

PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8may99

VOL. XI., NO. 538.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHITEBONE'S DAMAGES.

HE VALUES HIS WIFE'S AFFECTIONS AT \$4,000

And Brings a Suit For That Amount—His Better Half Made No Secret of Her Preference and Left Sammy at Home While She Had a Good Time.

HALIFAX Aug. 30.—There is an interesting case looming up in this city, and the facts when they become known will make plenty of talk for the gossips, as the parties implicated are all well known. Those who are mixed up in the affair are Samuel Whitebone and his wife, and Arthur Dickinson. Whitebone up to a few months ago was the proprietor of the St. Julian hotel on Argyle Street, and it was thought he had done a fairly good trade, but such could not have been the case however as one morning very suddenly the occupants left the premises. It did not take the creditors very long to get wind of what had taken place and among the first to reach the hotel was a squad of men from the Nova Scotia Furnishing company, who held a bill of sale on the furnishings, and in a very short space of time they took mostly everything out of the place.

Then nothing was heard of the whereabouts of Whitebone and his wife until a couple of weeks ago when they bounced up again, but under very different circumstances. From a statement made by Whitebone, his better half has proven false to him and he is now seeking redress from Arthur Dickinson for alienating his wife's affections, and various other things. The defendant in the suit is an Englishman who is in the employ of the Imperial service, as an artificer at the dockyard on this station, and he resides on Lockman Street. Whitebone wants \$4,000 in the first case, and \$2,000 in the other case. Mrs. Whitebone is a woman of very prepossessing appearance, and she and Dickinson have frequently been seen in each others company on the streets. The plaintiff in his affidavit alleges that the couple lived together on Farrell's Island at the head of Second Lake, Dartmouth, as man and wife, for an extended period. The couple did not try to shield their fondness for each other in any way from the public, as they went openly about the city and to places of amusement, while poor Samuel remained at home and tried to make an honest living. Such he could not do however without the assistance of his better half, and as her affections had been stolen by the man whom he has now brought suit against, he had to collapse, and the hotel business went under. The hotel was in a very quiet neighborhood and it was a favorite resort for a select party who were well acquainted there. Both sides have engaged counsel, and the matters will be ventilated in court. The solicitors who have been retained decline to give any information about the cases, as they are in hopes that a settlement may be effected, before the court gets hold of them to finally pass judgement upon. A strong effort is being made in this direction and it is likely that it will meet with some success, that is, providing the sum is made large enough.

A FORTUNE TELLER'S PROPHECY.

A Halifax Ostracism Has Faith That He Will Win Now.

HALIFAX Aug. 31.—The much talked of sculling race between Michael Lynch and John Brennan is to be rowed on Bedford Basin on Monday afternoon next. The event has aroused considerable interest not only in sporting circles, but generally throughout the city, owing to the publicity given to the feelings of the parties interested. When the match was made, the Brennan party were confident of victory, but for some unknown reason their opinions have changed wonderfully, within the past few days.

There are many rumors float as to the cause of this, but none of them are looked upon as being reliable. The backers of Brennan at first were sure they had a tip that their man was going to win. They got their information, so it is said, in a rather peculiar way. There was a female stopping at the Royal Hotel where the Brennan men made their headquarters, and she was known as Madame Mathiev, clairvoyant. She worked wonders and performed miracles so some people say, and frequently the papers told in advertising form of her wonderful cures. As a fortune teller, it was claimed that she was all right, so the Brennan party got their

man one day to have her tell him his fortune. She did so, and he was going to win the race without the slightest doubt. This was good news for them, and acting on this advice they went ahead with the arrangements. The sum of \$50 was posted by both sides, several weeks ago to bind the match, and on Monday last the final deposit of \$150 a side was to be put up by them. During the latter part of the week, there was a story going the rounds that the backers of Brennan intended to forfeit the

Lady Rivers' has not a lovely face and the cigarettes did not improve it. But she seemed to enjoy it and that no doubt suited her taste.

NO TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Manager Everett Says the Amount was Voted But He Did Not Get It.

The answer of the query of a correspondent in PROGRESS last Saturday respecting the active directors of the exhibition brought forth some information from Man-

POLICE FUNDS TRACED.

THEY WERE PLACED IN THE SAVINGS BANK YEARS AGO.

But There Has Been No Statement of Them Yet And the Policemen Want to Know Just How Much is There—But They Went Ask About the Matter.

The inquiries that PROGRESS has been making about the police fund has at last resulted in the information that the money was deposited in the Savings bank.

THE FISHWAY AGITATION.

Mr M. F. Mooney Expresses His Views Upon the Situation.

If Mr. M. F. Mooney, the promoter of the Pulp Manufacturing company at Mispec, had been present at the meeting of the fishermen, but some weeks ago to insist upon a fishway at the mouth of the Mispec stream, there would have been an exchange of information that might have been of mutual advantage. But Mr. Mooney wasn't invited and did not go and the agitation begun for a fishway continued, and, as one result, an expert from Ottawa and Mr. Miles and Mr. O'Brien have visited the stream and investigated the necessity for a fishway.

PROGRESS gave one view of the position last week and since then saw Mr. M. F. Mooney to get his views on the subject. Mr. Mooney was very frank about the matter and said at the outset that if he had thought a fishway would be insisted upon he would never have advised the company to select the Mispec site. Other places in Nova Scotia with splendid advantages had been offered him but he had preferred the one at home, perhaps for reasons somewhat sentimental but certainly for business ones as well.

"Few people," said he, "realize what a fishway means at the mouth of the Mispec. The dam we propose to build will be 56 feet high and, according to law, the fishway must be 560 feet long. Now, to build such a structure eight feet wide, and three feet deep, and support it on trestle and piling all that distance will cost at least seven thousand dollars. Most people think that a fishway can be placed there for, say \$500, but that is the greatest of mistakes.

"That, however, is not the only disadvantage. The opening at the head of the fishway must be two by three feet and you can imagine what a volume of water it would take to feed such an aperture. There is not enough water in the stream to do that and supply the mill [and the only conclusion to arrive at is that if a fishway had been insisted upon at the start there would have been no mill.

"To waste such an amount of water as that means that the mill would be idle for two or three months in the year. Old country capitalists would never have entered into this project in the spirit they have, had they known their capital would be idle for such a portion of every twelve months."

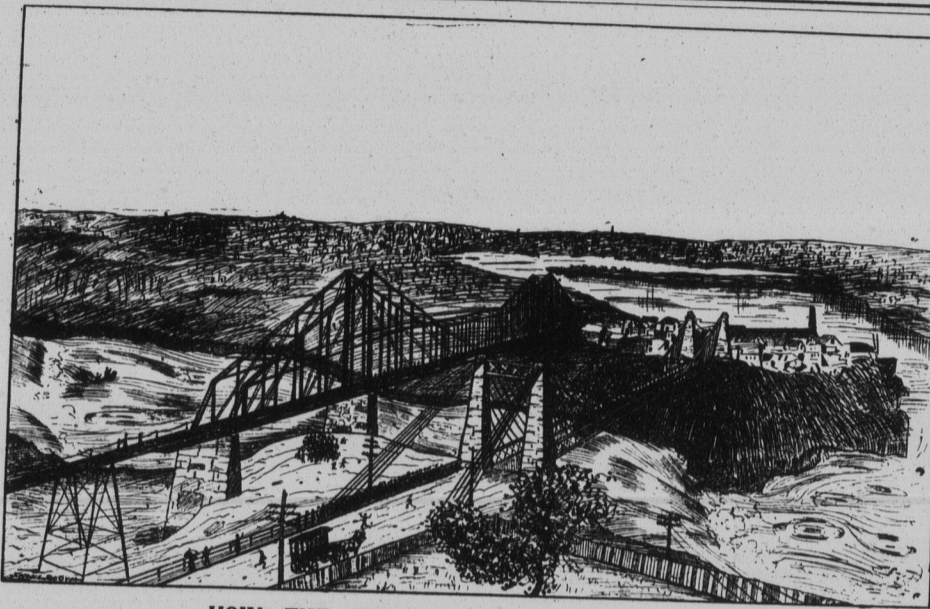
"Is this the only dam you propose to build, Mr. Mooney," asked PROGRESS.

"No," was the reply "we will build others but we do not object to putting fishways in them if they are necessary. For example, in Mr. Moore's dam, it is in order to allow the fish free passage to and from the lake, a fishway is necessary we will put it in at our own expense. I understand that so far as the lake trout are concerned they spawn in what is known as Bell's pond and in order to return will need a fishway. We are willing to put that in, because the water necessary for it there will be caught by other dams below and will not be wasted.

"So far as we can find out no fish go to and from the sea at the mouth of the Mispec. Salmon placed above the dam have gone to the sea but never returned. Salmon spawn was put in Loch Lomond years ago and almost yearly since but the largest salmon trout—mind, I do not say the real lake trout—caught there has not exceeded a pound and five ounces. Is it not rather ridiculous to contend that for such result, such an industry employing 150 hands and circulating \$400,000 yearly should be hampered?"

How much did you say?
"The establishment of a pulp mill of the capacity we propose means the employment of 150 hands and the expenditure of \$400,000 a year. That means the erection of 150 or 200 houses and the formation of a village at the mouth of this stream. My experience at Chatham taught me what pulp mills mean to a community. Steady employment and good pay will mean a prosperous and thriving community. Our company's capital is \$300,000 and the expenditure of a large portion of this with the annual outlay will mean much to the city of St. John."

Mr. Mooney was very much in earnest in his statements which will no doubt be as interesting to the public as they are to PROGRESS. If the opinions of Messrs. Miles, Prince and O'Brien are correct then there is no need of a fishway. PROGRESS is glad to give publicity to Mr. Mooney's views and plans.



HOW THE INDIANS RISKED THEIR LIVES.

Illustrating How Sobia Francis and Louis Mitchell, two Passamaquoddy Indians Risked Their Lives Friday week, to get a few dollars in a Collection From the Large Crowds on the Bridge and Banks. Francis was in the bow of the Canoe and Mitchell in the Stern. They got over the First Rapid Safely but Upset on the Second and Francis went to His Death. Mitchell was Saved after Great Exertions.

\$50, and not put up the balance of the stakes. They were going to make a present of this money to Lynch, and later on they would arrange for the race. Monday came however, and the money was put up, but it was one individual only who came forth with the money. That was all that was necessary to complete the match, and the sole individual was Jas. Salerio. At the last moment the other parties who were interested backed out, and he was left alone in the matter. "Jim" is a good sport, however, and he went down in his own pocket rather than have the race go by default.

This act of his is highly commended by the sport loving fraternity, while the others are being condemned on all sides for deserting him. Lynch's friends are sure that their man is going to win, and "sporty Bob" says he cannot be beaten.

The Brennan followers are looking for odds, but so far very little money has been wagered on the result. The public are somewhat suspicious over the charge of confidence in Brennan by his admirers, and many think it is a ruse to influence the betting. Extra precautions are being taken to have the course accurately measured and the buoys properly placed in position, as it is desired that everything should be done on the square, and let the best man win on his merits.

A Friend of the Small Boys.

"Ned" Sinclair of Derby, on the Miramichi was in town last Friday and Saturday and on the first day he saw his first baseball game. He and his brother went over to the Shamrock grounds in a ten inning game. When about to go in, Mr. Sinclair received the usual salutation from the host of small boys eager to see the game but minus the necessary small change for the gate keeper, and his disposition would not permit him to go in without them. So all the small boys saw the game and the receipts were larger by five dollars while Mr. Sinclair got more than his money's worth by watching their keen enjoyment and listening to their explanations of the different plays.

Lady Rivers Smoked a Cigarette.

Those residents of Sidney, Cape Breton who took more than a passing glance at Sir Charles Rivers Wilson and party as they journeyed through their country were surprised by the appearance of her ladyship with a cigarette in her mouth. Perhaps she thought it did not matter who saw her anyway for after dinner she appeared upon the hotel piazza with one of the finest Egyptian cigarettes between her lips.

ager Everett and a few of the directors that will be of interest to the public.

In the first place the men who spend their time and use their brains to make the exhibition a success are President Pitfield and Mr. James Reynolds, R. B. Emerson, W. H. Thorne, Manager Everett and A. Macaulay. The last named gentleman is at present in England but he did his share while here and would no doubt do so if he was here now.

Manager Everett said further that while a resolution had passed the directorate to increase his salary from \$1,000 to \$1,200 he had never received the additional \$200. The resolution passed a year or two ago.

The new buildings being erected were called for as one of the conditions of the government grant and, as a result, the present poultry building will be used for the grain exhibit and the new structure will be utilized for poultry. The gentlemen closely allied with the Exhibition are confident that this will please the public and thoroughly satisfy the government.

They Make Pretty Souvenirs.

Some of the prettiest souvenir views that can be obtained in the city will be found at Douglas McArthur's book store on King street. Among them is a splendid view of the Cathedral and the Bishop's palace, Waterloo street, which should find a ready sale, and other points of interest in the city including public buildings, the Falls, bridges, martello tower and other things. They are daintily framed and make elegant souvenirs. Mr. McArthur also has souvenir china with the above views thereon and his stock cannot be surpassed in the city. His new patriotic scribbling books are finding a ready sale, a novelty in this line being the Dargai scribbler. The cover is in a design of Scotch tartan and on the back cover is a poem telling of the Dargai raid, and the charge of the Gordon Highlanders.

Mr. Rogers' New Office.

The old offices of the C. P. R. Telegraph Company in the Bank of Montreal building have been reopened, renewed with paint and refurbished with varnish and are now occupied by Mr. Richard Rogers, the provincial manager of the Imperial Life Assurance Company of Toronto. Mr. Rogers is well known in insurance circles. He has been an indefatigable and successful agent of the Mutual of New York and will no doubt bend his energies with greater interest toward making his management of the provincial business of the Imperial a success. He has already secured some handsome policies and is prepared to offer such inducements that any one who wishes life insurance will be tempted by them.

Several deposits were made, but the first one was the largest. At that time, those in the lead in the matter considered how the money could be best deposited and it was decided that it should be placed in the bank in the three names of Chief Clark, Capt F. W. Jenkins and Detective John Ring. None of the money could be taken out except by a check signed by two of the three trustees.

So far as PROGRESS knows none of the money has been drawn from the bank, but again for all this paper knows all of the money may have been drawn. What is wanted is a statement of the fund and in justice to the three trustees and to the force—since the question has been opened up—that statement should be forth-coming. Another story that is going the rounds is that the Savings bank book is missing. It should be in the police vault, and it may be there, but it is not in its usual place.

Many of the men have implicit faith in all of the trustees and they say there is no doubt that the money is intact but still even they, with all their confidence, have a natural interest to know just how much money is in the bank and what interest it has gathered. But there are others of the men who express themselves quite plainly that they are not being treated fairly, who claim that there should be a meeting of the force every year and a statement of the fund shown them. They also say that because they want a statement of the police fund they do not express any want of confidence in the men who have charge of it.

"Why don't you ask for a statement then?" was the query PROGRESS put to one of them.
"Ask for a statement!" was his exclamation. "Do I want my head cut off—or in other words lose my job? No, Sir-ee. My position is worth more to me than my share of the fund."

That explains why there has been no statement of this fund for more than four years. None of the men dare ask for it. In fact this article even may bring forth a lecture from the chief upon the evils of talking to newspaper men about police matters. And there are very few of the men who are independent enough at the present time to speak their minds upon what is going on.

Surely this is a pretty state of things.

Labor Day Plans.

The plans for Labor Day are many and much anticipation regarding the holiday is indulged in. Trains and steamers will carry hundreds of excursionists from the city to points of interest and not the least enjoyable or popular of these will be the sail to Hampton on the Clifton. Many have decided on this popular outing and there is every prospect that it will be most enjoyable.

THE PAST AND PRESENT

A HISTORY OF THE BORDER DIFFICULTIES OF 1839.

How the Men of New Brunswick and the Sons of Maine Rushed to Arms Over a Trivial Matter That was Afterwards Settled by Diplomacy.

By G. E. FENETY.

The following article it seems to us most timely, as showing the state of feelings between the United States and Canada, sixty years ago, compared with the present disposition of both countries to settle their difference by diplomacy instead of the barbarous sword.

In the winter of 1839, our Provincial Militia were called out and put to the test for courage. On this occasion, the probabilities of a war between England and the United States amounted almost to a certainty. For several months both nations stood in the attitude of two persons crossing swords—both ready for a thrust, from either side, at any moment. The Trent affair in 1863, however exciting that was, furnished no such cause for uneasiness.

From the year 1783, the boundary line between New Brunswick and the State of Maine, was a matter of continual dispute; and the immediate settlers, on both sides of the line, were anything but neighbourly in their conduct towards each other. Each nation asserted its claim to a certain parallel line; and each as stoutly denied the right of the other to trench beyond. This attitude, and the border quarrels growing out of it, had been fostered for 60 years—and the longer the matter stood open, the probabilities of a general rupture grew day by day more apparent.

In February, 1839, these petty disputes were brought to a crisis. A posse of 150 armed men, from the State of Maine, seized a quantity of lumber that had been cut by our own people on the disputed territory; or rather on that part of it to which we as well as our neighbours laid claim, although our lumbermen had been getting lumber here for years. This unusual uncivil demonstration was regarded in New Brunswick as a semi-official declaration of war, and the ire of the inhabitants was aroused accordingly. The whole Province as well as the other Provinces, at once set about devising means for meeting and repelling the enemy. The Counties of York, Carleton and Saint John, more immediately concerned, were suddenly converted into so many great hostile camps. Sir John Harvey (then Lieut. Governor) issued a proclamation, in which he stated the aggravating circumstances, and called upon the volunteers to prepare for active service. The 36th Regiment was then stationed in Fredericton, under Colonel Maxwell and 90 men were at once forwarded on sleds to Woodstock. Orders were issued to put the whole upper country in a state of defence. The land agent and two others from Maine were seized and imprisoned by British orders. This was the first retaliatory step on our side, which of course tended to aggravate the difficulties and make our neighbours more determined than ever to have the whole of the territory. Our lumbermen, some 600, rushed from the woods in all directions; and so anxious were they to commence hostile operations, that their conduct partook somewhat of a lawless turn. They forced open the Government Arsenals and helped themselves to arms and ammunition without leave or license. The excitement and the motive, however, being understood by the authorities from all parts was soon smoothed over.

The volunteers from all parts flew to arms with the alacrity of men anxious to render service in the field—to put in practice the lessons they had received on the parade ground. Colonel Maxwell in his address to the Militia of the County of Carleton, remarked—"You will again prove what I have so often heard of the New Brunswickers—that they have bodies of adamant and souls of fire, and they have the material within them for making the best soldiers in the known world." No doubt the Colonel had in his mind the deeds performed by the 104th, in the War of 1812. In the same address, Colonel Maxwell spoke of the zeal with which the young men came forward, without waiting to be regularly drafted.

In Saint John, the Highland company (50 men strong) under command of Captain Robertson (afterwards Hon. John Robertson), was the first to volunteer. Alexander Robertson was 1st Lieutenant. This company together with the Militia were marched into Barracks, and received the pay of regular troops, and were subject to the same rules of discipline in all respects. The Militia consisted of one company from the "City Light Infantry," and one from the "Rifles Battalion." They marched into Barracks on the 7th day of March, and did duty for 37 days. There were also three gun detachments of Militia Artillery ordered out. The names of the officers who figured on occasion, in addition to those already

mentioned, were—Captain Charles Drury (afterwards Lieut. Colonel), who was commander; Thos. B. Millidge was Captain; Thos. W. Peters (afterwards Lieut. Colonel Peters) was Adjutant.

First Lieutenants, Charles Johnston (afterwards Sheriff Johnston); also Thomas Nesbit. Second Lieutenants, George J. Wilmot, John H. Gray, (afterwards Judge Gray, British Columbia).

The Artillery was under command of Lieut. S. K. Foster, afterwards Lieut. Colonel, commanding the same artillery regiment in St. John. The first Volunteer who mounted guard on this occasion, and since the war of 1812, was Mr. James Robertson.

Now, although it was not to be the fate of these officers and men to hear the whistling of the bullets, they nevertheless proved themselves to be of the right stamp—no cowards when their Queen and country called upon them for active service. The person who meets his adversary to fight a duel, certainly proves his courage (if there be any courage in duelling), even should the seconds interfere afterwards and prevent the combat. The duelist goes forth deliberately to risk his life; so did the officers and men to whom we have just referred, but in a more honorable way. Every man was positive in his own mind that war was inevitable, and that his life was to be staked upon the issue. Large supplies of stores and provisions were sent by the military authorities overland to Woodstock.

Two hundred young men in Saint John volunteered as a Home Guard, to perform, as it were, police service in the City in the meantime; and would be ready to march forward at the word of command, should their services be absolutely required on the battle-field. The Militia drafts in the three Counties were more quickly filled up, it was said, than possibly could have been done, if the men were merely called out to exercise in peaceful times. Now, there was an incentive to action—a chance of showing that they could be in earnest, and proving themselves worthy of their country. The Governor General of Canada in addressing Sir John Harvey, said that "under your guidance the gallant New Brunswickers will nobly maintain the honour of the Crown, it unbepally it should be found impossible, by any reasonable exercise of prudence, to avert the miseries of war."

The House of Assembly of Canada, through their Speaker, Sir Allan M. Nabb, said that "the House would be alike wanting in gratitude and patriotism were he to hesitate to assure the gallant New Brunswickers, that they have our sympathy and shall have our support."

The Corporation of Saint John voted one thousand pounds in aid of the families of such volunteers as should need assistance, during the absence of the men from home. A Cavalry Regiment was raised in Fredericton, called "the York Cavalry," comprising between two and three hundred men; and their desire was to precede at once to the scene of operations, without going through the routine of subjecting themselves to the instructions of the Drill Sergeant, thus inverting the order of things—to fight first and it spared perfect themselves in all exercises afterwards. There was also a "Rifles Corps" organized in Fredericton, all equally eager and impatient for the fray. In the course of four weeks there were three thousand men, all told, under arms, ready for battle. Out of this number there were something like 500 regular troops—so that there were about 2,500 volunteers, and these from only three counties which was a very good commencement, and an indication of what could be done by the Province at large in an emergency.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia voted £100,000. (\$400,000), and the whole Militia force of the Province towards carrying on the war.

A detachment of the 69th Regiment was ordered from Halifax for St. John.

Sir John Colborne ordered the 11th regiment, also several batteries of artillery from Quebec for the "disputed territory," to take part in the struggle.

One thousand Canadian Indians (of the Mohawk tribe) tendered their services to the Governor General.

Our Legislature was then in session, and all the revenues of the Province were unanimously voted for the maintenance of our rights and the dignity of the Crown. The vote was received by Gallery, Lobby and the whole House—every member rising in his place and giving three times three cheers for the Queen; it was a spontaneous effusion—the rules of the House and all restraint, by tacit consent, were broken through in the ardour of the moment, and the welkin rang with the plaudits. Had her Majesty been present she would certainly have thought that her subjects in Fredericton were blessed with the possession of strong lungs, and they knew how to make good use of them. But

what were the Americans doing all this time? The war news had spread like a prairie fire all over the continent. Colonists and Americans were alike bitter and defiant in their attitude and expressions. There were no Cunard Steamers in those days; and the news could only be conveyed to England in a sailing packet—generally a gun brig—which would occupy probably forty days in the passage. So that had the war actually gone on, the Colonists, as in the war of 1812, would have had to stand the whole brunt of battle for a long time; for under the circumstances, it would have been impossible for the news to get to England and reinforcements arrive out in less than five or six months—by which time we should either have been pretty well cut up and lost ground; or the enemy would have been obliged to abandon his position and fall back; and make ready for a fresh assault.

In his Message to the Legislature of Maine, Governor Fairfield used strong, warlike language; nothing, in his opinion, but a bloody conflict could appease the National wrath, or atone for the insult which the Provincialists had cast upon their honour—referring to the seizing and imprisoning of the three American citizens. The sum of \$800,000 was voted by the Maine Representatives, and an army of ten thousand men was ordered to back up those who were already in the field. The next resolution of the Legislature was to be seized by force all the lands claimed by Maine since the treaty of the 1783. In other words, to settle matters by the arbitration of the sword,—to cut short the tedious process of diplomacy, by the exercise of physical means, in defiance of moral obligations and the comity of Nations.

The Press of the United States, and the Provinces as well, were more bellicose than ever. Abusive trades against each Government respectively, were daily poured forth, all of which added fuel to the flame, and rendered an explosion more and more probable. Nor were the speeches made in Congress of a nature calculated to soothe the public mind, or throw oil upon the troubled waters. The voice of every speaker, with few exceptions, was for war—for clipping the claws of the British Lion that upheld the Crown upon the northern frontier.

But there was another agency at work during all this time, doing its utmost to avert the calamities of war. Sir John Harvey [afterwards famous as being considered the great Political Pacifist], had dispatched a messenger to Washington, with a communication to Mr. Fox, the British Minister. Mr. Fox at once demanded the evacuation by the American forces, of the territory of which they had taken possession. General Scott [another man of peace and discretion] was at once ordered to the State of Maine, clothed with plenary powers, to act as became the emergency. A correspondence was opened between him and Sir John Harvey. Both entered into the negotiation predisposed to do what was right, no matter what or how great were the outside clamourings. In the course of the correspondence the most friendly personal feelings were expressed, the disposition being mutual that no blow should be struck, if the friendship which held the two Generals together could suggest a means of getting out of the difficulty and no compromise of the national dignity. There was a will, and there was a way. And here I would remark that Sir John Harvey's life was saved at the battle of Lundy's Lane in 1813, through the agency of General Scott, who was in the same engagement; so that after twenty-eight years of time, both generals were here brought face to face, as it were, for peaceful purposes,—both instruments under Providence to save two nations from imbruing their hands in each other's blood.

General Scott issued a proclamation in Maine, calling upon Governor Fairfield and the army that had advanced to the frontier by his bidding, to halt and remain in statu quo until further orders. From that moment, every body once more breathed freely. Up to that moment there was not an hour in the day that news of a deadly conflict had not been anticipated. Large numbers of both armies were at the front. Two lines of gleaming bayonets bristled in the winter's sun, in the hands of men on both sides eager for the fray, and within almost fighting distance. A sudden dash, or a pull of the trigger—the least surprise of any kind, would have precipitated a collision; and four thousand men would have been grappling in the work of death, like so many maniacs, the result of the stupendous blunder.

General Scott's next procedure was to draw up a Memorandum of Agreement, for signature by himself and Sir John Harvey, binding each Government, respectively, to withdraw its troops from the positions taken; that "the disputed territory" should still remain as it had been, an open

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON

Tetley's Teas

ELEPHANT BRAND

PURITY AND STRENGTH

Combined with flavour, make Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo Ceylon Packet Teas, favorites the world over. These qualities and their low prices have made them known as

Best of Tea Value

Sold in lead packets only. Retail price on every packet.
25c. to \$1.00 PER LB.

If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will see your order is filled.

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., London, Eng., Canadian Head Office, 14 Melrose St., Montreal.

What Do You Think of it?

A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.

We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, *Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe*, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to *PROGRESS* for \$2.50.

This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

Apply At Once To
"The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd."
St. John, N. B.

question, for final adjustment thereafter. The agreement was signed on both sides; and war's dread alarms once more ceased within our borders. It was fortunate for both countries that two such men should have been on hand for the occasion. Had either been a Percy or a Hotspur, the chances were that a way would have ensued.

Lord Ashburton was sent out by the English government in the course of the following Summer, and his mission resulted in a final settlement of this long standing difficulty. In conjunction with Mr Webster, the "Ashburton Treaty" was drawn up, signed and ratified, by means of which our American neighbours, it is said, got the lion's share of the territory in dispute—viz., the whole of that country now known as the Aroostook Valley, which is in a highly flourishing state.

On disbanding the Volunteers, Sir John Harvey issued a "General Order," signed by his Aid-de-Camp, Captain Tryon, in which he congratulated the volunteers of New Brunswick, for their zeal in coming forward for active service, their discipline, and ready submission to orders when under command. He also complimented the Officers and troops for the cheerfulness they displayed at the call of duty.

When the thousands of British troops landed in Saint John in the winter of 1862, owing to the Trent difficulty, they were greatly chagrined because after coming such a distance, there was no chance for a fight, the *casus belli* having been removed while they were on the passage. Instead of encountering cannon balls and Minnie bullets, they were assailed by the citizens of Saint John with roast turkeys, boiled hams, pies, doughnuts and coffee. It was a Purveyor's attack altogether—a gustatory endeavor to convince the soldier that he was as fit to be fed as to be shot at; and the ladies of Saint John were the principal providers.

But sad as was the disappointment of the troops that the lards of the soldiers to be gathered in the field had all been nipped in the bud, we doubt if the manifestation of this feeling was more fervent than that expressed by the New Brunswick volunteers in 1839, when they found that Sir John Harvey and General Scott had interposed their offices and spoiled the fun they anticipated. They thought of having a chance to flesh their maiden swords, and proved to the world that the pluck of 1783 and 1812 was not dead in the New Brunswick boys of 1839.

That was all very well so far as it went,

but it is just as well that it went no farther.

The Pope's seal.

The seal worn by the pope, and used by him on official documents to which his signature is attached, has on it the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer. Since the thirteenth century every Pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered with a hammer, when the wearer dies, to prevent its use on a forged document.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 85 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 25¢ extra for every additional line.

HELP WANTED FEMALE Good paying home work. We need a few ladies in every district to embroider novelties for us at home. Full or spare time; no canvassing and no instruction needed; six to ten dollars a week; full particulars and work mailed on receipt of address of envelope. *Extra Extra Extra* 1024 York St., New York.

BICYCLE THIS YEARS "MASSEY-BARRIS" FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Barris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of July. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75. Cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 22 inch frame and hasometry cancelled and nickled—Address communication to "Bicycle" Progress Office.

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Packed 25 cents. BURLINGTON NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to see in our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 358 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property, about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fungley Building. 24 6-11

GOOD WORDS FROM OLD STUDENTS.

No 13.
Without the course of study which I took at your College I could not have taken the position which was offered me here.

J. ARTHUR COSTER,
Head bookkeeper for Messrs. Macaulay Bros & Co., Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods.

The latest System of Business Practice—The Isaac Pitman Short-hand.



Send for catalogues to S. KERR & SON.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mme. Albani has returned from her African tour.

Sousa's new opera The Charlatan was given its initial performance in Montreal this week by DeWolf Hopper.

Mme. Emma Eames, who recently sang the part of Juliette at Windsor Castle before the queen, received from her majesty a hair ornament of liberty in diamonds with wings of rubies, the figure displaying a banner with "Victoria," R. I. set in jewels.

M. Emile Zola has written the libretto of a lyric drama which is now being set to music by Mr. Alfred Bruneau. It is called 'L'Oustragon.'

A bronze statue of Ole Bull by the sculptor Sinding will be erected this autumn in Bergen.

Richard Strauss' new symphony is called 'Heidenleben' (Hero's life) and is in the usual four movements. The score is now nearly finished, and the work will be brought out under the composer's direction at one of the Frankfurt museum concerts.

Marcella Sembrich will sing a short season in Berlin next month, prior to her departure for America.

Robert Planquette, the composer of 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'The Chimes of Normandy,' has just been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French president.

Siegfried Wagner's new comic opera 'The Idler' will probably be produced at Munich in November.

The indefatigable Sousa is ready to start the seventh season of his famous band. They are rehearsing now and will open in Pittsburg of Sept. 7 as the inaugural musical attraction of the Pittsburg exposition for one week. On Sept. 14 they will be the opening attraction at the St. Louis exposition for 42 days. They will tour the northwest, return to New York early in December and on Jan. 4 begin their fourth transcontinental tour. This tour will cover 40 states and the band will appear in over 200 different towns. Mr. Sousa will be represented on the road this season by three opera companies in addition to his band. 'The Charlatan,' his latest opera, with DeWolf Hopper in the title role. 'The Bride Elect' and 'El Capitan.'

Rosenthal is to have associated with him on his American concert, tour, Willy Burmeister, violinist said to be the greatest Paganini player.

Emma Calve has recently gone from Aix les-Bains to her farm at Cabrieres, and something more than the fact that she has completed her cure there was responsible for the journey. She has invited the nuns of a convent at Milan to send to her farm twelve of the most delicate girls in their care. They are at liberty to select the most deserving, and Mlle. Calve is to be on the farm in order to see that they receive the necessary care and nursing. She has promised that others shall also be asked as soon as these first twelve are completely cured.

Lola Beeth has returned to the Imperial Opera in Vienna, whence she started on her travels to other cities. She appeared as Marguerite, and the Vienna critics found that she had lost nothing in voice, while her acting had improved. She is to remain permanently with the company. Another American girl made her debut at the Opera House in the same performance. This was Miss Fellwock, a pupil of Lucca's who appeared in the rather unusual role of Martha. Miss Edith Waehner is still the leading contralto of the company. Frau Schumann Heink is still presenting her new roles in Berlin. Her last appearance was as Ortrude.

Both M. M. Dupreyon and Cossira have

FALLING HAIR RESTORED

After I was taken ill my hair commenced to fall, and turned gray rapidly. I commenced to use CUTICURA. The scalp became healthier and more natural every day. Now I have a crop of fine brown hair all over my head about an inch and a half in length. My nurse is delighted because the new hairs are brown. I never had very luxuriant hair, even in my youth. It is as thick on my head to-day as it ever was, and CUTICURA did it. Mrs. J. M. LAWSON, 302 Hamilton St., Albany.

BEHREY'S CURE TREATMENT FOR ALL SCALP DISEASES, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.—WASH THOROUGHLY WITH CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings with CUTICURA, purist of emollients. Sold throughout the world. FORTY D. & C. CO., Sole Preps. Boston. How to Prepare Luxuriant Hair, free.

been engaged for the opera at Nice. M. Jbos will also appear there. Herr Heidekamp, who is the basso at the Stadt Theatre in Cologne, has been engaged by Cosima Wagner to sing Hagen next summer at Bayreuth.

All the musical geniuses of Italy are young nowadays. One of them is only 11, and he is a pupil of Mascagni at the conservatory in Pesaro. His name is Orlando Salvatore, and only a short time ago he conducted in Messina a symphony of his own composition. Mascagni heard him and offered him a free scholarship in the conservatory. The boy had been for two years a member of the municipal orchestra in Messina, and he accepted Mascagni's invitation with delight. The musician and priest, Lorenzo Perosi, is only 25 years old, and is now devoting himself to completing a religious opera called 'Judith'. Verdi seems to be the only Italian composer who does not rely chiefly on his youth for recognition.

The preparations for Saint Saens's 'Dejanire' have been made on a magnificent scale. The four orchestras comprise 350 players and the ballet and chorus are as large. The actors of the Odeon and the singers from the opera who are to have the leading roles have been rehearsing the work for months, and have only to accustom themselves to the great arena. The performances are to begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Carl Goldmark has decided to call his Homeric opera 'The Prisoner of War' and not 'Brisis', as Chabrier had already selected that name for an opera of his to be sung next winter in Paris.

'Don Giovanni,' which has been revived recently at the Opera in Paris, was first sung there at the theatre des Italiens on Oct. 12, 1811, and was first sung at the Opera in 1834. The small number of times it has been given in Paris has often been the subject of comment. It was a failure on the first production at the opera and the director, at that time, attributes to the fact that it was unsuited to such a large stage, the failure to attract audiences.

Lillian Russell made her debut in concert in Berlin last Saturday night and cables that her success was most extraordinary. The fair Lillian always did have a way of sending those clear head tones of hers right to the souls of her hearers until they were fairly convinced that there was no other singer her equal.

Charles H. Hoyt is going to write the book of a comic opera on the subject of 'Helen of Troy.' Safford Waters will be the composer.

This season R. A. Barnett will have 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' '1492,' and 'Gretchen, Queen of the Ballet,' on the road. He is also writing a new musical comedy with a cast not to exceed sixteen people, says Eddy's Squib.

Max Alvary, the German operatic tenor who was to have been the principal tenor in Charles A. Ellis' operatic organization, is desperately ill—beyond all help it is feared at his home in Thuringia. Cancer of the stomach is the dread disease that has mangled him and the sad news is made doubly painful by the knowledge that unexpected business losses and two years of enforced idleness with the expense of his illness, had swept away completely the fortune that he had gathered, and he will leave his family in want. Several members of the New York Wagner society are interesting themselves in the affair and are gathering a fund to send to him, hoping to save for his wife and children the home that he built for them in his happier and more prosperous days.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

After a week of closed doors the Opera House will reopen on Monday afternoon, the Mills Stock company beginning a short engagement on that occasion with a special Labor Day matinee of 'Cousin Fritz.' The company is playing in Frederick this week, opening to a packed house on Monday evening.

Joseph Greene played to very good houses during his stay here, the matinee being especially large. 'Joe' isn't an actor, but he seems to be popular with the ladies. He is one of those mortals who take themselves seriously and are successful in getting an audience—the feminine portion of it—into the same state of mind. Oh yes, 'Joe' takes himself seriously; you can see that at a glance. It is in his eye, in both eyes for that matter. His pathetic scenes—especially if it comes to a conflict between love and duty—are warranted to cure the most aggravated case of blues. If you don't smile yourself back into happiness and content again, your case is hopeless. Go and see him act whenever you get a chance. One stride down the stage, and his pose after he gets there, is alone worth the price of admission.

Most of the leading theatres throughout America open this week, and a good season is anticipated. There are a good many new

plays offered for the amusement of the public and many of the old ones have been happily remodelled and brightened up to date. Seven Philadelphia theatres have open doors this week, and the season will shortly be also in full swing in New York.

Olga Nethersole threatens to act Lady Macbeth.

Denman Thompson will have a new play next season.

George Wilson opens his starring tour next month in Bangor.

Charles Frohman is planning for an early invasion of Havana.

Mrs. John Drew and her daughter are journeying through Ireland.

'The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown' will be taken through the South this season.

Augustin Daly is going to spend \$10,000 on the scenery and costumes of 'The Merchant of Venice.'

Herbert Kelcey and Ellis Shannon opened the second season of their joint starring tour Monday in Chicago.

Minnie Palmer produces her new play, 'A Showman's daughter,' to-morrow night at the Queen's theatre London.

A bull dog, a parrot, an alligator and a cub bear all appear in one scene of Tim Murphy's new play 'The Carpet Bagger.'

Roland Reed will have the part of a tramp in his new play, 'A Distinguished Guest,' which opened at the Boston Museum last Monday night.

Lottie Gilson was married last week to 'Len' B. Sloss, who is employed in the office of Broadhurst Bros., the New York managers.

The coming production of 'The Christian,' in which Viola Allen will make her debut as a star at the National theatre in Washington, Sept. 26, will be one of the most elaborately mounted plays ever seen in this country. The great mob scene in the Church of Magdalene, Soho, which is one of the most thrilling incidents in the story, will be presented.

A labor war is imminent in Boston between managers and stage employees. A reduction of 37 per cent in wages is proposed by the managers with the object, it is said, of breaking up the union of stage employees. The mechanics are now paid \$12 per week, and the managers wish to cut them down to \$9 and make their hours of work longer says the Dramatic Mirror.

E. H. Sothern opened the season at the New York Lyceum theatre last Monday night in 'The Adventures of Lady Ursula' which had not before been seen in that city.

The Four Cobans, in their latest farce comedy, 'Ranning for Office' which has been phenomenally successful in New York and Philadelphia, come to Keith's Boston Theatre a fortnight from Monday. The Keith circuit of continuous houses will hereafter be a quadruple circuit, as Mr. Keith's Providence house has been added to those under his direction in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

Burr McIntosh has recovered from the fever which he contracted in Cuba while acting as war correspondent and will begin his starring tour in Washington, Oct. 10, in 'A War Correspondent.'

Nance O'Neil is playing in 'Magda.' James A. Herne is rewriting 'Hearts of Oak.'

Grace Filkins will be James O'Neill's new leading lady. Lincoln J. Carter is to go abroad to introduce his plays in England.

Lewis Morrison has worn Shylock's garb for the San Francisco playgoers.

Adrienne Dairalles is to play Rjane's part of ZAZA in the Frohman production.

'Snowdrops' is the latest London melodrama. Such a title courts a 'frost.'

It is now whispered that Mrs. Potter's new social aspirations caused her to separate from Kyrle Bellow.

Aubrey Boucicault has been engaged for the leading light comedy part in 'The Hotel Topsy Turvy.'

Modjeska is to play a month's engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, following Henry Miller.

Martha Morton's new comedy which Sol Smith Russel will produce this season, has been christened Uncle Dick.

The James Warne and Kathryn Kidder combination will start their season at Hartford, Conn. on September 14.

Ellen Terry appeared last week as Desdemona at the Grand Theatre, Fulham Eng. to the Othello of Frank Cooper.

A new and original play of modern Greek life entitled 'Anthropos,' a marriage problem in three acts, by N. A. Leca'za was a recent London novelty.

George Fortescue is to do his baby skit in London. Marcus Mayer wants him to play Cora Angeline in 'The Belles,' for

one night, and says he would make the hit of his life.

Olga Nethersole and Louis N. Parker have made up their quarrel, and the new play, 'The Termagant,' will undoubtedly make her bow at Her Majesty's, London, on Thursday of this week. The scene is laid in the days of Columbus and Queen Isabella, of Spain. Beatrix of Moys—the 'Termagant' heroine—to be played by Miss Nethersole, is the lady who was mainly instrumental in obtaining the royal sanction for the great explorer's expeditions. Roderigo, another character, was the sailor who from the masthead of the Pinta, first descried the coasts of the New World. It is a curious fact that this great event in the history of the world has never previously formed the back ground of an acted drama. It is particularly rich in opportunities for the historical costumer. Columbus does not figure in the cast. The play is in four acts, and these pass in two parts of the garden of the Palace of Moys, in Spain, in the year 1493. The acts are severally described as 'The Court of Love,' 'The Well,' 'The Pomegranate' and 'The Bride.'

Augustus Thomas' new comedy, 'The Meddler,' was produced by Stuart Robson at Rochester, N. Y., Monday evening. Marie Wainwright was the heroine. While in Europe Mr. Thomas read the play to Mr. Charles Hamtry and that well-known English actor became interested enough in it to deposit \$1000 with its author for an option on the English rights. It was his intention to appear in the comedy himself enacting the character which John E. Kellard is cast for. The title and comedy role, however, was discovered by him to be so strong as to overshadow the character he had selected for himself and he forfeited his deposit.

It has been George Learock's ambition for some years to play the role of Davy Crockett. Mr. Learock was a member of Frank Mayo's company, and his familiarity with the great character resulted in a striking impersonation.

A national Greek theatre, on the plan of the Comedy Francaise, has been founded at Athens by King George, who has had a very fine building constructed at his own expense, and M. Ange Vlachos has been appointed administrator.

Vanderbilt's Gift to His Bride.

George W. Vanderbilt's gift to his bride, formerly Miss Edith Stuyvesant Dresser, cost the master of Biltmore \$500,000. It is a necklace of rubies, the largest of which is worth \$7,500, and the smallest \$4,000. The prince of these gorgeous gems is at large, cut through its widest dimensions, as the thumb nail of a man. These rubies, which will adorn the beautiful modeled neck of Mrs. Vanderbilt, are a finer possession—in the estimation of persons who are fond of bedecking themselves with rare jewels—than is any single ornament in the jewel cases of Europe's royalty. Of course the queen's great Koh-i-noor stands alone, but it is of an order different from the Vanderbilt rubies. The queen never wears the Koh-i-noor. It belongs to the crown of England—the people of England, really—but the new Mrs. Vanderbilt is the personal proprietor of her glorious necklace. The czar of Russia could give his bride no more costly or rare token of his affection than did the unostentatious and quiet George Vanderbilt present to his chosen partner. The first time Mrs. Vanderbilt wears her necklace will mark an epoch in the history of fashion.

The story of the necklace is interesting. Some time ago the greatest jewelry firm in existence conceived the idea of astounding the world with the exhibit at the Paris exposition of 1900 of the most gorgeous necklace that was ever seen. This ornament was to be of pigeon blood red rubies, and the activities of many dealers in precious stones were put to work. The rubies were secured in the mines of Kyat Pen and carried on the backs of elephants by armed natives to Mandalay, thence to Europe. Then the jewelers set to work and when they had finished their tasks the gems were worked, with ropes of diamonds, into the superb necklace. Mr. Vanderbilt saw it and bought it. This necklace is only one of the pieces of jewelry possessed by Mrs. Vanderbilt, who a few days ago was a penniless girl. The gifts of gems she received on her wedding day are valued at \$1,500,000.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Life On A Warship.

A modern warship is like a moving village. It has to house and feed and give employment to its inhabitants, and to place them at certain points at a moment's notice, to face unknown conditions and to face them coolly and intelligently. You can imagine the confusion in a village of 500 people should they be dragged out of bed at midnight by an alarm of fire.

But in the floating village of the warship discipline and training have taught the inhabitants to move to certain places and to perform certain work when they get there, within the space of two minutes. And the labour does not consist entirely in man-

Mourning Millinery

A Specialty In Stock a nice display of Hats, Toques and Bonnets IN CRAPE, SILK AND JET.

WIDOWS BONNETS AND VAILS

Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

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

ming a gun and pulling a lanyard. That is the showy work, the work that tells in the despatches, which is illustrated in the weekly papers.

There are also those who serve, who only stand and wait, who see nothing of the fighting, but take equal risk with those who fight, who have none of the consciousness that all is going well to inspire them, but who remain at their post in the semi-darkness below deck, shaken by concussions above and not knowing how soon the sides of the ship may part; or the decks below rise, or a projectile crash bursting and burning through the deck above and choke them with vile, suffocating fumes.

They feed the fires with coal and haul on ammunition lifts, like miners in a coal pit. Their work is just as important as is that of the gunner who trains and fires the big gun, but when it is over they go back to set the table for the officers' mess or play a bass violin in a string band or sweep out the engine-rooms. They are just as valuable to the village as is the gunner's mate, and they should be remembered.

Why Monsoon Tea is Clean.

The most perfect plant for cleansing tea from dust is owned and operated by the Monsoon Tea Company, and extreme cleanliness is one of the factors which distinguish Monsoon India-Ceylon Tea from all other package teas in the market. This care assures patrons of Monsoon Tea not only an appetizingly clean tea, but also the full weight of whole tea, because free from dust. The growing of Monsoon Tea, the careful selection of the choicest pickings and the nicety with which it is handled from the day it is gathered until it is sealed in the lead packets sold in stores, are peculiarities which have helped to establish the regal standard of Monsoon Tea. But the point which tea-drinkers will instantly recognize as the distinction between Monsoon and all other teas are the exquisite aroma, the delicious sisp and the uniformly wholesome relish which Monsoon yields in every drawing.

Approved of It.

In a certain church in B—the minister's sermon was almost spoiled one Sunday morning in an unexpected manner.

One of the members of the church has a bright young son who is opposed to long sermons and isn't afraid to say so. He wondered why his elders sometimes said 'Amen' in church, and asked his father to enlighten him. The latter explained that to 'Amen' anything was to approve of it—to be in favour of it.

After reading his text on the morning in question this particular preacher said: 'I am not going to preach to you very long this morning.'

'Amen!' shouted the childish but loud treble from a pew well up to the front.

Every head was turned in the direction of the boy, and a titter ran through the congregation. The boy's father smothered him, but the damage had been done. Even the minister smiled, but he was badly flustered, and did not preach with his usual fervour and earnestness. A good sermon had been spoiled by the precocious youngster.

IF YOU FEEL TIRED

TRY A BOTTLE OF OUR CELERY NERVE TONIC.

It is a powerful alterative and diuretic. Purifies the Blood and Cures Liver and Stomach troubles. Revives the energies and restores. It is a tonic and Blood Purifier. Price 15c. per bottle. Prepared only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

Have you tried my delicious Phosphate and Cream Soda?



The spacious residence of Mr. Allison Cushing at Lancaster Heights was the scene of an interesting event on Thursday evening when his daughter Miss Bertha Cushing was united in marriage with Parker Burleigh, of Houlton son of the Hon. A. A. Burleigh, ex-governor of Maine. The three large drawing rooms were beautifully decorated for the event, fragrant sweet peas prevailing in the arrangements. In fact it might almost be called a sweet pea wedding, so lavishly were the dainty flowers used. Arches of evergreen in grill work of cut separated the long rooms, and each apartment had its distinctive color scheme. The marriage was performed by Rev. John deSoyres, which took place in the deep bay window of the middle drawing room beneath a canopy of smilax in the centre of which was a true lover's knot of white flowers. In the other rooms the mantels and corners were banked with ferns and cut flowers. The bride entered the room to the strains of Mendelssohn wedding march played by Harrison's orchestra stationed behind a screen of evergreen, palms and sweet peas. The bride leaned on her father's arm and was preceded by her attendants who entered in couples. They separated as they reached the drawing room and formed an aisle through which the bride walked to the bay window where the groom who was supported by his brother Mr. Harry B. Burleigh awaited her.

The maid of honor, Miss Lulu Cushing a sister of the bride, was prettily gowned in pink silk with overdress of pink mousseline de soie, and carried a lovely bouquet of pink sweet peas. The bridesmaids, cousins of the contracting parties, were Miss Louise Jewett of Boston, Miss Eleanor May of New York, Miss Louise Dunn of Houlton, and Miss Deborah D. an also of Houlton. They all wore filmy white draperies over silks in the sweet shades and carried large bouquets of that flower all differing in color. They were extremely pretty and graceful and the dainty coloring of their gowns and bouquets added much beauty to the scene. The bride who is a very pretty brunette looked lovely in her ivory silk bridal robe which was in train. The bodice had a shirred chiffon yoke and the front of the gown was embroidered in pearls in true lovers knots. The chiffon sash was caught with sprays of orange blossoms and handsome pearl buckles. Her veil was fastened with orange blossoms while the same flowers, together with white roses, made her shower bouquet. The ushers were Messrs Everett E. Burleigh, Andre B. Cushing, Joseph Ellis and Joseph A. Tilson. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh received the congratulations of the assembled guests among whom were members of the grooms family.

In the dining room, where a number of the brides girl friends dispensed refreshments the decorations were on an elaborate scale. The mantels were banked with mosses and lovely flowers and graceful garlands came from the corners of the room and were fastened together at the gasolier. The table at which the bride party and a few members of both families sat was woefully in wait.

Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh left on their wedding trip which will include a visit to Montreal, Quebec, the Thousand Isles, Saratoga and other resorts. They will be at home in Houlton after Oct. 1st. Many handsome gifts of silver, cut glass, pictures etc. were showered upon the young couple by their friends and hosts of good wishes for future prosperity have been bestowed. The groom's gifts to the maid of honor and bridesmaids were beautiful pearl pins and to the groomsmen cuff links.

Some lovely gowns were worn at the wedding, the bride's mother Mrs. Allison Cushing wearing a handsome silver brocade, the bodice of which was trimmed with rich lace. Mrs. A. A. Burleigh the groom's mother wore a beautiful black satin brocade and diamonds.

Among those from other places who attended the wedding were, Hon. A. A. Burleigh and Mrs. Burleigh, Houlton; Mr. and Mrs. Parker C. Newbegin, Foston, Me.; Mr. R. H. Cushing, Houlton; Mr. Geo. B. Dunn, Mrs. Dunn and family, Houlton; Miss Sarah Dunn, Ashland; Mrs. E. E. Johnson, Winchester, Mass.; Mr. Will Pitzer and Mrs. Pitzer, Westhampton, Mass.; Miss Sara Clark, Calais, Miss Cole of Moncton.

Mr. Fred C. Jones was the guest of Mr. Charles F. Beard of St. Stephen for a short time lately. Miss Edith Johnston of Calais is here on a visit to friends. Miss Annie King has returned from a visit to the St. Croix.

Mrs. Colby and Miss Colby of this city are spending a little while with Mrs. Hugh Douglas at St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tilley were in St. Andrews, for a short time last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Barker have gone for a short visit to Montreal and Toronto.

Among the St. John people who registered at Kennedy's hotel, St. Andrews this week, were Rev. W. Brys, F. C. Jones, O. R. Campbell, F. J. Hard, Wm. Brodie, J. C. Dickson, E. E. R. ch, W. H. Banks, E. L. Bett, F. M. Humphrey.

Mrs. A. C. Davidson came over from Hantsport on Saturday to meet Mr. Davidson who was on his way home, and return with him.

Mrs. S. S. Glover of Roxbury Mass., is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. J. Brooks, High street N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith who have been traveling on the continent are now in London and expect to return to St. John very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson left the first of the week on a trip to the Yellowstone Park. They will be absent some months.

Mrs. Sarah W. Wilson left this week on a visit to friends in Boston.

Mrs. Catherine Harvey is paying a short visit to friends in Fort George, N. F.

Mr. Elvin Dutton and his mother Mrs. Olive Dalton are visiting Fort Lorne, N. S. friends.

Miss K. Crookshank has been spending a few days with her friend Miss Jeffrey of Fredericton.

Mrs. B. A. Stammers and family returned last Monday from Duck Cove where they spent six or seven weeks very pleasantly.

Mrs. John Ferran of King street east is entertaining Miss Ferran and Miss May Ferran of Montreal for a few weeks.

The death of Mrs. Bethia J. Cushing occurred Sunday evening at her residence Lancaster Heights after a long and painful illness which for several years kept her confined to her bed. The funeral which took place on Wednesday afternoon was very largely attended.

Mrs. Kinsey of New York who has been spending the summer here left for home last Saturday, accompanied by her mother Mrs. Norro.

Mrs. Rupert Turnbull of this city is a guest of Mrs. W. W. Turnbull at "Glencroft," Fredericton.

Mrs. Raskine Bedell of the West End, who has recently been visiting friends in Woodstock is now in Fredericton for a few days with the Misses Smith.

Mrs. Manchester and a party of friends spent a day at the capital this week.

Mrs. A. Brasscombe has returned from a visit to Fredericton. Her mother Mrs. J. Owen accompanied her.

Miss Scammell has returned from a visit to Dorchester where she was the guest of Mrs. R. P. Foster who gave a dance in her honor last Thursday evening.

An interesting ceremony took place in Queen Square church at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon when Miss Louise D'O'ray of this city and Rev. J. B. Gough formerly of P. E. Island but now of Jerusalem, Queen's Co. circuit of the Methodist church were united in marriage by Rev. R. W. Weddall assisted by Rev. Job Shenton. Though only the immediate relatives were present as guests a large number witnessed the ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated with palms cut flowers and plants and looked bright and pretty. The bride who was given away by Mr. O. H. Warwick, wore a tailor made traveling gown of white rose. Miss Florence D'O'ray made a very pretty bridesmaid and a shower bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother Rev. Ernest Gough of Alma N. S.

The bride who for a long time has been one of Queen Square's most valued and tireless workers was the recipient of numerous gifts from friends and church societies.

The Epworth League of which she was the president and the congregation presented her with a handsome solid silver tea service and address. Her Sabbath school class gave a silver vase and from the pupils of the department in which she taught in the day school she received a dozen silver teaspoons. From Mr. O. H. Warwick came a handsome china tea service, and parlor lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Gough are spending their honeymoon in Upper Canada and upon their return will reside in Jerusalem N. S.

The moonlight excursion on Monday evening under the auspices of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht club was a most delightful affair. The evening was very fine, though slightly chilly and those who went unprovided with warm wraps resented their indiscretion before their return at midnight. Harrison's orchestra provided music for the following programme of dances: Waltz, minuet, lancers, waltz and ball, two step, polka, waltz, two step, lancers, berlin, and many extra.

Washington catered for the affair and it is needless to say this part left nothing to be desired. The ladies who chaperoned the affair were: Mrs. Edgar H. Fairweather, Mrs. F. H. J. Ruel, Mrs. Lindsay Parker, Mrs. J. Morris Robinson, Mrs. L. R. Harrison, Mrs. G. E. S. Keator, Mrs. G. W. Jones, Mrs. Edward Sears, Mrs. R. Mattew, Mrs. A. O. Skinner, Mrs. R. Thomson, Mrs. G. B. Hegon, Mrs. J. W. Daniel, Mrs. W. A. MacLellan, Mrs. D. C. Cliech.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison, Miss Allison and Mr. Walter Allison will leave shortly for Colorado. The latter will spend the winter in Denver.

Miss Pauline Biederman who has been visiting Miss Maude March at Partridge Island has returned to Chatsworth Farm, Riverbank accompanied by Miss March.

Mr. F. A. Dykeman left this week on a trip to Montreal, New York and Boston.

Miss S. C. Keley and Miss Gertrude Limerick of Fredericton are the guests of the former's sister Mrs. W. J. Cox of Brussels street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter and master James Hunter have gone for a visit to Montreal and Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bradley and Miss Bradley arrived in the city from Sherbrooke, Que., lately and are guests of Mr. Bradley's sister Mrs. D. W. Armstrong of Sydney street.

Mrs. James O'Neill has returned to her home in St. John's Nfld after a visit to her at Mrs. Robt. Coleman of Waterloo street.

Mrs. W. Childs of Jackson, Michigan is visiting her daughter Mrs. L. A. Currey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scammell and family have returned to Boston after spending a very pleasant holiday here.

Mr. George McWilliams and Miss McWilliams have returned from a visit to Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. McGaffigan and family will have much sympathy in the death of their daughter Annie which occurred last Sunday, at the family's summer home in Tracadie after only a few hours illness. The deceased was a bright girl and the news was received here with much sorrow.

Mrs. W. S. Carler and family have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Carter's mother Mrs. McInnis.

Mrs. D. M. McGaffigan and her daughter of Fredericton who have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Finen at Red Head returned to their home the first of the week.

Miss Doherty of St. James street has as her guest for a few weeks, Miss Maude Fleming of Brooklyn.

Capt. E. C. Ekin and Mrs. Ekin, and Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Ekin left this week for Toronto to attend the Exposition, and also the Methodist conference now in session.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fraser left the first of the week for a trip to the upper provinces and New York state, where Mr. Fraser will visit members of his family.

The marriage took place at St. Matthews, presbyterian church Halifax on Thursday of this week of Mr. James M. Scovill of Scovill Bros. this city, and Miss Ella McLeod of Halifax. Rev. Mr. Fowler was the officiating clergyman and the attendants were Miss Eva McLeod and Miss Eva Moulton. Mr. Henry Scovill supervised the groom. The bride who is said to be a very charming young lady wore a dark green travelling dress. Mr. and Mrs. Scovill are spending their honeymoon in the Annapolis valley.

Mrs. C. W. Andrews of Methuen Mass., arrived in the city Thursday on a visit to Mrs. David Hudson of Gernale street. Mrs. Andrews has made previous visits to this city and the friends she made

then will be pleased to welcome her among them again.

On Tuesday evening Miss Smith of Sidney street, gave a whist party in honor of her guest Miss O'Shaughnessy of St. Stephen. Prizes were awarded the winner, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

Mrs. R. A. Payne and Miss Payne went to Halifax this week to meet Mrs. Payne's sister Mrs. W. G. Coombs.

Mr. J. B. Putnam of New York, a member of the well known publishing company of that name is spending some weeks at Loch Lomond accompanied by Mrs. Putnam.

Miss Christie gave a charming little tea to her young friends last Monday afternoon, and though the list of guests was confined to those who have not yet made their formal appearance in society the affair was most enjoyable. The youthful hostess was assisted in her duties by some of her girl friends: Misses Schofield Vroom and Eastwick; among those present were, Miss Kathleen Robertson, Edith Hogan, Misses McAvity, Lou Girvan, Misses Gullis, Miss Bridges, Muriel Thomson, Misses Nan and Wannie Barnaby, Violet Simons.

Miss Fleming, New York is the guest of city friends.

A surprise party was given Mr. Gerald Furlong on Friday evening by about sixteen of his young friends and a most delightful evening was spent in dancing, music etc. Mr. Furlong leaves Tuesday to resume his studies at Harvard.

There was quite a large dance at the Bellevue, Rotheray on Thursday evening at which quite a number of city people were present.

EVANDALE.

Aug. 31.—The first day of fall tomorrow and this the last day of summer is one of the finest of the season. Not any better than Sunday though. That was a beautiful day and but for the fact that the Victoria would not tarry on her journey between St. John and Fredericton no doubt there would have been many here to enjoy it. The guests at the Evandale house posed on the wharf while the steamer glided by at the rate of about 20 miles an hour. Here in the deep water is where she makes her best time and the waves are not exaggerated. The familiar countenances of many could be discerned on the steamer's deck but none enquired them the long journey ahead of them. On the return trip the Victoria passed the wharf at ten minutes to nine and the Indian canon honored the event by a large bonfire that blazed up and united with the moonlight giving a brighter and more fitful glare to the calm waters of the river.

Mrs. Case, who has been with us—or at least boarding at J. O. Vanwart's—for a few weeks thinks of returning home the latter part of this week.

Mr. Jas. E. White of St. John and his two daughters, one of whom is at present living in Boston spent Sunday at the Evandale, returning in the city Monday morning.

Mr. W. C. Ramsay of the Helix type company Boston, has been here for a few days and will remain until Saturday. Mr. Ramsay is an old acquaintance as he has patronized Evandale before. Mr. and Mrs. Vanwart are expecting their son, Sergeant Vanwart of the U. S. regulars, home in a few days. He escaped wounds and illness in Cuba.

DORCHESTER.

Prosser is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.

Aug. 31.—Everything has been very quiet this past week, as the picnic season is about over.

Last evening the Misses Backhouse entertained a few friends at high tea. The guests were Mrs. H. W. Palmer, Mrs. M. B. Palmer, and Mrs. Welsh.

Mrs. C. S. Hickman gave a high tea tonight to a few friends.

The many friends of Miss Grierson were glad to see her in town on Saturday. Miss Grierson left town yesterday for Boston, where she intends to train as a nurse in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Her many friends wish her every success in her new life. While here Miss Grierson was the guest of M. E. J. B. F. etc.

The schools opened this week. The staff of teachers is the same as last year with the exception of Miss Grierson and Miss Burr. Their places being filled by Miss Welton of Shediac, and Miss Taylor of Fredericton.

Mrs. R. P. Foster is visiting friends in Sackville. Mrs. Robb and Miss Louie Robb went to Shediac yesterday for a week's visit.

Misses Hamilton, Welsh, and Robb give a concert in Shediac to-morrow evening. Messrs. C. L. Hanington, and G. H. Palmer went to Shediac today to get everything in readiness for them.

Mrs. R. P. Foster gave a very pleasant little dance to her young friends on Thursday last in honor of her friend Miss Scammell.

Miss Scammell returned to St. John on Friday. Mr. H. Miller went to Nelson last Saturday to take a position there. His many friends wish him every success in his new life.

Mrs. Parres left town on Saturday for Amherst, enroute to her home in Picton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith returned to Moncton on Monday. Lady Smith is spending this week with friends in Falmouth.

To See it is Inviting To Use it is Convincing

We are sure that you agree with this if you have already used it. If not, try it at once. Do not delay longer and you will heartily endorse the above sentiment.



Most Effective for All Household Purposes. The Old Original and Reliable Welcome Soap.

No Trouble

to get a most excellent Soup—rich, strong, nutritious, without "stewing" over a hot stove. Try Lazenby's English Soup Squares and surprise yourself with the ease with which a single one of them yields 1 1/2 pints of Soup. The highest quality, there is or can be in each one of

Lazenby's Soup Squares.

Best grocers sell them.



You Want a Piano

But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it . . .

Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free.

W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited. PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

The Famous Model WOOD COOK STOVE.



Our Latest and Best.

The result of 50 years experience. It's good working is guaranteed.

The Oven has a steel bottom. Thermometer in oven door shows exact heat, no guessing as to whether it is hot enough, while the system of hot air circulation thoroughly ventilates the oven and carries all fumes into the chimney.

Top of Stove is made so as to prevent cracking.

The McClary M'fg. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINESBE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROBATION LICENSE.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—Dr. DAWD.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

New Dresses For Old Ones.

You can save money and make that old dress (silk, satin, cotton or wool) almost as good as new by using those Home Dyes of highest quality—Maypole Soap Dyes.

Maypole Soap Dyes.

Of best dyes and 25 cents per box for black.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. B. DePentras, Brunswick street, Monmouth & Co., Barrington street, CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street, CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot, J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S. Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

Mr. Will Moore and family have removed to their handsome new residence on Lawrence St., and Mr. George Huestis and family intend removing to town and will occupy the house on Crescent avenue, vacated by Mr. Moore.

Mr. Harry Purdy has returned home from a most delightful visit to St. Stephen. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlap, are spending several weeks in Horton and Kentville, prior to their leaving for a more congenial climate for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. Harry Purdy has returned home from a most delightful visit to St. Stephen. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlap, are spending several weeks in Horton and Kentville, prior to their leaving for a more congenial climate for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

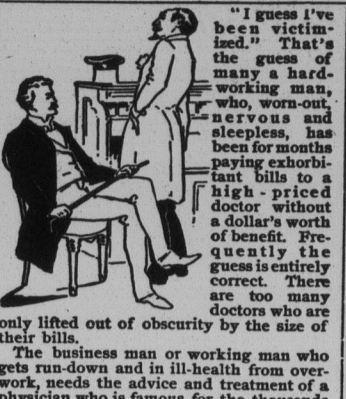
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.



Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Main arrived in town Wednesday morning, the former from St. John's B. C. His wife joining him at Toronto with their two months old infant who took ill and died at St. Flavie, Quebec about twelve hours illness. The infant was buried this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Main are visiting the former's Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE 15 NOT CURED OF COLIC OF ALL KINDS, COLIC, CURB, SPLINTS, CONTRACTED AND KNOTTED CORNS, AND SHOE SORES. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

Agents For Canada. 55 Charlotte Street

Very Low Prices FOR THE BEST MILLINERY

will be the rule at our store during the balance of the summer season, THE ONLY INDUCEMENT we can offer the ladies of St. John at this season is the best quality of goods at the lowest prices. We think this is sufficient and will prove to the people for a few days at least that we mean what we say.

OUR LOW PRICES

will prevail during the warm weather season. White Straw Suits worth 50 cents for 25 cents! Silk and Crape work and Wedding Millinery made free of charge for the remainder of this month.

The Parisian 163 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

if you are weak and run down, use Puttner's Emulsion, which is food rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

"I guess I've been victimized." That's the guess of many a hard-working man, who, worn-out, nervous and sleepless, has been for months paying exorbitant bills to a high-priced doctor without a dollar's worth of benefit. Frequently the guess is entirely correct. There are too many doctors who are only lifted out of obscurity by the size of their bills.

The business man or working man who gets run-down and in ill-health from overwork, needs the advice and treatment of a physician who is famous for the thousands of cases he has cured, and not for the thousands of dollars he has charged. In fact, Dr. Pierce is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a marvelous medicine for broken down men and women. It whets the appetite, purifies the blood, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active.

Through the blood it acts directly on every organ of the body, driving out impurities and disease germs. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion, malaria, liver troubles, rheumatism, blood and skin diseases, and 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, spitting of blood, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. When you ask a dealer for the "Golden Medical Discovery" insist upon having it. A dealer is not a physician and has no right to advise some substitute.

When the trouble is of long standing write Dr. Pierce, who will answer letters from sufferers without charge. Very serious or complicated cases, or those needing surgical treatment, sometimes find it necessary to come to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, for personal treatment and care. Dr. Pierce can be addressed there.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Boston, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Miss Eydeburg and Miss Brown, Boston, are staying at the Evan hotel. Dr. R. L. Murray, Springfield, has been a guest of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mr. Percy Cowans, Montreal, is also at the island.



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

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

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. Beware!

MONTON.

Aug. 31.—The leading event of last week was the formal opening of the Aberdeen high school building which took place on Saturday afternoon, and was an event long to be remembered.

Another very pleasant function in society circles took place at "Ravenswood" the residence of Mrs. Samuel McKean on Friday evening, when her youngest daughter, Miss Selma McKean entertained a number of her young friends.

The first speaker Governor McClellan who was introduced to the audience by Mr. Grant, who also read letters of regret at his inability to be present from Rev. Dr. Stewart and Prof. Paisley of Sackville, Hon. A. T. Duan, of St. John, Dr. McLeod superintendent of education for Nova Scotia, Rev. Father L'Abbe Membrano, Hon. A. D. Richard, Dorchester, and Rev. H. A. Meahan of Monton who was unable to attend through illness.

Dr. Stockton followed and after congratulating the chairman of the board of school trustees on the size and beauty of the building, spoke especially of the importance of the primary department in all schools and also of the advantages of a university education.

Dr. Ingham remarked that the educational advancement of Monton had kept pace with its industrial progress and the increase of its population and when its history came to be written the chapter on education would not be the least interesting one.

Dr. Harrison, spoke somewhat in the same strain, saying that those who graduated from this school would carry through life that which would bring light to their homes wherever they might be. Man died but the institutions of man lived on, and the

best wishes for your continued success, prosperity and happiness in your new field of action, and permit us to express the hope that in the due course of promotion in your great institution you may some day return to Monton to fill a more important position than the one you are now leaving.

Your Sincere Friends, J. M. Knight, J. H. Harris, James G. Gray, F. P. Reid, F. W. Sumner, T. F. Curran, F. W. S. C. Pitts, E. C. Cole, J. H. Abbot, A. G. Bishop, D. Hogan, F. J. Sweezy, L. H. Higgins, A. E. Holstead, E. A. Harris, W. L. Cowling, W. F. Ferguson, P. Mcweeney, W. H. Faulkner, A. A. Barker, E. Y. Trites, Geo. Mcweeney, H. G. Marr, Geo. Maddison, J. S. Boyd, T. C. Toole, Wm. Wilson, Geo. Robertson, F. M. Tennant, J. I. Marks, R. A. Borden, H. H. Ayer, H. H. Hamilton, M. Lodge, C. McCully, Geo. L. Harris, L. Robertson, A. C. Chapman, G. F. Harris, F. W. Givan.

Mr. Plunkett was taken completely by surprise and greatly touched by so unexpected a token of good will and kindness on the part of his friends. He replied by thanking them warmly even more for their kind thought of him than for their handsome present, and expressed his sorrow at leaving Monton, and its pleasant associations. He would ever remember the kindness of the people of Monton and the present occasion would ever be one of the bright spots in his memory.

Lady Thompson and daughters, who have been spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. D. Pottinger and his mother, at their handsome home on Main street, left town last evening by the Marlton express for Montreal.

Mrs. F. J. White is spending a few days in Campell on the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Benedict.

High school of Monton seemed destined to baffle the tyranny of time. Dr. Allison of Sackville after congratulating the school board on the beauty and convenience of the building they had erected said a few words which appealed very forcibly to the younger members of the community. In referring to the question of truancy which had been mentioned by some of the speakers, he said the only wonder to him was that more children did not play truant, when he considered that the best hours of the day were the school hours; and he strongly advocated the making of our school buildings more attractive to children, as a remedy, giving the people of Monton special commendation for the erection of so handsome and attractive a structure. The speech making was brought to a close by Mr. George J. Oulton who delivered a short but forcible address. The proceedings were enlivened throughout by an excellent programme of music, rendered by Prof. Waite's orchestra, and were brought to a close by the singing of God Save the Queen. Governor McClellan has offered a prize to be awarded yearly during his term of office to the pupil in Aberdeen school, making the highest aggregate in the entrance examinations.

Mrs. J. E. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore who have been spending the greater part of the summer visiting Mrs. Wetmore's parents in Fredericton returned home last week.

Miss Creighton of Richmond, N. S., is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ross of Main street.

Mrs. F. S. Yerton of Truro, is visiting her friend Miss Josie Wallace of Cameron street.

Miss Florence Matheson, of Montreal is spending a few days in town the guest of Miss Maudie Brewster of Main street.

Mr. F. W. B. Moore of the Bank of Montreal at Amherst, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Mr. Walter Sumner of Truro, spent Sunday in town the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Sumner, of St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Irving Smith and family, who have been spending the past three weeks in Buctouche, returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. J. J. Wallace gave a most enjoyable afternoon at home to a number of her lady friends yesterday afternoon at her handsome residence on Cameron street. The function was given in honor of Miss Wallace's guest, Mrs. Yerton of Truro, and as both Mrs. and Miss Wallace are admirable hostesses it is needless to say that the afternoon was most pleasantly spent.

Another very pleasant function in society circles took place at "Ravenswood" the residence of Mrs. Samuel McKean on Friday evening, when her youngest daughter, Miss Selma McKean entertained a number of her young friends. The guests numbered about forty, and enjoyed themselves as thoroughly as only healthy happy young folks can do.

The Misses Margaret and Bessie Holstead, who have been spending a few days with friends in St. John and Fredericton, returned home last Thursday.

Mrs. F. P. Reid and children who have been spending some weeks with relatives in Chatham returned home last week.

Mrs. Barnett and Mrs. Ballentine of Boston who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James F. Sayre of Highfield street returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Plunkett took their departure on Saturday evening for their future home in Lindsay, Ont., Mr. Plunkett having been promoted to that branch of the Bank of Montreal, recently.

Mrs. Plunkett's sister Miss Annie Cook made one of the party, and will probably remain for some weeks. Both Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett are universal favorites in Monton society and their departure is very generally regretted. Mr. Plunkett has been in Monton for nearly seven years, and during that time has not only made hosts of friends in our city but also won the hand of one of our fairest maidens and while regretting the fact that he is taking her away from us we wish them both every possible success and happiness in their new home.

On the evening of their departure, Messrs. F. W. Sumner R. A. Borden Mayor Cole, J. H. Harris, F. P. Reid, and L. H. Higgins, called upon Mr. Plunkett, at his residence, and after some pleasant conversation Mr. Borden as spokesman for the party made known the object of their visit and after reading the following address, presented him with a very handsome token of their esteem.

MONTON, Aug. 26 1898. To Mr. S. J. Plunkett, accountant Bank of Montreal, Monton: Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, a few of your friends in Monton have learned that having received promotion in your bank, you are about leaving our city. During your residence in Monton for the past six or more years, we have had the pleasure of meeting you almost daily in business society, and at the tea in many a well contested game and while we are glad to congratulate you on your well-merited promotion, we beg to assure you that we most sincerely regret that your good fortune renders it necessary for you to leave us, and sever the ties of friendly intercourse which we had commenced to regard as almost permanent. We have much pleasure in assuring you that your courteous manner in the discharge of your duties in business, your geniality and gentlemanly bearing in social intercourse and your kindness to all with whom you have come in contact, have secured you many friends in Monton and we wish you to accept from us the accompanying present as a small token of our regard, which we trust in the time to come will serve to assist to keep your Monton friends in mind.

Please accept for Mrs. Plunkett and yourself our best wishes for your continued success, prosperity and happiness in your new field of action, and permit us to express the hope that in the due course of promotion in your great institution you may some day return to Monton to fill a more important position than the one you are now leaving.

Your Sincere Friends, J. M. Knight, J. H. Harris, James G. Gray, F. P. Reid, F. W. Sumner, T. F. Curran, F. W. S. C. Pitts, E. C. Cole, J. H. Abbot, A. G. Bishop, D. Hogan, F. J. Sweezy, L. H. Higgins, A. E. Holstead, E. A. Harris, W. L. Cowling, W. F. Ferguson, P. Mcweeney, W. H. Faulkner, A. A. Barker, E. Y. Trites, Geo. Mcweeney, H. G. Marr, Geo. Maddison, J. S. Boyd, T. C. Toole, Wm. Wilson, Geo. Robertson, F. M. Tennant, J. I. Marks, R. A. Borden, H. H. Ayer, H. H. Hamilton, M. Lodge, C. McCully, Geo. L. Harris, L. Robertson, A. C. Chapman, G. F. Harris, F. W. Givan.

Mr. Plunkett was taken completely by surprise and greatly touched by so unexpected a token of good will and kindness on the part of his friends. He replied by thanking them warmly even more for their kind thought of him than for their handsome present, and expressed his sorrow at leaving Monton, and its pleasant associations. He would ever remember the kindness of the people of Monton and the present occasion would ever be one of the bright spots in his memory.

Lady Thompson and daughters, who have been spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. D. Pottinger and his mother, at their handsome home on Main street, left town last evening by the Marlton express for Montreal.

Mrs. F. J. White is spending a few days in Campell on the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Benedict.

The many friends of Mr. Lester Byers, who has been so ill with typhoid fever for the past three weeks, were greatly shocked yesterday morning to hear of his death, which took place shortly after nine o'clock, at the residence of his mother on Church street. Mr. Byers' symptoms had been so favorable for the past day or two, that hopes for his recovery were entertained, but a sudden failure of the heart's action ended his young life with terrible suddenness. The deceased youth who was a general favorite was a few months short of twenty years old, and the only child of his widowed mother. Mrs. Byers has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in her terrible bereavement.

Another very sad death which took place on the same day, was that of Mr. Geo. F. Ryan, son of the late Hon. James Ryan who died at his residence in C'wrtale, of pneumonia. Mr. Ryan had only been ill for a few days and was thirty seven years old.

Mr. and Mrs. David Watson, of Montreal, spent Sunday in town visiting friends. Mrs. Watson was Miss Mabel Norfolk of this city and is always sure of a warm welcome from her numerous Monton friends.

Mrs. Reed of DeKalb, Ill., is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Keiser of St. George Street.

Miss Laura Newman Monton talented young pianist who has already won a foremost place among the musicians of this province, left town on Thursday for Germany, where she intends to prosecute her studies under the most distinguished European masters. Miss Newman will be remembered as graduating with high honors from Mount Allison Conservatory of music this year, and she intends to study with Professor Bartl in Berlin, during the coming winter. Miss Newman's Monton friends will wish her every success in her chosen profession. She was accompanied to New York by her mother, Mrs. R. L. Botsford.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marr of Markham, Ont., who have been spending some weeks with friends in Monton, returned home last week.

Miss Rippey is spending a few days at Idlewild Shediak Cape with her friend Mrs. E. W. Givan.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. "PROGRAMS" is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.

Aug. 31.—Picnics and outings still keep up with vigor, everyday there are dozens of outdoor parties and excursions. Today the young men of Christ church congregation with a large party of friends, have gone to Pembroke Maine in the steamer "Viking"; they sail up the pretty Penobscot river to Pembroke and also visit Lubec, to view the buildings of the late famous Electrolytic Marine Sales Co., and to sail back up the St. Croix by moonlight. This excursion is given annually and is always an ideal trip as the objective point is selected with great care.

Mr. and Mrs. John Prescott invited a party of friends to visit St. Andrews with them yesterday to meet Mrs. Belden of New Haven, Connecticut, for whose pleasure this outing was arranged.

Mrs. A. E. Neill gave a most pleasant tea one evening during the past week for the pleasure of her guest Miss Annie King and also for the entertainment of Miss Emma Sawyer and Miss Smith of Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Edwin B. Todd took a party of friends on a backboard ride to Denniseville last Wednesday which was greatly enjoyed as but few of the party had ever visited that pretty, quiet town.

Mr. Henry Graham yesterday entertained Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Mrs. James G. Stevens' guest with a backboard ride and luncheon at DeMonts. There were several other guests and the ride was most enjoyable; the weather being perfect, the party congenial, together with the happy way both Mrs. Graham and her daughter Miss Alice Graham have of entertaining and making their guests at ease made the affair one of the most delightful of the many summer outings at DeMonts.

Mr. George Byder took a party of children and ladies to Oak Haven in the steam launch Crack-a-Jack on Saturday, and all enjoyed luncheon and a jolly time at the picturesque spot until evening when they returned home.

Miss Mabel Marchie gave a picnic at the Mansion Home, Robbinston, in honor of Misses Lawyer and Smith of Cambridge Mass.

One of the most pleasant of many backboard rides given this summer was that of Mrs. George J. Clarke to Dr. Monts. The guests invited were Mrs. Fredie Toller, Mrs. W. H. Howland, Mrs. Frank Todd, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. M. S. Main, Mrs. C. W. Young, Mrs. C. H. Clark, Mrs. H. B. McAllister, Mrs. George Babbitt, Miss Stevens, Miss Alice Howland, Supper was served in the hotel tables were beautifully adorned with sweet peas, and the refreshments were of the daintiest kind. The party left there about three o'clock and did not return home until late in the evening.

The entertainment in the St. Croix Hall last evening by a number of young society people of Calais was a decided success and also most amusing as far ahead in merit of many of the professional troupes that have visited us of late. It opened with a short sketch from the play "Dressed Apart" in which Miss Ella Warren Harmon, and Mr. Verne Whitman, acquitted themselves well. Then followed the second act of the play, "Barbara", in which Miss May Jones, and Mr. James L. Thompson, Jr. shone—Miss Harmon and Mr. Ryan also took their parts well. The curtain then rose upon a grand Minstrel performance in which twenty young ladies and twenty young gentlemen took part. The singing was excellent and the costumes marvellous. There were several solos, the song "If that's the case I want to join the army," and also the duet "The Modern Century Girl," received great applause. "El Green's cake walk" in which Mrs. Saunders as Miss Amelia Starlight, and Mr. Ben Curran, as Jacob Astor built was splendidly done. The performance ended with a grand chorus, "Hot time in the old Town" and cake walk. Between the acts of the plays Mr. Allen Haycock of Boston gave in his mellow tenor voice several songs which were much pleasing to the audience. The whole entertainment was a credit and many favourable comments have been made.

Mrs. Ward of Skowhegan is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Frank T. Ross.

Mr. Guy Marchie who was one of the Rough Riders in the thickest of the fight at Santiago, arrived home during the past week and is most cordially welcomed back by his friends. He returns looking rather thin and worn after the privations and fatigue he has suffered.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown, of Millown have gone to Massachusetts to make their future home.

Miss Lila Williams of Denver, Colorado is the guest of Mrs. John B. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair and Master Dugald Blair left today for Ottawa after an extended visit to Dr. and Mrs. Frank I. Blair.

Captain John D. Chipman accompanied his son Master Arthur Chipman today to Kingston Ontario, where Arthur will enter the military school in that city.

Mr. Will Algar leaves this week for a visit of ten days at Grand Manan.

MONSOON!

One reason why people change from one brand of tea to another is because they tire of the artificial flavors injected into nearly all. The first cupful of Monsoon Tea proves a refreshing revelation to people who have sipped the perfumed brews of other brands—and Monsoon costs no more than the others. In lead packets—never in bulk.

MONSOON!

HOTELS.

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 Street, 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.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Mitchell's Cafe

ICE CREAM PARLORS, 125 Mill Street. Good dinners from 25 cents up. Served promptly. FRESH OYSTERS, CLAM CHOWDERS, PRICED REASONABLE.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

CHOICE WINES, ALES AND LIQUORS.

Natural History Prizes

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, St. John, N. B. 13 to 23 September, 1898.

Over \$150,000 of red in prizes to Natural History Collections.

Collectors and others who may have Specimen or Collections of ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS, FISH, PLANTS or MINERALS, are invited to send them to the Exhibition.

Handsome glass show cases will be provided for all exhibits requiring protection.

Competent caretaker will be placed on hand. Exhibits will be received, packed and repacked for shipment without cost, if the exhibitor cannot be present.

Large exhibits will be made by the Provincial Government, the University of New Brunswick, the St. John Natural History Society and the Department of Marine and Fisheries these are not eligible for prizes. For lists and all information, Address

W. C. PITFIELD, CHAS. A. EVERETT, President. Mar. and Secy.

A GOOD ROOF

preserves the whole building. THAT'S WHY Eastlake Steel Shingles are so popular.

They're fire, rust and lightning proof—last indefinitely—are quickly and easily laid and economical in price. Eastlakes are reliable—can't be affected by the severest weather. Write us for full particulars.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited, 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

Fresh Pork

Corn and Tomatoes. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Is your Jeweller a Millionaire?

Whether or no, it makes no difference when you get his guarantee on silver plated spoons, forks, or knives, bearing the mark of William Rodgers.

The manufacturer backs his statement that no better plate can be made.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U.S.A. and Montreal, Canada.



Well Made and Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

(CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.)
Mrs. John Simpson visited friends in Calais for two days during the past week.
The Misses McIntyre who have been Miss Florence Cooke's guest left this week for New York city.
Among the young ladies who leave to resume their studies at their respective schools next week are Misses Winifred Todd, Sarah Todd, Alice Bates, Esther Black, Margaret Black, Countess Chipman, Bertha Todd and Vera Young.
Misses Madeleine Sisson, May Carter, Daisy Hanson, Mary Phillips, Lillian Dick, and Miss McIntosh have returned from their vacation in Ontario and resumed the duties and charge of their schools and pupils.
Mrs. Louise J. Bradley of Sharon, Mass., is visiting her sister Mrs. Fred T. White.
Mr. Joseph Meredith, who has been on the sick list for the past two weeks, is now recovering. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith expect to occupy the handsome house on Church Avenue owned by Mrs. A. E. Neill during Mrs. Neill's absence in Florida this winter, and take possession early in October.
Mr. and Mrs. William Dunbar, nee Miss Katherine Campbell, were in Calais for a very brief visit recently.
Mr. Thomas Main who went to Vancouver, British Columbia, early last spring arrived home yesterday.
Mr. D. W. Brown and Miss Allen Brown left on Monday morning for their home in Rumford Falls, Maine, after a pleasant visit of two weeks.
Miss Mina McKusick has returned from a delightful visit in Grand Manan.
Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom and their two young sons who have been visiting Campbell, arrived home yesterday Mrs. Vroom having improved greatly in her health.
Mr. Fred C. Jones of St. John is the guest of Mr. Charles F. Beard.
Mr. Golding Howland of Toronto is spending a few days here with his mother Mrs. W. H. Howland.
Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton and Miss Irene Eaton have returned from Providence, Rhode Island and was registered at the St. Croix Exchange.
Mrs. John Nelson is visiting friends in Boston.
Mrs. Walter Tarr arrived in Newport on Monday last week called to Calais by the death of her brother-in-law Mr. Ernest T. Lee.
Mr. John Clarke Taylor is spending a few days in Calais.
Miss Alice Howland leaves on Thursday for Boston to visit her friends Mrs. Francis Haywood and Miss Theodora Haywood, at their home in Quincy, Mass. Miss Howland with her mother and sisters will leave at an early date for Belfast, where they have made their home for the past two years.
Mrs. J. M. Stevens of Florida is the guest of Mrs. Benjamin Young.
Mrs. Arthur Childs of Brooklyn, New York is the guest of her grandmother Madeline I.uren.
Messrs. Scamell and Chambers, of Hockensack, New Jersey are visiting the St. Croix this week.
Mrs. W. T. Black has returned from Charleston, New Hampshire.
Mrs. V. A. Waterbury has gone to St. Andrews to visit her sister Mrs. G. Durell Grimmer.
Miss Blanche Eosman is the guest of Mrs. Frank P. Woods.
Mr. and Mrs. Hume Bates and family have returned from their summer home and are now settled in their town house.
Miss Edith Johnson is visiting friends in St. John.
Mr. Albert Boardman of Minneapolis is visiting his father Mr. George A. Boardman.
Miss Annie King has returned to her home in St. John.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd have returned from a visit to Grand Manan and the islands.
Mrs. J. J. Morrison of Hamilton, Ontario, who with her husband has recently returned from Scotland and the continent arrived here on Monday to spend a week with her sisters the Misses Stevens of Hawthorne Hall.
Mr. Howard Lee of Augusta was here this week to attend the funeral services of his brother Mr. Ernest T. Lee.
Mr. and Mrs. Hesen Grimmer and their family have returned from St. Andrews.
Mrs. Percy Gillmor and Miss Kathleen O'Malley visited St. Andrews this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Abram Mendenhall left on Monday

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, - \$10
- Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 2 1/2 Years - 2.15
- Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years - .90
- Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, - .65
- Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, - .20
- Alloy Frames, Note - .20
- Steel or Nickel Frames, - .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co.,
25 King St. St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

for New York City, where they spent two weeks before returning to Providence, Rhode Island.
Mr. E. P. Bonville of Bangor returns to Calais last week. He returned to Bangor by train after a brief visit.
Mrs. Archibald MacNicol who has been visiting in Machias is again at her home in Calais.

RECEIVED.

Atco. 31.—Miss Blackwood of Halifax, who has spent the past month in town the guest of Miss Emily Sayre, returned home on Monday.
Rev. Mr. F. E. Eburn of Bangor and family of Harcourt after two weeks outing at the beaches left on Friday for home.
Miss Maud Grierson left on Saturday morning for Boston.
Miss Maud Estlin returned home on Saturday from a visit to Moncton.
Mr. Allan Ferguson of Newcast is visiting friends in town.
The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church gave a public entertainment in the church on Tuesday evening an interesting programme was given those present enjoyed the social affair very much.
Messrs. Geo. V. McIlroy M. P., and Richard O'Leary left on Friday evening for a trip to Boston.
Mrs. Mundy who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. K. B. Forbes for some time past, left last week to resume her work in Sackville.
Mrs. Rouché and children of Summerside, P. E. I. who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Forbes left for home last week.
Grand preparations are in progress for the Masoic picnic which takes place on Thursday; every thing points to a successful affair.

MESQUASS.

Aug. 31.—Rev. Alfred Barham preached a far well sermon on Sunday evening to a large congregation; Mr. Barham leaves this week for St. Martins.
The annual picnic of St. Ann's church went to Lepreau on Tuesday.
Master Ernest Knight met with quite an accident last week in St. John, being thrown from his wheel while training on the B. and A. club grounds.
Master Charles Dean went to St. John on Monday to enter college.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Smith of St. John spent Sunday with Miss Maggie Smith.
Mrs. Currie is spending some time in St. Andrews.
Master Henry Knight returned home last week from Bridgetown where he has been spending his holidays.
Dr. D. U. Valse of Montreal and Miss Corbett of St. John spent a day here last week.
Mr. Charlie Words of Welsford, spent last week here.

The Difference.

My teacher doesn't think I read so very special well. She's always saying, 'What was that last word?' and 'make me spell'. As slow as I can be. 'You'd better take a little care.' 'That's what she says to me.' 'Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll fail. Some one of these bright days, you'll be a hind the primary class.' 'That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house, he hands me out a book. And let's me choose a place to read; And then he'll sit and look at me, and listen, just as pleased! I know it from his face. And when I read a great long word, He'll say, 'Way, little grace, you'll have to teach our dearest school, Some one of these bright days! Mother, you come and hear this child.' 'That's what my grandpa says.

Professional Bridesmaids.

New York has developed a new industry for young ladies of attractive appearance—whose faces indeed may be said to be their fortunes. This is the professional bridesmaid. The advantages of having the support of an expert on so important an occasion are said to be so much appreciated by well-to-do families that the new 'professionals' are much in request, and are very well paid for their services. One young woman of remarkable beauty which makes her greatly in request on these occasions is said to have appeared as bridesmaid at over 200 weddings, and has made quite a little fortune.

Wood for Lead Pencils.

Two thousand two hundred acres of cedars are cut down every year on the continent in order to make wood cases for lead pencils. There are twenty-six pencil works in Bavaria, of which twenty-three are in Nuremberg, the great centre of the lead pencil trade. These factories employ from 800 to 10,000 workers, and produce 4,300,000 lead and coloured chalk pencils every week.

Rolling Out Gunpowder.

At a recent fire in Boston, which filled the neighboring building, a gun store, with smoke and threatened its destruction, a man quietly sat upon the powder-chest near the door, until it was removed to a safe place in an adjacent block. The cool deed recalls an anecdote told in "A Good Child of Washington," about a fire in New York, in 1783, while the British were getting ready to evacuate the city.

Col. Morgan Lewis had returned to his house in the city, and with him, as guests, were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. Fire broke out in the arsenal, and all classes were frightened. The Americans who had returned to their homes feared that the arsenal had been set on fire by the British. The British soldiers kept aloof, lest they should be suspected, and become the object of popular violence. The flames continued unchecked.

Colonel Lewis and Mr. Hamilton were forming the citizens in line to pass leather buckets from hand to hand, when a soldier announced that was lost, as the arsenal contained several barrels of gunpowder which the fire had just reached.

"Come, my lads won't you help us?" said Colonel Lewis to the British soldiers, standing idly by.

"Yes, sir, willingly," they replied. Hamilton and Lewis led the way into the burning arsenal, and the soldiers followed. They rolled out through the fire the barrels of gunpowder calling them 'barrels of pork,' and thus saved the city.

"Not a Bit Off."

There is a man who has a very poor idea of the horse-shoe as a bringer of good luck.

"I found one in the road some time ago," he remarked. "As a matter of fact," another old gentleman found it also about the same time. We both wanted it, and there was a tussle for it.

"I got the shoe, a black eye, a torn finger from a rusty nail in the shoe, and a summons for assault and battery.

"It wasn't a very good start, but I thought I'd give it a fair trial. Of course, in nailing the shoe up above the front door I managed to smash my thumb and fall from the step-ladder.

"Then I sat down and waited for the luck to begin. That shoe seemed to be endowed with the power to attract trouble in every form.

"Duns, bailiffs, the landlord, measles, and poverty were rarely out of the house, and my faith was shaken.

"Then one day, when the rate-collector was standing on the top step, that shoe came down with a crash—

"Ah!" interrupted a sympathiser. "Look at that!"

"Not a bit of it," sighed the unlucky one. "It missed him by a foot."

Some Historic Doors.

Near Pontefract, or "Pomfret," in Yorkshire, lives a banker who has a collection of doors. All of them have come from ancient halls and castles, and all have some other historic value. A collection of ancient weathercocks is also one of this gentleman's possessions. Quite recently he bid the sum of £1,000 in Paris for a door through which passed Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, R. Desbarres, and others during the French Revolution. One of the doors in his collection shut off from his Roundhead pursuers the unfortunate Charles I.; whilst another of them, showing deep indentations made by a battering ram, protected certain celebrated followers of the Pretender after the raid into England of 1745.

'That's All.'

True friendship has a broadening influence, and takes small account of things which might serve to weaken the charms of mere acquaintance.

'Are you habitually lame, or is your limp caused by some temporary trouble?' inquired the lawyer in a case of assault and battery, addressing a witness for the defendant. The man bore every indication on his face and person of having been in some recent catastrophe which the lawyer hoped to prove was the particular affray then before the court.

"Oh, Oh!" he all right in a day or two," said the witness cheerfully. "It was just a friend of mine kicked me the other evening, and O'm'fein' a bit stiff in the joints, that's all!"

His Father's Palace.

An Irishman has no rooted objection to a little brag now and then on his own account, but he greatly deprecates the habit of boastfulness in his neighbors, and hastens to subdue it.

"To think of me coming down to wurk like this!" grumbled one of Mr. Dennis Herlihy's associates in the street-cleaning department.

"You've no need to talk of coming down till they put you to underground wurk, digging for pipes," said Mr. Herlihy.

"It may be all right for the likes of you, persisted the grumbler, 'but for me, that might have lived at home in me own father's palace, it comes hard."

"Palace, is it?" echoed Mr. Herlihy, with a snort of incredulity. "It's mesil that's thinking if you were there, you could stand the ground, put your hand down the chimney and open the door of it! You and your palaces had better get to wurk, man!"

A Rival to Polly.

The parrot is generally supposed to have the monopoly of the power of talking among birds; but, as a matter of fact, the parrot's voice is decidedly inferior to that of the mynah. There are always examples of these birds in the insect house at the London Zoo, and they repeat various phrases with great clearness of utterance. Curiously enough, the hen has a gruff voice, while the cock speaks in a clear, high tone, like that of a child. The mynahs can be easily provoked into showing off their power of speech, and will greet the visitor with "Good morning" in response to his salutations. The mynah is a kind of stalling, and this latter bird is well-known for its imitative powers.

A Long way Round.

According to a paragraph in New York Sun, there is a post-office in Minnesota from which it takes a letter eight days—and more than twelve hundred miles of travel—to reach another office only half a mile away. The second office is in Canada, on the other shore of Rainy River. The mail used to be carried across in a bark canoe by a half breed, who made a living by the work. Now it goes one hundred miles by rail.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Bad Blood

is a good thing to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is YOUR blood bad? You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the radical remedy for all diseases originating in the blood.

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had boils all over my body. One bottle cured me."
—BONNER CRAFF, Wesson, Miss.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla

FREE—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

We give free a nickel plated WATCH, stem winder and setter. A perfect movement warranted a reliable time-keeper. A full size VIOLIN and BOW. A 10 keyed accordion, with 2 stops, double bellows, finely finished. A SOLID GOLD RING, plain or set, or a CASH COIN MINTION, for disposing of 20 packages of our ELITE BOUQUET PERFUMES for us at 10 cents per package, among friends. Send your full address on a post card stating you want to sell perfumes for us and we will send the 10 packages by mail post paid. When we send our money and we will send a copy of the above named premiums you select or you may keep one half the money from what you sell, returning the remainder unsold. Read what others say—

CLARK HARBOR, N. S., July 28, 1899.
FROM AUG. 12, 1898.
I bought a watch and a violin and bow. I thought I would try and sell some more goods.
Yours respectfully,
ROY McLEAN.

GEN NOVELTY CO.—Dear Sirs—Received your Violin safe, and I must say I am well pleased with it. I will try and sell some more goods.
Yours truly,
ANDREW J. MOORE.
Address
MATHER MANITOBA, July 28, 1898.

GEN NOVELTY CO.,
Mention St. John PROGRESS.
Toronto, Ont.

quired the lawyer in a case of assault and battery, addressing a witness for the defendant. The man bore every indication on his face and person of having been in some recent catastrophe which the lawyer hoped to prove was the particular affray then before the court.

Industry Among Idiots.

The patients in Earlwood Asylum for Idiots, the annual report tells us, are great readers. Most of the books from frequent use require to be renewed, and it is often difficult to find a book that has not been read by the applicant. The number of letters written by the inmates during the last twelve months was 775. More than 280 job-printing orders were satisfactorily attended to in the patients' printing office; 106 pairs of boots and shoes were made in the shoemakers' shop, 300 complete suits in the tailors' shop, and 500 brushes of various kinds in the brush shop. The value of money is taught in a novel manner. One of the teachers has a number of samples of groceries with which he "keeps shop," telling the pupils how they should purchase, what they should pay, and the change they should receive.

One Drawback.

Dealer: 'I am sure, mydum, you could look London through and not find a handsome carriage than this.'

Mrs. Nuriche: 'Oh its handsome enough, but it looks too comfortable to be stylish.'

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns,

- Moncton, Sackville,
- Campbellton, Chatham,
- New Castle, Dalhousie,
- Shediac, Woodstock,
- and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given address

C. T. GILLESPIE,
Manager for New Brunswick.
P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.

\$7 to \$10 a Week In leisure hours; any family in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toys, Bicycles and Bicycle Loggins for the trade by a new process. No canvassing or expensive required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING Co., 15 Water Lane, Toronto.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

A CHANCE FOR INVESTORS!

THE CUSHING SULPHITE FIBRE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capt. Partington Takes Two-Thirds of the Stock!

The Cushing Sulphite Fibre Co., Ltd., of Fairville, City and County of St. John, N. B., incorporated under the Great Seal of the Province of New Brunswick under the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act, with an authorized capital of \$500,000, has been formed for the manufacture in Canada of SULPHITE PULP for the American and European markets. Within the last few years the manufacture of paper has been completely revolutionized by the substitution of Wood Pulp for Esparto and Rags as a Paper-making materials, and it is probable that at the present time there is no other industry offering such certain and lucrative results as the production of Wood Pulp, for which a great demand exists.

The Company is issuing for the present Shares to the amount of \$360,000. for the erection and operation of a Pulp Mill of a capacity of 50 Tons of Dry Pulp per day at Union Point, Adjacent to the Cushing Saw Mills, of which site Mr. N. W. Jones, manager of the Katadin Pulp Company Lincoln Maine, says:

"I consider the proposed site and facilities the very best that I have seen in America, and the shipping facilities from the Port of St. John are unequalled on the Atlantic coast."

Capt Partington, of Manchester, Eng., the largest and most successful pulp and paper maker in Great Britain, thinks so much of the prospects of this company that he has not only taken two-thirds of the present issue of stock, amounting to \$240,000 but he also undertakes to buy from the company at the highest market value two-thirds of the whole output, which he intends using in his immense paper mills. Of the remaining \$120,000 worth of stock offered to the public a good portion has already been taken up by some of our leading business men. The balance is now open for subscription and the shares will be allotted in the order in which they are received.

Wood: It is a matter of prime importance to consider the extent of supply of Pulp Wood or Raw Material in locating a Pulp Mill. Experience has demonstrated the fact that many large Pulp Manufacturing Plants have been rendered helpless and useless by the rapid consumption of suitable forest growth within the range of reasonable transportation to such mills. The location here defies the occurrence of such a disaster, being situated at the mouth of the Saint John River, which is 450 miles long, and which, with its many lakes and tributaries draining the great lumber area of New Brunswick, Quebec, and the State of Maine, is the largest spruce area in America, if not in the whole world. It will always be borne in mind that the great highway of the Saint John waters affords the cheapest transportation for any supplies of Logs or Pulp Wood that may be required for Pulp Manufacturing, the wood being always floated from the point of production to the very foundation of the mill where consumption takes place, giving manifest advantage in the line of economy over all mills that rely in whole or in part for railway and other expensive means of transportation.

Sulphur: Obtainable at the lowest cost.

Lime: From our own quarries.

We have: **Cheapest of Raw Material** with an inexhaustible supply; **Cheap Fuel;** **Unexcelled Shipping Facilities:** Situated on the Seaboard, thus avoiding all expensive rail carriage; **Proximity to the Canadian Spruce Wood,** excelled by none for the quality of its fibre; **Open Harbor all the Year Round.**

The estimated cost of manufacturing Sulphite Pulp is \$31.25 per ton (2,240 lbs.), including freight and insurance to Great Britain and selling commission. The output at 50 tons per day, for 300 working days per annum, viz:

15,000 tons at \$ 31.25 per ton gives.....	468,750
The selling price of 15,000 tons, \$38 per ton delivered F. O. B. Great Britain gives.....	570,000
Deduct allowance for depreciation of machinery and plant.....	\$101,250
Showing a surplus of.....	15,000
Or a return equal to 24 per cent, upon the capital issued. The Provincial Directors, pending the election of the permanent Board are:	\$ 86,250

JOSEPH ALLISON,
WILLIAM H. MURRAY,

GEORGE F. BAIRD.

THOMAS McAVITY,
GEORGE S. CUSHING,

The shares are \$50 each, thus giving those who have but small amounts a splendid opportunity to invest their savings at a highly remunerative rate. Application forms for stock may be had from any of the Provincial Directors or from, the Company's Bankers the Bank of Nova Scotia.

TO CATCH THE PUBLIC EYE.

Ingenious Ways Professional Gentlemen Adopt to Advertise Themselves.

It is pretty generally admitted that few things tend so much to success in this world as self-advertisement. Business people advertise openly after recognized methods; but with most of the professions it is different, advertising in the ordinary way being either strictly prohibited by the governing bodies, or being considered so infra dig, that even the most necessitous of their class could not practise it without being boycotted by their associates.

Thus a doctor is not allowed to have advertisements on the walls and in the newspapers proclaiming the many wonderful cures he has effected and the strict moderation of his charges. Nor may a lawyer publish a list of the cases he has won to his clients, and the extent to which the latter have profited through their wisdom in accepting his advice. But, though the laws and traditions of the professions are very severe, the members of them frequently manage by the exercise of a little ingenuity to evade them, so that their names are prominently paraded before the public. A few minutes' confidential chat with the editor of a daily newspaper will reveal some curious facts showing how common is the practice, though how little the public are allowed to know of it.

Perhaps the actor and actress are cleverest at the game; certainly they play it most. The laws which control the profession are unwritten, and, advertising of a kind is permitted. The actor's popularity and prospects depends to an enormous extent upon it, and therefore it is little wonder that, when all the ordinary methods are exhausted, he oftentimes has secret recourse to others.

Lectures and speech-making at prize distribution and such-like are very good in their way; but the drawback is that there are very often no newspaper reporters there and a glorious opportunity looks like being lost. There are, however, one or two of the most distinguished actors on the London stage who make certain, as far as they can, of this little matter. All three speeches are usually prepared beforehand, and the enterprising player than has them neatly printed on sheets of paper of handy size. They are headed "Mr. Dropseen's speech at the So-and-so School Prize Distribution," and begin simply, "Mr. Dropseen said," this brief introduction being followed by what is called in newspaper terms a "first-person verbatim"—that is, a full report in the exact words of the speaker.

Now this, with a brief circular note from the private secretary, saying that he has pleasure in favouring the editor with Mr.

Dropseen's speech, is sent to a large number of offices on the same day as the speech is made; and newspapers, recognizing that theatrical items of this kind are often read with interest, usually publish them. Thus the actor gets the whole or a portion of his learned and epigrammatic speech in many papers; whereas if he had left it to the tender mercies of the newsagency or busy reporter, he might have been cut off with half a dozen lines. Unquestionably this is a valuable advertisement to him.

He has a few other tricky modes of bringing himself before the general public, with the kind help of the Press. A neat little paragraph, written in a fairly modest way, about future plans, or an interesting experience, is sent round from time to time. Those who are not at the very top of their profession are very anxious to be interviewed, and more of them than one now and again supply the provincial papers with an article about themselves. A certain eminent and very popular actress, who is usually on tour and who is really much sought after by interviewers, makes a point of doing her utmost to comply with their requests. The pressman walks into the boudoir and, probably to his pleasure, finds his work is ended as soon as begun, for, after a kindly welcome, the lady hands him a brand new type written interview really well done, and forthwith entertains

him with chatter of a lively character on other subjects.

Young and struggling doctors find it hard to come to the front, for they can do none of these things. But, without seeming so, they are ever on the look-out for a little advertisement, and athletic gatherings and football matches of importance are favourite haunts for the purpose. Often a man is injured, and then, as quick as lightning, the young medico is attending upon him. This is not for any fee that may result. The thing he has in mind is that a few thousand of people are watching him, and that the evening papers, contain accounts of the sports, or whatever the affair is, are pretty certain to mention that 'Dr Blank was promptly on the spot, and rendered all possible assistance to the injured man.'

Sometimes they accept the posts of medical officers to very small institutions, from which they derive little salary or none at all, but an amount of publicity which is worth everything to them. A good instance came to the writer's knowledge not long ago. A young dental surgeon set up for himself in a Midland city, and though clever and painstaking, found business woefully slow. However, an offer to the Board of Guardians to attend to the workhouse children for a period was accepted. He made a close friend of the

Assistant-Clerk who prepared the

Clerk's periodical reports, and consequently when the period of the first appointment ended there was a flattering allusion in the report to the energy, skill, and care of the new official. The Assistant-clerk, being likewise on good terms with the reporters who attended the Board's meetings, used his influence with them to the extent of obtaining the publication of the report in full, with the name and professional address of his friend, who thus secured one of the best advertisements possible.

Budding lawyers find briefs come slowly; but when they do come they are made the most of. The one small line in the police-court report. "Mr. Finum appeared for the defendant," means everything to Mr. Finum, especially if the defendant is let off. So he obligingly asks the reporters if there are any little points they are in doubt about, and places his brief at their disposal. Such little weaknesses are not peculiar to the young and briefless. When reporting great arbitration and other cases the writer has often had such assistance—if it is to be called so—offered him by eminent Q. C.'s. Occasionally it tends to the elucidation of a knotty point and then lawyer, reporter, and public benefit alike.—Tid Bits.

"We have parted for ever," said the young man, sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"Yes. She told me so in each of her three letters."

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER X.
RESIDE THE GRAVE.

It was a week or two later that Morewood, walking by the churchyard on the hill, one day, turned in—as he not unrequently did—to stand opposite the grey marble headstone which bore the name of Madeline Winter.

That grave—of which he, alone, of all men, knew the secret—possessed a sort of inexplicable fascination for him.

Greatly to his surprise, he found a wreath of lilies—the flowers newly gathered, and arranged with deft, artistic fingers—hanging on the headstone.

Who could have placed them there? he wondered.

Who could hold the memory of the murderer in such tenderness as to desire to show it that mark of respect?

No relatives of hers were living in or near the place, and, assuredly, she could have no friend there, seeing she had not revisited it since she was a child.

Morewood might well wonder whose hand had placed those snow-white lilies—emblems of purity and innocence—above that grave.

While he stood there, deep in thought, a light footfall, close at hand, caused him to look up, a little startled, to see Lillian Delisle approaching from the other side of the church.

For one moment she seemed as though she would have retired at sight of him; the next, she came frankly forward, and stood at the head of the grave.

Suddenly—with one of those amazing flashes of memory which come to us at times—Morewood solved the riddle which so long had haunted him.

Those dark eyes of Lillian's, he knew where they so rarely shined—those of Madeline Winter, the woman who was supposed to be lying in the grave at his feet.

He uttered a startled exclamation. Strive as he might, he could not repress it.

Lillian heard it. She saw his intent, wondering look; she saw that flash of recognition leap to his eyes; and her face turned a little pale.

She leaned against the marble headstone almost as though she needed support.

"Miss Delisle," said Morewood, seized with a sudden impulse to know the truth of all this mystery, "did you ever see Madeline Winter, the woman whose name is on that stone?"

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them.

She was painfully agitated.

"I ask you," continued Morewood, very gently, "because I wondered if you knew what a marvelous likeness you bear to her. It has vaguely haunted me often—that resemblance to some one I had seen before. But now I see it clearly. Only once in my life have I seen Madeline Winter, but as I remember her eyes they were marvelously like your own."

Lillian bowed her face above the marble stone with a deep tearful sob.

A moment or two she stood thus, then she raised her head with a proud, brave gesture, as though she disdained to keep silence longer.

"No wonder I am like her," she said, in a low, thrilling voice, "for I was her sister. Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge her—my poor wronged Madeline? Yes, I am her sister, Mr. Morewood. I wonder you did not guess this long ago."

Morewood was thunderstruck.

The frankness of the avowal as well as the avowal itself, might well amaze him; and, moreover, she seemed to speak as though she had known he had met Madeline Winter.

How could she know, unless she also knew her sister was still alive?

And, if she knew this, why should she come, in secret to put flowers on the grave? For now he could not doubt whose hand had placed them there.

"I will be very cautious," he decided, within himself. "I will see how much she really knows before I speak."

He had not long to wait, for Lillian went on, quite frankly, though in a voice which was tremulous with unshed tears.

"The world may call her a murderer; but I know she was innocent. I know she was incapable of that awful crime. And, some day, I may—ah, Heaven knows how I long for it!—some day I may be able to clear her dear memory of its stain."

"Her memory?" thought Morewood. "It must be that she believes her dead."

He spoke no word, however, feeling sure if he did but listen in silence, the girl would tell him all he needed to hear.

And he was right.

"Mr. Morewood," she went on, her beautiful voice vibrating with deep feeling, "I do not know what the service was you did my sister; but I have been told, by a dear friend, who loved us both, that you once did her a service so great, that the gratitude of a lifetime could not suffice to repay it. But I can, at least, thank you. Oh, if you but knew how I thank you in my heart!"

She clasped her beautiful white hands together in her emotion.

Her face was eloquent with grateful feeling.

"Miss Delisle, do you really mean you do not know what the service was I rendered you—Madeline Winter?"

She looked up at him in wonder.

Something in his tone struck her as being of peculiar significance.

"No," she said. "What was it, Mr. Morewood? Do you mind telling me?"

He answered evasively.

Since she did not know the tremendous secret, he was not prepared to tell it to her now.

"You say Madeline Winter was your sister, Miss Delisle?" he said. "I had heard she was an only child."

"Yes; in a sense she was the only child of her father, but not of her mother," said Lillian, quietly. "I am her half-sister."

When Mr. James Winter came here with his little baby girl Madeline, everyone thought his wife died abroad, but she had not. She outlived him, and married again after his death.

"Her husband was Lieutenant Delisle. He was my father. I was some years younger than Madeline. I did not know she was my sister till I was about ten years old. Then we met in France I grew to love her dearly."

"Ah Mr. Morewood, if only you could dream what I suffered when I heard of her death! And, oh! worse than all, that they had dared to call her a murderer. Can you wonder I came to Vivian Court, purposely that I might visit her grave?"

"See!" and she drew from her pocket a small Bible, bound in morocco, with silver clasps, and showed him a withered flower, tenderly pressed between the leaves. "See! these forget-me-nots were gathered from here. Her memory is sweet to me—let this world scorn it as it may."

She spoke with a sort of brave calm sadness, as of one who had borne and suffered much, learning the noble lesson of patience as she did to.

"It was not because I was ashamed of her dear memory. Ah, no, no; my sister,—she broke off with a thrilling tenderness, laying her cheek against the cold grey marble of the headstone. 'It was not because I was ashamed that I have claimed no kinship with her Mr. Morewood. The friend whom I spoke to you a little time ago—it was she who told me it was best to remain unknown; and I allowed her to persuade me.'

"Oh, my! if I should not have done it. I am not ashamed to call Madeline my sister before all the world, because I am certain she was innocent."

"Miss Delisle, do you mind telling me who the friend was? I think you said it was she who first mentioned me to you?" said Morewood.

"He wanted to find out, if he could, how Lillian had heard of that mysterious service rendered to her sister."

"Seeing that, at the time he rendered it Madeline Winter was believed to be dead, he might well be curious."

"Oh, it was quite recently I heard about you," said Lillian, simply; "and the friend was a dear old French lady, a distant cousin of my mother's. Madeline and I knew her well, and she loved us both. About six months ago she saw your name in an English paper, and read it out to me, and said: 'My dear, that man once did your poor sister, Madeline, as great a service as one human being can do another.' But when I asked her what the service was, she would not tell me; only I was certain it was something very great."

Morewood could not repress a faint, grim smile.

"The service had, in truth, been as great as one human being can render another."

"The old French woman had spoken literal truth there."

"Had he not saved Madeline Winter's life? Nay, more, had he not saved her from the most ignominious of deaths?"

Rapidly he threw thought upon thought together in his mind.

From what Lillian had said, it was clear to him that her sister had got away from London—to France, in the first instance, most probably—and that the old French cousin had been the confident and assistant.

Equally clear was it that Lillian had not been entrusted with the secret.

And this circumstance, confirmed in Morewood's mind, his previously strongly-formed conviction that Madeline Winter was, in very truth, guilty of the crime which had been laid to her charge.

Surely, if she had been innocent, she would not have hidden herself from this young sister who loved her so tenderly—to her, at any rate, she might have given what would have passed for proofs of innocence.

"Shall I tell her the truth?" he debated within himself. "Shall I, or shall I not, tell her that her sister lives—that that grave is but a mockery and a sham?"

A moment or two he stood in silence, deliberating this question; and then he decided that it was kinder to let the girl remain in ignorance.

Better far, that she should think of her sister as dead, and at rest in this peaceful spot, than that she should live in dread of her being some day discovered, and made to expiate her crime.

Lillian—her fair face very pale, her hands loosely clasped in front of her—stood and watched him, with a deep questioning look in her deep velvety dark eyes.

"Mr. Morewood, when did you see my sister? Will you tell me that?"

Obeying a sudden impulse, he crossed over to her, and took her hand.

"My dear Miss Delisle, will you believe me when I say it will be better for you not to hear how or when I met your sister? It is a painful subject. It could only distress you. Believe me when I say so, and ask me no more."

Again she looked up at him with wonder in her eyes, but acquiesced, nevertheless, with a brave, patient sadness, which thrilled him to the heart.

"He did not release the soft, white hand he held."

Perhaps he was all the more disinclined

to do so when he felt it flutter in his clasp. "You may trust me to keep your secret," he said, softly, looking down into her beautiful eyes.

"You are very kind to me. I wish I knew how to thank you. Yes; I would rather keep my secret, if you will let me. It isn't that I am ashamed of my sister; but—everyone is so hard and bitter. I would rather they did not know. And it is really no concern of anyone's is it? It isn't a rosy blush dyed her face, and her eyes dropped; but, in a moment, she recovered herself, and continued, quite frankly and firmly—"If I were ever going to be married, then it would be different. I should feel it my duty to speak of Madeline, but not before."

Morewood bent his head in mute assent.

He was thinking how beautiful she looked, with that rosy glow suffusing her features; her eyes bent downwards; the sunlight gleaming on her bright golden hair.

He was thinking this, and wondering whether she knew yet that Sir Gerald would bring deadly evil on him—shame, or ruin, or death—in any case, misery and woe.

When his friend had first repeated it to him, he had smiled in utter scorn; but now he was conscious of a curious sense of fear that he might yet live to see that grim prophecy fulfilled.

"Unless Fate kept them apart," the old woman had said.

But what was Fate doing now? Surely weaving links between them, if she so willed it that Vere was to marry the murderer's sister.

It once Lillian Delisle became his wife, it was not only too probable that her sister's crime might overshadow both their lives?

Thus pondering, Morewood might well ask himself the question—"Will it make any difference when he knows?"

Following hard on this question, there came another—"If I loved her, would it make a difference to me?"

He looked at the rare, imperial loveliness of the girl who stood before him, and as he looked he answered that last question with an unhesitating "No."

Honor to his friend had bidden him crush down the love which he had detected springing up in his breast—he had so sternly fought with and repressed it that he could meet her honestly and calmly as the woman whom he believed destined to be the bride of his friend.

But he told himself now that if that scruple of honour and friendly fealty had not intervened—if he had learned to love her, nothing would have tempted him to give her up—no, not even the knowledge that she was the sister of a murderer.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MUGGLETONS.

"Gerald," said Lady Ruth, as her nephew came into her sitting-room one afternoon, "have you heard the news about The Towers? I mean?"

"No. Is the place laid at last?"

"Yes; but you'd never guess to whom."

"Well, then, tell me."

"You will be surprised, and I expect, not very pleased. You know that man, Muggleton?—it's he who's to be your neighbour."

"What! old Muggleton, the millionaire?"

"Yes; aren't you surprised?"

"Well, I don't know. I must say I'd never happened to think of him in connection with The Towers; but now you've mentioned him, I should say he'll be a fairly suitable tenant."

"Oh, Gerald! But you are joking!"

"Indeed, I am not. Why shouldn't

Muggleton have the place if he's got the money to keep it up?"

"But a soap-maker—just think of it!"

"I daresay I shall think of it whenever I wash my hands. I shall reflect that Muggleton, born without any adventitious advantages whatever, has not only materially assisted in the purifying of his fellow beings, but has also raised himself to such a position that he may fairly be said to be the founder of a family. Who shall say that in future ages the Muggletons will not be greater than the Veres?"

"Gerald, how ridiculous you are!"

"Not at all, aunt. Let me tell you our merchant princes are great men nowadays. We have, useless beggars, who neither toil nor spin, are only too apt to underrate the dignity and importance of honest trade."

"Yes, but such a trade!"

"Upon my word, I think it's one of the finest going. When you see the village children with their faces clean and shining, you must reflect that they, perhaps, wouldn't look like that if it were not for old Muggleton and his soap."

Sir Gerald spoke with an air of easy lightness; his tone was a jesting one, but underneath it there was a touch of seriousness.

Highly-born and highly-bred himself, he had that large generosity which recognizes merit wherever it may be found.

He was thoroughly sincere in saying the successful soap-maker ought to be treated with respect.

"And you really intend to take notice of these people?" said Lady Ruth, with a look of mild horror which said plainly enough she did not know what the world was coming to.

"Of course I must be neighbourly with my neighbours. I should be a pretty good deal to set myself up as being above them. Muggleton will give me a dinner, and I shall give him one; and we shall shoot a bit over each other's land. That will be about all, I expect."

"But the women, Gerald. I am told that they are simply terrible—quite 'impossible' you know."

"My dear aunt, it's my impression that nobody who's got a million of money is quite 'impossible' nowadays. But that's no concern of ours. All we've got to do is to be civil and neighbourly, thereby showing ourselves decently bred. As to the tales about Muggleton's women-folk, I daresay they're half of them lies. The old fellow himself isn't half so amiable. I met him at a dinner not long ago, and rather liked him. A plain, unpolished man, with no nonsense about him—a head on his shoulders, too."

"I'm told he can neither read nor write."

"Nonsense! A man who can't read or write doesn't make the money he's made; but I can see who's been talking to you—old Lady Cantrip. She tells more fibs than any other woman in Hamp-shire; and, mark my words, she'll be the first to leave her card at The Towers. She knows the value of a million of money. That old cherry satin of hers, and her false diamonds, are sure to be seen regularly at Muggleton's dinner table, unless the old fellow finds out what a false-tongued gossip she is, and warns her off."

"Gerald, how can you?" exclaimed Lady Ruth, sitting to be highly shocked, though, in truth, she rather enjoyed her nephew's vigorous denunciation of Lady Cantrip, who was a cantankerous old dowager, with as malicious a tongue as ever wagged in a human head.

"You know very well it's true," said Sir Gerald, laughing, as he got up from his chair, and prepared to leave the room. "It is that old woman got her due she'd be drummed out of every drawing room in Hampshire."

It was not Lady Ruth alone who was exercised about the new people who were coming to The Towers.

All the country families were more or less interested in the subject, and it was the theme of conversation everywhere.

Sir Gerald had called the millionaire a soapmaker, and it was true that the greater part of his life had been spent in connection with that trade.

But it was not by soap-manufactures he had made his millions.

Oh! late years he had indulged in a little speculating.

The speculating had been lucky; and a specially fortunate 'hit,' made over the South African diamond mines, raised him to the proud position of millionaire.

He himself preferred life in London, but his family consisting of a wife and three daughters, had urged him to buy a place in the country.

He had, good-naturedly, acquiesced, and the place finally decided upon was The Tower—a very large and handsome house—indeed, a mile away from Vivian Court.

It had belonged to a sporting baronet, whom cards and horse-racing had brought the dogs, and who was now 'hiding his diminished head,' at Baden-Baden.

The necessary negotiations had gone on so swiftly and so secretly that by the time it had fairly coaxed out who the new tenant was to be, the Muggleton family were almost on their way to take possession of it.

It was an intensely hot afternoon when they arrived—in a 'special' train, as became the family of a millionaire.

The station-master at the little country station was quite bewildered at the vastness of the arrangements.

His grace the Duke of Oldacre, never made one-tenth part of the fuss when he came down to Normanby Castle.

But then, his grace—as the little station master remarked to his wife at supper that evening—had got used to his wealth, and that made a difference.

The Muggleton party seemed to quite fill—the way, to crowd—the station platform. First of all there was the millionaire himself, a stout, red-faced man of middle height, and something more than middle age.

The expression of his face was one of great good nature; his voice was loud, his manner boisterous.

Not a person of ultra-refinement, by any means, but a sensibly, keen-witted, good-hearted man, notwithstanding.

Then came his lady wife.

The term is used advisedly, for Mrs. Muggleton's whole energies were devoted to the study of what may be termed 'finer-ladyism.'

She carefully studied the best mode of dress, and with a conscientious diligence worthy of a better cause, framed her own manners upon them.

She had been pretty in her youth, and was still what would be termed a good-looking woman; only, the glance of her eye was a little too anxious, and she expressed a tendency to emboypoint so earnestly, and with such very tight corsets, as to impart a touch of redness to the tip of her nose.

Her teeth were excellent, having been applied by the most expensive dentist in Paris.

Her dark brown hair was still untouched by grey; and, altogether, she was a very presentable woman, and would have been still more so if she had been not quite so painfully conscious of her own appearance.

The three heir daughters of the house of Muggleton stood dual behind their lady-mother, looking very demure, and even a little abashed and awe-struck, for, after all, it was a daring thing for 'new people' like themselves to come and take possession of a lordly estate in the very midst of a circle of noble-blooded aristocrats.

Now that the crucial moment had come, the Misses Muggleton were not perfectly certain they had courage enough to carry them successfully through the ordeal which lay before them.

The eldest Miss Muggleton was twenty-seven, the next was twenty-six, and the youngest only just nineteen, three other children having died in infancy.

The two eldest were much alike—well-grown, rather stout girls; not ultra-refined perhaps, but quite sufficiently good-looking.

They had bright blue eyes, fresh complexion.

Their hair, however, inclined to that hue which is vaguely described as 'sandy,' a circumstance which both the young ladies secretly deplored.

They had been christened respectively Mary and Jane; but these time-honoured names were not considered grand enough for the daughters of a millionaire, so later they had been in the habit of signing themselves 'Marie' and 'Janetta.' Their mother, too, was punctilious in so addressing them.

The only remaining member of the family to be described was the youngest girl—Victoria, or Vi, as she was more often called.

She had been born at a time when Mr. Muggleton was rapidly rising to something like wealth, and her mother had insisted on giving her a high-sounding name.

She was assuredly the flower of the family.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl, slender and graceful, with a complexion like a rose, a bright smile, a sweet voice, a high spirit, and a cheerful temper.

Her father idolized her, and her mother had secret hopes of some day seeing her name in the British Peerage.

The Muggletons saw an elderly lady, rather small and slight, almost entirely in black, and wearing a look of great placidity on her pale, high-bred features.

By side her was a young lady, very simply dressed in silvery grey, but with a face of imperial loveliness, crowned by masses of gleaming golden hair.

On the opposite seat there sat a gentleman, young, dark-eyed, and handsome.

Greatly did the Muggleton ladies wonder who those patricians could be; and intercribable was the flutter which stirred their bosoms, when the gentleman, leaning forward, caught sight of Mr. Muggleton, and very politely raised his hat, with the air of a man who has been in danger of forgetting an acquaintance, and is very glad he has not so forgotten.

"Oh, papa, who is it?" asked the Muggleton girls, breathlessly.

"Why, dash me if I don't think it must be Sir Gerald Vere! He lives at that pretty place over there. You know—not a mile from The Towers. I've met him at one or two public dinners, but I'd almost forgotten him. He seems a very civil young fellow; but I should never have dreamed he'd have remembered me."

Mrs. Muggleton's bosom swelled with gratified pride.

Now she did, indeed, begin to feel as though she stood firmly on those splendid heights which for years she had pined to climb.

To be recognized by a baronet, with an earl's daughter sitting opposite to him—for Mrs. Muggleton knew perfectly well who lady Ruth was—was an earnest of what they might expect when they were fairly settled in their new home.

The good lady took a rapid, but blissful, survey into the future, and saw there a vision of baronets and earls swarming round her daughters as thick as bees.

And why not? Did they not possess that which the world, by common consent, has decided to be the sweetest of all human things?

"But, mamma, did you notice the young lady?" asked Vi. "I think I never saw a more perfectly lovely face in a my life."

She was a truly refined and well-educated girl, having enjoyed far greater advantages than her sisters.

Up to the last half-dozen years, Mr. Muggleton had been simply a wealthy tradesman, content to live in one of the London suburbs, and with no dream of leaving behind him a fortune of more than sixty or eighty thousand pounds.

Accordingly, his eldest daughters had been educated at second-rate boarding schools, and had not mixed in what their mamma emphatically termed 'the best society.'

But with Vi the case had been different.

Just as she was budding into girlhood, her father was blossoming into a full blown millionaire, and she had been placed at the most exclusive of all exclusive educational establishments, with a view to fitting her for the dizzy heights in which she would have to tread.

At fifteen the maid and maunders see both.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's.

Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sunday Reading

Bear Me Afar. Bear me afar, beyond this star, Ye messengers of peace, From sin and shame, from fear and blame, Where sorrows never cease; Bear me to him, through shadows dim Revolving round this sphere, To realms of light where spirits bright Shall wash away each tear.

The Shadow of a Great Rock.

It was the vision of more prosperous times for the people of God that Isaiah saw. He was looking to the more benovolent reign of H. zekiah or Sennacherib. And yet there was a wider view of things, a more distant horizon that was swept within his vision. The prophet spoke first of all the blessings immediately in store for Israel. He spoke also of the ultimate and larger blessings in store for the world through the kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was Jesus of Nazareth who should be as a hiding place from the wind, and as a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The rock and its shadow suggest the idea of refuge. In the cleft of rocks and behind them men have found natural fortresses in times of war. When David was fleeing before Saul he found refuge in the rocks of Engedi. When Elijah fled from the cruel Jezabel he hid himself in the rocks of Horeb. When Samson was hiding from his Philistine foes he found refuge in the lime stone cliffs of Elam. When Leonidas and his gallant Greeks would stem the tide of Persian invasion, he took his stand in the rocky pass of Thermopylae. And this thought is often coming to the surface in the scriptures. Like a spring of water it keeps bubbling up in the poetry of the Psalms. 'The Lord is my rock and my fortress.' 'God is the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God.' The same idea passes into our thoughts of Jesus. He is the 'Rock of Ages' of which Toplady sings.

The rock and its shadow is suggestive of protection. Who does not remember some rock of childhood days, in which we found protection from the sun at noon; day and from the shower in mid afternoon? Or, does there not come to mind some great boulder in the old pasture, with a beaten path all the way around it? The sheep and cattle have followed its shadow all through a hot summer's day, and in driving storms it has offered them its protection from piercing winds and cold rains. So, says the prophet, shall the Savior be. So, indeed, he is. He stands in the unprotected paths of men. He sees the multitude as sheep without a shepherd, with no one to lead them, with no one to protect them. He longs to care for them to guide and to protect them. With outstretched hands, with tender voice, he says: 'I am the good shepherd.' The

If you are ill you need a doctor in whom you have confidence.

If you need a remedy you want one that has been tested for years; not an obscure, untried thing that is urged upon you, or on which you save a few cents—that is no consideration as against health.

For wasting in children or adults, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites has been the recognized remedy for twenty-five years.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

world has witnessed a marvelous triumph of faith in the days of Mr. Gladstone. Dying of a most terrible malady, what he dwelt on to the exclusion of all other things was the consciousness of the divine protection. So many times did he repeat, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

And still another suggestion of the rock and its shadow is the idea of rest. You have been out for a walk on a summer's day, the day was hot, the road dusty, and you became very tired. But you found a resting place in the shade of some way-side rock.

We are passing through vacation days. To the farm, to the lake, to the mountain and to the sea, people are hurrying from town and city. For ten months and more they have been in the midst of work and worry. With tired heads, and tired hands, and tired feet, they are in pursuit of some resting place. These hills and vacations are well. There must be times for repair, times to regain lost energy and lost health. But may it not be true that we make too little of the place of rest which is at hand all the year? We toil on in our strength. We do not stop beneath the shadow of our Rock. 'Rest in the Lord.' We need more of the rest. 'I will give you rest,' says Jesus. Yes, we may find rest by lake and mountain and sea. But there is a rest conditioned by any geographic change. It is the rest that Christ gives to the soul. Have we this rest? It so then with Mrs. Browning we can say:

'And I smiled to think God's goodness flowed around our incompleteness, Round our restlessness his rest.' The rock and its shadow give us the thought of refreshing. You think of the refreshing shade of some rock in pasture, or in field, or meadow. How cool it was, clad in its robe of lichens, black and grey and yellow! Around it was the carpet of moist, green moss, and, growing close up to the roadside were palm-like ferns, while from its base there bubbled up a little spring of water, clear and cool and sweet. As you lay down upon the velvety carpet, and beneath the shadow of the rock you said this is delightful, this is refreshing. And perhaps as you fell to musing, there came to mind the imagery of Isaiah: 'as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' 'Christ, the Lord, is our refreshing shade, our cooling stream.'

In southern and western Media the climate in summer is in 'enely hot. Vegetation withers and dies. Life itself flies before the gusts of hot air which, at intervals, blow up from the southern desert. But the mountains with their perpetual snows are not far away. And 'in all ages the people in these districts of Media have been in the habit of seeking refuge during the heats of July and August in the shadow of the adjacent mountains, from whose cool white brows, the refreshing air has dropped upon the feverish faces of the suppliant population.' Like the snow-clad mountains of Media, the Lord Jesus Christ lets fall upon us, weary travelers, the refreshing influence of his

grace. Today, let us step into the shadow of our Rock. In it aching heads, and aching hearts are always soothed. Turn aside from the dusty way, from the shadeless sun of life's passions, and strive turn aside from the meridian heat of a world's ambitions and sins, and 'find rest unto your souls.'

Begin Each Day With Prayer.

I begin my day's work some mornings, perhaps wearied, perhaps annoyed with a multiplicity of trifles which seem too small to bring great principles to bear upon them. But do you not think there would be a strange change wrought in the pretty annoyances of every day, and in the small trifles that all our lives, of whatever texture they are, must largely be composed of, if we began each day and task with that old prayer, 'Rise, Lord and let thine enemies be scattered?' Do you not think there would come a quiet in our hearts, and a victorious peace to which we are too much strangers? If we carried the assurance that here is one that fights for us into the trifles as well as into the store struggles of our lives, we should have peace and victory. Most of us will not have many large occasions of trial and conflict in our career; and, if God's fighting for us is not actual in regard to the small annoyances of home and daily life, I know not for what it is available. 'Many little makes a mickle,' and there are more deaths in skirmishes than in the pitched field of a great battle. Mere Christian people lose their hold of God, their sense of His presence, and are beaten according by reason of the little enemies that come down on them, like a cloud of gnats in a summer's evening, than are defeated by the shock or a great assault or a great temptation, which calls out their strength, and sends them to their knees to ask for help from God.—Alexander M. Laren, D. D.

A Reasonable Service.

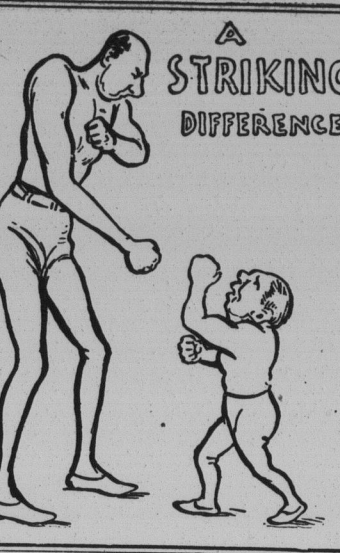
It is reasonable to believe that God is, that He loves us, and that we are subjects of His grace. Believing this, it is reasonable to praise Him for His goodness. We praise God with our reason when we trust His promise, obey His voice and are submissive to His will, and when we give our intellectual powers to His service.—United Presbyterian.

CURED BY LOVE.

The Most Remarkable Case Ever Recorded in Medical Annals.

Perhaps the most remarkable case ever recorded in the annals of medicine or love was brought to a happy conclusion recently by the marriage of the Rev. Thomas C. Hanna to Miss Anna Barnes Cook, in a Connecticut church. The two young people, now happily united, were engaged to be married when, a year ago, Mr. Hanna, one of the most eloquent and promising young ministers in America, was thrown out of a trap and received serious injuries to his head. When he was removed to his home it was found that his memory was absolutely gone, and that the brilliant young giant (for he is a man of splendid physique) was reduced to the helplessness of an infant. Intellect as well as memory was gone. He could not formulate a single word, understood nothing that was said to him, did not know how to use his hands or feet, or even how to eat the food which was offered him. His fiancée, who nursed him with a pathetic devotion, undertook the task of training this upgrown infant. She slowly and patiently taught him how to walk, and how to speak and write simple words. In his dreams he would repeat names and incidents associated with the life he had lost; but on awaking he lapsed to the child again, and the girl he loved was to him a nurse and nothing more.

Then ensued a very remarkable phase, which puzzled doctors and friends alike. He would at times recover his memory and intelligence, and from a child would suddenly grow into the man and scholar. He would talk of old times, remember old friends, and discuss problems in theology with his old skill. A few moments later, however, he would become a child again, and set to work to learn his alphabet or to form his letters. With infinite patience his nurse tried to unite these two persons' lives,



and to merge the child in the man. Gradually the 'adult' phases grew longer and more frequent, and in time he recovered both memory and intellect. He recognized his fiancée in his nurse; and to-day they are among the happiest of married couples, while he is the brilliant preacher and keen scholar of a year ago.

Those Anglers were surprised.

It is well known that deep sea fishermen often dredge up from the bottom of the ocean very strange things, but it is not so well known that peaceful anglers in our English streams have equally strange experiences.

Only a short time ago a gentleman was fishing in the River Nene, in Northamptonshire, with a live roach as bait for a pike, when an otter swallowed the bait and hook. A full-grown otter would ordinarily be a very formidable opponent in such circumstances; but the animal on being drawn up the bank, seemed terrified, and the angler had no difficulty in clubbing him to death with the butt-end of his rod.

One angler whipping a trout stream with a fly, the bank of the stream rising precipitately behind him, suddenly found he had got a rise. But it was behind him and not in the stream. On looking round he found he had hooked a rabbit by the ear. Evidently the rabbit had popped out of its burrow in the bank at an unfortunate moment.

An instance has also occurred of a swallow seizing a fly as it was cast on the water by an angler. The hook penetrated the lower bill, and the fluttering bird was taken captive.

Trolling for pike often results in strange objects being brought up from the river-bed. A man was once trolling in a Midland stream when he found he had hooked something unusually heavy. It came rolling and twisting to the bank like a languid serpent. It proved to be the carcass of a sow that had been drowned.—Tid-Bits.

A Good Memory.

A well-known clergyman tells the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. Gladstone. A party of younger men than the great statesman once had the impudence to chaff him on his devotion to Homer. The narrator was one of the group. Mr. Gladstone took their nonsense very amiably, chatting and laughing with them.

'Homer?' he said. 'I believe I could give you almost any passage you could start me on at almost any place you could start me on at.'

Then to the amazement and horror of the narrator, who happened to be sitting next to him, he turned toward him with the single word 'try'.

'I was never so taken aback in all my life,' the clergyman continues. 'He had paid me out for my impudence in chaffing him. I had not looked at Homer for twenty years—and now to be put on at a moment's notice! And by Mr. Gladstone! However, I pulled myself together, and by good luck remembered two lines, which I repeated in rather faltering tones. 'I know! I know! Sixth book of the Iliad—somewhere about the three hundredth line or something like that,' he said. Then he shut his eyes and poured forth five or six lines of thundering Greek verse. 'Isn't that it?', he asked. 'I had to confess that I had no notion whether that was it or not; but I looked it up when I got home, and that was it.'

Surprised to See Him.

Governor A. Kinison of Georgia is reported by the Washington Post as telling a pretty good story out of his own experience. 'Not long since,' said the governor, 'I had to visit some coal-mines where convict labor is employed. A couple of guards escorted me to the lower regions, showed me what was being done, and finally conducted me to the place where the convicts were at work. As we approached the force in striped garments, one of their number looked our way and rushed up to me, saying: 'Bill Atkinson, as sure as I live! Why Bill, I never expected to see you here. What on earth did you get sent up for? 'The man was a lifelong acquaintance, and when I told him how I happened to be there it appeared to relieve him greatly, but there was much laughing among his comrades.'

exists between laundry soaps. Some are made for show, some trade on glories of the past—

ECLIPSE SOAP

goes on its quality. Try it. Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Devoted Defendants.

Junction—A place where two roads separate.

Conceit—Often the true term for exaggerated humility.

Expert—A man who doesn't get confused when cross examined.

Villagers—People who wear abbreviated clothing in comic opera.

Miserly—People who don't spend their money as we think they should.

Nervous—The sensitive state of some people induced by the nerves of others.

Love—The thing that makes a girl think as much of a man as she does of herself.

R-partee—The bright things we always think of after the occasion for saying them is past.—Chicago News.

Hadn't Thought of That.

In the waiting-room of the military commission in a Russian town a lot of fathers of families in deep anxiety about the fate of their sons, which would be soon decided by the said commission.

'I am at a loss,' said one, 'what to say if I am asked the age of my son. If I make him out to be younger than he is, he will be sent to school; if I make him too old, they'll stick him in the army. What am I to do?'

'How would it be if you told the commission his exact age?' inquired his friend. The first speaker looked up in amazement.

'Capital; I hadn't thought of that.'

An Immense China Closet.

The Czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of China than any other person in the world. He has china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the winter palace at St. Petersburg.

'Papa,' said the boy, when you say in your advertisements that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?'

'A connoisseur, my boy,' answered the best manufacturer, 'is an eminent authority in any art, who admits that our goods are the best.'

Oil and young are ben fited by Dr. Harvey's Soutthern Rd Pae. 25 cents per bottle.

Sixty (very near sighted); Who's that dumpty (right coming up the road on the bicycle)?

Sixty: 'That's my wife.'

Sixty: 'F—th, a no—I don't mean that one; I mean the guy with the horrid stupid rationale.'

Sixty: 'O!' that's your wife'

Your Symptoms

include a feeling of fatigue, lack of energy, dizziness, coated tongue, sick headache, deeply colored urine,—these or any of them are indications of biliousness and a disordered liver.

Dr. HARVEY'S Anti-Bilious & Purgative PILLS

will give you prompt relief. 30 years trial have not found them wanting. With improved sugar coating are easily taken. Purely vegetable, mild and efficient. 33 pills for 25c.

For safe everywhere. Or 1 box sent as sample on receipt of 25c.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unrivalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Burns, Frost-bites, Stomachic, Cuts, Taro Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/2 each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F.C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1870. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Notches on The Stick

Thomas Wentworth Higginson may be termed a prince of raconteurs. A mellow and gracious personality, full of goodfellowship; an accomplished and polished gentleman, and foremost among American scholars and literati; long familiar with men and affairs, the associate of authors, artists, musicians, statesmen and philanthropists; furnished with many an apropos, well crammed with ana and reminiscence; it is not strange that he should be found an agreeable companion, nor unlikely that he should write such a book as "Cheerful Yesterdays", full of genial light, of piquancy and flavor. That he is now in the fullness of his years, with a wide backward range of memory and experience, and the intimacy and friendship of men who are now historic or classical memories, qualifies him to take the head of the table, while all the enlivened company, without thought of objection, lend him their ears. His book, though autobiographical, is less about himself than others: a silken string on which his pearls are strung, and which is therefore a thing both of use and ornament. A denizen of Cambridge, Mass., where he was born in 1823, and one of that coterie of men who have given social and literary prestige to Boston, "he found there all that human heart and mind could need for elementary training. He tumbled about among books from his birth. Of how many children could mothers record that at four years of age they had "read many books?" The primer and Mother Goose usually suffice. If they proceed then to a book of fables it must be by the assistance of their elders. Yet Higginson does not complain of injurious consequences from his precocity. "I may imagine the boy stretched on a rug before the fire-light on winter evening, reading, or listening to the Waverley Novels, so recently added to the world's literary property. They were but a morsel. What a hunger, my masters, is the book-hunger! Do you think the libraries will ever be able to satisfy it? And would an eternity without books be a blank! That he should deal with books and be himself a maker of them, in future life was a foregone conclusion. He might have been many things,—a lover and helper of his fellowmen, a knightly gentleman, a warrior sans reproche,—but an author he must have been! "Lying in his bed the boy heard serenaders under his sister's window, singing the fine old Greek, "To Greece we give our shining blades;" it made him feel, in Keat's phrase, as if he were going to a tournament." Fitted for Harvard at the private school of William Wells, he received this impression there: "The ill effects of a purely masculine world" by which he was given "a lit-long preference for co-education." And again! "One almost romantic aspect of the school was the occasional advent of Spanish boys, usually from Porto Rico, who were as good as dime novels to us, with their dark skins and sonorous names—Victoriano, Rosello, Margin R qual, Pedro Mangual. They swore superb Spanish oaths, and they once or twice drew knives upon one another with an air which the 'Pirate's Own Book' left nothing to surpass." This is romance—the concrete thing! And a boy's delight in athletic adventure was known to him. Rieley had not greater delight in the use of the "swimmin' hole" than had Higginson. He tells us how he enjoyed learning: "Few moments in life ever gave a sense of conquest and achievement so delicious as when I first made my way through water beyond my depth." To be a master of two elements must give one a sense of gratified ambition.

Life was enlarged for him when college days came. He records some of his impressions of University conditions, and their effect on the community in which such a seat of learning may be located: "Living in a college town is like dwelling inside a remarkably large beehive, where one can watch all day long the busy little people inside; can see them going incessantly to and fro honey making, pausing occasionally to salute or sting one another, all without the slightest peril to the beholder.

BUY
Coleman's Salt
THE BEST
Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

Hood's Pills

Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Life becomes rich in this safe and curious contemplation." An intimate college friend, and one to whom he accounted himself most deeply indebted, was Levi Lincoln Thaxter, a Browning lover, and a man of exalted literary tastes. Of him Higginson says: Thaxter's modesty and reticence, and the later fame of his poet-wife, Celia, have obscured him to the world; but he was one of the most loyal and high-minded of men." From Harvard it is a step into the best society of New England, for such as he. Our teller of the story of old days can trace the rise and progress of transcendentalism in a time when as saith Emerson, there was "not a reading man but had a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket." He was therefore in the secret of Brook Farm, and its philosophers were to him but common oracles. Charles A. Dana is said to have been their best "all-round man," and his lips were then eloquently opened, while George William Curtis' silver tongue was silent in public assemblies. "The latter was seen at the Farm walking about in shirt sleeves with his boots over his trousers, yet escorting a maiden with that elegant grace which was native to him. The elder brother of our raconteur could see without illusion and speak without ceremony, for he is remembered as saying of that favorite of courtly men: "Jim Lowell doubt whether he shall really be a lawyer, after all; he thinks he shall be a poet." And, for a wonder he thought wisely, as 999 out of every 1000 who propose the same thing, do not. Of Lowell, N. P. Willis said that he was "the best launched man of his time. It is an preternatural wakefulness. . . . Much as I love the mountains I do not think their solitudes good medicine for the brain sick. There is something in the savagery of nature, as evidenced in rude gorge deep canyon and beetling rock mass, that can have only a depressing effect on the unfortunate, who conscious of the disturbance of his mental poise, lives day by day and hour by hour in deadly fear of that "horror of great darkness," worse than annihilation that he feels impending. The companionship of a wise and loving friend can do more toward the healing of such an one than the lonely quiet of nature. Two persons, brought hither in the hope that the change from the busy life of the city might heal their mental ail, committed suicide in the Park. One eluded the vigilance of the friend who accompanied him, and recurring a gun,—fatally easy to find in a mountain cabin,—went up a near by eminence now called from him Mount Wolfert, and shot himself. His body was found sometime next day and taken out for burial. . . . No, the mountains are not good medicine for the unbalanced, with suicidal predilections; but for all other ones physical or mental, this little valley, nestling in the embrace of the hills, with its clear rapid river and health-giving Thermal Springs, is a natural sanitarium. From the porch of the office I have such beautiful glimpses of the Front Range seen through Windy Gap, Long's Peak with the deep cleft in its side, and the three Arapahoe Peaks. These mountains are about forty miles away, and the tints they take on at sunset are most lovely. The latter half of our day is the shortest, which may seem paradoxical; but the explanation is that the sun rises over a low ridge south of the Gap, and sets beyond Continental Divide, which is much higher. So old Sol smiles benignantly upon our little world at an early hour, and leaves a little ahead of schedule time for the outside world. But we don't mind, for the long spurs of Medicine Bow Range running down into the valley from the southeast, and the mountains walling in Windy Gap still hold his parting beams, and as he sinks lower and the light climbs higher up their rugged sides, they take on the most beautiful tints. First a pale yellow deepening to orange, then changing to pink, (a color I never saw elsewhere at sunset.) Fades, and the deep blue veil is drawn over all. But still we don't mind, for the moon comes out with all her glorious retinue of stars, not set in the blue vault, but projected far in front, seeming very near, to our Happy Valley. The other night I heard a man remark to his companion, as they left the Bath House: "Look at that moon, just a few feet above the ridge!" (evidently not the moon he was accustomed to.) "I've a notion to throw a stone at it."

Bliss Carman has a poem in his recent book of Elegies on Paul Verlaine, the French Bohemian, who only after his death took his place among the great poets of his age. In this tributary piece occur some of his telling characteristic phrases, such as,—

"The joyous-kidness of the grass,
The tender patience of the flowers;"
which reminds us of Verlaine's sentiment,—
"The little gray leaves were kind to Him
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came."
Not less striking are the closing lines:
The little grass; of the leaves,
The Nunc dimittis of the rain!"

Prof. Charles G. D. Rober's writes approvingly of Le Gallienne's rendering of Omar Khayyam: "One needs both his Fitzgerald and his Le Gallienne; and might well pray that yet a third poet, nobly rash might take up with as magical fingers the rich gleanings which these two have left behind them. The English speaking world, I must conclude, is deeply in debt to Mr. Le Gallienne, not only for his presentation of a new side of the great Persian genius, but also for a very finished and beautiful English poem."

The reader will remember a little fancy or conceit of the flowers by Mrs. Percia V. White, quoted in these columns from the Youth's Companion. We here present a companion piece, not less enticing:
The Daisy Sewing Circle.
Around a tiny grass-green quilt
The daisy goesips sit,
And in and out, and in and out,
The tiny needles fit.
And right and left the cap-strings fly,
So earnest is the work;
And up and down, and up and down,
The tiny apr-rolls jerk!

And many a merry laugh goes round
And many a word of wit,
As round a tiny grass-green quilt
The daisy goesips sit.

The world of English Literature now claims an author named Robert Herrick, who is not to be confounded with the lyric poet who departed this life over three centuries ago. The modern Robert is a divine also, and a graduate of Harvard, and is the author of a book entitled, "The Gospel of Freedom." He is at present a professor in the University of Chicago.

Theodore Roberts has a poem entitled "The Country Day," in The Youth's Companion, worthy of reproduction:
The sun comes over the orchard wall,
The wind wakes up the poplar trees,
I hear Joe sing as he milks Red Bee—
Holding the pail between his knees;
And a robin whistles, "Wake up, tired head,
You're needed more in the turnip bed."
The sun drops over the sombre hills,
The wind cries low in the poplar trees,
I hear Joe sing as he milks Red Bee—
Holding the pail between his knees.
The bats swirl blackly about my head,
And the dustman draws me away to bed.

So up I go, with the stars for light,
To the little room with the curtained wall,
Outside the trees are whispering
And the swooping night hawks dip and call—
And presently, when their cries are still,
My dreams climb over the window sill.

agreeable picture we get of Lowell's household-keeping in the upper story of his father's old mansion house, and of his sweet young wife, poet gifted like himself, "keeping the rooms, including his study, so orderly as she could. . . . There she rocked her baby in a cradle fashioned from a barrel cut lengthways, placed on rockers, and upholstered by herself."

What writer alive to his time could discourse of events covering sixty years past and not touch upon those leading up to the Civil War? Not Higginson. He is profoundly moved. The abolition movement had in him a champion. No imprudence of John Brown in his mad foray in Virginia could blind him to the essential nobleness of the man. He knew him, sympathized with his aims, it not his methods and writes of him: "He was simply a high-minded, unselfish, belated, Covenanter, a man whom Sir Walter Scott might have drawn. He had that religious elevation which is a kind of refinement—the quality one may see expressed in many a venerable Quaker face at yearly meeting. He lived, as he finally died, absolutely absorbed in one idea; and it is as a pure enthusiast that he is to be judged. His belief was that an all-seeing God had created the Alleghany Mountains from all eternity as the predestined refuge for a body of fugitive slaves." Of the Liberator's wife he writes: "Never in my life have I been in contact with a nature more dignified and noble; a Roman matron touched with the finer element of christianity. She told me that his plan for slave liberation had occupied her husband's thoughts and prayers for twenty years; that he always believed himself an instrument in the hands of Providence, and she believed it too."

The poet's of the time have been his associates, and are the subjects of his comment. Of the "Bard of Democracy," first



SEE THAT LINE
It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.
Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP
with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.
SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

met in a Boston publisher's office, he thus records his impression: "I saw before me, sitting on a counter, a handsome, burly man, heavily built. I felt perhaps a little prejudiced against him from having read his 'Leaves of Grass,' on a voyage in the early stages of sea-sickness, a fact which doubtless increased for me the intrinsic unsavoriness of certain passages. But the personal impression made on me by the poet was not so much of manliness as of Boweriness, if I may coin the word; indeed, rather suggesting Sidney Lanier's subsequent vigorous phrase "a dandy roustabout." This passing impression did not hinder me from thinking of Whitman with satisfaction and hope at a later day when regiments were to be raised for the war, when the Bowery seemed the very place to enlist them, and even 'Billy Wilson's Zouaves' were hailed with delight. When, however, after waiting a year or more, the poet decided that the proper post for him was hospital service, I confess to a feeling of reaction, which was rather increased than diminished by his profuse celebration of his own labors." At this we are not surprised as we are at his estimate of Matthew Arnold, who appeared to him "a keen but by no means a judicial critic, and in no proper sense a poet."

We must indulge one more citation. Being in England he sought out the Isle of Wight, and, announced by the daughter of Thackeray, presented himself at the door of Farringford. Ushered into the drawing room he sat waiting: "Presently I heard a rather heavy step in the adjoining room, and there stood in the doorway the most un-English-looking man I had yet seen. He was tall and high-shouldered, careless in dress, and while he had a high and domed forehead, yet his brilliant eyes and tangled hair and beard gave him rather the air of a partially reformed Corsican bandit or else an imperfectly secularized Carmelite monk, than of a decorous and well-groomed Englishman. He greeted me shyly, gave me his hand, which was in those days a good deal for an Englishman, and then sidled up to the mantle-piece, leaned on it, and said, with the air of a vexed school boy, 'I am rather afraid of you Americans; your countrymen do not treat me very well. There was Bayard Taylor'—and then he went into a long narration of some grievance incurred through an indiscreet letter of that well known journalist. . . . I noticed that when he was speaking of other men he mentioned as an important trait in their character whether they liked his poems or not—Lowell, he evidently thought did not."—Lowell, he evidently thought did not. "We take an exaggerated interest in the straws of error floating on the surface of a great man's mind. But, for this volume, surely it is just the one to lend a charm to a summer afternoon under mountain trees, or upon a verandah or bank by the seaside.

These tender and delicate lines on

CONSTIPATION.

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters, as there is no remedy equal to it for the Cure of Constipation. We always keep it in the house as a general family medicine, and would not be without it." MRS. JACOB MOSHER, Pictou Landing, N.S.

B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Humors.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Dwight Williams are by Prof. Benj. F. Leggett. We find them in Zion's Herald, August 17th.

The Still Song.
Above the sparrow's grassy nest
The willow whisp'ers cease,
The wind-torn leaves fall back to rest
Amid the hush of peace.
O changeful days! O fickle sun!
The hill-deer calls and calls
Above the brook's murm'ring rills,
And where the silence falls,
Now sunshine gleeth place to rain
Across the meadow lands!
And after cease of weary pain,
The peace of folded hands,
And since the days of summer bring
One silence deep and long,
Less bonny seems the blue bird's wing,
Less sweet the thrush's song.

Our correspondent, Mrs. H. M. Bryan, now at Sulphur Springs, in Middle Park, Colorado, writes of the effect of mountain scenery: "As is usually the case when I get so far above the sea level, I did not sleep any (for a night or two). I am always conscious of an elasticity of frame and spirit to which I am a stranger elsewhere, and though it seemed the most reasonable thing in the world that I should have been tired after the long ride over the range, I was not conscious of the slightest fatigue. . . . It is an effect of the altitude, with certain temperaments, to produce a

A book on Tolstoi has recently been published, containing a bibliography of the great Russian. Mr. G. H. Ferris is the author, who gives therein a view of Old and Young Russia, and also of the novelist Tourgenieff. This is perhaps the best presentation yet attempted of the great liberalist.

M. Zola, being a Jew, has yet to bear his cross. His recent expulsion from the Legion of Honor has awakened considerable adverse feeling, and some of the membership are sending in voluntary resignations.
PASTOR FELIX.

Be Managed It.
A certain well by man has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the mercantile direction and failed with every effort. When he came with the fourth request for financial backing the uncle demurred.

"You must learn to lean on yourself," he said. "I can't carry you all your life. It would be an unkindness in me to keep supplying you with money to carry on enterprises that invariably end in failure. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe a good deal as a result of that last 'spec.' Pitch in on your own book and go it alone till you pay those debts off. When you've done that I'll give you a cheque for all they amount to. Such an experience would do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Three months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was delighted as he gave the promised cheque.

"That's something like it now, and I warrant you feel all the better for the hard training. How did you manage, Tom?"
"Borrowed the money, uncle."

Now the old gentleman is telling everyone that there is the making of a great financier in his nephew.

Valuable Record.
When the furniture of Charles James Fox, the famous English orator and statesman, was sold by auction, there was among the books a copy of the first volume of Gibbon's Roman History.
It appeared by the title-page that the book had been presented by the author to Fox, but no considerations of sentimentality deterred the recipient from writing on the fly-leaf this anecdote:
"The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."
Such was the avidity of bidders anxious to secure the least scrap of the writings and composition of the famous owner of the copy that, owing to the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas, a large sum for the times.

Woman and Her Work

Whatever you do girls, don't contract a habit of whining: I was reading an article the other day on the subject of whining women, and I wished very much that I could shake hands with the author; we are always inclined to love people who agree with our views, and this man—I am sure the writer was a man from the feeling in which he spoke of the effect of a woman's whine on a man's nerves—expressed my views on the subject much better than I could have done myself.

He said the whining woman was nothing less than a human vampire, that she sapped a man's vitality, ruined his temper, and shattered his constitution morally, as well as physically. He instanced a case which came under his own observation, where a woman of this description succeeded in putting a strong healthy man into his grave in the course of a few years, merely by marrying him. She was the incurably whining kind, and as her health was good, and her husband very wealthy she had no legitimate cause for complaint, one would imagine that she would have to be reasonably contented. She wasn't all the same, so she soon devised a grievance which was likely to last her as long as she lived—it was the care of the house, the children, the plate, china and glass with which her elegant home was lavishly stocked, and the trouble of entertaining. To all these troubles she added a cheerful certainty that the house was destined to be either burglarized, or burnt down, and she talked of her trials incessantly. She entertained her friends with her cares and worries and whined so incessantly that they avoided her as much as possible, so of course her luckless husband came in for a double share, and strong as he was, the worries of business, combined with the worries of home, proved too much for him, and, quietly crawled out of it by dying of nervous prostration. I don't know why he did not go out of his mind, but I suppose he thought the grave was a surer refuge than the asylum, so he chose the shortest cut to oblivion. His widow still survives him and whines more than ever over her hard lot in being deprived of so devoted a husband.

There are women in this world who seem to think that a man never has any troubles of his own, and should be only too happy to spend most of his leisure hours in listening to the recital of theirs. They expect him to regard the tale of the children's misdoings, the servants' impertinence and incompetence, and the disagreeable happenings of the day generally, as so many pleasant items of news, forgetting that men usually come home for rest and peace after the day's worries, and not to have a sort of moral mustard poultice applied to their raw nerves. Men, like all other animals like to be soothed and petted, and if they don't find the soothing atmosphere they crave, at home, they are terribly prone to seek it elsewhere—usually at the club.

Of course I am not referring just now to the selfish autocrat who declines to share his wife's burdens in any way and looks upon her, as too many men do, as a sort of buffer to stand between him and everything unpleasant, and smooth his path through life even if she has to remove the briars and stones with bleeding fingers; such men deserve whining wives, though they scarcely ever get them. I mean the good hearted soul who does his best, and tries to be cheerful against terrible odds, who takes an interest in his home and tries to be cheerful against terrible odds, but whose efforts are met with querulous complaints which take the very heart and soul out of him. I know life is rather a hard affair, especially for women, and that we have plenty to complain of often, but still it is a habit that grows upon one with awful rapidity, and if we could only realize what a terrible enemy the complaining habit is, I believe we would make more of a struggle against it. It is so easy to magnify trifles and let them obscure all the sunlight of life, until at the last we realize that we stand almost alone in a darkness

which is of our own creating, but which we are powerless to dispel.

Strange to say the ones that I have known in my life who did the least complaining have been those who have the most to bear, while the whiners have manufactured the troubles they bewailed. Two of the most cheerful people I ever knew, and apparently the most contented, were a man who became perfectly blind after he had passed middle life, and a woman who had entirely lost her hearing after she was grown up. Both of them had known the joys of light and hearing to the full, and had been called upon suddenly the one to live in a world of darkness and the other in a world of silence.

As a horrid, but I am afraid all-too-ob-serving male writer once wrote:—
"When a man is down in the mouth, who makes him worse? Woman! If a man is in high spirits, who too frequently takes pains to damp them? Woman!"—and I fear it is too true that as far as many women are concerned he is right.

This is the time of year when the newspapers are filled with infallible recipes for the destruction or banishment of flies and mosquitos from the house, and when the trustful housewife patiently tries them all in succession and finds one about as inefficient as another. One writer assures the public that a bunch of fresh red clover will prevent a fly from even looking in at the door; while another is equally certain that if a bouquet of fresh sweet peas is kept in the room not a fly or mosquito will be found in it. Both red clover and sweet peas being cheaper, more plentiful, and far less trouble than either fly paper or Dalmation powder the too credulous housekeeper promptly decorates her home literally with them, only to find that the flies seem delighted with the arrangement for their comfort and evidently thrive exceedingly upon the honey contained in these flowers. Here is a new recipe which I have not tried, but which I give for the sake of variety, and because I believe it to be new; besides which it really sounds as if it might be of some use.

London women have discovered a very agreeable way of ridding their homes of flies and mosquitos. They burn sandal wood in the house. This is an Oriental idea. In London it is possible to get the wood prepared for this purpose, but here it is not so easy, as American women have not yet taken to the practice. Now that the festive fly and the merry mosquito are here, at least the Staten Islanders and Jerseyites might do well to give the sandal wood a trial. Sandal wood can be bought at almost any Turkish or Japanese import-ing house. It is prepared for burning by being first cut into small pieces a half an inch thick and three inches long. Then it is baked and dried out in a slow oven for twenty-four hours. A piece of wood is put into a metal urn, lighted and allowed to burn until well ashed, when the flame is extinguished and the red-hot ember left to smolder until the wood is consumed and nothing is left but a heap of fine gray ashes. During the smoldering process the wood sends out a sweet and aromatic smoke.

As yet no very radical changes can be noted in the cut of either skirts or bodices, the fashion plates show a few delightfully trim little waists which hug the figure as closely as the skirt's do, having not a suspicion of blousing or puffing, and scarcely a sign of fullness at the shoulder, but in spite of the promises of its entire abolition the pouched bodice evidently holds its own in the heart of woman, as out of a group of fourteen illustrations but two showed bodices that were quite close fitting. The reason for this is not hard to discover as the blouse waist is becoming to nearly every figure, making the stout woman look comparatively slender, if it is properly made, and concealing the lack of roundness in the thin one. The trouble is that the tight waist needs a figure to show it off, while the loose one is especially adapted for concealing all defects in that line, and only a few of us are so gifted by nature that we can afford to be indifferent to these advantages.

The very newest skirts may be graceful in the eyes of some people, but they are certainly most inconvenient for all, not to say absolutely dangerous. They are sheath like in appearance, clinging to the figure almost too closely down to the knee, flaring out in an fashion below it and even on the front and sides hanging from one to two inches on the ground. The effect of this is most grotesque when a woman who is not naturally graceful tries to walk, or go upstairs in one of them.
It is hinted that the pannier is about to reappear, after its long retirement, and this will be welcome news to those whose figures are no longer slight enough to show off the sheath skirts to advantage. Pan-

niers undoubtedly make the waist look smaller and are really both pretty and stylish, suiting stout and thin women alike. Apron like tunics are set on skirts of a contrasting color or of the same color but a different material, and the effect is decidedly odd. Black dresses will be very fashionable again this autumn, and those intended for dressy wear will be made of silk, or silk and wool mixtures. Black plush Byrdere with a silk stripe in some fashionable color is one of the novelties for the coming season, and is a very handsome material. One novel design has a ground not unlike a dull moire, with a black plush stripe one inch wide, and next to it a stripe of petunia red, of the same width. Others are striped with plum, heliotrope, green or damson.

The September bride will soon be occupying as prominent a position as the June bride did two months ago, and she is already beginning to think about her travelling dress. Naturally the dress in which a bride starts out on the journey which is actually the beginning of the great journey through life that she has just undertaken is rather more elaborate than the one you and I would wear, if we were going to take a trip up to Montreal. Very likely it is her wedding gown, as travelling dress weddings are so fashionable nowadays, and who would want to face the great event of her life in a plain tailor gown of light weight tweed, made with a coat and skirt, and a soft silk shirt. That is the costume which the smartest women choose for travelling in the early autumn, and which is correct. But surely the bride, who will never be a bride but once, she honestly believes, may be excused if her going away costume seems rather more elaborate in make, light in color and more pronounced generally than is quite practical. Some very dainty travelling costumes have been prepared for this autumn and the brides of next month will no doubt be unusually well as far as their travelling gowns are concerned.

A charming going away costume which should appeal to the most fastidious bride, is made of a new material called voile, which is graceful and clinging, but still quite substantial enough for a tailor made costume. The skirt is tucked to simulate a pointed apron underskirt, just as if it were made with a yoke so deep that it reached below the knees, and the flare below this, which is like a very full Spanish flounce, is trimmed with frills of accordion plaited black and white ribbon, which is a very fashionable decoration for the newest autumn gowns. The bodice is not in coat shape but is one of the new close fitting models with a vest of tucked chiffon edged with baby ribbon and real lace. Another model is also of voile in deep royal blue, elaborately embroidered and mounted on satin of the same deep rich shade. Voile is so apt to stretch that it is impossible to make a skirt loose from the lining. The top of this one is slightly eased on to the band, and has a flat plait made to meet in the centre, at each side, in the back. The bodice has three deep tucks running round the bust, and the embroidered bodice pieces which come with the costume, are utilized for a shaped collar and revers, though they may be made up in zouave shape if preferred, and edged with a plaited frill of blue glace silk. A deep flaky pinked out frill of the same silk is set in the lining of the skirt in dust ruff fashion to make it flare out properly, and the collar is of silk in folds with trills of the silk, and fans of lace. The vest of white glace, covered with ornate embroidered net, filled on. A tucked epaulet gives style to a sleeve otherwise quite plain and tight and a folded belt of the blue glace silk is finished front and back with handsome steel buckles. It makes a charming, and very stylish costume.
ASTRA.

Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of Diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomfiting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check further advance of these diseases.

It is an old, reliable remedy, with over forty years' of success to its credit, whose merit is recognized everywhere and one that the doctors recommend in preference to all others.
Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at 85c. a bottle. Always insist on the genuine, as many of the imitations are highly dangerous.



MILLIONS HAVE NO OWNERS.

The Honesty of Miners in the Klondyke is Phenomenal.

Much has been written of the wonders of the Klondike goldfields, a correspondent writes, but practically nothing has been said of the almost phenomenal honesty of the miners. What amazed me most during my first few days in Dawson City was the reckless way in which miners left thousands of pound' worth of gold exposed in empty cabins and tents, as if inviting the first comer to help himself. There were millions lying about without anyone looking after them, and so far as one could see, they belonged to nobody.

I explored many of these cabins during their owners' absence, and in the very first cabin I entered I saw a dirty, tattered blanket carelessly thrown over two mackerel kits. I lifted the blanket and found that the kits were almost full to the brim with gold dust and nuggets to the value of at least \$5,000. The miner was out prospecting on Bear Creek, and had no more anxiety about his pile than if it were safely housed in the Bank of England.

It was the same in nearly every cabin I entered. Gold greeted me everywhere. They were shelves full of oil cans, meat-tins, fruit-jars, and buckskin and walrus bags packed with the precious metal, and all as unprotected as if they were full of potatoes.

One Norwegian miner on Hunker Creek had made a strong box of a pair of canvass overalls, the legs of which he had sewn up. I lifted the uncanny "safe" and found that it weighed a good 100lb., every ounce of which was virgin gold; and the least value I could place in those dirty overalls was \$5,000.

There were five gallon oil-cans full of gold carelessly pushed under the miners' bunks, every one of which held a fortune, for which most men strove a lifetime.

Out on Eldorado Creek there is a settlement of miners who have no fewer than fourteen rich claims, and are washing out gold at the rate of many thousands of pounds a week. There strong room is a common galvan'ed washing-tub, and when I was there it was three quarters full of gold, and much too heavy for two strong men to lift. Had I been inclined I might have punched thousands of pounds worth. Gold abounded on every side which seemed to belong to nobody.

Even if a miner leaves his cabin for a week or more, he simply leaves a notice to this effect attached to the walls. He never thinks of putting a guard over his pile.

Of course there have been attempts at theft, but the perpetrators have been invariably detected. In one recent case the thief managed to carry his booty a distance of ten miles, when cold and exhaustion compelled him to take shelter at the cabin of one of the miners. His host's suspicion was aroused by the man's conduct and by the bags of gold, for which he could not satisfactorily account.

The miner detained his guest, communicated with some of his fellows; and fifteen of them assembled in the hut and sat in judgment on the thief. He was found guilty, and half-a-dozen bullets put a sudden end to his career.

Such cases, however, are very rare; and it speaks volumes for the honesty of the 40,000 men who are now gathered in Dawson City that they can see hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of gold lying about, without even thing of laying hands on it.

To my mind by far the luckiest man in the Klondike is a man you have probably never heard of—Halsey Potnam. Before coming to the Klondike, Halsey had tried and failed in almost every calling a man can follow, from blacksmith to labourer in the Brooklyn parks, and from printer to barman. When he reached Dawson he had not the necessary 50 cents for a shave; and 2 lb. of meat at 70 cents a pound would have put him in the "Bankruptcy Court."

Within a few months Halsey had mined and sold \$14,000 worth of gold; and to-day, after little more than a year at his last lucky venture, he could write you a cheque for \$50,000, and yet retire on a fortune.

COULD NOT DRESS ALONE.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Tells of His Intense Suffering From Rheumatism and How He Found Relief.
From Bridgewater, N. S., Enterprise.
Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victim upon whom it fastens its. It is almost unendurable. Only those who write under its pangs can imagine the joy of one who has been freed from its terrors. Mr. J.W. Folkenham of New E.M., N.S. is one of those who have been released from pain, and who believes it is his duty to let others know how a cure can be found. Mr. Folkenham is a farmer, and like all who follow this arduous but honorable calling, is subject to much exposure. It was this exposure that brought on his trouble and caused him so much suffering before he was rid of it. He says:—In the spring of 1897 I contracted rheumatism. Throughout the whole summer I suffered from it, and about the first of October it

became so bad that I could not get out of the house. The pains were located in my hip and back, and what I suffered can hardly be expressed. I became so helpless I could not dress myself without aid. Eventually the trouble spread to my hands and arms, and at times these would lose all feeling and become useless. In November I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four boxes began to improve. After using six boxes the pains and soreness had all gone and I was able to do a hard days work. I intend using a few more boxes more as a precautionary measure, and I would earnestly advise those suffering from this painful trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and be made well.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Freeing a Captive.

The New York Tribune tells a story of precedent in England, the fulfilment of an old custom. When Charles II. was reigning, he sent his wife, Katharine, to Oxford, and forbade her to return to St. James for a full year. The warden of Merton entertained the queen during her stay, and the room occupied by her in the quadrangle area still shows.

One day as the queen sat working by the open window, a bullfinch flew into the room; and she caught it, and held it until a cage could be made of hemp and rushes. Some weeks later, as she was leaving, the bird escaped and flew away. On her departure from the college gate, her majesty said:

"Mr. Warden, in remembrance of my happy visit, I pray you always liberate hereafter a wild bullfinch on this day."

So it is that, on the third of June, every year, the warden comes into the quadrangle at eleven o'clock, holding a little cage of hemp and rushes, in which a bullfinch is confined. The junior bursar, who has been awaiting his arrival, then advances saying, "Mr. Warden this is Queen Katharine's bird?"

"Aye," the warden replies, "this is Queen Katharine's bird."

The bursar then opens the cage, and claps his hands until the bird flies away. During the rest of the year the cage is kept on a pedestal in the senior common room.

It is a very pretty ceremony, but it would gain in significance if one could be sure that the bird liberated is one which would otherwise remain caged; but if a wild bird is caught for the occasion there is some pathos in the act.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE ROTHESAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, on Church of England lines. Re-opens September 5.

WRITING OF **Hetherwood**

The Rev. Canon Roberts says: "I found there my ideal of a true home for the education of our daughters."

For a calendar giving interesting information apply to

MR. J. S. ARMSTRONG, Principal, Hetherwood, Hathersay, N. B. J. S. ARMSTRONG, C. E., Midland Railway, Winoor, N. S.

EDGEHILL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WINDSOR - - NOVA SCOTIA, Incorporated 1891.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Curran, D. D., Chairman Board of Trustees. Miss Letroy, of Cheltenham Ladies' College, England, Principal. Eight Resident Experienced Governesses from England. House-keeper, Matron, and Nurse. Board and Tuition Fees, including French, Latin or German or Greek, Daily Calisthenics, Chess, Music, Singing, Painting, Drawing, etc., are extra. Preparations for the Universities. Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 14th, 1898. For Catalogue apply to DR. HIND.

Trafalgar Institute. (Affiliated to McGill University.) SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL.

FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN, with Preparatory Department for Girls under 13 years.

President.....Rev. Jas. Barclay, D. D. Vice-President, Ven. Archbishop Evans, D. C. L. Principal.....Miss Grace Fairley, M. A., Edinburgh. The Institute will Re-open on TUESDAY, 13th SEPTEMBER.

For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 21 St. John street, Montreal.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL, August, Maine. A FIRST CLASS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Will Re-open Sept. 1st, 1898. REV. GEO. F. DEGEN, August, Maine.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BBOS. Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

VOICES OF AFRICA'S BLACKS.
Race Discrimination Stronger in South Africa than in the United States.

It is natural for people who have grievances to magnify them and often to imagine that they are worse off in their peculiar misfortune than any other people under the sun could possibly be. It is a weakness of the race that manifests itself elsewhere, and has done so in all ages of the world and will do so to the end of the chapter. It is well that it is so, perhaps, as discontent is the touchstone of human progress. A satisfied man or race is doomed to moral and material and intellectual stagnation or retrogression from bad to worse.

The war with Spain has brought to the surface in every State in the Union, and in more than a hundred Afro-American newspapers, in a provoking and aggravating form, all the grievances which have fallen to the lot of the Afro-American citizen in his progress from a chattel slave to the full stature of manhood and citizenship—from a thing without social, political or material status to a man with equal rights with all others under the fundamental law of the land and with a social and material status the nature of which depends almost entirely upon himself, upon his industry and thrift. The fact that in some States of the Union lynch law and separate car laws and restrictions upon suffrage prevail, and are really grievous and burdensome, is made the basis of column upon column of opinion, anathemas and what not, with a broad streak of lamentation running through all of it.

It was a favorite habit of the late Frederick Douglass, in delivering a public address, to exclaim, in a sort of tragic attitude and voice, that 'you cannot estimate the heights to which we have risen unless you measure the depth, from which we were dragged! Oh, the depths! Oh, the depths!' The Afro-American editors, who ought to remember this most religiously, are most prone to forget it, especially at this time when the nation needs a united patriotism in which "its" and "ands" have no place whatever. When the public danger has passed away we shall all have plenty of time to present our personal and individual grievances and to seek to remedy them by the creation of a heal by public opinion.

The separate car laws of the Southern States, as I have often said in letters are a positive grievance, because of the sort of accommodation provided under them and the manner of their enforcement. But these separate car laws in the Southern States and the regulations made and enforced under them are not so unjust and oppressive as those enforced in South Africa in the Dutch Republic, or the English Cape Colony. In The N. Y. Sun of June 5 Bishop Turner of Georgia was quoted as to the provision made on the railroads of the Dutch or South African Republic for the native Africans. In the Imro Zantsundu, printed in the Kaffir language for the most part, at King William's Town, Cape Colony, the native editor has an editorial in which he makes a startling revelation of the treatment the natives receive from the British railroad authorities in the Cape Colony, and what he says ought to be a source of consolation to Afro-Americans, whose disadvantages in this respect are growing less oppressive every year, and are bound to disappear entirely in the course of time, as they have gradually done in all the Northern and Western States in the past half century. We are rapidly living down the obnoxious condition. In Africa it is just beginning to be hitched upon the native population by the European conquerors, and can only be done away with by long years of protest and agitation, following in the wake of railroad extension and the development of native character, both of which are in their infancy. The editor of Imro Zantsundu is a very intelligent man, and writes Kaffir and English with equal fluency and purity. His paper is a four-page, eight-column sheet, with a two-page, six-column supplement. The page is a great deal longer and wider than that of The Sun. The paper used is sky blue. From five to seven columns are printed in the English language, while the remainder, including the advertisements (of which there are twenty two columns in the issue of April 27) is printed in the Kaffir language, of which the editor says: 'The thirt of Kaffir literature is beginning to show itself, and should be encouraged in every possible way.' Imro means 'native,' while Zantsundu means 'opinion.'

As to the provisions made for the natives on the railroads of the Cape Colony, the editor of Imro Zantsundu says: 'Travelling by rail, if you happen to be black in the color of your skin, brings with it some discomfort in this country. As a rule, the third class carriage, where a black man is always expected to be, are kept in most filthy condition, and if you happen to have a ticket that entitles you to occupy a



Millions NOW use Pearlline

higher compartment, you invariably meet with humiliating rebuffs.' This sound identically like a paragraph out of Bishop Truner's Atlantic Voice of Missions. 'We are glad to acknowledge, however,' continues the editor of Imro, 'that during a recent trip to Port Elizabeth the above was not the case. The officials, passengers, and refreshment conductors were most courteous and obliging. 'The worst sights we saw, however, were at the Rosemead Junction and Tafelberg stations. In the former place passengers naturally await the arrival of up and down trains for hours, usually during that night. There is no waiting rooms for natives. At Rosemead Junction we saw, in pelting rain and in dangerously cold weather, a dozen or more native passengers who had paid or were willing to pay full value for their seats, stivering in the cold and rain at midnight, some of them huddled together like monkeys in a corner of the open platform, waiting for their train. One of the best natives in Port Elizabeth, Peter Kewese, fell a victim to a cold caught while waiting at Rosemead Junction to go home. He reached his family in a dying condition and succumbed in three days after arrival! 'At Tafelberg station a poor native woman, with a baby four months old in her arms and three other little children, ranging from two to five years of age, spent a deadly cold night on the open platform, as if of similar lifeless material as the bags of grain and cases of goods surrounding them. The poor creatures had spent most of that night there. To say they were shivering is not descriptive enough; they were dead cold. It is a sight the writer would not like to see again.

'It seems so unfeeling to allow this to continue, and we hope it needs only to be brought to the knowledge of the railway department for the matter to be attended to, and that right early. Their are other stations similarly situated, but these mentioned were the worst: examples of suffering along the route.' There is nowhere on the main or branch lines of Southern railroads a state of affairs that approaches that in the Cape Colony, and from all that I have been able to gather the same condition prevails on all the railroad lines operated in Africa. Those railroads were not built for black natives, but for white Europeans and freight. All the evidence goes to show that the Europeans in Africa have no respect whatever for the rights or comfort of the black Africans. The advance guard has been bent only upon conquest of territory and the securing of commercial privileges. The teachings of religion and humanity may follow after a while, but the prevailing policy had already done much to embitter the minds of the natives against the Europeans and their religion and thus lay the foundations of race antagonisms which will grow in intensity and seriousness as the natives shall grow enlightened in the civilization of Europe. The greatest element of danger is in the general contempt which the Europeans entertain for the African and the African character. It has been shown that, unlike the red races, the black race does not wither up in contact with the whites, and that it does not truckle under and accept without protest and retaliation, as the yellow races do. The black man stands his ground and resorts to diplomacy as well as violence to protect his interests. This is so far the record in the United States, the West Indies, and Africa. In the United States we have separate cars and waiting rooms in the South. They are a positive hardship and injustice, but their character for cleanliness and comfort is constantly growing better, because public opinion demands it, and it is generally expected that the whole system will gradually disappear. It cannot withstand the growing intelligence and broadening sympathies of the American people, who at bottom love liberty and fear God.

There is a very broad and rich field for activities of British Christian missionaries among members of their own race in Africa, and perhaps the British newspapers, may be inspired by this article to pay some attention to this subject. It is manifestly ironic to waste all the missionary money and effort on the native blacks in order to save their souls when their bodies are being killed by a brutal policy of exposing them to the elements and starving them on the public highways when they have to travel from one place to another 'in third-class carriages' kept in a most filthy condition' and operated by Europeans. [—T. Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun.

Putnam's Corn Extractor
Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

'It is Full to be Wise.
You wore them clustering on your breast
My gift, the violet-blue
Two blossoms fell; I kept them, pressed,
In memory of you.
I found them in an old worn book,
The violet crisp and dried,
And dreaming of those days of bliss,
The violet-blue days, I sighed.
Would that I were a fool again,
And you my lolly's prize,
Alas! I've vainly waxed since
We've foolishly waxed wide.

"My busy day"

—the day when housecleaning sets in. If you do it in the hard-working, bustling way, every man, woman, and child wants to get under cover. Do it with Pearlline, and nobody's troubled, not even you yourself. Pearlline housecleaning is quicker, quieter, sooner through with, easier. Saves much rubbing. Saves paint. Saves temper. Wherever you can use water for cleaning, use Pearlline with it and you'll get the best work. And let the children help. They enjoy cleaning with Pearlline, and you'll be training them in the way they should go.

restly ironic to waste all the missionary money and effort on the native blacks in order to save their souls when their bodies are being killed by a brutal policy of exposing them to the elements and starving them on the public highways when they have to travel from one place to another 'in third-class carriages' kept in a most filthy condition' and operated by Europeans. [—T. Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun.

Putnam's Corn Extractor
Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

CAN'T ENJOY LIFE



Because of nervousness, dyspepsia, heart trouble, etc. Lots of people just have to sit and look on while their healthy, vigorous friends have all the enjoyment of a strong and robust body. Dr. Ward's Pills will bring back health, strength, snap, vim and energy to even the weakest and weariest of suffering humankind.

A BAD INVESTMENT MADE GOOD.
I have half a gross of empty bottles upon my shelves. Everything my neighbors and friends would tell me to try I would go straight away to the drug store and purchase. I was in a terrible condition from dyspepsia and liver troubles and was getting worse all the time. I was so discouraged buying one medicine and the other and receiving no benefit that I was about giving up all hope of ever getting better, when my husband brought me home a box of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, which he said had been highly recommended to him. I began using them at once, when, to my great surprise, I felt better in a very short time and continued them for about two weeks and the least sign of dyspepsia or liver troubles now, and have also gained several pounds in weight.

Signed, ANNIE E. GAUNTLEY,
King Street, Berlin, Ont.
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$2.00, all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

D & A CORSETS
are made in great variety of styles. Whether tall, slim, stout or short you can get a D & A that will fit you comfortably, and at the same time add a little to the natural grace of the figure.
D & A CORSETS WEAR as well as they fit.
Sold by most dry goods houses.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'So ye wur teined £1 fur assultin' Clauty' remarked Rafferty.
'I wur,' replied Mr. Dolan; 'an' it wur a proud moment when I heard the sintince.'
'Fur what rayson?'
'It showed beyond a doubt which man had the best iv the contest.'
'The human frame,' said the Professor, 'is uring at the High School for Girls, changes completely once in seven years. You' for instance, Miss Budda,' he continued, turning to a pretty girl of seventeen, 'when you are twenty-four, will virtually be Miss Badde no longer.'
'Indeed, Professor, I hope not,' she said with a pretty blush.
Billiken; 'Wha' 's the matter, Williken? Williken; 'Matter enough. You know' some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife, to— to keep it out of the hands of— of people I owe you know.'
'Yes.'
'Well she's taken the money and gone off— says she won't live with me because I swindled my creditors.'
'I reckon,' said uncle Henry, after bearing his grandson reading from a paper that it was the proper thing to bestow a name upon one's bicycle. 'I shan't have to search for a name for that bicycle of mine.'
'What are you going to call it?' inquired the visitor.
'Did you ever hear tell of circumstances over which you have no control?'
'Yes.'
'Well, that's what I'm going to call that bicycle, 'Circumstances.'

A little boy had come to school for the first time. The teacher, to encourage the children to speak, asked them simple questions, such as 'How many feet have you?' etc. The cautious man, however, listened without saying anything. At last the teacher, noticing this, said to him:— 'How many feet did you say you had?'
Afraid of committing himself, he said: 'Please sir, I didn't say I had any.'

Little Lillie: 'Don't you think, doctor, that I look just like my mamma?'
Mother: 'Hush, child! Don't be vain.'
Lady: 'Are these eggs really fresh?'
Shop Assistant: 'Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm, you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling.'

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began to banter him about his style of doing it, telling him to take care not to put in too much putty.
'Arrah, now, be off wid you,' said Pat, 'or I'll put a pain in your head without any putty at all.'
'We ought to worry more over other people's troubles than our own.'
'I do, I worry over my creditor's troubles.'
'What are they?'
'My debts.'
'Oh, John,' exclaimed the fair young mother, 'I am glad you're home. I have been so worried.'
'Why, dear,' he asked, 'what's the matter?'
'It's about the baby. I tremble to think of it. You know they say children that are too smart never grow up.'
'Yes, yes,' he cried, 'go on! What is it? Where is our darling? What has happened?'
'John,' she said, putting her arm around his neck and sobbing upon his breast, 'he said, 'D. d.,' today, and he is only nine months old.'

'How is this, John— what made you put the children to bed so soon?' asked his wife, on her return home.
'Because they disturbed me in my writing, my dear.'
'And did they allow you to undress them quietly?'
'No. That one in the corner screamed dreadfully.'
'That one in the corner?' She goes and peeps. 'Why, bless me, what have you done John?— that's Freddie Squal from next door!'
Dressmaker: 'So you are not satisfied with the dress, madam? I fear, then, I shall have no more of your work.'
Customer: 'No,' but I'll recommend you to my friends.'

She: 'Surely, my dear, you will consider the matter carefully before consenting to Clara's marriage with Mr. Casman.'
He: 'Cert inly. I shall have his books examined by an expert.'
An officer in the Army, seated at the table d'ote of an hotel, looking significantly at a clergyman opposite, said:— 'If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a clergyman.'
'Evidently your father was not of that opinion,' quietly responded the clergyman.
A diner in a restaurant got a fish-bone across his throat, and was very nearly choked. A waiter rendered him a little assistance by loosening his collar and giving him a glass of water. When the gentleman received his bill he was disgusted to find that a shilling had been charged for this slight service.
'What is the meaning of this, waiter?' he asked, angrily, pointing to the offending item.
The waiter looked at it and replied: 'Well, sir, choking's an extra.'

'Let us see some of your black kid gloves,' said a lady to a shop assistant. 'These are not the latest style, are they?' she asked, when the gloves were produced. 'Yes, ma'am,' replied the young woman;

'We have had them in stock only two days.'
'I didn't think they were,' because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and vice-versa. I see the tan stitches but not the vice-versa.'
The assistant said that vice-versa was French for seven buttons, so she sold three pairs.

What's in a Seal?
In this one there is health and keen enjoyment, for it is the symbol of the finest coffee grown.
Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee
is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.
It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything superior.

A HEALTHY WOMAN.
Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.
Doan's Kidney Pills
Tone and regulate the kidneys and help the system to throw off the poisons from the system.
Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Ont., says: 'For years I suffered from dropsical troubles which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any Kidney or Dropsical trouble.'
Price 50c a box, 3 for \$1.50, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

TO BURN,
TO CRACK,
TO DESTROY,
IS THE MISSION OF MOST LEATHER DRESSINGS.
To Soften, to Toughen, to Sustain, to Prolong Wear and Impart a High Lustre is the mission of
PACKARD'S
Special Combination
Leather Dressing
(FOR ALL COLORED SHOES)
The only preparation of the kind.
PACKARD MAKES IT PACKARD OF MONTREAL
25 CENTS | L. H. PACKARD & CO. | ALL SHOE STORES

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.
Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life. But to every lady who uses Turkish Dyes success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible. Simple to use, these beautiful dyes produce the richest and most lasting effects. TURKISH DYES are complete in themselves. Every color is distinct, effective, and has its own special character. Use TURKISH DYES upon any material whatever that can be dyed, and you are sure of success. They put life into old garments, they add lustre to what is lack lustre and dined and poor. TURKISH DYES are as different from the common dyes as the bright day is different from the dark and desolate night.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.)

so much more pliable than at five and twenty.

Victoria, therefore, was as refined a girl—and withal fresh and natural—as one could wish to meet; and in that a somewhat provoking contrast to her sisters, for all their painstaking observance of every trivial thing connected with etiquette.

A grand family coach was in waiting, with a humber vehicle for the maids, and a couple of carts for the luggage, which quite filled the booking office of the little station.

A splendid footman, in a livery of canary-color and chocolate-brown, assisted the ladies to their seats; and, after a considerable amount of fuss and bother, the whole party was got en-route for The Towers.

Part of the way lay through a somewhat narrow lane, and in the middle of this lane they met a berouche, drawn by a pair of handsome bays, with coachman and footman in plain dark livery.

The two carriages had to pass each other so slowly, owing to the narrowness of the lane, that their occupants were able to exchange leisurely critical glances.

'Yes; I noticed her. She was very beautiful. Who can she be, I wonder?' mused Mrs. Muggleton, with a vague feeling of unrest.

The good lady knew everything. Burke's Landed Gentry or 'Dobrett's Peerage,' could tell her about the aristocrats who were to be her neighbours; and deep down in her heart, there already lurked a hope that the young, unmarried baronet, Sir Gerald Vere, might fall a prey to the charms of one of her daughters.

It dashed her happiness a little—in spite of his genial bow and smile—to see him in company with that young and beautiful girl who sat behind his aunt.

'You don't know who she is?' she said, anxiously, addressing her husband.

'If No. Some visitor I should imagine. The elderly lady would be Sir Gerald's aunt, Lady Ruth Falliser.'

'Oh, yes; I know that,' said his wife, impatiently.

'Well, I don't know any more. I thought she—Lady Ruth—looked an uncommonly nice little body. I don't know that I noticed anything else.'

'You should have seen the young lady, papa. She was so beautiful,' said Vi.

The two elder Misses Muggleton said nothing.

They had seen Lillian Delisle; and the sight had cast a sudden dampness over their spirits.

That graceful form, gowned in shimmering silver-grey—that lovely, flower-like face, crowned with the shining golden hair—had made them suddenly and painfully conscious of certain deficiencies of their own.

Their dresses were of the richest material, and had been made by the most skilful of Parisian costumiers; but now they half-doubted whether they were not too rich; and, glancing at each other's faces, they owned that they had an unbecomingly red and bloated appearance.

The intense heat of the day, coupled, perhaps, with a little very natural excitement was responsible for this, and at another time, they might not have thought much about it.

But, to themselves, they thought with a mingling of vexation and humiliation, how different they must have looked from the tranquil high-bred occupants of that other carriage—what a contrast the warm brick-dust colour of their complexion to the lily-like paleness of Lady Ruth, or to the exquisite rose tints of the girl who sat beside her!

CHAPTER XII. LAUNCHED ON SOCIETY.

There was much excitement at The Towers.

It was several weeks since the Muggletons settled there; and now an event to which they had looked forward with mingled delight and trepidation was at hand.

A dinner-party was to be given at Vivian Court, and his entire Muggleton family were to be among the guests.

This was to be, as it were, the 'open sesame' to the charmed circle which bears the name of British aristocracy.

At Vivian Court they would meet the 'country'—so much of the country, that is, as possessed any attraction for Mrs. Muggleton and her daughters.

They had lived in kind of dream since they came down to Hampshire.

The life had seemed so tremendously unreal, that it was questionable whether they had not occasionally pinched themselves to make sure that they were awake.

They changed from a moderate competence to vast wealth had been so sudden, it might well almost threaten to destroy the balance of their minds.

It was so wonderful for Mrs. Muggleton to have a housekeeper, who looked a much grander lady than she herself had ever dreamed of being half-a-dozen years ago; and a man cook, who looked exactly like a gentleman, and who drove out in a neat little carriage of his own.

For a long time the worthy lady trembled when she spoke to her own servants—in such mortal dread was she of making some terrible blunder like that of the body in the hairy tale, who, being suddenly raised to the good lady's maids; and, in a few minutes, she had the gratification of being taken into the dining-room by Sir Gerald, and seated at his right hand.

She had been introduced to all the people present, and could meditate upon them at her leisure.

Lady Cantrip, in the famous cherry-stem and the false diamonds, sat opposite, and next to Mrs. Muggleton was John Morewood; next to him, again was her eldest daughter, Marie.

Mrs. Muggleton beamed with satisfaction. She knew Morewood as master of Beech Royal, and a bachelor; and she would have been well satisfied to give him one of her daughters to wife.

Marie looks charming—dear girl,

spirit of friendliness, and Mrs. Muggleton and her daughters were getting quite accustomed to seeing the name of squires, baronets, members of Parliament, and even earls, figuring on the bits of paste-board in the brand new silver card-basket.

Outward respect, at any rate, was being paid to the Muggleton millions.

Lady Ruth, instigated thereto by her nephew had paid a call at the Towers; and the call had been, in due course, returned.

Sir Gerald, too, had good-naturedly 'dropped in' to see Mr. Muggleton, had talked about 'a bit of shooing'; and, in short, had done a lot that a thoroughly kind-hearted and well-oreed man could do to put his new neighbors at their ease.

But this dinner party was felt to be the true test of strength.

If they acquitted themselves successfully at that, the Muggletons knew the centre of society was won.

Henceforward they would have nothing more to fear.

Indeed this had been Sir Gerald's thought in planning the dinner-party for their benefit.

'We must give the poor things a helping-hand, you know,' he had remarked, good-naturedly, to Lady Ruth. 'Once they get in the swim, they'll do very well; but we must help to launch them off a bit.'

'I'm sure it's very good of you to trouble about them,' Lady Ruth had answered. 'You are really too good-natured.'

And, indeed, in those days, Sir Gerald seemed literally overflowing with kindness and good nature.

There was a secret happiness in his heart which impelled him to kindly deeds, and made his countenance so generally bright that people wondered how they could ever fancy there was any look of melancholy in his dark brilliant eyes.

It was a time of sunshine, to be followed by as black and awful a storm-cloud as ever broke above the head of man.

But no shadow from the future assailed them.

He deemed himself a favorite of the gods and pressed on, blindly, to meet his fate.

The night of the dinner-party came at length, and the Muggleton carriage rolled away from the portals of The Towers, bearing its freight of silk-robed forms and wildly palpitating hearts.

Mrs. Muggleton wore black velvet and diamonds; her two eldest daughters were radiant in delicate heliotropic satin, the tresses draped with richest lace, and pearls circling their neck and arms.

Vi was very simple and charmingly dressed in pale primrose colour, which harmonised to perfection with her fair, rosy skin and dark prettily-curving hair.

Her sisters encouraged her to dress with youthful simplicity, wisely thinking it would have the effect of making them appear younger than they really were—and they were approaching an age when a girl thinks it a privilege to be able to peg herself back a little on the board of life.

Arrived at the Court, they were received by Lady Ruth with a tranquil politeness which Mrs. Muggleton immediately resolved to try to imitate; and by Sir Gerald with the very perfection of genial good-nature.

Mr. Muggleton himself was at home wherever he went.

He was a happy-natured, unaffected man, who, never pretending to be what he was not, was tolerably sure of being respected for what he really was.

In the truth must be told, he felt secretly a little good-natured contempt for the young baronets and squires with whom he now so often found himself, regarding them as 'hires of the field,' who could neither 'toil nor spin.'

A man who was no good 'in the City,' wasn't much good anywhere, in honest Samuel Muggleton's opinion.

However, he thought their air of good breeding a thing to be admired, just as he admired his own splendid service of plate at The Towers; and, as he had a breezy, genial, and thoroughly sensible manner, he bade fair to be a very popular man in Hampshire.

The ladies of his family were not quite so much as ease as he was.

But even they got on far better than they had expected, for everybody was ready to pay court to the wife and daughters of the millionaire.

It money cannot do everything, it must be admitted it can do some things very well indeed.

At first the ladies found quite interest enough in noting the furniture, and the general arrangement of the thing at the Court.

Their own great drawing room was resplendent with crimson and gold; its walls and ceiling were magnificently painted; and, altogether, it presented an appearance most brilliant and imposing.

Sir Gerald's drawing-room was not at all like this.

The carpet was rich, but dark; the upholstery of the most delicate and subdued tint—tints, however, which set off to perfection the brighter hues of the ladies' dresses, and the masses of hot-house flowers.

Mrs. Muggleton, glancing anxiously about her, was not quite certain she preferred her own splendid room to this one.

The sounding of a gong, and the entrance of a footman to announce 'Dinner is served, my lady!' broke into the good lady's musings; and, in a few minutes, she had the gratification of being taken into the dining-room by Sir Gerald, and seated at his right hand.

She had been introduced to all the people present, and could meditate upon them at her leisure.

Lady Cantrip, in the famous cherry-stem and the false diamonds, sat opposite, and next to Mrs. Muggleton was John Morewood; next to him, again was her eldest daughter, Marie.

thought his proud mother; and I am sure he is very attentive and polite?—which, of course, was true, for Morewood was a gentleman.

Janetta had got, for her neighbor, a Sir Granville Granly, a handsome dissipated looking man of seven or eight and twenty.

He, too was a bachelor, and again the mother's heart beat high.

With her youngest daughter's neighbor she was not so perfectly well-pleased.

He was a handsome, jolly-faced young man, with broad shoulders, blue eyes and splendid teeth, which he was constantly showing as he laughed his hearty, ringing laugh.

He was not more than four or five and twenty and his name was Harry Rolleston.

He was the nephew of old Squire Rolleston, who lived at a broken-down old manor house, half-a-dozen miles away.

He had neither wealth nor title, and Mrs. Muggleton did not care to see her pretty youngest daughter chatting so familiarly with him.

Vi did look pretty, very pretty with her dimpled mouth, and bright color and sweet laughing eyes.

There was one other person at the table whom Mrs. Muggleton watched with keen interest—namely, for the matter of that, was the chief object of interest to everyone present.

This was Lillian Delisle, gowned in pure white, with no touch of color about her save her gleaming golden hair.

She looked like a lily in her pure whiteness with that single dash of gold.

She was the cynosure of all eyes; for it had begun to be whispered, in the neighborhood, that she was to be Lady Vere.

Even Mrs. Muggleton had heard the rumor, and had parted with that sweet hope of hers which had pictured one of her own girls as mistress of Vivian Court.

There was no formal engagement. Indeed as a matter of fact Sir Gerald, passionately in love though he was, had never breathed another word of his passion to Lillian since that day when he had spoken in the park, and she bade him take time to consider and reflect.

But, although no formal announcement had been made, it was clear to every body that Miss Delisle occupied no ordinary position at the Court.

Lady Ruth treated her as a friend and equal, and Sir Gerald's devotion could be read in his eyes.

One other personage at the dinner-table deserves attention.

This was the Reverend Augustus Tiptaft a clergyman.

A tall, finely-built man a little over thirty years of age, clean-shaven with a smooth pink skin, very fine teeth, light grey eyes, and beautifully-arranged light brown hair.

Most people considered him handsome; but he was admired by women more than by men.

There was a sleekness about his smooth, admirably-preserved complexion, and a look in that light-grey eye, which made men 'ware of the Reverend Augustus.'

For the rest, he was of good family—the nephew of an earl—and most punctilious in the observance of his priestly duties.

After dinner, when the men came into the drawing room, Mrs. Muggleton watched anxiously to see how they would depart themselves.

A little to her disappointment, Morewood did not join her eldest daughter; instead, he found a vacant place beside Lady Ruth.

Sir Granville sauntered up to Janetta, and Harry Rolleston annexed Vi in the boldest, easiest fashion in the world.

For a minute or two, it seemed as though the eldest Miss Muggleton was to be left alone, but the Reverend Mr. Tiptaft, spying the vacant place on the couch beside her, slid gently into it, and commenced a conversation in soft, bland tones.

Thus the Muggleton family were floated on to the treacherous waters of society.

And there, for the present, we may safely leave them.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 129 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake to leave school; frequently she would have to be taken home, and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good.

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

CHAPTER XIII. IN THE LANE.

It was nearly midnight when Morewood left the Court.

He had driven himself over in his dog-cart, crying but little for the attendance of servants when he could do without them.

And now, on the homeward journey, he was giving a lift to Mr. Tiptaft, who had walked over from Little Cleve.

'I can drop you at your rectory without going two hundred yards out of my way,' he had said, good-naturedly.

And the reverend gentleman had accepted the offer with alacrity.

As they drove through the moon-lit park, Mr. Tiptaft was the first to speak.

'What do you think of our new neighbors?' he said.

'Yes.'

'The men himself I like. I think him a fine, hearty, honest fellow—a diamond in the rough, but a diamond after all. I wish there were more men like him. I mean, in his genuine honesty, and in his plain common sense.'

'Yes, I should say he is honest,' said Mr. Tiptaft, very much as though he considered honesty was poor Mr. Muggleton's only virtue. 'And the women of the family,' he resumed, after a pause, 'what do you think of them?'

'Oh, they are right enough. Mrs. Muggleton hasn't the repose of a Vere de Vere perhaps—a little fidgety and over-anxious I thought; but she's a pleasant, good-hearted sort of creature. And as to the girls, they're really rather nice—the young one especially. It's quite a pleasure to watch her. One doesn't often see such a bright, pretty, unaffected little thing.'

'H'm! it was one of the elder ones you sat next to, at dinner, wasn't it?'

'Yes, Lady Cantrip says she used to be called Pulvis, but that they re-christened her Marie when they went to France. But you know what a spiteful old gossip she is. Upon my word, I ought to be ashamed of repeating what she says.'

'Then you admire Miss Marie?'

'Oh, I can't go so far as that! She seemed a pleasant young woman; and will be still pleasanter, I dare say, when she gets a little more used to their new position here. But, to tell you the truth, I didn't take much notice of her. Now you did, I fancy. You were sitting with her the greater part of the evening.'

'Odd though it may seem, the reverend gentleman did not care for this allusion. He was violently discomposed, and cleared his throat several times before he spoke again.'

'Then it was to say—'

'Upon the whole, then, you think they may be received into society?'

Morewood turned and looked at him in surprise—perhaps, secretly, a little in disgust as well.

'Received into society!' he repeated. 'My dear fellow, of course they may.'

Mr. Tiptaft made a little deprecating gesture.

'Oh, pray don't think I say a word against it!' he exclaimed, hurriedly. 'That would ill bfit my profession.'

'I hope I shall never be ashamed of knowing a man like Muggleton,' said Morewood with decision.

'And you would not hesitate to marry into such a family?'

'Ah, that's another thing! One chooses one's wife a little differently from how one chooses one's friends.'

'Yes, to be sure. You are quite right. Upon the whole I agree with you, perfectly. These people are worthy people, and it behoves us, as Christians, to give them the right hand of fellowship. But we cannot blind our eyes to the fact they are not—not exactly the sort of people we should care to unite ourselves to in marriage.'

'Of course I, as a minister of religion, am bound to show them every courtesy. Indeed, I shall make a point of visiting them very frequently, and of doing everything in my power to make their residence among us agreeable. So much, I take it, Christian charity demands. A clergyman, Mr. Morewood, must needs make himself "all things to all men." I do not forget what I owe to the Muggletons in my parish, you know. They shall not find me lacking in my duty.'

The reverend gentleman spoke with unctuous solemnity.

His sleek, smooth face looked absolutely smug as he turned it sentimentally towards the full bright moon.

Morewood set him down, in his own mind, as a humbug.

He would have liked him better if he had not talked so much about his duties as a Christian; and he wondered, vaguely, what he was driving at.

Certainly, he was very far from guessing the plans which, at that moment, filled Mr. Tiptaft's mind.

Having made diligent inquiries, he had discovered that Mr. Muggleton was able to bestow on each of his daughters a fortune amounting to close upon a million pounds.

This enormous wealth had so stirred the heart of the rector of Little Cleve, that he had forthwith conceived the ambitious project of annexing one of those millions for his own special benefit.

He was aware, however, that this might be a risky feat to accomplish.

in perfection—a selfish cunning, and an exquisite conceit—very valuable qualities as men have found them in all ages of the world.

It may seem on which side his bread was buttered, and deemed, moreover, that he deserved more of the 'butter' than his fellows, that man was the Reverend Augustus Tiptaft.

Sitting at Sir Gerald's dinner-table, he had feared that John Morewood intended to 'make the running' for Marie Muggleton; and hence the gentle 'pumping' to which he was subjecting him during this homeward drive.

Well enough he knew he could never compete with the master of Beech Royal; and so he endeavoured to give him a distaste for the pursuit from the very first, while reserving to himself the privilege—as an exercise of Christian virtue—of being as intimate with the millionaire's family as he might choose.

Morewood, dreaming nothing of what was passing through this 'great little mind' fell into a reverie as soon as the reverend gentleman relapsed into silence.

It is the truth must be told, his thoughts were of Lillian Delisle.

He was recalling her as she had looked that night in her grand, rare loveliness.

He was asking himself whether he could be quite content to know she was to be Sir Gerald's wife.

Very deep in thought was he as the dog-cart passed out of the park, and bowed smilingly along a lane, which lay bathed in the moonlight, in spite of the trees arching overhead.

A plantation ran on one side of the lane. A "sun", as of someone breaking through the undergrowth, made him look in the direction whence it came, and as he looked, the blood rushed madly to his heart, and he could feel him! turning.

We might his heart give a mighty throb, and then stand still, for, just inside the plantation not a dozen yards away from him, stood Madeline Winter—the woman he had assisted to escape—the murderer as of Miss Marshall—the sister of Lillian Delisle.

One moment—no more—she stood there, and then swiftly and silently, she turned away, and was immediately lost to sight among the trees.

Brief as had been his glance at her, he knew it was impossible he could be deceived.

The moon had shone full upon her face, making it appear very pale—as it had appeared on that never to be forgotten night.

Her eyes—those strangely thrilling, soul haunting eyes—had looked straight into his own.

Whether the recognition had been mutual he could not tell; but the woman had looked at him fully, and then had disappeared as though anxious to escape.

'Great Heavens! what is the doing here?' he muttered, almost aloud in excitement. He feared his companion must notice how disturbed he was; but he need not have feared.

The Reverend Augustus was absorbed in blissful calculations of his own.

He had not even seen the face in the plants ion.

If Morewood had been alone, he would have got down from the dogcart, and attempted to find the woman; but he could not do this now without offering some explanation to Mr. Tiptaft.

And what explanation could he give? Indeed, what good could he do, even if he found the woman?

Unless he were prepared to give her up to justice—which, assuredly, he was not—what had he to do with her?

Accordingly, he drove on through the moonlight, set down Mr. Tiptaft at his neat rectory, and then, full of thought, continued his own way home.

But, all through that night, and in the morning, too, he was oppressed by a feeling that the appearance of Madeline Winter boded evil—evil to his friend Sir Gerald—evil to Lillian Delisle.

'I had hoped she was at the other end of the world,' he muttered vexedly, to himself. 'Heavens! what a strange thing that I should be concerned in an affair like this! What a pity it is the guilty woman did not die. How much better for all parties concerned if she were lying in that grave yonder.'

Then, again, the question forced itself upon him—'

'Why had she come to Hampshire—to this particular spot, of all others in the world? Surely she must know that here she was most likely to be detected? Could it be to see her sister she had come?'

It was possible, but, surely, not probable, seeing that Lillian did not to much as know she was alive.

If Madeline Winter had not chosen to take her young sister into her confidence, three years ago, it was hardly likely she would do so now.

'I will see Lillian,' he murmured to himself, for it was thus he always thought of Sir Gerald's future wife. 'If she has seen her sister, or has heard anything to make her doubt that she is dead, I shall be able to read it in her face.'

Thus solving, he set off for the Court, and found Lady Ruth and Lillian in one of the smooth parlors overlooking a smooth, sunny lawn.

Both were tranquilly engaged in fancy-work.

One glance at Lillian's face convinced Morewood she had heard no startling or disquieting news.

She was graciously serene and sweet as usual.

Presently, however, he had an opportunity of speaking to her alone.

Lady Ruth left the room for something, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, he leaned forward, and said, in a low voice—'

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Massey's Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS act on the system in an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.

AFTER YEARS.

It seems to me, Estelle, said Ferris, that you are a moment or two of grave observation, that you are about old enough to leave off playing with dolls.

Flying with dolls, indeed! echoed Estelle, drawing herself up with infinite scorn expressed in the graceful curves of her handsome nose. I playing with dolls!

Why, I am dressing fifteen of them for the church fair! and Estelle held up one completed fairy, gorgons in pink crepe and spangles, with a floating sash and ends of gauze ribbon.

The church fair! said Major Essex, curling his lips, of all absurd nonsense, devised to stir up quarrels among the womankind and rob the men by wholesale, that is the most ridiculous!

But you are going, Major Essex? Going! No, I should rather think not. Why? Haven't I just told you? Because I disapprove of the whole thing.

Major Essex, said Estelle, her voice quivering with indignation and two vivid scarlet spots starting out upon her cheeks, I do believe it is just as Aunt Marion says!

And what does Aunt Marion say? demanded Essex, rather amused. She says that you are getting to be a self h, narrow minded old bachelor!

I can't be so very old. I am not thirty until the new year, pleaded Essex. I call that very old indeed, said Estelle haughtily. And she says you are settling down into a set groove of thought and feeling, and unless—

young women can fix it while you wait. Miss Carson—here—send Estelle to me!

And a light pretty little figure glided in, dressed in somewhat shabby morning. Major Essex sat by the window, looking absently out into the street, but as the work girl attempted to remove the fur wrapping from Mrs. Colonel Changley's neck a pin at her wrist caught in the widow's lace collar.

You awkward, clumsy thing! almost screamed Mrs. Colonel Changley, and then she checked herself abruptly, remembering the presence of Major Essex.

I am very sorry, ma'am—indeed—indeed I did not intend it, faltered a sweet, low voice, which made Essex start as if a finger of fire had smitten his ear.

Estelle Dayton! Oh, Major Essex, is it you? Estelle colored and then grew pale—the snowy little circle of her dropped from her fingers to the floor.

Miss Dayton—if you please! began Mr. Musk of the firm of Mink & Farnall. And Estelle, catching up the ermine collar, murmured a word or two of apology and escaped from the room.

So you're acquainted with the young woman! said Mrs. Colonel Changley a little superciliously. The young lady's father, said Essex coldly, was one of my oldest friends and one of the wealthiest citizens of Florida before this unhappy war desolated all ranks of life.

Mr. Musk of the firm of Mink & Farnall, said Mrs. Colonel Changley, wished she had not insisted on Major Essex's company during the fur seeking expedition.

He went, as soon as he had reason to suppose business hours were over, to the place named by Mr. Musk, and his expedition was in vain. Miss Dayton was not at home.

constable who had made the arrest testified to catching the prisoner with the fish in his possession.

Where are the fish, asked the lawyer for the defendant. Why, they wouldn't keep, answered the constable.

What did you do with them? Oh I disposed of them. What did you do with them? Well I knew they wouldn't keep, so I—disposed of them.

But what did you do with them? My wife cooked them. Add you ate them? Yes.

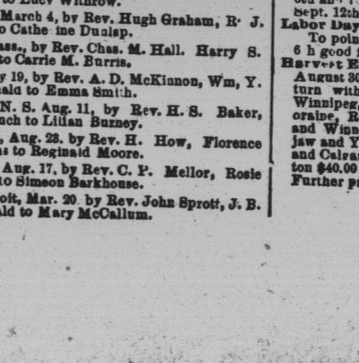
Your Honor, I ask that this case be dismissed. Charge dismissed and defendant discharged, ruled the justice of the peace, on the ground that arresting officer ate the evidence!

Doubly Fatal. The extravagance of expression common to certain young ladies of an emphatic habit leads them into queer statements.

For instance, here is the record of a conversation between two girls: I was just dying to see it. Yes.

Yes, and when I saw it it was perfectly killing.

TRADE-MARK SUSPENDERS. DOMINION SUSPENDER CO. NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.



PUT MY SUSPENDERS ON! BORN.

From the Pump to the Parlor. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FAMILY PAINT. There are many little things that would look better and wear better if they were dressed with a little good paint—a touch here and there to cover up a scratch, a mark or a scarp.

STEAMBOATS. Star Line Steamers. Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston.

DIED. Milton, Aug. 25, Mary M. Jenkins. Sydney, Aug. 18, Mrs. McArthur, 71. Halifax, Aug. 19, John McNeil, 20.

Steamer Clifton. On and after July 7th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown, Monday at 5:30 a. m., Tuesday at 3:30 p. m., Wednesday at 2:00 p. m., Thursday at 3:30 p. m., Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1893, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 30th June, 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

W. E. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, Super'tend't.

Windsor Salt. Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.