

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical among our people invariably follow with more or less interest those who, having been connected with local musical matters, have taken up their residence in another country. This interest is the more pronounced if the party has been prominent in musical circles here or identified or connected with local institutions. I have taken occasion some weeks ago to refer to a recital given in a United States town, by Prof. Charles R. Fisher, formerly organist of St. Andrew's church here and conductor of the St. John Oratorio society. This gentleman is evidently meeting with success where he now is, and on the 16th inst. gave another recital on the occasion of the inauguration of a new organ presented to the First Congregational church, in Rowley, Mass. On this latest occasion Prof. Fisher was assisted by local talent, which included Miss Bertha A. Lavin, soprano, Miss Annie Atwood, alto, Rev. J. Frank Waters, tenor and the Rev. Samuel B. Cooper, bass. The choir of the church and other friends also contributed to the success of the occasion. Among the selections by Prof. Fisher were "March Triomphe" by Lemmens, Theme (from concerto op. 64) Mendelssohn, Bach's Fugue in E flat, Bridal music (Lohengrin) Wagner, an Andante con variazioni by Pleyel, and an Allegro by Morandi. It is pleasant to hear of the recognition abroad of this gentleman's ability.

I have learned also that Prof. J. J. Zielinski, to whom also reference was recently made in this department, would arrive in St. John on Thursday of this week, and spend some time here. This gentleman and his wife I believe are accompanied on their holiday trip east by a lady—Miss Horton—who is spoken of as somewhat prominent as a concert singer, and as having sung also in opera. I hope it may be possible to effect arrangements which will result in a concert by these musical people during their stay among us.

Tones and Undertones.

On tomorrow (Sunday) the great Wagner festival will begin at Bayreuth, under the direction of Mrs. Richard Wagner. The operatic productions will continue four days each week for four consecutive weeks. The musical conductors are Siegfried Wagner, Hans Richter, and Felix Mottl.

DeWolf Hopper will open his next season in Montreal on 7th of September next. He is still giving "El Capitan" by Sousa, at the Broadway theatre, where large audiences still attend. The one hundredth performance of this piece will be given on the 21st inst. It will be a souvenir occasion.

Roaf Garden concerts and productions of opera, continue to be popular in New York.

Albert Cahon's operatic version of "La Femme de Claude" is about to be produced in Paris.

Leoncavallo has completed the libretto of his new opera "La vie de Boheme" and the whole work will be ready for production early next fall. It is promised a production in New York.

Souza has engaged three Anglo-Saxon Prima Donnas for his Autumn season at the Lyrico, in Milan. The primas referred to are Emma Nevada, S. Bill Sanderson and Marie Van Zandt.

The fiftieth anniversary of the production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was celebrated at the Crystal Palace, London June 27, a good deal ahead of time. The production of the original version of this oratorio took place at Birmingham, Eng., Aug. 26, 1846, but the work as it is now known, was first given to the world at Exeter Hall on April 16, 1847.

The post of conductor of the Royal Choral Society, at the Royal Albert Hall, has been filled by the appointment of Dr. John Frederick Bridge, Gresham Professor of Music and organist of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Bridge is one of the best known figures in London musical life. He was born at Oldbury, near Birmingham in 1844.

Sousa and his well known band, continue their popularity at Manhattan Beach. The band gives a concert every afternoon and evening.

It is now said that Jean de Reszke, the famous operatic tenor, will retire to his Polish estate, after the close of next season.

Frederic Cowen intends next season to give Berlioz "Les Troyens" at one of the Liverpool Philharmonic concerts. This will be the first production of this work in England.

The death is announced at Brussels of Hubert Kuffner, the musical composer and theorist. He was born in 1818 at Malheim, on the Rhur, in Rhenish Prussia. He was an accomplished pianist, and for years held the post of Professor of Counterpoint at the Royal Conservatory of music. The life long friend of Robert and Clara Schumann and M. Brahms he was, to the end, the staunch supporter and adherent of the branch of musical art represented by them.

The late Sir Augustus Harris admitted a loss of £16,000 on his first season with the

De Reszkes. He got it all back however the next year.

The Pall Mall Gazette of recent date announces the death of Jenny Hill, the English music hall singer. She was once a great favorite in New York. She died at her residence on the Brixton road. The paper says her contemporaries in the music hall profession will all unite in saying "We shall never see another one like her. There will never be another Jenny Hill." She was the last of the old school of music-hall singers, and between the old school and the new, in the music hall, there is all the difference that there is between the old and the new school of the regular drama. She had genius and she had training.

She began to sing for her living when she was a little child, and she sang for her living till long after she was a grandmother. This statement does not refer to so long a period as at first sight it suggests, for she was a wife and a mother herself when in mere years she was little more than a child, and her daughter was a wife and mother at almost as early an age. But Jenny Hill's career was long enough for her to have seen many changes in the institution of the music hall.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Markham Comedy Company which recently played a short engagement at the Institute will return to the city and begin next week another short season at the Opera House. They will open on Monday evening next the 20th inst. in a repertoire of standard plays. The opening piece will in all probability be that strong play "My Partner" which has not been seen here for some few years past and which is always sure of patronage.

W. S. Harkins Company closed their season at the Opera House last Saturday evening and opened in Yarmouth N. S. last Monday evening with a production of "In Old Kentucky."

"The War of Wealth" is to be put on the road next season by Jacob Litt the owner of the piece, and Tom Wise and wife (Miss Whitty) with Mr. Deyo are engaged to go with it.

Miss Magill goes with Oliver Doud Byron next season, and Mr. Leigh who did such satisfactory work here this season, will go again with one of the Frohman's Companies.

It is highly probable that Mr. Malcolm Bradley will visit Pacific Slope next season as a member of T. D. Frawley's stock Company. This gentleman does some excellent character work.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, has recently been playing a diversified range of parts such as Juliet, Magda, Militza, with particular success. In the revival of Sheridan's comedy at the Lyceum theatre, London, she essayed the role of Lady Teazle. A notice of her work says, "her Lady Teazle, permeated as it is by a modernity of manner and method which the costume of another period fails to hide, is nevertheless an impersonation of so much personal charm and intrinsic worth that the actress may fairly claim to have added another noteworthy embodiment to her list of his oric achievements."

A new musical comedy was recently put on at the Prince of Wales theatre, London. It is entitled "On the March" and there are three authors, Messrs. W. Yardley, B. C. Stephenson and Cecil Clay, responsible for its existence. It is said to be an enlargement of a piece formerly done by the Vokes family and known as "In Camp." There is in it "no pretence of an intelligibly constructed plot."

Charles Frohman will open the next season of the Empire theatre, N. Y., on 31st August by presenting John Drew in a new play now running in London, entitled "Rosemary", Maud Adams will be in the cast.

A new four act play by Philip Havard entitled "Major Raymond" has been produced at Terry's theatre, London, England. It contains an interesting plot, and will improve under the pruning knife. At present, although having much merit, it is pronounced "too talky."

Lewis Morrison who is so identified with the character of Mephisto in "Faust" tells the following good story in narrating some of the stage mishaps he has experienced. It was "in Cairo, Illinois" and the trap to the infernal regions would not work. It got stuck somehow, and my head, hat and feathers, remained in full view of the audience. I kept urging the stage hands to renew their exertions to lower the trap. Finally, the audience became aware that something was wrong, and some friend, from the gallery shouted, with a basso profundo, "Hell's full." This sent the audience into roars of laughter and there was nothing left to do but lower the curtain.

Robert Hilliard has bought the American rights to a new English comedy (called "The Mummy")

The Fullord Mausoleum, in memory of the late Annie Fixley, is now being erected in Woodland Cemetery, London, Ontario. It is of Gothic Architecture, built of grey Stanstead granite and ornamented by six seated granite statues, typifying Music, Drama and Victory.

Charles French goes another season with "In Old Kentucky" playing his role of 'Neb' the old negro servant.

Mr. William Farren, who played the role of Sir Peter Teazle in a recent revival of "The School for Scandal" at the Lyceum theatre, London, England is said to be "without a rival in the part." A critique says "In short he is by far the best exponent of the character on our stage and he imparts to the ripe humor of old Comedy all the dignity and polish of a man of Sir Peter's position. He gives, too, an under-current of pathos to certain scenes; which whether Sheridan intended it or not, certainly enhances their dramatic effects."

It may not be known to the many admirers of Lewis Morrison in this city that he was born in Jamaica, West Indies, his father being an Englishman and his mother of Spanish descent. Mr. Morrison served three years in the United States Army during "the war" and was promoted Captain during that period.

Rosabel Morrison, who is the wife of Edward J. Abran, and a daughter of Lewis Morrison, will star in "Carmen" next

season. Her sister Mabel who has just graduated will begin her career as an actress as a member of the company.

ROMAN CROWNS.

Seven Kinds are Distributed as Rewards for Valor.

The Romans had various kinds of crowns, which they distributed as rewards for martial exploits and extraordinary services on behalf of the republic, says a writer in Chambers' Journal.

1 The Oval crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed on generals who were entitled to the honors of the "lesser triumph," called ovation.

2 The naval or rostral crown, composed of a circle of gold with ornaments representing "oaks" of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled or the soldier who first boarded an enemy's ship.

3 The crown known in Latin as "Valerius Castrensis," a circle of gold raised with j-wels or palisades, the reward of the general who first forced the enemy's intrenchments.

4 The mural crown, a circle of gold indented and embattled, given to the

warrior who first mounted the wall of a besieged place and successfully lodged a standard or flag thereon.

5 The civic crown (made of the branch of a green oak), a garland of oak leaves, bestowed upon the Roman soldier who had saved the life of a citizen.

6 The triumphal crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterward made of gold—the reward of such generals as had the good fortune to be successful in battle.

7 The crown called "Obsidionalis," or "Graminea," made of the "common grass" found growing on the scene of action, and bestowed only for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last extremity. This was esteemed the highest military reward among the Roman soldiery.

Athletic crowns and crowns of laurel, destined as rewards at public games, and many other Roman sports, are frequently found mentioned in the annals of Roman history.

Affliction.

Affliction comes to us all not to make us sad, but sober; not to make us sorry, but wise; not to make us despondent, but by its darkness to re-resh us, as the night re-freshes the day; not to impoverish, but to enrich us, as the plow enriches the field, to multiply our joy as the seed by planting is multiplied a thousandfold.—Beecher.

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WORK READY FOR THEM.

It gives considerable pleasure to note that the cabinet formed by Mr. LAURIER has met with decided approval throughout Canada. The new cabinet has great strength and the New premier has shown himself to be a man of great discernment, good judgement, and with power to discriminate in the selection of his ministry. It is more than likely that some of the ministers will be opposed when seeking re-election though, as matters now stand, it would be much better for the country to have them returned by acclamation. The government should lose no time in getting down to solid work and making an effort to adjust some of the matters requiring attention. New Brunswick wants to be cut of suspense in regard to the last Atlantic service. The people all over the country are clamoring for postal reform and there is no good reason why they shouldn't have it. Some of the mining districts in Nova Scotia are greatly in need of better railway facilities than they have at present. Then there is the Manitoba School Question that the people have no intention of losing sight of; and various other matters for which everybody looks for satisfactory adjustment.

WOMAN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT.

About the strongest argument that has ever been advanced since the inception of the movement in favor of woman's enfranchisement, is that her influence will have a purifying effect upon politics. If there were doubts in any honest mind of the need of such purification the events of a single campaign would remove it. Countless instances crop up on every side until the really conscientious and honest citizen is ready to admit that if there is any possible means of improvement, the country should avail itself of it. Notwithstanding, women are clamoring for the ballot to little purpose. For one thing the chief difficulty is that they are beginning at the wrong end of the proposition. After all it is not really the simple possession of a vote that gives an individual importance in politics, as it is the power to create public sentiment and control votes. This power is already possessed by women, not in the same degree as men it is true, but still in no small measure. If they wished to exert this power they could affect issues more through it than they will ever be able to do through the ballot alone. There would certainly not be greater unanimity of opinion in political matters among women than there is among men, though there is every reason to believe that the former would be influenced more by patriotic and conscientious motives than the latter. If women are sincere in wanting suffrage for the sake of purifying politics and improving legislation they are certainly not using the best means to convince the world of the honesty of their intentions. The majority of women know very little, in fact it might be said absolutely nothing, about politics, except to believe in a vague way, that men are unjust in refusing them enfranchisement. As a rule they do not keep themselves well informed regarding the issues, circumstances, and candidates of a campaign, but rather find fault with newspapers for publishing so much politics and go to some women's organization to listen to some elegantly worded essay on the divine right of suffrage. Women cannot hope to obtain suffrage on the abstract merits of the cause. They must earn it. They can only make their way into politics as they have made it into professional life. These things like others, are subject to the laws of evolution. A new member is not usually admitted into a firm until he has served an apprenticeship in the business. Neither is a class of society admitted into the government until they have assumed such a position in the control of affairs as makes them a factor to be considered. When women have obtained practical power in politics, and not until then, will they be granted formal power. The change will come about not

only, now primarily because women will then be fitted for suffrage, but because politicians want their influence.

ROCKEFELLER'S GENEROSITY.

Chicago University was built up and endowed by the magnificent gifts of JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER and yet Mr. ROCKEFELLER has just paid his first visit to that institution. The vast amount of money he has given to that college make him one of the greatest of private contributors to the foundation of a school of learning in the history of the world. The most noted of founders and endowers of colleges have usually made their bequests by will, but Mr. ROCKEFELLER has given the money in his lifetime. He has taken the millions too from his fortunes and the gifts have been given quietly and modestly without the least desire for popular applause. This is a trait peculiar almost to Mr. ROCKEFELLER, and he has made the gift as an obligation of religious duty as it seems to him, for he feels that he holds his vast wealth as a trustee merely acting under the eye of GOD. This is truly remarkable because Mr. ROCKEFELLER has gained his fortune as the head of the Standard Oil Co. against which demagogues have directed their constant fire as a distasteful combination for public injury. He is not a baptist, his faith he professes, in name only, but in the strongest conviction and apparently he believes that he can best serve the interest of humanity by helping to propagate the faith that is in him. His advancement from a humble position to immense wealth has not changed his religious attitude. He has brought up his family in the strict tenets of the baptists and taught them to keep aloof from the allurements of gaudy and frivolity. He does not indulge in amusements which a severe puritanism frowned upon in other days, though now they are practiced without reproach by the majority of religious people.

It is a striking circumstance that at the time of decaying faith a man who ranks with the three or four richest men of modern times should be impelled by religious convictions to a course of life which is so unusual in its austerity. Many baptists have risen to wealth from humble circumstances during the last generation, but most of them have drifted from their early associations under the influence of fashionable ambitions. Mr. ROCKEFELLER remains firm and immovable in the faith of his early and humbler days.

And now the "Suburban" press is getting in its work and the result is, it is not absolutely startling at least surprising. A Revere, Mass., paper gives a faithful and wonderful account of the press peoples visit, and about the only thing in St. John that gets a word of praise are the hotels. Says the paper mentioned above: "St. John is not an attractive city, it has few fine buildings or residences, but it is of much business importance. Its hotels are models of excellence and fully up to date in every respect. The Royal Hotel is one of the finest we ever visited and its proprietors, Messrs. Raymond & Doherty receive the large patronage they receive. Their hospitality to the press excursionists was unlimited, and their uniform courtesy was noted by everybody." Frederick gets a doubtful compliment, the visitors being at great pains to explain that they "stopped over night simply to start down the river at an early morning hour." The Celestial is briefly described as "a flourishing city that is said to be a pretty place." Yarmouth fares somewhat better and at least half a column is used to describe a proposed park in that town. In referring to the beauties of the trip from Nova Scotia to this city by water the Revere press man very charmingly says "The day was one of the finest in June, and the water was almost as calm as a mill pond."

Since the elections, the Bridgewater Bulletin and the Lunenburg Enterprise have been exchanging little pleasantries. The Bulletin is still one lap ahead. In a late issue it replies to a silly attack of the Enterprise as follows: "The Bulletin can take credit for showing up to the public the true condition of the disreputable and dirty sheet issued in this town by John Levi Oxner. We brought it out of its shell to-day and exposed it in all the fifth and nine which only contact with its creature like its proprietor can produce. Low verbiage and foul statements are as natural to a coarse-grained lout like Jumbo as mud is to a porker. If there is a rapscallion to be picked up for a dollar consideration, who possesses a glib pen, for the time being, he is the editor of the Enterprise. Jumbo's language will not suit the type, but with the assistance of quasi druggists and others of the lapsed classes (who still retain a smattering of their early common school education) this unsavory rag, viler than any Police Gazette ever published, is forced upon a long suffering public. In our next issue we will deal with Jumbo, the Enterprise and other vileness."

Beginning with 1884 the political history of the United States presents a strangely checkered course. It certainly looks as if for the past ten years the people had not known their own minds on the vital issues that have been presented to them at their national elections. The re-

cord of these elections, unexplained by reference to the facts behind the returns, would justify the conclusion that the American people have been oscillating between the approval of the extreme doctrines of protection and the most advanced principles of tariff reform; that between 1884 and 1888 they had changed their minds entirely on the important question of commercial policy and that between 1888 and 1892 they had again changed their minds and just as radically. And now if the world is to accept the confident prediction of the MCKINLEY tariffers as inspired auguries of the future, the people of the great republic are about to radically change their minds again by repudiating their judgment of 1892 in favor of tariff reform and demanding a return to the 60 per cent. tariff of 1890 or a yet more drastic dose of protection.

The American people are on the threshold of another great quadrennial controversy, which will strike the country to its very centre during the next four months. The main point of course to be settled is what federal policy will insure prosperity and contentment for the majority and amicable relations with other governments. The people are to engage in no less a duty than to decide the best means of making the country happy and prosperous and affording to every man and woman as wide a field of labor and profit as circumstances allow. During the campaign there will be, no doubt, the usual display of trickery and strategy oratorical extravagance and distorted logic, mis-adding statements and arguments that will not stand scrutiny; but besides all these and beyond any influence they may exert, the great body of American citizens will decide the case on its merits. They at least have no other purpose than to strengthen the foundations of orderly society and elect the man who will administer the affairs of state with breadth of policy and personal integrity.

Mlle. JEANNE BENABEN is one of the most remarkable young ladies in France which has been par excellence a nation of remarkable women. Mlle. BENABEN is only 18 years of age and has already taken the degree of B. A. from one of the French colleges. After graduation she became a Professor of Philosophy in a ladies school in Lyons. This year she was a candidate for the important degree of Licentiate in Philosophy.

If more funds are needed to send the rag crew to Halifax in proper style the plucky committee who took the matter in hand should have no trouble in getting subscribers. So far the amounts given have been generous but there are many who should subscribe without being asked in order that this city may send her men in a proper way to the Halifax regatta.

The Northwest is rejoicing in the pleasant speeches of the Hon. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE of KANSAS, and the Gophers cannot complain that the dignified truths of Populism are not given to them from commanding lips. The ablest of Kansas statesmen gives kindly warning that during the present season she will be loaded for bear and ripe.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING the greatest female poet England ever produced is to have a monument erected to her memory in the little church at Killoe in Northumberland where she was baptized.

And now it is Premier MITCHELL. Reduced in Price. Mr. Charles K. Cameron the King street milliner is having a busy time of it this week, as his store is thronged with ladies who come to inspect and buy, from his stock of millinery which he is now selling at greatly reduced prices. The trimmed and untrimmed hats, bonnets and toques are all in the very latest styles and Mr. Cameron is sacrificing them in order to get ready for the autumn trade which it is expected will be very large. Any ladies requiring stylish headwear at the very low prices would find it decidedly to their advantage to call and see Mr. Cameron's goods.

A Credit to Rothesay. The Belle View Hotel at Rothesay is certainly a model house for a suburban place. Its situation could not be improved upon; the surrounding scenery is beautiful beyond question, while the avenues leading from the highway to the house give one a very favorable impression at once. The rooms are certainly large airy and handsomely furnished, the dining room recently constructed will seat seventy guests and is lighted on three sides. The best proof that the Belle View is appreciated is the fact that the house is crowded all the time and that vacant rooms are eagerly sought for.

A Swiss Watch that Speaks. A wonderful mechanical contrivance is announced from Switzerland in the shape of a watch that calls out the hours in a voice like that of a human being. This mechanical curiosity is the invention of one Casimir Livan, who based its principles upon his knowledge of the workings of the phonograph. The case, instead of containing a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a phonographic cylinder, which is fitted with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice being inserted in the watch.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Flowers in Reed. Wait O beloved trust me longer still, The tender thoughts my saddened soul that fill, Are pure and changeless in This world's commotion; Soon shall our fond hearts hold communion sweet, And soon when many doubts in silence meet Love's holy light shall crimson All his ocean.

Wait O beloved this trial soon is true, It has no thought that does not compass you; Its face eternally— To thine is turning— The shadows never cease through on the way, Are leading surely to love's summer day; For which all hearts like ours Are deeply yearning.

Wait O beloved soon our hearts shall read, The golden language of love's ancient creed; In all their deep— Intensity of meaning; When pleasure's rose and life's white are one, And bleed their perfect fragrance in the sun, And not a doubt Or shadow intervening.

Wait O beloved trust me still I pray, I walk the furnace when thou art away; And even life itself— Is constant pain; My woman's heart shall never give thee up, Though to death's hold grief's burning cup; To clasp thee one No fire endured is vain.

Wait O beloved though beyond the sky, In love's bright mansion beam's thou on high; Thy lips to mine May only there be prest; Yet would I seek thee and my soul would know, Thy blessed face as in this world below; And then and there Would enter on sweet rest.

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GOLD MINING AND GAMBLING.

A Halifax Official Who Does a Scambling Very Disinterested Act.

HALIFAX, July 16.—The gold areas of this province furnish an opportunity for some gambling occasionally. They also afford an opportunity once in a while for a display of sharp practice, though happily this is guarded against as much as possible by the regulations of the mines office of the provincial government. Here is an incident which has just happened that shows how an advantage was attained. A prospector had taken out a lease of areas near the shore. These he had worked to a certain extent, and he was hopeful of making something of the venture in which he was engaged. He foolishly, however, allowed the leases to run out for a day or two intending all the time to attend renewing them the first time he found himself in town. One day a city father happened in at the Mines office and in glancing over the areas he noticed that the lease of the areas in question had expired. He quietly took down their numbers in a memorandum book which he pulled from his pocket and without saying much he left the office. This a well-known merchant saw him do. Not long after another citizen somewhat interested in gold mining went into the office and at once looked at the numbers of the areas which had been taken down by the city father. He immediately applied for them and the leases were given to him under the usual regulations.

When the prospector at last came up to renew his leases he was thunderstruck to find that he had lost them, that they had been taken by another and that all the results of his labor and all his future prospects were in the hands of a wealthier man. The poor man bestirred himself to try and retrieve his fortunes, and interviewed a firm in the mining business, getting them to see what could be done about the lost areas.

The new lease-holder demanded \$1,000 for a relinquishment of the rights which a stroke of the pen in the mines office had brought him. This announcement was a severe blow to the original holder who had procrastinated in renewing his lease, and one which meant a tremendous set back to him. The city father stepped in at this emergency, taking the role of the kind hearted philanthropist. He said that he and the \$1,000 citizen had an arrangement under which each had agreed to share half and half the mining gains or losses of the other. In this case he would forego his half of the gain on the transaction so that the owner might get back his areas for \$500 instead of \$1,000. "There was no exacting the pound of flesh" about that deal. It was kindness itself, so it appeared. But the sequel is interesting and casts a different light on the transaction. It is that when the city father took down the numbers that day he had posted himself down to the citizen with all haste and had told him about the areas and prevailed on him, for reasons best known to himself, to take the lapsing areas. Therefore, through much trouble the prospector got his areas back for \$500 instead of 1,000, it was the city father that made it necessary for him to pay that \$500. It was by no means the disinterested, kindly act which the final conduct of the city father would lead people to suppose it was.

Ice Boxes for Cut Flowers.

Florists keep their reserve stock of cut flowers in ice boxes, having the door open in front. Sometimes the door is made with glass panels through which the flowers may be seen. The larger ice boxes of the wholesale dealer in cut flowers are in dimensions more like a deep, good-sized chest. The door is sufficiently high so that one may step through it into the interior to select the flowers required. Flowers are brought from the greenhouses of the growers to the wholesale dealers in the city packed in boxes made for the purpose, but without ice. The distances are comparatively short, the flowers are brought by express and handled quickly, and ice is not needed. Flowers shipped from here to distant points—it is not unusual to send flowers from here to points hundreds of miles away—are packed in boxes made for that purpose with a compartment of ice which is wrapped in paper to preserve it.

Date of General Election.

When is it to be? This question is disturbing the soul of politicians. In view of the material alteration in the commercial policy of the country which would be involved in a change of government it is a matter which concerns the general public. Meanwhile the aching corns of the populace cry for a remedy and the government gives no heed to the demand. Look here! don't suffer this neglect to delay the use of means open to all and which removes the most painful and obstinate corns in two days. Painless, safe acting corn cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

They Are Good Ones.

For the excellent photographs of the racing crews Progress is indebted to A. E. Clarke of St. John, and A. R. Cogswell & Co., of Halifax.

Wall paper, and window shades. You will find the largest assortment—best quality—lowest prices in wall paper at McArthur's book store, 90 King street.

and the greatest thinkers, amongst others Lord Kelvin, hold that this attraction is due to the centrifugal tendency of the earth of longitudinal vibrations into the ether. Although these rays, like the Roentgen rays, are visible to human eyes, yet it seems reasonable to assume that the inhabitants of some stars may have retinas so sensitive that they can see both the radiant heat and the gravitational rays.

AFTER NINE O'CLOCK.

To see Boys and Girls on the Street After Nine was Unusual.

The time was in Boston when the loud ringing for several minutes of the nine o'clock bell from the Old South steeple reminded children that at such an hour they should be in the house fast asleep. This pealing was an imitation of the ringing of the curfew bell in England, from which the early settlers of our city came, and it indicated significantly to sober-minded people that night had passed its early stages, and that it was time to begin to think of slumber. If one would be at work early in the morning. Those were the days when the mechanics worked from sunrise to sunset, and when they lived within a short walk from their labor and could go home home to their twelve-o'clock dinner. It was the time, too, of oil street lamps, of big-cloaked watchmen, with rattles to summon assistance, and of the man who houted cry, "Oys! buy any oys?" so that the housewife might prepare a hot oyster supper, if the members of her household desired that refreshment. Then, to see boys and girls on the public thoroughfares after dark, unless they were accompanied by adults, was a rarity. Now all is changed. Children of both sexes are upon the streets at all hours of the night, and the depths of depravity to which some of them sink is horribly depressing even to the optimist. They are men and women in the worst kind of experiences, and their language is as vile as their actions.

A similar state of things has produced the passage in some of the Western States of what are called "curfew" laws, which empower the police to banish children from the streets after a certain hour if they cannot give a good reason for their absence from the place they call home. In case they have no proper shelter, they are invited to retreats where their minds are occupied by some harmless amusement or some light and pleasant work.

It is neither cruel nor unjust to deprive the youngsters of the opportunity to roam about the city at their own will, at unreasonable hours, and certainly there have been passed by our Legislature less useful than the "curfew" laws, which seem to be a relic of the past, are not as oppressive as their opponents would have us believe, and may be the means of rescuing many a soul from a degradation that is worse than death.—Manufacturers' Gazette.

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S. Gov't Report.

King Powder

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NINE O'CLOCK.

On the street after dark was unusual.

In Boston when the loud music of the nine minutes of the Old South steeple bell rang at such an hour they would fast asleep. This situation of the ringing of the bell, from which the city came, and it indicates to sober-minded people that their early stages, and to begin to think of slumber at work early in the day were the days when they worked from sunrise to sunset they lived within a laborer and could not remain on their feet for more than twelve o'clock dinner, too, of oil street baked watchmen, with assistance, and of the cry, "Oye! buy any of the night?"

life might prepare a late breakfast. Then, to refreshment. Then, to refreshment. Then, to refreshment.

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Good Ones.

photographs of the press is indebted to A. in, and A. R. Cog- ax.

adow shades. You will ment—best coffee— or at Mothers' best

It's a Good Thing! Push it Along!



WELCOME SOAP

SMOOTH ON THE HANDS
ROUGH ON THE DIRT


It is an established fact that there is no Soap that gives as complete satisfaction wherever used as The Old Original and Reliable "Welcome."

It will pay every clever house-keeper to try it.

BUT ONE QUALITY,
AND ABSOLUTE PURITY GUARANTEED.

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

It Brings Happiness in its Wake.



It saves your skirt, it saves your temper, and it saves your money. What does? Why, WAKEFIELD SKIRT BINDING, of course. Look at my skirt. As a rule I require to put fresh braid on it weekly, but the "Wakefield" Leather Skirt Binding remains on for weeks and I am sure you can't find anywhere a neater looking or a better finished skirt. And again, I am sure you can't find a brighter looking face, and it's all due to the same cause—that Wakefield Skirt Binding.

Any merchant worthy of the name has it; if not, he won't be happy till he gets it; and again, you don't know what happiness is till you get it from him. The sooner, the quicker. Every yard marked in letters of gold.

Wakefield Specially Prepared Leather, Patented, AND IN ALL SHADES.

STOWER'S Lime Juice Cordial



Ready for Use

Is Sweetened to Suit Most Palates.
NO HUNTING FOR SUGAR.

Add water, and you have the Best and Most Wholesome of Summer Drinks.

"STOWER'S" HAS NO MUSTY FLAVOR

Sea Foam

A Pure White Soap, Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth, and healthy.

It Floats.

Maritime Agent for THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto, Limited.

GEORGE P. McLAUGHLIN,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN.....

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
11 and 13 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agent for LOCHLEANA SCOTCH WHISKY, our special brand. Try it

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USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, FARMER'S, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CHERRY.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Leading, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 63 Union Street, St. John Telephone 622, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday of this week a delightful picnic was given by a number of ladies to Miss Caver-Jones as a farewell entertainment. The party went to the end of Howe's road where a delicious tea was served and a very pleasant time spent until the party returned home by moonlight. Among the ladies present were: Miss Burpee, Miss McLane, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Holden, Mrs. J. Herbert J. Reel, Miss Tuck, Miss Warren, Mrs. Oester, Miss Dever, Miss L. Harrison, Mr. Reel, Miss Bayard, Mr. Coster, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. G. Blair, Miss Troop, Mr. Harnard, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Corcoran, Mr. D. Troop, Mr. Gerard Reel, Mr. Wraslow, Mr. Hall, Mr. G. Jones, Mr. J. Holden, Mr. J. Warner, Mr. Wetmore.

Miss Helen Furlong returns to Boston next Wednesday to resume her musical studies under Prof. Clark's tuition. Miss Kathleen will join her in Boston in the autumn.

A large and exceedingly pleasant at home was given on Friday last by Mrs. A. H. Hanington, in honor of her guest Miss Edge of London and Miss Towner of Toronto. During the afternoon, tea and refreshments were dispensed by several young ladies all of whom were especially well groomed and charmingly bright. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. R. Keltie Jones, Mr. John Montgomery, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Temple, Mr. Alex. Wilson, Mr. Cam Murray, Mr. D. B. Skinner, Mr. Vastie, Misses Thompson, Misses Pugsley, Misses Stockton, Miss Scammel, Miss Gertrude Allison, Miss Seely, Miss Tuck, Miss Harrison, Miss Smith, Miss Jones, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Babbitt, Miss Hall, Messrs. Skinner, Puddington, Hanington, Ellis, Fairweather, Hall, Foster, Clerke, Lockhart, and others.

Miss Wilmet of Fredericton is a guest of Countess deBury.

Mrs. Drinkwater of Montreal and Mrs. H. P. Tammerin are spending a few days at the Bay shore.

A small but pleasant picnic was given at the Bay shore on Thursday afternoon by Miss Travers and Miss Parks. The day was very fine and just cool enough to make an outing very enjoyable. Tea was served in true picnic style and after a pleasant evening the party returned to the city about ten o'clock. Among those present were: Mrs. Travers, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Miss Marie deBury, Miss Jack, Miss Ethel Park, Miss Travers, Miss Pansy Travers, Miss Wilmet, Mr. Murray, Mr. D. B. Jack, Mr. McNeil, Dr. J. Travers, Dr. Harry Travers, and Mr. Thomas.

Miss Joseph Allison gave a large picnic at Robney on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Allison's birthday. The party went out in special train and the day was pleasantly spent, the guests reaching the city late in the evening.

Miss Charlotte Barnes of Newton Hospital is home from her vacation. She is staying for a few days with city friends before going to her home in Tinville.

Judge Wells of Moncton spent a day or two lately in this city.

Mr. John Fraser of Montreal is paying a brief visit to the city.

Mr. George F. Major of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting St. John.

Mr. James Tennant of Fredericton spent a day or two here lately.

Mr. T. V. Cooke of Moncton spent Thursday in the city.

Mr. J. A. Swan of Sherbrooke, Quebec, is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Prendergrast of London are among the city visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Nye of New York are visiting St. John.

Mr. J. T. Hart left Thursday evening on a fishing trip to the North Shore.

Mr. F. B. Battersby of Montreal is spending a short time in the city. He is accompanied by his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Staples of Franklin, N. H., are in the city.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Verno are on a brief visit to St. John.

Mr. John McKean of Ogdensburg, N. Y., is in the city visiting his uncle, Mr. J. C. T. McKean.

Rev. W. Schuman of Carleton left this week on a trip to Windsor, N. S.

Mr. J. J. Leonard of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting St. John.

Mrs. J. A. Belyea and family have removed to their summer residence on the St. John river for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Josh. Ward and family are spending the summer at Bayville, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stammers left Wednesday for a two weeks visit to Upper Gagetown, N. B.

Dr. E. Jones of Annapolis was in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Sawyer of Newburg spent a day or two here lately.

Major W. Robertson of Boston is in the city. Miss Louise McCormack of Woodstock is spending the summer at the Bay Shore.

The Misses Leckie of Middleton, N. S. spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. Mm. F. Humphrey of Moncton was here for a day or two lately.

Colonel Tucker returned from Ottawa the first of this week.

Mrs. Hamilton Dicker received a large number of wedding callers on her reception days this week.

Mr. A. H. McCready has returned to Sackville after a pleasant trip up the St. John river.

The residence of John V. Ellis, M. P., beautifully decorated with flowers and palms and ferns, was thronged Tuesday forenoon with the guests invited to witness the marriage of his daughter, Annie, to Edward R. Taylor. Rev. William Batough curate of Trinity church, officiated. Miss Babbitt of Fredericton was bridesmaid, and Dr. Will Ellis of the general Public hospital acted as groomsmen. After the ceremony was performed at the assembled relatives and friends had offered their congratulations a sumptuous luncheon was served. The newly married couple then drove to the depot and amidst showers of rice and the best wishes of many friends left for a bridal tour through Nova Scotia. On their return they will reside on the west side. A few years ago the groom was prominent in amateur athletic circles, but recently has devoted himself entirely to business, in which he is meeting with much success. The bride shares with the other members of her family in literary talents while the many beautiful wedding gifts received evince evidence of her popularity in social circles.

Mr. Edward Yeady and his daughter Miss Susie Yeady of Boston who have been visiting Fredericton spent a short time in St. John this week.

Miss Munro of Woodstock is visiting city friends. Miss Strad has been in Woodstock visiting Miss Sanderson lately.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker received congratulations from their many friends last Saturday, the occasion being the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. J. Willard Smith and Mrs. Smith returned Monday from a trip to the United States.

Mrs. W. F. McDonald of New York, formerly Miss Susie Watson, of this city is spending the summer with her parents at Riverside.

Miss Winifred Danbrack of St. John was in Halifax lately.

Mr. George R. Fenny of Fredericton was here for a short time lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Barry returned Monday evening from their wedding trip to the United States.

Dr. and Mrs. Kenny and Miss McDuffie returned this week from R. E. L. where Dr. Kenny has been attending a meeting of the medical society.

Something New....

for us; that is, the manufacture of

FLANNELETTES

These Goods are now being delivered to the leading Wholesale Houses of the Dominion.

We guarantee them SUPERIOR to any shown at the same price, either of Home or Foreign manufacture.

A TRIAL ORDER to your wholesale house will convince you of the value of these goods, both as to Quality and Color.

If you have not yet seen our complete range of samples, write your nearest Wholesale House for them at once.

WM. PARKS & SON, Ltd.,
Saint John, N. B.

It is clear



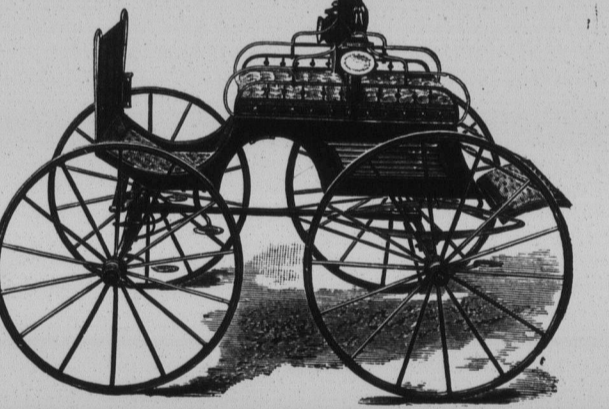
that the best soap is the one which drives away dirt, but leaves the skin as soft, smooth and healthy as a baby's. BABY'S OWN SOAP opens the pores, clears away all impurities, but, by its pure, fatty ingredients and delicate fragrance, leaves the skin soft, smooth and sweet. For sale by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



Perhaps one of the most servicable and comfortable single Carriages built, Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of

JOHN EDGEcombe & Sons,

Fredericton, N. B.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Purposes and Best.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1896.

DEPTH OF THE HEAVENS.

WORK OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN REVEALING THEM.

With the Largest Telescopes it is Possible to Gather Rays of Light That Last Their Source Long Before the Pyramids of Egypt Were Built.

In the recent progress which has been made in the study of the heavens, the photographic plate has played a most important part. Says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. Indeed, the facilities which the resources of photography have placed at the disposal of the astronomer are every day increasing. The older methods of observation are in many cases gradually being displaced by the more accurate and far more comprehensive methods which the camera offers. It has been asserted, and I do not think that the truth of the assertion will be questioned, that the advance in the astronomer's art, which is due to the introduction of the photographic plate into the observatory, is not less far reaching in its effects than the advance which was inaugurated when Galileo first turned his newly made telescope to the sky, and thus, wonderfully augmented the space-penetrating power of human vision.

Almost the first feature which will strike the observer who is examining a good photograph of the stellar depths is that though they may be hardly any part of the area presented which is quite free from stars, yet they are distributed with very great irregularity. In some regions the stars are aggregated in countless myriads; indeed, in many parts of the heavens they are so closely packed that the individual points can hardly be distinguished separately. Ordinary observation, even with the unaided eye, prepares us in a measure for this striking irregularity in stellar distribution.

Who has not often dwelt with admiration on that glorious stellar girdle which we know as the Milky Way. It is a mighty zone of stars surrounding our solar system. Indeed, a just estimate of the relation of the sun to other bodies in the scheme of the universe would regard our great luminary merely as one of similar stars aggregated in countless myriads to form the Milky Way. From the peculiar nature of the stars in the Galaxy, as this system is often called, it is quite obvious that these wonderful starry clusters have some bond of connection between their component parts due probably to a common origin. To realize the splendor of the Milky Way we have to remember that minute as the stars of which it is composed may seem from where we are situated, yet each one of those stars is in truth shining with the independent brilliancy of a sun. It might have been thought that it would be quite impossible for an object so vast and so bright as our sun to display no greater splendor than that feeble twinkle which is all that reaches us from one of the stars in the Milky Way. Here, however, the question of distance is of paramount importance.

If the sun which shines in our skies were to be withdrawn from our neighborhood into the depth of space, if it were to be carried to a distance as remote as is that of many of the stars which we see around us, our great luminary would have lost all its pre-eminent splendor, and would have dwindled to the relative insignificance of a small star not nearly so bright as many of those stars which shine over our heads every night. I do not, indeed, say that each and every one of the stars in the Milky Way is as large as our sun; no one who understood the evidence would have the hardihood to affirm so audacious a proposition. At the same time I should add that I do not know any grounds on which such a statement could be certainly contradicted if any one did affirm it. The probability seems to be that, though many of the stars in the Milky way may resemble our sun in lustre or dimensions, yet there are in that marvellous group suns lesser and greater in nearly as many grades of magnitude as there are objects in the Galaxy itself.

The problem of determining the distance of a star from the earth is one which taxes the highest resources of the observing astronomer. Of all the millions of the celestial host there are hardly 100 stars whose distances have been measured with accuracy by those surveying operations by which alone this problem can be accurately solved. We are, however, not quite destitute of methods by which we can in some degree estimate the remoteness of other stars, even though their distances be so great as to elude entirely all the more direct methods of measurement. Suppose that a star was just bright enough to be visible to the unaided eye, and then suppose that particular star were to be withdrawn to a great distance ten times as great. It would still remain visible to us by the help of a small telescope. If this star were withdrawn to a distance 100 times as great it would still generally remain within the ken of a large telescope. When, therefore, our large telescopes reveal millions of stars, which

seem just on the verge of visibility, it is plain that those stars, assuming that they intrinsically as bright as the stars which can just be seen with the eye, must be at least 100 times as remote.

It should also be observed that a star as bright as Sirius would still be visible to the unaided eye, though, of course, only as a very small point, if it were translated to a distance ten times as great as that at which it is now situated; if Sirius were at a distance 100 fold greater than that at which it now lies it would still be found within the range of a telescope of moderate power. Indeed, if Sirius were at a distance 1,000 as great as that by which it is at present separated from us, it would still not have passed beyond the ken of our mightiest telescopes. We have thus sound reasons for our belief that some of the stars which we can see through our great telescopes are at least 1,000 times as remote as Sirius.

Recent researches made by Dr. Gill and Dr. Elkins at the Cape of Good Hope have demonstrated that the distance of Sirius amounts to. It has been shown that the rays from Sirius, travelling as they do with the stupendous speed of light, namely, at the rate of 180,000 miles each second, nevertheless require not less than nine years to traverse the distance between that star and our system. In other words, when we are looking at Sirius tonight, we do not see that star as it is at present, but we see it as it was nine years ago. The light which reaches our eyes tonight must, in fact, have left the star nine years before. We have already shown that there is good reason for the belief that there are stars which are still visible in our great telescopes, notwithstanding that they are 1,000 times further from us than the brilliant Sirius. It follows by a line of reasoning, which it seems impossible to question, that the light of such a star must have occupied a period of not less than 9,000 years in its journey to the earth. The consequences of such a calculation are indeed momentous. It is plain that we do not see such stars as they are to-night, but as they were when our earth was 9,000 years younger. The light from such stars which is now entering our eyes at the close of this unparalleled journey had occupied all that long interval in crossing the abyss which intervenes between the solar system and the awful stellar depths. This vast time has been required for the journey, notwithstanding the fact that the light speeds on its way with a velocity which would carry it seven times around the earth in a second. Indeed the stars might have totally ceased to exist for the past 9,000 years and we should still find them shining in their places. Not until all the light which was on its way to earth at the time of the star's extinction had entered our eyes would the tidings of that extinction have become known to us. We are looking at such stars as they existed long before the earliest period to which any records of human history extend.

We can illustrate the same subject in another way. Suppose that there were astronomers in those remote stars, and that they were equipped with telescopes enormously more powerful than any telescopes which we have ever constructed. Supposing that notwithstanding the vast distance at which they lie they had the means of scrutinizing carefully the features of the earth. In what condition would our globe be presented from their point of view? These distant observers would not see any traces of the cities and the nations that now exist. Britain would appear to them as a forest inhabited by a few savages, and North America would be the home of the bison and the red man. They would look down on an Egypt in which the pyramids had not yet been built, and they might survey the cities of Babylon and Nineveh long ere these famous cities had been reared.

Besides those sidereal objects of which we have spoken there are of course other objects seemingly as numerous as the sands on the sea shore. No spectacle which the heavens display is more impressive to the beholder than that of a globular cluster, in which thousands of stars are heaped packed closely together within the limits of his field of view. Each of these stars is itself a sun, the whole forming a dense group of associated suns. Indescribable, indeed, must be the glory which would shine upon a planet which was situated in such a system. It seems, however, impossible that planets in association with thousands of suns, such as are found in a globular cluster, could possess climatic conditions of sufficient constancy to meet the requirements of organic life.

For the development of life practical stability of climate would seem to be essential. Such conditions could, so far as we know, only be secured in a system like our own, which is controlled by a single sun around which the several planets revolve. In such a case there would be no disturbances to the regular motion of each planet, except those trifling ones which arise from the attraction of the other planets equally beholden to the central luminary. But a planet primarily attached to one of the suns belonging to a globular cluster would be so much disturbed in its revolution by the attractions of the other surrounding suns that the movement of the body would in all probability be too irregular to be compatible with any stable climatic conditions. The vicissitudes of climate with which we dwell

ers on the earth are familiar would seem as nothing in comparison with the vicissitudes of climate in a planet belonging to a system of several suns. It would seem that occasionally the planet must come so near to one or other of the attracting suns that if any life had existed on such a planet it would necessarily be scorched to destruction.

Besides these globular clusters, the heavens contain many other associations of stars arranged in striking groups. We may mention, for instance, the famous cluster in Perseus, an object of indelible beauty, which, fortunately, lies within the reach of telescopes of comparatively moderate power. There are also many clusters so distant that the stars are hardly to be discerned separately, in which case the object looks like a nebula, and the resolution of the nebula, as it is called—that is, the perception of the isolated stars of which the nebulous-looking object is formed—becomes a problem which can only be solved by the very highest telescopic power.

It has been conjectured that these dim and distant clusters may be associations of stars very like that Milky Way which is relatively quite close to the solar system. It may, indeed, be the case that a sidereal group like the Milky Way would, if transferred to an extremely remote part of the universe, present much the same appearance in our telescopes as one of these nebulous clusters does at present. Magnificent as are all the sidereal systems displayed to our observation, we ought still remember that there is a limit to our vision. Even the largest and most brilliant of suns might be so remote as to be entirely beyond the ken of the greatest of telescopic powers. Doubtless stars exist in profusion elsewhere than in those parts of space which alone come within range of our instruments. As space is boundless, it follows that the regions through which our telescopes have hitherto conveyed our vision must be as nothing in comparison with the realms whose contents must ever remain utterly unknown. Innumerable as may seem the stars whose existence is already manifest, there is every reason to believe that they do not amount to one-millionth part of the stars which occupy the impenetrable depths of the firmament.

A ROYAL BRIDE'S OUTFIT.

Princess Maud's Wedding Gown and Trousseau.

English feminine curiosity is feasting upon the preliminary accounts of Princess Maud's trousseau, and the interest evinced is quite as great as that three years ago, upon the occasion of her brother's marriage to Princess Mary. It is announced with ostentatious patriotism that the orders for the present wedding outfit have been distributed mostly among British firms, and yet in the same breath the trousseau is described as beautiful, stylish, and dainty, even to the shoes. Ireland has furnished linen, lace, and poplins; Scotland, warm wraps and wool stuffs, while England and London have done the rest.

Official details of the royal outfit are all that are obtainable. These naturally are technical and colorless. However, the following descriptions of gowns and bonnets, shoes and stockings, gloves, handkerchiefs, and lingerie to be worn by the royal bride, are sure to interest woman-kind.

Following the fashion set by her Majesty and adopted by her daughters and granddaughters, the wedding dress has been made at Spitalfields, and is "marvellously beautiful" in texture and appearance. It is of white satin, ivory in tone, with a silvery sheen. The bodice is cut low, as is the custom at royal weddings, the square décolletage being trimmed with folds of mousseline de soie and trails of orange blossoms, jessamine, myrtle flowers, with here and there a dark green leaf peeping through. Below, the satin on the bodice is drawn downward, across the figure back and front, terminating on the left side in a deep centre delicately embroidered in silver and brilliants. The short sleeves are arranged in snowy frills of chiffon with lines of the bridal flowers drawn down between them. The skirt is plain of the lustrous satin, with a ruche of chiffon, orange blossoms, myrtle, and jessamine around the hem. The train is cut in one with the skirt, about four yards and one-half long, and fastens at the left side with bows of chiffon and trails of the snowy flowers passing through them. The bridal veil of old lace will be worn off the face, as all English royal brides wear it. Ornaments will be included among the many orders which the bride is entitled to wear. The going-away gown will depend upon the weather of the wedding day. Probably it will be of pale blue-gray canvas over blue and pink shot silk. The bodice has a deep folded belt of black satin falling in a little bow at the left side, and pointed revers of black satin, edged with grass lawn guipure. The vest and collar are of blue and white chine silk flowered with pink roses. With this will be worn a burnt straw toque, with puckered brim, into which are tucked clusters of shaded pink roses. At the back is a full pink and white osprey.

A visiting gown of petunia cloth has sleeves of the cloth with an upper puff jacket bodice, of a darker shade of velvet, opens over a full blouse front of amythist and gold shot silk covered with a tracery of gold sequins and mauve-tinted crystals encircling roses of the jeweled work. Similar designs in gold and gems are applicable upon the sides of the velvet zones. There is a band of the embroidery round the waist, passing through a gold buckle and a collar of folded velvet, with a line of embroidery at the top. The skirt is plain, not full, and beautifully hung, which features are indeed characteristic of all the skirts in the trousseau.

Infants' Wear Department.

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

- Infants' Embroidered Robes, \$2.10 to \$8.15.
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- Infants' Cotton Skirts, 45c. to \$1.75.
- Infants' Flannel Shirts, \$1.15. and \$1.35.
- Infants' Foot Blankets, \$1.35. and \$1.45.
- Infants' Knitted Bands, 8 in, 55c.; 9 in, 60c.
- Infants' Flannel Bands, 5 in, 22c.; 6 in, 27c.
- Infants' Muslin Shirts, 22c. and 37c.
- Infants' Cashmere Shirts, long sleeves, 50c and 70c.
- Children's White Lawn and Nainsook Dresses, 70c. to \$3.60
- Children's Colored Cotton Dresses, 48c. to \$1.90.
- Children's White Cotton Skirts, 39c. to \$1.05.

- Infants' Silk Shirts, short sleeves, 53c.
- Infants' Embroidered Flannel Squares, \$1.45 to \$2.00.
- Infants' Silk Bibs, 50c. to \$1.00.
- Infants' Muslin Bibs, 16c. to 60c.
- Infants' Wool Booties, Assorted Prices.
- Infants' Wool Jackets, 85c. to \$1.45.
- Infants' Cream Cashmere Cloaks, \$1.65 to 8.00.
- Infants' Silk and Muslin Hoods, Assorted Prices.
- Infants' Baskets, untrimmed or trimmed to order, Assorted Prices.
- Children's White Muslin Aprons, 37c. to \$1.05
- Children's Silk Shirts, short sleeves, 57c. to 80c.
- Children's Silk Shirts, long sleeves, 75c. to \$1.00.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

For designs in gold and gems are applicable upon the sides of the velvet zones. There is a band of the embroidery round the waist, passing through a gold buckle and a collar of folded velvet, with a line of embroidery at the top. The skirt is plain, not full, and beautifully hung, which features are indeed characteristic of all the skirts in the trousseau.

An afternoon dress is of black brocade in a small and graceful floral design. A yoke of tucked chiffon, black, is set in by a deep embroidery of jet beads and sequins taking the lines of a corselet. The body part is of black chiffon, worked in broken tapering lines of jet. The deep satin waistband is finished at the side by a rosette bow, with tall rabbit-ear end coming well up to the bust. A second black brocade gown, with geranium-lake pattern, has a blouse bodice of white satin under full mousseline de soie wrought with black paillettes in a very delicate tracery, touched at intervals with sparkling steel, which, with the black, has a brilliant effect. There is a collar to match and a deep pointed belt, wrought all over with steel and jet sequins with delicate lines and curves. The sleeves are full on the shoulders and have long tapering points of white satin inserted at the cuffs, wrought with steel and jet and outlined with lines of steel.

Another visiting dress is of pale pink mauve striped chine and glace silk, the stripe of satin a shade or two paler than the silk. The bodice is simply fashioned with a soft fichu, so arranged that it looks as if carelessly placed around the shoulders. It is of needle-run Alencon lace, studded over with brilliants and deep and pale amethysts. Similar jewelled lace ornaments the cuffs and neck. A handsome gown of shot black and green silk, with black pinpoints upon it, has sleeves and chemisette of plain lighter green silk, veiled in black mousseline de soie, a waistcoat of rich cream colored brocade and a tiny vest of soft black chiffon, and a collar of the same. There are tabbed epaulettes of the silk, edged with green sequin pinnerment. A high belt of black satin completes the costume.

For a summer dress there is a grass lawn with a design in forget-me-not blue woven into it, with white feathery silken lines connecting the flowers. This is made over blue silk, the skirt finished at the bottom with a ruche of blue and white shot chine silk. The front of the bodice is of pleated pale-blue chiffon, with wide bands of pale-rose embroidery drawn up over it, while the waistband and a neckband are of shot blue and white chine ribbon.

Blouses there are many. The most elaborate is of pale blue glace silk flowered with pink rose buds. This has a vest of fine white French lace and a black satin belt. A large collar is tabbed and has points of lace inserted in it. The sleeves are shirred from wrist to elbow, and have one single puff at the top. A second blouse of pale-pink shot silk in two shades of this color. It is simply made with a box pleat down the centre of the front. This has a unique collar. It is the only one that is frilled and high at the back, while plain in the front. This also has the Empire belt of black satin. A severely plain navy blue surah and a black surah, relieved with Irish crochet, arranged in a series of Vandykes down the full front and sleeves, are more fitted for use than for ornament. The cotton blouses are more fully trimmed in proportion to their requirements than the others. They were made with box-pleated fronts, formed of embroidery, the pleats bordered on each side with a frill of narrow Valenciennes lace. Several of these models are of fine grass lawn, the centre pleat, collar, and cuffs being of fancy embroidered grass lawn.

Among the evening dresses may be mentioned a full plain cream satin skirt, with bodice veiled in black chiffon, drawn in folds and worked over in a pattern of bows and ends carried out in the narrowest white silk edged set in by the finest gold thread and pearls. The centre of each knot is accentuated by a glistening sapphire. The waist is encircled by a band of black satin edged and studded with brilliants, fastening with a chiffon bow behind, and

the décolletage is bordered with scalloped black velvet prettily embroidered in jet. The sleeves are full puffs of black chiffon. A black broche dress, with small scrolls lightly traced, has a low corsage with a white satin sash tied in a bow at the back. Round the top is a berthe of black lace, embroidered in graduated scrolls, done in jet cabochons, surrounded by fine beads so disposed as to thicken in shoulder straps above the lisse sleeves.

One of the most elaborate ball dresses in the royal trousseau is a delicate lace of primrose satin with the bodice draped in little natural-looking green curricula mounted on silver. This drapery is drawn into a deep-folded satin waistband, and the sleeves are to correspond. On the full demi-trained skirt a panel of the embroidered green net is introduced and is finished off at the foot with a large fancy bow. An evening dress of geranium pink taffeta, has the bodice drapery encrusted with pearls, silver and coral, and is finished with braces of pale green velvet. A bill of pale blue moire velours is richly worked in silver and turquoise, and has the skirt cut in tabs over a flounce of blue chiffon.

A demi-toilet gown for the theatre is of rose pink Roman satin. The bodice is fastened invisibly at the side and crossed at intervals by diagonal lines of delicate black lace insertion, as also are the long sleeves. Another is a clear sky-blue fancy silk gown, narrowly striped white, with a brocade line in floral design. This is arranged with tulle and lace. To be worn with a satin broche skirt, is a navy Irish poplin in a pale shade of maize, with faint lines of black. The back is stretched across the figure in one piece and caught into a black satin neck and waistband, fastening with a choux. Black lace trims the shoulders, and at each side of the arms is a jetted piece of black velvet, shaped to simulate the fronts of an Eton jacket. A broad pleat down the front is studded with three small cut jet buttons.

Princess Maud is an active participant in sports and all outdoor amusements, so she has a cycling costume of fawn-colored Venetian cloth. The skirt is not very wide but is arranged in plaits at the back to divide and fall each side of the saddle. It is lined with silk serge, and at the hem are little pockets with flaps to button over, which, when riding in windy weather, will hold tiny bits of shot to keep the skirt in place. A little single-breasted coat is fastened with three fancy white and brown bone buttons, and the lapels and collar are cut like those of a habit bodice with detachable collar and lapels of unbleached linen over them. The blouse is close fitting and is rounded away from the buttons in front, and has crescent-shaped pockets. A yacht costume of navy blue serge has a short coat bodice with pearl buttons, and a roll white cloth collar and belt which is fastened with a gold buckle. A pink cambric blouse arranged with narrow Valenciennes lace is worn with this. There are two riding habits. One is a very dark, almost black, rough-surfaced cloth. The skirt is an ordinary perfect-fitting saddle garment. The blouse is rather long, coat shaped and close fitting. It is single breasted, fastened with three buttons, and showing about a quarter of an inch of snow white drill inside the lapels and a couple of pearl buttons of a white drill waistcoat below the buttons of the coat. The second suit is of pale tan melton cloth, perfect fitting at the back with seams all strapped. It is semi-fitting in front, and so made that it can be worn either closed with a fly front or open to show a pretty waistcoat. The lapels are like those on a man's covert coat, and the collar is faced with velvet a shade or two darker in tone than the cloth. The sleeves are put in flat on the shoulder. The whole coat is the English night of what a lady's dress in the saddle ought to be. There are additional white drill waistcoats, single breasted, fastened with pearl buttons and having little flecks of blue or pink upon them.

If the weather upon the day of the wedding should be stormy, a travelling costume of pale brown Venetian cloth will be worn for the going-away gown. The skirt has the seams strapped, but is otherwise quite plain. The coat is double-breasted, light-fitting at the back, with the seams strapped, and the basque a little full and not very long. It is fastened in front with bone buttons, has a brown velvet collar, and cloth-faced lapels, one of which has a buttonhole worked in it. The sleeves are put in with flat pleats on the shoulders and are finished at the cuffs with five rows of stitching. Yet another suit is costume is a pale blue and white mixture in a summer tweed, the coat open all the way down to show pretty blouses.

The tea gowns are soft and dainty. One, in Louis Quinze style is of creamy hue and crumpled mousseline de soie, printed with a design of pink flowers, and made over cream-colored glace silk. A shaped collar

of creamy chiffon over glace silk is edged with deep frills of soft cream lace. The sleeves are of shirred chiffon, and the back is arranged in a Watteau fold. Of matinees in silk and muslin, frilled and trimmed with lace and ribbons, there are numbers. The under linen is all of the finest description, trimmed with real lace and marked with an "M" and a crown in satin stitch. The handkerchiefs are likewise marked. The stockings are of finest silk—black for ordinary wear, but in delicate open work for evening in all colors. There are quantities of gloves. The day gloves have four buttons, as a rule, and the greatest number of evening gloves are twelve-button mousquetaires of white kid, which are the court gloves. There are, of course, delicate shades to match dresses and heavy ones for driving and hard wear. The shoes and slippers are in proportion to the gowns, of dainty colors, elaborate work, and good, serviceable material, but of English make. Great attention has been given to the walking shoes, that they may be rendered impervious to water and never wear out.

And then there are very elegant wraps, particularly a full seal cape, lined with black and cherry brocade, and chinchilla collar. A royal purple velvet cape, lined throughout with the finest Russian sable, is a present from her mother. It is a comfort to be able to say in conclusion—in these days when it is the English fashion to wear anything short of a whole conservatory upon the head—that the hats of the royal bride are described as "severely plain."

MYTHS OF HISTORY.

Modern Research has Wrecked Many Cherished Stories.

The path of recent historical research is strewn with the wrecks of discredited myths, but of all these the wreck of the once cherished story of William Tell, Gessler and the apple is the most conspicuous. In 1760 a German book was published casting doubts on this narrative, and this book was publicly burned by the hangman of the canton Uri. It is now proven beyond any doubt that neither Tell nor Gessler had any existence, and the story of William Tell is now forbidden to be inserted in Swiss school books. Among many other myths once accepted as fact the following are conspicuous: The pass of Thermopylae was defended, not by three hundred Spartans, but by seven thousand Greeks. Nero did not chant the "Burning of Troy" during the conflagration in Rome, and he did not murder his mother. Constantine the Great was great only as a scoundrel. The priest at the guillotine did not say to Louis XVI: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!" and the king did not die with dignity, for he struggled with his executioners and screamed for help and mercy. The Spanish Armada was not scattered by the winds of Heaven. The winds changed four times in its favor and saved it each time from destruction. In fact, if the wind had not gone right round to the south just after the battle of Gravelines, it is highly improbable that a single ship would have escaped.

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young man's serious many girls (between and the company of as youths preferred? "Ladies' Home Journal said Mr. Bok cannot take few things given to looking up of life; that only the attracts them. "It to a girl of such an bright conversation, less though that talk able attraction. She it that he can dance recite Emerson to her, she is apt to be more than his the man better who compliment than the ground serious. "The says her graceful at to her, she does not beyond the mere com- should she? Young form of her amuse- take them any more does anything else. presentable appear- well and has a com- talk of society, is her x. The more atten- she more he flatters is apt to like him. in who has ambition, r, whose talk is seen- is a bit tiresome to his high purpose so mem. She may re- going to a party, company. She passes allow who is graceful his? Not a bit of it. des as a natural, e lives her years, as much pleasure out or this she is a girl, r after she counts two he will observe- cess of gradual de- lices in the girl without thought or to earlier now she young man who and by her once he actually discover that minded butterfly be. She becomes ngs: conversations or to earlier now aning for her. She a internal value of young men from a The young man who does not represent or to earlier now she begins to look or to earlier now man has simply be- is ceasing to be."

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GRASPED BY DEATH.

If I doubt if a more terrible thing ever happened to any man than that which happened to me in the autumn of 1889. The memory of it all with me now as though it were but yesterday; and sometimes I wake shivering in my dreams, and lie awake all night, oppressed with a great agony of fear.

He covered his own eyes with his hand; I could see him shudder. Then he looked again; his mood was changed. With quick, firm steps, he advanced to the partition door, and entered the office in which I was.



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Sure enough there was, in the inner room—in that inner room in which the safe was kept. I caught Mr. Burton by the arm.

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE. CONVEYING WORDS OF HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED. Had suffered From Heart Trouble and Liver Complaint, Which Wreaked Her Nervous System—Is Now as Well as Ever.

From the Carleton Place Herald. Truth, it is said, is sometimes stranger than fiction, and in no way has this phrase been better exemplified than in the plain statement of Mrs. W. H. Edwards, of Carleton Place, a reporter of the Herald a few weeks ago.

AN ENCHANTED BED. Which Takes Up Its Occupant and Carries Her Along. A queer story, says a Paris letter, about an "enchanted bed" comes from Creusot, the inhabitants of which are in a condition of great excitement over the affair.

A Light Breeze. During one of the recent windy days in New York a discussion arose between some gentlemen at dinner about the velocity of wind. Each related a boastful story of his own experiences.

Hooked His Fish Twice. A scared fish swims far sometimes, as the experience of H. Stryngour-Wedderburn of Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, proves. The man was fishing in a small cove, in Retfrewshire, when he hooked a fair-sized fish, but lost it after playing it for some time, the fly having broken off.

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SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF ROGERS BROS. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

Sunday Reading.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

It was an all-day meeting, with different women leading the hours. The Mothers and Son's hour was conducted by Mrs. Sarah Lettenburch, a saintly matron, whose sweet persuasive accents penetrated to every part of the great crowded church, though she did not seem to raise her voice.

Mrs. Lettenburch was talking about faith, and she quoted in the course of her remarks a verse from one of Faber's hymns: 'If our hearts were but more simple, We would take him at his word; And our lives would be all sunshine, In the sweetness of the Lord.'

'Friend,' she said earnestly, 'What we need is a strong literal faith. We need to lift up our heads and expect a blessing, to pray as our children pray, when they come to us for bread, and ask, and we give it to them. Half our prayers insult the Lord, because we don't think he will or can grant them. Half our faith fails because we don't obey, as well as believe; I want you to obey blindly, as if you had sealed orders, and I want you to believe exactly, word what the dear Lord says, when his voice speaks. You hear him calling across the heavenly spaces to you in the world's desert ways: 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

The dear lady ceased and sat down, and another sister stood up and prayed. You know that tender reverent hush in a meeting when you grow awed and conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit, when souls answer one another, and a thrill goes from seat to seat. It was so, when this pleading prayer went on. You could have heard a pin drop. There was not the rustle of a gown, not the flutter of so much as a feather. All was silence, smitten through as by a sword, by one clear, anxious, insistent voice calling on God, and expecting to be heard.

I have never been able to explain the thing, but in the very middle of that prayer I had an impulse to lift my head, raise my eyes, and look about me. I scold Jenny when she does the same thing in church, it is so shockingly irreverent. All the same, I had to do it.

I looked up. The sea of heads was bowed, each on the pew in front of it. Not a person moved. Five seats to the left of me sat a little woman nicely dressed, with a spring bonnet full of apple blossoms, and a ruffled and fluffed cape. Not a person in want, evidently, but as I looked at her a voice said in my soul in clear-syllabled words: 'Give that woman twenty dollars.'

'Give that woman twenty dollars.' And I listened and I answered: 'Yes, Lord, I will, but let me not lose this hour and its blessing.'

And again, as clearly as it audibly spoken in my ear, returned the message: 'Give that woman twenty dollars.'

I cannot at all explain how I knew which woman in that hushed throng was meant. I simply did know, and had no manner of doubt that my knowledge was accurate. As the prayer ended, and the congregation joined in singing,

My faith looks up to thee, Thine Lamb of Calvary.

The lady in question quietly rose and left the church. I was quietly rose at once and followed her. But when I arrived at the outer door of the building she was not in sight. I looked up the street and down. The pretty woman with the apple-blossom hat and the fluffy cape had melted out of sight, as if the ground had opened and swallowed her.

'Well,' said I, preparing to go back into the meeting, 'I was deceived by my imagination. She is gone, and I cannot find her.'

As I turned to retrace my steps up the aisle, it was as if an invisible hand tugged at my sleeve, and again I heard the words: 'You are to give her twenty dollars.'

The curious thing about the precise sum named was that at the beginning of the year I had made a vow that all the gold pieces which fell into my hands, whether larger or smaller, were to be dedicated strictly to the Lord's use. Like the first things of the Hebrews' flock, and the finest of his harvestings, they were to go to his altar for a thank-offering. So whether a half eagle or a tiny gold dollar drifted into my purse, it was not mine any longer, but the dear Lord's, and one way and another I had now twenty dollars in gold belonging to my bank account with heaven.

I turned, obeying the inner leading, and walking toward the nearest avenue, I saw my lady standing with a perplexed and irresolute look at a crossing. A blockade of trolley cars and carriages kept her there till I could reach her side. As I came close enough I saw that her eyes were very sorrowful, and her lips were moving slightly as if in prayer. I spoke to her.

'Friend,' I said, 'I don't know why, or what you are to do with it, but I have been directed to give you twenty dollars, and here it is.'

She did not belong to the Salvation Army. Neither did I. At least neither of us had joined such an organization, nor did we wear a badge, or any sort of uniform. But both of us belonged in truth to that great host, everywhere on earth,

who march and labor and fight as the Captain bids us, and whose sign of conquering power is 'In His Name.' The instant she turned I knew this, and as she answered me I recognized a sister.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I was just praying for twenty dollars. Don't you know me, Mrs.—?'

Then she told me of her connection with a certain home in which I, too, was interested, and like Christian and Hopeful in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' we went on together. My new acquaintance proved to be a perfectly responsible person, engaged in definite benevolent work, and anxious at the moment for a certain young man who was recovering slowly from a long fever.

'Come with me,' she said, and my dear, you'll see what the Lord had today for your bits of shining gold.'

We stepped on a trolley car, and were whirled along thickly populated streets till the houses grew fewer and we found green fields. At last we stopped at a corner in a sparsely settled region, and went to a little house standing by itself. A thin patient-looking woman answering our ring.

'How is 'im today?' said my companion. 'Indeed, ma'am, no better,' was the mother's plaintive reply. 'Doctor keeps on ordering change of air, change of air. Sullivan country for a fortnight, or a trip to Richmond by sea. But, goodness knows, we can't raise the money to send our boy away, even if we had relatives for him to go to, not to save our lives, or his either.' The mother fervently wiped away a tear. My friend was about to speak, when there came a very cheering interruption:

'Oh! but mother,' exclaimed a sweet, young voice, and its owner, a girl with the face of an angel, appeared, smiling and confident behind the pale mother. God will open the way. Why, I've prayed to him, and Tim's prayed, and dear Miss Eleanor here has prayed, and you know the promise is, 'Where two or three of you are gathered in my name, it shall be given you.'

The mother would have spoken, but Miss Eleanor anticipated her. 'Yes, Kitty says we have prayed, and God has answered. He has sent the money just as he sent the ravens to feed Elisha. This dear lady has been his messenger, and here is just enough to let Tim have the little sea trip, or go to the mountains. Kitty, God sent it straight. Don't you remember our lesson last Sunday, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Your brother will get well, dear, soon.'

I hear people talk learnedly about telepathy and science, and mental sympathy. I let them talk. All I know is that I set under orders, and when I obey God sends me signs. The older I grow, the more truly and fervently I repeat that sentence in the creed which always thrills me with its solemn music, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.'—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

God's Claim on us. The Rev. Dr. Wells remarks:—'When the great Earl Cairns was a boy he attended Dr. Cook's church at Belfast, and one Sunday during the service Dr. Cook used three words that greatly impressed him. He said, "God claims me." After the service the little fellow said to himself, "God claims me! That is right. He made me, and He alone has the right to me." Then he continued, "What am I going to do with the claims of God? I shall own them; I shall give myself to Him." He went home, and said to his mother, "Mother, God claims me, and I have given myself to Him." At school it was "God claims me." As a member of parliament it was, "God claims me," and when he was made Lord Chancellor he was engaged on Sunday evening teaching a large bible class. When his appointment to that exalted post became known his minister came to him and said, "I suppose you will give up your class now?" "No," was the reply; "God claims me." Oh, ye who seek pleasure in the ungodly and giddy pleasures of the world, hark! "God claims you." You have no right to waste your substance in the far country; man's chief end is to glorify God, and God calls upon you to do so.'—'Christian Herald.'

Seek the Source of Wisdom. When some young merchant is beginning his business career it is of incalculable assistance for him to be able to obtain the wise and experienced help of some older man who has passed through the successive processes of his manufacture or trading enterprise. Let him open to his kindly adviser every ledger, each transaction, the responsibilities he has assumed, his methods of trading, his investments and proposals. If all is well he will gain confidence in knowing that his friend's judgment counterbalances his own; but if matters are going wrong how salutary that the little rift should be detected and the dry rot stayed before the whole fabric of his fortunes falls to pieces! So, young friend, from time to time look up into God's face, and as you pass the various de-

partments of your religious life before his eye be sure that He will not stint the expression of his good pleasure whenever it is possible, and that when he withholds it or indicates the necessity of readjustment it is well to have submitted to One who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. He will criticize and remove only that which would lead you to spiritual bankruptcy, if it were permitted to drain away your spiritual resources.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

The Spirits Manifestations. The Spirit does not always work in exactly the same way; no two seasons of refreshing are identical in their outward manifestations. Sometimes Pentecost comes as with a rushing, mighty wind, with tongues of fire resting in lambent glory upon the disciples. Sometimes it comes quietly and without observation, as the 'still small voice' that the attentive ear can hear. Sometimes the revival following a season of great refreshing rushes suddenly over the whole land as in the great awakening of 1857. Sometimes it spreads quietly from heart to heart during a series of years.

The first words Newman Hall's mother taught him were, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' Professor Phelps at four years of age read in turn his verse from the bible at family prayers. Wesley began to read the bible in course when five years old. Dr. Vincent of Chautauque fame, when five years old, taught the little blacks near his neighborhood about Christ. From his birth the mother of Dr. Bushnell dedicated him to the Lord. He was a well-known figure when, five years old, trudging up a long hill every Sabbath to church. Dr. Cuyler says his mother was more to him than school college or pastor. Who can estimate the mighty power of the mother at this age of the child's future? It was the dying request of Dr. Peabody's father that his little son might be sent to college and trained for the ministry. The mother carried out his wish. He prepared for college, entered Harvard, and graduated when he was fifteen years old. Dr. Peabody became professor and preacher of Harvard, where his exalted christian character was a source of religious inspiration to thousands of young men. The mothers of Dr. John Hall was left a widow with seven children to care for. The bible and Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' were her constant companions, and she seemed to impart her religious spirit to the children.

SPAIN FROM A CAR WINDOW. The Country Was Dry and Dusty and seemed Burned to a Cinder. It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back panting, fanning ourselves with our hats and our guidebooks. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of 'Water! water from the mountains who made a living by selling it and the people in the train who were trying to drink it.'

To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—tho' earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indifferent, as they were spattered by the dust choked gurg. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the distance? For hours the horizon in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada?

True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with live groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of a gigantic brick-kiln or tumbled-down factory. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city, or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Evers one got out, and we knew it was Granada.—'Lights and shadows of the Alhambra,' by Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, in the Century.

Nature's Spring Garb. No wonder that every one hails with delight the appearance of Dame Nature in her emerald Spring gown. After the long dreary winter when we have been wraped and muffled up like mummies it is a treat to throw off heavy clothing and enjoy the mild air. Winter is specially trying in the country where there are such long distances to travel and so much outdoor work to attend to. The cold seems even more penetrating than in the cities and the question of suitable clothing is one of vital interest. Fur lined coats are warm, but too heavy and cumbersome to move about in with comfort to say nothing of the expense and a Fibre Chamisier interwoven seems to be the best thing yet found for all round satisfaction. It gives no weight or bulk and is absolutely wind and weather proof, and what's more is cheap enough to be in every one's reach.

Married. 'Emily,' said old Mr. Thibbetts, sternly, 'why do you do that last night?' 'It was Mr.—Mr. Lippincott,' stammered Emily, in a faint voice.

Old Mr. Thibbetts glared at his daughter fixedly for a moment and then a softer light shone in his eyes. In both eyes in fact. 'By George,' he cried slapping his knee, 'he's well named too!'

THE POETRY OF PLACE NAMES. They are More Admired When Called by a Foreign Name.

We are always prone to accept the unknown as the magnificent—it may translate the Latin phrase—to put a higher value on the things veiled from us by the folds of a foreign language. The Bosphorus is a more poetic place than Oxford, though the meaning of both names is the same. Montenegro fills our ears and raises our expectations higher than could any mere Black Mountain. 'The Big River' is but a vulgar nickname, and yet we accept the equivalent Guadalquivir and Rio Grande; we even allow ourselves sometimes to speak of the Rio Grande River—which is as tautologous as De Quincey declared the name of Mrs. Baerbauld to be. Bridgeport is as prosaic as may be, while Alcantara has a remote and romantic aroma, and yet the latter word signifies only 'the bridge.' We can be neighborly, most of us, with the White Mountains; but we feel a deeper respect for Mont Blanc and the Weissthorn and the Sierra Nevada.

Sometimes the hard facts are twisted arbitrarily to force them into an imported falsehood. Elberon, where Garfield died, was founded by one L. B. Brown, so they say, and the homely name of the owner was thus contorted to make a seemingly exotic appellation for the place. And they say also that this man who once dammed a brook amid the pines of New Jersey had three children, Carrie, Sally, and Joe, and that he bestowed their united names upon Lake Carassajo, the artificial piece of water on the banks of which Likewood now sits salubriously. In Mr. Cable's 'John March, Southerner,' one of the characters explains, 'You know an ancestor of his founded Suez. That's how it got its name. His name was Ezra and hers was Susan, don't you see?' And I have been told of a California town which the first-comers called Hell-to-Pay, and which has since experienced a change of heart and become Eltopia.

No loyal Manhattaner but would regret to part with Spuytenduyvil and Yonkers and Harlem, and the other good old names that recall the good old Dutchmen who founded New Amsterdam. Few loyal Manhattaners, I think, but would be glad to see the Greater New York they hear so much about (when at last it shall be an accomplished fact) dignified by a name less absurd than New York. If Pesth and Buda could come together and become Budapest, why may not the Greater New York resume the earlier name and be known to the world as Manhattan? Why should the people of this great city of ours let the Anglo-Saxons 'Nicomedeus us to nothing,' or less than nothing, with a name so pitiful as New York? 'I hope and trust,' wrote Washington Irving, 'that we are to live to be an old nation, as well as over two years old, and have no idea that our cities when they shall have attained to venerable antiquity shall still be dubbed New York and New London and new this and new that, like the Pont Neuf (the new bridge) at Paris which is the oldest bridge in that capital, or like the 'Vicar of Wakefield's' house which continued to be called the colt until he died of old age.'

Whenever any change shall be made we must hope that the new will be not only more euphonious than the old, but more appropriate and more stately. Perhaps over two years ago I know what it is called, of that better many years ago when it took the name of Marysville; but perhaps Marvillville was not the best name it could have taken. 'We will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New,' was Matthew Arnold when he was poor appetite, headache, heaviness, and a sense of want of warmth and vigor in the stomach; and the looking-glass showed her that her skin and eyes were getting of a sickly yellow complexion. By-and-by matters were much worse with her. After taking even simple morsels of food she had pain in the chest amounting to agony. On this, she says, she became afraid to eat. We can well believe it.

'Then,' she adds, 'I had dreadful attacks of giddiness, specks floated before my eyes so I could scarcely see, and I could stand only by taking hold of the furniture.'

After this came the terrible times with the asthma—already described. Her letter, dated September 20th, 1893, concludes with these words:—'I was now very thin, and so feeble I had to keep in bed for a number of times. I was literally starving for want of food, yet didn't dare to touch any thing solid. The doctor who attended me gave me medicines, but they did no good. At last a friend from Fratton told me how she had been benefited by Mather Seigel's Curative Syrup. She brought me a bottle and I began with it. In a few days I felt better than I had for years. My breathing was easy, and I could eat. I ate on with the Syrup and was soon as well as ever. In my opinion this remedy saved my life. (Signed) Eliza Mary Canle.'

Very good, a noble result. Yet very natural, too. Asthma is not a disease of the lungs as some wrongly think, but is caused by the poisons of indigestion and dyspepsia entering the blood and prostrating the nervous system. And as the lungs, like all other organs, are operated by the nerves, they fall when the nerves fail. Mather Seigel's Curative Syrup abolishes the cause, and the effect goes away with it. Don't forget it.

If the man in 85 had used the Syrup months before we met at 'The Lamb,' he wouldn't have scared the whole household half out of their wits.

The Gun Trade Hurt by Bicycles. Now is the time to buy a gun, for never in the history of the gun trade has so much been given for so little money, according to the American Angler. The reason of it is that the price of cheap guns has been put down lower than ever on account of the bicycle craze. One man says that where he sold 5,000 guns he now sells a thousand. Young men who used to put their spare

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

When he came to these United States as an amateur immigrant on his way across the plains, he asked the name of a river from a brakeman on the train; and when he heard that the stream 'was called the Su-quehanna, the beauty of the name seemed part and parcel of the beauty of the land. As when Adam with divine fitness named the creature so this word Su-quehanna was at once accepted by the fancy. That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley.'

And then Stevenson breaks from his narrative to sing the praises of our place-names. The passage is long for quotation in a paper where too much has been quoted already; and yet I should be derelict to my duty if I did not transcribe it here. Stevenson has lived among many peoples and he was far more cosmopolitan than Matthew Arnold, and more willing therefore to dwell on beauties than on blemishes.

WHAT AILED THE MAN IN 85.

I had just blown out the candle and crawled into bed. It was at the Lamb Inn, at one of the cathedral cities of England. My room was 34, and presently I heard a man bid the waiter good-night and enter 35, the next room. Ten minutes later, having fallen into a doze, I was startled by a tremendous racket in 35. The bell downstairs rang an alarm, peal on peal. Jumping from bed I pulled on some clothes and rushed into the hallway. The landlady and two or three servants had just arrived. Together we entered 35, where we found a big burly man seemingly half choked to death. He was purple in the face, his eyes were staring and bloodshot, he wheezed and whistled, he went from chair to chair, he ran out into the hallway. I saw what ailed him. I gave him salt volatile and brandy, opened the window and made the servants carry away the feather bed. In a little time he was better, but he wouldn't lie down; he spent the rest of the night in a big easy chair.

'It was that infernal candle smoke that did it,' he gasped. 'There was no extinguisher, and I got a whiff that set me going. I have always been subject to it, but to be so much annoyed, I'll do now.' There are lots of people like him. Here is another, namely, Mrs. Eliza Mary Canle, who lives at 4, Thorngate Buildings, Forton Road, Gosport. She says, 'I was taken with shortness of breath, and for over two years I could not lie down in bed for fear of being suffocated. Something like a ball used to rise up in my throat and seemed to choke me. For years I sat up in bed propped with pillows, and got what sleep I could this way.'

That was bad—very bad; and yet very common. You can know what it is called, of that better many years ago when it took the name of Marysville; but perhaps Marvillville was not the best name it could have taken. 'We will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New,' was Matthew Arnold when he was poor appetite, headache, heaviness, and a sense of want of warmth and vigor in the stomach; and the looking-glass showed her that her skin and eyes were getting of a sickly yellow complexion. By-and-by matters were much worse with her. After taking even simple morsels of food she had pain in the chest amounting to agony. On this, she says, she became afraid to eat. We can well believe it.

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cash into guns and ammunition now buy bicycles. But nobody would suppose there isn't any shooting going on. Thus 80,000 cartridges were fired during the Gatenburg Park tournament in May. Something over a ton of powder and three tons of shot, and besides there were other tournaments from California to Maine, and from Florida to Oregon. Then there are the shooting galleries, the hunters, and the target shooting.

THE LUNCHEON BASKET.

Suggestions for Appetizing Things to Take Along on a Picnic. In addition to sandwiches—always piece de resistance for an outdoor luncheon—lobster or crabs can be made most appetizing. Fricassee crabs, for instance, are easily compounded and very delicious.

Remove the meat from four dozen boiled crabs and chop it fine. Put in a saucepan the crab meat, one onion, one ounce of butter, one dozen chopped mushrooms, chopped parsley, four ounces of bread crumbs, which have been soaked in consommé and then pressed nearly dry, pepper, salt, cayenne and half a gill of tomato sauce. Mix well and soak five minutes. Wash the shells and fill them with the mixture; cover with bread crumbs and add a bit of butter—then bake until brown.

For deviled crabs, put a tablespoonful of mustard with the meat and a thin layer of mustard on top of each crab before covering with the bread crumbs.

As to sandwiches, their name and variety are legion. Only let the bread be thin and evenly buttered with the sweetest and freshest product of the dairy, and the meat, whether beef, ham, tongue or chicken, chopped fine and well seasoned and your sandwiches are tootome an' a', of course, a success. Cool, crisp lettuce leaves are always an addition to sandwiches.

Among savories suitable for an al fresco luncheon are anchovy omelets. Roll out some thin puff paste, wash and bone one dozen anchovies, inclose each in the paste, season and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and bake in a quick oven.

Cheese biscuits, another savory, require one quarter of a pound of flour, the same of butter and Parmesan cheese, grated; add cayenne and salt. Work this together with the hand and then roll it out until quite thin. Cut into biscuits and bake in the oven. Still another savory—croûtes of caviare. Cut some slices of bread one half inch thick and one inch wide. After taking a little piece from the centre so a hollow is formed, fry the piece of bread a golden brown and then fill with caviare, seasoned with lemon juice, butter and pepper. These must be browned in the oven, when they are ready to serve.

A very nice choudroid of salmon may be made by frying some nice pieces of salmon in boiling oil and then setting them aside to get cold. Cut some aspic jelly into pieces to match the salmon, garnish with chopped aspic and serve on lettuce leaves. To be eaten with cheese straws and olives or an aspic of foie gras.

The aspic tartlet is a delicacy which is seldom absent from the English luncheon basket, whether the party is bound for the race, the hunt or the river. It is made with half a pound each of grated coconut and chocolate a quarter of a pound of ground sweet almonds, one pound of powdered sugar and a little cinnamon mixed to a paste with white of egg. Line some little pans with puff paste and fill each one with the mixture; then bake in a quick oven.

Coffee soufflé, in small cases, is another luncheon. Boil one quart of milk, put in half a pound of coffee, which has been freshly roasted and ground, and let it steep for an hour. Then strain it and make the soufflé paste, by putting the milk in a saucepan with five ounces of flour, three ounces of sugar and a small pinch of salt. Mix this well and put it on the fire till it boils, stirring it constantly with a wooden spoon, till smooth. Break five eggs, beating whites and yolks separately and very stiff and then add to the batter (which must be quite stiff,) stirring very lightly. Fill some paper cases with this soufflé and bake in the oven after sprinkling fine sugar over each.

Babas and savarins, iced tea or coffee and claret cup may very well find a place in the luncheon basket, taking it for granted that the basket or hamper itself is a modern one fitted up with 'all the conveniences of home,' including a small ice box. Fruit beverages are most delightful drinks for hot weather and are easily made for them are but mixtures of different fruit juices, having the desired one predominant.

Strawberry or raspberry sherbet is easily made as follows: Mix with a pint of fresh strawberry juice one-half cup of orange juice, one-quarter cup of lemon juice, one-quarter cup of cherry and some pineapple juice. Sweeten to taste and let it stand for two hours, if possible, then mix with one quart of ice water.—Kansas City Star.

Advertisement for 'The Best of the Century' featuring 'The Prefix' and 'The Suffix' with various product descriptions and prices.

SOME CURIOUS FADS.

TROPHIES WHICH GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN GATHER.

The Lady-killer Who Appropriates Personal Property and Posses of His Own...

"The fine frenzy of the following of a foolish fad—that is the way one girl describes the emotions with which she views the queer collection of things strung along the walls of her room. It is a peculiar disease, this fine frenzy. Most of its victims are young women, and it generally goes pretty hard with them while it lasts.

The battered pigskin which the maiden's hero has kicked for a winning goal at football, the pennant which was first at the mark in a boat race, the banner which was waved from the top of a college coach, the cricket bat, the baseball mask—these are some of the dainty souvenirs with which the up-to-date girl adorns her white and gold boudoir.

Mamma and Papa sigh uncomprehendingly, "Is true; but the other girls are filled with envy, and the boys think she is a brick, and so the contagion spreads. It isn't the girls alone who are the victims, either. The fad fever attacks some young men, and in a more malignant form, too, than it does the girls. It seems to be a feature of the disease that the sterner the sex is, the fiercer and more foolish is the fad.

Of course, sentiment is really inside of that cherished pigskin in the girl's boudoir, but you won't find any girl making a collection of the half-worn gloves and handkerchiefs she has tucked under her arm. Cas-cil clothing doesn't seem to appeal to her as it does to the man faddist. He revels in wrinkled handkerchiefs, gloves which show signs of having been worn, and discarded parasols. The man with the most comprehensive lay-out of such articles easily imagines that his reputation as a lady killer is established. He moons over them when the fellows are around. He looks unutterable things as he furls and unfurls a fan, and he gives the impression that he could tell a tale untold of what took place under the shadow of that resplendent parasol which hangs spread over the corner of his divan (men with such collections always have divans), but discretion forbids him to speak.

Some times his love of himself and his desire to appear as a conquering hero is too strong for him, and then there is no more contemptible or deadly an enemy to innocence than he is. He takes his collection, item by item, and he romances to his heart's content over it. The way he pressed the hand which once occupied this glove or received a stealthy and flattering pressure—"Gad! I was never more surprised in my life!" from the wearer of this or that; the tears of disappointed love—"And, upon my soul! I never gave the girl one shadow of encouragement!"—which had been dried with this filmy kerchief; the flirtation which had gone on under that parasol—"I tell you, that girl was just a little too strong for even yours truly!"—the time he tied that slipper—no words this time, but a reflective smile and a long pause.

If only these combinations of silk and mull and leather—or whatever they may be—could speak! It seems almost strange that the handkerchief does not stuff itself into his mouth and check him, the glove take him by the throat, the parasol berate him across the shoulders, and the slipper administer a kick out of all proportion to its slenderness. Deliberate theft probably is at the bottom of his possession of everything except the slipper. That may have needed bribing of a small brother, or flattery may have gained it from the girl who likes to hear that she has the smallest foot which the conquering hero ever saw.

There is nothing easier than for a young man to acquire a collection of such apparent souvenirs. To pick up a handkerchief and put it into one's pocket instead of restoring it to its owner is the simplest thing in the world. The party glove which is taken off for supper is just as easily appropriated. Any young man of ordinary shrewdness can manage to break the stick of a fan, and if his conscience isn't too tender, say that he will get it mended, and add it to his collection.

"I'm getting sick of this," said one girl to a friend.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, Dick Brown carried off one of my party gloves at the dance last night, and it's the third pair I've had broken in as many weeks."

"Why didn't you tell him to give it back?"

"I did."

"And he wouldn't do it?"

"No, he wouldn't!"

"I guess you'll have to tell your father and get him to do as mine does?"

"What's that?"

"Well, you know party gloves cost between \$3 and \$5 a pair, and as I have to get them out of my allowance, it makes quite an item. I lost so many through the boys stealing them that I just couldn't stand it. If they only take the different hands occasionally, so that you could match up the odd ones left, why, it wouldn't be so bad! But I always take off the same glove when it comes to supper, and so it goes. Finally I told my father that

he'd have to give me more money, and he wanted to know why, and I told him. He said he would attend to it. He made me tell him who had taken my gloves and then he sent a bill to each of the boys.

"Goodness!"

"Yes, I was awfully mortified at first, but I concluded that if the boys didn't care for anything about me except my gloves they might as well go, anyway."

"I don't think papa would ever do it."

"Well, you might try another plan. When you go to a party carry one of the odd gloves you half left and make 'em take that."

"But I don't want them to have any at all!"

"Neither did I, but that's all the good it did!"

"You can't take it away by main force. How are you off for handkerchiefs?"

"Oh, don't ask me! You remember those lovely Swiss embroidered ones that Aunt Mary brought me from Europe?"

"You don't mean to say they're gone!"

"All but one out of the half dozen. Aunt Mary is coming next week, and will be sure to ask me about them."

"This, if the truth were only known, is the inside history of many of these sentimental collections. Of course it isn't always so. When a collector is a true faddist he is very likely to win the sympathy and interest of his girl friends. For instance, if he is making a collection of handkerchiefs, he will not lack for free-will offerings. It is quite different, so the girl knows, to contribute along with all the rest of the girls, and she will stretch a point to make her particular gift either costly or original. One young man has a screen upon which are pinned cascades of handkerchiefs. Some of them are of real lace; some were made by the deft fingers of the donor herself, and are vaguely described by the young man as "drawn work"; one of them is a child's Mother Goose kerchief, with bright red, green, and blue illustrations of the Old Woman who lived in the shoe, and other well-known jingles; a good many are of silk, upon which have been photographed the more or less pretty girls who gave them; one is made from a lace tree, and is a souvenir brought back from a girl's travels; another, an embroidered silk one, came across the seas to him from a steamer acquaintance who went to Japan; another is a big bright colored bandana from a girl who lives away down South in Dixie, and still another is a gay scarlet one from a tobogganing maiden of Canada. It is really an interesting collection, and the young man is probably no prouder of it than the girls were at being asked to contribute to it.

Another young man, a college fellow, seems to have an incurable mania for collecting spoons. His collections do not take the familiar souvenir spoon form. He doesn't seem to care whether the spoon is of pewter or fine gold, so he can get it without paying for it. He is a clergyman's son, but he seems absolutely devoid of conscience in the matter. He never goes to a hotel or restaurant without "sneaking" one of the spoons to add to his collection. He crabs them from the dining cars, from the lunch stands, from the soda-water counters, and yes! even from the tea tables of his acquaintances! True, in these last cases, he always sends some offering with it, it is to be presumed, satisfies his ideas of justice, but the same may not be true of the loser of the spoon. He loves to go over his collection and tell how he acquired each piece.

"I'll never forget the night I got this spoon," he remarks, taking up a typical spoon with a large "W" engraved on the handle. "It was a thanksgiving night; Princeton had beaten Yale, and we dined gloriously at the Waldorf. Here's another 'W'; a different one, you see. It stands for Wagner, and I hooked it on the dining car the last time I went to Buffalo. The prettiest girl I ever saw ate three dishes of ice cream with it, and I wasn't going to have it degraded to ordinary uses after that. Here's a Pullman one I sneaked out in Ohio just to get even with them because they wouldn't sell me a glass of beer until we got out of the State, and me as thirsty as Dives and Tantalus put together! And here," flourishing a pewter one, "is a relic of old Coney. I had to order another dish of ice cream to get that. I never did see a fellow keep such an eye on the spoons! You'd have thought they were solid gold."

"This one," displaying a plated spoon from which much of the silver had been rubbed, "I appropriated at a church sociable. I really had to do it to get even with the church, the ice-cream was so thin. This large spoon was acquired in the same manner, except that the occasion was an oyster supper. At first I intended to have an oyster engraved upon the bowl and send it back to the society as a delicate hint, but I needed it in my collection."

His trophies, by the way, were arranged upon racks after the fashion of pipes, and they make a glittering show. Not much more so, however, than the collection of buckles which another college man possesses. This collection really has some intrinsic value and interest, aside from the associations which go with it. There are buckles of gold and silver, of pearl and of jet; a turquoise buckle from Florence; a coral one from Naples; a tortoiseshell one from Capri; an enamelled one from Turkey; a filigree one from Russia; all of

WHALES IN WATERPOUTS.

The Leviathans Stood Up Endwise and Whirled Around Like Tops.

A school of thirty large and healthy whales, battling with a half dozen water-poufs during a terrific hurricane, was the unusual sight beheld by the British steamer Bendo on July 3 while passing Cape Hatteras.

It is seldom such a large number of whales is seen at one time, and it is not frequent that six huge whirling, roaring waterpoufs sweep down upon a vessel, so that when a half dozen columns of water are met by an army of sea monsters the event becomes of considerable importance and interest to seafaring men.

Through the Bendo, which arrived at Philadelphia on Monday last from Rio Janeiro, travelled over the route upon which sea serpents are frequently seen, these no claim made to having sighted any of these very common reptiles, and for this reason the crew asserts that the terrible marine fray which they witnessed must be accepted as truth.

The waterpoufs caused by the cyclone on the deep were of immense proportions, measuring about 150 feet in diameter at the base, and tapering up gradually like a huge cone to a point where the diameter was less than a foot. Above this the cone was formed in inverted shape, until it resembled a great funnel. There were six of them and they resembled beautifully tinted columns, supporting the heavy masses of dark black clouds above, while below rolled the Atlantic.

The Bendo struck the storm about noon, and the crew were engaged in weathering the hurricane. When the crew first caught sight of the waterpoufs they were moving down on the steamer at a rapid rate and threatening to engulf her. They were in a line and swept forward in such regular order that they resembled a squad of soldiers moving under orders. When the towering masses of water, which the crew of the Bendo already decided would cause their death, had arrived within less than half a mile of the ship, they veered off to the windward, and then the truthful sailor men beheld the strangest sight in all their nautical experience.

Capt. Doyle gave a graphic description of the scene as he beheld it. After telling of the storm's approach, he said:

"It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the waterpoufs turned on our windward, and we were watching the beautiful sight when we saw a great number of large whales among the columns of water, spouting streams of water into the air, and lashing the water into foam with their tails. There were at least thirty in the school, and from their actions it was evident that they were engaged at the waterpoufs, for with dumb fury they would blindly rush into the whirling vortex, as if to scatter them to pieces. It was an awful sight."

A huge whale would swim off a short distance, and then with a spurt which increased his momentum as he proceeded, he would dash his many tons of weight against a waterpouf. Striking as he would the spiral movement; the column would totter, and then in an instant the mass of hundreds of tons of greenish water fell back into the ocean with a mighty roar.

The whales were then in glee, and would sport among the water as if pleased with their victory.

But the cyclone movement would re-establish the connection between the clouds and the sea, and a new waterpouf take the place of the one destroyed. The excitement became tremendous, and the whales rolled over one another in their fierce battle with the forces of nature. Some would dive into the waterpoufs and be carried into the air a few feet, only to be hurled back into the ocean, while the cone broke over them. Others would almost rise erect in the ocean. A few would reverse their tails, and when they rushed into the fight their tails would be thrown into the air and the rotary movement of the sea would spin them around like tops.

They did not appear to tire of their attempts to destroy the waterpoufs, and during the four hours in which we were in sight they were constantly engaged.

"The prevailing tempest made the affair one of the weirdest things imaginable, and never before in my life have I seen anything like it."

An Arctic Night.

Early one morning, after vainly endeavoring to sleep, I went outside. The stars were shining in a sky of dark, rich purple lighting to a yellowish tone on the northern horizon; the vast desert was a great mass of delicate lilac and green, and the igloo a brighter note of the same color.

The dogs, curled up in balls, and almost covered by the snow, were so many black spots. The wind blew shrill and chill, and the snow streamed and eddied in long veils over the lonely desert. The tents flapped like great ears one another in the wind-gage kept up a monotonous tap-tap-tap. The utter loneliness and desolation of the scene were so penetrating that I was glad to creep over the recumbent forms of my companions into the shelter of the sleeping-bag, where I shivered and dozed until the bright sun called us again to life and action.

"An Arctic Struggle," by Frank Wilbert Stokes, in the July Century.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leschetzky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. P. WHITLOCK.

WHALES IN WATERPOUTS.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES COLIC, COUGH, CRAMPS.

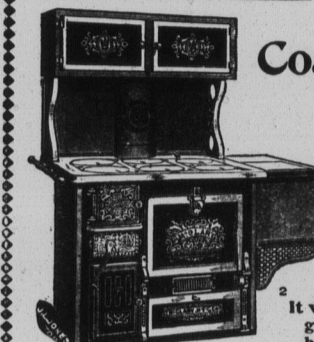
All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power and are loud in its praise ever after.

Every Mother should have it in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has weaned.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

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HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..



For... Coal or Wood.

Made in various styles, from the ordinary family to the largest hotel size.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.

It will pay you to investigate the good points of these ranges before purchasing others.

The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINDYBEEF, VANCOUVER.

For sale by R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John.

PITCAIRN ISLAND'S MAIL.

Letters for Tahiti, 1,200 Miles Away, Must Go 25,000 Miles to Get There

In the possession of one of the missionary party just arrived from the South Seas on the Adventist vessel Pitcairn is a letter which has an interesting and unique history.

It travelled about 25,000 miles, while the distance between the mailing point and its destination is but 1,200 miles, and it went the most direct route possible and did not miscarry at any stage.

The travels of a letter show, as nothing else can, the complete isolation of the little Pacific paradise founded by John Adams. Tahiti is only about six days' sail from Pitcairn, and is the source whence loveliest Pitcairners take their wives. But letter writing, although it forms an important part of the courtship, is generally confined to one letter, as when the answer is received it is generally the arrival of the bride. Except a small vessel or a man-of-war consents to carry letters between the two points, which opportunity rarely occurs, the only remaining hope is from a passing ship, bound from San Francisco or Portland to Europe. A gentleman now residing in Oakland was once deputed to carry the Pitcairn mail for Tahiti, and today he told the story of how it was done.

"We left San Francisco in the ship City of Hankow, and were off Pitcairn Island on Christmas day. Only about one ship makes the islands, and as we should lose no ground by waiting a few hours, we should lose no ground by waiting a few hours, we love to and signalled to Adam's Point. Then the two boats Queen Victoria and Admiral Drew also came off and asked us to carry some letters to Tahiti. We rather smiled at first, but when he produced seven letters and told us that there was no other way to send them we consented, and after paying for our fruit and vegetables we started on our trip. These letters were the cause of a good deal of inconvenience. When the Captain landed in England he took the letters ashore and went to the Postmaster. Then he was informed that he must make an affidavit and must apply to the Postmaster General for 14 cents, the tariff for carrying letters from countries not in the postal union. Eventually the letters were landed in the Falmouth Post Office, after we carried them about 13,000 miles. From Falmouth they went to Southampton, and were sent in the usual course of events to New York, another 3,000 miles. They then crossed to San Francisco and were put on board one of the Australian steamers and put off at the nearest point to Tahiti, their destination. The remainder of their journey was covered with a small boat." In all, the letters travelled a distance of over 25,000 miles and occupied four months and a half en route."

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"I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTON. Lot 4, P. E. I.

"I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MADER. Malone Bay.

"I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOSHUA WYBACHT. Bridgewater.

Ferguson & Page

41 KING STREET, Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for small presents.

For Summer Wear: Belts, Buckles, Blouse Sets, Belt Pins, Garters, etc.

For Dressing Table: Manicure Sets, Button Hooks, Hair Pin Boxes, Brushes, Combs, Trinket Trays, Jewel Boxes, Dental Floss Holders, Perfume Bottles, Hand Mirrors, etc.

For Gentlemen: Brushes, Combs, Soap Boxes, Bag, Tags, Key Rings, Cigarette Cases, Bicycle Tags, Match Boxes, Flasks, Pocket Knives, Suspender, e/c. Souvenir Spoons, etc.

MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN."

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Judge Wilkes.

Judge Wilkes, No. 18,789, Vol. 13, A. T. F. Race Record, 2,304...

SIRE, Bourbon Wilkes, 2345 (55 in the list) by George Wilkes; dam, Leonie Patchen, (standard and reg., Vol. 11) by Hambrino Patchen, 85; dam Bourbon Wilkes, by Abdallah, 15.

By arrangement with the owners, this Standard Bred Stallion will stand during the season in Fredericton and St. John, alternating, remaining in Fredericton in St. John, Friday 15th May.) While in St. John, Judge Wilkes will stand at the Government Stable, on the Park Association Grounds.

This horse is a beautiful chestnut, 15, 8 hands, and of unquestionable conformation, and with superb breeding and race record, 2,304, makes him undoubtedly the best stallion ever offered to the New Brunswick breeders. The service fee for the season has been placed at the exceptionally low figure of \$20, to be paid at the time of service. Mares proving not to be in foal, will be entitled to return privileges next season, on the payment of an additional \$5. Arrangements for keeping of mares sent from a distance, either at St. John or Fredericton, at the stables where Wilkes stands, has been made with the proprietors, at a cost of \$5 per week. Mares at owners' risk.

JULIUS L. INCHES, See? for Agriculture, Office for Agriculture, Fredericton, May 4, 1896.

Spring Painting.

That well known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Callagher

is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

CORNELIUS GALLAGHER, 99 St. Patrick St.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

There are few more delightful studies in the world I think, than the very young hospital nurse who has just won her spurs and is making use of them to pick every one with whom she comes into contact, especially her own family. She is fresh from her graduating honors, this dear young thing, and she has sent copies of all the papers describing the graduation ceremonies to her intimate friends, just taking pains to mark the column she wishes their attention attracted to and heavily underscoring her own name as it appears in the list of graduates. The local papers of her native place have taken cognizance of the event and published a lengthy paragraph announcing that the entire community should feel proud of their distinguished young townsman Miss Skillful, who has shed such a lustre upon the city of her birth having graduated with high honors at the Blanktown training school for nurses, coming out second in a class of 204. Naturally Miss Skillful's affectionate relatives send her a copy of the paper, and she, being young and impressionable feels pardonably elated, and when a few weeks later she comes home for a couple of months rest and refreshment, she half expects to find the local band at the station to welcome her, and greets the friends who are there, with a gentle superiority which is most impressive.

Arrived at home Miss Skillful at once proceeds to take her entire family in hand, and regenerate them as far as possible in the brief time at her command. She is scarcely able to spare time for a hurried tea, before taking their temperature en masse, and long before the meal is concluded she has discovered that the whites of her father's eyes have a decidedly yellow tinge, and a blue pill before he goes to bed may possibly save him from an attack of bilious fever, but she is not at all sure that it will. "The last patient we left before I left" she explains cheerfully—"had just that look about the whites of his eyes, I recognized it the moment he was brought in. I had been lying down, as we had had a hard night of it with a case of peritonitis, complicated with symptoms of strangulated hernia, and I had been obliged to take his temperature every ten minutes, and change the ice bag every 4 N. So I was tired out, and the house surgeon said: 'Now nurse you simply must go and lie down, I insist upon it; we don't know what may happen before another night, and if you are laid up what are we going to do?' so of course I went, and sure enough I had hardly been asleep an hour when the ambulance came in, and brought that case. He did not seem to be very ill at the first glance, but of course I was called up at once, and as I had noticed his eyes the moment I looked at him, I was not deceived. So I took his temperature, gave him a bath and soon had him comfortably in bed, and ready for the doctor, just as soon as he had examined the patient and taken his temperature, he looked up at me, 'taken his temperature?' he said abruptly, 'he is always abrupt when he is worried.'—'Yes,' I said, 'What do you make it?' said he '105 and four-fifths,' said I. 'Right,' he answered, and then he thought a long while, and then went to the little room at the end of the ward where the prescriptions are written. He beckoned me to follow and when I came in he turned to me. 'Nurse said he 'what do you make of this?' Now you know if there is anything in the world that makes a hospital doctor angry, it is to have a nurse diagnose a case, so I know better than to say anything. 'I don't make anything of it doctor,' I answered. 'But you must have some opinion on the subject' he insisted 'I never form any opinion of a patient's condition doctor' I said. And then he half smiled; 'bilious fever' he remarked absently, looking at me ever so keenly, I never said a word, but I know my face betrayed me, because he half laughed, and then he said: 'You are not as dense as you would have people think nurse, and I fancy you can form an opinion of your own on occasion, for all your demureness.' It was not three weeks before that case was dead, and I laid him out myself, and more than that it was bilious fever that was given as the cause of death in the burial certificate, and all because there was no one at hand to give him a blue pill in the early stages of the disease. 'Chorus of admiring horror on the part of the home's family—'as I said before' she adds warningly 'The whites of father's eyes look just exactly as that case's eyes looked when I was bathing him.'

It is needless to add that father decides at once to seize the first opportunity of saving his life, and takes the pill, with the pleasing result that he does not leave his bed next day; but as his experienced daughter informs him she probably saved him a long illness, he believes her implicitly and does not complain.

If the hospital nurse is strictly forbidden not only to prescribe for a case, but even to diagnose one, it is the most extraordinary that she seems to have such a perfect monomania for doing both, the moment she escapes from the hospital walls. She is almost invariably provided with a small

apothecary shop, in the shape of drugs, and you cannot complain of anything, from an attack of indigestion, to the tinge of a corn on your big toe, that she has not a sovereign remedy for it close at hand. It is a really good of the dear little soul to be so interested in your welfare, I know but then most of us have a sort of prejudice against offering ourselves up willing victims to the enthusiastic young nurse's thirst for experimenting, and much prefer employing our own doctor.

She absolutely bristles with latin words, and technical terms, too, does this young enthusiast, and no young bank man who has just entered "the service" as he calls it, ever talked shop more persistently than she does! She has little or no interest in people, "cases" are what appeal to her professional mind, and at first it is almost impossible to interest her in even the most eligible young men unless you first appeal to her imagination by hinting that his lungs are not all right, or that the doctor suspects the existence of a tumor on his liver. Then she will seek his acquaintance eagerly, and study his every movement and expression, in an anxious search for symptoms, and if any hapless youth is misled by her indigued interest, he is very likely to find out sooner or later that it was quite impersonal, and she only regarded him in the light of a case.

She talks—"otones," and—"ities" with a glibness that is absolutely appalling, and delights in describing operations calculated to raise the hair of the average listener, and cause it to remain in a perpendicular position forever after.

"It was a lovely operation" she begins just the most perfect I ever saw, Dr. Hackem is simply perfect at surgery. After we had etherized the patient we laid her on the operating table, and Dr. Hackem made a superficial incision eight inches long with one sweep of the knife, just the prettiest clean cut you ever looked at. Then of course he went deeper, and removed the tumor which weighed roots and all nearly thirty pounds; there were twenty five stitches required to close the wound and next day—"here the nurse is surprised and hurt to find two of her audience on the verge of fainting, and a third in hysterics!

Sometimes luck befriends the youthful nurse; some member of her family catches a bad cold or has a bilious attack, during her visit. Then it is a sight for men and gods to see the way that dear young creature takes charge of things, and the amount of importance she assumes. The patient is promptly put to bed whether he likes it or not, and Miss Skillful assumes the charge of the sick room, after which she dips into the sternest description reigns. She generally assumes her cap, as a sort of pledge of authority, and then the patient's troubles begin. Everyone but herself is rigidly excluded from the chamber of sickness and the patient falls helplessly under her iron rule. "I never allow my patients anything to take after their medicine," she remarks, after giving her victim some particularly nauseous dose. "It is not only quite unnecessary, but bad for the stomach, and I always exact the most unquestioning obedience! The patient usually makes a most amazingly rapid recovery, and the rest of the family who have looked on, carefully abstain from mentioning any trifling indisposition from which they may suffer, during the remainder of her visit. Now I don't intend to make fun of the hospital nurse who is young and enthusiastic, and takes a pardonable pride in her profession—God bless her! She is one of the best, and most unselfish little souls in the world, and if she does love to talk about surgery and blood as well as medicine and all the ills flesh is heir to, she is brave enough about facing these horrors and her very anxiety to experiment on others only shows how interested she is in their welfare, and how ready to sacrifice herself for them. By and by she will sober down and settle quietly into her place as one of the brave and patient women who are a blessing to humanity and into whose lives there seems to enter no thought of self. But meanwhile I am sure the dear little soul can never have the least idea of how funny she is. If she had, I cannot help thinking she would enjoy the joke herself.

One of the oldest freaks of fashion this year, has been the decline and fall of the duck suit, which reigned almost without a rival all last summer. It is a pleasing illustration of the fickleness of Dame Fashion that this year you cannot buy a new duck suit from any fashionable ladies' furnisher. The small shops may have a few left over from last year, but this summer the best wholesale houses are not taking orders for them. Of course you can have them made by your dressmaker if you like, but you will be utterly out of style if you do; so you had better content yourself with getting last year's suit done up, and utilizing it for afternoon wear in the house. It is seldom that any style of dress, so pretty, so convenient, and so universally popular, goes

out of fashion so soon, and I, for one, do not understand it.

It really looks as if the eton jacket has to take a new lease of life, and usurp the place of the longer coat which has been a feature of outing suits for so long; and one constantly sees mention made of eton, bolero, and sonase jackets. Later in the season when a little chill comes in the evening air, these little coats are to be especially fashionable, and they will be a very pretty addition to the ubiquitous shirt waist.

One very jaunty style of eton coat is made without sleeves, and plaited draped epaulets which fall over the shirt waist sleeves, finish it at the armholes. Boleros are one of the distinctive features of the latest street gowns in Paris, and canvas stamaines and mobairs are made up with this little jacket cut very short, and often rounded up the middle of the back to a point, showing the wide draped belt of black satin below. The bolero is made of the material like the skirt, and is trimmed around the edge with braid, or the whole jacket is cut out of some handsome embroidery on silk or grass linen. If the jacket is plain, a showy collar and revers of embroidery form a pretty addition, and Plaid silks are effective for the vests and revers of this sort of dress, with the wide black belt for a finish; or the revers and collar may be of the plaid, and the rest of some pretty shot silk, or else tucked and lace-trimmed muslin.

Such a combination as this, makes a navy blue mobair very stylish indeed. Another new idea for a dark blue gown, is a bright green cloth collar and revers which extend into a band down each side of the jacket, plainly stitched on the edges, and finished with a row of tiny gold buttons.

Amongst the gowns of linen, tulle and tulle, is one of eon duck, which is very stylish; it is made with a plain skirt, and coat worn over a full vest of pale blue silk trimmed with crosswise bands of eon open-work embroidery. The skirts of all these heavy cotton and linen gowns are made without any lining and five yards is considered a very ample width for them.

Materials for the thinner gowns, which are such a blessed addition to the summer girl's wardrobe, and work such a transformation in her appearance on an evening, are shown in greater variety than ever, and though the most elegant and elaborate are made very expensive by silk linings and lace trimmings, very pretty and simple dresses are seen made up with either colored white batiste underkirts, and many of the grass lawn gowns have a lining of satcen or the new ribbon cloth, which comes in all the pretty light shades. It is ribbed like gros grain silk, has a pretty gloss, is more than a yard wide, and not more than thirty-five cents a yard. Swiss and dimly gowns are made without lining, and pretty white skirts and corset covers are all that is required in the shape of foundation, as the neck and arms of the wearer are allowed to show through the soft veil of the material. The more transparent organizes need some foundation, and a plain white lawn cut exactly like the dress skirt is often used for this. An economical way of displaying a silk lining, is to have if one can afford it, one fitted waist and skirt of tafata silk is some desirable shade, and then wear it under several thin crêses. Some of the dresses are gored quite as much as the thicker materials, and others are cut nearly straight, and shirred in around the hips. There are the same tucked and shirred yokes as there were last season and the same shoulder frills falling over smaller, and sometimes closely fitting sleeves. A most sensible and welcome fashion is the one which is gaining ground daily of making the street gown clear of the ground very decidedly, and some of them are even a little shorter in the back than the front so that the skirt which trails on the ground the least bit, is quite out of style.

One of the very newest wrinkles of fashion is a veil which is designed to enhance the most beautiful complexion, and greatly improve a poor one. It is made of black Russian net spotted with chenille, and lined with the thinnest pink tulle. These veils are sold ready gathered for use, and finished with rosettes of baby ribbon at the back.

Meerschaum nowadays is counterfeited to admiration. A patent mixture for the purpose is made by dissolving a small quantity of silicate of soda in half the weight of pure casein, adding powdered burnt magnesia. With this is put some real meerschaum, powdered, and the whole must have the consistency of a thick cream. It may be molded in any shape, setting solid at once. Cedar cigar boxes are imitated with the cheaper woods, which are stained with an extract of cedar, at savings. The alder and the elm are used in this way. One hundred pounds of cedar shavings or sawdust will yield twenty five ounces of oil of cedar, which is mixed with alcohol and applied as a paint to the boxes. It gives them an aroma which is advertised as even superior to that of the real article.

"Mamma, why do they call it the weather bureau?" Because the wet drawer is generally in such a frightful mess, I suppose.—Chicago Record.

Mr. Fussy—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussy—"Do you fill your silk hat?"—Harper's Bazar.



We are Showing
An elegant assortment of
MEN'S TAN SHOES.

All the most desirable shapes and shades are now in stock. And the price—\$5, \$4, \$3, down to \$1.25 for a good wearing Oxford Shoe, make it impossible for us not to please you.

61 King and 212 Union Street.
WATERBURY & RISING.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

TESTING COFFEE.
The Educated Taste of the Expert and the Method in Which he Uses it.

The coffee expert was clearly in a good humor when he got around to his second cup of coffee at dinner and was perfectly willing to tell some of the secrets of his trade when asked how he and his fellow experts distinguished one grade or kind of coffee from another.

"It is easy enough to make the coarser distinctions," he said. "I could teach a person in a very little while to tell a Java from a Maracibo or a Maracibo from a Rio; but when it comes to making the distinctions which are required in the trade it is a different matter. It takes years of practice, and that even would be of no avail without having a natural taste and aptitude for it. Then it becomes a life work. The curious thing about it all is that there is absolutely no standard by which the work is done.

"If one were assorting liners, one guide to quality would be the number of threads to the square inch and then would come the character of the thread and of the weave. Every quality which makes up value is in sight and one may learn to know these positively. But when you come to judge coffee, it is like judging a picture or a poem. Every expert must carry his standard in his own taste, and yet I will guarantee that if I test a sample of coffee and at the same time twenty different experts in this city test the same coffee, each independently of the others, there would not be a variation in the prices set by all of more than one-quarter of a cent a pound.

"At the same time if you could make a photograph or mechanical diagram of each man's idea of standard taste for coffee, it would probably be found that the standards were so various as the number of men and were many of them wide apart. Except as to Java, there is nothing to offer as a guide. Java is peculiar to itself.

"The only traders who test coffee are the large wholesale dealers. The importer does not need to test it except for his own information because it makes no difference to him what the flavor is. He simply sells it for the best price he can get and will give in competition with one another. To us, although we are not going to use a bit of it, the flavor of the coffee is of vital business importance. Our success in trade depends largely upon our ability to select for stock coffees which will not vary from year to year in flavor, in strength, or in roasting qualities, and then from the stock these carefully selected to be able by another selection or by mixing the coffees to match in the same way, year after year, the different brands which each of our retail customers wants and is accustomed to.

"The expert's first care, then, is to create for himself a set of standards. You may judge what a task this is when I tell you that the coffee in our markets comes from more than 100 distinct parts of the earth, and that with every variation of climate or soil the coffee takes on a separate character. The ordinary citizen or housewife may find it hard to realize that there are so many different kinds of coffee known to the trade. If you go to a retail store, even of the largest, and ask what kinds of coffee they have, the answer will always be the same—'Java, Mocha, Maracibo, Rio, and ground coffee.' It is in these few forms that every kind of coffee raised in the world finds its final market. The expert must recognize in each kind its characteristics, and learn first to sort the coffee and then to mix different kinds so as to blend into the desired flavor.

"For these purposes he chooses his standard samples. How many of these he

will have depends upon himself and his manner of work, but in any case he must have a good many of them. Each sample is kept in a tin case of a style made for the purpose. These cases are round and open about in the centre of the top length, where they have a slip joint, which works as tightly and neatly as is possible. A rack full of pigeon holes holds the sample cases. In front of the rack stands the sampling table. It is peculiar and is made for the purpose. The top is circular, usually of black walnut, and it rests upon a central standard, which turns in a three-legged stand. Seated at one side of this table one may with a touch revolve it, and so bring all of its contents readily to the hand. Ranged along the edge of the table side by side are two or three dozen cups. These are peculiar to the trade and are used for no other purpose than the testing of coffee and tea. They are known as tea testers. They are of white china, thin almost as paper and without handles. Each is about the size of the ordinary teacup, but of a bowl shape. Only one house in the world makes them. They cost \$3 a dozen. It is important for our work that every cup should be alike in every respect. Beside the table stands a gas stove with many jets and upon it a copper tea kettle.

Under the table is a slop jar.

"Now you may suppose me ready to go to work. The water in the kettle has been duly boiled for at least fifteen minutes before I begin. I have been down among the coffee brokers looking for coffee to replace our stock. I have gathered up perhaps two dozen samples which I have here ready to test. I have already exercised considerable judgment in choosing these samples, for each is of the proper grade of roasting that I want, and there are five separate roasts known to the trade. Now from my sample pack I select the standard which I wish to match. I set my hand coffee mill just to a notch and grind one sample after another. Of each I weigh out exactly twenty grains, and keeping each kind separate I put them all into cups around the edge of the table. In a separate cut is my standard sample. The boiling water is poured into the cups and each cup is filled just so far.

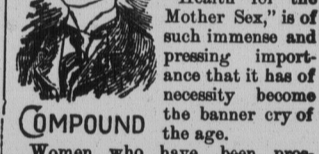
"Now begins the real work. I smell and sip the standard sample and slowly revolve the table so that one cup after another comes in front of me. Here is one which I only need to smell to know that it will not do. It may be much better than the standard, but that does not matter—out it goes into the slop jar. The next one I taste, perhaps, it will not do. Out it goes. Here is one I am in doubt about. I leave that for the time. By the time I have got around once there will not be more than ten or twelve of the original twenty or thirty cups left. Then I begin a second round. Perhaps this time I have to taste each one more than once and try the sample cup often too, but when this round is finished I have discarded all but two or three cups. Then comes the fire test, and finally I settle down to one cup, or perhaps two, as being right—always supposing that any of them is what I want, for sometimes I do not find one and have to begin the hunt for samples all over again. This same process is repeated with every buying, and often

when we are matching a sample for a customer when we are selling again.

"A coffee taster has to take great care of his senses of taste and smell, for the moment they go to the playing him tricks his business will be ruined."—N. Y. Sun.

Not a Word.
Laura—Mr. Custer sat alongside of me on the train to-day and he never said a word all the way down to the city.
Lillian—Then you didn't ask him to open the window for you?

Teacher—"What is taxidermy?" Johnnie—"I guess I know, teacher." Teacher—"Well, Johnnie—it's putting down carpets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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

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

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

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

For sale by all druggists.
Prepared by the
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,
Montreal.
Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

BLANC-MANGE

MADE WITH
BENSON'S CANADA PREPARED CORN

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE.
BLANC-MANGE.

Four or five tablespoonfuls of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; dissolve the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk, and when boiling add the dissolved Prepared Corn; boil fifteen minutes, pour to taste, and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.
WORKS: CARNEGIE, ONT.
OFFICE: MONTREAL, P. Q.



The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (as follows): Lady receiving the largest number of spool labels \$25.00, lady retaining next largest number \$15.00, lady retaining next largest number \$5.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00. The spool must be used between May 1st, 1896 and Jan. 1st, 1897 and labels sent to R. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., not later than Jan. 1st, 1897. If your dealer does not keep this line of goods send eight cents in stamps to R. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

Mother's (should have it in the house) common ailment which will family as long as life has wear. Suffering children love it, the very important and useful Anodyne Liniment cures inflammation, internal or external, proven by the investigations of the real danger from inflammation; cure the and you conquer the disease.

WILSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

It has existed for over eighty years on the fact that it does possess specific merit for very many Family Ills. It is a medicine in use today which has of the public to so great an extent. Anodyne, has stood the test of time, while generation after generation has used it with entire satisfaction down to their children's feet, as a "Universal Remedy" from infancy to good old age.

Prepared by "The Mailed Free Press and Directories" on every bottle. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Change...

Wood.

Various styles, from family family to the hotel size.

Selected in the most substantial and after the most pattern.

ACT UP TO DATE IN PARTICULAR.

to investigate the of these ranges and others.

SON, MONTREAL, ONT. WINNIPEG and COUVEUR.

E, St. John.

son & Page

ING STREET,

a stock of Silver Novelties for small presents.

er Wear:

er, Blouse Sets, Belt Pins, etc.

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ts, Button Hooks, Hair Pin brushes, Combs, Trinket box Boxes, Dental Floss Perfume Bottles, Hand Mir-

men:

mbles, Soap Boxes, Bag, Rings, Cigarette Cases, gs, Match Boxes, Flasks, ives, Suspenders, e.c., ons, etc.

US A CALL

WARD'S

ING OF PAIN.

IMENT

ronchitis and Asthma by MIN.

Mrs. A. LIVINGSTONE.

severe attack of Rheumatism by MIN.

JOHN MADER.

severely sprained leg by MIN.

JOSEPH WYBACH.

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JOHN MADER.

severely sprained leg by MIN.

JOSEPH WYBACH.

Wilkes.

Filets, 2345 (55 in the list) by m. Leona Fachen, (standard Ambric Patchen, 55; Sam Abdallah, 15.

with the owners, this Standard and during the season in Freda, alternately remaining two until the 29th of July (will say 15 h May.) While it will be found at the tables of Havasport Square. In France will stand at the Govern-ment Fair Association Grounds. For conformation, and with its race record, 2:20, makes him a stallion ever offered to the public. The service fee for the Standard is the exceptionally low paid at the time of service. He is in fact, will be entitled to a season, on the payment of an agreement for keeping of mare either at St. John of Frederic-ers Wilkes stands, has been sired, at a cost of \$5 per week.

JULIUS L. INCHER,
Secretary for St. John of Frederic-ers, Fredericton, May 4, 1896.

A SENTIMENTAL SCRAPBOOK. How it grew and how at last its fruit was rudely checked.

A newcomer among periodicals, the Clipping Collector, devoted to information regarding the saving in book form of odd master useful for future reference, describes a vast variety of strange scrapbooks, and it would seem that there was no end to the diversities of hobbies as expressed by the peculiarities of these collections.

After the completion of the first chapter it was difficult to form divisions of the book. Ideas which I deemed worthy of being read by the one for which I was preparing the book as a wedding present, to be opened on the wedding trip, were jotted down from time to time.

The writing of the last pages prompted what I considered noble thought. This one feature of such a book makes me feel many years after was penned, that it was not time thrown away.

It was an unusual form, and he declared it could not be accomplished, but he tried and did it successfully, and with its soft red leather cover it looked well, on the outside, at least. The interior was my handiwork, and might not pass muster.



Just a line to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up to date" way, the Sunlight way, without rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must

USE Sunlight Soap. Cleanses clothes and most everything else—with less labor and greater comfort.

AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKLER.

E. A. GIB & CO., 106 Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache. Purifies the Blood. Cures Indigestion. The Ladies' Friend. Cures Dyspepsia. For Biliousness.

BICYCLES. KENWOOD, RAIBLER, CRESCENT CRAWFORD and SPECIALS.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues.

J. D. TURNER. Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Meals Served at all Hours Dinner a Specialty. WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

A WOMAN WHO HUNTED GOATS. Mary Trowbridge Townsend's Account of Sport in the State of Washington.

"He scorns the protection of a coat which changes color with the autumn leaves, and proudly flaunts at all seasons the white of the everlasting mountain snow. He has neither the fatal inquisitiveness of the plains antelope, the timidity of the deer, nor the cunning of the sheep."

Mary Trowbridge Townsend writes thus of animals which she sought and killed near Lake Chilian in the State of Washington, having hunted elk, sheep, and other big game so much that some new sport was wanted.

GREAT SPEECHES HEARD BY FEW. Some of them Delivered to a Very Small Number of Auditors.

It is a curious fact that many of the great speeches which gave immortality to the orators who made them were delivered in comparatively small rooms and to small audiences.

Seward's speech in defence of William Freeman was undoubtedly the greatest and most brilliant effort of his professional life. It did for him more, perhaps, than the conduct of any case has given any other in the State of New York.

I WAS CURED OF Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTON. I WAS CURED OF a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MAHER.

the doctors approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food.

Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out. Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.



Her Expression Alone Tells That..... A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRES.

Fine Lithographed Signs for Advertising. Prices upon application. You may see samples of our work in this line at any hardware store in our own signs advertising "CRESCENT" Enamelled Ware or send your name and address and receive Sample free by mail.

The Thos Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd. Manufacturers, Montreal.

ADAMS' Ginger Beer. FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTHY DRINK AT SMALL COST. RECIPES.

Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle Fleischman's yeast, - one-half to one cake Sugar - - - - - two pounds Cream of tartar, - - - - - one half ounce Lukewarm water, - - - - - two gallons

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

FINE Residence and Grounds TO BE SOLD OR LET. At present occupied by Walter Bradnee, embracing Home Buildings, four acres of well cultivated Land, and a splendid Garden, between sea and lake fishing.

Choicest Liquors. The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars.

THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street, 80th.

DEFLECTION OF BULLETS. Fiction Seems Unreal Because so Small a Part of Science is Revealed.

A curious phenomenon was recently observed by the committee of the Swiss Federal Rifle Meeting at Winterthur in summing up the results of the practice shooting of the troops. It was found that nearly all the shots fired from the right side of the range had hit the target to the right of the bull's eye, while those fired from the left side had, with an equally singular persistency, hit the left half of the target.

The following account of one of the experiments is given by the Journal de Geneve: "At this authorities established parallel with the rifle range at a distance of a little more than forty yards, a heavy electric current carried along four steel cables. With a view of tracing the whole effect, paper circles were placed at intervals of ten yards along the line of fire.

The first experiments were made with the Swiss model rifle of 1889. With this the influence of the electric current was at once apparent. In a distance of 250 yards the bullet took a lateral deviation of 24 yards, and after that the curve of the trajectory was still more marked.

Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle Fleischman's yeast, - one-half to one cake Sugar - - - - - two pounds Cream of tartar, - - - - - one half ounce Lukewarm water, - - - - - two gallons

DO YOU DYE COTTON AND MIXED GOODS? The only household dyes that make perfect, bright and unfading colors in dyeing Cottons and Mixed Goods, are the Diamond Dyes. These popular dyes give colors that will not wash out with soap or fade in sunlight.

Refuse all cheap and worthless imitations.



A YOUNG... MONTREAL MILLINER. "I was starting in business last year and wanting to find out what thread was the best to use, tested all the leading makes. Repeated trials showed me that none combined the Strength, Smoothness and Freedom from Kinks found in CLAPPERTON'S THREAD

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. Sells a much higher price in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, (1st door south of King.)

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, OYSTERBANK, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made. Remittances Prompt. Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

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

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES. To Welford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under, - - - - - 15 To Essex, Annapolis, Digby, Hoyt, Pictouville, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, - - - - - 10 Over 5 to 10 lbs. - - - - - 20 To St. Mary's, MacAdam, Bristol, Moncton, Elgin, Havelock and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, - - - - - 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs. - - - - - 20 To Woodstock, Newburg, Meadows, Macdonald, Port Elgin and intermediate points, 5 pounds and under, - - - - - 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs. - - - - - 20 To Lunenburg, River Harbour, Joggins, Bath, Halifax, Dartmouth and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, - - - - - 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs. - - - - - 20 To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, - - - - - 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs. - - - - - 20 Over 10 lbs. and over 5 lbs. - - - - - 25 Over 20 lbs. and over 10 lbs. - - - - - 30 Over 30 lbs. and over 15 lbs. - - - - - 35 90 Prince Wm., St. E. N. ABBOTT, Agent.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Account and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

G. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.

Her Promise True.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "A Country Sweetheart," "A Man's Privilege," etc.

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CHAPTER I. HUGH GILBERT and Belle Wayland were sitting on the porch...

CHAPTER II. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER III. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER IV. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER V. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER VI. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER VII. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER VIII. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

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CHAPTER XII. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

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CHAPTER XIV. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XV. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XVI. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XVII. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XVIII. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XIX. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XX. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

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CHAPTER XXV. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

CHAPTER XXVI. Belle was sitting on the porch, looking at the letter...

she heard Stanmore's voice speaking to someone on the other side of the hall-open door.

"Yes, I know now I made a great mistake," he said.

"And it cost me very dear, Jack," answered a thrilling voice.

"She helped, at least," replied Stanmore's voice; "but it was a great mistake."

Both Belle and Gilbert overheard these words, and for a moment they looked in each other's faces, and then Belle said quietly:

"There is a draught here I think. Let us go to the other side of the room," she said, and moved away, followed by Gilbert.

As she passed the half-open door, Stanmore and Mrs. Seymour saw them, and gave a little start.

"Could she have heard us?" she said, in a frightened whisper.

"She did," answered Stanmore, "she would not care. She is the coldest woman I ever saw."

"And yet, for her sake, you flung away..."

"What I regret now," said Stanmore in a low tone, "when it is too late."

"The few words told the real state of Stanmore's feelings. A man accustomed to be cared for, and made much of by women, he had wearied of Belle's indifference, and returned to the old bondage of his earlier years.

Lady Stanmore had been right when she had warned Belle, and Belle for the first time realized that he regretted his marriage.

She said nothing of this, however, to Gilbert. Helen Marchmont went up to her room immediately after they had crossed the room, and began planning and plotting for the picnic they had so long talked of.

"It is lovely weather; do let us have it the day after tomorrow," dear Lady Stanmore, she said.

"And I am sure it will be delightful. You will go, won't you, Captain Gilbert?" "Of course, I shall be very pleased," answered Gilbert.

"And your nurse?" asked Belle, smiling. "I shall leave my nurse at home on the occasion. I think she is not quite so tyrannical as she was."

After this Helen Marchmont went all round the room settling the day and the place where they were to have luncheon. They finally decided on a lovely glen, some five miles from Glenwrath, famous for the romantic beauty of its scenery.

"And the day after tomorrow," said Miss Marchmont; "and everyone must go."

Sir John Lee promised to remain at Strathearn for the picnic, and they attended the two house parties were to meet before the Stanmores left Glenwrath.

Belle was very silent on the way home, for she had not forgotten the words she had overheard when she entered Mrs. Stanmore's drawing room at Glenwrath.

"He was sure to weary of me," she told herself, and the idea gave her no pain.

The next day passed apparently quietly away, though Belle's heart was in pain, and she did not look well.

"Would you like to have her after this picnic business is over, Belle?" he said.

"Are you getting tired of it, as you tire so soon of most things?"

"Do I tire sooner than any other people, do you think?" answered Belle, with a certain intonation of the young girl's voice.

"Perhaps not," he replied; "and he turned away, but he said nothing more to Belle about leaving Scotland."

The morning of the day fixed for the picnic was fine, though some heavy clouds lay grey and dark in the distance, when the party from Strathearn started.

"I could not be a bit surprised if we have a storm," said Stanmore, pointing to them.

"Please do not prophesy evil," answered Belle, looking at the sky.

"We may have a shower, but not a storm, I hope, to spoil that charming costume," said Sir John Lee, looking at Belle admiringly.

She made some jesting reply, and the dark clouds began to clear away.

"My decision is made; come let us go down and meet them."

But the fainting of the joints, the foolish talk went on. No one guessed that two hearts in their midst were torn with pain, were passing through a miserable crisis and struggle of their lives.

Once Belle glanced at Stanmore; he was half-lying on some rough bag at the foot of the mountain apparently eating his lunch with much pleasure and contentment.

Then she looked at the pale, dark face near her; at the handsome sharpened features of the man she had ever loved.

She drew in her lips tightly; she looked into his eyes; a resolve came into her soul.

At last the luncheon was over. The men lit their cigarettes, and began to move away each with some companion towards the winding path up the craggy mountain side.

Stanmore and Mrs. Seymour were the first to go, and then Belle turned to Gilbert.

"Let us go, too," she said; "and she and Gilbert began to walk further up the ravine, and to ascend the opposite hillside to which the rest of the party had gone."

The way was uneven and rough, over fern hidden boulders which some winter torrent had hurled down, by coppers and rocks, by a crag and scarp.

Gilbert gave Belle his hand to help her, and the two walked on thus almost silently in the silence and solitude around them, broken only by the sound of a cascade of falling water, which at some distance from them was descending from the mountain.

Suddenly, however, another sound came to their ears. So absorbed had they been in the passion and emotion of their hearts that neither had noticed the gathering darkness around them, nor the storm clouds above.

But now a deafening crash, a peal of thunder, and a fall of mingled hailstones and rain.

"We must try to get sheltered under some crag," said Gilbert.

He had scarcely spoken when a flash, vivid, looked over the black clouds, followed almost instantaneously by another terrific peal of thunder and a fall of mingled hailstones and rain.

Belle gave a half-cry and clung to Gilbert's arm, who led her as best he could along the nearest jutting crag he could see on the hill side.

"Lean back against the rock," said Gilbert, "and I will stand before you, and that will help to protect you from the rain."

But Belle felt fast hold of the arm she held.

"No," she answered, "let us stand together; let us be together at least now."

Another flash lit the sky, another peal struck the air, and neither spoke. A wild wind came into Belle's hair; a wild hope. She closed her eyes, and leaned her head against Gilbert's arm, and some murmured words broke from her parted lips.

"Would that we could die now; that we both could die."

Above the din of the tempest Gilbert heard this, and he bent down and drew her closer to him.

"Is this true, Belle?" he asked, "would you rather die with me than leave me?"

"It is true," she answered. "Hugh, I cannot bear to leave you now."

The storm raged around them after this, but they never heeded it. Death seemed nothing, when their parting had been a living death. But the struggle was over in Belle's heart.

"We will never part," she said again and again. She could not leave him in his illness and weakness; it was their second troth plight.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MORE THAN LEE. The dark clouds were rolling away, the air was full of the heavy murriness which frequently follows a storm, and the rain still fell in torrents, when Belle and Gilbert heard voices calling from below.

"They have come to seek us," said Gilbert, in a low tone.

"Yes," answered Belle bravely, and she raised her eyes to his.

"I will see you again; you must then decide," continued Gilbert.

"My decision is made; come let us go down and meet them."

Without another word they left the precarious shelter of the jutting crag, hand in hand, and they sought their way back, their footsteps as best they could, the descent down the steep, uneven hillside was actually dangerous, but Belle showed both courage and composure.

And slowly step by step—Gilbert going first, holding her hand, they made their way; Gilbert replying as loudly as he could to the voices below.

In a short time, Jim Marchmont, who, with two other young men, was searching for them, saw their rain-drenched figures, and hurried forward to their assistance.

They were a resolute expression, though he was very pale.

"And where are the rest?" presently asked Belle.

"They have taken shelter in a little shanty of a place, where the horses and carriages are put up. But take care when you step, Lady Stanmore; it's so terribly slippery."

With difficulty they at last reached the ravine where they had taken luncheon, and near the entrance of this, the small rustic hostelry where the rest of the party were.

In the kitchen of this poor place, still cooking with heat, they found Mrs. Marchmont and her daughters, and Mrs. Seymour. Stanmore was also here, and he looked sharply round when Belle, accompanied by Hugh Gilbert and young Marchmont, entered.

"Where on earth have you been, Belle?" he asked, crossly. "We could not find what had happened to you."

"We were caught by the storm," answered Belle, calmly, "and took refuge under a crag."

"Why, you are both wet through! Not much refuge you've had, seemingly. It's not over yet all this for you, Captain Gilbert, I should say. I advise you to have a whisky and soda at once."

"I wonder you did not die of terror," said Mrs. Marchmont. "Take off your wet boots, dear Lady Stanmore. Jim will ubutton them for you."

So Belle's wet boots were unbuttoned and held to the blazing fire, and her wet cloak and hat dried also. She stood there bare-headed; a glow on her smooth cheeks, and a new light in her shining eyes, and every man present told himself she was beautiful. Even Stanmore unwillingly admitted this.

He was angry with himself and her, but more than once involuntarily he looked at the erect girlish form and charming face of the woman he knew was his own love. The woman who had not appeared to advantage. She had been frightened, and her hair was ruffled and her hat disorderly. But Belle spoke to her gently and kindly.

"I am sorry you have been so afraid," she said.

Mrs. Seymour gave a kind start as Belle thus addressed her.

"I was terrified," she answered, in that thrilling voice of hers, rising her dark eyes to Belle's face. "I never was out in such a storm."

"Belle," said Stanmore, at this moment approaching the two, "as Glenwrath is nearer than Strathearn Mrs. Marchmont has kindly asked us all to go there to dine, and remain for the night, and I think it would certainly be the wisest plan."

"It is very kind of Mrs. Marchmont," replied Belle, "but I for one shall go back to Strathearn."

"But why?" asked Stanmore sharply.

"I would rather do so; but of course, I do not wish to influence Sir John Lee or you."

"I am going to Glenwrath," answered Stanmore, sullenly.

"Allow me then to have the pleasure and honor of seeing you safely to Strathearn," said Sir John Lee.

She accepted this offer, and raised all the Marchmonts' entreaties to accompany them to Glenwrath. Stanmore said nothing more on the subject. He turned away, and began talking to Mrs. Seymour, and the Belle and Sir John were the first of the party who started on their way homewards.

Before Belle left the little hostelry Hugh Gilbert had a few words to say in a low tone to her.

"I will see you tomorrow afternoon," he said, "and write to you in the morning, and send my letter over to you. I cannot stay any longer here."

"No," answered Belle quietly, but firmly; "tell me in your letter where I shall meet you."

"Yes," she said, "I shall see her this afternoon," answered Gilbert, quietly.

"Very well, dear old fellow; I'm awfully sorry you are obliged to go so are we all. But I am sure Lady Stanmore will be also. But you must come to us for Christmas at Marchmont. Remember this is a promise."

CHAPTER XXIV.—HOT WEATHER. The hot, sunny weather was now upon them, and the air was full of the heavy murriness which frequently follows a storm, and the rain still fell in torrents, when Belle and Gilbert heard voices calling from below.

"They have come to seek us," said Gilbert, in a low tone.

"Yes," answered Belle bravely, and she raised her eyes to his.

"I will see you again; you must then decide," continued Gilbert.

"My decision is made; come let us go down and meet them."

Without another word they left the precarious shelter of the jutting crag, hand in hand, and they sought their way back, their footsteps as best they could, the descent down the steep, uneven hillside was actually dangerous, but Belle showed both courage and composure.

AL MILLINER... smoothness and... Kinks found in... RTON'S... AN... WITH... death obtained by... TUTTI FRUTTI... NE MAN, Dressed... designs and Patterns... Merchant Tailor... G. RUEL... TER, &... UNION... SS CO... EXPRESS RATES... EXPRESS CO. House Brokers.

Gilbert made some vague reply, and Marchmont hurried away to send his letter to Strathearn. An hour later Belle received it, and with a fast beating heart and trembling hands she read the following words:— "I have told Mrs. Marchmont that I shall leave Glenwrath to-day, but before I go, I will see you. Belle, my dearest one, this interview must decide our fate; we must either part here, or part no more. You know what you are to me, but from no selfish feelings shall I urge you, to leave luxury for poverty; to sacrifice so much for my sake. You must tell me your whole heart. Meet me at three, to-day by the trout stream, where we once met before. And till then believe me,—Your faithful, always, H. G." Belle read his letter twice, and then rang, and asked if the servant who had brought it was waiting for an answer. "Yes, my lady," he was told to wait for an answer, replied the maid, to interfere. "I will sit ready," said Belle; "I will ring when it is done." She sat down to her desk at once, and wrote four words:— "I will be there." She addressed and despatched this note, and then again sat down to her desk, and wrote a long letter to Stanmore. She was alone in the house but for the servants, as Sir John Lee had started early in the morning on his way south, proposing to stop at Glenwrath on his road, to take leave of Stanmore and his Marchmonts. There was no one, it returned to her desk, with her, and she made certain arrangements after writing to Stanmore; destroyed old letters, locked away her jewelry, and prepared to take a step from which she knew there was no return. It was a dull and drowsy day. The storm clouds yet lingered on the horizon, and the air was heavy and close. But Belle did not shrink back. About a quarter to three o'clock she left the house, and speedily found her way to the trout stream, whose waters reflected gloomily on, reflecting the sullen sky. Her head was bowed, but her face was pale and resolute. She knew what she was about to do—that she was giving up all that she had been taught to prize—but she knew also by what a price she had bought these things; and that price had now become hateful to her soul. As she went on, she presently saw Gilbert's tall figure approaching her. They met in silence, with clasped hands, and stood there looking in each other's faces beneath the murky sky. It was Gilbert who spoke first. "Is this to be our leave taking, Belle?" he said. For a moment Belle made no answer; she clasped his hands still tighter; she still took a look at his eyes full of pathos in his face. "I shall start for India at once," continued Gilbert; "so Belle, if we part now—" "I cannot part with you," she answered huskily. "But think what you are giving up—I have so little to offer you—only my love." "It is everything to me," everything in life. "Is this so in very truth?" "Yes, in very truth. Hugh, you are more to me than life—my life is yours." He took her in his arms; he pressed his lips on her forehead. "Then there can be no change," he said. "We shall not part." When Stanmore returned the same evening to Strathearn in time to dress for dinner, he asked the butler if he passed him in the hall, where Lady Stanmore was. "Her Ladyship is not at home, my Lord," he answered. "Not in the house at this time! Is she out driving then?" said Stanmore. "Yes, my Lord; her Ladyship went out about three o'clock, and returned in little less than an hour, and she then ordered the pony chaise to be prepared, and left in it shortly afterwards." "Was she alone?" asked Stanmore, a little hoarsely. "Yes, my Lord, quite alone. She had a small portmanteau with her, and she would not allow either the coachman or James to drive her; she drove herself." Stanmore grew somewhat pale. "Did she leave any message?" he said, a moment later. "No, my Lord, but Phillips, her maid, said that she left a letter directed to your Lordship, lying on the toilet table on her room." Stanmore asked no more questions. He strode heavily upstairs and went straight to Belle's room. There, on the toilet-table at the end of the bed, and resting on a letter directed to himself, and a packet also directed. He tore the letter, which was sealed, hastily open, and read the words it contained with utter astonishment and surprise. (To be continued.)

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A BOND OF SYMPATHY

Two figures were slowly approaching each other on North Beach. It was low tide, and they were walking as near the water's edge as possible, and were entirely unconscious of each other's presence. Their heads were bent, and now and then they stooped to pick up a bit of sea moss from the waves which came curling up to their feet.

'I have taken a prompt advantage of your kind invitation,' he said smilingly. 'That is right. Mother and I have been expecting you.'

As Mr. Cuyler, who has charge of the incubators, had sealed the door of the machine in which the ostrich eggs were, and covered the glass in order to prevent the accidents likely to happen from meddling children and quite as meddlesome adults, the young ostriches made their arrival almost unknown.

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BORN.

Halifax, July 11, to the wife of Dr. G. H. Fleck, a son.

MARRIED.

Kingston, N. S., June 20, John Banks to Mary Crocker.

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