

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A BRIDAL PAIR ON VIEW

THOMAS HOFFMAN WEDS ROSIE KAPLAN BY JEWISH RITE.

The guests were many and the floor was waxed—the children had a good time and so did their parents—some interesting features of the event.

Jewish weddings are so rare in St. John that there were but few of the two or three hundred tickets issued for the wedding of Mr. Thomas Hoffman and Miss Rose Kaplan that were unused.

The ceremony took place at the Institute rooms Thursday evening and surely a more interesting company never assembled in that historic building. It was a North End gathering principally so far as the Jews were concerned but the Gentiles also assembled in force from every section of the city.

Progress, representative was there shortly after six o'clock, and even at that hour chairs were beginning to be scarce. The room was lined with expectant guests and very soon double rows began to make their appearance. All this time the bride and groom were seated on a narrow platform at one end of the room with their supporting friends on their right and left. They were, of course, the observed of all observers. The bride bore this scrutiny admirably and seemed to think that there was no occasion to be bashful as bride, are generally supposed to be. [Perhaps the fact that her future lord and master was by her side was a material support for her fluttering feelings. She did not even show any discomposure when that fatherly-looking gentleman and alderman, J. B. Hamm made his way to the bridal throne and presented his greetings and respects. Alderman Hamm was certainly the more confused of the two but then he went the rounds and became acquainted with all the bride's maids at the same time. All the Jewish gentlemen had to raise their silk ties to the alderman but the latter had the advantage of the gentle custom at weddings. He had no hat on. But with the flower in his button hole and his well-groomed appearance he certainly represented the corporation of the city in an admirable fashion.

The last event at the institute was the golf dance and the floor was waxed to perfection. It may have been prepared again for this event in Jewish circles but at all events it was in that slippery, slidy condition so favorable for tumbles. And there were many among the juveniles. Perhaps it was something of a novelty to the ordinary gentile to see the babies and the toddlers and the boys and youth of many families there. One lady had a chubby faced darling not many months old upon her lap, another not quite firm upon its legs yet, seated upon the floor while a third tried to dance and slide upon the waxed floor while yet a fourth wandered about with those children of more mature years. But the waxed floor was fatal to the equilibrium of the young people and many were the sudden upsets and revelations afforded the audience by them.

In the meantime the hour for the ceremony was approaching. The groom was hardly in his seat by a minute at a time. He was nervous about the arrangements and found his way out and about the corridor very often. The bride was unconcerned as ever and held her elegant bouquet to the best advantage. Then when the orchestra started the excitement began to increase and all at once there was a general distribution of small wax tapers which were lighted by the guests and carried about the room. Then the groom attended by four of his friends left his place by the bride and retired to the ante room. What was done there is beyond the ken of the writer but when he entered again he was escorted in a firm fashion and followed by the gentlemen present to the bride. Then the women also closed around her and him and there was a pause for a moment or two which the orchestra helped to fill up. Four or five of the young men were trying to raise a canopy over a platform where the marriage was to take place while the monotony was varied being aburn-haired young man, who seemed to have a good deal to say and do, shouting in piercing tones "now ladies and gents and children too, will you please keep quiet."

The groom marched to the raised platform and had to stand there all alone while the rabbi and his friends sang in the Hebrew language. Then upon a shouted request "the band played the same tune as before"

and the bride began her march to the scene. She joined the groom and the ceremony continued.

There were some interesting features about it but only those who know the language could appreciate the entire ceremony. The blessings by the parents, the kissing of the bride, the salutations between bearded men, the circling of the groom seven times, the drinking of the wine and breaking the glass afterwards, all were novel features to those who did not understand a Jewish wedding. Then afterward the bride seemed to be quite general property for a time. All of which was pleasing to the young gentlemen among the guests and amusing to the spectators. The respectful and fatherly alderman was among the first to offer his congratulations and it was some time before the grand march was begun. Then there was a supper and a dance. The supper was good and the Rabbi's remarks were attentively listened to. The dancing was modern and somewhat graceful.

## WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?

An Inmate Lady Used to Luxury Working Now in the Asylum Kitchen.

In the Provincial Lunatic Asylum at present, it is a fact, is confined a young lady patient well educated, more or less accomplished, always used to comfortable, if not luxurious surroundings, large wardrobe and of the very best description. At least she was like this when she was sent there, some years ago as a paying patient. Her family and her relatives are well able to provide her with every luxury if necessary, and certainly with every needed comfort, who, it is therefore fair to assume, would see to it that necessary supplies of clothing would be given her. Such would be a duty incumbent upon them, and one which if they neglected, they should be compelled to discharge. The asylum authorities should not condone neglect of this kind if it exists, nor if it does exist should they treat this young lady as a pauper patient. Exercise may be good for her, may be indispensable for her case, but the books on this subject did not indicate that the exercise thus prescribed should be synonymous with working in the kitchen of the asylum. It may be added that this young lady is not only ill clad but almost without sufficient clothing. She was not a pauper inmate when she was placed there. Who has made her one? If her relatives are to blame then their inhumanity, for it is nothing less, should be blamed from one end of the land to the other. If the asylum officials are to blame then like prompt treatment should be meted out. The facts as stated in this young lady's case exist and an investigation should be promptly made and the responsibility placed where it belongs.

## WHAT'S THE POPULATION?

A Good Chance for Expert Guessers to Distinguish Themselves.

What is the city's population? His Worship the mayor has received a letter from Mr. Joseph Pope, under-secretary of state, asking for information to insert in the Colonial Office List. His worship replied that according to the census of 1891 the population of the city was 40,173, but this he believed to be incorrect and to be an under-statement. Judging from last year's civil tax lists he judged the population to be 42,500. There are many who think that the census of 1891 did not do justice to this city. This is the opinion of Mr. M. Alpine who should be an expert on the subject, on account of his publication of his annual directory. He thinks the population to be about 45,000. He says that he has applied to the council for assistance in making a count of the population. They have not granted it though it certainly would be a matter of satisfaction to know what is the population. He has over thirty men at work in their several districts when he prepares his directory and they perform their labor with such speed that a census taken in connection should be fairly accurate. It is not probable that the population of the city has increased much in the last six years as the number of taxpayers remains about the same. In 1891 there were 10,561 in the city and this year there are 10,768 an increase of only 197 or not quite two per cent. The population of Lunenburg is according to the census of 1891, 4211. As this is a portion of the city, really though not legally, the population of the greater St. John should be about 50,000 or if it is not that now it should have attained

that when the census man again goes on his rounds.

## WAS THERE TOO MUCH WINE?

Halifax Exhibition Was Good, But so Was the Flowing Champagne.

HALIFAX, Oct. 7.—Everybody is saying "what a success the provincial exhibition was!" Such in brief is the universal criticism of the first "Nova Scotia annual exhibition." So it is a success, and under the circumstances a most pronounced success. It was only in June that work was commenced on the buildings at Willow Park on the exhibition grounds—buildings that constitute a miniature city, and entailing an expenditure of \$90,000.

Over 60,000 people paid to enter the exhibition and 30,000 of these were admitted to the grand stand.

Mr. Pigfield of St. John who came over to see the show, pronounced it superior to anything of the kind he had ever seen in Eastern Canada—too good, in fact, for the money that was in it. All this is surprising when the litter fight over the location of the grounds—carried right into the early summer, the long doubt whether or not there would be any exhibition this year at all—is remembered.

Mayor Stephen, Hon. J. W. Longley, Ald. Lane, McFratridge, and the commissioners from outside the city all did well. The fact that there is likely to be a deficit of two or three thousand dollars, in only what might have been expected. No man in all Canada the equal of W. C. Dimock, manager could have been selected. Then there is a general chorus of satisfaction from the business people who say the exhibition helped business wonderfully.

All this is the bright side of the shield. There is another side to it. There was a great deal of jealousy and hear-burning in some quarters among those running the exhibition. From the very start Ald. McFratridge, who had charge of the speed department, was in trouble regarding the arrangements, and this was talk of resigning and one threat and another was made till now people should congratulate themselves that there was no serious hitch. One thing is sure that next year there should be at least be considerable new blood in the management of the speed department. Perhaps by that time the exhibition commission will have gained sufficient moral courage to call it the racing department what it really is.

Then there were some appointments made to minor positions which should not have been made; and some people were kept on who should not have been kept on, but who were simply because they had a "pull."

Lastly, there was wasteful extravagance, chiefly in the matter of champagne and that sort of thing. The commissioners and their friends had too many champagne suppers and dinners. The statement has been made that the bill to the commissioner for champagne will reach an amount equal to some \$200 per day. It is said that this liquor flowed more freely than even water should in such a place on one occasion. This was in one of the commissioners' rooms on the closing night of the exhibition. Those present had a "good time." The laborer is worthy of his hire; no one denies this, but \$200 a day for champagne is too much even for exhibition commissioners. By the way it will be interesting to look into the returns of the number of malt tickets used by some of the commissioners daily. How could one commissioner use as many as 24, for instance, without injuring his digestion by over-eating?

Yet, it was remarked at the beginning, the exhibition was a great success. Let the next one be better, with an avoidance of what pitfalls there were this year.

## They Dance for Their Supper.

The fact that there was a scarcity of young men at the Golf Club dance makes a scheme that was recently adopted in the world's metropolis appear quite timely here. In London the Beau Brummels have imbibed deeply of the springs of indulgence and nepenthe and have been lingering at their clubs and showing up at the drawing rooms in Mysia only when the supper hour came round. But now the hostesses have put their foot down and issued the edict, "No dance, no supper." They have prepared a black list and those who effect enuui get no invitations to the routs. The by-gone wags up the young swells and now they are willing to dance for their supper. Why don't they adopt the suggestion of the philosophical celestial and get some one else to dance for them.

## NOT A SOCIETY EVENT

THE RECEPTION WAS SIMPLY A POLITICAL GATHERING.

The Liberals Managed the Show and the Conservatives Were Noticeable by Their Absence—Why the Society People of Moncton Attended Only as Spectators.

MONCTON, Oct. 9.—As the society people of Moncton have been the subjects of some decidedly severe, not to say acrimonious criticisms, on account of the attitude they assumed last week during the public demonstrations in honor of their Excellencies the Governor General, and the Countess of Aberdeen; and as the accusation has also been brought against the citizens of the railway town that party lines were drawn with offensive closeness; it seems but just to say a word or two in defence of those who have been most unjustly accused of a lack of courtesy towards Her Majesty's representatives.

If the liberals of Moncton were conspicuous for their enthusiastic loyalty in welcoming their excellencies, and many of the most prominent conservatives conspicuous only by their absence, the fault lies first with the civic rulers of Moncton, and second with Lord and Lady Aberdeen themselves. It puts an entirely different face on the matter when the fact is made public that some of our most prominent men, property owners, good citizens, and men who have occupied responsible positions, but who happened to be known as conservatives, were not only not invited to take any part in the preparations for the Vice Regal reception and entertainment but were not even notified of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's intended visit. They were simply ignored, set aside as not being of sufficient importance to be noticed in any way; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that these men did not thrust themselves forward unasked, and hasten to force themselves upon the notice of the Governor General and his consort.

Neither is it to be wondered at if the wives and daughters of the citizens ignored felt little disposed to take any prominent part in the proceedings, preferring to remain in the background, rather than place themselves in a position where their presence was very evidently not desired. Such, at least, was the feeling before their excellencies arrived, but on the eventful morning when the distinguished visitors reached the city, loyalty to the Queen's representatives overcame all other feelings, and a number of those who are known as the society people of Moncton, decided that it would be only right to pay Lady Aberdeen the compliment of attending the reception she was to give in the rink on Monday evening, in full dress.

When the morning papers came out they contained the explicit announcement that while evening dress would not be objected to at the reception, it would not be required, as their Excellencies especially desired to meet the working people. There was no misunderstanding such plain language as that, and the result was that a large majority of the society people of the city attended the reception as ritely in the character of spectators, viewing the proceedings from afar, and not attempting to take any part in what had been plainly announced as a function given for the working people, and where their presence might have been regarded as an intrusion.

A number of the best people of the city refused to take any notice of the announcement and persisted in showing their respect for Her Majesty's representatives by being present, and their presence alone redeemed what would otherwise have looked to the unprejudiced observer very much like a circus. The working man represents the bone and sinew of the country, and the working woman is entitled to all honor, but when it comes to subjecting Lady Aberdeen to the humiliation of shaking hands with a man like Charley Noles who had been entertaining a select audience at the railway station on the arrival of the vice regal train, with wild denunciations not only of the Governor general but his whole party, that is quite another matter. However, if their excellencies were so anxious to meet the working people, they were doubtless prepared for all such contingencies, but the expression of extreme boredom on the Countess' face long before the function was over would almost lead one to suppose that things were scarcely what she had anticipated. The small boy who polishes his nose on his coat sleeve, by way of preparation for the event of being presented to their Excellencies, is all very well

in his way, and the absence of a handkerchief is no disgrace, but at the same time he seems slightly out of place at a Vice Regal reception especially when he is of too tender years to fully appreciate the honor conferred upon him by such a presentation, and it certainly savoured of taking up their Excellencies' time needlessly, to see the very large number of children with whom they were obliged to shake hands.

However, that is a side issue, the real point is that if the society people of Moncton were guilty of hanging back from the honor of welcoming their Excellencies, they at least had good reasons for so doing, and were guiltless both in intention and act, of any disrespect towards the Governor General and his estimable Countess.

## MUST BE PROFESSIONAL.

Even in a Matter of Advertising, say the Dentists.

The members of the profession are great sticklers for the due observance of the rules of professional ethics. The dentists for instance think that those of their calling who adopt rather noticeable methods of advertising do not uphold the dignity of their profession. They are endeavoring to obtain legislation whereby those who do more than place their simple card in the newspaper will be ostracized by their fellows and kept outside of the sacred portals of the dental society; whether that would be any pecuniary disadvantage to them is a question.

One of the city dentists is a bold advertiser, and he has made use of this very movement to advertise himself some more. He and his lawyer went up to Fredericton to lobby on the matter. Both sides with their counsel were heard on the question, but the government's ruling is not announced. Dentistry is to quite a degree mechanical and it does not seem that the use of a little printer's ink detracts from its dignity, except of course when it goes as far as it did with a Woodstock dentist who had a man dressed up in a night-shirt arrangement of a garment with glowing letters set forth the accomplishments of this particular tooth plucker.

## AGAINST SUNDAY SELLING.

Question of Sunday Refreshments at the Park Causes Discussion.

The question of Sunday selling at the Park still hangs. Mr. Torrey still dispenses refreshments on Sunday, and the Park attractions committee are inactive. They will probably hold a meeting when Mr. Allison returns from the west, and it is very probable that they will decide not to permit Sunday selling in the rustic tea house. The Park directors seem to be afraid that it would not be in keeping with St. John's record for piety, to have this mart of commerce open on Sunday, like the beaches and beer gardens of the Sidons and Gomorrah of the neighboring republic; moreover, the city does not allow Sunday selling of such refreshments and though the park does not come under the aegis of civic statute, the directors feel that morally speaking they should be allowed no more latitude than the stores in the city. At their meeting this week the evangelical alliance composed of the clergymen of the various denominations of the city, recorded their protest against Sunday selling at the park.

## The Hotel Clerk's Late Lunch.

A hotel clerk put up a joke on a Charlotte street jeweller, a newspaper man and a Fort Fairfield visitor here the other night. The trio left the hotel and went up to Lang's restaurant to have a supper. Shortly after, the hotel clerk dropped in and told one of the Messrs. Lang that some one had broken into the jeweller's store and taking off the goods in cartload. They made a rush for the store and examined it all about but found nothing. Then they went over and found out that the burglarizing was going on on the other side of the street. The hotel clerk hadn't done a thing with their supper.

## Was the Councillor Sarcastical?

That was rather a "cold touch" that Councillor Macrae gave Messrs. C. M. Bostwick and Co., at the meeting of the Municipal Council this week. The question asked for a refund of taxes they claimed, that the combined work they had done on the roads and the taxes they had assessed more than they were entitled to receive. The aldermen moved that the matter be referred to the committee for the relief of indigent ratepayers. Was this sarcasm? But the motion did not receive any support.

RAILWAY.

the 21st June, 1897. A Railway will run as follows.

LEAVE ST. JOHN

to Pugwash, Pictou	7.00
to Moncton, Pictou	12.30
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ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

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Atlantic Ry.

and BOSTON

MONDAY, 13th inst., RE- will be held to Portland or within 30 days from date.

Y. : : : ED FARE.

Ticket Agents.

A. H. NOZMAN, Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Atlantic Ry.

ly, 1897, the Steamship and Railway will be as follows:

S. Prince Rupert, (Sunday excepted).

to Digby 9.30 a. m. to St. John 12.30 p. m. to Digby 9.30 a. m. to St. John 12.30 p. m. to Digby 9.30 a. m. to St. John 12.30 p. m. to Digby 9.30 a. m. to St. John 12.

SPAIN'S YONUG RULER

EVERY DAY LIFE OF THE BOY KING AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

Scene at His Morning Dip in the Ocean—The Life of the Royal Family, a Particularly Free and Happy One During Their Stay at Their Summer Home.

King Alfonso XIII. will soon be 12 years of age, and already people are speculating as to the probabilities of his living to ascend the throne which his mother, the Queen Regent, expects to vacate in his favor upon the day that he attains his eighteenth year. Moreover, not many can be found to dispute the probability of the prediction that if Spain should be so mad as to go to war with the United States with the inevitable consequences of defeat and the loss of Cuba, the Bourbon dynasty, of which this little fellow is the frail representative, would disappear forever in the ruins made by the rage of a proud and sensitive people humiliated into the dust.

Alfonso is weighted with seven names in addition to the one by which the world knows him. Leon, Ferdinand, Marie, Jacques, Indore, Pascal, and Antoine were all given to him at his baptism, and, as we are informed by the Almanach de Getha, the Bible and prayerbook of Europe's royalty and nobility, besides being King of Spain, he is also King of Castille, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Grenada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Jaen, of Algarve, of Algeiras, of Gibralt'ar, of the Canary Islands, of the Eastern and Western Indies, of India, and of the Oceanic Continent. He is an Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and of Milan, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol, and of Barcelona, and Lord of Biscay, and Molina, &c. And now let us see what manner of human being in this 27-fold King. Some idea may be gained from the following plain description of his Majesty's every day life at San Sebastian.

About San Sebastian, the Spanish Newport and the summer home of Spain's royal family, enough has been written to make it familiar to all, but a few details of the daily life of 'el pequenito' (the little one) as he is affectionately called by his subjects, are worth recording.

Every year the court makes a sojourn of several months at the north coast watering place, drawing in its train a great portion of fashionable Madrid, and making the pretty town the centre of Spanish life for the season. The royal family, consisting of the King, the Queen Regent, and her two daughters, reside in the Real Palacio de Miramar, a pleasantly situated though not very imposing edifice, built chiefly of red brick, and, as its name implies, overlooking the sea. It is, indeed, a charming view that can be seen from any of the palace windows, a mass of color, ruggedness and calmness marvellously blended. Straight in front is the Bay of Biscay, charming alike in storm or calm; to the left and to the right high and rugged cliffs of majestic beauty, and to the rear a smiling country, backed by the dim shapes of the not far distant Pyrenees.

Here his little Majesty lives a joyous but busy life, divided between health-giving recreation, political studies, and inner home occupations. The time when he is most seen by his subjects, to whom San Sebastian is either a permanent or a temporary abiding place, is in the early morning when he sallies out for the daily sea bath. This is sometimes abandoned on account of bad weather, but, providing the morning be fine, one may be sure of a good look at the royal family at 10 a. m.—or as near this hour as the Spanish idea of punctuality will allow.

A knot of expectant persons of both sexes and all ages and stations in life gathered round the opening in the sea wall leading to the caseta real, or royal bathing house, announces the approach of the hora del baño, and presently a few officers in gorgeous uniforms group themselves picturesquely around the bathing house. They all appear deeply interested in the latest news from Cuba, all reading the morning papers assiduously. Then from the private road leading to the royal palace a carriage comes dashing up, drawn by four horses, or sometimes mules. This equipage contains the royal family itself. The Queen Regent and her daughters are in charming light morning toilettes, and the King in a blue and white striped sailor suit with the regulation straw hat. The little King jumps out first and rushes headlong down the wooden slope in a manner very undignified for a King, but with such an abandon and appearance of joyous spirits as to win the hearts of the spectators. There is no ceremony, no fuss, no demonstration. The officers and the mule spectators doff their hats, and the Queen Regent and the Infantas follow more leisurely their lord and master into the bath-

ing house. Nothing will now be seen for a few minutes save about half a dozen stalwart men in bathing suits whose duty it is to look after the King when in the water, who rush about in a frantic endeavor to do something—or to appear to be doing something.

Presently the King steps out of the house, which it may be stated resembles as much as anything a glorified summer house, divided into two octagonal buildings with a landing between and steps leading down to the water. When the royal party enters the house is closed up to the sea wall, but once inside, the whole structure is allowed to slide gently down on rails by means of a paid-out cable, until the surf breaks over the steps and the water laps the wooden walls. The little monarch wears a blue and white bathing costume and is hatless. A favorite attendant approaches, but his Majesty seems to be helped into the water, and making a run and a jump is in a moment up to his neck in the sea. After a few preliminary skirmishes with the heavy billows which break incessantly on the beach, the King, with the assistance of his attendant, gains deeper water and begins to swim, diving through the waves with the greatest zest and enjoyment. He is not allowed to remain in the water any great length of time, however, and at a signal from his mother, who, with the Infantas, watches from the steps of the bathhouse, the attendants begin to help him back; but Alfonso frequently breaks from the man's grasp to dive again through an incoming wave, and he seems most reluctant to leave the water.

Altogether a more genuinely boyish and entertaining scene than this morning gambol in the sea by the King of Spain could probably not be witnessed. When running down the slope to the bathing house one morning in August last he slipped and stumbled on to his knees. An attendant rushed forward, but the King was on his feet in a moment with a laugh and continued his run with unabated speed.

His subjects appear to like him best in this mood, and it is amusing to note how the King's morning sailor costume is copied by all the boys of similar age staying at San Sebastian. There is, however, a singular difference, for all the young would-be sailors of interior rank to Alfonso XIII wear hats with an English ribbon bearing the legend "H. M. S. Terrible," "H. M. S. Alert," &c.

At other times during the day the royal carriage, with the same four occupants may be seen driving swiftly through the streets. All vehicles are driven at a great pace in San Sebastian, and a horse's life—particularly a car horse's—must be a very short one. At the approach of the royal equipage the passers-by of the male sex stand and raise their hats, and are generally rewarded by a bow of acknowledgement and a smile. As for precautions against Anarchists and fanatics, the royal personages appear to take absolutely none, and any Anarchist with murderous designs would find not the least difficulty in exterminating the whole of the royal family during its summer sojourn at San Sebastian. But he would never live to tell the tale, for he would be immediately torn to pieces by the crowd. As a Spaniard said to the writer at San Sebastian:

"Anarchists and political reformers do not make war on women and children, and Alfonso and his much esteemed royal mother are as safe as the merest plebeian in the streets of Spanish towns."

EASY VICTIMS.

A Large Percentage of Members in the Commons Suffer From Catarrh—The Hope of Fifty Found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—They Tell Their Own Story of Successful Recovery Through This Remedy.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, Member for East Simcoe, and forty-nine others of the House of Commons, have over their own signatures, told of the good effect of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. What the remedy has done for these Parliamentarians it is doing for thousands of others in public and private life the Dominion over. With cold in the head it gives immediate relief inside of half an hour, and a little perseverance quickly rids the head of all trouble. It is easy and pleasant to use and produces no hurtful effects.

AMUSING POLITENESS.

A Young Man who Mistook a Lay Figure for a Lady.

It may seem too bad to laugh at an act of politeness but there is a time for everything. Who could help smiling, at the very least, at a scene described by the Chicago Record:

It was on the fourth floor of a department store. The elevator door opened, and three salesmen entered, each holding in affectionate clasp a beautifully attired dummy—a shapely thing made of wire, and attired in the "swellest" gowns and the fluffiest laces of the establishment. The salesmen steadied their dummy companions. The elevator stopped at the third floor.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

A young man, whose gaze was modestly directed toward the floor, stepped aboard and removed his hat. Even in a department store it is eminently proper to remove the hat when riding in an elevator with women. So the young man removed his hat and continued to look downward, seeing only the skirts of his fair fellow passengers, for it is counted exceedingly rude for a man to stare at a woman in an elevator.

The salesmen began to snicker. This embarrassed the young man; for he had no reason to believe that they were laughing at him. He blushed and shifted uneasily, but did not look up.

Then one salesman laughed aloud. The young man lifted his head in order to reprove the vulgar person with a look, and then he said, "Well, I'll be switched!"

The women had no heads! The salesmen exploded, and the young man put his hat back on his head.

AWFUL HEART DISEASE.

Death Charmed Away Under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful Than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Roadhouse of Willscroft, Ont.

Where disease has effected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Roadhouse of Willscroft, Ont., says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it today."

Tobacco Taking the Place of Oranges

Since the great freeze which destroyed so many orange orchards in Florida, the people of that State have turned their attention to other products besides fruit, which they had previously raised almost exclusively. Next year Florida will harvest an immense tobacco crop. It will be ten times that of any other year. Having a large area adapted to the production of tobacco of excellent quality, it is surprising that the crop has not been more extensively cultivated there. The war in Cuba has limited the supply usually obtained from that island and has furnished the incentive for the increase that is to be made in tobacco acreage in Florida, where many of the greatest cigar manufactories in the country are located.

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Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

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"Did your husband's wheel-trip do him good?" "Yes; and it did me good, too. I didn't have to help him clean his wheel for three weeks."

A Young Man

finds it hard to get a start in life nowadays unless he has a good business education. Business men look for it and expect it of him. If you have the right stuff, write to me.

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WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWAN 28, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 48 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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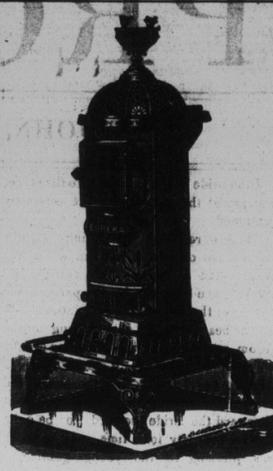
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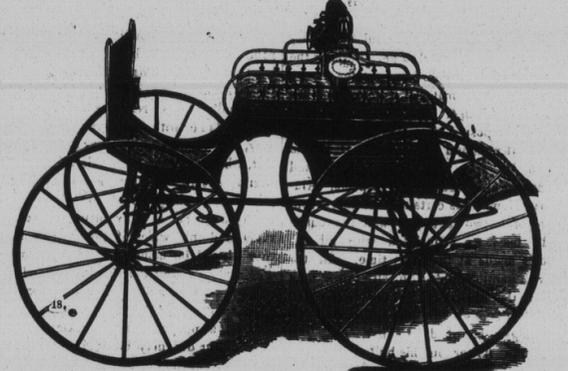
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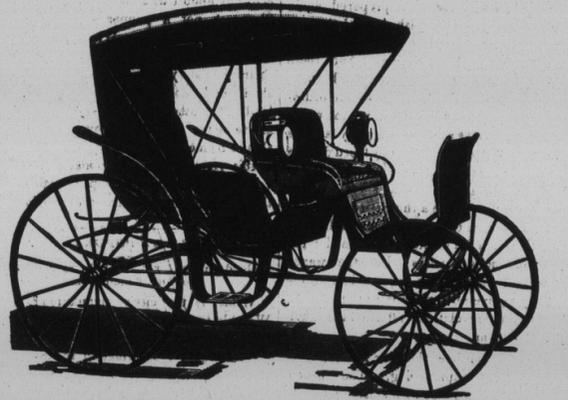
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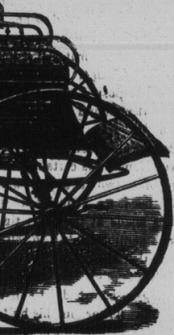
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WATER STREET.

## Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The concert in the Opera House last week in which Mme. Marie Harrison made her appearance, after a period of study with Mme. Marchesi, as the public has been advised, was an occasion of much interest musically. Curiosity also and a desire to witness what improvement if any had been effected by the famous French teacher in Mrs. Harrison's voice and method entered largely into the event. At the close of the concert opinions were as varied almost as the audience, which, by the way did not crowd the house by any means, was numerous. I do not think I perceived any phenomenal change in her voice since she was previously heard in concert here, save possibly a greater ease and flexibility, in some of the higher tones. In the lady's voice, which has a remarkable compass there are certainly some very fine tones, but the quality the register is uneven. Now whether the gain, such as it may be is not at the sacrifice of other material features is a question; because there was noticed particularly in the English encore selections, Home dearie home and The Land o' the Leaf a decided nasal effect that marred the rendition and jarred disagreeably upon the nerves of those who like an English song well sung. Both these selections were sung better by Mrs. Harrison than they had been before by others in this city.

Mr. Gershom Mayer's song "Admiral Tom" is a good one and his rendition justly merited the hearty encore demanded by the audience. This gentleman, however, undertook to improve on the piece by introducing some of the words of "Rule Britannia" the air of which song was the refrain. To take a liberty of that kind does not compliment the author of the piece and, if it be intended for the benefit of future users of the song, should be copyrighted and the protection donated to the composer. Unless something of the kind is done there is the probability that some base imitator will use the idea. In the incident referred to the audience was very polite.

Arrangements in connection with the new vocal society grow apace and the first rehearsal will shortly be held, as I have learned. There has been some difficulty in securing just the right kind of a hall for the society but that difficulty has disappeared.

All musical people in this city and Halifax will have the opportunity of hearing in some of her choicest selections, Miss Mary Louise Clary, the greatest of American altos. A contralto voice is always a lovely voice, but when it is trained and developed, and strengthened so that it may express all the variations from pianissimo to fortissimo, then is the beauty enhanced to such a degree that it must be heard to be appreciated. Miss Clary's voice possesses all these qualities, and perhaps beyond all in importance, the lady always sings in tune. All who have heard this lady sing here before are eagerly anticipating a renewal of their previous delight, and no one else will intentionally lose the chance of hearing this artist at one or the other of her concerts. Next Tuesday evening will be one of the banner nights in the history of the Institute. Miss Clary will also sing in Halifax, next Thursday and Friday, and for the first time, I

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believe in the city. Halifax has a reputation as a musical city, that is well merited, and I am confident that every pleasurable anticipation aroused by the advent of Miss Clary in concert, will be more than abundantly realized. Prof. Titus of this city is managing the concerts in our sister city. Among our own music lovers, next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the Institute are eagerly awaited.

### Tones and Undertones.

Walter Damrosch's season of opera to be given in Philadelphia, will open on the 29th of November. "Aida" will be the bill and Madam Melba will sing the leading role.

Madame Inez Sprague of Rhode Island, is about to sail for Europe, where she will resume her musical studies for the opera.

A new private opera house is to be erected in Paris by a number of ladies of rank who are devoted to Wagner's music. Victor Maurel will be the director.

Sir Alexander A. Mackenzie is at work on some musical numbers for the dramatization of "The Little Minister."

Madame Eames, it is said will accompany the DeKeske brothers to Russia next winter to take part in a series of Wagner performances in St. Petersburg. At the close of the St. Petersburg season the company will appear in Moscow, Warsaw and other cities. It is also said that Madame Eames will sing Senta in "The Flying Dutchman." This is an addition to her Wagnerian repertoire.

Mr. W. W. Adams will direct a chorus of two hundred voices which will assist at the Sunday evening services in Music Hall, Boston, during the coming winter.

Mme Szumowski, Mr. T. Adamowski and Mr. J. Adamowski it is said, were summoned to Spala in Russia, a week or two ago to play before the Czar and Czarina.

Arthur Berensford the basso, has returned to Boston from a European trip.

A concert of British music to be given at Brussels next winter has been arranged by Yasey the violinist. It will be conducted by Dr. Villiers Stanford and the soloists will be Mile Brema and Mr. Pincket Greene. The pianist will be Mr. Leonard Borwick.

Yet another "favorite pupil of Liszt" will come to this continent early next winter and be heard in orchestral concerts and recitals. His name is Siloti, and he is one of the younger school of pianists.

Miss Nellie Salome Thomas, the Boston soprano has recently returned from Europe but she has arranged to go back to London early next spring.

The much desired musical prize at Berlin and which is known as the Mendelssohn Stipendium, has been won by Miss Leonora Jackson, an American. The prize is 15000 marks. The competition aroused the keenest interest. This is the first time it has been won by a competitor of American nationality.

Albert Morris Bagby is an individual who will get as near as possible to a practical illustration of "A feast of reason and the flowing bowl" when he gives his proposed series of "morning operas" at the Waldorf in New York. They are to be followed by luncheon parties.

This week the Bostonians are giving their old and favorite opera "Robin Hood" at the Boston theatre.

The production entitled "A Wandering Minstrel" in which Van Biene the famous cellist played an important part, has been discontinued. Van Biene will tour it is said with another new piece by Frank Harvey called "A Musician's Romance" opening in Montreal this week.

"The Mouse and the Garter" is the name given by its author to a one act comic opera, which will be produced in New York the coming winter. It is by Henry Waller who wrote "Ogallallas" which the Bostonians sang some time ago.

The salaries paid in German opera houses are small compared with what is paid in the United States. In Germany the prima donna seldom gets more than \$5000 or \$6000 a year, the first tenor a little less and so on down to the chorus and orchestra who are paid \$200, \$300, \$500 a year. They are, however, assured of permanent employment and at the end of a certain number of years are entitled to pensions.

It is said that a perfect avalanche of New operas threatens Italy during the coming season.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Bennett and Moulton company have been giving a daily change of bill at the Opera house this week. Their present engagement closes to night with a production of that very laughable piece "McKenna's Flirtation."

The opening play was "Darkest Russia" a very strong piece and presented with

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### BLOOD HUMORS

much regard to beautiful scenic effect. Compared with last years company that of the present year holds no specially unfavorable position, although there is, in theatrical parlance, some dead wood in it. The piece was well staged and well costumed throughout, but in one of the acts a member of the company who impersonated the son of the Minister of Police, wore a scarlet tunic that had a very familiar and British appearance. Mr. Justin Adams, a very clever and brainy young man is at the head of this company. The excellence of the orchestra merits more than a passing word of recognition.

Next Monday evening Mr. Green's company, formerly McAuliffe and Green, will begin an engagement in the Opera House. In connection with this it is announced that Mr. E. E. Rose the play wright and Manager of the Castle Square theatre, Boston, will appear in the different plays presented during their stay here.

William Richards late of the Ethel Tucker Co., left Moncton on Thursday for Denver Colo., to join a Stock Co., in that city, where he will play the juvenile and light comedy roles.

Nat. Goodwin in "An American Citizen" closes his engagement in Boston tonight. Miss Elliotts part in this play does not amount to much nor was it intended to, because, as in the case of nearly every play expressly written for an individual, no one else can be permitted even a chance.

"The Sporting Duchess" with Rose Coghlan in the leading role is on at the Grand Opera house Boston this week.

At the Castle Square theatre Boston, for the current week, the society play entitled "A Social Highwayman" is the bill. For next week "The Amazons" will be given.

Theatrical people as well as all lovers of the old time drama everywhere, learned with much regret of the death of Joseph Proctor the actor. Mr. Proctor's death occurred last week. He was born in Marlboro Mass. May 7, 1816. His greatest and earliest success was in the title role in "Nick in the Woods." Mr. Proctor has played in this piece in Lancaster's Lyceum in this city.

Cleo de Merode, the French danseuse, has made her first appearance before a New York audience. She did not thrill the spectators "worth a cent." She was a frost, and yet the Parisians whose tastes would seem to be more elated than the New Yorkers are delighted with her. "Is it possible taste is less artistic in Paris?"

Mrs. Fiske in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" one of the few great successes of last season will begin an engagement at Tremont theatre, Boston, on 1st November next.

Augustus Thomas is the author of a new comedy to which has been given the odd title "Don't tell her husband." It was produced at the Columbia theatre, San Francisco last week for the first time and scored a success.

Madame Modjeska has begun rehearsals at Chicago for her forthcoming three weeks engagement at the Grand Opera house in that city.

Richel Noah a former favorite in this city will play the role of Mrs. Hardcastle in a production of "She Stoops to Conquer" to be given in Boston on the 30th inst. for a charitable object.

## Tender Feet

Tired, achy, sweat, swell, that become calloused and blistered, are speedily cured by Foot Elm. It's easily applied. Gives rapid relief and makes the feet dry, sweet and wholesome. Price 25c. at all druggists and shoe dealers or sent by mail post paid on receipt of price, silver or stamps, by addressing STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville,

### A ROYAL MATCH MAKER.

A Queen who has Made Many Diplomatic Matches. Denmark is a small country, which does not have a large part in the world's affairs; but its court is an important one by reason of its marriage alliances and the personal influence of the king and queen. Whomever there is a court ball at Copenhagen, one of the liveliest dancers is King Christian IX, who is still young at heart, although close to his eightieth year.

His wife Queen Louise, is his senior by several months, and has ceased to dance in the royal quadrilles. She has been one of the most successful match-makers in Europe and still takes keen interest in this royal sport.

For her eldest son, the crown prince, the queen found a suitable partner nearly thirty years ago in Princess Louisa, daughter of the king of Sweden and Norway. Her oldest daughter became the Princess of Wales, and her second daughter the wife of Alexander III. and mother of the present Tsar of Russia. Her second son after the election as king of Greece, married a Russian grand duchess. With one grandson on the Russian throne, and another, the Duke of York, destined to reign in England, and with two other grandsons heirs to the crowns of Denmark and Greece, Queen Louise may be described as the grandmother of four emperors and kings.

Two other marriages this adroit match-maker has arranged. Her third son, Prince Waldemar, married Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartre and her third daughter became the wife of the Duke of Cumberland, a great grandson of George III. of England, who might have been King of England if Queen Victoria had died in her girlhood. These were marriages which brought great fortunes into the Danish family, for the Orleans princess was an heiress, and the Duke of Cumberland was also rich. Queen Louise, having married off all her children with marked success, has begun to arrange a new series of alliances for her grandchildren. Her theory has been that the reigning house of a feeble country like Denmark can be converted into a centre of influence in Europe by discreet, but ambitious, marriages. She acted upon this principle when she advised her grandson, the Crown Prince of Greece, to marry a sister of the German Emperor.

The queen is not only a match-maker, but also a woman of great force of character and a good mind. Her influence has been felt in the family councils of royalty throughout Europe. The late Tsar and the present Emperor of Russia have attached great weight to her advice. Copenhagen has been the capital where for two generations the Russian imperial family have been frequent visitors, and where they have thrown off the cares of state. In September Queen Louise's eightieth birthday was celebrated by a reunion of her descendants and relations in Copenhagen. It was a large family party from many courts in Europe, and she received the congratulations of nearly all sovereigns on the continent.

### CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

"Don't Keep Yourself Awake in Trying to Go to Sleep" is One.

One of the gastronomic magazines had an article giving some comprehensive directions regarding the cure of sleeplessness. It is sensible in admitting the complexity of a case of insomnia and of the doubts often connected with its origin. A man may apply all his own knowledge and that of his medical adviser and yet be unable for a time to overcome the tendency of the mind to drift along in helpless consciousness through the long hours of the night. But there must be a cause for this perverseness and a remedy for it, though the cure may not be found without a persevering quest. The American needs a full share of sleep. He works hard with brain and nerves, and is apt to play as hard as he works. To lie in bed with the wheels of thought running on waste material is a sort of torture as well as a danger to health. Napoleon's faculty of going to sleep on the instant was one of the greatest advantages he had over the commanders on the other side.

According to the magazine authority the worst enemies of sleep are worrying, overwork, overeating, indigestible suppers, and the habitual use of stimulants and drugs. The cure includes strict attention to diet, a well ventilated sleeping room, some light exercise, like a walk, an hour after the evening meal, and freedom, of course from worry. Napoleon had as many cares and perplexities as the next man, but arbitrarily shut them off. It is not well to go to bed hungry. A cup of hot milk or a light san-lwich is advised when that sensation is felt. Yet it is necessary to remember that insomnia and an overloaded stomach are closely acquainted. Stimulants and narcotics in the end are sleep destroyers. The condition they induce is not refreshing sleep. Sleeplessness is an indication of the need of sleep and must not be combated too far. People who sleep but little should not be permitted

## FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY



An Elegant display of all the latest styles in HATS, TOQUES, TURBANS and BONNETS

Including the latest novelties from Paris, London and New York.

Prices moderate. Inspection invited.

Chas. K. CAMERON & Co.

77 King Street.

Open every evening.

to disturb those who are differently constituted

When the whole subject is weighed the main remedy is seen to be good habits and a tranquil mind. Some who resolve to discard worry continue the habit over in somnia. They must be philosophical over that as well as all else. "Don't keep yourself awake in trying to sleep" is the injunction. It would be far better to revert to some mild abstraction, such for instance, as the many fine things that have been said of sleep. Think of Leigh Hunt's definition of it as the time when the mysterious spirit goes to take its airy round; of Wordsworth calling it a captive never wishing to be free; of Scott's advice to sleep in peace and wake in joy, which necessarily involves good health and a good conscience; of Bulwer's tribute to "the happiest of earthly boons"; of Milton nodding under the timely dew of sleep, and of Emerson's thought that, "Sleep fingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir tree." The right frame of mind and body is the cure for insomnia.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Queer Marriage Custom.

A decidedly curious marriage custom obtains in the Island of Him, directly opposite the Island of Rhodes. The Greeks, by whom it was peopled, subsist for the most part on the results of the sponge fishery. No girl in the island is allowed to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, which must be taken from a certain depth. In some of the other Greek islands, however, this demonstration of ability is dominated by the men, and it there are several suitors for the hand of any particular maiden her father hands her over to the man who can dive best, and in consequence bring up the largest number of sponges.

### He Knew the Kind of Milk.

Tom (at popular watering place)—I drank some milk last night which made me sick. I don't understand it. Milk never affected me that way before. Dick—You are not accustomed to this water.—Up to Date.

### Old Suspension Bridge.

A chain bridge over the Merrimac river at Amesbury, Mass., is said to be the oldest suspension bridge in the United States. It was built in 1792.

## 12 STEARNS' BICYCLES

## 27 GOLD WATCHES

Given Away Every Month.

TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF

## SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to

LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

## FRESH MACKEREL, SALMON HALIBUT, HADDOCK, CODFISH, SHAD.

Fresh and Smoked Fish of all kinds.

## J. D. TURNER





guaranteed and some of it cannot... an article is guaranteed when... can be relied upon.

Cause of Disturbance... come ago the cheap price era... at the Opera House, and it has...

Word Guessing Contest.

come Soap Company whose word... contest created considerable ex... the exhibition here and in...

Must have a Bear.

Was Locke much of a fight... in the army? No, hardly that.

His Trousers.

at all, protested the Turk... mention you like. Yes. My...

Best Lovers Company.

ted Sutor (savagely)—'What's... the imp? You say you just...

A Bicycle Point.

That was a wonderful per... Star Pointer's, wasn't it? I...

So Good for Him.

Atkins—'A man that will tor... hung best or to be took and...

Noticed and Collecting.

noticed that advertising so... has a better opinion of the...

Church Notices.

idea of a promising young... an in one he can work for...

I Don't Know.

slow, we have the only... will not destroy your linen—...

By bleach the hair will de...

but if its hair inclines to... nature to arrest it with...



Society circles have been rather quiet since the... of the ball, which, by the way, was decidedly more...

The Clary concerts of next Tuesday and Wednes... day are events that are being anticipated with...

County Secretary Vincent who will spend the... winter in Dover leaves shortly for that city.

Dr. Stockton M. P. and Mrs. Stockton were in... Halifax during the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. James Manchester left the first of... the week for a trip through Ontario.

Rev. W. G. McDonald of Sandford N. S., is... spending a short time in the city.

Mrs. E. LeRoy Willis left this week on a visit to... St. Stephen.

Miss Agnes Jenning left this week on a visit to... Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Steeves came down from... Fredericton for a few days this week.

Mr. C. Flood, Miss Flood and Mr. Ernest... Everett returned from a trip to New York on...

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Harding of Winnipeg... are spending a little time in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. F. Frazee of Hampton are... spending a few weeks in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Dowling of Duke street are... entertaining Mrs. E. W. Dowling of Montreal.

Mrs. A. B. Barber and son, who have been visit... ing Mrs. Barber's mother Mrs. Watson, returned...

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McDonald of Halifax were in... the city for a short time lately.

with splendid effect. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left... later for a trip to the United States and upon their...

Mrs. B. A. Payne was called to Fredericton last... week by the death of her sister Mrs. W. K. Allen.

A Mangerville correspondent writes PROGRESS... this week concerning a very pleasant family reu...

The correspondent writes as follows: The consum... mation of the reunion of the three surviving mem...

Senator and Mrs. Temple of Fredericton were in... the city for a day or two recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Humphrey were here from... Truro for a few days this week.

A party of Malden, Mass. people who have been... enjoying our delightful weather of the past few...

Miss Waterbury is the guest of city friends. She... will spend sometime in the city before returning...

Mrs. E. Hutchison and Mrs. R. A. of Miramichi... are spending a week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrey of Boston are so...journing in the city for a few days.

Miss Mabel Jordan has returned from a visit to... Woodstock.

Mrs. Thomas Mortimore and Master Mortimore... of London Ont., will spend the winter in St. John...

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Humphrey were here from... Truro for a few days this week.

A party of Malden, Mass. people who have been... enjoying our delightful weather of the past few...

Miss Waterbury is the guest of city friends. She... will spend sometime in the city before returning...

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Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Torrey of Boston are so...journing in the city for a few days.

gratification on the arrival of a young son and Mr... and Mrs. Harry McEwen on the arrival of a...

Mrs. E. H. Davis has the sympathy of a large... circle of friends in the death of her son Dr. Law...

The many friends of Mrs. Henry Lavers were... pleased to welcome her home after an absence of...

Mr. Arthur Hill and Mr. John McLeod of St... Stephen spent Sunday in town the guests of Mr...

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ludgate Russell with their... little daughter Ruth arrived the first of the week...

Miss Beulah O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs... James O'Brien, whose home is always the centre of...

The hand gave a fine open air concert on Sat... day evening.

The friends of Mr. Fred Grison of Williams... town Vt., were very sorry to hear of his accident.

Miss Jean Seely left on Thursday to visit friends... in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt of St. John spent a few... days here last week.

Miss Sophie Drake goes to Jackson, Miss., to... accept a position in a college at that city.

Miss Mamie Chaulson goes to Boston shortly to... remain the winter.

Mr. L. S. Morse has been visiting in St. John... Miss Susie Ruddock after a visit of some weeks...

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bacon has been visiting her... daughters in Halifax.

Miss Fannie Smith spent a few days here last... week on her way to Halifax.

Mrs. Fred Jones and Miss Edith have returned... to their home in Ottawa.

Woman's Love. A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory... 'Have mercy, mighty angel! Hear my story!'

Welcome Soap Missing Word Contest. \$25 Cash for the missing word in the following sentence; "All... housekeepers should use Welcome Soap."

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range.. Coal or Wood. The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

The Monarch Economic Boiler IS PORTABLE SAVES FUEL Has an outer casing and requires no brickwork.

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat, with text: 'The Land of "Make Believe"', 'Clad in their armor of Faith they ride', 'And oh, the wonderful tales that are told'.

FOR ADDITIONAL COPIES SEND ONE DOLLAR TO THE PUBLISHERS.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboy and at the following news stands and... C. S. DeFurter, Brunswick street...

On Monday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Blackadar, Pleasant street, gave a large and welcome dinner at the new rectory of St. Paul's church...

On Tuesday evening the Lieut-Governor and Mrs. Daly gave a dinner of forty people for his excellency the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen, who arrived in Halifax on Tuesday morning...

Lady Aberdeen wore a very handsome gown and looked extremely well in spite of her long railway journey. Mrs. Daly, who has not been well of late, seemed quite recovered and looked exceedingly handsome in black...

On Wednesday night Sir John and Lady Fisher gave a dinner for their excellencies at admiralty house followed by a small reception and dance. Lady Fisher was in black, and the Misses Fisher wore white, their dresses being exactly alike...

On Tuesday evening a second dinner was given at Government house, at which Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the guest of honor. Among other people present were Sir John and Lady Fisher, Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Jones, Senator and Mrs. McKeen...



The way people eat and drink has serious consequences. Very few people know how to treat their stomachs. Eating too much; or not enough; or the wrong kind of food; or at the wrong time...

When the appetite fails and the liver becomes sluggish, the whole system is dragged down and deadened by imperfect nutrition. There is nothing in the world which restores organic tone and vigor so quickly and scientifically as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery...

NY-AS-SAN

A Word for Sufferers to Remember. A New System of Natural Cures. Special Treatment for Each Disease. Sent to Users Only.

KIDNEY DISEASES. The miracle of "Mahomed and the Mountains" is repeated in the Nyassan Mineral Springs Tablets. If your means will not permit you to resort to the springs they can be sent to you in dry but soluble form for use at home. This is nature's way of curing, and it is the best in the world.

NYASSAN MEDICINE CO. Limited. TRURO, N.S. WE CURE WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.

Pneumonia

This dreaded disease is often the result of a simple cold, which being neglected, rapidly develops into Pneumonia. It is especially prevalent at this time of the year and should be guarded against by immediately applying BENSON'S Plasters to the chest. In all Throat, Lung and Chest affections, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc., BENSON'S afford immediate relief and sure cure. Accept no substitute; such are worthless unless serious results to occur. Get the Genuine. All Druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

some gowns were worn, and the dining room presented an unusually pretty scene. There was no reception held afterwards and carriages were ordered quite early.

Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire, Miss Cameron and Miss Lewis arrived last week from England and will be followed shortly by Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor Huddleston and Miss Wickwire. Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor-Huddleston will remain for some weeks, and will stay at Keith Hall the old home of the bride.

Mr. and Miss Chearnley are making a short visit to Halifax, where they have many old friends. Mrs. Chearnley who was a Miss McNab, was married here to Colonel Chearnley and spent most of her married life here, going to Eng and some years ago for the education of her daughter.

Yet another engagement is talked of in society, which is to lose, it report speaks truly, one of its most charming members and one of the best skaters at the rink.

PARROBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parroboro Book Store.] Parroboro was well represented at the Halifax Fair and all who have returned expressed themselves well pleased.

Rev. A. T. and Mrs. Baker are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howe. Mr. Huxley Johnson has returned to Baltimore to continue his studies at the dental college.

Mrs. Alloway of Springhill is visiting Mrs. Aikman.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Eaton are with friends at Hantsport.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Medley Townshend returned to Amherst on Monday.

Mr. F. H. Rutherford left yesterday for Boston. Mrs. Copp and Miss Sutherland last week drove to Annis.

Mrs. B. Yorke has returned from a visit to St. John and Boston.

Mrs. James Gillespie, Messrs John, Hugh and Leo Gillespie and Dr. F. Gillespie attended the Fair in Halifax.

Rev. Fr. Doody of Springhill spent Thursday in town the guest of Rev. Fr. Butler.

Mrs. Bigelow returned on Saturday from Halifax also Mrs. F. Rand and Miss Alice Smith.

Rev. J. M. Fisher of Canning lectured last evening in the Methodist church.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Mr. D. H. Smith & Co. and Mr. J. M. O'Brien.]

Oct. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cox who have been visiting the latter's parents at "Stuart House" returned to Boston this week.

Mrs. Geo. Donkin, Miss Gertrude and Master George have returned home from a visit with Halifax friends.

Miss Belle Main, Amherst, was in town last week en route to Halifax for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy are enjoying a trip to different points of interest in the neighboring province.

Mrs. Clarence McKinnon was in town from Stewiacke this week, visiting her friends at "Elmhurst."

We are to have two very interesting weddings this month, one of the brides to remain with us, the other going to reside in Kings County.

Mrs. John Learmont is in town from Moncton spending a few days with her relatives at the "Learmont."

Mr. E. B. Stuart left on Monday last for a holiday trip to New York and Boston.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Oct. 6.—Weddings seem to be the order of the day, and it would almost seem as if the time honored proverb of a young man's fancy turning to love in the spring, would have to be reconstructed so to read: "In the fall a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Three weddings were the record for last week and though none of them actually took place in the city, all the brides were well known in Moncton, having visited here so often that they almost seemed as if they actually belonged to us.

The first of these interesting ceremonies took place on Tuesday week, at St. Mary's church, Summerside, at eleven o'clock in the morning when Miss Dorothy Lefurgey, youngest daughter of Mrs. John Lefurgey of Summerside was wedded to Mr. Horace G. Roberts of Devonport, Iowa. The church had been beautifully decorated in anticipation of the event, by friends of the bride and was filled to overflowing with relatives guests and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. B. Reshag, rector of Milton, assisted by Rev. Cecil F. Wiggin rector of Sackville. The bride who was robed in white silk and carried a beautiful shower bouquet, was given away by Mr. J. E. Lefurgey. The bridesmaid was Miss Ackerman of Brooklyn, New York,

and the maid of honor, Miss Hazel Sheppard of Toronto. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother where a wedding breakfast was partaken of, after which Mr. and Mrs. Roberts departed by the steamer Northumberland, on the first stage of their wedding journey which will include a trip to the Western cities, after which they intend going abroad to reside for some time in Germany. A number of friends assembled on the wharf at Summerside to wish the newly wedded pair bon voyage, and the Summerside Council band serenaded them gaily as the boat moved away. Mrs. Roberts' numberless friends in Moncton will unite in wishing her all possible happiness.

The second wedding was that of Miss Alice Maud Trice, daughter of Mr. D. L. Trice of the firm of Humphrey & Trice, Petticoat to Mr. Herbert Harris Magee of St. John, which took place on Wednesday morning, at St. Andrew's church, Petticoat. The bride was very well known and a universal favorite in Moncton where she has been a frequent visitor; and the many friends she possesses in our city will join in wishing her every blessing and happiness in her new life.

Amongst the guests from Moncton were Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Trice, Mrs. Addy, Mrs. F. W. Sumner, and Miss Ethel Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wright, Mrs. J. H. Marks, Miss Marks, Miss Georgia Marks, Miss Alice McKewen, Miss Georgia Cole and Mr. W. Marks.

The third wedding was that of Miss Ida Steeves, daughter of Mr. Warren Steeves of Coverdale which took place on Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, the bridegroom being Mr. W. H. Williams youngest son of Mr. W. H. Williams of this city. The bride was beautifully dressed in white silk with pearl trimmings, and carried a handsome bouquet. The house was most artistically decorated with flowers and ferns, the bride and groom standing under a floral arch and bell. After the ceremony the guests numbering nearly a hundred partook of a sumptuous repast, and shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Williams departed on their nuptial tour. The unusual number of beautiful gifts lavished on the youthful couple testified to the affectionate regard in which they are held by their friends all of whom wish them every happiness.

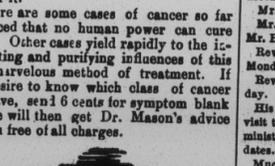
A fourth wedding in which Moncton people were the principals took place in St. John on Tuesday week, when Miss Ella Hicks formerly of this city, but lately of Boston, was married at the Centenary church to Mr. A. D. Ayer of the I. C. E. general manager's office in this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Reid formerly pastor of Wesley memorial church here, but now of centenary in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom.

Mr. and Mrs. George McSweeney returned last week from St. Amerside, where they had been attending the marriage of Mrs. McSweeney's sister, Miss Dorothy Lefurgey. Miss Minnie Galt of Montreal, who has been spending some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell of this city, returned home on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Beaudet and family took their final departure from Moncton on Friday last, to the very deep regret of their numerous friends.

The dining room at Hotel Brunswick was the scene of a very pleasant gathering on the evening before their departure when a number of their friends assembled at the invitation of Mrs. George McSweeney to bid them farewell. During the evening Rev. E. Bertram Cooper on behalf of a number of Mrs. Beaudet's friends, presented that popular lady with an address of farewell, accompanied by a beautiful set of toilet articles mounted in sterling silver, brushes, white, comb, mirror, etc. by a very beautiful silver tray all engraved with the recipients monogram. The address most tearfully expressed the regard in which Mrs. Beaudet was held, and the appreciation of her friends for her unvarying kindness in using her beautiful voice for all charitable objects, and for the valuable services she had rendered not only in St. George's church, where she was the leader of the choir, but in the musical circles of Moncton; as well as the poignant regret her friends felt in losing her from their midst. After the address had been read several of the gentlemen present made short speeches. Dr. McCully president of the Amateur Athletic association thanked Mrs. Beaudet for the service she had

PLEASANT HOME TREATMENT FOR CANCER.

Dr. Mason's method of treating cancers and tumors without knife or plaster is simple and plainly explained in a small pamphlet, which we send free to all who ask for it. There are some cases of cancer so far advanced that no human power can cure them. Other cases yield rapidly to the irritating and purifying influences of this truly marvelous method of treatment. If you desire to know which class of cancer you have, send 6 cents for symptom blank and we will then get Dr. Mason's advice for you free of all charges.



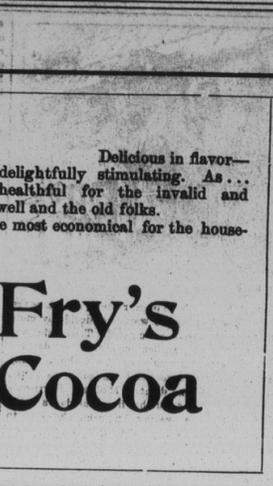
Dr. Mason has probably treated more cases of cancers and tumors than any physician on this continent, and his advice should be valuable to you. One thing is sure, his advice will cost you nothing, and he will be frank with you if he considers your case hopeless. He only advises the use of this treatment when he has reason to believe the patient will receive satisfactory results and be able to recommend it to friends and neighbors.

He often suggests simple means for relieving the pain and making life more comfortable to those who are incurable, but these suggestions are free of all cost, and no one need feel under any obligation to use Dr. Mason's treatment, unless they think it is suited to their case after getting full particulars and hearing what it has done for others. Write us if you want more information. BEWARE OF IMITATORS WHO CLAIM TO USE THE SAME METHODS. WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.



Delicious in flavor—healthfully stimulating. As... healthful for the invalid and the old folks. Concentrated—hence most economical for the household drink. Pure—absolutely pure. Ask your grocer for FRY'S Concentrated COCOA.



always so generously rendered to the association. Professor Watts heartily referred to the good work Mrs. Benedict had done in the interest of the music lovers of the city and the gap left by her departure. Mr. E. A. Borden spoke in the same strain, and Mr. Benedict's bride, but heartily thanked those present on behalf of his wife not only for the beautiful gift but even more for the kind words spoken. After the serving of refreshments and the singing of Auld Lang Syne, the company separated with hearty good wishes for the future happiness and prosperity of the guests of the evening.

The removal of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict from our city will indeed leave a gap which will long remain unfiled.

Mrs. J. J. Taylor of Truro, who has been spending a fortnight in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters of Alma street, returned home yesterday.

Mr. C. Edwin Taylor returned on Thursday from New York where she has been spending a week or two visiting relatives.

Mr. Brooks Peters returned last week from a three weeks trip to Boston.

The many friends of Mr. J. J. Taylor formerly of this city but now city engineer of Truro N. S. were glad to see him in town last week. Mr. Taylor paid a very short visit to Moncton but was warmly welcomed.

Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Steeves returned last week from a week's driving tour through Nova Scotia.

Mr. Graham Jardine junior clerk in the Merchant's bank of Halifax was transferred last week to Kingston Kent county. Mr. Jardine who has made hosts of friends in Moncton during his short residence here, was entertained at an oyster supper at Conno's restaurant on Thursday evening by a number of his young friends. Mr. Forster of Dorchester takes Mr. Jardine's place in the Moncton branch.

The masonic hall was well filled on Friday evening on the occasion of the Shakespearean recital given by Mr. George B. Williams. It would be difficult to praise this gentleman's performance too highly as it was admirable from first to last, his wonderful dramatic power enabling him to represent a variety of characters with an accuracy really marvelous. Mr. Williams should be greeted with crowded houses wherever he appears.

Moncton is the stronghold for Presbyterianism for the maritime provinces, just at present, the meeting of the Maritime Presbyterian Synod being held in this city, and the number of visiting ministers is unusually large.

GREENWICH.

Oct. 4.—The marriage took place at the Royal Hotel, St. John, on Wednesday last, of Mr. W. W. Hay, Mayor of Woodstock and Mrs. Henrietta Marley of this place. The bride was given away by Mr. James Mahony of St. John. The Rev. D. W. Fickett of this place performed the ceremony. Mrs. J. Jones the bride's mother was also present. Mrs. Hay's genial presence will be much missed here.

Miss May Marley the little daughter of Mrs. Hay accompanied her aunt Mrs. McKel to Woodstock.

Mr. Fred Fickett came from St. John on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Holder of Boston, are visiting Mr. Holder's mother at Summerside.

Rev. E. A. Cody made a visit to St. John on Monday.

Rev. Mr. Bonnel also went to St. John on Monday.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdon is expected to visit this parish next week for the purpose of administering confirmation to a large number of candidates.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bojaya in the loss of their little boy Ernest.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Phthisis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. DORRIS, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lesczynsky" Method; also "System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed...PURE WOOL

The Parisian is working night and day to keep up with the orders.

The Parisian has certainly got the crowd.

The Parisian is everybody's friend.

The Parisian sells millinery 50 per cent lower than you can buy anywhere.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effectual. Readily taken by children.

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

Ladies' Tailoring. The Subscribers having secured the services of a first-class LADIES' TAILOR, will in future add LADIES' TAILORING to our regular Tailoring business. Ladies favoring us with a call will be sure of receiving the best attendance. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

Jewelry. In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc. We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

Delicious in flavor—stimulating. As... for the invalid and the old folks.

Parisian is working night and day to keep up with the orders.

Parisian has certainly got the crowd.

Parisian is everybody's friend.

Parisian sells millinery 50 per cent lower than you can buy anywhere.

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effectual. Readily taken by children. get PUTTNER'S original and best.

Tailoring... Ladies Tailoring to our business. Ladies favoring will be sure of receiving the satisfaction guaranteed.

CAMPBELL, Main Street.

elry..

LETS, BROOCHES, PENDENTS, NECK CHAINS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, HAT PINS, Etc. stock to select from, and make prices right.

SON & PAGE, KING STREET.



BABY'S OWN SOAP is made particularly for little folks. It is the purest soap in the world. Really and truly the purest. It looks good; smells good; IS good; and does good to the pink and tender skin of infants.

Thousands of men and women use BABY'S OWN SOAP—because they like it—but for Babies it is indispensable.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Beware!

FRÉDÉRICTON. [Promises for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorn]. Oct. 6—The marriage of Miss Alice Augusta Teasdale...

The church was beautifully decorated. The bridal party standing on a matting of green ferns and under a large floral arch composed of autumn leaves and wax berries.

The presents were numerous and costly and included a handsome silver tea service from the congregation of the Methodist church...

Miss Edna Irvine of St. John is visiting Rev. J. J. and Mrs. Teasdale at the parsonage. Miss Babbitt has gone to Cambridge, Mass. to visit her sister Mrs. Leigh.

Mr. Fred Tennant and wife of Moncton spent a few days here last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Tennant, Westmorland St.

THE GREAT TWINS AND K.D.C. PILLS. Believe and Cure The Great Twins Pills INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee. New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

THE AWKWARD SERGEANT. His name is Sergeant... Made Him Very Useful to Others.

A story which was told at a recent military reunion, and which a writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean retells at length, shows anew and strikingly the eminently unselfish character of the American soldier in the early days of the Civil War.

In the midst of this despair he was struck with astonishment at being appointed a sergeant. To his mind, at that time, a sergeant was as good a man as a brigadier-general would have seemed later.

"Who told you that?" asked the captain. "The drill-master said that I couldn't go through the manual of arms to save my life."

"Bab, man, neither could I! Your legs and back are straighter this minute than mine. We are all here to learn, and that is what we have this Russian for. I put in three hours with him every day, and I don't mind his taunts and sneers, nor his punches and pokes. He is making me over, and I am glad to be made over. You are going to be a sergeant in this company; go back to your quarters and don't let me hear anything more about it."

THE AWKWARD SERGEANT. This did not cheer the new sergeant much, but next day he saw a sight that did. Wandering through the woods in a dispirited way, he came upon a surprising scene.

THE AWKWARD SERGEANT. The commissioned officers of the regiment were all gathered in a squad, and the old Russian drill-master was teaching them how to stand, how to about-face, how to handle the sword, and so on, and he was bullying, them just as badly as he bullied the privates.

THE AWKWARD SERGEANT. The sergeant was ever long a drill-master himself, and as straight as a ramrod. However, he did not bully the men whom he drilled. Many a raw recruit had from him words of encouragement which assisted him to overcome his awkwardness.

THE AWKWARD SERGEANT. Lord Wolsey makes no secret of the fact that he is extremely superstitious; indeed, he once owned, in a letter to the Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them.

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AUCTION SALE.

\$5000 WORTH OF BANKRUPT STOCK consisting of Solid Gold Cases, Silver Cases, Gold Filled Cases, Silverine, and other cases made by the best American and Canadian Watch Case Makers.

DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Rolled Gold, Plated—Rings, Necklaces, Watch Chains, Lockets, Charms, Bracelets, Ear Drops, Ladies' Brooches and Bar Pins, Gent's Scarf Pins, Studs, Collar and Cuff Buttons, Pens, Pencils, Opera Glasses, (in Oriental, Pearl and Morocco), Pocket Cutlery and Scissors.

SILVERWARE IN TRIPLE AND QUADRUPLE PLATE. Berry Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Tea Sets, Walters, Cake Stands, Desert Sets, Dinner and Pickle Cruets, Napkin Rings, Spoons, Knives and Forks (English and Rogers' makes).

FANCY PLUSH GOODS, ALBUMS And Everything kept by a First-Class Jewellery Establishment.

This Stock is being sold..... without reserve to the Highest Bidder.

Private Sale at any time.

SALE EVERY DAY AND EVENING AT 29 CHARLOTTE ST., 6 Doors from City Market.

MYERS BROS., Prop's. Head Offices; 24 St. Lawrence Main, Montreal.

members of the Thirteen Club, that while in Ireland he had worn out several hats through saluting single magpies, and that he would not, 'on any account,' walk under a ladder.

Madame Adelaide Hermann, the widow of the famous prestidigitateur, relates the following amusing incident, which occurred at the last meeting of President McKinley and Professor Hermann, between whom a strong friendship existed:

When he was last in Columbus, Ohio, Professor Hermann called on Major McKinley, who was then governor. As he started to go, Professor Hermann said: 'Major, I may not see you soon again, and I have never given you anything by which you may remember me. Let me make you a present of this.'

Taking his hand he placed a fine diamond ring on one of his fingers. Major McKinley thanked him and admired the ornament. Shortly after Hermann left, a friend who was present said: 'Oh, by the way, governor, will you let me see that ring?'

The governor held up his hand, but was astonished to find the ornament gone. There was no need to ask questions about the mystery. Hermann had left as a memento, instead of the ring, the memory of a very clever trick of which the major was the victim.

One of the neighbours of Mrs. Bracabit, the wife of a carpenter, called in one morning to have a friendly chat. 'I must have been very careless as I came up your front steps,' she said. 'I see I have caught my dress on something, and torn a big hole in my skirt.'

'You caught it on a nail sticking up from the bottom step,' replied Mrs. Bracabit. John was mending that step when the men came along and told him the union had ordered a strike. He had that nail half driven in, but he threw down the hammer and said he wasn't going to do another lick till the strike was called off. It's very inconvenient for us, of course, but it's a matter of principle with John.'

HOTELS.

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.

BELMONT HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

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

HANNAY'S RONDELETTA. LARGE AND SMALL. ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE. MAW'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE. BROWN'S DENTIFRICE. GOSNELL'S TOOTH PASTE. KEPLER'S MALT and COD LIVER OIL. STEADMAN'S SOOTHING POWDER.

JUST RECEIVED AT Allan's Pharmacy, 35 King Street.

Physicians' Prescriptions receive most careful attention. My delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda cannot be surpassed. Remember the STORE. ALLAN'S PHARMACY, Telephone 239.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Turkeys.....AND..... Chickens. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

CROSSING A CREVASSE  
An Experience That was Unpleasant to Those Concerned.

In crossing Huddleston Glacier toward evening, Mr. E. A. Fitz Gerald, F. R. G. S., and his guide, Zurbriggen, had an adventure sufficiently exciting to be described in 'Climbs in the New Zealand Alps.' During the day the hot sun had made the snow extremely soft, so that the ice-bridges which Mr. Fitz Gerald and his companion had been able to walk boldly over in the morning proved in the evening a serious danger. Several times while they were in this broken ice-fall avalanches thundered down uncomfortably near them.

We were at last able to get out of this into a clear part of the glacier, which was comparatively safe but for the danger of hidden crevasse which runs almost the whole length of the glacier, which apparently only one ice-bridge over it. In the morning we had crossed it safely, but now that everything had been melting and dripping fast all day, it looked rather unstable. We had to approach it down a very steep slope of soft snow, and I did not like the look of it at all.

Zurbriggen was leading, and was just in the act of putting his foot upon the bridge, when down it went with a thundering crash, the sound reverberating under our feet till the bit we were on seemed to tremble. He had only time to leap back, and to call to me to draw in the rope.

Before he stepped upon the ice-bridge I had planted my axe firmly in the deep snow; but now the idea that the very slope we were on was about to yield entered both our minds simultaneously, and we turned and hurried back as quickly as possible, never once stopping till there was a safe distance between us and the crevasse. We were barely clear of them when, with a loud booming sound, a second piece of ice detached itself, and fell headlong into the abyss.

We now walked beside the glacier a few steps, so as to get a good view of the small remains of what we had supposed to be the last bridge left across this crevasse. Both lips of the crevasse overhung greatly, and there was just a bit of snow across it, which looked as if it must give way if any weight were placed upon it.

Zurbriggen was very keen to try this at once, but I refused till I had quite made up my mind that it was absolutely our last resort; and even then I pointed out to him that we should stand a better chance by waiting till the cold night air had frozen the snow together.

We walked along the edge of the crevasse for a long distance. The shades of evening were fast falling, and the prospect of a night on the glacier stared us in the face. At some little distance from where we were there seemed to be another sort of a bridge, which Zurbriggen, in his eagerness to get away before night overtook us, wished to try. This time I yielded, trusting to his great knowledge and experience of ice-work.

I planted myself in a firm position, and burying my ice-axe in the snow, made ready to hold him up should an accident occur.

He crawled as lightly as a cat over the frail ice that joined the two sides of the chasm, when suddenly to my alarm, I found that the rope between us came to an end. It was necessary that I should follow him at once, so that he should not pause a moment in his perilous position.

I went quickly after him and we found ourselves both upon the bridge at once. In an instant, however, Zurbriggen had gained the opposite bank, plucked his ice-axe into the snow, and calling out to me to be careful and draw the rope in to him, adding that he could hold me up should the ice give way.

Luckily, I was not obliged to test his

strength, and a few minutes later we were hurrying over the last crevasse of the Huddleston Glacier.

A STRANGE BIRD.

The Stately Bustard is Gradually Becoming Extinct.

The bustard has become extinct in Great Britain and cannot be found in America. It is true there is a so-called bustard in British America, but it is really the Canadian goose. Spain and Africa, are the chief strongholds of the family, many well marked species being found in these countries. India, too, has at least three distinct species. Australia possesses at least one large species.

It was thought at one time that the bustard was nearly allied to the ostrich, but that is a mistaken view. He would seem to be more nearly related to the cranes in one direction and the plovers in another.

A male bustard measures from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail four feet or thereabouts and its wings have an expanse of eight feet or more—double the length. If put on the scales, it would weigh from twenty-two to thirty-two pounds, according to age. The female bird is smaller. There is nothing ridiculous about the appearance of the bustard, although when compared with other birds frequenting open places its legs are very short. Indeed, it is quite a stately creature, and when on the wing almost as majestic as the eagle.

The bustard's bill appears longer than it really is on account of the flatness of the head. The neck of the male is thick, particularly in certain seasons, and at such times he carries his tail in an upright position, turning it frequently forward, twisting his head and neck along his back in a most curious manner. It is then, too, he drops his wings and erects their shorter feathers. The appearance is most strange—for tail, head and neck are almost buried amid the upstanding feathers, and the breast is protruded oddly.

How He Broke It.

From the London Telegraph comes an amusing anecdote of Joseph Chamberlain, the English parliamentary leader. Some visitors had passed through Mr. Chamberlain's orchid house at Highbury one morning, and a very valuable plant was discovered broken.

Mr. Chamberlain, it is said, almost lost his temper, and declared that sightseers should no longer be welcomed. Then he interrogated the gardener in charge of the houses. The man appeared confused, but protested that he didn't do the damage.

'I was very sorry when I saw it done, sir.'

'You saw it done? Then, of course, the visitors did it.'

'No, sir, the visitors didn't either,' said the man.

'Speak out, man!' cried Mr. Chamberlain. 'I am resolved to discover the culprit!'

'You did it yourself, please sir; for I saw you. You were walking up and down and rehearsing something. I heard Lord Salisbury's name, sir, and Mr. Gladstone's, and then you struck out with your right arm, sudden like, and down went the orchid!'

The master smiled, and sightseers were not forbidden the orchid houses.

Remember Him.

A boy who showed presence of mind and genuine heroism is John Thomas of Houghton, Michigan, whose brave act is recorded by one of our exchanges.

John Thomas runs a compressed air hoisting engine in the Tamarack mine. The miners working in the twenty-third level had put seven cases of dynamite in a box for future use. The dynamite stood not far from Thomas's engine. He, with one of the miners, discovered smoke issuing from the box and found that the wood-work was on fire.

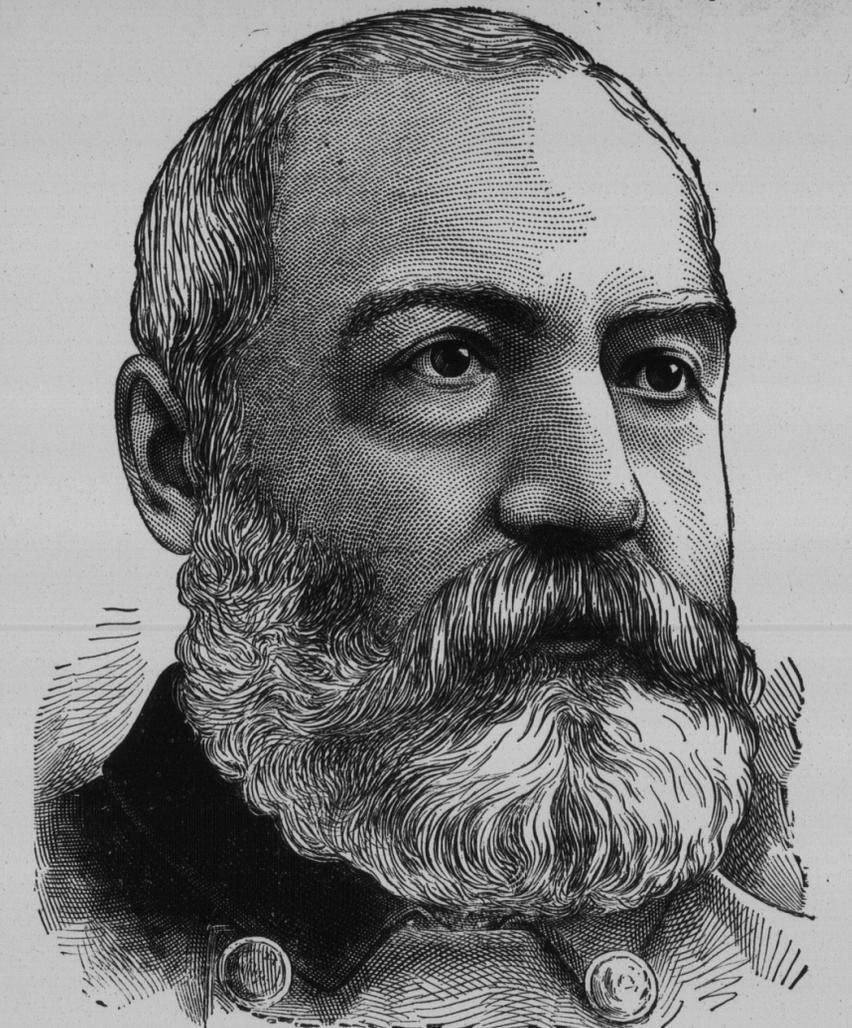
Instantly the boy realized the danger, and thinking of the miners below, he rushed to the engine and gave the alarm, after which he stood at his post until the three thousand men reached the surface of the earth. Then he fled.

Scarcely were the men and boy in a place of safety,—some say it was less than ten seconds after John left his engine,—before the dynamite exploded, smashing the hoisting engine to pieces and doing other damage. But no human being was injured, thanks to John Thomas's heroism.

Smallest Train in the World.

A 'Tom Thumb' train, so-called because it is the smallest in the world, is to be exhibited at the Transmississippi Exposition at Omaha. The engine weighs 450 pounds. The driving wheels are eight inches in diameter and yet the locomotive hauls six observation cars, in each of which two children can be comfortably seated. The entire train, consisting of engine, tender, four observation cars, one box car, and a caboose, is but twenty-nine feet in length. Six gallons of water in the tender tank and five in the boiler will furnish steam to propel it for two hours. Coal is hauled and shoveled out of the tender in the orthodox manner. In fact, the little engine is completely in miniature in every detail.

INDORSED BY GEN. HENRY.  
Newly Appointed Consul to Quebec City  
Recommends Paine's Celery Compound.



Gen. William W. Henry, whom the President of the United States has appointed to be Consul to Quebec, has been Grand Master of a Grand Lodge of Masons, is a member of the I. O. O. F. and G. A. having been the second to be elected department commander in his state of Vermont.

His war record was brilliant. Eminent as a private, he was engaged in the first battle of Bull Run. He was promoted for bravery to first lieutenant, soon rose to be major, was promoted to a lieutenant colonel, then became colonel, and in 1865 was brevetted brigadier general for meritorious services during the war. He was wounded at the battle of Cold Harbor, Monocacy, and four times at the battle of Cedar Creek. He has been state senator or from two different districts was US marshal for seven years, and mayor of Burlington for two terms.

Coming from such a man, such an indorsement as follows may be appreciated by any one.

Quebec, Sept 7 1897.  
To the Proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound.

It gives me great pleasure to indorse Paine's Celery Compound, both on account of the results obtained from personal use of the remedy and knowledge of the remarkable cures it has performed.

His Treasures.

'Young man,' said the elderly gentleman, in a choking voice, 'she is the only daughter I have.'

'Yes,' acknowledged the young man, 'that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her.'—Indiana, 20 is Journal.

How the Letters are Used.

The proportionate use of letters in the printing of an newspaper is as follows: e, 1,000; t, 770; a, 738; i, 704; r, 680; o, 672; n, 670; h, 540; s, 528; d, 392; l, 380; u, 386; c, 240; m, 272; f, 236; w, 190; y, 184; p and g, 168; b, 158; v, 120; k, 88; j, 55; q, 50; x, 45; z, 22.

Coleman's SALT  
CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM  
PREPARED BY THE CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION  
CLINTON, ONT.

social use of the remedy and knowledge of the remarkable cures it has performed. I believe it has no equal in curing diseases of the nervous system and building up those who are weak and out of health. It has cured several friends of mine of rheumatism in its worst form and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all afflicted with that disease.

Very truly yours,  
William W. Henry.

Desperate diseases, such as rheumatism, blood impurity, neuralgia or nervous debility, that bring down the strength of the whole body, can not be got rid of as our ideas are so generally a priori, by letting them cure themselves. Heart weakness, kidney disease, chronic headache and enlarged liver and spleen are not self-terminating disorders. Like all the respiratory diseases, they demand a thorough, solid, safe remedy.

There never has been a remedy so thoroughly grounded in a knowledge of what the sick body needs in these diseases as Paine's Celery Compound.

Paine's Celery Compound is the remarkable result of profound investigation and close medical study by that eminent professor of the Dartmouth and Vermont medical schools

Prof Edward E Phelps, M. D. L. L. D.

It is the greatest nerva invigorator, blood purifier and regulator for the important organs of the body that has ever come to light.

The languor, the nervousness and the pain in the region of the heart or the kidneys are cured by Paine's Celery Compound because the origin of these disorders is easily traced to an impoverished condition of the nerves and a poor state of the blood.

This great invigorator does nothing at haphazard. Its aim is to feed the exhausted nervous tissues as soundly and rapidly as is consistent with healthy digestion and assimilation, and step by step with this building up process all over the body goes that other fully as vital work of driving out every trace of vicious humor and poisonous matter from the blood.

In every case—and there are thousands of such cases throughout the country—where Paine's Celery Compound has cured rheumatism, nervous prostration, neuralgia or in every case recovery has been by this same building up process, that omits no step in making the cure lasting and for a lifetime.

MARY LOUISE CLARY  
AMERICA'S GREATEST CONTRALTO.

Mechanics' Institute,  
OCT. 12th and 13th.

Under the Management of Fred. G. Spencer.

ASSISTING TALENT

- MISS FRANCES TRAVERS.....Soprano.
- J. A. KELLY.....Tenor.
- D. B. FIOREON.....Baritone.
- MISS ALICE BUTCHER.....Electionist.
- W. C. BOWLEY.....Violinist.
- MISS EMMA GODDARD.....Accompanist.

PRICE: 75, 50 and 35 cents.

Strong Nerves  
Nerves just as surely come from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as does the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, or other so-called blood diseases. This is simply because the blood affects the condition of all the bones, muscles and tissues. If it is impure it cannot properly sustain these parts. If made pure, rich, red and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla, it carries health instead of disease, and repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. Thus nervous prostration, hysteria, neuralgia, heart palpitation, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
Because it is the One True Blood Purifier.  
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 9, 1897.

PIRATES OF SUMATRA.

ROBBERS AT WAR WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD.

For Many Years the Dutch Have Been Trying to Exterminate Them—How the Pirates do Their Fighting—Their Cannibal Neighbors the Battaks.

The butchery of a ship's crew and passengers in Eastern seas by Achinese pirates furnished a grisly item of cable intelligence in the newspapers the other day. It was related that a boatload of the freebooters boarded the vessel in disguise, a woman carrying concealed under her clothes the knives with which the victims were subsequently despatched. Only one person escaped to tell the tale. Most people who read the story supposed, quite naturally, that the Achinese must be some sort of Chinamen. This notion, however, was a mistake, inasmuch as the pirates, in question are Malays, who live at the north end of the island of Sumatra. Prof. David G. Fairchild, a Government naturalist, has just returned to the United States from that part of the world, and he gives a most interesting account of the war which is going on at present between the Dutch and this nation of robbers.

The Dutch, it seems, have been waging this war without intermission for twenty four years, and they are not much further ahead with it than at the beginning. The name of the province inhabited by the pirates is properly spelled Acheen, or Atchin. Nobody knows how many of them there are, even approximately, for the simple reason that no white man can venture into their territory without being killed. It is supposed that they number 50,000 to 60,000. In former times they were a scourge of the seas in that part of the world, sweeping the waters with their swift sailing proas, capturing merchantmen of all nations, and customarily butchering every soul on board. This method of procedure almost destroyed the trade of England through the Strait of Malacca, and finally the British Government told the Dutch that they must put a stop to the nuisance or else it would take the matter in hand.

The Dutch, of course, own Sumatra, as well as all the rest of the great Malay Archipelago, which extends as far east and west as the distance from New York to San Francisco. It was thought very undesirable that the English should have an excuse for landing troops in Dutch territory, and so an expedition was sent to wipe out the natives of Acheen. That was in 1872. The effort was so far unsuccessful that it is still being kept up, after an expenditure of 30,000,000 guilders and a great waste of valuable lives. Unquestionably the British would have soon put an end to the trouble by furnishing whatever might be necessary in the way of men and money for the purpose, but the Dutch colonial policy is frugal, and thus nothing has been accomplished except the destruction of all the vessels belonging to the Acheneese, who are no longer a terror on the ocean.

These piratical people are bigger and stronger than the other natives of Sumatra, excepting only the cannibal Battaks, who are their near neighbors. They are tremendous fighters—long, lean, very muscular, built like professional jumpers and correspondingly agile. Their favorite weapon is a knife of peculiar shape called 'klawong,' with a blade two feet long. The blade is not pointed, but cut off square, and is heavy at the end, so as to give greater weight to the blow struck with it. In some instances white men have been actually cleft from the head through the entire body by a single blow of one of these formidable weapons. Also the Acheneese have carbines and Winchester repeating rifles, which they have imported with ammunition from Singapore. They even possess a few small cannons.

Thus it appears that these barbarians are foes not to be despised. They are fond of night attacks, and rival the savages of America in the mutilation of their victims—cutting off the legs, arms, and ears of captives. Their country is covered with primeval tropical forests, inhabited by orang-outeang, where malaria broods and impenetrable rattan thickets harbour legions of leeches. When the Dutch troops burn their villages and destroy their rice plantations, they simply retire to the inaccessible mountain fastnesses, whither they cannot be pursued. They are very dirty, beastly, in their habits, and are mostly afflicted with disgusting skin diseases which cover them with blotches. Their houses are square or ob-

Many Workers Fail



HOW often we hear of a flourishing business for sale on account of the ill-health of the owner. He has been so absorbed in his fight for wealth that he has forgotten another account that needs balancing—his health account.

He has been paying out and not taking in until he finds the balance on the wrong side of the ledger. Little disorders that might easily have been cured have become startling diseases. Now, broken in health, nerves unstrung by pain, what might have been a brilliant and useful career is ended. Many are ruined thus. Many whom a little care of self and a little toning of the system would have saved, are lost.

Keep your blood pure, your system in good order, and success is yours. **Abbey's Effervescent Salt** will do this for you. Taken every morning, before breakfast, it tones the system, purifies the blood, keeps the appetite on edge, and the digestion good. Abbey's Effervescent Salt is also an efficacious preventative and cure for Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spleen Affections, Nervous Depression, Sea Sickness, Flatulency, Gout, Fever, Skin and Kidney Complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd, MONTREAL, CAN.

All Druggists sell this great English preparation.

Price, 60 cents a bottle.

long, containing only the barest necessities—one or two pots and pans and a few mats. Usually a sleeping place is shut off by a curtain.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of gold in the piratical country, but nobody dare hunt for it, for fear of the ferocious inhabitants. Near the north end of the island and not far from the fortified town of Kota Radjo, occupied by the Dutch, is a hill called Gold Mountain, which is said to be full of the yellow metal. A Dutch official showed to Prof. Fairchild a gold coin which was made by the Achineese as far back as the sixteenth century. It was thin and covered with embossed characters. Of late the fighting with the natives has been particularly severe, and has resulted in the driving back of the Dutch outposts. At the time of Prof. Fairchild's visit there were 800 Dutch soldiers in the hospital at Kota Radjo out of an army of 8,000 men. Many of the sick, however, were victims of various diseases which attack Europeans in that climate—such as beriberi, a fearful complaint, which begins with a swelling of the legs and creeps up until it attacks the heart and kills.

Any defeat of the Dutch in Acheen damages their prestige all through Sumatra and Java, and this is one reason why they have been willing to devote so much attention to a region which is worthless to them producing nothing whatever that is of value. With all their efforts they now hold only a very small part of the province—that is to say, the extreme northern tip of Sumatra, embracing only a few square miles. Across this tip of land they have built a string of little forts, to the south of which all the country is in the possession of the pirates. They have to keep a mighty sharp look-out too, lest these forts be gobbled up by the enterprising natives. All of the forts are connected by a railway and by a telegraph with the town of Kota Radja to the north, which is probably the most curiously fortified place in the world. It is a city of soldiers' barracks, with officers' residences in the middle, the whole being surrounded by a fence of iron pickets twelve feet high. Inside of the fence is a stone wall.

The city can only be approached by the savages from the south, inasmuch as they have no vessels, and from that direction they must pass the line of forts, which are fourteen in number. Each fort is surrounded

"It went right to the sore spot,"

is what a young man lately said of his first dose of SHORR'S DYSPEPTICURE. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

ed by tall wooden palings. Outside the palings are two barbed wire fences ten feet high. The fences are only four inches apart and the bars are closely set. Outside of this is a queer sort of a barrier of wire net twenty feet in width, and not very high, but so intricate that to go through it is practically out of the question. Outside of this barrier again is a hedge of plants known as Spanish bayonets, set as thick as possible and thirty feet wide. This is considered impassable by the natives, who can neither scale nor go through it. A small passage way, closely guarded, gives access to the fort. If one of the forts is attacked or threatened, notice is at once sent by telegraph to Kota Radja, and reinforcements are despatched by the railroad from the city.

Sumatra is one of the largest islands in the world, and has a population of 8,000,000. Respecting some of the tribes in the interior hardly anything is known, inasmuch as the island has been crossed by white men only two or three times. The immediate neighbors of the Acheneese are the Battaks, a most interesting race of cannibals, who are quite civilized in their way, having a written language of their own. They know how to make firearms, even boring their own gun barrels. And they carve gun stocks in correct style, and are acquainted with the art of making powder. They find their own sulphur and saltpetre, using pieces of bamboo for cartridge cases and bits of coral for bullets. They are excellent agriculturists, and raise cattle. In addition they are clever gold and silver smiths, making filigree work and weaving gold thread.

The Battaks only eat prisoners of war or bad criminals. Formerly the habit of cannibalism among them was universal, and human flesh used to be sold in their country in open market, some chiefs eating it daily as a matter of liking. It is considered the greatest possible insult to a foe or punishment to a person guilty of a grievous crime to eat him. Besides, the question of economy is considered. At a feast it was cheaper to slaughter six slaves at 100 guilders than to kill six buffaloes at 150 guilders. When a distinguished person died two individuals customarily went through a lot of buffooneries at the graveside, after which they were killed and laid in the excavation, the coffin being placed on top of them. Cannibalism is more or less mixed up with the religion of these people, who have their wizards and witch doctors to practice incantations.

The Battaks build houses of planks and strong beams, placing them on piles for the advantage thus given in defending

them. Many of their villages are on almost inaccessible pinnacles in the hills, favorite spots being little plateaus formed by the broadening of a mountain range. Commonly they are surrounded by palisades, with watch towers. Much art and industry is put into carving and painting of the woodwork of the houses. An outbuilding serves as a sleeping place and council house, rice, being stored in the upper part. No light is kept at night for fear of attracting ghosts, but in emergency candles of resin are used. Communal houses serve as sleeping places for the unmarried men, sometimes 100 of them together. Here are hung up the heads of slain enemies and other trophies.

Nearly all of the highest peaks in Sumatra are volcanoes, and most of these are active. In the immediate neighborhood of these mighty chimneys, which hurl out masses of ashes and stone, are the fertile lowlands, with a dense population. The destruction of 40,000 human lives by the eruption of Sanbawa in 1815, and the washing away of 16,000 people by 'tidal waves,' following the eruption of Krakatoa in 1863, are not solitary instances.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ROUTED BY BEES.

The Dress was not suitable for the Encounter Which Took Place.

The Scottish Highland dress, with its kilt, in which the trousers are totally lacking, has certain advantages for a soldier, and certain disadvantages—as the Highlanders who accompanied Lord Roberts on one of his expeditions to Afghanistan once found out to their cost. Lord Rob-

erts tells the story of the occurrence in his 'Forty-one Years in India.'

As the troops were advancing, Lord Roberts was employed for a little time within an enclosure at Alambagh, when he heard great confusion, as of a panic, among the troops without on the plain. Getting on the roof, he looked out over the plain, and saw the troops flying in every direction. There was no firing, and the enemy was not in sight, but evidently something serious had happened to throw the men into such confusion.

The general mounted and rode to the scene. There he found that the enemy was not the Afghan, but a mass of infuriated bees, which seemed to penetrate everywhere, and which were especially active against the Highlanders, who were peculiarly vulnerable to their attacks.

The general promptly decided that discretion was the better part of valor in such a contest, and withdrew the command in as good order as possible to a position remote from the scene of the attack. Then he instituted an inquiry, and found that the stampede had been the result of the thoughtfulness of an officer of the 9th Lancers, who had thrust his lance into a hive of bees. The intrepid insects had instantly rushed to the assault—as they would have done if the whole British army had been present.

'There were no serious consequences,' Lord Roberts concludes; but 'the Highlanders were heard to remark on the unsuitability of their dress for an encounter with an enemy of that description.'

Drs. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor *may* be experienced. But the old doctor *must* be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy *may* be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy *must* be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—50 years of cures. If others *may* be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla *must* be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

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## "ONLY PAULINE."

The day was a cheerless one even for November. Perhaps it was for that very reason that the shabby little sitting-room looked so cosy. There was a bright wood fire in the grate diffusing a genial warmth and light. Katherine loved warmth and light. She loved roses, too; not the sweet, wan, fragile kind that overran the old garden in summer, but heavy, rich-scented crimson roses, such as Jack Donelson sent in great handfuls daily. There was a bowl of them now on the piano, making a blot of vivid color against the sombre background.

But it was not Katherine who stood on the hearth rug with fingers interlaced staring moodily into the fire. It was 'only' Pauline. The warm glow lent a faint color to her olive cheeks and brought out a certain lustre in her hair that was not there excepting in a strong light. Too, it revealed a lurking bitterness about her mouth and in her eyes. Pauline's thoughts were not pleasant ones. She was feeling at odds with herself and all the world—that disagreeable antagonistic feeling that sets one's moral teeth so sharply on edge.

'Only Pauline!' Long ago—so long ago that it seemed to her sometimes to be sometimes as if it could never have been otherwise—she had become reconciled to the fact that Katherine and Katherine's wishes must always receive first consideration. But then Katherine was so beautiful that the best of everything seemed hers by right. It was not hard to yield to her as to a plainer person or one less charming. Beside, Pauline was not beautiful. Indeed, no one had ever gone so far as to call her good looking. Viewed in the light of Katherine's exceeding loveliness, she was plain even to insignificance. Pretty, vain Mrs. Ward had never been quite able to understand why her two daughters were so unlike.

'Katherine is all Morton,' she was wont to say, 'but Pauline—'

The sigh and deprecating little shrug were no more effective than any more words could have been in the completion of her meaning.

Pauline had heard the above remark times without number, and had given little heed. But when, one day, her mother made it in the presence of Wilton Eliot, she felt a sudden rush of rebellious feeling that brought tears to her eyes and a choking sensation into her throat. Did it need her unattractiveness? Surely he could see it without. For the first time in her young life the girl felt that she had not been treated fairly by her mother and Katherine.

It was the thought of this, and not the sunless, chill November day that gave to her face its touch of gloom. So absorbed in reflection was she that she did not hear when the door behind her opened softly and some one came into the room.

'Pauline!'

She turned to confront the slight boyish looking young fellow who had just pronounced her name.

'Oh, it's you, Jack!' she said smilingly a little. 'I did not hear you come in.'

'Your mother said I should find you here. What a nice fire!' He came and stood before her on the hearth rug. 'Katherine—is she not at home?' he asked, unhesitatingly.

'No, she has gone to make some calls with Mrs. Westford.'

He drew a deep quivering breath, at which the girl looked sharply up at him.

'I'm afraid you think I'm not very hospitable, Jack. Won't you have a chair?' 'No, thank you. I can't stay long enough for that. Katherine promised to go driving with me this afternoon, but I suppose she forgot,' he added bitterly.

'I suppose so,' Pauline answered, slowly. Her eyes fell beneath his questioning gaze.

'Pauline, tell me!' he cried out suddenly. 'Does that man still come here?'

'Do you mean Mr. Eliot? Yes, he still comes here.'

A quiver swept his face.

'Will she—do you think—oh, Pauline, is she likely to marry him?'

The girls' hand hanging among the folds of her gown, was clinched until the knuckles stood out white.

'How can I tell?' she answered wearily. 'You ought to know Katherine well enough by this time to understand that she will do exactly what she pleases.'

'But if she pleases to marry him! I could not bear it—oh, I could not bear it!'

The anguish in the young voice stirred Pauline strangely. She turned and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

'Oh, yes, you could,' she said. 'It would be hard but you could.'

'Do you think to comfort me by telling me that?' he said bitterly.

'You are very good Pauline, but you don't understand these things.'

He drew her hands from his shoulders and clasped them tightly together.

'No, I suppose I don't—as you understand them,' she said, with a touch of sarcasm.

He looked at her in surprise.

'Why, I believe you are out of spirits, too, Pauline! Can it be the weather, do you think?'

'Oh, it must be. The weather is always to blame for everything, isn't it?'

'I think a drive would do us both good. Won't you take pity on me since Katherine has left me in the lurch?'

At any other time Pauline would have been only too glad to enjoy the delightful privilege of a drive behind Jack's handsome bays, but today she felt that even in so slight a thing as this she could not bear voluntarily to make herself second to Katherine.

'Thank you, Jack,' she answered, gently. 'But I'm afraid I'm too dull to make an agreeable companion. I think I'll practise for an hour or so, and see if I can't get into a more comfortable state of mind.'

'Well, I won't urge you, Pauline. How dark it has grown within the last hour! There isn't an inch of blue sky to be seen anywhere,' he added, glancing from the window as he turned to go.

Pauline accompanied him as far as the door, then came back and seated herself at the piano. She was still there, running over scales with feverish velocity when Katherine came in, flumbed and a little tired from walking.

'For goodness' sake, Pauline, do stop that dreadful banging! It is enough to drive one wild! I wonder mamma has patience to endure it,' she exclaimed, fretfully.

She went over to the fire, and sinking into a low chair began impatiently to remove her long gloves. Pauline left the piano at once, and came and stood beside her sister.

'Did you not have a pleasant time, Katherine?' she asked.

'No—yes! Has any one been in this afternoon?'

'Jack has.'

'Oh, Jack!' Katherine said a little contemptuously. 'Any one else?'

'No one.'

'Hasn't Mr. Eliot—'

'Why can't you understand, Katherine, Pauline interrupted, sharply, 'that 'no one' includes Mr. Eliot the same as every one else?'

Katherine looked up at her tall, young sister, half startled. Pauline was not wont to speak thus to her.

'I think, Katherine, Pauline went sweetly on, 'that you ought to feel ashamed to treat Jack Donelson as you do. He is entitled to a little consideration, at least, and when you promise to drive with him of an afternoon and then go deliberately off without a word to make some unnecessary calls, it is not considerate, to say nothing of its being downright rude.'

A slow angry flush rose in Katherine's beautiful face.

'Dear me, Pauline,' she cried, scornfully, 'you are really quite dramatic! Would you mind saying that again a little more slowly? I'm afraid I did not fully understand it.'

It was Pauline's turn to blush.

'Be as scornful as you please, Katherine,' she said, 'but it's true, and you know perfectly well that it wasn't for Wilton Eliot's money you would never give him a second thought. Why, even Jack would be preferable in that case.'

With that she went swiftly out of the room, too angry to trust herself further with words.

The atmosphere of the house seemed to still her. She felt that she must get into the open air. To think, with Pauline was to act always. Five minutes later found her walking rapidly in the direction of the river. It was a dark swollen flood that crept along between the shelving banks on either side. By-and-by when the ice had formed on its surface, it would be the scene of many a gay skating frolic. But now, as Pauline stood beside it, watching absently a few fluttering snowflakes fall one by one into the sluggish current, the river seemed to typify her own dark mood.

A step sounded behind her, and she turned to meet the grave, questioning gaze with which Wilton Eliot was regarding her.

'Miss Ward,' he began.

'Only Pauline,' she corrected smiling a little bitterly.

'I beg your pardon for having startled you, but I was taking the short cut to the station, and seeing you in the distance, I thought I would stop and say good-by.'

'Are you going away then?' Pauline asked in surprise.

'Yes. I find my affairs have been getting into some confusion through my absence or my neglect, and demand my immediate attention. It may be many months before I am in Sterling again.'

He scanned her face eagerly.

'I am sure—we all shall miss you,' she said, trying to make the words contain the proper amount of polite regret and feeling that she had failed miserably.

'All?' he said. 'You?'

'I, of course, Mr. Eliot.'

Pauline was getting more and more uncomfortable every instant under that keen gaze. She wished he would go away, and yet—

'But you avoid me on every possible occasion. I never see you when I call. What can I have done, Miss Pauline, to merit your disapproval?'

'You have done nothing, and indeed, Mr. Eliot, I do not avoid you,' Pauline said, very earnestly.

'Then it must have been my fancy. Since you have nothing against me, Miss Pauline, you will surely shake hands with me and wish me good luck at the end of my journey?'

He held out his hand, and Pauline could not choose but put hers into it.

Far down the river a trailing line of smoke marked the approach of the train.

'You'll have to hurry,' she exclaimed.

'How anxious you are to be rid of me. Well, I shall come again, remember, little Pauline.' He looked down into her face with a curious smile. 'And now, good-by.'

He lifted her hand to his lips, then dropped it and hurried away.

Katherine wondered not a little at her sister's subdued and preoccupied manner that evening. She wondered, too, that Wilton Eliot should have gone away without so much as bidding her good-by, for Pauline had given a matter-of-fact account of her chance meeting with him by the river. But she had no mind to make herself unhappy over it, especially as she had just received a letter from the aunt whose namesake she was which enclosed a generous check and the request to use it in the replenishing of her wardrobe. Katherine's elasticity of temperament was one of the most delightful facts about her.

A week later Sterling, the social portion of it, at least, was startled by the news that William Eliot had lost all his fortune through an unwise speculation. It was Mrs. Westford who brought the news to the Wards. Pauline, who had been for a walk, came in to find her mother and Katherine still in the first bewilderment of their surprise.

'Oh, Pauline, what do you think has happened to Mr. Eliot?' was the exclamation that greeted her as she entered the parlor.

Pauline turned perfectly white, but managed to control herself sufficiently to ask—

'What has happened to him, mamma?'

'He has lost all his money. Did you ever hear of anything so dreadful?' and Mrs. Ward drew a little fluttering sigh of sympathy and condolence. Her relief was so genuine that Pauline felt she must either cry or laugh outright. She chose the latter alternative as being the safest.

'Oh is that all?' she said.

'Why, you ridiculous child!' screamed Katherine. 'What more did you expect? For my part, I can't possibly imagine a worse disaster to befall a man like Wilton Eliot.'

'I can—several,' said Pauline, who had grown suddenly grave.

'What?' demanded Katherine.

But her sister slipped out of the room without replying.

For several days thereafter Wilton Eliot's misfortune was the theme of conversation in the Ward household—with Katherine and her mother, that is for Pauline made no mention of the affair and did not care to hear it discussed.

Then the nine day's wonder ceased to be a wonder, and Wilton Eliot dropped out of the minds of everybody apparently.

So a few months glided by. One morning Pauline had been sitting at the piano a long time, playing mechanically, for her thoughts were not on the music before her. Suddenly her hands fell from the keys into her lap and a tear rolled down her cheek, splashing upon her blue gown. At that moment two hands were laid upon her shoulders, and Jack Donelson's voice, vibrating with happiness, sounded in her ear.

'Pauline—Pauline, guess what Katherine has just been saying to me! Katherine, my Katherine now, for she has promised at last to be my wife.'

Pauline sprang up with a little joyful cry.

'Oh, Jack, has she really? Oh, I am so glad! Dear, dear Jack, you cannot know how glad I am!'

'Oh, yes, I can,' the young fellow said, laughing and coloring, 'for I am so glad myself.' Then for the first time he noticed Pauline's tear-wet lashes. 'Not crying, Pauline—surely not crying?'

Pauline laughed nervously.

'I don't know but I shall—for joy. Let me go, Jack; I want to find Katherine.'

And she rushed out of the room in search of her sister.

Katherine was in the parlor, gazing abstractedly out of the window at the snow-filled street. She turned about as Pauline entered.

'Oh, Katherine, Jack has just told me! He is so happy. Are you?' Pauline threw her arms about her sister, and looked affectionately into her face.

'Of course I am, silly pate! Jack is a dear boy, and with money enough to make one very comfortable. After all, that is the chief consideration.'

Pauline's arms fell heavily to her sides.

'O Katherine!' she said.

'There, you needn't look so woe-begone. Of course I'm fond of Jack, and I do not doubt we shall make almost devoted couple. And Katherine bent with a softened look in her beautiful eyes to kiss the grave young face.

So it had all come about as Pauline once thought it never could. Jack's happiness—I will not say Katherine's—revealed to her the sad longing of her own heart.

Whether Wilton Eliot loved her for not she loved him with all the strength of her nature. As the winter wore into spring she wondered vaguely if his promise to come again would ever be fulfilled, or if in the great crisis through which he had passed he had lost all thought of it and her. She was glad the preparations for Katherine's wedding in June took so much of her time, and worked feverishly until even Katherine was compelled to bid her take a rest lest she fall ill. And then came the first sweet month of spring—March, not cold and stormy as was its wont, but warm and bright.

Daily Pauline stole away to walk by the river, where the brown sedge grasses were changing to palest green and there one sunny morning Wilton Eliot found her.

'You see I have not forgotten my promise,' he said, as he took both her hands in his, and looked anxiously down into her suddenly pale face. 'What! Not a word of welcome for me? Only tears? Why, Pauline—Pauline!'

Nevertheless he understood her silence better than words. Presently, when he had soothed her into something like composure he asked—

'Shall you mind marrying a poor man, dear? I am rich no longer except as being rich in your love. Tell me, Pauline!'

'Shall I mind?' she said, 'I who have been used to being poor all my life?' Then she laughed her bright, sweet laugh 'It is you who ought to mind marrying so insignificant a person as myself, Mr. Eliot, for to the end of the chapter I shall be 'only Pauline.'—Waverley Magazine.

## The Old-Fashioned Soldier.

The day of the dashing old soldier, who did amusingly cool and brilliant things, seems to have gone by. Cool the soldier is still expected to be, but the chance of doing brilliant things is reduced to a minimum. To illustrate the ways of the old-fashioned soldier, an English exchange tells of an exploit of Private O'Shaughnessy, who was in the Indian mutiny.

Shaugh, as they called him, was one of the foremost in an attack on a temple or a palace, or some other gorgeous building, and had not got far into it before he came in front of a great mirror. Instantly he stopped before it, and though the bullets were whistling past him began to admire himself and twirl his mustache.

'Bedad, Shaugh,' he said to himself, with a grin, 'ye're a foine figure of a man.'

**TIRED? Oh, No.**

This soap

**SURPRISE**

greatly lessens the work  
It's pure soap lathers freely,  
rubbing easy does the work.  
The clothes come out sweet  
and white without injury to the fabric.

**SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.**

Just then a bullet crashed into the mirror, breaking the glass into a thousand pieces, and obliterating the reflection of Shaugh's features.

'Arrah, there, I' he called angrily, turning back, 'ye've spoiled the foine view that I had of meself.'

## THRILLING RESCUE

A YOUNG LIFE SAVED IN A REMARKABLE MANNER.

Florence Sturdivant, of Grindstone Island, Saved From an Untimely Death—Her Parents Saw her Dangerous Predicament, but Were Helpless to Aid Her—How She Was Rescued.

Among the Thousand Islands is one called Grindstone. It is seven miles long and three wide. The inhabitants of this island are a well informed class of people who devote their energies to farming and quarrying for a livelihood. In the home of one of these islanders resides Florence J. Sturdivant, the four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sturdivant. In February, 1896, she was taken with scarlet fever, and after the usual run of the fever she was left with a weak back and gradually began to lose strength, until finally despite the best efforts of physicians her life hung in the balance. It was at this crisis, when all seemed darkest, that an angel of health appeared on the scene and released little Florence from pain and suffering and restored her to strength and health. This remarkable occurrence is best told in the words of the father.



FLORENCE J. STURDIVANT.

Mr. Sturdivant said: "Florence was taken sick with scarlet fever and we immediately called a physician. He prescribed for her and we followed his directions closely, giving our little patient the best of care. After two weeks the fever subsided, but Florence was left with a very weak back. Severe pains were constantly in the back and stomach. We did all that possibly could be done to relieve our little sufferer, but to no avail. The difficulty seemed to baffle the efforts of the physician.

"Finally at the end of four months of treatment, we found our patient completely prostrated. At this time we called another physician, who agreed with the diagnosis of our own doctor, and said that the trouble resulted from the scarlet fever. He prescribed a course of treatment and we followed it faithfully for three months, but instead of improving, Florence failed.

"Mrs. Sturdivant and myself were completely discouraged. A brother of my wife who was visiting us, advised us to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I purchased a box of the pills and began to give them to Florence. This was in October, 1896. After using the pills a short time we could see an improvement. Her strength began to return and she would sit up in bed. Her appetite was restored and she ate heartily. We also noticed a gradual brightness in her eyes.

"We eagerly purchased a further supply of pills and watched with delight the change for the better that was being wrought daily. From sitting up in bed at times during the day and at times standing on her feet, Florence finally became strong enough to walk a little. She gained in flesh and strength rapidly and the pains gradually left her. In a month's time she had recovered her health and strength.

"We cannot prize too highly the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am positive that without their use our child would have been to-day in the same condition of her early sickness—a confirmed invalid—if indeed she had had the strength to withstand so long the ill of her affliction."

(Signed) WILLIAM H. STURDIVANT.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixth day of April, 1897.  
H. W. MORSE, Notary Public.

## SAVED BY GEN. BOURBAKI.

An American Correspondent Who Was Sentenced to be Shot as a Spy.

Alvan S. Southworth of New York read of the death of Gen. Bourbaki with an unusual thrill of interest, because it was the Frenchman's intervention that saved him from being shot as a spy during the Franco-Prussian war twenty-seven years ago.

"While I was at Lille, in the north of France, as a newspaper correspondent, said Mr. Southworth, 'I was seized as a spy, tried by drumhead court-martial, and condemned to die. I shivered a little when I heard the edict, but I took courage from the fact that the sentence must receive the approval of Bourbaki, then in command of the Department of the North. He was noted as a man of chivalry. Yet when I was informed that he had already settled my fate, life began to ooze out at every pore.

"It so happened that one of those noble women, a Sister of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, visited the bastion where I was confined, offering fruit and religious consolation. I told her that it was all a monumental mistake, and that if I could see him I could convince Gen. Bourbaki that he was not only about to commit an act of silly barbarity, but also that it would be widely noted and promptly avenged. I asked her to have me brought before the General at the earliest moment, as the execution was fixed for the morning at daybreak. Could she do it? I think the Sister—her name was Sister Augustine—felt that the charge was preposterous, and she said, 'Immediately! Immediately! monsieur! She flew from the bastion, and within half an hour I was before Bourbaki, who was nervously pacing up and down on the parade ground.

"This good sister has asked that I see you," he said, in a distasteful way. "Que voulez vous dire?"

"I am simply an American newspaper correspondent," I replied, "and was inspecting the fortifications in pursuit of my profession; that is all—nothing antagonistic to the French—no treason. My full credentials are at the Hotel de l'Europe."

"The General sent an orderly for my luggage, which was light, and being more than satisfied that I was not a dangerous enemy of France, I received my freedom over cognac and cigars."

## A SKUNK IN THE HOT-AIR PIPES.

The Noise It Made all Over the House at Night was Attributed to Spooks.

About two weeks ago strange noises were heard in the large and handsome residence of Mrs. Charles Alexander of Walton. At first they seemed to come from the cellar, but later were heard in different parts of the house. The noise was attributed to all sorts of things, such as rats and cats, but as they increased in violence it was concluded that something unusual was causing the din. For several nights the family were kept awake, and a search to find the cause of the disturbance failed. On Sunday last the noise was louder than usual. First it would be heard in one room, then another, and the family were beginning to think that spooks were really responsible for the trouble.

William Coons, a neighbor, was persuaded to spend a night in the house alone and see if the spook wouldn't make its appearance. He was armed with a double barreled shotgun and a revolver, and proposed to shoot the thing on sight. Early in the morning the noise began, and Coons followed it from one room to another, carrying his gun at full cock so as to be ready for any emergency. He went to the cellar and found that the sounds emanated from the hot-air pipe. He knocked on the pipe with a stick, and there was a scattering all through the rooms in the pipe. Then he took down a section of the pipe in the cellar and out dropped a large skunk, which was despatched with the butt of the gun. The animal had got into the furnace through the cold air box, and being unable to get back, had run through the furnace pipe throughout the house. Mr. Coons was compelled to bury his clothes, and the cellar had to be thoroughly fumigated before the place was fit to live in.

Not qualified to say,

Wilton—Do you agree with David, that all men are liars?

Wilby—How can I tell? Just think of the number of men that I never saw!

Sunday Reading.

THE DISGUISED KING.

Oh, dear! How shall I ever learn this lesson? yawned Oliver Gray as he sleepily bent over his arithmetic lesson.

Oliver had scarcely finished this mental conversation with himself when a gentle but distinct knock was heard at the inner door of the big school-house and Mr. Cole, the teacher, stopped the reading class to attend to his visitor.

Now of all the visitors who came to the school the scholars liked Mr. Earle the best. He not only spoke to each cordially when he met them on the street and at church, but he always had something good to say whenever he was called for remarks of the school, and always illustrated his talk with a telling anecdote, usually from the lives of good and great men and women.

That day Rev. Mr. Earle was unusually attentive to their recitations, and several times at the suggestion of the teacher made some knotty question clear with his usual bright and taking explanations.

'Well,' said the minister, as he slowly yet impressively rose from his seat, 'I will tell you to-day about a disguised king.'

At this every eye and ear was intent on getting from the minister the secret of the disguised king, while the older scholars were busily guessing how he would apply it to the school.

'More than a thousand years ago, continued Mr. Earle, there lived a good and wise king called Alfred the Great, who ruled over the Saxons in England.

'Yes, he was,' responded several in chorus, and Oliver's voice could be heard above the rest.

'Yes, he was still the true king,' said Mr. Earle, 'for he very soon returned to his people the Saxons and collected a great army which conquered the Danes and drove them from the country.'

'Now,' continued the speaker in a forceful manner, 'you have here to-day a king in disguise, and who do you think it is?'

For the moment nobody could tell, and somebody whispered that perhaps Mr. Earle meant himself; but this could not be, as he was a very humble man and never anxious to call undue attention to himself.

Then when you have grown up you will more clearly than now see how all your school days were real kings in disguise, which in after years put on their royalty to rise up and bless you as they lead you into the wondrous palaces of knowledge, truth and prosperity.'

The school was then dismissed and the scholars crowded to the desk to greet the minister.

Oliver went home to his dinner that noon thinking very deeply. While Mr. Earle was speaking he had been going through a transformation. He saw how the minister was right. He was wasting his school life. Opportunities were slipping by him never to return.

That was a great day for Oliver Gray. The vision of a nobler, better life rose before him. On that day a great resolve came to his mind that was ever after as a guiding star on his sea of life.

A series of circumstances which all seem to point in the same direction and reach the same conclusion is oftentimes explainable in a totally different way. The following story of circumstantial evidence shows the necessity of avoiding hasty judgment in grave matters.

A prince who was visiting at Windsor Castle went one day to the Museum to see a famous coin, the only one of its kind known to be in existence.

The keeper turned away for an instant, and heard something fall. 'I have dropped it!' exclaimed the prince.

'What? One would think, from your manner, that—' 'Not at all,' interrupted the keeper.

'Do you mean that?' he gasped. 'I do.' 'Then we must continue the search.'

'Oh! Oh!' cried the keeper, 'here it is!' 'Thank God!' exclaimed the prince.

'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'I was never more frightened, I assure you. I never realized until now how circumstantial evidence might hang a man for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent.'

'I came in possession of this a year ago. Ever since I have had a burning desire to see the British Museum coin. But had I been searched what would you have thought of my explanation that there were two such coins, and that I had come to compare mine with yours. Would you have believed me?'

'The Lord our Righteousness' Brought Peace and Light.

'He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,' wrote Isaiah long ago, as if in anticipation of the time when Christ should become unto all who believe on him 'wisdom and righteousness and redemption.'

frauded! How suspiciously we view the actions of those like-minded with ourselves! She was not a philosopher, this little woman in the faded shawl.

Though Appearance may be Against one It Doesn't Always Mean Guilt.

A series of circumstances which all seem to point in the same direction and reach the same conclusion is oftentimes explainable in a totally different way.

The keeper turned away for an instant, and heard something fall. 'I have dropped it!' exclaimed the prince.

'What? One would think, from your manner, that—' 'Not at all,' interrupted the keeper.

'Do you mean that?' he gasped. 'I do.' 'Then we must continue the search.'

'Oh! Oh!' cried the keeper, 'here it is!' 'Thank God!' exclaimed the prince.

'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'I was never more frightened, I assure you. I never realized until now how circumstantial evidence might hang a man for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent.'

'I came in possession of this a year ago. Ever since I have had a burning desire to see the British Museum coin. But had I been searched what would you have thought of my explanation that there were two such coins, and that I had come to compare mine with yours. Would you have believed me?'

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'I am bound to say, sir, I should not.' 'What should you have done?'

'I should have been guided by the police.'

'Of course, and I could not have blamed you. Good-evening. I have missed my engagement, but I am no longer afraid to look you in the face.'

The Banks Must be Filled by Competent Men not Careless Ones.

To those of our young people who are just starting out on some particular line of work, we would recommend that they read the following, which shows one reason why many do not make a success in their chosen calling.

Among my acquaintances is a young man of wonderful tact and ability, who is employed in a large manufacturing establishment.

'Well,' he said, 'it's just this way. The trouble is, you cannot depend upon him. If you gave him an important position, even though he has the ability to fill it, he would not attend to his duties.'

I also knew once an amiable young lady who taught school. She had the good-will and confidence of all her scholars.

'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'I was never more frightened, I assure you. I never realized until now how circumstantial evidence might hang a man for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent.'

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'He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,' wrote Isaiah long ago, as if in anticipation of the time when Christ should become unto all who believe on him 'wisdom and righteousness and redemption.'

I remember once visiting a young woman dying of consumption. She lived just opposite my house. She was the daughter of a dear old minister; she had been a most exemplary Christian, a dutiful daughter, and so helpful to her father in his church;

large Bible that stood on a table near which I happened to be standing, and my eye rested on a passage of Scripture in the Old Testament, and the sentence is in the largest type of any in every Bible—the Lord our righteousness. I took the Bible over to my friend, though it was heavy to carry, and I held it up before her without saying a word, and she saw the words 'The Lord our righteousness,' and in less than a minute she had the 'robe of righteousness' on. Her face was lighted up as she exclaimed, 'I see it!' And from that moment she was another person; not a shadow ever fell on her face again, not the slightest fear of meeting God.

A Good Sign.

Respect for the aged is a very good indication of the quality of the material in a young heart.

'Here, sir,' he said kindly, 'take this seat, if you please.'

'Well bless you, my lad!' said the old man as he sank down in the comfortable seat. 'I'm a thousand times obliged, and I'm sure when you get lame and old there'll always be a seat for you.'

Thousands of women all over Canada will this season clean house and make rooms look brighter and more cheerful.

No remedy in the world equals Nerviline—nerve pain cure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly, and the minor aches and pains are cured by a single application.

Is Your Heart Strong?

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Cure all these complaints by regulating the heart's action and building up the nervous and muscular system to perfect health and strength.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing their Pure High Grade Cocoas and Chocolates.

Advertisement for Teaberry Teeth, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product as a pleasant and harmless tooth powder.

### Notches on The Stick

Coming to the bluffs of Taunton There did it rest, and dwell alone Under the greenwood tree. —WORDSWORTH.

To return to Coleridge.—We love to dwell upon that early association of the dreamer with Wordsworth, in the heyday of their poetic enthusiasm, and before the stream of his clear poetry had been lost in the sands of speculation. Still let us linger for a little at and about Stowey. It is good to be there. It is the poet's place apart, a little island in the world's sea of perplexing affairs. Here these fine spirits are freshly face to face. They are deep and earnest students. Their mental furnaces are heated again—and the cudlings are run into the most beautiful of their golden forms. Wordsworth like the lark, is apt, slow, far aloft; but Coleridge is Apollo's eagle; or Minerva's owl, now sweeping the dim cavern, now mantling cliff-ward, dawningly sublime. They mutually respect each other; nothing has come to mar their intercourse; they are identical in their pursuits, and in taste sympathetic. Together they roam over the Quantock hills, "drinking in at every step new knowledge and impressions of nature." They sit together in the study at Stowey, or at Alforden. Often, going down the slopes of those hills together—(those heights for which the dreaming mariner might sigh, as he sailed up the channel,—

"O would I were on these green hills at play, Not pent on ship-board this delicious day!" they would see the scenes so dear to the verse of Coleridge his most beloved home: "And now, beloved Stowey! I behold Thy cruck tower, and, methinks, the Lar huge elms Clustering, and mark the mansion of my friends; And close behind them, hidden from my view, Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe And my babe's mother dwell in peace. With light And quickened footstep thitherward I tread."

How cordially would Sara welcome her poet's return, with the ever congenial William and Dora! Wordsworth confessed that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he ever knew; while Southey declared, "Coleridge and Richman, with William Taylor make my Trinity of living greatness." Coleridge on his part has described Wordsworth's impress on him, during the recital of a poem "on the growth of an individual mind:"

"Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn, The pulses of my being beat anew."

Dora Wordsworth, scarcely inferior to her brother, in her keen-inspecting, yet beauty-loving, eye, her discriminating judgment, and vivid power of depiction,—has given us a picture of Coleridge at this time: "Thin and pale, the lower part of the face not good; wide mouth, thick lips, not very good teeth, longish nose, half curling, rough, black hair; all forgotten in the magic of his utterance." Procter describes him in mature age, with a full, round face, a fine, broad forehead, rather thick lips, strange, dreamy eyes, which were often lighted up by eagerness, but wanted concentration, and were adapted apparently for musing and speculation rather than for precise or rapid judgement." Carlyle,—that master of picturesque yet perverse word-portraiture,—has given his appearance in advanced age: "The good man was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much suffering man." Leigh Hunt, referring to his personal appearance, said, "He has a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body;" and Wordsworth put him in his poetic gallery, somewhat after the manner of Thomson in "The Castle of Indolence."

A noticeable man with large grey eyes, And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly As if a blooming face it ought to be; Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear Depressed by weight or musing. Fantasy; Profound his forehead was, but not severe.

One notable era in the life of this diffusive man was that of his palpit ministry to a Unitarian congregation of Taunton, while still resident at Stowey. Of the various

accounts, the most vigorous and impressive, as well as the most favorable, is that of Haslitt, who walked ten miles, on a winter morning, from Wem to Shrewsbury, rising before dawn to accomplish his journey. "Never, the longest day I have to live, he says, "shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, com'fortless one in the winter of 1798. When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: He departed into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. . . . For myself I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres." But those mystically inspired monologues, which might delight a subtly-metaphysical mind like Haslitt, would simply bewilder an average congregation; and so, it will not be strange if we learn that, on the whole, Coleridge was not acceptable as a preacher. To be concrete, pointed, practical, at least, is necessary; and here this majestic mind was unequal. Charles Lamb, however may be, supposed "to vouch for Coleridge's competence as a preacher. One day the dreamy man said in his mildest tones to his humorous friend —"Charles I think you have heard me preach?" "I've never heard you do any thing else," was Lamb's instant reply.

We have alluded, in our sketch of Wordsworth's life at Alforden, to the misapprehension which arose among the rustic admirers of Stowey, with reference to those, to them singularly sooting poets. So laughably absurd was the whole thing that we recur to it, in closing this paper, hoping at least to leave our readers in good humor. Little they dreamed what eyes noted their goings forth, and what tongues descanted on their actions! Coleridge, especially, was so transparent that they said,—"As to Coleridge, he is a whirl brain; that talks what ever comes to the uppermost; but that Wordsworth he is a dark traitor. You never hear him say a syllable on the subject.

Scotland recently celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Stirling, and in enthusiastic assemblies glorified her national hero. We have, by favor of a friend a copy of the Newcastle Leader, reporting the proceedings of the day in the old castellated town, and Lord Roseberry's humorously eloquent and patriotic address. Major Wallace, of Cloncaird a lineal descendant of the illustrious William's house, was present and took a prominent part in the observance. Roseberry, on rising, to propose the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Wallace," was greeted with cheers, and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow,"—which might be supposed applicable both to the speaker and to his subject. He said, toward the close of his address: "But for Wallace, Scotland might have been a remote or oppressed and neglected district, without a name, a history, or a friend; and the centuries of which they are so proud so full of energy and passing dramatic history, might have passed silently and heedlessly over a dark and unknown province. Wallace was in truth the champion who stood and prevented this, who asserted Scotland as an independent country, who made or remade, the Scots as a nation. [Cheers] It was for that every Scotchman put him in the highest place. It was for that they venerated his name when the dark and bloody memories of his time were memories and nothing more. It was for that they honored him when his foes were their closest and dearest friends. There were junctures in the affairs of men when what was wanted was a man—not treasures, not fleets, not legions, but a man: the man of the moment, the man of the occasion, the man of the destiny, whose spirit attracted, binds, and inspires, whose capacity is congenial to the crisis, whose powers were equal to the convulsion—the child and outcome of the storm. The type of this man was the same, though they found it under different names and different ages. It was the same whether they called it Cæsar, Luther, Washington, Mirabeau, or Cavour. The crisis was the travail, and the birth of the man ended or assuaged it. [Loud cheers] They recognized in Wallace one of these men." In the evening, and during the night after this immense concourse had assembled and dispersed, pedilights and flares in the Wallace Tower made an illumination visible many miles away, The

freedom of Stirling will be officially conferred on Lord Roseberry on the ninth of October.

The Summer Encampment at "The Pines" Good Will Farm East Fairfield Me., has come to be a recognized institution, and a magazine is published giving the proceedings of each annual assembly with appropriate illustrations. This year the midsummer meeting was a great success, and the youth of the State of Maine and many adults spent a week of the highest and purest enjoyment, that nature with intellectual, spiritual, and fraternal intercourse can give. Principal Anclibey had provided a noble programme and ample entertainment. Dr. Orson Sweet Marden, whose books "Pushing to the Front" and "Architects of Fate," have been such favorites with the young, was present, with addresses and readings. Just before this assembly a fine new stone chapel was dedicated, and the following hymn written for the occasion, was sung by a trained choir of Good Will boys:

As Moses, on the Holy Mount appearing, Received the pattern of Tabernacle shrine,— Thy word, O Lord, with swiftness bearing, So now we wait that perfect will of Thine.

Here now inspire us from Thy Sacred Mountain, To which we look, as if Thy face to see; And consecrate, out of Thy heart's deep fountain, These walls we rear—a temple unto Thee.

O Thou, who sav'st the helpless and the lowly, The outcast souls who gath'ring to Thy fold, Gather them here—These gracious One and Holy! And let their tearful eyes Thy love behold.

Here come to youthful souls with Thy salvation; Here let the voice of prayer and praise arise, Here shape the stones for Thy sublime foundation, The Temple Thou art raising in the skies.

How frail our work, however wrought and glided; Transient our lives, where all is insecure: Lord! in the House Thy glorious Hand hath builded May we behold the things that shall endure;

"The Pines" is a recent addition to the "Good Will Farm" property purchased from Walter M. Smith, of Stamford, Ct., and is situated exactly on the opposite bank of the Kennebec. It consists of thirty acres of noble pine trees affording an ample shade, and the grounds are being fitted with such buildings as are required during its summer occupancy. It will be frequented by many societies who need a suitable place for their assemblies. Mr. Hersekiah Butterworth, of Boston, in the course of his dedicatory address, said: "Long after you are gone I expect great religious meetings will be held in this place. Long after you are gone I expect great educational meetings will be held here. Men die, but institutions live, and the Word of God lives, and the purposes of God in men live; and the purpose of God in Mr. Hinckley and Mr. Smith is bound to find expression long after we have passed away, and that expression here will be one of those things that make life worth the living." Preparations are in view for a still more successful next year at this pleasure ground of a beneficent institution.

PASTOR FELIX.

#### A GRATEFUL MONKEY.

The Gratitude to her Kind Physician and how it was expressed. One more story, and a very remarkable and well-authenticated one, is to be added to the many which record instances of gratitude on the part of animals for surgical operations which have given them pain, but at the same time saved them from probable death. In the zoological collection at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, there is a female monkey, Diane by name, which has long been a favorite with keepers and public. One day not long ago, the chief keeper, Bigeard, found Diane in a corner of her cage holding one of her arms tightly with the other, and weeping great tears. While swinging and vaulting about the cage, she had fallen and broken her arm in two places.

The fracture was so bad and apparently incurable that the director of the garden thought it best to put the poor creature to death, to end her sufferings; but as a result of Bigeard's urgent appeals he consented to summon a physician, a veterinarian, but a "surgeon" doctor of human beings. This physician, Doctor Tolmer, set the broken arm and put it in a plaster cast, to the application of which Diane calmly submitted.

She was then put in a roomy space by herself with a cat for a companion. With her arm in a sling, Diane patiently awaited her restoration to health, treating everybody as amiably as ever; but unfortunately

#### A RIGHT ROYAL BOSS.

Made of Hare Feathers for the Ruler of the Sandwich Islands. A million dollars seems a pretty round sum to pay for a cloak, and probably even Worth never dreamed of asking so fabulous a price for the most elaborate of his garments. And yet in the National Museum at Washington is a cloak the cost of which cannot be reckoned at less than this vast amount, and ladies may be pleased to learn that it was not a woman, but a man, who was guilty of such a piece of extravagance. Long years ago, when the Hawaiian Islands, small as they are, supported not one but several flourishing kingdoms, the kings, chiefs and nobles, whenever they appeared in public on state occasions, wore, instead of the purple and ermine of more civilized potentates, capes and cloaks of brilliant feathers. The ladies of the court were forced to content themselves with feather boss, as we should call them, known as 'leis.' These capes and collars were made from the yellow, red and black feathers of a few species of small birds peculiar to the Sandwich Islands, and called, from their habits, honey-suckers. Fashion ruled even in those days, and as

#### Constipation

causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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nately the bones did not 'knit,' possibly owing to the artificial and greatly transplanted conditions of the monkey's life. A condition arose which made it necessary for the doctor to declare that he could not save the monkey's arm, and to advise that she be put out of her sufferings.

"But why could not her arm be amputated?" asked Bigeard.

"It is not practicable to anesthetize her," replied Doctor Tolmer.

"Let me hold her," said Bigeard, "and you may perform the operation without anaesthetics."

"Well," said the doctor, "that will be a forlorn hope. We will try it."

Bigeard took his pet in his arms, carrying her but firmly. She seemed to recognize the fact that something must be done, which, however, was for her good. The arm was amputated; Diane shed tears copiously, but uttered no cry. Nor did she struggle at all; she did, indeed, set her teeth through the sleeve of Bigeard's coat, but did not touch his skin. This she seemed to do rather to have something to hold at than to resist. Human beings who have pain to endure feel the need of some point of physical support.

The terrible wound dressed, Diane was sent to rejoin her friend the cat. She now seemed quite comfortable; but the most interesting part of the story remains to be told. For a long time Doctor Tolmer came every day to see Diane and she, so far from entertaining a grudge toward him treated him as if she could not sufficiently express her gratitude. She watched for his approach, and on his arrival threw herself into his arms, continuing to exhibit her affection as long as he remained in the garden.

The arm healed, and Diane was restored to the cage with the other monkeys. The public found an additional element of interest in a monkey which played and gambolled with the rest, but which had only one arm.

Diane seemed to have completely resumed her former way of life, but on the moment when Doctor Tolmer entered the garden, she left all her sports to leap to the side of the cage and extend her remaining hand through the bars, in order that it might be affectionately shaken by the Doctor.

Perfection. Man's art. What is it? Ink and stone and varnish. And whether he portrays, describes, erects, His eye discovers soon the faint and tarnish. In all the imperfection be perfect.

Still, though it never be mortal silver, Perfection is, for he has felt its spur; And though he gain it not, still he has striven, And love of it has set his soul a-flur.

—J. Edmund V. Cook.

### SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Woman and Her Work

One reads and hears of so many infallible cures for female ugliness, the humiliating question is bound to arise in every self-respecting woman's mind—is it possible that as we gain in independence and freedom, we are losing our good looks? Can it be said that lovely woman is gradually losing her claim to the title of the fair sex and becoming by almost imperceptible degrees just as ordinary looking as her natural enemy man? The thought occurred to me with sudden force a short time ago when I happened to be brought into contact with a very large assemblage of women. There were tall and short women, fat and thin ones, young and old, dark and fair, high born and lowly, but oh so few, so very few that were at all fair to look upon. I could perhaps have counted a dozen at the outside, who could have truthfully described as "very nice looking," and perhaps half that number who were pretty, and, I grieve to say it, but there were not less than a thousand women present. The great majority were utterly hopelessly plain, and the rest positively ugly. I was a long way from the orbit in which I usually revolve at the time these reflections occurred to me, so let none of the maids and matrons of New Brunswick fall upon me and read me, for expressing my opinion.

I really think it is borne out though by the amount of time and study that writers and scientists must devote to the all-important subject of improving the female face and form divine, and grafting a little beauty on what was formerly hopeless plainness. Every month or two some new cure for plainness comes out, and is vigorously exploited until something newer takes its place, when it is promptly placed upon the retired list, and its successor lauded to the skies as the only true beautifier in the world. Sometimes it is massage, sometimes diet, sometimes exercise; all these fads have had, or are having their day; but the very latest possesses at least the merit of being not only harmless, but nourishing. It consists simply of hot milk both taken internally and applied to the face at bed time as a wash. The candidate begins by drinking four glasses of hot milk daily, one at each meal, and one just before going to bed. After the last has been partaken of the patient bathes her face and neck in what remains and if there should be enough she treats her arms in the same way, jumps into bed, and sleeps like an infant—I mean like a small boy at getting up time—until morning. The milk must be scalding hot, just at boiling point, but must not have been allowed to actually boil, and the candidate for beauty must swallow it as hot as she can, without scalding her throat. I think all doctors will agree that there is no better tonic known than hot milk, that it is health-giving, flesh-making, and most nourishing, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs, and helping to build up feeble digestive organs. So, if it will do all these things why should it not work wonders in the way of changing angles into rounded curves, and transforming a complexion of antique parchment into the rose-leaf freshness of a baby's skin? Do try the hot milk cure, by all means girls, and remember that even if you are of a bilious temperament, and have never been able to touch cold milk, you may indulge with perfect impunity when the milk has been scalded, as heat causes a chemical change in the elements composing the lactical fluid, and makes it perfectly wholesome even for the weakest digestion, and the most bilious system.

I am afraid it is an indisputable fact that where there is no flesh, there can be no beauty! Bones are eminently useful, necessary in fact to the structure of the human frame, but when one is compelled to wear them outside, the result is far from happy; therefore if the patient is so thin that a low evening dress is an impossibility, and half length, or even transparent long sleeves utterly out of the question, the first consideration is the accumulation of a respectable amount of flesh, and in order to do this as quickly as possible the regular daily allowance of hot milk should be supplemented by an egg-nog made by beating up a fresh egg with a little sugar a tablespoonful of the finest old rum, filling the glass up with scalding hot milk, and drinking it the first thing in the morning. The dose should be repeated between eleven and twelve in the morning and at about five in the afternoon. The four regular glasses at meals and bed time should not be neglected, and one lady who has given this remedy a faithful trial declares—and firmly believes, that she gained ten pounds of solid flesh during the first week. I really think she must have put on at least five winter flannels, and heavy boots meantime

but even then the gain is remarkable, for the length of time.

I suppose if the hot milk cure becomes universal we shall soon hear of the great Danes and German warhounds which have been the fashionable ladies' pet for so long being discarded in favor of the equally beautiful, and far more useful Jersey cow. Milk is quite an expensive luxury, and when the well-being of one young lady calls for the consumption of nearly two quarts a day, with external applications of at least another quart—for the addition of milk to the daily bath is an important aid to the process of beautifying—a cow will be found a most desirable addition to every household.

A fashion writer is popularly supposed to make the best of the prevailing modes, describe them faithfully, but at the same time place them in the best possible light before her readers who will probably be obliged to adopt them eventually, and therefore desire to have them made as attractive as possible.

I would fain do so always, but at the same time, to deny that some of the new autumn jackets are superlatively hideous would be stretching the point too far. They are actual nightmares! I saw one girl who was trim and slight enough of figure to look well in almost anything, arrayed in one of the new box coats, and I could not help wondering if she had looked at herself carefully in a good sized mirror before she bought her coat. If she had I am sure the coat would still have been for sale, and its present wearer had invested in a more becoming garment. It was of dark blue cloth, cut quite short, only extending a few inches below the waist line, and it was box-plaited to such an extent that it stood out from the figure like hoops. A short smooth fitting yoke covered the shoulders and then both front and back were attached to this yoke in large double box plaits. A very high flaring collar added to the broad, and short effect, and though it was far from becoming, it was so very up-to-date and fashionable that perhaps other considerations did not weigh with its owner.

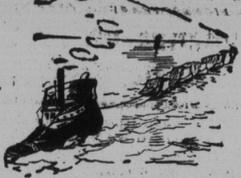
Twice since have I seen a still worse example of the extent to which an unbecoming fashion can be carried. It also was a box coat but it had been grafted on a Russian blouse, and the effect was far from happy. The back was a full blouse held in place by a belt and the front was laid in a triple box plait, and flared out in a manner perfectly indescribable. The cloth of which the garment was made was very thick and the bunchiness resulting would have destroyed the figure of a Hebi.

The half long jackets with close fitting backs, skirts pressed into close plaits at the back, loose double breasted fronts, and smart flaring collars are of all odds the prettiest and most stylish coats seen. Fawns, and light, and golden tinted browns, all more fashionable than the darker colors, though of course black always holds its own. Perhaps the greatest change in the fashion this season is apparent in fur garments, which seem to have been literally revolutionized. It seems odd to hear about a fur blouse, but all the same that style of wrap is very much in evidence amongst the autumn furs, and fashion authorities assert that it is destined to be very popular also. Not only are the furs made up in which have hitherto been considered only suitable for indoor garments, but they are trimmed with lace, and jeweled embroideries, and provided with belts of every description. For example, a Russian blouse of seal skin has a high flaring collar cut short under the chin, and faced with ermine, short epaulettes over the shoulders are also faced with ermine, and the coat itself is held in place at the waist by a jeweled belt thickly studded with emeralds. Emerald buttons placed in a double row down the front fasten the garment.

A fancy which only wealthy women will be able to indulge in, is the fur dress. One of these luxurious costumes is of seal skin, the skirt very much narrower than those of ordinary materials, and the bodice a loose blouse slightly pouched over a black velvet waist-band. A little tabbed basque extends below the waist and is lined with mauve silk, which also appears in a soft full frill beneath the fastening of the coat at the left side. Besides these blouses there are Eton coats, little box coats extending only to the waist line, and with big cap sleeves, long coats reaching to the foot of the gown, and others to the knee. The long coats seem to be regulated by common consent to middle aged and elderly women, while the younger ones affect the jaunty short garments. A very handsome coat for an elderly lady is of seal skin, three quarters length the collar and revers faced with sable, and large pearl buttons fastening it up the front. A pretty little Eton jacket of seal skin has a collar and deep-revers of sable turned back from a vest of white Persian lamb.

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WATERBURY & RISING

For Low Priced Reliable Foot-wear.

The revers extend to the waist-line, and the rest is embroidered in bronze beads. The cap sleeves are of seal lined with white satin. The muff which goes with this jacket is of sable, and the toque has a band of the white fur embroidered with the bronze beads, about the brim. A Russian coat of seal skin has turned-back fronts which display a dainty vest of point de Venise lace. The high collar reaches above the ears, and close sleeves flare over the hands. The belt is profusely studded with turquoise.

Some of the close fitting coats have vests of ermine with the little tails laid in regular stripes across them to form straps, the collars are lined in the same way.

A smart little coat which is only becoming to a very slim and youthful figure is of mink and reaches just an inch or two below the waist. The high collar is finished in front with four handsome sable tails which reach from the throat almost to the bottom of the jacket.

The capes are of varying lengths. Some of the shorter ones are finished with a deep collar and a frill of handsome lace. There are not many shown, as the fur cape is supposed to have had its day, and is going out. The cloaks are quite long, some reaching to the knees.

In trimmings the possibilities of fur are almost boundless; almost every variety will be used for trimming dresses the rich simplicity of the fur adding greatly to the elegance of most woolen fabrics. White Persian lamb is a decided novelty, and will be very much worn this season by those who are fortunate enough to be able to afford it, as novelties are almost always expensive.

As yet, according to 'Tit-Bits,' there is only one professional woman diver. She is now thirty-eight years of age, and for the past ten years has been engaged in diving for sponges off the coast of Florida. Her husband is named Pedro Cemez, and comes of a large family of sponge divers. He was taught scientific diving by an Englishman in Madeira, and going to Central America met the woman who is now his wife. After their marriage she took to diving with the greatest zest, and now performs the most hazardous and dangerous parts of the work. She carries less armor than her husband, and has invented a helmet with a system of air-pipes, the secret of which is alone known to herself and her husband. With this helmet on she can wander about a sunken wreck without the least fear of the air communication with the upper world ceasing, and boasts proudly of having made a thousand descents into the depths of the sea.

Governor Tanner, of Illinois, says the 'Union Signal,' has seen fit to remove Mrs. Florence Kelly from the position of state factory inspector, and to appoint as her successor a man said to represent a corporation which has persistently endeavored to oust her from office, because her vigilance made it impossible for them to employ young children in their workshops; a man, too, who belongs to the labor organization in the State which opposed the passage of the present child labor law. The action has roused the indignation of

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon, No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

all philanthropic men and women, and we are glad to see that the press of the State generally, irrespective of party affiliation, denounce it not only as unjust, but as impolitic and arbitrary. Mrs. Kelly, by her efforts for the enactment and enforcement of the law, has earned a national reputation as a poor children's friend. But Illinois, in the person of its governor, must bow the knee to corporations, and the Illinois Glass Company had at hand a politician who, for \$1,500 per annum, was willing to assume the burden of non-enforcing the obnoxious law—so the political axe was wielded and Mrs. Kelly, who is neither a voter, nor a representative of voters, lost her official head. Which goes to show that the political axe is a dreaded factor in public affairs, in other places besides "Our Canadian Home."

ASTRA.

LEAVING THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE.

It is a Feat That Often Exposes one to Laughable Embarrassments.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune has some interesting things to say about the difficulties and dangers attendant upon the walking backward which etiquette makes imperative upon those who are leaving the presence of Queen Victoria, and other European sovereigns. Let any one try to walk backward along the full length of a big hall, bowing every few steps, never looking backward, and yet keeping in the proper direction, and he will see how difficult it is to preserve either one's dignity or one's bearings; and very often the walking backward has to be done, not merely on the level, but also up and down steps and stairs, which is still more arduous, and requires an immense amount of practice.

On one of the rare occasions on which Queen Victoria presided at the opening of parliament she was attended by the Duke of Argyll who, doing duty for the nonce as Lord High Steward of the realm, carried the crown on a velvet cushion. At the conclusion of the ceremony, during which he had occupied a place on the dais of the throne in the House of Lords, he proceeded to move backward from the presence of Her Majesty. He forgot, however, the dais he fell backward, all huddled up in his long and heavily ermine-barred, red peer's robes, from the folds of which he was extricated with difficulty. The crown shared in the mishap, for it rolled from its cushion to the ground, and a number of the stones dropped out. The Queen whose face showed more concern than amusement, although the gravity of those about her was sorely taxed, spoke a few kindly words, expressing her hope that the duke was not hurt, and begging him not to be troubled about the affair, and then swept out with her cortege.

No sooner had she left the gilded chamber, however, than those present comprising ambassadors, great officers of state, peers and peeresses of the realm, prelates and judges, were requested by the officials of the House of Lords not to stir from their seats, or to approach the throne until the stones which had dropped from the crown had been collected. Of course, the object of this precaution was to prevent the gems from being injured by being trodden on. But it sounded for a moment as if the officials entertained apprehensions lest some impetuous peer or shady diplomat should take advantage of the clumsiness of the Duke of Argyll to pocket a crown jewel.

Sometimes this walking backward gives rise to rather pretty and even pathetic devices on the part of those who desire to avoid accident. Thus I recall the case of a relative who on return from active service, was summoned with several brother officers to Buckingham Palace to receive from the hands of the sovereign the Order of the Bath.

He had lost his right leg so near to the hip joint that there was no means of wearing an artificial limb, and he was consequently dependent upon crutches.

When he entered the royal presence it was noticed that he held fastened apparently to the hand rest of either crutch, a couple of lovely bouquets. A third of the distance up the long room he stopped, made the regulation bow as best he could, and dropped one of the bunches of flowers to the floor. Then he made his way up to the queen, tendered her the other bouquet which she graciously accepted, received his Order of the Bath, which she herself fastened to his uniform with many a kindly word, and then he proceeded to withdraw from her presence. It ever there was a case in which the walking backward might have been dispensed with, it was there, and the faces of the queen and of those around her betrayed signs of anxiety, lest some mishap should overtake the colonel. He, however, backed away, displaying some hesitation until he reached that part of the room where he had purposely left the first bouquet on the ground. That gave him his bearings. He knew where he was then, and leaving the flowers there he reached the door in safety, the queen kindly nodding and waving her hand to him in appreciation of his somewhat arduous act of homage.

He Made a Lawyer.

The following anecdote is told in the 'History of Annapolis County.'

A young man, anxious to become a lawyer, made application for a position in the office of a barrister, whereupon the following unconventional dialogue ensued:

'Well, young man, and so you'd like to be a lawyer?'  
'Yes, sir; I think I would like to be one.'  
'Where's your gun, my boy? I want to see your gun, my young gentleman. Fond of sporting, eh?'  
'I have no gun, sir; don't know whether I'd like gunning.'  
'No gun! Well, you keep a boat then? Like boating?'  
'I do not own a boat, sir; do not know how to use one.'  
'You wear a watch, or keep a dog?'  
'I am too poor to wear a watch, and I have no dog.'  
'You'll do, my lad, if you persevere in the course you have begun. The law is a jealous mistress, and cannot be won except by undivided attention. Remember this, my lad, and I will insure your success. You can rely on my assistance I can render you.'  
The young man entered the office, and in time became a famous lawyer.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER does for the hair just what its name says it does—it renews it. Fading, falling, thin locks are stimulated to look fresh and new by its use; nature does the rest.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands.

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP Will give You All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blisters, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fresh Wounds, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents, Mechanical Hammer.

Soap.

to do their—and so must washing to the procession CLIPSE Soap.

YALOR & CO. Toronto, Ont.

Vines

OUR BRAND. July 26, 1897. Several years, using procured some of effect. It is the and no house from La Grippe gratefully C. CLOWES.

on Street.

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WARE

GRADE. TION WEAR? BE ASKED BEAR THE

MARK

SELF QUALITY. E PREFIX VERY ARTICLE.

DS HAVE TEST ENTURY. SS DEALERS.

FIGHT WHENEVER THEY MEET.

Fetid Between two Northern Maine Families to be Investigated, by The Court

At the recent term of court at Fort Kent at the headwaters of the St. John river the authorities proposed to investigate, through the Grand Jury the outlaws that has recently agitated the Madawaska territory.

The history of this feud, as given by the Boston Herald, follows:

The principal feature of the trouble has been the family feud of the Dupres and Souciers. These families live in a lone some part of eagle Lake plantation, far from the single county road that stretches through the woods between Fort Kent and Ashland. Each family numbers about a score, and the hostility between the two factions is now so intense that whenever they meet at the settlements or in the woods a conflict is sure to ensue.

Recently both families attended service at the catholic church of the Eagle Lake parish, and even during the hour of devotion made hostile demonstrations. When the Souciers started across Eagle Lake on their return toward home, the Dupres faction pursued them, and a fight ensued in the centre of the lake. The congregation assembled on the shore and watched the conflict. The priest shouted commands to cease, but both sides had their blood up and fought desperately.

Neither was able to gain much advantage, the boats being too unsteady for any very damaging blows to be dealt. Several of the combatants were hurled into the water, and one or two came near drowning, but they either got out safely by their own exertions or were pulled out by their comrades. Thus fighting, they crossed the lake.

On the further shore they again fell upon each other, and though they were armed with nothing more dangerous than clubs they succeeded in using themselves up pretty thoroughly. At last the Souciers drove the Dupres off and returned home through the woods.

The Dupres wanted revenge, and a few days later stole upon the Souciers in the woods and dashed upon them. The Souciers, taken by surprise and seeing that they numbered less than their assailants, fled toward their settlement. Their swiftest sprinter was a youth about 15 years old. He managed to get into the house and secure a loaded gun just as the pursuers and the pursued came tearing into the clearing, yelling and swearing, when the attacking party saw him coming with the gun they fled, but the boy fired, wounding several though not seriously.

The next day the Dupre family started in a body for Fort Kent, in order to lay the shooting affair before the authorities. The Souciers learned of the trip, and they, too, set away for the fort. At a hearing attended by sympathizers from all up and down the river both sides presented their grievances.

The Souciers said that they were merely avenging a terrible wrong perpetrated by one of the Dupres on a woman of the Soucier family. The claim was that Dupre had overtaken the woman alone in the woods, and had criminally assaulted her in order to maliciously grieve the family of his foes. The Souciers also claimed that they were acting in self-defence when they fired on the others.

The Dupres told another story of persecution and repeated assaults. Both sides were ordered to go to Houlton and appear before the Grand Jury.

After this hearing at Fort Kent had been concluded the two factions retired with their adherents to a liquor shop in the village. Both sides soon became fired with 'Morse's' the white rum common along the northern Maine border, and later in the day met in the street near the residence of the veteran Maine legislator, Major William Dickey. Here they formed in opposing lines and shouted defiance for half an hour, screaming and cursing until the whole village was terrified. Then they tore off their coats and threw them on the ground, finally leaping on the clothing and bouncing up and down in pure excess of rage. Then they fell to like bulldogs and fought ferociously.

Fort Kent's police force consists of a constable and a deputy sheriff, and these officers felt that they could do nothing with the rioters. So the latter fought it out, to the great scandal of the peaceful and better Acadian element in Fort Kent. The companions escaped with cuts and bruises.

The people along the St. John feel that unless the law deals severely with these warring elements, there will be further bloodshed.

Doughnuts in Europe.

The English have odd ideas concerning certain American articles of food. One day a lady at a restaurant in London espied certain brown, oily looking cakes. She pointed them out with a curiosity large enough to embrace everything new.

'What are those?' she asked.

'Those, madam,' was the answer, 'are American doughnuts.'

It was a libel, and the visitor knew it, but she held her peace.

But the author of 'Hired Furnished' evidently found the real article in one of the

Channel Islands. One morning, Martin, the faithful woman who served the two travellers in their cottage, brought in a plateful of dainties never seen by them in England.

'I thought you might like to taste the Jersey wonders,' said she, setting down her plate.

The instant those American teeth touched the disks of golden-brown, there issued thence a gush of grateful melody.

'Dough—' piped the lady.

'Nuts!' cried her husband.

'We call them wonders,' said Martin, smiling slightly. 'I don't in the least mind what you call them, for I am sure you like them.'

Honest Martin! 'Dough' seemed to her a slight aspersion upon the exquisite brownness of her 'wonders.'

'We have never before seen them in Europe,' they told her. 'They are not made in England, nor on the continent. Perhaps America owes them to the Channel Islanders who went early to the colonies; although to be sure, the Dutch vrows of New York made famous ones.'

TOBACCO DUST.

A Fit of Sneezing Seized Everyone Present and all was Confusion.

A very unusual court scene in St. Louis is described by the Globe-Democrat. The reporter who 'wrote it up' is undoubtedly a bright man, and must have found the subject peculiarly inspiring.

The case of John H. Vette against John C. Obert was on trial in Judge Haughton's court. During the process of the suit the lawyers had a tilt over the admission of certain evidence, and the following dialogue ensued:

'Your honor, the assertion that was just made by the—ec-cachoo—on my—ec-cachoo—is absolutely—ec-cachoo!'

'Your honor, I—ec-cachoo—sir, to the statement made by my—ec-cachoo!'

Judge Haughton admitted the testimony, and the witness proceeded:

'Well, it was just this—ec-cachoo! I said to Mr.—ec-cachoo-cachoo—and he said to me—ec-cachoo-cachoo-cachoo!'

At this point nearly every one in court was sneezing. Lawyers, clients, jurors and witnesses joined in a chorus in which sneezes of various quality and a wild range of tone and discord were mingled.

The pompous, ponderous sneezes of Constable Hand was a most effective basso, that gave strength to the chorus, while the beautiful treble of Count Frederick von Gereke rose clear and shrill above the minor notes.

The jurors formed a perfect scale of notes extending over an octave and a half, forming a melodious accompaniment to the general burden of the grand, sweet song.

Naturally, during the outburst of Wagnerian solemnity court was interrupted. Judge Haughton rapped for order, but the reply was from a big German butcher, one of the jury, who, with his magnificent tenor, sent his voice upward in a series of thrills, runs and cadenzas in what was probably one of the most beautiful collection of sneezes ever heard. Then dropping, with a series of grace-notes, to the lower register, he ended with a movement in two-four time, in a five-flat final that would that would have done credit to Sousa Band.

At this moment Judge Haughton looked through the open door into the back room, where MacAleavy was carelessly rolling and breaking, in front of an open window the supply of tobacco which he intends to take on his fishing trip. The fine dust from the dry leaf—and Tom is said to smoke the strongest tobacco in town—was being wafted into the court-room on the breeze.

The door was shut, all the window opened and the court proceeded. But despite the comedy which had been enacted, there was scarcely a dry eye in the room.

SURE ENOUGH BEAR STORY.

Four Black Ones Tackle a Hunter, But He Wins the Fight.

Wilbur Jarrett of Campbell's Creek was attacked by four bears lately within eighteen miles of Charleston, and narrowly escaped with his life. With a party of Campbell's Creek men he was camping out in the Pond Fork of Blue Creek, near to the headwaters of Bell Creek. Mr. Jarrett was out with his double-barrelled shotgun looking for squirrels not far from the camp when the bears attacked him. He had killed a squirrel which lodged in the limbs of a hickory tree, and was looking for it when suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear. It was an old she-bear, with a couple of cubs, and not far behind them was the old male.

Mr. Jarrett gasped for breath, and his hair stood up on end as the bear rose up before him and struck his head with her right forepaw. He dodged the blow the best he could, but the big black paw struck him in the head, scratched his forehead slightly, and tore a long hole in the felt hat he was wearing. With the other paw she struck him in the chest. Mr. Jarrett put out his hand and shoved the bear back a few feet, far enough to raise his gun, which grazed her nose as it went off, and the woods echoed with the howl of rage and pain which she sent up.

Both barrels were now empty, and Mr.

Jarrett sought safety in a small bush near at hand. He quickly loaded up both barrels again with shot, but had only time to get the cap on one of them when the bear made another attack upon him. This time he aimed right in front of the shoulder and fired. The bear dropped to the ground dead, and a cub jumped at him. He knocked it down with the butt of his gun, crippling it, and ran. The old male started in pursuit, and for a time there was a most exciting race through the woods than was ever seen at any driving park. Mr. Jarrett jumped a big log and sped on, but when the old bear reached the log he stopped.

Running like a frightened deer, with his hat all torn, and bleeding slightly about the head, Mr. Jarrett finally came upon the other members of the party, who went back with him and despatched the cripple cub. The old male and the other cub had disappeared. The next day the men broke camp and returned to civilization. They don't care to hunt bear with shotguns any more, and will look for squirrels nearer home. The old bear when dressed weighed 165 pounds and the cub 50.—Virginia Gazette.

CATARRH Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says It is a Great Remedy

'Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell,' said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, 'and I will tell you gladly just what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the drugist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh. The blower included is a great help to sufferers.'

Oak Leaf Soap. Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market. We ourselves think it is one of the best values ever turned out from our factory. JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXT-OF WILD STRAWBERRY. CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults. PRICE, 25c. Beware of Imitations.

Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be . . . . . Cashed on Presentation

MADE A REALISTIC PICTURE.

Photographing a Tiger in the Very act of Springing.

'Speaking of realistic pictures of animals,' said a New York dealer in wild beasts to a writer for the Washington Star. 'I recall seeing in India about two years ago a tiger photographed under very exciting circumstances. A party of natives were going about in Bagpootana with a full grown Bengal tiger, which they had tamed, as they called it. What they really did, however, was to keep it tightly roped by all four legs and by the neck, and each man held on by main force to a stout rope. In this way they led the tiger, or the tiger led them, as you please, from place to place on exhibition.'

'Well, in the course of their wanderings,' continued the dealer, 'they came to a village near Bombay, where a photographer happened to be passing through, and he, hearing of the strange company, sent for them. Now, about the only performance that the tiger (a particularly savage beast) had in his repertoire was killing animals, and it occurred to the artist that an instantaneous photograph of the great brute in the very act of striking down its victim would make an interesting picture. So arrangements were made. A full-grown buffalo was procured and taken out to the edge of the jungle, where it was tethered with twenty-five feet of rope to a stake.'

'The photographer took up his station on foot outside of the radius of the animal's tether and the tiger was then brought up on the opposite side and shown its victim. At once it fixed its dreadful, glaring eyes on the doomed creature. Its lips curled back in a hideous snarl, and it began to move steadily towards the buffalo. The ropes were then then one by one slipped off, and there, twenty yards apart, stood the two beasts. But the buffalo gave no sign of fright or even consciousness of any danger.'

'It simply stood staring in a helpless sort of fascination at the advancing brute. At first the tiger had crouched, but now it stood erect, and with the restless tail, and teeth all flashing out of the red gums, stepped slowly forward across the intervening space. Foot by foot the interval between buffalo and death—cruel, relentless, inevitable—was diminished. Yet the great horned beast never stirred. Its eyes were fixed on the tiger's. It's breath came quick and hot from its nostrils. Once and again and once more, the beast of prey paced on—and then stopped. It was within striking distance.'

'The buffalo's sides were now heaving rapidly, and its terror was audible in its panting, and then, quick as a flash of lightning the great striped body was launched through the air. There was a dull sound as it struck the buffalo, and, as if smitten by a thunderbolt, the huge animal, its neck broken by the blow of the tiger's forearm fell. At this moment, this indefinable point of time, the artist touched the trigger of the spring shutter, and in the fraction of a second the picture was on his plate—the tiger in the act of striking. And none too soon, for before the hand could slip in another slide the buffalo's neck bent beneath it, and the dead bulk fell. The tragedy was complete.'

'And the photographer?'

'He had some trying moments. Indeed, there were times when it looked as if the tiger preferred the artist to the beef; and had the victim retreated to the end of the tether, the beast of prey would have been as near the one as the other. But it was a tame tiger, you know, and so the photographer got the picture.'

'Neither alive nor dead was the huge victim seen at the exact moment of time when it was sinking under the weight of its dreadful murderer. Swifter than death itself, the sensitive plate seized the reflection of the collapsing buffalo before it had time to die, and though the end was, humanly speaking, instantaneous, the one beat of the heart that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and its victim's actual surrender of existence sufficed for the artist to catch and fix with unerring fidelity the attitudes of the slayer and the slain.'

Catarrh Cured for 25 Cents.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasal catarrh and you will as surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, etc. Stop it by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box cure. A perfect blower enclosed with each box.

AN EARLY TALKER.

The Baby's Chatter was Intelligible to the ears of Love Only.

'Love is blind,' according to the proverb; but the proverb cannot be true of maternal love, for the average mother easily sees in her baby a world of things which nobody else can discover. 'Does your baby talk any yet?' one woman was heard to ask of another. 'Talk? Well, I should say he did talk!' replied the mother, almost indignantly. 'He says just anything! His little tongue runs steadily from morning till night. He can ask for anything he wants at the table or

any place else. I never had a child that talked so early, or said so many things at his age.

'My sister-in-law has a little boy eight months and four days older than this child, who don't begin to talk as much nor as well although, of course, I wouldn't say so about her. She thinks the child is a wonder, but he don't compare with his little cousin here. Johnnie, say broad and butter for the lady.'

'Bed an' butterm,' said Johnnie.

'There! You see how perfectly he says it; and the best my sister-in-law's baby can do is to say 'bell an' bullaw,' and he calls sugar 'coogah.' Johnnie, say sugar and I'll give you a lump when we get home.'

'Soogum!'

'There! You see the difference! It's just so with everything, but I never brag about it to my sister-in-law, for she's real sensitive about it.

'But I guess you wouldn't ask if this child could talk if you could hear him once! Of course he's in a strange place now, and he's quiet, but I guess he can talk; and I don't see who he gets it from, either! There are no great talkers in my family nor in his father's.'

Loyalty in England. A British journal tells a queer story connected with the Queen's Jubilee. A Londoner was reproaching the owner of a house on the route of the great procession with having let it for the day to a citizen of the United States.

'It is disgraceful!' he said, indignantly. 'The queen graciously offers to show herself to a certain number of her London subjects, and they promptly let their windows and go to another part of the town. It is disloyal!'

'Disloyal!' replied the house-keeper. 'Just the contrary. We do it for the purpose of having as many portraits of our sovereign as possible—and all in gold.'

Of the Same Order. Midnight Burglar—Fork out every farthing you've got or I'll—

Jones (half awake)—Look here, Maria, this is coming it too strong. Didn't I give you all I had when I came home?

Even Proposition. Old Lady—This must be a very healthy place. Now, what may the death rate be?

Grave Digger—Wonderful steady, mum—wonderful steady. Just one death to each person right along.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 TIN CANS. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

HERBINE BITTERS. Cures Sick Headache. HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion. HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia. HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness. Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. J. Sts., Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Naponee, Ramworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Champlain Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 sailings. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory, the and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. E. STONE, C. BRIDGEPORT, Asst. Supt.

A MALE FLIRT

Oscar Edson was a male flirt. There wasn't a girl in Dayton who hadn't received attention from him, and just those attentions which, when a young lady receives them from a gentleman, are generally considered to "mean something."

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that all Oscar's pretty speeches and fine compliments meant nothing. He had walked with her more than with any other girl in Dayton, and she had begun to think a good deal of him.

"Better be careful," said Mario Spooner, warningly. "He's the biggest flirt in Christendom. He don't mean half what he says."

"I don't believe all I hear about him," said Lucy, stoutly. "He's not a flirt."

"Yes, he is," said Maria, in a tone that indicated that no arguments would change her opinion on the subject. "Isn't he always paying attention to every girl that comes along, Lucy? Isn't he always ready to make love to a new face? You know his."

"No; I don't know any such thing," asserted Lucy. "He's genteel and polite, and if the girls will insist on taking the attentions which are prompted by politeness for attentions of another nature, he isn't to blame, is he?"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria, in disgust. "Talk to me about it all being prompted by Oscar Edson's politeness! Humph! and Miss Spooner gave her nose an upward turn, thereby expressing her opinion of Lucy's argument, if not adding very much to her beauty."

When Oscar came to London to live he kissed Lucy after a very lover-like fashion and made her promise to write often which Lucy, putting implicit faith in him, was quite ready to do.

"She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed to think he hadn't 'spoken out.' He had known her a year, but never had said a word about marriage in all that time and if he hadn't had the idea of marriage in his head, what had he been so devoted and so lover-like for?"

"Perhaps he wants to get started in business before he settles down," thought Lucy, and that thought comforted her.

Oscar had been in London a week before he struck up an acquaintance with Miss Grant.

Miss Grant was tolerably good looking and had a rich father.

Oscar began to be serious in his attentions at once. Those attentions Miss Grant received cordially.

"Business is business," thought Oscar. "A few thousands won't come amiss to me, and if I can get a good wife and a snug banking account at the same time, I ought to think myself lucky. I say, Oscar Edson, old fellow, go in and win!"

And Oscar Edson did 'go in' accordingly, and for a month devoted himself wholly and unreservedly to Miss Grant.

Then fate, or accident, or some other means, threw him into a dilemma by getting him acquainted with Belle Graham.

Miss Belle Graham was a very pretty young lady, with bold black eyes and a mischief-making disposition, and as Oscar had not flirted for some time, he proceeded after his old fashion, to lay his heart at Miss Graham's feet, metaphorically speaking, and for a month was her most devoted cavalier.

Miss Graham looked a flirtation as well as Oscar did, and was in no wise backward in playing her part.

Oscar was always looking for and expecting sincerity in others, and concluded at once that Miss Graham had found his fascination irresistible, and was ready to capitulate and surrender whenever he chose to speak the word.

By and by Miss Grant went out of town to visit, and then he packed up his devotion and necessities of love-making and returned, like a prodigal son to Miss Grant.

He had been so busy! Work had been unusually driving for the last month. He couldn't get away from the office. Oscar invented a score of excuses to account for his absence, and Miss Grant graciously accepted them all, and reinstated Oscar in her good graces, and "Richard was himself again."

In August Miss Grant went out of town and Oscar had a sorry time of it for want of some one to pay attention to. While she was gone he thought over the matter seriously.

Here he was, young, good-looking, and making a nice sum of money, and in need of a home. The first step toward securing a home was to secure a wife. Why didn't he get married? Sure enough why didn't he?

The more he thought of it the more firmly he made up his mind to take the decisive step, and accordingly he cast about in his mind as to whom he should honor by giving the privilege of becoming Mrs. Oscar Edson.

Oscar knew of three who would be glad to have him—Miss Grant, Miss Graham, and Lucy Brown. All he had to do to get one of them to be his "for better, for worse," was to give her half a chance to say yes.

"I like Lucy," he soliloquized; "but she's a plain little country girl, and her father isn't worth much, and I don't think I'll throw myself away on her. There's Miss Graham; she's smart and handsome, and her father's worth a good deal; but she's got too much temper for me. I'm afraid I don't want any of these high flyers! Miss Grant's the most desirable person after all. Old Grant's bank account is one very satisfactory feature about the transaction. When she gets back I'll speak to her about it and have the thing off my mind."

Miss Grant came back the next week

and Oscar wended his way to her home shortly after her return to inform her of the decision he had arrived at during her absence.

Miss Grant was rather cool. "She's miffed to think I haven't spoken on the important subject before," thought Oscar.

A good chance presenting itself, Oscar proceeded to offer his heart and hand to Miss Grant after the most genteel manner possible.

He expected her to burst into a flood of thankful tears or perform some other equally original feat to demonstrate the gladness of her emotions, but she did not do anything of the kind.

"You do me a great deal of honor, I suppose," said she, in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully, "but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham."

Oscar was thunderstruck. He had never dreamed of anything like this. It flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them and tried to explain matters, but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was, and would not listen to a word from him.

"Go to Miss Graham," was all she said, and Oscar at last withdrew from the field, discomfited.

"It's plain as the nose on my face that she's heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham!"

But after sober second thought on the matter he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

Accordingly he set off to inform Miss Graham that he had concluded to marry her.

Miss Graham was all smiles and pretty words, and Oscar felt that he had but to say the word and the thing was settled.

And by and by he proceeded to inform her of the honor he had decided to confer upon her.

"Marry you!" exclaimed Miss Graham, "why, I couldn't think of such a thing! And she laughed as if it was the best joke of the season.

Oscar began to feel scared. "Why? not?" he demanded. "Because I'm engaged to a man already and the law objects to our marrying two, you know!" And thereupon Miss Graham laughed again as if it were immensely funny.

For the life of him Oscar could not see the point. "How long have you been engaged?" stammered Oscar, feeling cold and hot, and to use a handy old phrase which is very expressive if not strictly elegant, "decidedly streaked."

"For as much as—let me see—olly 'as much as a year, I fancy. Yes. It was in October that it happened. Just about a year ago."

"And you never told me!" groaned Oscar. "You never asked me," said Miss Graham.

Poor Oscar! He gathered up his lacerated heart and with raw from his second battlefield completely routed.

"I won't give up," he decided. "There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me and jump at the chance, and she's worth forty Miss Grants and a trainload of Miss Grammys! I'll write to her and ask her this very afternoon."

And write to her he did. He had not answered her last letter, received three months before, but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence and smoothed the matter over to his satisfaction if not Lucy's.

The letter was sent, and he awaited a reply with considerable anxiety. At last it came.

"It's favorable, of course!" he said, as he tore open the letter. "Lucy's always thought her eyes of me."

But his opinion as to it's being favorable changed somewhat as he read it.

"Mr. Oscar Edson: I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second hand articles when I can get them first-hand. John Smith says: 'Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Oscar Edsons in the world, and it isn't quite the thing down in Dayton to propose to other men's wives.' Love to Miss Grant; also Miss Graham. Yours,

"LUCY BROWN SMITH."

"Good gracious! Lucy married!" Oscar's eyes were like saucers when he read that name.

Then he suddenly dropped into the nearest chair. "Well, I've gone and done it this time!" he groaned. "Oscar Edson, you're a fool!" Poor Oscar! He is in the market yet! Who bids!—Spare Moments.

At His Word. Many post-office names are queer enough to make one desire an explanation of them. Sometimes the explanation is queer than the name itself.

A minister in Cass county wrote to Washington in behalf of the residents of a growing hamlet, asking that a post office be added to its institutions. The request was favorably received, and he was asked to suggest a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors.

THE CARELESS AND INDIFFERENT

Suffer Intense Agonies This Month.

Many Men and Women in Great Danger.

TO SUCH MORTALS PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND GUARANTEES A NEW LIFE.

The Great Medicine a Sure Cure for Rheumatism and Sciatica.

Thousands of people die annually of rheumatism, yet every case could have been cured if Paine's Celery Compound had been used in time.

Too many men and women show a marked indifference when, in some form, the dread disease commences its agonizing work. Some foolishly imagine that bright, warm and dry weather will banish the intruder, and they determine to trust themselves to time and circumstances.

Others place their hope in warmer clothing and the frequent use of liniments, while some experiment with electricity and baths.

As the days pass, the careless and indifferent find themselves deeper in the mire of suffering, and they experience all the countless twinges and agonies of the disease. They have chills, pain in the back, quickened pulse, constipation, loss of appetite, coated tongue, and the joints swell—usually the knees, elbows and wrists.

Now is the time of extreme danger. Now the sufferers realize that they are paying the penalty of their carelessness. Many will soon be helpless and useless; we shall see them with stiffened muscles and joints, and limbs twisted and drawn up.

Some will ask the question, "Is there truly a cure for such helpless rheumatism?" We say unhesitatingly there is. The agent that cures effectually and scientifically is Paine's Celery Compound. It has cured thousands in the past—men and women of the highest standing in every community—and these have given the strongest testimony for the encouragement of others. Besides removing the cause of rheumatism, Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that guarantees a permanent cure.

Will you, sufferer, continue in agony and danger of death when such a mighty remedy as Paine's Celery Compound is offered to you?

Let us assure you, poor rheumatic sufferer, that the use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly dispel any doubts that you may have. The effects will be so encouraging that you will be forced to continue with the life-giving medicine till you are sound, well and happy.

EDWARD IRVING. How the Great London Preacher Won the Regard of a Cobbler.

Edward Irving, the great London preacher, did not reach eminence at a bound. His earlier career, indeed, threatened failure. His first sermon was preached in Annan, and the whole town turned out to hear him. By an incautious movement he tilted aside the Bible, and with it the manuscript of his sermon. That direful paper, which Scotch congregations then held in despite, flutter-

ed down upon the desk beneath. Irving bent over the pulpit, put the paper into his pocket, and continued his discourse as fluently as before. Threatened failure was turned into success.

Later Irving was associated with Doctor Chalmers in Glasgow, but the eloquence of the older man was so overshadowing that on the occasions when Irving was to preach people turned from the kirk with the words, "It's no himself!" But in friendly ministrations amongst the poor, Irving wrought more successfully.

His custom, when he entered those sombre apartments in the Gallowgate, was to utter the salutation with which he would have entered a Persian palace or a desert tent: "Peace, be to this house!" On one occasion a canny Scot, who had not come under the influence of the kirk, replied, "Oh, aye, if plenty gang wi' it!"

A certain shoemaker was known to be an infidel, and when Irving called upon him he kept sullenly at work, till the young man, without mentioning the real object of his visit, asked the cobbler if he had heard of a recent invention for making double soles by machinery. The two men conversed for some time on this subject. Finally the cobbler threw down his last, and said:

"Ah, you're a decent kind o' fellow. Do you preach?"

"The victory was won! Soon the cobbler's wife went to the kirk, while he himself acquired that suit of Sunday 'blacks' so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and was accustomed to avow his allegiance in the words, 'He's a sensible mon, you; he kens about leather!'"

WOMEN'S HATPINS. A Crusade Against Them has Been Started by London Papers.

A crusade against ladies' hatpins has been started in London. Two recent cases of less of sight occasioned by the enormous pins now worn by the fair sex have excited the active antagonism of that order of brutes who are known as the sterner half of humanity. One case says the New York Herald, has mitigating circumstances. Poetical justice ordained it should be a girl that was the sufferer. She was blinded by a pin in the hat of a companion with whom she was playing. But in the other case the fact that the victim was a man has sent a thrill of horror through all male England.

During the night the gentleman awoke in the most intense agony. He sent for a certain Dr. Edgar Stevenson, who tells the pitiful tale to the London Times. The doctor arrived some twelve hours after the accident. Here are his very words: "I found that the pin had penetrated the eye at the margin of the cornea, and passed obliquely through the iris and lens, a portion of the iris protruding from the wound. Through an immediate operation saved the eye itself, for all practical purposes the sight is lost, and one is only surprised that the worst results did not follow the entrance into the eye of an instrument which could not by any means be considered as surgically clean."

It is pitifully urged that the sufferer had reached the innocuous age of forty. A mild mannered, kindly looking bachelor, he was sitting in an omnibus beside a young lady, whose appearance, it must be confessed, was in her favor. A sudden stoppage of the vehicle jolted these two into what might have been a juxtaposition delightful to the bachelor. Unfortunately the maid had a hat pin in her hat, which landed in the right eye of Benedict. "He suffered momentarily but not severe pain"—such are the touching words of the chronicler—"and shortly afterward left the 'bus' thinking he was suffering from a mere scratch. See how kindly and considerate were his thoughts. As to the lady with the natural brutality of her sex she 'proceeded to her destination, never suspecting the injury she had caused.'"

Dr. Stevenson offers many wise thoughts suggested by this sad circumstance. "I am informed, sir," he says, "that the hatpin is an absolute necessity, and that it is quite useless to press for its abolition. Nor, so long as it is not used as a weapon of attack and defence, as in some parts of the Continent, is such an extreme step called for. But I think it may well be pointed out to ladies that they have in their hands, or rather in their hair, a dangerous instrument which might easily be made less formidable to others, by being worn of a moderate length. To use a ten inch pin to attach a hat to a four inch bush of hair seems to me not only full of risk to the public but an ungainly and hideous device that can scarcely be considered to add to the personal attraction of the wearer."

Mixed Printing. In small country newspaper offices, where the copy goes from the editor to the compositor, then, after printing, directly to the subscribers, the need of a proof-reader is often felt. For example, in a Missouri office, a short time ago, the boy in 'making up' the forms got the galley mixed.

The first part of obituary of an impecunious citizen had been dumped in the forms, and the next handful of type came from a galley in which was a description of a fire. The country folk were much

startled when they came to the paragraph, which read thus:

"The pall-bearers lowered the body to grave. It was consigned to the flames. There was few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss but that was fully covered by insurance."

Thirteen Terrible Nights. After being once snugly ensconced in bed I am not a man to be got out again before morning by anything short of a fire or an earthquake. Of course this is only a manner of putting it. You catch the idea readily enough, and feel the same way yourself, no doubt. For sleep and rest—how much are they worth? They are worth in the long run exactly what human life is worth, calculated down to a ha'penny. Therefore let sleeping men sleep, and sleeping women, and sleeping children, yes, and sleeping dogs. Don't make a row or a racket near where people are sleeping. Humanity forbids it—the law forbids it; so sacred and priceless is sleep.

In the face and eyes of this fact what a worrying thing it is to think how sleep is smashed into bits, like a China vase, let fall on the pavement. Here is Mr. John Ross who says, 'I could get no sleep, and for thirteen consecutive nights I got out of bed and walked the floor.'

"Why, it was a wonder it didn't kill him, or drive him sheer out of his head. No noise or disturbance raised by others did it, however. It was something much worse."

"In the spring of 1889," says Mr. Ross, "I began to feel that matters were wrong with me. At first I felt heavy and tired, and so sleepy that I could not rouse myself. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and was constantly belching up a sour, nasty, fluid. I had no proper relish for my meals, and what food I ate did me no good. I mean it failed to digest and strengthen me, as in health it naturally would."

"Just after eating I felt full, swelled and blown out; and although I ate sparingly, I had much pain at the chest and around my sides. Worst of all, however, was the gnawing, grinding pain at the pit of the stomach. The torture that this gave me I am utterly at a loss to describe. It never ceased day or night. It was as if screws were being driven into the inside of my body. It allowed me no sleep, and for thirteen consecutive nights I got out of bed and walked the floor."

"Then my breathing became very bad, and as I walked about, only a short distance at a time, I was obliged to stop and rest. In a few weeks I grew so feeble that all my friends thought I was in a decline. I myself concluded I was done for when I marked how rapidly I was wasting away."

"Not to neglect any means of recovery I consulted a clever physician, but it is simply the truth to say that I derived no benefit from his treatment. He said my complaint was wholly from the liver, but at last he intimated that he could do no more for me."

"In this condition I continued until December (1889) when I read in some publication what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for a man at Warboys, in this district. In hope that I might not yet be beyond the reach of this medicine I procured a bottle from Mr. P. Langman, the chemist at Chatteris, and began taking it. The first bottle seemed to have very little effect, and I should probably have discontinued taking it, when happily I met with a lady who asked me how I was getting along."

"I told her what medicine I was using, and how discouraged I was, and she said: 'I advise you to follow on with Mother Seigel's Syrup, for it cured my nephew of a similar complaint, after everything else had failed.' Being reassured by her words I kept on taking the Syrup, and soon began to gain ground. From that time I never looked back, and in a brief period I was well and strong as ever. Since then I have enjoyed the best of health. I tell everybody what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for me, and freely permit you to publish my letter if you think it may be of use to others. (Signed) John Ross, London Road, Chatteris near March, Cambridgeshire, November 20th, 1894."

Mr. Ross has lived in Chatteris all his life, and is universally known and respected in that district. He is a greengrocer, and his illness was known to all his patrons and friends. The accuracy of Mr. Ross's statement is also vouched for by Mr. Langman the chemist above named. The disease from which Mr. Ross suffered so long and so intensely was chronic dyspepsia, which aggravated inflammation of the stomach. The time which has elapsed since his recovery proves the thoroughness of the cure. We may safely predict that he will never again have a like experience.

Strong Points ABOUT B. B. B.

1. Its Purity. 2. Its Thousands of Cures. 3. Its Economy. 1c. a dose.

B. B. B. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

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never had a child that said so many things at

has a little boy eight years older than this child, talk as much nor as well. I wouldn't say so about the child is a wonder, but with his little cousin here, and better for the lady," said Johnnie.

how perfectly he says sister-in-law's baby can 'bellow,' and he calls Johnnie, say sugar and when we got home."

the difference! It's just but I never brag about it, for she's real sensitive."

you wouldn't ask if this you could hear him once! strange place now, and as he can talk; and I'm from, either! There in my family nor in his

England.

tells a queer story Queen's Jubilee.

approaching the owner of the great project it for the day to a States.

he said, indignantly. I offers to show her of her London promptly let their window part of the town.

and the house-letter. We do it for the pur- nary portraits of our and all in gold."

name Order. Fork out every far- Look here, Maria, on strong. Didn't I when I came home?

opposition. must be a very healthy say the death rate? wonderful steady, mum Just one death to ng.



2 BOTTLES IN CANS. DIRECTIONS.

BITTERS

**A Quarrel in the Oven.**  
 Oh, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,  
 They had a quarrel one day;  
 Together they sat on the oven shelf,  
 The piecrust girl and the gingerbread boy,  
 And the quarrel commenced this way:  
 Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl:  
 "Why do you always wear a bonnet?  
 That I'm sicker than you and much more tanned,  
 Though you're filled with pride, I can't stand,  
 But what is the good of that?"  
 Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up  
 In a most provoking way,  
 "Oh, maybe your brown hat  
 You do not know, I'm a round green pea  
 In these simple you do know, pray?"  
 Oh, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with  
 scorn  
 As he looked at the flaky piecrust.  
 "Just watch how I rise in the world!" cried he:  
 "Just see how I'm bound to grow light!" cried she  
 "While you stay the color of rust."  
 So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl  
 They each of them swelled with pride,  
 Till a noise was heard in a room without,  
 A cry of delight, then a very glad shout,  
 And the oven was opened wide.  
 Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl  
 Could have screamed with joy,  
 For a rosy cheeked lass and a small bright-eyed lad  
 Took a little of each—yes this tale's very sad—  
 So they'd never quarrel again. —T. U. H.

**BERENICE'S HAIR.**

Full twenty miles from headland to headland  
 Kamotin bay curves in a silver-green  
 crescent, spotted with rocky islets, uninhabited  
 except by the gulls and gannets. There is neither  
 town nor hamlet nor so much even as a fisherman's hut upon the whole  
 extent of the shore. For the bay is too shallow  
 and too thickly beset with shoals and ledges to  
 render safe the visit of the smallest trawler or smack.  
 It is indeed an ill-omened place, and more than  
 once mackereler, loaded to the hatches and  
 gone to pieces in the next northeast gale.  
 But what was chiefly given Ramotin bay its  
 ugly reputation is a space of beach covered  
 only at extreme high tide and bare at all other  
 times, known as the Sundown Sands. It is a  
 wide grayish-brown surface, running outward  
 some forty yards to the fringe of tumbling  
 surf, which, during most seasons of the year,  
 approaches no nearer the shore at this point  
 upon an ancient stone wall. A perilous spot it is,  
 too, for the highway abuts sharply upon the  
 sands, with- out railing or parapet, scarce five  
 feet above the grim expanse, which quakes and  
 trembles from moment to moment, with mysterious  
 hissing and growlings, which seem to proceed  
 from unseen caverns below. It is said, that an  
 honest farmer, driving homeward from St. Giles'  
 market by this road, lost his way in the darkness,  
 and was never heard of—neither man nor horse  
 nor vehicle.  
 Standing upon the ancient wall you might  
 throw upon the smooth surface of the Sundown  
 Sands, a pebble, a button, a twig, and as you  
 gazed it would sink from sight in a moment,  
 leaving all as blank and secret as before.  
 A sad and desolate spot it is, even upon the  
 brightest midsummer noonday. The storm-written  
 cypress on the hillside is the only thing  
 resembling tree or shrub in sight. Sparse  
 motilings of withered grasses find wretched  
 sustenance among the rocks. Dank clumps of  
 blubber weed and clogs of sprawling algae  
 cling upon the surf-works beyond the rim of  
 the Sundown Sands. Naught else has nature—  
 all buter as she is—been able to work upon  
 this morbid place.  
 Half a mile over the hill there is an ancient  
 man's gabled dwelling, surrounded by evergreens,  
 facing upon the main road. From the upper  
 windows a glimpse of the Sundown Sands and  
 the old road skirting them may be obtained.  
 The young girl that stood at one of these  
 windows, marine glass in hand, scanned the  
 section of the road, visible from her position,  
 with pale face and breathless anxiety. She  
 was tall and slender of figure, with something  
 commanding in the attitude she had unconsciously  
 assumed, which matched the firm yet gentle  
 aspect of her beautiful features. What first  
 struck the observer was her magnificent hair,  
 like the hair of Titian was so fond of painting,  
 but with a glory and a brilliancy never represented  
 by pigment on canvas, it was gathered in a  
 superb knot at the back of her shapely head.  
 Suddenly she dropped the glass with a cry  
 of dismay.  
 "They are quarrelling!" she ejaculated,  
 in a smothered voice. "I must p. r. t. them,  
 or something terrible may happen."  
 As she turned hastily about, the fastenings  
 of her hair gave way and the glittering coil  
 unrolled and fell, sweeping the floor in a  
 thick, gold-flecked mass. Swiftly she twisted  
 it up, and, throwing a shawl of lace over her  
 head and shoulders she hurried out of the house,  
 descending the slope of the hill as more direct  
 than the roundabout curve of the road.  
 "Let us pause here a moment, Cousin Geoffrey.  
 I have something serious to say to you."  
 "What is it, Cousin Roger? I must go  
 you have chosen an unpleasant spot for a talk.  
 I never take this road if I can help it; for  
 those ugly looking sands give me the horrors."  
 "As good as grave as any other," muttered  
 Roger, gazing over the edge of the wall with  
 a comfortably under those sands as in a churchyard."  
 "Look you, Roger, my boy," said Geoffrey,  
 with an attempt at gaiety. "If you dragged me  
 out of my comfortable bed this morning to  
 listen to discussions upon the grave and the  
 future state, I wish you had let me sleep an  
 hour longer."  
 "Geoffrey," returned Roger, raising a face  
 whose expression started his companion. It was  
 deadly pale, and a lurid gleam shot from his eyes, indicative  
 of such hatred and despair as appalled his  
 cousin. "Geoffrey, you have taken from me  
 all that makes life valuable. You have  
 destroyed all my hopes of the future. You  
 have condemned me to hell, when, but for  
 you, I might have had heaven."  
 "Cousin Roger," replied Geoffrey, his

natural spirit beginning to overcome his  
 amazement, "I hope you are talking mere  
 nonsense. But if you mean anything by this  
 rigmarole I expect you to explain it at  
 once. Speak out, man!"  
 "You have robbed me of Berenice Tol-  
 land's love," said Roger, with a lowering  
 eye. "Had you not come here she would  
 have accepted me. Now she has but me  
 aside for you."  
 "Roger," returned Geoffrey, seriously,  
 tell me, on your word of honor, were you  
 sure that Berenice loved you before I came?"  
 "Roger paced to and fro along the edge  
 of the sea wall, looking gloomily down  
 upon the quaking sands answering nothing  
 for some moments.  
 "No," he muttered finally, as if in  
 preference.  
 "No," she refused me more than once.  
 But, nevertheless, I should have conquered  
 her opposition in time but for you; you  
 who have won her away from me."  
 Geoffrey confronted him with an angry  
 frown. "And you, whom she has never  
 liked; whom she has refused again and  
 again, even according to your own story,  
 wish to drive me away—make me relin-  
 quish my hopes of happiness, that you  
 who have not been able to win her, with  
 all your opportunities, may continue to  
 prosecute her! No, Roger, understand me  
 plainly. If I were to crawl away  
 meanly at your request, and, as I take it,  
 your threats, I should be as low a coward  
 as you are."  
 The cousins were standing facing each  
 other upon the very edge of the sea wall,  
 against which throbbed and bubbled the  
 fatal Sundown Sands.  
 "You're used to go away and leave Ber-  
 enice Tolland to me?" Roger's voice was  
 scarcely audible, but the expression of his  
 face was terrific in its malignity.  
 "I do refuse, Roger," was the firm reply,  
 "and you ought to understand that I should  
 be less a man to do otherwise."  
 "Then die and find your grave in the  
 Sundown sands," cried Roger, flinging  
 himself upon Geoffrey and endeavouring to  
 hurl him over the wall.  
 But Geoffrey had been, in a measure,  
 prepared for the onslaught, and the  
 cousins, locked in a desperate embrace  
 swayed to and fro upon the very  
 brink of the fatal quicksand. The  
 struggle was as silent as it was deadly.  
 No word, no sound, except the hoarse  
 gasps of the combatants interrupted the  
 fatal contest. Finally, Geoffrey's foot  
 slipped over a pebble and he staggered  
 backward. With a bitter curl of the lip, and  
 his opponent toward the edge of the wall,  
 Geoffrey fell backward, and, with a  
 clutch, found himself hanging half over  
 the wall, within an inch of the deadly  
 sands. Dragging himself desperately up, he  
 fell panting upon the edge of the parapet.  
 Rising to his knees and looking about  
 him he was amazed to find his enemy  
 nowhere in sight. Getting upon his feet  
 he rubbed his cramped limbs and cried out:  
 "Cousin Roger! Where are you!"  
 "Here, Cousin Geoffrey," was the reply,  
 "where I deserve to be."  
 Looking over the sea wall he beheld  
 Roger standing ankle-deep in the Sundown  
 Sands.  
 "Oh, Roger!" cried Geoffrey, "I must  
 rescue you, or you will be swallowed up."  
 "What! when I tried to throw you into  
 the sands," said Roger. "That is to much.  
 Let me die, cousin! I tried to put you  
 where I am now. Forgive me, and let  
 me go."  
 "Oh, there must be some means," cried  
 Geoffrey, looking wildly about. "Some  
 branch of the sea wall."  
 "None, dear Geoffrey," replied Roger,  
 who had now sunk half way to his  
 knees.  
 At that moment a girl came racing like  
 a deer down the stony side of the hill.  
 "Oh! thank God you are safe!" she  
 cried, as she fell upon Geoffrey's breast.  
 "I was so afraid that awful man might injure  
 you."  
 "Here is that awful man, Berenice,"  
 said a mournful voice below the sea wall.  
 "His power to do harm is nearly over."  
 "Cousin Roger!" exclaimed the girl,  
 bending over the wall. "Oh, save him,  
 Geoffrey; save him!"  
 "So I would," replied Geoffrey, "if I had  
 a stick, or a rope, even of five feet long.  
 But what can I do? Long before I can  
 run up to the house, he will be swallowed  
 up."  
 "Five feet, you say?" cried the girl.  
 "Here, here!" and with a gesture she un-  
 bound her magnificent hair and cast the  
 glittering ropes over the wall. "Catch  
 hold! Catch hold, Cousin Roger!"  
 The sunny coil fell within the reach of  
 the imperiled man, who clutched it with  
 the grasp of desperation. Slowly he was  
 drawn out of the frightful sands, until his  
 feet were free, and he could meet the clasps  
 of the hand extended to him with the  
 friendly grip which had forgotten the  
 touch of anger in the joy of rescue.  
 As Roger stood upright and shook the  
 sand from his feet, he extended both hands  
 toward Geoffrey, who took them heartily.  
 "Geoffrey," said Roger, "I have been very  
 near death in a most terrible form, and  
 it has taught me a lesson. Forgive me and  
 be happy."  
 "And you, cousin," replied Geoffrey "if  
 you are ever disposed to envy our happiness  
 remember that you were saved by Berenice's  
 hair." —New York Journal.

**BORN.**  
 Truro, Sept. 25, to the wife of G. O. Fulton, a son.  
 Halifax, Sept. 24, to the wife of W. B. Sorenson, a son.  
 Clarks Harbor, to the wife of Dr. G. W. Brown, a son.  
 Amherst, Sept. 27, to the wife of Dennis Madden, a daughter.  
 Newwood, Sept. 18, to the wife of Chas. Eldridge, a daughter.  
 Bristol, Sept. 25, to the wife of James Farley, a daughter.  
 Amherst, Sept. 25, to the wife of Frank Hickey, a daughter.  
 Newcastle, Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank Mason, a daughter.  
 Bridgewater, Sept. 17, to the wife of Simon Beck, a daughter.  
 Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Robt. Trider, a daughter.  
 Sydney Mines, Sept. 26, to the wife of Rod McDonald, a son.  
 Newcastle, Sept. 19, to the wife of James A. Rendle, a daughter.  
 Parrsboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of H. W. McKenna, a daughter.  
 Yarmouth, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. George Bernard, a son.  
 Gay's River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Samuel Frame, a daughter.  
 Halifax, Oct. 2, to the wife of H. W. Johnston, Jr., a daughter.  
 Amherst, Sept. 25, to the wife of Clarence E. Casey, a daughter.  
 Tiverton, N. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of Fred Cosaboom, a son.  
 Tiverton, N. S., Sept. 29, to the wife of Ward Cosaboom, a son.  
 Torbrook Mines, Sept. 27, to the wife of Robert Nelly, a son.  
 Elmsdale, Sept. 14, to the wife of Dr. J. C. McDonald, a daughter.  
 Pictouville, Sept. 21, to the wife of William Richard, a daughter.  
 Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14, to the wife of Edward Sydney Mines, Sept. 27, to the wife of John Vickers, a daughter.  
 East Bridgewater, Sept. 17, to the wife of Frank West Pubntoo, Sept. 29, to the wife of Chas. S. D'Estremont, a son.  
 Feabody, Mass., Sept. 12, to the wife of Henry L. D'Estremont, a son.  
 Clarks Harbor, Sept. 20, to the wife of Thos. C. Crowell, a daughter.  
 West Somerville, Mass., to the wife of George W. Whittemore, a daughter.  
 Upper Kennetcook, Hants Co., Sept. 29, to the wife of Joseph J. Fower, a son.

**MARRIED.**  
 Gardigan, P. E. I., Sept. 23, Murdoch Nicholson, to Mary Ann McLeod.  
 Bridgewater, Sept. 23, Alexander W. McDonald to Henrietta McLean.  
 St. John, Sept. 29, by Rev. Dr. Carey, A. W. Mulwood, to Jessie Ellen Munro.  
 Annapolis, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. Achilles, Lorne to Mary E. Fair to Jessie Tupper.  
 St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Thos. W. Chariton to Elvina Bill.  
 Greenwood, Charlotte Co., Sept. 15, D. Bedford to Eva Masad Perkins.  
 Bonne Bay, Aug. 20, by Rev. G. W. Hollands, J. Mercer to Miss F. Halliburton.  
 Great Village, Sept. 29, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, James Cox to Blanche Steele.  
 Amherst, Sept. 29, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Havelock Fillmore to Mattie M. Estabrook.  
 Hardin N. B., by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George Davis to Isiss Boyer of Hartland.  
 North Sydney, Sept. 29, by Rev. B. P. Grestorax, Leslie B. Fair to Annie Goodwin.  
 North Sydney, Sept. 22, by Rev. D. G. Macdonald, Hubert Scott to Mary Ann Turner.  
 Point Tupper, Sept. 22, by Rev. John Calder, B. D. John to Mary E. Fair.  
 Shubenacadie, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John McDonald to Bessie Stevens.  
 Windsor, Sept. 29, by Rev. Jos. Murray, Mr. Wm. Maliland to Miss McLeod.  
 Maliland, Sept. 27, by Rev. George R. Martell, George Sparre to Mary McDonald.  
 Nelson, Sept. 29, by Rev. T. G. Johnston, William Neilson to Miss McLeod.  
 Kelbrook, Sept. 27, by Rev. Father Czeizler, Mr. Maturice Amiro to Mrs. Julia Surtette.  
 Arlington Mass., Sept. 22, by Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Farquhar A. McRae to Clara C. Brown.  
 Lyons Brook, Sept. 8, by Rev. A. Falconer, James A. Thompson to Minnie K. Grant.  
 Glace Bay, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. A. MacPherson, Silas A. Stillman to Mary E. McVicar.  
 Newport, Sept. 22, by Rev. Ralph G. Strathie, Henry Millett to Georgetta R. Miller.  
 Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. F. Gatz, Ambrose Vail to Evelyn Bottiller both of Halifax.  
 Margaree, Sept. 15, by Rev. A. M. Thompson, John McDonald to Mary Jane Zimmern.  
 Higginville, Sept. 29, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Theodore T. Leslie to Harriet J. Higgins.  
 Amherst, N. S., Sept. 21, by Rev. D. A. Steele, John McDonald to Bessie Stevens.  
 Halifax, Aug. 26, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Frank E. Vanhorne to Lizzie Mand Montgomery.  
 Milton, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Rev. J. L. Archibald to Margaret M. Freeman.  
 New Glasgow, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. McJ. Mackay, John A. Moore to Eleanor Ann Irvin.  
 St. Martins, Sept. 26, by Rev. S. H. Cornwall, Captain Allen McLean to Miss Adytha Day.  
 Orléans, P. E. I., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Daniel Colburn to Mrs. Leah B. Weathered.  
 Upper Merquodobolt, Sept. 29, by Rev. Edward Smith, Arthur A. Stewart to Christina Henry.  
 Woodville Settlement, A. C., Sept. 22, William Wood to Beatrice Woodworth both of Albert Co.  
 Smith's Cove, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Thomas Farnworth to Helen Gertrude Dakin.  
 Newport, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. Daniel, George Farker to Mary A. Cross both of Scotch Village.  
 Loggieville, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. C. Calder, John Whyte to Amanda A. Loggie both of Loggieville.  
 Halifax, Sept. 28, by Rev. Father Murphy, Helena J. daughter of Thos. Anderson to G. W. Rodgers.  
 Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. Mr. Dobson, Benjamin Pickford to Mrs. E. E. Kistner, both of Lunenburg.  
 Truro, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Robert Blackwood Graham, to Jennie Smiley of Salmon river.  
 Baddeck, Sept. 18, by Rev. D. McDonald, James Manuel to Mary Ann Macdonald, both of Red Head.  
 Charlottetown, Sept. 29, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Sutherland, Mr. Charles Gregor to Helen McMillan.  
 Middle Merquodobolt, Sept. 29, by Rev. Edward Smith, Robert Allan Rankin to Mabel Winters.  
 Nappan, Cumberland, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. H. Evans, James McDonald to Lottie L. Lowe of Nappan.  
 Charlottetown, Sept. 19, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Mrs. Charles H. Connors and Miss Mercy L. McKinley.  
 Windsor, Carlston Co., by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Frederick W. Smith, to Flora A. Britton, both of Windsor.  
 Weymouth, Mass., Sept. 18, by Rev. O. J. White, Harry N. Smith of Taunton Mass to Jessie Mabel Eiler.  
 Truro, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Ethel Boyd daughter of B. K. Livingston to Frederick Boston of Halifax.  
 Boston, Mass., Aug. 28, by Rev. J. A. Eirist, Fred D. Dyer to Lizzie M. MacBarris both of Nova Scotia.  
 Chicago, Ill., Sept. 30, John A. Clark of Chicago to Fred Dyer's daughter of Norman Jeffrey of Yarmouth N. S.  
 Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. Father Daly, Capt. W. E. Cashin of Bridgewater, N. S., to Miss K. McLellan of Halifax.

**BORN.**  
 Brookway Settlement, York Co. N. B., Sept. 25, by the Rev. A. W. Lewis, D. Fulton Sinclair to Dolly C. Brockway.  
 Corn Hill, Sept. 23, by Rev. Gideon Spring, Perry Burnett of Central Norton, Kings Co., to Mary Dashed of Corn Hill.  
 Shubenacadie, Sept. 29, by Rev. E. M. Jost, John McCurdy of Millard to Sarah McCuskey of Lunenburg, Ireland.  
 Wre Northfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. L. M. McCreey, Johnson Cook of Middle South and Helen Falkham of Summerside.  
 Malpique, P. E. I., Sept. 1, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, A. A. assisted by Rev. J. E. Fraser & A. D. Preston MacNisi to Mary J. Ketr.  
 Cumberland, Sept. 28, by Rev. W. H. Evans, assisted by Rev. J. C. Johnson, A. S., Rev. John Johnson of Stellarton to Mrs. Alice Cowie.

**DIED.**  
 Windsor, 29, Eddie Carson 6.  
 Halifax, Oct. 3, James Mitchell, 38.  
 Pictou, Sept. 24, Robert Barry 74.  
 South Mathias, Robert Montoth 79.  
 Windsor, Oct. 1, Tophia Maxwell 61.  
 Cedar Camp, Sept. 27, Phoebe Kyle 20.  
 Onslow, Sept. 12, John D. Whipple 54.  
 Sprinzhill, Sept. 21, Thomas Taylor 69.  
 Newton, Sept. 10, Thomas E. Quirk 17.  
 Pictouville, Sept. 25, Vera G. Meagett 1.  
 Rio de Janeiro, Capt. Albert E. Dingle.  
 Salt Springs, Sept. 21, John Dykens 69.  
 Amherst, Sept. 29, Tamsin Babineau 66.  
 Cumberland, Sept. 28, George Pettis 34.  
 Windsor, Sept. 23, Mary L. Richards 18.  
 Liverpool, Sept. 28, Martha J. Smith 64.  
 Liverpool, Sept. 29, Mrs. Mary Payne 78.  
 Churchville, Sept. 21, Mrs. Lucy Crew 42.  
 Guysboro, Sept. 17, Mrs. Sarah Godfrey 88.  
 Dartmouth, Sept. 29, Michael Leahy 89.  
 Quoddy, Sept. 18, Thomas Robinson, 63 years.  
 Margaree's Bay Road, Oct. 2, Cyrus Bottiller.  
 Henderson, Malisee, Sept. 20, William Orman 23.  
 Rockingham, Sept. 24, Mr. Clarence Crowell, 24.  
 Clark Harbor, Sept. 24, Miss Lillian Amiro, 22.  
 Smith's Creek, Sept. 24, James M. Arnold 6 months.  
 South Mathias, Sept. 20, Capt. Alex. McDonald 78.  
 Roachville, Guysboro, Sept. 12, Mrs. Sarah Godfrey 88.  
 Halifax, Sept. 29, Catherine, wife of Wm. Comp-ton, 74.  
 Sussex, Sept. 30, infant son of Nelson Eveleigh 7 months.  
 West Puntico, Sept. 29, Mrs. Françoise D'Estremont, 9 months.  
 Truro, Sept. 27, Fred, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Jeffrey 1.  
 M. Stewiacke, Sept. 8, Murdoch, son of James S. Frame, 6.  
 Doncaster Mass., Sept. 21, Do'ena E., wife of F. F. Meacham.  
 Kentville, Sept. 2, Eugene F. son of Ralph and Rosa McDonald 7.  
 Orléans, Queens Co., Sept. 29, Eleanor E. wife of Wm. Wiley 85.  
 Annapolis, Sept. 20, Max. Manning son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. King, 9.  
 Tucson, Arizona, Sept. 27, Harry C., son of Rev. W. B. C. Temple, 21.  
 Maccan, Sept. 21, Sarah Ramsay daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, 1.  
 Halifax, Oct. 2, Francis Mary, child of Joseph and Dorothy Barry, 9 mos.  
 Hot Springs, Ark., Sept. 23, Harry McD. son of the late Wm. Nunn, 25.  
 Halifax, Sept. 29, Mrs. C. J. Cartan daughter of late Patrick Drummond.  
 Milltown, N. B., Sept. 20, Albert, son of Denis and Kate Coughlin 6 months.  
 Yarmouth, Sept. 18, Raymond, son of Otis D. and Louisa Cunningham 2.  
 New Glasgow, Sept. 26, Isabel M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bailey 22.  
 Truro, Sept. 33, Edie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hill 7 months.  
 Yarmouth, Sept. 25, Edward Albert Graham son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham, 8 mos.  
 St. John, Sept. 23, Joseph Arthur, infant son of Capt. Henry and Nellie Comeau, 18 mos.  
 North Sydney, Sept. 24, Helen Gertrude, infant daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. W. Hickey.

**STEAMBOATS.**  
 1897. 1897.  
**The Yarmouth Steamship Co.**  
 (LIMITED).  
 For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.  
 The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick- est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.  
 4—Trips a Week—4  
 THE STEEL STEAMERS  
**BOSTON and YARMOUTH**  
 UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.  
 COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SUNDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.  
 Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.  
 Stmr. City of St. John,  
 Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Locke port, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MON- DAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.  
 Steamer Alpha,  
 Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon, returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.  
 Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER,  
 President and Managing Director.  
 W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

**The Steamer Clifton**  
 will leave her wharf at Hampton for Indiantown.....  
 Mondays Wednesdays and Satur- day at 5.30 a. m.  
 Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly.  
 CAPT. R. G. MARLE, Manager.

**COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 20th** the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock (standard) returning leave Boston same days.  
 On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland.  
 Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen.  
 Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.  
 C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

**STAR LINE STEAMERS**  
 For Fredericton  
 (Eastern Standard Time.)  
 Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 1.30 a. m. for St. John.  
 A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 6.30 p. m. for Wickham and inter- mediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 8 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fire. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 60c.  
 GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

**BORN.**  
 Truro, Sept. 25, to the wife of G. O. Fulton, a son.  
 Halifax, Sept. 24, to the wife of W. B. Sorenson, a son.  
 Clarks Harbor, to the wife of Dr. G. W. Brown, a son.  
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 Bridgewater, Sept. 17, to the wife of Simon Beck, a daughter.  
 Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Robt. Trider, a daughter.  
 Sydney Mines, Sept. 26, to the wife of Rod McDonald, a son.  
 Newcastle, Sept. 19, to the wife of James A. Rendle, a daughter.  
 Parrsboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of H. W. McKenna, a daughter.  
 Yarmouth, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. George Bernard, a son.  
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 West Somerville, Mass., to the wife of George W. Whittemore, a daughter.  
 Upper Kennetcook, Hants Co., Sept. 29, to the wife of Joseph J. Fower, a son.

**MARRIED.**  
 Gardigan, P. E. I., Sept. 23, Murdoch Nicholson, to Mary Ann McLeod.  
 Bridgewater, Sept. 23, Alexander W. McDonald to Henrietta McLean.  
 St. John, Sept. 29, by Rev. Dr. Carey, A. W. Mulwood, to Jessie Ellen Munro.  
 Annapolis, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. Achilles, Lorne to Mary E. Fair to Jessie Tupper.  
 St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Thos. W. Chariton to Elvina Bill.  
 Greenwood, Charlotte Co., Sept. 15, D. Bedford to Eva Masad Perkins.  
 Bonne Bay, Aug. 20, by Rev. G. W. Hollands, J. Mercer to Miss F. Halliburton.  
 Great Village, Sept. 29, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, James Cox to Blanche Steele.  
 Amherst, Sept. 29, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Havelock Fillmore to Mattie M. Estabrook.  
 Hardin N. B., by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George Davis to Isiss Boyer of Hartland.  
 North Sydney, Sept. 29, by Rev. B. P. Grestorax, Leslie B. Fair to Annie Goodwin.  
 North Sydney, Sept. 22, by Rev. D. G. Macdonald, Hubert Scott to Mary Ann Turner.  
 Point Tupper, Sept. 22, by Rev. John Calder, B. D. John to Mary E. Fair.  
 Shubenacadie, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John McDonald to Bessie Stevens.  
 Windsor, Sept. 29, by Rev. Jos. Murray, Mr. Wm. Maliland to Miss McLeod.  
 Maliland, Sept. 27, by Rev. George R. Martell, George Sparre to Mary McDonald.  
 Nelson, Sept. 29, by Rev. T. G. Johnston, William Neilson to Miss McLeod.  
 Kelbrook, Sept. 27, by Rev. Father Czeizler, Mr. Maturice Amiro to Mrs. Julia Surtette.  
 Arlington Mass., Sept. 22, by Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Farquhar A. McRae to Clara C. Brown.  
 Lyons Brook, Sept. 8, by Rev. A. Falconer, James A. Thompson to Minnie K. Grant.  
 Glace Bay, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. A. MacPherson, Silas A. Stillman to Mary E. McVicar.  
 Newport, Sept. 22, by Rev. Ralph G. Strathie, Henry Millett to Georgetta R. Miller.  
 Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. F. Gatz, Ambrose Vail to Evelyn Bottiller both of Halifax.  
 Margaree, Sept. 15, by Rev. A. M. Thompson, John McDonald to Mary Jane Zimmern.  
 Higginville, Sept. 29, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Theodore T. Leslie to Harriet J. Higgins.  
 Amherst, N. S., Sept. 21, by Rev. D. A. Steele, John McDonald to Bessie Stevens.  
 Halifax, Aug. 26, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Frank E. Vanhorne to Lizzie Mand Montgomery.  
 Milton, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Rev. J. L. Archibald to Margaret M. Freeman.  
 New Glasgow, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. McJ. Mackay, John A. Moore to Eleanor Ann Irvin.  
 St. Martins, Sept. 26, by Rev. S. H. Cornwall, Captain Allen McLean to Miss Adytha Day.  
 Orléans, P. E. I., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Daniel Colburn to Mrs. Leah B. Weathered.  
 Upper Merquodobolt, Sept. 29, by Rev. Edward Smith, Arthur A. Stewart to Christina Henry.  
 Woodville Settlement, A. C., Sept. 22, William Wood to Beatrice Woodworth both of Albert Co.  
 Smith's Cove, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Thomas Farnworth to Helen Gertrude Dakin.  
 Newport, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. Daniel, George Farker to Mary A. Cross both of Scotch Village.  
 Loggieville, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. C. Calder, John Whyte to Amanda A. Loggie both of Loggieville.  
 Halifax, Sept. 28, by Rev. Father Murphy, Helena J. daughter of Thos. Anderson to G. W. Rodgers.  
 Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. Mr. Dobson, Benjamin Pickford to Mrs. E. E. Kistner, both of Lunenburg.  
 Truro, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Robert Blackwood Graham, to Jennie Smiley of Salmon river.  
 Baddeck, Sept. 18, by Rev. D. McDonald, James Manuel to Mary Ann Macdonald, both of Red Head.  
 Charlottetown, Sept. 29, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Sutherland, Mr. Charles Gregor to Helen McMillan.  
 Middle Merquodobolt, Sept. 29, by Rev. Edward Smith, Robert Allan Rankin to Mabel Winters.  
 Nappan, Cumberland, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. H. Evans, James McDonald to Lottie L. Lowe of Nappan.  
 Charlottetown, Sept. 19, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Mrs. Charles H. Connors and Miss Mercy L. McKinley.  
 Windsor, Carlston Co., by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Frederick W. Smith, to Flora A. Britton, both of Windsor.  
 Weymouth, Mass., Sept. 18, by Rev. O. J. White, Harry N. Smith of Taunton Mass to Jessie Mabel Eiler.  
 Truro, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Ethel Boyd daughter of B. K. Livingston to Frederick Boston of Halifax.  
 Boston, Mass., Aug. 28, by Rev. J. A. Eirist, Fred D. Dyer to Lizzie M. MacBarris both of Nova Scotia.  
 Chicago, Ill., Sept. 30, John A. Clark of Chicago to Fred Dyer's daughter of Norman Jeffrey of Yarmouth N. S.  
 Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. Father Daly, Capt. W. E. Cashin of Bridgewater, N. S., to Miss K. McLellan of Halifax.

**BORN.**  
 Brookway Settlement, York Co. N. B., Sept. 25, by the Rev. A. W. Lewis, D. Fulton Sinclair to Dolly C. Brockway.  
 Corn Hill, Sept. 23, by Rev. Gideon Spring, Perry Burnett of Central Norton, Kings Co., to Mary Dashed of Corn Hill.  
 Shubenacadie, Sept. 29, by Rev. E. M. Jost, John McCurdy of Millard to Sarah McCuskey of Lunenburg, Ireland.  
 Wre Northfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. L. M. McCreey, Johnson Cook of Middle South and Helen Falkham of Summerside.  
 Malpique, P. E. I., Sept. 1, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, A. A. assisted by Rev. J. E. Fraser & A. D. Preston MacNisi to Mary J. Ketr.  
 Cumberland, Sept. 28, by Rev. W. H. Evans, assisted by Rev. J. C. Johnson, A. S., Rev. John Johnson of Stellarton to Mrs. Alice Cowie.

**DIED.**  
 Windsor, 29, Eddie Carson 6.  
 Halifax, Oct. 3, James Mitchell, 38.  
 Pictou, Sept. 24, Robert Barry 74.  
 South Mathias, Robert Montoth 79.  
 Windsor, Oct. 1, Tophia Maxwell 61.  
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 Onslow, Sept. 12, John D. Whipple 54.  
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 Newton, Sept. 10, Thomas E. Quirk 17.  
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 Cumberland, Sept. 28, George Pettis 34.  
 Windsor, Sept. 23, Mary L. Richards 18.  
 Liverpool, Sept. 28, Martha J. Smith 64.  
 Liverpool, Sept. 29, Mrs. Mary Payne 78.  
 Churchville, Sept. 21, Mrs. Lucy Crew 42.  
 Guysboro, Sept. 17, Mrs. Sarah Godfrey 88.  
 Dartmouth, Sept. 29, Michael Leahy 89.  
 Quoddy, Sept. 18, Thomas Robinson, 63 years.  
 Margaree's Bay Road, Oct. 2, Cyrus Bottiller.  
 Henderson, Malisee, Sept. 20, William Orman 23.  
 Rockingham, Sept. 24, Mr. Clarence Crowell, 24.