

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 681

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT.

Some Interesting Stories—Items Gathered From Various Parts

The departure of the Duke and Duchess was followed by the smallpox scare and the people have had something to think about and talk about since. The cases are not numerous and but one has resulted fatally in the city. The authorities are taking all reasonable precautions and the citizens are assisting them by coming forward willingly for vaccination.

IT IS SURPRISING.

There is still room for some more Education. In connection with the recent murder trial in St. Andrews there was one circumstance the Beacon points out that awakened painful surprise. It was the acknowledgement on the part of several young men who had grown up within reach of the free schools and under the shadow almost of such an enlightened community St. Stephen, confessing on the witness stand that they could not even write their own names. Had there been only one such individual the circumstance would not have been so remarkable, but when three or four out of the same community made this humiliating confession it excited considerable comment. One gentleman was overheard remarking that he had never favored compulsory education but after witnessing this pitiful exhibition he would

be an advocate of it hereafter. The matter is one that would seem to call for inquiry on the part of our educational authorities. In these days of enlightenment there is no reason why there should be such illiteracy in any community in this broad dominion.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

Accidents Have Been Few in This Province.

While hundreds of sportsmen have been hunting in the moose forests of New Brunswick this season an exchange draws attention to this fact. It is worthy of remark that not a single accident has resulted from a hunter being mistaken for a wild animal. In the adjoining State of Maine eight "accidents" of this kind have occurred, several of them resulting fatally. The immunity that we enjoy in this respect is probably due to the fact that the men who seek for big game in our woods are true sportsmen who understand the use of the weapons they carry, and to the further fact that they have careful guides. The latter is a very important feature in hunting. The careful guide soon gets the measure of his party and governs himself accordingly. If he finds that he has any reckless spirits among them, he either con-

trives to leave them at the camp or else places them where their recklessness can do little harm. A too generous supply of intoxicants at sporting camps is a fruitful cause of "accidents." Some years ago, the writer had the good fortune to form one of a party of sportsmen at a famous fishing resort in Nova Scotia. A venerable woodman had been employed to guide the party. He was very affable until he discovered in the party's baggage several heavily laden champagne baskets. On reaching them he struck at once, and absolutely refused to accompany the party until he was informed as to the contents of the hamper. Asked his reasons, he sententiously replied that he had gone down the lakes with just such baskets the previous season. The owners of them had got gloriously drunk and one of them while suffering from the d. t.'s, had tried to shoot him, declaring he was a bear. To guard against a like experience in the future he had decided that his proper policy was to stay at home when he found that his party had liquor with them. Not all guides are as careful as this one, but a little care in this respect would save a multitude of trouble—and, perhaps, some lives.

MISSIONARY WORK.

An Interesting Conference that Was Held This Week.

The missionary conference that was held during the week in Trinity Sunday School room in this city proved a most interesting as well as instructive meeting. Many of the addresses delivered were of a very high order. Among the best given

CAUSES SOME EXCITEMENT

A Bank Manager Meets With Difficulties—Fredericton has a Sensation.

was those of Thursday evening when the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, a Japan missionary, and the Rev. Mr. O'Meara of Trinity church, Toronto, occupied the platform.

Mr. Kennedy's description of life in Japan and the doings and customs of the inhabitants of that country, was highly interesting throughout. It was of great importance, said Mr. Kennedy, that Japan should be supplied with the latest magazines and religious literature, for the Japanese were both intelligent and of progressive spirit and acquiescent in the teaching of Christ's word. It was the speaker's hope that a library would become established in Japan's interior, and that the Japanese youth would find there all the nourishment which his developing and expanding mind required. Already assistance for this purpose had been received from one of the Ontario dioceses.

The subject of the woman of Japan was treated by the speaker and in considering the complaint which had arisen regarding the presence of missionaries' wives in foreign lands, he said that, in order to teach the Japanese proper deportment toward their wives, they must show practical examples. He dwelt eulogistically on the noble share which women had taken in missionary affairs.

Certain circles have been somewhat stirred up this week, and especially in Fredericton over banking difficulties. The branches of the British North America at the capital has come in for much publicity the first few days.

About six months ago Mr. Jeremy Taylor had made himself very popular with the Fredericton people and though everyone regretted Mr. Taylor's removal, yet it was with the same time all were pleased at his well deserved promotion Mr. Harley was given charge at the Celestial and during his short sojourn there had become well liked and so a few days ago the announcement came, as a surprise that the new manager had got into difficulties with his employers. All kinds of stories were soon afloat and everyone had a version.

It transpired that Mr. Harley wanted to raise something like \$60,000 and in order to do so he gave Mr. Edward Moore, the Bank's check for the amount. Mr. Moore is a man of considerable means, he is a son of Mrs. Moore who formerly lived at the Junction and whom it will be remembered inherited a large fortune from the old country a few years ago. Mr. Moore secured the check in presenting this check, the clerk in the bank refused to pay it, and it is said that this clerk took it upon himself to let the office at Montreal or Halifax, know of the circumstance.

This is the story as given out. The head office, heard of the transaction anyway and immediately sent Mr. Harley to Montreal. The result was that suspicion followed. Mr. Harley went from Montreal to Halifax. To the latter City also travelled the York County Deputy Sheriff, around it was given out with a warrant for arrest.

Deputy Sheriff Hawthorne returned from Halifax Thursday morning. The criminal proceedings against Mr. Harley had been dropped by arrangement, and the Deputy Sheriff's services were not here after required. Mr. Hawthorne will say little or nothing as to his mission in Halifax. He did his duty and returned, and that is all Mr. Hawthorne has to say about it. Wednesday a civil action was entered against Mr. Harley to recover the \$6,000 which was due Mr. Moore. It was understood that when this action was instituted that Mr. Harley's friends would pay the amount, and that further proceedings would be unnecessary, and all ready a settlement has been made and Mr. Harley has been relieved from custody. Mr. Moore will get his money. It is said that Mr. Harley's shortage was not due to speculations having their initiative in Fredericton, but to speculations in Ontario before he came here.

Mr. Harley is well connected. His wife is a Miss Bauld of Halifax. His friends are numerous and have come to his rescue.

It Is Not Correct.

The Montreal Star of the 26th, among its event, of 'This date 30 years ago,' chronicles the following: 'John Livingston proprietor of the St John N B Daily Telegraph and Journal sells his interest to William Elder for \$30,000.'

Editor Stewart of the Chatham World claims that the above paragraph is not correct. According to Mr. Stewart Mr. Livingstone did not sell his interest in the paper for \$30,000, but he sold the whole concern for that amount—subject, of course, to the claims of creditors. The paper in bank, and other liabilities, were assumed by Mr. Elder, and then the balance due to Mr. Livingstone was a poor reward for the time, trouble and energy he had expended in carrying that order.

'American ideas are making great progress in England.'

'Yes, confound 'em,' said the man with his trousers rolled up. 'They get me all confused. A lot of the papers over there have almost got printing the point of a joke in Italian.'



...eritioner—No Result.—
Chestnut, of Whitty, was
rheumatic victim, but South
rheumatic Cure changed the
"spare" to "joy." She says;
untold misery from rheuma-
medicine did me no good—
South American Rheumatic
—relief two hours after the
old by A Chipman Smith &

...faced in the goal
most exceedingly cool,
P they cried,
ellow replied
ad swallowed a whole.

...was Taunting my Life
ay Mrs. K. H. Wright, of
t., describes her sufferings
g, fluttering and palpitation,
any remedies without bene-
of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the
d her to perfect health.
gave almost instant relief,
uffering ceased altogether.
pman and Co.

...speak of him as inconsider-
and disappointing I asked
nd.
and persistently refrains
o opportunity to refuse him,
sweet young thing.

...s "Weal or Wo!"—The
e centre from which, from
of health, flows "weal or
y stomach means perfect
ect digestion means strong
erve centres—strong nerve
good circulation, rich blood
alth. South American N.R.
keeps the stomach right.
pman Smith & Co.

...surprising nerve to come
e, cried the farmer's wife,

...ed Weary Wrangles, litting
r politely, but my split, it
that not even more surpris

...with nauseous, big purgers,
le against pills generally.
iver Pills are revolutioniz-
and—they're so pleasant
—the doses are small and
10 cents for 40 doses.
ck Headache, Constipation
ks like a charm.—Sold by
C.

...ould be got to show the same
r the principal problems
ver military problems,
would be easy.

...ase—Insidious I depressive I
e toiled hundred of trials by
e to stem the tide of its
not until South Ameri-
proved beyond a doubt its
back the side was there a
thing but despair for the
dread form of kidney dis-
A Chipman & Co.

...another breakage, and a wed
oo! However did you do

...g.—They always break
m.

...s.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment
and effects quick and of
all skin eruptions common
teething time. It is harm-
in case of Scald Head and
Salt Rheum and all Skin
people Sold by A Chip-
man & Co.

...arching.—Dr. Von Stan's
lets are not big nauseous
tain injurious drugs or nar-
e the pure vegetable pep-
al extract from this lus-
the tablets are prepared in
m as the fruit itself. They
n. 60 in a box, 35 cents.
pman Smith & Co.

...uff Clears the Head.—Does
P Have you pains over your
reath off-n-siv? These are
ms of Catarrh. Dr. Ag-
Powder will cure most stub-
a marvelously short time.
Catarrh a week it's a sure
at fifty years' standing it is
e. 50 cents.—Sold by A.
h & Co.

RAILROADS.

Monial Railway

NDAY, October 29th, 1901, trains
undays excepted) as follows:—

ALL LEAVE ST. JOHN

ax and Campbellton.....7.00
at du Chene, Halifax and
.....12.15
x.....16.30
ec and Montreal.....17.00
or Halifax and Sydney.....22.00

ALL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Halifax and Sydney.....6.00
ex.....8.00
ntural and Quebec.....12.30
from Robney.....12.30
ax and Pictou.....16.00
.....19.15
on Saturday only.....22.00
unday.

run by Eastern Standard time
notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager.
October 16, 1901.
CARVILL, C. T. A.,
Ticket St. John, N.B.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS for sale in Halifax by the publisher and at the following news stands and central depots...

Oct. 30 The Charity Fair held in St. Mary's Hall in aid of the poor of the city was immense success and quite a sum was realized for the very worthy object.

A pretty wedding took place in St. Patrick's Church Tuesday, when Denis F. Murphy, of A. E. McMann's tailoring department staff, and Miss Susan Anderson, daughter of late Peter Anderson of this city, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Gerald Murphy.

Among other guests at Hotel Davies are William E. Egan and wife who were married at Montreal on Sept. 17th. They are now enjoying their honeymoon.

Miss Myrtle C. Finlayson of Charlottetown, who has been spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. E. J. Lucas of this city leaves for home on Thursday.

CLIMBED ABOVE MATHEMATICS.

Progress to His Flat of a Late Dinner Who Could Count Only to Two

I went to a club dinner the other night, said the man who lives in Harlem, and had an adventure when I got home which shows the advantage of having a scientific mind.

One flight, I counted. Two flights. Then when I was half way up a flight I suddenly realized that I wasn't sure whether I was still on the second flight and had counted it as I got to it or whether I was on the third flight and was waiting to count it when I reached the end of it.

Was I counting flights at the beginning or at the end of them? Of course, I ought to have made a definite rule on that second trip and stuck to it.

One flight, I said as I put my foot on the first step. 'Two flights,' I said as I struck the first step of the second flight.

It was hard for Buller, for he is a kindly man, but it was a good day for England when Buller was shelled on half pay.

Or, rather, it will be a good day for the old country if he proves the pioneer leading the way to the retirement of the others whose station depends on court favour which follows the flatter of petticoats that stray out of their province.

Just then I paused in my upward career. I was conscious of a growing and unpleasant impression that I had passed the beginnings of at least two, perhaps three or four, flights of stairs in my rapt consideration of the beauties of method—especially scientific method.

I won't weary you with the accounts of my further attempts to make the fourth floor of that six story house, nor of the elaborate systems I devised to make sure of my counting. I tried it four or five times more and every time I failed on account of an unforeseen flaw in my system and I finally found myself panting and perspiring on the settle in the front hall.

One point was as clear as mud. In all my trips over those stairs I had always been sure of my count up to and including two flights. It was only when I tried to mount beyond the second that I plunged into a dark mathematical abyss.

Women are blamed for Buller's dismissal!

from his command, a dismissal not in favor with the rank and file.

I am told that since Gen. Buller refused to correct his Spain Kop despatches he has been subjected to the bitter hostilities of Lady Roberts, who used every effort to force her husband to demand his resignation.

Within the last few days her antipathy has found fresh vent, owing to this Westminster speech. It is said she compelled 'Bobs' to go to the war office and demand of Mr. Brodrick that he should issue an order for Gen. Buller's resignation.

Lord Roberts threatened to resign instantly unless a royal mandate was issued for Buller's despatch.

To this Mr. Brodrick also added his intention to relinquish the reins of the war office. His majesty used every effort to induce the commander in chief to reconsider his determination.

Buller has long been a bone of contention in the army. Campbell-Bannerman actually designated him for commander-in-chief of the British army, from Sir Henry within a few hours of his making the appointment.

Buller is a very independent man, with an income of more than £70,000 a year. Thus have Buller and the women who prey upon the virility of the nation served a great purpose after all.

The incompetence of the general and the shameful overreaching lust for power of the women at court have exposed the shame of the government and aroused the shame of the people.

It was hard for Buller, for he is a kindly man, but it was a good day for England when Buller was shelled on half pay.

FACE HUMOURS



Pimples, Blackheads, Red - Rough, Oily Skin PREVENTED BY CUTICURA SOAP

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and for the purpose of softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

The Triumph of Bop.

Nowhere else in life is the triumph of hope over other people's experience so beautifully illustrated as in matrimony, writes Dorothy D. 'Eve you young couple who joyfully step up the church aisle to "be solemnly wedded" they are going to be the one exception to the general rule, and they will live in perpetual honeymoon, where they will never want to do anything but go into each other's eyes and murmur vows of adoration.'

'This is before taking. After taking they find out that they are like other people, and that they have unintentionally taken each other in with a show of virtues that they are not prepared to make good in everyday life.

'Age and experience and previous records count for nothing, and no matter how often you may have seen the trial performances of the candidate for matrimony, you never know how he or she will turn out at last as a running mate. A young woman, for instance, who is of the clinging vine pattern, and desires a manly form about which to festoon herself, can base no assurance of future support upon the conduct of her lover.

Neither is there any way to tell beforehand whether a man's supply of patience and forbearance will be equal to the strain of the wear and tear of domestic life. Before marriage a man will accompany a girl shopping and stand around for six hours while she prices things, and assure her that he is enjoying it all, and having the time of his life.

'So far as men are concerned, the venture is even more hazardous. Women are uncertain ever, and never a greater risk than in matrimony. Many a man who marries a saint gets a scold instead. The trimmest and daintiest and neatest dressed maiden in the community may need only the liberality of her own flesh to degenerate into a slovenly creature in dowdy wrappers and curl-papers and no man

living my prophesy when a fairy-like little thing will turn into a feminine heavyweight, with three chins and a figure like a leather bed.

'There is only one woman in a thousand who pursues the same tactics to keep a husband she did to catch one. Before she was married she listened to his stories with absorbed attention, she laughed at his jokes, and when he took her out was all animation and interest.

A noble young Roman named Caesar Once called on a maid—tried to squeeze But the girl with a blush, Said the Latin for 'Tush' You horrid young thing. Let me bazaar

'I notice that a Connecticut judge says that a woman is not a proper person to pass upon the character of a case of masculine intoxication.

'My time,' said the multi-billioaire, 'is worth \$100 a minute.'

How do you like your new cook? Very much indeed, answered the youthful housewife.

I must say she doesn't look very strong. That is why we like her. She cannot do so much damage if she gets angry.'

FRY'S COCOA

For Holiday Feasting. Fry's concentrated Cocoa has taken medals and awards without number for its superior excellence. Surely, you will want to sell the "best" for the holiday feasting.

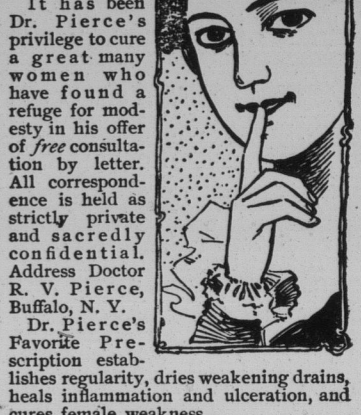
Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

'THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

SILENCE!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate.



'Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery' during the past year,' writes Mrs. Mattie Long, of Mount Valley, Pa., 'I can truthfully recommend these medicines for all female weaknesses.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY. It is a gem of a collection of poems, a selection of the world's greatest poets.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year. New York Sunday Sun.

Look here, out you think with a rather big No. answered wink. This is to make them t

It was the... Hand could... Walsh would... Barrymore... written for... However, the... Miss Walsh... remainder of... New York... and Will M... talking in th... atre yesterd... like thunder... ing work of... the street, and... and almost... McConnel... ply Marie D... tract.' Edward J... original in th... in Cecil Ral... he is about t... in Chicago. in which New... he has secure... Sutherland w... acted at the... Minnie Selig... The Verdi... Milan will co... part of which... Rome and Bu... monuments, a... great compos... go in the Ita... atini, where... months. The Stan... school, under... Stanhope Wh... year in the... indication the... most success... season since i... turned out gr... inent positio... Lewis Wal... Royal Rival a... in London, w... five act seriou... novel, called... novel almost... difference, th... the influence... save a man, causes the ma... Nettie Bour... from the Col... Brooklyn will... on the Kaiser... will remain a... from here dire... zeland and I... trip up the N... to return to N... In the choru... The New York... al platoons o... principals are... whip, strike a... to make a pecu... drivers, after... Teh song and... pal feature tea... It would app... the popular L... Minister, had... play in Swee... Mirror's Richa... past week asid... a fine support... academy last c... set a big audie... The production... costumers very... While Julia... achieving his... fine grand op... price his death... ing German ci... the best local... Gypsey Beron... ction of being... house, at Carr... ductor than M... his good examp... where. A lady writes... the corns, roo... Holloways Cor... tried it have th... One of the 1st... Mother Graves'... effectually expel... in a marvellous... A LONG RE... 'spring co', ur... all bowel comp... iller—over 60... here is but one... and 50c. Look here, out you think with a rather big No. answered wink. This is to make them t

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

STORIES OF THE LATE AMEER,

The death of the Ameer of Afghanistan has recalled many stories of the despot, of which the following are selected at random from the many that have been printed during the week.

Once on a time the Ameer was very angry with one of his pages or slave boys—great swells they are, these little fellows fagged out in splendid clothes, who sit about the court, and behave themselves very badly like most boys, black, white, brown or yellow. This was a very unruly boy, and his master ordered him out of doors, though it was a bitter Afghan night with the wind howling and the snow deep on the ground. The boy was quickly freezing to death, and the Secretary ran into Miss Hamilton's room and told her. They held a consultation, the result of which was that the Secretary was persuaded into hearing the Ameer. He begged him to award a less severe punishment and at last succeeded in assuaging the Ameer's wrath—which was probably righteous enough. But he had never heard of the headmate who never flogged a boy until he had slept. He is no procrastinator. Well, the Secretary returned to the doctor smiling. The Ameer had relented. The boy was to remain outside one hour more.

Hanging was a merciful sentence from the Ameer if he'll tell the stories told of him are true. And the light way in which this punishment was dispensed is shown in another story.

The beggar in Cabul plies his trade without any interference by the authorities. One day a patriarchal professional threw himself in the way of the Ameer on one of his afternoon journeys through his capital, and begged.

'What are you?' said the Ameer. 'A beggar,' replied the applicant. 'But how do you get your living?' 'By alms.'

'What! do you mean to say that you do no work?' 'Never!'

'Then it is time that we were relieved of your presence.' And the Ameer nodded to the High Executioner.

Another story shows the capricious monarch inclined to mercy by the wily flattery of a courtier playing upon his vanity and his sense of humor.

A man was once condemned to have his ears sliced off (quite as a minor punishment). He had a powerful friend, however who was much attached to him. This friend begged the Ameer, in duly submissive tones to allow him to perform the operation, a favor which was granted.

However, the amateur begged the Ameer to show him what portion of each ear he wished to be removed. The Ameer accordingly touched them lightly. Whereupon the ingenious—and courageous—person proceeded (in tremulous tones, one cannot help thinking) to quote a passage in the Koran which said that anything touched by the representative of the Almighty became sacred. The despot smiled grimly and forgave them both.

Miss Hamilton, who was the Ameer's physician for years, wrote of him before his death.

'I never met any one more fond of scenery or, indeed, of anything that is beautiful, than is the Ameer. He occupies much of his spare time in gardening, and cultivates Japanese pumpkins on account of their bright colors and carrots for their foliage but for flowers, especially sweet scented ones, he has a perfect passion, and contrives to have plenty all the year round.'

It may seem strange to many that a man with his reputation for cruelty should occupy himself as much with the refinements and elegancies of life, but it is nevertheless one of his chief characteristics. Beside his love of flowers, he is very fond of singing birds, which he keeps in wonderful French cages in all of his verandas. He is very particular in the arrangement of his household. There is nothing of that slatternly untidiness, combined with lavish expenditure, in the Ameer's establishment that characterizes the residences of Indian princes. Except on state occasions, when he dresses in a sort of European

uniform, he wears a long loose coat made of some lovely pale colored French brocade or satin, lined in winter with fur—sable, stone-marten, or red foxes' feet perhaps—and in summer with the shaggy silks that come from Bokhara. Harmonizing with these, but seldom matching them, are his skull cap and handkerchief, the whole making a charming mess of color or with his couch, which is draped in the most elaborate style, and is constantly being altered. In summer it is generally covered with silks and satins, and in winter with cashmere shawls, furs, &c., and has a velvet valance bordered with a massive gold fringe. I have constantly seen him throw off shawl that offended his eye because it did not harmonize with the rest, and order in another; and when he chooses his handkerchief for the day he mechanically, as it were, holds first one and then another up against his coat, and if he does not fancy the shade, that one down and takes up another, and so on until he is satisfied taking all the time as if he were hardly conscious of what he was doing.

Lady Duffrin has also borne witness to the combination of gentleness and ferocity in the Ameer. She saw him on the occasion of the celebrated conferences with her husband (then Viceroy) at Rawalpindi. He went about with his chief executioner, a gentleman in red velvet, girt with a sword and strangling rope. 'I must tell you,' said Lady Duffrin, in one of her letters, 'one nice, gentle, little trait in the Ameer's character. He spent three hours yesterday morning arranging cut flowers in forty vases, and he expressed a wish to have large supplies sent him daily. And this is the man who cuts off heads and hangs people when at home.'

Miss Hamilton has given this picture of the Ameer's daily life when she was at his court:

There is on sort of regularity in the Ameer's household. When he is ready in the morning work begins; when he is tired work ceases; when he wishes to eat, dinner is served; when he feels inclined to sleep, the court is closed. He seldom rises before noon, but he may be astir by 8 or 9 o'clock, and then everyone is expected to be on instant attendance. The most important officials keep a servant waiting at the court door, so that he may leap on to his horse and fly off to his master with the news the moment the Ameer awakes, for, unless there is some good excuse, he would be sure to be censured if absent when wanted. One day when I had been sitting with him I noticed by the clock that it was about my lunch time, so I got up and went out, explaining where I was going. 'Are you hungry?' the Ameer asked.

'No, I can't say I am,' I said. Had I entered into full particulars I might have added: 'But I am deadly tired.'

'Then why are you going to eat? What a strange idea!' he said.

'This is my lunch hour,' I explained.

'Lunch time? Who made it your lunch time? And what has time to do with it?' he asked. 'I should have thought appetite was what had to be consulted, not time.'

I tried to explain the principles on which our households in England are carried on. He was much amused. 'Ah!' he said; 'I understand now. You eat when it suits the servants. A strange idea, that. Do all English people eat when the servants bring the food, whether they are hungry or not? Do the Queen and the Prince of Wales submit to these regulations?' No explanation that I could give ever satisfied him. It was the subject of perpetual chaff every 'me I went to a meal.'

English officials, employees, and traders who came into contact with him are full of stories of his conversation. At the time when the amount of the British subsidy was being fixed with him, it was explained that he must do this and that and the other.

'You remind me,' said the Ameer, of a Persian tale. A certain man took a piece of cloth to a tailor and said, 'Make me a morning dress out of it, and an evening dress—red, while I think of it, a working coat. The tailor did his best, and brought them all as he was told. But they were of doll's size. What more could be done with the cloth?'

The Ameer was not a great admirer of the British system of government. On one occasion a very high personage was conferring with him and his relation to some matter. That is a very grave question, and I must refer it to her Majesty's Government.' The Ameer, who did not clearly distinguish the parts of the British Constitution replied: 'When you ask me a question I am able to answer it

at once; when I ask you, you say you must first ask 700 other gentlemen. I prefer our Afghan way of doing business.'

In many respects the Ameer was the typical eastern potentate of romance—among others is his fondness for stories. In some memoirs, written by himself, he has given the following account of his literary tastes. He considered, it will be seen, that the real function even of the politician, who sometimes takes himself seriously, so very seriously, is to be taken as a sleeping draught:

'I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories, geographies and biographies of great reformers. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the story teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain.'

In the Brevity of a Wink. A German savant reports with the solemnity due to a statement of an ascertained scientific fact that the wink of a human eye occupies four tenths of a second in time. To the slothful man, accustomed to seize 'his forty winks' after the proper hour of awakening to a new day, this item will bring comfort. He only wastes 16 seconds of precious mortality at this reckoning. But the servant does better than compound the time larceny of the lazy. But by means of his discovery he impresses us with the brevity of time space within which the history of men, cities and peoples may be moulded.

Introduction in Milwaukee. The teacher of an intermediate grade in the Third Ward school was 'showing off' her pupils before a number of visitors. The spelling class was on the floor, and one small, red headed boy was given the word 'introduction.'

He paused, twisted his lips, started, and then in a faltering way spelled it correctly, and seemed rather surprised that he had done it.

'Do you know what the word means?' 'No'm.'

'What? You know what introduction means?' 'No'm.'

'Well now I'll explain it to you. Does your mother ever have any callers?' 'Yes madam.'

Well, now, suppose that two ladies

came to call on your mother. Your mother knows one, but does not know the other. She has never seen the lady and does not even know her name. Now, how would she become acquainted with his lady and find out her name?

She would send me for a can of beer. As that was the correct answer, the teacher had nothing further to say.

Bishops on the Road. Bishop Watterson of Nebraska was once mistaken for a travelling salesman by one who met him in a railway train.

'Do you represent a big house?' asked the traveller of the bishop.

'Biggest on earth,' replied the bishop.

'What's the name of the firm?' 'Lord and Church.'

'Hum! Lord and Church! Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?' 'Branch houses all over the world.'

'That's queer. Never heard of them. Is it boots and shoes?' 'No. Oh, dry goods, I suppose? Yes, they call my sermons that sometimes.'

It is told of another bishop that he was mistaken for a salesman and when asked what line he represented, replied, spiritus.

Is that so? said his questioner, but my what an awful price you've run gin up to.

How Roosevelt Receives Visitor. In the short time that he has been in the White House, President Roosevelt has demonstrated that he has lost none of his traditional ability to receive a goodly number of callers in a limited interval of time. He can do this because he can make every caller come to the point and discuss the object of his visit without wasting a minute in unnecessary formalities. It is on record that one applicant for a position who sought to preface his appeal with a few remarks complimentary to the president was met with the terse comment, 'Never mind that. Come to the point with what you have got to say.'

President Roosevelt is quite the peer of his predecessor in his memory for names and faces, and all old friends among his callers are greeted in a frank, open-hearted manner that is courteous in the extreme.

'She said you were going to kiss me, she asserted. Quite right he retorted, but you said you would be very angry, and I am too much of a gentleman to do anything objectionable. A gentleman, she retorted, does not break his word. Then she got it.'



OUR BEST FRIEND. On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP will give the best service; it stays uniform in quality, always factory. You cannot do better than have the Soap always in your home. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Silver Plate that Wears. SILVER FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE BRITISH PATENT OFFICE. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Wood's Phosphodine. The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Size of package guaranteed to cure all Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Opium or Stimulants. Battered on receipt one package \$1, six, \$5. One will please. Pure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC. Travel in Comfort. Tourist Sleepers leave Montreal every Thursday at 9:30 a. m. through change to VANCOUVER, B. C. For rates to all points in the N. NORTH WEST, BRITISH COLUMBIA and PACIFIC COAST, and to CALIFORNIA, British Columbia or via Seattle, also to all other points, write to A. J. BEATH, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John.

COLONIAL RAILWAY. of Unclaimed Goods. Will be a sale of Unclaimed Goods at the shed at St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 11th inst., commencing at 10 o'clock. Goods can be seen at the Railway Station. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, St. J. N. B., 11th Sept., 1901.

Large Wholesale House intends to open a branch office in New Brunswick and manager for same. Salary \$150 per month and profit. Applicant must furnish good references and have \$1000 to \$2000 cash. Address: 11th St., P. O. Box 1161, Philadelphia Pa.

W. L. Brown. Nature is on every box of the genuine Active Bromo-Quinine Tablets which cures a cold in one day.

GOOSE MEAT AND VENISON. DEAN. City Market.

burning low in the little parlour, but he was there.
'Ah, Brooke, you've come to ask me to join you in a walk, I suppose.'
'May I step inside?' asked Brooke.
'Certainly,' said the major.

(Continued from tenth page.)

'Ah, Brooke, you've come to ask me to join you in a walk, I suppose.'
'May I step inside?' asked Brooke.
'Certainly,' said the major.

'Come in by all means,' he said, genially 'but it will have to be in the kitchen for Mrs. Parker seems to have taken away the key of the parlor. She knows I never use it.'
The two men turned to go to the kitchen but at that moment Estelle came swiftly into the house, her face expressive of horror.

'Miss Montfort!' exclaimed the major in surprise; and he would have said more, but she stopped him with a haughty gesture.
'Don't speak to me!' she panted. 'Don't dare to speak to me until you have explained your conduct.'
Danzil, Annette is under this roof at this very moment! She is in that room!

'In a moment it was broken open.
'Look for yourself, Mr. Derzil Brooke!' he cried, in a voice which trembled with passionate indignation; but, even as he spoke, an ashen greyness overcame his face, and he staggered backwards, for Annette, pale and wild-eyed, rose from an easy chair and stood before them.
'I must have fallen asleep without knowing it,' she said, with a look of distress.

'Mrs. Parker wanted to see me. She sent a letter asking me to come to her here. She didn't come, and I think—I suppose I fell asleep.'
'Did you also lock the door on the outside?' said Estelle, with cruel significance.
'Fortunately, I see Mrs. Parker coming through the field. She will tell us whether she sent you a note or not.'

'Mrs. Parker was indeed coming through the field which led to the village. She started in surprise to see a group of people at the lodge.
'Mrs. Parker, we desire you to answer one question,' said Estelle. 'Did you write a letter to Miss Stanley, asking her to come to see you here last night?'
'No, miss; I didn't.'

'You hear?' said Estelle, turning with proud disdain to Derzil Brooke. 'It is not for me to pass judgment. You have seen, and you have heard. You must judge for yourself.'
Brooke stepped forward, and was about to speak out in Annette's defence, when the major stopped him with a gesture that was at once imperative, proud and stern.

'Mr. Brooke, let me speak. This affair is mine—not yours. I regard myself as the protector of this lady, and the guardian of her honor. By what vile scheming you were decoyed to that room and locked in it I cannot say. I only know she is innocent of the very thought of evil. Annette, my dearest, I think you know I love you. I am certain you can trust me. Come with me. I am old enough to be your father. Come with me, and let me make you a home away from those who have dared to traduce you because they envy you your perfect innocence.'

'Major Hommersley,' said Brooke, 'you must not go away under the impression that I have the slightest doubt of your honor or of this lady's innocence.'
The major gave him scant thanks for his assurance.
'You, sir, had better not meddle in this matter,' he said coldly. 'I had to see how it concerns you, seeing as it affects the lady; you are about to make your wife, Annette my dearest, come.'

CHAPTER VII. THE MARRIAGE.
It was the eleventh of March.
In the drawing room at Danby Croft an unusual scene might have been witnessed. A clergyman stood on an improvised dais; before him stood Derzil Brooke and Estelle, one in a white robe and wreath and veil of a bride.

'Do you mean us to go at this moment?' asked the Honorable Reginald, with a look of mingled relief and dismay.
'This moment,' said the inexorable Nabob. 'That is to say, I desire you to quit this room at this moment, and the house within an hour.'
Come, then, said the Honorable Reginald and taking his weeping wife upon his arm he elbowed out of the room followed by Estelle.

The Nabob smiled a little grimly when he turned to Brooke, who had stood an amazed and silent spectator of the scene.
'I owe you a little fuller explanation, Mr. Brooke. To you I may say that the late Major Hommersley was my friend. He had, so far as he knew, a relative in the world; and when he died of leprosy in the hill-country, I knew I might easily come to

England under his name. He was fifty-three, and I am sixty-four; but I flatter myself I do not look my age.
'Indeed, you do not,' ejaculated Brooke.
'Well, sir, I am going to speak very plainly to you. When you first came here, I fancied you had a liking for my little cousin, Annette, I hoped she might be so, but was not sure. On St. Valentine's Day I was in the hall when the letters were put into the hall-bag. Afterwards, I saw Estelle come and take away the two packets sent by you. After a delay of quite half an hour, she brought one back. I did not then know what had happened; but I have since heard from Annette, that her cousin got a pearl necklace, while she got nothing but a book which she was surprised at your sending her. When I heard that, I felt sure Estelle had confided the necklace.'

'She did,' said Brooke quietly. 'She also took the letter which accompanied it. That letter contained a declaration of love from me. There was no name in it, but, here he looked full and earnestly at Annette, 'I intended it for you Miss Stanley. Of course I thought it had miscarried by accident, and I felt bound as a man of honor to marry Estelle, as she affected to believe the letter was intended for herself, and professed to care for me. What else could I do?'
'Nothing better than you have done,' said the Nabob warmly, as he took his hand. 'But something remains for you to do. You were to have been married today. What is there to prevent you from marrying today, even as it is?'
Brooke was still gazing at Annette. Her fair face was crimson.

Her eyes were timidly downcast.
'This is my valentine,' went on the major laying his hand with fatherly fondness on her shoulder, 'and I have a mind to part with her to none but yourself. I have robbed you of an bride, it is only I should give you another. Now Brooke speak for yourself!
'Annette, you know I love you. Will you—can you care for me?' asked Brooke, stepping up to her with glowing eyes, and speaking with a manly fervour that became him well.

The clergyman, who, if the truth must be told, was in the secrets of the Nabob, and so prepared for this remarkable denouncement, looked discreetly away.
Not so Mr Robert Brooke, Danzil's cousin.
He stepped forward with a look of ill-concealed vexation on his face.
'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said sharply, 'but I think you are going a little too fast. I have a right to speak in this matter, for if my cousin is not married today, his estate falls to me. I say he cannot be married today—at any rate, not to this young lady. The marriage would not be legal. You have no license.'

The Nabob's eyes positively twinkled as he drew forth an imposing sheet of parchment and handed it to Robert Brooke.
'Sir, I foresaw your objection, and took pains to remove it. Here is a special license. Now, Annette, my dear, time presses. All rests with you.
Danzil Brooke had taken her to the far end of the room, and with his arm half round her waist, was pleading with her earnestly.

'You must have known it was you I loved,' he whispered. 'You, and you only, from the first hour of our meeting. Oh, my dearest, if you would only consent to let me marry you first and woo you afterwards!
His honest eyes were alight with love.
She turned to him with the sweetest blush and smile, and put her hand in his.
He knew that meant consent; and led to where the clergyman stood.

'Give her away,' said the major. 'She belongs to me. She is my adopted daughter—and my Valentine.'
QUEER ABOUT DRINKING.
A Salt-keeper's Criticism of a Boston Judge's D. Antion.
That Boston Judge who decided the other day that in order to be drunk a man must be overcome, stupefied or frenzied from the effects of alcoholic liquor may be a learned man in questions of law, but it doesn't appear as if he knew a great lot about the drinking of rum remarked the experienced proprietor of a downtown Broadway saloon. I have known men to be drunk for years at a stretch, without their giving any indication whatever that they were overcome, stupefied or frenzied from the effects of their drinking.

I have in mind, particularly, the case of a big insurance man who was a customer of mine, and a mighty valuable one, for twelve years. He would come in here on his way to his office at 10 o'clock in the morning and drink seven or eight big drinks of whiskey right off the reel inside of fifteen minutes, and they never leazed him a particle. He would go on to his office and get down to business, and very few of his employees knew he drank a drop.

'Every hour or so he would come in here by the side door, slip into one of the alcoves and drink half a dozen bookers of whiskey. Then, after office hours, he would come in and drink nearly a quart of his brand before going away. I used often to run across this man at uptown cafes after nightfall, and always found him drinking liquor in the same quantities that he drank it at my plant. He was a very quiet individual who rarely spoke unless he was addressed, but who always had the pat answer when a question was put to him by his friends and employees. This man had a still on for years at a dip.

Well, he suddenly stopped drinking. The way I heard the story was that his wife on her deathbed asked him to promise to give up liquor and that he had promised. Anyhow he stopped. He didn't taper off gradually, but he simply passed it up suddenly, once and for ever.

You may believe it or not, but that man acted more like a drunken individual during the remainder of his life than I have only lasted a year after he quit—but he had never acted while he was a heavy drinker. In fact, a quintance was had never known that he was a drinker because to judge from his conduct when he quit that he had just taken to drink. Several of his employees formed the same opinion.

He was absent-minded, extremely nervous and irascible, inclined to quarrel with friends with whom he had previous been on the best of terms, and was more to the point, his speech actually became thick-coated and more or less difficult to understand. That man had been virtually drunk for so many years that drunkenness gradually but surely came to be his normal estate, and in that state he was a kindly pleasant, good-natured person, a fine business man and a pretty exemplary citizen so far as his relations with the world were concerned.

His sudden and voluntary deprivation by himself of a stimulant that he had been using for so long was to violent a change and it made a strange and a bitter man of him. He died, as I said only about a year after he quit, of nervous prostration. I believe that an worried him to death over an acute appreciation of his queer state. But there was never any more of him.

NEW EDITION Webster's International Dictionary.
New Plates Throughout 25,000 New Words.
Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors.
Rich Bindings, 2364 Pages, 5000 Illustrations.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases. "First class in quality, second class in size."
Specimen pages, etc. of both books sent on application.
G. & C. Merriam Co. Publishers Springfield, Mass.

How any man may quickly see himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, loss of vitality, night losses, varicose veins, and a large small weak organs to tell you, I have a simple and sure way. Write your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 2009 Hall Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free recipe which will disclose to you what you may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a new discovery. The following extracts taken from a letter to Knapp who is a man of high repute.

'Dear Sir:—I was about six weeks back for years of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough trial and the benefits have been so great that I am completely cured. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am.'
'Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were nearly what I needed. I cannot say I have completely recovered and my present is entirely satisfactory.'

'Dear Sir:—I was cured and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and was actually able to go to work again. I am now as healthy as a horse and my vitality is restored. All correspondence strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.'

W. KNAPP, M. D.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



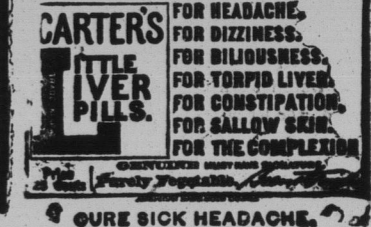
W. KNAPP, M. D.

old as it is bound to seem, until he had passed all alcoholic indulgence.
No fixed rules can be framed up by a Judge or anybody else as to this drinking business, because drink has so many different ways of affecting different persons. I know a man 6 feet 4 in height, and with almost the strength of a Banagel tiger—he was as fine a trial lawyer as ever practiced before the criminal bar of New York—who, from a genial, laughing, witty friend and companion would be converted into nothing but a raging mad man, a howling Balaamite, after taking one stiff drink of brandy. He was as hard to handle after taking that one drink as a runaway freight train on a down grade. He knew this and tried to beat the game by trying it on every one in a while, but the one drink invariably had the same effect upon him, and he finally gave up trying to conquer his peculiarity.
One of our kind, I have known scores of chippy, scrappy, bronzy spoken and generally unsuitable individuals who would melt into an actual excess of ginseng, into such extreme manifestations of friendliness and liberality as to render them positive nuisances to their companions, and this after partaking of only a few drams of liquor.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion.



FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

POOR COPY

