mass., are summing at Becabee.
Mrs R M Hazen of St John, has come to St An-
drews to spend the summer.
Mrs Sills and Miss Sills of Portland, Me, are oc-
cupying their summer residence along side the
rectory. Rev Deas Ellis is expected here in a few
days.
Rev Canon Ketchum has gone to Woodstock to
visit his brother who is in poor health.
L P D Tilley and Mrs Tilley of St John, have
been among recent visitors at Linden Grange.
Miss Sadie Keadrick, accompanied by her friend,
Mrs W Dymk of St John, arrived home on Fri-
day last.
Mrs T G Esharghessy and family, of Montreal,
are at the Algonquin hotel for the season.
Mrs H V Dewar accompanied her husband,
Capt. Dewar of St George to St Andrews on
Tuesday.
Miss Main has gone to Rexton, Kent Co., to
spend the summer.
Miss Florence Hibbard is visiting Eastport
friends.
Mrs L B Knight of St John, paid St Andrews a
visit on Saturday last.
Mr J R Hudson and family, New York, are at
Kennedy's hotel for the summer.
Mr Watson and family of Montreal have taken
rooms with Mrs Andrews.
Mrs Angus Rigby has returned from a very plea-
sant visit to Boston.
Mrs George R Hooper of Montreal is occupying
her summer cottage near the Algonquin.
Mr and Mrs John Hope of Montreal expect to
spend a portion of the season with their son, Wm
Hope, in his pretty cottage on Bar Road.
Miss Sweetland of Ottawa, who has been visiting
here for several weeks, will shortly be joined by
her father, Dr Sweetland.
Mrs Wm Harford and her daughters, Emma
and Jennie of Milltown, N. B., are guests of Mrs
Edward Davis.
Miss Hattie Grimmer, of Boston will spend the
summer with Mrs G Grimmer.
Miss Annie Richardson who has been engaged
in educational work near Boston, is in St Andrews
enjoying her vacation.
Miss Dora Gardiner of Baltimore is with her sis-
ter, Mrs Payne, at their summer cottage near the
Algonquin.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

July 11.—On Friday last several young married
people gave a drive to Mr Henry Eaton's cottage,
down the river. Two buckboards conveyed the
party to the cottage. A very enjoyable supper was
prepared by the ladies. A drive home by moonlight
ended one of the pleasantest outings of the season.
The Misses Black entertained several friends at
their cottage at the Lodge on Saturday last, in hon-
or of Miss Robinson, of St John and Miss Kerr of
Toronto.
Miss Ada Penna came down from St John on
Monday to attend the funeral of Mr Archie Murchie
Mr and Mrs W A Mills returned home from their
wedding trip on Friday night's train.
John W Barkley and wife, of Milltown, are visit-
ing in North Sydney a few weeks.
The funeral of Miss Helen Murchie, took place on
Tuesday morning last. It was largely attended.
Miss Murchie was a great favorite among the
young people of her own age.
Miss Julie Westburck of Ogdensburg, is the
guest of Miss Constance Chipman.
Mr Smith Dexter occupied the pulpit at Christ
Church on Sunday morning last, the Rev Mr New-
man being ill.
Miss Winter McAllister gave a picnic down
Porter's Mills Stream on Tuesday last, for the en-
tertainment of her guest, Miss Rosa Bradner.
"It sounds funny to hear you talking that
way. When we were at college you didn't
believe in eternal punishment at all."
"I know, but I didn't have any enemies
then."

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.
PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

THINGS OF VALUE.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, at sea: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try 'Dr. Farnes's' Eucalypti Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

My daughter's music, sighed the mother, 'has been a great expense.' 'Indeed?' returned the guest. 'Come neighbor used you I suppose?'

A CURABLE HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blight beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys, Farnes's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

Did you see those sleeping cars that were reported on fire? "No, sir. When I got there they were all smoking cars."

BE INHERS A WILL WISDOM POINTS THE WAY.—The sick man plans for relief, but he dislates sending for a doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell, taste, and taste worse. But he has the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Farnes's Vegetable Pills, which as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs have no equal.

Of all the numerous teachers Doing business here on earth, Experience is the dearest one— but you get your money's worth.

COUGHING ALL NIGHT.

It's this night coughing that breaks us down, keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam makes life worth living to such people by its soothing effect on the throat. The 'tickling sensation' promptly disappears when the use of the Balsam is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine for cough hasn't a disagreeable thing about it, and it does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from bark and roots and gums of trees, and is a true specific for throat troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balsam there are the elements which not only heal inflammation, but which protect the inflamed parts from further irritation. The result of this is that the tendency to cough does not manifest itself, and you are surprised at it. Afterward you would not be without Adamson's Balsam at hand. This remedy can be tested. 25 cents at any druggist's.

The Longest Word.

The Editor of the New England Dictionary has a right to be heard on the subject of the longest word. A writer in the Temple Magazine says Dr Murray points out in his note to 'Infer' that those who are interested in the length of words may observe that incircumscribability has as many letters as honorificabilitudinitus, viz, 22. The authority quoted for the former word is one Byfield, a divine, who in a treatise on Colossians published in 1613, wrote, 'The immensity of Christ's divine nature hath . . . incircumscribability in respect of place.' In the recent biography of Dr. Benson is the entry from the Archbishop's diary to the effect that 'the Free Kirk of the North of Scotland are strong antidisestablishmentarians'—26 letters.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-
ments, or Envelopes running short? Do you
consider that you could effect a saving in this part
of your business? Why not secure quotations
your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all
kinds done in a manner and style that is bound
to please you. We have lately added new type
to our already well-equipped plant, and are pre-
pared to furnish estimates on all classes of work
at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31|Canterbury Street.

A Crisis in the Schoolroom.

The inspector of schools in a country
district, being in a hurry to catch a train,
stood in the doorway and endeavored to
give out dictation to standard II. in the
main room, and at the same time to give a
sum to standard V. in the school room,
jerked out the words a few at a time al-
ternately.

This was the sum: 'If a couple of fat
ducks cost four dollars and a half, how
many can be got for twenty-one dollars
and thirty-five cents?'

And this was the other dictation: 'Now
as a lion prowling about in search,' and so
forth.

Naturally enough the poor children, un-
accustomed to such hurried dictation, heard
both and were sadly mixed. One girl's
dictation began: 'Now a couple of ducks,
prowling about in search of a lion who had
lost four dollars and fifty cents.'

And the small boy in the schoolroom
vainly endeavored to solve the mysteries
of this extraordinary sum:

'If seventy-two couples of fat lions cost
four dollars and a half, how much prowling
could be got for twenty-one dollars and
thirty-five cents?'

The Cause of Dyspepsia Feins.

They arise from the formation of gas ow-
ing to improper digestion. A very prompt
and efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline.
It relieves the distention instantly, and by
its stimulating action on the stomach, aids
digestion. Nerviline cures dyspepsia pains
by removing the cause. Nerviline is also
highly recommended for cramps, colic,
summer complaint and inflammation. Sold
in large 25c. bottles everywhere.

Your hair is rarest gold.

'Your hair is rarest gold,' he cried,
'You are the maid I've picked.'
But after she became his bride
He found he'd been gold bricked.
'Can't I sell you something to keep the
hair from coming out?' asked the barber.
'No,' answered the customer with the
polished pate.—'What I want is something
to coax it along and keep it from staying
inside.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.0
per month and expenses, perm-
anent position, experience unnecessary. Write
quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust
streets, Phila., Pa.

CALVERT'S
20 per cent.
CARBOLIC
SOAP

Cures and prevents Insect
and Mosquito bites.

The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."

100 Cc. V. rilled XXX
100 " Tobitt & Co.
100 " Most, Freres.
10 " Octaves "

For sale low in liquid or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE
25 WATER STREET.

CAFE ROYAL

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

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in.....
CHOCOLATE, WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

THE DUFFERIN

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

M. LAPOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICKTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class
Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Victoria Hotel,
51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.)
YARMOUTH.

July 11—Mrs W H Dore is spending a brief sojourn in Yarmouth, the guest of Mr and Mrs C. W. Murphy.

Mr David Sloan, principal of the Normal school Truro, and Mrs Sloan are spending a vacation in Yarmouth, the guests of Mrs Sloan's parents.

Miss Lizzie Harding who has been studying music with Prof Hasfield for the past year, returns to her home in Shelburne.

Miss Ethel May Ryan of Shelburne, was married on Wednesday evening of last week to Mr William C Nickerson, son of Mr Vincent Nickerson, of Clark's Harbor. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home, Capt Samuel Ryan's by Rev Mr Outebridge. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white, with white and pearl trimmings. Miss Maud Nickerson, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid and wore white, with white and pearl trimmings. As Rev Mr Murphy officiated as best man. Mr and Mrs Nickerson left for Clark's Harbor the next morning, and a reception was tendered them at their new home the same evening.

Dr C O H Webster of Kitchener is on a brief visit to friends.

Mrs George P Bedding of Yarmouth left on Wednesday to visit her daughter, Mrs Milford R Fesby at Wilmington, Vermont.

Mrs Jonathan Horton arrived from Halifax on Tuesday evening accompanied by her daughter, Mrs Wm C Hunter, who will remain about a month in Yarmouth.

Miss Elida Bingsy left for St John on Monday morning on her way to Hampton where she will spend a portion of her holidays with school friends. Mrs W H Lane and family who have been the guests of Mr and Mrs Charles W Murphy left for St John this morning.

Mrs Geo Lewis her two children and Mrs Crowell have gone to Lake Umbagog.

Misses Janie, Marion and Florence Byers, accompanied by Miss Kitty Gann and Miss Erna Wyman left for East River yesterday for a week's outing.

Mrs Bessie Lovitt returned from New Brunswick on Saturday.

Miss Jennie Deinstadt is visiting Miss Janie Allen, Milton.

WOODSTOCK.

July 10—Rev George Harrison of Newcastle is visiting his son, Mr G H Harrison.

Mr and Mrs Charles Gardner were in Woodstock last week. On Thursday they left for route St Marie, where Mr Gardner is engaged in connection with the Crague Works.

Miss May Cheney from the Lowell hospital and her little niece, Doris Donovan, are spending their vacation with their aunt, Mrs Lindsay.

Rev C T Phillips spent a few days in Woodstock last week and was warmly welcomed by his many friends here.

Mrs Fred Buckley of Erockton, Mass, is visiting relatives in this, her home town.

Mrs D Newcombe and family are summering at Westfield.

Miss H McKay of Boston is the guest of Mr and Mrs Capt Dunham.

Miss Gertrude Bailey of Fredericton is staying with her aunt here.

Now Directory.

McAlpine's City Directory for this year has been published and is in many respects the best directory yet issued. It is much fuller than those of past years and is in every way a most useful publication. All the banks with the names of their agents are given and all incorporated companies with their officers are set forth. In the names of firms the partners are given and throughout the book each page of the name list has at the top a black letter index of first and second letters which catch the eye. The price of the book to non-subscribers is \$3.50 and is on sale at McMillan and Nelson & Co.,

First Lady M. A.

Miss Annie M. Bigney has just received the M. A. degree from Kings. She graduated B. A. from Mr. Allison in 1898 and has since been making a specialty of German under Prof. Baber. Miss Bigney enjoys the unique honor of being the only lady on whom classic Kings has ever conferred the degree of M. A. At her graduation the students sang "For she is a jolly good fellow" and gave three enthusiastic cheers for "our lady graduate." She is a daughter of Rev. J. G. Bigney of Hantsport.

Orange Excursion.

The Orangemen's excursion to Mencton yesterday proved to be a very successful event. The 12th of July has a record of being a fine day and this year was no exception to the rule. The number of excursionists who took advantage of the cheap rates from Fredericton, and St. John were very large and all speak of enjoying themselves thoroughly.

A Pleasant Time.

A very pleasant Strawberry festival was held at the Mater Misericordiae Home on Sydney street on Wednesday. The inmates of the institution had a very enjoyable time. In the evening a musical and literary programme was carried out and altogether the affair was one long to be remembered by those in attendance.

HANDSOME DRESS GRATIS SOMETHING NEW.
A magnificent full dress length of 6 yards of beautiful brocaded, Silk-Lustre, 44 inches wide. You can earn this by selling 3 doz. of our Alaska Gold-Finish Scarf Pins, at 10c. each; or a skirt length of 4 yards for selling 2 doz. Pins. Simply send us your name and address and we will send you 2 or 3 doz. Pins, which, sell at 10c. each, return the money, and we will send you by return, free of charge, one of these lovely Dress Lengths. This is the best premium ever offered ladies. Also Boy's fine Nickel Watch, for selling 2 doz. Pins—Supply limited. Write to-day for Pins and secure these handsome Premiums. When price received, please show your friends.
MILLINERY SUPPLY CO.,
Dept. 20 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

Physician And Soldier.

A Sergeant of Royal Engineers who has lately returned from Africa, tells a good story in a London daily of Lord Kitchener's stern sense of justice. In the sergeant's company there was a private who always did his duty in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, which gained for him a certain respect from his immediate superiors and companions. One morning this man presented himself at the office and reported that he was ill and unfit for duty. He was ordered to appear before Doctor X., the medical officer of the corps, who pronounced him in good health and ordered him back to duty.

Against this order there was no appeal, and the soldier returned to his work, which was preparing planks for a temporary bridge. He found it impossible to work, and mentioned the fact to the sergeant, with whom he was on most friendly terms. 'Why not lay the case before Lord Kitchener?' asked the sergeant. 'He is in the office now.'

'Oh, I dare not,' replied the man. 'He is too stand-off and cold.'

'Well, if you're afraid, I'll do it myself,' said the sergeant, and he did.

'Order the man here at once,' said Kitchener, without looking up, 'and also Doctors Y. and Z.'

Each of these doctors he made examine the man in his presence. Doctor Y. reported 'typhoid in a marked stage,' and Doctor Z made the same diagnosis.

'Send for Dr. X. immediately!' said Lord Kitchener.

'Please Dr. X. examine this man carefully. He is either ill or malingering.'

Dr. X. performed the commanded task, and nervously said: 'Sir, I fear that I have made a slight mistake. This man is in the early signs of typhoid.'

'Have the man at once removed to the hospital,' came the order, 'and you sir, apply to the adjutant for your papers, and at your earliest convenience return to England.'

A Pledge in Oil

There is a story told of Mr. Rocketteller's first venture in the oil business. Indeed, he has been known to tell the story himself with evident appreciation of its humor. It was a way back in the early sixties, when he was engaged in the grain business in Cleveland, Ohio.

One of his customers a Mr. Breed, was the owner of an oil well at Titusville. Mr. Rocketteller became interested in the account of the well, and consented to go to see it with a prospect of purchasing. The next week he appeared. Mr. Breed tells of this visit.

'The well was about eight miles below Titusville on Oil Creek. The roads were very bad and we rode horseback. We left the horse tied to a tree and went the last half mile on foot. The path led over a sort of bayou six feet across. The oil men threw the sediment from the oil tanks into the bayou and the mixture of oily mud and water was inky black.'

'To cross the bayou we had to walk a log, which was slippery from the snow of the previous night. I crossed safely, and was about to offer Mr. Rocketteller a helping hand when he slipped and fell into the bayou.'

'He sank into the tarry mud nearly to his hips, ruining his clothes, which happened to be new and light colored. It took us half an hour, working with barrel-staves to scrape off the tar, so that he could walk. His first remark after he was out of the bayou was: 'Breed, you've got me into the oil business head and ears.'

'He bought the oil and a new suit of clothes before he left Titusville. Mr. Rocketteller and rarely meet, but when we do we always have a laugh over his first plunge into the oil business.'

Personally Conducted Excursions to the Pan-American Exposition.

The Canadian Pacific Railway propose running four Personally Conducted Excursions to the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, parties to be away from home about nine days, and have stop overs en route at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, with three days at Buffalo and one day at Niagara Falls. The cost to be from \$39.00 to \$100.00 for the trip. Write for dates of starting and other particulars to A. J. Heath, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

A great many people live according to their convictions, especially those who reside in the past.

Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through—not your mouth.

But there may be times when your catarrh is so bad you can't breathe through it. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when your delicate tissues have been weakened by the serfious condition of the blood on which catarrh depends.

Alfred E. Yungse, Hoermerstown, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head.

After trying several catarrh specifics from which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

Odd Number Unlucky.

During a course of lectures on 'Scotland and the Scots' an Oxford professor delivered a feeling tribute to the intertidity and endurance of the sons of the earth. 'These hardy men,' remarked the professor, 'think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times before breakfast.'

The respectful silence which followed this announcement was broken by a loud guffaw from the middle of the room.

'Sir,' said the professor angrily addressing the culprit, 'perhaps you will explain what you mean by this outburst!'

'I was not thinking sir,' replied the offender, 'that if your story be true, the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes.'

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Or apply to W. H. C. MacKay, Agt. C. P. R., St. John.

A Dream Dispelled.

The woman was standing in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand. She called across the garden:—

'You, Innocence Williams! Come in here, outeu that hot sun. You'll burn yer little cheeks ez brown ez a berry. Come in, Innocence!'

One would have expected to see a fairy-like creature rise, as from the heart of a flower, and drift dreamily over the violet beds. But instead a gaunt, tall figure, with face browned and bonneted, shambled toward the house, dragging a dead rattlesnake by its rattles.

It was Innocence Williams. 'Thar, mammy!' she explained, tossing the snake over the palings. 'That makes 10 I've kilt sence the lust o' June!'

Respectfully Referred.

As the Green Bag has it, Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee the following correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry;

'Sir' wrote the governor, 'I understand that you have called me a bobtail politician, I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning.'

'R. W. Giles.'

Patrick Henry's reply came promptly: 'Sir, I do not recollect calling you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable that I have. I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not. Very Respectfully, 'Patrick Henry'

This was leaving it to Giles with a vengeance; but as there were no further correspondence, the Governor of Virginia must have read satisfaction somewhere betw en the lines of Patrick Henry's brilliantly equivocal reply.

Bronchitic Softeners

Act foolishly. If they improve ever so little when the fine weather comes, they relax effort and drift back into the old condition which if possible, becomes more chronic. Hit Bronchitic hard in the summer and you'll get rid of it, and drive it right out of the system. In winter it is almost impossible to do this. Inhale Catarrhoxone regularly, it's a dead sure thing on Bronchitis. It goes into the most minute air cells of the lungs, bathes all parts of the bronchial tubes with its healing, germ destroying vapor, and cures every time. Highly endorsed by all competent druggists and doctors. 25c. and \$1.00.

Crimsonbeak—I think a crab is about the most stubborn thing I know of. Yeast—How so? 'Why, you can go and row about the river for hours and never get a bite, but if you happen to get one measly specimen in the boat you've got to be an acrobat to keep from getting a bite, every minute.'

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

In Fashion, Last.
All that is best in dress is certainly a soft, clinging description. The girl who always looks crisp and fresh gives her bathing suit a pressing between each dip. The fondness for white this season is extending even to the tennis and outing suits. Touches of black velvet to touch off the gown or hat are becoming almost indispensable. The thin dresses of the summer are notable for their simplicity. Quiet, old fashions are being revived, and on muslins, awlons, and the like, simple lines and trimmings rule.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901.

New Century Husbands

The education of a husband for the twentieth century should have been commenced in the eighteenth; indeed, there should have been some preliminary training for several centuries preceding that.

The women themselves in all of these cases may effect some modifications, but they represent the general practice of men. And then comes the cross inheritance from mothers, which influences in a vast degree the characteristics of sons, but even this carries with it the traits of the men in her family line.

The memory of man goeth not back to a time when girls were not trained for wives and mothers. Their first plaything is a doll and their second a set of dishes. They are coddling these dolls when the little boys are making life miserable for the cats and dogs of the neighborhood; or they are peacefully playing at keeping house when the boys are banging away with a bat or a slinky in blissful ignorance of future domestic duties.

The training of the boy is exactly the same as if there were no such relation as husbandhood. The girl is constantly admonished as to her duties when she has a home of her own. No such contingency is suggested to the boy. With the keen observation of youth the girl soon notices the dependent position of the mother, while the boy just as soon realizes the immense advantages of belonging to the sex of his father.

In olden times this distinction was accepted as the degree of an inscrutable Providence, and as the years went on, the girl became the submissive woman and the boy the assertive. This was inevitable so long as education, travel, business experience, knowledge of the world—all that tends to develop and strengthen men and fit them for the exercise of authority—were denied to women.

But when the first rift was made in the rigid conservatism which had dwarfed her powers, then began the protest and antagonism against that submission which for ages had been enacted. It will require several generations more to obliterate this antagonism, which exists to a greater or less degree in the business world, the professions, the schools, and even the home itself.

So long as women are continually challenged to prove their fitness, and can do this only by showing themselves superior instead of equal, and so long as opportunities are grudgingly allowed by men and the way impeded, just that long will this antagonistic spirit survive. If men would be just to women, the proverbial generosity and devotion of the latter would yield more than half the ground, but this is impossible where they are kept constantly on the defensive and fighting for life.

This is especially true in the home. The average wife is willing to concede to the husband the position as head of the family; it is her pleasure to consult him, to defer to him, to give him the most and the best of her life, but she demands that all this shall be a free will offering, and that he shall be worthy of it. She desires that this deference and devotion shall be reciprocal; that her place in the household shall take equal rank with his; that he shall repay faithfulness with fidelity, and affection with love.

There are husbands who are deserving of all the trust and honor reposed in them

and, with the cooperation of the wife, they illustrate the ideal family life. There are others who are utterly unworthy and yet they expect the same devoted service and allegiance simply because they bear the relation of husband, and it is against such that women rebel. How, then, shall men be educated so that they may bring happiness and not misery to themselves, their wives and their children?

It is said that boys receive the strongest impulses of their life at the mother's knee; but we see continual proof that may be entirely counteracted by the father's example. Therefore, the most valuable part of a boy's training for a husband lies in a daily object lesson from his mother's husband; two anecdotes may illustrate the effect of the father's influence. A little girl said to her mother:

'I suppose I've got to be a cross old maid like Aunt Jane or marry a man like pops. This is a hard world for us women!'

'Another said, 'I shall never marry.'

'Why not?' her mother asked. 'I married.'

'Yes, I know; but you got papa, and there isn't another as nice a man in the world.'

Two views of matrimony founded on the personal observations of children! In the first case a little boy would have drawn the conclusion that it was the proper thing for husbands to be disagreeable, and he would have put his theories into practice some day. In the second, he would have reasoned with his childish philosophy, that it was a part of a husband's duty to be kind, patient and loving, and he would have endeavored to carry out these ideas in his own family when he should have one.

It is not sufficient, however, for the father simply to set an example. Some precepts should be taught at the father's knee as well as at the mother's. In a great many matters, even at an early age, a boy has more respect for the father than of the mother. When the latter teaches that he should be kind to all dumb animals that he should not rob birds' nests, or tie tin cans to a dog's tail, or chase cows, his perverse moral instincts are apt to attribute these teachings to a sort of weakness on the part of women, and when the mother insists that his sisters must be treated with particular deference, the little embryo savage is prone to conclude that she loves them better than she does him. It is highly important that both father and mother should inculcate in sons, the lesson of gentleness, courtesy, fair dealing, generosity and helpfulness, for all these qualities are especially valuable in a husband.

As the boy grows older he should learn from both parents, but particularly from the father, the harmful effects of tobacco and intoxicating liquor, and here again the example of the father far outweighs the precepts of both. And upon the father also rests the most solemn obligations to impress upon the son the inestimable value of personal purity. It is the lack of this which wrecks more homes than all the other evils combined, and there is no one in the world who can influence the boy so strongly upon this point as the father.

While he may respect his mother's ideas he will feel in his heart that she does not understand a man's nature or a man's temptations, but he will regard the father's admonitions as the result of knowledge and experience. The responsibility of the father in training the boy to make a good man (and a good man makes a good husband) is far greater than that of the mother.

If the boy attends Sunday school, care should be taken that he forms his ideas of the relations of men to women from the teachings of Jesus rather than from those of St. Paul. If the latter are studied, it should be in the light of historical knowledge and intelligent criticism. No boy or young man should be allowed to believe that the rules laid down by St. Paul, nearly two thousand years ago, for the ignorant women of a heathen nation, are to be applied to the intelligent, cultured, self-controlled women of the present day.

The boy should be taught from childhood that he has no claim for superiority over girls; that if he have more physical strength, that is an additional reason why

he should protect them; and that if they have other disabilities, that is so much the stronger argument for making their way easy. He should honor his own sisters through his honorable treatment of every other boy's sisters, and this rule should be carried into manhood. His conduct toward all women should be of the most exemplary character and this in a large measure because of its reflex action on himself.

The husband of the future should receive his education in schools and colleges which admit both sexes upon exactly the same terms. It is only in this way that he can get a just sense of the proportion of his own mental ability. Whether by inheritance or from hearing the statement so often made, the average boy starts out with the belief that a man has more brains than a woman, and, naturally, that a boy has more than a girl. If this mistaken idea is not corrected while he is young he is very apt to make life unpleasant for the woman with whom he comes in contact.

There is no corrective so efficient as co-education. It is only when the two are engaged in exactly the same work that the boy or the man will admit that the test is a fair one. In married life no husband believes that the management of the household—the children, the servants and all complex details—required as much brain power as does his business down street, so if this question of intellectual quality is to be definitely settled it must be in the classroom.

No man can take a four years course in a college where the two sexes recite together without having his theory of the superiority of a man's brain over a woman's effectively exploded. The result of this cannot fail to contribute to the harmony of marriage, which in modern life must consist of an equal partnership. So I would name education as important in the training of the twentieth century husband.

Boys should be brought up with the expectation of marrying. Fathers and mothers should speak and act always as if it were a matter of course that the sons were to marry, just as is assumed in the case of the daughters. They should be taught to accumulate and save money, because some day they will have a family to support. They should be urged to live correctly, in order that they may be worthy of a good wife, and may give an honored name to their child. They should be influenced to seek the society of the best women, because from these associates they are likely to select a companion for life. I recall two incidents in this connection among my own friends.

One woman collected all her jewels, and, calling her young son, she spread them out for him to admire. When he had taken them up one after another and expressed his admiration, she said:

'When I die I shall leave all of these to your wife, because I am sure she will be the only woman I ever could be happy to have wear them.' Always after that when she put them on she would say, 'You will think of me, won't you dear, when you see your wife wearing my jewels?' He told me that ever afterward in his acquaintance with young women, he would consider whether they were worthy to wear his mother's jewels.

The other woman had several sons, and from their boyhood she had talked to them against marriage. Her own marriage was an unhappy one but she had an intense jealousy of the women who should come between her and her sons.

I hate all my daughters in law in advance she often said. She would not bring desirable girls into her own home, and the same sons learned to conceal from her their calls at other homes. This led to the forming of undesirable acquaintances. They did not resemble a quinceance. They did not resemble any woman as a possible wife, and it is not necessary to follow their careers to the inevitable results.

The education of the twentieth century husband is a comprehensive subject. It reaches back for generations; it embraces grandparents, parents and all the home surroundings. It is impossible to touch upon more than the barest outlines of such a question. But this we do know—that the husband of this and the centuries to come will have to be superior in many ways to the husbands who have preceded him. The demands of the twentieth century woman are far beyond those made by any other women in all the ages, and if the man is not equal to them she is in a position where she can decline to accept him. And after all is said on education of a husband, if the woman of the future will set an ideal standard to the man of the future will educate himself to reach it.

A MAN TO ENTERTAIN.

A Woman Finds it More Difficult Than is Imagined.

From time immemorial women have enjoyed visiting. Our female ancestors did a good deal of visiting away back when the country was new, and there were no clubs nor sewing societies, nor lodges, nor guilds, to take up their spare moments. And they went in the morning, and stayed to dinner and supper, and carried their knitting or sewing, and their husbands ate picked up bites at noontime, and followed their wives to the neighbor's and made it up at supper.

And they all drank tea and talked, and talked and talked, and had a good time. The social instinct was just as strong as it is today.

Women enjoy visiting and they know just how to entertain each other. Your friend will be entertained by coming to your house and going up to your room, and locking over the stockings you bought at such a bargain—forty-nine cents marked down from half a dollar—and she will take heaps of comfort in teaching you the new stitch in Battenberg that she caught up while visiting her cousin in the city.

She will listen with interest while you tell her how your pet cat hid her kittens in the bureau drawers, and how cunning she looked, and how the baby acted when you put his first shoes on his feet, and how you laid the law down to that hired girl who was so impudent at first.

Oh, a woman will be entertained by almost anything when she is visiting. But when a man goes visiting, then pity the woman who has to entertain him.

A girl can entertain her lover very much to their mutual satisfaction, and it is hoped that a wife can entertain her husband; but when it comes to entertaining just an ordinary male acquaintance—that is quite another thing.

A man in the house is out of his element and consequently uneasy. He is too big for a parlor. He can't knit or sew, or make

tating, or offer to help wash the dishes, and he can't hold the cat or bathe the baby. So he fidgets. He puts his hands in his pockets, and then he takes them out again. He feels his moustache and looks anxiously at his finger nails. How he wishes he could make a bolt for life and get out somewhere. He wishes he had never been insane enough to come on this visit. He wishes Jones would get back from business and they could talk about stocks or politics, or anything except who is dead and who has married, and who has got a baby, among the mutual friends of himself and his hostess.

What will she think of to talk about next? The man pities her, for he knows how hard it is for her and he takes his brain for something to say which will help on the entertaining. Of course there is always the weather. It is always too hot or too cold or too wet or too dry; and when it rains nobody likes it, and when it doesn't rain everybody says such dreadful rain was never known before.

But even the weather can be worked out as a subject of conversation. And the interminable minutes go on and the hostess is thoroughly uncomfortable and the guest is in a cold sweat. Then all at once the clouds break, the sun shines, and the world is glorious!

Dinner is announced and the spell is broken, for where is the man living who is not entertained by the immediate prospect of dinner?

Matrimonial Misunderstanding.

I have known a fond couple to quarrel in the very honeymoon about cutting up a tart; nay, I could name two who alter having had seven children, fell out parted over boiling a leg of mutton. It may seem strange to those who are not married when I tell you how the least trifles can strike a woman dumb for a week. But if you ever enter into this state you will find that the gentle sex as often express anger by an obstinate silence as by an ungovernable clamor.

Did It Ever Strike

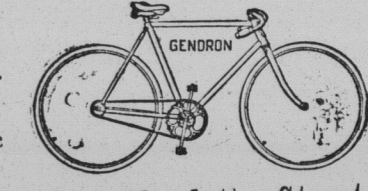


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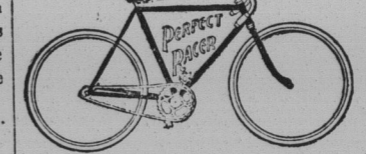
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Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text describing its benefits for children's play.

Advertisement for Meriden B. Company, featuring a logo with a scale and text about their 'Silver Plate that Wears' and various household items.

Advertisement for Rogers Bros., featuring text about their '347 Rogers Bros.' products like knives, forks, and spoons.

Advertisement for Noble, Ester, England, featuring a list of clothing items like blouses and dresses with prices and a small illustration of a woman.

FAITHLESS BUT TRUE.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

Before Christmas Horace Salran took his departure, but it was on the understanding that he should return in the early spring.

Amongst all Laura's new and old acquaintances, perhaps the only genuine friend she had was Miss Talbot.

Philip had never told his aunt his secret, and, if she suspected it, she never showed that she did.

All the same, she showed a great interest in the young bride, and sometimes even ventured on a little gentle advice and Laura, who seemed to care little what the world said or thought, listened with exemplary patience.

And so the winter slipped away and when the hedges were studded with the yellow primrose and purple violet, Horace Salran returned and Laura took no pains to conceal the pleasure she felt in seeing him again.

CHAPTER IV. NOT FORGOTTEN.

It was a fluttering day towards the end of March, when Philip Lacy walked into his aunt's drawing room and was received with unfeigned delight.

"You look but poorly, Philip," she said; "worn and thin. I fear you have had a hard time of it."

"Oh, we all had to rough it a bit!" he answered. "I will tell you about it after dinner—that is if you will kindly ask me to stay for something on your kindness. I told Mrs. Cox of the Peacock, that I should most likely dine out."

"The Peacock! My dear Philip you don't mean to tell me that you went to an inn when your aunt's house—"

"My dear aunt, you have no idea what a savage I have become in my travels," he answered, "not letting her finish her sentence. I was taken prisoner, lived in a hut, and fed on dates. To me a house is stifling after sleeping out in the open air so much, and I find it difficult to rest on a bed. I really shall be much better at the Peacock, where they won't mind my getting up in the middle of the night and smoking with my head out of the window. I will dine with you as often as you like to ask me; but, till I become more civilized, please don't ask me to stay here. I should upset all your orderly ways. You would learn to look on me as a nuisance, and I should not like that."

It was not, however, till Miss Talbot had vehemently argued against this plan, that she at last gave way, compromising by making Philip promise to dine with her every day, and lunch with her as often as he could.

"And now, aunt," he said, when this was settled, "tell me the local news. I hear that Miss Laura, your next door neighbor, has married Sir Godfrey Lyzette, and sets the fashions for Churchford and half the county."

Miss Talbot cast a quick glance at her nephew's face, but saw no sign of emotion—hardly of curiosity.

"If he cared for the girl, he has got over it," she said to herself, and it's perhaps just as well things have fallen out as they have."

So she entered into a full account of Laura's marriage, and, although the girl was a favorite of hers, did not hesitate to deplore the change that had taken place in her.

"Not that it's anything more than frivolity," she went on to explain; "and what can you expect from a young girl married to such a man as Sir Godfrey, who thinks a great deal more of a statue or a painting than he does of his wife? I counsel her sometimes, and she listens very patiently to what I say; but good advice, my dear boy, never kept anyone from ganging their ain gait yet."

Whilst Miss Talbot was pouring into Philip's attentive ears all about Laura and her marriage, what led to it, and what it was likely to lead to, that young lady was quietly walking up and down one of the sheltered paths in the gardens of the Hall, listening with a smile on her lips to Horace Salran's passionate declaration of love.

"My dear Horace," she said, drawing away the hand he attempted to seize, "of course I like you, but I do not love you in the sense you wish—not nearly enough to ruin myself for your sake. In the first place my husband—"

"Pish! pray do not say you care for him."

"He is very tiresome, I admit, but he is kind, and there are many worse husbands in this world; but I frankly admit he worries me dreadfully, and so do his friends."

"Am I included?"

"How silly you are, Horace! Of course, you are different. I am sure I showed how pleased I was when you came back—perhaps more than I ought to have done."

"But how can you stand this existence? I tell you that you know nothing of what the world is—of its pleasures. What can life be without love? We are young, the world is at our feet. I am already famous and shall become more so, and you shall share my fortunes. Every hour you stay here in this gloomy place amongst these stupid people is wasted. Yours is ours but for once—for a few short years. Let us pass that time together, and then come

what may, we shall have lived, enjoyed, basked in the sun-light. The future is vague. The only happiness to be certain of is that of the present."

His handsome face glowed with eagerness and passion, and he tried to pass his arm round her waist.

"My dear Horace, I shall really have to go in and leave you if you are so tiresome!" Laura exclaimed rather petulantly, as she slipped from his embrace. "I don't suppose I shall ever love anyone—at all events I do not now. So please don't bother me anymore with your vows and declarations of eternal constancy. I don't think that I could stand living here for ever; but, thank goodness, we are going to London in a month, and there I shall enjoy myself very well. Remember that you are to come, too; but you must not expect to monopolize me as you do down here."

There was almost a scowl on his face as he looked down into the dark eyes that smiled back into his.

"You English women are all alike," he said. "Cold as icicles. You have no power to love; passion you cannot feel, and you can no more understand what I suffer than one can understand, without experiencing them, the sufferings of a man left to die of thirst and hunger in the desert."

The smile died from Lady Lyzette's lips.

"We will go back to the house," she said, with a shiver. "It is fearfully cold out here. You are dreadfully thoughtful, Horace, or you would not have kept me out so long."

He kept back the oath that rose to his lips.

"As you will," he answered, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I will see you to the door, and then, if you permit me, smoke a cigar out here in the garden. It is well to have no heart. Yet those who cannot suffer cannot enjoy."

She made no answer, but hurried to the house, which, with a little nod to the artist, she entered, vanishing at once from his view.

"Sacre! he muttered, as he selected a cigar from his case. "How well she carries it off! But I shall win yet. It was because she feared herself that she left me. It is only a matter of days, or weeks, or months, and I can afford to wait."

How could he know that it was his chance allusion to the desert that had hurried up Philip Lacy's face before her eyes?

How could he guess how she despised—loathed herself at that moment?

She sat in her own apartment thinking over the past and what might have been till at length she sprang to her feet and rang the bell for her maid.

"Marie!" she cried when the maid entered the room, "you must make me look beautiful tonight. Take out my dresses, and let me see what I shall wear. I shall die of ennui here if I do not find something to amuse me, and they say a woman can never be unhappy if she has plenty of pretty new dresses to wear."

CHAPTER V. WINGED WORDS.

News travels fast in a little country village, and in less than twenty-four hours after his arrival, Laura knew that the man she had sworn to be true to was staying at the Peacock, and that he had dined the previous evening at his aunt's.

She was very glad to be prepared, and waited all day, half hoping, half dreading that he would call.

When the evening came without Philip Lacy having put in an appearance, she felt both hurt and disappointed.

She would rather have got the interview over.

She feared the look of reproach in his eyes, and felt, if he spoke to her about the past, she would have to tell how all had happened—how weak she had been, and yet how, if he had only been there to support her, she would never have given him up.

Two more days passed, and Laura felt piqued.

After all, very likely her mother was right, and he had not cared for her so very much; and that evening she came down to dinner gayer than usual, and beautifully dressed.

The next day, when Philip did call, she received him without showing a sign of emotion.

Her cheek, perhaps, was a trifle pale, but it soon flashed as she began to talk and ask questions about his adventures in the South.

He had been prepared by his aunt for the change in her manner, but he felt it deeply all the same.

Was this the pretty, tender girl he had left behind?

She was handsomer than ever, more brilliant, more captivating, yet the change saddened him, and he felt half inclined to think that, sharp as the pain had been, he had had an escape, as he wondered how this girl, who seemed to have risen to her new position with such ease, would have stood roughing it as a poor captain's wife.

But Philip Lacy was the last man to allow his face to betray his thought.

tion of Arab customs which he had studied during his captivity, and his accurate observations on certain ancient ruins he had seen.

"We must see more of you, Captain Lacy," he said, as Philip rose to leave. "You are staying with your aunt, Miss Talbot, I understand, and I should have been very happy for you to take up your abode under our roof. As it is, I hope we shall see you frequently. We shall be here for a month or more before going to London, and though the shooting is over, I dare say Lady Lyzette will find means to amuse you. By the way, Laura, have we not a dinner-party or a gathering of some sort? I think, if I remember rightly, you said something to me about it the other day."

"Both, my dear Sir Godfrey. We have a few friends dining with us on Thursday, when I hope Captain Lacy will be able to join us, and we have a dance—not a ball, you know, just a few friends—on the following Tuesday. You won't be going away before then, will you, Captain Lacy?"

"I obtained leave, and came home over-land, you know," Philip answered, "so I have a month or more before I need rejoin."

"Well, then you will dine with us Thursday and come to an 'At Home' on Tuesday will you not? We are going to try and get up a cotillion—Monsieur Salran is quite an adept at leading one."

"I don't like that Frenchman," Philip thought as he left the house. "He reminds me of a panther, and glows and velvet, and yet when ruffled, a creature with very sharp claws. But I suppose it is insular prejudice, and I dare say he is a very good fellow in his way."

And then, not feeling much interest in Horace Salran, his thoughts flew back to Laura, and after questioning himself sharply as to his own feelings, he arrived at the conclusion that the wound she had inflicted was quite healed, and that though, of course he did, and always should, feel an interest in her, his love was dead.

Philip Lacy found the dinner at the Hall very dull.

He was seated near a musical celebrity, and on his other side had the wife of a county squire.

He could hear Lady Lyzette laughing and incessantly talking to those at her end of the table, but at his end near the host, the conversation languished.

Sir Godfrey, when he had time to spare from the good things on his plate discoursed leisurely on his favorite subjects; and the squire's wife bored the young soldier with questions about Egypt.

To him the meats were tasteless, and the wine had lost its flavor.

"I suppose I must stay till after this 'At Home' I am invited to," he thought, as he walked back to his inn. "I fancy my aunt has her suspicions that I was fond of Laura before I went away, and then there is Laura herself, I should not like either of them to think that I felt sore at heart."

But there is no reason I should stay on after Tuesday. I will go up to town, make a round of the theatres, and then just run down again for an hour or two, or a night, to say good bye to aunt before I rejoin. The regiment is due in a fortnight."

He told his aunt of his resolution next day, and she raised no objection.

"It's very good of you to stay down with me so long," she said; "but, if you really are determined to cut your visit short, you shall escort me up to town, for I am going over to Paris for a month—my usual change. Paris just now is delightful, and always does me good."

"If the dinner had made Philip sad, the dance made him anxious."

In his opinion, Laura allowed the young French artist, Horace Salran, to pay her too much attention.

Not only did she give him nearly every other dance, but Philip read something in the Frenchman's eyes which convinced him that, if Laura was as yet heart-whole, Salran was desperately in love with Sir Godfrey's wife.

Philip left as early as he could, and when he sought Lady Lyzette to say good-bye, something prompted him to warn her of a danger he conceived her too innocent to understand.

"And so you are really going away to-morrow?" Laura said, as he took her hand. "I am sorry; but we shall see you in London, shall we not? You know the address."

"Thanks, very much," he answered; "but I doubt if I shall be in London after the next ten days. There will be lots of work to do in the regiment. It is not likely that I shall see you again for a long time, Lady Lyzette, and, if I take the privilege of an old friend, and say a few words at parting, will you forgive me?"

Her face paled suddenly.

"It is only this," he went on hurriedly. "You are very young, Laura, and can know little of the evil in the world. But if you believe in me, in my great friendship for you, do not encourage that Frenchman you danced with so many times this evening. I know that with you it means nothing, but he builds false hopes on your kindness myself noticed it. For your own happiness, Laura be careful!"

The sudden pallor had left Lady Lyzette's face, and her cheeks were burning as she answered—

"What right have you to advise me Philip Lacy? Why did you come back here to torment me? I dare say that if I fell, yours would be the hand to cast the first stone."

She had reached her hand from his, and now turned away to answer.

Horace Salran's eyes went from the girl, who seemed to have risen to her new position with such ease, would have stood roughing it as a poor captain's wife.

But Philip Lacy was the last man to allow his face to betray his thought.

Philip feel something of the agony she was feeling herself.

"He never loved me," she thought bitterly, even at the moment when Horace was pleading most passionately. "Philip never loved me, but it will wound his pride to hear that I have given myself to a man as young as himself. Even his cold nature will feel the sting, and if I am wretched, he shall suffer, too."

That night, late as it was when he went to bed, Horace Salran took out his writing case and sat down to write a letter.

"I must put it to her that I am married, of course, he murmured to himself. If she thought the lady was not my wife she would make an awful fuss. She might even throw vitrol at her rival, for I know what her temper is, worse luck; but if I say boldly that I am married she will know that the must clear out. Besides, she will comfort herself with the reflection that I have married for money, not love, and that my heart will return to her keeping sooner or later. It is a pity, too, for she was a lovely model; but after all, a la belle Laura must accustom herself to our Parisian ways and learn not to be jealous."

So, having settled this point he began to write.

"Ma Tante Chere,—You know how full this wretched world of ours is of surprises and changes, and therefore, with that charming philosophy which is all your own you will not be overwhelmed with the news that I am married and about to bring my wife to Paris. I know you will jeer at me, I who have so often laughed at others marrying; but we have all our fate in our own hands. What makes me desolate is that I must ask you to vacate my rooms. It is a trial to me as I am sure it will be to you, but you will not only do so but see that La Mere Godace has an appetizing little dinner for us at eight o'clock on the evening of the fourteenth, and tell Jovan to send me in some of the blue sealed wine and a bottle of brandy."

You will do all this I know, for love of Horace. For the first few weeks it will be better for you not to call, afterwards you will, I hope resume your sittings. Your sensitive heart, my dear Julie, will feel, I am sure, the pain I suffer in writing this, but we must console ourselves with memories of the happy past.

"I kiss your pretty eyes and remain always your true friend,

"HORACE SALRAN"

He directed the envelope, and after taking the precaution to seal it, threw himself back in his chair.

"A good finish to a pleasant day," he muttered. "I knew she would give way, and it is always pleasing to find one's self right. Old Sir Godfrey taking himself up to London makes things easier and altogether pleasanter. I take my departure to-morrow, or the next day, and wait in London till the morning of the fourteenth, till madame will coin some excuse of meeting her husband, and come up by the early train, which will enable us to catch the express for Paris. Nothing could be simpler or plainer, and there is not one of our set in Paris who will not envy me my good luck!"

CHAPTER VI. THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

Almost the first thing that Horace Salran had done when he found his pictures selling, and money in both pockets, was to establish himself in small but charming artist's quarters.

There were a little hall, a dining room, a small saloon furnished in yellow plush, a bedroom and a kitchen; while on the floor above was his studio.

His wife, Madame Godace, who did everything, from cooking to answering the door bell, slept out.

As the light was fading on the afternoon of the fourteenth, La Mere Godace was very busy making preparations for the reception of Horace and his English wife.

She trotted backwards and forwards from the kitchen to the dining room, and every time she passed through the saloon she threw a glance of commiseration on the figure of a girl who sat close to the hearth, with her elbows resting on her knees, her face clasped in her hands, and her eyes fixed on the glowing logs.

"Dear, dear; it's dreadful how girls take on!" thought the old woman, as she crossed the saloon for the twentieth time. "I remember I did just the same at her age. But heaven is merciful, and as we lose our youth and good looks we gain patience. And if we lose our sweethearts, there is consolation in a pot-au-feu and a little glass of kirsch, I hope, and no one any the poorer."

As time slipped by, however, La Mere Godace began to grow a little nervous and impatient, and at length as the clock struck six, she thought it best to arouse the girl from the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen.

"My little bird," she said, laying her hand on the shoulder of the silent figure, "do not you think that it would be best for you to be up and putting on your hat? It has struck six."

The girl slowly raised her head, and the old woman was shocked to see the wild look in her dark eyes.

"Ah, little!" she said. "You must not take on. When you come to be as old as I am, you will laugh at the men. There is not one of them worth that!"

And, she snatched her fingers in disdain of mankind in general.

The girl looked at her withered countenance, and then her eyes turned to the door. "I wish I were like you," she said, and then she looked at her watch. "Ah! I feel—ah, I feel—"

"What is it?" she asked, as she turned to her heart, a look of anxiety on her face.

"A little headache," she muttered, the old woman, who had been abused the wine, and drank freely of it.

As soon as this meal was over, the old woman cleared the table placed another

meal! But you drink, ma mere—it will put you in a good temper."

The housekeeper drank her glass of kirsch by sips.

"It warms the heart, my dear," she said. "You had better try a little."

No; but you can drink my glass as well as your own, for you must be tired, and I am going to help you lay the cloth. Don't be cross, for I am determined to have one look at the bride. They won't see me. I will stand behind the curtain, and when I have had a peep I will go out by the stairs which lead to the studio, and can come down the other way."

La Mere Godace protested against this plan, but her heart being warmed by the liqueur, she at length gave way on the promise that Mademoiselle Julie would fly behind the curtain the moment the bell rang, and not stay more than a minute—only just long enough to satisfy her curiosity.

The old woman having lit the gasrosette off into the kitchen, leaving Juliette put out the wine and giving the finishing touch to the decoration of the table.

The girl being left alone stood for a moment looking at herself in the oval glass above the chimney piece.

The face which the glass reflected was handsome in a certain style.

The thick dark hair grew low down on the forehead, the eyebrows were heavy and straight, whilst the long lashes shaded eyes which might well be soft and loving, but which now looked with a hard cold stare out of the mirror.

"I am handsome, and yet he has tired of me," the girl muttered to herself. "I wonder how long it would have taken him to tire of this new puppet. But then, she is his wife, and he is bound to her, and cannot cast her aside as he has me. Ciel, how I hate this English woman! And how I would write me such a letter. Why he could not have hurled a dog out of the house with few words. He should have known me better than to think that I could live knowing that another woman has taken my place, or could endure to die leaving him to clasp another woman to his heart. What will they all say tomorrow in the morning, I wonder?"

She drew herself up and turned from the glass, with a disdainful smile on her full, red lips.

"Let them say what they will," she murmured. "I shall not bear. Praise or blame will be all the same to me then!"

She walked into the dining-room, after arranging some flowers in a vase and rearranging the table, took some bottles of wine, red and white, and proceeded to un-cork them.

She took some minutes over this, standing at the sideboard with her back to the door.

Once she glanced over her shoulder, as if some noise had reached her ears; but the next moment she turned again to the sideboard, and, having finished her task, placed two bottles on the table.

Hardly had she done so when the door bell rang.

All color died out of the girl's face, but she did not lose her presence of mind.

In an instant she had seized her hat, which lay on a chair, and had passed through the saloon, and seemingly forgetful of her desire to catch a glimpse of the bride, had brushed past the old housekeeper, and gained the little staircase which led to the studio.

La Mere Godace, hobbling along in her list slippers, shook her head in dispassionate contempt from men in general and the folly of girls, but her face was decked with smiles when she threw open the door and welcomed Horace Salran and his lady with a succession of curtsies.

Horace presented Laura in due form.

"My wife, Madame Godace," he said. "Laura, Madame Godace," has been to me the best of housekeepers, and you will find her a really excellent cook. I hope she has excelled herself this evening, and that you will not make her unhappy by having no appetite, for La Mere Godace is quite of a dying on the spot if she thought she had failed to please you on this happy evening, when I bring you to my poor home."

They were in the dining room by now, and Laura threw her travelling cloak on to a chair.

"I am afraid I have little appetite," she said. "This is the dining-room, I suppose, and that is the saloon. How small the rooms are, and how hot!"

"These are little inconveniences I am afraid you must put up with, ma belle," he answered, with a slight sneer. "But love, my dear Laura, will change them to a bower of Paradise," he added, stooping to kiss her.

She pushed him away.

"I am tired," he said petulantly. "Well, then, dear, go and get ready for dinner. The bedroom is to the left of the saloon. Don't be long, for, if you have no appetite, I feel famished."

He drew back the curtain more fully to allow her to pass into the saloon, and then, going to the table, poured himself out a tumbler of the white wine.

"The old scoundrel!" he muttered, as he set down the empty glass. "He has palmed off some inferior wine on me. To-morrow I will go round and make him understand my visit to England has not spoiled my palate."

He waited, warming himself at the fire, till Laura appeared, and then rang the bell to let La Mere Godace know that they were ready for dinner.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

drink, ma mere—it will put temper. Sheer drank her glass of wine. 'Dear, my dear,' she said, 'try a little.' 'I can drink my glass as well as you must be tired, and I help you lay the cloth. Don't fuss, for I am determined to stand behind the curtain. I have had a peep I will go out which lead to the studio, and in the other way.' 'I protested against this...'

(CONTINUED FROM THESE PAGES.) bottle of wine, which stood on the sideboard with its cork drawn, on it, and then, wishing monsieur and madame bon soir, took herself off for the night, saying that she should be back early the next morning if madame desired wish for a cup of tea or coffee. 'Come, dear,' he said, 'a little wine will bring back some color to your cheek, for I see the journey has tired you. What toast shall we drink? Our unceasing love?' 'That would be tempting Fate!' Laura answered with a laugh. 'No,' she added, raising the glass to her lips, 'we will drink to forgetfulness. Let us live for the present, and forget that there is a past or a future.'

When, sick and dizzy, he managed to pull himself up, he found that the carriage was on its side, and that Sir Godfrey was lying huddled up in a fearfully contorted attitude, at his feet. By an effort of strength he wrenched open the upper door, and, with assistance, managed to extricate the knight, but only to find that he was quite dead, his neck having been broken. Dreadfully distressed as he was in thinking of Laura's bereavement, Philip felt that his first duty lay in doing what he could for others who had been injured. Fortunately the accident happened within little more than a mile of Churchford, and assistance was soon ordained. No sooner had he seen the body of Sir Godfrey decently cared for than Philip made all haste he could to break the news to Laura.

Arrived at the Hall, his surprise was great when he learnt that she had left for Paris that morning to pay a visit to Miss Talbot, and that Sir Godfrey was to have joined her there. Full of disquietude—for he remembered that the knight had spoken of his wife as being at the Hall—he hesitated what to do. If there was any mystery, telegraphing to Miss Talbot would only complicate matters, and if Laura was with his aunt—which seemed incomprehensible—she would have to make the journey back alone. At length he determined to go himself to Paris. The line would be cleared in a few hours and he would be able to catch the night mail. The butler accompanied him to Churchford, to see to Sir Godfrey's body being brought home, and after a dreary wait at the station, Philip found himself again in a train speeding back to London. He was fortunate enough to catch the night express, and, on arriving at Paris, drove at once to an hotel, where he changed his clothes and ate a hasty breakfast, after which, although it was still early, he made his way to the private hotel at which he knew his aunt always stayed. He found Miss Talbot seated opposite a commissioner of police in a state of great excitement. Philip listened to the commissioner's tale with mingled feelings of sadness and relief. What he had more than half feared had happened; and yet, even at the last moment, Laura had been plucked from the hand of her would-be-destroyer. He gathered that an old woman, who looked after the rooms of M. Horace Salran, the artist, had been horrified on entering the flat at her usual early hour, to find, as she thought, three dead bodies in the dining room, her master, a young woman named Julie Toldain, an artist's model, and his—her master's—newly-wedded wife, whom he had only brought home the evening before. She called the police at once, and on a doctor being summoned, he found that the artist and the young woman, who had doubtless been his mistress, were dead, but that the wife lived; in fact, she had already begun to recover consciousness. She soon recovered enough to give the address of Miss Talbot, but refused to say anything more than that she and her husband had recently arrived from London, and that she knew nothing of the woman named Julie Toldain; in fact she was too ill and weak to bear much questioning, so the commissioner had left her in the hands of the doctor, and had hastened at once to interview Miss Talbot. After a little consideration, Philip took the commissioner into his confidence, and told him all that had happened, as far as he knew it. The police-agent supplied the missing links without difficulty. 'An old story, monsieur,' he said, 'but, as things have turned out, no one beyond yourself and madame here, who, I understood you to say, is your aunt, need know the truth. The lady is in no danger, having evidently taken but little of the poison, and can be moved here in the course of the day. Her evidence can be taken in her own room, and I will see that no particulars get into the papers.'

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Chat of the Boudoir. How to be cool yet stylish is the problem under consideration in the world of fashion just at the moment, for with the weather in the 80's, it is the weather that wins in the contest for supremacy as a topic of conversation. It is impossible to thrust into the background anything which can so persistently impress itself on our physical being; so fashion may propose to the fullest extent but it is the thermometer that regulates the disposition of our clothes. An abbreviated bathing suit is the only costume which really appeals very strongly to our sensibilities. Nevertheless, the ruling passion is strong, even in torrid weather, and the fashionable woman never loses sight of the fact that she must have style, whether her gown is a simple muslin or a most elaborate creation. If she were quite as determined about cultivating an expression to harmonize with her clothes, smiles would dominate the feminine summer, for the gowns are pretty and dainty enough to go with the most beatific of faces. It is a laudable ambition just to live up to your clothes, and it seems like scolding to look sad and dejected in a dainty mull or a gay foulard. The thinnest muslins have most seductive charm at the moment, and in the guise of the most absolute simplicity is a new model made of pale blue trimmed with rather wide bands of muslin in a paler shade. A darker tint is sometimes quite as effective but the color employed should govern the choice. Three circular flounces, giving the effect of a triple skirt, each one edged with a two inch band of the paler shade, made with a full bodice and reves shaped fish of muslin in the pale shade. There are two ways of applying the bands, the prettier of which is by joining them to the edges with an open stitch. In the other case they are stitched on after the usual manner of using bands this season. A pretty effect is made by alternating shaped bands of the two shades and joining them with the cross stitch to form the deep circular flounce so much used. The chic touch for this variety of muslin gown is a fancy buckle, or a hemstitched sash of black chiffon. The printed flowered muslins are fascinating this season. They come in pretty, graceful designs and soft colorings, and they are quaintly trimmed with a little old fashioned ruff: corded at the top and edged with lace. Groups of vertical tucks around the hips, and extending down almost to the knee, are the modern addition to this style of gown, while the bodice shows the gathered and corded effect in puff, outlining a bolero and encircling the elbow sleeves. The remaining portion of the bodice is in tucks and insertion. An odd feature is the belt of green taffeta silk with black velvet ribbon in the centre crossed at intervals with medallions of ecru guipure. The simple frock of white mull, very much on the order of the gown worn by our grandmothers in their youth has come around again for the young girls who can affect this style with becoming grace. One difference between now and then is that it is worn only by the discriminating maiden who appreciates that she possesses the peculiar artistic qualifications which lend the charm to its simplicity. The necessary accessories to this kind of dress are the leghorn hat with a wide brim, and a real baby blue sash of soft ribbon or chiffon. Many of the old-time ideas are brought out in the latest muslins and we see again the narrow ruffles from the knee to the hem. Rows of narrow satin ribbon head as ruffles above the last one; and the dress with a lace yoke has a fish drapery of muslin edged with a frill. A rather novel mode of trimming muslin gowns is seen in the combination of two kinds of lace, for example, Valenciennes and Irish lace, the former in a medium wide insertion, outlined on each edge with a narrow insertion of Irish lace. Two bands of this trimming encircle the skirt with medallions of Valenciennes lace between. The corselet belt and and yoke are also formed by the same encircling bands. A feature of the muslin costume is the hat with a ribbon ruche around the brim. This is an old fashion revived and carries with it no end of chic if it is worn with the simple thin gown. Apropos of simple hats there is one in a sort of sailor shape trimmed with two birds the wings wide spread and arranged so that there is one underneath and one on top of the brim hugging it close at either side. A very noticeable feature of summer dress is the simplicity of color or rather the predominating use of neutral colors in delicate shades of gray and beige besides every possible tint of white. Even the foulards are delicate in coloring and are toned down still more by the use of stitched bands of cloth or taffeta in the predominating color of the silk. White linen bands are also used on foulard, and another fancy in the lines of linen decoration on silk is the cut out design in conventionalized flowers or scrolls. Almost any combination of materials seems to be permissible as a means of extending the present craze for applique. White cloth, in bands or scrolls, on guipure lace is one very effective application. The bands being stitched on the edge and trimmed close to the stitching. Show This to Your Husband. 'What would you do if your wife should go out with the girls and come home at an unseemly hour of the night the same as my husband does with the wild and rollicking boys, and hang her boots on the hat rack and shove her bonnet under the lounge,' writes Abigail. That is a difficult question to answer. We should never have a wife of that kind, and if we did have we should do just the same as Abigail ought to do by her husband. We'd—Well, we'd tell her if she ever came home in that condition again we'd give her away and then we would do it. We shouldn't have any use for such a precious partner and we would not waste words upon her. RICH AND POOR ALIKE use Pain-Killer. Taken internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Applied externally cures sprains swollen muscles, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c. ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Brewster. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CHAPTER VII. HONOUR RETRIEVED.

Philip Lucy, after passing a few days of utter boredom in London, and finding that his regiment had landed, and were to be quartered at Shorncliffe, made up his mind to rejoin at once. However, he determined to see Laura once more, for the last time. He told himself it was folly, worse than folly, utter weakness, and yet he could not bear to think that she had parted from him for the last time in anger. 'I will ask her pardon, he said to himself, 'and we will part as friends. I shall live it down, I daresay, but I should not be happy for a moment if I thought these ill-chosen words of mine stood between us. As he had left part of his luggage at the Peacock, he had an excuse to return to Mont; so having made up his mind, he drove at once to the terminus. To his surprise, he met Sir Godfrey on the platform. The knight was unusually gracious, and as soon as they were settled in their compartment, he offered Philip a cigar. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am very glad to have you for a travelling companion. My return is quite unexpected. It was only this morning that I learnt a certain party I wished to see could not leave the Hague till next month, and, as we shall be in London by then, and I have nothing else to detain me now, I thought it best to return to the Hall at once. It will be a little surprise for Lady Lyzette, as I found hardly time to telegraph.'

It was a September evening when Philip Lucy crossed the narrow meadow which lay beyond Miss Talbot's house, and vaulted over the stile in the park fence. He remembered well that other evening when he came there to say good-bye to Laura when he was ordered to resign; and now he was there again to meet her. Once more he found her sitting on the drawing—a little more brightly lit than she had done before, when he heard his footsteps, and held out her hands. It was eighteen months since he had seen her. Her face was thinner than that of the young girl he had seen at the Peacock, but its expression was more than that of Lady Lyzette. Her eyes met his for a moment, and then

The Land of Cockayne.

There seems to be no particular reason why anybody should work in Naples. To loaf in the sun and to play the lottery is as much as anybody but a severe moralist can be expected to ask of himself there. It may be true that honest labor wears a lovely face, but about Naples and the South Sea Islands one is almost justified in trying to get handsome in some easier way. Matilde Saraso's 'The Land of Cockayne' (Harper & Bros.) is a gloomy and powerful story of the ravages of lottery gambling at Naples. Perhaps the rain seems a little too general, the retribution too evenly distributed. Outside of books Fortune doesn't always play the part of Justice. But the fever and fury of gambling, the growth of the passion until it masters its victim, the absolutely selfish and hopeless monomania which it comes to will not be told more graphically or grimly than in this book. Here are several tragedies, real, visible, without hint of melodrama. Bianca Cavalcanti, her father, the Marquis, incorrigible gambler for the good of the family; his hatred and her love for Dr. Amati; Carmela, a girl of the people and her 'mucker' lover; the miseries of her sister; middle-class prosperity and smash-up in the Fragala household; the professor who sells examination papers; the lawyer who forges; the doctor who ruins his peasant parents; the stockbroker driven to suicide; the sisters, one a money lender, one the proprietor of a lottery game in love with honest workmen who will not marry them unless they will give up their money grubbing; the duping medium who pretends to give winning numbers mystically; his wife the witch; the masterful usurer, the lottery shopkeeper, who becomes the victim of the lottery. The drawing—a little more brightly lit than she had done before, when he heard his footsteps, and held out her hands. It was eighteen months since he had seen her. Her face was thinner than that of the young girl he had seen at the Peacock, but its expression was more than that of Lady Lyzette. Her eyes met his for a moment, and then

Marcia.

It was night in Madrid. Within the walls of the city the spirit of quiet held unbroken sway. From the gloomy walls of the Carcel de Carte to the more gloomy ones of the Carcel de Villa, all was silent. Upon the broad, airy streets of the city silvery moonbeams rested, casting ghostly hues upon the grim statues of the Gothic kings, standing as sentinels in the Plaza de Oriente.

rich and powerful; some time I expected to hear of her debut as a public singer. She was an orphan, and alone. How I trembled for her when first she met Ferdinand Velasquez! For well I knew the pride of the high-born Spaniard, to dream for a moment, as Marcia did, that he would one day make her his bride.



Line of Life

on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing: cramped bending to rub, long breathing fetid steam, weary standing on feet, over-exertion, exhaustion. Doctor Common Sense tells you this is bad. With PEARLINE you simply soak, boil and rinse. Quick, easy, sensible, healthful—proved by millions of users. 639

be my bride? "Never, Don Ferdinand." "If not mine, then death!" Before I could realize the fearful import of his words, the gleaming of steel was followed by the fall of the duchess; and the knife was plunged deep within the heart of Don Ferdinand himself, and his life's blood mingled with Marcia's in a crimson stream upon the marble floor of the ducal palace.

TWO OF A KIND MEET.

A Case Where a Farmer Scored—Diamond Out Diamond, Waiting at the Union Depot, Detroit, was a round-faced man with an attractive countenance, eyes that invited confidence, and rather long hair, that waved from a fine forehead. He was dressed in clerical and looked the part. When the old farmer took a seat after buying a ticket for Ypsilanti the two fell into conversation.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 4, Wm Creelman to Lottie Cox. Alton, June 26, Walter Budd to Mabel McKenzie. Halifax, June 27, Henry Monay to Marie J. Radd. New York, June 30, Wm H Lee, to Mary Murphy. Picton, June 19, Charles Langille to Agnes Langille. Springfield, June 26, Hiram Jillet to Marion Willard. Port George, June 27, Dewitt Fletcher to Etta Allen. Parrisboro, July 3, Hugh Mosher to Forence Smith. Halifax, July 1, Frank H Longley to Miss Irene Smith. Halifax, July 2, Horace Reid Harrison to Jessie Stuart. Merigomish, June 29, Andrew Murray to Bessie Quinn. Eden Lake, June 19, Neil McFarlane to Isabella Smith. Bridgeville, June 19, James Thompson to Alice McKay. Yarmouth, June 29, Willard P Moore to Allaretta Leggett. Springfield, June 24, Maurice Como and Milian Leggett. Springfield, June 24, John Vinneau and Cristy Melan. Hill Grove, June 27, Ruthens E Welsh to Grace Ida Nichols. Halifax, July 3, Lawrence Shanahan to Katie Windsor, June 26, Lena Lawrence to Frank A. Ross. Cumberland, June 19, Maggie Angus to Thomas W. Wain. Hill Grove, June 22, Chas R Cosseboom to Mary E. Wain. Truro, July 3, George Brenton to Wilhelmina Hutchins. Halifax, July 8, Michael Moroney to Florence Sullivan. Weymouth, June 27, Clarence Lewis to Lizzie Davison. Halifax, June 26, Ester Hamilton to Benjamin Davison. Parrisboro, July 4, Joseph Martin to Jennie E. Macdonald. Woodstock, July 3, Charles Sparrow to Gertrude Macdonald. Great Village, June 18, Frank Boomer to Fanni Macdonald. Woodstock, June 27, Gladis Dickinson to Susie Dickinson. Wilmoville, June 26, Lina D Burgess to Blaford F. Millon, June 27, Leander Clifton Wallace to Mrs Maggie Hall. Paganus, July 3, William E Brown to Lillian St. Aubyn Leland.

DIED.

Digby, July 2, Gilbert Dunn, 81. Boston, July 2, Albert Gilles, 24. Wilnot, July 2, Sadie Kester, 19. Digby, July 2, Gilbert Dunn, 81. Ottawa, July 3, Mrs C Wade, 82. Springfield, July 2, George Berry. Nappan, July 1, Joseph Gould, 69. Liverpool, July 2, Ethel Ritchie, 4. Grand Pre, July 1, Anna Munford, 8 mos. Nappan, June 26, Rhoda Niles, 81. Bridgewater, June 30, Mrs. Lamb, 50. Stanley, June 28, George Woolner, 81. Seattle, June 31, Mrs. Alex Burns, 49. Charlottetown, July 4, Ann Gillan, 78. Moncton, July 8, Francis DeWolf, 68. Wilmoville, June 18, Francis DeWolf, 68. Springfield, July 1, Eva Woodworth, 1. Black River, July 1, Eliza Fielden, 81. Ottawa, July 3, Mrs Caroline Wade, 82. Springfield, June 29, John M. Gough, 48. North Sydney, June 24, Mrs J H Ford, 44. Elmira, June 27, Wm MacMillan, 1 mos. Black Pond, June 18, John Thompson, 24. Lunenburg, June 27, Edmund Knickle, 71. Broadhead, Wis., June 24, Violet Young, 68. Charlottetown, July 3, Christina Darrab, 62. Souris River, July 3, Anastasia Finley, 90. Charlot, Mass., July 2, Elizabeth Blois. Monticello, June 29, Mrs Joseph McDonald. Charlottetown, July 1, Francis LeDery, 48. Charlottetown, June 28, John Fraser, 8 mos. Charlottetown, July 3, Ellen G. Hayden, 84. San Francisco, June 14, Frank McDonald, 86. Malagash, June 27, Mrs Winifred Cook, 84. Rossford, R. I., June 28, Margaret McKay, 85. Malagash Point, June 28, Greta Langille, 6 mos. Oakville, C. C., June 28, Helona McLellan, 17. Upper Stewiacke, June 27, Adams Johnson, 68. Cliftondale, Mass., June 29, Mrs John P Guppy. Liverpool, N. S., June 30, Capt. Eldred Day, 71. Fort Hawkesbury, June 27, Daniel McKinnon, 24. Bridgewater, N. S., June 30, Sarah Ann Phalen, 71. Amherst Shore, June 30, Deacon Charles Rockwell, 88. New Glasgow, June 23, infant daughter of John K. Fraser. Sydney Mines, C. B., June 27, infant son of Mr. J. D. Fraser.

BORN.

Kentville, July 1, to the wife of H Bain, a son. Halifax, July 7, to the wife of W Harten, a son. Amherst, June 29, to the wife of E Worth, a son. Paradise, June 21, to the wife of K Hebb, a daughter. Hants, June 15, to the wife of C Simons, a daughter. Berwick, July 1, to the wife of R Corbin, a daughter. Sydney Mines, June 28, to the wife of J Fraser, a son. Parrisboro, June 28, to the wife of Capt Roberts, a son. Wilmington, June 21, to the wife of Rev M Fosby a son. Hants, June 19, to the wife of C Duncanson, a daughter. Rexton, June 28, to the wife of G Davidson, a daughter. Gay's River, May 9, to the wife of D Croase, a daughter. Windsor, July 1, to the wife of A DeMont, a daughter. Weymouth, June 29, to the wife of C Dennis, a daughter. Lunenburg, June 27, to the wife of J Lohnes, a daughter. Salem, July 4, to the wife of W Cook, son and daughter. Yarmouth, June 29, to the wife of H McKinley, a daughter. Trenton, June 24, to the wife of R Kenney, a daughter. Ferrisboro, June 6, to the wife of Wm Richardson, a daughter. Cumberland, June 29, to the wife of J Bowden, a daughter. New Glasgow, June 23, to the wife of J Fraser, a daughter. Trenton, June 16, to the wife of D McDonald, a daughter. Windsor, July 4, to the wife of H Tremaine, a daughter. Amherst, July 3, to the wife of Joseph Leggett, a daughter. Brookville, June 21, to the wife of L Canning—twins daughters. New Glasgow, June 20, to the wife of D McAleese a daughter. Bear River, June 30, to the wife of Fred Schmidt, a daughter.

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Too Zealous "Tiger."

Willert Beale says in his reminiscences called 'The Light of Other Days,' that a certain mastiff, named Tiger, permanently injured 'the dog,' in his estimation, as a life-saving apparatus at sea. We were at Brighton together, and I was bathing off a boat at some distance from the shore. Tiger was watching proceedings with unusual interest, and when I dived he sprang in after me. I rose from my plunge, and the dog seized me very gently by the neck. Then, with his fore paws on my shoulders, he kept me under water. We had a terrific struggle. The more I fought the more energetic he became, although he never attacked me savagely. I managed at last to reach the boat, and supported myself by the gunwale. We then came to terms. Tiger, finding that I was not in danger, as he supposed, left me, and my difficulty was at an end.

One of those matter of fact persons who apply the rigidly utilitarian test to everything was looking one day at a 'puzzle picture' in an illustrated paper, the puzzle being to 'find the man' cunningly hidden by the artist in some unsuspected part of the drawing. 'I can't see anything worth looking at in this picture,' he said. 'See it now?' asked a friend, pointing out the concealed figure. 'That's the man.' 'Yes, I see him,' he replied, still puzzled. 'What of him?'

This is the Barrundia case so far as it goes. A, B and C are wrong. The captain of the ship must surrender the accused person on proof that he is the person wanted and that the warrant for his arrest is apparently correct. The accused is not under the protection of our flag except in the h g g sea; in a foreign port our merchant vessels are subject to local law, not to our law; and the foreign country has a right to enforce its laws over its own subjects or citizens on American vessels in its own territorial waters.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John. Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time) All trains daily except Sundays. DEPARTURES. 6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO EASTON. 9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Welsford. 1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Welsford. 4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Welsford. 5.10 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago and with the 'Imperial Limited' for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal. Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic. Luluism Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct. 7.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Welsford. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct. 5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express. 10.00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Welsford. ARRIVALS. 7.30 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley. 8.30 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11.30 a. m. Boston Express. 11.35 a. m. Montreal Express. 12.35 p. m. Suburban from Welsford. 3.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Welsford. 7.00 p. m. Suburban from Welsford. 10.30 p. m. Boston Express. C. E. E. DUBHER, J. P. A. Montreal. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Suburban Express for Hampton, Express for Halifax and Campbellton, Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Picton, Express for Sussex, Express for Moncton and Quebec, Suburban Express for Halifax and Picton, Express from Halifax and Montreal, Express from Halifax and Sydney, Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Halifax and Sydney, Suburban Express for Hampton, Express from Sussex, Express from Montreal and Quebec, Express from Halifax and Picton, Express from Halifax and Montreal, Suburban Express from Hampton, Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A., Montreal, N. B.