

# PROGRESS.

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## RIGGS IS AN INFORMER.

LIONEL INSPECTOR VINCENT EMPLOYS A SPY.

How the Prosecutions are Carried on and Convicted—Methods Which May Benefit the Inspector and Riggs More Than the Municipality.

No one can doubt that the license inspector for the municipality of St. John is an energetic officer. The only question is whether he is taking just the right course to do what he considers to be his duty. A good many people, who have no interests at stake in the prosecutions, assert that he is not.

It was shown in PROGRESS, last week, that this inspector, George R. Vincent, had instituted various prosecutions in 1894, the cost of which to the county was some \$40 more than the receipts from fines. The principal portion of the amount collected went into the pocket of Mr. Vincent for fees for attending court from time to time as prosecuting officer. In this way he got considerable more than double the amount of his fixed salary. In some of the cases the municipality got nothing, either from failure to convict, or the inability of the defendant to pay fines imposed. In such cases the municipality not only got nothing, but was a good deal out of pocket for law costs, to say nothing of having to support prisoners who were committed to jail. These things would happen with any prosecuting officer, however, and it cannot always be expected that the county can have the law enforced and make money out of the conviction in every case. The county of St. John was out of pocket by the zeal of its license inspector last year, and at the rate prosecutions are now being pushed it may be still more out of pocket in the accounts for this year.

How much Mr. Vincent will make this year cannot now be guessed, nor will it even be known when the accounts appear. The fees received will be there, of course, but from these must be deducted the money paid to a spy and informer, by the name of Riggs, who has declared on oath that he has an "arrangement" with Mr. Vincent in regard to the aid he furnishes in securing convictions.

In other words, the license inspector employs a man to sneak around the country under false pretences and either gives him a percentage or in some other way rewards him for bringing grist to the mills of the law and fees to the pocket of the inspector. This would be a pretty small business even if the object was only to get necessary evidence against notorious resorts, but when such a person is abroad to tempt people to merely technical violations of the law it seems time to call a halt. Mr. Vincent is a public officer and should give some heed to public opinion. That opinion is that he and Riggs are in a pretty mean kind of a partnership.

There have been and are some notorious resorts and road houses in the county which are a good deal worse morally than any ordinary gin-mill. The inspector does not overlook these, but he lets them off quite as easily as he does, by an occasional fine of \$20 for "keeping liquor." It will be remembered that of the sixteen convictions of non-licensees where a fine was paid, in 1894, all were for "keeping" and none for "selling." The penalty in the latter case is \$50, and in the two or three instances where it was imposed the fine could not be collected. There may be wisdom, therefore, in some cases, in levying a fine only for the minor offence, so that the accused may be able to pay it. There may be other cases where the proprietors of houses really have an advantage over men who have taken out license at a cost of \$50, because they pay only two \$20 fines and actually save \$10 by being unlicensed.

There are houses and houses. It is said that Mr. Vincent claims to have driven eighteen men out of the business last year, but if he did they were men who never were known to the general public as being in the business. The old, familiar and notorious places are still to be found as in the years past. There are other places reported where all the ingenuity of informer Riggs has been taxed to get evidence that even a single glass of liquor can be procured.

If William J. Riggs were cooperating with Inspector Vincent in securing evidence against unlicensed dens where liquor is openly sold the year around, where the worst kind of fighting rum is dealt out with a free hand, and which are nuisances to the community where they are found, it might be thought he was engaged in a useful, though dirty, service. He appears, however, to be engaged to make cases by tempting people to violate the law, and expects to make a season's pay out of it. He is reported to have said this, in effect to a man from whom he sought to buy a wagon. When asked how and when he

expected to pay for it he spoke of the job on which the inspector was engaging him. This would seem to imply that Messrs. Vincent and Riggs expect to do a big business.

Mr. Vincent is said to have an idea that there quite a number of houses in the county where a weary traveller can get a quiet drink now and then, and where money will be taken if the traveller offers it. It may be he is right, but most of these houses are little known to the public, for the reason that they do not sell liquor as a business. Riggs is after them. On the Loch Lomond road, for instance, old Mr. McLellan was recently caught by him. Mr. McLellan, an old man who was formerly in very good circumstances, lives there in a humble way. He does not keep a tavern, nor has his place a reputation as a resort. He has been in the habit of keeping a little liquor in the house for his own use, and it may be he would now and then sell a glass to a person who seemed to be in need of it. That is the reputation he had in a very limited circle. Riggs went to the house intent on making this man commit a breach of the law. The story goes that McLellan was not at home, but his daughter was, and from her Riggs got a drink of liquor, on the pretext that he was ill and needed it. He gave the girl ten cents, just as many men would do if they called at a farm and got a glass of milk. The next thing was an information against McLellan. He was summoned, convicted and fined.

Riggs has also had William Abell, of Spruce Lake, brought up on charge of selling liquor. He went to the place as a laborer, giving his name as Johnson, and was given some work. Not long after he complained that he was ill and asked for some liquor. He was told that none had been kept there for some time past, but was offered some non-alcoholic potion, which he declined to drink. He finally did succeed in getting a drink of what he swears was whiskey, but what others assert was merely pop-beer. The case is not concluded as PROGRESS goes to press. It is asserted positively by Abell's friends that he has not kept a stock of liquor there this season. In cross-examination, the other day, Riggs admitted an "arrangement" with Mr. Vincent, but was not allowed to give the particulars of the bargain.

There was a case against James O'Donnell, of Musquash, the other day. It was tried before D. H. Anderson, but Mr. Vincent, in these cases is in a great measure both prosecutor and judge. He prosecutes as license inspector, and as clerk of the peace he is the legal adviser of the magistrate, who naturally accepts his dictum as to what is or is not evidence. All that could be shown against O'Donnell was that he had sold a certain kind of beer, but the opinion of witnesses differed as to whether or not a large quantity of it would intoxicate. O'Donnell, fortunately for him, had a lawyer, though Mr. Anderson had previously told him he would not need one. W. B. Wallace was the lawyer, and he showed such a disposition to fight the case through that the charge was not pressed. The statement of some "Musquash temperance man," in the Sun, that the case was allowed to stand because O'Donnell promised to give up the business, is not correct. He still sells beer which does not intoxicate. He is the one dealer in Musquash who beyond doubt does deal in purely temperance drinks.

It is one thing to see the license law enforced in the county, and another thing to have a spy on the road to make a business of working up prosecutions and incidentally bringing fees from the pockets of the prosecuting officers. Mr. Vincent should make a note of the distinction.

A Modest but Effective Remedy. Very often celebrated remedies began in a modest way. Medicines compounded by skillful hands in a country or city home to meet emergency cases have become so useful in a small circle that their fame has extended and the demand for them grown until their use became general. The demand for Pinel Syrup prepared by Mrs. Lauckner of this city, as a cure for diarrhoea and such forms of disease, has spread to such an extent that she has placed the remedy on sale in the drug stores. Mrs. Lauckner has received many testimonials which came unsolicited and show how much the medicine was appreciated by those who used it.

How He Took the Prize.

A prominent merchant of Fairville took an archery prize at a Sunday school picnic, the other day. He took it in summary sort of a way, despite the protests of the other contestants who did not see how he had any claim to it. The trouble came from his insisting that he had the highest score, while everybody else said he had not. Since then, finding public opinion too strong for him, he has returned the prize, and no longer ranks himself as the crack shot on that particular occasion.

## WERE PURSUED IN VAIN.

HOW A HALIFAX YOUNG MAN GOT AWAY WITH HIS BRIDE.

She was Very Young and There Were Strong Objections to her Marriage—McNellan Solved the Problem and That Ended the Matter.

HALIFAX, Aug. 8.—There is no accounting for the intuitions of the feminine heart, or the masculine heart either, for the matter of that. The love of seventeen year old pretty Miss Roche for Charles McNellan, is this week's illustration of the inscrutability of cupid's work. Miss Roche is well-connected, the daughter of Charles Roche, of Russell street, and a niece of William Roche, M. P. P., a man worth \$600,000, one of the richest capitalists in Halifax. Her parents did everything they could for her in the way of improving her education and accomplishments, and unlike many of the girls of today she was not asked to work for her living, but was kept at home in elegant leisure.

On the other hand, Charles McNellan, with whom Miss Roche became infatuated, apparently had little about him to call for such devotion. This is not a difficult fact to substantiate. Young McNellan is the son of an honest father and though young in years, he is rather old in his experiences. The daily papers had particular some weeks ago of a romantic midnight marriage in which a young man wedded almost at the pistol mouth. The man who was spiced on that occasion, it seems, was not the only youth to whom the revolver was presented that night. It is said it was first pointed at McNellan, but to no avail. He challenged the irate man to fire and his nerve saved him from marriage. The crack of the pistol was not heard, and the marriage was not forced, so far as McNellan was concerned. At the same time he would not deny that he had as good a right to marry on that occasion as had the second man approached by the pistol, who did marry.

Then he had a little misunderstanding with stendipary Griffin about the rent of a farm owned by the magistrate out the Preston road, or rather the lady tenant had a grievous misunderstanding, which Mr. Griffin ended by dispossessing his tenant with some promptness.

For a time McNellan ran a fruit stand near the public gardens. Some of the supplies were purchased from the Halifax confectionery company. They were not paid for. Secretary Henderson, failing to get the money from McNellan and seeing no prospect of doing so in the future, apparently determined to get his money's worth of the debtor in a harsh physical way. McNellan promptly charged his assailant with assault, and in the police court a fine of \$6 was exacted from the confectionery man to satisfy justice. McNellan came out on top that time.

Here then we have a pretty girl and Charles McNellan. This was the couple that ran away to be married. McNellan had no money but he had a tongue and knew how to use it. He is said to have told Miss Roche that he had been left \$10,000 by a relative in Boston, and with that capital his idea was to start in business. If he said this, the girl doubtless believed him, and certainly did not repel his advances.

Mrs. Roche did not like this by any means, naturally she would not. She cautioned her daughter against McNellan, and finally she positively forbade her keeping company with him. But the warnings were unavailing. The girl was infatuated. One evening Mrs. Roche learned that her daughter had gone, eloped with Charles McNellan. She was told the girl was seen driving towards Bedford. That was all she knew. The Roches have means and the eloping girl's mother decided to send consulars in pursuit. It was after dark when the news of the runaway became known to Mrs. Roche and it was late when the pursuing team started. The constables drove rapidly to Bedford. They learned that a couple answering the description given of the eloping pair had gone to Sackville. The pursuers arrived at Sackville between 11 and 12 o'clock, where they found them at Mrs. Snow's. The officers remained there till three in the morning, but all their persuasions were unavailing. The girl would not return home. She stated that she and McNellan had been married by a clergyman at Sackville, and pointing to the wedding ring on her finger, intimated that she had decided to remain with McNellan.

Mrs. Roche anxiously awaited the return of the constables, hoping that her child might be with them. She sat up all night, and when confronted with the tidings that her daughter had married McNellan, she became hysterical. Mrs. Roche says she is determined that her daughter shall not live with McNellan and indeed she cannot, for the husband is penniless. The mother left next day for Sackville to try by her maternal per-

suasions to bring back her wayward child. But the couple had again flown. They did not come back to Bedford as expected, but drove to a station further up the line, boarded the train, and thus eluded pursuit for the time.

Mr. McNellan has since returned to Halifax. He claims that he and Miss Roche have been friends for the last four years, and that the objections of Mrs. Roche were not to him individually, but to any young man paying attention to her daughter. He does not seem to think he has done anything more than anybody else would have done in marrying the girl of his choice.

MR. GREGORY WAS MAD.

His Name Did Appear in Big Type in the Halifax City Directory.

HALIFAX, Aug. 8.—Rev. T. B. Gregory is nothing if not sensational. He has a grievance with McAlpine's city directory because, while all the other ministers have their names in black letters, his are in ordinary small type.

Mr. Gregory made this action of the directory people the text for half his sermon on Sunday evening. He said a friend of his had asked the directory publishers for an explanation. The reply furnished was that they despised him and his doctrines so thoroughly that they couldn't find letters small enough in which to print his name. Mr. Gregory accordingly expressed himself in this way from behind his pulpit front. "I have been a universalist, but I have lost my faith. All men can not be saved. There is not room in heaven for the soul of this directory man, small though it be. On the last day they will not be able to see that little soul, and will pass it by. Barnum's Tom Thumb could have carried this man round in his vest pocket and found room enough left for his watch."

Mr. Gregory, in view of his early departure from Halifax for Chicago, might have had something more pleasant to say, but what he did utter is not likely to be forgotten.

A CURIOUS PLEA.

A Fredericton Lawyer Defends a Suit For a Liquor Debt.

The law allows a smart man a loop hole to escape the payment of his honest debts. An instance of this has come to the notice of PROGRESS and the details of the story show that good lawyers are apt to avail themselves of the loopholes of the law.

A St. John liquor firm sold goods to a drug firm in Fredericton interested in which was a prominent lawyer of that place. This man while in St. John made the arrangement for the purchase of the liquor, alcohol or whatever it was and according to the idea of the firm became responsible for payment.

Some \$500 worth was purchased and paid for in part. There was a balance of between \$200 and \$300 which at last the liquor concern had to bring suit against the lawyer for. He is defending the suit and has pleaded, so PROGRESS is informed, that the liquor was sold for an illegal purpose with the knowledge of the plaintiff. The attempt will be made to escape payment on this ground. Fredericton is a Scott act town and it is illegal to sell liquor there, but there are many things in the liquor line that a drug store must keep and it is allowed to dispense. This case, when tried, will be watched with much interest not only because of the peculiar defence set up but because if such a plea is successful many concerns in Fredericton, and other towns not in the drug business might escape the payment of their honest debts by the same road.

She Paid for Her Supper.

Those who have read "Ships that Pass in the Night" will remember that the Disagreeable Man declined to pay for the luncheon of the young lady he took on an excursion. It was a matter of principle with him, and perhaps this was the case with a man who recently returned to St. John on the Boston boat. A young lady with whom he was acquainted was on board, and he invited her to accompany him to supper in the dining saloon. She accepted, and in due time the steward came around to collect. "I would like to pay for your supper," remarked her escort, "but I have only enough change left for my car fare, after I have paid for myself." The young lady, who mildly surprised, gracefully accepted the situation and paid for her own supper. She might possibly have paid for that of the gentleman also, had he explained the situation in advance. The moral is that ladies who are asked to supper by escorts should not go to the table without enough money in their pockets to pay for what they eat.

A Hint to Correspondents.

Correspondents will please bear in mind that a sealed letter with a one cent stamp upon it calls for double postage from PROGRESS. After this such unpaid letters will not be taken from the post office.

"Progress" is for sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

## A BIG, BRAUNY HAND

WAS WHAT WON THE GAME ON THE RAILWAY.

Between a St. John Contractor and Three Card Sharps—Senseless Forms Strewed the Tables When the Game was Over and the Money Won.

Maritime province men are nearly always capable of holding their own under any circumstances. Few of them are expert card players yet their natural shrewdness gives them a fair idea of what cheating at cards is and when it is being done. One of the building contractors, who is busily engaged upon a big building in Maine at present was on the train between Bangor and Houlton a short time ago, trying as best he could, with other passengers, to put in the time. Fortunately, as he thought, a gentlemanly looking passenger suggested a game of euchre and soon the two were engaged in a friendly and, to them, interesting game. But there appeared to be other lonely people on the train for soon a third man, acquainted with the stranger asked if he might have a hand, suggesting that if there were no objections a friend of his in the next car might make a pleasant four handed game. Though this was agreed to willingly yet the St. John man placed his hand upon his roll of cash to make sure that it was there. His thoughts were in the proper channel for very soon, though the party was playing euchre, one of the strangers wagered another of them that he had a better poker hand than him. To begin easy and not to scare the stranger too much, a box of cigars was the first bid bet, then a five dollar gold piece. The contractor kept clear of this by play but soon one of the party challenged him to back his hand. He did so and won. Before the chance came again there was a call in the car for Mr. —, the St. John man, coupled with the statement that there was a telegram for him in the station. There wasn't any telegram, but a quiet hint from the conductor that the party he was with were companion card sharps. This was confirmation of what he thought, so when he returned he was fully on his guard. The game went on and soon, somewhat to his surprise the contractor found four aces in his hand. He was challenged to bet and placed a modest five upon his cards. His challenger covered it and the cards were about to be called and shown when one of the others called out "say, can't I raise you two." The contractor was willing thinking that the usual bet of five would be placed but instead the stranger raised \$20. His friend also placed twenty on the board and the St. John man followed suit but as he did so he collected the bills, some \$70 in all, pushed them in his pocket and then exposing his hand he struck straight from the shoulder. There was terror among the sharps. The contractors fist was a heavy one and one of the fleecers was a long time coming to his senses. Then the hands were looked at and it was found that the third man who raised the \$20 had a royal flush which was better than the four aces. The sympathy of the passengers was with the contractor who had by main force turned the table upon the youths who had tried to "do" him. They won't try it again, still as few men have the muscle this St. John man possessed it would be well to keep clear of strangers who play cards and propose a game to pass away the time.

WAS NEARLY FORGOTTEN.

The Story of Three Thousand Dollars in the Hands of a Lawyer.

A former resident of St. John is now living in a city in Ontario, at the advanced age of about 93 years. It is about eighteen years since he ceased to reside here and it was not supposed he had any assets remaining of some little means he had previous to the fire of 1877. Of late his mind has not been strong, and his family believed that he was subject to delusions, as aged people frequently are. Several months ago, being in very feeble health, he believed that the end of his long life was drawing near. With this impression he called his family around him and caused his will to be read. Among other bequests were some which related to \$3,000 he claimed to have in St. John. His family supposed this money to exist merely in his imagination, and endeavored to convince him that he was in error. He was very positive, however, that he had that amount here, though he could give no definite explanation in regard to it. He did not die, as he had expected, but his assertions in regard to the money led the family to write to a gentleman in St. John, asking him if he thought there was any basis for the story. His reply was to the effect that such a thing was so improbable that it could only be the fancy of a deranged mind. The old gentleman was so positive, however, that one of the family, a daughter, concluded to come to this city to investigate the matter for herself. She arrived here recently, and by following up certain

lines of inquiry found the \$3,000. It was in the hands of a well known lawyer.

Prior to the fire this money had been invested here, but after that event it had been called in and was in the lawyer's hands from that time forward. The lawyer, it is stated, says that the whole matter had passed from his mind, there being nothing to recall it for such a long period of time. He paid the \$3,000 to the lady, without interest.

Had the old gentleman not made his will, there is just a possibility that the family would not have had the \$3,000, unless some accidental occurrence had recalled the existence of it to the lawyer's memory. Just what the particular lawyer is has not transpired, and PROGRESS does not know, but for all that the story is a true one.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR IN ST. JOHN.

The Great Priory of Canada Is to Have Its Session Here This Month.

While Boston is making ready for the Triennial convocation of Knights Templar, St. John is to have an event of interest in Templar history, when the Great Priory of Canada meets here, Thursday, the 22nd of this month. This is the first time the sovereign body of the Dominion has chosen St. John as its meeting place, though in no place in Canada has there been a more flourishing or wide awake body than the encampment of St. John.

The Encampment of St. John, however, is not under the control of the Great Priory of Canada, but is an anomalous and practically independent body. Its allegiance is to the Chapter General of Scotland, and with the exception of one encampment at St. Stephen, it is the only body of the kind in America. It existed before the Great Priory of Canada was formed, and it has steadily refused to affiliate with the latter, though strong efforts in that direction have been made for years past.

The mistake of the Great Priory, some ten years ago, was in attempting to force the St. John body to join its ranks, by endeavoring to prevent fraternal recognition by the Templars of the United States. The edict, most unwisely made, had a brief duration, the Canadian body seeing that it was likely to make matters worse than before and to render the final reconciliation impossible.

Within the last few years, the overtures have been of a most friendly character. The idea has been to have St. John Templars a part of the body which has jurisdiction throughout Canada, and many of the St. John men have favored the idea. The Union de Molay Preceptory, of this city, is a Canadian body, but it has for a long time been in a practically dormant condition. Between it and St. John Encampment there was formerly a friendly feeling when both bodies were flourishing, but as most of the men responsible for the trouble have either died or resigned, the local antagonism no longer exists.

While many of the members of St. John Encampment would be willing to come under the Canadian jurisdiction, there is a conservative element which manages to control the vote to the contrary. A motion tending to affiliation was voted on a month or two ago and defeated by 15 to 11. The total vote represented but a small proportion of the total membership.

When the Great Priory fixed St. John as its meeting place for this year, there was probably a hope that St. John encampment would be under its jurisdiction. There will, however, be cordial relations between the members of the encampment and the visitors. A joint committee from St. John and De Molay has the reception in charge, and part of the programme is a dinner on Friday the 23rd. It is quite likely that the session of the Great Priory here will have a marked effect in hastening the union so long sought between the two bodies.

No Lack of Applicants.

The board of works has as yet done nothing in the way of filling the vacancy in the office caused by the death of Mr. Seely, but that has not been for a lack of applicants. There has been a pretty active race among all sorts and conditions of men to secure the place, and it all get there who think their chances are good. Director Smith will have a pretty large staff.

Equestrianism is Popular.

The craze for horse back riding has not equalled that for bicycles as yet but still there are a few young ladies who have learned to be quite expert of late. They include Miss Jewett, of Boston, Miss Dunn, of Houlton, and the Misses McCormick. Then several young men have also taken lessons from Mr. Bond who is the only riding master in the city.

No Inspector Appointed.

The board of works had a session this week, but Newman's brook bridge was not even mentioned. It now seems pretty certain that the aldermen have realized how big a mistake they would make in appointing an inspector for the bridge, in defiance of public opinion. They realize that the easiest way out of the matter is the best in this instance.

PILGRIMS, GOOD CHEER.

BOSTON PREPARING TO GREET THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Five Hundred Sleeping Cars Will Be on the Asylum Grounds in Somerville—Other Preparations to Accommodate the Great Crowd of Visitors.

BOSTON, August 8.—When the mighty army of Knights Templar marches on Boston two weeks hence it will find a city ready to receive it, a place rich in historic interest, made brighter and more interesting in scores of ways never before thought of. The triennial convalescence will be the biggest event of the kind in the history of Boston as well as in the history of masonry, and everything now points to a week of gorgeousness and entertainment which will far outclass the last famous triennial of Washington.

The Knights Templar of Boston and the surrounding towns and cities have entered into the work of preparation with the true masonic spirit of liberality, originality and liveliness. The merchants are preparing to join with them, and the railroad companies running into Boston are out doing themselves in their determination to facilitate the transportation of the mighty hosts which will surely arrive.

The ranks of the Templars embrace most of the solid men of the country; they represent wealth and influence, and this fact is apparent in all that is being done to receive them. Every palace car available is being pressed into service for their special benefit and the splendid Knight Templar trains which will run into Boston this month will mark an epoch in railroading.

One of the unique features of the convalescence will be a city of sleeping cars, the like of which has probably never before been seen in this country. It will be made a feature of the triennial and some of the finest entertainments of visiting knights will be offered at the settlement which will hold forth in glory for a week.

The Boston & Maine road evoked the idea when it gave an official announcement that track room for 500 sleeping cars would be provided on the old McLean asylum grounds, a park-like expanse used by one of the best known sanitariums for years, until it gave way to the encroachment of business and the managers sold out at a big price to the railroad corporation. Day by day the magnificent stretch of green dotted with fine old trees is giving way to lines of steel gridironed with sleepers, but the park is so large that even though the work goes rapidly on it will be many weeks before it is completed and the 25th of this month, when the first contingent of knights reaches Boston, will find plenty of pleasant room left for the accommodation of the "sleeping visitors."

The cars will be run into the great union station, of course, and then switched back to the asylum grounds and their occupants will look on a vista not unlike a scene from the historic old commons. So pleasant is the place and so elaborate are the arrangements made by the railroad that the accommodation committee thought it wise to make further provisions to utilize the beautiful spot and when the visitors were approached they entered into the idea heartily. As the plans are now, therefore, the old grounds will see some of the best entertaining of the town during the convalescence week. Every special train will roll on, trimmed with magnificent decorations. These will be unattached, as would be the case if they were to run into some dusty storehouse, but will be allowed to remain on the cars, where they will add to the attractiveness of the unusual scene. The committees having the matter in charge will see to the erection of numerous tents on the rolling space of green and visitors will be expected to set up their ice-water tanks in them, where all who visit the city can stop for a cooling draught. There will be a host of attendants, the committees providing guides and assistants and the railroads the porters, so the services will be fully equal to that of the best hotels.

Probably only breakfast will be regularly served in this car city, but booths will be arranged so that if any one is hungry or if sick ones find it necessary to remain there all day no one shall suffer from want of food.

Nowhere about the city can a cooler place be found than the asylum grounds, and it is not unlikely that in the steaming dog days not a few of the visitors, especially ladies, will find it very desirable to wander about the shaded park, rather than travel in the dusty and heated city. For that reason, if for no other, the committee of arrangements desire to make the place fully as attractive as the city breathing places.

Some of the visiting commanderies will invite the fraters whom they wish to entertain to that place and evenings there will be a scene rivaling the most famous of Parisian boulevards.

When Boston put in her claim for the convalescence of '95 its representatives declined to say anything about the amount of money that should be spent in entertaining. Some rival municipalities mentioned that \$75,000 or even \$100,000 could be raised, but the Boston men declared that it was not a question of money—it the convalescence came to Boston the knights and their ladies and friends would be well taken care of. Today in the city and suburbs alone it is estimated that \$150,000 has been raised and probably surrounding cities like Lowell, Worcester, Salem, etc., will offer at least \$40,000 more, so it can be easily seen that the convalescence here is bound to exceed

in magnificence and brilliancy anything heretofore held in the way of triennial gatherings. But beyond the question of money is the feeling manifested by the people generally. There is a universal desire to see the knights, to help them have a good time and for them to go away with the best of impressions of the New England metropolis. In every way, those things are to be done which will make visitors feel that they are welcome, and no one will be left unturned to insure a sojourn which shall be not only pleasurable but profitable. This feeling is marked particularly by the arrangements for decorations that have already been announced. Every business house in the city will display the stars and stripes, and bunting, and Masonic as well as Templar emblems in profusions. All the big hotels will practically be covered from doorstep to coping with bunting, and the visiting commanders will tack up enough emblems and Templar emblems to lend variety to the lines of red, white and blue. The electric decorations in all colors on some of the business buildings, on Masonic temple, on Horticultural hall, the headquarters of Boston commanders, and the quarters of Boston commanders, and the Venetian, where the grand encampment

IS OVER A CENTURY OLD.

WONDERFUL MRS. BLIZZARD AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY.

She is About to Celebrate Her One Hundred and Fourth Birthday—Ten of Her Sons and Daughters Elected to Find Their Mother Hale and Hearty.

Many of the readers of PROGRESS have heard of the remarkable age attained by Mrs. Thos. Blizard of McDonald's Point Queens County, who is now on the verge of her one hundred and fourth birthday. Her birthday will be next Friday the 16th of August. A representative of PROGRESS recently found Mrs. Blizard in her daughters home at McDonald's Point. The old lady said she was feeling well, although she found it a little more difficult to get around than on her last birthday, owing to an attack of la grippe which she had last fall. "I rise about seven o'clock in the morning and arrange my own dress," she said. "Occasionally I lie down during the day, but on bright days I seldom rest. I was

read my handwriting," said Jefferson. "Besides, my fountain pen won't work today, you know how it is with these fountain pens—some days ink will shoot out of them like water out of a garden hose, and other times you can't get it out with a cork screw."

"Why didn't Charles Carroll of Carrollton tell Jefferson that fountain pens weren't invented either?" asked Tommy.

"I don't think he knew it. A great many people then thought that fountain pens were invented. And then they talked a long time, and Thomas Jefferson tried to get Benjamin Franklin to set it up in type and print it, but he said he had to go fishing with his kite that afternoon for electricity and so couldn't; and then the others sided in with Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Jefferson had to write it after all, with a quill pen, and with sand to dry the ink with instead of blotting paper, because the man who had promised to invent blotting paper had joined the army and gone off to fight the British. So, you see, Tommy, the men that wrote and signed the declaration of independence had their troubles.



MRS. BLIZZARD AND HER TEN CHILDREN.

and several other visiting organizations will be quartered are to be the finest and most elaborate ever seen in this country and probably in the world, say the electricians.

On the morning of Wednesday, Aug. 28, there will be a ball of different companies on the Boston base ball grounds at the South end, and companies of Knights will contest for the reward of merit in that branch which is presented at every convalescence. The "little commandery" which is composed of boys from the Masonic Widows and Orphans home of Louisville, Ky., will appear on that date and try to put the elder fraters to blush by their proficiency in manœuvres and the handling of the sword. These boys will be under the leadership of Sir H. B. Grant, the author of Grant's Tactics. They are said to be very skilled in the peculiar style of marching and manoeuvres affected by the Knights Templar.

R. G. LARSEN.

His Death Due to Football.

Halifax has a sad death from football to chronicle. Watson Vincent, assistant clerk on H. M. S. Crescent, died last week through injuries received by a kick from a shipmate. The poor fellow suffered for nearly two weeks and then died. There has always been an outcry against football on account of the danger attendant on the game, but notwithstanding this sad fatality it is doubtful if there is much more danger to life and limb in football than in many other of our sports. Look at the boating accidents, the deaths from drowning while skating, the accidents while driving, and the injuries from the cricket ball, etc. A game with no element of danger is apt to be considered tame. It is strange that the football league series in Halifax should come and go, year after year, without serious mishap, and that now in the off-season, when some naval officers got up a little practice game in the dockyard, that the angel of death should visit the scene and snatch away one of the principal players. Had this calamity occurred in the height of the football season the effect on the game would have been very injurious but as it is there will probably be no diminution in the interest with which the league games will be watched this fall. There is general sympathy for Watson Vincent and his friends, and for the unfortunate man who inflicted the fatal kick. The British and French naval officers and navy military officers attended the funeral in a body.

Living Stones in Falkland.

The most curious specimens of vegetable or plant life in existence are the so-called "living stones" of the Falkland Islands. These islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to a strong polar wind. In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable. The visitor to the Falklands sees scattered here and there singular-shaped blocks of wood that appear to be weather-beaten and moss-covered boulders in various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these "boulders" over and you will meet with a surprise, because the stone is actually a chardered by roots of great strength, in fact, you will find that you are footing with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd shaped blocks into fuel, because it is perfectly devoid of grain and appears to be nothing but a twisted mass of woody fibres.

born in 1792 at the parish of Gageton Queens County. My father was Albert Akery of New York, and my mother was Lucy Ward, of Cumberland. I was married in 1811, to Thos. Blizard, at Cambridge Queens Co. My husband died in St. John 27 years this fall, and was buried at Upper Hampstead. He was 77 years old and I am from November to August older than he was. I have had sixteen children—eight sons and eight daughters—have raised fifteen, and ten are now living, three sons and seven daughters. I will tell you about those living.

"My eldest son, Oliver Blizard, was born Feb. 25th, 1815, and was married in Upper Canada. He is now living at the Narrows, Washademoak lake.

"John, was born Sept. 17, 1817, and is now living at Indian town, St. John.

"Thomas was born May 21, 1834, and is now living at Indian town, St. John.

"Sarah was born Jan. 11, 1819. She is now the widow Scribner, living at Houlton, Maine.

"Fannie E. was born May 12, 1823, and is now Mrs. James Hamm, Narrows, Washademoak lake.

"Mary was born Oct. 18, 1814, is now the widow Mead, Indian town, St. John.

"Margaret Jane, born April 7, 1827, is now Mrs. Geo. Black, Indian town, St. John.

"Isabella, born Dec. 30, 1830, is now Mrs. Wm. B. Smith, widow, McDonald's Point.

"Phoebe Ann, born July 17, 1832, is now Mrs. Thos. Watson, widow, St. John.

"Lucy M., born Nov. 1, 1838, is now Mrs. Samuel Hamm, Indian town, St. John.

"On my last birthday my sons and daughters were all here, and they figured up that I had sixty seven grandchildren and one hundred and three great grandchildren.

"If I live until the 16th of this month, I will see my 104th birthday. I have received word from my children that they intend having a larger party than they had last year."

The engraving shows Mrs. Blizard surrounded by her ten living children, and it would be difficult for a stranger to believe that she was old enough to be the mother of them all. It would be a difficult task to find another such group in America, and probably it is without its equal in the world.

Mrs. Blizard has the congratulations of PROGRESS on the near approach of her 104th birthday. May she live to enjoy many more of them in the same good health which she now enjoys.

NEW LIGHT ON HISTORY.

Extra Particulars as to the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

"Did you ever hear about the dispute Thomas Jefferson and Charles Carroll of Carrollton had when they came to write and sign the declaration of independence?"

"No," said Tommy, wondering what his aunt would say next.

"They had quite a little tiff Jefferson, you see, wanted to have it written on a typewriter, and—"

"But, aunt, the typewriter wasn't invented then."

"That's just what Charles Carroll of Carrollton told him. But Jefferson insisted on calling in the janitor, and having it invented while they waited. 'Posterity can never

But you ought to be thankful that they did it in July instead of January."

Tommy thought a moment, and then said: "Yes, I am, but if they'd done it about six weeks earlier it would have given us a holiday while there was school, and I think that's a pretty good time for holidays."

Statistics of Suicide.

Suicide is not common in Russia, the rate being 30 to 1,000,000 inhabitants, while in Saxony it is 311, in France 210, in Prussia 133, in Austria 130, in Bavaria 90, in England 66; and in the United States increased by 30 or forty per cent in other European countries during the last thirty years. In Russia it has remained stationary. Professor Sikorski, of the University at Kiev, thinks the low rate is due in part to the patience and long suffering of the Russian under even the worst treatment, but also to an indolence of character, which fears to do anything from which it cannot retreat.

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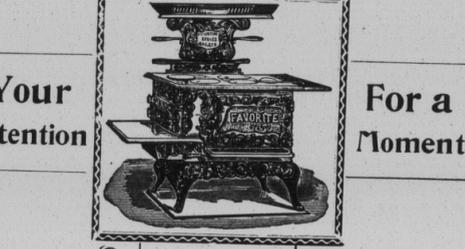
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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Special music for Sunday evening service by selected voices appears to be now in order in some of our churches. It is a good idea in a business sense, especially when the attraction is announced in advance in the daily press. It has the effect not only of securing to the clergyman a larger congregation for his sermon, but it has also the effect of enhancing the collections. With neither of these results however have I anything particularly to do. When the music is well selected and the singer's voice is sweet and true, it always inspires devotion.

Mr. Spencer who has heard several times in different churches quite recently has gone on a visit to friends in the United States. She will not resume her musical studies until late in the fall as previously intimated in this department.

Mr. Tom Daniel has arrived in St. John and is receiving a hearty greeting from friends here. It is probable he will sing a solo in some of the churches—perhaps St. Andrew's—tomorrow (Sunday). At this church I believe Miss Shirree will sing again at tomorrow's service.

Mr. Marston Guilloid, a former resident of this city and well known in musical circles here, is now making a visit to St. John. Mr. Guilloid is manager of a branch bank at Parrboro. He is looking very well despite his prolonged absence from this metropolis.

Tones and Undertones.

"The opera 'La fille du Regiment' by Donizetti, was first produced at the opera comique, Paris, Feb. 11, 1840. Its revival with Marcella Sembrich in the leading role, has become popular.

The most popular of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas will be revived at the Savoy theatre, London. The 'Mikado' will be the first given.

The prize of \$100 offered for the best one act opera by an English composer, has been won by a Mr. McLean. 'Petruccio' is the title of his work. There were 43 competitors.

Four autograph pieces of music by Mozart were sold in London recently for \$518. Beethoven's autograph 'Three songs of Goethe' 1810 for \$185; a quartet by Spohr for \$46; a fragment of a trio by Schubert for \$52, the price also paid for two polonaises by Chopin.

Tamagno says "reasoned criticism, however severe, does an artist good."

A fine portrait of Miss Nita Carrite, adorns the cover of the Musical Courier of the 17th July last. She is very handsome.

Della Fox opens her season on 2nd September at Palmer's theatre, in a comic opera entitled 'Fleur de Lys.' It is by J. Cheever Goodwin. Wm. Furst has written the music.

Edouard Remenyi, the famous violinist, has said that he has been playing the violin 50 years and in that time has handled about 10,000 instruments.

Yvette Guilbert's own account of the way in which she achieved that innocence and simplicity of manner which writers have raved about as the perfection of art is as follows: "The simple Yvette it seems was originally a dressmaker's model, and did not like it. The business was not spirituelle enough. So she studied the concert halls and said to herself: 'Here chanteuses excentrique are all alike; they sing naughty songs, with a naughty tone and expression. Why not be different and sing them with perfect naivete? And I did so!' There seems to be no doubt about the naivete, likewise the naughtiness.

"Tannhauser" was given nine times out of the fourteen performances of grand opera in Paris during the month of May, the receipts averaging 22,000 francs a night, 5,000 francs more than the average of the other pieces, which were "Faust," "Sigurd," and "Samson and Delilah."

Gluck once remarked: "I have written only twenty operas, and each one cost me a deal of labor and study." Piccini, who overheard him, said: "I have written over one hundred, and with very little trouble." Gluck whispered to his rival: "My friend, you need not have told us that."

Madame Patti has a pet dog, a little Mexican terrier, named Richi. She has supplied him with a complete wardrobe, among which are some nightgowns made of costly silk. He has also seven collars, one for each day in the week.

London Truth says: "I have more than once remarked that the extravagant prices so frequently mentioned in print as the value of old Italian violins are never reached under the purifying fire of the auction room. We hear of this or that fiddle being worth its \$10,000 or \$15,000, and of another violin being bought (for presentation) for the ridiculously low sum of \$7,500. But it is, I believe, the truth, and if so, it is a remarkable fact, that, even under the most favorable circumstances, no violin has ever at auction realized anything like \$5,000. Last week there was an auction at Puttick & Simpson's of undoubtedly genuine instruments from the collection of Davis Cooper, Stanistrot, Finzi and others. The highest price reached

was for a Strad of 1728, which went for \$1,500—a serious drop on the \$10,000 or \$15,000 of the newspaper paragraphists. A fine Amati went for \$725, an F. Ruggeri of 1698 for \$345, an A. and H. Amati of 1618 for \$375, and so forth. Some excellent old Italian violins were sold for under \$250, and this, I believe, was quite up to their real value. The moral, I suppose, is, that if I want to buy a violin, I shall be wise to buy it at auction. On the other hand, if I want to sell one, the highest price I can obtain is—by newspaper paragraph."

Remenyi tells this story about Liszt: When he was seven years old he already played, like a grown up master, Bach's preludes and fugues. One day his father, Adam Liszt, who was a good old-fashioned musician, came home unexpectedly and heard little Liszt playing one of Bach's four-part fugues, but the fugue was written in another key than the one in which Liszt was then playing. The father was appalled. He knew too well that his son had no intention whatever to transpose the intensely polyphonic four-part fugue. He knew that it was being done unconsciously. He asked the boy why he did not play it in the right key. The little fellow was astonished and asked if the fugue was not written in the key he was playing it in. No; it was written in E flat, and not in G. The musician knows well what it means to transpose a complicated piece to another key; but for a seven-year-old boy to transpose a four-part fugue of Bach to a key a third below!—New York Tribune.

Jenny Lind and Patti still figure in a good "Traviata" story. Patti has just finished one of Violetta's songs at a private house, when a little old lady trotted up to the piano. She came to praise, but remained to find fault with one of Patti's bravura passages. "But," said the little old lady, "that you may not think me a blind man quarrelling about colors, I give you my card." It read "Jenny Lind Goldschmidt." Patti winced under the lash of her critic, but was quite equal to the occasion. "Ah, yes, I remember—I have heard my grandmother speak of you." The little old lady made no further remark, and trotted back to her seat.—London Weekly Sun.

A writer in Music relates this Rubinstein anecdote: "I had asked him why he never raised his eyes from the keyboard when playing in public, and he replied that the habit dated from a painful experience he had made when first he played in London. He had forgotten his surroundings through concentration in his work, but of a sudden desire for companionship in his artistic joy induced him to raise his eyes; they fell, by chance, upon a stout, buxom matron-familiar in the front row; his mental ecstasy was greeted by the most exaggerated yawn impossible to imagine for the facial capacities of polite society. It will not be difficult to conceive the reaction. From this date he determined in self-defense, never again to raise his eyes while playing in public.

At his benefit a popular singer in an opera house of a Rhenish town, deeply moved, put his hand on his heart and exclaimed, "Never shall I forget what I owe this town and its inhabitants." And the leading beer saloon-keeper arose and said at the top of his lungs: "I hope not."

In "The Grand Duchess" at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, the effect of the military tableaux is heightened by the introduction of five horses on the stage. Mascagni is said to be at work on a one act opera entitled "It Viadante" the subject of which is taken from Coppee's "Pastant."

It is now stated that Emma Eames will not sing in America this season. She has contracted to sing in Vienna, Berlin and in St. Petersburg.

Next winter Madame Nordica will sing under contract with Messrs Abbey and Grau. She will sing Isolde to Jean de Rezk's "Tristan." She will sail for the United States on 2nd November next.

Miss Marie Barnard is to sail for Europe shortly to study in Paris and London. This is the lady who was soprano with Sousa's Band, when in St. John.

Miss Jennie Kimball and Corinne are expected back from Europe this month. Miss Alice Carle, whose splendid voice and work in "Paul Jones," will be remembered here, is now singing on the Pacific Slope.

The fact that Emma Eames is not coming to sing in the United States this season is due, so it is said, to her old quarrel with Madame Calve. Calve has kept her threat of never again appearing in the same company with Eames. She had to do it at Windsor when they sang there in "Carmen" not long ago. But, says a Boston paper, "it was Queen Victoria and not Henry E. Abbey who was in charge then."

The Chicago Dramatic Times, of recent date remarks: "It seems altogether likely that the opera will be overdone this fall in New York, quite as emphatically as comic opera was overdone last winter. There are to be two companies this winter. Each of them must play to close upon \$8,500 a night in order to meet the running cost,

without considering the heavy cash investment. The question is, it adds, "will the city stand so heavy a drain in this line?"

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The New York Herald recently had the following to say about Miss Olga Nethersole.

"It is said Olga Nethersole is considering an adaptation of 'Ma Cousine,' but may the Gods forbid that it amounts to more than a 'consideration.' Miss Nethersole would be as much out of her depth in McIlhac's piece, as a tornado in a troop pond, though one can easily see what attracted her. It is that marvelous first act, where Riquette thumps a dozen silk cushions, and from time to time knocks the stuffing out of them, so to say, by the daintiest underscoring of a risque situation that a French play has ever devised. Mme. Rejane managed the scene to Boston's satisfaction, but put it into English and it would become vulgar and impossible. London had cut all its prodigious prickles when that brilliant creature played Riquette there a few weeks ago, and it is scarcely likely Miss Nethersole could adapt a play so thoroughly Parisian, into anything 'grateful' to the British sense of propriety. And what a pity it is that talent like Olga Nethersole's should be so untrained! She seems incapable of taking on polish, either because she willfully disregards those counselors who wish her to succeed, or because there is lacking in her, that stroke of genius that must blend all-inherent qualities together for one good end. Her season in London has been a disastrous failure. The very critics who praised her acting, before she came to America, now reverse their judgment, and accuse her of bringing back 'tricks which may have pleased her audiences in the States, but which do not belong to the English stage,' just as though she was any different from the day she first set foot in New York and 'astonished, pleased and amused the theatre patrons.'

Miss Sidney Armstrong has been engaged to play the leading part in the new society play 'The Silver Lining.'

Lillian Walrath, is the name of a new star for next season, and Frederic De Belleville has been engaged as leading man. Augustin Daly's London season closed on 31st ult. In 'The two gentlemen of Verona.' The house was crowded, it is said, and the actors received with enthusiasm, the principals being called before the curtain five times at the close of the performance.

Miss Ethel Knight Mollison, (Mrs. Moore) has been engaged as a member of the Girard Avenue theatre company, Philadelphia. The season is said to continue for forty weeks. This appears to be a good engagement. At the close of the season Miss Mollison will have quite an extensive repertoire, as the intention is to produce a new play, at this theatre each week.

Richard Mansfield will open his season at the Garrick theatre with a new play. He will appear in a dramatization of Stanley Weyman's 'The house of the wolf.' Later he will give 'Timon of Athens.'

The Hollis theatre, Boston, will open its next season on the sixth inst, with 'Mighty Millions.' Charles Coghlan has been engaged by Forbes Robertson to play Mercutio in 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Lyceum, London, in September. He ought to take his wife along to look after him.

Robert Mantell, following the example of the May Nannery company, is going to play a season of three weeks in Honolulu.

In a recent speech in London, Sir Henry Irving mentioned his son, as a striking instance of the social ban against the actor in England. His son is a barrister, and as such was eligible to be presented at a levee held by the Prince of Wales, but now, being an actor, though still a barrister, the honor is forbidden him.

Walter Jones, the comedian in Rice's '1492,' came near killing himself during Tuesday night's performance at Manhattan Beach. In his tramp act he executes an indescribable acrobatic dance. It concludes with a series of pirouettes and whirling somersaults, similar to those first introduced by the Arabian tumblers. On this occasion he miscalculated his distance. Approaching too close to the footlights, the red revolution sent him crashing head first into one of the private boxes. The audience shouted with laughter and applauded, thinking it a bit of new stage business. But the turmoil suddenly ceased when it was seen that Jones was stunned and helpless. It was a quarter of an hour before he gained consciousness. He was badly bruised, and there was a cut three inches long on his left leg. He suffered chiefly from shock. Mr. Jones will probably moderate his acrobatic activity in future.

Talk of the Boston Playhouses. The season of 1895-6 gives promise of opening somewhat earlier than usual, and already the opening bell has been heard at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, which rang its curtain up last Saturday night on a revival of 'Lost in New York,' a scenic melo-drama which has been seen here before. This house has been touched up and fixed up and looks very pretty. Walter

Kennedy follows next week in Howell's play 'Samson.'

The Boston theatre has been in the hands of the carpenters, painters and decorators all summer and when it opens this evening old habitués will only recognize the general shape of the auditorium, for new chairs have been put in, the whole interior has been redecorated and in fact it is practically a new theatre. Minstrelsy will form the opening attraction in the shape of Thatcher and Carroll's twentieth Century Minstrels. The play of 'Burnish,' a spectacular war drama is an early attraction at this house, and great preparations are being made for a very fine production of this spectacle.

The Boston museum will open on the 19th with the burlesque 'Thrilly' which has made such a hit in New York. May Irwin in her new piece 'The Widow Jones' will be the next attraction.

The Grand Opera House has dropped out of the list of dramatic houses this year and has decided to follow the lead sent by Keith in giving continuous performances. The success of this venture remains to be proved.

Castle Square Theatre has had a fine business all in light opera, and the management has decided to continue this style of entertainment until January anyway. Last week as Olivette Louise Eising made her farewell appearances and sensibly added to her list of admirers by the way in which she played the title role of this very charming opera. Miss Eising has done splendid work this summer and will always be heartily welcomed back to Boston. Miss Salinger who replaces her as prima donna chose 'The Grand Duchess' for her opening, and with recollections of Lillian Russell so recently in the past I think she was unwise. Miss Salinger has a pleasing voice and has evidently been well trained, but I doubt if she becomes the favorite here that Miss Eising was.

The Tremont is still running under summer management, and 'Kismet' has proved fairly successful, although nothing like as good musically or otherwise as 'The Sphinx,' which piece is to be seen here next week, as Kismet will be taken to New York.

By the time the Knights Templars get here all the theatres with possibly the exception of the Hollis will be running.

'The Carnival of Venice' an out-of-doors show, largely spectacular and pyrotechnical will be seen here during convalescence.

'Black America' is doing fairly well. The singing of the big chorus and the cake walk are certainly worth hearing and seeing. Our old friend, Wm. F. Owen plays Falstaff this season, in Julia Marlowe Tabri's production of 'Henry IV.,' and Mr. Owen's performance of the fat knight, will be one of the best pieces of work on the legitimate stage this season.

Keith made a great hit when he engaged eight members of the Symphony Orchestra to play at his lively theatre. The men appear three times a day and at their hours you are always sure to find an appreciative audience.

The Hollis St. theatre will open with McNally's new piece 'The Night Clerk' with Peter Dailey as the stellar attraction.

PROSCENIUM. Saved by His Style. Remarkable Incident on the Life of a man of Fastidious Tastes.

"Speaking of punctiliousness," said Col. Calliper, "you remember my telling you some time ago about a man who was so particular about his dress, that at a watering place where he was staying, the tide happening to serve after 6 o'clock, he went clammimg in evening dress?"

That seemed like carrying things to extremes, but I knew a much more remarkable case than that, the case of my friend, Joseph Timbler of Storkville Centre, Vt.

"Mr. Timbler always wore evening dress wherever he might be, at home or abroad, after six o'clock. There was, indeed, a period of a month or two in summer, after the Fourth of July and until the latter part of August, when, punctilious as he was, he considered it all right to wear an informal costume at home; but he never did this abroad at any season, and at home, as August waned and September drew near, he put on evening dress again.

"In the course of time Mr. Timbler's health failed somewhat, and the doctors prescribed for him a long sea voyage. He sailed from New York for a trip around the Horn to San Francisco. Aboard ship, as everywhere else, he wore evening dress after six o'clock. There was no other passenger, but he always appeared at the evening meal in evening attire. Down through the tropics, into the low latitudes, and round into the Pacific, day after day and week after week. It was always the same in all sorts of weather; and after supper, if the weather permitted Mr. Timbler sat on deck in his swallowtail coat and broad expanse of shirt front, and smoked his evening cigar, an object of great interest to the silent sailor at the wheel.

"In the Pacific the ship that Mr. Timbler sailed on was wrecked. For days he waterlogged and unmanageable, but the

Captain clung to her till the last with the hope that he might yet save her, or at least help her to leave her. But the time came when they had to leave her. The longboat, equipped and provisioned, had been kept ready, and when at last longer delay was impossible the Captain gave the order to leave the ship. It was after 6 o'clock, and Mr. Timbler stepped over the rail into his place in the longboat in evening dress.

"For days they floated on the ocean, and at last their provisions gave out. Then for days they starved, and then they drew lots to see who should die. The lot fell to Mr. Timbler. It was noon when the lots were drawn, the killing was set for 6 o'clock the sailor upon whom the lot had fallen came aft, knife in hand, to where Mr. Timbler sat. For once Mr. Timbler was not in evening dress at the hour, though when he saw the sailor approach he knew that the hour had come when he ought to be. He asked for time to dress; he had accepted the lot without a murmur, but he didn't like to be killed in morning costume.

"The sailor carried his request forward, and after a brief conversation it was decided to give Mr. Timbler time. As a matter of fact, Mr. Timbler had been liked aboard the ship, both forward and aft. Notwithstanding his punctiliousness in the matter of dress, he was perhaps rather more of a fellow than he looked, for he was in the eye and he was not afraid of salt water. So it was felt that this courtesy was due him, and the sailor went back and told him he would have time to dress. Mr. Timbler was as deliberate as time was precise, and it does not seem at all improbable that on this occasion he was perhaps rather more deliberate than usual. He came to the end at last, but while he was arranging his tie, and the man who was waiting for him was sharpening his knife on the gunwale, a shout was made from forward:

"A sail! A sail!"—New York Sun.

Concerning Citric Acid. Enormous quantities of citric acid are used in calico printing, in pharmacy and in the preparation of artificial lemonade. About an ounce and a quarter (570 grains) of pure citric acid dissolved in a pint of water gives a solution which has the average acidity of several times its bulk in water sweetened with sugar, and scented with a single drop of essence of lemon. An artificial lemonade is produced which is much used as a cooling drink in fever hospitals.

It has also been used in the navy as a substitute for fresh lemon juice in the treatment or prevention of scurvy, but has been found much less efficient. In fact, this artificial lemonade is by no means equal to that made from pure lemon juice, whether used at table or for invalids. In rheumatism or rheumatic gout, the fresh juice of the lemon is preferred on account of the bicarbonate of potash which it contains. Pure lemon juice is also a valuable remedy in sore throat and diphtheria; cases have been reported in which children have apparently been cured of this terrible disease by constantly sucking oranges or lemons.

Pure citric acid possesses, like some other acids, the power of destroying the bad effects of polluted water used for drinking; but it is, perhaps, better to boil the water before adding a little citric acid to it.—'Chamber's Journal.'

Old-style Pipes Reappearing. A European sculptor living in this city fifteen or twenty years ago, and not successful in his own art, took to modelling clay pipes. The clay was burned a light red-dish buff, and he chose for his subjects the heads of local celebrities—Boss Tweed, Peter Cooper, and other men known for various things. It is necessary that the subject should have some striking peculiarity, the more grotesque the better. The Peter Cooper pipe had a wide caricatured and a bad one simulating a caricatured Irish face. These pipes were lost to view for some years, or, at any rate, not made in large numbers, but they have recently reappeared. The subjects now are less local and personal than formerly, though the work seems much the same in execution as before, and the new pipes bear the old name. They are, however, more than double the original price.—N. Y. Paper.

Don't Need Praise. Priestley's black dress goods do not need praise. They have made their way. They are the standard all over the world. But Priestley's 'Etonia' is new, and needs a word. It is not a Henrietta, though it has most of the qualities of the famous Henrietta of this firm. It does not fray, does not get rusty, wears long, repels the dust, and has a greater width and weight than the Henrietta. Wrapped on 'The Varnished Board,' as all Priestley's goods are, and the name, Priestley, stamped on every five yards.

Digesting Fowl. The time required by the stomach to digest turkey is two hours and thirty minutes. Chickens require four hours, and ducks four hours and a half.



S. C. CORSETS. A full assortment of the above celebrated Corsets together with a complete stock of all the latest makes in Ladies', Misses and Children's CORSETS and CORSET WAISTS.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King St.

RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost. Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle Fleischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake Sugar, Two Gallons Lakewood Water, Two Gallons Extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious. The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

STEAMER CLIFTON. Excursions. Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make excursions every Tuesday and Thursday, leaving London at 9 a. m.; returning about 6.30 p. m. The regular trips will be as follows: Leave London Monday mornings at 9 a. m., not returning until Tuesday morning at 9 a. m.; Wednesday mornings leave London at 9 a. m., not returning until Thursday morning at 9 a. m.; Saturday, leaving London at 9 a. m.; returning leave London at 4 p. m.

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

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JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors, Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder. Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at CROCKETT'S, Co., Princess and Sydney Streets.

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

J. P. MERRITT, W. W. FERGUSON, W. W. FERGUSON.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. CURES DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS. B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system; from a common bile to the worst biliousness.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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...ill alive and had every confidence in Holmes. He had taken one of the children from St. Louis to Philadelphia to identify her father's body, but she never reached home again. He told Mrs. Pitzel, she was being cared for in Indianapolis. Then he succeeded in getting two other children to take to Indianapolis. One of these, a boy, is supposed to have been murdered in the latter city, but the two girls were taken to Toronto and smothered in a house Holmes had rented. Their bodies were dug up in the cellar about four weeks ago.

Holmes had an extraordinary building in Chicago, known as the "Castle." It was built under his direct supervision and had all sorts of dark rooms, tanks for gas, furnaces, etc., in the basement. Some of these appliances were used by the rascal in various swindling schemes for selling patent processes and the like. In 1892, he was one of a bogus firm, and had one Minnie Williams as a typewriter. She had property to the amount of \$10,000. Both she and a sister who came to visit her disappeared in the Castle, and have never since been seen.

The next typewriter was Emily CIGRAND, who likewise disappeared in the Castle. The motive in this case is supposed to have been fear that the girl might at some time disclose what she knew about Holmes. With her disappeared a man named Phelps to whom it was said she was to be married. JULIA CONNOR, who was an assistant of the fellow in his schemes, also disappeared in September, 1892, and with her disappeared her child. Another employee in the Castle, a girl named VAN TASSELL, is also among the missing.

The Castle appears to be a veritable Golgotha, for all sorts of bones have been unearthed in the cellar. In most cases, however, Holmes seems to have dissected his victims and had their skeletons mounted by his private articulator, a man named CHAPPELL. In this way the murderer made a profit out of the bones by selling them for anatomical purposes. He fully admits the skeleton business, but alleges that the bodies he used were secured from graveyards in various parts of the country.

Despite of all that has been found, however, the actual evidence of murder has not been found, so as to convict Holmes, unless it may be in the instance of the children in Toronto. In the other cases, so far, there appears more of a moral certainty than positive proof. The people have disappeared, and nobody has any idea but that Holmes killed them. There can be no doubt, however, that the evidence will be sufficiently worked up to make justice a certainty in this most famous case. In the meantime, the accused takes matters very quietly, and asserts that while he has committed all sorts of crimes and frauds, he has not murdered anybody. Everything can be and will be explained, he says, and he seems to be the least excited of any of the persons connected with the case. All in all, he is a cool villain, and his trial is likely to be one of the most extraordinary known in the records of this or any other country.

proposes to try the experiment of having himself buried alive, with the idea that he will be in like good condition when resurrected ten days later. He proposes to have himself covered with clarified butter, so as to seal all the pores of the body, and be placed in an hermetically sealed coffin and buried six feet under earth. His experiment would be of practical use to humanity if he could persuade all the other cranks in the country to try it at the same time.

From Scott Act Moncton comes the story of a bar-room fight and the death of one of the participants. According to the verdict of the coroner's jury, there was no visible cause of death, and nobody is to blame. The other fighter has accordingly been exonerated. The man who died so suddenly was under the influence of liquor. With the class of liquor for which Moncton has a wide and unenviable notoriety, the wonder is less that an unfortunate drinker should die in a brawl than that such a thing should happen so rarely.

The verses entitled "Newcastle, Miramichi," which are published in this issue of PROGRESS, appeared in the Union Advocate earlier in the week, the writer having, apparently, sent a copy of the manuscript to both papers. The circumstance is not important, but it is mentioned lest some diligent reader should attract the attention of the foot-killer by writing anonymous letters on the subject.

The idea that a signal flag on this earth might be seen by the inhabitants of the planet Mars is not repudiated by Sir ROBERT BALL, the great astronomer, who even goes so far as to give the dimensions the signal should have. The flag should be as large as Ireland, he says, and the pole not less than five hundred miles high. Anything smaller could not be recognized at that distance.

The leading article in Donoho's Magazine for August, is entitled, "The Jesuits and the Republic," by Michael J. Dwyer. It strongly opposes the idea that the Jesuits are doing otherwise than aiding to build up American character on lines essential to the well being of American institutions. The Magazine has several other strong features, notably, the illustrated papers by Thomas J. Feeney and Edward Gerard, entitled "Glimpses of Gettysburg," and "From Quebec to Chictimi," the "Martyrs of Memphis," from the pen of George Barton, chronicling the deeds of heroism evoked by the southern yellow fever epidemics of 1878 and 1879, is a fitting tribute to many who sacrificed their lives in humanity's cause during those memorable visitations.

McClure's Magazine for August, has a fine variety of contents. All interested in the Chautauqua movement will be glad to read a very full and well illustrated article on Bishop Vincent and his works. A series of portraits of Dr. Vincent also appears in the "Human Documents" of this number. Ruyard Kipling has an illustrated story of "Hunting in the Jungle." Archibald Forbes has one on "Molokai in War," while Bret Harte has a California story entitled "A Yellow Dog." A very interesting account of "The Great Northampton Bank Robbery," from the Pinkerton archives, is furnished by Cleveland Mottet, who has another article, very appropriate to the season, on "Behind the Scenes in the Circus." McClure's is only \$1 a year or 10 cents a number, and gives a great deal of good reading for a very small sum.

Had Another Wet Day. If the rain of last Sunday afternoon did not encourage the opponents of Sunday excursions, nothing in the world can. It came down so hard as to prevent even a dodging out of town between showers, for the first shower lasted for five hours. Sunday observers, however, have not much to encourage them. On the same day a church in New York State was struck by lightning, and several people who did not go on Sunday excursions were seriously injured, one of them fatally.

Sara Bernhardt drew a large audience to a Paris civil court lately, where she was sued for not paying a horse dealer's bill. She said that she always destroyed receipts, but that she had paid this one, and being asked if she would swear to it, said "Je le jure," and won her case. Bernhardt expects to pass the summer in an old ruined castle on the Atlantic coast of Brittany, where she hopes to lead the life of a barbarian—and with no more clothes than a peasant woman would need. She comes to America in October.

Exchange of Friends. W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., has imported a horseless carriage from Paris. Doubtless the rage will soon begin. In the meantime the faithful American horse is going to Paris in cans and will furnish visits to Americans with rich soup and picnic goods, as they take in Parisian wonders.—Inter-Ocean Growth of Human Hair. Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches; whilst that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Newcastle, Miramichi.

I've been back to our birthplace, New, to Newcastle, Miramichi. Back to the dearest spot, earth holds for you and me; Where boyhood's memories linger like spirits of the air, Hallooing cliff and river and every prospect there.

The old town still queens the hill, her arm on the cliff below, While the curves of the mighty river, bends round her like a bow. But the old homes are gone, scarce a vestige now is seen. Only on the landscape flashed with 'a deeper green.

The grunting brook is still, Ned, that ran from Hamilton's hill, Its music forever silenced by the crash of a railway flit; The boulder is also gone where the Indian maiden lay: Murdered by her lover, as old traditions say.

The Crusher! Ah, yes, Fred's mill (The wags called it "Crusher" for sport, And some, "Blueberry Grinder." It lay beneath the fort.) It is gone, mill and owner are gone, gone from the river bank, where the growing flint I have not the spark of a dwarf,

And yet, let me whisper, I did take a plunge from Ledda's wharf, And do you believe it, Ned! when I took my head of the brine, And saw the cliffs and creeks, and that glorious water line, Eastward, gave back a face to me and yours with the rest, But the faces were water-phantoms and sank with the passing crest.

Thus time has brought its changes to those old play-spots of ours— As well expect that 'years can be the same as hours As that the towers where the river curves round like a bended bow Can be the same old town of thirty years ago.

Old spots, old homes, old playmates have changed or disappeared (Why, strangers looked askance at me) where you and I were reared; 'Tis the heart of all things human, Ned,—but the town still stands, And her memory is a perfume to her sons in other lands. G.

Luone. Far away in the world of the past, When I sit in the twilight alone, I see, as I looked on it last, The beautiful face of Luone. The scarf and the plums that she wore; In the grass where she often met me, Are there, just the same as before; I had counseled my heart to forget.

We loved, and love's respite fire Illumed the world, while we drank From the turbulent stream of desire, And plucked the wild fruit on its bank; We loved, but the wind that was chill Blew between us and never again Could the touch of her hand make a thrill That was not a prelude to pain.

We parted, alas, her last word! The tremulous tender good by That fluttered between us, unheard, Except by the wind and the sky— Except by the wind and my soul, And these never cease to repeat That word, through the years as they roll, Remembrance, mournfully sweet. Has the face that I see far away, Chase it not through the years that are flown? Are those blue eyes as brilliant today, As they were when they looked in my own?

Though the distance and darkness deceive, And the heavens be mute and morose, It is better perchance to believe The vision than question to close. Let me look far away in the past When I sat among shadows alone, And see, as I looked on it last, The sorrowful face of Luone. GEO. MARTIN The Golden Side. There is many a rest on the road of life, 'Tis not only stop to take it, And many a tear from the better land (If the querulous heart would wake it, To the sunny soil that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust never falters, The grass is green, and the flowers are bright Through the wintry storm prevailed.) Better to hope, though clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through, When the ominous clouds are ritted. There was never a night without a day, Nor an evening without a morning, And the darkest hour, the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning. There's many a gem in the path of life Which we pass in idle pleasure, That is hid from the jewelled crown Or a miser's hoarded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to her heaven; Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given. Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden fling, And to do God's will with a steady heart, And hands that are well and willing, Than to snap the delicate silver thread Of our curious lives sundry, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends, And sit to grieve and wonder.

LORD ROSEBERRY

Incidents in the Early Life of the Late Premier of Great Britain.

It was under the shadow of the ivy-covered ruins of Barnbougle Castle that Lord Dalmeny made his first speech. The occasion was a volunteer review on the 5th of September, 1851. Lord Dalmeny, then 14 years old, replied to the toast of the bear with self-possession. "A speech from a boy in his early teens always appears astonishing to Scotchmen, and so prominent a man as Dundas of Dundas, the vice-lieutenant of the county, hazarded the prediction that in the young speaker at the volunteer luncheon they had heard one of Britain's future Prime Ministers. The prediction, as he explained, was prompted not only by the speech, but by the extraordinary letters which he had received from the youth. It is added that "the prospect did not seem to meet with the approval of Lord Dalmeny's grandfather."

Of his Eton days there are faint memories. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was among his contemporaries, could tell how his grave demeanor obtained for him the name of the Counsellor. From Eton he went to Oxford, where he earned the reputation of being "clever enough." He was one of the last under graduates of Christchurch who wore the gold tassel, known as "tuff," the mark of noblemen and their sons. In his time the dons abolished the "gaudies" or banquets in halls. But they did not give official intimation of the fact; and, on All Saints' Day, Lord Dalmeny, in gown of violet and gold, entered the hall with a bottle of wine in each hand. The senior censor hurried down from the high table and protested; but the champion of liberty was allowed the two bottles of wine.

A story is told which, if true—as it ought to be—would show that Lord Roseberry began early to be a courtier. Soon after he left Christchurch, being in the neighborhood of Windsor Castle, he met the Queen, and her Majesty, recognizing the young lord, accented him and made a remark on the clemency of the weather. "Madam" said the flatterer, "it is always fine where you are."

The little things of life interest Lord Roseberry. Although not whimsical, he is particular about everything about him; even about the position in which a table may be placed. He is a collector of tiny articles which can be handled and looked at, such as old silver and china, and all sorts of knick-knacks. The relics of great men appeal to his fancy. There are many relics of Napoleon in Barnbougle Castle. It may be remembered that the theft of a snuff box from the noble lord's room in the Foreign Office gave rise to the report that he took snuff. This is part of the stage machinery of the diplomatist, the credulous pressmen believed that Lord Roseberry used snuff in his interviews with ambassadors. As a matter of fact, he is a collector of snuff boxes. He possesses those of Napoleon and Pitt, also one belonging to Hogarth, and engraved by the artist himself, which he got as a gift. For rare and odd books likewise he rummages in shops. His taste, for animals includes a fondness for badgers. Several families of these being carefully preserved in Dalmeny woods.—The Woman at Home.

Beards on the Coming Woman.

Will the coming woman be a bearded Amazon and the coming man a weak and hairless Irak? We are told by the anthropologist, the physiologists, and other "ists" that the coming man will be as tall as a billiard ball, and that his face will be as smooth as that of a babe. We had begun to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable, but now the scientists have made the startling announcement that the beardless and hairless man will have a bearded woman for a companion, provided, of course, that he has any kind of a female "helmet."

This amazing information is put before the world by a learned German, who asserts that mistakes are much more common among women than they were fifty or even twenty years ago. In Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople he says, one out of every ten women has an unmistakable covering of down upon the upper lip, while one out of each twenty has a very fair moustache. In Spain, also, the proportion of women with this masculine characteristic is shown to be as great as it is in the German capital, or in the city on the Golden Horn. In America, too, this learned German says, medical men tell him that from 3 to 8 per cent of the ladies are similarly adorned, and that a still larger per cent get rid of the unwelcome hairs by the application of electrolytic preparations. What is the meaning of this wonderful increase in bearded women? Is it to be regarded as a sign of physical or mental improvement of the human race, or the contrary?—St. Louis Republic.

Some Swift Trains.

Between Jersey City and Philadelphia it is common occurrence for the engines hauling the Blue Line trains to reach 90 miles an hour. Speeds of over 84 miles an hour are often made by the Philadelphia and Reading and Central New Jersey flyers. In this country a Great Northern train has made 81 1/4 miles an hour, while a Midland train between London and Scotland has run up to the same speed. The London and North-Western has gone up to 81 1/2. The Continent of Europe does not appear to afford any examples at all approximating the American and English records, a fact attributable to the conservative dislike of the Government officials to high speed rather than to actual inability.

Queen Victoria's Rebuke.

Speaking of the womanly qualities of the Queen reminds me of a good story told of some one—I forget the name for the moment—who has the hereditary right to wear his hat in the presence of the sovereign. Availing himself of the privilege in the presence of the Queen, Her Majesty quickly noticed the incident, and quietly remarked that, although a gentleman might have the right to wear his hat

in the presence of the Queen, it was not usual for one to do so in the presence of a lady.—Ladies' Pictorial.

HUXLEY AND THE BISHOP.

The Scientist had a Good Rest for the Learned Ecclesiastical. Anecdotes of Huxley are now in order, and it is related of the British Association meeting in Oxford in 1860, when the battle of the "Origin of Species" occurred, that he rather got the best of Bishop Wilberforce during the discussion. The lecture-room in which it had been arranged that the discussion should be held proved far too small for the audience, and the meeting adjourned to the library and the museum, which was crammed to suffocation long before the champions entered the lists. The Bishop (Wilberforce) was up to time, and spoke for half an hour with inimitable spirit, emptiness, and unfairness. It was evident from his handling of the subject, that he had been "crammed" up to the throat, and that he knew nothing at first hand. He ridiculed Darwin badly and Huxley savagely. Unfortunately, the Bishop, hurried along on the current of his eloquence, so far forgot himself as to push his attempted advantage to the verge of personality in a telling passage, in which he turned round and asked whether Huxley was related by his grandfathers, or mother's side to an ape.

Huxley, when his time for a reply came, had this to say: "I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for a grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling it would be a man, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who not content with an equivoical success in his sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

The late Professor Fawcett, who was present on the occasion, wrote afterward: "The retort was so justly deserved and so inimitable in its manner that no one who was present can ever forget the impression that it made."

What Water Can Do.

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief. A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or a hundred feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that it is a crowbar or other heavy object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of two hundred feet. At two hundred feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the hoaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

A kind word may be spoken with apparent harshness, but harsh words are never kindly uttered.

A chance acquaintance.—The wheel-of-fortune man. There is more philosophy in folly, than there is folly in philosophy.

When cows are run on the coconut plan, the "poor" milkman will be rich no longer, but the milk will.

There are two things most people dread, the maturity of a chicken and that of a man.

There'll be no "thru's" of this accident, said the driver, as he "draced" them into the river.

The same old familiar base ball, may still be observed in most progressive families.

"It better to 'look over' some things than to overlook them."

Gray hairs in the head may be a sign of weakness, but when discovered in the butter may be a sign of strength.

If potatoes were smoked eye-glasses, they would not see the onion, yep before and after.

Before she went to Boston she simply "Chewed Gum" after she returns she "masticated" the masticulous excretion or secretion of a vegetable growth commonly designated "Pine's Ales," intermingled with a slight frosting to sweeten and saccharine matter, the elasticity of which admits of sufficient rapidity of motion of the lowermost s.w. to enable her the more readily to congregate her friends on her familiarity with Tutti Fruiti!

TESTIMONIAL. FROE HOLLOW, Feby, 31, 18—Jentlemen: I contracted a severe disease, which but for the life giving properties of your "Balm of Life-giver" would have resulted fatally. The electrocutioner was about to plian me in the electric chair which proved disastrous to so many, when I bought my self to ask as a dying favor, that I have a small case of your justly celebrated preparation, the gentlemanly electrocutioner acceded to the request, and after taking a small quantity I told him to do his worst, he then "turned on the gas," or electric fluid which was to consign me to a place where your preparation is unknown, when, I am happy to state, the power of your medicine asserted its effect of the shock was as that of death, but when I was handed over to the students for dissection, I became re-animated, and after promising to send a bottle of "Balm of Life-giver" to each of the students I was allowed to depart, rejoicing that I ever read of your life saving and invaluable medicine.

Her mother inadvertently called her daughter by the good old name of "Mary," but the offspring at once "saw" upon her as follows. See her maternal benefactor, I would have thee understand, that since I was admitted to that noblest of institutions, the "Young Ladies Seminary" my old name of Mary has by mutual consent been consigned to oblivion, and I am henceforth to be known as "Marie"—mother—all right, "Marie" henceforth thou mayest iron your own blue—come, do your own wash-ing and cook your own pan-cakes.

JAY BIRD.

Social and Personal.

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

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

THE SCIENTIFIC HOME GARDEN CO.

Are laying out, under careful survey, SUBURBAN ORCHARD PARKS, with best attention to landscape effects and setting.

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

STOWERS' LIME JUICE CORDIAL DELICIOUS, HEALTHY & REFRESHING.

NO Musty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood.

With the exception of Mrs. Pugsley's reception on Thursday evening society has been unusually quiet since last Saturday. The rain, I believe was the cause of several postponed events, which will doubtless be held when the weather decides to behave properly but at present it is unsafe to make any plans.

The members of the Banjo club were to have gone to Westfield for a practice at Mrs. Adams on Wednesday evening, but the rain which has spoiled so many pleasant projects during the past week prevented the trip. They will go by tug the first fine evening returning in the moonlight.

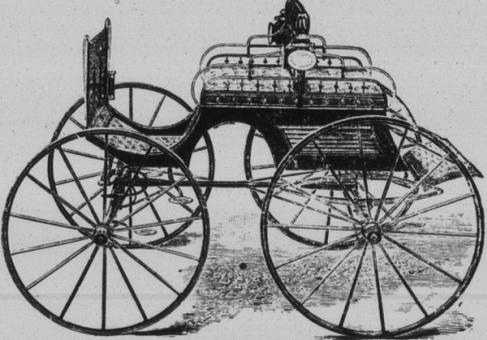
Miss Marie de Barry went to Montreal this week to visit Mrs. Barbeau, who has been in the city visiting her parents, senator and Mrs. Devet and who goes home this week. The largest social event of the week was of course the "At Home" given by Mrs. G. R. Pugsley at the Hotel Aberdeen from 8 to 12 o'clock on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Pugsley looked her very best, which is saying a good deal, in a lovely gown of pink tulle and white tulle, who made the first appearance in the society on that evening was a charming debutante in a pure white silk, with a beautiful bouquet of white sweet peas.

Among the many elegant gowns worn the following were noted particularly: Mrs. Fraser, wife of the governor, pale blue satin and diamond belt, black satin, white lace.

Fix this fact in your memory, JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF STRENGTHENERS.

A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory



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

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

Drink Montserrat

Lime Fruit Juice In Hot Weather. See that you get "MONTSERRAT" which is a PURE LIME FRUIT JUICE and can be sweetened to taste.

Montserrat Limetta Cordial. Beware of imitations which are mere concoctions and injurious to health. In Montserrat (W. I.) alone is the Lime systematically cultivated for the supplying of juice as a beverage.

Brainerd & Armstrong's PATENT SKIN SILK HOLDER INVALUABLE TO USERS OF FILO AND FLOSS SILKS FOR WASH SILKS

What leading Art Embroiderers say of our New Patent Holder. "I think the Holder a magnificent improvement. I use your Silks constantly for my work, and rejoice in this pleasant way to keep them." MISS JOSIE JONES, 752 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.



EDUCATIONAL.

Rothesay College

FOR BOYS.

RESIDENT STAFF:

PRINCIPAL—REV. GEO. E. LLOYD, M. A., Wycliffe College, Toronto. MODERN LANGUAGES AND SCIENCE—CARL LEHMAN, Esq., B. A., Honor Graduate University of Toronto.

Rothesay College

FOR GIRLS.

Rothesay Church School for girls having been removed to the new property purchased by J. F. The Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Daniel will take up residence in the building and Mrs. Daniel will superintend the household arrangements.

Church School for Girls,

EDGEHILL, Windsor, Nova Scotia. PATRONS—The Synods of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton. CHAIRMAN BOARD OF TRUSTEES—The Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Collegiate School

FOR BOYS. Windsor, Nova Scotia. 107th. H. M. Bradford, M. A., Cambridge, Eng. (1st) with Two Resident English University resident Instructors.

Mt. Allison

Owen's Art Institution and Conservatory of Music. COURSES OF STUDY are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree B. A.

Tratagar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University.) No. 83 Stimpson Street, Montreal. Higher Education of Young Women with preparatory Department for Girls between 10 and 15 years.

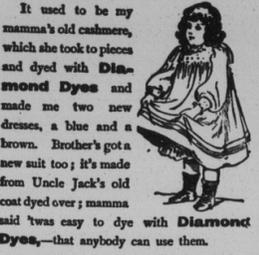
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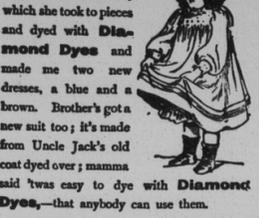
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

Mrs. Horace King, yellow satin, black trimmings. Mrs. Vroom, black velvet. Mrs. Skinner, black velvet. Mrs. (Dr.) Ayer, blue silk. Mrs. Harvey Hayward, mauve silk. Mrs. Wm. Hayward, black velvet. Miss Troop, blue and white silk. Miss Lizzie Gilbert, black lace yellow flowers. Mrs. Dr. Steeves, white silk. Miss Grace Scott, pink silk. Miss Winnie Haynes, blue silk. Miss Skinner, shot silk. Miss Vibber, Montreal, green silk. Miss Forbes, white silk. Miss De la, blue silk. Mrs. Palmer, black velvet, lace trimmings. Miss Robertson, yellow satin. Miss McKean, pink silk. Mrs. J. M. Lyons, Moncton, bi-tropique silk. grey chiffon. Miss Anne Smith, blue muslin. Misses Hayden, blue silk and lace. Mrs. McCookery, black crepon heliotope bodice. Miss Morley, black silk, polka lace. Mrs. Hayden, black silk polka lace. Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, black silk, brocade trimmings. Mrs. Simonds, pale blue silk, white chiffon. Miss Ostram, pale blue and black. Mrs. John Armstrong, black satin and lace. Miss Mackham, black, pink and black bodice. Mrs. (Dr.) Traveller, black and white brocade satin. Miss Gilbert, lavender silk. Miss Edith Gilbert, pink silk. Miss Dorothy Scott, London, pink satin. Mrs. Pugsley will be at home at the Hotel Aberdeen, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, of next week. Mr. J. W. Heekman and family, of Halifax, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Waring, North End. Mrs. F. O. Lee, of Annapolis, is visiting friends in the city. Mr. Frank Masters who has been absent in Omaha for the past ten years is in the city on a brief visit. Miss F. Murray went to Boston, the first of the week to pay a short visit to her sister. Miss E. Beatty has gone to Boston to spend the remainder of the ho iday. Miss Florence Mitchell who has been here as the guest of Miss Bessie Blair has returned to St. Stephen. Miss Beattie Blair (sister of St. Stephen) the guest of Mrs. James Mitchell. Mrs. Hamilton, of Dorchester sent Sunday with friends in the city. Miss Wilson spent a part of last week with friends in Puttoudiac. Miss Doree, of St. John, is in Amherst visiting her friend Miss George Hayward. Miss Emma Davidson has returned to her home in Annapolis after a very pleasant visit of three weeks here with her sister, Mrs. Gilbert Davidson. Miss Belle Robertson is in Sussex visiting friends Mr. and Mrs. Weston are spending a short holiday in Digby. Little Miss Marion McAulay is paying a visit to relatives in Sussex. Mrs. E. L. Atkinson, of Woodstock, who has been visiting here returned home this week. Mrs. L. H. Hillier returned to St. John after a very pleasant visit to friends in Sussex. Miss Band Foster is on a visit to friends in Port George N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Asa D. Binkley are on a visit to upper Granville where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Chesley at the 'Willows.' Mrs. Dunlavy is in Hampton N. S. visiting her son, Mrs. Elias Messinger. Mr. Jarvis who went to Moncton this week to be present at the marriage of her brother, Mr. G. W. Jarvis, of Toronto, to Miss Harris, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris while in that town.

to spend her holidays. For some weeks she has been suffering from rheumatism contracted while bathing; it will be quite late in the autumn before she is able to resume teaching. Dr. E. E. Brown, of Bermuda, was here the first of the week on his way to Kentville, where his marriage took place this week. Mr. M. Guilford, of the Halifax Bank, at Parrsboro, was here for a few days lately. Mr. N. A. Beatty, of Dalhousie, was here this week on an interesting mission. His marriage to Miss Mary McIntyre took place the first of the week. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Beatty left for their western home accompanied by the good wishes of their friends here. Mrs. Sheppard who was formerly teacher of elocution in St. John, Conservatory of Music, is in the city visiting friends on German street. Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Beath and Mr. Grant Beath, of Philadelphia, were among the visitors to the city this week. Miss Jamieson, of Boston, is visiting friends in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Mannel are visiting friends at St. Martins. Miss Jennie Jones, of Boston, is staying with friends at Rothsay. Mr. Gregory has returned from a very pleasant visit to Boston. Mr. T. D. Campbell, of Toronto, accompanied by Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss McLaughlin, New York, were in the city for a day or so lately. Counsel Dumville returned this week from a trip to the United States. Mrs. Andrew Lawrence, Mass., is visiting her friend Miss Rose Elliot, of German street. Miss Anne Starratt, of Melrose, Mass., is visiting her cousin, Miss Caroline Seely, Leinster street. Mr. John Edgcombe returned the first of the week from a trip to Annapolis. Miss Isabel Hickey, of Melrose, Mass., is the guest of Miss Mackham. Mr. E. G. Nelson, has returned from a very pleasant trip to Prince Edward Island. Miss Alice and Miss Burns, of Woodstock, are visiting friends in the city. Mr. and Mrs. H. Green who have been visiting friends in Greenwich came to the city on Tuesday of this week. Miss Rowan, of New York, who has been visiting friends in Woodstock and other parts of the province is in the city for a week or two. Miss Howe was in Greenwich this week as a guest of Mrs. McAlpine. Mr. F. C. Walker, of the Davenport school, is in Salmon, Mass., visiting his sister Mrs. Long. Mrs. N. T. Fushman, of Greenwich, is in the city visiting friends. Mrs. G. A. Riecker Miss Read and Miss Nellie Read are enjoying camp life at the Cedars. Mr. and Mrs. Downey, of Fredericton, will join them next week. Miss D. Eogle and Miss Flossie Morley, of Greenwich, visited friends here lately. Mrs. Harper, of Hestigouche, spent a few days with friends in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. James Hanney and Miss Daisy Hanney were in Greenwich this week guests of Mrs. Hanney's sister, Mrs. Morley. Mr. Charles W. King has returned from a trip to New York. Miss Nellie Johnson, of St. George, who has been visiting Mrs. J. H. Holmes returned to her home this week. The death of Mrs. E. W. McLean, sister of Mr. William McLean, occurred on Wednesday afternoon and was a great shock to her family and friends for although an invalid for some time, her death was quite unexpected, as she was able to go around as usual on Wednesday morning. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon. She was largely attended. Miss Vroom is spending a couple of weeks in Bridgetown as the guest of her friend, Mrs. Alfred Hoyt. Mrs. George James, of Lunenburg, N. S. spent a short time in the city this week. St. John—North End. Rev. Mr. Kim left on Tuesday to spend a few days in Halifax. Mr. Otis Brandcomb started on Wednesday, with some friends on their way, to ride through parts of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Purdy, of Moncton, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, King St., West End. Mr. Walter Smith and Miss Fannie Smith have returned from a pleasant visit at camp at Mush quash. Mrs. Robert Scott and little Miss Scott, of Dorchester, Mass., spent a few days this week with friends in town and went to Miramichi on Monday. Miss Minnie Nare is home from Parrsboro, where she has been enjoying the past two weeks. Miss Beatrice Seely, of Mount Pleasant is spending a week or two with friends in Norton. The Misses Tapley entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Tuesday, at their summer home at South Bay. Miss Reynolds, of Lepreau, spent last week in town. Miss Lillian Bourke, of St. Martins, was among our visitors this week, and returned home on Monday. Mrs. Wisely, of Lacross, and Mrs. Wisely, of Lincoln, left on Tuesday to visit friends in Gibson and Lincoln. Mrs. Ida McLeod returned to Fredericton on Monday after spending the past two weeks with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Gas. Tapley are receiving congratulations. Their home has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mr. George Crockett, of Dorchester, Mass., has been visiting relatives here for the past two weeks, and returned home on Saturday last, he was accompanied by Mr. George Hilyard, who will spend a few weeks in Boston. Mrs. Peck and Miss Sadie Peck, of Brookville, New York, are spending a short time with friends here. Mr. Lewis Tapley, of Boston, spent last week at his home here, and returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Hugh Alexander, of New York, is visiting friends in North End. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murray and Miss Charles Murray, of Marysville, returned home on Thursday, after a pleasant visit of four weeks. Mrs. Hugh Alexander, of Marysville, has been spending two or three weeks with friends here and on Monday she left for Shediac to make a short visit before returning home. CAMBELLTON. [Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.] Mrs. (Dr.) Crockett, of Fredericton, spent a day of last week with the Misses Kerr. Miss H. Barbic is visiting friends in Fredericton, N. B. Miss Holland who has been the guest of Mayor and Mrs. Alexander, returned to her home in Bathurst, accompanied by little Miss Edna Alexander. Mrs. Mills, of St. John, is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. K. Shives. Mrs. H. Mulrhead and her daughter Mrs. Mulrhead and Miss Blair of Chatham, are guests at the Lansdowne. Mrs. Charles Alexander left on prolonged visit to friends through P. E. I. Miss Lena Barbic of the shiretown visited Campbellton this week. Miss M. Doherty, of Richibouctou, spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Doherty. One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the moonlight excursion given on the steamer Francis by Mr. and Mrs. McClatchy last evening to a number of their friends. Those who had the

pleasure of being present were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cahill, Dr. and Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. H. Lingley, Mrs. J. Jackson, Misses Minnie Barbic, Madge Brown, Ruth Chandler, Carrie Delaney, T. Fenwick, George Fenwick, Central, Beatrice Gunn, Lizzie Henderson, Jennie Jarline, Gertrude McKenzie, Gertrude Looby, Bertha Mowat, Amy Price, Martha Stewart, Lena Somers, Sadie Somers, Messrs. Blair, Deane, McDevitt, Henshaw, Humphrey, Johnson, Jardine McKenzie, Dr. Lumb, Matheson, Wilbur, Montreal, Patterson, Washen and Judge Morse, after a pleasant trip up and down the river the party returned about ten thirty to shore and dinner prepared to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. McClatchy where ice and other refreshments were served and thoroughly enjoyed by all. FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fensley and J. A. Hawthorne.] Mrs. (Dr.) Crockett, of Fredericton, spent a day of last week with the Misses Kerr. Mrs. Barbic is visiting friends in Fredericton, N. B. Mrs. Holland who has been the guest of Mayor and Mrs. Alexander, returned to her home in Bathurst, accompanied by little Miss Edna Alexander. Mrs. Mills, of St. John, is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. K. Shives. Mrs. H. Mulrhead and her daughter Mrs. Mulrhead and Miss Blair of Chatham, are guests at the Lansdowne. Mrs. Charles Alexander left on prolonged visit to friends through P. E. I. Miss Lena Barbic of the shiretown visited Campbellton this week. Miss M. Doherty, of Richibouctou, spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Doherty. One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the moonlight excursion given on the steamer Francis by Mr. and Mrs. McClatchy last evening to a number of their friends. Those who had the

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Our Opinion Confirmed.

We have always claimed that our "UPTODATE" was the best wheel made in Canada. The following speak for themselves:—

UNIONVILLE, Ont., July 25th, 1895. "I take great pleasure in giving my opinion in reference to the satisfaction given by your 'Uptodate' purchased from your agent here. I have ridden upwards of 1000 miles at times subjecting it to very hard usage and have many times seen wheels of other makes go down while the 'Uptodate' would be as sound as ever. The treatment received by me from your firm has been highly pleasing, making business with you a pleasure rather than a task." C. C. EAKIN, Agent G. T. Ry.

TORONTO ONT, July 31st 1895. "I have been riding one of your 'Uptodate' wheels for three months over country roads of every description and it has given complete satisfaction. I could not desire an easier running machine and believe it equal in every particular to any wheel in the market." J. THOMPSON FRANKS, Cashier Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.

The Griffiths Cycle Corporation, Ltd., 81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

To the Trade. Glycerine. Having just purchased 10 Tons we can offer low. The market is advancing and now is the time to buy. We will book orders for October delivery. EVANS & SONS, (LTD.) Montreal and Toronto. IT DID NOT RAIN Much in July - The fairies had sewn the RENTS IN THE CLOUDS with CLAPPERTON'S -- THREADS -- It's the kind they always use.

Canadian Pacific Railway. 2 FARM LABORERS EXCURSIONS TO POINTS IN MANITOBA and ASSINIBOIA, TO START ON AUG. 13 and 20 Only, AT Extremely Low Rates. Call on nearest C. P. R. Ticket Agent for particulars or write A. H. NOTMAN, District Passenger Agent, St. John, N. B. Pineal Syrup. BOTANICAL REMEDY. A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c. For Sale by all Druggists. Manufactured by Mrs. Langhaar, 117 Sydney St.



Weak, Tired, Nervous Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse: "I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and I have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." C. CROCKETT, 7, Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

Mrs. B. A. Stammers and the Misses Elliot gave a party at the residence of the former on King street east Thursday evening for the entertainment of Mrs. Andrews, of Lawrence Mass., Mrs. Lightbourne, and Miss Hutchings, of Bermuda. It was rather a novel party being a harlequin party, a mixture of various games (progressive.) The rooms were prettily decorated with cut flowers and at seven o'clock dainty refreshments were served. The gentlemen's prizes in the harlequin contest were a corkscrew and a paper knife, were won by Mr. Chipman and Mr. Underhill, the ladies prizes a silver button-ink and a hair pin receiver by Miss E. Smith, and Mrs. Andrews. The following guests were present, Mrs. Andrews (Lawrence) Mrs. Roland Lightbourne, (Bermuda) Miss Bessie Hutchings, (Bermuda) Miss Goddard, Misses Marsh, Goodwin, Miss Rand, Miss Robbins, Miss Etta Smith, Misses de Wit, Misses Hopper, Grace Smith, Miss Moore, Misses Elliot, Messrs. Kennedy, Chipman, H. and L. Hopper, Hawse, Underhill, J. Stammers, Hudson, Duffel, Mr. Hoodson, Bermuda, and Mr. Barnes. Some excellent vocal and instrumental music was rendered by several of the guests. Mrs. Halsey, of Bermuda, arrived in the city last Saturday night to visit her sister Mrs. C. J. Milligan, King St. east. Mr. P. S. McNutt, left Saturday for Charlotte-town, P. E. I., where Mrs. MacNutt has been for some time. They go from Charlottetown to Blackley Beach in a short time. Mr. G. B. Gerrard who is in Fredericton, supplying the management of the B. N. A. Bank in that town, spent Sunday in the city. Messrs. L. F. Randolph and W. E. Smith, of Fredericton, were visiting their families at Crosses over Sunday. Messrs. Boyd, Watson, Edgcombe, Barnes, Roach, Charlton, of the St. John cycling club left on the Prince Rupert, Wednesday, for Digby, and from there will start on a ten days wheeling tour through the Annapolis Valley to Halifax, returning by the Western Coast to Yarmouth. Mr. Philip Palmer was in Sackville last week visiting his brother Mr. Hanford Palmer. Mr. Thomas Daniel formerly of this city is enjoying a vacation with friends here. Mayor Whitney, of Moncton, accompanied by Miss Whitney's friends will regret to hear that his health still continues very poor and at present he is unable to leave his room. Miss Stewart, of Fairville, has returned from Grand Manan, where she was early in the summer. Have Your Spinal Chords Rejuvenated and your Blood Purified at 17 Waterloo.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895.

HAPPENED IN HALIFAX.

THE LORNE OLIVE REGATTA MAY LEAD TO ANOTHER ONE.

Something That Failed to pay—The Short and Unsuccessful Career of a Venture in a Regatta in the Interests of Decency and Good Order.

HALIFAX, August 8.—The banker's regatta of the week before last, was followed on Saturday by the Lorne club regatta. The interest in the former event is the greater, probably on account of the better opportunities of witnessing the contests and the fact that society attends it. Most excitement centred round the triangular contest between the Wanderers, Lornes and Crescents, in the four oared lapstreak race. The Wanderers won at the banker's regatta and the Lornes at the Lorne regatta. It was an instance of each crew winning on the course with which it was best acquainted, though even on their own course the Lornes won by the slight margin of half a length. The Lorne course is shorter than the Arm course. The Wanderers are now anxious to have a third race, on a neutral course, to establish the supremacy. There will probably be no difficulty in arranging such a race. Let it come off on Bedford basin, and a hot contest between yellow-and-blue and red-and-black will certainly be forthcoming.

The journalistic career in Halifax of H. N. Nesbitt was short and uneventful. He advertised a new publication to be called "Nesbitt's Weekly," to sell at ten cents a number. It came out once, its first and last appearance. But though not long before the public as a journalist Mr. Nesbitt has since attained the prominence which a caper as for a \$25 board bill affords. A constable was at the wharf before the steamer Bridgewater sailed the other morning. Nesbitt soon after put in an appearance accompanied by a lady and gentleman. They were his prospective father and mother-in-law, Nesbitt was on his way to Lunenburg to carry their daughter when so rudely interrupted by the officer of the law. He had not more than \$12.50 in his pocket, and the coming paterfamilias was appealed to for the balance. It was forthcoming, after a slight twitch of countenance and the three took the boat for Lunenburg as if nothing had occurred.

Last week's sensation from the Northwest Arm is followed by another, on this occasion from a different part of the lovely place. The situation, in fact, has hardly yet reached the reaction stage, but it is in a fair way to do so. It is said there is a certain house on the shores of the Arm where some of the young people do not conduct themselves as they should, either within or without the mansion. The conduct is so questionable that not only would the services of a lynx-eyed chaperone be advisable but the police might well be called in to aid in the preservation of "decency and good order." It is blue-coated officers of the law have not already been called upon they should be, and if there is not an immediate improvement they certainly will be. It is earnestly to be desired that this lamentable condition of affairs should at once cease, for an exposure either by the police or the press would be a most disagreeable duty. The chances are that the hint hereby given will have the needed effect, and that the misconduct complained of will have an immediate end.

MARTIN AS A MARRIED MAN.

The More Practical Side of the Life of the Editor of Butler's Journal.

Butler's Journal for August is at hand promptly on time this month, which would show that everything is running like clock-work in the domestic and business arrangements of the peddler-poet editor. We make liberal extracts from the Wayside Warbles:

Martin Takes to the Road. All the necessities and formalities in connection with my marriage having been observed—the wedding tour to Kingsclear, the removal of the bride and her belongings to the city, the removal from the West End to the Scots Barracks, corner Charlotte and Regent streets, the necessary arranging and final settling down to housekeeping being accomplished, I began to think of another trip. It must be borne in mind that all these arrangements made heavy calls on my already depleted exchequer, and if I was to get the necessary wherewithal to pay my rent and Jim Crockett for publishing the August number, I must "get a wiggle on" and endeavor by running the gamut of the thousand and one shoddy and shabby peddlers who infest the country, and try and win at least a portion in Journal subscriptions and regular trade.

The Family of Dolby.

After reaching Penniac Bridge and spending the night there, Martin resumed his journey and reached the house of Richard Donald, where he was made quite at home. He continues: In the evening I accompanied the hired boy, Willard Pond, who was going out as usual to see his girl, over to the mercantile establishment of old Isaac Dolby and his interesting family. Since my last trip the old lady who had so long shared his joys and sorrows has been gathered to her fathers, and Mr. Dolby, unlike

the kitten that got scalded and would not again go near the water, soon became tired of living alone, and as he was blind and could not go out and hunt up a wife, some of his neighbors took pity on him and hunted up a certain Maudgeryville matron with a numerous progeny of kids and brought them to his door and he took the whole lot, box and dice, and domesticated them in his brown stone mansion on Penniac Park where they live as happy as pigs in clover, and but for the occasional howls of the wolf of famine which keeps hovering around the door and their anxiety as regards the future of the eldest girl their happiness would be complete.

How Mr. Wade Scored.

The next day I reached Mount Hope and stop for the night with my old friends, Mr. Wm. Grant and family, and on the next, which was Saturday, return and come clear back to the home of James, John and Lemuel Wade on the hill, where I remain over Sunday. Among all the friends that it has been my good fortune to make (and they are many) in all my travels I have never found kinder, truer, or less pretentious people. The first night I slept soundly, being greatly fatigued, but on the second having slept late in the morning and the old gentleman having got his nasal bores turned up and in perfect order he snored all night, while I laid awake an unwilling listener, nor did the melodious notes of his "bassoo die away until the sun had risen above the eastern horizon and the k.d.s came to call me to breakfast. If Mr. Wade was not the most generous and free he rted man in the world I should call him selfish and making me lie there and listen to him.

Martin Gushes Thusly.

Continuing his journey, Martin reaches Mr. Jeremiah Bell's, where he has dinner and tea. Then he makes some calls. Here is how one of them effects him: I called up for a while in the evening to see Mr. John McNabb and his flower garden which is indeed a marvel of beauty; but there is no flower I did not see, that is sweeter than all—a good buxom housewife, with ripe red lips, bright, sparkling eyes and full rounded bosom; just the one who would come and meet you after the work of the day and throwing her big brawny arms around your neck would nearly smother you, while her ruby lips would give you such a smack as would go vibrating through the air and make the woods ring; while you would lift her up in your arms and give her such a hug as would snap her corset springs if she was foolish enough to wear one. This is what I call life in its truest and most natural sense. No "single-blessedness" for me, no washing dishes, scouring pots and pans, setting the cream to rise, and worst of all sleeping alone at night, when you roll over in an uneasy manner and reach your arm over the vacant spot alongside of you that should be tenanted by a mate and get up in your sleep and bug and kiss the bed post, dreaming that it was the lady to whom you were paying your attention on the previous evening.

The remainder of Martin's journey is without special incident, and he reached home in due season with his cart and boxes, "where a welcome awaited me from my good wife and all the rest of my friends."

A Matter of History.

During all these long years in which I have travelled along the Nashwaak not withstanding the great divergence in religious and political opinions between these good people and ourselves there has not been over two per cent. of our subscribers who have gone back on us and not one of those even who has withdrawn his friendship.

Wants a Trip to Montreal.

With the help of God and the railway companies, we hope to be able to visit Montreal sometime in September. Although the C. P. R. have condemned us without a trial or hearing of any kind we have still staunch friends in the C. P. R. and I. C. R., whose genial and obliging superintendents, Mr. Thomas Hoban and Mr. D. Pottinger, have laid us under lasting obligations for favors received at their hands: which will carry us safely to Quebec and return, and we ought to be able to arrange with the G. T. R. or the St. Lawrence steamer for a pass to Montreal. It has been a long while since we have taken an outing of this kind, and as it is so utterly impossible for us to pay our fare, we ought to be able to arrange with those who kindly consider us worthy of the courtesies readily conceded to all the rest of the Maritime editors.

Is a Base Fabrication.

If it is of any interest to the mischievous makers of the city and country, we might mention the fact that the story they started and spread broadcast, to the effect that my wife had separated from me, is from beginning to end a base and malicious fabrication, unworthy the attention of respectable people and worthy only of the mind that conceived it.—[Editor Journal.]

An Old-Time Woman.

Not all the women of the last generation were mindless dolls. There was, for instance, Miss Phoebe Brown, of Mallock, England, as noted by William Hutton in 1801. Her common dress was a man's hat, a coat, with a sponcer above it, and men's shoes. She could lift 100 weight with each hand and carry fourteen stone. Her voice was more than masculine, it was deep-toned, and with the wind in her face, she could send it a mile. Yet she had no beard. She could sew, knit, cook, spin, but hated them all; she accepted any kind of manual labor, but her favourite avocation was breaking in horses at a guinea a week. She was an excellent judge of a cow, and shot accurately with a gun. Her chief food was milk, and she was fond of Milton, Pope, and Shakespeare. This admirable female also performed neatly on the flute, violin, harpsichord, and base viol. She could cover easily forty miles a day, and when a gentleman at the New Bath treated her rudely she said that "she had a good mind to have knocked him down."

HE WAS CALLED A DUKE.

LUCIEN MAXWELL'S HIGH LIFE IN A WESTERN RANCH.

He Lived Like a Prince and Had a Home Like a Fendal Hall—His Retainers Were in the Way of One Another—Death in Time to Escape Poverty.

Lucien B. Maxwell, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., and later of New Mexico, was known as "The Duke of Cinarow," and the story of his striking life is told in a Santa Fe correspondent of a St. Louis paper, by Col. Bergman, who knew Maxwell. It is thirty eight years since Col. Bergman became a resident of New Mexico, and at that time Maxwell was a man of far-reaching influence in that region.

"He must have come out here," said Col. Bergman, "as early as the twenties. For a long time he was the companion of Kit Carson. Together they hunted and trapped all through the mountains. And the information they had gathered in their years of wandering subsequently made John C. Fremont famous as the Pathfinder. The most notable period of Maxwell's career, however, came when he married the daughter of Don Carlos Beaubien and settled down. Don Carlos was fond of his son-in-law. He gave him a part of the great Beaubien and Miranda land grant and stocked the tract with cattle and horses. From that time, which was about '48, until after the war, Maxwell wielded great power all through this country, and Maxwell's ranch was a famous place. The hospitality of the owner was without bounds. Everybody who came that way was entertained. Maxwell never thought of charging for such a small matter as board or lodging. He had a large rambling house, or rather, a collection of houses, for the kitchen and the dining rooms were separate from the sleeping rooms. Then there was the store, the mill, and the stables, and other buildings, giving to the place the appearance of a town. But Maxwell owned all, and the country as well for miles and miles in every direction. He had so many sheep, cattle, and horses that he did not know within thousands the number of them."

The standing order at Maxwell's was that the table should be set for thirty. This was the daily provision for the Duke and his guests. The women of the household had another dining room. Transient comers and goers saw very little of the women. Even the waiters in the dining room were boys. The table service was of solid silver. Across one entire end of the house was a room big enough to be called a hall. In that the Duke held his receptions, sitting in feudal state, and transacted business according to his own peculiar methods. In this hall the furniture was very plain. It was limited to a few chairs and tables. In the diagonal corners were huge fireplaces, where the logs crackled winter nights. But the chief object of interest in this room was a great bureau, which stood against one of the side walls. It did duty as the receptacle of the Duke's cash on hand.

Many a time, said Col. Bergman, "I have seen Mack—that was what we usually called him—go to this bureau, pull out the lower drawer, and toss in a roll of bill. Gold, silver, paper currency, vouchers, and drafts went in there altogether, and the drawer was left unopened. It was said that the bureau drawer often contained as much as \$30,000, and I have no doubt of it. But money came easily, and it went freely. At the time we were partners in the Aztec mine I used to bring down to the ranch every Saturday night from 400 to 500 ounces of gold to divide with him, and at that time it was worth \$22 an ounce. He furnished supplies to the government, ran a mill and a store, had flocks of sheep, from which he got a great wool clip, and drew on herds of cattle which were unnumbered. Yet he was always more or less embarrassed financially.

In Maxwell's retinue of servants there were white cowboys, Mexicans, Indians, and half breeds. In some way he maintained harmony among them. Perhaps it was by the other excitement he furnished. Something was always going on. If there was nothing else the Duke would plan a trip, and away he would go with his coaches and buck boards and cavalcade, making dashes of hundreds of miles, and for no apparent purpose other than the entertainment of motion.

He had a code of morals of his own—that Duke. If he liked a man he could forgive much.

"I remember," said Col. Bergman, "one who came out into New Mexico as an Indian agent. His name was Jack, and he formed the acquaintance of Mack, who took a liking to him. Jack spent much of his time at the ranch and was engaged in some mining enter prizes with Mack. One day he asked for a horse, saying he wanted to go down to Santa Fe on some business. Mack gave him a horse. As Jack was starting off, Mack went to the bureau, drew out some vouchers, and said: "Here, Jack, take these vouchers along with you and get them cashed for me." "Jack took the papers and rode off. In

Midsummer Sale

IN OUR LADIES' ROOM. RIBBED CORSET COVERS, Ribbed Vests, Cellular Vests, SOMETHING NEW. Two Lots, Three Lots: 13c. (Two for a Quarter,) 13c. (Two for a Quarter.) and 20c. each. 20c. and 28c. each.

Ladies' and Girl's Corsets at 75c. Pair. All odds and ends of the season's selling now marked at this price to clear, including qualities which have so'd and are good values at \$1.25 a pair, now marked down to 75c. All sizes, 18 to 30 inches.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

the course of a couple of weeks he returned and handed Mack a roll of bills, saying: "Here's the money on those vouchers."

"All right," said Mack. He didn't stop to count the bills, but just crumpled them up in a bunch and threw them into the lower drawer of the bureau.

"Some days after that a visitor came to the ranch. He was sitting under the portal talking to Mack, when Jack passed by. "Who is that?" asked the visitor. "Mack told him."

"What does he do?" "Mack explained that Jack was an Indian agent."

"Ah," said the stranger, "that accounts for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Mack. "I saw him in a game at Vegas the other night," was the reply. "He dropped \$2,000, and he didn't turn a hair."

"Mack sat there reflecting a few minutes, got up, went to the bureau, pulled out the drawer, picked up the roll of bills and looked at it. Coming out of the door, he called: "Jack, come here."

"Jack responded."

"Jack," asked Mack, "how much money did you give me the other night when you got back from Santa Fe?" "I gave you \$3,000. There should have been \$5,000, but I used \$2,000," was the ready reply.

"Huh," said Mack. He put the roll of bills back in the bureau, returned to the conversation with his guest and never referred to the \$2,000 transaction again. "Great sums of money slipped through the Duke's fingers. He played at cards, but it was for amusement rather than for gain. His favorite games were poker and old sledge, but he was not a gambler and he did not play with gamblers. It might be supposed that a man so careless in money matters would be reckless in his stakes. Here was where one of the peculiarities of the Duke came in. No matter what the limit or who the players were, Maxwell would insist on the strictest accounting of the game. He exacted to the penny all he won while the game was in progress. The next day, if applied to for a loan, he would hand out perhaps five times what his opponent had lost the night before.

The time came when Maxwell could no longer maintain the pace of a New Mexican Duke. Settlers were crowding in and encroaching on the great estate. Capitalists saw the opportunity for a profitable deal. The far-seeing Beaubien and Miranda grant, when Maxwell set up his dukedom, was magnificent in its measurements, but land was worth very little. Maxwell had gradually acquired the interests of other heirs. Toward the end he went in for mining. Gold, silver, and copper were found on the grant. His interests in the mines are said to have yielded the Duke \$20,000 a week at one time. But he wanted still greater returns. He joined in a scheme with lesser lords of the land grants to wash out the placers in the Moreno Valley with water from the melted snows from the old Baily Range.

A ditch, big enough to carry a river, was dug forty miles through mountain and plain. And when it was finished there was no snow left for that season.

Then came the tempter telling the Duke how much more comfortable he would be if he turned his dukedom into cash and "lived on the interest of his money." Maxwell harkened. He parted with all his interest except a homestead for \$650,000. The homestead he sold a little later for \$125,000, receiving \$75,000 in cash. And when he gathered up his belongings and followers to move out it was like a caravan taking the road.

The men who brought out Maxwell went to London and sold the title to the block of land fifty miles across and sixty miles long for \$5,000,000. And the English buyers went across the channel and took in Dutch investors at Amsterdam on a basis of \$10,000,000.

Maxwell went to New York to close the deal. He received currency for \$750,000, as he started to leave the bank the cashier asked: "Mr. Maxwell, would you like some of this in currency for immediate use?" "Yes," said the Duke, turning back. "I believe I would."

"How much will you take with you?" asked the official. "You may give me \$50,000," was the reply. The cashier looked at the Duke a moment and then handed out the packages of bills. Maxwell stuffed them into a pair of saddle bags hanging on his arm and walked out on Wall street. He went up to his hotel. Placing the saddle bags on the counter, he asked the clerk to put them away for him. That functionary, with a careless glance at them, took the bags and buried them under the counter. Ten days went by. One morning Maxwell came down stairs from his room, ran his thumb and

forefinger into his vest pocket, and found it empty.

"Give me those saddle bags will you?" he said to the clerk.

The bags were fished out from under the desk and put on the counter. Maxwell opened them and drew out package after package of bills before the eyes of the astonished clerk. Then he handed back the bags. Before he left New York city he had spent \$30,000 in presents for friends in New Mexico.

"How long do you give him to spend that money?" a brother-in-law of Maxwell asked Col. Berryman when it was known the sale had been made.

"Five years," was the response. "He'll get rid of it in less time than that," said the relative, with a shake of the head.

And he did. From the day the Duke had \$75,000 put to his credit, and walked out of the bank with \$50,000 in pocket money, it was less than five years until he had a head of cattle as all that belonged to him. Had he lived another year he would have died a pauper.

ORIGIN OF THE LIFEBOAT.

The First to Build one was a Man who Knew Nothing About the Sea.

About the year 1784 there lived in Long-acre a coach-builder, Lionel Lukin by name. This honest man, knowing very little of the sea (he was born and had spent his youth at Dunmow, in Essex), but hearing much of the great number of lives lost upon it, by the oversetting and sinking of both sailing and rowing boats, and being something of an inventor, gave up his spare time to the design of a boat which would be, as he called it, "unimmovable." The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., not only encouraged his experiments, but offered to pay the expense of them.

So Lukin purchased a Norway yawl, and along the outer frame he added a projecting gun-wale of cork, nine inches amid, ships, and tapering off at bow and stern. Inside the boat he rigged a watertight compartment reaching from the gunwale to the floor. The little vessel was found to float like a cork; so Lukin ballasted it with an iron keel to give it stability. Finally, he fitted up two extra air-chambers—one in the bow, and the other in the stern. The boat was now tried again, and found to be indeed "unimmovable."

Lukin took out a patent for his invention on Nov. 2, 1785, and the specification will be found in the third volume of "Repertory of Arts." He now had to press it upon the attention of the Admiralty and of course, The red tape gentlemen would have nothing to do with it. They had never heard of a scientific attempt to save life at sea, and that was enough for them. In spite of the Prince of Wales's interest, only one lifeboat on the coast was made, and this by a private gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Shairp, of Bamberough, who sent an ordinary fishing-boat to be altered on Lukin's plan. During the first year of its new career this boat was the means of saving several lives. Lukin retired from business in 1824, and went to live at Hythe, in Kent, where, ten years after, he died. The inscription on his tomb in Hythe Churchyard says that he was the first to build a lifeboat.—The Story of the Sea.

Swiss Watch Schools.

The famous Swiss watch schools are said to be the most exacting industrial institutions in the world. In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least fourteen years of age in order to enter. After being admitted the student is first introduced to a wood turning lathe, and put to work at turning tool handles. This exercise lasts for several weeks, according to the beginner's aptitude. This is followed by exercises in filing and shaping screw drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools. He next undertakes to make a large wooden pattern of a watch of about a foot in diameter, and after learning how this same is to be shaped, he receives a ready cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil directing him with the greatest care. The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them. This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the

stem winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand. Later on he learns to make the more complex watches, which will strike the hour, minute, etc., and the other delicate mechanism for which the Swiss are famous.

Breaking it Gently.

Some time ago a troopship was returning from abroad, and among the passengers was an old lady who had a favorite parrot, which she placed under the special care of one of the sailors. On going to attend Polly one morning, the latter was surprised to find the poor bird dead, and knowing how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favorite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face, and touching his cap, he said: "I don't think that ere parrot of yours will live long, marm."

"Oh, dear," said the old lady; "Why?" "Why, 'cos he's dead," was the comforting reply.

His one Little Fault.

A Bostonian of mark has lately distinguished himself greatly, and letters and telegrams of congratulations have been pouring upon him from various parts of the world.

These have been the subject of conversation at the breakfast table, and the Bostonian's little daughter has heard of them. The other day she said to her mother, with a pathetic air of concern: "Mamma, do you suppose all those people would think so much of papa if they knew that he sometimes put his elbow on the table."—Boston Transcript.

Sunlight Soap advertisement. Features: Flowers love the Sunlight and always turn to it. The modern housewife learns to love. Sunlight Soap. 6 Cents Twin Bar. and always turns to it to help her out on "wash day" or any other day when she needs a pure, honest soap which cleanses everything it touches and doesn't injure anything, either fabric or hands. Less labor Greater comfort. For every 12 wrappers sent to Latta & Bros., Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 22-24 Waterloo St., 64-70 Barrington St., St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

THE PARSON'S DILEMMA.

The Rev. Arthur Mills sat in his study musing. On his sermon? Oh no! Only a collection of penwipers, smoking caps, handkerchiefs, and various other things strewn about his study table.

"What am I to do with them," he wondered, "I suppose I might sell them for the benefit of the African mission or some such thing. But use them, never! and be grieved as he gazed on the collection.

The Rev. Arthur was above medium height, with masses of dark curly hair, clustered over a broad high brow, clear grey eyes, a firm chin, softened by a gentle mouth, not quite hidden by the dark silky mustache; his voice was rich and musical. He was only twenty-eight, and unmarried.

He had come to the little town of Selton, about six months before; and ever since, all the single ladies, young and otherwise, had evinced an intense religious fervour, also a kindred devotion for stylish costumes and hats, and many were the petty bickerings about whom the new parson was most interested in and now on his birthday, they vied each other in the manifestations of regard for the minister.

"Heigh Ho! he sighed." I suppose I must have this muss cleared away. But what is this? and he lifted a large parcel and began to unwrap it, a note fell from it and on picking it up he read. "To our dear pastor from Rebecca and Roseanna Perkins," and as he shook the garment out, it proved to be a huge grey flannel dressing gown showily embroidered with red wool, he gazed over it slowly, then burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh dear! This must be the last surely, and for me! Why it would fit the champion fat man and still be roomy. But that reminds me; I have a message from Miss Rebecca that her sister is ill, and wished to see me. And no wonder! and he glanced at the heap of dry goods on the floor, and while I am out I will take that list of hymns to Miss Robinson for practice to night. Dear girl she is too sensible to spend her time on those grimaces," and calling his housekeeper to clean the things away, he took his hat and started to make his calls.

He found Miss Roseanna much better than he expected, indeed so far as he could discern, she looked exactly the same as ever, but her sister informed him that she had had a spasm round her heart, but was better now. After a few remarks in general, Miss Roseanna remarked, with a smile, and a tender look which was completely lost on the Rev. Arthur: "You must be lonely up there at the parsonage, with no one to talk to, or help you with your parish work. Ain't you now?"

"Well yes! I do miss my mother and sisters, but I am getting accustomed to keeping bachelor's hall."

"Yes I suppose you are; but it ain't no way for a minister to live. You should get married Mr. Mills; not to a giddy slip of a girl, but some sensible good woman who would be a sort of mother to your congregation."

"Dear me! she continued with a giggle. "Old Parson Lamb used to say that I was just made for a minister's wife, I was so discerning and motherly like, and she tried to look girlish as she traced the outline of a huge red rose on the carpet, with the toe of her slipper.

The Rev. Arthur felt his hair beginning to rise, and at last he managed to say, "I am sorry, that I must leave so soon; but I have several calls to make so I will bid you good afternoon," and he hastily bowed himself out.

As he gained the road he turned, and glanced back toward the house he had just left, and said to himself, as he smiled at the remembrance. "A ministers wife well she won't be mine! A man may not marry his grandmother."

"I don't know," he answered, "perhaps old Deacon Jones may be right, perhaps I should marry, 'twould save me a great deal of embarrassment. I wonder if Carrie Robinson is as indifferent as she seems, sweet little Carrie!" and he smiled as a vision of pretty Carrie rose before him.

Thinking thus, he passed down the lovely tree shaded road which led back to the village, when suddenly a voice proceeding from a pretty white cottage arrested his attention.

"How do you do Mr. Mills! Can't you come in? You haven't been this way for a long time," said a woman with a harsh voice, who sat in the door knitting.

The Rev. Arthur stopped, and turned towards the gate, and the owner of the shrill voice rose, and moved the chair from the door.

"How are you Mrs. Marks!" he said pleasantly, as he shook hands, "and your family; all well I hope?"

"Oh yes! we are all pretty well considerin'." My old man is up in the five acre lot dosing the potatoes with paris green, but I don't know as it will do any good,—but wasn't yesterday your birthday? I suppose you got some lovely presents," said Mrs. Marks.

"Yes some," he answered and he was unable to keep from smiling as he thought of the Misses Perkins gift.

"Course you would! You are so popular with the ladies," said Mrs. Marks with a smile which she meant to be fascinating.

"What lovely weather we are having lately!" said the parson briskly, "everything

seems trying to look its best. Your garden included," and he glanced at the plot of ground in front of the cottage, filled with brilliant, old fashioned flowers, such as one never sees, any where, except in a country garden.

"Indeed my garden is more due to Meliody's care than any thing else; that girl is most powerful fond of flowers. Really Mr. Mills you'd be surprised to see her round the house, she is the most thrifty girl of her age that I know of anywhere, if she is my own daughter, and she is an awful good religious girl too. Oh Mr. Mills that reminds me! When are you going to get married? Surely you must see some young lady who would gladly share your work. "Course you don't want an old maid, but some young girl who is kind and sensible. D'arrie me! Meliody was nineteen last March. How times flies. It don't seem a little while since she was a little mite of a girl," and Mrs. Marks stopped for breath.

"Yes, time flies very quickly, and perhaps before Christmas I may introduce you to Mrs. Mills, but I can't stay longer now as I have some business up at deacon Robinson's, and the afternoon is almost gone, so I will bid you good afternoon," and the parson rose to go.

"Certainly Mr. Mills; I am sorry you can't stay longer, but I suppose you must go. But who is the young lady? Oh course I won't tell a soul," said Mrs. Marks confidentially.

There has been no announcement made yet," the Rev. Arthur dryly remarked, "good afternoon," and he was gone leaving Mrs. Marks to wonder if by any possible chance, the lady might be her Meliody.

"Things are getting serious!" thought the parson, as he wended his way to the village. "And now I am in it for sure, well faint heart never won fair lady and I must know my fate sometime. Besides, it that report gets out it will be all up with me. I hope she is in," he thought as he neared the neat white house where the deacon resided.

He rang the bell and the next maid who answered the summons, informed him that Miss Carrie was at home, and showed him into the pretty parlor to await her coming. Everywhere around were evidences of her skill and tasteful arrangement; even the fresh flowers which filled the vases, told of a skillful hand and dainty touch. He had not long to wait for in a few moments he heard her light step in the hall and in another moment she stood before him, looking like a ray of sunlight, her sweet, gentle face framed in its halo of golden curls, and the dainty rosy mouth breaking into a smile as she saw her visitor.

She was clad in a pretty house dress of delicate pink cambric with snowy lace at the throat and wrists, and on the whole she looked as sweet and cool as a dewdrop.

The Rev. Arthur's heart leaped to the vicinity of his throat but he managed to say, "Good afternoon Miss Robinson. I have brought up that list of hymns for practice."

"Oh Mr. Mills! I am so sorry to give you so much trouble I should have sent Harry down for them, but I neglected it. "A circumstance for which I am decidedly thankful as it has given me an excuse for coming here to-day which otherwise I should not have had," returned the parson smiling.

"An excuse! as though you needed one, and I papa a deacon," laughed Miss Robinson.

"Perhaps not. But there I did not come to see your papa just now but you," he answered, giving her a quick look.

"M!" echoed his companion in surprise.

"Yes, you! Some of my congregation think it is time that I should get married, and so do I, but what do you think Miss Robinson?"

"I don't know, why do you come to me for advice!" she cried her cheeks growing crimson with confusion.

"Do you wish to know why I ask your advice?" he queried growing bold and coming to her side. "Why darling I love you so much that I can't live without you, and I want you to be my wife. Will you dear?"

His handsome plucking face so near her own, removed whatever scruples she might have had, and a low spoken, "yes" was his answer, and in another moment she was clasped in his strong arms, and he sealed the promise with his first lovers kiss.

"Carrie, my love," he said a few minutes later, "couldn't you arrange to have the wedding before Christmas?"

The earth had donned its first white mantle, when the bells rang out to proclaim the marriage of the Rev. Arthur Mills to Miss Caroline Robinson and Mrs. Marks, told her most intimate friends that "Indeed it that Robinson girl hadn't fished for him every way that she could she never would have got him."

The Rev. Arthur has long since told his wife of his dilemma, and among his collection of curiosities is a large parcel labelled "to our dear pastor, from Rebecca and Roseanna Perkins," which on examination, proves to be an enormous dressing gown.

MARIE DE LAR.

Plutarco says the only balance in which to try friends is that of Adversity. It is a scale that seldom fails.

BIGGEST WHEEL ON EARTH.

That Gigantic One at the Exhibition in Chicago is Now Surpassed.

The big wheel at Earl's Court, England, after the plan of the Ferris wheel at Chicago, is a steel structure which reaches an altitude of 300 feet from ground level to summit, and which, in clear weather, is visible for many miles around. The gigantic wheel is an enlargement upon, and a modification of, its prototype which attracted so much patronage at the Chicago Exhibition. The present structure consists of the largest wheel ever built, the axle being carried on eight supporting columns 150 feet high, at which level there are large promenades or recreation rooms, having balconies around them, and communicating with each other by a passageway through the axle, which is seven feet in diameter. Around the periphery of the wheel are suspended at regular intervals on steel shafts 40 cars, which are rather larger than ordinary train-cars, being 24 feet long by nine feet wide and ten feet high externally.

Each car is capable of carrying 30 passengers, giving a total complement of 1200 persons. Ten of these cars have been elegantly fitted and furnished at a cost of £100 each and will form first-class cars, five being for the smoking and five for the non-smoking portion of the public. The remaining thirty cars have been finished in a plain style. Passengers have access to the cars from platforms erected a short distance above ground level. There are eight of these platforms on either side of the wheel, so that eight cars can be relieved of passengers on the one side and a fresh complement of passengers taken in on the other side. Thus, with five stoppages, the whole of the 40 cars can be loaded with a total freight of 1200 passengers, when a complete revolution, without stoppage, will be made, and they will constitute the usual ride given to the public. As the cars leave the platform the passengers are raised above the ground gradually and enabled to overlook the surrounding house and then to look down upon them, and, in clear weather, to obtain a splendid view of London, with its enormous public buildings, whilst from the summit the surrounding country, stretching away even as far as Windsor Castle in one direction, is within view.

Access to the promenade at the top of the columns forming the towers which carry the wheel are gained by a double unimpaired railway or water-balanced lift. This consists of two cars connected by hauling gear and each having a water tank in its base. These cars balance each other and slide up and down two of the columns which are rectangular in section, and are placed at an angle. At the top of each column is a storage tank for water, which is pumped up from a reservoir under the ground. When a car at ground level has received its complement of passengers the best tank of the car at the top is filled with water, and on the brakes being released the car glides down the columns at a moderate speed, and at the same time hauls up the freight car on the other leg. Arrived at the ground level, the water in the car tank is discharged into an underground tank, to be again pumped up to the top of the towers.

The wheel is rotated by means of powerful chain gearing driven by steam power. Two endless chains are used, each passing around either edge of the wheel through a series of guide brackets, over pulleys, and through a subway to the engines. The chains are of the short-link type, and drive the wheel by their length and weight about eight tons. They are operated by two 50-horse power Robey under type engines placed in an engine house at the foot of the wheel towers. Either of the two chains is capable of driving the wheel by itself, so that their need be no fear of stoppage. At night the wheel will be lighted by electricity. A double line of glow lamps encircle the periphery of the wheel on either side, in addition to which the cars, promenades rooms, etc., will be brilliantly lighted by electricity. The weight of the wheel and the empty cars is about 1500 tons; with the cars loaded it will be about 100 tons more.

FOR THE WHOLE OFFENSE.

The Reasoning of a Prisoner in Regard to the Result of His Trial.

"Once, when I was practicing law in the State of New York," said the veteran lawyer, J. B. Doolittle, "I was retained as associate counsel with the celebrated Marcus Grover, the famous advocate of West New York, to defend an Irishman named Byron, who was charged with the crime of murder. The facts were that there was a great strife between two parties of laborers employed on the New York and Erie Railroad, through the county of Allegany, and the strife raged so high that one party got hold of some muskets and actually forced themselves into a semi-military company and surrounded some of the camps of the other party, when a shot was fired and a man was killed. Byron was arrested and indicted to be tried for the alleged murder. He was a young man, lately married, and his wife was a young Irish girl, the only one I ever met that spoke Irish and did not speak English. As the case was somewhat doubtful, the District Attorney proposed that if the defendant would plead guilty to manslaughter the plea would be accepted and the defendant would be punished with imprisonment, whereas, if he did not do so, and was tried for the principal offense, he might, if convicted, have to pay the forfeit of his life. Under the circumstances Mr. Grover and myself thought that it might be wise for our client to plead guilty of manslaughter, and thus save his life, it might be. As his wife could not speak English, we laid our views before her through an interpreter, and she joined with us in advising him to enter that plea; but despite her appeal and our advice, he persisted in entering a plea of not guilty.

"Put me in for the whole offense," were his words. "If I am convicted of man

slaughter, and sent to prison, my poor wife will be crying and worried; but if I am hanged, why, it will be all over in a week. Put me in for the whole offense."

"Of course, obeyed his positive instructions, and went to trial. He was long and hard-fought battle it was, but at length we succeeded in getting from the jury a verdict of not guilty. Then ensued one of the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed in a court of justice. When the wife, who was sitting by her husband's side, was informed of the verdict, she sprang up and threw her arms around her husband. Then, unable otherwise to express her gratitude, she rushed toward his counsel and embraced them also, uttering as she did so, what were evidently expressions of hearty thanks and jubilation in her native tongue, while tears of joy streamed down her cheeks. Nothing like that scene, so impressive and dramatic, has ever since come under my notice."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE WORLD RUNS AWAY FROM US.

The other day we had a talk with a man who knew as little of the world around him as a baby. Yet he was a man of naturally fine intelligence. He had just been relieved from prison. Ten years ago he was incarcerated under a life sentence. Recently, however, circumstances had arisen which proved his innocence, and he obtained his freedom. But nothing seemed as before. He had been stationary while the world moved on. Many of his old friends were dead, and all were changed. A big slice of his career was lost, and worse than lost. Could he ever make it up? No, never. Besides, although he had committed no crime, the mere fact that he had been convicted of one, would always place him at a disadvantage.

Different as it is in all outward conditions long illness produces results which resemble those of encephaloid. When confined to our homes by disease we are virtually out of the world. Friends may, and do, pity us; but they do not live down by our side and suffer with us. Ah! no. They go their own ways, and leave us alone. In the midst of company we are still alone. Enjoyment, food, sleep, fresh air, movement, work, etc.—these are for them, not for us. Alas! for the poor prisoner whose jailer is some relentless disease. Who shall open the iron doors and set him free?

"I never had any rest or pleasure." So writes a man whose letters we have just finished reading. "In the early part of 1888," he says, "a strange feeling came over me. I felt heavy, drowsy, languid, and tired. Something appeared to be wrong with me, and I couldn't account for it. I had a tight taste in the mouth, my appetite failed, and what I did eat lay on me like a stone. Soon I became afraid to eat, as the act was always followed by pain and distress. Sometimes I had a sensation of choking in the throat as if I could not swallow. I was swollen, too, around the body; and got about with difficulty owing to increasing weakness.

"At the pit of my stomach was a hungry, craving sensation, as though I needed support from food; yet the little I took did not abate this feeling. My sleep was broken, and I awoke in the morning unrefreshed. For four years I continued in this wretched state before I found relief."

This letter is signed by Mr. Charles H. Smith, of 18, New City Road, Glasgow, and dated February 15th, 1893.

Before we hear how he was at last delivered from the slavery of illness, let us listen to the words of a lady on the same theme: Mrs. Mary Ann Rusting, of Station Road, Misterton, near Gainsborough. In a brief note dated January 3rd, 1893, Mrs. Rusting says she suffered in a similar way for over fifteen years. Her hands and feet were cold and clammy, and she was pale and bloodless. She had pain in the left side and palpitation, and her breathing was short and hurried. No medicines availed to help her until two years ago. "At that time," she says, "our minister, the late Rev. Mr. Watson, told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and urged me to make a trial of it. I did so, and presently found great relief. It was not long before the bad symptoms left me; and I gradually got strong. I keep in good health, and have pleasure in making known to others the remedy which did so much for me."

Mr. Smith was completely cured by the same remedy, and says had he known of it sooner he would have saved years of misery.

The real ailment in both these cases was indigestion and dyspepsia, with its natural consequences. Throughout the civilized world its course is marked by a hundred forms of pain and suffering. Men and women are torn to pieces by it as vessels are by the rocks on which they are driven by tempests. So comprehensive and all-embracing is it that we may almost say that there is no other disease. It signals a life transformed into death, bread turned into poison. Watch for its earliest signs—especially the feeling of weariness, languor, and fatigue, which announce its approach. Prevention is better than cure.

But, by the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, cure is always possible; and poor captives in the loathsome dungeons of illness are daily delivered as the hand of the good German nurse swings open the doors.

French Revolutionary Victims.

Barthelemy Maurice gives the number of persons sent from the Conciergerie to the guillotine as 2,742. Of these 2,742, 344 were women, 41 infants, 102 were over 20 years of age, while one man, D. T. G. Derville, epicure, rue Moufflard, was 93 years of age. Taine suggests that the numbers given are understated, and it is more than probable that such records, at least during the Terror, were badly kept, and are unreliable. For anything like a correct record of the total number of victims of the Jacobins we must consult Taine. The error usually consists in under-estimating greatly the number of persons destroyed, and the traditions of the Conciergerie as to the numbers butchered in the September massacres are doubtless trustworthy. Of these butchered no toll record was kept.—Quarterly Review.

He Knew the Man.

Travers—Did you go down to my tailor's and tell him I would settle that little bill? Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Travers—And did he seem convinced? Office Boy—He did. He said he was convinced that you wouldn't.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.

Turn Up Your Toes!

Look at them, Sir. Note each horny, corny declivity. Ill-fitting shoes do it. Putting your feet into boots that irritate your eye only. Now, how does your eye like the look of your toes? WEAR THE SLATER \$3.00 SHOE which is made to fit feet. It cost \$5,000 to produce the first perfect pair, but you can have the five thousandth pair now for \$3.00. Made of best imported calfskin in Tan or Black, with the famous Goodyear Welt. Six shapes; all sizes; any width.



Name and Price Stamped on Sole of Every Pair.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Features a bottle of D.C.L. Very Old Special Scotch Whisky and text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.'

Advertisement for Progress. Features an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a man in a suit standing at a counter. Text includes: 'For Sale by Street & Co.', 'Give me Progress, please', and 'Progress is the only balance in which to try friends is that of Adversity. It is a scale that seldom fails.'

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

It is hard to write about fashions, in that crisp and breezy manner which is the ambition of all conscientious writers, during the deadly dullness of late summer. And one of the worst difficulties the fashion-writer has to contend with this year is the extraordinary contradiction, to coin a word, which the fashions display this summer. If one were simply to write down the fact that everything is worn, it would cover the entire ground; but then it would cover very little space, and carry the cardinal newspaper virtue of condensation, just a trifle too far.

To go back to the subject of contradiction, it is decidedly embarrassing to make a careful study of all the best available fashions authorities, and then announce that this will absolutely be worn, only to be forced next week to contradict all that you said, without even being able to give a plausible reason for the change.

The chief difficulty of this kind relates to sleeves, skirts, and that material about which there has been so much diversity of opinion ever since its first introduction the much abused, and extravagantly praised crepon.

"Sleeves are now worn almost skin-tight," writes one Paris correspondent. "Sleeves are more distended than ever," writes another who is equally reliable, and so the battle goes on and one hears so much about sleeves, that it almost seems as if there was nothing else about the costume of any importance except the sleeves.

Their less uncertainty about the skirts, they may truthfully be said to be wider than ever, and at the same time to cling closer because being unstiffened they must have more material than ever in them, in order to preserve anything like the voluminous appearance which has become indispensable to the fashioned costume of the day.

Crepon is as popular as ever with some people while with others who have worn it and grown tired of its crinkles, it is as much out as the seersucker, of which it sometimes seems a revival. Therefore the wearing of it is entirely a matter of choice and everyone is free to indulge her fancy in the direction which seems most desirable to her.

But for the cool and pretty summer gown which is dainty and stylish, and at the same time inexpensive the sheer all-wool delaine takes first place. Trimmed with ribbon in any of the hundred and one ways approved by fashion, or more elaborate with both lace and ribbon, no more attractive gown can well be imagined. The material possesses the advantage of suitability for both elderly and young women, as it comes in dark as well as light colors, but the latter are of course, by far the most dressy.

The surplice front, which is so becoming to slender as well as stout figures, is seen on many of the newest bodices. The fullness is gathered on the shoulders instead of below the throat, and is lapped across the bust to be fastened on the left side under the belt. Some of the prettiest surplice waists are made in black net, or mousseline de soie, ornamented with bands of yellow valenciennes lace and bows of ribbon.

Black and white is more fashionable than it has ever been before. Light-weight silks in black and white, very narrowly striped, are amongst the most popular of this season's fabrics. Their trimming is as varied as it is striking, frequently consisting of either white or bright colored chiffon or mousseline de soie. Thus a fine light-weight surah silk of the variety known as black and silver, will be lavishly trimmed about the bodice with chiffon in a delicate shade of green, full collar, rosettes, ruffles and bertha, while another will show an elaborate decoration of maize or butterfly yellow chiffon, and a third will be daintily, if not perisably ornamented with pure white mousseline de soie. These costumes are extremely dainty and dressy looking, and it is really surprising how long the chiffon will keep fresh, if ordinary care is taken of the dress.

Another way of using up the veil is a la Princesse. For this make a good white sauce, flavored with a little finely chopped green tarragon or a spoonful of tarragon vinegar and some chopped parsley, and beat the veil, sliced and prepared as before, in this, without allowing it to do more than heat (if it boils it is spoiled), and serve garnished with little bunches of Indian pickles and croutons of fried bread (spread with a mixture of chutney and minced ham, previously made quite hot), arranged alternately.

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low the shoulders giving the long effect seen on many French dresses. The back is finished with a-trill of black lace which forms a basque, and a wide cape-like flounce of the same lace starts on each side of the front, and hangs full across the shoulders. Taken altogether, the fashion is neither graceful nor stylish, and it is difficult to imagine a reason for its revival.

It is reported that the price of silk is going up with such alarming rapidity that a silk dress, or even a blouse will soon be out of reach of any but fortunes favorite. I don't know whether the silk worms have followed the example of other artisans and gone out on strike, or the crop of mulberry leaves failed, but certainly the silk market is on the rise, and some authorities attribute the fact to the enormous size of the fashionable sleeve. A more absurd reason could scarcely be given, since common sense tells us that a blouse, no matter how large the sleeves must take less material than an entire costume, and the silk blouse with skirt of some different material is far more popular, than the whole silk dress.

However that may be, the fact remains that raw silk has increased in price 50 cents a pound since June and it is likely to reach double that amount in a short time, so it behooves the thrifty woman to make her purchases in silk as soon as possible, if she does not want to pay high.

The old-fashioned barege is a material much used for summer gowns, in fact it almost divides popularity with delaine. One recently seen was in a pale, pretty shade of yellow, and showed a skirt edged with a band of cream white guipure lace, and a tiny frill of white satin. The blouse waist was of white satin striped across with guipure insertion, and confined at the waist with a belt of white and black satin ribbon, one band of each. The white ribbon collar is covered with guipure applique.

It is said that the extreme has been reached in razor pointed shoes, and that the footgear of the near future will be much more rounded; which is indeed good news for all lovers of the beautiful, since the razor toe shoe, comfortable as it undoubtedly is, has little in the shape of beauty, to recommend it.

One of the most difficult problems which the careful housewife is called upon to solve, is the satisfactory and palatable disposal of "left overs" in the shape of cold meat.

Few people care for cold meat pure and simple and still fewer can endure the hashes and rebases, under which the left over usually masquerades after it has been "heated up."

But only a little ingenuity and a good recipe or two are required to transform these despised fragments into the daintiest of side dishes which might well tempt the appetite of an epicure, and all at the expense of so little time, and trouble that few people would grudge it.

Say you have a piece of roast veal which has already appeared twice, cut some neat slices from it, carefully removing any skin, sinew, or overcooked part. Fry a sliced onion in butter, till it is a delicate brown then in the same pan fry a spoonful or two of curry powder, and dilute all this with enough veal stock to make a good gravy. Let it stew gently with a sliced tomato or two until the same is quite thick; then lay the slices of veal in, and let it stand for an hour at the side of the fire till thoroughly hot, without being allowed to cook. Now boil some rice as for curry, and when dry and separate, mix in it some warmed butter and enough coralline pepper to color it a delicate pink, make a wall of this, and pour the stew into the centre, and serve as *Franches du veau a la Bombay*, which sounds much better than "sliced veal stewed in curry sauce" though it tastes the same.

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white sauce, stroving each layer with a little salt and white pepper, finely chopped parsley, freshly grated Parmesan cheese, and a few white breadcrumbs. This layer should be the last; put some morsels of butter on the top, and bake till it is nicely browned all over, and serve at once.

Cassoletoes meringues again are a pretty way of serving up any otherwise unpalatable scraps. Cut some bread 2 1/2 inches thick, and with a plain cutter stamp these out in rounds, marking each with a smaller cutter to three-quarters of its depth. Fry these a golden brown, drain well, remove the centre entirely, brush the edges over with a little butter, and dip them in chopped parsley, then fill them up with an omelette—fish, flesh, or fowl, you choose—cut up into dice, and heat in warm sauce of suitable kind; put a spoonful of stiffly whipped white of egg on each (being careful not to spill it over the garnished edges), and place in the oven till browned. If preferred, the cassoletoes can be garnished with the whipped white of egg, seasoned rather highly with coralline pepper and minced parsley.

The remains of a saddle of mutton can be served in a variety of ways. For instance, cut the slices long and thin, and heat them in a buttered baking tin, with a little wine and seasoning, and serve arranged around a dish with tomato sauce, and garnished either with fried tomatoes or mushrooms; or they can be served with a good espagnole sauce and stewed olives; or, again with a very rich white sauce (supreme) and hot fried croutons, spread thickly with anchovy butter. Cold cutlets are also very nice if trimmed, spread thickly with a nice puree of onions, dipped in egg or warm butter and seasoned bread crumbs, lightly broiled, and dished round a ragout of cucumber or any other vegetable at hand.

Fruit salads are so popular now that any new way of serving them is welcomed, and this dressing which is very new, will doubtless be useful to many housekeepers.

Mrs. Lincoln's Salad Dressing.

Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston cooking fame, is the authority for a new dressing for fruit salads. Its formula is as follows: Beat the yolks of four eggs until very thick and light colored, then beat into them gradually one cupful of sifted powdered sugar and half a level teaspoonful of salt, and beat until the sugar is dissolved. Add the juice of two lemons, and beat again. Peel and slice thin six bananas. Peel four oranges cutting close to the pulp, pick out the seeds and slice them across in thin slices. Put into a deep glass dish a layer of the bananas, then of the dressing, then of the oranges, then again a layer of each, with the banana on the top, and pour the remainder of the dressing over it. Set on ice, and serve very cold. Pineapples, cut very fine, or large strawberries, may be used, with bananas, for the same purpose. If acid fruits are used, add a little more sugar; if sweet, tasteless fruits, more lemon juice.—New York Tribune.

A good housekeeper is a very busy woman, for she has to have her mind on many things. She may have servants, but they are yet another care for her. Each day now brings its extra work. The pineapples and strawberries she has "put up," but she still wants them on her table as long as she can get them good. Cherries now claim her attention. They are ready for canning for winter pies and puddings.

For priced cherries use one pint of vinegar to four pounds of fruit and two pounds of sugar, cloves and cinnamon to taste. Seal them three times and put in jars.

An excellent cherry pudding is made of two teacups of milk, one egg, and a pinch of salt, six teaspoons of baking powder, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Put a little of the batter in a pudding dish and then a layer of pitted cherries, and repeat until all the batter is used. Steam three-quarters of an hour and serve with a liquid sauce. You can use canned cherries when you cannot get the fresh fruit.

Cherries preserved in the sun have a better flavor and color than those preserved in the old way. For every pound of fruit use a pound of granulated sugar. Place the sugar in the preserving kettle and moisten with a little water; set on the fire and bring to a boil; put in the fruit and boil five minutes; take from the stove and spread on large platters and place in the sun, covering with netting or glass. Put the platters out each day until the cherries are as thick as you want them; put in glasses and cover.

MYSTERY OF A MAINE ISLAND.

A Herald Englishman Who Ended His Misery by Cutting His Throat.

"Some years ago, up at North Haven Island, on the Maine coast," said a New Yorker. "I came across a mystery that haunts me still. A bare rocky point juts out into the sea on one side of the island, and the first year that I visited the place there was a rude cabin on the rock. Having gone out there from curiosity one day, I found a man in shameful rags trying out the oil from the refuse from a fish-canning factory. When I came to examine the man his appearance astonished me. He was an extremely handsome, well-made Englishman of forty or thereabouts. His hands, soiled with the material he worked in, were small and well shaped.

When I tried to draw him into conversation he at first answered in monosyllables, and was almost sullen in his reserve. He gradually thawed, however, and I found that he spoke rare and beautiful English like that of a well-read and well-bred man. Glancing into the door of his cabin, I could see perhaps a score of well-thumbed volumes in library binding. His reserve was such that I could not ask him about himself, but I felt the island deeply interested in him.

"I started up at North Haven, the next year, and one of the earliest things I did was to go out to the point in search of my acquaintance. The rock was bare again, and there was no trace of him and his cottage. I asked about him of some persons I met on the island, and here is what I learned. He had come to the place mysteriously some years before, having been dropped by a schooner. He found work at the fish cannery, but later quit the place, built his cabin on the rock supplied himself with food chiefly by fishing, and obtained from the

factory the privilege of trying oil from the refuse. From the product he obtained a little ready money for tobacco and other luxuries. At some time before my two visits his cabin was discovered to be on fire late one night, and, hurrying down, his neighbors saw him amid the flames dead, with his throat cut. The fire had so seized upon the hut that his body could not be removed until it was nearly consumed. He was buried, and no solution of the mystery was discovered. Life had evidently become intolerable to him, and he had taken the way of suicide as the easiest one out of misery."

On All Dainty Tables.

Is used Windsor Table Salt, purest and best; doesn't cake. Put up any way you like. Natural crystals. Try it.

Care of the Body in Summer.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere, and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body, the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the bodily temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature is somewhat high, and the body perspiring freely, the danger of taking cold will be increased, by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body. Much of the advantage to be derived from seablathing will be lost, unless the crust of salt which forms in the pores of the skin on the evaporation of the water are removed by subsequent brisk towelling or fresh water sponging. Not only is the perspiration an efficient means of removing superfluous heat, but by this same channel go out many of the waste products of the body. These waste products are always relatively increased in the summer months, and so it is doubly important that during this trying season we should keep the skin in a healthy and cleanly condition.

Herrbuter Marriage.

In "Curious Church Ceremonies," William Andrews tells of the rather startling courtship of the Herrbuters (Moravians). "The men and women of a marriageable age are collected in a house with a suite of three rooms, each opening into the other, the young men in one end room and the young women in the other; then the doors from these two rooms are thrown open into the middle room, which is perfectly darkened. After this follows a sort of general scramble, or 'catch who you can,' and whichever girl the man catches becomes his wife."

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK.

1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX > 1847 < IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

**LADIES Canvas Shoes,**  
in White and Brown at Reduced Prices

**LADIES Tan Shoes**  
at reduced prices.

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

**WATERBURY & RISING.**  
61 King,  
212 Union.

**Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA**

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

**R.I.P.A.N.S**

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

factory the privilege of trying oil from the refuse. From the product he obtained a little ready money for tobacco and other luxuries. At some time before my two visits his cabin was discovered to be on fire late one night, and, hurrying down, his neighbors saw him amid the flames dead, with his throat cut. The fire had so seized upon the hut that his body could not be removed until it was nearly consumed. He was buried, and no solution of the mystery was discovered. Life had evidently become intolerable to him, and he had taken the way of suicide as the easiest one out of misery."

**"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."**

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

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

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

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

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.0  
Accommodation for Pt. de Chene..... 10.15  
Express for Halifax..... 13.1  
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.  
Express for Sussex..... 22.

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.10 and Halifax at 18.40 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)..... 5.00  
Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 8.05  
Express from Sussex..... 8.30  
Accommodation from Pt. de Chene..... 12.45  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 15.40  
Sleeping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 6.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 20th June, 1895.

**THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co.**

(LIMITED.)

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

**The Quickest Time!**

Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours.

**FOUR TRIPS A WEEK**

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QUEER OLD LUXURIES.

Some of the Features of Costly Banquets Among the Romans. It is not unlikely that Horace's epigram, "De gustibus non est disputandum" [there is no disputing about tastes], was prompted by the dishes indulged in by the Roman nobility in his day. The most complex dish of the present would seem to be simplicity itself compared with the compounds that were spread before the patricians epicures of the Roman Empire. Salacacaby was one of these dishes, and was, we are told by Mr. Hans J. S. Cassel in Cassell's Magazine for May, invented by one Apicius Collius, a patrician who flourished in the time of Tiberius. It seems that this gentleman wrote a book, which is happily extant, called "De Re Coquinaria," wherein he treated the art of cooking from a scientific point of view, and expatiated upon the proper methods of preparing all the fashionable nastinesses of the period. From this book Mr. Cassel extracts the following recipe for concocting salacacaby, which we gladly copy for the benefit of American housewives who have heretofore despaired of pleasing their husbands' tastes.

"Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried mint, dried pennyroyal, ginger, coriander, stoned raisins, mustard-seed, and a few boned anchovies. Add salt, oil, wine, honey (the Roman equivalent for sugar), pepper, and vinegar, and stir up well. Then mix in a tabulam, with three crusts of Pycintine bread, the flesh of two pullets, four goats' kidneys, and one goat's tongue, after which turn in vestine cheese, filberts, pine-kernels minced unions, cucumbers, and garlic. Set aside in a warm place for three days, then pour a soup over it, garnish with snow, and serve up."

It seems that Apicius was an extravagant glutton, for he spent in the space of two years the equivalent of nearly eight hundred thousand pounds upon his food alone. Then he suddenly took it into his head to look over the state of his affairs and, finding that he had only the equivalent of about a hundred thousand pounds sterling left, he came to the conclusion that such a pittance was not enough to live comfortably upon, and so committed suicide by poison. Mr. Cassel's article goes on:

"Another dish which seems to have owed its origin to him (Apicius) was tetrapharmakon. So far as we can gather, it consisted four necessary ingredients—they were, a high peacock, a freshly killed pheasant, the liver and spleen of a wild sow, and a bread-pudding which was baked over the whole. But this was not all by any means; these mere ingredients constituted the base of the dish, so to speak, for they were thrown in all manner of little trifles, such as nightingales, colubas (our collops), fragments of fat pork, etc., all of which tended to give the dish a somewhat rich and varied flavor, which in all probability would not recommend it to the modern-day stomach."

"Ragouts made from peacocks' brains, nightingales' swallows' or parrots' tongues (if the parrots were able to speak the value of the dish was quadrupled), were by no means uncommon entries at the tables of the emperors, while buzzards, ostriches, and pheonipterics (presumed to be the ptarmigan from Norway) frequently adorned those of the wealthy citizens. Anything, in fact, that was uncommon, hard to obtain, or very expensive, was sure to find a place of honor upon the festive boards of the Court."

"Garum (a sauce) was made as follows:—Fish of the proper kind—generally mackerel—were first selected, their entrails taken out and steeped in vinegar for several days. When these were properly pickled, they were taken out of the vinegar and dried. Then they were pulverized with trumpey, pepper, and a variety of other herbs, such as dandelion root, misthyme, etc., after which the resulting blackish powder was ground to a thick syrup with honey, put into jars for some weeks to ferment, and, when needed for the table, mixed with Falernian wine to a proper consistency."

"A gentleman of Galba's time, who rejoiced in the simple name of Lucius Bambonelevigius, so our friend Apicius informs us, wrote a long and learned treatise upon dormice, their habits, and the best way of fattening them for the table. Unfortunately for the cooks of the modern school, however, this valuable book is lost, but it is some consolation to know that Petronius has touched upon the subject. He tells us that dormice get fat by sleeping, and he also gives several recipes for preparing these little creatures for consumption. Three or four pages of his book are devoted to dormouse sausages, and he then tells us that these should be eaten with a sauce made of poppy seeds or honey."

How Granite is Polished. Iron sand is used for sawing and polishing granite. Its employment enables machine polishing to be executed about three times as fast as when set sand is used, and about ten times less is necessary. The process of manufacturing it is interesting. Into an opening at the top of the fire-brick cupola, lined with an outer casing of iron, are thrown from an elevated stage coals and scraps of old cast iron. A fierce heat is kept up in the furnace by steam-driven fans. The metal when melted finds its way out at the bottom of the cupola down a spout, and a powerful steam blast sends it flying in white-hot spherical globules into a brick chamber containing a tank of cold water. The spherules dropping into the water, cause numerous minute explosions. The water is run off, the spherules collected, dried and put through a series of sieves moved by steam power, from which about seven different sizes are obtained, varying from fine powder to about the size of No. 6 shot. The product is then put into one hundredweight bags for sale.—American Architect.

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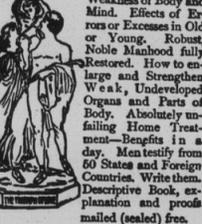


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PEOPLE WITH HOBBIES.

Queer Collections Made of All Sorts of Useful and Unusual Articles. A very peculiar hobby was that of an old woman who had been employed at Court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding-cake. The cakes to which the fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land. The place of honour was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding-cake, and nearly every Royal marriage that had occurred since the accession of William IV. was represented in this curious collection.

Lord Petersham, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for walking sticks, and also for various kinds of tea and snuff. All round his sitting-room were shelves, upon one side laden with canisters of Soucbong, Bohoa, Congou, Pekoe, Russian, and other varieties of tea. The shelves opposite were decorated with handsome jars, containing every kind of snuff, while snuff-boxes lay here, there, and everywhere. Lord Petersham prided himself upon possessing the most magnificent array of boxes to be found in Europe, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. When someone admired a beautiful old light-blue Sevres box he was using, he liped out, "Yes it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear."

Count Henry von Brühl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers, and wigs of all shapes, sizes, and fashions. This curious hobby was rivalled by that of a late King of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique.

A King of Wurtemberg boasted the possession of above 9,000 copies of the Bible; and a nicotine-loving American revelled in a treasury of pipes, of which he could count 365 specimens in meerschaum, brier, glass, china, and clay.

The Duke of Sussex, brother of King George II., had a pair of bottles that were wide as the poles assunder. He was an indefatigable collector of Bibles and cigars. Pope Pius IX. was a collector of slippers. He always had twenty-four pairs in his wardrobe, made of red cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a solid gold cross; his chamberlain being strictly enjoined not to part with a single pair, however well worn they might be, to any of the many devout applicants for them.

Wigs and walking-sticks were the especial vanities of Mr. William Evans, some time principal clerk in the postmaster's office for Anglesa, Carnarvon, and Merioneth, and so highly did he value them that he bequeathed one of each to three different maiden ladies, for whom he had in turn felt a tenderness in early life. Another gentleman had a hobby for scarf-pins. He is said to have kept a book containing as many pages as there are days in the year, in each of which a different pin was stuck. Every morning he fastened into his scarf the pin which occupied the space allotted to that particular date, returning it to its place in the book at night.

Monsieur Nestor Roqueplan, a Frenchman of letters, was a collector of warming-pans, and devoted a gallery in his house to this article of furniture, where visitors might enjoy the privilege of beholding the identical warming-pans that had aired the beds of such celebrities as the Duke of Scutland, Catherine de Medici, Gabriel d'Estrees, Diana de Poitiers, Madame Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Mademoiselle de Fontange, and other noted personages. Another eccentric Frenchman was a bean enthusiast. He wrote a book upon the history of aricots, and there influence upon humanity; and rejoiced in collecting beans from all quarters of the globe, and carefully labelling and arranging them. Some of the specimens were very valuable, having cost as much as 500fr. His wealth was hastened by the mysterious disappearance of some Japanese beans, upon which he set especial value.

A European lady living in Japan acquired no fewer than 700 teapots of various patterns and kinds. Another lady had a hobby for collecting bonnets. She made a rule never to part with one she had worn, and when she died left behind her a wonderful collection of feminine head adornments.

Gilott, the founder of the world renowned steel pen business, had a passion for Cremona fiddles, although he was absolutely without musical knowledge. A London barber's hobby was the collection of dressing-cases—a hobby which he pursued with such avidity that on his death 300 of these articles came into the hands of his executors.

The Queen of Italy is said to be an enthusiastic collector of boots and shoes. Her collection includes shoes of Marie Antoinette, of the Empress Josephine, Mary Stuart, Queen Anne, and the Empress Catherine of Russia.

Puff Sleeves to Save Life. Up rises an inventor in the person of superintendent Ferguson of the Municipal Electric Light Company, of Brooklyn, and fills a "long left want" with a rubber balloon arrangement which is at once a dress improver and a life preserver. When inflated the appliances are eight inches long and three inches above the arm. They are kept in place by an elastic band under the arm and one around the shoulders.

The puffs are inflated by the wearer blowing into a tube. They are made of thin rubber and sewed with silk to match the dress. They are so adjusted as to cause the wearer to float safely. Several pairs have been shown at local seashore resorts. A fair member of the "1492" company at Manhattan Beach was the first person to appear in the surf with them, and she created a sensation.—N. Y. World.



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GLASGOW IN THE LEAD.

Many Other Cities, including St. John May Get Feathers from It.

Glasgow is the model municipality of the world. The City Council, which is the governing body, recognizes three duties as being laid upon it: To fulfil their trust by economical administration of the city's finances; to improve public health, both physical and moral, and to give brightness and the possibility of happiness to civil life. This high conception of the duty of a corporation has not been carried out in full, but no one will deny that a very satisfactory and successful attempt has been made to live up to the lofty standard which has been established. The City Council undertakes to supply the demand for water, gas, electric lighting, parks, public baths, warehouses, and street railways, street cleaning, police protection, and various minor services.

The water supply is obtained from Loch Katrine, thirty-five miles distant, and is copious and pure. There is no better water furnished any city in the world, and we believe that Dublin is the only city that gets it cheaper. There have been \$12,500,000 invested in water works. In 1870 a sinking fund was established, and it is expected that the fund will pay off the whole debt by 1941, when the water works will be the unburdened property of the corporation. In the meanwhile the supply of water has been enormously increased, the quality improved, and the price reduced more than 50 per cent. In addition to the supply of water for the usual purposes, it is now proposed to drive machinery by a hydraulic pressure of 1,050 pounds to the square inch throughout the business area of the city.

The Glasgow corporation has long been in the field as a manufacturer of gas. In 1869 it took possession of the gas plants, which were owned by two private companies and commenced the production and sale of gas. The quality of gas was improved, while its price was reduced. The city furnished twenty-two candle-power gas at the rate of 60 cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

The street railway of Glasgow were operated by a private company. Six years ago the council endeavored to impose certain conditions on this company, such as regulating the fare and limiting the hours of work for the employees. The company refused to make any concessions, and as a result the council decided not to renew its charter, but to take possession of the street railway property itself and operate it. It put on 300 new cars, 3,000 horses, and 1,700 new men. The city introduced a 1-cent fare, hitherto unknown, and made 4 cents the maximum fare. The experiment of operating street railways by the city has proved a success. The city has made money, and at the same time has improved the plant and reduced the fares. It now carries 300,000 a week for 1-cent fares, 600,000 for 2-cent fares, 95,000 for 3-cent fares, and 20,000 for 4-cent fares. The next step will be to abolish all fares above 2 cents.

The distinguishing feature of Glasgow's financial management is the sinking fund. It is now applied to every municipal enterprise of the city. On examining its accounts one finds that all serious debts are on the way to be liquidated by the operation of this automatic device. The ability, the honesty, and the economy which have been brought to bear in the administration of the public affairs of Glasgow have been secured by the elimination of politics. The council is composed of solid business men. Politics is practically unknown in the meetings of the council, nor is eloquent speech in great demand there. There is no city in the world so well governed as Glasgow, and none whose affairs are conducted so thoroughly in keeping with the principle that the public interest should be the first consideration. The officials of the city are to be regarded as the directors of a great co-operative undertaking in which every citizen is a shareholder, and the dividends of which are payable in the better health, increased comfort, recreation, and happiness of the whole population.

How to Make a Room Beautiful. What a room needs is to be lived in comfortably, cheerfully, and wisely, and by that process every corner becomes "a cosy corner."

If by one window is a writing desk or table, kept in good order, with light falling in the right direction, that part of the room will become with use a pleasant resort. A work table placed where you can best use it, whether by daylight or lamplight, is another attractive spot where children and visitors like to find you, and to think of you after they have left.

A piano used as a kind of catchall for ornaments, is no addition to the charm of a room; but a piano that is used and loved like a friend, is the centre of attraction. Any mantel piece, however plain, is in better taste than the structure of velvet often used to conceal its bareness. A centre table is not useful, as a rule, and it has a strange power of breaking in upon general conversation by separating talkers from one another. A round table is better placed at one end of the room than in the middle. There, it has its use, it makes another pleasant place; otherwise, it should be removed, for no piece of furniture that is not used, adds to the comforts of a sitting room.

A long, narrow room challenges the ingenuity of its occupant. The problem is to break its length and increase its apparent width. This is done by dividing it into parts, making arrangements for music, writing, reading, and sewing, so as to make skilful use of windows, lamps, and fireplace. Or ornaments there should not be many. And the walls! Ah, there the adviser pauses, for pictures have a value to their possessors not to be stated in any catalogue of fine art. In every room should be some beautiful religious picture, and in these days of fine photographs it is possible to enjoy the greatest treasures of that art that the world possesses. Be happy in your room and make others happy there, and it will grow into beauty in the hands of Time, even while he is at work upon the color and fabric of every article within its walls.—Donahoe's Magazine.



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# Sunday Reading.

## OUR DEBTS TO POSTERITY.

The Proper Training of the Children as one of the Most Important.

And Moses said unto the Lord, Wherefore hast Thou afflicted Thy servant, and wherefore have I not found favor in Thy sight, that Thou layest the burden of all this people upon me?—Numbers xii, 11.

I wish to bring before you to-day, with a very special emphasis, the debt we owe posterity. In my text we find Moses complaining that God had greatly afflicted him, because he had laid upon his shoulders the burden of caring for a mighty people. This was surely a moment when Moses forgot how great a blessing it is to have a wide and lasting influence in the world. We look back to him and say: "How signally Moses was blessed in being made the leader of a host whose after-history was to be so potential in the shaping of nations." But if ever a man or a class of men approached the usefulness of Moses it is in the case of those who live in America at this crisis of commerce and history, and are permitted to lead ever so small a portion of the national host that is marching on to the conquest of the Promised Land of the twentieth century! If you are burdened with the thought of your responsibility in having so great a people as the American States on your thought and prayer, I would inspire you to a little morning by pointing out what the certain fruits of your toils and petitions will be: If any of you happen to be careless of the debt you owe to those who come after, I would place the matter in quite a new light before you. To do this I greatly need the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and for that I do most devoutly pray.

We owe a debt first of all, and as men, human beings, to our children. To this extent, at least, we acknowledge that we are responsible for the welfare and right-doing of posterity. One of the quoted things of Daniel Webster is this: When once he was asked, "What is the most important thought you ever entertained?" he replied, after a moment's reflection, "The most important thought I ever entertained was my individual responsibility to God!" And Webster might have said that, next to that, the most solemn thought the mind can harbor is our responsibility to our children. Into our hands are committed practically all the levers of their future. We put language into their mouths, imaginations into their brains, motives into their hearts, all the issues of life into their composition at the time when they are unable to judge and incapable of forgetting. How are you training your children? Are you bringing them up as house plants, carefully sheltered from all draughts and sudden chills of the world, or are you trying to prepare them for the inevitable time when they will have to face the rude blasts, and so inuring them to hardships? Are you making them home bred or self-bred, mother-reliant or self-reliant, weakly dependent or strongly independent? A philosopher writes me and says: "The object of training is to teach the child to take care of himself, but many people use their children only as a kind of spool on which to reel off their own experience, and they are bound and corded until they perish by inability to break all bonds and cords and walk to ruin by their own action." There is a startling truth in this, and as Alexander the Great developed a puissant army by taking children into his warlike camps and having them trained to handle arms even while they were in their swaddling clothes, so should parents foster innocence rather than ignorance, position to sin rather than obnoxiousness, of sin, bold freedom of thought rather than mere mimicry. If this were done our obligation to our children would be more largely met, and our posterity would grow better as the years pass, just as the coral becomes clearer in crystallization as it grows, and the diamond, built upon the graves of the millions of its predecessors, comes at length near the surface, where the salt spray blows. More than one unfaithful parent has left the millions of remorse around his neck, recalling the words of Christ about causing one of these little ones to offend.—William Justin Harsha.

## RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

There are 143 distinct denominations in the United States, besides independent churches and miscellaneous congregations. The total of communicants of all denominations is 20,612,806, who belong to 165,177 organizations or congregations. These congregations have 164,282 edifices, which have sittings for 43,564,863 persons. The value of all church property used exclusively for purposes of worship is \$679,630,139. There are 111,086 regular ministers, not including lay preachers. There are five bodies which have more than one million of communicants, and ten more than 500,000. The leading denominations have one million of communicants, and ten more than 500,000. The leading denominations have communicants in round numbers as follows: catholic, 6,250,000; methodist, 4,600,000; baptist, 3,725,000; presbyterian, 1,280,822; lutheran, 1,280,000; protestant episcopal, 640,000. A study of the details of the statistics develops some apparent strange results. Out of a total of 180,000 Jewish communicants, the Reform exceeded the Orthodox by 16,000. There are 13,500 Russian Orthodox, 100 Greek Orthodox, and 10,880 Greek catholics. The Salvation Army has 8742 members enrolled, and the Christian Scientists just 18 less than that number. The denomination of "Ethical Culture" has a membership of 1064, while the "Altruist" is able to show but 25 followers. The members of the Theosophical Society aggregate 695.

In number of communicants and value of church property, New York leads and Pennsylvania follows, but in the number of organizations and church edifices Pennsylvania is first and Ohio second. The increase in value of church property since 1870 has been \$325,146,658, or nearly 92 per cent, while the number of churches

has increased 92 per cent; the increase in the number of organizations is 126 per cent.

## AS THE LEAF CHANGETH.

Nature is Full of Hints and Prophecies of the Life Beyond.

Every "sere and yellow leaf" falling to the ground, every tree standing stripped and bare, every gusty wind and barren field preaches of universal human decay, says Rev. J. L. Campbell. They each tell us that generations of men, like the foliage of successive summers, are fast passing away. Where are the mighty nations of the past—Egypt, Persia, Babylon, Greece and Rome, that rose and flourished with such power and pride? Faded and gone like the falling leaf. Where are the cities they built, and the solid walls which arose in their strength, and the glittering armies which marched forth from under their gates of brass? Where the poets that sang, the kings that ruled nations, the statesmen that swayed senates, the mighty men of war beneath whose tread the continents trembled? Faded away like the leaf. So, too, of the most massive piles that are going up everywhere around us. The tooth of time will gnaw them up. They must perish at last. All human greatness must crumble away.

Nature is full of hints and prophecies of life beyond. Every seed that drops into the ground "is not quickened except it die," but from death it comes forth into a new life. This is Paul's own illustration (1 Cor. XV 36, 37.) Every harvest on every field waves golden promise that we shall rise again. Every blade of grass, shrilled with the pulses of spring after the long, cold winter, is a prediction of things to come. At the flowers that bloom upon the earth are, as Longfellow has it, "Emblems of the resurrection, emblems of the better land." The worm passes into its chrysalis tomb, and at the call of God comes forth with its glorified body, a beautiful butterfly. Night is but the death of day and morning its resurrection. And here is the argument: When resurrection is so insignificant a matter with God that He gives it to the laded leaf and the shrunken seed and a worm in the ground, shall He refuse it to us, who are the purchase of Christ's agony, and who are joint heirs with Him to His resurrection glory? Nay, more, if He can take an unshapely bulb or a shriveled grain, or a dry withered root, and transform any of them and cause them to break forth and bloom in robes of beauty fairer than all the splendor of Solomon, if that marvel takes place here before our very eyes—what must the glory of our resurrection be when we shall be like Him and see him as he is? "We shall shine forth as the sun by and by."

I lay my dearest earthly friend, my brother, in the tomb. What is this death? Oh, cruel grave, thou hast robbed me, thou hast bereaved me, thou hast crushed me. Must I never see his face again? But the Christian sepulchre returns the radiant answer: "Thy brother shall rise again." "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed." "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." "Grave, the guardian of our dust, Grave, the treasury of our skies, Every atom of thy trust, Rests in hope again to rise."

## FASHION IN OLD JERUSALEM.

As far back as seven centuries before the Christian era there were very gayly dressed women in Jerusalem. The prophet Ezekiel tells of them. They had garments of silk adorned with brocaded work, their bodies were swathed in fine linen; they had shoes of badger skin. They wore ornaments of gold and silver, rings in the ears, bracelets on the wrists, a chain around the neck, a jewel over the brow, and a crown upon the head.

The prophet speaks of the earrings which were worn by the women of Jerusalem; but these ornaments were worn by Jewesses ages before the time of Ezekiel, even in the days of Moses, and earlier yet. There were earrings among the other gifts which were given to Moses, as described in the book of Numbers. The first biblical reference to them is in the part of Genesis which tells how Rebekah obtained as a gift a "golden earring of half a shekel weight," from Abraham's servant, who "put it upon her face." At a later period the patriarch Jacob procured all the earrings which belonged to his household and hid them under an oak tree. Subsequently to that time earrings are frequently spoken of in the bible. Even Job, the patient man of Uz, must have owned a lot of them in the latter part of his life, for when all his brethren and all his sisters and all his acquaintances came to comfort him under his afflictions, "every one of them gave him an earring of gold."

In the very early periods of Jewish history women seem to have been as fond of dress and decorations as they are in modern times. When the daughters of Jerusalem were appraised and jewelled in the way described by Ezekiel, their garments and ornaments must have been nearly as expensive as those of the grand dames who now shine in society. The wearing of "diver-golders," however, does not seem to have been a mark of honor.

## RELIGION BELONGS TO MAN.

Religion is the mother of all religions, not the child. The White City is not the parent of architecture, architecture is the parent of the White City. And the temple and the priests and rituals that cover it is round globe of ours have not made a religion; they have been born of the religion that is inherent in the soul. Religion is not the exceptional gift of exceptional geniuses. It is not what men have sometimes thought it, a poetry or art or music to be, a thing that belongs to a favored few great men. It is the universal characteristic of humanity. It belongs to man as man. Religion is not a somewhat that has been conferred upon

him by any supernatural act of irresistible grace, either upon an elect few or an elect many. Still less is it a somewhat that has been conferred upon a few, so that the many, strive never so hard to conform their lives to the light of nature, unless aided by some supernatural or extraordinary acts of grace, can never attain to it. Religion belongs to man and is inherent in man.—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

## THE TRUE WEALTH OF JOB.

Questions in the Book That Have Only Been Partly Answered as Yet. "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was 7,000 sheep and 3,000 camels, 500 yokes of oxen and 500 she asses, and a very large household, so that that man was the greatest of all the men of the East." Job i, 1-3.

This is a wonderful story of the world's young morning; a story to be pondered by thoughtful men through all the years of time. It is full of grave, deep lessons that the world has been ages learning and has not yet learned them any too well. There are questions asked in the book of Job that has only been partly answered yet, because every age has its own answer, out of its own experience to these questions concerning God, and good and evil, and sorrow and prayer, and hope and patience. Job was asked to gaze upon the sublime picture of a man looking up to heaven through the storm of complicated disaster and saying: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." The man who could say that and mean it was rich in a wealth compared with which silver and gold, and horses and lands, and all the material things of the world are as nothing. Job's true wealth was not in the abundance of his possessions. These material forms of wealth have a very rare faculty of taking to themselves wings and flying away. There is nothing as capricious as wealth; that is, the wealth that consists of only of the seen and the material. A turreted city, a vast tide of commerce is all that is needed to change the millionaire into a bankrupt. That tide is turning every day, and every newspaper bears the record of such changes. Job's true wealth was in his faith, his patience, and his hope. A man who trusts in God, who hopes in His mercy, and who can wait his time, is rich though all the banks should break and all the gold grow dim. What sublime faith Job had! What hope! "I know that my Redeemer (vindicator) liveth. He will vindicate me, I will bide my time, though he slay me, yet will I trust him. Here is the true wealth that abides forever."

## CHARACTER CARVING.

The process of character-formation goes on through the action and interaction of the forces of life. The quality of a life, at any moment, is the product mainly of little things. Trifling choices, insignificant exercises of will, unimportant acts often repeated, things seemingly of small account—these are the thousand tiny sculptors that are carving away constantly at the rude outline of giving it shape and form. Indeed, the formation of character is much like the work of an artist in stone. The sculptor takes a rough, unshapen mass of marble and with strong rapid, strokes of mallet and chisel quickly brings into view the rude outline of his design, but after the outline appears, then comes hours, days, perhaps even years, of patient, minute labor. A novice might see no change in the statue from one day to the other; for though the chisel touches the stone a thousand times, it touches as lightly as the fall of a raindrop, but each touch leaves a mark. A friend of mine, a young artist, called on the great artist while he was finishing a statue; some days afterward he called again, and the sculptor was still at the same task. The friend, looking at the statue, exclaimed: "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied Angelo; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to the lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifles." So it is with the shaping of character; each day brings us under the play of innumerable little influences. Every one of these influences does its work for good or ill; and all their work through our consent. By-and-by appear the full and final result.—Rev. Philip S. Moxon.

## FALSE CHRISTIANITY.

There is false christianity, which may be termed anti-christ, for it there is any anti-christ it is this, which is brought reproach on the name of christianity itself. It is this false christianity which fails to recognize the needs of others and centers itself on individual salvation, neglecting what the apostle James called "pure and undefiled religion"—namely, ministration to one's fellow. The social life of this land of ours would proclaim the value of christianity, if it could in its true sense be called a christian land. But we cannot be such a land. We do not attempt to carry out the principles of fraternity, and any claim that we do is mere ignorance or pretense—hypocrisy of the kind condemned by Christ in the strongest language. It does not avail us to make long prayers while we neglect widows and orphans in need. He who did this in the time of Christ violated the principles of national brotherhood. He who does so now violates the principles of universal brotherhood.—Professor R. T. Ely.

## MISADVENTURE ON A WHEEL.

That wonderful invention of these modern days, the bicycle, is working great economic changes. It is revolutionizing work and even local life in some places. An American missionary in India writes: "My touring has been much facilitated by a

bicycle. Whole villages turned out to see the 'foot carriage.' Some are much astonished at the speed of the machine. Others think it ought to go faster. I am frequently asked whether the propelling power comes from my feet or my hands. Wherever I go, I find plenty of people willing to come and listen to my preaching, if they can only catch a glimpse of the horse that needs neither grass nor grain."

## CONVERSE WITH GOD.

Who will say that any man ever sincerely chose any religion for any other than a good purpose? It is incredible. And before the spectacle of an immortal soul seeking for and communing with its God all hostilities must pause. No missile must be discharged. All the snarls and furies must await on that mood and fact or worship, for an immortal soul talking with God is greater than a king. And while we wait in this divine silence let us read the profound and befitting word which heaven has vouchsafed to the people of the Orient, and which has been preserved to us through the ages in one of the sacred Books of the East. The great deity said to the inquiring Arana concerning the many forms of worship: "Whichever form of deity any worshiper desires to worship with faith to that form I render his faith steady. Possessed of that faith, he seeks to propitiate the deity in that form, and he obtains from it those beneficial things which he desires, though they are really given by me."—Dr E. Rexford.

## ADVICE TO YOUR CONVERTS.

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If you are a banker be a christian one, and if you are a blacksmith, be a better one than a man without grace could be.

Be a willing worker, and a faithful witness for the Master everywhere. Depend much on Christ, and don't worry about things you can't help.—'Kim's Horn.'

## A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

"It riches increase set not your heart upon them." Psalm 62: 10.

## NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

A YOUNG GIRL RESCUED FROM AN EARLY GRAVE.

Pale, listless and weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough, and the Apparently 'Going Into a Rapid Decline—A Case of Deep Interest, to Every Mother in the Land.

(From the Cornwall Standard.)

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We would give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to our readers as to need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of 14, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dore, a well known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, now and again her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help her. But i-



"Was Merely a shadow of Her former self."

appeared to be useless, and weak after weak she continued to grow worse, until it was evident she was fast going into a decline. A hacking cough set in, and the poor girl, who was formerly plump and healthy looking, with bright rosy cheeks, began to waste away, and in a few months was merely a shadow of her former self. Her mother had about lost all hope of saving the young girl's life, the doctors being apparently unable to do anything to check the ravages of the mysterious disease. At length the mother's attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she decided to give them a trial. A box was taken, and, as the girl did not show any visible signs of improvement, her mother was on the point of discontinuing the medicine when a neighbor persuaded her that a single box was not a fair trial, and induced her to continue the Pills. By the time the second box was completed there was some improvement noticeable, and there was joy in that small household, no more persuasion was needed to continue the treatment. The use of the Pink Pills was continued for some months, and when the young girl had completely recovered her health and strength, today she is the very picture of health, and the color in her cheeks is as bright as it was before her illness commenced. To those who saw her during the days of her illness and suffering, her recovery is little short of a miracle. Mrs. Dore freely gave the Standard reporter permission to publish an account of her daughter's illness and recovery. She said she would not find words strong enough to express the gratitude for the miraculous cure this great life-saving medicine had effected in her daughter's case, and she hoped her testimony might be the means of leading others similarly afflicted to give them a trial.

## CURIOS DEFECTS OF MEMORY.

It would afford material for an entire paper to study defects of memory and to describe some of the curiosities of thinking which result from such defects. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says that he saw lately a business man of keen mind and good general memory, who was not paralyzed in any way, and was perfectly able to understand and to talk, but who had suddenly lost a part of his power of reading and of mathematical calculation. The letters d, g, q, x and y, though seen perfectly, were no longer recognized, and conveyed no more idea to him than Chinese characters would to us. He had great difficulty in reading—had to spell out all words containing these letters. He could write the letters which he could read, but could not write the five letters mentioned. He could read and write some numbers, but 6, 7 or 8 had been lost to him; and when asked to write them his only result after many attempts, was to begin to write the words six, seven, and eight, not being able to finish these, as the first and last contained letters (x and g) which he did not know. He could not add 7 and 5 together,

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again called on Mrs. Dore and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression to her appreciation of this wonderful medicine. She further said that Pink Pills had greatly helped herself. She had been suffering from the effects of an attack of grippe, and the Pink Pills had restored her to health. Her daughter also expressed her gratitude for the extraordinary change this medicine had wrought in her health.

In the case of young girls who are pale and sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness.

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Curious Defects of Memory. It would afford material for an entire paper to study defects of memory and to describe some of the curiosities of thinking which result from such defects. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says that he saw lately a business man of keen mind and good general memory, who was not paralyzed in any way, and was perfectly able to understand and to talk, but who had suddenly lost a part of his power of reading and of mathematical calculation. The letters d, g, q, x and y, though seen perfectly, were no longer recognized, and conveyed no more idea to him than Chinese characters would to us. He had great difficulty in reading—had to spell out all words containing these letters. He could write the letters which he could read, but could not write the five letters mentioned. He could read and write some numbers, but 6, 7 or 8 had been lost to him; and when asked to write them his only result after many attempts, was to begin to write the words six, seven, and eight, not being able to finish these, as the first and last contained letters (x and g) which he did not know. He could not add 7 and 5 together,

or any two numbers of which 6, 7 or 8 formed a part, for he could not call them to his mind. Other numbers he knew well. He could no longer tell time by the watch. For a week after the onset of the disease he did not recognize his surroundings. On going out for the first time the streets of the city no longer seemed familiar; on coming back he did not know his own house. After a few weeks, however, all his memories had returned excepting those of the letters and figures named; but as the loss of these put a stop to his reading and to all his business life, the small defect of memory was to him a serious thing. Experience has shown that such a defect is due to a small area of disease in one part of the brain. Such cases are not uncommon, and illustrate the separateness of our various memories and their dependence upon the sound brain.—The Interior.

Was a Good Little Girl.

Sweet little Lucy Browne is a Walnut street tot, who is the idolized baby of a well-to-do and Christian family. The dear little thing attends church and Sunday school regularly, and her health and morals are closely watched by gentle and loving parents. One bright afternoon, not many weeks ago, Lucy was taking a walk with her big brother Charles. Lucy was very happy. Her mamma had given her five cents to buy ice cream, a luxury of which she was very fond, and the eyes of the demure little dear sparkled in anticipation. Suddenly the sunshine of Lucy's happiness was clouded. Her tender heart was near to breaking as she saw a wicked boy beating a stick. Attached to the dog's tail was a tin can, and a refusal to run was a cause of the beating. Lucy's eyes filled with tears as she pleaded with her big brother, but at last consented to let the dog to the little girl for five cents. Brother Charles looked down approvingly into the big blue eyes dimmed with tears, and mentally resolved to at once repay Lucy's generosity by another nickel from his own pocket. Lucy gazed at the dog and then at the coin in her hand. Then she thought of the ice cream she so fondly desired. After a moment's silence she brightened up. She had an inspiration. "What, is it dear?" asked brother Charles. "Say, brother," said she, "you kick in a couple of that kid's ribs while I hustle the pup up the alley!" Philadelphia Record.

ISLANDS OF TREASURE.

HAGER SEARCH FOR GOLD WHICH THE PIRATES BURIED.

Many Useless Quests in Lonely Places of the Caribbean Sea—Fabled Tales of the Amount Supposed to be Hidden—Poor Success up to Date.

Santa Catalina is a little point of sand and rock rising out of the Caribbean Sea, ninety miles off the Mosquito Coast of Central America, and forming one of the little group known as the islands of San Andres and La Providencia. It is about a mile in circumference, and contains a network of caverns. Morgan was the most successful of the buccaneers that preyed upon the Spaniards in America, and his raid upon Panama in 1670-71 was his greatest enterprise. After settling the affairs of the expedition he was able to retire from business with a fortune, returned to England, and was knighted by King Charles II. Nothing accurate is known of the value of his plunder at Panama, but history says that it included about everything of value on the Isthmus at the time when the wealth of Peru flowed through Panama on its way to Spain. According to the legend, one ship load of it was lost by Morgan. It seems that he was in the habit of increasing his own share of the spoils taken in his various raids by cheating his companions in the division. On the occasion of the sack of Panama, the story goes, the crew of one vessel took the precaution of running away with the treasure with which it was laden in order to prevent Morgan from indulging in the practise referred to. Morgan captured them subsequently, but not until they had disposed of their spoils, and they died under torture rather than reveal the hiding place. For a couple of centuries legendary stories have been current that the treasure was buried on Santa Catalina. Additional facts have been supplied with the lapse of time until now so small a detail as the exact number of dead pirates buried with the treasure is stated.

Two men are reputed to have found treasure on Santa Catalina in the last twenty years. One may be dismissed briefly. He is described as Alexander Archibald of Old Providence, an island of the same group, and he is said to have discovered a jar containing \$15,000 while digging a well. The story has simply never been verified, nor has the existence of Mr. Archibald been demonstrated.

There is a good deal more to be said about the other man, John Currie, trader of Kingston, Jamaica. He at least accomplished the feat of making intelligent men of the world believe in his discovery. He first brought himself into notice at Kingston by getting up an expedition to go after the treasure. This was his story: He landed upon the island from a Spanish vessel one day in search of wood and water. While there he came across an iguana and chased it. The animal ran into a hole. He put his hand into the hole, felt some masonry, and discovered the walled-up entrance to a cavern. Making his way in, this was the glorious thing he beheld: Nine earthen jars as tall as a man, filled to the brim with Spanish doubloons: cases filled with jewels, and goldware and silverware strewn about. Wishing to conceal the existence of the treasure from the Spaniards on the vessel, he contented himself with taking about \$10,000 in gold and some jewelry. Then he replaced the masonry and sailed away. Whatever may have been his motives in organizing this first expedition, it was not successful, and he does not appear to have derived any pecuniary profit from it. His version of the failure was that an enterprising American learned of the expedition in Kingston, aroused the natives of the neighboring islands against him because he refused to consent to a division of the treasure, and had him sent as a prisoner to Colon. At Colon he certainly did arrive as a prisoner. It is alleged that the authorities there tried to make him disclose his secret. In other days he might have been tortured. As it was the British Consul, Mr. Compton, interfered, secured Currie's release, and there by brought about his own ruin.

Currie went back to Kingston, and there the late Earl of Londale came upon the scene. In the winter of 1879-80, while cruising in his yacht in the West Indies, he heard about Currie, looked him up, and got him to tell about the discovery. Currie exhibited as proofs that his story was true some ancient Spanish doubloons and some very curious ornaments set with diamonds in an antique fashion. The Earl was soon convinced, and an agreement was entered into between the two by which Londale was to contribute his yacht for the purpose of an expedition and Currie was to disclose the opening to the cavern. At the last moment Currie brought the projected expedition to a standstill by disappearing.

A tragedy followed this fiasco. Currie had exhibited his Spanish doubloons and diamond ornaments to Mr. Compton, the British Consul at Colon, who had secured his release from prison. Mr. Compton, like others, was finally convinced of the truth of the story and risked his whole fortune in a new expedition in search of the treasure at Santa Catalina. To guard against renewed interference on the part of the natives, Mr. Compton secured through the influence of his friends, the services of a British man-of-war to act as convoy.

Currie could not avoid accompanying this expedition, but, like the others, it was a failure. After reaching the island Currie announced that he had decided to refuse to show where the treasure was hidden, because he was afraid that in the division he would not receive his right share. Threats and promises alike proved useless to make him alter his determination. His refusal to lead the way to the cavern seems incomprehensible upon any hypothesis save the one that he had no secret to reveal; but even that theory is not altogether satisfactory, for he does not seem to have benefited in any way from the expedition. As to his fear of unfair treatment, the presence of the officers and crew of a naval vessel, and his ability to appeal later to courts of justice ought to have been sufficient guarantees that right would be done him. But he persisted in his refusal to show where the treasure lay. After this the crew of the man-of-war searched the little island industriously for three weeks and explored every nook and cranny without coming across a vestige of a pirate or a treasure. Then they sailed away, and Mr. Compton blew out his brains in despair.

Three years later Santa Catalina turned up in a new cast and was the object of an expedition sent out from New York in search of a treasure that came from another source. One ex-Judge A. J. Davidson of San Francisco was sailing around the world some years before. In an Australian port he received on board an aged sailor stricken with consumption and penniless who longed to be taken home to die in his native land. So Mr. Davidson accommodated him. Like Mr. Davidson, the sailor was a mason, which was an additional tie between them. Grateful to Mr. Davidson for the kindness shown to him, the sailor told his secret and died. In his youth, on a cruise from Demerara to Newburyport, his brig was captured by a pirate who massacred all the crew but him. He served on board the pirate ship several years. One day the pirate was attacked by a British man-of-war, but escaped. The peril that he had undergone in the encounter decided the pirate Captain to bury the booty he had on board on a desert island. Thirty-six kegs of Spanish doubloons, the fruit of bloodshed and rapine, were accordingly placed in a pit in the sand, under a layer of conch shells, and the bodies of two dead pirates were laid on top. Then the pirates sailed away from the desert island, with the man-of-war again, and was destroyed. The crew perished fighting, with the exception of Mr. Davidson's sailor. His explanation of his presence upon the pirate vessel was deemed satisfactory, and he was set at liberty. It is to be observed that the sailor's age would make his pirate one of the South American privateers referred to.

Mr. Davidson did nothing about the treasure until he had first lost his fortune in speculations. Then he went to look it up. His desert island was Santa Catalina, although the treasure he sought was not Sir Henry Morgan's. Proceeding part of the way by steamer and part along in a sail-boat, Mr. Davidson went to the island with the chart the dead sailor had given him to locate the treasure and dug up the sand until he came to the two dead pirates lying on the layer of conch shells. Then the sea water flowed into the holes so rapidly that he could not get down to the thirty-six kegs of doubloons. The dead pirates and the conch shells satisfied him of the good faith of his sailor friend, and he went to New York and organized a syndicate to provide a corollary to keep out the sea water. He does not seem to have had much difficulty in getting his syndicate together. Among the members were several men more or less well known in one way or another. They subscribed \$10,000, which was not very much, seeing that Dr. Davidson estimated the thirty-six kegs of doubloons at \$1,000,000. The steam yacht Maria was chartered for the trip to Santa Catalina, and Capt. John B. Peck, a special agent of the United States Treasury, who was interested in the enterprise, got leave of absence to command the expedition. His days of glory were short. On the way to Santa Catalina the syndicate was riven by a quarrel, the cause of which was the old difficulty of treasure seekers—mutual distrust. At Kingston, Mr. Davidson and some of the others quit the Maria, taking the dead sailor's chart with them. Capt. Peck thought he could find the treasure any how, chart or no chart, and spent three weeks at Santa Catalina working that theory out. When he had reached the end of it he cruised about the Caribbean Sea in pursuit of other will-o'-the-wisps until his adventures were brought to a close for the time being by the founding of the Maria. So far as is known, the thirty-six kegs of Spanish doubloons have not been removed yet from Santa Catalina. Anybody wishing to continue the search can doubtless make an arrangement with Mr. Davidson to advance money for an expedition, although the sole right to hunt for treasure on Santa Catalina is now claimed by a company holding a concession from Honduras.

The N. Y. Sun reprinted a story from the San Francisco Chronicle the other day which told about a rumor at Panama that somebody had found \$1,000,000 in Spanish gold and silver upon Cocos Island. This island is made the bank of deposit of pirates of this century by the legend of the hidden treasure. It is in the Pacific, some 400 miles from Panama, fertile, stocked with goats, and generally uninhabited otherwise. Some exact details are given of its treasure. There are 175 tons of silver dollars, \$15,000,000 of gold bricks (genuine gold bricks, not a kind sold to countrymen), a collection of gold-billed and jeweled swords, and bushels of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. So that the Panama people, if they really found anything, have reason to be surprised by their own moderation. The accounts of how the treasure got to the island are mixed. One story says that Dampier and other pirates did it. Poor Dampier! he was unlucky all his life, was tolerably honest, though he helped occasionally in an attack upon a Spanish ship, and lived and died poor. A second ascribes it to "the pirate brig R-sampago," in 1822. This would have been contemporary with the pirate ship of Mr. Davidson's friend, and the possibility that the two vessels may have been the same is strengthened by the fact that a similar story is told of the destruction of the Relampago after the burial of the treasure and the survival of only one

sailor. A third account gives the credit of the treasure to a privateer and slave ship named the Lark. As told by Charles Henderson of Weeseon, O., the events occurred "before the war." Had his knowledge of history been greater he would probably have fixed them earlier in the century. His story includes the usual combat with a man-of-war, only this time it is a ship of the United States Navy and not a British cruiser. In trying to escape the Lark was run upon a rock and sank, and only eight men escaped in a boat. The captain had \$75,000 in gold on board the ship, and this he took with him and buried in a cave on an island supposed to be Cocos. While on the island all the survivors except himself died. He has been trying to get people to take him to the island to get the money ever since, but in vain. Doubtless before he dies he will confide the secret of the treasure cave to some one who has befriended him, and thus the resemblance between his story and the others will be complete. A fourth account was started for the purpose of an inquiry into the nature of the treasure legend. It embraces the treasure plunder taken from coast cities of Peru by the English schooner Mary Deer, during the civil disturbances and revolutions about 1810. A couple of years ago, Mrs. Richard Young, wife of a Boston shipbuilder, told the story to the newspapers about as follows:

"My father was John Keating, a native of St. John's N. F., and one of the crew of the Mary Deer. After burying the treasure on the schooner was captured by a Peruvian man-of-war and all the crew but two were shot. The survivors were my father and William Thompson, who jumped overboard and were picked up by an American whaler. For three years they cruised for whales. Then they went to England and secured a vessel the Edgecomb, Capt. Boag, and went to Cocos Island and got some of the treasure. Returning they were shipwrecked near Panama, and Capt. Boag was eaten by a shark. Then Thompson died of fever leaving my father sole survivor. My father reached Newfoundland with \$7,500 in gold. Merchants of Newfoundland built a vessel, the Gauntlet, and he sailed again for Cocos Island. Putting in at Panama, he was recognized by the authorities and arrested. My father had to have been executed but for the intervention of the British Consul. Then he gave up and returned home. On his deathbed he gave my husband a chart and directions for finding the place of burial of the gold. Mr. Young sent me the chart and found it inhabited by fifty-five Spanish convicts and he cared not dig. Mrs. Eliza Knight, a wealthy resident of Brooklyn, bought charts and papers of the widow of Mr. Keating, but we have the only correct ones."

The points about this narrative to be noted: First, the inevitable fight of the pirate schooner with a man-of-war, a Peruvian this time, and the survival of one man eventually. Second, the first expedition to Cocos and the finding of a little treasure, which sounds like Currie's only successful visit to Santa Catalina. Third, the arrest of Keating at Panama and his liberation through the intervention of the British Consul, which is Currie's experience again. Fourth, Keating's act in delivering the chart to Young on his deathbed suggests Mr. Davidson's sailor. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the mention of that "wealthy resident of Brooklyn, Mrs. E. Eliza Knight." In his book on the "Professional Criminals of America," ex-Chief Brynes devotes much space to another resident of Brooklyn, Mrs. E. E. Peck, whom he describes as one of the most successful and ingenious of swindlers among women. One of Mrs. Peck's aliases is given as "Mrs. Eliza Knight."

The manner in which the treasure got to Cocos having thus been clearly set forth, a little may be said of the attempts to find it. Its reputation as a treasure island has spread over the Pacific coast, and the people out there are hustlers. So the island has been thoroughly ransacked. The search has been so thorough that it would seem as if the only thing remaining to do were to adopt the proposition of one treasure hunter and subject the island to the process of hydraulic mining, until the island was either washed away completely or the treasure was found. In 1892 an expedition, in which an ex-master of Santa Barbara and others of like standing took part, spent four months digging and exploring on Cocos, but without result. The following year other enthusiasts chartered the steamer Acapulco, loaded her with excavating machinery, and spent weeks trying to dig up the treasure. These two expeditions are mentioned to show that the search has not been superficial, and that had there been any treasure it would probably have been found.—N. Y. Sun.

Huxley on a Liberal Education. "That man has a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned by any kind of work, and spin the gossamer as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws that govern operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to halt by a vigorous will; the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of

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Severe Weather Changes In August. The Infants Claim Protection. Lactated Food Keeps Them Strong and Healthy. How varied the weather this month! We hear even robust men and women complaining loudly about the sudden changes. How about the poor, weak and helpless babies? Do we make proper efforts to secure health, rest and comfort for the little ones? This work of helping and saving the babies is best done when we diet the precocious ones in a sensible way. The babies depend upon proper food for good health. Every sensible mother and experienced physician will tell you that Lactated Food secures a perfect condition of health for the babies, especially in August weather. The plump, healthy little ones with firm flesh, hard muscles, rosy complexions, merry ways, are the babies who have been fed on Lactated Food. Mothers, you cannot afford to trifles this month with infantile life. Use Lactated Food, and the dear ones will soon show strength and vigor. Dysentery, diarrhea and cholera infantum have no terrors when the best of all foods is used from day to day. If you have not given Lactated Food a trial, send to Walls & Richardson Co., Montreal, and they will mail you (free of charge) a sample tin. Woman's Best Friend. That was an interesting idea of an interesting Western business firm which advertised not long ago that it would give a silk dress to the woman making the most logical and acceptable answer to the question. What is the most necessary article used in woman's dress? The prize was awarded to Miss Emma Belford, of Birmingham, Conn. With the gown Miss Belford received a letter in which the firm declared that her answer was the most acceptable and the only one of the kind received. Just two words covered it: "A pin."

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HINTS ON CAMPING OUT.

POINTS FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LIVE IN THE WOODS.

Valuable Suggestions as to the Best Ways of Building Camps—How to Arrange Them for Convenience and Comfort—Some Things to be Avoided.

One camps out for business occasionally, but more camp out for fun. The best fun, in the end, is to camp as if for business.

Never throw lighted matches and cigars among dry leaves; never allow the flames to spread far from your fireplace; never go to sleep with a fire burning, if the wind is high, unless a rain is falling at the same time; always extinguish the last spark before leaving camp in the morning.

It is camping to be only an incident in a journey, the house will be a mere cover for the night. In the West, where rains are light, the prospector carries little more than his blanket, rifle, pick, matches and food.

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poned this other culinary exercise and was kept busy for a tiresome time, and with increasing dismay, spooning the growing mass into pails and pans, until he finally had something filled and had to use some of his table plates; on their return to the camp his associates concluded, unanimously, to dispense with his services as a cook; he volunteered to draw water and hew wood for the rest of their stay if they would never again mention rice in his hearing.

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GUARDING THE HEALTH.

AIR, LIGHT AND PROPER DIET ARE VERY NECESSARY.

Mistakes Made by Thousands in Important Matters of Daily Life—Many Common Customs Which Ought to be Avoided—Some Plain Talk to Delicate People.

For the tarnishing of complexion and fading of rose bloom, which might last into the frost of later days, vitiated air is responsible more than any other cause, writes Shirley Dare.

The infection of air, food, and drink by this hideous unsexed creature is frightful. The best nurses and doctors learn that it is no longer safe to leave milk for children or sick persons in the standing wash basin to keep it cool, for fifteen minutes' absorption of the air given off by the waste vent will infect anything eatable or drinkable with vile, often with deadly vapor.

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laundry is not a matter of course should have some latticed room where soiled things could be kept under lock and key and not allowed to contaminate the air of rooms and corridors.

The way to guard against this enemy, which lurks invisible next to our pillows and our food, is to keep all drains closed not directly in use. It may seem impossible, but it can be done by the simplest means.

For years the sink in my own home has been sealed against foul air by removing the grating screwed over the waste pipe and closing it with a large rubber stopper of the sort used for carbonyl of strong acids.

These rubber stoppers cost perhaps 10 cents apiece, and a stiff wire fifteen inches long, fixed in the top, forms a handle to lift the plug when slops are poured down. It is some small trouble, and Bridget grumbled at first over it, but when she learned that it was to save her health she submitted, unbelieving at first, enthusiastically.

These slight precautions ought to be taken in every sleeping room at night if not by day, and their effect will soon be felt in the increased refreshment after sleep.

more, so I will not go to bed at all." The nervous person who has arrived to the point where she goes without eating is in as risky a condition as if she was doing with one or two hours' sleep a night.

It is rather surprising to be told that sunshine is not always a promoter of health, and that fog may be a blessing in disguise.

There are now many forms of metal fastenings for holding rubber upon the end of lead pencils, and the bulk of the medium grade pencils now sold have rubber attached in one way or another.

one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition.

Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color.

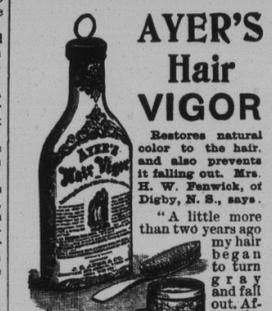
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RIAL DES.

Some amusing tales are told in Victoria.

British Columbia, of Sir Joseph Neidham, former chief justice of Vancouver Island, who died at Weybridge, Surrey, the other day at the age of 83.

On April 1 some jokers nailed a quarter of a dollar to the sidewalk, and then watched, with delight, people who were trying to pick it up.

The chief justice, and when he found the coin nailed he calmly proceeded to kick away at it with his foot till he loosed it, and then with grim satisfaction, put it in his pocket.

Some amusing tales are told in Victoria.

## THE HILL HOUSE DUEL.

Jabez Holt went from the Hill House when the sun began to light the valley below the east wing, and the man he had wounded came out of the bedroom and called for coffee and a cigarette. As for the rest of us, we followed Dick Murray, the doctor, carrying our boots in our hands up the grand old stairs, which had known the tread of Cavalier and Puritan; and when we had come into his room we no longer held back our laughter. I never remember to have seen five men the victims of such uproarious merriment. The play which had just passed under the five oaks in the deer park was in itself a comedy to treasure in the memory; but the complete success of it, the flight of Holt to Paris, and the assurance we had of his intention to stay there, were achievements unlooked for by the most hopeful of the spectators.

For my own part, I had come to the old red brick house, which lay upon a hill of Surrey, only when the plot of which I write had been hatched and was ready for accomplishment. Taylor King, the owner of the place, a man dear to his friends in October, had been entertaining since five o'clock of the ground and the partridges were up; but I joined his party late in the month of the pleasant, and then found that there was mischief brewing, as often there is when corridors echo with the laughter of teens, and will turn their ankles in their frames while gazing over banners.

And what with the dances and the pretty faces, the colossal "pools" o' nights and the brisk sport by day, the tumble-haired girls and their match-making mothers, there was occasion enough to the Hill House to lure the dullest man from his melancholy, and even to awaken the pessimist to new views of life.

In the most part the occupations of the love makers I have in my mind were purely ephemeral. As at all country houses, a man who lost his head at breakfast was well aware of his complaint when the dinner bell rang. He, again, who saw visions of one face in his sleep had forgotten both the shape of it and the particular quality that moved him to ecstasy when the beaters began in the morning. And the instability added to our pleasure and mitigated the danger of earnestness which is chiefly to be feared in such a company. Content with a passion which endured for two hours by the clock, the summer men among us watched the ambling of those who meant business with a lofty contempt. She had nut-colored hair and unspeakably blue eyes, Sibyl Haldestein to wit, who crossed his path.

The lolly of the thing was that Jack had not a shilling; and his expectations were summed up in the probability that he would ultimately attain to the glories of a pension sufficient to keep him in cigars. Being a poor man, but one whose income from his pay (he was in the Indian army) was notoriously small, everyone told him that he had that behind a year—the sum ever ascribed by gossip to our gentlemen paupers. And this was the man who had to quote Murray again, made love to Lady Haldestein's daughter; threatening to carry off both the nut-colored hair and the eighteen hundred a year which she brought with her. I speak figuratively. The opposition of the family was strong and relentless. Lady Haldestein herself declared that the thing should never be. Acting upon the wisdom of the ancients, she played a counter mine in persuading King, our host, to invite Jabez Holt to the Hill; and to Jabez Holt the tongue of the many gave a fortune of quarter of a million. Holt an Suite, Murray used to call him—for he made his money out of furniture; and while the jst had been ill in the common way, and the matter was so perfect a parvenu that we laughed at it.

When Holt came to the Hill House and pursued Sibyl Haldestein unblushingly, Jack was a study. He used to pass through all the moods of tragedy five times an hour. He did not tell us so, but we understood in a mysterious way that he meant to do something desperate. He spent many of his hours thinking out bitter things to say to Holt; yet, as he admitted, he generally spoiled them dreadfully in delivery. At the same time his love of scorn was superb, and from that point of view there was no comparison between the bright, athletic and exceedingly handsome fellow we hailed as friend, and the stumpy, whiskered morsel of humanity who was an authority on chairs and whom we regarded, for Jack's sake, as a foe.

"The fact is," said Murray, to me the other night after I joined the party, "if this fellow Holt is not got out of the house I shall have to treat Jack for an incipient case of lunacy. I don't believe for a moment that the girl is likely to throw him over, but her mother is dead set on the match, and one never can tell what pressure consistently applied may do."

"From what Jack tells me," said I, "the fellow isn't even open to insult. They sat on him dreadfully in the smoking room last night, and he only smelted with a childlike leer which was beautiful to see."

"That's the worst of it," exclaimed Murray, "he's so dreadful anxious to do the right thing that it you told him to dance in a pink shirt I believe he'd buy one. But I'm sorry for Jack; it's spoiling his time down here, and he sails for India in a month, you know."

"It's a pity you can't persuade the other man to sail in a week," I said at hazard.

"I rather fancy I have a notion, but I'll tell you by and by. Anyway, I mean to get that man out of the house, and when I mean a thing I don't let go of it easily."

I knew that something was being done, and one night in the smoking room when King himself had gone to bed and only a few of the youngest of us set up, he started me exceedingly when suddenly he began to talk of duelling, and was backed up by the others, in as fine a tissue of fabrication as the brain of man ever weaves. In the first place seeming to disagree with Holt, who listened with strained ears, he related a mock tale of a meeting which the previous morning had witnessed under the five oaks. He described the whole thing from its imaginery beginning, the insult, the number of shots fired, the precautions for concealment, the type of pistol used. And, may heaven forgive them, the others found opportunity to hint casually that this was the third meeting of the sort which the five take had witnessed in two years.

Once only during this fine achievement a falsehood did the amazed Holt venture to speak.

"I—[I—thought that sort of thing was—was out of fashion," said he, timidly.

"Out of fashion?" cried Murray, with a fine pretense of surprise: "why, man, it was never commoner. I don't suppose there's a house party during the season where you won't find something of the sort. Of course, these things are hushed up."

"Some men would er—would decline to have—er—anything to do with—such practices."

"In that case," replied Murray, "it is probable that they would reap a speedy reward in securing the order of the boot. I am assuming, of course, that we are dealing with the kind of man one expects to meet—of the other sort of man I know little."

Holt went to bed a little thoughtful as it seemed to me. As for the others, they all had Jack Humphries who lived now in a deep sea gloom—chucked unrestrainedly when he had gone. But Jack declared to us, in a moment of midnight confidence, that the way Lady Haldestein was encouraging the fellow was the disgrace of the season; and he even hazarded the conjecture that the young Lady herself might succumb to the inevitable—and the quarter of a million. Then he went to bed, and the others fell to work to complete their preparations.

Sibyl and Jack were mutually sulking. They no longer betrayed an unusual interest in the armor which was upon the walls of the dark galleries; they did not make excuses while the others were at cards to go upon the terrace for the pursuit of astronomical observations; they were even formal in conversation enough to the parvenu, who, with consummate tact, lost his money to the old lady. On Sunday evening, however, matters came to a crisis. As we sat at the dinner table, after the ladies had gone, Murray whispered to me that Jack had been working up something like a scene between Holt and himself. They had met upon the stairs at the very moment when Sibyl Haldestein refused to accompany Jack into the garden, and Holt, as Jack declared, had smiled in an offensive and meaning way. As for Holt, he was white as a sheet, and he went very early to bed, pleading headache. I followed Holt's example and was in my room before 11 o'clock. From that time I slept until 5:30, when a knocking upon my bedroom door awakened me with a start, and I found Murray muffled in a great overcoat, but with the merriest smile on his face over saw.

"I thought I'd wake you," said he; "it's about five to six. We've lured him on, and I'm standing as one of his seconds."

"Lured him on to what?" I asked, for the moment full of sleep.

"Why to go out with Jack," said he; "it's the best thing I've heard for a year. I've talked half the night to work him up to it. He said there was no offense on his side that he never meant to insult any one, and all that. But I told him he'd be out by every soul he knew it he lunked—and now he's going out. Put your things on, and come down to the five oaks. It's as good as a pantomime."

He went off before I could ask him more, and when I had finished up something like a suit and an ulster, I followed him out by side door to the park. In the glade where the five oaks lay, the dew was falling in glistening crystals and the air was cold almost as with a touch of frost. There under the oaks ten shivering men stood in all forms and conditions of dress and undress. Conspicuous among them were the figures of Jack Humphries and of Jabez Holt, each armed with a pistol large enough to have blown out the side of a house. And while I stood, amazed at the sight, two and two passed out upon the air, and I cry from Holt, almost a wall came upon the heels of the pistol shots. Then I saw that Jack had fallen, and lay his length upon the grass, while Murray and the others bent over him and raised him with tender hands.

"All this needs time for the telling, but it was the work of moments. Before I could ask myself what has happened to the man, or that more serious question, is he the victim of a grim practical joke, a hurdle was brought from a near plantation and he was lifted upon it. Some of those who had had assisted in the necessary hurrying away from the scene; and as he passed me his face was white as the face of a dead man, and the great pistol with which he could have killed a cow was still in his right hand.

"When I next saw him twenty minutes after he passed me in the park, he was in a dog-cart, with his bag rudely packed, and as he drove off to the station he implored me to wire him news of Jack to the Hotel Scribe at Paris. Not, however, until the wheels of the cart ringing upon the road beyond the house did Jack call for his coffee or interfere with the first baggage that came upon his put upon his horse. The same evening we sent to Holt the telegram he had asked. It was in these words:

"Potato successfully extracted from arm this morning—patient doing well."

But he had not returned to England yet, and that was more than a year ago.

be regarded as the possessor of a daintily commendable hand. Italians are usually good in figure, and some of the most beautiful models, perfectly proportioned, are derived from the women of sunny Italy. Frenchwomen, as a rule, are in request being too thin and vivacious for the purpose; while the face and limbs of a German frau are too commonplace for artist work.

HOW "CHEYENNE" DIED.

The sun sinks slowly, behind Eagle Mountain, the twilight gathers and Barton's Camp is left in wintry darkness. Lights shine in the filthy cabins, saloons, stores and gambling houses, but they are soon extinguished, save in one lone shanty, and the habitants of the camp can be seen wending their way to that particular habitation.

It is an occasion of unusual importance. The only girl in the camp, Castella, daughter of "Cap" Jimmie, is going to be married to Jim Douglas, and the miners have declared their intention to "celebrate the event proper." The parson from Eagle City has been engaged to tie the knot, and the only fiddler within a round hundred miles shies towards the melody for the wedding dance. There are plenty of spirits on hand and everything looks promising for a high old time.

Promptly at 6 o'clock the alleged violinist draws his bow across the strings and the festivities commence. The largest room in the shanty is reserved for the wedding. He and she are the notes of an old fashioned polka fill the apartment and set the feet of the festive miners going tap, tap, tap against the floor, keeping time to the tune, Castella and Jim begin to whirl around the room, followed by four miners coupled, being all the limits of the room will allow. They being only one woman present, the miners, to use their own expression, have to "stag it," except when their turn comes to dance with the prospective bride.

Castella is a handsome, well built, large-eyed girl of eighteen, and there is not a miner in the company, even among those who have left spouses in the far East, who does not envy Jim his good luck in winning the pride of the camp. Her father is an ex-captain of a New Bedford whaler, who has received the honor of a Boston lady of extreme education and culture. When the hardy captain brought his wife and little girl to this wild West, she of the Puritan descent had her rigid ideas of decorum so shocked by the "dradid!" miners that she really gave up trying to live up such a regimen. Hour after hour she climbs, his progress necessarily slow on account of his weakness. At last he reaches the summit. Far below him lies Barton's Camp. One brightly lit cabin betrays its locality. The merry-making must still be in progress. The miners slowly gather a handful of snow and press it into a ball. Then he stops. He kneels down and rolls the little ball to and fro chucking ominously. It picks up the soft snow and grows in circumference. When it is as large as a man's head he rises to his feet. He holds the ball of snow aloft, and there is an insane light in his eyes. He looks down at the brightly lit cabin and fairly screams in his rage:

"You loves Jim best, does yer? Yer didn't think yer wedding dress would be yer grave clothes. It costs a hundred lives, but no gal plays me false and lives."

The ball of snow leaves his hand and starts down the mountain side. As it rolls it grows up as a snow ball can roll in soft snow. Now it is as large as a cart wheel. A few moments and it is as large as the side of a house. Rocks and earth are following it. The noise it makes is music to the men on the peak. He shouts and dances with the glee of a maniac as he hears the rumble and roar grow louder and louder. The snowball has started a ponderous mass, consisting of tons and tons of snow, which rushing along with irresistible force, tears up boulders and bushes and carries it along in its mad flight. As long as he hears the roar of the avalanche "Cheyenne" screams and curses, until he sinks exhausted to his death in the snow.

The great hill of the mountain lay bare in the morning sun. Where Barton's Camp had stood there was a hundred fathoms of snow, and the guich was as silent as the valley of death. It was as if the mountain were a giant who had let his robe fall at his feet.—Jack Taylor Waldorf.

SAILOR'S SUPERSTITIONS.

Old Ideas Concerning Vessels Supposed to Be Lucky or Unlucky.

In the month of June, four years ago, a vessel was launched from a ship-building yard on the Tyne, built to the order of a Liverpool shipping firm says "Tit-Bits." A finer craft for her tonnage never cut the water, and she was named after the senior partner's second daughter. She was lost on her first voyage to the West Indies; her captain, second mate and eight of her crew losing their lives. She was quickly replaced by an exactly similar vessel, receiving the same name as the former one. What became of this ship is a mystery. She never arrived at her destination on her fourth voyage out, and was eventually given up as lost with all hands. When a third vessel bearing the same name was launched, Jack regarded her with an evil eye, and refused to sail in her. She had to be rechristened before her owners could get a crew.

One of the finest cargo vessels sailing between London and the West Coast of Africa had, five years back, attained quite a phenomenal record as a "death ship" from the number of men lost by disease and accident on each voyage. At length, so serious an obstacle did her history present in getting men to join her that her name was altered. Under her new one, too, she is rapidly becoming known as a ship to be avoided. That the strange mishaps which befall her hapless crew are not the fault of those in command is provided from the fact that she has had no fewer than four chief officers in nine years. She will, in all probability, have soon to be re-named again.

A vessel which has played part in a some great sea disaster is at once shunned by Jack as far as he is able to choose. If she has figured in a collision resulting in wreck and loss of life, he is apt to regard her as unlucky. If the mishap has been caused by

the fault of those aboard her, and a whisper spreads that all that could have been done was not done for saving those on the ship she ran down, the sailor views her as a guilty thing, sailing the seas with a track of blood behind her, and doomed to disaster. So general is this feeling, that upon such an occurrence the offending ships are most often renamed at once, the owners seeking thus to disconnect her with the event.

There is a ship at the present time attached to the port of London which, while sailing under her former name, one wild night, ran down a vessel in the Channel, causing her to sink with all those aboard her. Such an evil reputation attaches to her that, on her identity becoming known among some of the men engaged to serve on her, nine of those recently deserted in a body, preferring the almost irrevocable penalty of fine or imprisonment to sailing in her.

As there are unlucky ships, so there are also unfortunate captains. These, however, are more scarce, for a very good reason. You cannot get rid of an unlucky vessel very well, representing as it does some thousands of pounds, but the unfortunate captain is most frequently put on the shelf as soon as he gets that reputation with his owners. If they don't do so however, Jack shirk him. One of those unfortunate individuals—as able, courageous, and kind a fellow as ever trod deck—acquired this fatal reputation by promptly losing the two very first vessels he was placed in command of. He doubtless would have been shelled by his employers, one of the biggest grain-carrying firms, had he not been a relative of one of the senior partners. When he received a third appointment out, however, Jack shrank from risking "getting the salt water" in his month by sailing under so unlucky an individual. Such difficulty was there in obtaining a crew, that he had to resign and seek a command under another firm.

It is by no means uncommon for there to reside in some dirty and unforselling dwelling in the neighborhood of the docks in a large port an old and withered beildame, who lyes claim to, and is reckoned by the sailors to possess some queer power of pre-seeing what a ship's voyage will be prosperous or the reverse.

An old lady of this sort, who dwelt in one of the chief ports on the west coast, and who died two years ago—her death being caused by her trying, while intoxicated, to re-linen a lighted paraffin lamp with whiskey, which she mistook for oil—was found on her decease to be worth no less than 729 sovereigns, kept in a box under her bed. These did not wholly represent the money given to her by "poor Jack" when consulting her as to how his voyage would turn out. My captain had helped to swell that "pile," for so great was "Tar Meg's" influence over hands with her good or bad predictions, that captains found it better to avoid trouble by propitiating her with a present to secure a favorable "fore-sight" for their voyage. In one case which came under my own observation, Meg, being offended with a certain captain, set abroad such effective curses and dismal predictions regarding the late of the vessel and all its occupants, that he at length, as the shortest way to pacify his hands, despatched £5 to the old lady, who promptly appeared on the quay to "take off the curse" and to bless and pronounce a decree of prosperity over the ship.

## BORN.

Truro, July 30, to the wife of John Cowe, a son.

Canoo, July 29, to the wife of Miss Gilbert's son.

Ama, July 5, to the wife of G. W. Parsons, a son.

Ama, July 7, to the wife of John Jordan, a daughter.

Windsor, July 25, to the wife of W. W. Hubbard, a son.

Halifax, August 1, to the wife of H. W. Henman, a son.

Amherst, July 19, to the wife of Arthur Lasby, a son.

Amherst, July 30, to the wife of Thomas Trenholm, a son.

Grand Pre, July 26, to the wife of Henry Palmer, a son.

Abercrombie, July 30, to the wife of F. M. Newham, a son.

Turtle Creek, July 24, to the wife of Walter Barry, a son.

Poinville, July 26, to the wife of W. G. Carleton, a son.

Lakeston, July 25, to the wife of Patrick Finnagan, a daughter.

Millon, July 31, to the wife of Charles S. Suttie, a daughter.

Lockport, July 30, to the wife of E. J. Sperry, a daughter.

Amherst, August 1, to the wife of C. S. Cameron, a daughter.

Digby, July 25, to the wife of Arthur Rezan, a daughter.

Digby, July 19, to the wife of H. B. Churchill, a daughter.

Truro, July 20, to the wife of L. M. Ellis, a daughter.

Halifax, July 27, to the wife of Parker R. Colpitt, a daughter.

Lakeston, August 3, to the wife of W. E. Levermore, a son.

Westbrook, July 20, to the wife of Willard Roscoe, a daughter.

Dalhousie West, July 25, to the wife of William Gill, a daughter.

Pleasant Lake, July 29, to the wife of Stephen Thompson, a son.

South Boston, July 24, to the wife of Fred L. Benjamin, a daughter.

New Glasgow, July 30, to the wife of Roderick Ross, a daughter.

Penarth, G. B. July 13, to the wife of C. Stewart Smith, a daughter.

New Glasgow, July 31, to the wife of Thomas O'Brien, a daughter.

Newark, July 29, to the wife of Charles Haddon Lewis, N. B. son.

Hantsport, July 20, to the wife of Captain Clarence Coultest, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Lake Ainslie, July 23, Charles W. McLean to Jessie McLean.

Summersfield, July 17 by Rev. G. A. Sells, Edgar Green to Berlie Lun.

Parabrook, July 20, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Henry Dunlap to Lavinia Crane.

Truro, July 21, by Rev. Thomas Culling, John Amr to Elizabeth Morrison.

Janess, July 31, by Rev. Isa Wallace, Thomas S. Miles to Lavella Moore.

Yarmouth, July 21, by Rev. G. R. White, Aaron Saxe to Josephine Scott.

Shepherd, Texas, July 21, J. E. Tribe, to Ella May Tribe formerly of Sussex.

Gordonville, July 19, by Rev. D. Pike, Zinka Giberson to Nettie Briggs.

Yarmouth, July 25, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Frank Smith to Elizabeth Smith.

Barrey, July 24, by Rev. Michael Gross, Charles E. Molinas to Mabel Gross.

Dorchester, July 30, by Rev. Mr. Kierstead, L. W. Bentson to Lettie Pillsbury.

Centerville, N. S. by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Duncanson Walker to Catherine Fraser.

St. John, August 5, by Rev. J. Shenton, Noble Besley to Mary J. McIntyre.

St. Peters, C. B. July 23, by Rev. Mr. Greenless, D. J. McLeod to Mary McCannan.

Halifax, August 5, by Rev. John McMillan, Henry Flowers to Annie B. McDonald.

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Harvey, July 2, Timothy Bishop, 98.

Beason, July 28, James S. Smith, 70.

Nelson, July 24, Bertha E. Sutton, 20.

Halifax, July 12, Mrs. Rebecca Carli.

Sunderidge, July 12, John McLeod, 57.

Lorne, July 13, Margaret Dunbar, 78.

Liverpool, July 29, James Henshaw, 30.

Westport, July 30, James A. Collins, 67.

Bristol, July 28, Dr. M. C. Atkinson, 41.

River John, July 16, Thomas B. Ney, 91.

Meadowville, July 24, Nancy Blaine, 50.

Westville, July 8, John A. McMillan, 29.

New Glasgow, July 14, John Brown, 76.

Westville, July 18, Catherine McLeod, 67.

Greenfield, July 26, Joseph Kilpatrick, 74.

Osborne, N. B., July 11, John Osborne, 60.

Middle 14 St., July 24, John Edgar, 71.

Yarmouth, August 1, Mrs. James Pessant.

Dunlap, N. B., July 21, John A. Moody, 57.

Marshallville, July 22, Mrs. J. W. Douglas, 30.

Anderson's Mills, July 30, M. L. Anderson, 32.

Lavertonville, July 30, George J. Bishop, 60.

Ryanston, N. S., July 16, Morris Bernard, 68.

Boston, July 23, William McKay of Montreal, 63.

Buddeck, July 20, Charles, son of T. S. McLean, 14.

Chester, July 13, Rachel, wife of J. L. Redden, 25.

Plymouth, July 21, Jane, wife of James Collins, 71.

South Boston, July 23, Capt. John R. Margeson, 81.

Middle Stewiack, July 30, Mrs. Margaret Kennedy 81.

Lewis M. Toorn, July 23, Mary Margaret Cameron, 50.

Halifax, August 1, sister Mary Bernadette McLaughlin.

Lower Shaw Harbor, July 23, James M. Cunningham, 21.

Caledon, August 2, Ellen, wife of the late John Kerr, 65.

Halifax, July 20, Arthur E. eldest son of L. A. Murphy.

Parabrook, July 23, Martha C. beloved wife of Edward Allan, 41.

Marathon, July 23, Augusta J. wife of Jephtha Fowler, 49.

Windsor, July 20, Mary, widow of the late John Palmer, 74.

Kingston, N. S., July 20, Irene, wife of Thomas Banks, 24.

Boston, July 23, Maggie L. wife of T. D. Mahoney of N. S. 12.

Fraser Mills, July 24, James Boyd, son of the late Hugh Boyd.

St. Andrew, N. S., July 17, Mrs. Penelope McCeachern, 67.

Granton, July 23, Nina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Best, 1.

Maliland, August 3, Frank Putman, son of Alfred Putman, M. P. 22.

Windsor, July 23, Sophia, daughter of the late Michael Smith, 67.

Boston, August 5, Annie E. wife of Captain James Morris of N. S. 30.

Halifax, August 5, Arthur M. son of Thomas and Catherine Hitchcock.

Greenfield, July 11, Calvin, youngest son of Mrs. John Kilpatrick.

Waspella, N. W. T., July 16, Cassie Murray, wife of Alex McKenzie, 35.

Windsor, July 22, Ellen Morris, daughter of Joshua Morris formerly of N. S.

Windsor, July 25, Claude D. F. son of D. F. and Florence Espin, 3 months.

New Glasgow, July 27, James Anderson, only son of Rev. James Murray, 25.

Halifax, August 2, Clifton James, son of James and Mary Roberts, 10 months.

Bear Point, July 20, Lulu B. child of Deborah and Joshua Nicolson, 9 months.

Lakeville, July 31, Mary J. daughter of Angus and Annie Cameron.

South Boston, July 20, Henry Ernest, son of Henry and Frederica Dodge, 2 months.

Kentville, July 21, Henry C. infant son of Andrew T. and Mary E. Boyd, 7 weeks.

St. John, August 3, Gladys, daughter of William and Margaret McKinnon, 6 months.

Brisco, July 19, Florence Stuart, only daughter of Dr. Marcus C. and Mary Atkinson, 15.

Campobello, July 23, Henry McLaughlin, 3 years, and on July 24, Howard McLaughlin, 5.

Windsor, July 25, Mrs. Elizabeth Dauber, daughter of the late William and Catherine Dill.

South Brantingham, July 19, Minnie L. daughter of Ernest and Minnie Whelpley, of St. John 4 months.

Boston, July 30, H. D. Cochran, second son of Andrew and the late John Cochran, of Bloomfield N. B.

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Bristol, July 28, Dr. M. C. Atkinson, 41.

River John, July 16, Thomas B. Ney, 91.

Meadowville, July 24, Nancy Blaine, 50.

Westville, July 8, John A. McMillan, 29.

New Glasgow, July 14, John Brown, 76.

Westville, July 18, Catherine McLeod, 67.

Greenfield, July 26, Joseph Kilpatrick, 74.

Osborne, N. B., July 11, John Osborne, 60.

Middle 14 St., July 24, John Edgar, 71.

Yarmouth, August 1, Mrs. James Pessant.

Dunlap, N. B., July 21, John A. Moody, 57.

Marshallville, July 22, Mrs. J. W. Douglas, 30.

Anderson's Mills, July 30, M. L. Anderson, 32.

Lavertonville, July 30, George J. Bishop, 60.

Ryanston, N. S., July 16, Morris Bernard, 68.

Boston, July 23, William McKay of Montreal, 63.

Buddeck, July 20, Charles, son of T. S. McLean, 14.

Chester, July 13, Rachel, wife of J. L. Redden, 25.

Plymouth, July 21, Jane, wife of James Collins, 71.

South Boston, July 23, Capt. John R. Margeson, 81.

Middle Stewiack, July 30, Mrs. Margaret Kennedy 81.

Lewis M. Toorn, July 23, Mary Margaret Cameron, 50.

Halifax, August 1, sister Mary Bernadette McLaughlin.

Lower Shaw Harbor, July 23, James M. Cunningham, 21.

Caledon, August 2, Ellen, wife of the late John Kerr, 65.

Halifax, July 20, Arthur E. eldest son of L. A. Murphy.

Parabrook, July 23, Martha C. beloved wife of Edward Allan, 41.

Marathon, July 23, Augusta J. wife