

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII, NO. 641.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 13 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Blair and Tucker.

The Candidates Who Will Contest St John in the Liberal Interest.

The Liberal convention last night was an event in the history of the party in St. John. The most representative audience that ever sat in the Opera House nominated Hon. A. G. Blair and Col. Tucker as their candidates in the liberal interest for the city of St. John and the county of St. John and listened to the most eloquent speakers in the political field.

Mr. Blair never got such a reception in St. John. He was cheered to the echo when he entered and while he spoke. Mr. M. B. Edwards was in the chair and Mr. J. N. Ellis acted as secretary. Messrs. Pomville and Pugsley were present with all of the old time party followers, and so many accessions to the list that one must glance at the columns that follow this article.

The speeches of Messrs McKeown and Carleton in moving and seconding the resolutions of congratulations to Mr. Ellis and endorsing the course of Col. Tucker and the career of Mr. Blair as Minister of Railways and Canals could not have been improved upon. Mr. McKeown was eloquent and forcible. Mr. Carleton was candid and complimentary. The audience applauded both earnestly.

The requisition is as follows.
St JOHN, N. B.,
Sept. 12th, 1900.

To the Honorable Andrew G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals.

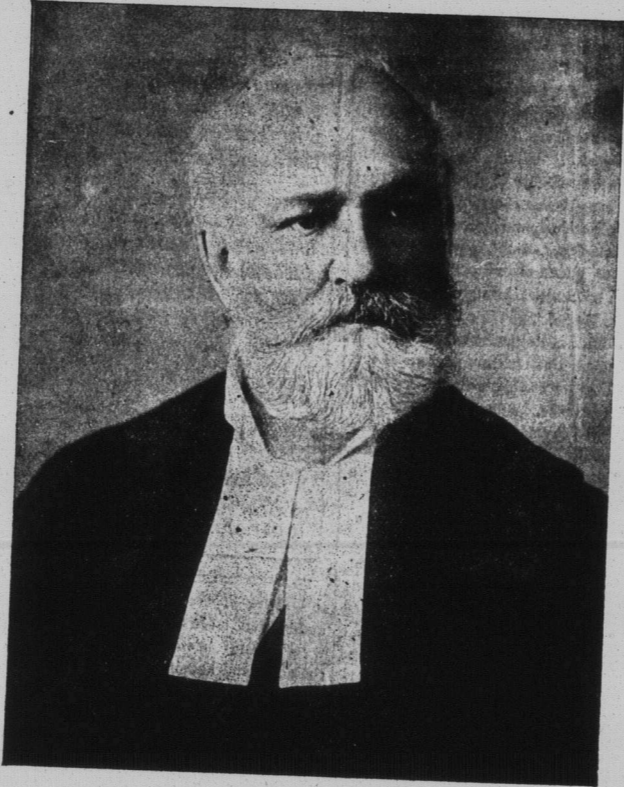
We, the undersigned electors of the city of St. John, being deeply interested in the future prosperity and progress of the city, and recognizing the important work which the present government, largely through your efforts and under your advice, has already done in the building of public works and for the advancement of the business of the port, feel that it would be but a just recognition of your important services in this direction if you were tendered the nomination for this city in the approaching election, and hereby respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be put in nomination. While your past services to the city have been such as to warrant us in feeling sure, that whatever constituency in the province you represent, our city will be able to regard you as its warm friend and advocate in the future, as you have proved yourself to be in the past, yet we feel it is very desirable that the chief commercial city of New Brunswick, in whose prosperity the whole province is so deeply interested, should be represented in the cabinet of the country by a minister animated not alone by a desire for the general prosperity of the Dominion, but determined as well to do everything within his power for the particular advancement of the city's interests.

Should you consent to stand for this city we beg to assure you that it will afford us great pleasure to give you our heartiest support.

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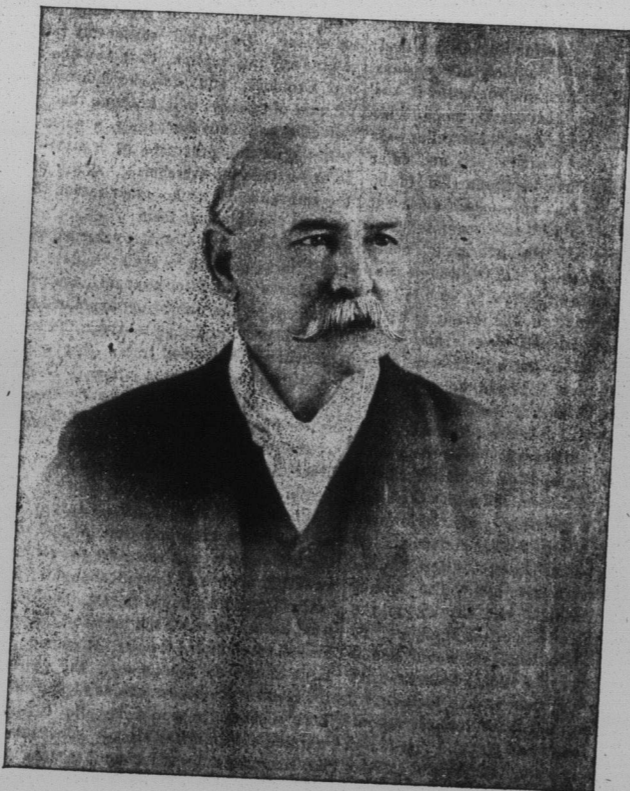


HONORABLE ANDREW G. BLAIR.

Minister of Railways and Canals and the Liberal Candidate for the City of St. John.

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COLONEL JOHN J. TUCKER.

The Liberal Candidate For The City of St. John.

R. C. Ekin,
T. H. Estabrooks,
Thos. Gorman,
R. O'Brien,
John Seely,
George L. Barbour,
M. A. Finn,

R. V. DeBury,
Jas. V. Russell,
John Russell, Jr.,
F. E. Sayre,
R. Ward Thorne,
P. Gleeson,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

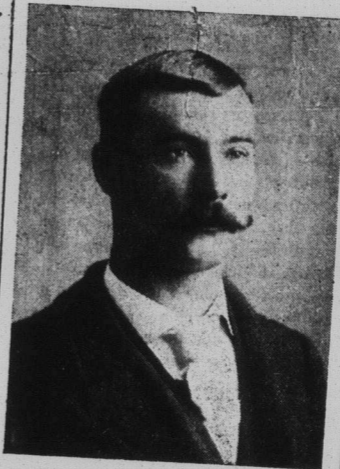
A SOLDIER'S RETURN.

How Lance Corporal Flewelling Was Welcomed Home by His People.

Old and historic Kingston was the scene of a splendid reception upon the return of one of her sons who has been through the campaign in South Africa. The affair took place on Monday last and when the 1.30 train left the station at St. John a large portion of the 62nd band with a considerable number of the [non-commissioned officers and privates of the battalion were on board bound for Jubilee station to take part in the royal welcome that was planned for Lance Corporal Flewelling. With them also was the representative of the county in the Dominion parliament, Lieut. Col. Domville who always willing as he is, to serve his constituents, gladly accepted the invitation to be present and take part in the reception. Some twenty five teams, each of them gaily decorated with flags, were at Jubilee station all ready to accompany the crowd to Corporal Flewelling's home.

The road there passed through that section of the county known as "The Neck" until it reached the long bridge crossing the Kennebecasis at Perry's point, thence by the road to the mid land where Mr. Flewelling lives and after that to the old temperance hall at Kingston. A pleasant feature of the journey was the turn out of the school children at the neck, the waving of the union jack by them and such cheering as perhaps was never heard before in that part of the country, at least.

A similar reception awaited the crowd at the end of the bridge, where the Flewelling mill stands. In fact all along the route men, women and children gathered from their work on the farms to give a glad welcome to the boy they had known,



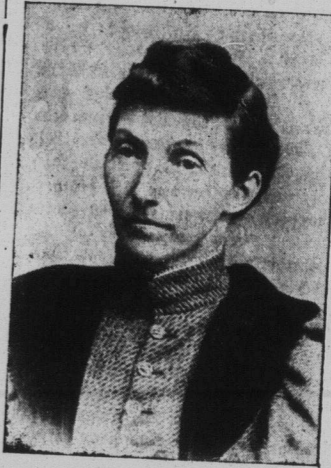
LANCE CORPORAL FLEWELLING.

who had served for the empire in South Africa. Such a loyal patriotic outburst is seldom, if ever, seen in a purely country district. The enthusiasm of the people was intense and their efforts to make the event a notable one could not be surpassed. Mr. Flewelling himself was with the party in the first carriage of the procession and it is not necessary to describe the glad meeting between him and his mother and sisters. Their cordial greeting, however, to the crowd who accompanied him and the hospitality they extended will not soon be forgotten. Loving hands had decorated every room in the house, but the tasteful appearance of the dining room was noticed particularly; autumn leaves and flowers being arranged so artistically as to compel the admiration of those who surrounded the well provided board. Neighbors and friends assisted the hostess and her daughters in their kind efforts to provide for those present, while the 62nd band did not fail to enliven the proceedings with the best of music.

When all of this was done the party proceeded to the Kingston hall some two miles away, where the real reception was to take place. None of those who had come, from St. John at least, imagined that in so short a time so many people could gather at this central place. But notwithstanding this some six or seven hundred people had assembled and tried to crowd themselves into a room, which usually is not intended to hold more than

half the number. Several immense tables loaded with every delicacy that the ladies of Kingston could think of were in the hall, but it was almost impossible to get to or between them, the crowd was so dense.

While the crowd awaited for the hero of the evening, the 62nd band kept them interested and pleased by many favored selections. Band master Jones was right



MRS. FLEWELLING.

Mother of Lance Corporal Flewelling.

in his element and he, with those who accompanied him, seemed to enjoy the occasion quite as much as the residents of the place, who are not privileged to hear as good music (though they have an excellent band of their own) so frequently as those who live in larger places.

When Corporal Flewelling did arrive he was carried on the shoulders of his comrades and friends to the platform, where he was welcomed in a few appropriate words by the chairman of the evening, Mr. Douglas Fairweather, and greeted by the bands with "Soldiers of the Queen," after which Col. Domville stepped forward and read the address which had been prepared, to the returned soldier.

A JOLLY AFTERNOON.

A few days ago, at the invitation of one or two members of what is known in a jocular way as the Swamp Voters Club, but which has a better name, not recollected just at the moment, a number of gentlemen drove to this pleasant spot at Latimer Lake and enjoyed a particularly social afternoon, enlivened by music and rendered much more pleasant by the attention to their material wants through the kind and capable efforts of one of the number, Mr. Wm. Caples, who dispensed with his own enjoyment in catering to the wants of others. The location of the club has advantages to be envied by any other similar organization and it is undoubtedly a very pleasant resort for many of the members when they have occasion to take a holiday.

His Friends are Many.

Young Thomas Gavin was, some months ago, a waiter in one of the leading hotels of the city. He was a young man not as strong as he might have been and hard work and perhaps some deprivations hurried him to stage of consumption, that a short time ago made him helpless in the American hotel in this city. He had no relatives but plenty of friends, although the latter had no idea that he was some what unattended to until a few days ago, then through the efforts of ex mayor Sears and other gentlemen, all of his wants were provided for. It was feared at the time, and is still, that the nature of his disease—consumption—is such that he may not be able to obtain entrance to any hospital in the city.

Improving His Premises.

Mr. Joseph Thompson, the well known machinist of Smythe street, with his usual energy and progressiveness, is installing a plant in his establishment by which he will be enabled to produce electricity in order to light his premises.

Chairs Re-coated. Spinal Perforations, Dural, 17 Waterline.

Sept. 12, Stephen Thompson to Thompson.
Sept. 9, John G. D. Le Lacheur Macaulay.
Sept. 20, Dr. Victor L. Goodwin to Le Lacheur.
Sept. 19, Dr. Geo. H. Marvin to Le Lacheur.
Sept. 20, James A. McEachern to Macaulay.
Sept. 20, John B. Embree and Le Lacheur.
Sept. 12, Purdy Blair to Le Lacheur.
Sept. 20, John James Hornsby to C. Hornsby.
Sept. 20, Rev. W. Burnett Wiggins to Goodspeed.
Sept. 18, Murdoch Macleod Macleod to M. Macmillan.

DIED.

A. Morley 33.
John Clark 48.
Percy Kay 7.
James Forbes 86.
Bridget Murphy 63.
Patrick McArthur.
William Wain 66.
Sarah A. Allen 85.
Eleanor P. Curran 80.
Harvey Oickle 4.
Susanna McLeod 67.
Robert Grant 80.
A. C. Stewart 81.
Charles Roy 71.
James Finch 91.
Charles Rich 50.
John D. McLeod 20.
Donald Smith 54.
George S. Bolton 54.
Robert Murdoch 81.
Winburn C. E. Ross 6.
Mrs. M. E. Cochran 75.
Muriel B. Johnson 17.
John Desmond 29.
Vivian Roper 1.
Catherine Buchanan 50.
George W. Lutes 63.
Michael McNeil 8.
Edward Conrad 28.
Elsie McFrath 17.
Mrs. James R. Kenney 81.
Mrs. Mary McLean 75.
L. W. Macdonald 32.
Archibald Lamond 65.
Margaret Macpherson 94.
George W. Lovitt 11 weeks.
James A. McDonald 2 months.
Atherine, wife of George Gibb.
George W. Hunter 2 months.
Alice, wife of Frank Corbin 25.
Jean, wife of Richard Fairman.
Elizabeth B., daughter of Alexander.
John W., infant son of Dan-
weeks.

ING WOMEN

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permanently all diseases
r to women such as dis-
inflammations, etc.
ions and ulceration of womb,
and irregular
particulars, testimonials
grateful women and endorse-
of prominent physicians
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AT ST. JOHN

St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.
St. John, N. B.

FOTINGER

St. John, N. B.

A Ruined Lawyer's Trap.

Marks the lawyer, empty of pocket and bitter of soul, fled the town between two days. His true laid scheme for rigging the stock market had been frustrated; he himself was liable to arrest, while the ruin which he had brought down upon his fellow conspirators in the Street put his life in danger and brought to an abrupt close the precarious livelihood which his lurking in the by-ways and hedges of an honorable profession had vouchsafed him. For all these woes he blamed not himself, the primal evil but gave the credit to Abe Cronkite, the former detective, whom he had tried to induce to betray his master, Judge Marcellus, but who had led him by the nose into the pit of his undoing.

Was Marks the man to forget this grudge as he trudged through the night and storm, each dolor aggravated by the thought of luxurious ease which so readily might have been? No, indeed: In the many projects, mostly chimerical, for recompense which flashed through his mind, one detail was ever present, the most pleasurable of all. Cronkite must bite the dust; Cronkite must be ground under heel.

It is characteristic of criminals that, however exclusive they may be in prosperity, they seek out one another in adversity. Whatever the inducements they plan to urge, whether through recalling some favor granted or joint adventure had in the past, or through threatening to expose some undetected crime, experience has taught them that only from their kind can they expect help. Hence Marks made all the haste his unaccustomed legs were capable of until he reached that city within whose prison he had once undergone many months of confinement.

It was barely 6 in the morning when Marks arrived at the prison walls, discreetly keeping on the further side of the street lest some passing keeper should be tempted to express his regard with a cuff or a kick. He knew only too well that any long-timer whose discharge was due that day would be released at this early hour, while the bums, hoboes and short time men generally, who received no allowance from the state and whose collective assets were not worth the price of a drink, would linger lovingly over their boot leg and hash until fairly swept away from the premises. Throughout his grievous pilgrimage he had cudgelled his brain to recall those whom he had left behind and the times and seasons of their dures. Here the endless reiteration of convict conversation, with its minute calculations of days served and days to be served, befriended him and with every step the assurance became more certain that this was about the date, indeed the very date, when Bill Dalton, the burglar would regain his freedom. Ah, if this were so, if it were only so; then, he was willing to admit that there was good luck yet in store for him, then he was willing to forget his recent misfortunes, always excepting the duplicity of Abe Cronkite, for in Bill Dalton, he knew he had what he least deserved, a friend.

How this unilateral attachment came about was in this wise. Dalton, always a gruff, unsocial creature, had been locked on the same gallery with Marks, and only three cells away. The lawyer, with sharp, cunning eyes ever alert for the main chance, noticed that morning after morning when Bill came out he thrust some sort of a packet into an inside pocket of his brief jacket, which he must have contrived himself, since prison fashion called not for one. Now what is good enough to be kept is good enough to be taken, in convict logic. So Marks had watched his chance and priggish pocket, only to find to his disgust that it contained the picture of a little girl. Most of his fellows in like disappointment would have torn the likeness in to shreds, but Marks' legal training had taught him that the levitian can sometimes be drawn with an exceeding fine hook. He therefore, had contrived a tasteful frame for the photograph, and restored it to its owner, receiving in exchange for the accompanying lie to the effect that he had found the burglar's undying gratitude.

The time had now come for Marks to realize on this asset; for the office door opened wide enough to let a stocky form to lurch out, and then slammed briskly a good riddance to it. It was Dalton, and no mistake; there could be no doubt about those broad, though stooping shoulders, that drag of the legs, as if some heavy-weight impeded, that gray head, sunkenly bent and stern, fallow face.

"Hist!" signalled Marks from behind his tree in true convict style.

The burglar looked up, and his expres-

sion grew human and even attractive as he crossed over to greet him.

"I'm on the hog," said Marks abruptly. "Come," replied the other, and in a moment the two were touching elbows across a little table in the rear of the corner saloon, while the lawyer explained the calamities of which he was the victim.

Bill Dalton listened in silence until the jeremiad was concluded. "You know me," he then began, "and you know my graft. I never have no side partners; I never go cahoots with no one. When I figgers out a snap, I work it; if it comes out soft, well and good; I have the hull of the swag, with no one to throw me down; if it pans out rough, why, I have only my own troubles to bear and I kin stand 'em. But with you, Marks, it's different; you realize how I felt about that little girl, and you fixed a purty frame around her purty face. You're a man of eddicatun and yet you're got some heart; and jst got the dinky, too, 't'roo relyin' on an old pal and are f'elin' sore. So, 'damme, if I don't let you in on the biggest job of my life." And then Bill Dalton told the following story:

A few weeks before the arrest occurred whose natural consequence had but just expired Bill Dalton was staying at Bassford, in the western part of the state, to which unusual prosperity had come in the shape of oil, with a friend of his earlier professional career named Scaggs. Scaggs had a farm on the outskirts of the town which gave him a pretence of occupation, but in reality he was engaged in smuggling over the line from Canada. The two men, both solitary birds, had worked together before Dalton had advanced to his true calling and through mutual respect for squareness sometimes came together in this way to live over their adventures again. Now, in the cellar of Scaggs' house was a concealed trap door, which led into a subterranean cavity of indefinite extent, common enough in the limestone formation of that region, which had served as a safe and secret receptacle for goods; and one day, when Scaggs had crossed the river in pursuit of his vocation, Bill Dalton entered the place with a design which was the result of much recent deliberation.

"You see, Marks," Bill explained, "when I was walkin' 't'roo the town I naterally noticed the rush of business which the flash time of ile was a bringin' to the bank on Main street. People was a flockin' in as it to a lottery, each one with a wad of the dough fit to set your stomach tremblin'. The bank was, and is, remember, a substantial affair, built long ago when folks worked more with their hands and less with their jaws; one-storyed, with a big shiny vault squatting in the rear like a cruiser on a drydock. The idee kem to me to oct that that's about my six, for, as you knows, I cotens to the rooral deestricks, where the buglar alarms ain't been introduced, and what perlice there is is bot' skurce and sleepy. But the more I loked the thing over the better I thought of their job, and the wuss of mine. The vault was, and is, remember fust-class, arter the obsolete style; the roof was peaked and slippery, and the sides mately winders; so that even if a man cud out his way 't'roo, what with the light they kep' burnin', he'd have no eart'y show unless he had boccused the hull community beforehand. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'if not from the top or the sides, what's the matter with the bottom?' and, then, some how, I remembered the hole under Scaggs' cellar and a narrer passage I had oct remarked leadin' off to the right and plum in the d'irectun of Main street.

"Well, the fust time Scraggs went away I filled my clothes with candies and made a ventur' at the same passage. It was tight in the beginnin', but widened considerable, with a gradual dip, and keepin' in the one directun. Here and there it spread out with the ceilin' so high as to be most out of sight, and yet with slopin' sides, for one of a mind to climb up. There was one of these sort of caves at about the distance I t'ought was right, and so I did climb up, diggin' my heels in the half rotten rocks and now thin fetchin' a compass around a bit of white clitt that stuck out like a ghosts finger. When I got pritty clus to the top I stopped and listened. And what do you s'pose of all things I heard? Nothin' more or less, a' help me, but the rumble of the big vans bringin' barrels of ile along the Main street, yes and stoppin' too with their tally at the office directly oppohet the bank.

"Think of it, Marks, the easiest place to work and the safest, unbeknownst to everybody but me and you! Why I kin run a tunnel into that vault for the very

love of it; so much room for the dirt, [and the rock yieldin' pleasant to the pick! Old Scaggs is dead, and his place on the market, and you're jst the man to put on the proper front and rent it. I've got the dough under cover for all expenses never fear. In course I'll do the work, I wudn't be content to trust another, while you kin buy the pervious and keep comp'ny durin' the long evenin's. It will take time, when we've struck the karroct spot, I s'pose there'll be full thirty foot of tunnelin' on the stant, but arter all we'll be livin' all the while, and livin' good, with the suttenty of a melon to cut at the wind up. Now, what d'ye say?"

What Marks did say at first was to make all manner of selfish conditions, and then he agreed to the plan, as if granting a favor. In a week's time the two men were settled at Scag's farmhouse, which Marks had found a reasonable explanation for renting, and Dalton had disappeared into the bowels of the earth. He stayed there, too, for the most part, being from long habit a persistent, tireless deliver, only coming up late in the evening for a pipe and chat with his friend, so that after a little he was only remembered by the villagers as a casual visitor. The work grew under his skill, with a thoroughness worthy of a better object; slowly but surely approaching the base of the vault, with a tunnel well arched and shored.

Meanwhile Marks acted to perfection the part of a gentleman of leisure, bent on the restoration of health through country air and food. He loitered in the store and tavern, he attended church socials, he even deposited a part of Dalton's savings in the bank and chatted affably with the cashier. To all appearances, he had not a care in the world; yet day and night, his mind was racked with purposes half formed and contradictory. The man had a fear of the law, which thus far in his career had restrained him within the limits of chicanery. He realized how precarious were the pathways of crime, where any false step might prove a fatal one. Giving to his associate Bill Dalton full credit for preeminence in his profession, he could draw but dimly forecasts from a life half spent in prison. He shuddered at the idea of violence, pursuit and hiding; the prospect of being possessed of vast wealth, which he dare not use, tormented him. And so, gradually, tortuously, he formed the judgment that the discreet course for him to adopt was to betray Dalton at the very moment of success, and live thereafter securely and like a gentleman on the reward of his treachery.

In conjunction with these reflections, though antagonistic to them, thoughts of Abe Cronkite and the revenge that he would take on him kept recurring, half forbidden. The mind of Marks, being that of a criminal, was warped and abnormal. It could not content itself with the selfish benefits of its scheming. Hatred brought about that unceasing neither remorse nor superstitious fear could ever effect, until finally vengeance on the detective, seemingly unattainable, dwarfed in importance a proceeding so commonplace as the mere selling out of a pal.

It was when these mental perturbations were at their height—for Bill Dalton had announced with a grin that a few days would end his labors, and therefore it was time for decision—that Marks, much to his surprise, saw Judge Josiah Marcellus pass sedately down the main street and enter the bank. He immediately hurried to the store, confident that no unusual event would be the subject of discussion. So, indeed, it proved, the information being gratuitously furnished that the Judge was a native of the town, retaining both affection and interest for it, the former of which he showed by frequently returning, and the latter by promoting with his wealth its various institutions. It was he who had endowed the library; it was he who had organized the oil company; it was he who was the principal shareholder in the bank.

Marks fairly gasped as he considered the full meaning of this intelligence. It placed his enemy within his grasp. However Cronkite might mistrust his statements, the fact that his patron's interests were in danger would overmaster him. The former detective's gratitude and loyalty to the judge were the main motives of his life. To express them even feebly he would doubtless cast all considerations of personal risk to the winds. Hence it was clear that if convinced that the bank robbery was already an accomplished fact, and that Marks was the only one who could point the way to the recovery of the booty, he would eagerly consent to any conditions to act in conjunction with him.

So Marks deliberated, weaving snares like a spider, until he had brought into conformity his own personal betterment and his own desire for revenge. Then he called Bill Dalton into consultation, saying that as their attempt was about to be put into operation, with every prospect of success, it was wise to consider how they were

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to dispose of the securities which, as he understood, were of vast value.

"I've allus been in the habit of burnin' the scrip and keepin' the long greens," replied Dalton.

Marks protested so vehemently against such an elemental practice that it was finally agreed that he should go to New York and secure the offices of a trust agent, and that on his return the bank should be burglarized.

Now this was the scheme that the lawyer contrived one Friday night as he journeyed to New York. He would explain to Abe Cronkite his purpose of capturing Dalton, whom the detective very well knew and recovering the booty, urging his cooperation for the reason that the burglar would meet him without suspicion, and thus they would be able to take and master him unawares. He would also show the futility of warning the police, since the burglary would take place on Saturday afternoon as soon as the bank was closed, Dalton being willing to wait for them to come from New York and advise about the securities, for the reason that the intervening Sunday would give ample time for escape. He would stubbornly refuse to give any information to to any one except Cronkite, and only to him on his promise of secrecy, well knowing that the detective was so thoroughly acquainted with the mental processes of criminals as to understand his aversion to acting with the authorities if for no other reason than want of confidence in them.

In the event that Cronkite returned with him, Marks planned to send the detective and Dalton down into the tunnel, the postponement of the job being explained by some obstacle, and then to alarm the local authorities. It seemed to him that either one of two results would follow. Dalton would attack and kill Cronkite for treachery, or the two would be caught in the very act and convicted on his evidence. In either case he would be left secure to enjoy the reward.

When Abe Cronkite, that Saturday afternoon heard this proposition detailed with all the lawyer's pers asiveness he sat for awhile in intense and rapid thought. He realized that if he hoped to save the Judge from loss he must for the time at least put himself into Mark's hands. It would be futile to turn the man over to the police; the result would be sullen denial and stubborn silence. It would be idle to give warning of a burglary already consummated, since the information he has thus far received was far too general for him to indicate where Dalton and his booty were concealed; while if, as he had reason to think, the attempt had not yet been made he still had pride enough in his professional skill to wish to be the one to frustrate it. He was in no respect deceived by Marks' friendly representations, perceiving that his own ruin was in some way sought. But the very reason that told him that the burglary was still unaccomplished

urged him to consent to the scheme; and this reason was something which he had

heard the Judge say about the construction of the bank. Therefore, impelled by anxiety for his patron's interest, the hope of professional renown and a purpose so to bring it about that the evil which Marks was plotting against him should react a hundredfold, after some quibbling as to his share of the reward he agreed to act hand and glove with his deadly enemy.

It was early on Sunday morning when Marks and Abe Cronkite reached the farmhouse and found Dalton preparing breakfast. The burglar looked up with a grin.

"Hullo, Abe," said he, "I don't know of another cove besides you I'd have let into this 'ere job, comp'ny ain't my graft, you know. But Marks, he was on his uppers, and you are nothin' if you ain't square, and I'm glad that I am to see you two frens agin." Abe Cronkite told some qualms of conscience, as he thought how their ideas of squareness differed.

"I had t'ought to have the stuff all here for you," Dalton went on, unconsciously saving Marks from the necessity of explanation, "but I struck a boulder jst above too much for me to handle. You come along, Abe, and give us a lift and we'll be up to the cement in a jiffy."

Making some excuse for not following immediately, Marks remained in the front room, while the two men descended into the cellar. He heard the raising of the trapdoor, and then their retreating steps; and in the ensuing silence stood fixed in the contemplation of his own acuteness. At last he had his enemy in a trap; at last the way lay clear before him to safety and

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

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**Music and
 The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Miss Dorothy Cole who has been spending the summer at her home here, went back to Boston this week. Miss Cole will make her home for the winter in Winchester but will still continue to fill her church engagement in East Boston on Sunday. Miss Cole sang in Queen Square, Methodist Church her work charming all who had the pleasure of listening to her. Her voice which is a pure dramatic soprano is rich and full, and has a reserve force about it that gives great promise for the future. Miss Cole is a pupil of Mrs. Edwards of Boston and her teacher has great hopes of her beautiful young pupil's attaining prominence among local artists of the day.

The Salem Oratorio society has secured Emil Mollenhauer, as conductor for the coming season.

The regular musical season began in New York on Monday with English opera. The piece being Faust.

Pauline Hall has decided to go abroad, and make her appearance in the English Music Halls and on the continent.

The famous orchestra, under the leadership of Edouard Strauss, sailed from Vienna last Saturday for America. Their first concert will be given in New York on Oct. 20.

Last Monday a new comic opera entitled "The Wonder Worker," was produced in London. It is by Edward Cadman and A. W. Kettelby, and the action takes place in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has practically published his new Irish opera written to Hood, libretto, for the Savoy. The story is Irish, of about the same period as that selected for Dr. Stanford's opera, a few years ago, but the plot is different.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will appear in a number of recitals, previous to and during her engagement with the Maurice Grau Opera company, by special arrangement with Mr. Grau. Her tour will be under the direction of L. M. Ruben.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Evil Eye gave fine performances in the city this week, ending Thursday night. The extravaganza is one of the brightest, merriest things on the road, with a whole lot of happy healthful fun, and is free from even the slightest suggestion of vulgarity. The old favorites were warmly welcomed and the new ones scored flattering triumphs. Mr. Charles Flynn, here last year with the Robinson Opera Company, is a valuable acquisition to the ranks of the Company's vocalists. The staging, costuming and scenic effects were excellent.

A production of Charles Chase's dramatization of Quo Vadis will be given at the opera house on October 22 and 23. The cast is said to be strong, and the entire production magnificent.

Biograph pictures will be shown at the Mechanics Institute next week.

The Boston Stock Company will produce a sensational war play at the opera house on Thanksgiving day.

Red Pottage has been dramatized and will shortly appear.

E. S. Willard will open his Boston engagement with David Garrick.

Olga Nethersole sailed last week for America and will make an American tour.

H. A. Jones's new play "Mrs. Dane's Defence" was given a London production on Oct. 9.

Chicago's new theatre, the Illinois, will be opened on Monday next, with Julia Marlowe in Barbara Freitohie.

The last issue of the New York Mail and Express contained an excellent portrait of Jane Wheatley who was here with The Christain.

Mr. Hart the Ben Mulay of The Casino Girl has acquired the English rights of Whang, and hopes to produce it in London in the spring.

Mrs. Mouillot made her first appearance as Madame Butterfly in David Belasco's little one act play, in Comberwell on Monday Sept. 29. She is said to have come through the ordeal with very considerable success.

Vroom, the English dramatist will come to America shortly to produce Marco of Gascony for the first time on this side under the management of Jacob Litt. Arthur Vroom's play will appear at Drury Lane theatre at Easter.

George Easton is soon to produce a version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Judith Berolde is spoken of as Hester Prynne. In private life Miss Berolde is Mrs. Edward Marshall wife of the famous

Cuban war correspondent and now editor of the New York Sunday Herald.

Miss Harris Burroughs will begin a tour early in November, in a play which has been written for her by Willis Steel and Edward Rose out of Gilbert Parker's novel "The Battle of the Strong" the first production will be in Chicago.

The London theatrical world keeps busy in addition to the reopening of Terry's theatre last week, the Lyceum opened last Monday with Auld Lang Syne" under the management of William Mollison. This is his first theatrical enterprise.

Frank Tannehill Sr., father of the actor who visited St. John in the last season or two, and himself a well known actor of many years ago is dying of Bright's disease. His wife is appearing in the west with a company presenting Old Jed Prouty.

Owing to Emperor Williams special wishes the theatre censorship through out Prussia is now much more stringent. All the new plays submitted for censorship in Berlin for the coming season have been either forbidden outright or greatly modified. The objections were largely of a social or political nature.

The production of "A Midsummer Hights Dream" which is being produced in New York with Kathryn Kidder and Louis James in the principal part is very elaborate. Miss Kidder is playing Helena and Mr. James, the weaver, Bottom. The supporting company is very strong and Mr. Norman Hackett is the leading man.

Mr. Hackett is a young westerner who was not previously known in New York but has achieved success in other cities. His work with the Criterion Stock company in Buffalo this summer highly spoken of and drew considerable attention to him.

John Drews appearance in Richard Carvel has created a great deal of comment, partly on account of its phenomenal success and partly because it introduced him in a style of play so unusual to him. Theatrical prophets had already given the play over to James K. Hackett and there had been considerable gossip because he did not get it but all seemed to overlook one reason why it was natural that Charles Frohman gave the play to John Drew.

In this connection the Boston Transcript says: For several years he has had this popular actor under his management in this country, but a London engagement has never been possible. Mr. Drew was a great favorite there in the days when he headed Daly's stock company with Ada Rohan, but since he became a star it was impossible for him to go there because he had been identified almost exclusively with the parts created in London by Charles Wyndham. Consequently he would go to England in the summer and see Mr. Frohman present William Gillette, Mrs. Carter and other American stars, while he did not play, simply because Mr. Frohman had no new material for him. All that is changed this year, and he has scored an emphatic hit in the dramatization of a novel which has already won popularity in England, and it would not be at all surprising to have Mr. Frohman announce that Mr. Drew and "Richard Carvel" would cross the Atlantic immediately after the conclusion of the season in this country.

Grace George, who plays the girl queen Honoria in the romantic play Her Majesty has contributed to one of the leading magazines her impressions of the Passion Play, which she studied during her recent visit to Oberammergau. She was deeply impressed not only with the simplicity and naturalness of the acting, but the marvelous realism of the accessories, but by the reverential spirit of the players, humble wood carvers, who dwell far remote from contaminating city influences and who are reared from the cradle for participation in the great religious festival upon which the whole civilized world's deepest interest is centered once in every decade.

"The same spirit," says Miss George, "also dominates the great concourses of spectators, including tourists from many lands, but chiefly composed of Bavarian peasants, who are deeply and sincerely moved by this graphic portrayal of the Saviour's sufferings on Calvary.

"One little incident upon the afternoon of my last visit was deeply significant of the devotional attitude of the spectators. In the scene where Peter denies his Master the crowing of a cock is simulated with wonderful fidelity. Instantly there arose a clarion chorus of response from every back yard rooster in the neighborhood. An American audience, no matter how serious its mood, would have yielded to a suddenly awakened sense of the ridiculous. But not so this audience. No face betrayed the shadow of a smile. No ripple of merriment disturbed the solemnity of the situation."

Mr. Willie Edonin leaves London on Oct. 27th, to appear on Nov. 12th at the Casino Theatre, New York, as Anthony Tweedlepunch in Florida. Mr. Edonin comes to America by arrangement with

Tom B. Davis, and he will probably be accompanied by Mr. Sydney Ellison, the stage manager of the London Lyric, who may produce the piece in New York.

A RUINED LAWYER'S TRAP.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

fortune! He turned toward the door to hasten to the village on his mission of treachery, turned and stopped short, for Abe Cronkite confronted him. Not the slow, rather stupid Abe, who had yielded so supinely to his inventions, but a man surcharged with energy and determination, who constrained him, with his eye full as much as with leveled revolver, to proceed in his through the subterranean passage to where Bill Dalton was excavating.

The cave was high and spacious, with slanting walls, carefully marked by the burglar's rough calculations, and a beaten path winding up to aperture within a few feet of the roof. As the two men reached a point directly underneath, Dalton thrust his head through the opening.

"Hullo, boys," he called, "bot there, hey? That's good. Everything is going as fine as shootin'. You needn't come up just yet. I've got that boulder loosened all around and will have it out in a couple of strokes. Say, the foundatun is plum aginst it, and they must have took it for bed rock; and with a chuckle he disappeared.

Abe Cronkite backed away slowly to the further wall, first making a significant gesture with his hand in his side pocket; but Marks stood still, uncertain what to do, fearful of what might happen; assured of but one thing, that he had found a master. The man was cowed, terrified, by Cronkite's silence, as impassive, an inexorable as an executioner's. He essayed to speak, but his throat was convulsed; his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. So he stood awaiting he knew not what, save that it was his doom.

There came a concussion from above the fall of a heavy mass, followed by a cry of exultation. But ere this cry had died away there was a strange rumble, metallic, portentous; and then a scream of agony. As that rumble boomed nearer and louder, the detective involuntarily gave a shout of warning, and Marks the lawyer made one effort, one spring to save himself, but it was too late. Down through the tunnel, thundering, crashing came a dozen of the loose cannon balls, which as Abe Cronkite had heard the judge say long ago, had been placed around the foundations of the vault when it was built, after a fashion obsolete but effective, down and out upon the poor wretch, crushing away life and all semblance of humanity!

The Bassford bank was saved from looting in the moment of its utmost peril; and Abe Cronkite, as he telegraphed for the Judge to come on at once realized that when the board met he would at receive at least a part of that reward upon which Marks the lawyer had reckoned to his cost.

For Politicians.

The following conversation was overheard on a railway train:

"Why, the time was," said a passenger with a gorgeous watch chain, "when we had our county so well in hand that we could elect a brindle pup to any office we chose to nominate him for."

"And you can't do it now?" queried the other passenger, a man with a consumptive cough.

"I should say not. The other fellows have beat us three to one in the last two elections."

"To what do you attribute the change?"

"Well, I am inclined to think the reason is that when we had the power we elected too many brindle pups."

In Exchange for Pork.

Many years ago the United States ship Jason went crushing in search of British merchantmen. One of her crew kept a private log of the voyage, and the journal has happily come down to us. Here is an entry made one summer's day.

The ship's company had had pork served out to them, and thirty two pieces were hung over the ship's side to soak over night. The next morning a man went to his rope, and on pulling it up, found the rope bitten and the pork gone. Every man ran to his rope, and all found bitten in the same way.

They went aft, and looking over the taffrail saw a shark under the stern. Our captain came on deck and ordered the boatswain to bring him a shark hook. He baited it with three pounds of pork.

The shark took hold of the bait and hooked himself. We made the chain fast

E. H. Moore
 This signature is on every box of the genuine
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to the main brace, and when we got him half-way up he slapped his tail and stove in four panes of the cabin windows. We got a bit of rope round his tail and pulled him aboard, but when he found himself on deck he drove the man from the helm and broke two spokes of the wheel.

Then the carpenter took an axe and struck him on the neck which cut his head nearly off, the boatswain tickling the shark under the belly with a handspike to keep his eyes off the carpenter. When he had nearly bled to death, the carpenter gave him another blow, which severed the head from the body.

Our captain then ordered the steward to give the ship's company two casks of butter, and the cook to prepare the shark for the people's dinner. He was eleven and a half feet long.

Happy Blanders.

Below are selections from some examination papers—not imaginary, but drawn from the note book of an American educator and printed in the Atlantic Monthly. Rich, unconscious humor may be fully tasted in them.

"What was the religion of the Ancient Britons?"

"A] strange and terrible one—that of the Dudes."

"Where is the earth's climate the hottest?"

"Next the creator."

"What can you tell of Ben Jonson?"

"He survived Shakespeare in some respects."

"What causes perspiration?"

"The culinary glands."

"What is the spinal column?"

"Bones running all over the body and very dangerous."

"For what is John Milton famous?"

"Keeping bad angels out of heaven."

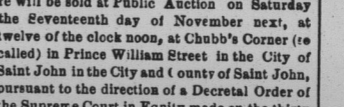
"Name some of the early Christian Fathers."

"Jerome, Ouzgen and Ambrosia."

"What is the form of water drops?"

"Generally the spherical, for reasons known only to the gracious Providence who makes them."

Magistrate (to witness)—"You say that you saw the alteration?" Witness—"No, sorr. Oi didn't see that. Oi was busy lookin' at the toight."



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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the Seventeenth day of November next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Haines is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas H. Somerville and Stephen P. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows, that is to say:—

"ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and made between "The Trustees of Saint Andrews Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:—

ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Dukes Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the said Trustees of Saint Andrews Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Ed- win R. Stewart and by him assigned to the said Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:—

Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northerly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence northerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northeastern corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements thereunto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefits and advantages to be had or derived therefrom."

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900.
E. H. McALPINE,
 REFEREE IN EQUITY."

G. C. COSTER,
 PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.



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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1900, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1900, in a certain case or matter therein pending in the matter of the Estate of George L. Taylor, late of the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings, deceased, between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, defendant; and by amendment between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, Eliza A. Florence Currie and Wendell H. Currie, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises in the said decretal order, described as follows:—

"ALL that lot of land situate lying and being on the south side of King Street, in the said City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City, as file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number four hundred and fourteen (414), having a breadth of forty feet on the said street and continuing back the same breadth one hundred feet together with all and singular the buildings hereunto privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining which said lot of land and premises is subject to a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated on or about the first day of November A. D. 1888 and made between the Testator George L. Taylor of the one part, and Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executor and Executrices of the last will and testament of John Horn deceased for securing the payment to the said Executor and Executrices of the sum of eleven thousand dollars on the first day of November A. D. 1891 with interest thereon at five per centum per annum payable quarterly, all of which said interest has been paid up to the first day of May A. D. 1899 and subject also as to the store and premises on the e. p. or eastern half or portion of the said lot having the street number 66 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to J. McMurray Reid and Robert Reid, doing business as Reid Brothers, at the annual rent of seven hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November; and as to the store or premises on the lower or western half or portion of the said lot having the street number 64 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to the Good Bicycle Company at the annual rent of six hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900.
E. H. McALPINE,
 REFEREE.

W. A. TRURMAN,
 PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 13

CITY AND COUNTY CANDIDATES.

No doubt the most interested columns of PROGRESS today contains the names of those who have had a chance to sign the requisition paper of Hon. A. G. BLAIR.

It is right and proper that the representative of New Brunswick in the cabinet should come from the most important constituency in the province and Hon. Mr. BLAIR'S acceptance of the nomination will please his friends everywhere.

Colonel TUCKER'S opponent in the county is Dr. STOCKTON. The verdict this constituency pronounced on this gentleman some time ago is sufficient to warrant his defeat on the seventh of next month.

THE ST. JOHN CONTEST.

The date of the federal elections is fixed for the seventeenth of next month and both parties are making every necessary preparation for the contest. We in St. John learned a few days ago that Messrs. FOSTER and STOCKTON were the choice of the opposition party.

What a satisfaction it will be to all energetic citizens to see the ex-tory minister left at home!

Lack of space made it necessary for us to omit many articles of interest this week. A political contest only comes once in a while and as the people seem to be more interested in that than anything else PROGRESS devotes considerable space to the news in that direction.

Mr. Moore's Friends Heard From.

Friends of the late Mr. H. LaMont Moore, of the North End, called upon PROGRESS this week to state that an article in the issue of Oct. 6th, which seemed to have reference to him, through his last hours, and the conduct of his father, regarding the disposition of his effects, was not correct in any particular.

They Had Two Sessions.

Last Tuesday when the rain came down so heavily the school children in the various schools naturally expected a school day of one session. Imagine their surprise when 12 o'clock came to find that they had to go out in that drenching downpour and face the storm.

Poor little tots, boys and girls, six, seven and eight years old could be seen wending their way home, and at times dodging into a friendly way that would shelter them from the fast descending deluge of rain. In a great many cases the parents of the little ones were not on hand with umbrellas and wraps, as they fully expected that there would be one session on such a rainy day.

When afternoon came round the rain was just as severe as in the morning. Many of the children did not return to school, as their parents naturally refused to allow them to venture forth on such a day. Many of the schools were about empty on Tuesday afternoon as a result. Some fixed rule should be made regarding this one-session business. It seems unjust to children and parents that such events as that of last Tuesday's should be recorded.

Israel Zangwill, whose literary sketches are marked by the same care and finish as his works of fiction, contributes to The Youth's Companion of October 4th an amusing account of "Lecturing to the Dutch."

BLAIR AND TUCKER.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

- John J. Barry, Henry Maber, Robert Magee, M. J. Nugent, Sleeth, Quinlan & Co., Stanton Bros., John H. Thomson, Vroom & Arnold, M. D. Austin, Joseph Finley, John M. Anderson, Jas. E. Earle, George E. Day, Bryden Bros & Co., A. M. Rowan, Francis L. Carvell, Charles Coster, Freeze Bros., Edwin Hornesle, Jr., Thos. L. Hay, W. H. Barnaby, E. H. Turnbull, Lewis M. Coll, Francis & Vaughan, McIntyre & Comeau, G. H. Barnett, T. J. Dickson, W. H. Fairall, George McArthur, Wm. Rankine, J. R. Cameron, John McMullin, John McCaffrey, J. J. McCaffrey, John Walsh, K. O'Shaughnessy, Frank Puddington, E. Puddington, H. N. Parlee, F. J. G. Knowlton, H. J. Olive, George Robertson, Jr., George A. Troop, Jas. H. Pullen, John Russell, Sr., Robt. R. Ritchie, Louis J. Almon, Jarvis Wilson, Jr., A. B. Walker, J. W. Scully, J. W. Smith, Francis McCafferty, W. J. M. Shaw, Frank Parke, John K. Storey, Robert Thomson, Thos. N. Wisted, E. J. Broderick, M. D., G. F. Beverly, Jas. P. McGivern, C. E. Colwell, John M. Driscoll, M. Flood, John Flood, W. R. Gregory, Joseph Broderick, Peter Clinch, E. N. Davis, D. D. S., David Lynch, W. H. McQuade, John McGoldrick, D. H. Nasse, W. E. Nobles, W. H. Purdy, H. B. Schofield, Hassen J. Dick, S. S. McAvity, Louis Moran, Thos. Spellman, Mathew McGinn, Murdoch McLean, A. B. Clifford, Fred T. Shackleton, Geo. W. B. Curry, Samuel Watson, R. Heans, C. Belyea, William Barnhill, William Halsey, Fred. A. Patterson, John Rowley, James Butler, John J. Kane, Wm. J. Haslam, D. Morrison, S. H. Wetmore, J. B. Quilty, F. H. Haslam, M. A. Morrissey, Edward W. Toole, J. Frank Owens, B. F. Kearney, Daniel Fitzgerald, Robt. R. Boyer, Jas. McMullin, Rudolph Wottrich, Arthur McHugh, Michael McGirr, J. H. McLaughlin, D. J. McLaughlin, D. A. Hurley, James Carney, Michael J. Daley, Philip Doherty, Jas. Keltie, Jas. Johnston, Wm. Johnston, Patrick Lawson, Thos. Lawson, W. H. Foster, Samuel C. Hunter, R. J. Selfridge, H. N. Coates, George A. Knodell, W. J. Simpson, F. J. Galbraith, Hugh Johnston, James Flood, Edward J. Flood, Albert Bourque, John Ryan, Abel Tobin, James Stack, John McDonald, Arthur B. Johnson, James Barry, Joseph Hayes, Andrew J. O'Leary, J. Johnston, John McCann, Wm. H. Flett, Thomas Stewart, Robert Gorman, Joseph McHugh, Michael Kelly, J. H. Doherty,

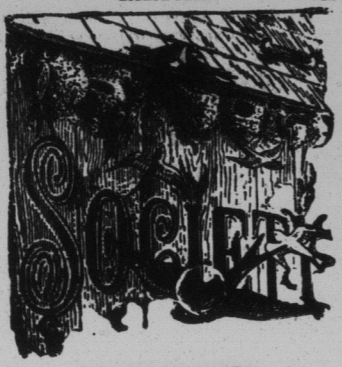
- James Flood, Jr., Jas. MacDonald, John Riley, James R. Snugro, C. A. Paddock, F. McEachern, Wm. I. Walsh, F. Gains, J. O'Neill, Wm. McLaughlin, Wm. Tait, F. Doherty, S. J. Armstrong, Charles H. Knodell, J. A. Hoyt, Charles I. Enlow, J. William Knodell, George M. Palmer, Clarence Spencer, J. B. Jones, J. L. McCafferty, Chas. R. Rine, Otto L. Reinecke, H. C. Hoyt, John W. Fisher, E. K. Fisher, A. Foster, John T. Power, Thos. Ritchie, Hugh Doherty, Thos. Alexander, Timothy O'Keefe, Philip Doody, McGrath Bros., Robert J. Ritchie, Frank McBrearity, M. Carroll, F. H. Conlon, A. F. Conlon, John L. Conlan, John McDonald, Thos. L. Barnes, Wm. J. Cox, George Buckley, David Beckwith, M. F. Ritchie, C. Cain, Nicholas Murphy, Richard Whelley, David Cummings, Michael Walsh, Martin Dolan, David McHale, Joseph A. Murdoch, John A. Miller, John Collins, David Kerris, John Dolan, J. McEachern, A. S. Wood, D. J. Donohue, James McGilvery, T. H. Andrews, T. H. Halsey, M. & H. Gallagher & Co., Patrick Ryan, John E. McLaughlin, G. Percy Bolton, F. Munde, Peter L. Dolan, John Coughlan, D. J. Britt, F. E. Driscoll, Edmund Mulholland, John E. McDonald, Wm. McDonald, Thos. McDonald, Thos. McGrath, Patrick McDonald, Felix McGirr, M. Ryan, James Minehan, J. D. Rolston, William Furlong, Daniel Murphy, Thos. L. Baxter, John Sullivan, E. Mooney, John P. Maloney, W. Cumins, John Henderson, Bert Morrow, D. W. Pilkington, J. A. Owens, H. Ryan, John Griffin, Joseph Elliott, S. Patterson, William Elliott, James Fleming, John Holland, C. Shaffer, D. Walsh, F. Mackin, George Doherty, Michael T. Cavanaugh, Hugh Beck, Edward McDonald jr., Daniel McDermott, Alex. Blaine, Edward Conley, James Buchanan, John Spittel, Thos. Sharp, Milton Phippin, Frank H. White, Wm. D. Essington, Ernest C. Wilson, George E. Price, Phillip O'Neill, James Murray, A. Power, John Gallagher, W. H. Coates, Joseph P. Doody, Barnhill & Sanford, Edward S. Carter, John LeLacheur sr., Thos. P. Charleson, S. N. Sancton, H. E. Codner, Walter H. Allan, P. J. Mooney, Thos. R. Hilyard, John M. Taylor, John F. Morrison, E. I. Simonds, F. A. Butcher, John F. Gleeson, J. A. Buckley, J. M. Doody, Alex. F. Johnston, E. G. Owens, W. H. Robinson, F. J. Power, E. J. Armstrong, E. Rodgers, Jas. J. Lawlor, C. W. H. Grant,

- Albert H. Sears, Wm. J. Cain, John T. Richards, Isaac Erb, Albert J. Rolston, Keane Bros, R. C. John Dunn, A. W. McMackin, J. Fraser Gregory, C. B. Allan, T. H. Bullock, A. W. Murdoch, A. T. Dunn, Henry Lee, Fred H. Barr, G. A. B. Addy, H. S. Daley, Wm. Codner, Dennis McCarthy, P. C. Redmond, John Beaty, John J. Connors, James Brennan, G. Stanton, Wm. Donahue, Fred McLaughlin, John F. McLaughlin, W. Gilson, J. Leary, C. McGinty, Michael Sullivan, John Cavanaugh, J. H. Cavanaugh, P. McHale, Henry Grabam, Bennett McKenzie, Arthur Carney, J. Cullinan & Son, Thos. Driscoll, George Lockie, Robert Garnett, Ford Yerxa, Albert Myers, S. Proctor, Arch. Daley, Michael Cohn, Allan McDonald, Richard Myles, Timothy Halliban, A. W. Vanwart, W. M. Angus, F. H. Foster, H. Blair, J. H. Mosher, W. A. L. W., Wm. J. Evans, Wm. B. Price, Wm. Doherty, Henry Regan, M. McDade, J. F. W. Bowes, Wm. A. Devin, H. McL. Lingley, S. Dunham, J. J. Porter, Joseph Roderick, Robert O'Brien, F. Doyle, Frank Stone, John Bartley, George W. Belyea, W. J. Coleston, R. Henderson, Jas. Scott, Samuel Dugan, Thos. McGuiggan, Thos. Riley, Patrick Griffith, John Murphy, G. Traynor, J. Henderson, T. Rife, A. Alcorn, Edward Walsh, Jas. Dross, Joseph McDermott, Joseph Collier, Joseph Abbott, Daniel Harris, Joseph H. O'Leary, John Mills, Wm. W. Perkins, Henry Codner, Thos. Finigan, Thos. Kane, Cornelius Kane, Herbert Kane, Thos. Furlong, Robert Ritchie, Sr., Joseph Kennedy, John C. Kee, M. Power, John Kennedy, Frank McGuire, William J. Price, Andrew Atcheson, Samuel J. Brotnell, Henry Finigan, Jas. McParland, John Richards, Thos. McCarthy, William Sharp, Jas. B. Dinsmore, Chas. H. Marshall, Thos. F. Hunter, Wm. G. Stratton, Wm. H. Jackson, Martin Burns, Frank McMahon, Timothy O'Leary, Patrick Murphy, C. J. Kane, W. T. McNeill, George Atcheson, John Jackson, C. S. Lugin, William Richards, A. N. Nixon, Joseph N. Ellis, Jas. Mahoney, John Fleming, W. F. Britney, B. Britney, Thos. Britney, John Callaghan, Thos. Killarn, Dennis Griffin, Patrick McKiany, A. McDermott, T. Donovan, John Collins, John J. Collins, Percy W. Thomson, Geo. R. Robertson, Alfred Parter, R. T. Leavitt, R. F. F. Knox, E. H. McAlpine, G. Sidney Smith,

- T. McGrath, M. D. Sweeney, W. A. Lockhart, jr., Jos. S. Quinn, Robt. H. Green, Edward Walsh, Alfred Crowley, G. G. Brown, E. B. Nixon, S. T. Golding, T. M. Burns, W. B. Wallace, T. W. Moore, Cornelius Heffernan, Patrick F. Linehan, Henry Crawford, G. Caples, David Clark, James Harrington, C. Mahoney, John Murphy, Jerry Quinn, William McMonagle, John McSherry, Daniel McMonagle, Edmund Roche, G. Vanwart, Peter Mahoney, John Shea, R. J. Cotter, Gregory Lobb, Philip Davis, Roger Kennedy, Arthur Kennedy, Patrick O'Brien, Daniel Maloney, Joseph Garnett, Richard Knaves, William Kane, Robert Ready, Chas. Gallagher, Edward Powers, Thos. McKinney, Patrick O'Brien, James Kennedy, Michael Kelly, Thos. W. Hoy, George Kerr Barton, R. K. Cameron, M. Farrell, F. L. Harrison, Robert Marshall, A. W. Adams, T. A. Linton, William Purchase, N. B. Smith, Wm. Doherty, John A. Watson, A. F. Cassidy, W. H. B. Sadler, H. R. Dunn, J. W. Sharp, J. Oty Morrell, G. P. Matthew, Samuel C. Porter, S. H. Davis, Louis Nelson, John Crowley, Thomas Craig, J. E. Secord, Everett E. Jones, Thomas J. Morgan, Geo. B. Egan, T. A. Wakeling, W. Carey Hatfield, George Murray, Chas. A. Gurney, Charles Scammell, James Ryan, Alexander Watson, James Gallagher, S. A. Morrell, John W. Long, Thos. Kippy, I. E. Smith, James P. Wilson, M. McGuiggan, Wm. McGuiggan, Daniel Haulon, Joseph Breen, Robt. J. O'Brien, Jr., John Lowe, John Woodburn, Matthew McGuiggan, John Condon, Henry Stevens, M. Spears, Jas. McGivern, John Abbott, John Ward, John Booth, A. F. Diblee, Fred J. Kee, James Murphy, John Conboy, James Lang, Hugh McCarthy, John Bartlette, F. G. Doody, James Traynor, Charles Daley, Jos. Doherty, James E. O'Brien, John Doody, William Kirk, Conrad Geim, Cornelius Regan, Peter Traynor, John Butler, R. Calaghan, Michael McGivern, B. D. Lingley, John J. Dwyer, P. A. Clarke, F. B. Hayward, J. O. McWilliams, Patrick M. Higgins, B. J. Morris, F. S. Murdoch, Enoch O. Parsons, E. S. Taylor, Beverley Boyles, I. O. Beatty, Levi Colwell, Geo. V. Beattay, William Beattay, George L. Britain, F. T. Boyles, Michael Donovan, Richard Davis, William W. Britain, Edward Harney, Thos. Gooley, J. P. Quinn, M. J. Cavanaugh, Andrew Ramsay, W. Winthrop Dickey, D. Downey, John F. Rooney,

CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.

FOR ADDITION TO COUNTY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Provision is made in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and centres.

- MORSON & Co. Barrington street
L. J. FIDELLAY, Cor. George & Bransford Sts
J. R. FIDELLAY, Bransford street
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
Queen Bookstore, 106 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas, 181 Brunswick St

Oct 10.—A social event of interest during the past week was the Dalhousie "At Home" held in the University building. The whole building was lit up, and the rooms beautifully decorated for the occasion.

A good number of people went to Windsor last week to witness the nuptials of Miss Jean Smith and Dr. Morris, two young people well known in Halifax society.

Colonel and Mrs. Bincoe have taken apartments at Elmwood for the winter.

Miss Susie Stairs gave a tea for the members of the Dalhousie football team on Friday last. The affair was most successful.

Still the wedding announcements keep coming in. There are three North End weddings to occur shortly, which will interest a wide circle of people.

Dr. Doull sailed last week for Liverpool, enroute to Berlin, where he will continue his medical studies. Mrs. Doull, accompanied him as far as Montreal.

Mrs. Hector McInnis and her two children are in Charlottetown, visiting Mrs. McInnis' father, Rev. D. McNeill, Prince Wm.

Miss Florence Sullivan, Maple street, left last Wednesday for Boston via D. A. R. route; she will be away about a month, visiting friends and relatives in the Bay State capital and Everett, Mass.

Miss Mildred Irene Edmunds, of this city, after taking the course of practical training given in the shorthand and typewriting department of Whiston's Commercial College, and passing successfully her final examinations, has been granted a diploma from institution.

Miss Jessie Mowbray and Miss Hattie Rhoad have gone to visit friends in Boston and New York.

Jas Burns and wife have returned from a pleasant excursion to Boston. Mr. Burns has not been in good health lately, and his many friends will be glad to learn, he has been much improved by his trip.

Ashley Oliver, youngest son of Surgeon-General Oliver, who has been a clerk in Molson's Bank, Toronto, for several years, has accepted a commission in the Royal Canadian, here, and will go into barracks at Wellington on Monday.

Mrs. F. W. W. Doane entertained a number of ladies "at home" recently at her beautiful residence, Young avenue.

Miss B. Ratne, who has been summering at Halifax and Chester, left by the steamer Halifax Saturday night for Boston.

Mr. Bert Hartigan of the D. A. R. and Miss Florrie Armstrong, 6 Sarah street are to be married at St. Mark's on Wednesday the 17th at 3.30 o'clock.

A. W. Smith and C. F. Harris returned Saturday from a pleasant trip to Boston, New York and Upper Provinces.

A popular young couple in musical circles, Thos L. Covey and Miss Eisle Hubley, daughter of Cyrus Hubley, one of our foremost lady vocalists, will be married at Tabernacle church Wednesday morning at 8.30 by Rev. G. W. Schurman.

Horace F. Moberg arrived back from British Columbia on Saturday. During his stay in B. C. he was looking after the interests of the shareholders of the Montreal Boston Copper Co. and found everything in first class shape, which is a good thing for those interested.

Miss Hazel Anderson of Boston, Mass, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Minnie Fogarty, Cornwallis street, for the past three months, left for home on Monday by D. A. R. feeling very much improved in health.

Miss Esther C. Newcomb daughter of Geo C. Newcomb formerly of Halifax is here on a visit, after an absence of ten years in Somerville, Mass., she is a very efficient trained nurse, and has met with great success at that profession. During her stay in the city she is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Priest North street.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton have returned from their wedding trip and will be at home to their friends at Bedford, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

Miss Marion Brophy, Hanover street, left by the Bluenose Saturday morning for a visit to Boston and New York; while in New York she will stay with her aunt, Mrs. McCarthy.

Mrs. H. Woodbury of Halifax, is visiting at Dr. Bell's, Kingston station, Annapolis Co.

Miss Minnie McLean who has been visiting Miss Ethel Weston, Kingston Village, N. S., has returned to Halifax.

Miss Austin of Halifax is visiting Mrs. G. H. Clements, Aylesford.

Mrs. St. Clair Jones, Weymouth Point, is visiting Mrs. Stuyser, Halifax.

Mrs. A. Weston has returned from British Columbia where she went several weeks ago, in connection with settling some business there.

The marriage will take place in St. Mary's cathedral on Wednesday morning of Miss Kate M. Lanigan and Mr. W. P. Mahar, traveller for Black Bros. & Co.

Mr. Charles Blanche, the business manager of the Valentine Stock Co., was the recipient of a very pleasant surprise last Friday evening, the anniversary of his birthday, when the ladies and gentlemen of the company assembled at his house, 40 Brenton street to wish him many happy returns of the day. His sister, Miss Kate Blanche, came a great way to be present in the dining-room, to which all were invited, after which wit and good feeling reigned supreme.

Mrs. Doane gave a pleasant tea on Wednesday evening last. The rooms of the elegant hostess were thronged with the fashionable people of the garrison city.

Lotie and Master James McDonald, and nurse, having returned to Halifax after a delightful sojourn of two weeks in Upper Beakville, N. S., the guests of Mrs. Lewis L. Hamilton, Springfield Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Bowman arrived last evening, and will reside at 83 Spring Garden Road. Miss Ida G. Blanche of Halifax, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Wright, Brooklyn, Annapolis, N. S.

Messrs. Henry and Robert Lawrence, from Mass, U. S., are on a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence, Upper Falmouth.

Mrs. W. T. Croswley left here last week for New York, where on the 15 she sails with Capt. Croswley on the steamer Cadique for South America on a four months trip.

At Ardooie on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 27th., a very interesting event took place at Brook Valley Farm, the residence of Oliver Baxter, when his fifth daughter Jessie Drenilla was united in marriage to Mr. James Andrew Cameron, of Upper Newport. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. L. Fraser pastor of the Presbyterian church, Brooklyn.

Miss Gallager has returned from a pleasant visit to Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Frank W. Phelan and child arrived from Galveston last night on a visit to Mr. Phelan's parents, Brenton street.

The marriage of Mr. Albert H. New and Miss Ada G. Catts takes place Thursday morning at 6.45 at St. Mark's church.

Mr. Garnet F. Ring left Wednesday for a trip to Boston and New York, to be absent three weeks.

Miss Alice O'Donnell and Mrs. Young of South Boston, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. O'Donnell, Creighton street for the past nine weeks returned by the D. A. R. yesterday morning, after spending a pleasant vacation.

Rev. Thomas Fowler leaves this week on a three months' visit to England.

James F. Fairbank, Halifax, registered at the Canadian Government offices, London, during week ending Sept. 24.

The Garrison schoolmaster and schoolmistress (Mr. and Mrs. Howell) are about to be transferred to Redcliffe on completion of tour. Their departure will be felt by the many who know them and by those who have so much benefited by their untiring efforts.

Miss M. E. A. Heath, A. B. Kenyon and E. Belling have gone to Boston.

The marriage of Miss Florence Armstrong and W. B. Hartley will take place on October 17th, at St. Mark's church at 4 o'clock.

WINDSBOR.

Oct. 10.—Windsor was the scene of a big wedding of Wednesday last, when Miss Jean Mildred Smith, daughter of J. M. Smith of the firm of Bennett, Smith & Son was married to Dr. Charles E. Morris. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a handsome tailor made travelling gown of white felt, and brown and white hat of velvet and feathers. The bridesmaid, Miss Evelyn Smith, wore a beautiful gown of bicent colored tulle over cerise satin with black velvet picture hat. The groom was supported by his brother and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wm. Phillips, assisted by Rev. Henry Dick in the Methodist church. After the ceremony luncheon was served at the bride's home and immediately after Dr. and Mrs. Morris left on an extended wedding tour through Upper Canada. On their return they will reside in Windsor.

Mrs. Joseph Scott has returned to Halifax.

Miss Minnie Jenkins went to Boston on Saturday, Miss Ethel Murphy returned from Kentville on Monday.

Mrs. D. Rutherford, Halifax, visited Milford last week.

Mrs. Cumming Stewart, Halifax, is visiting Capt. and Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. James Wickwire, Milford, has been visiting her old home at Millville.

Miss Mand Beech went to Boston on Saturday, and intends remaining there.

Mrs. Joe McDonald, Wolfville, is visiting her brother, Mr. Allie Smith in Boston.

Mrs. Skiffington, Quebec, and little child, are on a visit to her brother Mr. Donald.

Miss Mand Bishop, Halifax, has been spending a few days with her friend Miss Ada Smith.

Miss Silas Wier, of Shubenacadie, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lestra Smith, Mosherville.

Miss Florrie Smith returned on Monday last week from a pleasant visit with friends in Halifax.

Mr. Austin Mosher, Montreal, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mosher at Mosherville, paid us a friendly visit last week, before returning home.

Miss Cassie McKenzie, who has been spending a few weeks at her former home, Lower Selmah, Hants Co., has returned to East Boston, where she has resided for the past eleven years.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hartley, Halifax, were in town last week, and also visited Kentville. Miss Nan Wilson, Halifax, accompanied them, and remained with her friend Mrs. George Wilson until the end of the week.

Miss Gardner, sister of Mrs. Watson Smith, Halifax, is on a visit to Windsor. Miss Beale Smith, St. John, is also here. For a few days these ladies, former residents of our town, are visiting Miss A. E. Robinson.

Mrs. Bendeler and Miss Ellie Burnham were passengers to Boston on Friday last. Miss Burnham will visit Dr. and Mrs. Sterling, at Brooklyn, and will remain for some time. Mrs. Bendeler will visit friends and relatives in Boston for a month.

Miss Margaret Graham, New York, who has been spending the summer among her numerous friends in Halifax, and who has also been visiting Wolfville, the guest of Mrs. A. H. Johnson, was in town on Thursday, and left on Friday for Boston, en route to New York.

Mrs. Nicholas Mosher and Miss Priscilla Mosher, Avondale, leave on Saturday for Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton have returned from their wedding trip, and will be at home to their friends at Bedford, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

Miss Margaret O'Brien, Halifax, has been on a visit to her former home the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Handsomebody.

Miss Emily Cochran is renewing old acquaintances at Scotch Village after a residence of ten years in California.

Mrs. E. D. Miller after spending an enjoyable visit with Mr. and Mrs. George D. Goldert returned home to Yarmouth on October 1st.

Miss Annie MacKislay, Mt. Dennis, who has been spending the past month in Amherst and Fugwash, is expected home the end of this week.

Messrs. Henry and Robert Lawrence, from Mass, U. S., are on a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence, Upper Falmouth.

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YARMOUTH.

Oct. 10.—Mr. A. E. Suttie and family left for a trip in the United States on Tuesday.

Dr. Farish returned from Liverpool per Prince Edward.

Mrs. W. D. Killam was a passenger from Halifax per Prince Edward.

Mr. Harold McGill, of the New York Journal staff, who has spent his vacation here, returned to New York Wednesday.

Mrs. S. J. B. Tilley, Mrs. E. S. Matheson and Mrs. W. L. Harding, left for a trip to Boston Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Raymond have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Craig were passengers from Boston per Prince Arthur Wednesday last.

George M. Gouley, Fort Millikan, returned from Boston Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Aubrey Hood left Wednesday for Waltham, Mass., where he has a position with the American Watch Co.

J. D. Medcalf, manager of the Academy of Music, arrived from Boston on the Prince George Friday morning and spent the day in town.

Miss Katherine Carrier has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Rose, Jr., left for a visit in Massachusetts and Maine on Saturday.

Mr. Percy Macdonald left for New York on a vacation Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Allen were passengers from Boston on the S. Yarmouth, Tuesday.

Mr. John McLaughlin returned from a trip to Boston, Tuesday.

Mr. Eos Parker went to Boston Saturday last.

Mrs. John Allen arrived from New York last week.

Mr. J. Henry Harburt returned from Boston last week.

Mrs. E. B. Felton and daughter Grace returned from Scotland Saturday.

Chief of Police Davis, of Kentville, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Joseph Smith, Hawthorne St.

A very quiet but attractive wedding was celebrated at 8 o'clock this morning at Trinity church when Mr. Max W. Allen of the Post office staff, was married to Miss Agnes M. Jolly, eldest daughter of Col. T. R. Jolly. The chancel of the church was decorated with plants and cut flowers. Rev. B. D. Brambrick officiated. The bride wore a travelling suit of terra cotta broadcloth, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. Her bridesmaid, Miss Mary Lovitt, wore a white dress, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. Her bridesmaid, Mr. Harry J. Wyman officiated as best man. Messrs. Woolsey, Blagay, Blake, Burrell, and Bennis were ushers. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome piano. After a wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Allen took the train for Halifax, Ymou and St. John on Saturday.

Mr. H. B. Cann, accompanied by Mrs. Cann and her sister, Miss Mary Lovitt, left per steamer Boston on Saturday evening, en route for England.

Mr. S. D. Archer and wife (nee McGray) for Malden, Mass, are on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Joseph Churchill Butler's hill.

Judge Forbes of Liverpool, accompanied by Mrs. Forbes took passage per steamer Boston on Saturday en route for New York. Dr. Farish accompanied them from Yarmouth.

Mr. John S. Bryant, barrister of Buffalo, New York, who with his wife, has spent four seasons at the Grand Hotel, has purchased the Lavers homestead, on Clearmeads street, where he will reside during the coming winter months.

BRIDGETOWN.

Oct. 10.—Miss Margaret Leavitt of Annapolis, spent a few days in town recently.

Mrs. E. G. Langley has been visiting Mrs. Fairweather, of Sussex, N. B.

Mrs. James Cann of Yarmouth, was the guest of Mrs. H. Cann last week.

Mr. Harry Bath returned to Baltimore on Saturday last to continue his studies there.

Mrs. McCormick, who has been spending several weeks with Miss James has returned to her home in Digby.

Capt. John Nicholson, of Canning was in town for a few days recently, the guest of his brother Capt. F. Nicholson.

Mrs. (D.) Webster, formerly of Yarmouth, now of Marshfield, Mass., visited her friend Mrs. Wearo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Williams who have been visiting Mrs. J. E. Pusey, left Tuesday for their home in Providence R. I.

B. K. Daniels lately returned from South Africa, has gone to Cambridge Mass, where he will complete his education at Harvard.

Miss Jessie Rumsby, who expected to attend the Paris Exposition, has been disappointed in her trip, owing to the death of a friend.

Mrs. Harry Buggies, assisted in the programme of the concert given Monday night, in the Academy of music, Annapolis, for the benefit of the school library fund.

Miss Blanche Farr of Deep Brook, who has been receiving treatment at the Halifax hospital has so far recovered as to be able to return to her home today.

Mr. Elbourne Nichol, son of H. E. Nichol formerly of this town, but for some years living at Bear

River, has returned here with his wife to reside. His mother and sister are with him at present.

Rev. C. E. Fisco, who was at one time pastor of the Niagara church, is now stationed at Sterling, Ontario. We regret to learn that he and Mrs. Fisco have recently been called to part with their eight months' old child.

Mr. Archie Walker, son of H. O. Walker, of Granville, and his wife who have been passing a short vacation here returned to their home on Saturday. Mr. Walker is becoming well known as an electrician of considerable inventive genius.

A fashionable wedding took place last Wednesday at the residence of the bride's father, Granville Ferry, when May, only daughter of Mr. Albert Mills merchant of that town, and Mr. Charles Thomas, of the firm of Shalmer & Fugott, were united in Hymen's sacred bonds. The bride was very becomingly attired in a costume of grey cloth and laced charman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Howard H. Roach of the Baptist church, in the presence of a number of invited guests.

After the ceremony and in-cham at the house of the bride's father, the happy couple left by train on a wedding tour which will include Boston, New York and other cities.

A pleasant entertainment was given in Mrs. Lloyd's parlors last Saturday evening by the members the Crystal Club. The programme consisting of scenes from Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty, songs, recitations, etc., was very much enjoyed by those present.



Cough, Cough,

Night and day, until the strength is entirely exhausted, and that dreaded word "Consumption" begins to be whispered among friends. That's a common story, familiar to the people of every town and village.

There's another story which ought to be as widely known as the story of disease, and that is the story of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Bronchitis, asthma, obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bleeding of the lungs, and other forms of disease which affect the respiratory organs, are permanently cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

"Only for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I would be in my grave to-day," writes Mr. Moses Miles, of Hilliard, Union Co., Wyoming. "I had asthma so bad I could not sleep at night and was compelled to give up work. It affected my lungs so that I coughed all the time, both night and day. My friends all thought I had consumption. My wife insisted on my trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—which I did. I have taken four bottles and am now a well man, weighing 150 pounds, thanks to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

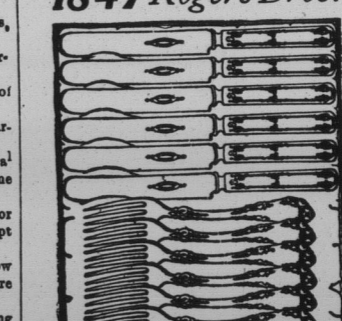
Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers or 50 stamps for cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladles, etc.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints

For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 2009 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

TENDERS FOR ST. JOHN CITY DEBENTURES.

SEALED TENDERS, in and "Tenders for Debentures," will be received at the Office of the Chamberlain of the City of Saint John up to the 15th day of October, 1900, for the purchase of Saint John City Debentures, for the whole or any part of the sum of

SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (66,500) DOLLARS.

to be issued in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars each, under the provisions of Act of Assembly 53 Victoria, Chapter 27, section 29, payable in 40 years, with interest at the rate of Four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

The said Debentures are issued by orders from Common Council of the City of Saint John, under authority of Act of Assembly, which provides for creating necessary Sinking Fund for redemption at maturity.

The proceeds of said Debentures are to meet expenses of Public Services, such as Extension of Water and Sewerage services in several places and districts, as authorized by Common Council; Purchase and establishing additional Steam Fire Engines for City Fire Department.

First Coupon (2 months' interest) payable 1st November, 1900.

Not bound to accept the highest or any tender.

FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain of Saint John, N. B., Chamberlain's Office, 10th Sept., 1900.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers."

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE GROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PRICHTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Oct. 10.—The child, was the Saturday, the 29 daughter, Sarah John B. Moyes was performed of the parish. I dress of purple applique, was bought by the groom. Was a handsome team in which many the guests to a sumptuous good people of party. At one to Annapolis to Natick, their wishes of all the Oct. 10.—A pretty by Mr. and Mrs. day last, when died to Leonard was performed presence of a large bride was united with Valencien number of guests in which Oct. 10.—The daughters of the Halifax county William, Mo last. Ma) Sam day from South Mrs. H. B. who have been H. B. Reed and relatives a Mr. and Mrs. among those who 's office in tember 20. Mrs. Hadden who have been ville Ferry, l- B. B. James day from a vis Mrs. J. H. S. tax, are visiti Mrs. J. P. Boy of W. Riley Jr. George, B. with his paren Miss Mary her cousin, M relatives here. Joseph Me accompanied ing tour to di turn next Fri Miss Anne Granville Fe where the tal- Fols Institute Miss Mary her aunt Mrs. Mrs. E. B. her sister, M. Mrs. Mary mother and her home in Melb George Jo days in town. Montreal. Miss Sadie Clements port this week. Wednesday. Oct 10—Miss Boston and v Miss Jessie Mr. E.

ARTISTS.

VINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colorists to Her Majesty and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. MSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Cure For Men.

Remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, the night emission, premature discharge, etc.

TENDERS FOR JOHN CITY DEBENTURES.

LED TENDERS, in which "Tenders for" will be received at the Office of the Bureau of the City of Saint John up to the 15th of October, 1900, for the purchase of Saint John Debentures, for the whole or any part of

SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (\$6,500) DOLLARS.

used in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars under the provisions of Act of Assembly 52, Chapter 27, section 23, payable in 40 years with interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Proceeds of said Debentures are to meet expenses for Public Services, such as Extension of Sewerage services in several places, as adopted by Common Council; and for the purchase of additional Steam Fire Engines for the City Fire Department.

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Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

ANNAPOLIS.

Oct. 10 - The home of Mr. George Wells of Moschelle, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Saturday, the 29 of September, when his eldest daughter, Sarah, was united in marriage to Mr. John B. Myers of Natick, Mass. The ceremony was performed by Rural Dean de Blais, the rector of the parish. The bride looked charming in a dress of purple silk, trimmed with grey silk and diamonds. The groom wore a suit of blue and white, and carried in his hand a magnificent bouquet of hot house roses imported from Boston. The bride's presents to the bride were a handsome gold brooch set with diamonds and pearls, also a gold bracelet. The other presents were numerous and costly testifying to the high esteem in which the bride was held. After the ceremony the guests who were quite numerous sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the fourchette, such as the good people of Moschelle know so well how to prepare. At one o'clock the happy couple were driven to Annapolis to take the Bluebonnet to Boston and Natick, their future home, attended by the good wishes of all their friends for a happy and prosperous life.

A pretty home wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Fyfe, Clements on Wednesday last, when their daughter Miss Lottie was married to Leonard Clayton Berry. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. J. Lingley in the presence of a large number of invited guests. The bride was attired in a gown of white tulle with Valenciennes lace and ribbons. The very large number of wedding presents received testified to the esteem in which the young couple are held.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

Oct. 9 - The Misses Gertrude and Grace Roy, daughters of the Rev. E. Roy of Eastern Passage, Halifax county, who have been visiting at Mr. B. F. Williams, Moschelle, returned home on Tuesday last.

Mr. J. M. Hughes arrived at Quebec on Saturday from South Africa. Mrs. B. S. Miller and little son Hugh, of Annapolis who have been visiting Mrs. L. M. T. Porter for ten days returned by the Bluebonnet Friday morning.

H. E. Reed and wife of Boston, are visiting friends and relatives at the Ferry. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hardwick of Annapolis, were among those who registered at the high commission office in London during the week ending September 29.

Mrs. Hockenly and daughter of New Glasgow, who have been visiting at Fletcher Reed's, Grandville Ferry, left for home this week. B. E. James of Tupperville, returned on Wednesday from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. J. H. Sutherland and Miss Archibald of Halifax, are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. J. A. Bayer. Mrs. J. P. Boyd of Superior, Minn., is visiting Mrs. G. W. Ryley Jr.

George Bishop, after a few days pleasant visit, with his parents, returns to Lynn today. Miss Mandy Buckler of Boston, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Jackson are visiting friends and relatives here.

Joseph MacAllen, the popular tenor artist accompanied by his wife, left on Monday on a driving tour to different parts of the province. They return next Friday.

Miss Annie B. Hart daughter of Rev. J. R. Hart, of Grandville Ferry, left this week for Herkimer, N. Y., where she takes the professorship of Zoology in the Folk Institute, a missionary training school.

Miss Mary Fullerton spent Sunday in town, with her aunt Mrs. Silas Bishop. Mrs. E. D. Millar spent Monday and Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Silas Bishop.

Miss Mary Bishop, who has been visiting her mother and friends in the valley, returned to her home in Melrose Highlands, last Friday. George Johnson who has been spending a few days in town, left on Friday last for McGill College Montreal.

Miss Sadie Cameron who has been visiting at Clements, spent a few days in town with friends this week. She returned to Providence, R. I., on Wednesday.

DIBBY.

Oct. 10 - Miss Lottie Cousins is visiting relatives in Boston and vicinity. Miss Jessie Stewart went to Halifax Tuesday.

Mr. E. B. Daken has returned from his vacation trip to Yarmouth and St. John. Mr. Bernard McBride, of the Dibby post office, returned on Wednesday from his Yarmouth visit.

Mr. Alex. Viles of St. John, spent Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Viles, Warwick St. Mr. George Wrightman is enjoying a trip through the Upper Provinces.

Capt. Joan W. Sprout, was in town this week. He returned to Canoe on Wednesday, accompanied by his family. Mr. Simon Sells of Everett Mass, and his nephew, Mr. Ellsworth Sells, are visiting friends at Smith's Cove.

The Hanlons of Fongheepsee, New York, who have been spending the summer here have returned home this week. Mrs. Robt. McLellan and daughter, Miss Gladys of Bear River, who have been stopping at the Waverly, returned home this week.

The Misses Helen and Josephine Browne, who have been spending the summer with their parents, First Avenue, returned to Providence, R. I., last week. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Turnbull left on Wednesday via St. John to visit friends in Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Turnbull will enjoy a three weeks' vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. Shephardson were in town on Wednesday, en route from Yarmouth to St. John. Mr. Shephardson was formerly pastor of the Brighton Methodist church.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crow's Store.] Oct. 10 - Miss May Reckingson who has been making a prolonged visit with her friend Miss Maude Archibald left for home in Montreal on Monday evening last.

Mr. Arthur Cox who has been making a flying visit here, because of Mrs. Cox's very serious illness, returned to Boston Monday night. Mrs. Cox's large circle of relatives and friends are glad to know that she is at last on the road to complete recovery.

Of the series of dances being arranged by a very efficient committee for the coming winter, two, it is anticipated will occur before Christmas. Miss Lydia Blair left for New York on Monday night last. Psa.

MONTON.

Oct. 10 - Mrs. H. M. MacLennan received her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Miss Phoebe McDonald has gone to St. John where she has accepted a business position. Dr. Myers of Monton arrived in Quebec last

TOUENEA GOLDEN OIL OIL

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Dr. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

NEWCASTLE.

Oct. 10 - Mrs. J. E. Lawlor is visiting friends in Buffalo. Mr. J. M. Falconer returned last Saturday from his annual trip along the coast.

Miss Russell has returned from a pleasant visit to Backville. Messrs Charles Morrissey and Edward Keating were in Bathurst last week.

Miss George Harrison has returned from a visit to friends in St. John. The many friends of Mr. Joseph Keating will be pleased to learn that he has accepted a lucrative position with Jordan & Marsh, Boston.

Mrs. (Dr) Freeman has returned to her home in Bridgetown, N. S. Mr. Beverly Sprout left for Baltimore, Maryland, Tuesday morning, to resume his studies at the dental college.

Mr. Schachter, father of Mr. Chas. Schachter, has arrived here from Germany. Miss Sangster of Saichville, is visiting her friend, Mrs. Henry In-ran.

Mr. Chas. Robinson of the W. S. Loggie, Co. L. d., is spending his vacation in Tracadie, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Young. He is accompanied by his nephew, H. Lovelock Ingram.

Mrs. W. S. Brown and daughter Minnie, left Friday morning for Boston to visit her daughter, Mrs. G. H. Merrill. Mrs. Herbert Preston of Boston, Mass., who has been visiting friends in Newcastle went to Blackville this morning.

Miss Bessie Ashford of Newcastle N. B. is visiting friends in Anttrim, N. B. Mrs. Barras, Moncton, has been visiting her sister Mrs. Elliot.

Mrs. G. J. G. is seriously ill. Mrs. John Nicholson and Miss Annie Nicholson, are visiting in Bathurst. The dance and supper at the new hall, Millerton, last Wednesday night was a success in every respect. Nearly two hundred dollars were realized.

The engagement is announced of a prominent young professional man to a young lady popular in Miramichi social and musical circles.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.] Oct. 10 - Miss Eva McInch, Vancouver, is visiting relatives in Woodstock.

Wm. B. Snow and wife have returned from their visit to St. Andrew. Mr. George Anderson, Halifax, is here, the guest of Mrs. E. J. Dibblee.

Miss Hester Hume, has gone to Pittsburg, Pa, to spend the winter with her netes. W. S. Jones, wife and child of Boston, are here on a short visit. They registered at the Carleton.

Mrs. Hugh F. Murray, St. John, is spending a few days here, the guest of her mother Mrs. Baker. J. J. Weddell and wife spent Sunday here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. White. They drove to their home, Fredericton on Monday.

Post Office Inspector, Dr. Colter was in town over Sunday. He with Miss Colter who had been here several days, were the guests of Mrs. G. A. White. Rev. W. B. Wiggins and bride have returned home from their bridal trip. They are stopping at present with Mrs. Wiggins, sister Mrs. Jewett.

Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

GREENWICH.

Oct. 9 - Mr. James N. Inch has returned from his European trip much pleased with his Paris experience and the trip in general. Miss Laura Belyes who was visiting her cousin Mrs. D. Crowe in Fredericton has returned home having enjoyed a del. ghful visit.

Mrs. Zebulon Richards and Mrs. Ford Walton, made a visit to St. John last week. Miss Margaret Belyes leaves this week for Fredericton where she will attend High school. Miss Faustina Flewelling has returned to Boston after spending several weeks here with her mother.

Mr. Walter Bonnell of Sutton, made a visit to his aunt Mrs. A. L. Pezman last week. Miss Grace Fowler who is somewhat improved in health expects to go to St. John this week for a visit to friends there.

Quite a number intend driving from here on Tuesday evening to Speight Settlement to attend a pie social in aid of seating the new church. Mrs. E. B. Belyes is making quite an extended visit in Boston.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. B. Wall and T. E. Acheson.] Mrs. Frederick F. MacNichol has been quite seriously ill with a severe cold, but is improving now. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Elliot who have the sympathy of many in the loss of their infant child which occurred on Monday. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Eaton moved into Mrs. Bolton's house on Union street this week. They will occupy it during the winter. Mrs. John E. Aigar, and son William, left for a two weeks' visit to Boston and vicinity today.

QUEBEC.

Oct. 10 - Mr. Beverly Sprout left for Baltimore, Maryland, last week to resume his studies at the dental college. Mr. Schachter, father of Mr. Chas. Schachter, has arrived here from Germany.

Miss Carrie Baker is home from North Sydney, and has received a warm welcome from a host of friends. Mr. Oscar Fenwick and Miss Essie Lydie Sutherland were united in marriage at Bathurst at an early hour on the morning of Sept. 15, by the Rev. John Goldsmith. Numerous and valuable presents testified to the esteem in which the bride was held by her friends.

Mrs. F. A. McMillan is here visiting her parents Col and Mrs. McCullay. Mrs. Isabella Trider and her daughters, Mabel, returned home Friday morning after a visit of four weeks in Fort Allegan, Pa.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

ST. ANDREWS.

Oct. 10 - Rev. Father Wala's of Calais was in town on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cunningham of Boston are visiting the latter's parents in St. Andrew. Miss Amelia Kennedy is visiting her brother in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Mr. Wellington Carson and Miss Julia Johnston, two popular young people, were united in marriage on Wednesday evening last. Mrs. E. E. Wetmore of Boston who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thompson, Cobec, returned home by Friday's boat. Mrs. C. J. M. Blaine has returned to her southern home after a summer spent with old friends in St. Andrew.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Beware! It never falls.

Some have no respect for truth, and frequently abuse it; while others have all due respect, but very seldom use it.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. They do not delay in getting a bottle of Halloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

When a man is considered to be very clever his wife thinks that his reason is an exhibition of cleverness was in picking her out to marry him.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic to break up a cold. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of various medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Wedgeley - My dear, I usually believe that new medicine has entirely cured my rheumatism. Mrs. Wedgeley - Oh, I'm so sorry. Now we can never tell when he is going to rain.

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied externally.

"I don't believe our boy Josh has much of a leanin' toward farm work," said Mrs. Cornsattel to her husband. "Yes, he has," was the answer. "He keeps a leanin' and a leanin' till finally he lies right down at 'gones to sleep."

A Cure for Fever and Ague - Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are recommended for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. It never and never acts upon the secretions and neutralizes the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food, and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

Employer - I dismissed my last watchman on account of his intemperance habits. Are you sober? Applicant - Yes, sir, very often.

Just the Thing That's Wanted - A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canal, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

Tenor (singing) - Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be thy dreams. Professor - Stop, stop! Why don't you sound the H? Tenor - I don't go up higher than G.

More Than she Expected. A little girl well expressed the mingling of hope and doubt which anticipation holds for many people.

When she received her first 'very own' doll, after a succession of treasures inherited from her older sisters, she turned to her mother a face full of rapture.

"I expected I'd have a doll some day," she said, breathlessly, "but I didn't expect I should ever have my expect!"

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s. and 1s. 6s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, learn position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Fall River, Pa.

FOR SALE U. S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Butte Basin, Wash. Territory.) Numerous and valuable presents testified to the esteem in which the bride was held by her friends.

Mrs. F. A. McMillan is here visiting her parents

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK:

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,597,480 68; Assets, 304,844,537 52; Policy Reserves, 251,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,548 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice. Progress Job Printing Department. 29, to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL

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

THE DUFFERIN

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

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs John Black went to Boston on Monday, having received word of the sudden death of her brother-in-law Mr Hebert Radcliffe.

Mr J Fred Hume of Vancouver, with Mrs Hume and children, accompanied by Miss Irvine are here for a few weeks.

BLAIR AND TUCKER.

(CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.)

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You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures, completely and permanently, when others fail to do any good.



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Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED - Undersized saw logs, such as Batting or Spiling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY.

Combs!

I have just received an importation of Combs, ranging in price from 10c. to 50c., excellent values. See my window display. Also a full line of finest

French Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Toilet Waters, Violet and Toilet Powders.

Call and see my stock. Everything marked at lowest prices.

W. C. Rudman Allan,

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ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

Bucouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

- Charles C. Barton, Herbert Bane, William Cooper, E. Cooper, John Cunnealy, C. B. Dever, P. Z. Dickson, F. George, Patrick Griffith, J. Henderson, David Mahagan, Alfred E. Macintyre, John Murphy, William McLean, Michael McAulay, William McNamee, Thos McGuiggan, T. J. McPherson, F. L. McCafferty, Joseph O'Brien, John Quinn, George G. Robertson, Robert S. Robertson, W. T. Feeze, David Courtney, Timothy Daly, George Mowery, John B. Ferris, W. R. Robertson, Idem Rootew, John A. Ferris, L. S. Kominaky, J. Murphy, James McCarthy, and hundreds of others.

Family Silver

You don't buy silverware every day, when you do get it good. The best silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bear this mark



They are the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1900.

SCOTTISH MEMORIES.

Life in By-Gone Days Pictured by a Famous Writer.

Dr. John Kennedy, writing in the Leisure Hour about the Highlands of Scotland in the earlier years of this century, declares that the difference between his early memories and the life of to-day is almost as great as that recorded by Sir Walter Scott between 1746 and 1800. He speaks more particularly of the Perthshire Highlands.

In the matter of apparel life was primitive. Linen was linen, and not cotton or wool. All underclothes were woven on a hand-loom. The writer never wore flannel until he went to college in Aberdeen, when his mother sent him a flannel under-jacket; and very rough he thought it. Even the mixture of linen and wool, of which the undershirts on the beds were made, seemed to him uncomfortable.

The outer clothing came from the back of the sheep on the mountains, and the head gear for men and boys was the village-made Glangary bonnet. Those were the days when the ownership of a straw bonnet was a distinction. Girls and young women went bareheaded, while the elderly women wore the neat white 'mitch'. When the writer's mother came to Aberdeen, in 1806, there was only one woman in the village who had a bonnet, and she was the wife of the exciseman.

The bill of fare in a Highland house hold of those times would seem meagre enough now. When the family sat down to breakfast in the kitchen, and the pot was fixed from the chain hanging down the chimney over the peat fire, all hands knew what to expect—either porridge ground from their own oats, and eaten with milk from their own cow, or a savory mess of potatoes and milk.

Dinner consisted of good barley broth, with perhaps a bit of mutton boiled in it, and plenty of oat cake; and supper was a repetition of breakfast. Variety of fare was not considered essential then, and it was useless to pine for something fresh.

At certain seasons of the year neighbors joined one another in the purchase of a few sheep. These were slaughtered and the mutton was dried as ham is now. Fresh meat was rarely seen. The writer says: "Such a thing (as a pudding or pie) I never remember; but in the season we had plenty of gooseberries and currants from the large garden. Sugar was a rarity, being never less than ninepence a pound. My father and mother used to take tea sparingly, for price as high, and tea was quite a curiosity. My mother once gave some to an old woman, who complained afterward that it was bitter. It turned out that she had chewed the dry leaves, having never heard that tea was a beverage.

Those were the days of herdboys, elected to office annually. Early every morning the herdboy would take his stand in the village square and blow his horn. At the signal the byes behind the houses were thrown open and the kine trooped to the square, whence the laddie led them up to the common pasture on the hillside, bringing them back in the evening. The herdboy possessed an ox-horn, upon which his own and his predecessor's initials had been carved, and which he would bring to the house where he was to get his supper the next day; for the owners of the cows entertained him in turn.

Another form of payment was exacted on Belt-ne day. Then the village herdboys had the right to demand an egg, or failing the egg, a halfpenny, from every crofter whose cow was of his herd. The eggs collected, the youth and his companions set out for the moor, and a pot of brochan buidhe (yellow porridge) was boiled. This consisted of milk, oatmeal and eggs. It was eaten with great gusto, but was not a very savory dish.

A MILKING FIG.

In an old Kentucky history we find a peculiar incident related in connection with the invasion of Canada by the Kentucky troops in 1812. A company of volunteers, destined for Shelby's army, assembled at Harrodsburg and formed a nucleus around which the military recruits of the country gathered, on the march to the Ohio. The facts as given below are vouched for on high authority. On the outskirts of Harrodsburg the company saw two pigs fighting, and delayed the march to watch the combat. When the march recommenced, it was observed that the victorious pig was follow-

Address to Private Flewelling

Read by Col. Domville, M. P., at the Reception at Kingston on Monday Evening.

To Lance Corporal Ernest T. Flewelling, Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry:

We, your neighbors and friends gathered together today at historic old Kingston, desire to welcome you back from the war in South Africa. It is with pride and gratification we learn of the deeds of valor performed by our Canadian troops, in which you and other soldiers of the county of Kings, N. B., took so prominent a part. The remarkable endurance evinced by the Canadians earned forth the admiration of the British Empire and the world at large. Your loyalty to Queen and Empire has shown that you as a standard bearer of the honor of Canada have manfully upheld our traditions. It has called forth the praises and thanks of our sovereign, her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and the British nation. You had the honor to serve shoulder to shoulder with the picked troops of the empire and whilst so doing you proved to the satisfaction of the commander-in-chief, Field Marshall Lord Roberts, that you were in no degree inferior in pluck, valor or intelligence although only citizen soldiers, and always led the van, and your ranks were dukes, peers, the noblest in the land as well as the most humble subjects, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Empire and Colony, banded together for the defence of the Empire and the great Anglo-Saxon race.

Your deeds of valor will ever be remembered and form a most important chapter in the history of Canada, and Canada by your deeds has been raised to the highest pinnacle possible. She has shown the world that at a moment's notice she can place an army, in whole or in part, in the field to do battle with the oppressor and wrong doer. She has emerged from the leading strings of a colony to the partner of a nation, from simple citizenship to an army of warriors ready and able to defend their homes and little ones whenever required.

When you unfurled the Union Jack to the breeze in South Africa it said:—"Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag; it says Government has retreated hither. It proclaimed, in the

ing the company, and when the men encamped at night the animal lay down near at hand. Of course the soldiers fed their new recruit. The next day the pig followed them, and this it did daily on the march to the river. When the men crossed on the ferry boat at Cincinnati, the pig waited a bit, then plunged into the river and swam across, and when the march was resumed the animal took its place in the flank of the moving column. Piggy now became a great pet, and was as sure of rations as the men themselves; and delicate of food as the soldiers sometime found themselves, no one ever hinted at putting the knife to the throat of their follower.

At Lake Erie the pig went on board the boat with the soldiers, but after reaching Bass Island it declined to disembark, and remained behind in the care of a man who volunteered to look after its wants. When the troops returned to the American side, to the surprise of all, the pig was soon discovered on the right of the line, ready for the return march towards Harrodsburg.

The animal suffered much from cold on this trip, and at Maysville, where the army recrossed the Ohio River, it was decided to leave it in the hands of a friend, by Governor Shelby. Finally, piggy was taken to the governor's home, where it passed the rest of its days in piggy ease and plenty.

His Theory.

A novel explanation of the cause of thunder-showers was once given a sojourner in a little Nova Scotia town by one of the inhabitants. "Do you know what makes thunder?" the Nova Scotian inquired of his guest. "I've got a theory of my own, and I call it a pretty good one."

"I should like to hear it," was the diplomatic reply.

"Well," said the host, slowly "my idea is

of good government, peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the states, is sovereign. Having authority this flag commands, not supplicates. There may be pardon, but no concession. There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honeyed compromises. The nation today has peace for the peaceful and war for the turbulent. The only condition to submission is to submit. There is the British Constitution, there are the laws, there is the Crown of England. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. They are the conditions of peace. One nation, one Empire, under one government of England, without disruption has been ordained and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy, and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious Boer states. We do not want your cities or your friends. We do not envy you your profane soil, nor heavens full of perpetual sun. Let agriculture revel here; let manufacturers make every stream twice musical; inspire the arc of peace with genius second only to that of Athens, and we shall be glad in your gladness and in your wealth. All that we ask is unswerving loyalty, and that in the name of this high sovereignty of the British Empire we demand; and that with the blessing of Almighty God, we will have; we raise our father's banner that it may impose lawful government, and prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it preceded before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal prosperity; that it may say to the sword: "Return to thy sheath;" and to the plough and sickle, "Go forth;" that it may herald all jealousies, unite all empires, inspire a new national life, compact our empire and our principles, enable our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for "The Peace of the World," giving to us the "Glorious Pre-rogative" of leading all nations to juster

laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship and to rational insatiable civil liberty."

In relating to your home and duties as a citizen you will have ever before you the vast experience you have received whilst in active service. You will have also to remember you have received the thanks of your Queen, nation and fellow countrymen. A vast responsibility will rest upon you now, and in the future, to be a shining example to the youth of the country. On your breast you will wear until the last day of your life your medal bearing the effigy of the Queen, never to be sullied by any action of yours—the lesson of this part of your life would not be complete without your conduct as a good citizen in the future.

These arrogant instigators of civil war, the Boers, have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free, but that the free might be oppressed. A day will come when God will reverse judgment, and arraign at His bar Kruger and these mighty miscreants; and then every orphan that their bloody game has made, and every widow that sits sorrowing, and every maimed and wounded sufferer, and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this Empire will rise up and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witness. And from a thousand battle fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who with the memories of their awful sufferings shall confront the miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusations; and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgment. Blood shall cry out for vengeance, and tears shall plead for justice and grief shall silently beckon, and love, heart-smitten, shall weep for justice.

To you, Lance Corporal Flewelling, R. C. R. Infantry, and to the officers and men of the army and navy who have so faithfully, skillfully, and gloriously upheld their country's authority, by suffering, labor, and sublime courage, we offer a hearty tribute beyond compass of words.

We wish you every happiness and prosperity and will always remember you with pride. Kingston, Kings Co. N. B. October, 1900.

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We wish you every happiness and prosperity and will always remember you with pride. Kingston, Kings Co. N. B. October, 1900.

SEE QUIVETTED JOHN.

Resolved to Die Because She Could not Make a Will to Suit Herself.

In his book, 'Among the Northern Hills,' Dr. William C. Prime introduces to his readers a judge whom he makes tell the story of a will which he did not draw up after all. The judge was summoned in a great hurry to see an old lady who had managed her farm for forty years, since her husband's death. She had two sons and a stepson, John, who was not an admirable person. After a long drive on a stormy night, the judge found the old lady apparently just alive, and was told by the doctor in attendance to hurry, as his patient was very weak.

I had brought paper and pen and ink with me. I found a stand and a candle, placed them at the head of the bed, and after saying a few words to the woman told her I was ready to prepare the will if she would go on and tell me what she wanted to do.

I wrote the introductory phrase rapidly, and leaning over toward her, said: "Now go on, Norton."

Her voice was quite faint and she seemed to speak with an effort. She said: "First of all I want to give the farm to my sons Harry and James. Just put that down."

"But," said I, "you can't do that, Mrs. Norton. The farm isn't yours to give away."

"The farm isn't mine?" she said, in a voice decidedly stronger than before.

"No; the farm isn't yours. You have only a life interest in it."

"It is for a fact that I've run for gain' on for y three year's next spring, isn't mine to do what I please with it? Why not, judge? I'd like to know what you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Norton, your husband, gave you a life estate in all his property, and on your death the farm goes to his son John, and your children get the village houses. I have explained that to you very often before."

"And when I die, John Norton is to have this house and farm, whether I will or no?"

"Just so. It will be his."

"Then I aint going to die!" said the old woman, in a clear and decidedly ringing and healthy voice. And so saying, she threw her feet over the front of the bed, sat up, gathered a blanket and coverlet about her, brightened her gaunt form, walked across the room and sat down in a great chair before the fire.

The doctor and I went home. That was fifteen years ago. The old lady is alive to-day. And she accomplished her intent. She beat John, after all. He died four years ago.

His Impressive Looks.

Not long ago an old man—he was born in 1810—argued a case before the United States Supreme Court with such mental power and impressiveness that several of the spectators were reminded of the days when Lyman Trumbull was a power in state and national politics. One of the spectators, an old Illinoisan, gave to the co-respondent of the Chicago Tribune a reminiscence of the ex-senator, when he used to win verdicts.

Trumbull's cradle was in Connecticut. He came out of the old Jonathan Trumbull breed. As a young man, he went South to teach school; but he liked it not, and dipped into law books.

This was in the earlier thirties. As soon as he was equal to his examinations he was called to the Georgia bar, but he never passed to practice there. He migrated to Illinois, then the utter West and settled at Belleville, St. Clair County, in that part of the state known as Egypt.

There he at once took a leading place at the bar. He was always courtly; always carefully polite; what one might call a bit cold, yet he had great sway with the juries. He was a clear, cogent reasoner, and had a trick of admonishing with his forefinger. Sometimes it would seem as if that potent forefinger wove a spell. I doubt not it has brought many a jury in its time to Trumbull's side of the question.

Such were the impressive looks of Trumbull fifty years ago that I recall what Governor Reynolds once said of him as he closed his argument in a law case. Trumbull was on the other side.

"And now, gentlemen," said Reynolds, as he prepared to close, "I've answered his arguments; I've overturned his statement of facts; I've undone the fallacious law he has announced to you; but, gentlemen, the man never lived who can reply to his looks."



White Things... Washed with SURPRISE... Pure Soap.

Wood Wanted... Undersized saw logs, such as Batting... M. F. MOONEY.

Bombs!... Just received an important... marked at lowest prices.

Rudman Allan... White Pharmacy... M HELP.

In need of farm... apply to Hon. A. T. John...

Oysters... this day, 10 Barrels... 23 King Square.

Turner... and hundreds of...

His Heart's Delight.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER IV. SKIDLER'S ALLEY.

The range of studios known to the art world as Skidler's Alley were built in pairs with a connecting door between each two, which was handy for friends.

In one of these pairs—two or more properly speaking—were the two cousins, Charles and Rupert Norton.

The further one belonged to the first named, and on the morning after the picnic, he was making a pretence at work, though the picture on the easel before him had scarce been touched since he sat down to it.

Presently he was roused from his day-dream by the entrance of Rupert.
"Charlie," the latter exclaimed, "I have come to drag you out. So just throw down your tools and get into your war-paint."

"It was a temptation; but suddenly the young artist remembered how much depended on his getting on."

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, beginning to paint as if for dear life, "I can't. I must positively get this done. I am going to rattle in a dozen like this and then settle down to do something better."

"A very meritorious resolution. But supposing that, by taking a short walk, you can put more money in your pocket than old Sol Davis would give you for all of these?" and he prodded the canvas on the easel with the point of his umbrella.

"When? You don't mean that you have got an order for me?"

Rupert nodded.

"An old friend of yours wants you to paint her portrait," he said.

Charlie looked at his cousin in utter surprise.

"An old friend of mine and I think you said her portrait? My dear fellow, I can't guess it; it's no good trying. Tell me, for goodness sake!"

"You admired her very much, Charlie, at one time. Carry your mind back to Monte Carlo."

"Monte Carlo! I don't remember any ladies there. I only remember we lost our money on number thirteen."

Rupert gave an impatient gesture.

"Confound number thirteen!" he said a beastly unlucky number. But your memory is sadly defective, my dear boy. What have you forgotten the beautiful Clara Wilmot?"

"By Jove, you don't say it's she! Do you mean she remembered me after all these years? And she wants her portrait painted? My dear Rupert, it will be making of me. Why, she is quite a celebrity!"

"Few better-known actresses in London."

"If we could only get it exhibited next year! Why, if it was, it would be worth a thousand a year to me."

"Very true. So now, if you wish the vision of wealth to grow into reality, come with me and renew your acquaintanceship with the fair Clara."

Ropewalk Mansions, in which huge edifice Clara Wilmot possessed a flat was not more than a mile from Skidler's Alley, so the cousins walked.

For Charlie there had never been so bright a day, so warm a sun, such delightful air.

At last he could contain himself no longer.
"My dear Rupert," he exclaimed, "do you know why I am the happiest fellow in the world?"

Rupert's cheek paled for a second, but before his cousin could answer his own question, which he was evidently on the point of doing, he held up his hand.

"Why, Charlie," he said, smiling, "anyone can see you are happy; but take care, or in telling me the cause, you may be letting some other person's secret out of the bag as well as your own."

"By Jove! Rupert you are quite right. I never thought of that. Well, never mind. You can guess, you know. I am the very luckiest dog that ever was born."

"Yes; meeting Clara was a fortunate chance for you, as it turns out," replied Rupert, purposely mistaking the other's meaning. "That bright face of yours has work to answer for."

Charlie laughed, and a few minutes later they found themselves in the actress's drawing-room. She came forward with a bright smile and extended hand.

"How good of you to come and see me so soon!" she said to Charlie. "It was only the other day that your cousin told me you had a studio in London and were becoming quite famous. How delightful!"

"I am afraid my fame has not spread beyond a few dealers, yet. I only returned from Italy a year ago."

She asked him at once about his stay there, and presently Rupert joined in, and the chat became general.

Before taking their leave it was arranged that Miss Wilmot was to commence sitting for her portrait at once—the very next day in fact.

"Well, and how do you think she is looking?" Rupert asked, as soon as they were out in the street.

"She is beautiful. I do not think I ever saw a more magnificent woman. She has improved from the Monte Carlo days."

A smearing smile fluttered for a moment round the elder cousin's lips.

"You are quite right," he answered. "Magnificent is the proper word. I rather envy you your task, Master Charlie. The young artist laughed.

As if he could have eyes for any woman except one!

"By the way," he said, "what has become of the other sister—the one you were after?"

The cigarette which he had just lighted dropped from Rupert's lips, and he stooped to pick it up.

Charlie noticed, as they went on again, that the exertion had sent the blood to his cousin's face.

"What were we talking about?" Rupert asked.

"I was asking what had become of the sister—your girl, you know?"

"Dead, I believe!"

The words were spoken so coldly, with such indifference, that Charlie was struck.

"By Jove, Rupert!" he said, "your indifference is sublime. It she had been a cat you could not show less feeling."

"My dear boy, what would be the good if I grieved over every one of my acquaintances as they died? I am not different from the majority of people. I don't pretend to what I do not feel, that's all."

"Well, then, I'll say 'Poor girl' for you," the younger cousin rejoined. "I one I've known, however little, dies, I'm cut up."

Rupert shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us speak of something else," he said. "Clara is better worth talking about—the living before the dead."

"I wonder she did not ask you to paint her portrait, if she really wanted it done," Charlie said, pleased to get away from the dismal topic of the dead sister.

"It started that way; but though I dab a little, I have not the energy to paint such a portrait as she wants. Why don't you suggest to her that she should sit in character—in one of her best known roles?"

Charlie agreed that the idea was good, and as Rupert was not going to return to the studios, they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER V. HAPPY DAYS.

"What is she like, Charlie? This Miss Wilmot, I mean," Iris questioned. "I forgot to ask you the last time you were here."

It had been on her lips to put the question half-a-dozen times when Charlie had rubbed down to Twickenham with the news of his order—an order that was going to make his fortune—but they had been so busy building castles in the air that it had been unsaid.

He dreaded that she should think he saw beauty in anyone save herself, so he answered carelessly—

"Oh, passable enough! A big woman."

"Over thirty. But what does that matter about her looks? It's her name which is the chief point. Don't you see that, if they will only hang the picture anywhere near the line where people can see it, they will crowd to look at so well-known an actress?"

Iris was satisfied.

For a moment Rupert's words about Charlie seeing beauty in every fresh face had flashed across her mind, but a big woman over thirty did not sound very dangerous.

Still, she persevered, giving herself pain in order to have the pleasure of being reassured.

"Can't you describe her, Charlie?"

"Wait till she has sat to me three or four times. The sittings begin to-morrow. Yesterday we only talked about the style of portrait she wanted."

Iris dismissed the subject from her mind and let herself be unreservedly happy for the rest of the day.

The portrait was duly commenced.

At first Clara declared that she could only find time to give an hour to sitting for it, two or three times a week, and that only till the end of the month, when she was going away on her holiday.

Gradually, however, the sittings became more frequent, and when her engagement terminated, the holiday was forgotten or put off, and she still stayed in town.

Charlie put his whole strength into the work.

Fortune had given him a chance, and he was determined to deserve her smiles.

It was no common portrait.

Clara had decided to be painted in the dress of a Spanish gipsy—a stage Spanish gipsy but it well understood—a character in which she had achieved a great success.

She wore a loose white bodice, which left the neck and arms bare.

The short skirt was of dark green stuff, confined at the waist by a scarlet sash.

On her head was a piece of red cloth which fell on either side, framing the oval of her face, and fastened by great gold pins.

Never had she looked handsomer, more bewitching, as reclining amongst a pile of gorgeous cushions, she with half-closed eyes watched the painter at his work.

"Am I really like that?" she said one day, as, the sitting over, she stood in front of the canvas.

"It is a good likeness," he said, his face brightening; "but I am afraid that, so far, it hardly does you justice. With your expression means so much, and it is difficult to catch it."

She blushed with pleasure.

contented till I catch the expression I want."

"Please don't be formal and call me Miss Wilmot. All my friends call me Clara, and you are quite an old friend, you know."

"A friend of more than four years' standing," he answered, laughing.

A shadow seemed to fall on the actress's face.

"More than four years?" she said. "So it must be. If only that fatal number thirteen had not turned up! Of course you don't understand," she went on, seeing him look surprised. "How could you? But our misfortune began—or rather my sister's did—on the day we backed that fatal number. You know thirteen is always considered unlucky."

"I heard your sister was dead," he said, "and I was very sorry."

She looked at him with something like terror in her eyes.

"Yes; dead!" she murmured. "But who told you?"

"It was Rupert."

"Ah! I trust, of course. I forgot for the moment that you and he were friends. Tell me, are you fond of your cousin?"

"Of Rupert? Oh! we get on well enough together. That is his studio, through the door you see there. I wonder we have not seen him."

She was busy drawing on her gloves, and did not answer for a minute.

When she did, her tone was almost pleading.

"Don't trust him too far," she said; "pray do not. Don't think I want to set you against him. I only wish to warn you. He is not to be trusted, indeed he is not. I should not say so if I did not know."

It struck the young artist at once that his cousin must have jilted or in some other way behaved badly to Clara Wilmot's sister.

Rupert and I have always hit it off pretty well," he answered. "But thank you all the same for taking enough interest in me to give me advice."

Again a blush of pleasure tinged her cheek.

"Of course, I take an interest in the artist who is going to make me famous," she exclaimed gaily. "Remember, you are always to call me 'Clara' for the future, and I shall call you 'Charlie,' as I used to at Monte Carlo. Ah! if we could only live our lives over again, knowing what we know! But it is no good repining. Now you may put me into my brougham if you like; and I shall come tomorrow at the same time."

When she had gone, he stood before the portrait, looking at it.

"She is very beautiful," he murmured, "and very nice; but there is only one Iris in the world. Even this woman, with all her beauty, art and fascination, seems coarse and common. All the same I don't wonder at Rupert thinking himself in love with the sister. Of course, he could not have spoken of her in the way he did, and she dead, poor soul!"

"Clara is very bitter against him, that is certain. I wonder if there is any truth in what she said? Sometimes I think there is more under that lazy exterior of Rupert's than people think. One comfort is, Iris dislikes him. He is not the sort of a rival a fellow would like to have."

With which reflection Charlie went out to lunch.

He saw little of Rupert, who never came near the studio when Clara was there.

Rupert was a happy time for Charles Norton.

The mornings were taken up with his work, the afternoons were spent with Iris, from whom he hurried back to paint by lamp-light pictures ordered at a ridiculous small price by Mr. Sol Davis and his brethren, for though art and love are divine, they often do not provide even two meals a day, and Charlie was always ready for three.

Iris was quite contented for her lover to devote his mornings to art, so long as he gave her the afternoons; but one day, when she expected him at the Lodge, there came a note to say that he could not come down; Miss Wilmot was giving him a long sitting as she was going away the next day.

Iris was vexed and hurt.

It was the first time Charlie had disappointed her, and the afternoon seemed dreadfully long all by herself.

There was some consolation in thinking the sittings were over for a while, and that Charlie would be able to take her on the river in the mornings; but the next day deprived her of this consolation—Miss Wilmot had changed her mind again, and had determined to stay on for a while longer, perhaps till the portrait was finished.

"I declare I shall end in hating her," Iris exclaimed. "What a wretched creature she must be, not to know her own mind for two days running."

"We must excuse her, dear," the artist answered. "Remember what the portrait is going to do for us."

"I should like to see it. I tell you what Charlie, I will get the dad to take me up to your studio."

For a moment he felt delighted; then a fear lest the beauty of his model might cause her jealousy made him throw cold water on the project.

"Wait till it is finished, dear," he answered. "I should not like you to see my first great picture in an unfinished state. When the last touch is put to it, I will deck the studio, and we will have a private view."

So Iris had to be content and wait.

CHAPTER VI. JEALOUSY.

Iris had seen but little of Rupert Norton since the day of the picnic.

Although it had cost him a severe effort, he had sedulously kept away till such time as he considered things were ripe for him to interfere.

Not for a moment, however, had he lost sight of the game, or of the players in whom he took such an interest.

In fact, unknown to either Clara or

Charlie, he had often made a third whilst the portrait was in progress, seated in his own studio near the door, which was never locked and rarely closed in summer.

At length, his plans being laid, he presented himself one morning at Loworth Lodge shortly before the luncheon hour.

As he expected, he found Iris in something but a good temper.

She was too full of her grievance to keep it to herself.

"It is too bad!" she exclaimed. "Charlie promised he would take me to the water-color exhibition this afternoon, and now he telegraphs that we must put it off till to-morrow. When once a thing is put off I lose all pleasure in it, and he knows that."

"Very bad form on Charlie's part," returned Rupert; "but you must make allowances. You see, he has so very fair an excuse."

"A fair excuse! I don't understand you, Rupert," Iris exclaimed. "I know who is detaining him. It is that horrid woman whose portrait he is painting."

"Exactly, I said he had a very fair excuse!"

"But she is not good-looking. She is fat and old."

Rupert laughed softly.

"The girl's face flashed."

"Don't sneer, Rupert; Charlie told me himself that she was a big woman, and quite middle-aged."

"Oh, if Charlie said so, I suppose she is!" Rupert replied. "Only, the majority of the British public consider Miss Wilmot the handsomest woman at present upon the stage."

For a moment it seemed to Iris as if her heart ceased to beat, then she looked up her cousin's face defiantly.

"You wish to make mischief between me and Charlie," she said indignantly. "You are mean and wicked, Rupert."

"Not with you," he answered, and there was a sadness in his voice that touched the girl in spite of herself. "I am speaking but the truth when I tell you that Clara Wilmot is a splendidly handsome woman, with the figure of a goddess. She has also great talent, and is very captivating."

His dark eyes met the blue ones of Iris unflinchingly as he spoke, and with a sinking of the heart, she felt that he was speaking the truth.

"Iris," he went on, "let me once more warn you. Don't think that I am hard on Charlie; he is young and impressionable, and Clara Wilmot can make any man love her that she takes a fancy to."

Iris went white to the very lips.

"Why do you torture me?" she cried. "It is unmanly, ungenerous. Charlie loves me."

"Yes; but he loves another as well, and more passionately. If I give you pain, it is only like the surgeon who has to cut deep to cure a mortal malady."

The tears sprang to Iris's eyes, but she dashed them fiercely away.

"Oh, for the truth!" she cried. "I shall die if I cannot learn it!"

"Poor little thing," he said compassionately. "Well, why not? It may save you years of misery."

She seized his arm.

"You will show me this woman?" she cried.

"I will show you them both together, and you can judge for yourself," he answered; "only, you must promise me faithfully that the shall be no scene, that having satisfied yourself, you will leave without making your presence known."

"Yes, I will promise—anything!" she exclaimed. "Anything rather than this doubt, which will kill me. And—and I was so happy!"

She sank into a seat, and covered her face with her hands, her slender figure shaken with sobs.

He stood by her quietly till the passion of tears subsided.

In his heart he was wondering what there was in the young artist that could inspire love and jealousy like this.

Presently Iris rose and wiped her eyes.

"Come," she said, "I will not keep you more than ten minutes waiting. And—and, Rupert, if I have misjudged you, forgive me."

He took the slender hand she held out and pressed it.

"Courage!" he said. "If I could bear the pain for you I would, but do not let anyone else see how much you feel."

"Neither of them shall," the girl exclaimed, her spirits once more rising superior to her grief. "You can trust me, Rupert."

"But we must lunch first. Never mind about having no appetite. Try and swallow a few mouthfuls, it will give you strength; besides, I don't suppose she will be at her studio before three o'clock."

"As you will," she answered; "only don't ask me to eat."

He looked after her with hungry eyes as, with drooping head, she walked back across the lawn towards the house.



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from the entrance to Skidler's Alley, he assisted Iris to descend, and then led her through the archway that gave admittance to the narrow passage, off which the studios opened.

"Remember you must be very quiet," he said, as he paused outside his own door. "And when I touch your arm you must come out at once."

She bowed her head to show she understood and would obey.

The lock was well oiled, and the key turned noiselessly.

As they entered the room their feet sank into the carpet and made no sound.

The studio was lighted from the roof, and as the blind was drawn across the skylight, it was in semi-darkness; but through the doorway which led into the adjoining studio, a ray of bright sunlight entered.

The sound of a soft, musical voice reached Iris's ear, and Rupert, who held her arm, felt her tremble.

Very cautiously they advanced till they stood close to the half open door, and could see the interior of Charles Norton's studio.

Clara Wilmot, looking bewitchingly beautiful, lay stretched amongst her gorgeous pillows, a tambourine on her knee, a bunch of yellow flowers in her hand.

Her side face was to the door, and a cold hand seemed to grasp Iris's heart as she noticed the soft, creamy complexion, the beautiful eyes with their long lashes, and the graceful, rounded figure of the great actress.

Charlie was standing before the easel, glancing from time to time at his model, and to the girl's jealous fancy it seemed that his looks were full of passion and admiration.

"And so, being poor, Charlie, you naturally want to be rich," Clara said, toying with the flowers as she spoke. "Now, what do you consider riches?"

"A thousand a year. I should ask no more," he answered.

"You speak as a bachelor, Charlie. Iris's hands clenched themselves as she heard her lover's name on the actress's lips. "You will love some day, and then you will find a thousand goes but a little way."

"A thousand a year and love, what more can a man want?" the artist exclaimed enthusiastically.

"What more indeed!" Clara answered, with a sigh. "And, after all, it is not much to ask of the gods; a little love, a little money. But we mortals are never satisfied. Love is not strong, not passionate enough; we want devotion, adoration; and it is the same with money. Who can say he has enough?"

"No one, I suppose," he answered. "But I could be happy," he went on, in a dreamy tone, turning from his work to look at the voluptuous figure reclining amongst the cushions, "with her I loved, even if I had only bread to eat and water to drink. Love is everything in this poor world; all else is naught, even art."

Rising to her feet, she stepped down from the dais, and stood before the picture.

"Love must die; you and I must die, Charlie," she murmured, with her eyes yet fixed upon the glowing canvas. "But art will make us immortal; I shall live, through your canvas, and your name will be coupled with mine long after we are dead."

"I shall owe it all to you," he answered. "It is god-like to be a great artist, and you are one, Charlie," Clara went on. "I would rather be the wife of a poor man who could immortalize me than that of a millionaire who could not."

With a little gasp, Iris staggered back from the half opened door, and, had not Rupert's ready arm caught her, would have fallen.

Half leading, half carrying her, he reached the outer door of his studio, gently opened it, and passed out.

"Courage, cousin!" he whispered, as he supported her down the passage. "I love you even if Charlie does not. Be my wife, and leave him to his charmer!"

The blood rushed back to the girl's face. She released herself from Rupert's supporting arm and stood erect, with flashing eyes and crimson cheek.

"I am ashamed of myself!" she exclaimed. (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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being poor, Charlie? you would be rich. Clara said, 'You would be rich.' 'Now, now consider riches!'

As a specimen of the injustice to which thousands have subjected him, many have asked, 'Why are not our American industries in one cluster of buildings, so that you could walk through consecutively instead of having American machinery here, and American pictures a half mile out yonder, and botanical display in some other direction?'

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Sunday Reading. "What I Saw at the Paris Exposition."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Gives a Pen Picture of Scenes in and Around the Great Fair.

The peroration of the 19th century is the World's Fair at Paris. A century of such wondrous achievements in art, in science, in swiftness of locomotion, in invention of all kinds, in capacity to study other worlds, ought to have a brilliant closing.

Sure enough in Paris we have the grandest exhibition of this century and of all centuries. There has been a steady advance from the first fairs recorded in history: those mentioned by Ezekiel, the prophet, as occurring 600 B. C.: Fairs at Tyre, Horse Fair, Mineralogical Fair, and Agricultural Fair mentioned in the Bible, and on, until the Fair at Dagobert in the time of Louis VI., and the Fair on Bartholomew's Day, the Hungarian Fairs at Pesh, and Easter Fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch Fairs at Perth, and Vienna Fair, and New Orleans Fair and the Sydney Palace Fair at London and New York World's Fair, and Chicago Fair, and Omaha's Fair,—but the ocean of progress has reached its high water mark at Paris.

Others may have excelled in this or that feature, but take it all in all, the Parisian Exhibition is unparalleled. Those who have seen the great Fair of the last thirty years say there have been no illuminations like those which have set the summer nights in Paris into a blaze; that there has been no such rich decoration of pavilions and palaces; no such splendor of silk manufactures; no such presentation of the poetry of costume; no such Street of Nations. The whole Exposition is a glory beyond that which any finite mind can grasp or fully appreciate.

The most interesting and best managed department is the American exhibit. General Peck, the commissioner general, brought with him his experience at the Chicago World's Fair, and after three years of hard work in Paris, and with a tax upon his patience and endurance that would have destroyed an ordinary man, has completed the work that ought to be the exultation of all Americans, and should win for him the congratulation of the congress of the United States. Of course he is criticised. He has many hundred exhibitors to deal with, and they cannot all have first place, or second place, or third place for their exhibits. Each exhibitor naturally thinks he has the most important exhibit, and a more difficult position no man ever had than that occupied by General Peck. It is easy enough to find fault. It requires no genius to do that. But I do not think any other American could have done as well. If he comes out of his crushing work with any nerves left, or any capacity of mind and soul unexhausted, he will be as wonderful as anything in the American Department, of which he is commander-in-chief.

To augment our appreciation of the greatness of our American exhibit, we need to call to mind that while the commissioner general from Russia, Germany, Belgium and Austria were empowered by

their governments to take whatever they wished and display it at Paris, our American commissioner general had no such power, but must have the consent of the owner, and so had less opportunity than other commissioner generals, who could command what picture, what statury, what machinery, what textile, he wished to put before the world. We should also appreciate the fact that while other countries could, with comparative ease, send their products to this fair, many of our American industries had first to cross the American Continent, and then cross 3,000 miles of sea, and again take freight train for long distance before reaching destination. The extent and splendor of our American department is five times more and better than anyone had a right to expect.

But many are asking on this side of the sea whether this Fair will close with a deficit. I suppose it will. Nine out of ten national exhibitions do not meet expenses, and he who invests in them with the idea of getting back his money is mentally deficient, and ought to be taken care of by sympathetic relatives. I stood a few days ago at Vienna, Austria, in the only building left standing of it's World's Fair of ten or fifteen years ago, and I asked one who had much to do with that exhibition, whether it had paid its investors. He replied: 'We were 17,000,000 florins out of pocket.' But while this Parisian exhibition, like its predecessor, may have more outgo than income, it will bring large reward in the wealth it will pour into the lap of Paris. The receipts at the gates of the fair are no indication of its success or failure; a man may pay during his visit here no more than \$5 at the fair, but while he stays in the city with his family he may pay \$500 or \$1,000. The whole earth is at this moment pouring its millions of gold into the exchequer of the city of Paris; no city under the sun ever received so much monetary advantage from an exposition as this city will receive.

But, say some of the correspondents, 'the city is full of extortion and you must give three times what a thing is worth.' We have not found it so. We have this summer twice crossed the continent of Europe, going and coming, and the place we have found most reasonable in its charges is Paris. If you want to get skinned alive, go to Denmark or Norway, or Russia, or Germany, or Austria as summer tourists. The story of disappearing rubles and florins is more startling than the story of escaping francs and crowns. But the only really economical thing a summer tourist can do is to go home. There is no maxim one oftener quotes to himself while travelling abroad than the saying which the Sunday School boy quoted as, marching in procession with other children, he puts his pennies into the missionary box, supposing he was quoting an appropriate passage of Scripture: 'A fool and his money are soon parted.' How many people in travelling spend much of their time clear out of temper about their baggage, or their board, or their being crowded. The trouble is, that when they pack their trunks and valises for their journey, while they put in plenty of clothing and such articles as they will surely need, they forget to put in a large amount of good, old-fashioned patience. The amount of patience which Job had did very well for the slow time in which he lived, but would not be sufficient to see one safely through in a nineteenth-century world's exhibition. The fact is, that the hardest task we shall ever be called upon to undertake is the management of ourselves, and he who succeeds in that deserves a prize as fine as any awarded a few days ago at this Parisian fair.

As we passed through the different departments, only one building saddened us, and that was the one constructed by Spain. The walls have a few specimens of tapestry probably loaned by some of the old castles in Spain, and here and there is a specimen of ancient armor, but the thing that most impressed me was the destitution of the country there represented. Poor Spain! She has been fighting progress and enlightenment for centuries, and drowned her last prospect of betterment in the waters before Santiago. We are sorry for any individual or for any nation that is down, by whatever process he or it came down. Would that Spain, by turning her back upon her cruelties and her superstitions, and her face to the light, might come to

political, and moral, and religious prosperity, and that at the next World's Fair in Europe, she might have an exhibit in painting, and sculpture, and textile, and literature, equal to any country east of the Pyrenees.

The vacant places which I have seen this summer in the Art Galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Germany and St. Peterburg, made me especially desire to see the Art Gallery of the Paris Exposition. When I asked in the Holland, Danish, German and Russian cities the reason of the absence of certain great pictures, and concerning the unoccupied pedestals of certain statues, I was told that the painting or sculpture had been loaned to the World's Fair at Paris. Rubens and Murillo and Titian and Raphael had gone to France. Indeed, the Departments of Painting and Sculpture in this Exposition are the heaven of the fine arts. I can imagine nothing more inspiring than a walk amid the sculpture of all nations as here you see it. Even that which is done in cast of plaster skillfully gives the thought of the great artist. If you want to find genius exalted, here behold Victor Hugo enthroned on the rocks, his great forehead hovering over the scene, while a figure representing music, hands up to him a harp, and another form holds a mask, suggestive of the drama, for which he did such matchless things; and another lifts a lash, to suggest the chastisements with which he struck upstart monarchy and sham, while the winged angel of fame stands with trumpet to lip, ready to sound his praises through all time. If you would see grief of parting wrought in stone, here it is in 'Emigrants' Adieu,' Would you see devotion? Here it is in 'Pater-noster'—showing a girl at prayer. Would you see savagery about to read and devour—look at Gardell's 'Tigress'. Would you see a child's glee—look here at the boy carrying a goose. Would you realize the agony of those on a wreck at sea, halting a ship in the distance—study the way Robert Stigal freezes it into bronze. Would you behold a specimen of the sublimest impudence—yonder is Marc Antony in gilded chariot drawn by three lions, he leading the fourth. Would you know how heaven-sent charity illumines the countenance—look at the statues of those philanthropists. Would you see the spirit of play—there it is in Guillonnet's 'Football.' Would you have illustrated how human intelligence can triumph over brute force—look at that 'Hungarian Horse-Breaker.' Would you have demonstrated so that you can never forget it, helpful sympathy for the wounded—look at Sicard's 'Good Samaritan.' Would you learn the terror of an offended conscience—stand awhile before that 'Cain and Abel.' Would you realize what Christian eloquence can accomplish—listen, for standing there you can hear as well as see Bossuet in a burst of holy oratory, which moves his audience till some are ready to spring to their feet and others swoon into tears. In one hour you can in this congregation of the world's sculpture see all the passions, rage or triumph, and all the grandeur unroll. Coming down from amid the statuary, one feels that he has descended from Mont Blanc, the snow-white heights of the world's sculpture.

If you have time, go up and down all the buildings of this World's Fair and see the life insurance exhibits, illustrating in the most radiant way the best temporal blessing which ever came to benefit households, feel the enchantment of ceramics, and mineralogy, and horticulture, and optics, and tapestry, and metallurgy, and hydraulics, and machinery and lithography, and engraving, and book binding, and the printing presses, one of which can print in one hour 45,000 copies of a sixteen page paper, and fold and count them; and electrography, and compare all the industries of the world's hand, and the world's eye, and the world's brain, and the world's foot, but somehow manage to come out at the close of your last visit through the doors, over and beside which are the four gigantic figures representing Architecture, with its compass and scroll; music, with its bow and violin; Painting, with its pencil and easel; so among all your impressions of the World's Fair, your last impression may be the grandest, most thrilling, and most lasting of them all.

What a good thing to have this objection of peace at a time when three wars are raging! There are swords in this exhibition, but they are all sheathed, or hung up, or asleep on cushions of damask. There are warriors here riding into battle, but they are in saddles of bronze or marble. Germany and France, Russia and China, but in peace. This whole scene is a tableau of the millennium. Is not the nineteenth century too late an age for wholesale out-throxy and diabolism?

This Exposition Universal is a mighty move in the right direction. Among the most unique things to be found within its walls is the gift from the Czar of Russia to this Republic. It is a map of France



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in colored marble, and the chief cities of France are designated by precious stones, and the rivers are of rock crystal, and the provinces are of gold. May the time soon come when a map of another sort will be appropriate at some World's Fair in America or Europe. I would make it out of the marble of many lands on both sides of the sea. All styles of precious stone should represent the nations in brotherhood. Austria and Spain and Switzerland should be indicated by the amethyst and topaz and opal, and Italy should be a pearl of the sea, and Germany should be the sapphire, and Russia the diamond, and Great Britain the emerald Isle, and the United States the ruby, not crimson as with carnage of battle, but with the full blush of the morning of universal peace. It is time that the cavalry horses stop eating out of the manger in which Christ was born.

HER ITALIAN FRIENDS.

How the Kindness of an Invalid Girl Was Appreciated. Every day before Dennis Carroll leaves home for work, he goes to where his eldest daughter, Maggie, sits by the window, and kisses her and slips a nickel into her hand. 'Make them give you a good nickel's worth today,' he says. 'Oh, they always do, father!' she returns.

Then the mother gets the children ready for the summer school, and by and by they go—all except Maggie. For Maggie cannot go. She cannot arise from her chair without assistance. She has been an invalid for years—ever since the day she slipped and fell on the stairs.

All day long she sits in her invalid's chair by the window that overlooks the court. She does not read much, although she has books and papers in plenty given her,—for it hurts her head to read. She likes to talk with people, although not always, because most people put too much pity in their voices. And she does not want to be pitied. She wants people to be jolly, and to gossip and joke with her, as her father does. This is why she welcomes her Italian friends so gladly. Every fine day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just when it is hottest and sunniest, just when Maggie is feeling most tired and worn out, they come into the court, the man pushing the piano organ before him, the woman sitting. They stop before Maggie's window, which fortunately is on the ground floor.

The man lifts his hat, smiles and bows. The woman, too, smiles gayly, and gives her tambourine a brisk anticipatory shake. 'Good a day! Good a day!'

Maggie returns their salutation gravely, with a quaint touch of formal ceremony in the staid little bend of her head, as if she were a young princess receiving the court minstrels. But her eyes, full of a shining pleasure, welcome the ambulant musicians. And they understand. Again they smile. The man turns the organ crank, the lively tune begins, the woman swings her tambourine with deft hand and nimble fingers. The children throng around and dance. Neighbors lean out of the windows to listen.

'Ah! 'Tis Maggie Carroll's Italians again!' says one.

This is the one golden hour of the sick girl's dull, monotonous day. The music stops. The man takes off his heavy cloth cap (Maggie wonders how he can wear it in such hot weather) and comes, bowing and smiling, under Maggie's window. He always comes to her first, and always with an assured air. The pride with which the girl receives this recognition of her preeminence is keen and perennial, and with beaming eyes she stretches out her arm and drops her nickel in the cap.

'Much-a-thank! much-a-thank!' says the organ-grinder, bowing low. He goes here and there with outstretched cap, now and then getting a penny, sometimes nothing at all. But always there is Maggie's nickel.

They play one more tune, and then, with a 'Good-a day' to Maggie, they trudge away, and the girl lies back in her chair happy and satisfied. Tonight when the father comes home she will tell him 'much' she got for her nickel, 'what times she heard and how many. And tomorrow,

she knows, the Italians will come again. Once, a short while ago, the factory in which Mr. Carroll works shut down for a fortnight. During the first week Maggie had her nickel the same as usual, and that week was especially delightful to her, for her father would sit with her to hear the music. But when a laboring man with a large family is idle, every nickel counts, and by the middle of the second week there were no nickels left to buy music. Dennis, hating to witness the girl's silent distress, left the house. At three o'clock the musicians came.

'Good-a day!' they cried. The man put his hand to the organ-crank. Maggie beckoned to him. The smiling Italian ran under the window.

'I've got no money to-day,' said Maggie, in a quivering voice, 'and—and I don't want you to play for nothing.' To Maggie, this daily concert was her own concern. She felt herself responsible for it. Her eyes were blinking a little as she looked at the brown, earringed minstrel.

'Ho! ho!' he laughed. 'Gotto no monna, eh? That all-a right! Sure! Sure!'

He ran back to the organ. He spoke for a moment to his companion, who turned and waved her hand and smiled at Maggie. They played tune after tune, briskly, happily. Never before had Maggie had such a concert. And they came every day thereafter, the same as ever.

When they came on the next Monday, Maggie had her nickel ready. Mr. Carroll had returned to work, and had drawn out some money especially for her. And, it must be said, the music sounded better to her than.

City Nephew—What do you think of Dr. Pillsbury as a physician? Farmer Hayroob—Safest doctor anywhere in this part of the county—nearly always off fashin' when he's wanted.

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The Fate of Last Island.

Destruction of Galveston Recalls a Former Tragedy by a Tidal Wave in the Gulf of Mexico.

The terrible cyclone that destroyed Galveston Island is not the first calamity of the kind that has occurred in the Mexican Gulf. It vividly recalls an incident that will ever live in memory. Over forty years ago there was a similar calamity in the destruction of Last Island, off the Louisiana coast, by a cyclone, Sept. 12, 1856.

Last Island was a long, low streak of green, bound around the edge with a line of intensely white sand. Seen in those days from the Louisiana mainland (fifteen miles away, the lower end of the Parish of Lafourche), a part of the Parish of St. Mary's (the garden of Louisiana) it seemed but a slender bit of green floating upon the bosom of the summer sea. As you drew nearer the land displayed its charms. The island proper was about seven miles wide by about twenty-five long. The soil was very rich and highly cultivated. Proximity brought out as in a delicate photograph all its lines of radiant beauty. Of forest so deep and dense in the far South, there was none. But a few enormous live oak trees had grown upon the island, and in the weird light of the semi-tropic moon covered from crown to lowest bough with a long, gray moss of the latitude, they seem like great giants wrapped in their funeral robes, waving their arms aloft as they fled from a coming disaster. Beyond these there were no forest trees, as I have said. The island was but one long sand spit (only a few feet above the highest tide level of the sea,) covered with ever-living green. But it was a very Eden of flowers. The fallen leaves of the live-oak for centuries had created in their decay a bed of rich alluvium, which artificial means had greatly increased. The ever-warm air from the further south seas had given to the shrub growth an extraordinary richness of verdure. The orange and lemon trees, the olive, the oleander (which in Louisiana is a tree thirty feet high), all of the tribe of japonicas, and the scented summer flower, jessamine yellow and cape, and hundreds of others unknown here, made the island coronant with brilliant colored blooms. It seemed that all that was rich and lovely and beautiful in the vegetation of the semi-tropics here found its most congenial home.

In the evening, when the sun went down and the warm south wind drew in from the sea, the air would be heavy with sweet, but unfamiliar flower odors. You would be enveloped in a very caress of perfume, direct from the heart of the great white Persian jessamine. Ah, the dreary, happy life of that wonderful isle in the days of long ago! True it was a watering place, with a most splendid surf bathing on the side next the open sea. But it had none of the garrishness of seacoast places of later days. It could never have been like Long Branch or Cape May. To gamblers and games of the half-world Last Island was as difficult as Paradise. It was impossible to pass the argus eyes of the doyen who watched the gangway of the boat as the passengers came on board for the enchanted isle, as for Adam to return to Eden when it was guarded by the angel with the flaming sword. The men who gathered there were not strangers to each other, for in Louisiana then everybody who was anybody knew of his social equal, it he was not a personal acquaintance, no matter in what region he lived. So here was a spot not very much known to the outer world, where could gather, when summer days became long and the dog star raged, the great cotton-planting magnates of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, or the rich, courtly Creole sugar growers from the Bayou Lafourche country or the Cote d'Or on the Mississippi River, and there congeners, the American sugar planters from the Felicianas, and wealthy, aristocratic Rapides.

Once a year the very cream of the countryside gentry from the States I have named, with a sprinkling of wealthy 'city men,' merchants and factors from New Orleans, a few bankers, popular clergymen from the rich city parishes—who enjoyed good living and believed St. Paul was right when he exhorted Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake—all these people, with their wives and daughters, would congregate at Last Island and eat of the divinest combinations of the French cuisine, produced by bleus, drink—sparingly generally—of the good red wines of France—for your old-time planter, especially if he was of Creole blood, never abused 'God's good things'—take daily plunges into the warm surf, and thus de-

coiously enjoy a month of dolce far niente. Never were men more courtly. Never were women lovelier. It was the very paradise of gentle, graceful, courteous attention to beautiful women. Here Cupid was enshrined, for who could resist the witchery of the perfumed summer night or the dark-eyed Creole women? Ah, how often was that sweet old story told there—that old story, but ever new—which Adam first whispered amid the roses that bloomed supernal in Eden! And sometimes, but not often, the scene varied. Men were younger then, and the blood of youth ever runs hot. A quick word on the promenade, a jealous look at the ball and early next morning on the sands there would be seen the flash and glasm of the long, slender tri-colored duelling sword on the broad, hard, white beach or a pair of duelling pistols—a part of every gentleman's personal belongings—would be taken from their mahogany case. A few passes with the steel, and a man would lie prone as his blood reddened the sand, run through the body, or the sharp crack of the duelling pistol and a limp, white faced body, forever still, would be silently carried back to the hotel. But this was not often. It was the gentle, kindly, harmless, courteous life of the master of the monks of Thelema, whose sole injunction was Fay qui voudras.

The season of 1856 at Last Island was one of the most charming ever known since the famous watering place has been established. Never did brave men and charming women congregate at this charming rendezvous in greater numbers or in a fuller, finer spirit of happiness and hopeful expectation. The season was at its height. Not only was the hotel proper filled, but the dozen or so of cottages—generally known as 'the bachelors' quarters'—were all occupied by as high bred, as gallant and gay a company of gentlemen as the entire South could show. It was agreed that a greater number of representative Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi men and women had never been gathered together at any Southern watering place before. The season had been fortunate in other respects. Thus far none of those morning rendezvous upon the sands, which have been mentioned before had occurred. The cool, white beach had not known the flash of the colichemarde or the crack of the deadly duelling pistol that season. The Southern women particularly hated these things, but what could they do? Thus far they had escaped any of these horrors, and, for that, gentle hearts full of kindly happiness and good will to all the world, thank God.

The morning of Sept. 10, 1856, was one of almost unearthly loveliness. The sea was sometimes as smooth as translucent glass, now as green as an emerald, then sapphire-hued. Its surface was covered with a faint, misty haze. Its loveliness was supernal. The fishing boats in sight seemed like great white sea birds trailing their wings as they basked in the morning sunbeams. They were softened in the semi-mist delicately vaporized to an ethereal beauty. Toward the mainland the forest visible seemed gray and veiled in diaphanous nebulous vapor. But it was early then, and the sun had scarcely had time to drive away the ghostly gray fog (blended with that of the sea) from the great Lafourche marshes lying along the nearest shore. As the sun rose higher the sea mist vanished. But such a day as it was! The thermometric measurement of September in Louisiana is not greatly different in its altitude of heat from that of New York or Washington. This day, however, there was such a downpour of solar warmth that the island was almost burning. Gentle puffs of wind blew and rippled the sea water and turned it into opalescent green. But the cooling sea breezes, reviving and refreshing all living things, did not come. The day was uncomfortable. Men wandered about listlessly. Politics—it was the great Know Nothing year, yet talked of in Louisiana political annals—even ceased to charm. In the air there was a stillness as though Nature was watching and waiting in silence baleful, mysterious, ominous. The sunset that evening affrighted the timid souls. It went down in the west, and the sky red as vermilion, an angry sun, and left the Occident blazing across the waves as though a world was in flames. All that night the Dago fishermen (a curious, superstitious class, half Spanish Italian and half creole taking to the waves like sea gulls) heard out at sea strange sounds, means as through some supernatural being was in

agony. The morning of the 11th was like that of the previous day. Toward night there came up a terrible storm. The thunder was as unlike that of the northern dash of storm as a fire cracker is to the roar and crack of a 6 inch gun. The dweller on the mainland and the Teche and Lafourche planters had never before seen such lightning. It flashed from the zenith to the eastern and western horizon in great broad green, purple and flamed colored hands of electric blaze a degree in width. And after each awful crash, that almost rent the ear drums, there would be a distinctly sulphurous tinge perceptible in the air. Toward the morning of the 12th the thunder and lightning ceased, but the rain continued, and the wind grew stronger from the southwest. The sail boats of the frightened fishermen could be seen in the early morning light flying before the wind for secure landings in the safe streams and waters of chemiere caminada.

There was to be at the principal hotel that evening the grand ball of the season for it was to be the last. The ball of the French opera house was there from New Orleans, then unequalled for its music in America. There were no wind instrument except the cornet. There were flutes and similar sweet sound producers, the others were strings. The ball room was distant from the main hotel perhaps twenty yards and was reached by a covered way, elevated to the level of both buildings. It was built very near the sea and set upon brick pillars six feet above the surface of the earth. The hotel was constructed in the same fashion so that the breezes could blow under both edifices and produce better ventilation. Broad, wide piazzas surrounded the ball room on three sides, upon which doors opened so that after each dance one might take a turn in promenading on the gallery and enjoy the coolness of the fresh night breeze from the sea. The piazzas were about 100 feet long by 80 wide. Around the ball room were two rows of chairs, and the usual dressing rooms were in the rear. The musicians occupied a high dias that extended across the end of the ball room. The buildings were lighted with gas. So much in the way of description. Towards noon of the 12th the sun shone out for an hour, but it was a dull, orange-hued orb, surrounded by a yellow misty haze that changed constantly. As night came on the sky was covered with a cloud of the deepest blackness. There was a renewal of the vivid sheet lightning, but no thunder. The sea was in such agitation as the oldest present had never before seen. Great, brilliant lights burst from the waves as they were rolled in by the tremendous southwest wind. Deep phosphorescent fires, incandescent in serpentine forms, were seen rising from the waves like shadowy monsters. And most terrible of all, there was distinctly audible at intervals in the blackness and gloom an unearthly moan from the depths of the sea. The women became seriously frightened, and the men realized that nature was in one of her most unusual and most marvelous moods. Still, no one anticipated any real danger. There had been great storms before. This was but the beginning of the equinoctial blow. The ball room was lighted. There was nothing else to do but go to the dance. Women clothed themselves for the evening's ball, aided by deft handed maids, but with hearts ill at ease. Other thoughts than those of conquests were filling their souls with dread of what might come. But they would go, perhaps the gay dresses the brilliant lights the soft, sweet dance music might drive away the vague fears that oppressed their souls.

At 10 o'clock the dance was at its height. Outside the storm was raging. The intense blackness of darkness was broken by the constant broad flashes of lightning and phosphorescent blaze of the sea. A terrible wind blew, with torrents of slanting rain that was as warm as newly drawn blood. The band was playing one of Gottschalk's sweetest dreamy waltzes (he was a Louisianian, you know.) "Creole Eyes," when a girl screamed. Her white satin bodice had been wetted by water coming up through the floor! Terror then beset all. A rush was made for the hotel, but the covered way was gone. It had been carried off by a tremendous wave of the raging sea! Mothers had left their little children asleep in the other house. How should they get to them? It was utterly impossible, unless one had wings, to pass through the tossing, boiling flood of maddened sea that rolled between. Of the horrors that followed no living tongue could ever tell. But about midnight a strange sea moan that became a roar grew nearer and louder, until it was like 10,000 thundering Niagaras. It was a tidal wave 1,000 miles long, 10 miles wide and 60 feet high! And as it rolled resistless, hotel, ball room, all—all was swallowed

up in the maw of the pitiless sea. Men, women and little ones were parted never again to meet until that final day, 'when the sea shall give up its dead!'

Such a tragedy had never been known before in the nation's history. Nothing was left of the lovely isle but a few broken brick pillars to mark where life and beauty had died so awful a death. For weeks patrol boats along the mainland shore found nothing but dead bodies. In one instance the corpse of a lady in the last putrescent stages was identified by nearly \$50,000 worth of diamonds she had worn that fateful night. Think of the ghastliness of it! The only two survivors were a strong powerful negress, who blindly caught on to a door that was floating by and was carried in to the mainland, and the other was a tiny girl baby, not more than 18 months old. She had been placed upon a billiard table, which floated, and there she was found on the Lafourche shore forty-eight hours after the storm. Nearly every household in southern Louisiana was in mourning, for 460 adults were lost. How helpless we are when Old Nature looses her awful mystic force and turns upon man!

BELGIAN HERO IN THE CONGO.

A Monument to Young De Bruyne, Who Perished Rather Than Desert His Friend.

A monument was dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 9, to the memory of a brave young sergeant in the Belgian Army who perished seven years ago on the Lomami River in the upper part of the Congo Basin. It was no common act of heroism to which the people of Belgium thus paid tribute. Contributions had flowed in from all parts of the kingdom for the erection of the memorial. It was reared near the sea in the little coast town of Blankenbergh, West Flanders, the birthplace of Sergeant De Bruyne, who was scarcely known outside his native town until the story of his self-abnegation was told all over the world.

The heroism and the pathos of the act that sealed his fate appealed to all who heard of it, and it is not surprising that a very large assemblage gathered at the little coast town last month to honor the memory of De Bruyne. It will be interesting here to recall the tragedy of Kassongo, when De Bruyne went back to certain death rather than desert his fellow prisoner.

It was during the war which the Arab slave raiders began on the Belgians, which finally resulted in the expulsion of slavers from the Congo Free State. Before the news of the Arab revolt had spread through the Congo country De Bruyne and Lippins, who were in charge of the remote station of Kassongo and were still ignorant of the outbreak of hostilities, were taken prisoners by the Arabs.

After these white men had been in the hands of their enemies for nearly six months it occurred to the Arab leader, Sefu, that he might be able to use De Bruyne to get a lot of the whites into his power. So he sent De Bruyne in charge of a strong escort down to the Lomami River, the opposite shore of which was held by the Belgians and their native allies; then Sefu's subordinates made it known to the whites that their friend De Bruyne, had come to see them and, though he would not be permitted to cross the river, he might talk to them from the opposite bank. The prisoner made his way through the tall grass to the bank and saw scores of his army friends on the opposite shore.

"I'm here," he shouted, "because Sefu imagines that he can use me to carry out his purposes. He says he wants to talk with you about peace and he asks you to send some officers with an escort of fifty men down the river one mile where he will let you cross and he will meet you with a similar escort. He told me to tell you that he felt sure that peace could be arranged. Not a man here but myself can understand French and I tell you plainly that you must not do anything of the sort. I know what Sefu is up to and he is only trying to lay a trap for you."

"We'll take good care not to fall into it," replied the Englishman, Dr. Hinde, who was in charge of the party on the other shore.

Hinde kept talking to the prisoner while outgelling his brain for some means of rescuing the young Belgian who was almost within stone's throw. De Bruyne stood at the top of the bank while behind him were two chiefs, gun in hand, who were his immediate guards. Two or three rods further back were a crowd of armed Arabs and natives.

Hinde quietly gave some orders to his men and kept on talking with the prisoner. In a few minutes twenty of the best shots in the white camp had made a detour and approached the river some way down stream. Then they quietly made their way through the tall rushes to a point directly in front of the Arab party.

Orders were given them to cover with their guns as many of the Arabs as possible and two men in plain view were told to

give particular attention to the chiefs and shoot them if they put their guns to their shoulders. Meanwhile De Bruyne had stepped to the edge of the water and began to bathe his feet.

"I suppose you can swim," shouted the white man to him from the opposite shore.

"Yes," answered the prisoner.

"Well now, you jump into the water and swim for us. We can save you beyond a doubt. We have the Arabs well covered with our rifles and we'll shoot the first man who raises a gun. Spring into the river." The European spectators of this scene say that about a minute of terrible silence followed. There sat the poor fellow who for a half year had been in the hands of his enemies. The white men said they could save him and a few swift and strong strokes would almost certainly land him among his friends. He bent his head and thought it over a little. Then he rose to his feet.

"No boys," he said, "I'd like to do it but I can't. They'd kill Lippins in an hour if I went over to you. We've been together in this pickle and I couldn't think that I'd saved myself and he'd got to die for it. Thank you all the same. I'm going back."

De Bruyne clambered up the bank and disappeared over the ridge with his guards. A few days later the whites moved over the river and the Arabs fled. Reaching a native village, a mile or so away, the heads of eleven Europeans were found impaled upon the palisades that surrounded the town and among them were those of De Bruyne and Lippins. Their mutilated bodies, found lying together, were tenderly wrapped in the flag of the Congo Free State and placed side by side in a common grave; and a humble mausoleum now marks the place where rest the mortal remains of these two noble victims of the African slave trade.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT WEAKENED NERVES
PRODUCE DISEASE AND
SUFFERING?

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND
The Only True Nerve Medicine
And Nerve Food.

IT BUILDS UP AND KEEPS IN PERFECT
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SYSTEM.

When the marvellous complexity, delicacy and power of the mysterious nerve system is fully realized, we are surprised at the sweeping assertion of Dr. Lanning, Professor of Clinical Medicine in Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, that "all diseases are due to lesions of the nervous system," or in other words, disease results from a weakened or disturbed nervous system.

It was the life work of that great physician Dr. Phelps to give suffering men and women a medicine that would act directly on the nervous system. Dr. Phelps succeeded nobly and well. He placed Paine's Celery Compound before some of the ablest physicians that ever assembled in Dartmouth Medical College. It met with their full approval, and they at once prescribed it in their practice, and found it a life saver when other means failed.

To-day, tens of thousands sound the praises of Paine's Celery Compound. In every city, town and village of this continent, people are found who owe their life and good health to Paine's Celery Compound, nature's nerve medicine and nerve food.

If you are sleepless, irritable, despondent, morose, or have flushes, chills, coldness of hands and feet, deficient tone in the stomach and intestines, bear in mind your nervous system needs attention and repairing. No other medicine but Paine's Celery Compound can do the good work for you, and make you what you should be, vigorous, strong and happy.

Delays are dangerous. The little aches and pains of to-day may to-morrow develop into agonies and miseries. One bottle of the wonderful compound will work a mighty and happy change.

A Grasse-Spot Suit

A man whose wife found much fault with him—probably with justice—on account of his untidiness, went to a tailor to order a suit of clothes.

"What kind of goods do you want?" asked the tailor.

"All wool and exactly of this color," replied the customer, presenting a sample.

"It is hard to tell just what color this is," rejoined the other inspecting it. "Where did you get it?"

"I cut it from my last suit."

"It doesn't seem to have any figure."

"No, this is where some grease got on it. I cut out the entire spot. I want something a grease-spot won't show on. See?"

After a lengthy explanation the tailor succeeded in convincing him that there was no cloth of that kind in the market.

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magneto Dyes for home use.

Chat of the Boudoir.

The modes of dress trimming are of every kind and condition between machine stitching and hand embroidery done in gold thread, but the embroidery which matches the gown is considered the most desirable. Heavy lace dyed to match, or a few shades lighter than the cloth, is a distinctive feature of the dressy gowns.

Beige, brown and red are the reigning colors for gowns in Paris, but the woman who wishes to be distinctive in her dress will choose a color not so commonly worn. The beige tints are beautiful in the smooth cloths trimmed with bands of velvet, in a darker shade, and lace which matches their tint.

Another feature of skirts is the shaped flounce, wide and rounding up a little in the back, which, although it has never disappeared altogether, is revived again for cloth gowns and decorated its entire length with varied lines of encircling tucks.

One variety of the use of machine stitching is shown in a costume of fawn cloth trimmed with lawn velvet and embroidered with yellow, black, pale blue and silver. The vest is of white crepe de chine stitched with yellow silk, the collar and wristbands are of yellow velvet trimmed with gold braid, and the bow is of black velvet with gold tags on the ends.

The deep flounce covered with tucks is the feature of the next costume, two bands of cloth embroidered with polka dots of silk heading the flounce. Cloth bands also trim the jacket. One of the peculiar whims of fashion is a combination of net and cloth, which has at least the recommendation of novelty.

Full white chiffon boas edged with large soft black chenilles, long strands of the chenille forming the ends, are worn in the evening. These were launched in the spring, but they are more generally in evidence now.

coats this season is in the collar, which has very much less flare than formerly. It is high in the back, but turns more closely on itself and spreads out in flat effect on the shoulders. One pretty model in cloth has a vest of white panne with fine gold embroidery and buttons. The collar and chemisette are of blue crepe de chine, and the outer vest is of panne covered with rows of stitching. The modified Russian blouse is a favorite model in fur as well as cloth, and in this instance the undersleeves are of gold embroidered silk.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

Hats, rather than gowns, have first place in the season's fashions since summer hats are sure to present a jaded as well as faded appearance when the first cool days come. It may be a simple or a difficult matter to choose, for there is every kind, shape and condition of hat staring you in the face.

It is hardly possible as yet to detect the special shape which will lead, but fashionable milliners tell you that the gypsy hat is the thing to have. It has a decided crown, and a medium wide brim something like a sailor except that it droops a little all around. Made of stitched velvet trimmed with a fan-like rosette of velvet, and large white roses with a very little foliage it is charming.

Toques of sable are very smart providing they harmonize with the costume, and the combinations of fur, velvet and lace are extremely pretty. Toques vary in shape of course, but the tendency is toward a broad round and rather flat shape, one of which is quite flat in front and raised at the back, turning up a little at each side.

A three-cornered shape which seems to be a favorite turns back from the face at each side and is trimmed with a large bow and buckle directly in front, or two large pompons at one side. Made of black velvet with a brim composed entirely of folds it is extremely stylish with the pompons and a large black velvet bow at the back.

Whatever the style of the hat, the outline is broad and low, the material soft and pliable, and another thing which is generally noticeable is that the hat either turns up directly at the back or decidedly down over the hair. Long showy buckles and gold embroidery are very conspicuous among the hat trimmings, and there seems to be quite as many brims faced with chiffon folds and made entirely of tulle as in the early summer.

One point in the selection of a becoming hat which is too rarely considered is the style of coiffure. The hair should form a framework for the face falling in a loose but perfectly tidy puff or roll, yet not a sea pompadour turning back from the face and especially the forehead, where on the contrary the hair should fall in graceful curves. A soft pompadour with no puff indeed is the prettiest, most stylish and decidedly most becoming with the new autumn hats.

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Louise armure is one of the new silks and being glossy, soft and durable is very desirable for waists.

Panne ribbons in cash widths and all the

pale colors are among the novelties at the ribbon counter, where the variety is charming. There are flowered ribbons, ribbons in Persian patterns and colorings, besides all the stripes and soft plain Louise ribbons used so much in the summer.

Conspicuous among the new wraps is a long Empire coat of pale tan cloth. The yoke effect is deep and square, the skirt laid in stitched-down plaits all around, the sleeves bell shape with a turn-back cuff, and the collar high turning over with a little flare. Three capes graduating in size fall over the shoulders.

Nothing in dress accessories is more notable than the fancy belts seen in the shops. They are of all widths and colors, and each and every one is well covered with embroidery, in gold, and silver thread or beads, and colored silks. Anything which ingenuity or taste can devise will surely pass muster in this particular line of dress.

The latest French jewelry is in hand beaten gold. Classical designs decorate the surface bordered with beaten gold, and the novelty in long chains is seen in hand chased gold without any jewels.

The new fur muff is long, flat, entirely without stiffening and has two rows of tails, one at the top and one across the lower edge.

The plain black stocking seems to be losing favor and in its place are embroidered lacelike novelties, and colors in every tint and shade. To be quite up to date and altogether swell, the stockings and shoes must match the gown, for house and evening wear.

The latest petticoats are made of satin foulards, glossy and soft.

QUEBBE USES OF CANNON BALLS. Condemned as War Weapons, They are Just the Thing in Stone Quarries.

'Cannon balls for blasting!' This sign, hung in a conspicuous place before the door of a store on Atlantic ave., Boston led a reporter inside and started a bit of questioning upon the subject.

The proprietor said: 'Last fall when the United States Government sold all of the old cannon balls and solid shot which for so many years were piled in pyramids along the main street of the navy yard at Charlestown, we purchased a lot of them, with little thought of converting them into anything beside pig iron. But a few weeks after we had stored them here I overheard a quarry owner complaining of the slowness and uncertainty of the old system of steel weighing used in getting out huge blocks of granite, and after a bit of thought I suggested the use of cannon balls in the place of the steel wedges. We sent about twenty of various sizes and weights out to his quarry, and after the first trial he hurried a team in here with a note that read: 'Tried the cannon balls; they are it! Send fifty more, have thrown the steel wedges away.'

The experience of the man led us to send the cannon balls and solid shot to other quarry operators, and within the past month the orders have been coming in so quickly we can scarcely fill them from the stock on hand.

'The method used in getting out great cubes or monoliths from the granite and marble quarries have been to drive steel wedges along the line of the lower portion of the split made by a blast until the great chunk of stone topple over on its face.

'It required a deal of time and a number of men with big iron sledges and steel wedges to separate these cubes from the quarry wall from which they had been started by the blast.

'The method now pursued with the cannon balls is to start the block of stone away by a light blast, and then between the smaller solid shot, usually the four inch sort, are dropped down into the aperture. Two men with crowbars give the block a little shake, and the instant the block moves in the slightest manner forward the shot take up their purchase on the space made, when the large cannon balls, some measuring fourteen or fifteen inches and weighing 300 or 300 pounds, are dropped into the top of the gap. Now, the slight-

est outward jar by levers on the big stone send these heavy cannon balls dropping downward of their own weight, until, with an easy forward motion, the cube goes over on its face.

'These shot do away with any driving of necessity their great weight in proportion to their size forces them downward, and their form prevents any chance of backward setting of the block.

'These cannon balls are also used as rollers, as they take up and go over the inequalities of the quarry surface, and can be rolled in any direction without resetting, thus doing away with the old style wooden rollers.

'They are also used to smother heavy clearing-out blasts. Heavy rope mats are thrown over the surface where the blast has been set, and these cannon balls are thrown on the mats.'

MADE THE BEAR DRUNK.

Sport that Resulted in "Such a Headache" and has made Bruin Suspicious.

A party of Massachusetts sportsmen who were in Bangor, Maine, this week on their return home from a camping trip at Crawford Pond in the Katahdin Iron Works region, told of an experience with a bear belonging to the owner of the camp with whom they made their home during their two weeks visit. This bear was caught in a trap last spring and lost his right forepaw at the ankle joint. The hunter did not kill the animal, but got a rope around his neck and led him to the camp. There he built a stockade with a little house in one corner of it, pitched an old stub of a tree in the centre of the yard, hit the bear to it, and this place has since been Bruin's home.

The bear was very savage at first, but soon became so tame that he would eat from the hand of the trapper and would allow one to pat and caress him. He has been one of the 'sights' for people visiting Crawford Pond during the past summer. A young Harvard College student was at the camp in August, and he got so friendly with the bear that they used to have wrestling matches. The bear labored at a disadvantage on account of having lost one of his paws, and he was unable to get a very good hold about the body of the student, but that made no difference; he could throw the young man every time, and the minute the wrestler would land on his back old Bruin would take the other paw and begin to claw his clothes. The young man stood such treatment all right until one day the bear scratched his face, and thereafter he kept away from the animal.

The Massachusetts sportsmen were obliged to remain close in camp one day during their visit on account of a heavy rain-storm. They played casino and auction-pitch until they were tired of the sight of the cards, and one of them on seeing the bear perched on the stub of the tree in his yard thought of a scheme which would produce some amusement.

'Let's get the bear drunk,' said he to his companions. 'I've got a quart of old rye whiskey in my pack, which I brought in case some of you fellows were sick. None of you have been, and as none of you ever take anything, I'd just as leave give it to the bear as not.'

'It's mean to waste good stuff in that way,' said another member of the party, 'but I didn't buy it and as far as fun goes I'm in for anything.'

A ten-quart pail, three quarts of Indian meal, a quart of molasses and the whiskey were set out on the table in the camp. The meal, molasses and the whiskey were mixed together in the pail and then all adjourned to the bear's home. The pail with its tempting lunch was set out to the bear. He ate it and lapped the pail out so clean that it didn't have to be washed, and then the sportsmen waited for results.

In about an hour the bear was the most intoxicated animal that ever was seen in Maine woods. When the liquor first began to get in its work the bear was taken with an athletic fit and he jumped around and rolled over like a clown in a circus. He tried to climb the tree stump but his trunk seemed to be bigger to him than ever and after getting up a few feet from the ground he would lose his grip and fall end over and into the yard. The sportsman watched his antics and laughed until their sides ached. Finally old Bruin became sleepy and lumbered off into his cubby house. The next morning the first man in the party to go out of doors walked over to see how the bear was feeling. He looked into the little house and saw a sight which made him feel sorry. There lay the bear with his head on the good forepaw and the stub of the other one laid over his cranium. He seemed to say in the look which he gave the man. 'How sick I am! For two days he would not eat or move out of his house and ever since he has carefully looked over all food that was set before him, before eating it.'

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

CALLED THE WHITE DEATH.

A Remarkable Mist That Comes Suddenly and With Deadly Effect.

Of all the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region none is more strange or terrible than the mysterious storm known to the Indians as "the white death." Scientific men have never yet had an opportunity of investigating it, because it comes at the most unexpected times and may keep away from a certain locality for years. Well-read man who have been through it say that it is really a frozen fog. But where the fog comes from is more than any one can say. This phenomenon occurs most frequently in the northern part of Colorado, in Wyoming and occasionally in Montana.

About two years ago a party of three women and two men were crossing North Park in a wagon in the month of February. The air was bitterly cold, but dry as a bone and motionless. The sun shone with almost startling brilliancy. As the five people drove along over the crisp snow they did not experience the least cold, but really felt most comfortable, and rather enjoyed the trip. Mountain peaks fifty miles away could be seen as distinctly as the pine trees by the roadside.

Suddenly one of the women put her hand up to her face and remarked that something had stung her. The other members of the party did the same thing, although not a sign of an insect could be seen. All marvelled greatly at this. A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist. Mist in Colorado in February? Surely there must be some mistake. But there was no mistake, because within ten minutes a gentle wind began to blow and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond dust in the sunshine. Still the people drove on until they came to a cabin where a man signalled to them to stop. With his head tied up in a bundle of mufflers, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written: "Come into the house quick, or this storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here."

Of course no time was lost in getting under cover and putting the horses in the stables. But they were a little late, for in less than an hour the whole party was sick with violent coughs and fever. Before the next morning one of the women died with all the symptoms of pneumonia. The others were violently ill for it, but managed to pull through after a long sickness.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholas Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to a Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 70, Eight Avenue, New York.

Mrs. Schoppen—Oh, my! look at that rug over there, isn't it perfectly hideous? Mrs. Price—Horrible! Such wretched colors!

Dealer (a moment later)—I noticed you looking at that rug, ladies. It's a great bargain; only \$135 and it's a genuine antique.

Chorus—Oh, how perfectly lovely!

Biggs—Why did you go to the insane asylum for a wife?

Diggs—I wanted one who wouldn't be continually giving me a piece of her mind.

APIOL & STEEL For Ladies' PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pl Coochis, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmacological Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER CO.

"The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

particular attention to the chiefs and to them if they put their guns to their shoulders. Meanwhile De Bryne had stepped to the edge of the water and bent to bathe his feet.

'I suppose you can swim,' shouted the man to him from the opposite shore. 'Yes,' answered the prisoner.

Well now, you jump into the water and swim for us. We can save you beyond a doubt. We have the Arabs well covered with our rifles and we'll shoot the first man who raises a gun. Spring into the river. The European spectators of this scene that about a minute of terrible silence followed. There sat the poor fellow who a half year had been in the hands of his enemies. The white men said they could not shoot him and a few swift and strong strokes would almost certainly land him among his hands. He bent his head and thought it a little. Then he rose to his feet.

No boys,' he said, 'I'd like to do it but I can't. They'd kill Lippins in an hour if I went over to you. We've been together this pickle and I couldn't think that I'd let myself and he'd got to die for it. Thank you all the same. I'm going back.' De Bryne clambered up the bank and disappeared over the ridge with his guards. A few days later the whites moved over the ridge and the Arabs fled. Reaching a native village, a mile or so away, the heads of the eleven Europeans were found impaled on the palisades that surrounded the camp and among them were those of De Bryne and Lippins. Their mutilated bodies found lying together, were tenderly wrapped in the flag of the Congo Free State and placed side by side in a common grave; and a humble mausoleum now marks the place where rest the mortal remains of these two noble victims of the African slave trade.

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China's Forbidden City.

The Secluded Residence of the Emperor at Peking—Art Shown in the Building.

The parade of the allied forces through the Forbidden City of the Chinese on Aug. 30 was an historical event. It is not likely that any person now living will see such a procession again. The northern city, or Manchu part of Peking, consist of three enclosures, one within the other, and each surrounded by its own wall. The innermost, or Forbidden City, contains the residences of the Chinese Emperor and the great National Library of China, together with a number of Government offices.

The Chinese Emperor is called by his people the solitary man, because he is the only man who dwells within the walls of this sacred city. Princes and high officials may come and go, but the Emperor alone remains. The only other persons allowed within the city are the Empresses, the members of the Imperial harem and the eunuchs, 3,000 of whom are retained as the servants of the royal household. This inner city is called by the Chinese the Kin-Cheng. It is about two miles in circumference and surrounded by a wall almost as massive as those around the outside Tartar city itself. This wall rises abruptly from a moat which surrounds the entire city and has a height of nearly fifty feet. It is faced with red glazed brick and a top of the wall in covered with royal yellow porcelain tiles, which from a distance glisten brilliantly in the sunshine.

The city is entered through gates on each of the four sides over bridges which cross the surrounding moat. Before each gate is an open area for the gathering of troops and the forming of state processions. Around each of these areas are buildings and barracks for the accommodation of the guards who defend the approach to China's Dragon Throne. Watch towers at each corner of the wall and over each of the gateways furnish points of view from which any suspicious movements outside may be detected. The interior of the Forbidden City is made up of a succession of courtyards and apartments which in their massiveness and ornate and profuse decoration far exceed anything to be found elsewhere in China.

According to the Chinese themselves it is the city of gold and silver. To their Oriental vision the pavements of marble within lead from gilded palaces to gilded palaces where gold and silver pillars uphold gold and silver roofs, and the fortunate inhabitants pluck flowers growing in gold or silver vases, or play with gold and silver fishes swimming in crystal globes. Viewed from the great square or open place before the Da-Tsing-Mun or Great Pure Gate, which is the outer barrier and extreme southern entrance to the Imperial palaces, the Forbidden City stretches away to the north with a succession of tall palace buildings with pagoda roofs supported by immense pillars, heavily lacquered with red and covered with colored porcelain tiles, yellow, green and deep red. The variegated colors of these roofs glistening through the beautiful trees which abound in the royal city make up a scene of beauty, while far in the distance just back of the northern gate of the city rises the beautiful artificial mound covered with shrines and pavilions and known as the Mei Shan or Coal Hill. The Great Pure Gate is a low, ugly building with three doors built of heavy oak timbers and covered with sheets of iron. It impresses one as a shabby-looking affair for the outer entrance to such a renowned inclosure as the famous Nai Kung or city of the royal palaces. Its appearance, however, is accounted for by the Chinese principle that interior magnificence should not be visible or suggested in external surroundings.

Passing through the gate another large area stretches out before a second gate which begins to give some hint of the magnificence to be expected within. A wide stone causeway extends north through this courtyard up to the gate which is called by the Chinese the Tien-An Mun or the gate of Heavenly Rest. This is the so-called great Pink Gate, so named because its pillars and wood work are heavily enamelled with a red lacquer which has become faded and now presents a pink appearance. The three arches through the gate are faced with white marble over which are twined splendidly carved dragons. On the comb of the roof and running down on the projecting eaves of the pagoda-like structure over the gate are grotesque porcelain ornaments, the heads of phoenixes and griffins.

Within this gate is still another courtyard on the north side of which stands the

Wu mun or Meridian Gate. This is the southern entrance of the Forbidden city itself and the second gate from the emperor's palace. On the eastern side of the gate stands a large sun dial of antique design and magnificent workmanship, cast in bronze in the time of the Mongol dynasty which reigned in the thirteenth century. On the western side of the gate stands a lunar dial of like workmanship and design. The tower over the gate holds a large gong which was originally intended to be used like the drums which now stand before the magistrates' yamens throughout the empire. It is said that it was so used during the time of the Ming dynasty, petitioners who had failed to obtain justice through the ordinary channels being permitted to call the attention of the emperor to their grievances by the striking on the gong, but the death penalty was inflicted on any whose appeal was found to be ill founded or frivolous. The gong is now used only as a signal of the emperor's passing through the gate, either when entering or leaving the city. The courtyard before this gate is the place of audience for victorious generals, who, returning from successful campaigns, come here to lay before their monarch the loot and prisoners which they have taken. It is also the place for the distribution of decorations and presents to foreign ministers and native officials.

Passing through this gate one is at last within the mysterious city itself. Across the courtyard within the gate runs a small canal over which lead five marble bridges with magnificently carved balustrades and impressive stone lions guarding their entrances. From each of these bridges runs a magnificent avenue paved with fine marble, leading up to an immense building called the Tai-Ho-Tien. This impressive building stands on a marble basement about twenty feet in height and rises to a total height of more than one hundred and ten feet. The ascent to the building is made by five flights of steps with carved marble balustrades leading from each of the five avenues which run across the courtyard. The central avenue is very broad and is reserved for the use of the Emperor alone. The two avenues on either side of this are for visiting Princes of the blood and officers of the highest rank, while those on the extreme right and left are for the use of all others. Back of the Tai-Ho-Tien is the gate leading to the palace proper.

The palace buildings consist of four large structures and two smaller ones arranged around the courtyard within the gate. The central building is called the Cheng-Kung or the palace. Those which flank it on either side are called the Tung-Kung and Si-Kung or the eastern and western palaces, while the fourth one which faces the palace proper is called the Hall of the Golden Dragon. The smaller buildings are those reserved for the Empress Dowager and her suite. The palace building, like the great audience hall in the court in front of it, is long and wide, reaching almost across the court in which it stands, and is built of red bricks which according to Chinese law, are reserved for use in the Imperial buildings. It has marble facings ornately carved and a double roof, the second covering a gallery supported by pillars, the roof being covered with yellow porcelain tiles and all the woodwork covered with a heavy red enamel.

According to the native descriptions, the interior of the palace is painted with the famous Imperial vermilion. The floors are covered with yellow silk velvet carpets of native make, and the furniture which follows the designs and shape common in China, is constructed of heavy red iron wood and highly polished. In the Emperor's own rooms the frames of all the furniture are of solid gold. The Chin-Luan-Tien, or official reception room, is carpeted with an immense rug of rough velvet worked in with yellow dragons. It contains no seats or other conveniences except the throne itself, for among the Chinese no one, however high his rank, is permitted to assume any other than a prostrate position while in the presence of his Emperor. The throne itself is placed on an elevated dais. It is ascended from behind by a splendidly carved staircase and supported by a large copper dragon heavily gilded. Around the hall is the gallery for the use of the orchestra which plays while official receptions are going on.

This palace is considered by the Chinese as the most important of all the Imperial

buildings. It was the scene of the famous reception given by the Emperor Kang Hi A. D. 1722, when on the sixtieth anniversary of his reign he invited to the palace as his guests all the men of the empire who were over sixty years of age. This tribute to old age was repeated by the Emperor Kien Lung in A. D. 1785, on the fiftieth anniversary of his reign.

No living white has ever before seen the palaces within this city. The only foreigners who are known to have been in them were the Jesuit priests who obtained favor in the Manchu court in the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, and several of whom have left very interesting descriptions of the life of those within. Within the present century the late Dr. S. Wells Williams was probably the only foreigner who has ever seen enough of them to give any comprehensive account.

North beyond this throne building stands the Palace of Earth's Repose. Here Heaven's Consort, as the Empress is called, rules over the harem of her Imperial master. Between the palace and the northern wall of the Forbidden City are the royal flower gardens or pleasure grounds of the palaces. The gardens are adorned with dainty pavilions while marble bridges cross the canals and reach out to artificial islands which, dotted with temples and covered with groves, stand about in miniature lakes. Fountains and artificial mountains complete one of the most beautiful bits of landscape work in the world.

The Forbidden City is divided into three parts by two walls running entirely through it from north to south and the portion of the city which has just been described is in the central section between the two partition walls. The eastern division of the city is given over to the officers of the Chinese Boards of Governments. It also holds the Imperial Treasury. In the northern part of this section stands the Hall of Intense Thought, a temple dedicated to Confucius and the other sages of China. A short distance north of this stands the Imperial Library, called by the Chinese the Hall of Literary Abyss. Near these two stands the Fung Sien Tien or Imperial chapel, the temple set apart for the Emperor's private devotions to which he goes to worship his ancestors. The western division contains a great variety of buildings, memorial halls dedicated to famous Emperors and distinguished statesmen, the Government Printing Office, the Board of Imperial Auditors or Comptrollers who regulate the assessment and collection of taxes throughout the empire and the Ching-Hwang-Miao or Guardian Temple of Peking.

Back of the Palace of Earth's Repose is another gate, separated by a courtyard from the Shen-Wu Mun, which is the north or rear gate of the Forbidden city. Without this gate another bridge crosses the moat and enters the inclosure which surrounds the famous Coal Hill. This artificial mountain, which is also called by the Chinese the King Shan or Capital Hill, stands just north of the Forbidden city, within the area of the Huang-Cheng or Imperial city and is really a part of the Imperial pleasure grounds. It is built of coal brought down on camels' backs from the mines in the northern part of the province. This remarkable mount is more than 150 feet high, covered with earth and planted with trees and flowering shrubs. Pavilions and shrines dot its side and crown its summit. From its top a beautiful view is obtained over the whole city. It has been the scene of many a dramatic tragedy. From that point the last emperor of the Ming dynasty watched the sack of his capital by the Manchu hordes, who founded the present dynasty then, refusing to seek safety in flight, he hanged himself with his yellow girdle from a tree on the summit, saying: "Better die since the Empire is lost."

The western part of the inclosure about the hill is occupied by the Si Yuen or Western Park, which is one of the most beautiful spots in the Chinese capital. An artificial lake, more than a mile long, occupies the centre. It is supplied with water from the famous Black Dragon Springs, which lie ten miles north of Peking and from which a magnificent aqueduct, called the Tung-Hwui-Ho, conducts the water to the imperial palaces. The lake is full of the most beautiful and fragrant varieties of the Chinese lotus. It is crossed by a marble bridge of nine arches, which is architecturally unsurpassed. At the end of the bridge stands a large tea-house, while gardens, walks and rockeries line the banks of the lake.

Cumulative Economy.

An old book-keeper declares that it is surprising to see how many valuable things a man can buy if he simply economizes in little things.

"I once made up my mind I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way:

When I felt like eating a fifty-cent luncheon, as I often did, I ate a twenty-five-cent one instead, and put the other quarter aside for my watch fund. You will hardly believe it, but in less than six months I had saved money enough to purchase the watch."

"But you don't seem to have bought it," said his friend, observing that there were no outward signs of such a purchase.

"Well, no. When I found how easily I could get along without fifty-cent lunches, I concluded I could get along just as easily without the gold watch, and the watch fund is growing into a house and lot fund now."

Pronounced Incurable.

THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN OF HALIFAX.

Following inflammation of the Lungs a severe Cough Set in and her Doctor said Her Case was Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have Restored Her Health.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola's street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadian Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said: "A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose earthly race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness, added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever again. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and you can say that I shall never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were placed in my way at a time when I had not the hope that I could live."

Reset by Dogs.

While in pursuit of antelope in the Caucasus, Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley met with an unexpected and unpleasant adventure. He had observed an immense flock of sheep browsing some distance away, and at the sound of his rifle a dozen huge gray sheep dogs came racing toward him, with every sign of high displeasure.

They were all round me in a minute, making a deafening noise and resolutely baffling all my attempts to break through their ranks. Picking up stones, I threw them at my tormentors and hit one on the leg. He began howling lustily.

Then the shepherds, who had been watching the proceedings, set up a shout of encouragement to the dogs. Instantly the brutes closed on me, one flying straight at my throat, and meeting my rifle barrel full in his teeth. Another willer cur took me in the rear, and made his teeth meet in one of the tendons under my knee.

This was too much, and I pulled my revolver and fired at two of the dogs, laying one out. The pack scattered, and I made my way off as quickly as possible.

"I can't help admiring the ingenuity of the landlady at our boarding house."

"In what way?"

"At breakfast time she burns a grain or two of coffee on the kitchen stove, so as to fill the dining room with the odor, and then gives us chockery to drink."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"Please, ma'am, my mamma returns your garden hose an' wants to know if you will let her take your oil stove?"

McSwatters—Is he independently rich? McSwitters—Well, he doesn't give a darn for his poor relatives, if that's what you mean.

Hix—Do you consider it wrong to cheat a lawyer? Dix—Well, it may be wrong, but it's impossible.

"When my granddaddy was a youth," said the Hashed Philosopher, "he never got trusted."

"Couldn't or wouldn't."

Maudie—Ferdinand has all the qualities that go to make a good husband but one. Ella—What is that? Maudie—He won't propose.

She—I wonder why it is that so many old maids have fat bank accounts? He—Probably, for lack of anything else, they husband their resources.

Tailor—I wish you would let me take your measure for a suit of clothes. Young Man—I have no objections but that's all you will ever get for them.

Edna—When I marry it will be a brave hero who fears nothing. May—Yes, dear; I am sure you will never wed any other kind of a man.

Henpeck—Sir, I hear that you were to elope with my wife? Culprit—I—er—I thought better of it. Henpeck—You are no friend of mine, henceforth.

"Say mamma," said 4 year old Tommy, "let's play I'm an awful looking tramp. I'll come around to the back door and ask for a piece of pie and you get scared and give it to me."

"I know the first thing my wife would say if she were to be made Queen of England."

"What?"

"Is my crown on straight?"

"Pa, Georgie Gibbs had more fun out in the country 'an we did."

"Oh, I guess not, Jimmy."

"Yes, he did, pa; he seen a cow git drownd' an' a load o' hay burn up."

"Dabney Diggs can't make any headway with his courting."

"Why not?"

"His rival is a railroad man who is always giving his girl a pass to go somewhere."

"Had your vacation yet, Grimby?"

"Nop. Going in November."

"But November is usually one of the unpleasant months."

"Yes, and my wife's mother always visits her in November."

Mrs. Chesap—Yes, we are so glad to get home again. These summer outings are really a bore.

Little Vera Chesap—Yes, indeed. It is tiresome to live in the back part of the house all summer.

"Yes," concluded the returned tourist. "I had a pretty tough time of it. I tell you there's nothing like travelling to take the conceit out of a man."

"That might be true," replied the man who had been bored to death, "if he never got back to tell about it."

Reporter—I hear there has been an accident to Mr. Youngbub.

Physician—Yes. He swallowed one of his wife's doughnuts.

Reporter—Where is he?

Physician—In the operating room. They are probing for the doughnut.

Wagg—That's Bixby we just passed; he writes for magazines.

Miss Tookin—You don't tell me? I can't remember having seen anything signed by him.

Wagg—Oh, he hasn't had anything published; he just writes for 'em.

The rooster looked at the hen with his head very much to one side.

"And you say," he said, "that you have already raised four large families this season? Really I can't account for it."

"It is easily accounted for," replied the hen, laughingly; "I belong to the smart set!"

"I dunno," said Farmer Cornstossel, "but what I'd kind of enjoy running a rice farm over in China."

"Why, you'd be a Chinaman!"

"Yes. But it would be somewhere of a comfort to live some place where your predictions that the country was going to pieces stood some show of comin' true."

He was a golf player, and after mastering the pronunciation of the name of the game he was just naturally confused. So it happened that he wrote the letter that she had difficulty in understanding.

"Of course, if you say so," he wrote, "it is all off between us, but do not scold at me if I occasionally dolt my cap to you."

"I see that a single rose has sold as high as \$150."

"Pooh! A single rose cost me a good deal more than that. A certain young woman gave me a rose and this encouraged me to offer her my hand. Later on she assumed charge of my bank account. I'll bet every smell in that rose cost me a cool hundred!"

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corn in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Fatless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe, and painless. See signature of Putnam & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Flash of fun: 'I would rather die than he should know I played the spy on him and that woman. Yes, Rupert, I will be your wife, and— Take me home, cousin,' she added faintly. 'I—' Her eyes closed, and she fell fainting into his arms.

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'I would rather die than he should know I played the spy on him and that woman. Yes, Rupert, I will be your wife, and— Take me home, cousin,' she added faintly. 'I—' Her eyes closed, and she fell fainting into his arms.

CHAPTER VII. LEAVING THE VEIL.

With his face buried in his hands, Charles Norton sat on a table littered with the usual odds and ends of an artist's studio. He had sat there motionless for more than an hour trying to realize his misery. Iris had forbidden him to visit her! Iris was lost to him! What could have happened? How had he offended her? What had he done to deserve this death sentence to all his hopes?

'And now, Charlie, you must cheer up. Twenty-four hours is not very long to wait for happiness. One thing more: if Rupert Norton comes here say nothing of this interview. Get rid of him as soon as possible, and say as little as you can. Above all, answer no questions. And now, good-bye; I will send you a cheque most likely tomorrow, but I wish the picture to remain with you till it is exhibited. Good-bye.' He took both her hands and kissed them.

often, but his fist was kinder than his tongue. So miserable was I that I often prayed for death. 'It was at this time that my sister, who was so like me that even he, my husband, could not tell us apart—except for the color of my hair, which was golden, whilst Clara's was dark—came to visit me. She was always delicate, and she caught cold, and died. In this I saw a chance of freedom. I wrote to my husband in my sister's name, telling him that his wife was dead.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity. It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

HE KILLED MANY BOXERS.

For sixteen days and nights Charles McIntosh of Greenpoint, L. I., lay under the sun and the stars on the top of a tower outside Tientsin, firing his rifle at the Boxers every time one showed his head. In that time he killed 96 Chinamen. The strain upon his nervous system was so great that now when he sleeps he dreams of the little white puffs of smoke that dotted the plain whenever he showed his head on the battlements.

FIGURES AND BYES.

As we grow older, we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read, or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite so good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them further away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses.

One More Unfortunate

Wanted the DIAMOND DYES, but was induced by her dealer to try another make. A lady writing from a small town in New Brunswick to the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, says: 'Please find enclosed Express Money Order for six packets of Diamond Dyes, colors as mentioned below. I have been a user of Diamond Dyes, for over five years, and they have given me entire satisfaction. A few weeks ago our merchant was out of a color I wanted in the Diamond Dyes and strongly recommended another make he was selling. I bought the packet with many doubts as to their worth. I made an effort to dye an old cream colored opera shawl with the new dye. The ghastly result almost drove me mad. There was not a semblance of any decided color. Now I am obliged to dye it black, and will do the work with the Diamond Dyes. No more poor muddy dyes for me while I can send to you for the reliable Diamond Dyes.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Blind Cougar.

It was a good day for deer hunting. Two or three inches of snow had fallen, and the air seemed soft and heavy, as it does before a storm.

In 1875, this rough Black Hills country abounded in big game—elk, deer, sheep, grizzlies, black bears and mountain-lions. On that November day, at one o'clock or a little later, I had killed and hung up four blacktails and one cottontail buck.

For some time I lay paralyzed, physically, by the snarl of my fall. My face lay on the edge of a narrow shelf of rock and one of my arms overhung it. I had no power to retire from this perilous position, yet with a curious sense of helplessness I looked down into a black and dismal gully which I knew well was the hidden canon, as we had named it, of Spring Creek.

It was from twelve to twenty feet in width, a huge split between two masses of rock. It must have been nearly one hundred feet to the bottom, and a small stream leaped and tumbled through the boulder-filled channel.

So narrow was the cleft where I lay that an active man could have leaped it at a running jump. On the opposite side was a mass of rocks rounding off to the left, and below this a rough, narrow slope along the rim of the notch.

A poor place to look for deer, was my thought, and there was little likelihood of my hunting companions finding me soon, unless I could send my shouts to their ears. But as yet I had no voice for shouting.

At the end of half an hour the paralysis of my nerves had partially abated, and I succeeded in rolling myself over and gaining a reclining posture against the ledge. In so doing, I discovered that my right shoulder was dislocated, and that probably two of my ribs were cracked. I found that I was upon a shelf of rock some thirty feet in length, and not more than seven or eight in width.

Still nothing seemed to matter greatly, and when presently a gust of wind whirled by and great flakes of snow began dropping spirally into the notch, I felt a lethargic sense of indifference.

From this hazy condition I was roused by seeing a great reddish yellow beast come out of a cleft in the rocks just across the narrow canon. It was a moose, of a fine size, and it passed upon the slope with uplifted head and pricked ears, apparently listening and looking away toward the higher ground.

Now, for the first time since I had fallen I felt a thrill of fear. If the big cat were hungry, how easily it might leap the gully and devour me where I lay! Most fervent as I hoped the creature might not stray beyond the rocks.

But the lion turned its head and seemed to be looking directly at me. It walked deliberately down to the edge of the cleft and for an instant I thought my time had come.

Still the animal showed no sign of having seen me. On the contrary, it turned immediately to one side, and began trotting back and forth in front of its lair. It travelled over a bit of some forty yards or more, wheeling with precision at the same point in each turn, and going over its path each time with the same movement—a shuffling, gliding trot.

It thus passed and re-passed within ten or twelve yards of where I lay. And now, with awakened faculties, I discovered that this big male lion was blind. Instead of the yellow green balls with cruel slits there were two prominent grayish white disks under its half closed eyes.

It was a blind cougar out for exercise. Surely, with the notch between us, there could be little danger from this unlovely beast! Fascinated, curious, and forgetting my helplessness, I watched the lion, the powerful snow was cat promading his bristly path which he had doubtless trodden many thousands of times. Just so many steps in one direction, just so many back over the same line. At one point he avoided a projecting boulder; at another passed round a broken cedar sapling. He swung himself back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum stroke.

Here, despite his blindness, was no caged, hampered and rot-beaten creature of the menagerie. By some means, the blind lion had been well kept. His red yellow coat was sleek and handsome, and his great muscles moved and glided over each other like well-oiled parts of perfect machinery. He dropped his lower jaw now and then, and once gave a mighty yawn, displaying rows of fangs which might have rent the skin of an alligator. Once only he halted upon his beat to sharpen his claws upon a sandrock, and his great talons rasped and grated upon the stone in a horribly suggestive fashion. I rejoiced, indeed, that he was blind. And so, I lay watching, while the big panther glided back and forth and the whirling snowflakes and dry leaves across the notch; and out of a cross current nearly in front of his lair, the lion caught my scent!

Instantly the gliding, graceful figure was transformed, and a fierce snarling beast reared upon its hind feet, sniffing in eager anxiety to find the prey. The lion leaped to the right, then directly toward me. Then he lost the scent and crouched, his red muzzle quivering, his ears twitching curiously, while his tail whipped to and fro.

Now he rose again and moved, sniffing cautiously along the rim of the gully. He seemed to reason that the scented creature must have shifted its position. Again his nose took wind of me, and crouching, he sniffed down at the gaping out as if to make sure of the direction. Then his ears were rigid flat, and his yellow talons were unsharpened to take firm grip upon the rock. I gave myself up for lost.

With his snarl menacing me and growling louder and louder, I knew the creature was certain of his ground. He had not been blind always, and he had leaped many times upon the shelf where I lay. Horrified, I watched him gather himself and then vault in a sweeping curve above the chasm and alight upon the rocks within four or five steps of where I lay.

I expected instant death. My nerves were suddenly racked with cutting pains, which ran through my chest until I gasped for breath. And yet the snarling, sniffing lion did not spring upon me. He had jumped to windward of me, and the scent of me no longer carried the scent. He reared again upon his hind feet, sniffing anxiously, when with his joy his bristles, lowered, his savage aspect change to one of distrust, and he turned and leaped back across the cut.

He stood upon the brink for a moment in a listless attitude of suspicion, and then, forgetting away, disappeared within his lair. It was now snowing very fast, and in the next few minutes, relieved of intense reacting pains, I did some hard thinking. I dared not shout to attract the attention of my fellow hunters, and I was in momentary fear of a reappearance of the puma, or, worse yet, of its mate.

The weather was warm, hardy at the freezing point, and I was warmly clothed. I might, I concluded, survive twenty-four hours and longer if left alone by the lions, and long I store that time Curtis and I would be scouring the hills for me. Camp was not more than two miles distant. I decided to lie quiet in the snow until I should hear some sound of searching.

Within half an hour the wisdom of this course was made apparent. Then I saw, coming down out of the storm upon the far slope, two more red-yellow beasts, which soon proved to be the blind lion's mate and her well grown cub.

I shrank in fear under my covering of snow. Some hint of my presence there was yet in the notch, for both the lions paused, at twenty steps or so, and snarled angrily, with belling backs and nervous twitchings of their tails.

For a moment the two seemed to be glaring straight at me, and I closed my eyes in fearful suspense. I waited, hardly breathing for some seconds; then, hearing no more of the cougars, I looked again, to find that they had passed on and gone into their lair. It was but a moment, however, before they reappeared, and this time the blind mate was with them. The three passed together up the slope, in file, long jumps and went over the ledge beyond. There had been a kill somewhere, and the blind lion's mate and cub had come dutifully to conduct him to the feast.

Under safer circumstances, I should have felt the keenest interest in this evidence of family devotion among fierce beasts, and, with perfect opportunity, I should have hesitated to kill either the dam or her cub. As it was, I was to witness something very like a tragedy.

The lions had been gone a half hour, perhaps, when I heard the booming crack, crack, of a rifle just over the rock ridge in front of me. I answered the shots with a halo as loudly as I could give, and hitched myself to a more conspicuous posture against the ledge. I shouted again and again, a rather feeble wail, but loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance.

Then, as if by magic, I was confronted by the three lions, which had slid down an inward curve of the rock ledge upon my left. They came on in great bounds to within fifteen or twenty yards of my perch. There, catching sight of me, the two females came to a halt, and united their voices in menace. It was easy to see that something exciting and unusual had happened to the puma family. The blind one, apparently led by its helplessness, slunk to its cavern, muttering hoarsely as he ran, and his cub did not attack.

Some new fear seemed to possess them. They whirled about repeatedly, to guard against surprises. They flung themselves upon the snow, and lashed their tails excitedly.

I understood that someone—Curtis or Pete, doubtless—had been shooting at them. Perhaps for the first time they had heard the thunder of a gun and the hissing whine of bullets.

Then a rifle cracked again, this time close at hand, and I saw the cougar dam flatten out upon the snow with a bullet through her brain. The cub bounced about wildly, spitting and hissing, until two or three more shots were fired, when it, too, dropped in its tracks, dead. Looking in the direction of the firing, I saw our Indian, Pete, searching for a way to descend the ledge.

While Pete was hunting for a path, the blind lion ran out of his lair, which he must have considered unsafe against the new foe. He stopped over the bodies of his dead mate and cub and sniffed at them in apparent great anxiety. Then his tail drooped and his back shrank upon his skin. A great fear had seized him. Suddenly he uttered a strange, whining lament, sprang toward the cabin cleft and leaped into its abyss.

Was it a case of suicide? It has always seemed so to me, and yet, in his sudden sense of loss, in his great fear and excitement, the creature may have had no other

aim than mad flight, and may have gone to his death quite by accident. I was as much overjoyed as Pete was astonished at our meeting. Before noon the Indian had hung up a deer on the ridge, and when he returned to get the meat he found three lions had torn down the carcass. He had followed, shooting at them as long as they were in sight. By making a strenuous effort I found that I could stand on my feet, but I was not released from my sheath until the Indian procured an axe and bridged the gulch with poles.

It sounded easy when his wife proposed it, but it was different in the shop. When the man with the red mustache stepped down the stairs his wife ran to the door and called I'm back.

"Donald," she said, "I want you to go in to a hardware store to-day and get a saw. Don't forget it, please. We need one badly."

Being an accommodating person the man with the red mustache said he'd get it. He chose the luncheon hour as the most opportune time for making his simple purchase. He was in a good humor and he smiled blandly when he went bustling into the store and said, "I want a saw, please."

The clerk who had come forward to wait on him had a merry twinkle in his eye and the twinkle overflowed at the question and spread all over his face in dimples.

"What kind of a saw?" he asked. The prospective purchaser began to perceive what an intricate business the buying of a saw really is.

"Why," said he, "I don't know. Just a saw. Any kind will do, I suppose."

The clerk sighed. "If you only knew what you want to use it for, perhaps I could advise you," he suggested.

"What I want to use it for?" echoed the man with the red mustache. "Why I want to saw, of course. At least my folks do."

"Saw what?" asked the clerk. "I don't know," admitted the nonplussed shopper.

The clerk brightened up again and led the way to the rear of the store. "I will show you a few of the different varieties of saws we have on hand," he said. "Observation and an explanation of their uses and prices may assist you in making a decision. Here's a metal saw. It is the hardest saw there is. It is made of highly tempered steel and will saw iron, copper, lead and all manner of metals. It is small in size and sells for \$2 to \$2.50, according to the style of the handle, which comes in beechwood and oak, the latter being more expensive. Is that the kind of a saw you want?"

The man with the red mustache was sorely perplexed. "No," said he, "I don't think so. We have no metals at our house to work on, that I know of."

"Perhaps you would like a meat saw?" suggested the clerk. "Steel in these is of hardly so high a grade and I could let you have a good one for a dollar. But you're not a butcher?"

The man who wanted a saw shook his head mournfully and the clerk continued. "There is a regular Fitchen saw, for general utility purposes, which will cost only 50 cents. How does that strike you? No? Then here's the cabinet maker's saw. I can give you a very good one for \$3. Then I have over here plumbers' saws, the fine delicate saws used by all manner of artificers and the ordinary wood saws which will cost you anywhere from 50 cents to \$4. In that back room we have still other varieties—the two-man ten foot saws, buzz saws and circular saws. If you want to pay a big price you'd better take one of the latter. I'll give you a good one for \$50. Would you like to see them?"

The man with the mustache looked about him wonderingly. "No, thank you," he said. "I never dreamed that there were so many different kinds of saws. I guess I won't take any. I'll find out just what I need."

The clerk bowed affably. "I regret being unable to make a sale," he said, "but I really think that the wiser plan."

Love Makes the world go round, but a bad cough or cold knocks all the sentiment out of a person. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm will cure the cold, stop the cough, and restore the sentiment. 25c. all Druggists.

A pretty and pathetic little story of adherence to principle under trying circumstances is told of an old woman who lived in the heart of the mountain region of New Hampshire.

The nearest church was fourteen miles from her roughly built home in a logging camp, and her nearest neighbor was over eight miles distant. Finally the beauty of an intervals two miles from the camp drew to it a number of people, and at last a hotel was built.

When the hotel had been open for some weeks, the wife of the proprietor one day

received a call from her neighbor of the logging camp. "It's a sight of comfort to me to have you so near," said the woman, wistfully. "I used to have neighbors where we lived before we came here. I'm too busy to get away from the house on week-days generally, but Sunday afternoons ever since you came I've walked down to a gap in the woods, and there I can look through and see the smoke coming out of your chimney, if it's a good clear day, such as we sometimes have. It's real company for me."

"You poor, dear soul!" said the warm-hearted landlady, with tear in her eyes. "Why haven't you come down here any and every Sunday to have a talk with me?"

"You're real kind," said her visitor, with a flush of pleasure, "but you see I was raised among folks that didn't hold to Sunday visiting, and I've tried to keep to my principles just the same 'way off here. The first time I saw that smoke coming out of your chimney," she admitted with a trembling smile "it did seem as if I'd got to come, but I thought of the way I was raised, and I managed to hold firm. And when he offered to come down with me of a week-day, I felt repaid and rewarded, after only writing seven weeks, ma'm."

"I am a man of few words," said the busy citizen.

"I am glad to hear it," answered the caller, with a superabundance of assurance. "I've got a whole lot to say to you, and the fewer times you interrupt me the better I'll be pleased."

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

BORN. Tracy, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Yull, a son. Parrasboro, Oct. 1, to the wife of J. A. Tibbets, a son. Moncton, Oct. 4, to the wife of T. P. Legere, a daughter. Brockton, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Grant, a son. Sydney, Oct. 2, to the wife of Alan McDonald, a son. Windsor, Sept. 28, to the wife of C. Logan Smith, a son. Arcadia, Aug. 20, to the wife of Wilson Rankin, a son. Richibucto, Sept. 23, to the wife of J. W. Arseneau, a son. Richibucto, Sept. 30, to the wife of Henry O'Leary, a son. Dorchester, Mass., to the wife of Gilbert S. Crosby, a son. Folly Village, Sept. 30, to the wife of Wm. Urquhart, a son. Fairview, Oct. 4, to the wife of John MacAlooney, a daughter. Lakeside, Sept. 25, to the wife of Joseph Jeffers, a son. Cross Roads, Oct. 1, to the wife of James Rector, a daughter. Annapolis, Sept. 30, to the wife of E. Ed. Nogler, a daughter. Parrasboro, Sept. 27, to the wife of Irving McNamara, a son. Shediac, Oct. 2, to the wife of O. H. Melanson, a daughter. Moncton, Oct. 2, to the wife of N. C. McLeod, a daughter. Richibucto, Sept. 23, to the wife of Albert Arsenault, a son. Beaver River, Sept. 9, to the wife of L. W. Beveridge, a son. Molus River, Sept. 9, to the wife of Donald McKinnon, a son. Tatamagouche, Sept. 18, to the wife of H. V. Cassidy, a daughter. DePort River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mitchell Chisholm, a daughter.

MARRIED. Maitland, Oct. 2, Bessie Roy to Walter Forman. Yarmouth, Clarence Gray to Minnie Hamilton. Halifax, Oct. 3, Joseph Crockett to Tillie Hopie. Kingston, Sept. 19, William Clark to Annie Kennedy. Bear River, Oct. 3, Melvin Purdy to Minnie Dakin. Digby, Oct. 1st, Charles Scragg to Irene V. Menze. Westville, Sept. 26, Lella Jemima to George Peters. Moncton, Sept. 25, David Campbell to Elizabeth Hardy. Boston, Sept. 29, Frank Morrell to Nellie Stanley. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Frank Cox to Theresa M. Gayton. Notre Dame, Oct. 3rd, John Horsman to Beulah Bell. Hill Gray, Oct. 3rd, Harry Marshall to Miss Lillie Bell. Annapolis, Oct. 1, Charles H. Banks to Minnie Marshall. Lunenburg, Sept. 26, Charles Hebb to Florence Cook. Woodville, Sept. 29, J. N. McIntyre to Hattie J. Jones. Plymouth, Sept. 29, Stanley B. Purdy to Annie Purdy. New Germany, Sept. 19, George Rushford to Flossie Smith. Halifax, Sept. 26, Robert McKay to Margaret Grant. Halifax, Oct. 1, Christopher Coleman to Lizzie Power. East Boston, Sept. 23, A. Gaudet to Maggie J. Davies. Fort Maitland, Sept. 29, E. Weatherbee to Dora Adams. Yarmouth, Sept. 26, Fred Raymond to Clara E. Crosby. Glasgowville, Sept. 26, James A. Robertson to Ellen Argyle. Springhill, Sept. 27, James McPherson to Florence Toulon. West Hanford, Sept. 27, John Ripley to Hattie Embree. Napan, Sept. 26, Alex J. Goddard to Christina M. Dickson. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Oscar L. Carey to Ella Grace Hatfield. Milton, Sept. 26, Henry Dinmore to Lizzie May McBean. North River, Sept. 19, Stephen Hobar to Clara Demons. Summerville, Oct. 1, Handley Loomer to Eva Masters. Summerville, Sept. 8, Captain Fred Ogilvie to Susie Calais. Calais, Sept. 18, Frank Appleby to Elizabeth N. Trenham. North River, Sept. 26, Hugh McLean to Lillian H. Stevenson.

Milltown, Sept. 16, Justin Brigham, to Harriet E. Digman. Windsor, Sept. 26, Elizabeth Sutherland to John R. G. Armstrong. Philadelphia, Sept. 28, Frr. K. Leman to Janet M. MacEwen. Charlottetown, Sept. 25, Albert A. Duffy to Mary J. Henderson. Da. Mont., Sept. 28, Joseph M. McLean to Ann L. Mapplebeck. Fox Harbor, Sept. 26, James A. McEachern to Annie MacEachern. West Falmouth, Oct. 1st, David D'Entremont to Sara D'Entremont. Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 20, Margaret Kelly, to Frank Poore.

DIED.

Sydney, Oct. 1, Annie Jost. Moncton, Oct. 8, Oscar Tower. 5. Souris, Sept. 26, J. mes Gorman. Wisconsin, Sept. 26, Nettie Gray. Hillsburn, Sept. 23, Percy Kay. Hillsburn, Sept. 26, O. le Coates. 1. Tasset, Oct. 2, Sarah Blauvelt, 79. North Winslow, Mrs. James Mann. Fox Creek, Oct. 8, Blair LeRoi, 2. Picton, Sept. 28, William Queller, 1. Alms, Sept. 21, James MacIntyre, 20. Boston, October 1, James B. Sweet 60. Milltown, Sept. 18, Neil McGrath, 64. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, John Harbert, 61. Sydney, Sept. 24, Isabella Morris, 72. Yarmouth, Sept. 29, John Harbert 74. Charlottetown, Sept. 23, Wm. Brown 74. Digby, Sept. 22, Mrs. Israel Hecker, 61. Back Bay, Sept. 29, Gertrude Cook, 13. Tracy, Sept. 23, James E. Johnson, 4 yrs. Picton, Sept. 25, Elizabeth McKenzie, 49. Deer Island, Sept. 20, James Chaffey, 64. Springhaven, Sept. 29, John Harbert, 64. Charlottetown, Sept. 27, Cyrus Shaw, 51. Darnmouth, Oct. 3, Mrs. Annie Curtis, 55. Lower Tracy, Oct. 3, Th. mas Johnson, 77. Spokane, W. T., Sept. 3, Mr. D. M. MacLeod. Liverpool, Sept. 25, Mrs. George Allen, 85. St. Stephen, Sept. 24, Mrs. David Hatfield, 85. Stanley Bridge, Sept. 23, Hugh Cousins, 78. Mount Stewart, Sept. 19, Mrs. James Dunne. Golden Ridge, Sept. 30, Mr. Richard Boyd, 57. Plymouth, Sept. 29, Mrs. Jerusha Turney, 67. Wilnot Valley, Sept. 23, Mrs. Wm. C. G. 66. Farmington, Sept. 22, Mrs. Geo. Robertson, 45. Lakeville, Ill., Sept. 16, Mrs. Jane Potter, 84. Belmont, Colchester, Sept. 23, Ezra Cuttle, 60. New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 15, Clarence Pike, 85. Gay's River, Colchester, Sept. 27, John Blades, 16. Inasville, Mass., Sept. 3, Robt. Henderson, 62. Charlottetown, Sept. 23, Mrs. Mary Macdonald, 91. Yarmouth, George Inasville son of Mr. Irvine Lovik. Campbell, Sept. 12, Woodard's infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gaudy. Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 1, Lyons, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, 5 mos. Grandville Ferry, Sept. 27, James, infant of Wm and Laila Marsh, 7 mos.

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Thanksgiving Day.

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Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.....6:30 Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7:15 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....7:15 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Caplan.....11:15 Express for Sussex.....12:00 Express for Hampton.....12:45 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....13:35 Express for Halifax and Sydney.....22:45

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:55 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:45 o'clock for Halifax. 4 vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Hampton.....6:00 Suburban from Hampton.....6:15 Express from Sussex.....8:35 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....11:50 Accommodation from Moncton.....14:10 Express from Halifax.....15:00 Express from Hampton.....21:50 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. FOTLINGER, Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.