

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENT

Colonial Railway.

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Campbell, Fagwell, Fison
1.00
1.25
1.50
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9.50
9.75
10.00

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

From Sydney, Halifax and
Monday 4.05
Tuesday 4.05
Wednesday 4.05
Thursday 4.05
Friday 4.05
Saturday 4.05
Sunday 4.05
Monday 4.05
Tuesday 4.05
Wednesday 4.05
Thursday 4.05
Friday 4.05
Saturday 4.05
Sunday 4.05

ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TO EXCURSIONS

TO THE NORTH WEST.

RETURN TICKETS will be
good for 15 days only, and to be
used from date of departure.

Fredericton, Estevan, Blencoe
1.00
1.25
1.50
1.75
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8.75
9.00
9.25
9.50
9.75
10.00

A. H. NORMAN,
District Passenger Agent,
St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

On July 19, 1896, the Steamer
will run daily (excepting Sun-
day and holidays).

PRINCE RUPERT.

On July 19, 1896, the Steamer
will run daily (excepting Sun-
day and holidays).

EXPRESS TRAINS

On July 19, 1896, the Steamer
will run daily (excepting Sun-
day and holidays).

EXPRESS RATES

On July 19, 1896, the Steamer
will run daily (excepting Sun-
day and holidays).

EXPRESS CO.

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IS SULLIVAN THE MAN.

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECT HIM WITH THE MURDER.

His Suspicious Movements on the Night of the Meadow Brook Tragedy—Where Did He get His Money, Where Was He Thursday Night—Where is He Now.

By far the most surprising thing in connection with the terrible occurrence which has already become notorious almost throughout the Dominion, as the Meadow Brook Tragedy, is the extraordinary apathy and indifference which seems to exist in Moncton concerning it. The news first reached Moncton between ten and eleven o'clock on Friday morning, but it came in the form of an announcement that a fire had occurred at Meadow Brook during the night, and one or two of the occupants of the house were supposed to have been suffocated or burned. Accustomed to the exaggeration which seems almost inseparable from first rumors people were not much disturbed by the tidings, but towards noon graver rumors began to circulate, and their apparent authenticity sent newspaper reporters, and citizens flying to the scene of the supposed tragedy.

By the afternoon, the newsboys were crying their wares with the attractive bait "all about the murder" attached; but still the citizens showed little excitement, a long experience of the ways of newsboys leading them to suppose that the murder referred to would prove, on being stripped of all romance, to be an account of some man shooting another on a leading boulevard of Helena Montana, or a slight difficulty in a bar-room in the lone star state.

However, ere nightfall it became pretty generally known that for once the newsboys had not exaggerated, and what looked like an unusually brutal murder had been committed during the previous night, almost at Moncton's doors. Then the papers were out with full particulars up to date and there was some excitement; but on the whole, the apathy shown by the majority of the people was really amazing. At the time Policeman Steadman was shot, the entire city was in an uproar, and little else was talked about on the streets, or in the family circle, while during the Mabel Hallett excitement, so great was the public interest that business was almost suspended.

On Saturday the sports at the athletic grounds engaged the popular attention, and the murder seemed to have passed into oblivion, not once during the day did the writer hear it was referred to, even by people living within a few miles of Meadow Brook. On Sunday a few of the more enterprising or curious, drove or wheeled out to the scene, gazed at the ruins of the Dutcher home, or held desultory interviews with members of the Green family. But up to Monday no active steps seem to have been taken in the matter, and it began to look as if no further notice would be taken of the case. Then the newspapers took the matter up, and now the machinery of the law has been fairly set in motion. Before that no steps had been taken even to care for and preserve the life of the one survivor of the tragedy, who may yet prove an important witness for the crown, as it is very possible she was an eye witness of the entire affair. Instead of being tenderly nursed and cared for, she was left to the well meaning, but not very intelligent care of her relatives who allowed every curious seeker who came to the house, to see and disturb her by endeavouring to make her answer questions, and who actually removed the bandages and dressings from her wounded head, in order to allow the curious to examine the wounds. She occupied an airless chamber six feet by eight where every sound could penetrate, and still further confuse her troubled, and half insensuous brain, at a time when absolute quiet was essential for her recovery.

All this is very much improved since Tuesday, solicitor General White, having instructed Dr. J. D. Ross to go to Meadow Brook and take charge of the case with Dr. Gaudet, of Memramcook, while Miss Crossdale of Newton Cottage hospital, who is at home on a vacation, has kindly volunteered to act as nurse. To give some idea of the extraordinary indifference shown in this terrible affair, instead of the crowded court room which is usually the rule in such cases, the spectators, at the opening of the inquest yesterday morning, before coroner Wortman, consisted of some half dozen people from Moncton, and a little knot of neighbours and friends of the Dutcher and Green families, men and women and children, standing around the door of the unoccupied building in which the inquest was held. Thursday the proceedings were transferred to Moncton, and it is probable there will be a greater display of interest now. Solicitor General White, and Mr. F. A. McCully are watching the case, on behalf of the crown.

Concerning the man to whom at the present time suspicion seems to point—the John Sullivan of whom Mrs. Dutcher deposed herself afraid; there are many cir-

HOW HE GOT THE WATCH.

MR. HAMILTON EXPLAINS HOW HE OBTAINED IT.

An Affecting Scene in the Court Room—A Young Domestic Steals a Watch, Clothing and Money From Her Employers—Mr. Campbell Declines to Prosecute.

A twenty year old girl in tears before Magistrate Ritchie was one of the scenes at the police court—that place of varied scenes and incidents—one day this week, and the circumstances which led to her presence there are of a kind to act as a warning to many others whose positions if wrongfully used, as was hers, might easily be the means of placing them before the court. Cases of theft by employees are unfortunately only too common but the facts brought out in the few moments in which the case was disposed of are perhaps a little out of the ordinary.

The girl is one of the many brought to this country from England to seek new homes. Two years only has she been in America; much, perhaps all, of that time was spent in St. John where in different families she has been employed as a domestic. During the last few weeks she has been without a permanent place. Whether or not her indiscreet act while with a St. John family is the cause of this cannot be said.

It was in July last that the girl entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Campbell, as a domestic. Only two weeks she stayed there, for her mistress discharged her. Then some days later Mrs. Campbell's silver watch, \$7.50 in gold and some clothing were missed. The police were informed of the matter but, strangely enough, some seven or eight weeks elapsed before any arrest was made. As it was, in securing the girl, the police played but a secondary part. Suspicion had fallen on her and when some time had gone by and Mr. Campbell saw himself no nearer to the recovery of his property, he called on the chief and was informed that the girl must be out of the city. Returning through King Square, Mr. Campbell saw his erstwhile servant, sitting on a bench there; officer Killen was called and the girl was placed under arrest and spent the night in the station.

In court next morning she was called forward and tearfully told that she had taken the watch. She denied theft of the money and clothing, but when the magistrate asked if the watch had been found, another name was brought into the case. The court was informed that Mr. Hamilton a Prince William street liquor dealer, who came here from the states had the timepiece; Hamilton was present and being questioned, said "he knew the lady by sight for some months, having seen her at times on the street." He had received the watch from her. But what is hard to reconcile to the proper condition of affairs, his acquaintance with the girl was not apparently, very close for he called her by a name other than her own,—as Mr. Campbell knew it. It struck the magistrate as strange that he should receive the watch from one of whom he knew so little. Hamilton answered this by saying that the girl used to come into his shop occasionally to scan the morning papers for advertisements, as she wanted a situation. On one occasion she left the watch, which she said was given her by a lady, who asked him to give it repaired. It had fallen on the sidewalk, she said, and been broken. It was broken, sure enough, for when produced in court part of the case was gone. The girl, Hamilton said, told him she would pay him when she got a place. Hamilton retained the watch till officer Killen called on him in connection with the case, then he handed it to the policeman. He had never made any effort to have it repaired. Mr. Campbell after hearing the stories of the girl and Hamilton said he didn't want to press the charge but, rightly, at the same time, wanted the watch put in repair. In open court no further mention of the money and clothing was made. The parties most interested had a little private talk and then a settlement was reached. The girl was left to go with a reprimand. She is still about the city, and it is to be hoped the experience she has undergone will prove a warning to her, and to others. She was, perhaps fortunate, in having a kind-hearted man to deal with, but all wrongdoers will not find a Mr. Campbell to be lenient with them.

They Want to be Paid.
HALIFAX, Sept. 17.—An interesting suit will be tried in the city civil court next Wednesday on a suit instituted by Collwell Brothers against a physician who offices is nearly opposite their establishment. The plaintiffs are a firm of enterprising gentlemen's furnishes, who do not believe in supplying more goods than is necessary unless they are paid for.

He Fald for the Clothes.
HALIFAX, September 17.—Robert Stanford promptly dealt with the supercilious American visitor who ordered \$116 worth

READY FOR THE FAIR.

THE COMMITTEE HAVE EVERYTHING NOW IN SHAPE.

Formal Inauguration of the Exhibition Under the Auspices of Premier Mitchell Will Take Place on Tuesday Next—Some of the Exhibits.

Heretofore exhibitions have been held in St. John at intervals of several years but after the success of the one held last year several enterprising merchants thought that an annual fair would be advantageous to all concerned. Accordingly a meeting of the executive committee of the exhibition association was held, at which it was decided, with the cooperation and aid of the citizens, to hold another exhibition this year.

At first this discussion was not favorably received, as some members of the society thought the expense in connection with the fair was so large that to hold another so soon after the first would be risky from a financial standpoint. A committee visited the buildings and found they were in good condition the addition of two coats of paint outside being all that was necessary in the way of preparation, for another fair, thus making the expense a great deal lighter than was at first anticipated.

With this additional help the association felt that another exhibition was within the range of possibility and would probably be successful so committees were at once formed and the work of preparation proceeded with. The exhibition buildings and agricultural hall received two new coats of paint which, by the way, greatly improved their appearance and soon everything was in full swing. For several months past the members of the association in particular, and the citizens in general, have worked unceasingly to make the approaching fair even a greater success than last year's and when the doors of the big building are formally opened on Tuesday morning next the public will be able to see and appreciate what has been accomplished. For the past week the scene about the buildings has been a very busy one. At a most any hour in the day heavy teams could be seen unloading immense quantities of goods on the grounds while inside the building there was every evidence of bustle and rush. Nothing could be heard save the noise of hammer saw or plane and a bystander would indeed have good cause to wonder how anything at all resembling order or system could be brought out of such chaos and confusion. When the exhibition is opened next Tuesday morning the visitor will on entering the main building notice many changes in the arrangement of the exhibits and which in the majority of cases will be found to have materially improved their general appearance. All the exhibits in the large buildings on the main floor have been placed nearer to the sides of the building leaving aisles through the centre, space which was last year occupied. All the passages between the exhibits lead to one or other of the entrances which is a great improvement on the maze and circuitous paths which were so noticeable last year and which proved a source of great inconvenience to many visitors.

In addition to the improved arrangement of the general exhibits the individual displays have been more tastefully arranged than on previous occasions. Firms that did not exhibit last year for the reason that they were doubtful of the success of the exhibition have this year sent in application for large space and will place attractive exhibits of their various lines on view.

The special attractions outside of the main display in the building area of a variety and quality not before seen here and are sure to prove a good drawing card. Almost the first object that will meet the eye on entering is the large, war shaped temple which contains the exhibit of the St. Croix Soap company arranged in a thoroughly effective manner. Very near this is the display of Geo. S. DeForest and, as last year, Union Blend tea will be dispensed to visitors by pretty maidens. Manchester, Robertson & Allison will as usual make a magnificent display as will most of the other large houses in the city. Machinery hall will be a scene of great activity as usual and from all over Canada there will come exhibits for this department. The Art department promises to be unusually interesting this year and far ahead of any previous exhibit. In fact this might be applied to the fair in general for if elaborate and painstaking care is in any way a guarantee of what the exhibition will be like, those who patronize it may certainly expect an event far above the average provincial exhibition.

Agricultural hall always attracts thousands of visitors especially when the exhibits it contains are attractively arranged. This year special attention has been paid to the agricultural exhibits which have been placed in charge of S. L. Peters of Cagetown N. B. The amusement hall is also found in this department and as a first class Vaudeville company has been engaged it will doubtless be largely patronized.

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With this additional help the association felt that another exhibition was within the range of possibility and would probably be successful so committees were at once formed and the work of preparation proceeded with. The exhibition buildings and agricultural hall received two new coats of paint which, by the way, greatly improved their appearance and soon everything was in full swing. For several months past the members of the association in particular, and the citizens in general, have worked unceasingly to make the approaching fair even a greater success than last year's and when the doors of the big building are formally opened on Tuesday morning next the public will be able to see and appreciate what has been accomplished. For the past week the scene about the buildings has been a very busy one. At a most any hour in the day heavy teams could be seen unloading immense quantities of goods on the grounds while inside the building there was every evidence of bustle and rush. Nothing could be heard save the noise of hammer saw or plane and a bystander would indeed have good cause to wonder how anything at all resembling order or system could be brought out of such chaos and confusion. When the exhibition is opened next Tuesday morning the visitor will on entering the main building notice many changes in the arrangement of the exhibits and which in the majority of cases will be found to have materially improved their general appearance. All the exhibits in the large buildings on the main floor have been placed nearer to the sides of the building leaving aisles through the centre, space which was last year occupied. All the passages between the exhibits lead to one or other of the entrances which is a great improvement on the maze and circuitous paths which were so noticeable last year and which proved a source of great inconvenience to many visitors.

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A STRANGE CEREMONY.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A WHITE COUPLE IN THE CONGO.

How the Affair was Conducted by the Principals and Their Friends—The Elaborate Preparations Made for the Event—Some Strange Customs.

Six years ago a small party of white persons wended their way by canoe to the house of a French official in the French Congo. Two of the party intended to be married. Being Americans, both imagined that they would be able to procure a license quite easily, not knowing how much red tape it takes to satisfy France.

The wedding party returned and waited. A little over six weeks passed, when notice arrived that the license could not be granted, inasmuch as the birth certificate of the contracting parties and the consent of their parents would be necessary.

After all the papers were at hand the Commandant visited the bridegroom and requested him to go to his office to arrange everything, so that, after a delay of two weeks the ceremony might be performed.

At last the wedding day dawned, a Saturday being chosen for the occasion. Everything was in readiness the day before, so that there could be an early start on this eventful day.

About 5 o'clock, an hour before sunrise, the canoe left the station. The groom had taken it upon himself to steer. The voyage was quiet and peaceful until someone shouted "N'Phuboo."

The tide going down strongly soon brought our wedding party to their destination, a little after 9 A. M. A German merchant had invited them to his house and also prepared to spread the wedding breakfast.

Derangement of the heart and nerves in woman is followed by various nervous disorders, such as Hysteria, Melancholia, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation and Pains and Aches in various parts of the body.

Students can enter at any time. ODD FELLOWS HALL.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IN THE TRUTH CONCERNING JOHN GIBBONS, OF EAST LONDON.

He was tortured with the Pains of Sotolol Rheumatism—Tried Doctors, all Sorts of Medicines and Went to the Hospital in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When all Else had Failed.

There are two things in this world which Mr. John Gibbons, a resident of Queen's Avenue East, will henceforth place implicit confidence in. One is the judgment of his wife and the other the curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

He was out in the middle of the river when the wind struck it. There was nothing to do but to try to reach the shelter of the shore. Birds were fluttering in all directions seeking places of rest.

SEEING THE COMMODORE.

Short Chapter Out of Experience of a Newspaper Reporter.

"One night, some twenty-odd years ago, and when I had not been very long on the paper," said an old newspaper reporter.

"The Commodore's room was at the second floor, at the rear of the house; the door was opposite the head of the stairs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured the claim that had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science.

TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK.

A Botanical Samson of California That Cracked a Boulder.

The wonderful force of the roots of growing trees is demonstrated on a hill in Mill Valley, where a Laurel tree has split a huge boulder into three pieces.

WE HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY

this summer, and are therefore later than usual with our Annual Catalogue. It is now ready, and it is a beauty.

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WE HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY

this summer, and are therefore later than usual with our Annual Catalogue. It is now ready, and it is a beauty.

Students can enter at any time. ODD FELLOWS HALL.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IN THE TRUTH CONCERNING JOHN GIBBONS, OF EAST LONDON.

He was tortured with the Pains of Sotolol Rheumatism—Tried Doctors, all Sorts of Medicines and Went to the Hospital in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When all Else had Failed.

There are two things in this world which Mr. John Gibbons, a resident of Queen's Avenue East, will henceforth place implicit confidence in. One is the judgment of his wife and the other the curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

He was out in the middle of the river when the wind struck it. There was nothing to do but to try to reach the shelter of the shore. Birds were fluttering in all directions seeking places of rest.

SEEING THE COMMODORE.

Short Chapter Out of Experience of a Newspaper Reporter.

"One night, some twenty-odd years ago, and when I had not been very long on the paper," said an old newspaper reporter.

"The Commodore's room was at the second floor, at the rear of the house; the door was opposite the head of the stairs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured the claim that had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science.

TREE THAT SPLIT A ROCK.

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We Make a Specialty of Lanterns.

WE HAVE 26 DIFFERENT STYLES.

LANTERNS

For Steamboats, Vessels, Barns, Railroads, Express Wagons, Farmers, Streets, Carriages, Mills, Fishermen, Conductors, Firemen, etc.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Limited, MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.



Sporting Goods.

Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns.



Rifles, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, Powder Shot, Wads, and everything in the Sporting line.

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T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 St. John, N. B.

Prepare for Cold Weather...

WHICH IS SURE TO COME

If you find you need a new Heating Stove this season, we can fill your wants,

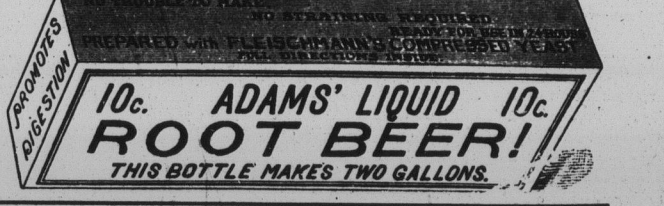
The Eureka,

in Two Sizes, Nicely Finished, with Nickel Rails, a Quick Heater, easily run, economical on fuel and low in price.

Come and See It.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S.—Ask to see our MAGIC, with Russian iron body—a quick heater at very low price.



DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle?

We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$85 to \$65.

LOOK AT THE LIST.

Singers, Raleighs, Betsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.

ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

QUICK REPAIR SHOP

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.,

BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER RINK.

Windsor Salt advertisement.

Students can enter at any time. ODD FELLOWS HALL.

RESIDENCE advertisement.

WANTED advertisement.

WANTED advertisement.

WANTED advertisement.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In a public respect there is prevailing just at present a sort of reaction or hiatus in musical affairs generally, though the management of the St. John Oratorio Society is contemplating the resumption of work at rehearsal. A good rest ought to have such beneficial effect on the several members that when rehearsals are again in order some excellent work will be done.

I have heard there is a movement on foot to have a musical society organized among a number of gentlemen of the city. I have not yet heard the plan of the proposed organization but fancy it will be semi-private and social in character, and largely for the entertainment of its members. It would be much better if all the musical organizations in the city would unite for specific study of the higher order of music and the central body, such as the Oratorio Society for example, be entirely representative. There would be nothing in this to prevent social musical enjoyment or even combination. It may be indeed that some of the movers in this new musical club are already members of the Oratorio Society.

Tones and Under-ones.

"The Gondoliers" will be the opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, next week. "Erminia" was the opening bill of the season. There have been some changes made in the company but the old favorites remain. "Erminia" was continued this week.

"Mexico in 1848" is the title of a new opera which the Bostonians will produce on 19th. Oct., on the occasion of the dedication of the new theatre at Murry Hill, New York.

A New York musical critic, writing of "The Caliph" by Ludwig Engländer, says that "Aside from two numbers—the criminal chorus in the first act and the whistling chorus in the third act—every phase that is sung starts out with either a bar or two of absolute transcription or a paraphrase." The critic says "also the lyric numbers lack consideration for the human voice."

More than 14,000 singers took part in the last Stuttgart Sangerbundfest. A special hall was erected with 8250 seats and standing room for 4000.

Lillian Russell's tour for this season began at Altona last Monday. "An American Beauty" had its first performance on that occasion. In this opera she makes her entrance on the back of an elephant and one writer suggests that a Percheron dray horse be substituted.

Sousa has recently completed another opera entitled "The Bride Elect." He has written the libretto as well as the score.

Miss Zeli De Lussan has made such a success throughout England, in the French opera "La Nivardiere," that arrangements are being made for a short London season of opera by the Carl Rosa company with "La Nivardiere" as the special attraction.

Mr. Myron Whitney jr. who has been spending a vacation at home in Boston, will return to his vocal studies in Boston this month.

The first concert of the Sixteen's season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place on the 17 October next.

The auction sale of tickets for the musical festival at Worcester Mass., netted in premiums \$1550, being the largest amount received in that way since 1892.

Jean De Reszke, the famous tenor, says he prefers to sing in mystic roles. The role from which he has derived the most pleasure, is that of Tristan in the third act of "Tristan and Isolde."

Miss Alice Carlé, whose voice was heard here with much pleasure in "Ship Ahoy" and other works, is now prima donna contralto with the Grau Opera Company.

A favorite member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company is Miss Alice Estey, a Boston lady. Two other American ladies are members of that Company this season. They are Miss Rita Elands and Miss McDonald.

Armand Fortin, a young graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, is going to Florence to study for two years there, under Vaucelli.

Frank Daniels' comic opera company began its season for 1896-97 in Brooklyn N. Y. last Monday evening. The bill was "The Wizard of the Nile." It is said that for the role of Cleopatra he has secured "a new prima donna," a recent graduate of the best vocal teachers in Europe. The lady's name is not given.

Max Eugene, who was for five or six years the leading baritone of the Carl Rosa opera company, and who is over six feet in height, has been engaged in England to play the title role in "Brian Boru."

It is said that the Greek composer Spiro Samaras intends to form an orchestra of 100 performers at Athens.

Humperdinck, the composer of "Hansel and Gretel," has been honored by the Emperor of Germany with the title "Royal Professor of Music." This is a distinction seldom conferred.

The guarantee fund and the subscription to the next season of opera in London amount to \$225,000; so that, as "Truth" remarks, the enterprise is safe enough "unless Mr. Grau is tempted to go to American extremes."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The production of "The Wife" by Miss Ethel Tucker and supporting company on Friday evening of last week was to my mind one of the best, if not the very best things the company has done while here. I mean this in a company sense, because each member seemed to be fitted to his or her part and they knew their lines well. Of course Miss Tucker has done in "La Belle Marie" "Queens" and "Camille" much stronger and heavier work than falls to her in the role of Helen Trueman, but she has seldom or never done nicer work than she did in "The Wife." I think this role ought to be added to the list of the lady's best impersonations.

Mr. Meldon played the part of Senator Rutherford a noble, distinguished, dignified, honorable man, with evident true conception of the character. The support generally was as I have said admirable throughout, particularly Miss Westcott who played the ingenue role. But a word of special notice is due to the cleverness of Miss Annie Marshall in the minor part of Agnes. The company is playing in Yarmouth, N. S. this week.

The Mora-Williams Company comes to the Opera House next week and will play at popular prices I believe. The house has been dark this week.

Tom Wise is playing this season his well known part of Major Poindecker in "The War of Wealth" and his wife, Miss Gertrude Whitty, is now playing in the same piece under her real name Gertrude Wise.

The new play "Rosemary" in which John Drew and Maud Adams have again scored a success is said to be essentially "Dickensy," being in subject, treatment and action reminiscent of that great novelist.

Mary Hampton, who will be playing at the Boston Museum next week in "The Hand of Destiny," she is popular in that city.

Our fellow townsman and genial man Mr. P. A. Nannery is playing in the Western Circuit as a leading member of "Coon Hollow" Company. He was in Indianapolis last week. The company is doing good business.

Carl Haswin, who was the excellent Earl of Dorincourt when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was first given in St. John, is playing at the Bowdoin Square theatre this week, a piece new to Boston, entitled "A Lion's Heart."

"The Lady Slavey" with Marie Dressler in the leading role, has been a distinct success at the Hollis theatre, Boston. Her role is Flo Honeydew, a part that does not call for fitness. The piece was originally written by George Dance, an Englishman. It was Americanized by one George Loderer. As a play it is said to be "neither fish, fowl or good red herring."

"Madame Sans-Gene" is credited with having made \$39,000 last season. Larger financial results are anticipated for this season.

Fanny Davenport denies that she will produce any new plays this season. She has determined to devote her time entirely to the Sardou repertoire, and she says this is positively her farewell to "Fedora," "La Tosca," "Cleopatra" and "Gismonda."

"The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" has finished its third successive week at the Tremont theatre, Boston, to night. It will continue for several weeks yet. The electrical effects are said to be very fine.

Owing to unavoidable change of plans in Charles Frohman's companies, Miss Olga Netherole will not come to New York until February next, when she will be seen at the Knickerbocker theatre.

It has been discovered that out in Wisconsin a marriage ceremony performed in a play is just as binding as if performed by a minister in a church. If a man and woman acknowledge themselves to be man and wife before competent witnesses that settles it according to law, and, therefore, if two players during a performance refer to each other as husband and wife they are legally married—unless business is bad and there is no one in the audience.

Mr. James Lewis, the veteran comedian, so long a member of Augustin Daly's company, died at five o'clock Thursday morning, Sept. 10, at West Hampton, L. I. He only recently returned from London with the Daly company, and appeared to be in good health when he returned. Mr. Lewis was born in Troy in 1840. Next to Mrs. Gilbert, who has just celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday, he was the oldest member of the Daly company. He was for many years engaged in mercantile work. His adopting the stage as a profession was an accident. A friend of his who was acting in a small stock company fell ill, and Lewis

at the last moment was persuaded to go on in his part. He made a hit and was so pleased with the stage that he took to it permanently. In the annals of the American stage Lewis's name will also be indelibly associated in an artistic sense with Mrs. Gilbert. For nearly twenty years these two have been playing opposite parts in the Daly productions. Their work in "Nancy and Company," "A Night On," "The Railroad of Love," "The Taming of the Shrew," and many other productions which have seen the light at Daly's theatre will never be forgotten. In their own line they have no equals anywhere. In London as in New York, even a greater favorite than in New York. Years ago when the Daly company was at the zenith of its success, the London critics used to refer to them as the Great Four—Rehan, Drew, Gilbert and Lewis. Lewis's death will create a gap in the Daly Company which can never be filled. To Mrs. Gilbert, to Miss Rehan and to Mr. Daly, his death will be a bitter blow.

The play "Rosemary," in which John Drew has made such a success at the Empire Theatre New York, is absolutely free from the eroticism or Frenchness which some managers deem essential to the success of a play. "Rosemary" shows that there is a profitable demand for plays that are free from any taint of uncleanness, and which portray the sentiment of the old fashioned love affair combined with refined humor.

The life-size model of Sarah Siddons executed by M. Chavalland whose design was the selection of the late Lord Leighton and the Siddons Memorial Committee, has been sent to Italy, where the work will be chiseled in Sicilian marble. It represents Mrs. Siddons seated draped in Grecian costume, and in a tragic pose. The portrait is mainly derived from Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous painting of "The Tragic Muse." The memorial will be erected on Piddington Green, within a few yards of the tomb of the actress.

BIG GOLD NUGGETS.

Many of Them Have Been Found in California.

The history of the great California nuggets is in many respects interesting and romantic. The discovery of one of the greatest ever found was under singular circumstances. It is known as the Oliver Martin nugget, and a gilded cast of it is now an interesting object to all visitors at the California Mining Bureau. This nugget was found near Camd Corona in Tuolumne county, and weighed 161 pounds and 6 ounces. Oliver Martin and a companion named Flower were camped in a canyon when a terrible rainstorm came on in the night and the water in the stream suddenly rose to a great height. The miners attempted to climb the hill, but the flood overtook them and both were carried down the stream. Flower was drowned, but Martin, though severely injured, escaped. Afterward, while trying to bury his companion's body in a grave at the foot of a tree, Martin discovered the nugget which bears his name. He was too exhausted to remove it. He attempted to

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 1847. ROGERS BROS. CO. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

FALL and WINTER Millinery *OPENING* Our annual opening of Fall and Winter Millinery will take place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 21st, 22nd and 23rd, when we will show the latest novelties in French, English and American Millinery, direct from Paris, London and New York. The ladies are cordially invited to call. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street.

Guess the Weight

.....Of the Big Cake of

SURPRISE SOAP!

At the St. John Exhibition.

Look for the SURPRISE SOAP exhibit! The BIG CAKE of Surprise Soap! The \$800.00 HEINTZMANN PIANO. Everyone can guess free of charge, once each day during the Fair. The correct or nearest guesser receives the Piano.

GUESS

reach some neighboring miners, but fainting from over exertion and was found on the trail by them in a state of complete collapse. It was weeks before he recovered sufficiently to visit the nugget, which was removed to camp with great rejoicing. It was composed of gold and quartz, but the lucky finder received \$30,000 for it. The Martin nugget was not the largest ever discovered in California. One was found in November, 1854, at Carson Hill, Calaveras county, which weighed 180 pounds. Another nugget was subsequently found at the same place which weighed 149 pounds. In August, 1869, W. A. Farish, A. Wood, J. Winstead, F. Cavers and Harry Warner were partners in the Monumental claim near the Sierra Buttes in Sierra county. During the last week of that month they discovered a huge nugget which weighed 1,493 ounces Troy. It was sold for exhibition purposes to R. Woodward, of San Francisco, who paid \$21,637 for it. It was afterward melted and \$17,665 realized from it. Sierra county is famous for the number of nuggets found within its limits. It was in this county a place called French Ravine that one was found in 1850 worth \$23,000.

The largest nugget ever found in Shasta county was discovered in 1870. One day three Frenchmen, Oliver Longchamps, Frederick Rochow and another, drove into the old town of Shasta in search of a place to mine. He carelessly answered, "Go over to Spring creek." The Frenchmen followed his advice and located a claim on the creek, eight miles north of Redding and in a few days dug out the Shasta nugget, which they sold for \$16,000.

Plumas county, though it has contributed many millions of gold to the world's supply, has furnished but few nuggets. The largest was found by a Chinaman in 1860, and was sold for \$9,600. Archie Little, a miner, found one in the same district that sold for \$4,960. In Placer county, in 1859, Edward Gilbert, in a drift mine near Butcher Gulch, about a dozen miles from Auburn, found a gold and quartz nugget that he sold for \$5,000. The same man later on discovered another one, less valuable, however. Another miner, whose name has not been recorded from oblivion, found in Placer county the most beautiful nugget ever discovered in California. The gold was imbedded in a mass of crystallized quartz. It sold for \$6,206.

In El Dorado county at Spanish Dry Diggings, a nugget weighing 105 ounces was found in 1853. It sold for \$1,800. Another was found at Kelsey in the same county which sold for \$4,700. In 1863 a mass of gold weighing 800 ounces was found at Columbus, El Dorado county, and was valued at \$5,236, and not far from the same spot a poor Frenchman found a nugget worth \$5,000. The finder was so overjoyed at his rich find that he lost his mind and had to be taken to a lunatic asylum, where he died, and the proceeds of his rich nugget were remitted to his family in France. Near Magalia, in Butte county, John Strain discovered a nugget that weighed fifty pounds which was so nearly fine gold that it brought, when sold, \$9,500. Near Magalia, in Butte county, on August 14, 1859, Ira A. Willard found a nugget that weighed fifty-four pounds. The celebration which followed the discovery of this mass of gold was participated in by every miner for miles about, and is still regarded in the annals of Butte as the greatest historical event in the history of that prolific country.

The days of nugget finding in California seems to have passed away. Nowadays the nuggets have been supplanted by the pocket, in which deposit rices rich finds of \$100,000 at a time are not uncommon. It is not doubted that with the revival of mining, nuggets of equal or even greater magnitude than those recorded will be discovered. The treasures awaiting the patient miner are just as great now as of old. The stores of gold in California are practically undiminished, and the opportunities for acquiring wealth are quite equal to any period in its history, but no incident in the history of mining in this state ever surpassed in absorbing interest the finding of the great nuggets.—San Francisco Call.

Serofina Cured. DEAR SIR,—After I had doctored for two years for scrofula all over my body and received no benefit, I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave me relief very quickly, and after using six bottles I was completely cured. I can recommend B. B. B. very highly. MRS. A. FORD, Toronto Ont.

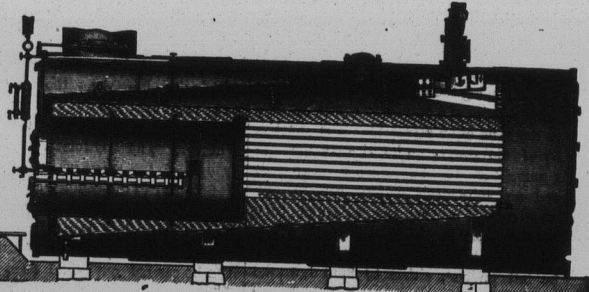
Canada's International Exhibition, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Sept. 22 to Oct. 2, 1896.

MONDAY, 21st. The grounds and buildings will be open to exhibitors and their employes, who will prepare and place their exhibits. It is hoped that the work will be fully completed and that all will be ready for the OPENING DAY, Tuesday, 22nd. When the buildings and grounds will be opened to the public at 9 a. m. At 10 a. m. Hon James Mitchell, Premier of New Brunswick, accompanied by the members of his Government, militia and city officials and prominent ladies and gentlemen, will formally open the Exhibition. After the machinery has been put in motion the Premier with his associates will visit all the departments of the Exhibition.

SPECIAL FEATURES. Besides the wealth of Agricultural, Live Stock, Industrial and Fine Arts exhibits the Exhibition Association has provided the following: 1. THE WONDERFUL CAPRINE PARADOX, consisting of six Performing Goats, which give an exhibition of Tight Rope Walking, Balancing, Buck Dancing and various other almost incredible feats. They will be seen in front of the Grand Stand upon the grounds at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. daily. 2. SIX NIGHTS OF FIREWORKS, supplied by Messrs. Hand & Co., the famous Pyrotechnic Artists, of Hamilton, Ont., on each night, presenting the most magnificent spectacular effects ever seen in St. John. Some of the features are of a most intricate character, reflecting the highest skill in pyrotechnic art. The first display will begin at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesday, 23rd, weather permitting, and on each suitable night thereafter. 3. A GRAND COMEDY AND ACROBATIC COMBINATION, furnished by the International Vandville Exchange, New York, will give a most interesting and entertaining programme of two hours' duration, at 8 and 9 p. m. every day, in Amusement Hall. The services of the following well-known bands of music have been secured, namely, the Artillery, the Fusiliers, the City Cornet, the Carleton Cornet and the Temple of Honor. Specially prepared music will be furnished every afternoon and evening during the Exhibition. Harrison's Orchestra will furnish music every day and evening in Amusement Hall. JUDGING will commence on Wednesday morning the 23rd. A GRAND PARADE of the prize Horses and Cattle will take place at 2.30 p. m. on Tuesday, 29th, and will be reviewed from the Grand Stand. EXCURSION RATES have been secured on all lines of travel.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO STOCK OWNERS. Entries will be received up to Monday night, 21st inst. Live Stock may be brought in on Monday, 21st, and up to Tuesday night, 22nd. They can be removed at any time after the auction sale on the 30th. Hay will be provided free by the Exhibition Association on and after Saturday, 26th inst. The Government, not having made any importation, will have no Live Stock on exhibition or for sale, so that an excellent opportunity will be afforded for the sale of pure bred stock. Admission will be by Ticket. Adults 25c, Children 15c. On Saturday, 26th, (Children's Day) special children's tickets will be sold for 10 cents. Admission to the performance in Amusement Hall will be by special 10 cent ticket. The Performing Goats and the Fireworks will be on open parade and will be free to all visitors to the Exhibition. Seats on the Grand Stand, 10 cents.

CHARLES A. EVERETT, Secretary.



The Monarch Economic Boiler. 18 PORTABLE—Has an outer casing and requires no brickwork. Leaves our shop mounted on skids, ready for use. SAVES FUEL—Some tests show a saving of 30 per cent, over a common brickset boiler. We guarantee at least 10 per cent. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd., - Amherst, N. S. J. S. CURRIE, Agent, Water street, cor. Walker's Wharf, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM. visits the curing mother and her child if she takes it.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, or five cents each.

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

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

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Wholesale Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 19

JAMES LEWIS who died last week at Long Island had served his contemporaries well. While his entrance upon a dramatic career was the result of accident, he was an actor who had contributed much to their happiness during his life time, and what bitter can be said of any man?

In a late speech made in New York Mr. POWDERLY said: "It sounds beautiful to say that the world is my country and all men are my brothers, but self-preservation is the first law of Nations as well as of Nature." The present American campaign is especially prolific in sentiments of one kind or another.

CLARA BARTON, whose journey to Turkey for the relief of the Armenian victims showed as fine a spirit of heroic purpose as human history has anywhere recorded, has quietly returned from her field of labor, having fully completed her mission—that is until Turkish barbarism shall necessitate a renewal of her work.

Those who are inclined to criticize the bicycle's influence on morals and manners should be encouraged by the fact that ZOLA has postponed the writing of his bicycling novel until society shows the effects of the sport plainly enough for him to draw certain conclusions as to its results.

The tragedy which occurred near Moncton last week, while it lacks the revolting details of the Bear river murder, is none the less horrible and shocking; no effort should be spared to bring the guilty person or persons to justice, after it is clearly proven that a murder has been committed.

Last Sunday was a day of blood in Havana. The rising of the sun was the signal for the inauguration of a slaughter that must be classed among the most horrible deeds on record.

worthy to be called a soldier could ever perpetrate. WYLLERS' career in Cuba should be cut short, and that immediately, ere the world is shocked by a repetition of last Sunday's murders.

The sad case of a lady bicyclist who died as the result of being thrown from her wheel in New York last week furnishes a lesson of especial moment for lady riders in other cities. This young woman seems to have been properly and becomingly attired, but perhaps because she was riding a bicycle alone in the evening she attracted special attention from corner loafers who jeered at and reviled her.

When will people learn to seek shelter elsewhere than under trees, during a thunder storm. A few days ago two gentlemen who, with others, were engaged in a game of golf, in a New York town were instantly killed by lightning, and from the published accounts of their death it is difficult to resist the conclusion that their tragic fate was due to their fatal selection of a spot under a tree as a place of shelter during the storm.

There are signs that the Czar's attitude toward the Sultan has been modified and that should another massacre take place at Constantinople, Russian, French and English warships will be sent thither for the purpose of maintaining order.

It is almost impossible to describe in detail the many beautiful importations which Mr. Cameron will exhibit to visitors to his popular establishment next week but it may be truly said that no more stylish display can be made in the city this season.

The convent of St. Casario, P. Q. has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

AUTUMN MILLINERY OPENING.

Charles E. Cameron Displays Some Elegant Headwear This Season.

Balmy September usually heralds the autumn millinery season and proclaims that the day of soft filmy laces, and delicate arrangements of straw has departed for a time at least and that the "demi season" is here.

As usual at the beginning of the season the stapes are inclined to be extreme but of course later on a modification of the styles will come.

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It is believed the monkeys in the Zoo knew they were to be removed into better quarters before it occurred lately. They had, no doubt, heard the new monkey house talked about as the finest in the world by visitors and keepers, and realized that there was to be some great change in their condition.

Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step toward the cause of what is good, is a step nearer to heaven.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

The "Ant" is your Uncle's sister, a native of the Antipodes.

Grubs, call it money, and that's what "grub ter." Mosquitoes vary in size and weight, I have seen some "Miss Kitty," that would weigh upwards of a hundred pounds.

Trees might "bark," and cheese "milk" bite; some girls' worst marry, but "widow's mite."

Bears are men who won't buy their wives and daughters brides.

Snakes will never become extinct, until prohibition is an established fact.

Tigers are a jolly lot, they are generally around after "three cheers."

Elephants abound in the vicinity of "three cheers" and other "to-morrow."

The weight of a fish depends largely upon the veracity and imagination of the enthusiastic sportsman, it's not weight however, is best determined on its own scales.

The crane is remarkable, chiefly for the possibility regarding its neck-ware. Cranes also are useful for lifting or changing the position of heavy or bulky articles, exclusive of mortgages.

The introduction of the silver "Bill" has enhanced the value of the "Gold" finch.

"There's no place like hum" to the humming bird.

Guinea pigs and hens, should be worth their weight in gold and sixteen times in silver.

Herons can eat Henrice, but herings cannot eat Herons.

On-bid people, (when boiling) turn red like their crustaceous relative the lobster, and at other times may be as green.

When crows go "raven" mad, it is illustrative of caws and cfeet.

Crows abound in and around Crow-Bar harbor.

Dove-tail soup is a rare delicacy amongst carpenters.

Bees should not be eaten out of season, as they are then suffering from the "hives."

Stray people find their counterpart in "stray" bees, but it affects the pronunciation.

The origin of the butterfly is somewhat obscure, however, a young lady was fishing, and having hooked a beauty, and being unable to land it, she lost all butter fit.

Chameleons are of three orders, natural, political and religious; the former is capable of changing color, the two latter, their coats.

Lions are various, the ordinary half starved circus kind, the social, and the botanical. The first we know all about, the second may be seen any occasion, while the latter is a "Daisy" lion.

The Beaver is best known by the modern name of "silk hat" and covers a multitude of sins.

There's a good deal of waste in a wasp, but a wasp-waisted lady has not much waist to waste, not more than an armful.

Hawks are successful at robin's nests.

"Rhinoceros" Hippopotami are not of a selective toady nature. They do not belong to a thin-skinned family, and would make good lawyers.

Cowards are generally bull-fellows.

The Dreamy Arno.

Beside the Arno's dreamy flow, You have love we were seated;

In those sweet moments long ago, When fond words were repeated,

Oh, little in that happy time, We thought love we could sever;

Or dreaming in that sunny clime, Would be love's dream for ever.

We said farewell Laurence, ah where, In all this bright world dwelling;

Art thou in dreamland still as near, The Arno's love song telling,

The low voiced waves still sing of thee, The echo of our gladness;

The harmony still follows me, And fills my soul with sadness.

We heard the vesper chiming sweet, We saw the sunbeam fading;

Along that well remembered seat, The laurel branches shading,

And still on twilight's silver wings, Return those memories olden;

And Arno's roses softly sing, Our heart romances golden.

O, ever bright Italian skies, You tell the same sweet story;

Of loving ties and thoughtful eyes; And dreams of fame and glory,

But visions fade away and die— While love lives on for ever;

And still together you and I, Sit by the Arno river.

Sweet melodies of moments past, Down all the long years stealing;

In true hearts linger till the last, In deepest soul of feeling,

Still as the flood tide seeks the shore, From life's wide surging ocean;

It, music fills the heart; more, With passionate emotion.

So some sweet thoughts that ne'er depart, Back to the spirit thronging;

Still claim the sadness of the heart, The soul's unuttered longing,

A flower in its ashes dead, Its income still retaining;

Though every tint of bloom be fled, Has still its grief remaining.

And so the peaceful waters, Where cloudless skies are smiling;

And there again love by your side, You are my tears beguiling,

And still I hear you whisper low, Beside the Arno river;

But those sweet moments long ago, Have flown dear heart forever.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

AUNT AND HER AMANUENSIS.

The Letter that Was Finally Finished Under Considerable Difficulties.

Aunt crossed the floor with her heavy plantation tread and set the clock on the mantel.

It had in its day kept company with old creole mahogany and carried itself in lordly fashion among its peers, but now for many years, on account of some obscure visceral derangement, it had been retired to humble society.

"The clock doctored, he say she all right now, an' jest as magnificent as she ever were; only you'll jest have ter wind her up, please, ma'am," said Aunt.

The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed the novel task.

The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged after it the whole weight of the unwilling years, and there was a strange groaning and creaking within and a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework.

Aunt surveyed it with awe and delight. "She goes tribulatin' along as pear as ever she did. How natchal it does sound!"

"Where did you get such a fine old relic, Aunt?" asked the mistress, noting its points.

"My ole mistr' give her to me arter the surrender. They was all broke up and the ole plantation was sold and they went to N' Orleans ter live. An' now, honey I'es ready fer de letter if you is."

"Yes, Aunt. Who is the letter for?" "My granddaughter. Her mother give her ter me an' I let her go to N' Orleans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't get erlor;—"

"Who, Aunt? Your granddaughter and mother?" "Bless yer heart, no! I mean her father an' mother, an' they separated, an' he's got another wife an' she's got another husband!"

"Oh, well. I have written. 'My dear granddaughter.' Now, what next?" "I was mighty glad ter hear from you all an' that you was well an' doin' well."

"She give one when she o'ter give twelve, an' she give twelve when she o'ter give one," said Aunt, interrupting her drooping recitative.

The scribe looked up in bewilderment. Aunt's eyes were fixed on the clock. "Didn't you hear her strike?"

"No. Never mind the clock now, Aunt." "He said she were all right," murmured Aunt, sadly.

"I will consult him ag'n if she is not, but now we must write the letter if we want it to go in the next mail."

"I do's want it ter go powerful bad." "Well, then, what next?" "I am well and doing well at present, but I have had mighty pore health this winter. Be a good girl and don't forget your pore ole gran'-mother. If her father don't let her come up here 'fore long I'm gwine down there."

The scribe caught her breath and drew her pen threw a line and a half. "What you do that fer?" complained Aunt.

"Never mind. Go on." "You worries me so, scratchin' on the writin' I done forget. Oh! 'Won't you please let my gran'daughter come up an' see me, if it's only for a day? That's fer her father," said Aunt.

The writer paused. "If I'd listen to her Aunt Lulu I shouldn't never have let her go with him. Tell her I'm a-comin' down ter see her. He beats her with his crutch and don't give her nothin'." "Don't think hard o' me cause I didn't send you anything Christmas. I was away from home two months, water bound."

"The mistress laid down her pen. "Oh, Aunt, what a story!" "It's jest ter satisfy her, honey, so she don't think hard o' me. Tell her I'm comin' ter see her in a week or two an' to be sure an' to be sure an' look ter me."

"Now, Aunt, you know I can't spare you in a week or two." "Co's I does, en' I ain't a-gwine. But she kin be lookin' out. I wish," added the kind soul, regretfully, "that I could send her some fruit. But how can I? I don't know anybody gwine there."

"Why, Aunt, there's always lots of fruit in the city market, and you can send a dime or two bits any time in a letter and she can buy some."

"Law, sakes! So I kin. Hecomes it you alwys think of everything? That head o' yours is plum full all the time," said Aunt, admiringly.

"Is that all, Aunt?" "Oh, tell her ter be sure ter ax her father ter pray fer me."

to the Rev. Jim Brown. An' then if you ain't anything perticular to do, I'd like ter have you write ter my daughter out on Tickfaw, please, ma'am."

Two hours later the amanuensis laid down her pen with a long sigh of relief.—Chicago Daily News.

NEW IRISH STORIES.

Some Anecdotes Told in the Journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt.

Some good stories are told in the journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, recently published under the title, "A Life Spent in Ireland." At one time Mr. Daunt was the guest of Father Burke in whose parish one of the sanguinary title affairs occurred between the parsons and the Catholic people.

The soldiers were called on to fire on the populace, and some persons were killed. Soon afterward Father Burke received a Government circular inquiring the number of his flock for the purpose of making up a census. He answered, that, as he had not yet ascertained to what extent his people were thinned out on the last shooting day he could not furnish the required information with accuracy.

When the Poor law was introduced a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the parsonage, said: "This Poor law's a grand thing for the souls of the gentlemen."

"Why so?" "Bekase now when we axes for alms they only say go 'o' the porchouse, but before there was a porchouse they used to say, 'Go to the devil!'"

At a contested election in Galway a landlord named Foster sold his whole stock of votes for a good sum to each of the candidates. Having pocketed the money of both, he called the voters together. Foster was too generous to keep all the traffic to himself.

"Boys," he exclaimed to his expectant seris, "I don't care a button who you vote for. I have made the most I could of you; go and sell your vote, every man of you, to the best advantage you can."

When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cahel he found that a party of electors, known as "commoners," numbering some thirteen or fourteen, were notoriously corrupt and always told their vote to the highest bidder. Their usual price was £20 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt trafficking in votes as a mortal sin. The next day Hemphill met one of the commoners, and anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced on these venal gentlemen, he asked the man whether he had been at mass on the previous day.

"I was your Honor." "Was not the sermon on bribery excellent?" "It was an excellent sermon your Honor." "Will it do good, do you think?" "I think it will make the election run very close, your Honor."

"How so?" "We always got £20 for a vote before we knew it was a sin; but, as his reverence says it is a sin to sell our votes, we can't for the future take less than £40."

When Lord Maturky was dying the person in attendance remarked that he and his vanities would soon pass away, and exhorted him to repent.

"Repent! For what should I repent?" demanded the old lord. "Why, I don't remember that during my whole life I ever denied myself anything."

HOW THE FARM WAS SAVED.

Her Effort Saved the Historic John Brown Homestead.

It was through the efforts of the late Kate Field that the John Brown Homestead and farm were preserved for the sake of their public interest. The place had been sold to someone distantly connected with the family for \$800 in about the year 1863, and in 1870 Kate Field found that it was about to be sold again. The public had seemed quite to forget the tomb of John Brown, and it had fallen in neglect.

Miss Field secured a number of subscriptions of \$100 each, and purchased the property. Her death and that of other members of this association which had bought the place, made it seem wise to devise some means for its permanent protection. It happens that the State of New York has within a few years acquired vast tracts in the Adirondacks with a view to preserving the forest and protecting the origins of important water-courses. Much of the land in the general vicinity of the John Brown farm has become state property, and it has been necessary to provide the requisite administrative organization for the oversight of the state's Adirondack domain. It was suggested, therefore, that it would be easy for the State of New York to care for the John Brown farm in connection with the great Adirondack reservation, and the Legislature last winter passed an Act enabling the executive department of the State Government to accept the farm and homestead from the John Brown Association. It was the formal transfer from the association to the state that was the occasion of the celebration of July 21.—From "John Brown in the Adirondacks," by Albert Shaw, in September Review of Reviews.

U. S. Gov't Report.

Making powder PURE

... then if you are perticker to do, I'd like to see my daughter out on the main.

IRISH STORIES.

... told in the Journal's of ... O'Neill Daunt.

... stories are told in the journal-Neill Daunt, recently published, "A Life Spent in one time Mr. Daunt was the ... Burke in whose parish ... ary tithes affairs occurred ... sons and the Catholic people ... were called on to fire on the ... some persons were killed. ... d Father Burke received a ... circular inquiring the number ... the purpose of making up a ... answered that, as he had not ... to what extent his people ... out on the last shooting day ... rnish the required informa- ... ry.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and the following, new stands and outfits.

Q. S. DEPARTMENTS: Brunswick street... Halifax street... St. John's street...

Quite a number of small entertainments have been going on this week, but nothing of very large dimensions.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. John Duffin had a small dance at their home on Kent street.

Mrs. Charles Archibald had an evening "At Home" across the Arm on Wednesday.

A most brilliant wedding took place in Hartford, Vt., Sept. 9, 1896, at 11 p. m.

Prognosis is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.

Sept. 16.—Miss Ella Hillson entertained a number of her young friends at a whist on Wednesday evening.

Miss Constance Dickey and Miss Gertrude Townsend left for Montreal on Monday to attend the Trinitarian school.

Mr. M. D. Fride and Miss Bessie Curry have gone on a short trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Black paid a visit to friends in Halifax last week.

Christ church choir assisted by the band are having a high tea and promenade concert this evening at the Aberdeen rink.

Prof. Stone went to Farnboro on Monday to assist at the laying of the corner stone of the Methodist church there.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Stophord of Tidnish were in town on Monday.

Mrs. James Purdy is spending the week with friends in Tidnish.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space.

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

B B B Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually, without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Carrotting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Bileousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Bloating, Vindication, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Muscles Strong? Pan-dried Rolled Oats will make 'em so, and keep the digestion right also. A poor digestion makes weak, flabby muscles. The ordinary oatmeal is about half digested. Grocers sell Pan-dried everywhere. The Tillson Company, Ltd., Tillsonburg, Ont. High Grade Cereal Foods.

It isn't HIRES' Rootbeer Her Expression Alone Tells That. A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are no "just as good" as the famous HIRES. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. A much higher place in the estimation of even friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed. Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, (1st door south of King.)

Miss Munro came home on Saturday from a pleasant trip to Fort Greville, accompanied by Miss Kerr, who is at present her guest.

Miss Graves of Truro has been the guest during the past week of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Moran, Desford, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran came home from Bathurst on Monday accompanied by Miss Magpie Darling, Mrs. Moran's sister who will remain in town.

Miss Fie Nelson who has been visiting relatives in town has gone to her home in Truro. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Archibald of the Joggins Mills were in town on Monday.

TRURO.

Prognosis is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Felt, and T. H. Smith & Co.

Sept. 16.—Miss Maud Bligh, Halifax, visiting her relatives at "Fairbairn."

Mrs. Reading, Miss Reading and Mrs. McEllan have arrived home from Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDonald left yesterday for a visit of a few weeks with friends in the American "West."

Mrs. J. B. Nelly of Halifax is visiting home friends at "Maplehurst."

Cards of invitation were cut on Monday for a ball at the "cedars" tomorrow, Thursday evening.

This year's Natal Day sports which occurred on Monday last, have no precedent in success.

In the evening the electric light sports were equally interesting. The bicycle and running races were very exciting and closely contested.

There was a large tea last Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Jas. K. Blair's, Halifax road.

Mr. Rod Hanson, is home from Bridge water for a short vacation.

Mr. C. M. Blanchard and Miss Ethel Blanchard spent Sunday and Monday with Halifax friends.

Prognosis is for sale at the Farnboro Book Store.

Sept. 16.—Mrs. Gibbons entertained a small party of ladies at a tea on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cole of Amherst are visiting their relatives here.

Mr. Walker Howard is at home from Boston for a short visit much to the pleasure of his many friends.

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

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

enjoyable dance in Cont's Hall between forty and fifty couples taking part; ice cream, cake and fruit were served during the evening.

Miss Dora O'Brien has returned from St. John accompanied by the Miss Ebbards.

Mrs. Jack and Mrs. Stamp visited Mr. Allan J. McLeod on Wednesday and returned to their home in Boston on Thursday.

Last Thursday evening the young men entertained a large number of young ladies at the "American House" Mrs. F. Boyer and Mrs. A. Johnson being chaperones.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson went to St. John this week to spend a short time.

Miss MacGowan is attending the W. C. T. U. One of the prettiest weddings seen for some time was celebrated Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien, the bride being their elder daughter, Susan Stewart to Mr. Thomas Armstrong, the bride entered the parlor on the arm of her father by whom she was given away and wore a handsome costume of white trimmed with flowers.

Among the many presents received were, Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien, oak sideboard; Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien, silver sugar spoon; Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien, silver sugar spoon; Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien, silver sugar spoon.

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Manufactures Royales de Corset, P. D. French P D Corsets

Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.



The celebrated P D Corsets are unrivaled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style, and have received the highest awards at all the important exhibitions during the last 20 years.

Wholesale Only. KONIG & STUFFMANN, 10 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS

Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit.

MADE ONLY BY BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

Montreal School of Elocution

(JOHN P. STEPHENS, Principal). NEW TERM BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER. Thorough training and rapid progress under the best teachers in all departments of

Elocution and Voice Culture. Certificates granted. Pupils appear in public while studying and assisted to positions when prominent. Special inducements to pupils from a distance.

For prospectus and particulars, address: Claude Barry, Sec'y, Dominion Square, Montreal.

Teaberry Tea

RESTORES NATURAL WHITENESS PLEASANT & HARMLESS TO USE - A 25c.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 25 King St. And 72 KING STREET (WEST), ST. JOHN.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES.

This is the weather to try my Soda and Phosphate.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

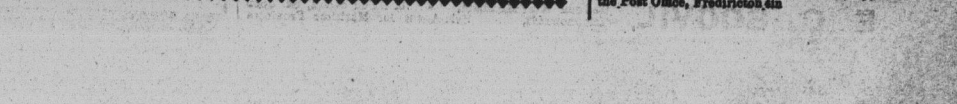
THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part containing Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; and press is capable in the old days of performing the finest work, while the Water Motor is perfect in every respect. As this plant now stands, it is probably the same as it was on leaving it complete in all its appointments. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. T. H. FREEST, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton, N.S.

You need a Fall Suit

and it can be made to give such splendid healthful warmth that you'll hardly require an overcoat all season—just by seeing that it is interlined with Fibre Chamols.

No weight or bulk will be added, but the natural stiffness and spring of this interlining will keep the garments in their proper shape, and its perfect non-conducting properties will keep out every breath of frosty air or damp winds, while the waterproof Rigby process makes it proof against an all day's rain or sleet storm.

Wonderful value at slight expense. Only 25c. a yard. Don't buy any ready-made garments which haven't the Fibre Chamols Label—you'll thoroughly enjoy the comfort it gives.



Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien, silver sugar spoon; Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien, silver sugar spoon; Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien, silver sugar spoon.

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RETRATED COA. FIRM. es Royales de Corset, P.D. P D Corsets 10 Gold Medals and Diplomas d'Honneur.

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Stores

YON'S MEDICINES.

STABLISHMENT SALE.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAB.

Programme for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trinton, and at the bookstores of St. J. De... Mrs. W. G. Goucher and her family, who have been visiting in Truro, Nova Scotia, will return home on Friday.

Mr. Charles Murray's friends are pleased to see him in town. Mrs. W. G. Goucher and her family, who have been visiting in Truro, Nova Scotia, will return home on Friday.

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CALL IN DRIVE OUT INDIGESTION AND DYSPESIA

WOODSTOCK.

Programme for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. A. Dibble, J. T. Garden, G. A. Taylor & G. H. Hartman and G. Balmann spent Saturday and Sunday at St. John's.

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Delight to Consumers Mystery to Competitors Pure Claret at \$3 and \$4 per case BORDEAUX CLARET CO.

A Perfect Wood Furnace "Famous Magnet" The McClary Mfg. Co.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 22 to Oct. 2, 1896. FOURTH AND BEST FAIR.

Priestley's Masterpiece. The artist of the loom may have an ideal as well as the artist of the brush. Priestley's ideal was the best, and the masterpiece of his life is the new EUDORA.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

SMALLEST OF OBJECTS.

WHAT THE ATOM IS AND WHERE SUBDIVISION CEASES.

Atoms so Minute that Millions Together Would be Hardly Larger as a Grain of Sand—Their Motion and Their Way of Working in Steam.

The man of science is at one time exploring the depths of space and becoming conversant with magnitudes so vast as to tax his power of conception to the utmost. At another time he is engaged in the study of objects far too minute to admit of their direct perception by any of his senses. That potent weapon for the investigation of nature which is supplied by the laws of mathematics is equally available for the discussion of the phenomena presented in such a mighty system as the Milky Way, or for tracing the movements of those atoms of matter so exceedingly small that they must necessarily elude every endeavor to perceive them.

It was at one time supposed that every substance must be susceptible of infinite subdivision. If we took a material object, say, for example, a sheet of paper, and cut it in half and repeated the operation again and yet again, ever halving one of the portions which was left by the preceding division, it used to be thought that though the fragments of paper must be ever growing less and less, yet it should be possible to continue this subdivision indefinitely if only sufficient delicacy of manipulation were forthcoming. In other words, the idea was entertained that there could be no piece of paper so small but that it would admit of division again into two other pieces, each of which was still the substance possessing the qualities of paper. But now we know that the indefinite divisibility which is here postulated is not the property of matter as it is in nature. Only a finite number of divisions could be made or conceived before the fragment which is arrived at, though perhaps itself veritable paper, could not receive any further subdivision with ceasing to be paper. Of course it may be said that in the case supposed we are operating upon a substance which is manifestly of a composite character. The result of the subdivision, when carried on sufficiently far, must therefore necessarily disclose the ultimate ingredients of which the composite material known as paper is formed. Let us therefore take for our illustration some substance which, as far as we can tell, is absolutely homogeneous, inasmuch as it consists only of a single element. I select for this purpose a piece of iron, and suppose it to be divided into two portions. Let each portion be subdivided again, and yet again, until at last it shall have been reduced to the minutest portion of which our senses can take cognizance. Each one of the little pieces so obtained will still possess all the qualities of iron. We shall further imagine that we are provided with some means for carrying on the subdivision of an iron particle to a point much beyond that which any mechanical appliance at our disposal can effect. We shall even suppose that we are able to continue the subdivision of the iron long after the particles have become too minute to be visible, even in the most powerful microscope. Modern science has, however, taught us that though this subdivision can be carried on so far, yet it cannot be protracted indefinitely. A point would at last be reached where each of the little particles, though still possessing all the qualities of iron, would refuse to admit of any further subdivision. The particle in question may, no doubt, be composed of parts, but if we could separate those parts they would not be iron, they would not in fact be anything like iron. This piece of iron which cannot be further reduced is called an atom. The derivation of this word indicates that the object to which it is applied is a something which cannot be cut. We are thus led to the conception that all matter on the earth or throughout the universe is constituted of aggregations of atoms. The sun itself is no more than an enormously great though quite definite number of those ultimate atoms, out of which all material objects must be composed.

There is perhaps no other department of scientific research which shows so strikingly man's tremendous ignorance of nature. Any adequate information as to what these atoms of matter really are has been hitherto denied us. A few facts may be stated. We know, at all events, that the atoms are so minute that millions of them would be required to be put together to form the bulk of a small grain of sand. It would, however, be quite erroneous to suppose that because these objects are so minute their structure is therefore simple. This is by no means the case. Some phenomena prove unmistakably that the atoms of certain elements, such, for instance, as those of iron, which I have already used as an illustration, must be anything but simple objects. They should rather be regarded as possessing a highly complex character and as elaborately formed from many different portions, these portions be-

ing in many cases animated by rapid and intricate movements. Indeed, it would seem that no experience of the grosser objects, which alone are perceptible to our senses, would be capable of affording any adequate conception of the extraordinary liveliness of atoms. I must try to explain some of their varied activities.

Let us think of the steam in the cylinder of a steam engine. The steam presses upon the piston and thus forces it up to accomplish its work. In our ordinary language we say that this work is done by the pressure of the steam on the piston and everybody understands what is meant when we thus speak of high pressures and low pressures. If, however, we look a little more closely into the matter we shall find that what the engineer understands by the pressure of the steam has to be regarded in a somewhat unexpected light when the ultimate constitution of steam is considered. The water from which the steam is made is, of course, produced by the chemical union between two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Each molecule of steam is, in fact, the result of the union between two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Steam thus consists of molecules too small to be subdivided into lesser particles of the same substance, namely, water. If any subdivision of a molecule of steam were effected, then the parts into which it would be separated would not be water, they would be the atoms of the constituent gases from which that water was made. The steam in the cylinder of the engine is to be regarded as consisting of a vast multitude of molecules of water. Each of these molecules is in a state of rapid motion. It is hurrying along with a speed which is sometimes slower and sometimes faster than that of a rifle bullet. Even in a very small portion of space the multitudes of these molecules are prodigious. The number of them which are required to form as much steam or atmospheric pressure as would suffice to fill a lady's thimble, are to be represented by many billions. As these molecules are in such close contiguity, and as they are incessantly darting about, it will not be surprising to find that collisions frequently take place between them. The effect of a collision will be to divert each of the impinging molecules from the path in which it was proceeding before the collision took place, so that it bounds off again in some other direction. This new direction is similarly pursued until the molecule is turned aside by the next collision. These operations take place so rapidly that each of the molecules will experience millions of collisions in each second.

As the molecules of steam in the cylinder dash about with their tremendous velocity, they rain incalculable myriads of little blows upon the bottom of the piston. The effect of these impacts is to push the piston upward. Indeed, what the engineer calls the pressure of the steam is merely the result of the myriads of little impulsive shocks which are given by the blows of the rapidly-moving molecules. If the heat from the boiler is still applied, while the steam generated is not allowed to escape, then, of course, the pressure of the steam rises. But we may state what this means in a different manner. The increase of pressure arises from the fact that the temperature increases, the rate at which the little molecules hurry along also becomes greater. There is, in fact, a definite relation between the temperature of the steam and the average rate at which its molecules are moving. The greater the temperature, the greater the speed the less the temperature, the less the speed. The increase of the pressure within the boiler is equivalent to an increase in temperature of the steam, and this corresponds to an increase of the average speed with which the molecules are animated. But with increased velocities of the molecules there would be a corresponding increase in the vehemence of the blows which they administer to the inside of the boiler, and consequently, as we say, the pressure of the boiler is augmented. Under certain circumstances these blows may become so numerous and energetic that the tension of the iron or steel of which the boiler is constituted may no longer be able to withstand the strain to which it is exposed, in which case an explosion will be the result. This illustration will show to a certain extent how the temperature of a gas is connected with the average speed by which its molecules are initiated.

When two liquids, such as brandy and water, are placed together in a tumbler a complete fusion takes place. No doubt in this case the act of fusion is generally ascribed to the fact that when one liquid is poured into the other, fusion would however, proceed without such assistance; indeed it could not be prevented if the two liquids are in any way brought into contact. Suppose the water had been placed first in the glass and the spirit, being the lighter liquid had been carefully poured on the top. There will be at first a marked difference between the two strata; a gradual blending of the two liquids, by what chemists call

diffusion, will, however, at once commence. Notwithstanding the relative lightness of the spirit, it cannot remain permanently distinct from the water as a covering of oil would do under the same circumstances. In due time the spirit descends through the water and the water ascends through the spirit, so that the mixture will ultimately become as complete as if the two liquids had been shaken together in a bottle. Thus we see that the spirit, though actually lighter than the water, gradually sinks downward, while the water, though heavier than the spirit, gradually makes its way upward.

The explanation of this phenomenon can be readily obtained when we remember that each of the two liquids in question is made up of molecules in motion. Across the boundary which at first divides the upper from the lower stratum, a molecule of either liquid occasionally dashes, and by the incessant repetition of this process the blending is ultimately accomplished. It is quite true that the movements of the molecules in matter in the liquid state are not so unrestrained as they are when the matter is in the gaseous state. Each molecule in a gas has, so to speak, a free run between one of its collisions with other molecules and the next. It seems, however, that the molecules of matter when in the liquid state enjoy a much more limited degree of freedom. In this case each molecule can only be detached from its association with some neighboring molecule, in order to become associated with a third molecule. Such interchanges of alliance among the liquid molecules are, however, incessantly taking place, and thus it happens that the molecules of the spirit become gradually dispersed through the water, while on the other hand the molecules of the water gradually penetrate through the spirit, until at last the two fluids become completely blended.

A solid substance, such as a piece of cold iron, may seem to our senses to be quite devoid of movement in its ultimate parts. We have, however, the best reasons for knowing that if we had organs of sense some millions of times more acute than those with which nature has been endowed, we should find that the molecules even of a piece of cold iron were animated by the liveliest movements. In the case of such a body, or of any body which may be termed solid, the movements of the molecules are of much more restricted character than they are in the case of gas or even of a liquid. The extent of the movements of the particles of a solid are confined within very narrow limits. Each molecule, in fact, remains, generally speaking, in permanent association with the other molecules with which it was originally connected. This is illustrated by the obvious truth that if a piece of solid copper and a piece of solid zinc are placed even in the closest contact, no fusion of the two substances will take place. The movements of the molecules in the zinc are so narrowly restrained that they do not cross the boundary to any appreciable extent. The molecules of copper are also confined in their movements within the mass to which they are originally belonged. If, however, these two metals, instead of being in the solid form, have been melted into a fluid state, then the two fluids, if placed in contact, will speedily diffuse one into the other, for under the influence of heat the amplitudes of the movements of the molecules have been so much increased that they are now able to shake themselves free from their original attachments. The atoms of the zinc can thus cross the boundary and enter into the copper and the atoms of the copper also cross and enter the zinc, so that the homogeneous material known as brass is the result.

Lord Kelvin has given a striking illustration to show how extremely minute must be the actual magnitudes of the molecules of matter. Imagine that a rain drop the size of a pea were to be magnified into a globe as large as the earth. Let us suppose that each of the molecules in the drop of water were to be at the same time magnified in the like proportion, then we know that the dimensions of the molecules thus increased would make them larger than shot, but smaller than cricket balls.

We may also illustrate the fineness, so to speak, of the ultimate texture of matter in the following way: Think of a plate of copper possessing the same thickness as this page on which this is printed. It is perfectly certain that if we had machinery by which we could beat out that copper until the plate was reduced to the thousandth part of its present thickness, the thin sheet so produced would still be found to present all the characteristics of copper. Even if the sheet could be beaten out ten more, so that its thickness were ultimately reduced to one ten-thousandth part of that of the original sheet of paper, the substance in the plate would still possess the characteristics, chemical and physical, of actual copper. It can, however, be inferred by an ingenious line of reasoning, given by Lord Kelvin, that if the plate

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Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

thus attenuated were to undergo a yet further reduction, which would make it to have no more than the millionth part of the thickness of this sheet of paper, then the substance would have ceased to be copper in the sense in which we understand the word. It would approximate to a layer of individual molecules, further subdivision of which would be impossible.

Some very interesting results illustrating the minute subdivision of matter can be derived from certain beautiful experiments made by Prof. Boys. Having melted the common mineral quartz at an exceedingly high temperature, he has succeeded in drawing out extremely fine fibres of the remarkable substance. The method he employed in this delicate operation is one of great ingenuity. To produce the fibres he used a little crossbow wherewith he discharged a light arrow which had been previously attached to the melted quartz. As the arrow flew through the air it drew out behind it a filament of the fused mineral. In this way Prof. Boys succeeded in obtaining fibres possessing more tenacity and delicacy than had ever before attained by human art with any material whatever. The fibres of quartz produced in each discharge of the arrow are about forty or fifty feet long. They are remarkably uniform in diameter, and the strength of these fibres; due allowance being of course made for their dimensions, is truly astonishing. Drawn quartz thus appears to have a tenacity not less than that of ordinary steel.

The thickness of a fibre of silk as wound from the cocoon is about one-five-hundredths of an inch. Prof. Boys has drawn fibres of quartz so fine that if a hundred of them were twisted into a cable, its thickness would be about the same as that of a fibre of unspun silk. But this statement, remarkable as it may seem, is by no means adequate to express the highest order of fineness which has been obtained in certain of the quartz filaments. They have indeed been drawn with such exceeding delicacy, that they can no longer be perceived by the naked eye. Indeed, Prof. Boys has assured us that where the end of the fibres gradually tapers off its thickness becomes so small that it cannot even be perceived by the microscope. It is thus certain that some of these fibres are so fine that they do not possess a thickness of a hundred thousandth part of an inch. This extraordinary tenacity is strikingly illustrated by Prof. Boys when he says that a lump of quartz of the size of a walnut contains sufficient material for a fibre long enough to wrap six or seven times around the whole earth.

These results demonstrate in a striking way the extreme subtility of the molecular texture of matter. The quartz fibre, though only one hundred thousandth part of an inch in thickness, still seems to be as veritable quartz as was the original lump of mineral before it was fused for the operation of drawing out. In other words, so vast a number of molecules are contained in the fibre that the thickness of one thousandth part of an inch that the physical properties of the substance remain the same in the delicate filament as in the large mass.

Many illustrations might be given of the significance of molecules in connection with the visible operations of nature. Let us take for instance the supreme beneficence of the sun itself. We shall, I think, be able to demonstrate that we are indebted to the smallest material objects for conferring on the sun its ability to send us light and heat. We receive the solar radiation in the form of waves transmitted through that mysterious fluid—the ether—which seems to fill all space. The vibrations of the ether enter the eye, and falling on the retina, produce the sensation of light. These waves start from the sun and they have been endowed with the energy which is to carry them across the 93,000,000 miles which separate the earth from the great luminary. If we inquire into the actual method by which the necessary waves seem to have been imparted to the ether, we shall soon learn the extent to which we are indebted to the movements which take place within the atoms. The sun is at a temperature so high that, in its outer regions at all events, it is actually in a gaseous state. The molecules of these gases are continually dashing about with speed corresponding to the elevated temperature which they possess. It must be understood that although an atom is so minute an object, it is still in some cases, at all events, of a

highly complex character. Portions of an atom are found to be free to move relatively to other portions, so that in consequence the collisions with which one atom strikes against another vibration in the several parts are kept up. The atoms may be said to quiver under the influence of the repeated shocks which they receive just as elastic bodies do. Indeed, it would seem that the most perfect type of an elastic body may be illustrated by the department of the vibrations differs somewhat for molecules of different substances. The molecules have, it would seem, the power of transferring part of the energy of their vibrations to the ether, and thus of originating waves which speed on their way to the earth to be interpreted by us either as light or as warmth, according to the senses to which they make their appeal. Though the internal energies of the atoms ever tend to be reduced in the process of giving rise to vibrations in the ether, yet those energies are ever and anon recuperated by the fact that as the atoms are dashing about they come into collision with other atoms. In consequence of these collisions, part of the energy which is due to the translation of the molecule as a whole is transmitted into that of the parts of the molecule, which has the capacity of producing ethereal vibrations.

Such is an outline of the physical cause of those wondrous natural phenomena, the radiation of light and heat. When we come to examine into the details of the subject, we are struck by the most remarkable developments of modern science. Let us take, for instance, one of the most important elements, namely hydrogen, that gas which we know so well on this earth, and one which is diffused far and wide throughout the universe. The sun, like many other celestial bodies, contains large quantities of hydrogen, and its atoms are of course vibrating in the way that I have suggested. But these vibrations are known to be a manifold character. They do not all seem to be performed in the same time, and consequently the undulations through the ether which are originated by the molecular vibrations of hydrogen are not all of one type. There are a large number of quite distinct ethereal waves produced by the hydrogen molecules. In the ordinary way in which these waves are received by our eyes, we have no means of discriminating between them. Modern science has, however, at its disposal a beautiful instrument called the spectroscopic, which enables us to take a complex bundle of ethereal waves and, so to speak, to sort them out into their different types. We may discover by the spectroscopic the several waves which are blended in a beam of light. Thus, to take the case of hydrogen, already mentioned, we find that among the solar beams which reach our eyes there are quite a number of distinct rays due to the presence of hydrogen in the sun. Besides these waves from this gas, which produce effects visible to the eye, there are also many other ethereal waves transmitted from the atoms of solar hydrogen which are unable to appeal directly to any organ of sense which we possess, but which nevertheless possess the power of making themselves manifest on the photographic plate. The photographic spectrum of hydrogen, as it is called, contains a multitude of lines. Each one of these lines corresponds to a distinct form of ethereal undulation, and thus we obtain some idea of the extraordinary complexity of that atom of hydrogen gas, which, itself so exceedingly minute, is still able to give rise to so many different forms of ethereal agitation.

Every other element besides that one which I have named is also able to produce waves in the ether when suitable conditions as to temperature and pressure are present. It is a remarkable fact that the waves which arise from each element are generally speaking so entirely distinct from those produced by any other element that we have, with the aid of the spectroscopic, a method of ascertaining what the actual substances may be which are present in the sun. In some cases the spectra of the elements are extremely complicated, thus indicating a corresponding complexity in the atom belonging to the element. The molecule of iron must, for example, be of very elaborate character, for the spectrum which it produces contains far more lines than are to be seen in the spectrum which is due to hydrogen. Thousands of lines, indicating the existence of thousands of distinct waves, take their origin from this little atom belonging to the most common of metals. The more we learn of the ultimate texture of matter the more amazing seem the properties of those atoms which are the least of natural objects.—Robert S. Ball.

A MODERATE HERO.

He Boldly Disclaims Credit for a Brave Deed Attributed to Him.

Recently in Gloucester, Mass., a member of the Free Press staff became acquainted with Capt. Rickford, whose experience as first gunner on the Kearsarge in the celebrated engagement with the Alabama are of considerable interest. The captain is now residing in the old fishing town. He wears a medal, one of the few presented by Uncle Sam to his brave sailors in the war, upon which appears words showing that it is a testimonial for valor performed in the noteworthy engagement. This battle royal took place on Sunday, June 19, 1864. The armament of the Kearsarge was seven guns and that of the Alabama eight guns, including a 100 pound Blakely rifle. The Kearsarge had 163 men and the Alabama 149. This was the most important sea fight of the war between two ships, the Alabama being sunk after an engagement lasting an hour and twenty minutes. But three men were wounded on the Kearsarge. It is tradition at Gloucester that Capt. Rickford received his medal for throwing overboard one of the enemy's shells which lighted upon the deck of the Kearsarge. This captain was asked about this and laughed heartily:

"Throw a shell overboard?" he repeated. "Now that is good. Yet I have read about such things in books written about sea-fights and histories of heroic deeds furnished to children in the schools, but I believe such a thing is impossible. In the first place, a shell is timed to explode in a certain brief interval, a fraction of a second after striking. In the next place a shell is a very heavy article to handle. Did you ever try to lift one? If you have you would believe all that is said about people throwing an enemy's shell overboard."

"Suppose a shell rested on the deck, how long do you think it would wait for a man to come and pick it up, stagger to the side beneath its weight and then heave it out into the ocean? By the time he took three steps toward it, off it would go. He had better jump overboard himself and let the shell take care of itself."

"What did you get the medal for, Captain?"

"Dunno; never found out. It wasn't for heaving shells overboard, though. That would make a nice story to tell landmen, but a sailor aboard a man-of-war would have his own opinion about the yarn."

A Type-Written Love Letter.

When a person becomes accustomed to doing a thing in a certain manner nothing is harder than to break the old habit. A certain young newspaper man in this city has been in the habit of writing all his copy with the aid of a typewriter, and last week he sat down and wrote a very lengthy letter to his girl, and then scoring a dash under the writing laid it on the city editor's desk just as he would a piece of copy. When the man who handles the blue pencil came to look over the copy lying on his desk, he was amazed to find one which started "Dear —," and ended, "Your loving —." It is needless to say that the author of this endearing epistle was unmercifully twitted for some time, and now he writes his love letters at home.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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Money makes the mare go. It's all for money. It takes lots of money to buy new clothing, and it takes but little money to make the old clothing as good as new. Send them to UNGAR to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost.

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HYPNOTIZED BRAVERY.

The younger man offered the elder a drink out of a flask he carried.

"Is that Ohio whiskey?" inquired the elder.

"The same," smiled the young man.

"Then I am afraid of it."

"And you a veteran of three wars?" laughed the young man.

"Fear, my boy," said the old man gravely, "is permissible under some circumstances. At least you may call it fear, though it is more nearly correct to call it wise precaution."

"Then you have tackled Ohio whiskey before you ever saw this?"

"Yes, I was in Maine once for a month, and one day a man came along with a bottle of what he called Buckeye Beauty. Ordinarily I would have shied, but I was so unutterably thirsty that I was ready for anything and tackled the Buckeye. It was a large bottle and I got a long drink. Then I took another to get the taste of that one out, and so on until I had lost all sense of taste and touch and shame and decency, and I didn't get over it for six weeks."

"Well, here," laughed the young man, "you hold still a minute and I'll hypnotize you. Then you won't know anything and can get through with a drink of this happily. That's the way we always drink Ohio liquor."

The older man's eyes sparkled and his face flushed. Evidently his companion's words recalled something out of the past in his history that was pleasing as well as exciting.

"Do you know," he broke in almost abruptly, "that you have touched a button so to speak, in my memory?"

"Glad enough," responded the man. "Now let your tongue do the rest and I won't need this stuff to bring me forgetfulness of my woe."

"It was that hypnotized suggestion," explained the officer. "Do you know that there is such a thing as hypnotized bravery?"

"Go on with your story," insisted the young man. "When it is finished I may be better prepared to say what I know."

Thus enjoined and flattered the old officer chuckled the young fellow good naturedly in the ribs and obeyed instructions.

"It happened years ago," he said, "that on one occasion in the wilds of Arizona I went out with a scouting party of sixty men from the camp where we had a force of four hundred under command of old Col. X., who was a bad man after red skins. Had instructions to go to a point in the mountains where Indians were reported, at a distance of seventy miles from camp, and I was to be gone not longer than a week. Well, I was rather venturesome at that time on Indian fighting and at the same time very headstrong, and I proceeded to show those Indian fighters of the West that it took a man raised in the East to know how to do the thing as it should be done. Col. X. had taken me aside before I left and in a fatherly way suggested to me in the kindest spirit that it was 'mighty easy for a man to make a fool of himself that far from surmise,' but I only laughed and told him I thought I had not been in two wars for nothing, and so feeling I went forth with my little force. On the evening of the second day we were pocketed in a canon not twenty-five miles from camp, and it seemed to me that there were a million Indians thirsting for our blood and twice that many yelling for it. Five of our horses and trappings had been taken down the canon when we took to the rocks and got into the 'pocket' where for a time we were safe, and we were out of provisions and short on water. In fact, we hadn't enough of both to last us twenty-four hours. If we could live on nothing until our week was up a sea chug party from camp might relieve us, provided it happened to come our way, and the Indians offered to objections, but if this did not occur there was nothing left us but to get a messenger to camp and have him bring us aid, and plenty of it. As soon as I saw we were caught like rats in a trap, my better sense appeared to come to me and from the 'd—fool' I had been at the start I soon developed into an officer fully alive to the situation, and prepared to fight the foe until we hadn't a bullet or a chance left. I saw at once that our only hope was to get word to the camp, and as the man went down I made a speech to my men and called for volunteers. Twenty men stepped to the front on the instant, and all of the others showed that they were equally ready and willing to take the risk. Of these I chose five, and as soon as it became dark I sent them out to scatter through the canon and get to camp the best way they could. The canon was quiet as the grave all night and far above its narrow opening to the sky we could see the stars shining as if to guide our messengers to safety.

"When morning broke and we could catch our first glimpses of objects through the gray shadows our eyes fell upon our five messengers standing up in a row not three hundred yards from our 'pocket.' They had been stripped of their clothing, had their bodies and faces all over their bodies, scalped, and then fantastically decked with splinters of wood bearing little flags of colored cloth sticking in their flesh in dozens of places. Not an Indian was in sight and the silence of the great chasm was dreadfully oppressive. As the light grew brighter with the coming of the sun and the ghostliness of the scene before us became more apparent, the effect on the men was overwhelming. The walls of the gorge seemed to be the sides of a gigantic grave in which we were dropped among grinning corpses, and the men gasped into each other's faces with a shiver and a nameless dread. There was no breakfast and not more than a drink of water as we huddled together and tried to gather courage by contact. If we could only have seen an Indian, or a hundred of them, that we might have rushed upon; but no; it was a grave, an awful grave, and death unseen, but no less sure, was lying in wait for us. Under these circumstances I hardly felt justified in asking for volunteers to follow in the bloody footsteps of those sent out the night before, but there was nothing else to do, and after a brief speech I asked if there was a man ready to sacrifice himself for the rest of us. One man only responded, and he was crazed, for before I could speak to him he bounded out into the coffin with a wild yell and set out along the narrow path by which we had come up into the 'pocket.' This was the only way out, except a narrow and dangerous path leading along the canon wall and impossible of message except in daylight, which meant death, for the Indians com-

manded it from every point with their rifles. Five minutes after this last messenger started we saw a larriat shoot out from behind a rock, and without a sound the man disappeared. Hopeless now as my task was, I called again for volunteers, and none responded. They told me they were willing to starve to death or go out in a body and die as soldiers, but they would not go out to be butchered as the others had been. What next to do now puzzled me, and I called a council of war.

At that council I admitted an orderly, who was also a crank, but a man of superior intelligence and of great sagacity. After hearing various suggestions and offering a few myself, none of which seemed very potential in getting us out of the desperate hole we were in, the orderly asked if he might present a plan to me in private. I told him to present it to the council, and he insisted on making it in private, and at last I went with him to a remote corner behind a boulder and quite out of sight of our little camp. Here he came at me once to business and said that our only hope of safety lay in sending a messenger to the camp, and that notwithstanding our previous experience he believed he could persuade a man, or several men for that matter, to go, provided I gave him full permission to act as he thought fit, and would take all the responsibility in view of the fact that he was in a case of life or death any way. I told him to go ahead and do what he liked.

"At the same time I told him freely that he was not going to get a man to trust himself outside of the 'pocket.' He grinned at me in a manner that would have killed for immediate punishment if it had been offered under ordinary circumstances, and went off toward where the men were collected, entirely ignoring our council that had taken place, and in a very short time we saw the orderly going over toward the boulder with a man, and five minutes later he came with him toward us. He called me to him in place of joining the council, and told me to a man, and whatever questions I desired, and I did so, and the man responded promptly, saying that he was quite willing to take the risk and go to the camp for help. He had remarkably little to say, and showed very little feeling, I thought, for a man who was undertaking so hazardous a venture, but the orderly appeared to be perfectly satisfied with him, and I was leaving it to the orderly. He requested me to send my instructions in writing, which I thought was peculiar, and said so, but the orderly it would be all right, and I knew as much as he did. All being in readiness as the messenger, accompanied by the orderly to the furthest point of safety, dashed down the canon. As he dodged in and out among the rocks I ordered the men to keep all eyes open for the Indians in waiting, and we managed to get a dozen or more of them, and our messenger disappeared from our sight still in good shape, and we were hoping he might have escaped. But our hope was to be crushed again, for in an hour or so we saw his dead body above us on top of a huge boulder and dumped down upon those of his comrades who were waiting for him. The orderly reported the man's death, and in half an hour he had started to the front with another one, bearing written instructions. How it was possible for the orderly to persuade these men to risk their lives into the jaws of death none of us could understand, not could any amount of discussion induce them not to go forth in the perilous journey. They seemed to have a dazed d'gredness quite impervious to all argument and to all sense of danger. It was possible, we reasoned, that out of many sent forth one might go, and if we could induce men to keep on trying, even if all were killed, the result was no more disastrous than if they rushed at once on a hidden enemy and were slain in a body. By the time the orderly had sent out two more messengers we felt that he was exercising some mysterious power over them, for it was not possible that men of their own volition would take the risk these men did, but we were powerless to prevent their going. In fact, it seemed to me that our force was under the influence of the orderly. Five minutes and five dead messengers was the record of the orderly by the time the sun had set, and then he came to me for a brief word to the effect that the path, which could not be followed by day because of the bullets of the Indians, and was more dangerous at night by reason of its location across deep chasms and along the precipitous face of the cliff in places being only a few inches wide and a thousand feet above the first landing, would be attempted as soon as night had fallen by Corporal Verter. It was only a chance in a million that he could make it, but he (the orderly) knew the path perfectly, and he had given him such minute directions that he (the corporal) was willing to try it. I saw the corporal, as I had seen each of the others, and had a short talk with him, but it was no more satisfaction than with the others. The corporal's mind was made up to take the risk, and that was all there was in it. Then he told me 'good-by,' and accompanied by the orderly to the starting point, he disappeared in the darkness. I waited for the orderly to return to me, as I had requested him to do, for I was determined that he should give me some explanation of his strange conduct, but he did not do so. I waited an hour, and then as he did not appear, I went out to find him. I asked the sentries, and they told me that he had gone out with Verter, but had not come back, and told them not to look for him for two hours at least. I returned to my post on this information, leaving word with them to send him to me at once when he returned. An hour and a half later I had fallen into a light sleep under the shadow of the boulder. I had slept, and just as I was in a pretty dream of mother, home, and friends, and that sort, I was suddenly awakened by a heavy body falling across me. My first impulse was to turn in an alarm, for I thought it just as likely an Indian had tumbled down out of the cliffs on to me as anything else, but before I could get my wits into articulate form, so to speak, and thick and strange, but surely I could not be mistaken, I was in the arms of a man, and with an effort 'Saved, Cap!' by G—, we're saved; thank—, and with the sentence unfinished the voice became still. I was up and in full possession of all my senses in a minute and hurriedly calling my officers together we examined the orderly. His face was this, and white, as if he were utterly exhausted, and it was plain that his collapse was due to some great nervous strain rather than to any of the ordinary causes of collapse,

so I advised that he be carefully stretched out on some whisky given to him if there were any left (which there was), and that he be rubbed gently until he revived, though it might be several hours before he regained consciousness. It was not later at this time than 10 o'clock, and I could do nothing except to report what the orderly had said when he reported. What he meant by it none of us could say, but as we had heard no firing, and firing was the only possible way of stopping a man on that path, we began hoping in a small way that the corporal might have pulled through, though how the orderly knew was a mystery. At the first peep of dawn I was out to go if there were any signs of the corporal, but nothing was visible save the feathers of a few redskins watching for a chance to pick off some of my men, and returned to the orderly. He was still unconscious but began to make some manifestations of revival, and I cautioned the nurses to watch him closely, and give him all the time he wanted to open his eyes in. At 6 o'clock he turned uneasily, mumbled something about being saved, and again relapsed. Of course, we knew nothing of the messenger he had sent out, until we had learned something from the orderly. Nothing was left us, therefore, except to wait for developments. They came about noon in the shape of firing down the canon, and presently a wild movement among the Indians immediately in front of us, which soon grew into a stampede and a panic, considerably augmented by a number of volleys we fired into the enemy when the disturbances elsewhere in the canon frightened him out of his hiding places and into view of our men. We knew that aid had come to us from some source, and late in the afternoon, when our own friends from camp came dashing into our 'pocket,' guided by Corporal Verter, we knew that the orderly had called the turn some way, and had saved us. The corporal seemed to have his wits about him all right, but he could offer no explanation that we were in, and it was not until two days after we got the orderly to camp and in the hands of the surgeon that he came out of the kinks sufficiently to make the matter clear.

"It was a case of mesmerism," as the orderly called it," concluded the officer. "I thought, for a man who was in such exciting circumstances surrounding us all, which strained every nerve to the highest tension. In the case of the first men sent out, the orderly had simply put them under the influence and sent them out to go wherever they might, bearing my written request for help. It was not until they had not known what they were doing, and the chances were that death came to them painlessly, how many of them were tortured, as I doubt. In the case of the corporal, the orderly had undertaken a far more difficult task. He knew every inch of the perilous path along the canon wall, and when he sent his subject out that way, practically as a man walking in his sleep, he had followed him as far as he dared go, and had then put all the power of concentration he possessed upon the messenger to keep him from putting his feet, step by step, where the orderly would have put them had he been making the trip by day, and as he, with all his knowledge, could not have possibly done had he been making the trip himself. It was a mesmerism and clairvoyance combined, and showed conditions of the orderly in these later days would have made a fortune had the hypnotic show business. For more than two hours he had concentrated every power of nerve and will and psychical energy which he possessed upon the messenger, stepping blindly but surely a long path, and while the hypnotic power was being put to sleep grounds beyond the canon wall, flying and tireless upon his errand of salvation to our camp twenty miles away. Once started on the trail where he could follow the suggestion given to him in the beginning, and no longer requiring the direct control of the hypnotist, the orderly naturally collapsed as the trance went on, and he was relieved, and only power enough was left him to get to me and fall in a heap just as he had done. As for the corporal, who had brought the rescuing party to us, he had little to say in that regard, but he had had no desire to do anything except to carry out the orders of his superior officer. How he had traversed the canon path in the darkness he could not tell, unless it happened to be his luck. Even then the corporal was not sure in his mind that he had not been under the hypnotic influence, and I am not surprised, for the corporal was not the most intelligent man I ever met."

"Do you think the orderly had a right to do what he did?" inquired the young man.

"I fancy his conduct might be inquired into under ordinary circumstances," replied the officer, "but where we were it was merely a choice between being killed by a very decent though crazy white man or by a miserable, sneaking Indian, and anybody who has ever tried it would choose anything in preference to being killed by an Indian."

W. J. Lambton.

GREEN FOR AUTUMN.

Diamond Dyes Gives the Richest Colors.

The manufacturers of the justly popular Diamond Dyes constantly avail themselves of every improvement in the manufacture of dye-stuffs, thus giving to home-dyers all over the world each and every advantage possessed by the largest manufacturers on earth.

Have you tried the Diamond Dye Fast Dark Green, Diamond Dye Fast Olive Green, and Diamond Fast Blue? For the dyeing of Wool and Silk goods these greens are certainly triumphs of science.

For the coming Autumn the above Greens with their varied shades—Hunter's Green, Myrtle Green, Bronze Green, Rustian Green, and Old Green—will be all the rage for ladies' suits and dresses. Use only the 'Diamond,' and you will surely get the best results and colors.

AL MISED.

'D' Harold call on you this morning, papa? Yes; but I couldn't make much out of what he said. I understood him to say that he wanted to marry me, and that you had enough to support him, so I sent him home and told him to write it out."

NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP until they try. It's the easiest quick best Soap to use. See for yourself.

A RAILWAY WANDERER.

More Than 20,000 Miles Traveled by Foot Car 6,184.

One of the most peculiar and the most interesting wanderers over the face of the earth is a runaway freight car, and it is about as difficult an act to get it back home again as to restore to its fellows any other nomad you may mention. And the runaway car has about as many interesting experiences during its queer tramping as the wanderer of any other class.

I know of one such car, says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. No. 6,184, which I fit its home on Feb. 22, 1893, and remained a persistent and stubborn runaway until March 3, 1895. And what a jaunt it had! It was almost continuously wandering all these many months. It visited nearly all the principal cities of the United States; it roamed over nearly all the middle, eastern, and south Atlantic coast States; it passed through all kinds of weather and was exposed to the trying changes of all manner of climates. It carried all sorts of provisions in its big larder—wheat from the vast prairie reaches of the Northwest, corn from the rich fields of the Mississippi Valley, melons and oranges and bananas from the South, Canadian apples from the far North—these, and many a manufactured article, drawn from the mills of the mother East to her daughters in the West, did the wandering car bear safely to and fro.

Some days it took a rest and stayed on some convenient siding for twenty-four hours, waiting for a chance to unload its freight and be off again to new scenes. It did not stay long in any one place, however, but kept up a pretty lively pace, and by the time it reached its own home, bruised and scared and maimed and weather-beaten and needing a fresh coat of paint to mend the rents made in its garb by the rain and the snow and the sun and the attrition of untoward circumstances, it had travelled over 20,000 miles. Its owners tried often and faithfully to induce it to return home, but just as they thought they had their hands on it, it gave them the slip and was off on another run, 1,000 miles perhaps from the yard it left so many months before. It had got so into the roaming habit that it apparently would not or could not check itself. I fancy some of the people who took it for their own uses were as much to blame as the car, for railroad managers say that cars are often missed and kept away from home for long periods when they should have been promptly returned to them on the completion of their journeys. Indeed, one of the most perplexing problems of modern railroad life, and one which attracts annual attention at the meeting of the National Association of Car Accountants, whose business it is to keep watch and ward of the cars of their companies, is found in the persistent disposition of some railroad officers to neglect to return borrowed cars.

Our runaway car, which is like many another in the extent of its wanderings, got away from its owners in a wholly decorous and unsuspecting manner on Feb. 22, 1893. Its duty was to haul a load of four from Minneapolis to Boston. When it should be through with this duty its business was to go home again by the straightest possible route, but here it made a mistake, and then began a long period of tramping. It belonged to the "Soo" railroad, one of the large Western roads, and when it reached the end of its company's line at Sault Ste. Marie, at the foot of Lake Superior, where the water of this mighty inland sea spills over its bounds and pours down the swift St. Mary's on its way to the sea, it wheeled on to the tracks of the Canadian Pacific road, and from the Soo it went on through Canada to Montreal, where it crossed the St. Lawrence and passed on down the State of New York and so on to Boston.

It would have been better for the car if it had turned about and had come home by the same route on which it started, but the owners of the car, not wishing to be insisted and yielding to the generally accepted custom, were willing it should be used by some other road, providing it were safely returned without undue delay. Out of such willingness as this has grown up an enormous and in some ways unwieldy and unsatisfactory traffic, the railroads in one section of the country permitting the use of their cars by lines in all other sections of the country; and so you may see, wherever you may be between the oceans, cars whose conspicuous trademarks or whose

junction cards referred to above may not arrive regularly, and the car is lost from sight. A tracer is then sent out. It is a printed circular enclosed in an envelope addressed to the person last known to have had jurisdiction over the car. He is informed that car No. 26,320, for instance, was delivered to him on Sept. 15, bound for Baltimore. The immediate return of the car is requested on the tracer, or, if it has passed out of his yard, to some other line, he is requested to send on another tracer to the next person known to him to have had the car. This supplemental tracer bears a description of the car also, and is printed upon it in bright red ink: "Please let tracer follow car until home."

The tracer is forwarded from one car service department to another until the car is located, when a junction card is at once issued, or, in emergency cases, a telegram, and the car will be ordered home at once or allowed to proceed to do revenue duty on other lines.

In some instances railroads find it to their advantage to employ a man as a car tracer, or perhaps he might have added to the title of the words car chaser, for he is sent on many a wildgoose chase. It is the duty of this man to run down and locate runaway cars, and to see that they are safely returned home. Very often he may travel hundreds of miles in pursuit of a single car before he overhauls it.

An ingenious device has also been invented by which, with a series of pigeon holes and numbered pieces of wood, accurate daily movements of cars can be noted, each piece of wood, something like a schoolboy's ruler, representing a car, and being moved from pigeonhole to pigeonhole as the car changes its position in the country.

If all the railroad tracks of the systems of the United States were placed end to end and some scientific engineer could give us the proper treacle work, we should be counting in the work done in the year 1896, a straightaway line to the moon, 280,000 miles long, 7,000 miles left over for appropriate switches at the lunar end of this great route. There are 1,310,000 freight cars to do the heavy carrying of this great system, worth in round numbers \$750,000,000. During a year the freight cars carry, on an average, 1,400,000,000,000 pounds of freight.

A strong effort has been made by some of the railroad companies to introduce a system throughout the whole United States providing for the payment of a rental charge by the day instead of charging for the number of miles traveled. Many thousands of dollars are earned by the straggling cars of every large company every month, but so other companies use the cars of competitors indiscriminately there is usually not so very large a balance when the day of accounting comes. No doubt many of the large companies lose a good deal of money every year by the failure of other companies to return for all the mileage due. An average freight car costs about \$600, and will weigh about 28,000 pounds, and will carry about 60,000 pounds of freight.

When our runaway car reached New York city after it had been emptied of its load of merchandise to New York, it went on the Delaware and Lackawanna road, and then began a series of most bewildering wanderings. Sometimes it took a long jaunt of a thousand miles at a stretch, and again it went on short errands from one part of a great city to another part. Sometimes it was sent back and forth on parallel lines of the same system, or on parallel systems of different roads, like some big shuttle wheel in a loom of commerce. Sometimes it left the cold North and roamed far into the sunny South in search of oranges, watermelons, and bananas. Then it would suddenly be switched off North again, and by the time it had fairly had its fill of the worse or back it came to the South, and so on, and twice it made its way far into Iowa, almost to its own home, and yet back again to the seaboard it was sent, to wander up and down the coast at the beck and call of many men. It was transferred from one road to another no fewer than fifty-five times, passing over the tracks of many of the important Eastern, Southern, and Western lines.

On March 11, 1895, over two years from the time it left home, the Duluth, South Shore captured the wanderer and "home empty" was the entry which was made on the books of the car accounting when the last mile of the long journey was completed. In its 20,000 miles of wandering it had not been so idle and shiftless as you might think, for it had managed to earn over a thousand dollars for its company. It had spent about seven months of its life away from home and was quite the worse for wear. A freight car dies, as a rule, at the age of fifteen years.

Our runaway car saw some of the most interesting and picturesque scenery in eastern America, it carried safely many thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise; it escaped fire and wreck in all its journeying. It was a successful instance of playing hooky.—W. S. Harwood.

KEEP THE KIDNEY'S HEALTHY.

The Avenue Through Which Much of the Disease of the Day Travels.

When the sanitary conditions of a town are in first-class working order there is little doubt but that such a community will be a healthy one in which to live. The kidneys constitute the sanitary machinery of the system. Keep these clean, pure, and in healthful working condition, and 90 per cent of the serious diseases of the day would be banished. In South American Kidney Cure is found a remedy that removes quickly and effectively the obstructions that constantly arise in the kidneys, and that puts them in proper working shape immediately. It relieves in six hours.

Good Value.

She (on the honeymoon)—I suppose, George, it must cost a lot of money to build a railway like this? He—Oh, yes. The tunnels alone cost a million or so—but they're worth every penny of it.

Suddenly Attacked.

Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

Sunday Reading.

THE LAST SERENADE.

Down in the negro quarters on a Georgia plantation stood a quaint little log cabin overlooking cotton fields that were white with their snowy fruit.

His days of active usefulness were over. He had served long and faithfully in those same cotton fields, then as a house servant, and later as a coachman.

The Pines was a most hospitable house and usually thronged with guests, for its young mistress had an indulgent husband and money sufficient to gratify every possible whim.

A little later a pretty girl with a mandolin said: 'Do you know, I feel like having a lark. Excuse the slang, please, but there's no other word that will express my meaning.'

'Try a swallow,' suggested a young man in a way that was meant to be funny. 'There's lots of lemonade left in the pitcher.'

'How would a serenade do?' 'Capital!' she laughed. 'Just the thing! We'll take our mandolins and guitars into the moonlight and make things pleasant generally.'

'But,' said the maid with a practical turn of mind, 'who is there to serenade? There aren't any neighbors, are there?'

'Ask Mrs. Langley—she'll know,' said a smiling ambassador from the merry group. Mrs. Langley's own nephew, went to the fair-haired hostess who sat with her husband in the library.

'Antony, who is there in this charming spot whom we can serenade? The girls think it would be fun, but we don't know where to find a victim in this isolated Eden.'

Mrs. Langley rose quickly, and going to the little party, told them of old Joe and how she owed her life to those strong arms. She finished the story with an eloquent gesture that brought tears to the eyes of many and added: 'Go down to the old man's cabin and sing the quaint negro melodies he loves so well—that he used to sing to me when I was a child. And take these roses with you; he used to love them so; you can throw them in at the open window.'

As she spoke, she took a great handful of pearl roses from a vase and with a little pearl-handled knife, dextrously removed the thorns, then handed them to her nephew.

'How do we get there, Auntie?' he asked, with something like a tremor in his voice. 'Follow the brook,' she replied. 'It flows right under his window, and you cannot miss the place. I'd go with you, only I can't sing, and wouldn't be of any use.'

She smiled brightly at them as they went down among the shadows, then to the tiny brook that seemed like a musical stream of silver in the moonlight.

The party was strangely silent for one bound for a lark, and by much crossing of the little stream that wound its tortuous way through the grounds, they came to Uncle Joe's tiny cabin in an unseen nook of the plantation. They unpeeled themselves under the window in silence.

'Now then' whispered one of them. The mandolins and guitars played the opening strains of the sweet old melody, then their fresh young voices rose high and clear:— 'Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home, The old grey head turned feebly on its hard pillow, and Sally stirred restlessly.

'Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home, Above the song of the brook that seemed like a tender accompaniment to the tinkling of the mandoline the music rose, and old Joe woke from his dream of pain.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see, Coming for to carry me home, A band of angels coming after me, Coming for to carry me home. 'Oh light of the angels! Oh raptures of the song! The familiar words brought back so much to the man's listening soul!

But the tired head fell back upon its pillow with a sigh of infinite content, the chariot came, and Uncle Joe forgot the 'misery' and the roses alike in passing from supreme shadow to supreme dawn.

ADVICE TO YOUTHS.

The Young Boy Usually Gives Promise of What he will Become. In most of the homes that we reach there must be a great many boys of about this age. Why should we not address an editorial to them? They will soon be men.

To discerning eyes, at least, the boy of sixteen usually gives promise of what he is likely to become in later years. It is the natural order that it should be so; and the exceptions to the rule are fewer than is usually supposed. People properly take it for granted that a good boy will turn out to be a good man, and vice versa.

The late Dr. E. E. Wiley, who gave more than half a century to the cause of education in connection with Emory and Henry College, and who was one of the most sagacious men that we ever knew, once said to us: 'First and last, I have taught more than 6,000 boys; and in less than a score of instances have I found it necessary to revise in subsequent years the judgments that I formed of my students while they were under my eye in the class room.'

Such an utterance from such a source ought to have great weight. We quote it here for the purpose of emphasizing the thought that the boy who proposes to spend the opening period of his life in idleness or vicious indulgence, promising himself, meantime, that he will make a great change, and be of some account when he gets to be a man, is cherishing a most dangerous delusion.

It is an awful truth that character is often fixed and destiny sealed before one passes the line of twenty-one. The importance of this fact is too great to be overestimated. With whatever power we can command, we wish to urge the consideration of it on all our friends. Let us not be understood as advocating the premature development of boys into sedate and quiet men. We do not regard that as a desirable end to be attained. This is a time of life in which it is natural for mortals to grow, run, jump, about, and indulge in agreeable sports and pastimes.

To deprive them of all opportunity for such innocent merriment is neither wise nor kind. The mature man who cannot look back upon the season in which he fairly revelled in the mere joy of existence is to be pitied.

But innocent sports are a very different matter from what is called 'sowing wild oats.' The latter phrase suggests the idea of dedicating one's brightest and holiest days to the service of the devil, a thing which is not to be tolerated for one moment. A strong, healthy, alert boy, running over with life and spirit, may still be a God-fearing Christian, an obedient son, a diligent student, and an honest worker at all his Providential tasks.

The inspired writer bids us remember our Creator in the days of our youth. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. True religion is the glory of childhood as well as of old age. They that seek the Lord early shall find him. Blessed are all those who enter into covenant with him while the dew of the morning is still fresh upon their hearts, and who abide faithful to him till their heads are crowned with gray hairs.

But some one may ask us whether religion is the same thing in a boy as in a man. We answer, yes and no. There are undoubtedly points of difference in minor details, but an essential identity in main features. One of the chief tokens of piety in a boy is reverence for his parents. The absence of this is the sure sign that his moral and spiritual nature has never been fully aroused.

Parents stand in the place of God to their children, and are to be honored accordingly. The commandment which teaches this lesson is the first one to which a promise is attached. 'That it may go well with thee.' Purity in action, speech, and thought, is as possible for the young as for the old. The example for all alike is Jesus Christ.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

SEA BATHING.

Not Always Healthful, Except When Certain Conditions Are Observed. It is the most unwise thing in the world to conclude that because we may be at the seaside it is the correct and proper thing to take salt water baths.

This is all very well for the robust, but sea bathing, like most other things, has its drawbacks, and unless certain rules and precautions are observed, lasting harm, and not good, will be the portion of some persons who indulge in it.

Another thing that must be borne in mind is that you must never bathe until quite three hours have elapsed after your last meal. On the other hand, if you bathe before breakfast you must have a glass of milk or a cup of tea and a biscuit when you wake, and before running down to the shore, it is a good plan always to take a few biscuits in your pocket and eat them after your bath, while dressing as sometimes you feel hungry when coming out of the water.

These sensations are symptoms of acute indigestion. In the stomach there is marked loss of power. The food is neither rolled over as it should be so that the whole of it in turn may be presented to the digestive fluid, nor is it duly moved on towards the outlet into the bowels.

Such an illness, if one survives it, only makes the sense of existence and its blessings more keen and delightful. It is good rather than bad. Lucky boy, not to have slipped through the doctor's fingers.

When a man with most of his boys behind him has to write a line like this 'All my life I have suffered more or less from disease'—why that is another sad story. It is the odds between an occasional thunderstorm and a sky always covered with clouds.

We quote what he says, reminding the reader that in the matter of Mr. William Hodgkinson voices the experience of millions. He says: 'I always had a bad taste in the mouth, no proper relief for food, and after eating had pain and fullness at the chest.'

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited. PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. Established 1860. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.

As twilight fell, the sufferer sought his couch, where he moaned and tossed restlessly, and the pitying Sally, stretched wearily on a faded rug near the door was soon fast asleep.

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NOTCHES ON THE ST. CK.

PATHEFRY TALKS OF BRYAN AND HIS NOMINATION.

Fortis and the Poems Which Have Endured Them to Mankind—The Simpler Songs are Most Cherished—Mrs. Frances L. Mace and the Songs she has Sung.

Bryan appears, together with Li Hung Chang, the political lion of the time. Whether his honors are to be enduring, whether he is to take his place of magisterial state among the throned lions of the world, the shadows of November must unfold. It is in vain to say that he is a shallow and empty demagogue; for few or none are to be found with less of the wheedling art, or who appeal with more ingenuously to the common sense of the people. He rides on, like a Neptune over the waves of the sea, (accompanied by that fair and accomplished lady,—who, if she should appear on the hustings, like a beautiful Georgian of Devonshire, would not receive, we hope, brickbats and cat-calls,—) turning to easy account, in his argument, any accident or occasion; ingenious in statement, as well as lucid; apt in wit, and with the gifts of a magnetic presence and a silvery tongue. Even a Beau Brummell wins his way; but when the charm of personality is subsidiary, it nevertheless has powerful sway. Apollo is beautiful, and though silent he wins the eye; but when he tunes his harp we are enthralled whatever the burden of his song, and Orpheus attraction is renewed. Cannot Whitefield make the heart to tremble with his variously uttered, "Mesopotamia!" And what does it matter that sometimes, with thickened tongue and clouded brain, he did but utter magnificent verbiage, if it was Webster who spoke? Then, again, we like the way he came to us,—who prefers a crown of smooth silver to one of thorny gold,—out of the bosom of a scathing assembly, like Venus from the sea. America honors the man within her borders who has grown up amongst us wisely, and has been called Abe or Will from boyhood, till now he talks from the rear end of a special railroad train; but she should not whirl him about among her shouting millions, or seat him in her White House, unless he has something about him that her log-cabins and tow-paths, and even her common schools and universities, cannot account for. The learned world perishes in scoffing at "genius," as a vain word in our vocabulary; and the practical man of success, preferring such terms as "industry," "application," and "courage," will not admit that he has it,—and may be he is right. But there is something, not quite definitely explained,—name it as you will,—at the heart of the man who rises sometimes from his obscurity with Protean suddenness, and whom the people persist in worshipping. He is not a mere accident riding without reason on the crest wave of public approval,—a thing, swept blindly on, wholly at its mercy; rather one born to direct movement of storms, and to modify the forces amid which his destiny and the destinies of others are shapen. What gives passage of Bryan's success, however, and most disturbs the clear vision of those in opposition to him, is that he is the embodiment and oracle of a popular desire and hope, very deeply felt, that the condition of the industrial classes, and the smaller property-holders, may be made tolerable; that the value of labor, and of the product of the farm and factory, may be enhanced; and that the dangerous increase of monopoly,—that swelling, malignant tumor on the body politic—may be checked. If Bryan leads the way to such ends, and can reach them, or make sensible approaches thereto, we bid him good speed.

Rare are the poets who, with every mention of their genius, add to the universal melody;—so rare, indeed, as they, we must name them Shakespeare, or Burns. To have written a score of age-enduring songs, is to have achieved the wonderful; and when such creators abound phoenixes will be plentiful, and gryphons will be common as roadside oxen. But to name, also, is the author of a single lyric which lingers in the heart of the world, and seems a part of its imperishable treasure. He may finger the harp often, but he will never find that magic chord again. He has disputed the verdict of his time as arbitrary, while inwardly he has assented; but this is his joy that he has had one genuine gleam of inspiration, if another never falls upon him. Who can forget the "Old Oaken Bucket?" Yet who will care to remember the book of respectable verse that otherwise Samuel Woodworth wrote? O brother, whose merit consists chiefly in the volume of your output, it does not pay to write and publish respectable verse; but you will not believe it! John Howard Payne had sung himself to immortality, when "Home, Sweet Home," was breathed of his solitary homeless heart; and since then it matters not whether his dramas are remembered or not. We pick up a book of verse from our shelves, and turn its pages. Here and there, throughout its pages are lays artless and tender, and one half wonders why the first only should have been selected for public approval and remembrance. But if the name of Ella Maudie Moore is to have significance it is likely to be because of her lyric with the Wenlay refrain,—"Rock

of Ages Cleft for me," which runs the round of the press, and yearly respawns. "Rock Me To Sleep" still remains to freshen the laurels of Florence Percy, who seems a trifle dearer than Elizabeth Akers Allen,—that bearer of a freight of excellent verse. Another gentle singer Portland knows. The book that enshrines her best product is on our shelf; but what the wider public deigns to know of Caroline Dana Howe is "Leaf By Leaf the Roses Fall," a song fit for singing. But there are two volumes better known, full of rich melodious verse, over which the dream of "Israel" and "Norembegs;" but the "wide wide world" know chiefly the sweet pretens of the Penobscot by a single lyric, and "Only Waiting," and the name of Frances L. Mace, are in the hymnody of the Christian church,—with appreciation we have often given it to our people, for their singing.

Since we dwell in the midst of the scenes she has more fully illustrated by her pen than perhaps any other native author has done, a few personal words may not be unsuitable. Her earliest associations have been with Bangor, and the valley of the Penobscot, and also the Piscataquis,—sacred to her sister singer, Anna Boynton Averill,—which she has celebrated in some pleasant verses:

In the gray wintry morning I woke to hear the fall Of the river over the mill-dam, With the old familiar call; The hoarse and muffled murmur, Solms and deep and strong, Which lulled my childhood's slumber And grew into my song. Now, after years returning, With gladness and with pain, I listen and make answer To the speaking waves again. And they are gone who sported Beside thy rose-rimmed shore, My heart returns to meet them, But they answer me no more.

About a mile above Bangor, in the direction of Mount Hope, overlooking the stream, is "Riverside," the last home of Mrs. Mace beside the Penobscot, and of which she writes in a strain most tender and beautiful. There she abode in fantasy, and watched the river's changeful play, under sun and moon, there she knew hope and joy and sorrow; and the quietude and retirement she loved was given her there. There from the window she marked the signal light of her neighbor set as a mark of friendliness, and looked to the far-off hills ranges:

I have lifted up mine eyes And drank their deep repose; I have shared the calm which flows Both from the earth and skies. From the windows I have seen Sunsets of pomp untold; Islands of light uprolled From lakes of luminous sea. And, after the sunset, far In the blue halls of the sky, I have seen the young moon lie In her cradle rocked by a star. Again, and oft again, From yonder window wide, I have watched her like a bride Walk heaven's resplendent plain. Then the river in its dream Was changed to a bridge of light, And plume and banner white Passed over its brilliant beam. But other visions there were, reserved For herself alone:

All this may strangers see; Yet other sights remain, Which shall be sought in vain For they only come to me. The Indian's evening blaze, Beneath your broad-armed pine, For me alone shall shine Out of remembered days. The true friend's signal-light From the home across the way Shall burn to his last day, Steadfast and strong and bright. And if I look no more At these pictures far and near Within scenes as dear, And I view them o'er and o'er, Nearer the voices come, The faces grow more fair; The loved and lost are there, For to them it is my home. O phantom, pass not by; O river, and moaning trees, My answer is on the breeze, In the gloaming, "Here am I!" None knows as I have done The house by the riverside; Nor years nor space divide The spirit from its own.

From this home she went reluctantly away across the continent, to find a place of mingled dreaming and longing on the shores of the Pacific. Just above on the banks of the river of her song, is the beautiful rural town of Orono, named from the half-blood Indian chief—the place of her birth, Jan. 15, 1836. Her father, Sumner Laughton, much-loved by his gifted daughter, gave her every educational advantage at hand, nor were her opportunities neglected, for she was ambitious and strove to excel. Upon the removal of the Laughton family to Bangor, she entered the High School of that city, and completed her course 'at a very early age'—an age how tender we are not informed. But Nature had opened to her her school, and hill and wood and river and sky were her teachers, and lore from the stores of legend and song was that she chiefly utilized. Verifying was with her an infantile pastime, before it became the passion of her womanhood, and lines written by her when only twelve years of age were printed in the Waterville Mail. In 1855 she was married to Benjamin H. Mace, a lawyer of Bangor; then came fam-

ily cares and the nurture of children, but poetry was never discarded. When the angel of dream arose, she waited at his feet, and song after song was evolved, that won for her the favor of the press, and the public. For the New York Journal of Commerce she was a frequent writer. Several of her longer poems, as "Israel" and the lyric-sequence on Mount Desert, were printed in Harpers Monthly, with elegant illustration. The familiar hymn "Only Waiting" was written at the age of eighteen, and the poetess has received letters expressive of appreciation of it, and of thank for its consolation, from every State and Territory in the Union; and it might in truth be added, from lands across the seas. The leading magazines of the country were open to her, and "The Atlantic, The Century and Scribners are all enriched with the product of her pen." To the Portland Transcript she has contributed many of her finest poems, and for that journal, and some of its contributors, she has a partiality. It is, we believe, about the only journal to which she now contributes; for disease has impaired her power and limited her capacity of production. For years her fame was steadily extended and she acquired a European circle of admirers. "When, in November, 1883, a volume of her collected poems was for the first time published, under the title 'Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets,' so great was the demand that the edition was exhausted and another issued within a few weeks. Her second volume, 'Under Palm and Pine,' was published in Boston, a few years since, and is dedicated in chaste and beautiful language to her father and mother. Her words are those of purity, grandeur and splendor and her verse is strong, limpid and deep—a river of music in perpetual flow." Mrs. Mace has been the mother of eight children several of whom died in infancy, and are tenderly commemorated in her verse. One of her daughters, Mrs. Marion L. Parsons, has acquired literary celebrity as a writer of short stories. With the failure of her health, Mr. and Mrs. Mace went in 1885 to California, trusting the milder climate would be found favorable to her. Finding the city of San Jose, seated in an agreeable and attractive region, they settled there; but the attempts she may have made to win her affections from her Penobscot home have not, we fear, been very successful.

On what is known as the old, or hill road, leading from our village to East Hampden and Bangor, we pass one of the haunts of Mrs. Mace's girlhood. We sometimes select it in summer, when traveling toward the city, because of its aridness, freedom from dust, and the ampler view of the river and its shores. In a recent letter to the writer our poetess speaks of this "large old-fashioned house" as "his birth place and early home" of her mother. "It is now occupied," she says, "by my mother" only remaining relative of her own family, Mr. John Parker, the youngest and only brother. When my grandmother was living it was a great pleasure to me to visit the farm and spend hours in wandering around among the fields and trees my mother had loved. But I have never been there to spend any time since her death. She would have appreciated you and your poems. Uncle John is a plain farmer, a rigid Baptist, and very unlike his venerable mother, who had a superior mind, far beyond her times and advantages. I suppose the old place is changed, and I should not find the balm of Gilead tree, which was my favorite, nor many other of my childhood nooks and corners."

When at evening we see going up the river, some gay excursion party, from the islands and shores of the Bay; or when we hear some clear note rising from the tranquil water, verses of our poetess come into mind:

The barque at sunset left the shore, With changing band and banner flying, Far out at sea we passed once more. The dim blue lines of sky decaying, Then as we floated up the bay, We idly watched the sparkling spray Which on the brightening waters lay, A golden sky, a golden river. How cool-like the summer night Dreams to greet the twinkled doted! Her garments shed a magic light, As o'er the rippling wave they swept. The golden hour of sunset past, The clouds of amber fading fast, Grown softer, darker, sea at last A violet sky, a violet river!

As mists of evening gather dark, Diana shows her silver bow, And now each swift or anchored bark Is mirrored in the deep below. We know not at their ghostly mien These dim white sails that skyward lean, Real and unreal they hang between A shadowy sky and shadowy river. The wind is down, the tide runs low The barge creeps up the current slowly, The banks more steep and craggy grow, Or darken into woodlands lowly, And surely yonder peerless star Shows where the gates of dreamland are! The pathway brightens near and far In sparkling sky, and sparkling river. And now what lights are those that gleam From yonder heights with beckoning ray? Has Norembeg's wizard beam Shone forth to mock our homeward way? Oh, no! the lights burn true and fast, The welcome home' awaits us there. Play out, ray beam, pour sweetest ale! Good-night to stary sky and river.

A fate upon the water! I lean At the broad window in the moonlight clear, The low, wild, rippling melody to hear. A white baton with dripping ore is seen, Shining the mountain path of silver sheen, And now a shadow, into shadows drawn It vanishes, yet to the longing ear The melody floats back a sound serene Endowed by night with sweetest tones, own.

O happy player! drifting down the tide, Half of thy master's charm thou hast not known; With me alone thy melody shall abide— For fairy lips with thine the strains have blown, And memory's magic in the echo sighed!

Some of her literary propensities she incidentally reveals in commenting on a volume of verse sent to her by a friend: "Many of the poems are old acquaintances which I most like and admire. There is no sickly sentimentality, no so-called love-poetry. For my part, I believe in the love that is lived, not willed forth to the public. . . . Domestic affection is to me the best of life, and most worthy the poet's art."

Of her present condition, and place of residence, she speaks as follows: "I never liked changes, yet they follow me to the last. A year ago we removed from San Jose to a home in the foot hills of the Santa Cruz mountains. Los Gatos is a small, pretty place, and very healthful, and I ought to be very content; but I lived in San Jose ten years without getting over my home sickness, and I still look with weary longing toward the Eastern hills which are the nearest wall between me and the land I love. . . . I must beg of you, when you see an occasional verse of mine in the Transcript, not to judge of it as the work of an active, healthful writer. Remember that paralysis has made me so weak and weary that I cannot take a 'subject and study and labor on it as I used to do. My life-work is ended, and I am 'only waiting.' Sometimes when I wake very early and have to lie a long time before my women are ready to get me up to the chair by the Eastern window where I live, in that wakeful daybreak verses make themselves, and I remember and write them down. Then I cannot refrain from sending them to the Transcript, for there I know friendly eyes will view them, and even their invisible merit will find response in the hearts of those who have known and loved me. None knows better than I how weak and commonplace now are all my poetic efforts; but it is hard to break the habit of a lifetime, and in these helpless years I have so little to cheer and employ my mind, that I hope my friends will forgive all evidence of second childhood. . . . I should 'be doing my best now, at sixty.' It is the time for the ripe fruit of life, the result of studious years; but God will that I should not carry out my too ambitious plans. I believe and trust in the Eternal Goodness, and bear the cross as patiently as is possible for me."

To all who remember what Mrs. Mace has done, who have enjoyed the rich intellectual fruits of her life, and who have followed her in her later years, to the present days of physical prostrations, no apology is necessary. These fruits of her life of sorrow and deprivation are also precious. That she can ever visit the scenes of her youth, other than in memory or fancy, seems now unlikely; but she can not be forgotten here, and there are friends by whom she will be loved and cherished on the shores of the Pacific.

Longfellow, apostrophizing the river that winds silently by his home, declared,— "Thou hast been a generous giver: I will give to thee a song." So have I often said to the lordly stream that moves below the hill on which my home is sheltered among magnificent elms,—the river whose songs and legends have been sung by Whittier, Frances L. Mace, David Barker, and others; but hitherto no song of mine would sing itself. The following attempt at a sonnet is but a prophecy of future fulfillment,—the anticipatory rhyme that must do duty till the poem come:

HAMPDEN. July 4. Aloof the village stands, bosomed in trees; Penobscot rolls his unobtrusive way below. There is the steamer; there the vessels go, With white sails swelling in the freshening breeze. How sweet these airs that blow from blossomy leas! How sweet the sound of boatman's dipping oar By Orrington's squatter's, sylvan shore; And all the river's lights and melodies! Hark to the sound of mirth! where youthful bands, With many a note vociferous, move along! There floats your storied banner, that commands The patriot's deepest love, his loudest song! The bells are glad, and every heart is gay, To usher in the Nation's natal day.

Gird not, my friend, at him who sets his favorites in the foreground, nor pluck at the laurels of Canadian bards. "I am so glad and thankful," was a German brother's frequent confession, in class-meeting. Let us be "glad and thankful," if we enjoy their songs, that we have these sweet singers;— the versatile and patriotic Roberts; the mystic, lyrical Carman; the Scott's, vying with each other in artistic strength; the poet of the Great Lakes, the weird, dramatic Campbell; Tekahionnake, the Mohawk poetess, with her legends of her

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of un-sound tissue, causing pain and disease.

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To Refresh the Eye. If the eyes become tired and painful because of the bright sunshine on the sand and water say this method suggested by a physician, of assisting and refreshing them. Take a cup full of water and add sufficient salt to be faintly perceptible to the taste. Hold your eyes to the water so that your lashes touch it, then wink once, and the eyes will be soothed; do not wipe them. This so refreshes the eyes that they feel like a new pair, and they will be so strengthened that there will be little danger of those troublesome wrinkles forming about the eyes (while at the shore), because they are tired or overstrained.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

Not very long ago I commented upon a fancy which the more sentimental of the other sex seemed to have, for collecting cushions, and making them souvenirs of their different love affairs, or at least of their lady friends; and I believe I dwell especially upon the autograph cushion, as a pleasing feature of feminine sentiment which seemed to be keeping pace with the masculine craze for souvenirs. I thought at the time that the effeminacy of the modern "chappie" could scarcely go much further; but now he has topped up severely with a new hobby, and goes around with a handsomely bound volume in which he preserves as tender memorials of past and present love affairs, a choice collection of hairpins belonging to the girls he has loved. Each token has a page to itself, and is carefully fastened in place; the initials of its former owner are inscribed beneath, and if the lover wishes he can add any particulars he may fancy, such as a verse of poetry in praise of the shining locks it once nestled among, or a brief description of the occasion which he became the proud possessor of the trophy.

It is a lovely idea, and full of the delicate aroma of a chivalry which most of us were inclined to think died with the beax of the eighteenth century who used to shiver into fragments the glasses from which they drank the health of their liege ladies, and bribe the fair one's maid to steal her dainty satin slippers from which to drink her health—indeed I believe one of those infatuated youths actually had a ragout made out of the satin slipper of a reigning belle, and he and his friends ate it at supper. It was a striking, if rather coarse tribute to a lady's charms, and no doubt the fair damsels of that day appreciated it highly, but somehow it lacked the subtle charm of the hairpin collector's enterprise. The knight of old who rofe forth to face the saracen in deadly combat, used frequently to—twice one golden tress of hair, in his helmet's sable plume and then on the fields of Palestine he'd seek an early doom—but I am sure if hairpins of any compact form had been in use at the time, he would have eagerly embraced the opportunity of carrying one next his heart instead of exposing the elen eyes. Often he had to be satisfied with merely a cast of glove as a favor, and he was quite contented to fasten it conspicuously above his visor, and go forth to conquer or to die with it as a talisman.

The modern lover does not go to war of course in these peaceful days of arbitration, and therefore he has no use for talisman, but when he feels unusually sentimental he takes out his hairpin book and in fancy lives over many happy hours. This dainty golden pin was given him by fair haired Mando, the night he so nearly proposed to her, and this one of polished tortoise shell fell from the copper hued locks of Edith just after she promised to be a sister to him, and the other on the next page, though of the ordinary two cents for a box containing three dozen variety, was stolen in a moment of soft dalliance, from the dark tresses of stately Margaret the day they went boating on the lake.

By the way though—I wonder what is the proper etiquette of the hairpin souvenir? Is it the correct thing to ask for it as one would for a photo, or an autograph, or to be really valuable should it be stolen? Happy nineteenth century chappie, turning the leaves of his hairpin book, and counting the souvenir cushions on his divan, as a specimen of nature's noblest work, he is indeed a sight to make the heart throb with pride.

I see that our beloved and gracious Queen has been asked to act as arbitrator in the dispute between the Argentine and Chilean Republics, concerning their frontier rights, and that she has accepted the unpleasant task willingly. Curiously enough the Queen regent of Spain has just been asked to act in a similar capacity, in another case, and has also consented. This is a very new departure, and one which cannot fail to have good results; the position of peace-maker, is eminently suitable both for a woman, and a queen.

Speaking of queens reminds me that our future queen, the dearly loved Princess of Wales, is one of the most enthusiastic dog tappers in England, and is said to spend on her kennels at Sandringham, as much money as her husband lavishes on horses, or the queen spends on model cattle. In fact the kennels above mentioned are the finest owned by any woman in the United Kingdom, and are the pride of the Princess's heart. "Her Highness's Village" as it is called by the rural population, consists of a row of artistic little houses in the grounds of Sandringham, over one of which each dog reigns supreme in his own house being his castle, as every Englishman's house should be.

In this canine paradise dwell seven beautiful collies, four great Danes, two pure white and two tinted pomeranians, two magnificent Scotch deerhounds, a greyhound two Irish setters, an immense St. Bernard, and a regular regiment of smooth coated Basset hounds, for terriers,

and Newfoundland. This small monarchy over which the princess reigns, is under the care of two trusty prime ministers, a competent veterinary and trainer who care for the health and education of the colony. At one end of the row is a trim little house which is used as a hospital or infirmary and here invalid dogs are nursed back to health, and many high priced, and blue-blooded youngsters first open their eyes on a world which is for them a path of roses from the cradle to the grave. Whenever one of the females of this aristocratic community brings a family into the world, the princess is notified of the event, and it is a standing order that not one of them shall be destroyed. Their royal mistress first makes her own selection, and then takes infinite pains in setting the rest of the little family in comfortable and permanent homes. As soon as they are able to leave their mother their names are registered in a large recording book and they are sent as presents to relatives and friends of the royal family. It is scarcely necessary to add that a puppy from the Princess of Wales's kennels is reasonably sure of a welcome, and a life of comfort, especially as each such gift is invariably accompanied by a special request from the donor that her sake great kindness will be shown the little animal. For her own part the princess receives many such gifts, a particularly choice specimen of some valuable breed frequently finding his way from some famous kennel to the princess's village to make a bid for her favor.

In all the kennels there is not to be found one dog of fierce or savage breed, or one specimen of the "lap dog" variety. Her Royal Highness's taste running almost entirely to the large out door dogs. Two or three times a day the Princess visits her canine pets and her advent is always the signal for a rapturous welcome. She goes amongst them as a familiar friend, feeding some, cuddling and sympathizing with others, taking them out for walks, and frequently photographing them. In fact wherever the Princess goes about the Sandringham grounds riding, driving, or walking she is sure to have a dog or two at her side. She is a liberal subscriber to all homes and hospitals for dogs, is the first patroness of the Ladies' Kennel Association, and is a competent judge of a dog's good points, and one of the few women in the kingdom really qualified to act as one of the judges at a bench show.

I believe that in addition to her fondness for raising prize cattle, the Queen has an especial leaning towards the much abused feline race, and has her favorite cats carefully lodged in hampers and taken along, when she moves to Osborne or Balmoral. So between the Queen, the prince, and the Princess of Wales cattle, cats, horses and dogs have three very influential friends.

There is little to write about in the shape of fashions at this time of the year, and absolutely nothing that is really new. We have had the subject of summer fashions so thoroughly discussed that he don't want to hear anything more about them, and it is a little too early for very positive autumn styles. Amongst the few scraps of information that have made their way into fashion journals, of late, is the welcome news that the plain black skirt and the odd bodice will be as much worn this autumn, as it was last. I hope this is true, I am sure, for it will be good news to us all, and now that the sleeves no longer call for four or five yards of material to themselves, a pretty silk blouse will be within the reach of people with only moderate means or more.

Some of the smartest women are already wearing shirt waists of taffata silk with skirts of plain black serge, and quite a number of these waists are shown in the shops. They are an exact copy of the print blouses we have been wearing all summer, with a yoke at the back, full front with one box plait for the studs, moderately even bishop sleeves, and square cuffs. The neck is finished with an adjustable linen collar and small bow tie. Sometimes the collar is a standing one with bent down points, and sometimes it is turned down all around. Some of these shirt waists have a half fitted lining, while others have only the yoke lined, just like the cotton shirt waists, and they are so simply made that anyone possessing a good shirt waist pattern, and the least idea of dressmaking, could easily make them at home. On anyone blessed with an ordinarily good figure, these silk waists look very fetching indeed when neatly belted, and with the simple accessories which go so far towards a successful toilette. The girls is to be a great feature of all bodices this Autumn, whether for blouse waists or those with bequeses, and it is usually very wide. Sometimes it is in the form of a wide crush belt of bias velvet which meets slanting at the left side, and fastened under either an ornament buckle, or a large grasshopper bow. Again it will be composed of several rows of narrow velvet-ribbon, or gold braid, which is decidedly the most becoming for all but the very most slender figures. Wide silk elastic in

the same shade as the gown, is another popular fancy which some how always seems to suggestive of garters, to me, to be really pretty. Of course richly embroidered, jewelled, and spangled belts are also popular with those who can afford them.

These wide belts will appear on many of the newest dresses, and though they are trying to the plump beauty who likes to put as little around her waist in the shape of decoration as possible, they are valuable from an economic standpoint, since quite a stylish bodice can be evolved from a very small amount of silk when the wide velvet belt covers up so much space. A few broadths left from an old summer dress can be easily transformed into quite a smart silk waist with the aid of a velvet collar, cuffs, belt and perhaps a velvet puff at the shoulder. Lace, silk, gauze and velvet may appear with perfect propriety on the same bodice, so with such freedom of choice it is surely an easy matter to remodel a dress.

WHY THEY ARE CALLED YANKEES

Origin of the Nickname Applied to North Americans.

Everyone is aware that the word "yankee" is applied abroad indiscriminately to all citizens of the United States, but it is used generally as a "nickname," and not always in a complimentary spirit. Our Spanish friends just at present are doubtless inclined to employ it in a sneering and derogatory sense, but however it may be used by them or other Europeans, it has long since ceased to carry with it the slightest sting of latent satire. From a term of reproach or ridicule it has become to the citizen of the United States a verbal badge of honor, and is now synonymous the world over with shrewdness, enterprise, pluck and achievement.

Its origin is uncertain. According to one authority, "yankees" is a variation of "yankees," or "yengoes," or "yauyngoes," a name said to have been given by the Massachusetts Indians to the English colonists, being, it is supposed, an Indian corruption of the word English or of the French "Anglais." Washington Irving in his history of New York explains the derivation somewhat differently. The first settlers of New England, he says, came to America "to enjoy, unmolested, the estimable right of talking. And, in fact, no sooner did they land upon the shore of this free spoken country than they all lifted up their voices and made such a clamor of tongues that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighborhood, and struck such mute terror into certain fish that they have been called dumb fish ever since."

The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folk, in utter astonishment, but discovering that they wielded harmless though noisy weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humored race of men, they became very friendly and sociable, and gave them the name Yankies, which in the Mais Toluaseg or (Massachusetts) language signifies silent men—a waggish appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of "yankees." It had gained great currency as descriptive of the colonists in 1783, when Dr. Schuckburgh, British surgeon, is said to have compared the words of "Yankee Doodle" in derision of the colonial militia, but the tune to which it was set is declared in England during the commonwealth, at which period its doggerel words, it is alleged, also existed and were applied to Cromwell.

Whatever its ancestry and original signification, it has come in the light of history and accomplishment to be a designation of which the people of this country have no reason to be ashamed. They have no objection to being called by a nickname which is associated with daring, skill, energy and triumph that even when used in derision or anger it creates in the mind of the very stouter and softer other medicines I ought to know which sells best. It is a wonderful medicine.

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The Zulu Bible one of the interesting forms of the Scripture among the vast number of Bibles printed (in the Bible House in New York, by the American Bible Society. The statistics of the society are interesting and surprising to any one familiar with them. The society's twenty-cent Bible and five-cent Testament are probably the cheapest book in the world. The Testament for five cents is marvelous. It is a small book, but the type is clear and plain, and the cover, a soft one of cloth, is neat and attractive. The figures on the inside of the 1896 edition show that 12,442,000 copies of the book have been printed. The Bible is in the 1895 edition, and the figures show that at the time of its issue 2,300,000 had been printed. That number has now been largely increased. It has been estimated that in busy times an average of one Bible and three or four Testaments are turned out every minute by the plant in the house for every day in the year. At out two-thirds of all the Bibles printed are given away, and the others are sold at cost. Last year the society issued 1,750,283 Bibles and Testaments. The English editions and editions in the common European languages are all printed at the Bible House. Some of the languages of the extreme east, like the Chinese, can be printed more cheaply by native workmen in the country to which they belong. The Cantonee Bible, which is in the colloquial tongue spoken by most of the Chinese in this vicinity, is printed at the Bible House. In the past eighty years of its existence, the society has issued 61,709,841 volumes of the Holy Scriptures, in nearly 100 languages and dialects. In the first twenty-five years of its existence it printed nearly 3,000,000 books, in the second nearly 19,000,000 and the total issue of the third twenty-five years was 32,448,136. An old gentleman interested in the work has estimated that there have been Bibles enough printed to supply every person in the world with one.

THE LOST FOUND.

Number was Eight but the Transom was Turned.

If any one had told him he was drunk he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to retain his equilibrium and dignity long enough to explain that he was only a little cozy woccy. He realized that he had lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he wobbled along home. The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blur in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to stop in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railings until he could focus his eyesight on the number.

Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just woccy enough to make mistakes possible, so to be absolutely certain he balanced himself against the front fence and studied the number on the transom.

Instead of 206 he saw 509. Then wondered how it happened that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, and before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street.

The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his directions, shared his course in the street on the right side and keep on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it perversely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered he sat down on the steps and waited till a policeman came along.

"I'm losht," he explained. "I wanted go ter 206 Irvington street."

"This is the place right here," declared the policeman.

"Can't be. This is 509."

"No, it ain't; its 206, but the transom is turned over."

The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

the stream, finding the trout in the buggy when the stock ofoppers was exhausted. When they ceased fishing they found they had 150 trout in the buggy, varying in length from six to ten inches.

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come tired and painful beneath the bright sunshine on the sand his method suggested by a list of water and refreshing them. of water and add sufficient to the water so that your then wink once, and the used; do not wipe them. the eyes that they feel like to be little danger of those inkles forming about the (no more), because they are ined.

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DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT.

A VERY STRANGE STORY. BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX, Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."

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CHAPTER XIII.

'Come, Awdrey, wake up, you don't know what you are talking about,' said the doctor. He grasped his patient firmly by one arm and shook him slightly. The dazed and tricken man gazed at the doctor in astonishment.

'Where am I, and what is the matter?' he asked. 'You are spending the night in my house, and have just had a bad dream,' said Dr. Rumsey. 'Don't go back to bed just yet. Come and sit by the fire for a few minutes.'

As the doctor spoke, he put a warm padded dressing gown of his own over the shivering and cowed looking patient. 'Awdrey wrapped himself in it, and approached the fire. Dr. Rumsey drew a chair forward. He noticed the shivering hands thin almost to emaciation, the sunken cheeks, the glazed expression of the eyes, the look of age and mental irritation which characterized the face.

'Poor fellow! no wonder that he should be simply slipping out of life if this thing continues night after night,' thought the doctor. 'What is to be done with him? He is one of the cases which befle Science. Well, at least he wants heaps of nourishment to enable him to bear up. I'll go downstairs and prepare a meal for him.'

'He spoke aloud. 'You shiver, Awdrey are you cold?' 'Not very,' replied Awdrey, trying to smile, although his lips chattered. He looked into a tile fire, and held out one hand to the grateful blaze.

'You'll feel much better after you have taken a prescription which I mean to now do for you. I'll go and prepare it now. Do you mind being left alone?' 'Certainly not. Why should I?' 'He has already forgotten his terrors,' thought Dr. Rumsey. 'Queer case, incomprehensible. I never met one like it before. In these days, it is true, one comes across all forms of psychological distress. Nothing now comes to be more or startling to medical science, but this certainly is marvellous.'

The doctor speedily returned with a plate of cold meat, some bread and butter, and a bottle of champagne. 'As we are with spending the night other than it should be spent,' he said, 'I must have something to eat. I am going to eat, will you join me?' 'I feel hungry,' answered Awdrey. 'I should be glad of something.'

The doctor fed him as though he were an infant. He drank off two glasses of champagne, and then he returned to his chair, and what he said to him was that he was a doctor, and what he said to him was that he was a doctor, and what he said to him was that he was a doctor.

'You look better,' said the doctor. 'Now you'll get back to bed, won't you?' 'After that champagne a good sleep will put some medicine into you. It is not yet four o'clock. You have several hours to devote to slumber.'

The moment Rumsey began to speak, Awdrey's eyes dilated. 'I remember something,' he said. 'I dare say you do—many things—what are you specially alluding to?' 'I saw something a short time ago in this room. The memory of it comes dimly back to me. I struggle to grasp it fully. Is your house said to be haunted, Dr. Rumsey?' 'Dr. Rumsey laughed.

'Not that I am aware of,' he replied. 'Well, however, it is something.' Awdrey rose slowly as he spoke—to the point in the direction of the farthest window. 'I was sleeping soundly but suddenly found myself broad awake,' he began. 'I saw over there—' he pointed with his hand to the farthest window, 'what looked like a perfect sphere or globe of light—in the centre of this light was a picture. I see the whole thing now in imagination, but the picture is dim—it worries me, I want to see it better. No, I will not get back to bed.'

'It was not a dream at all. I was wide awake. Stay—don't question me—my memory becomes more vivid, I see something by itself. I was wide awake as I said—got up—I approached the thing. It never occurred from the one position—it was there by the window—a sphere of light and the picture in the middle. There were two men in the picture.'

'A nightmare,' said the doctor. 'What did you eat for dinner last night?' 'It was not an ordinary nightmare—my memory is now quite vivid. I recall the whole vision. I saw a picture of something that happened. Years ago, Dr. Rumsey—over five years ago now—there was a murderer committed on the plain near my place. Two men, undergraduates of Oxford, were staying at our village inn—they fought about a girl with whom they were both in love. One man killed the other. The murderer was committed in a moment of strong provocation and the murderer only got penal servitude. He is serving his time now. It seems strange, does it not, that I should have seen a complete picture of the murder? The whole thing was very vivid and distinct—it has, in short, burnt itself into my brain.'

Awdrey raised his head as he spoke and pressed it to his forehead. 'My pulse is bounding just here,' he said—he touched his temple. 'I have only to shut my eyes to see in imagination what I saw in reality half an hour ago. Why should I be worried with a picture of a murder committed five years ago?' 'It probably made a deep impression on you at the time,' said Dr. Rumsey. 'You are now weak and your nerves such out of order—your brain has simply reverted back to it. If I were you I would only think of it as an ordinary nightmare. Pray let me persuade you to back to bed.'

'I could not—I am struck by the most indescribable terror.' 'Nonsense! You a man?' 'You may keep what opportunities you like on me, but I cannot deny the fact. I am full of cowardly terror. I cannot ac-

count for my sensations. The essence of my torture lies in the fact that I am unable to see the face of the man who committed the murder.'

'Oh, come, why should you see his face—you know who he was?' 'That's just it, doctor. I wish to God I did know.' Awdrey approached close to Dr. Rumsey, and stared into his eyes. His own eyes were queer and glittering. He seemed instinctively to feel that he had said too much, for he drew back a step putting his hand again to his forehead and staring fixedly out into vacancy.

'You believe that I am talking nonsense,' he said, after a pause. 'I believe that you are a sad victim to your own nervous fears. You need not go to bed unless you like. Dress yourself and sit here by the fire. You will very likely fall asleep in this armchair. I shall remain close to you.'

'You are really good to me, and I would thank you if I were capable, of gratitude. Yes, I'll get into my clothes.'

Rumsey turned on the electric light, and Awdrey with trembling fingers dressed himself. When he came back to his easy chair by the warm fire he said suddenly— 'Give me a sheet of paper and a pencil, will you.'

The doctor handed him a blank sheet from his own note-paper, and furnished him with a pencil. 'Now I will sketch what I saw for you,' he said.

He drew with bold touches a broad sphere of light. In the centre was a picture minute but faithful.

At one time Awdrey had been fond of dabbling in art. He sketched a night scene now, with broad effects—a single bar of sunlight lit up everything with vivid distinctness. A man lay on the ground stretched out flat and motionless—the other man bent over him in a queer attitude—he held a stick in his hand—he was tall and slender—there was a certain look about his figure! Awdrey dropped his pencil and horror at his own production. Then he put his sketch face downwards on the table, and turned a white and indescribably perplexed countenance to Dr. Rumsey.

'What I have drawn is not worth looking at he said, simulating a yawn as he spoke. 'After all I cannot quite reproduce what I saw. I believe I shall do off in this chair.'

'Do so,' said the doctor. A few minutes later, when the patient was sound asleep, Dr. Rumsey lifted the paper on which Awdrey had made his sketch. He looked fixedly at the vividly worked up picture.

The man whose back is alone visible has an unmistakable likeness to Awdrey, he muttered. 'Poor fellow, what does this mean?—diseased nerves of course. The next thing he will say is that he committed the murder himself. He certainly needs immediate treatment. But what to do is the puzzle.'

CHAPTER XIV.

When he awoke Awdrey felt much better. He expressed surprise at finding himself sitting up instead of in bed, and Rumsey said that he had once more completely forgotten the occurrence of the night. The doctor resolved that he should not see the sketch he had made—but it was not fully away therefore in one of his own private drawers, for he knew that it might possibly be useful later on. At the present moment the patient was better without it.

The two men breakfasted together and then Rumsey spoke to Awdrey. 'Now, I will conceal the truth from you. I watched you last night with great anxiety—I am glad I sat up with you, for I am now able to make a fairly correct diagnosis of your case. You are certainly very far from well—you are in a sort of condition when a very little more might over-balance your mind. I tell you this because I think it best for you to know the exact truth—at the same time pray do not be seriously alarmed, there is nothing as yet in your case to prevent you from completely recovering your mental equilibrium, but in my opinion, to do so you must have complete change of air and absolutely fresh surroundings. I recommend therefore that you go away from home immediately. Do not take your wife with you. If you commission me to do so, I can get you a companion in the shape of a clever young doctor who will never intrude his medical knowledge on you, but yet will be at hand to advise you in case the state of your nerves requires such interference. I shall put him in possession of one or two facts with regard to your nervous condition but will not tell him too much. Make up your mind to go away at once, Awdrey, and I will show him the picture which I have within the week if possible. Start with a sea voyage—I should recommend to the Cape. The soothing influence of the sea on nerves like yours could not be highly beneficial. Take a sea voyage—to the Cape by preference, but anywhere. It does not greatly matter where you go. The winter is on us, don't spend it in England. Keep moving about from one place to another. Don't ever fatigue yourself in any way, but at the same time allow heaps of fresh impressions to filter slowly through your brain. They will have a salutary effect. It is my opinion that by slow but sure degrees if you fully take my advice in this matter, you will forget what now assumes the aspect of monomania. In short you will forget yourself, and other lives and other interests mingling with yours will give you the necessary health and cure. I must ask you to leave me now, for it is the hour when my patients arrive for consultation, but I will call round at your house late this evening. Do you consent to my scheme?' 'I must take a day to think it over—this kind of thing cannot be planned in a hurry. I must ask you to leave me now, and ought to be, however, I have a bad dream last night—so it was not really a dream, it was a vision. I saw that murderer—I witnessed

This is Wednesday, you ought to be out of London on Saturday. Well, my dear fellow, you have not sufficient energy to carry out the prescription essential to your recovery, someone else must have mercy on you behalf and simply take you away. Good-bye—good-bye.'

Awdrey shook hands with the doctor and slowly left the house. When he had gone a dozen yards down the street he had almost forgotten the prescription which had been given to him. He had a dull sort of wish, which scarcely amounted to a wish in his mind, to reach home in time to take little Arthur for his morning walk. Beyond that faint desire he had no longing of any sort.

He had nearly reached his own house when he was conscious of footsteps hurrying after him. Presently they reached his side, and he heard the hurried panting of quickened breath. He turned round with a vague sort of wonder to see who had dared to come up and accost him in this way. To his surprise he saw that the intruder was a woman. She was dressed in the plain ungarished style of the country. She wore an old-fashioned and somewhat steepled jacket which reached down to her knees, her dress below was of a faded summer tint, and thin in quality. Her hat was trimmed with rusty velvet, she wore a veil which only reached half way down her face. Her whole appearance was odd, and out of keeping with her surroundings.

'Mr. Awdrey, you don't know me?' she cried, in a pining voice. 'I have been here for some time, and if you say another word, I shall lose my self-control.'

'I am sorry my talk has such an effect upon you, Hetty. You don't look too happy, my little girl. Your face is old—I hope your husband is good to you.'

'He is as good as I deserve, Mr. Awdrey. I never had any love to give him—he knew that from the first. He married me five years ago because I was pretty, and Aunt Fanny thought it would make things safer—but it is a mistake to marry when your heart is given to another.'

'Ah, yes, poor Fanny—you were in love with him, were you not?' 'No, sir, that I was not.'

'I forgot—it was with Everett—poor girl, no wonder you look old.'

Awdrey took no notice. His spathy calmed her, and saved her from making a terrible avowal.

'I'll just tell you what I came to say and then leave you, sir,' she said in a broken voice. 'It is all about Mrs. Everett. She stood with me close to the elders, and I described the scene of the murder and how it took place, and all of a sudden she looked me in the eyes and said something. She said that Mr. Horace Frere was the man who murdered—but the man who committed the murder was not her son, Mr. Everett. She spoke in an awful sort of voice, and said she knew the truth—she knew that her son was innocent. Oh, sir, I got so awfully frightened—I nearly left the truth out.'

'You nearly left the truth out—the truth! What do you mean?' 'Mr. Robert, it is possible that you do not know.'

'I only know what all the rest of the world knows—that Everett is guilty.'

'I see, sir, that you still hold to that, and I am glad of it, but Mrs. Everett is the sort of woman to brighten a body. Her eyes seem to read your secret. Mr. Awdrey, will you do what I ask you? Will you leave me to go home with a bit of dread for me to have done all that I have done and to find it useless in the end.'

Whatever reply Awdrey might have been to this appeal was never uttered. His attention was at this moment effectually turned to another channel. He saw Mrs. Everett, his wife and boy coming to meet him. The boy, a splendid little fellow with ruddy cheeks and vigorous limbs, ran down the path with a glad cry to fling himself into his father's arms. He was a princely-looking boy, a worthy scion of the old house. Awdrey absorbed with his son took no notice of Hetty. Unperceived by him she slipped down a side path and was lost to view.

'Dad,' cried the child, in a voice of rapture. 'I hope you are better, Robert,' said his wife.

'I suppose I am,' he answered. 'I had a fairly good night. How well Arthur looks this morning.'

'Poor little boy, he was fretting to come to meet you,' said Mrs. Everett. 'Awdrey turned to speak to Mrs. Everett. There was a dark ed of color in her cheeks, and her dark eyes looked brighter and more piercing than ever.

'Forgive me,' she said, 'for interrupting this conversation. I want to ask you a question, Mr. Awdrey, I saw you walking just now with a woman. Who was she?' 'Awdrey laughed.

'Why, she has gone,' he said, glancing round. 'Who do you think my companion would be? continued, glancing at Margaret. 'None other than an old acquaintance—pretty little Hetty Armitage. She has another name now, but I forget what it is. She came up to town on purpose to see me, but I could not induce her to come to the house. What is the matter, Mrs. Everett?' 'I should like to see Hetty Armitage. Did she give you her address?' 'No, I did not ask her. I wonder why she hurried off so quickly, but she seemed in a queer, excitable state. I don't believe she is well.'

'I want to see her again,' continued Mrs. Everett. 'I may as well say frankly that I am fully convinced that there is something queer about that woman—a very little more and I should put a detective on her track. I suspect her. If ever a woman married a guilty secret she does.'

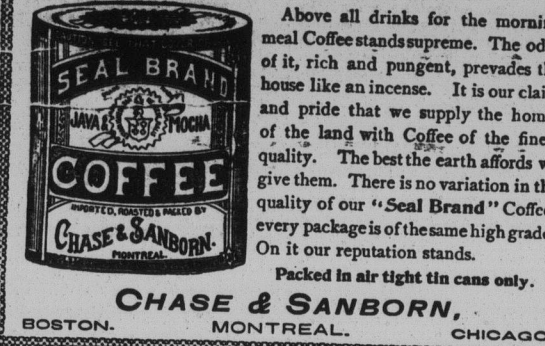
'Oh, come,' said Margaret, 'you must not let your prejudice run away with you. Please remember that Hetty grew up at Grandcourt. My husband and I have known her almost from her birth.'

'A giddy little thing, but wonderfully pretty,' said Awdrey.

'Well, never mind about her now, I interrupted Margaret, a slight touch of impatience in her manner. 'Please, Robert, tell me what Dr. Rumsey ordered for you.'

'Nothing very alarming,' he replied; 'the doctor thinks my nerves want tone. No doubt they do, although I feel wonderfully better this morning. He said something about my leaving England for a time

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Rumsey hurried away promising to send in two trained nurses immediately. He came back again himself at noon to find the boy, as he expected much worse. The child was now delirious. During that long dreadful day the fever rose and rose. The whole aspect of the house in Seymour street was altered. There were hushed steps, anxious faces, whispered consultations. As the hours flew by the prognostications of the wife's words of anxiety, and graver. Margaret gave up hope as the evening approached. She knew that the little life could not long stand the strain of that all-consuming fever. Awdrey alone was full of bustle, excitement and confidence.

'The child will and must recover,' he said to his wife several times. When the night began Dr. Rumsey resolved not to leave the child.

'A man like Rumsey must save him,' cried the father. He forgot all about his own nervous symptoms—he refused even to listen to the wife's words of anxiety. 'Pooh!' he said 'when children are ill they are always very bad. I was at death's door once or twice myself as a child. Children are bad in moment and almost themselves the next. Is not that so, doctor?' 'Well, in this case? You think the boy will be all right in the morning—come now, your honest opinion.'

'My honest opinion is a grave one, Mr. Awdrey,' Awdrey laughed. There was a wild note in his merriment.

'You and Cowley can't be up to much if both on you can't manage to keep the life in a little more like that,' he said. 'The issues of life and death belong to higher than us,' answered the doctor slowly. Awdrey looked at him again, gave an incredulous smile, and went into the sick room.

During the entire night the father sat up with the boy. The sick child did not know either parent. His voice grew weaker and weaker—the struggle to breathe became greater. When he had strength to speak, he babbled continually of his playthings, of his walk by the Serpentine, the previous day, and the little ships as they sailed on the water. Presently he took a fancy into his head that he was in one of the tiny ships, and that he was sailing away from shore. He laughed with feeble pleasure, and tried to clap his burning hands. Towards morning his body aches were so sorely distracting his mind that he could not be distinguished. He dozed off for a while, then woke again, and began to talk—he talked now all the time of his father.

'Little boy' 'ove dad,' he said, 'little Arthur' 'ove dad best of anybody—best of all.'

Awdrey managed to retain one of the small hands in his. The child pulled down then, gave him a look of long unutterable love, and about six in the morning, twenty-four hours after the seizure had declared itself, the spirit passed away. Awdrey, who was kneeling by the child's cot, still holding his hand, did not know when this happened. There was a sudden bustle round the bed, he raised his head with a start and looked around him.

'What is the matter? Is he better?' he asked. He looked anxiously at the sunken face of the dead child. He noticed that the hurried breathing had ceased.

'Come away with me, Robert,' said his wife. 'Why so?' he asked. 'Do you think I will leave the child?' 'Darling, the child is dead.'

Awdrey uttered to his feet. 'Dead!' he cried. 'You don't mean it—impossible.' He bent over the little body, pulled down the bedclothes, and put his hand to the heart, then bending low he listened intently for any breath to come from the parted lips.

'Dead—no, no,' he said again. 'My poor fellow 'tis to true,' said Dr. Rumsey.

'Then before God,' began Awdrey—he stepped back, the words were arrested on his lips, and he fell fainting to the floor.

Dr. Rumsey had him removed to his own room, and with some difficulty the unhappy man was brought back to consciousness. He was now lying on his bed.

'Where am I?' he asked. 'In your room, on your bed. You are better how dear,' said Margaret. She bent over him, trying valiantly to conceal her own anguish in order to comfort.

'But what has happened?' he asked. He suddenly sat up. 'Why are your eyes so red?' 'Margaret Awdrey tried to speak, but the words would not come to her lips. Rumsey bent forward and took Awdrey's hand.

'It has blessed Providence to afflict you very sorely, my poor fellow,' he said, 'but I know for your wife's sake you will be man enough to endure this fearful blow with fortitude.'

'What has happened, doctor?' 'Your child,' began the doctor. 'My child?' said Awdrey. He put his feet on the floor, and stood up. There was a strange note of query in his tone. 'My child?' he repeated. 'What child?' 'Your child is dead, Awdrey. We did what we could to save him.'

Awdrey uttered a wild laugh. 'Come, this is too much,' he exclaimed. 'You talk of a child of mine—I, who never had a child. What are you dreaming about?' (To be continued.)

'Within 12 Hours After First Dose the Pain Left Me'—Rheumatism of Seven Years' Standing.

I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to bed for months at a time, unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatism cures advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, Druggist, of Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of twelve hours after I took the first dose the pain left me.

'I continued until I took three bottles, and I considered that I was completely cured. Signed, J. D. McLeod, Laith, F. Q., Ont.

The Old One.

'Your pastor has solemnized a good many marriages of late, hasn't he?' 'Yes,' he told me the other day that since the first of the year he has solemnized 117 marriages to be exact—eighty-eight and a half.'

'Where did the half come in?' 'Oh, that was when he married a blooming girl to a postage-stamp collector.'

Advertisement for Chapman's Cough Cure, featuring a circular logo and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. Rumsey's Patient, a serialized story by L. T. Meade and Dr. Halifax, published in the Progress.

Advertisement for Seal Brand Coffee by Chase & Sanborn, highlighting its quality and availability in various locations.

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