

PROGRESS.

VOL. VII., NO. 328.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PADDY AND THE BATONS.

THE PARCEL THAT FOLIOEMAN KILLEN GOT FOR THE CHIEF

Turned out to be a Piece of Silk which the Customs Officials seized and Confiscated. The Chief was Ignorant, so was Killen; but the Money Went up all the Same.

The chief of police had a narrow escape this week. So had "Paddy" Killen, one of his trusted officers. Some one tried to play a joke upon them and whoever it was he very nearly succeeded. Paddy was not heard the last of it yet, neither has the chief.

The affair started in a simple way. When the American boat came in some one—probably a passenger—telephoned the chief that there was a parcel there for him. While this was not an usual occurrence the chief was not at all how to act. Had he imagined for a moment that the parcel in question contained American goods that had not paid their just proportion of duty the course of the irreproachable chief would have been clear. He would have had the man or woman who telephoned him arrested upon the spot and plunged in the darkness of a police cell, there to lie and suffer without any charge being laid against him for having endeavored to make the chief of police of the city of St. John a party to such nefarious business as defrauding her majesty's customs.

But no such thought entered his head. There was a parcel upon the American boat for him. There was nothing to do but send for it. This he trusted to "Paddy" Killen, and Patrick with full confidence in the man who governs him went at once upon his mission.

Now whether the passenger was acquainted with Patrick or whether he left the parcel in charge of some one who knew the genial Irishman is not related, but it is certain that Killen had no difficulty in finding the parcel. He brought it ashore and as he walked up the gangway that versatile and joke-loving coachman, Billy Mac, inquired of him in an affectionate way, "How long since you've been sending your washin' to Boston, Paddy?" to which the police man replied, "Sure, it's the new batons we've been waiting for so long."

This little dialogue reached the ears of customs officer Cowan, standing near, and he too was curious. Cowan is a tide waiter, and it is a part of his duty to see that nothing comes ashore from any vessel that is not on the manifest, and he lost no time in following the policeman to the office of the police where he asked to see the batons. Instead of them he saw the chief, who lost no time in showing him what the parcel contained. The quality of the silk was undoubted, and officer Cowan slowly wended his way back to headquarters, and reported the matter to the collector on Monday morning.

The chief of police was sent for and the statement that he made was frank enough. His daughter is preparing her trousseau for an interesting event and wishing to match some silk asked some friend in the States to do so for her and forward the parcel through one of her father's friends in Boston. This was done, the chief says, without his knowledge and without any intention on the part of Mrs. or Miss Clarke to defraud the customs. The whole value of the article was \$10.08 and the duty would have been about \$3, so this can readily be understood. But even in these small matters the customs are strict, and the collector asked the chief to deposit the value of the parcel, \$10.08 and leave the goods in his hands. This has been done, and the statement of the chief with the collector's memo were sent to Ottawa.

There has been a good deal of fun over the affair and a good deal of misunderstanding. All sorts of rumors have been circulating about the extent of the transaction and the magnifying glasses of many people have exaggerated its proportions, but the facts as stated above, though the version of the chief does not tally exactly with it, are according to him the matter was an absurd trifle, and so PROGRESS considered it until the facts were learned.

It will be some time before "Paddy" hears the last of the "batons" and his "laundry," and the chief will turn his attention to the customs regulations as well as the criminal code. It is well to understand both.

In Memory of Mr. Huddell.

The Church of the Good Shepherd is in a fair way to get even with the world and a good start, but the congregation has had much to surprise it in the last year or two. It is much to its credit that the members have stood by one another in the way they have and that there is a healthy body of church of England people devoted to the church and the parish. The latest shock to their nerves was the discovery that the parish was in arrears to the treasurers of the D. C. S. This was the more surprising since it was understood that Rev. Mr. Huddell had collected more than enough money from the parish to recoup the treasurer for what had been advanced. When written to about the matter he referred

them to his receipts and said he had explained to one of the wardens, about the money he had spent and for which he had 1-ft no vouchers, but as vouchers for everything that the church needed were left by Mr. Huddell, the congregation is at loss to know what became of the \$80 he collected and did not account for. The parish was left in debt to the treasurer for the \$80 which they have paid again.

The "Telegraph" Picnic.

The Daily Telegraph picnic to Lepreaux last Saturday was a success without a particle of alloy. The rain fell on the just and the unjust at St. John, but did not fall on anybody at Lepreaux. It would not have mattered if it had, for the Telegraph men and their friends were a crowd that would have been jolly under any circumstances. But because the day was fine, and all the omens were favorable, they did not however, a la Mark Tapley, indulge in any conscientious scruples about enjoying themselves when there was no credit in being jolly. The fact was, that the Knight of the Rueful Countenance would have smiled from ear to ear had he been on that picnic. The sports and games were varied and more than usually interesting. The dance in the barn, the fat man's race, the mill between lengthy Jeremiah Sullivan and small Fry, the race of five-year-old maidens, the ladies' race, the wonderful clog-dancing of Mr. Petch, the other attractions—all, all were greatly enjoyed by participants and spectators. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the day was the ladies' tug-of-war, in which five ladies of Lepreaux easily pulled across the line five ladies of St. John. A finer instance of the triumph of science over strength is seldom seen. It was 10 o'clock p.m. before Carleton was roused by the cry, "T-e-l-e-g-r-a-p-h! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah," which told of the return of a merry company.

The Gala Days of Next Week.

The fireman's tournament in connection with the visit of the governor general next week, promises to be the event of the season. The committee has succeeded in getting very low rates upon the C. P. R., being a little over a cent a mile. The rates on the steamboats and railways of other lines are also very low. The decorations of the engines and hose carts will be very handsome. The morning parade starts from King street, east, at 10.30, and the torch-light procession in the evening, headed by the bicycle club starts from the same point at 8.30. Delegations are expected from Halifax, Amherst, Moncton, Sussex, Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Augusta, (Me.), and Fairville. The sports on the A. A. grounds, Wednesday afternoon promise to be very good, the entries giving the hope of a grand contest.

A Fake Boxing Tournament.

The "boxing tournament" at the institute Wednesday was as big a failure in point of attendance as the reception to "Dr." Hartley in another part of the city. The people seem to be about as tired of one as the other—and would like to get rid of both. The law will help them out in regard to the boxers—if it is strictly applied—but the remedy for the "doctor" has yet to be found. Mr. Benton arranged the "tournament and he made a failure of it. Encouraged by the attitude of the police, who have smiled at the recent bouts he brought a crowd of people here that did not do him or his show any credit. The people did not patronize him and that will probably be the end of such attempt.

The Fakirs Had No Chance.

There wasn't much faking at the circus, though the fakirs were there all the time and had their eyes wide open. That is the reason that they saw the keenest policeman on the force wandering about with an abstract sort of an air looking at the animals, the snake charmer, etc. Still it was evident that they were not sleeping for when one of the ticket sellers took a dollar for two tickets and omitted to hand over the pasteboard the act was seen. The distressed woman who lost her money soon had her tickets and she blessed the chief and his police.

Hit the Right Idea.

Somebody was remarking, the other day, that "Onward, Christian Soldiers" wears well as a hymn for all sorts and conditions of men who go to church in procession. An improvement on it was attempted a few years ago, however, when the Carleton and Fairville batteries attended service in a body at one of the West End churches. On that occasion, by a happy inspiration of the organist the anthem chosen was, "Who are these in bright array?"

Should Be Looked Into.

Magistrate Ritchie seems to think that the city has plenty of funds, at any rate he did not make his returns for June until the last day of July. This is wrong. They should have been made upon the first of July. Perhaps the committee of the common council at present looking into the matter will find this comes within the scope of their investigation.

THIS IS STRAIGHT TALK.

B. A. FIELDING TELLS OF THE FAMILY DIFFICULTY

That Has Recently Arisen between His Son and His Wife's Relatives and which Ended in the Encounter related in "Progress" a Week Ago—Who is to Blame.

The letter from Mr. B. A. Fielding, of Halifax, that appears in this column, is printed with pleasure. Mr. Fielding states in his opening paragraph that he requested PROGRESS not to refer to the matter in question. This is quite true, but while there were strong business and personal reasons that his request should have been granted, the editor decided with regret that he could not "make fish of one and flesh of another." If men and women prominent socially, and moving in those circles incident to their education and accomplishments, will draw upon themselves the eyes of the public, the newspapers have no business to put on dark glasses. They do not do so when some one less fortunate makes a slip and PROGRESS, so far as it can, tries to treat everybody alike. Mr. Fielding's letter is published with pleasure:

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS, On the 1st inst. I wrote asking you as a personal favor to myself to refrain from publishing any reference to the trouble at present existing between my son Dr. C. H. Fielding and his brother-in-law Dr. A. Payzant. My request was based upon the obvious fact that no public good would be accomplished by such publication but that on the contrary much unnecessary annoyance and injury would thereby be caused innocent people. I regret that notwithstanding my request you have seen fit to publish the sensational article appearing in your issue of the 4th inst. referring to my son and his difficulties with the family of his wife. As this article is misleading in many particulars and calculated to work injustice, it becomes necessary for me, such as I shrink from the task, to correct it.

In the first place your correspondent states that the marriage in question was a surprise to the friends of the young lady. If by "friends" your correspondent means "relations," I say that if they were surprised they should not have been. The girl's family lived in Wolfville at the time, where my son was attending school. His family then lived in Dartmouth, sixty odd miles from Wolfville, and unknown to me he had been, as I afterwards learned, a constant visitor at their house and constantly in the girl's society for many months previous to the marriage. Her family saw and had means of knowing how matters were going. They should have looked after their daughter, and not permitted her, as they did, to leave her home for a week before the marriage took place, without knowing her whereabouts. They should have written me how my son was wasting, at their house, the time he should have been devoting to his studies, in which case I would have removed him at once from Wolfville and thus averted this unfortunate marriage. I have always blamed them for not doing this. My son was then a mere boy of eighteen without a profession or business, with scarcely a preliminary education, and the marriage—which I need not say was clandestine—was a great blow to his parents. All the plans we had arranged for his future had to be abandoned and I was obliged to take him at once from the Arts College and have him fitted to earn a living for his wife.

A multitude of troubles have followed in the wake of that marriage, to say nothing of the pecuniary loss thereby occasioned me, all of which might have been avoided by ordinary prudence on the part of the girl's family, and after all this, it seems too bad that they can presume to inspire articles in your paper such as that in question and advertise themselves as injured people.

Now with regard to the insinuation that my son neglected his wife in any way, I am in a position to say that it is entirely untrue. His devotion to her during the last twelve months, during all of which time she has been an invalid, has been so constant that his health eventually failed and he became utterly prostrated and broken down, as scores of people here will know. So serious did his condition become that acting under medical advice I sent him away for a short vacation of two weeks. Because he thus left his wife he has since been accused of neglect by her and her friends, notwithstanding that before leaving home he arranged with a skillful physician to attend her during his absence, and left friends to look after her with the assistance of a hired nurse.

With regard to the disgraceful occurrence at my son's office, it was in order to avoid a public scandal that I persuaded my son not to prosecute Dr. Payzant for his share in that proceeding. It is immaterial to me who got the better of the encounter, but the alleged cause of the quarrel is more important. Your correspondent suggests that owing to what transpired between my son and his mother-in-law at a certain interview the lady was obliged to

leave his house, and insinuates that the reason of her visit was the relations existing between my son and his wife. This is entirely erroneous. The relations existing between my son and his wife have always been harmonious, and so continued until the arrival of her mother and sister. The mother-in-law had been an inmate of my son's house for more than a week; other members of her family had also been stopping there. My son is a homeopathic physician. His wife's people believe in the allopathic treatment and throughout the entire period of their visit at my son's house they ridiculed his treatment, interferred with his medical instructions, and sought in every way to force upon him their own peculiar views as to treatment and made themselves otherwise most objectionable. So unbearable did this state of affairs become, he was finally obliged in the interest of peace and as he believed the welfare of the patient, to ask them to leave his house which they did.

Thus was brought about the first serious differences between my son and his wife in a period of seven years, during all of which time his conduct towards her was that of a gentleman and during all of which time he enjoyed her confidence and respect. That she has been taken away from his house gives me no surprise. This, of course, was not possible except at her request or at least with her consent. The fact that being seriously ill and her mind weakened by disease, her people might find the task easy of persuading her to leave her husband may lead some to excuse the act. I refrain from commenting upon it.

B. A. FIELDING.

The Elephant's Little Circus.

The big elephant at the circus had a little circus of his own Monday night just as the performance was over and thousands of people tried all at once to gain Main street through the narrow and somewhat dangerous passage to the grounds. There were holes enough in the plank walk to break legs but there is no record of such an accident. But when the elephant turned around and attempted to retrace his steps the small herd of ponies and horses following him were disconcerted. So was the crowd, though it was too dark for them to know what was the matter. Still there was some hustling and fence climbing for a minute and some people found out for the first time how quick they could get over a rail. The sudden notion of the elephant to explore the field prevented a stampede.

This is no Easy Task.

The new bonds and their coupons will require from 60,000 to 70,000 signatures of both the mayor and the common clerk. This at first may not appear to be very much work but those who know say that if his worship writes seven hours a day he can do the work in fifty days. The same applies to the common clerk. In other places, so much signing is not necessary. The coupons are signed in fac-simile and only the bond itself is signed. Had this been provided by the act there would have been no such difficulty. Mayor Robertson is a fast writer, but even he must dread the task ahead of him. Ex-mayor Peters was not a fast writer—in fact it was an effort for him to do much writing. He probably did not think of the bonds when he offered again or he might have changed his mind.

Father Collette's Picnic.

This year Father Collette's picnic will be held at Upham station. Tuesday, August 28th is the day set for this pleasant event. In the words of the handbill, there will be meals, refreshments, music, and fun plenty. Music will be furnished by the Hampton band and a local violinist. The St. Martin's train will run early and late from Quaco and Hampton to the picnic ground. Twenty-five cents is charged for a return ticket to all but children, who pay fifteen cents. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents, children ten cents. And should the day be wet, there's no use going until the first fine day after. No pains will be spared to make Father Collette's picnic an unqualified success.

The Schools Need Looking After.

PROGRESS comments upon the school board and its methods met with a good deal of approval last week. The facts are so apparent that they are patent to very many of the citizens. The schools are not what they were once. The staff has not maintained its high average of excellence. There are many good teachers upon it but the charge of favorites of the trustees having the preference in the matter of appointment is too true to be disregarded. Applicants should be considered upon their merits and not appointed because their friends have a "pull."

Bright Scheme of a Richibucto Man.

According to a Richibucto correspondent: A citizen of this place who has a dread of dogs and who had to pass one day struck a novel idea of getting rid of it this week. He purchased it and blew out

A ROYAL GOOD WELCOME

EXTENDED TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HIS LADY.

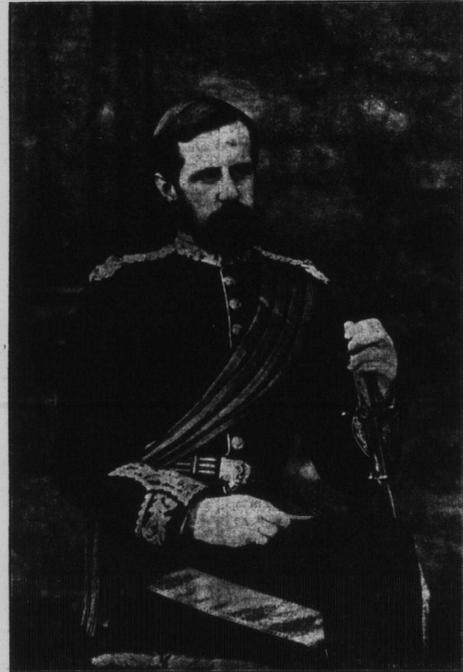
By the City of Halifax—Some Incidents Worth Noting—Some Omissions at the Banquet—Aberdeen is Popular and Does not Forget Anything.

Halifax, August 9.—The visit of the governor general has kept many in the city on a constant round of gaiety. "Functions" by day and by night have followed in rapid succession. High and low, rich and poor all participated in the round of sight-seeing, and amusement.

The Earl of Aberdeen has shown himself self democratic. He lives not for the sel-

body, was not asked to be present. Another notable omission was that of ex-speaker M. J. Palmer. The fact that he was not asked gave rise to some decided heart-burnings. Disagreeable thoughts when the absence of some people is called to mind are forgotten in amusement, when it is remembered how some who were present secured admission. Cards of invitation, not transferable, were handed from one to another, and a story is told how a Hollis street lawyer, still in single bliss, was given a friend's card of admission, took a lady in with him, and the newspaper reporters got it down Mr. and Mrs.

The concert at the gardens showed the



The Governor General in Official Costume.

few but for the public. He seems to calculate his every act so as to make it most pleasing to the people. No little attention is allowed to pass unacknowledged, if he can help it. An instance of this occurred at the dinner by the three national societies on Tuesday night. When the governor-general first arrived in the city he was met by high officials and the city council and escorted to Maplewood. Twenty-five bicyclists joined the procession and wheeled alongside the vice-regal carriage towards Maplewood where they dismounted and cheered. His excellency did not forget the act of courtesy and at the dinner made a prominent but graceful reference to the share of the wheelmen in the demonstration of welcome. The people have already come to love the governor general. They appreciate his kindly, generous heart. The phlegmatic Haligonian, who ordinarily hates to cheer, raises his voice and uses his lungs lustily wherever the governor-general affords a chance for a demonstration of regard.

Whatever little mistakes may have been made in connection with his excellency's reception and entertainment here, have been made not by the governor general but by those who have managed the matter in Halifax. And the "mistakes," if they rise to the dignity of that word, have been infinitesimal. Everything passed off smoothly, despite the one or two little jars.

For instance at the railway station on the night of their excellencies arrival the military had a very prominent position; and it was quite right and desirable they should have. The civic reception at the city hall next day might well have been given a different character, and it was intended to do so, yet it proved too much like a mere repetition to be altogether satisfactory. In the city council chamber the aldermanic and civic aspect of Halifax might have been made more prominent, but the city fathers, comparatively speaking, were showed, no doubt quite unintentionally, somewhat into the background. The hall, of course, is limited in size, and the invitations were necessarily few, yet there was found plenty of room for nearly every social and military dignitary, though others were crowded out. It is not remarkable that Mayor Keele gave positive orders that the list of invitations should not be published. It would hardly bear scrutiny. His worship's intentions were doubtless the best, but all men are fallible, not even excepting a self-made man who became mayor of Halifax. There was much comment in the fact that Hon. Wm. Ross, a member of the privy council and grand secretary of the masonic

popularity of the governor general. Nearly 8,000 people paid for admission and next day the gardens commissioners deposited over \$1400 in the People's bank as a result of their enterprise. Mayor Keele and handsome Alderman Mitchell did the honors with the earl and countess. Their excellencies personally congratulated Superintendent Power on the lovely appearance of the gardens, and the Countess of Aberdeen gladdened Chief of Police Sullivan's heart by asking for an introduction to him and praising the police force under his control. By the way Secretary Lane did a tremendous amount of work in making the concert the success it became.

Their excellencies are good church-goers. Twice on Sunday they attended service. In the morning they accepted Bishop Courtney's invitation and occupied his lordship's pew in St. Luke's cathedral. His excellency is a presbyterian elder, and the members of that denomination were somewhat disappointed when they found him in an episcopal church. They became complacent, however, at night, when the vice-royal couple, accompanied by their two children, walked in from Maplewood and took Hon. W. J. Stairs' pew in Fort Massey church there is an interesting piece of gossip, which has the added value of being true. Henry W. C. Boak has a front pew in the church. He also occupies a cottage near Maplewood. At a pew were to be set aside in Fort Massey for the governor general it was natural that it should be done by the session or the managers. Mr. Boak attempted to anticipate those bodies by sending word to his excellency that his pew would be at disposal of the vice-regal party. He thereby sought to steal a march on social rivals. Nothing was said to the ushers about it, but Mr. Boak took another seat, leaving his pew vacant and awaited the arrival of the distinguished visitors. They came not, and it was just as well, for an usher with a touch of mischief in his composition, and who had heard of Mr. Boak's private offer, took particular care to fill the empty pew with the first strangers who came asking for sittings. At night when the representatives of royalty appeared, they were shown into the Stairs pew in accordance with an arrangement made by the managers in the meantime, and brother Boak was "not in it," at all.

On Monday night came the drawing-room. It was successful and brilliant. The most largely attended affair of the kind ever held in Halifax, yet it was remarkable more for those who were not present than for those who were. The military officers

(Continued on fourth page.)

TRUE PIRATE STORIES.

HOW CAPTAIN FIELDING LED THE WAY TO MURDER.

Conclusion of the Story of the Mutiny on the Saladin—Fielding's Double Treachery Seals His Doom—A Blind Voyage by a Crew of Pirates Reckless With Drink.

The barque Saladin, 550 tons, cleared from Valparaiso for London on the 8th of February, 1844, with the cargo of guano, bar silver and specie before mentioned. There were on board fourteen persons, consisting of Captain Alexander McKenzie, his mates, the crew and two passengers, Captain Fielding and his son, a lad of 15. Fielding had been master of a vessel which had been seized by the Chilean government for smuggling, and Capt. McKenzie had consented to give him and his son a passage to England.

Four of the original crew of the barque deserted at Valparaiso, and Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Johnston, were shipped to supply their places. Carr and Galloway, the cook and steward, were of the crew which had slipped on the outward voyage from Newcastle.

The four new men do not appear to have been messmates previous to that time. Jones was a native of Ireland, Anderson a Swede, while Hazelton and Johnston were English. The latter had run away from an American man-of-war, while Hazelton was a man who was a mystery to the last. To all appearance he was a person of more than a common station as regarded family and training, and he admitted that his name was an assumed one. His secret, whatever it may have been, went with him to the grave.

Captain McKenzie was a hard man with sailors, severe and exacting in his discipline and hard to please. The crew did not like him, and their dissatisfaction was increased by hints and suggestions from Fielding, who seems to have been one of the most thorough villains that ever set foot on a deck. Mingling freely among the men, and talking to them one at a time, he easily learned how far each of them could be relied upon to help him in any bad project, and in due time he took them into his confidence as his associates in a plot for the murder of the captain and others of the crew, in order to gain possession of the vessel. The men who were enlisted in this horrid enterprise were the four who had been shipped at Valparaiso.

The scheme was broached about the first of April and was carried into effect on the night of the 14th. The previous night had been fixed upon for the undertaking, but one of the men to whom a part of the work had been assigned was not on deck at the time appointed and the others showed signs of faltering in their purpose. During the next twenty-four hours, however, Fielding was busy urging them on to act with him the next night. He pointed out how easy it would be to accomplish the design, and how well they would be rewarded by the spoils that would be divided among them. Talking to the men separately, he further convinced each of them that unless he consented his life would be taken by the others. The four accordingly pledged themselves to carry out Fielding's orders.

On the night of Sunday, the 14th of April, the conspirators were ready for their deed of blood. The secret had been well kept, and the doomed men had not a suspicion of danger. The larboard watch, from eight o'clock until midnight, was in charge of the mate, whose name was Byerley. All four of Fielding's accomplices were in this watch, and all four were consequently on deck, while their victims, with the exception of the mate, were asleep below.

Fielding also remained on deck, talking with the mate, saying that he did not want to go down into the cabin on account of an argument he had had with Captain McKenzie. About six bells (11 o'clock) the mate, who had not been told of the conspiracy, gave some directions to the man at the wheel and lay down on a hen coop to rest himself. He was soon asleep, or appeared to be so, and it was a simple matter to dispatch him. Johnston crept toward the sleeping man, axe in hand, and with one swift, strong blow buried the blade of the weapon in his head. Death was instantaneous. The victim neither moved nor uttered a sound. The others approached without noise, picked up the lifeless body and dropped it into the sea.

The first blow had been struck and the pirates were now in full possession of the deck, but there was more work to be done and more lives were to be sacrificed. The captain lay asleep in his berth, and Jones and Anderson were sent down to the cabin to kill him as he slept. As they entered the cabin, they saw the captain's dog watching beside him, and fearing the animal would give the alarm they returned to the deck.

They then roused the carpenter, telling him that he was wanted on deck. As his head appeared above the companion way, a blow was given him with a hammer, but with no better aim than to partially stun him. One of the murderers at once clapped a hand over his mouth, while two others seized him and threw him overboard. As the unfortunate man reached the water he shouted "Murder," and sank beneath the waves.

There was now no time for hesitation. Fearing that the death cry of the carpenter had been heard below, Fielding changed his plan, and approaching the captain's cabin shouted, "A man overboard!" The ruse had the desired effect. Captain McKenzie at once rushed on deck, where he was met by Anderson, who aimed a blow at his head with the axe already stained with the blood of the mate. The mate failed to take effect, and the captain grappled with his assailant, the two working their way forward as they struggled together. At a signal from Fielding, Jones and Hazelton went to Anderson's assistance, and the three seized the captain while Fielding approached with an axe.

On seeing his passenger thus armed the captain realized the peril he was in. "Oh, Captain Fielding!" he exclaimed, but no time for expostulation was given him, while the three sailors held him, Fielding dealt him blow after blow on the back of the head, crushing the skull and extinguishing the last spark of life. They then threw the body overboard.

Three lives had thus been taken with so little disturbance that the sailors in the fore-castle were not awakened. It now became necessary to dispose of them, for according to the plans of the conspirators they were to be murdered.

It was then nearly eight bells, the time for the starboard watch to be called, and a consultation was held as to the way in which it would be safest to attack the men marked for death. By way of arousing them the jib was let go, and then Fielding called them to take their watch. Wholly unsuspecting of danger they carelessly tumbled out, and one after another made their way to the deck. The first to appear, lazily rubbing his eyes, had his head split open and fell without a word, his blood streaming over the deck. Each of the others met a like fate, and in a few minutes the sea had engulfed the last of the bodies of the six men who had been so swiftly and silently murdered in the darkness.

Carr and Galloway, as cook and steward, were not in either watch, and had not come on deck. Fielding's proposal was to these two men, and they were soon cut down. He was cast overboard, and with one despairing shriek disappeared beneath the waves.

Of the fourteen who had sailed from Valparaiso, six only remained, the others, all unprepared, having been sent into captivity by the death of the Saladin. From that time forward the Saladin was at this time, but it seems likely that she was in the vicinity of the equator, off the coast of Brazil. Young Galloway was the only one of the six who had even a rudimentary knowledge of navigation, and he undertook to carry out Fielding's plan of making for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It must be remembered that, fifty years ago, the shores of the Gulf offered greater security for evil doers than would now be possible, and the project was by no means a wild one, could it have been executed.

From this time forward, little attention seems to have been paid to the care of the barque, except to try to make the course to the northward and westward. With fair weather and favoring winds, the Saladin made its way over the ocean, while the crew quartered themselves in the cabin, dressed in the clothing of their victims, and drank to excess of the wines and spirits. During all the remaining voyage of five weeks, the topsails were not reefed, and little of anything save carousing appears to have been done. It cannot be doubted that they felt conscience-stricken at the thought of their foul crime. It is no wonder they kept by each other and drank freely, for solitude would have brought new terrors to their minds. On dark nights, when the wind whistled through the cordage, it may well be imagined that these came to their fancy the groans of the victims and the agonizing death cry of the murdered boy. Thus, with nobody in command, with a crew of drunken murderers, the splendid barque with its rich cargo was driven over the ocean. Each day was bringing the guilty ones nearer to their doom in a land they had never seen.

On the 19th of May they spoke an American schooner, the name of which was directed on their course. Whether the direction given was wrong, or whether it was misunderstood, is not clear. The men, ignorant of their danger and too careless to take ordinary precautions, kept the barque driving onward under a southerly wind until she brought up with a crash on the Nova Scotia coast. Thus ended the voyage of the Saladin, and thus it was that the court at Halifax was called upon to deal with the most bloody tragedy known to its records.

Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Johnston having been adjudged guilty on their own confession, much interest was felt in the trial of Carr and Galloway. They were first tried for the murder of Fielding, and defended by J. B. Uniacke, who urged that they had been compelled to act as they did in fear of their lives. His produced testimonials of their previous good character, and made an eloquent plea for their acquittal. The chief justice, however, charged strongly against them. The jury, after an absence of half an hour, found them not guilty. Another jury was then impelled, and they were tried for the murder of Fielding's son. This jury also found them not guilty, after deliberating for two hours. Carr and Galloway were thereupon discharged from custody.

The court was opened on Saturday, July 20, for the purpose of passing sentence on Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Johnston. The attorney general asked for sentence of death for murder only, as an execution for piracy would require that the bodies be afterwards hung in chains for public exposure. The chief justice, after a solemn admonition to the condemned men, pronounced the sentence—"that you George Jones, you John Hazelton, you William Trenton, alias Johnston, and you Charles Gustavus Anderson, be taken to the place from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and be hanged by the neck till you are dead. And may that God whose mercy, it is sought right, all may obtain, have mercy on your souls."

The four were placed on the 29th of July, 1844. The place of execution was on a rising ground at the lower side of the common, and there was a vast concourse of spectators. The condemned men left their prison, the penitentiary, at 10 o'clock, seated in the prison wagons. First came a detachment of the troops, the grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, followed by the high sheriff in his gig. Another detachment of troops brought up the rear of the gloomy procession.

The demeanor of the doomed men was such as to create a favorable impression on the minds of many who had expected to see either bravado or tokens of fear. They mounted the scaffold with firm steps and listened attentively to the last words of their spiritual advisers. Jones and Hazelton, were attended by Rev. Father O'Brien, Connolly and Quinn, while Anderson and Johnston had the ministrations of Rev. W. Cogswell. Jones alone made any remarks to the public, and in these he expressed his penitence, hoping that others would be warned by his fate. Then he shook hands with his fellow prisoners, kissed each of them on the cheek, and submitted himself to the offices of the hangman.

"It was an awful sight," said the Morning Post, the next day. "Within view of the scaffold, these unhappy men could see the blue waters stretching far into the ocean, which they gazed at with blood-curdling screams on every side while the dread implements of death—the sable executioner—the bolts of the fatal drop—the coffins beneath the scaffold—the hearse outside—and before them, in an unconsecrated corner of the Catholic cemetery, the graves gaping to receive them!"

The executioner then adjusted the cords, the caps were drawn over their features—the bolts were drawn—the platform fell—and the unhappy men were ushered into the dread presence of their Maker."

Such is the story of the Saladin, collected from various sources among the records of half a century ago. It can be well believed that the developments created an intense excitement all over the Maritime Provinces, and beyond them. So far as I am aware, however, no connected narrative of the tragedy has before appeared in print, and while the main facts have been pretty fully covered in this account, it may be that some of the old inhabitants of Halifax can supply some additional details which would be of interest. If so, I should be glad to have them communicated to me by any means in their possession.

I wonder if any of the readers of Progress can supply the name of the Saladin? It was probably printed at the time, though I know it only from having heard it sung. It was a favorite song among sailors years ago, and though by no means a gem of poetry or remarkable for high art in a musical sense, was a graphic account of a tragedy that purported to be the story of one of the prisoners—

Charles Gustavus Anderson is my true and lawful name, And since I've been in custody I've ne'er denied the same. It was probably a metrical version of Anderson's statement. The first verse—"pointed" to suit the air—ran as follows:—

I shipped on board the Saladin, as you may understand; We were bound for Valparaiso, McKenzie had command. We arrived there in safety, without the least delay. When Captain Fielding came on board—Oh, curse that day! Perhaps somebody can tell how the rest of it goes.

The figure-head of the Saladin, taken from the wrecked barque, was familiar to the residents of St. John forty years ago or so. It was used as a sign by James Keough, at his clothing store, Water street, nearly opposite the head of Walker's wharf. It disappeared, however, long before the present generation can remember.

ROSLYNDE.

HE'S ALL RIGHT.

Richard Harrison has Backache for Some Years—It Was Due to Kidney Disease—No More Backaches Now.

HALL'S BRIDGE, ONT., Aug. 6.—Richard Harrison is well known here and everywhere highly respected. That he has been a sufferer for some years from backache and other kidney troubles was a well known fact that gained much sympathy for him. Lately he has been moving around here as spry as a kitten and in the best of health. All his kidney troubles had disappeared, so he said when questioned, and he further stated that the cause of his disappearance was his having used a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The reputation of these pills as a specific in all kidney disorders is now firmly established in this part of Ontario.

"Yes, it is true—I do want a gardener; but have you ever had any experience?" "Yessir, I've read about gardens and I've worked in gardens." "What garden have you worked in?" "I was sweeper in the Madison Square Gardens, sir during the horse show, sir."

The big salaries officers in Washington are in favor of the income tax. They are exempted from paying it.

Learn something thoroughly and there is work enough if you want it. If your time is limited take one course, though four to five is enough for both. You can learn shorthand by mail or money returned (\$10).

SNELL'S COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

FACT—THE Orange Blossom Treatment has cured more Ladies in St. John than any other Medicine. A Home Treatment, Easy and Reliable. Testimonials from St. John Ladies. Send for them and be convinced, enclose stamp, price \$1.00 per box. Mrs. J. Vincent, Manager, No. 25, Richmond St.

SYRINGES.—FOUNTAIN SYRINGES. Two Quart, Fine Quality, only \$1.00. This valuable Syringe sent by A.L. (Registered) to any part of Canada, for \$1.25. C. J. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

PATENTS.—Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee sent patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide. 50c per copy.

WANTED TO WORK in a Photograph Gallery, near a Lady who is a Printer and Retoucher. Apply, stating salary, experience and references. J. J. Macdonald, Photographs, Chatham, N. B.

AGENTS WANTED in every town throughout the Dominion to sell on commission staple articles, used by all families. From three to five dollars easily earned daily. Send for circular. James B. Dimara, Clementsport, Nova Scotia. 7-21-44

BOARDERS WANTED. MISS HART-ING has a room in her house for a few boarders, permanent or transient. Also a few table boarders can be accommodated. 17-44

INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE employment can be given to a number of ladies and gentlemen selling the celebrated "Sonic Photographs and Works of Art" throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, by applying personally or by letter to A. F. Bennett, 40 King St., St. John, General Agent for Canada. 3-3-47

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD promptly sent to you by us through our measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to you by express or P. O. Order \$1.00. Send for 112 up. Agents wanted. PRINCE EDWARD COY., 35 Mill St. St. John, N. B.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developing, toning and fixing solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 25 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 11-21

RESIDENCE at Robb's Bay for sale or to rent. Pleasantly situated house known as the "Tide Property" and within five minutes walk of the Kennebunk Hotel. Best location for a summer residence. Terms on application. For sale by J. W. Fawcett, 24-47

Tetley's Tea. Tetley's Tea.

ELEPHANT BRAND. TETLEY'S TEA. THE STRAIGHT GROWN TEA. INDIA & CEYLON.

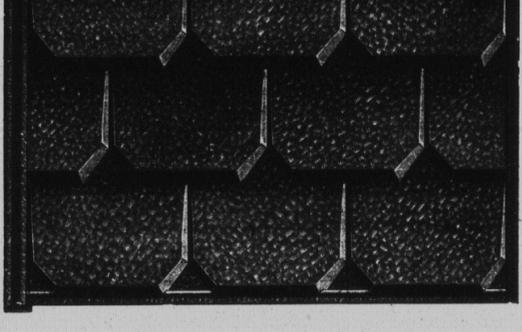
Packed in pound and half pound air tight head packets in the bonded warehouses of JOSEPH TETLEY & Co., in London, Eng. TETLEY'S TEA is grown on the lovely and fertile island of Ceylon and on the rich mountain slopes of the Himalayas, midway between the eternal snow which crowns their summits, and the burning heat of the plains.

Tetley's Tea is economical and pure. Tetley's Tea is refreshing and healthy, and by the blending process contains all the different qualities of the finest teas in itself.

Prices: 50c., 60c., 70c., 90c. and \$1.00 per lb. Sold by all leading grocers in the Dominion. If your grocer does not sell it write to the agent for the Dominion.

David Brown, 469 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

"EASTLAKE" STEEL SHINGLES



Galvanized or painted. The Shingle bears try to imitate. Has no equal. Can be laid by anyone Fully Guaranteed. Cut out this advertisement and send it to us, and special prices will be quoted you.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS METALLIC ROOFING CO., L'td., 82 to 90 Yonge Street, Toronto.

GORDON WIRE NAIL WORKS. SUPERIOR WIRE NAILS. From extra quality steel wire, polished or blued. Orders promptly filled at lowest prices by W. H. THORNE & CO., SELLING AGENTS. Market Square, St. John.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

What a Luxury When Good. A GEM COFFEE POT. Coffee Made in One Minute. The GEM to be the Best and Simplest COFFEE MAKER IN THE WORLD. Mr. Harford, the inventor, purposes having further Exhibitions in Fredericton, Yarmouth, Halifax and other towns and cities in the Provinces, when the opportunity will be given all interested to see its merits.

Table with 4 columns: 1-2, 3, 4, 5. Rows: 65, 80, 1.00. Prices for different sizes of coffee pots.

Emerson & Fisher, 75 TO 79 PRINCE WM. ST.

THE CELEBRATED French Rat and Mouse Trap.

CAPACITY.—No. 1 will hold 50 Rats. No. 3 will hold 20 Rats. No. 5 will hold 20 mice. It is a wonderfully effective Trap, proving that the several sizes will fulfill their full capacity, night after night, as long as the rats and mice hold out. No. 1 size, 27 in. long, price \$2.50 each. No. 3 size, 18 in. long, price \$1.50 each. No. 5, Mouse Trap, 8 in. long, price 50 Cents each. For sale by T. M'AVITY & SONS, 18 and 21 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 18 and 21 KING ST., ST. JOHN.

Mu... While mat... stand in... is a some... instrumental... The City... ceasing picn... Me., a new... nickers and... under any ci... The Carlet... ly engaged j... plete arrang... some time... tor their de... young men... of the public... concerts as... they desire... natural de... handicap to... remain in t... of the pro... Band in play... all reside... musically an... and east si... used to exist... fair and reas... this beazar... citizens gene... by a liberal p... A Jairen... writes that... Doering and... been heard... county... Lauenburg is... encouraging... concert given... which \$12 w... and there w... lights. The... and twenty-f... dent writes: "... a very stron... method and... his voice to... Doering play... but accompan... Prof. L. R... ing returned... few days ago... Miss Nellie... shows so mu... studies of... National Con... York for furth... vacation. Mi... Main street... city. The Folio... The White-S... who issue th... it shall main... The frontisp... that charming... with her aut... the usual sup... music, includ... little song ent... The St. J... three comed... Thursday eve... Winslow Adair... to appear... "American Fa... Young Bachel... have a crowd... proceeds go fo... It is said M... gaged for thr... London. Lillian Rus... Duches" in L... by Chas. Wyn... Perugini, th... Russell, is si... London west... Canille D'A... lost her maso... pulled out of a... Carl Zerrah... for New York... opera is not ye... A comic op... "The Happy... Herman Perie... Murilla will... Miss Manie... "Davy Jones",... has recovered... country in hope... Miss Marie V... who is singin... ton, is a well k... city. She has... education and... opera next sea... An old man... organ left whic... performance o...

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

While matters continue at a comparative standstill in respect to vocal music, there is a somewhat compensating activity among instrumentalists.

The City Cornet Band had a very successful picnic last Monday, to Houlton, Me., a new territory for St. John picnickers and a very lovely little town to visit under any circumstances.

The Carleton Cornet Band too is actively engaged just now in making very complete arrangements for a bazaar to be held some time next month in aid of the fund for their desired new instruments.

The young men of this band are generous to the public in frequently giving open air concerts as well as in other respects, and they deserve a helping hand in their very natural desire to procure new instruments. The pieces they have now are a continual handicap to good work, as they will not remain in tune; and so much is this the case that I often wonder at, while I admire, the perseverance and determination of the Band in playing at all with the odds so much against them.

The young men of this Band number twenty-six in all; they are all residents of the west side; they are musically ambitious and as the west side and east side civic distinctions that once used to exist, exist no longer, it is only fair and reasonable to expect that when this bazaar is opened to the public the citizens generally will approve their efforts by a liberal patronage.

A Lunenburg (N. S.) correspondent writes that the Doerings (Herr and Frau Doering and Karl Doering) who have been heard in this city, are making "a country tour." The outlook, so far as Lunenburg is an indication, is not very encouraging, as the gross receipts of the concert given there amounted to \$23, of which \$12 were paid for local expenses and there was no charge for the hall and lights.

The concert lasted about an hour and twenty-five minutes. The correspondent writes: "Mr. Karl Doering possesses a very strong voice but has very little method and is obliged to continually force his voice to produce any effect."

Madame Alboni, the great English singer, who was buried by the side of her husband, Count Pepoli, at Pere la Chaise, in Paris, made her debut in opera at La Scala, Milan, in 1843, and her last appearance in public was in London in 1871. She was the victim of abnormal obesity, and it was necessary to have an elevator in her private dwelling house to enable her to go from one floor to another.

It is said His Holiness the Pope in a decree just issued reviews the previous orders of the Vatican relating to the music to be used in churches and leaves the Bishops free to choose the books for church use. The decree recommends the use of the Gregorian chant in polyphony.

For an unstrained singer, the three easiest and most useful rules to adopt, in order to preserve the voice are, as follows: 1. Yawn 20 times a day. 2. Take 30 long, deep inspirations through the nose daily. 3. Whistle whenever you are not able to sing.

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Prof. L. W. Titus with us again having returned from his pleasant vacation a few days ago. Miss Nellie Craigie, whose fine voice shows so much improvement from her studies of last season, will return to the National Conservatory of Music in New York for further tuition, at the close of her vacation. Miss Craigie is singing at the Main street baptist church while in the city.

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The St. John Amateurs will present three comedies in Mechanic's Institute Thursday evening, Aug. 23. Mr. Fred Winslow Adams and Miss Ina S. Brown are to appear in the leading roles of "American Fascination" and "The Model Young Bachelor." The production should have a crowded house, especially as the proceeds go for charity.

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Perugini, the latest husband of Lillian Russell, is singing in a light opera in a London west end theatre. Camille D'Arville is reported as having lost her mascot, which was a rusty nail she pulled out of a guillotine in Paris. Carl Zerrahn sails from Bremen today for New York. He will resume work immediately on his arrival at home.

thirty-three instruments, besides an organ and twenty-six voices. Handel's historian and critics are accusing him of unconsciously celebrating entire airs from the works of Stradella, Erba, Urlo and others.

Mme. Richard of the Paris Grand Opera absolutely prohibits her pupils from using any scent. If any one comes to her perfumed, she refuses to give a lesson, on the ground that the scent makes the vocal chords unfit for use.

When Paderewski's next American season opens at the Metropolitan opera house, N. Y., Dec. 27, he will play his "Polish Fantasy" for piano and orchestra, for the first time in the United States. Damrosch's orchestra will accompany Paderewski.

Armande Bourgeois, who is credited with the possession of a voice of great beauty, recently made her debut at the Paris Grand Opera-house in "The Valkyrie." Her parents are French, but she was born in Boston, Mass., where her father was a tradesman.

Jean Laalle, the operatic baritone, is said to intend retiring from the operatic profession and going into commercial life. He made his debut as William Tell, one of his most famous roles, in 1872, at the Paris Grand Opera House.

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The young lady who will be the fat girl in DeWolf Hopper's new extravaganza is 16 years old and weighs 250 pounds. The book for a new comic opera written for Pauline Hall has been brought to the United States, by Edward Panfoll. The opera is not yet named.

A comic opera from the one act farce "The Happy Man" has been written by Herman Periet. Frank Blair and Edith Murilla will star in it next season. Miss Mamie Gilroy, the soubrette of "Davy Jones", who has been seriously ill has recovered somewhat and gone to the country in hope of immediate benefit. Miss Marie Warren, the young soprano who is singing at the Palace theatre, Boston, is a well known society lady of that city. She has received a good musical education and will probably be heard in opera next season.

IT'S A SPLENDID STORE.

AND MR. PETER McSWEENEY IS ITS FORTUNATE OWNER.

Moncton's Great Dry Goods Emporium—The Different Parts of the Big Store Described—Mr. McSweeney is a Hostler Whose Example Should be Followed.

One of the establishments of Moncton that has more than local fame is the dry goods store and gents' furnishing establishment of Mr. Peter McSweeney at Moncton. It is situated on the southern side of Main street, and in the centre of the business part of that enterprising railway town.

The building is of brick with large plate glass windows, and affords a splendid opportunity for the display of goods.

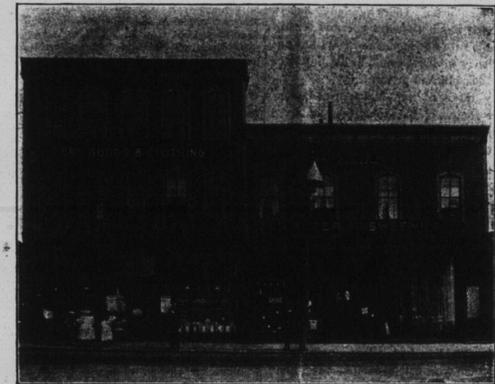
Mr. McSweeney has been in the line of trade for the past twenty-five years, part of that time being a member of the well known firm of McSweeney Bros.

The store is divided into three departments. That for gents' furnishings is in the centre of the building; on the western side is the millinery room while on the east is a very large store devoted to dry goods of all styles and prices.

Everything in the line of ladies' wear may be found there from the latest print to the most stylish and latest brocade silk. The casual observer will not at first glance realize the

stands have been subjected to a thorough renovation both in painting, and re-fitting, fine hardwood floors being laid and hardwood counters provided. To the rear of the millinery and gents' furnishing departments is located the ready made clothing department, a spacious department with a large circular counter. The entire building is well lighted by electric light and gas. He will in the near future put in a cash railway with a view to expediting business. In this move Mr. McSweeney has demonstrated a very laudable, enterprising spirit which will no doubt be capped by success.

The great attraction for the ladies is the new millinery department, the display is very fine, the moire bows of course are bare, but the newest thing is the lace jabot. The picture hats are very beautiful this season and seguis jet trimming is used on everything. Buckles, too, must be placed on our headgear, and feathers and flowers are combined everywhere. Touques, Russian turbans, and round American hats are shown. In mantles this season the cape is still in favor, but is shorter and fuller for older ladies, these have long tabs in front and they may be trimmed or not. In parasols the latest have handles in natural wood, horn, snake skin, and gold and silver mountings. These goods are



amount of stock on hand, but close inspection will show that a large and varied assortment is kept. Small wares are unlimited, everything that is required for any member of the family may be got at the lowest living profit.

The gents' furnishing department is the finest in the town of Moncton, in fact few if any of the towns of the maritime provinces are so well adapted for this branch of business.

Mr. McSweeney, who is one of Moncton's most prosperous business men, had up to a year since confined his business exclusively to the dry goods line, but discerning a favorable opportunity of embarking into other lines, thereby enlarging his business, he was prompt to seize it. His opening up the new millinery department and gents' furnishings, together with youths' and men's ready made clothing necessitated a proportionate enlargement of the premises to accommodate the large trade which will be carried on in these lines.

To meet this necessity Mr. McSweeney leased the two stores immediately to the west of his old stand formerly occupied by Messrs. Geo. Allen, druggist, and W. E. Bishop, merchant tailor; giving at the present time a total of 3600 feet of floor. The new

on the second floor, back of the millinery department—a large room devoted to mens' boys' and youths' ready made clothing a grand room, well lighted; and connected with it is a department for gents, furnishings of all kinds. It is already proving a great success.

The dry goods department on first floor is stocked with many novel effects. Challies are still there, over 100 new designs in stock and on the way, for tailor made costumes. Bos cloth has been imported in black dress goods Tannic cloths and charets cloths must be seen to be appreciated. A very large trade is being done in Butterick's patterns, orders from all parts of the country are being daily received; patterns are obtained every month as soon as published. A very busy department is the wall paper section this time of the year. Wall paper sold at dry goods price both Canadian and American are handled.

The picture here given only conveys a faint impression of the beauty and attractions of these three large stores, all under the management of Mr. McSweeney. It is a credit to Moncton that it has such a go-ahead citizen as Mr. Peter McSweeney and it is enterprise is to be lauded and his example should be followed by others.



GRAPE MILLINERY A SPECIALTY. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

PILGRIM PANTS.



Pilgrim Suits, \$11, \$12, \$13. OVERCOATS from \$12.00 up. FINE TWEED SUITS from \$14. up.

OUTAWAY, D. & S. B. FROCK and PRINCE ALBERT, FULL DRESS SUIT. SEND for samples of what you need and self-measuring blanks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE PILGRIM PANTS CO'Y, 20 Dock St., St. John, N. B. or P. O. Box 390.

HOTEL "CEDARS." Opens June 1st, 1894. THIS HOTEL is situated on the banks of the St. John River—12 miles from the city—views everywhere for the summer boarders to be had. Position, bathing, driving, shady walks. Cuisine unexcelled. Terms on application.

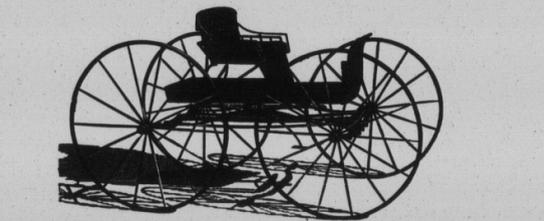
Wm. B. CAMERON, Log Beach.

THE BEST AT LAST!! Blue Cross Tea .. IS COMING. Indian and Ceylon and

HEAD London, Wholesale Geo. S. DeForest & Sons, OFFICE, Eng. Agents, St. John.

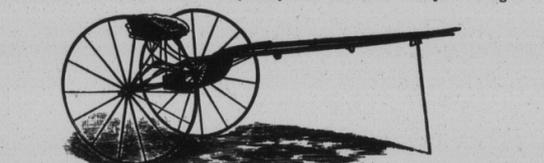
WAGONS and CARTS.

Our stock of carriages of all kinds is very complete, and we are in a position to suit the wants of the public in this respect.



The Fredericton Road Wagon.

An illustration of which is shown above, is especially popular. It is the wagon of the business man; low, easy of entrance, very handy and comfortable. The price is right



A Good Road Cart.

It is in the spring of the year especially, a road cart, such as that shown above, should be owned by every man who owns horses. It saves a carriage, is convenient for exercising and the preliminary training of a speedy horse. Well built, handsome and easy to ride in.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON, N. B.

INSTRUCTION. Trafalgar Institute. (Affiliated to McGill University.) No. 83 Simpson Street, Montreal.

Higher Education of Young Women

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The Conservatory of Music employs eight instructors, at the head of whom is an experienced teacher from the staff of the N. Y. College of Music, who has studied in Berlin under Von Bulow and Joseph. After 4 years successful study under some of the greatest masters in Germany, Mr. C. L. Chisholm returns to take charge of the Violin department.

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Every care is taken to make the school a refined Christian home, where lady-like manners and nobility of character shall be cultivated. For Calendar apply to REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D., Sackville, N. B., July 20th.

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Resident (Mr. G. M. Achison, B. A., (Cambridge) Assistant, Mr. Lawrence Gent, B. A. (Oxford). Pupils prepared for any public examinations, or for business life. For catalogue for 1894, with full particulars, apply to the Head Master.

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AND ELOCUTION, 158 Prince William St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 10th, 1894. Send for catalogue of prices. R. B. WHELAN, Director. Address during the summer months Liverpool Nova Scotia.

HORSEMEN, Read this.

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horses' feet. I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen. GEO. HOUGH, Levery Stable, Quebec, 95 to 105 Ann St.

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 11.

THE HOTELS ARE GOOD ENOUGH.

The question of a new hotel always comes up about this season of the year, leads to more or less discussion and is dropped until summer travel begins to boom again and the influx of strangers sets us thinking how nice a thing a big hotel would be. There is no reason to doubt that, say for two or three months in the year, this city would find use for considerably more hotel accommodation. Perhaps it may be said with much truth that if we had a large and strictly modern hotel, such, for example, as has recently been erected in Quebec, more people would be attracted in this direction. Advertising always has some effect and a new hostelry, well announced, would no doubt satisfy some people coming in this direction that they would be well cared for. If railways and steamboat companies would unite with the city, and province for that matter, to boom New Brunswick as a summer resort, more hotel accommodation would be an absolute necessity for many months in the year, perhaps all the time, but we must not lose sight of the regrettable fact that for some months before the present rush of travel, two of our hotels—one of them one of the best—were closed. The Dufferin still remains closed and is perhaps the strongest argument against any new venture on a large scale.

For at least eight months in the year our hotel accommodation is ample. There are people who will say that it is not up to the mark, that it is not a credit to St. John, but those people would probably find fault with the Windsor of Montreal, or the Frontenac of Quebec. The hotels of St. John are good enough for the city; they afford accommodation in proportion to their terms and give satisfaction to the majority of travelers. What more is necessary?

TWO VIEWS OF TORONTO.

It is rather a singular coincidence that just as the American edition of the Review of Reviews for August is publishing a long article on "Toronto as a Municipal Object Lesson," a Toronto paper should have a sketch whose title calls Toronto "A Muddled Municipality." The article in the Review of Reviews highly praises Toronto's idea of a committee of twenty-five, and says that "the municipal system of Toronto seems to be something of a compromise between the English, French and American systems, maintaining, however, the simplicity and strength of the English system and avoiding the absurdities of American methods." Toronto's "comely exterior" and "air of completeness and finish" also receive words of praise. The way in which the new electric railway holds its franchises is designated as "the most complete and satisfactory municipal franchise system that has ever been in America." The great monthly also shows its appreciation of the fact that telephone service in Toronto costs several times less than the same service, rendered by the same American Bell Telephone company, costs in "an American city like New York," and greatly approves of Toronto's "public works in general," her "advanced school methods," and particularly the management of her municipal finances.

The other article, which appears in "The Flaneur's" column in the Toronto Mail of August 4th, complains of Toronto, with its committee of twenty-five, as being "a much-governed city, overloaded, choked, killed by a multiplicity of municipal authority." The Flaneur complains that the garbage is not removed, and that the sidewalks are not attended to, and says that a lady wrote to him that next door to her there were three children, aged respectively twelve, twelve and fourteen years, none of whom go to school, and none of whom can read and write. "We have," continues this caustic writer, "a fussy mayor and paid aldermen; we have a morality department, and are not permitted to ride on Sundays—at least the poor are not; we have sanitary inspectors; we can procure no water fit to drink, though we have the finest water in the world in front of us; our sewers are a scandal, our cesspools a danger and a disgrace. We are a much-muddled municipality indeed. Where are the authorities? Surely the question is a needless one while officialism, jobbery and restriction cumber our every movement and pollute the air we breathe."

The Review of Reviews' praise of Toronto's municipal system is something very different from most American mention of Canadian institutions. The greatest compliment hitherto paid to these institutions by the United States was their adoption of the Canadian ballot-system, but rather than acknowledge that anything good enough to be appropriated by the United States could come out of Canada, they renamed it "the Australian ballot-system," which it is not. It is remarkable, therefore, that the American Review of Reviews (which is now edited by an American, and not at all, as many believe, by Mr. STRAD) should pay such a great compliment to the municipality of a Canadian city. This commendation must, therefore at least be what GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN characterized Hon. A. S. WHITE'S

flamboyant praise of him—"no less remarkable than true."

The Flaneur is known to be thoroughly reliable when writing of literary matters. Possibly he may be somewhat biased in his treatment of municipal affairs, but that there is an element of truth in what he writes none of his regular readers will doubt. That the sewers of Toronto need looking after is very delicately hinted in the Review of Reviews article, the only other unfavorable mention that its writer makes, however, being a similar objection to the absence of Sunday cars to that made by the Flaneur.

There are very few perfect men in the world—and there are no perfect cities. If Toronto does not allow herself to be too much puffed up by the foreign magazine, and takes the hints so broadly suggested by one of her citizens, she will probably be an even more nearly perfect city than she is. It is pleasing to note that the excellencies of Canadian cities are such as to win words of admiration from quarters which are generally sparing of words of admiration for things Canadian. It may not be long before the Review of Reviews or some equally enterprising American periodical will devote considerable space to praising the city of St. John and its management. Both deserve a good deal of praise; but in the meantime, let us take care that there be not the least excuse for the laudatory article: being followed by one which would show that the city is not so much honored in its own country.

Ontario sportsmen, having made a careful study of the hardihood and prolific procreancy of the sharp-tailed grouse, commonly known as the prairie chicken, have decided that the bird would flourish as well in Ontario as in Manitoba and the farther west. Next March and April there will be a large importation of prairie chickens into Ontario. If the experiment is successful, as competent ornithologists predict, the sportsmen of Ontario are to be congratulated, as game is getting scarce in their province. Quail have disappeared from Ontario, because of the clearing of the wooded land which once gave them shelter. Woodcock are as scarce as they are hard to hit, and the grouse that Canadians call the partridge has to be rigidly protected. If the prairie chicken can grow fat in Ontario there seems no reason why it should not live on the marshes of the maritime provinces. Game is not quite as plentiful in this part of Canada as it was a hundred years ago, and the introduction of the prolific, hardy and delicious sharp-tailed grouse here would be a great boon to our sportsmen.

That much credit is due in some quarters, for the very satisfactory loan the city has just negotiated cannot be disputed. To place bonds for more than half a million dollars upon the market and obtain practically par for them is perhaps the best stroke of civic financing that St. John can boast of. The bonds were floated in a business like way and by a good business committee of the new council. It is a creditable piece of work and that too done in their first three months of office. The resources of the city of St. John were never before placed before capitalists in such a systematic and satisfactory manner and the result is shown by the tenders proffered to the council. The fact that the people had decided emphatically upon a policy of reform and economy must have had an effect upon the placing of the loan, all of which is taken by the greatest financial institution in Canada—the Bank of Montreal.

The feeling may not have been expressed but it existed nevertheless, that it was not fitting for the Governor General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen either to remain in their private car or look after themselves at an hotel while in this city. Still, as there did not seem to be any move to entertain them on the part of the corporation the satisfaction was quite general when the announcement was made that the visitors would be the guests of Sir LEONARD and Lady TILLEY. Our civic politicians are perhaps too much influenced by the economical wave on such an occasion as this, but it is gratifying to know that through the hospitality of a private citizen, the city will not stand in an unenviable light. No reasonable expense should be spared by the city to make the reception and entertainment of the representatives of the Queen as successful as possible in other respects.

The suggestion to make Tuesday a civic holiday is an excellent one. No doubt the merchants would aid the project as much as possible, even if they felt that it would not be possible to close their establishments for all day. Newspapers unfortunately have no choice in the matter. The people expect that, holiday or no holiday, with one or two exceptions in the year, they will still find their newspapers just the same as they do their dinner, on hand at the usual hour. But there are many establishments whose product is not forced to be out upon the minute, and the employees of these would gladly add his to the cordial welcome to ABERDEEN and his lady.

The craze for boxing "tournaments" seems to have had firm hold of St. John. Whether it has still the same grip is a question but the fact that these more or less interesting bouts are not disturbed seems

to have attracted an element in this direction that is not usually considered desirable. Occasional matches between local talent do not seem objectionable but when the craze becomes so violent that outside "champions" have to be called in to satisfy the crowd then certainly it is time to call a halt. St. John is not anxious to be known as a pugilistic resort.

A week or two ago PROGRESS called attention to the fact that big, glaring posters of a disreputable character, defaced the dead walls of the city. Time, weather and other posters have done their work and they are no longer to be seen. But they were there too long. They should not have been allowed to disgrace even the dead walls. We think the mayor has the power to prevent the recurrence of this and he will earn the approval of many people if he does so.

A ROYAL GOOD WELCOME.

(Continued from First Page.) were all presented, from the general down to the youngest subaltern. Every militia officer from the 62nd and 66th was at the drawing room and many were there from the H. G. A. But if the military had been taken away very few would have been left. The navy officers came too late to be formally presented, and accordingly their names did not appear in the printed lists. These gallant officers found that it is not always possible to kill two birds with one stone, and if on this occasion they were presented at all, the ceremony took place in private.

Only three of the eighteen aldermen, Messrs Dennis Hubley, and Stewart were present. The fit-ten others numbered themselves with a section of high-toned "society" by taking their ease and staying away. Drawing rooms will not take in Halifax to any great extent. The rewards are insufficient.

The dinner by the national societies on Tuesday was a grand affair. The governor-general remarked that it was unequalled in sustained interest by any he had ever attended, and it lasted from 8 o'clock to 2.30. Premier Fielding was in the chair. Everything passed off pleasantly. Premier Fielding had a large number of guests. Mayor Keeffe invited the aldermen in a body. No, there was an exception. Alderman O'Donnell was not asked. Why the omission? Poor "Neddy" was left out in the cold by his worship. He may have had good and sufficient reasons for depriving the company of Mr. O'Donnell's quick wit and ready repartee, but the distinction seemed invidious. Yet the mayor had the right to ask and pay for such as he chose, and doubtless he thinks he exercised his discretion wisely.

Yesterday His Excellency left by the war-ship Blake for a visit to P. E. Island. Mayor Keeffe has had some trying work these days assisting in the entertainment of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. He has come prominently before all classes of the citizens and has probably done much to make more pleasant the visit of their excellencies. Probably his services in this respect have not been sufficiently great to entitle him to knight-hood. How would Sir Michael E. Keeffe sound, anyway? Stranger things have happened. "Sir," prefixed to his name would not hurt the mayor, for his worship's popularity, like the governor general's and Countess Aberdeen's, rests on something more than a mere name. His worship is liked for his good heart and what he is, more than on account of his position.

In Their New Quarters. The well known shoe store of Waterbury & Rising is now at 61 King street, the firm having just moved into more handsome and commodious quarters. The ground floor of the new store is devoted to the retail department, and the rest of the large building, up to the roof, is taken up with the reserve stock and wholesale rooms. The store is well fitted up with all modern improvements for the convenience of visitors and those employed in the store. The beautiful plush seats are worthy of special notice. During the twelve years that the enterprising firm of Waterbury & Rising have been doing business on King street, they have prospered so well that they now carry on the largest retail shoe business in the maritime provinces.

A Creditable Guide Book. A guide book that is always welcome, always good, comes again this year with the "Compliments of E. L. Skillings." It covers New England and the Maritime Provinces, and the short and instructive descriptions cannot fail to be of much interest to the traveler. Then there are enough hotels advertised to make a man sure of the best place to stop. It may be taken as a sure token that hotels that advertise are the best. The people have found this out and act accordingly. The illustrations are attractive and were printed upon heavy calendered paper. The book does credit to Skillings & Howard, the publishers.

Some People are Never Satisfied. "What on earth do you want money to go to the show for?" exclaimed Mr. Haicede to his wife. "I don't see why I mightn't go and enjoy myself once in a while, same as you do." "Same as I do? Good lands, woman! Every time I go to a show, don't I come back and tell you about everything I see? What more do you want?"

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by M. L. Lonsdale & Co.] AUG. 7.—A large picnic party drove down to Bull's Creek on Thursday afternoon, but a very heavy shower, commencing at tea time rather damped the enthusiasm of the party, and a hasty return to town was made. Mr. and Mrs. J. Marshman Brayley returned to Montreal on Friday. Mrs. Alfred Robert, of Montreal, spent a week in town the guest of her parents and accompanied her mother, Mrs. J. C. Winslow to St. Andrew's Wednesday where they will spend some weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher are the guests of Mr. R. K. Jones. Miss Clarke returned from Campbell last week. Dr. and Mrs. Rankin are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Miss McKinnon left on Wednesday for a short visit to Upper Kent before returning to St. John. Mr. Albert Hinkman returned for a visit to Magalloway. The Misses Bull and Miss Davis went to Andover on Saturday. Mr. Case left Monday for Montreal. Mrs. J. L. Brown returned from London last week. Mr. Lewis Bliss spent part of last week in town. Mr. Frank E. Griffith spent Sunday at home. Mr. J. I. Doherty returned from Robinsay Tuesday. Mr. Laurence MacLaren returned from Montreal last week. Mr. A. E. Melish returned from his holiday trip on Tuesday.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.] AUG. 8.—Miss Ida Morton, Penobscot, is visiting Mrs. George M. Fries. Mrs. Jettie Hallett, Sussex, is visiting Mrs. Charles Dixon. Miss Lyon, Boston, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Edward Lyman. Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Barbour, Miss E. Barbour, Miss D. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Thompson and Messrs. Wm. and A. Barbour are visiting Mrs. Edward Peters. Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Hayes and family, St. John are visiting Mrs. J. H. Hayes. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Pykeman, St. John, spent Sunday with Mrs. Henry Pierce. Mrs. A. Smith and family, St. John, are visiting Mrs. S. Frost. Mr. and Mrs. E. Clay Hayes, Ottawa, who have been visiting friends here have returned. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Allen, and a number of friends from St. John spent Thursday with Mrs. J. B. Hammond. Mrs. Henry Freely and son, Ottawa, who have been visiting friends here have returned. Miss Louise Oxy left on Tuesday for Ottawa, for the purpose of visiting her mother, Mrs. J. B. Hammond. Mr. and Mrs. Gilles, Boston, are visiting Mrs. C. H. White. Among the visitors this week were Messrs Edward Secord, A. Keith, Wm. Harrison, N. W. Hatfield, and H. H. Dryden, Sussex. Rev. Willard McDonald, Mr. Fred Blackmore, Mr. J. E. Kark, Fredericton, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Egan.

SAKOVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Brown at the Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.] AUG. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Dixon of Brookline, New York, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black. Mr. Laura Smith who has been visiting friends in Sackville is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. C. Miller. Mrs. N. T. Norman and Master Rolfe who have been visiting Mrs. Estabrook, left for Montreal on Tuesday. Mr. Miller, Mrs. J. Fred Allison and Miss Minnie Estabrook are visiting friends in Halifax. Miss Bessie Seely who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. R. F. Foster, left for home in St. John on Monday. Miss J. R. Ayer and Miss Emma Ayer are enjoying the sea breeze of Cape Tormentine. The "Lodge" company lay to a large audience in Music Hall on Saturday evening. All were much pleased with the performance. The Misses Starr, of Halifax, are the guests of the Misses Stewart. Mr. and Mrs. Wood and children are sojourning at the Wood House, Sackville. Mrs. Thorne, of St. John, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Horace Favette. Wm. Thorne.

MARYSVILLE.

AUG. 9.—Mrs. Charles Hatt, Master John Hatt and little Miss Colter spent a couple of days in St. John last week. Mr. Wm. Reed returned from Montreal on Friday last accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John Reed, who is always welcomed by her old friends. The Marysville band, assisted by Citizen's band, of Fredericton, held a most successful and financially a very successful promenade concert on Thursday evening, Aug. 2nd. Mrs. Calder and children, of St. John, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Williams last week. Miss Maule McConnell gave a most enjoyable picnic to Mangerville, on Wednesday in honor of her guest Miss Lizette Mann. Mrs. Jane Robinson arrived home on Tuesday from a few weeks visit to friends in St. Stephen, Calais, and Oak Bay. Miss Milliken, and Miss Louis, spent a few days in St. John. Mrs. Tina McCullough, and Miss Eliza Hanson, have returned from spending their vacation very pleasantly in Calais and vicinity. The Baptist church held a successful ice-cream social on Tuesday evening and on Friday of this week they purpose holding their Sunday-School picnic.

CAMPOBELLO.

AUG. 8.—Mr. Richard Farmer, of Boston, Mass., is visiting his father, Mr. John Farmer. Lieut. John McGovern, of Togo, Me., is visiting at Mr. James A. Calder's. The Rev. Mr. Fenelon, who has been spending a few weeks at the Bay side, has returned to Hartford, Conn. The Misses Price, of Chelsea, Mass., are visiting their cousin Mrs. Derbon. Mrs. Robt. O'Shaughnessy and her nephew, Orlie Vaughn are visiting Miss Allingham at the Figeval farm. Mr. Wm. Johnson, of St. John, is visiting at Mr. James Johnson's. Mr. Henry E. Hill and son, of St. Stephen, are spending a few weeks at Wilson's beach. Mrs. Jason Brown, Colorado, is visiting Mrs. Susan Brown at Wilson's beach. Mr. Thad. Calder has returned from Digby, N. S. Incoo.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Landon.] AUG. 8.—Miss A. Seaton, Boston is visiting Mrs. Draper. Mr. J. McIntosh former teacher of the Grammar School Bathurst Village is at the Keary House. Mr. and Mrs. Barry have issued invitations for a dancing party on the 14th; a pleasant time is anticipated. Miss Gerlie and Dot Meahan are campers at "Point" the guest of Mrs. Carmen. Mrs. S. Adams wife of Hon. S. Adams New York is the guest of her mother Mrs. T. E. Barras. Miss Rosemary Chatham was in town on Tuesday the guest of Rev. F. Barry. Mr. F. Sutherland of Bathurst but now of New York, is visiting his home. Miss Annie Hackett of Kingston, was the guest of Mrs. David D. Johnston last week and returned home on Saturday in company with his sister, Mrs. A. C. Daniels of New Glasgow, N. S. Miss Ellen Wellwood is visiting her sister Mrs. David Pappay, at Kegonsville this week. Mr. James Robinson who has been visiting his friends here and at Mill Branch will return to Boston, this week to resume his duties.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. McLean & Co.] AUG. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. G. Walker went to Moncton on Tuesday. Mrs. Morse and family arrived on Wednesday from Ottawa are the guests of Mrs. Chandler, Magalloway. Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Toed went to St. John on Monday to make a visit. Mr. S. E. Wilson went to Sackville on Tuesday on business. Mr. Henry Hamington is the guest of Mrs. D. L. Hamington. Mr. Stewart, of Truro, is spending a few days here on his way to Moncton. Mrs. E. Brown, of Fredericton, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Fairweather. Miss Gillespie of Chatham is the guest of Mr. Frank Gillespie. Miss Chaplain of Amherst, is visiting her mother Mrs. David Chaplain. Mr. Albert Hinkman returned to his home in Pictou on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, M. P., drove from Moncton on Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Reid are staying with Mrs. G. Chandler, "Magalloway". Miss Towse, of Sackville, is paying her sister, Mrs. T. H. Prescott, a visit. Miss Tangle of the Post office department, is visiting her friends in Amherst. Mr. W. Campbell left for Yarmouth on Monday and will be absent a few months. Mrs. Foster, Wilfordville, entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening, cards and music were the attraction. Mr. Little and Mr. Chase, of Yarmouth, passed through our town on Thursday on their bicycles on their way to Moncton and other places. Mr. Moore, of Ottawa, arrived on Tuesday, he is the guest of Mrs. S. Chandler. Mr. Copp, of Moncton, was in town on Thursday. Mr. Barron Chandler drove from Sackville on Thursday. A large and brilliant dance was given at the handsome residence of Mr. Justice and Madame Landry's on Thursday evening. The house was tastefully decorated with choice plants and flowers, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the grounds the Chinese lanterns made it look like a fairy scene. The guests numbered about thirty; dancing was kept up until a very late hour; good music and a good food made it a perfect success. The hostess was becomingly dressed in black silk and lace, pink trimmings. Mrs. H. McElrath, black and white and cream flowers. Mrs. H. McElrath, pretty grey dress, with dark trimmings. Mrs. Jack, of Truro, handsome pink suit. Mrs. Hasington, handsome dress of black and red. Mrs. Morse, of Ottawa, a very becoming dress of blue silk. Mrs. F. Tall, pretty black dress. Mrs. H. Hamington, of Moncton, white dress. Mrs. Hazen Chapman, white silk and flowers. The young ladies were all becomingly and daintily dressed. A little bit of whippers that there is to be a ball in one of our nice houses in the near future. We cannot complain of the dulness of our town of late. Mr. and Mrs. S. Baye have been spending a few days here. Mr. F. Anderson, of Boston, is spending his vacation with his parents. Mrs. Dobson and family have returned from Stony Creek on Monday. A party went to the shore on Saturday to spend a few hours. Viola.

RIOHIBUOTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theo. P. Graham.] AUG. 8.—Rev. Thomas Johnstone, of Blackville, preached in Chalmers church on Sunday evening. Mr. John Clarke and his son, Mr. Robert Clarke, left for their home in Boston on Monday. The Wallace Hopper Co. commence a few nights engagement in the Temperance Hall this evening. Mr. John T. Miller, of the postal service, arrived home on Saturday. He is recovering from his late accident. Miss Nellie Ferguson and Miss Dot Phinney spent Sunday at Mill Branch. Mr. James Brown, of Harcourt and Miss Morrison, of St. John, were in town on Saturday the guests of Mrs. J. Stevenson. The death of Miss Lizette Fitzpatrick occurred on Thursday last after an illness of several months, of consumption. A large procession followed the remains to their last resting place on Saturday. Judge James of Buctouche, and Messrs. Webster of Shediac, Thomas Fitzpatrick and Richard Lawlor of Chatham, were here on Saturday. Miss Sophia Thompson, Miss Libbie Michand gave their friends an outing in Long's grove last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Edward Fitzpatrick of Carleton, was in town last week attending the funeral of his sister Miss Lizette Fitzpatrick. Mrs. Arthur E. Leary has returned from a trip to Campbellton. The Richibucto division of the S. of T. intend holding a picnic up river on Thursday. Mrs. Frank Carran, of Moncton, is visiting her mother Mrs. Hannah. Mr. and Mrs. John Irving and Miss Hunt, of Boston, who have been here visiting friends for several weeks left yesterday for home. Messrs. Wm. Black, of Fredericton, and David Hudson of St. John, arrived in town yesterday. Aurora.

HARCOURT.

AUG. 8.—Mr. John Clark and his son, Robert, of Dorchester, Mass., were here on Monday, returning home after visiting relatives at Richibucto. Mrs. James Brown, Miss Morrison and Miss Jean Morrison spent part of last week at Richibucto, and returned on Sunday evening in company with Mr. Thomas Dickinson. Mr. W. W. Cummings has returned from a prolonged sojourn at Kingston. Mrs. Keith and her daughter, Blanche, drove to Richibucto yesterday. Miss Martin, of Kingston, has been visiting Mrs. Keith. Miss Belle Livingston returned from Newcastle on Thursday, after a visit of four weeks. Miss Bessie Ferguson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gordon Livingston. Mr. Charles Fawcett, of Sackville, was here on a business trip yesterday. Mr. F. C. Colwell, of St. John, was here on Monday going north. Mrs. S. M. Dunn is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Allen, at Dalhousie Junction. Mr. David Hudson, of W. H. Thorne & Co's St. John, was here yesterday en route to Richibucto to spend his vacation. Mr. Moaley Wathen has been spending a few days with his brother, Conn. L. J. Wathen. Rev. Mr. Henry Wathen left for Greenwood, Kings Co., yesterday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Williamson. Mr. Edward Murray, of Queens County, has been visiting his friends hereabouts. Mrs. William Taylor, formerly of Petticoat, is ill with slow fever. Ex-Councillor Alex. Carran spent part of Monday and yesterday in Harcourt. Rev. Mr. Stevens formerly stationed here, made a flying visit to Harcourt on Monday. Rev. Mr. Thorne preached in the Presbyterian church here on Sunday and declared the church vacant. A new minister is wanted by the congregation. Mrs. J. McDermott went to Moncton by yesterday morning's express to attend Cook and Whitty's Circus. Among other Harcourt folks who went to Moncton yesterday were Mrs. R. Sealby, and Miss Gaudner her daughter, Messrs. Andrew Dunn and James Crown and Master Jasper Humphrey. Mr. McConnell returned from a visit to Nova Scotia. Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey returned on Friday from Westmorland County Master Lark Norton of Acadia is visiting his aunt, Mrs. E. McLeod. Mrs. Henry Wathen of Kingston, was the guest of Mrs. David D. Johnston last week and returned home on Saturday in company with his sister, Mrs. A. C. Daniels of New Glasgow, N. S. Miss Ellen Wellwood is visiting her sister Mrs. David Pappay, at Kegonsville this week. Mr. James Robinson who has been visiting his friends here and at Mill Branch will return to Boston, this week to resume his duties.

ST. MARTIN.

[Progress is for sale at the drug store of R.D. McLean & Co.] AUG. 24.—A number of ladies and gentlemen of this place spent last week very pleasantly camping out at "Tyndale" camp. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bourke, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. S. A. Smith, Mrs. Chas. Brown, Mrs. H. V. Skillen, Miss Bessie Parker, Miss Alice Parker, Miss Lilla Skillen, Miss Nellie Whistart, Messrs. Robinson, L. V. Davis, B. Whistart, C. E. Smith, D. B. Skillen. Mr. W. R. Stockbridge, of Boston, is at the Kennedy house this week. Mrs. Jas. Whistart returned home on Saturday after a pleasant visit to St. John. Miss Georgie Foster, of St. John, is the guest of her friend, Miss Flo Caroon. Rev. Mr. Payson and Mrs. Payson of Fredericton are the guests of Captain B. Vaughan. Miss Lillian Wade of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Whistart. Mr. S. V. Skillen returned home on Saturday after spending three weeks in Charlotte Co. Mr. D. Brown spent Sunday here with his family. Mrs. W. S. Skillen, of Woodstock, is here visiting Miss A. Skillen. Miss Mabel and Missie Charlton, of St. John are spending their holidays with their aunt, Mrs. J. C. Skillen. Mrs. Chas. Bourke left on Monday to visit friends in St. John. Mr. Frink and his little daughter, of St. John, are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Frink's mother Mrs. Geo. Mansfield. Miss Leonard Bradshaw is home from Boston for her holidays. Mrs. E. Zabor and three children, of Bath, Maine, are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Tabors' mother Mrs. Howard Leonard. AUG. 7.—The beautiful grounds of "The Wagon" were the scene of a very merry gathering on a gay morning last when Mrs. Mary and the Misses Skillen entertained a number of their friends at a garden party in honor of their guest Mrs. N. S. Skillen of Woodstock. At six o'clock a sumptuous repast was partaken of and after enjoying the beauties of the grounds until eight the splendid drawing room was cleared for dancing. The guests invited were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bourke, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Skillen, Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown (St. John) Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wm. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Whistart, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Skillen, Mr. and Mrs. U. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Chas. Loring, (Brookings) Mrs. Skilling, Mrs. W. S. Skillen (Woodstock), Mrs. A. E. Wainwright, Mrs. Donald McKenzie, (Boston) Mrs. J. R. Skillen Mrs. J. R. Frink. (St. John) The Misses Lilla Bourke, George Vaughan, Bessie Skillen, Maude Har, Lottie Robinson, Lillian Wade. (St. John) Lilla Carson, Emma Bradshaw, Maude Reche, (St. John) Bessie Carson, Emma Marr, Mrs. C. Fowler (New York) Osborne Chariton, (St. John), Albert Caroon, A. Whistart, Rob. Hastings, Chas. Hastings, S. V. Skillen, Ernest Vaughan, Frank Charlton, (St. John), Jack Hastings, (Boston), Rupert Bourke, L. N. Skillen, E. R. Chapman, (St. John), Revs. Messrs Kirk, and Grug. Mrs. Fraser, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. D. Brown at the Beach. Mrs. Henry Calhoun and Mrs. Wells of Albert Mines are the guests of Mrs. Mary Calhoun. Mrs. Payson and little child in September, Fredericton, are visiting Mrs. Payson's aunt, Mrs. B. Vaughan. Miss Lillian Wade, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Whistart. Mr. Horace Colpitts, of Moncton, spent Sunday here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bradshaw. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Vaughan on the arrival of a young son. The people of St. Martin were very glad to hear that the N. B. Summary had reopened in September, under the management of the Rev. Willard McIntyre. Mr. I. W. Mack (N. S.) is the guest of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Silas Vaughan. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robertson have the sympathy of the whole community in the death of their baby daughter Hazel which occurred this morning. Deceased.

ANOVER.

AUG. 1.—Messrs. Benjer, and Harry Beveridge gave a very pleasant garden party to a number of their friends on Monday evening. The corner band was in attendance and in the evening played some very pretty selections. The illumination of the grounds with the pretty costumes of the young ladies made a charming scene. Miss Neels, of Woodstock, is the guest of her brother, Rev. S. Neil Neels. Mrs. P. G. Fraser, Grand Falls, is spending a few weeks with her friends here. Miss Mary Bell and Miss Violet Beveridge have returned home from St. Andrew. Mrs. Emma Henderson, of Woodstock, is visiting at Mrs. A. J. Beveridge's. Judge Stevens, of St. Stephen, and Mr. Barbour, of St. John, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Wainwright. Mrs. Gias, of Boston, is the guest of Mr. Robert Wiley. Rev. Mr. Burgess, of St. John, is spending a few weeks here. Rev. Mr. Estabrook is spending a few days with his friends here. Miss Louise Perley returned home from Woodstock on Tuesday. Mrs. C. Maston, Anderson, Robertson, Taylor, H. Miller and Geo. Barker. Clieo.

MANAWAGONISH.

AUG. 6.—Miss Robinson, who has been spending some time with friends in Annapolis, has returned. Mr. Geo. Barker is visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. M. Taylor. Mr. and Mrs. Hurdess Clarke are spending the summer months with Mrs. Clarke's father, Mr. Day. I am glad to see Miss Mans Vaughan among us again, after her visit to the city. Miss Mary McLeod has returned after a short, but delightful visit to friends in Aylesford, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. K. Cameron and Mr. Allen spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Quinton. Miss Gerlie Mason, with some friends, visited Hampton last week. Mr. Geo. Olive, of Carleton, spent Sunday with his friends, Mr. J. Robertson. Miss M. McLeod entertained a few friends on Thursday evening last. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Moaley, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Misses Lawson, Anderson, Carrell and K. Christopher, Messrs. C. Maston, Anderson, Robertson, Taylor, H. Miller and Geo. Barker. Clieo.

LIVERPOOL.

AUG. 4.—The annual picnic of the Trinity church Sunday school took place at White Point, on Thursday. Mrs. J. E. Richardson, of Emsbury, is visiting her daughter Mrs. A. W. Hendry. Captain D. Patrick, from Chelsea, Mass., is visiting friends in Liverpool. Dr. T. H. McKinnon, of New York, was in town this week. Rev. Mr. Day, from Quebec, passed through Liverpool on Tuesday. Mr. Howard Freeman has secured the position of Principal of the Fairbairn High School, Mass. Picnics are the order of the day now, and trips to the beach of common occurrence. Our visiting friends seem to enjoy themselves. Mr. Lorenzo Miles, and Mr. Clarence Freeman from St. John, N. B., are spending their vacation at home. Eureka.

NUQUASH.

AUG. 8.—Miss Robinson, St. John, is visiting Mrs. C. F. Clinch. Miss Fionnie Addy, returned home Monday after a few weeks visit at Sunnyside. Miss Mans Anderson, of Charlottetown, Mass., is the guest of her aunt Mrs. W. Harding. Miss Ella Anderson, is visiting Mrs. C. C. Ladgate, St. George. Miss Fionnie Smith, of St. John, is spending a few days here with her aunt at Emsbury, N. B. Mr. Bruce Scott and Mr. Masters of St. John, spent Sunday here. Miss Addy Thomas, of St. John, was the guest of Miss Epke, last week. Mr. J. M. Anderson, spent Sunday at his home here. Viva.

THE ORIGINAL... Save... Found... Sent by mail... Am... 65 Ch... If You... We of... Am... Works, Elm Str... Ver... Latest Sty... MIS... 113 Charl... Will give Sp... fine assort... LADIES... The Cambri... washing comb... We sold th... We are... All... S...

Social and Personal.

NEW FLAVORINGS.

BELOW WE GIVE A LIST OF OUR Flavoring Extracts, all of which possess in a remarkable degree the true flavor of the fruits and spices from which they are compounded...

Dearborn's Pure FLAVORING Extracts AND SEE THAT OUR NAME IS ON THE LABEL.

If you are unable to procure them where you are dealing, we will forward to any address, postage paid, a 2 oz. bottle of any of our Extracts on receipt of price, 25 cents.

- APRICOT, ALMOND, BLOOD ORANGE, BANANA, COFFEE, CHERRY, CLOVES, CINNAMON, JAMAICA GINGER, LEMON, LIMES, NUTMEG, ORANGE, PINEAPPLE, PEAR, PEACH, PEPPERMINT, RASPBERRY, ROSE, STRAWBERRY, WINTERGREEN, VANILLA, WATER-WHITE VANILLA.

The above Extracts have become very popular with Ladies in flavoring home made candies, etc., and we have received many of the most flattering testimonials from parties using our Extracts, every one bona fide and unsolicited.

DEARBORN & Co., 95 Prince Wm. St., 34 and 36 Water St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

TOILET WATERS. PERFUMES. HAIR GOODS. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT

J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Don't Forget 75 Charlotte St., the Address, (over Warlock's)

We Lead in Prices.

OTHERS TRY TO FOLLOW. Parlor Suites in the City. OUR \$60.00 Wilton Rug Suites cannot be equalled.

A. L. RAWLINS & SON, 54 KING STREET. Ladies who dress well are now wearing these waterproof goods for cloaks, wraps and all over garments.

Priestley's Cravenettes. Ladies who dress well are now wearing these waterproof goods for cloaks, wraps and all over garments.

Early Autumn Dress Materials. 54 in. Tweed Mixtures, Estamene Serges, Cheviot Serges, Coating Serges, Vigoreaux Coatings, French Serges.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

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WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Save Half Dollar.

Fountain Syringes, Only \$1.25 Each, All Hard Rubber Pipes, Worth \$1.75.

Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25. Best quality Syringe made. Warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Send for one and get a warranted Syringe.

American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St., St. John.

If You Don't Advertise You Die.

"We are Dyeing," but we still keep advertising. We only mention our name, you know the rest.

American Dye Works Co., Works, Elm Street, North End. Office, South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.

Ventilated Human Hair Goods.

Latest Style in Frontpieces on hand and made to order. also half and full wigs. Specialty: Fine Ventilating for the trade.

MISS KATIE HENNESSY, 113 Charlotte Street, Opp. Dufferin Hotel.

Make Your Own SODA WATER.



During the warm weather a drink of cool Soda Water is very nice. By using one of our Seltzogens you can always have it on hand.

PRICE \$8.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 King Street, St. John, N. B.

P. S. Full directions furnished with each machine.

F. W. SANFORD

Will give Special Bargains in BOOTS AND SHOES for the next week. Just received a large assortment of LADIES' DONCOLA KID OXFORDS and BUTTON BOOTS.

BUY-ME-QUICK BARGAINS.



The underlined belong to the class of Bargains known as "Buy-Me-Quick." They are selling so fast that some of them may be cleared out before this reaches the Public Eye...

FRENCH WOOL CHALLIES.

We are selling the balance of our stock at 2 1/2c a yard. Former Prices 40 and 46c a Yard.

All-Wool French Dress Serge, (Double Fold), in Black and all the most Fashionable Colorings at 25c a Yard.

S. C. PORTER, 11 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

St. John—North End.

Mrs. Lord, who has been spending some weeks in the city with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, returned this week to her home, Peabody, Mass.

Rev. Edwin Daniel, of Port Hope, Ontario, joined his wife and family in St. John, this week.

Mrs. N. Roderick McKenzie, Cornwall, Ont., (formerly Miss Jack) with her children is visiting St. John. They are staying at No. 3 Elliot Row.

Mr. Charles Lee has been appointed head nurse in the general public hospital.

Mrs. H. F. Sharp and Miss Dora Sharp, who has been visiting friends in the Cornwallis Valley, returned home this week.

Mr. Ernest W. McCready, son of Mr. J. E. B. McCready of this city, but now living in New York, is here spending his vacation.

Mr. T. K. Southborough, of Omaha, is spending his vacation with friends in the city.

Mr. Thomas Dineale, of New York, but formerly of this city, is here for a short visit.

Mrs. George Hegan's family returned this week from Water's Landing, where they have spent the past month.

Mr. Rupert R. Olive, of Boston, is the guest of Mr. Isaac Olive, King Street, west end.

By asserting the truth the wise will take heed that work cannot be done without hands to perform, and that photos by Climo and Son are made by artistic skill in perfection and to do the impossible none can succeed.

St. John—North End.

Mrs. C. S. Taylor and Miss Taylor are at Digby where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Dennis Burke, of Ottawa, once of St. John, accompanied by Mrs. Burke and family, left for home by the Canadian Pacific on Wednesday evening.

Mr. R. J. Ritchie and Master Edwin Ritchie will spend the next few weeks at the Colvars.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cochrane, who have been the guests of Mrs. J. Graham, Main Street, for a few days, returned on Wednesday to their home in Halifax, Mass.

Mr. Gillis Mabey, of Boston, was in the city on Wednesday and proceeded at once to Hampton, where he will visit his former home.

Mr. Ernest W. McCready, son of Mr. J. E. B. McCready of this city, but now living in New York, is here spending his vacation.

Mr. Charles W. Gill, of New York, was in the city a few days this week, the guest of Mr. P. W. Sailer.

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Why not have long selected ones in your cabinet? Special orders respected. Dual, 19 Waterloo St.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme is for sale in Halifax at the following places: Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street; ...

The principal event of the week was the "drawing room" at the Provincial building on Tuesday. Over three hundred persons attended, and it was one of the most brilliant functions ever held in this city.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen wore a handsome black gown, with a fine tiara of diamonds, also other diamond ornaments. The governor-general was in the full court uniform of an imperial councillor.

Among those who attended the "drawing room" were the following: Surgeon-Colonel Archer, Miss Adye, T. H. Almon, Mrs. T. C. Allen, ...

Major and Mrs. Hodgson, Miss Harvey, Mr. Hill, Mr. Justice and Miss Henry, Col. Isaacson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones, Capt. Johnson, The Misses Kemp, Miss Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Miss Kinnear, Mr. Langdon, Surgeon-Major Lees-Hall, Col. and Mrs. Leach, ...

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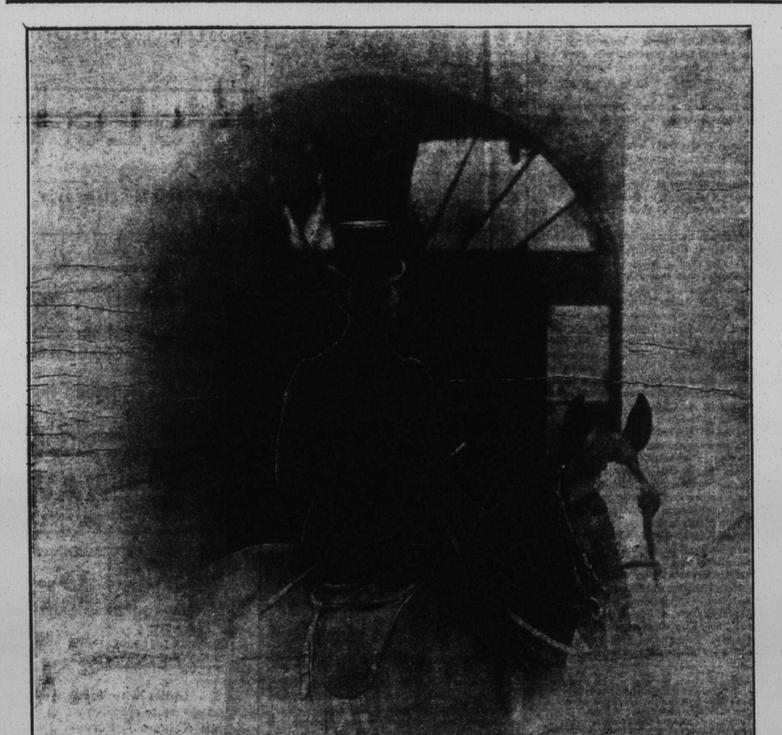
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SOUVENIR CARD SOLD ON THE STREETS OF DUBLIN WHEN THE ABERDEENS WERE LEAVING IRELAND IN 1886.

Major and Mrs. Hodgson, Miss Harvey, Mr. Hill, Mr. Justice and Miss Henry, Col. Isaacson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones, Capt. Johnson, The Misses Kemp, Miss Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Miss Kinnear, Mr. Langdon, Surgeon-Major Lees-Hall, Col. and Mrs. Leach, ...



LADY ABERDEEN ON HORSEBACK.

Troop, Mr. Stewart, Miss Willis, Mr. Strawnson, Mr. Tupper, Mr. Parveller, Mr. Smith, Mr. Shannon, Mr. North, Capt. Twining, The Misses Young, Mr. J. Slayter, Miss Slayter, Lieut. Sandeman, Mr. Parker, Miss Wallace, Miss Graham, Dr. Sinclair, Miss Nagle, Miss Lawson, Misses Story, Miss Payzant, Misses Turton, Misses Norton-Taylor, Miss Wickwire, Miss Stokes, Misses Trumble, Capt. and Mrs. Trotman, Major and Mrs. Waldron, Major and Mrs. Apsley-Smith, Miss Adye, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. White, Lieut. Thompson, Lt. W. Wilkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Tobin, Officers H. M. S. Taylor, Officers La Nade, Tighe, Mr. Sanders, The dance on the ship "Blake," on Tuesday afternoon passed off as pleasantly as was anticipated, and was attended by about three hundred guests, including all the military and naval officers, Lord Aberdeen, the Countess of Aberdeen, and Lord Aberdeen's staff were among those invited.

The banquet on Tuesday evening was as great a success as all the entertainments in honor of his excellency the Governor-General of Canada have been. The arrangements were very complete and reflect great credit on the committees, on which there was

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STEINWAY, CHICKERING, NORDHEIMER PIANOS. LIBERAL TERMS, REASONABLE PRICES. A lot of second hand Pianos and Organs can be obtained at low prices and terms to suit purchasers. Sole's Photograph Art Works in great variety. Agents wanted for every city in Canada. For particulars address A. PETERSEN, 68 King St. - Sole Agent for Canada.

\$37.50 BUTS A GOOD ORGAN. This gives you an idea of our SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FAMILY. Write to-day for our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue Free of Latest Styles and special terms of sale. We ship ORGANS direct to the Home on TEN DAYS TEST TRIAL, and sell on easy terms of payment as well as for spot cash. Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Six Years. Address: H. E. CHUTE & CO., YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

CORNING BUGGY. We have particularly nice carriages in the above style. See them or write for prices. PRICE & SHAW, 22 to 23 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

MURPHY GOLD CURE INSTITUTE. For the treatment of Alcoholism, the Morphine and Tobacco habits. References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion. Indorsed and published by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Quebec. Correspondence confidential. MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. COMFORTING TO OLD AND YOUNG ROBUST & DELICIOUS. The Philadelphia Co. gave a concert in St. George's hall on Saturday evening to a good house and it is very highly spoken of by those who were present. Dr. Toynshend went to Digby last week, returning on Saturday.

SMITH BROS., Granville and Duke Sts., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

10c Havana CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR IN THE DOMINION.

A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 5c. SMALL QUEEN.

Ask for the BACHELOR CIGAR and be convinced that

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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates, likely from a newspaper column or list.

AMUSEMENTS.

[Procession is for sale at Amherst by Charles... On Wednesday Mrs. Man gave an afternoon tea at "Helen Cottage." Mrs. Curry, of "Seven Gables," gave a large five o'clock tea on Thursday and Friday, which was a little crowded but all managed to come off successfully.

Miss Black had a large and much enjoyed lawn party at her home on Victoria street. Mrs. Liberman Rogers served tea to a number of friends in honor of her guest Miss Black, St. John, and Mrs. E. C. Fuller, very pleasantly regaled the Toronto club.

Miss Helen Moffat, was at home on Saturday and entertained a party of friends at a time when Mrs. Miss Kennedy, Halifax, Miss Fio Anderson, Seckville. Miss Jennie Kennedy is the guest of Miss Hick-

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Photography.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD CLIMO, 85 Germain Street.

MAGNET SOAP.

This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries.

For sale by grocers everywhere.

J. T. LOCAN, MANUFACTURER; 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Lorimer's Pepsin Sauce. For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c., &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for Indigestion, hence it is invaluable to all sufferers from that distressing complaint and they should use it with every meal.

Dr. Schacht, president of the "Apotheker Verein," in a paper read before that scientific body at Berlin, in 1873, referred to LORIMER'S SAUCE in term of highest praise, and recommended it in preference to any other form of Pepsin, either in wines, essences or other forms.

For sale by all leading Grocers. General Agent for Canada, M. F. EGAR, HALIFAX, N. S. FOUND OUT AT LAST.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art.

15th Day of Sept., 1894. 2428 Works of Art, aggregating in value \$65,115. Every subscriber has an equal chance. The Grand Prize is a Group of Works of Art valued at \$18,750. Subscription tickets for sale at the New Brunswick Royal Art Union, 15th St. John, N. B. Price \$1.00 each. In addition to the monthly chance of winning a valuable prize, the holder of 12 consecutive monthly subscription tickets will receive an original Work of Art, by such artists as Thomas Moran, N. A., Wm. H. Shelton and others.

Send money for subscriptions by registered letter, money order, bank cheque or draft to THE NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, Ltd., St. John, N. B. Circulars and full information mailed free. Or can be had on application at the galleries of the company—50 and 62 Prince William Street, St. John. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

A BETTER INVESTMENT than an ACCIDENT POLICY FOR \$1000, at this season of the year is a bottle of DR. ABBOTT'S DIARRHOEA CORDIAL

which should be at hand for immediate use in every home, in case of a sudden attack of Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, &c., &c. To be had of all dealers in medicines at 25 cents per bottle. PRICE \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

DRY GOODS HOUSES. CONSUMPTION. THE LAND OF EVANGELINE, LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE and don't fail to write for illustrated guide-books, price information to THE WINDSOR & ANAPOLIS RAILWAY, KENTVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA. The more questions you ask, the better you are informed.

NEW GLASGOW.

Aug. 8.—Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. C. Tannor (Picton) and Miss Butler, (Halifax) were last week the guests of Mrs. James Keith. Mr. J. C. McGregor has returned home from Boston. Mr. Edwin Fraser, C. E., went to Yarmouth on Monday to spend some weeks. Mrs. Marion McKean, of Amherst, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McGregor.

Mr. Charles Crockett is spending his vacation touring Nova Scotia. Dr. Wright is visiting friends in Parrabro and other Nova Scotia towns. Miss Maria McColl is visiting friends in Guysboro. Mrs. Bowman and family, Mrs. John Underwood and family—all of which belong to the same family—were camping at Little Harbor, returns to town this week. Mrs. Grey and Miss Minnie Grey went to Halifax last week.

Mr. George Foster, B. A., and Mr. Harry Foster, of Charlottetown, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard Maynard. Mrs. Carruthers and Miss Beattie Carruthers go to Charlottetown this week, while there they will be the guests of Mrs. Artemus Lord, and Mrs. J. J. Davies. The Misses Graham, and Miss Eva Grant returned from Little Harbor. Mr. A. Pickett, C. E., left on Monday for Yarmouth. A wedding will take place very soon, that will be a great surprise to several of our friends. The contracting parties, the gentleman is very popular in business and social circles, the young lady is polite and pretty, Teddy promised not to mention names so he won't.

Miss Chisholm of Halifax, has been visiting her sister, Miss Jean Chisholm, at Mrs. Robertson's. Professor Russell, of Dartmouth, spent part of last week in town on his way to Arichat. Mr. J. L. Jenson returned on Saturday after enjoying a pleasant trip to the western part of the province. Mrs. McKean, of Boston, daughter of Rev. Mr. Patterson, is expected here this week. Mr. Henry F. Ross, Bridgewater, has been visiting his home in St. John, Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, who have been visiting friends in New Brunswick, returned home Saturday. Mr. A. L. Rice returned to Montreal yesterday. A reception was held in Fidelity Hall, St. John, on Thursday last, in honor of the guests, Mr. W. H. White and Miss McKay, of Minneapolis. Hon. R. Drummond was master of ceremonies. The evening was one of song and addresses, followed by a dainty collation. Nearly one hundred guests were present, all of whom pronounced the affair a perfect success. Mrs. Burroughs Mangrove, of Barry, Mass., who is now visiting in Halifax, is expected here this week. She will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred Harrison, of West Side. Miss Annie Rice has gone to Yarmouth to visit friends. Mr. Patterson and Mrs. McKean went to Antigonish on Monday to visit their many friends; they were accompanied by Mr. George Patterson, who returned next day. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dixon, of Seckville, who have been visiting St. John and Halifax, spent part of this week in town, guests at the Norfolk. Dr. Baile, Dr. Underwood, Messrs. G. S. Jackson and T. Gillen, who comprised the crew of the schooner, returned from their pleasant trip Monday. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Chatham, P. E. I., was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore is visiting Mrs. Monroe's mother Mrs. Fellows. Miss Helen Brien, of Amherst, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Jenson, at Smith Cove. Mrs. Mary Shaw is visiting Mrs. J. M. Viers. Mr. Frank Burns, of St. John, is spending his vacation in this his native town. Miss L. Dunbar, of Weymouth, is visiting Mrs. W. B. Allen. Miss Kitty Weston, of Malden, Mass., is the guest of the Misses Stilling. Mr. Hartwood, of Ontario, is among the latest arrivals at the Evangelical home. Mr. Osborne, of N. Y., occupied the pulpit of Holy Family, Sunday evening. The large congregation present listened to an able and eloquent discourse. The Club Chantant in Baptist Hall Wednesday evening was a decided success. Mr. Watson was a new and novel entertainment. Mr. Watson, assisted by a few, gave the affair for the benefit of the Mission. The stage was nicely dressed and decorated with flowers, etc., while dispersed about the

hall were small tables at which attendants served passengers. Up stairs coffee, cake, etc., was dispensed to those who cared to partake. During the evening a programme of solos, readings and piano selections were well carried out. Mrs. Bennett, always a favorite with the audience, was in splendid voice and had to respond to hearty applause. Miss Helen Shaw of New York, who is spending the summer here more than charmed the audience with her superb rendition of "Rock of Ages." Miss Shaw possesses a magnificent voice, full and rich, which she has under control. This lady was also tendered success in both solos. Mr. Campbell is a favorite, and never sang better. Mr. Jermiah, of New York, another summer guest, gave a solo and in addition to an encore, was the recipient of a handsome bouquet. Rev. J. M. Davenport, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Marshall, Amherst. Miss Edna Wright has returned from a very pleasant visit among friends in St. John. Mrs. G. B. Deane and children are visiting her mother, Mrs. Geo. Jones. Quite a number of our young people of the method church are at Berwick attending camp meeting. Mr. Horace C. de was in town Monday. Miss Minnie G. Stewart, Mrs. J. A. Corry, of Bear River, and Miss Mabel Barlow, of St. John, spent Tuesday with friends in town. Miss Lizzie Bell, of Pembroke, Ont., is visiting her brother, W. J. Bell. Miss Maud Mansford spent Monday in Clements Point. Captain James Wright, of the bark Don Enrique, is in St. John, spending Sunday here. Miss Beattie Peters is the guest of Mrs. Herbert Green. Mrs. George Bigsby, Miss Margaret Bigsby and the Masters Bigsby, are guests at the Daily home. Mrs. Frank Dennison is home from Boston on a visit. Miss Hattie Rice is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kinnear. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGivern and child, are here, and occupy a cottage at Smith's Cove. Mrs. John Russell, of St. John, came over on Thursday for a short hour's visit in Digby, returning Miss Kate F. Tapley, of St. John, spent Thursday in Digby.

SYDNEY, C. B. [Procession is for sale in Sydney by John McKean and G. J. McKinnon. Aug. 7.—Mr. H. H. McDonald of the Merchants' Bank left Thursday for a two weeks' vacation. Mr. Arthur Burdell, of Halifax, is spending a few days at home. Mr. J. A. Youngs "at home" was quite the event of last week among the number present were Rev. James Quinn, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hickey, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Donnan, Mrs. J. A. Green, Mrs. A. G. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McKeen, Mrs. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. McKean, Mrs. Beopey, Mrs. Kendall, Misses McNeil, Lyons, McCreary, Jean Nisby, McKay, I. McKay, Kay, Trites, Tremaine, Ingraham, I. Ingraham, Richardson, Harrington, Peters, Messrs. Green, A. Burdell, A. Falcous, Mr. McDonald, G. T. McKeen, D. J. McDonald, Miss McKay, sang some very pretty songs; but the best by far was "Nearer my God to Thee" by Mrs. J. E. Burdell accompanied by her daughters with the piano and violin. Mrs. Deane has a special picnic up Crawley's Creek yesterday afternoon. The guests were as follows: Misses Lorrain (2) Trites, Johnson, Frenchie, Cameron (2) Messrs. Green, Kimbrell, McLean, P. Donkin, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, G. T. McKeen, Mr. Nisby of Glace Bay was in town today. Mr. J. S. McKeen returned to Boston on Saturday. Miss Tina of Mulgrave and Miss Tremaine, of Port Hood have been staying with their aunt Mrs. Donkin. CHESTER RIVER. THURSDAY, N. S. [Procession is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co. Aug. 8.—Mrs. J. C. Mahan, Miss Sumner and Miss May Baxter are enjoying an outing at Wallace. Miss Carrie Calkin went to Picton on Monday last, after a short visit with Mrs. Carson. Miss Calkin goes to Cape Breton. Mrs. C. E. Bentley and family are spending a few weeks in Truro. Mrs. J. S. Snook and the Misses Snook are also at this pleasant resort. Mr. L. R. Bettie is enjoying his vacation in New Brunswick. Mrs. George Donkin was home for Sunday last, returning to Mulgrave yesterday. Dr. Walker returned last week from his trip to Toronto and other Canadian cities. The doctor availed himself of a pleasant "side" trip to Wallace, and to his home. Mr. A. L. Rigg and Master Walter go to St. John the first of next week. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Donkin and Madge Donkin leave on Saturday for a short visit with friends in Lunenburg. Miss Lillian Smith has gone to Boston for a month's vacation. Miss D. B. Cummings and Miss Gertrude are visiting the former's home at Antigonish. Mrs. Donkin and Miss Etta Donkin are spending a few weeks at River Philip. ANNAPOLIS. [Procession is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Allen, at the Royal Drug Store. Aug. 8.—Rev. Alfred Grand is the guest of Mrs. J. S. Bayly. Mrs. Midge Stewart has returned to her home in Digby. Mr. Owen has gone to Halifax for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Lacey Baker, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. Ritchie. Mrs. John Gavar, is spending some time among friends in Annapolis and vicinity. Mrs. M. Robertson who spent a few weeks here have gone to Middleton. Mrs. Leavitt gave a pleasant little card party on Friday evening. Miss Barr has gone to Halifax for a visit of some weeks. Mr. Harry Arund has accepted a position in Halifax. Grand preparations are being made for the bazaar to be held by the members of St. Louis (R. C.) church tomorrow, a good band is expected, also hundreds of guests, and the affair promises to be a brilliant success. CAMPBELLTON. [Procession is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in boots, shoes, stationery, furniture, carriage and machinery. Aug. 7.—His Lordship Bishop Rogers, of Chatham, was a welcome visitor in our town on Sunday, the guest of Rev. J. L. McDonald, as the presbytery. Mr. and Mrs. William McKendrick, of Maryville, Montana, arrived on Tuesday last, to visit Mr. McKendrick's parents, whom he has not seen for over twenty years. Mr. W. B. Smith, of Dalhousie, was in town last Thursday. Mrs. Arthur O'Leary, who visited Mrs. Henry Murray for a month, left on Saturday for her home to Elmhurst. Mrs. George Bain, Masters Forbes and Alexander intend returning to St. John, this week. Rev. F. Carr and family, are back from a month's vacation, spent among friends in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Miss Miss Fanner and Mrs. Will Duncan had a pleasant drive to Dalhousie on Thursday. WALTER BAKER & CO., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemical treated Cocoa and Chocolate in the world, have just landed at the Market Square of the "Midwinter Fair" in San Francisco. The "Midwinter Fair" is the largest and most successful exposition ever held in California. The exhibit is a special feature of the exposition. 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DIGBY. [Procession is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Moore. Mrs. W. H. Moore is visiting Mrs. Monroe's mother Mrs. Fellows. Miss Helen Brien, of Amherst, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Jenson, at Smith Cove. Mrs. Mary Shaw is visiting Mrs. J. M. Viers. Mr. Frank Burns, of St. John, is spending his vacation in this his native town. Miss L. Dunbar, of Weymouth, is visiting Mrs. W. B. Allen. Miss Kitty Weston, of Malden, Mass., is the guest of the Misses Stilling. Mr. Hartwood, of Ontario, is among the latest arrivals at the Evangelical home. Mr. Osborne, of N. Y., occupied the pulpit of Holy Family, Sunday evening. The large congregation present listened to an able and eloquent discourse. The Club Chantant in Baptist Hall Wednesday evening was a decided success. Mr. Watson was a new and novel entertainment. Mr. Watson, assisted by a few, gave the affair for the benefit of the Mission. The stage was nicely dressed and decorated with flowers, etc., while dispersed about the

OLEBERRYMAN RECOMMENDS IT. Rev. J. LEHMAN, ANGUUS, ONT., writes: "I give you much pleasure, to testify to the excellency of K. D. C., as a cure for Dyspepsia. I have recommended it here widely, and in every case it has proved successful. It is the very best remedy that I have ever known, that I know of, and now fails to help or cure when used as you direct. It deserves the name of "King of Dyspepsia Cures."

ANNET. had and all druggists not accept ions.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Page 7.)

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Aug. 8.—Cards have been issued by his honor the Lt. Gov. and Mrs. Fraser to a reception in honor of their excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen, on Wednesday, Aug. 15th, at 10 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. Fraser will be at home Tuesday, Aug. 7 and Tuesday, Aug. 21.

Major and Mrs. O'Malley of New York, formerly of this city, have been visiting here.

Rev. Finlay Alexander has returned from Montreal, and taken rooms at Miss Allen's, Waterloo Row.

Rev. Canon Dunsmuir of Toronto, has been visiting in the city.

Auditor-General Beck has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. D. Lee Babbitt spent Sunday in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Richards left Monday to spend some weeks in Upper Gagetown.

Mr. A. D. Macpherson is on a holiday trip to Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Wm. Lemont and Miss Lemont have returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. Fred Eaton, of Vermont, is visiting his sister, Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe.

Miss May Robinson, of Pine Grove, is visiting friends in Bothroy.

Mrs. T. C. Allan and Mr. A. R. Wetmore, C. E. have been in St. John attending a family gathering.

Hon. Judge Steadman has returned from a visit to Digby.

Mrs. O'Grady, of London, Ont., with her children, is visiting her parents, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Maunsell.

Miss Thompson, of St. John, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Lemont.

Mr. James Tibbitts is visiting his son, Mr. H. H. Tibbitts, in Andover.

Miss Margaret Hunt, of Boston, is on a visit to this city and is staying at Mrs. Barker's, Brunswick street.

The many friends Mr. Francis Walker made here in his college days, will be pleased to hear of his return to this city.

Mr. Walker assumes a position on the High School staff on the opening of the term.

Miss McAllister of St. Stephen and Miss Stevens of Bangor, are visiting Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe.

Dr. Harrison chancellor of the U. N. B. has returned from a visit to his son, Dr. J. D. Harrison, at Edmonston, N. W. T.

Mr. John R. Weddall and Mrs. Weddall are spending a week at the Bay Shore.

Mr. C. A. Sampson and Miss Sampson left on Tuesday for a visit to Halifax.

Miss Edwards has returned from a visit to St. Andrews accompanied by Miss McKay, who will visit Mr. John Edwards, Charlotte St.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ouy Crookshank went to St. John, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of a relative there.

Mr. N. A. Chiff has arrived from his Florida orange groves, and will spend the balance of the summer a guest at the Queen hotel.

Mrs. T. W. Bailey left on Tuesday to visit friends in Woodstock.

Mr. F. M. Turner, of Detroit, Mich., is on a visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and Mrs. P. Barker, Boston, are at Mrs. Peakes', College row.

Miss Lowe, who has been visiting at Mr. Martin Leonard's returned home to Bangor, on Monday.

Prof. Idore and wife, of Boston, are visiting Miss Annie Martin, King street.

Mrs. Parsons has returned to her home at Montreal, after a visit of some weeks to her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. M. Callers.

Miss Mary Emmerson, of Pittsford, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Daniel Jordan.

Miss Cliff, of Boston, is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Dayton.

Lt. Col. Maunsell went to St. John, on Monday. Capt. Hemming spent a few days here last week at the Bay Shore, where Mrs. Hemming and children are summering.

Mr. Fletcher of New York, arrived in this city Saturday on a visit to his sister Mrs. S. C. Malnutt.

Alpary consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Horace King, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Jewett, Messrs. C. W. King, Leonard Jewett, Sam. T. King and Jas. Fleming came up from St. John, Saturday in a steam launch and after spending the day here, returned to St. John.

The floors of the R. C. L. will be much missed during their absence at Camp Lewis where they go on August 14th.

Mrs. (D.) and Miss Gertrude Coulthard are in Halifax, visiting Mrs. Coulthard's sister Mrs. Fraser.

Messrs. Fenety, Allen, Fred Peters and Jim Wilson spent Sunday in the Nashua valley, making the run from the city on their bicycles.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs Ralph Taylor, and at Calais by G. S. Wall, in Calais at O. P. Trean's.]

Aug. 8.—The "Fete of Nations," an entertainment given in the St. Croix skating rink by the W. C. T. U. has taken up the attention of nearly all the ladies in town during the past week, so much so that other entertainments and amusements are quite forgotten.

The "Fete" ends this evening, and those who enjoy picnics and water parties will again have an opportunity to indulge their fancy.

The rink building is beautifully decorated with flags, bunting and flowers. The centre is dotted with groups of spruce trees, near by are dainty tables from which ice cream can be eaten most comfortably, there are also quaint chairs and garden seats placed about and visitors can rest and view the gay scene about them.

The women's club voted to the different booths representing the nations. First on the left, one's attention is drawn to "Great Britain," Scotland, with her fishwives who offer "caller herrin" for sale, the young ladies who represent the fishwives being Miss Annie Stewart and Miss Lena Mackee.

"England," a drawing room to represent the "Homes of England," here we gaze upon a most beautiful room filled with bric-a-brac paintings, statuary, soft easy chairs and a seat in the corner, rich draperies and a five o'clock tea table which is dispensed by Miss Cora Allen, Miss Rita Ross, Miss Alice Graham, Miss Florrie Sullivan, and Miss Florrie Cullen, who are a lovely picture in their pretty white frocks as they move about among their visitors.

"Ireland," next claims our attention, here we find a dainty and real butter made by two pretty daisy maidens, who are Miss Noe Cieres and Miss Bessie Bixby, local milk, oat cakes and butter-milk are sold here. The dairy maids are dressed in green and white and the shawl rock is most conspicuous in their attire.

"Japan," is represented by a Japanese dwelling and garden; it is most ingeniously built and very pretty. It is in charge of Mrs. A. L. Teed, and two little maidens, Misses Edith Delmsted and Bertie Teed; Japanese articles are offered for sale here.

"Italy," is represented by an out-door scene, a hillside covered with vines and flowers, and fruit of all kinds can be found for sale. It is in charge of Miss Louie Taylor, and Miss Connie Chipman. There is always a crowd surrounding this booth to listen to the sweet strains of Miss Taylor's violin as she plays little Italian airs.

Canada next claims our attention. There is nothing for sale in this booth. But the idea is excellent. It shows the forest with its hunter's game. The sports of Canada—The lakes, Indians and their wigwags. Grains and wheat fields. It is well set up and excites much admiration from visitors.

"Iceland." This booth is admired by all. In the background, is a large picture of polar bears, and sea lions. The whole booth, is covered with white, and is a glittering mass that looks like frost. Seats made of white bones, are placed about with numerous curiosities from Arctic regions. Ice water is served from a huge block of ice, and ice cream of any flavor can be brought to one's order, on snow shoes. This booth is in charge of Mrs. David Maxwell and Mrs. F. M. Marchie, assisted by Miss Mabel Clarke, Miss Jessie Hill, Miss Roberts Marchie and Miss Maude Maxwell.

The visitor next steps from "Iceland" into "Turkey," a most gorgeous scene greets the eye. It represents the indolent and luxurious life of the Turk. Rich draperies, soft divans, and brilliant colored lights make a charming scene—Turkey is in charge of Mrs. Clara Wetmore, Miss Berna Maine, Miss Bessie Wetmore, and Mr. Thomas Wetmore.

There is also a peep show in connection with this booth, and sweetmeats and dried fruits are for sale.

Germany next claims attention. It is represented by a music garden, and is in charge of Mrs. George F. Clarke, and Miss Jean Sprague, who sing most sweetly the measure of their guests.

They listen richly immoderate with a fruit punch, and eat sauer kraut which is for sale in the garden. France is represented by a dainty Parisian cafe. It is all arranged in pale pink and pale blue and has a most fancy dainty effect.

Mrs. Jessie Moore, and Mrs. Howard McAllister, attired as waitresses, sell French candy and bon-bons.

And now we gaze on the United States, showing the great progress since the days of Washington, to the present time. Here we see the type writer, the sewing machine, the oil lamp, the spinning wheel, the talow candle, and the electric light. The hangings of this booth are in red, white and blue, and the stars and stripes; a large eagle at the top holds red, white and blue ribbons in his beak, which are festooned across the front; here a hand is a "kanker" restaurant, where hot peaches, doughnuts and pies are for sale, "20 minutes for refreshments" being most noticeable at different points. This is in charge of Mrs. W. H. Todd, who is ably assisted by Miss Mary Newton, Miss Mabel Burne, Miss Maxwell, Mrs. S. H. Blair gave a very pleasant party last Friday evening for the entertainment of Mrs. Whitehead and Mrs. Frederick Thompson, the guests of Mrs. Clarke, and Mrs. Mitchell.

A large number of ladies and children are out of town today on the excursion given by Trinity church Sunday school to St. Andrews.

Very pleasant news is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Edith Smith, of Cherry Valley, Worcester, to Mr. Guy Whidden. Their friends on the St. Croix wish them every happiness.

The society event of the week in Calais was the reception given by Mrs. A. H. Sawyer, at her beautiful home, from seven until nine o'clock. The lawn and piazza were hung with Japanese lanterns, and the long parlors were beautifully with floral decorations.

Mrs. Sawyer received her guests in a elegant costume of white ottoman silk, trimmed with black velvet and point d'alencon lace; she wore diamond ornaments. She was assisted by her friend, Mrs. Helen Kelly, of Boston, who looked most charming in a gown of black silk, cut square neck, trimmed with old thread lace; corsage bouquet of white cassations. The dining room was artistically decorated in green and white. Here the guests were prettily and daintily served by Miss Mabel Marchie, Miss Grace Nichols, Miss Millie Sawyer and Miss Mattie Nichols, who were all prettily attired in gowns of white. The orchestra was hidden in the upper hall, and strains of sweet music were heard throughout the evening. Among the guests present were, Mrs. Charles Newton, Mrs. W. B. King, Mrs. S. March, Mrs. Clara Anderson, Mrs. Ned Murchie, Mrs. George Elms, Mrs. Harry Grant, Mrs. Edwin Todd, Mrs. C. E. Swan, Mrs. Fred Walte, Mrs. Fred Lowell, Mrs. Downes, Mrs. Percy Lord, Mrs. W. A. Murchie, Mrs. C. B. Bonnde, Mrs. Henry S. Murchie, Mrs. Henry Todd, Mrs. Frank Woods, Mrs. Howard Black, Mrs. F. T. Pote, Mrs. W. H. Cole, Mrs. Willard Pike, Mrs. Geo. Murchie, Mrs. Reed Kimball, Mrs. Harry Purinton, Mrs. Francis Haycock, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Helen Newton, Miss Allie Pike and Miss Helen Foster.

The ladies and gentlemen of the "Wildwood Tennis club" have arranged for an excursion to St. Andrews on Friday afternoon, and will arrive and enjoy a dance at the Algonquin in the evening. Much pleasure is anticipated.

Miss Lily Eaton on Saturday gave a backboard and six o'clock dinner at De Monte, to a party of friends. The party was as follows: Miss Helen Newton, Miss Helen Hutchinson, Miss Helen Newton's guests, and was most pleasant and enjoyable.

Miss Mattie Deane is the guest of Mrs. Henry S. Murchie.

Mrs. Charles Todd and daughter Quennie are visiting Mrs. George Hayes of Eastport.

Rev. Mr. Dennis is visiting St. John, during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner Whitehead who have been

Mrs. R. A. Trice, who has been sojourning in Shelburne, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Frank L. Eaton, of New York is spending a few days in Calais among old friends and corners.

Mr. Louis Kelly of Tyuro, Nova Scotia is visiting his sister, Mrs. W. Goucher at the Baptist Parsonage.

The family of Rev. O. S. Nowham are spending a few weeks at Oak Bay.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilly spent Monday in town, and were the guests of Madame Chipman of the Cotard.

Mr. A. MacNicol and Mr. Church MacNicol are in Portland, Maine, this week.

Mr. Frank W. Johnson, arrived in Calais on Monday, and is the guest of Captain and Mrs. Geo. Love.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew are the guests of Mrs. C. S. Main.

Miss Kate Washburne is visiting friends in Robinston during this week.

Hon. Geo. B. Carman, arrived from Portland yesterday, where he has been on a business trip.

Mr. James Vroom spent Monday in Fredericton. Miss May Foster has gone to Houlton to visit her friend Miss Edith Wellington.

Mrs. A. A. Lowell, Mrs. E. P. Bonstall of Bangor, and Mr. Ernest T. Lee have gone to Lunenburg for a week's outing.

Rev. Mr. Dummer came up from St. Andrews yesterday and will be the guest of Mrs. W. Waterbury for two weeks.

Mr. Frederick Burpee and Mrs. Baxter returned to Calais on Monday and are the guests of Mrs. Albert Burpee.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hall, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith returned to St. John on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson, who visited and Miss Lena Mackee, were brought to a close on Monday afternoon. The primary object of the tournament, which was merely a friendly strife confined to members of the Moncton club, was to promote interest in the game and encourage the members to practice, and the secondary object was to attain sufficient will to make it worth their while joining in a more serious tournament in September. The fortunate couple who carried away the laurels, were, Miss May, of Montreal, and Mr. B. W. Simpson, of the I. C. R., an inner department. The tournament afforded a great deal of pleasant excitement for the players and their friends while it lasted.

Mrs. J. J. Taylor and children, are spending a few weeks in Pictou, N. S., visiting Mrs. Taylor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hudson.

Mrs. H. A. Chapman, who has been spending a few days with friends on the north shore, returned home on Monday. She was accompanied by Mrs. E. H. O'Neill, who will be her guest for a short time.

Messrs. A. C. Stead, and Clauie Peters, of the bank of Montreal, spent Sunday at Shediac Cape, enjoying the hospitality of camp Hooper.

Mrs. Dornier and Mrs. and Miss Norfolk, who have been spending the summer at Shediac Cape, returned to Moncton, last week.

Mrs. George W. Daniel and son, who have been enjoying the sea breezes at Buctouche, returned on Monday.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. T. Dobson, of Boston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. O'Leary, of King street. Mr. Dobson is a former Monctonian, who has won distinction as a teacher of vocal music since his removal to Boston.

Miss Constance Chandler, of Dorchester, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. W. Hewson.

Mrs. Annie Cooke, who has been spending some weeks visiting friends in Windsor and Halifax, returned home last week.

Amongst the number of Moncton people, who spent last Sunday in Shediac were Mrs. and Mrs. M. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Ward, and Messrs. C. J. Butcher and J. J. Taylor.

Mr. J. McD. Cooke returned on Friday from a short vacation spent partly in Dorchester.

Mr. George C. Aldrich may regret to hear that he is confined to his home by illness.

Miss Jean Thomson of Newcastle is visiting her sister Mrs. C. J. Butcher.

Mrs. F. H. F. Brown accompanied by Miss Brown and the Messrs. Mudge, and Hazel Brown, left town on Wednesday evening, to spend a few weeks at St. Andrews.

Mrs. Forsythe, of Dorchester, is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hewson of Alma street.

Mrs. G. V. Cooke and Miss Mary Cooke left town on Tuesday, to visit friends in Digby and Halifax.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald and Miss Archibald returned last week from Sydney, Cape Breton, where they have been spending some weeks.

Mr. F. J. Hunter, and his niece Misses Ughart, returned on Monday, from P. E. Island, where they have been spending a few days.

Mrs. J. E. Church, and family, left town for Pictou on Wednesday morning. They will be absent a few weeks.

Mrs. Patterson, of Pictou, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. J. Butcher, left here last week, to spend a few weeks at her home in Newcastle.

Miss Maudie, formerly of Moncton, but now of Boston, is in town, visiting relatives.

Clorno.

Mr. Herbert Fairweather of Moncton spent Sunday with his brother Mr. C. H. Fairweather.

Mrs. S. Vincent White of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Y. White, Church street.

Mrs. Smith of Sussex Corner is visiting her son J. Ernest Smith at Oxford, N. S.

Miss Lottie Hallett is visiting friends at Hampton.

Mr. Merritt of Fredericton has been the guest of Mrs. W. H. White.

Mr. Clement McCully, of St. John, is spending his vacation with his parents near Sussex corner.

The ladies of Trinity church sewing circle propose holding a high tea tomorrow evening on the lawn in front of Mr. D. M. Fairweather's residence.

Mr. Murray Heunis spent Tuesday in St. John. Miss Minnie Wilson of St. John has been visiting friends in this town.

Miss Violet Kinean is visiting at Mrs. R. H. Anderson's, Chatham.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore, by J. E. McCoy and by M. P. Jones.]

Aug. 8.—The tennis club tournament which has been engrossing the attention, not only of the tennis players of Moncton, but also of a very large body of non-participants, whose interest was only second to that of the players themselves, was brought to a close on Monday afternoon.

The primary object of the tournament, which was merely a friendly strife confined to members of the Moncton club, was to promote interest in the game and encourage the members to practice, and the secondary object was to attain sufficient will to make it worth their while joining in a more serious tournament in September. The fortunate couple who carried away the laurels, were, Miss May, of Montreal, and Mr. B. W. Simpson, of the I. C. R., an inner department. The tournament afforded a great deal of pleasant excitement for the players and their friends while it lasted.

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GREENWICH.

Aug. 7.—Visitors are still arriving at Evandale House. This week's list concludes B. Dibble, W. Gaskin, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Comp, Miss Laura Baker, Mr. G. F. Thompson, Miss Minnie Thompson, Mrs. A. C. A. Suter and daughter, Miss Lottie Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Trueman, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Myers, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Green, St. John; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hansen, Ottawa; Hon. T. H. Jones, wife and daughter, Westfield; Mrs. Arthur Dibble, Miss Fannie Dibble, W. B. Pike and wife, E. L. Dunning, M. J. Leonard, Patrick Barry, Arthur Beckett, Henry Mac'Quarrie, E. Patrick Corley, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Woodward Hudson, Concord, Mass.; L. U. Dunning, Claremont, N. H.; S. H. Waldron and wife, Mapleton, Maine; A. L. Williston, and Harry Williston, Northampton, Mass.; E. G. Cobb, Florence, Mass.; H. G. Leckie, Londonderry, N. S.; and Morgan Walcott, George H. Trueman, N. Y.

On Friday afternoon, the steam yacht Randolph arrived at Evandale with a jolly crew on board among whom were, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Elgin, Messrs. Samuel and Charles King, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Jewett, Mrs. L. M. Jewett, Messrs. James Flanagan, Wm. Britton and Walter Olive. They left on Saturday morning for Fredericton.

Misses Gertrude and Lottie Thomas left for their home in St. John, on Monday.

Miss Nellie Langley spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Alice Langley, who has been for the last three weeks at Evandale. On Monday both left for their home in Millard.

Miss Bessie Thompson left by this morning's boat for Fredericton, to visit friends, but intends to re-visit Evandale House before returning to her home in St. John.

Messrs. Willard and Roy Vanward have returned home after a very pleasant visit in Fredericton. Miss Bessie and Miss Edna Labster left today for St. John.

Mr. T. J. Gunn, of St. John, spent Sunday with sister, who are summering at Evandale. "FACED."

DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day. Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

Hello!

Give us the Earth.

We want to tell you that IRWIN'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE, like light and water should be in every house at this season of the year.

For sale by all druggists and general dealers.

Advertisement for Adams' Liquid Root Beer. Features a bottle illustration and text: "10c. ADAMS' LIQUID 10c. ROOT BEER! THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS."

Canadian Specialty Co., 38 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT. DOMINION AGENTS. W. S. CLAWSON & CO., St. John, N. B., Agents for New Brunswick.

HAWKER'S CATARRH

Advertisement for Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Text: "HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE. PERFECT PAINLESS POSITIVE CURE SAFE SIMPLE. EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRHAL HEAD-ACHE AND DEAFNESS, INFLUENZA, ETC. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. Mfg. by THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B."

"Montserrat"

Advertisement for Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice. Text: "Lime Fruit Juice. Is the Finest Drink in the World for Cooling, Refreshing, Invigorating, Wholesome. Hot Weather."

The Gala Days

of next week will be Tuesday and Wednesday, When the Firemen's Tournament will be held

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1894.

LET US SORROW MORE.

WE SHOULD DEVOTE MORE TIME TO THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS.

The Indecent Haste to Forget Those Taken From Us Freely Commented Upon by "Astra"—Why Should We Shorten the Season of Sorrow that Follows Death?

There has been a growing agitation of late years in favor of more simple mourning costumes, of less expenditure at funerals, and of a general simplification of the whole system of burying our dead.

Probably the very least ostentatious, and at the same time the least expensive of these were the cremation societies, since they did away not only with the burial coffin, but also with the necessity for a coffin, and enabled the sorrowing relatives of the late lamented to keep him neatly stowed away in a pot pourri jar on the parlor mantel.

The believers in cremation won many disciples both on account of its novelty, and also its economy, which reduced the expense of burial to a minimum, and in place of a lot in the cemetery with all its attendant outlay, called merely for a neat row of jars in assorted sizes, properly labelled and set away on some high and secure shelf, for all the world like a row of self-sealing preserve jars; and containing all that was left of departed relatives.

Following logically in the train of social reform came a movement in favor of abolishing mourning, which was said to be only another instance of the mere outward parade of sorrow, and an unhealthy fashion as well.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said cheerily; "that is, everything that is stationary."

"I had half a mind to hire a steam roller, just for speed, you know, but it seems to me we are doing about as well."

"I say—stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

"If you are going my way, this is just as fast as it will be; but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road, just light that match on that powder—and you're there sharp!"

"The young man decided to walk."

"The servant girl question."

Two Detroit women met the other morning on the street, and with a common impulse they began to talk about hied help.

hustle the corpse out of the house with sufficient haste: to get it out of sight, and to forget as soon as possible seems to be the first aim, and after that to hurry over the period of mourning as quickly as possible.

Who has not noticed the difference between the newly made graves in a cemetery and those of a few months before, and read, if he cared to read such signs, the sad story of rapidly healed grief?

And yet there was no intentional neglect shown, the grief was regaining to be assuaged, that is all, and the call of the grave was laid aside, when the second mourning was put on, that wonderfully elastic period of second mourning which sometimes sets in so soon, and lasts such a short time!

No, I have thought the matter over very carefully, and after mature consideration, I am perfectly sure there is no need for any modification of our mourning customs; but a very great need of some means by which we can learn to keep our dead in more loving remembrance, and to show a little more respect for those we have loved and lost, by keeping their memories, as well as their graves, green and fresh.

HE WANTED MORE SPEED. But finally decided that he was not in a Particular Rush.

An employe of a large grain company was driving from the station, with several kegs of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his load, and overtook a young man walking.

He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the waggon, or the lack of it.

"Not receiving a reply, he continued—"

"I had half a mind to hire a steam roller, just for speed, you know, but it seems to me we are doing about as well."

"If you are going my way, this is just as fast as it will be; but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road, just light that match on that powder—and you're there sharp!"

IT WAS A GOOD SHOW.

Such is the Verdict of Everybody Who Attended It.

Monday was "Circus day" and the pleasant memories of Barnum and Forepaugh were well preserved by the Cook & Whitby show.

The parade was seen by thousands of people and the news of its magnificence and attractiveness spread so quickly that any one who was not fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the procession at the start found it before it reached the grounds and learned for himself that all said of it was true.

Perhaps St. John has seen no performance of any kind in many years that has carried out the promises made in its advance notices with such exactness; nay, more than carried them out, for who can say that the press notices led any one to believe that he would see such a parade and such a performance.

To particularize and point out the features of the parade where there were so many features, were almost everything in the procession was a show in itself, would be a difficult task, but it can well be said that no parade has ever made so pleasing and favorable an impression.

But if the parade was pleasing what shall be said of the performance? It is safe for anyone to say that St. John has never seen such a circus performance, never seen one with so much variety, such talent in every direction, so well managed and conducted.

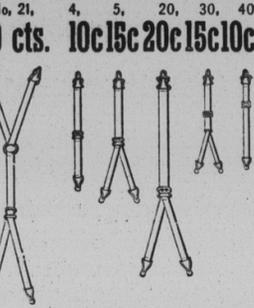
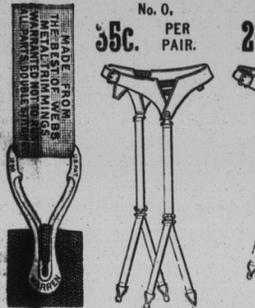
From the moment the grand opening parade began to the last exciting event, the four horse chariot race, there was not a moment save of enjoyment. Two eyes were needed instead of four and at times even four would not have been enough. To say nothing of the side shows, those usual introductions to the circus, to almost pass over the menagerie, though that cannot be done—without these the performance was sufficient to satisfy every man that he could not create greater value for his money.

Passing to the performance it will be impossible to describe the features of a show so many of which seemed impossible. Perhaps if preference must be given, the most wonderful and striking feats were those of the Japanese in their balancing and juggling.

Passing to the performance it will be impossible to describe the features of a show so many of which seemed impossible. Perhaps if preference must be given, the most wonderful and striking feats were those of the Japanese in their balancing and juggling.

Then the clowns were artists in their line—some of them athletes, others jugglers but all of them clowns to perfection.

The trapeze performance was thrilling—wonderful in its daring, startling in its variety. Then there were the horizontal and the trick mules, the boxing match and so many other things that looking back one wonders how so much could be crowded into two short hours.



Warren Hose Supporter THE BEST IN USE.

was so genial and courteous that the newspaper men in this city cannot fail to remember him and their brief acquaintance with him with much pleasure.—Daily Record.

WHY PETER MISSED THE TRAIN. A Crowd of Travelers Passed Sunday in Chatham Therefore.

Quite a lot of excitement was carried on in the quiet town of Chatham, on Sunday morning last, when it was found that a number of passengers going north had missed the Quebec express, arriving at Chatham Junction at 3.06 a. m.

The list of passengers, numbering eight, had all made arrangements with the hack driver the night before. They were not all to be found at the one place, and the driver had to book all orders so as to be sure of the location.

This gentleman was stopping at the Adams house and left orders to be called at 2.15.

The clerk, who wanted a good night's rest, gave the order to the night watchman in the electric light station across the street.

None of the obituary writers on the late Louis Kossuth seems to have referred to an incident in his career which must always have a special interest for Englishmen.

Peter was soon seen galloping up the road with his noble steed Gladstone and seven passengers, the eighth passenger was at the hotel waiting to be called.

On arriving at the station they were met by the station master who informed them that the train had left over ten minutes, then silence prevailed only for a few seconds which gave Peter time enough to get out on the platform for safety.

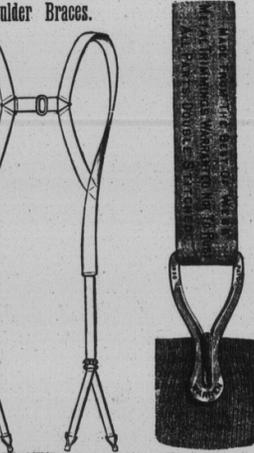
The poor dry goods clerk whom he thought must have some attraction in St. John, for he almost cried at being left.

A Five Minutes' Walk. Fogg—"I am afraid I'm breaking up."

A Missouri man recently walked seventeen miles to see a man hung, and when the prisoner was respited, the disgusted traveler sat down in a fence corner and hoarsely inquired if the country was drifting back to barbarism.

- No. 50, Boys', 45c. No. 60, Girls', 45c. No. 70, Ladies', 50c.

- No. 7, Ladies', 30c. No. 8, Misses', 25c. No. 9, Children's, 25c.



None Genuine unless "WARREN" is Stamped on the Catch.

The WARREN FASTENER has a ROUNDED Rib around the part which holds the stocking, thus making it impossible to cut or injure the finest and most delicate fabric.

Manchester Robertson & Allison Sole Agents for the Warren Hose Supporter

Recalled by the Death of Hungary's Greatest Patriot.

MOTHERS.

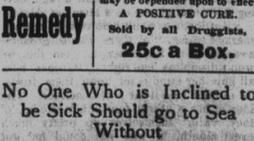
The Great WORM Remedy

Physicians will tell you that more than one-half the troubles of children are caused by worms; The following are the symptoms:

The Great WORM Remedy

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS may be depended upon to effect A POSITIVE CURE. Sold by all Druggists. 25c a Box.

No One Who is Inclined to be Sick Should go to Sea Without



PRESTON'S CASINESS PELLETS

Some people have the absurd idea that it is best to be sick, especially if one is inclined to Biliousness.

Tailor: "Mr. Overdue, I hear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate you."

Overdue (extending his hand): "Allow me to congratulate you."

LOVE AND CHICKENS.

My aunt Lucretia is an old fashioned old maid with a fondness for wearing little black silk aprons and having cookies for breakfast.

She adores all sorts of feathered things, especially chickens, though she is afraid that this is not a truly genteel taste.

Ministers and plants come next in her affections, and she devotes much time to reading in the winter season, when her duties are lighter.

Our home, which is situated in a truly rural district, though accessible to the city by means of the nimble electric car, is particularly adapted to the raising of poultry, especially when one wishes to do it a ter a somewhat secret fashion, as is the way of my aunt.

At the front of the house is a sunny old fashioned flower garden filled with cheerful and candid posies, such as petunias, carnations pinks and columbines, but at the back is a large grove where sudden spaces of light give purple shadows to the darkness, and hens and mystery reign under the tall pines and amid the leafy clumps of sunnyside.

Here my aunt spends her busiest hours, busy indeed, in the time of year when an old hen's fancy turns to thoughts of sitting and young broods peck their way out of the shell and go peeping about to the lead of their tussy, clucking mamma, for even the respectable family cat develops blood-thirsty and piratical instinct when meeting these downy innocents in the solitude alone, to say nothing of the fierce robber cats who invest the woods, and watch from secluded corners an opportunity to spring upon their prey.

Illness, too, enters the chickens' family in the most sudden and unexpected manner, and she has hot flannel and sweet oil constantly at hand, and goes about with a huge club in her grasp ready to hurl at an intruder. During the whole period of brooding my aunt's mind is in a continual state of agitation.

In old days before she engaged in chicken raising, it was our delight to sit on the piazza and watch the purple pageant of the thunder storm, as it slowly advanced over the surrounding hills, but now the lovely peace and stillness is rudely broken by my aunt's hysterical sobbing and loudly expressed fear.

"Speckle is sitting, and oh, dear, oh, dear, the eggs will be ruined by the thunder! Isn't there anything that we can do to prevent it?"

We think it hardly possible that we shall be able to do anything to prevent the thunder storm and she flies to find a poultry book and searches the pages for advice as to action on such occasions, but none is ever found, and she is obliged to bear the decree of fate with hopeless resignation.

If a small boy comes sauntering along in the direction of the chicken grove, she is sure to be stoned in his pocket and murder in his heart. All the dogs in the neighborhood are regarded with angry suspicion and their owners are rendered indignant by the treatment they receive if they by any chance venture to walk past our domicile.

Little girls who venture too near in search of wild flowers are sternly ordered away, and the summer people in search of the truly rural are warned in the most emphatic manner that the grove is private property.

But still, as brother Tom is always saying, things might be far worse, for aunt Lucretia is a woman who, without an engaging occupation, would be likely to have views and advanced ideas and lead the family a dance generally.

My aunt is only visible to the world in the late afternoon. From early dawn until that time she haunts the grove, even when the rain is dripping through the verdant spring and summer foliage, but she always puts her flock to bed early, and is then her lady-like self sitting on the piazza in her black silk or sprigged muslin gown according to the weather, her long, slim fingers busied over some ornamental knitting, while a book lies open in her lap.

In the evening she often performs on the piano, though an ailing chick may be nestled in a bower of cotton in her lap, or some too sensitive orphey be tucked cozily into her pocket, and on rare occasions she goes out for a walk or to make a call.

This being rather a forward spring and the grove draped in its delicate green foliage before May had fairly established her claim on the hill, the chickens appeared early, and in the first zest of her chicken raising my aunt worked too hard and exposed herself too much to the uncertain weather of April. She was up and out of doors in the raw ungenial atmosphere of dawn, she drove miles in search of new and rare eggs for sitting, she coaxed and corrected dilatory hens, she watched those suspected of having uncertain minds, she superintended the making of new coops, she tried adjusting her spectacles as if to obtain a better view of her visitor.

at ease, for she was able to watch Almira and superintend the care of the chickens at last.

Almira did bravely under the superintendence for some time, though she declared that she could not sit idly idle fingers-a-watching' them coo for nobody. She'd got to have some kind o' work to keep from goin' distracted.

My aunt objected to this, but she persisted in her determination and braided rags for a mat while sitting in the damp seclusion of the grove. At the end of this time she gave up warning of her intention to leave our service, saying that she wasn't crazy yet, but it stood to reason that she soon should be, if she kept at such tomfoolery any longer.

And she did leave, much to our regret, and her works lived after her in the shape of a rug of many colors which my aunt said she could not bear to see the sight of.

She was able to resume the care of her precious broods herself by the time Almira left, though still very pale and weak, and as she complained, she was obliged to neglect them dreadfully.

I used all my eloquence in trying to persuade her to give up poultry altogether, but in vain, though she promised that she would allow no more hens to sit this season in spite of her conviction that it was to deprive the poor things of that privilege. Mary Hunt, a venerable bird which my aunt had named for an old friend, had just come off with a flock of thirteen, and her hands were quite full already.

One balmy afternoon, when butterflies and daisies were dotting our truly rural landscape and the old pine trees in the grove were whispering softly in the young ear of June, my aunt, her duties being much earlier than usual, was sitting on the front piazza with a volume of Robertson's sermons open in her lap. She was looking her best in a lilac muslin gown with little embroidered frills about the neck and sleeves, in her moments of resting, my aunt always had an air of elegant leisure, and unless one heard a chicken peeping from some resting place in her lap, or in her pocket, one would never know that she indulged in such farm-yard tastes and spent the greater part of her time in mixing chicken dough and compelling retractory hens.

Upon this particular afternoon I came home early, and was quite struck by her appearance. But she assured me that she wore nothing different from usual, and that she did not expect company. Perhaps some vague presentiment of the arrival of an important guest caused her to give such a wonderful curl to her hair and illuminated her countenance with a look of youth. My aunt did have presentiments and I was rather inclined to believe in them.

"There, auntie Loo, there he is!" I exclaimed a few moments later, "a minister, too, if his white neck-cloth tells the truth."

"Where?" inquired my aunt, aroused by the word "minister." "It is a minister and he's coming here," she added, as the stranger paused at the gate and looked inquiringly about him. "I wonder who he can be."

He was a little man, but he walked with a rather martial air and held his head as if it were not only something of great importance, but something which was not fastened on as securely as it ought to be, and he looked as if he were in search of a great discovery or benevolence or self-satisfaction bedecked his somewhat flushed countenance.

"Aunt Loo," I whispered, "my prophetic soul tells me that this man is your fate."

My aunt's usually calm countenance became suddenly agitated. A great white and scarlet by turns as the man advanced up the walk, the smile broadening on his clerical countenance.

I thought it best to retreat into the house, but could not resist taking a peep from the open window.

"Loo, is it possible!" I heard him exclaim in rapturous singsong. "I was told that I should find you little changed, but really, really, you have hardly changed at all in all these years."

"Israel Doane!" cried my aunt, but rather faintly, "I thought—I thought—"

uncertain glory in our fair New England, and my aunt took her visitor into the parlor. I had told Mary what I knew of him with the greatest cordiality, but he did not remain long, declining an invitation to dinner. He was to be in our vicinity for some time, he said, and it would give him great pleasure to call again on the next day, in fact, he might drop in upon us any time during his sojourn at Aylesford. Mary asked him to come to dinner to-morrow, which invitation he accepted without hesitation, and my aunt accompanied him to the door where there was a lingering good-by, which afforded us some amusement, especially as my aunt came in looking very guilty and with her cheeks dyed with blushes.

She ate no dinner that night and was in such a state of absent-mindedness that she forgot to release my top-not rooster who had been imprisoned in a small coop for discipline, having indulged too much in roving habits, and there he remained all night. The next morning she greatly deplored her carelessness, and was very stiff and lame, from her cramped position.

It was evident that for once, my aunt's mind had strayed from chickens, and all that forenoon she walked about like one in a dream. She haunted the chicken grove as usual, but for some reason or other she seemed to be in a state of surprise or complaint, for she kept up such a peeping that the whole neighborhood looked inquiringly in the direction of my aunt's secret bower, and the ice-man sympathetically inquired if we were killing spring chickens, greatly to my aunt's horror.

When I returned from the city about three o'clock in the afternoon I repaired to the grove to consult my aunt on some household matter, but did not find her there. It was evident that she had just left the place, however, for lying open on one of the benches in the middle of the coop was an old book on etiquette which I had often seen in her bookcase. I picked it up, curious to see what branch of etiquette was engaging the mind of my beloved relative just now. The book was opened at this chapter:

On the renewal of an old love affair! The hero of the old love affair had just arrived when I entered the house once more, and it was with difficulty that I restrained from laughter when my aunt came into the room, and greeted him with polite cordiality, not too effusive, according to the advice in the book, but at a graciousness tempered with dignity and not a little maidenly reserve.

The hero, himself, was beaming and blant, a little ponderous, perhaps, but ready to make himself agreeable and to give us make ourselves agreeable to him. He was left to aunt Loo chiefly, however, who seemed to entertain him most successfully. She executed at his request the Battle of Prague and the Maiden's Prayer, as a tender reminder of old days, and sang with a good deal of expression, though rather tremulously, "I wandered by the brookside." He evidently found the music very affecting, but to me, in all aunt Loo's efforts there was either too much or too little music, I could hardly tell which, not being much of a musician myself.

After dinner, it being Friday evening, my aunt's visitor suggested that they should go to prayer meeting together as the chapel bell was about to ring, and she, in a gracious way, consented to go, though she was to be in the church for the young people to go on that particular evening. It isn't fashionable to take sentimental walks along the leafy lanes and bowery cross roads at the Hill, and sitting on piazzas becomes monotonous even for loving couples, so the loving couple all betake themselves to the back seat of the chapel, and the younger boys and girls also, so that it is a cheerful place, and the speakers feel their hearts warmed by the crowd and there are never any awkward pauses.

Lorinda, our maid-of-all-work, who was a cousin of Almira's and had taken her bell from the opening hymn, was a straggler in spite of this, and in the prayer which followed, the minister prayed especially for the foreign missions, and though it was not a meeting set apart for the cause of missions, the first speaker alluded to some recent missionary news, which circumscribed the minister's prayer, and he, in my aunt's friend, the newly returned missionary, a desire to give some of his own experience in the field. Personal experience is always interesting, and after he commenced speaking, though as Lorinda said, "he was so slow that the crickets on the lawn outside had to come in to fill up his pauses, and you could ha' heard a pin drop anywhere in the house. He told me that he first went out ter headmound, he come poopy nigh one time bein' eaten up by the cannibals, he said, and there was a great feelin' of grace in the house."

But after a while when the people were getting more and more interested, a strange noise awoke in his immediate vicinity, an insistent peep, peep, peep, like the cry of an unhappy chicken, which caused no little disturbance. My aunt's face became vividly scarlet. The sexton tip-toed up the aisle and looked about in bewilderment. The young people turned the other ones looked serene and questioning. Then the noise stopped for awhile but soon went on again louder and more shrill than ever. Then it hushed once more for quite a long time and everybody looked relieved, and to use Lorinda's words again:

"Your aunt's nun 'n' low, 'I panned for a reply." "N" after a second of solemn stillness, there came the sharpest and quickest yip you ever heard. Most folks laughed,

them that had orter known better, as well as the silly boys and girls. And your aunt's minister looked real provoked though he kep' on talkin', and the yip kep' on goin' till final up got your aunt and marched down the aisle and out the door, the yip kep' on with her. Of course, I knowed all the time just what 'twas, but I don't think nobody else did, they all looked so bewildered, even them that was the most tickled."

Mary and I were sitting on the piazza hearing the treetoads pipe to the meditative eve, when my aunt returned breathless and alone.

"Don't say a word, dears," she exclaimed. "I took a chicken to prayer-meeting with me by mistake. I tucked it into my pocket, intending to take it to Speckle's coop and put in with her brood as the other one that Topknot hatched had died, and it didn't seem worth the while to have her bring up one alone. It was only just before I went to meeting, and being in a hurry, I came away and forgot all about it until it began to peep. What set it out I can't imagine but I never knew so young a chicken with so loud a voice. Oh, dear, I don't know as I shall ever get over it, it was so mortifying, and Mr. Doane was speaking so beautifully, and—"

"Why didn't you suffocate the little wretch, aunt," I said, trying to be sympathetic. "Such a little thing would be so easy to kill in that way. It wouldn't have hurt him much."

My aunt who had the little thing in her hands, a downy white ball with black bead eyes, was dumb with indignation for some moments. Then she delivered me a lecture on my want of feeling.

"I suppose the poor little creature is hungry," she said. "I ought not to have neglected to feed it to-night."

The chicken was no sooner disposed of under some motherly breast or other, than Mr. Doane came through the gate, almost as breathless as my aunt had been on her arrival.

"The most extraordinary thing!" he exclaimed, "the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

It was certainly the most unfortunate remark he could have made. My aunt, who had just returned to the piazza, drew her veil up to her full height and even in the dim religious light of the rose-colored Japanese lanterns which hung overhead, looked more awful than I ever imagined her capable of looking.

"I don't know as it was very extraordinary to have a chicken in one's pocket. I often see one there for a moment, though I don't know that I ever carried one abroad with me before. I forgot to take it out again, that is all."

The minister looked as if he thought it more extraordinary than ever, but he tried to be conciliatory.

"Ah!" he said, "I am very fond of poultry raising myself, but I didn't know that you were interested in it. I—ah—I couldn't imagine from whence the noise proceeded."

My aunt made no reply, but sat very stiffly upright, gazing at the moon which surveyed the scene from over the pine tops. In fact she could not be induced to speak for the remainder of the evening.

The visitor looked rather crestfallen as he took his departure at an early hour. Mary and I invited him to repeat his visit at an early day as cordially as possible, but my aunt was chilling as an iceberg and said good evening in a tone which implied good riddance.

He came again and again, but the blandness of his manner had no effect on the iciness of my aunt, and at last he left town, and my aunt looked sorry, but relieved, at his departure.

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Sunday Reading.

ANOTHER EDITOR'S SERMON.

This Week It is "Resignation," by the New York Herald Man.

O my Father, thy will be done—Matthew xxvi, 42.

The man of faith lives with more satisfaction to himself and with greater benefit to his kind than the man of doubt.

We do not refer to the man whose brain contains a mere muddle of beliefs, who has prejudices and superstitions instead of convictions, but to him that feels sure that there is an eternal right and an eternal wrong, that the right is worthy of his support at all hazards and the wrong will bring him to physical and spiritual bankruptcy in the long run.

We do not need a long creed, but we do need a few verities as a basis for action. The Thirty-nine Articles may seem very profuse, and the Institutes of Calvin may not commend themselves to our best judgment, but our rejection of them does not constitute us heretics in the sight of God, although men may excommunicate us.

If we believe that the universe is ruled by love as well as power; that the outcome of virtue is happiness and the result of evil is misery; if we see a Providence in the events of life and feel that we can communicate with that Providence by means of what is called prayer; if we have faith in another life where the freed soul will have larger opportunities than its environment has permitted here; if we absorb the spirit of brotherly love and helpfulness which was incarnated in the Christ, we need have no fears as to our fate in the future.

Man's creed is apt to be a long one; God's creed is very short. Short as it is, however, you will have no time to spare if you shape your years according to its requirements.

Your life, everybody's life, has its pathetic side, and you must have the sympathy of God if you are to do good work.

There are times when you are appalled by the situation in which you find yourself. There is no light anywhere, but darkness everywhere. A score of friends stand by you and give you what comfort can be contained in words, but they have lives of their own to live, and they cannot help you as you must be helped if you are to recover from the disaster.

Human friendship is precious, but much more is wanted. Human love mingles its sighs and tears with yours, but still there is an empty place in your heart which neither friendship nor love can fill.

We have all had experience, a heaviness which no arm can lighten, a dread which no words can dissipate, a weariness which no one within reach can brighten with hope. Is there no comfort anywhere, no consolation, no unseen influence that will steal into the soul with transfiguring power?

The agnostic shakes his head in an emergency like that, and does not speak because he has nothing to say. He can furnish you with additional despair, but with no thought which will afford you resignation. "What kind of a world is this," you ask yourself, "in which what one craves most is beyond one's length?" Is there no remedy anywhere for your disease of mind? Are you left alone to struggle as you can to find your way out of the grief by the slow process of forgetfulness?

We think not. Else it were a misfortune to be born, and the chief blessing is to get rid of it all in childhood, before you learn that life is nothing better than tragedy.

Your father has fallen asleep, perchance, and when you call him he will not answer. The eyes will never open again, the lips are like lips of marble. There is a frightful stillness in the house, broken only by muffled beating of your own heart and your unexpressed means. Is that the end? Has the story been all told? Is the volume of filial affection closed and clasped with an iron clasp? Have you said farewell forever, and has the dear one taken a sudden departure into the region of black nothingness?

Or, it may be that a child, the light of your home, your joy and pride, lies in your arms with raging, consuming, relentless fever. Its little eyes look into yours imploringly; its little arms are tightly clasped about your neck. Hope dies out of your heart, and the inevitable gloom of the shadow of a setting sun, throws its gloom over the scene. The babe is slipping away from you, and carrying with it the best part of your own life, for in all the earth there is nothing so beautiful, so sublime or so impressive as a mother's love.

What say you? What has any one to say? The man of doubt is at your side, a tender hearted man, full of human sympathy, and willing to do what he can to assuage your grief, but what can he honestly say to give you comfort? Has he any balm for your wounds, any salve for your distress? Then he were better absent than present.

But Christ comes, or some kind friend who bears His message, and tells you of the House not built with hands, of the gates as the bronze gate through which we enter heaven, of a time of meeting beyond this time of parting, of that Being who does what is best even when He causes the tears to flow, only asking you to wait patiently in faith that some day you will see that He was right.

What a change comes over your soul! God's magic has bidden a smile under

your tears, a hope under your despair. In response of faith you say, "Thy will be done," and standing at the grave of father or of child, you lift your eyes to the blue sky and cry, "For a time, good-bye; we shall meet again, yonder."

The sad side of life has a rainbow, and hope makes sorrow easier to bear.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

It is Their Lives That Compose the Mass of Deed.

"When thou wast little in thine own sight."—1 Samuel xv, 17.

If you happen to be strolling through the fields at this time of the year you are more than likely to run upon a bed of wild violets at the foot of a maple tree in some obscure corner. No other eyes than yours have ever seen them, and no other eyes, perhaps, will ever see them again, for in a few days their little lives will be ended and they will have withered.

They have their mission, nevertheless, and who shall say that it is unimportant? They are fashioned in beauty; their slender stems bend with grace to the passing breeze; the conical leaves are of an exquisite shade of green, and the purple petals are painted with a skill that no artist can borrow. He who was at the pains to create them was not without a purpose in that act. He had a plan in this wild violet, on which He bestowed no perfume, as well as for the honey-suckle, which fills the air with fragrance. And if it blossoms with fidelity and dies with resignation as much credit may be accorded to it as will be given to the imperious oak, or the stately elm, which attracts the attention of every traveller.

If you were learned in the language of flowers you might kneel on the sod and hear the complaint of some discontented violet. "I am of no consequence," it might say in despair, "and wonder why I was made. No one knows or cares that I am here. I live, I die; that is all the story I have to relate. No one is better for my coming and no one will miss me when I go."

And yet it is possible that that bed of violets, blossoming and withering under the maple, and upon which you have chanced in your aimless stroll, has set you upon serious thoughts. It is an epitome of the universe, as far beyond the reach of your power to make as blazing Arcturus in the evening sky. It is a clue to a thousand mysteries, and all unconsciously to itself it may lead you up the spiral staircase of logic until you lie reverent and prostrate in the awful presence of Deity.

The violet is a type of humanity. We, too, wonder why we are here. We are so small, so insignificant; we can do so little; we are so slenderly gifted; we live such narrow lives and have such meagre influence that we are overwhelmed with disappointment. What does it mean and what does it all amount to? A thousand times we ask the question, and get no answer. If we had conspicuous ability, could sing some song that would be remembered, or paint some picture that would be hung in the galleries of the future, or do some deed that would leave our name as a heritage, our lot would be plainly desirable. Or if, with lower ambition, we could affect the lives of those within the circle of our acquaintance, make them think and see more clearly, temper their souls for nobler tasks, contribute to their comfort and happiness in some essential way, we should feel that there was a purpose in our birth and an object in our lives. But to be simply common-place—an odorous violet under a maple in an obscure corner—it gives us a sinking at the heart and we grow weary and dejected.

How many of us have passed through this experience and reached the conclusion that we are of no value! How many of us have thoughtfully summed up our lives and painfully declared to ourselves that we count for nothing! But such sighs are based on a mistake. We misinterpret God, and are therefore led astray. We have a plan of our own and wonder why the Almighty does not make His world to conform to it, instead of seeking His plan and persuading our wills to conform to that.

In the universe as constituted by Him the humble positions are vastly in the majority. We are neither expected nor asked to do much, but to do a little and do it well. It is not demanded of us that we shall stamp our characters on a generation, since the ability to do so has not been given, but if we keep our narrow house in order, greet the small duties of each coming day with cheerfulness, throw a kindly word to the passer by, drop a penny into the beggar's hat and maintain the calm serenity of a contented heart, the evening shadows will not fail to bring us our reward.

There is but one Niagara, but on every hillside is a rippling rill. As much credit is given to the rivulet that sings as to the cataract that roars—neither more nor less. Each was made for a specific purpose, and each must accomplish that purpose. The rivulet has no right to complain, the cataract has no right to be proud. Not ability but excellence, determines the measure of merit.

Only Richard could wield a sword six feet long, but victory in the battle did not depend so much on Richard's sword as on the arrows of his brave army. He could work miracles of valor in single combat, and loud buzzes greeted his deeds of prowess, but after all it was the rank and file of stalwart yeomen twanging the bowstring who drove the enemy from the field and planted the banner of England there.

It is always so. The obscure make history when each man does his duty, and human progress is more the result of what takes place in private life than of what our giants do. The world consists of little people, each of whom is doing his little work, but the aggregate influence is an irresistible dynamic force for good. The best men and women are unknown. There is a long list of noble whose names will not be heard until the day of judgment—men who have made a hard fight with fate amid surroundings too lowly for recognition, and

WOMEN WHO HAVE SACRIFICED MORE THAN ANY ONE KNOWS EXCEPT ONE.

It is not the smallness of your life, but the quality of it that is important. You cannot be an oak or an elm, but if you are a violet under a maple, drinking in the sunshine and dew, you should be content, for in the providence of God humble lives cheerfully lived have infinite value.

GIVING GOD OUR BEST.

"Give God the cream and flower of Youth, Strength, Time and Talent."

"Give God the cream and flower of youth, strength, time and talent," was a sentence written by a friend on the flyleaf of a book she gave me. Without doubt these few words more strongly influenced me than did the contents of the whole book.

We are to give God the best of our life. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not on thee, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Give God the years when life is bright, when hopes and aspirations are high, when faith in friends and love is strong, when enthusiasm and zeal is burning, when mind and body are vigorous, when the heart is not yet weighted with the cares, worries, the disappointments and sorrows of the world.

Give Him the best of your time. How often we say "we have not time," time for prayer, time for thought or reading, time for doing God's work. The time is all God's. He only lends it to us. Suppose God, for one short hour, should turn us into men and say, "I have not time," what would our efforts to employ time avail us?

Give God the best of your talents. To some God has given many talents—yes, to all, could the receivers but see with their eyes. In God's sight the talents are all of the same value, but in men's not so. To one God has given a marvellous gift of song, to another a power of speech or pen to stir men's hearts, to another a personal magnetism to draw all men to him, to another to carve or paint beautiful images, and so on. We are all very talented, but God gives to one a sweet, gentle voice, with a shy, quiet demeanor; to another a kind, strong touch, to others a steady, plodding disposition, a desire to do everything faithfully, abilities to fit them for places in sick rooms and kitchens, at sewing machines, behind counters and desks, and in God's sight these second class are as talented as the first. As influence is a measureless and incomprehensible to man as space, we know not but that one of the latter lives accomplishes as much as the most distinguished of the former, when both are devoted to God's service.

All these talents are to be used for God, and there is no way in which a talent can be so improved as in using it in the Master's work. And God has given to all, countenances which He meant should reflect the soul within. Let us keep these reflectors burnished and bright with kindly thoughts and loving deeds. He has given to every one an opportunity to feed the hungry, to minister to those in sickness, in need, or in prison, and has He not said that if we do any of these things the deed is done unto Him. No talent has been given greater than this one of helping others.

THE SOCIAL BORE.

To Cultivate Bored is to Feel Out of Charity With the World.

Ours is an age of universal toleration; the vicious and the saint, the agnostic and the fanatic, have all a social welcome extended to them, and an itching ear is also afforded to their service, so long as they are amusing, but no longer. Society has but one terror, but it is one which does its steps through the day and far into the night; it is a fear before which the stoutest heart fails, and the man who has fled from any company, if questioned as to the reasons for his flight, has only to offer one excuse, and his offence is pardoned. He has but to say that he is bored, or feared that he might be bored, or that he knew an army of bored awaited him in those regions to which his steps were for the moment ordered, and only these eccentric or the imbecile question the propriety or the necessity of his precipitate retreat. If we are asked as to whether this state of things is a wholesome one, showing that society is in a healthy and regenerate state, we can confidently affirm that the attitude is one of grace, and is not necessarily contrary to Christian doctrine and practice. If there is an injunction to turn the other cheek to the smiter, there is no command to present either ear for the use of that enemy of mankind, the social bore. But there is a command that a cheek should be kept on the unruly member, and it is certainly a Christian act to assist the unruly member to control this member by giving him nothing to exercise it upon. Further we are told to live at peace with all men, and to cultivate bored is to feel out of charity with the whole world. Sometimes one bore will frequent the society of another, whose tiresomeness, differing from his own, he is quite able to perceive, but whose intensity he cultivates because he finds that by listening to his diffuse discourses he receives a similar kindness for himself. These natural selections should not be interfered with; bored should by a gentle process of weeding out be placed together, and should be encouraged to bore each other, for that is usually not their ideal of amusement.

MESSAGES OF HELP FOR THE KING.

"I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment." Eccl. 8: 2.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19: 10.

"There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him, but the things which come out of him." "The heart is desperately wicked." Mark 7: 15 and Jeremiah 17: 9.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." Isaiah 1: 18.

"Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now; for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh." Luke 6: 20, 21.

"I came not to do the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Luke 5: 32.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Colossians 3: 16.

A LESSON WHICH TEACHES.

That We Should Be Careful About Calling People Liars.

In 1860 Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson was engaged to write the biography of Robert Stephenson, the famous engineer, then recently deceased. He began at once to put himself in connection with the friends and familiar acquaintances of Mr. Stephenson in search of documents and information. Among these friends one of the most important was George Parkes Bidder. In his youth Mr. Bidder had been famous as "the calculating boy." For Mr. Jeaffreson's entertainment he multiplied four figures by four figures in his head.

Then he gave Mr. Jeaffreson with confidence a full account of his long and close acquaintance with Mr. Stephenson, narrating at the same time many dull and uninteresting anecdotes. "If all these Mr. Jeaffreson made notes upon the spot. Some time afterward he called upon Mr. Bidder again and drew his attention to important discrepancies between his statements and certain documentary evidence.

Mr. Bidder after examining the documents said: "This is a very interesting and instructive demonstration of the fallaciousness of memory. Those writings put it beyond question that while I was instructing you so confidentially I was strangely misremembering the very incidents of my story and the incidents of my life. I have reflected most often and thoughtfully on writing your book, unless you can corroborate it by documentary evidence."

The lesson, although not new, is striking. Mr. Bidder was peculiarly a man to do history and to write it. And how easy it is for men to tell different stories and yet be honest!

THE PSALMS.

Marson, a recent writer on the Psalms, notes that "hardly any holy man died on a death-bed, or at a scaffold, or at a stake without breathing out the unworldly prayer of the great prayer," the 61st Psalm. In the Middle Ages, the favorite inscription on sword-blades was the first verse of Psalm 144.—"Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." The title of "Vindictive" Psalms was at first used in the sense of Psalms of Vindication. "Vindictive" had not then any malice in the meaning of it. "Touch not mine anointed" was the watch-word of the Royalists during the civil wars of the Commonwealth. The concluding Psalm has been to a large extent the reason for the continued use of instruments of music in the Christian Church.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes:

20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, "By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else."

"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

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Made out of the finest Castile Soap, and delicately perfumed, it leaves the skin soft, white and with a deliciously "fresh" feeling. Your Grocer or Druggist may try to sell you some other kind on which he makes more profit, but insist on getting BABY'S OWN. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.

IT MAKES OLD MEN YOUNG.

Indisputable Testimony that South American Nervine Tends to Longevity—Many Years Added to the Lives of Those Who Use This Great Discovery—An Age of Great Old Men—What a Windsor Resident of Seventy Years of Age Says.



MR. JAMES SHERVOOD, Windsor, Ont.

What with Gladstone 84 years of age, Pope Leo XIII 84, Bismarck 79, Franco-Crispi 75, Oliver Wendell Holmes 85 and Ontario's G. O. M., Sir Oliver Mowat, 75, this is indeed an age of grand old men. They are holding their places with the young men nobly. A study of the men who, at these advanced years, perform so much intense labor all show that care of health has been one of the essentials of their remarkable longevity. It may be that all the old men of the age have not a personal acquaintance with the invigorating and health-enlarging effects of South American Nervine, but with much in the way of testimony before us we do know that this great medicine is toning up the systems of men and women to such an extent that their years are being lengthened beyond the allotted three score and nine. There is something in this medicine that is peculiarly efficacious as a health-builder. It operates with sure success on those who are weak and, perhaps, suffering from indigestion, nervous prostration and debility in one shape or another.

Mr. James Shervood, of Windsor, Ont., has attained the ripe old age of 70 years. A few years back he suffered from an attack of paralysis, and a second attack came on him 12 months ago. The result of this trouble was to seriously damage his digestive organs and complicated nervous troubles followed. He obtained from LaBelle & Co., of Windsor, a bottle of South American Nervine. It had an immediate effect on the stomach trouble and on the nerves, besides strengthening the heart action which had become weak. He says: "I consider it a splendid medicine. It has relieved me of very much pain, built up my health, and has given me a much better appetite than I had before using it. I have so far used four bottles and will always keep it in my home."

Would you be healthy and live long? Then become acquainted with South American Nervine. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

Regular price 25c. Regular price 45c. 7c. to 40c. \$1.25 25c. to 15c. per yard. 7c. to 40c. Etc. s Enamel, coolers, ers, sh Covers,

count for Cash, Montreal.

BRONTO time Provinces.

ST. JOHN, N. B. June 28th, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the more I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

YARMOUTH, N. S. July 3rd, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the more I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the more I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the more I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

THE BOYS DISAPPOINTED.

WARDEN FOSTER DID NOT BELONG TO THE CIRCUS.

Neither Was He a Member of Moncton's Cornet Band—He Was Simply Warden Foster, Arrayed in the Imposable Uniform of the Office He Fills So Well.

MONCTON, Aug. 8.—Mr. J. B. Foster, warden of Dorchester penitentiary, was in town last week, and his arrival was duly noted by the daily papers. Warden Foster's commanding form is quite frequently seen on the streets of Moncton, so there was nothing unusual in his being here last week, but there was one little circumstance connected with his visit which was rather unusual, and which it is reserved for Progress to note, as it probably failed to reach less important journals, and which afforded the hero of the occasion a good deal of amusement.

Warden Foster is, as everyone who has ever seen him knows, a very fine-looking man, and when arrayed in the uniform of his office, he presents a sufficiently imposing appearance to attract some attention, when he strides up Main street.

Whether his uniform was newer, or his gold plated buttons brighter than usual, last week, I know not, but certain it is that before he had traversed half the distance between the station and the post office, on his way down town, he had become the object of admiring attention from several small boys, who first gazed with dazzled eyes at the splendor of his apparel, then whispered together and finally joined him at a respectful distance. But the Warden strode on, all unconscious of his train.

"Hi Chimney" yelled one of the satellites to a chum across the street, "Come across, great sport!" Chimney came, saw, was conquered, and immediately joined the procession.

"Say Chimney, you ast 'im?"

"No I want, you do."

"Oh go on, ast 'im yerself."

"I dasn't, Johnny'll ast 'im, I guess."

Johnny accepted the office after much nudging and shoving. He forged ahead, ran along abreast of the unconscious warden for a few steps and finally looking up into the tall man's face with an affable grin he remarked confidentially:

"Say, mister, is the band goin' to play tonight?"

"I don't know, sonny, I am sure," answered the warden pleasantly.

A baffled silence ensued and the interlocutor of the party fell back a little to consult with his followers. Under pressure from his constituents he renewed the charge a moment later in this wise:

"Is the circus comin' today, mister?"

The warden stopped short, turned, and beheld his retinue.

"I don't think it is, my boy," he answered. "But what are you asking me about it for?"

"Well we fellers thought there must be somethin' comin' or you wouldn't be so dressed up," explained the spokesman apologetically. And the crowd dispersed regretfully, while the warden proceeded on his way in solitary grandeur, undecided whether to be pleased at being mistaken for a member of Moncton's far famed cornet band, or indignant at being taken for the advance guard of a circus procession.

IS HE GREATER THAN EDISON?

Nikola Tesla, an Electrical Phenomenon who Will Duplicate the Sunlight.

Nikola Tesla is today said to be foremost among electricians. He was born in a part of Servia called Lika, and is thirty-seven years old. He lives and studies in New York, where he is a leader among scientists and an interesting figure in society. In personal appearance he is serious-looking, tall and thin, with light eyes sunk deeply in his head, and large hands. His head is curiously shaped; it is very large at the top, while the mouth is small and the chin sharply pointed.

Mr. Tesla is a great favorite, and at Delmonico's, in New York city, where he dines, he has many auditors. Men like to hear him talk about mysterious subjects and handle figures which stagger ordinary minds.

Mr. Tesla's biggest undertaking at present, and the one to which he is devoting much attention, is the production of light by the vibrations of the atmosphere. The light of the sun, according to Mr. Tesla, is the result of vibrations in 94,000,000 miles of ether which separate us from the centre of this solar system. Mr. Tesla's idea is to produce here on earth vibrations similar to those which cause the sunlight, and thus to give us a light as good as that of the sun, with no danger from clouds or other obstructions. Mr. Tesla has already achieved decided success in this line. He takes in his hand a long bar of glass, which by vibration alone, lights up into most amazing brilliancy. He himself comes out of his experiments a most radiant creature, with light flaming at every pore of his skin, from the tips of his fingers and from the end of every hair on his head.

"It is difficult for me," he said, "to give you an idea that you will readily grasp about this question of vibration. In ordinary life our minds do not deal with the figures that come up to such investigations, but take a 5 and put after it fourteen zeroes; then you will have the number of vibrations which occur in the ether every second and which produce light.

"All I have to do," said Mr. Tesla, "to duplicate the sunlight is to get this number of vibrations to the second with my machinery on earth. I have succeeded up to a certain point, but am still at work on the task.

One of Mr. Tesla's greatest discoveries

was the rotating magnetic field. Mr. Tesla invented this when he found this he could get a magnet to use its force in such a way as to cause a piece of iron to spin round and round. He expects to see this principle employed in making use of the strength of the Niagara Falls electric current at a distance.

Electricians think that Mr. Tesla's greatest work is a machine for the production of electrical force. In speaking of the production of electricity, the great inventor said:

"We get electricity by causing a wire to revolve near a magnet. The stronger the magnet the faster the revolutions of the wire, and the bigger the wire the more electricity.

"Why we get electricity in this way, and what electricity is are different questions. Every electrician has his theory.

"I have one which I think I can demonstrate mathematically. There is no accepted explanation of the most extraordinary phenomena in nature."

Mr. Tesla looks forward with absolute certainty to the sending of messages through the earth without any wires. That he is an electrical expert may be judged from the fact that on one occasion he let 25,000 volts of electricity pass through his body. The safety, he says, depends upon the rapidity with which the current vibrates, say half a million times to the second.

Mr. Tesla's greatest pleasure is hard work. He is unmarried and thinks that love and marriage interfere with success.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DREAM.

The Night Before His Death He Dreamed He Was on a Rolling River.

This story of President Lincoln's last dream has been often told in various ways. The following, however, is the version given by the late Edwin M. Stanton, a member of Lincoln's cabinet. I merely publish the story in answer to a question, without expressing any opinion on it. Here it is:—On the afternoon of the day on which the president was shot there was a cabinet meeting at which Mr. Lincoln presided. Mr. Stanton was late, and on his entering the room the president broke off in something he was saying and remarked: "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen."

Mr. Stanton then noticed with great surprise that the president sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of lolling about in ungainly attitudes as his custom was, and that instead of telling irrelevant stories, he was grave and calm and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton on leaving the council with the attorney-general, said to him: "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The attorney-general replied: "We all saw that before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said: 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen and that very soon.' To which the attorney-general observed, 'Something good, sir, I hope,' when the president answered very gravely, 'I don't know; I don't know; but it will happen, and shortly, too.' As they were all impressed with his manner, 'Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?'"

"No," answered the president, "but I have had a dream and have now had the same dream three times—once in the night preceding the battle of Bull Run, once on a night preceding such another," naming the battle not favorable to the north. His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting.

"Might one ask the nature of the dream, sir?" said the attorney-general.

"Well," replied the president, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great, broad, rolling river and I am in a boat and I drift and I drift—but this is not business—suddenly raising his face and looking around the table, as Mr. Stanton entered, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the attorney-general said, as they walked on together, that it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.

James Fayn Was Down on Greek.

Our neighbors—not very numerous—were chiefly clergy. One of them, unusually learned, was much given to Greek quotations. I was learning Greek at that time—a language which I was glad was dead and wished was buried—and those sonorous lines of his, to which the ladies listened with reverent awe, irritated me extremely. One of them asked me once, in a hushed whisper, the translation of one of these quotations. "You are at school," she said, "and ought to know." I gave her to understand, with an opportune blush, that it was scarcely meet for a lady's ear.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "you don't mean to say—"

"Pray don't quote me in the matter," I put in pleadingly; "but I really—no, I really couldn't tell you," which was quite true. She went away and told all her lady friends that Mr. C. indulged in quotations which were not such as could be translated to modest ears. It injured his character for a long time, but cured him of a very bad habit. It was my first appearance in the role of a public benefactor.

A School Boy's Idea of Faith.

The amusing story of the school boy's answer when catechized on the subject of "Faith" is confirmed by Mr. T. F. Dale, of Bledlow Vicarage, Bucks, England, late chaplain at Lahore in the Punjab. Mr. Dale writes to The Spectator to say that it was given to him quite recently by a European boy in an Indian school. "What do you mean by Faith?" was the question.

"Please sir, when you believe anything you are quite certain is not true," was the prompt answer. "But the story on this subject I delight in," says Mr. Dale, "was that of the little boy who asked his mother what faith was, and received the not very judicious reply that faith was believing in something you could not see, but which was told you by a person whom you could trust. For instance, she continued, 'I told you there was a chair in that corner, you would have believed it.' 'Yes mother, but should I be bound to sit in it?' Mr. Dale thinks it would be curious to how many people do really think that faith is believing something that they know is not true. More, he fancies, 'than we imagine.'"

WHAT QUEER THINGS WE ARE!

The Interesting Results of Self-Examination by the Man to the Topcoat.

Two men were riding down town one morning recently in an elevated train. The man with the silk hat had made a discovery, and he questioned his friend thus:

"Are you right-handed?"

"Yes," said the man in the topcoat.

"Right-legged, also?"

"Right-legged, no."

"Sure?"

"Why, of course I'm sure. I have more power and accuracy and dexterity in my right arm and hand than in my left arm and hand. But as for my legs, I can and do use one the same as the other."

"How about your ears?"

"Same as legs."

"Eyes?"

"Each equal to the other in all respects."

"Sides to your jaws?"

"Why are you asking me such questions? If there's a joke in prospect, let's have the laugh now."

"No joke. All sincerity. Wanted to know how well you knew yourself. See you're slightly inaccurate. Try your right ear and get all mixed up. Found I always put my right foot first into an elevator, and always took the first step with it when I went up or down stairs. Started to go down some steps with my right foot leading, and nearly had a tumble. Then I'm right-jawed. I always chew my food on the right side of my mouth. Never thought of it before, but things do not taste as good on the left side. Queer, isn't it, how the sense of taste will become more highly developed in one part of the month than in another by use and force of habit? I'm left-eyed. You know I'm interested in botany and use a microscope a great deal. Well, I invariably look through the instrument with my left eye. For ordinary purposes my right eye seems to be as keen as the left one, but I found that it was not satisfactory when I applied it to a microscope. I'm right-handed, left-eyed, right-jawed, left-legged and right-eared. I suppose I'm right or left a good many more things, but I haven't had time to discover them yet."

"What queer things we are!" said the man with the silk hat.

The Burglar and the Knife Thrower.

"About as uncomfortable an experience as I ever had," said a retired burglar, "I had in a small town in the interior of this state. I had gone into a house very late so as not to disturb the people, but just as I turned into one of the rooms the light was turned on suddenly, and an instant later I was pinned to the door by a knife thrown my coat sleeve. By this time my eyes had got accustomed to the light, and I could see a man sitting up in bed. He had a row of knives sticking in the headboard of the bed over his head and another knife in his hand. It seems that this man was a professional knife thrower, who made his home in this town, and who always came there when he wasn't on the road. I had happened to find him at home, and here I was, within five minutes after entering the house standing up against a door while he threw knives at me. It was a most unexpected and most uncomfortable experience, and besides not getting anything I was actually out the cost of a suit of clothes, for the ones I had on were never fit to wear afterward."

Intellectual Circus Horses.

"A good circus horse is a most expensive purchase," said a trainer to a writer, "as you may judge when I tell you that I frequently pay as much as \$1,500 for a single animal before it has been trained. I have one black horse now in my possession which I would not part for \$2,000, although it is only employed in the ring. Last year when I was exhibiting near New York city, a New York millionaire and his family visited my exhibition, and was so much impressed with the beauty and grace of this noble animal, that they offered me \$1,800 for her, but I declined the offer. An ordinary thoroughbred Kentucky horse bought for \$1,500 is worth to me when trained for the circus ring anywhere from \$2,500 to \$5,000. American thoroughbred horses, although they are more difficult

to train by reason of their fine organizations and excitability, and far and away the best for performing purposes. They stand work and are fit to be put in harness soon after going through their tricks. I am the owner of 300 horses and I guarantee that every one of them are sound and perfect. Remember a horse for my purpose has to be sagacious, and I reject an endless number before landing on a clever one. Horses differ entirely as regards intellect. As an instance, I may tell you that two and one-half years is occupied in training some horses, while two and three months suffice for the thorough tuition of others. I took nine months by the way, to teach a horse to catch a ball in his mouth, but by far the hardest task is to induce a big horse to jump over a pony. I expect to give this act during the coming season."

A Learned Elephant.

"Speaking of animals, in my experience the elephant is the smartest of them all," said the ex-circus man. "I remember that in '56, when I was with Wombwell, Old Emperor showed me one day that he could read."

"Oh come now!"

"I'll prove it in about two minutes. Well as I was saying, the old fellow got into a scrape with the boys, and before we could get them separated he got his trunk pretty badly clawed. After the scrimmage was over, Emperor he breaks loose and starts down the street fast. 'He's goin' wild,' somebody hollers. 'Don't you see, believe it, I say. Now, where do you suppose that elephant went to?'"

"Went to the surgeon's, I suppose. Can't you get up a better yarn—"

"No he didn't go to no surgeon's, either. He went straight to a little shop what had a sign out that said, 'Trunks repaired while you wait.' Of course, he had made a mistake; but what do you expect of a poor dumb brute?"

A Last Resort.

A Scottish minister made the following announcement from the pulpit: "Well, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of silver, and, as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

AN ACHING HEAD.

DEAR SIR,—I had severe headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctors' medicines and all others. I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must

TRY B.B.B.

because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Burdock Blood Bitters, both for headaches and as a blood purifier, is the

BEST IN THE WORLD, and am glad to recommend it to all my friends.

MISS FLORA McDONALD, Glen Norman, Ont.

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DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. T. ARMSTRONG retiring. Business continued as old stand by J. S. ARMSTRONG, who assumes liabilities and collects accounts.

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. May 8, '94.

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ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. PILES.

No More Misery.

ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the patient becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.



CHASE'S OINTMENT

PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

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The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50 Cents. Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

Until late years bananas were looked upon as a sort of foreign luxury, something like guava jelly or preserved Indian ginger. They were used sparingly, and comparatively few people cared for them; those who did had carefully cultivated the

less, his abnormal cussedness. They must make good brain food also, since the ancient Mahatmas of India, with their marvellous wisdom and learning, are said to have subsisted entirely on bananas. For one banana that is cooked at least



ELEGANT NEW COSTUMES.

The figure at the left shows a costume of navy blue velveta, combined with red, green and white plaid surah trimmed with white Spanish lace. The cape is lined with surah. The figure at the right shows a cherry red surah with a Spanish flounce and plaid bertha trimmed with black lace insertion. The gown in the center is of biscuit herringbone twill, tailor made, with an open jacket and yellow vest, the jacket and waist being trimmed with narrow black velvet.

taste, as a liking for tomatoes had to be cultivated when they were first introduced. The banana was also an expensive luxury, and not within reach of those who had to live carefully,—at least as a staple article of diet.

But now all this is changed, and the banana is one of the cheapest, as well as the commonest of fruits, within the reach even of the poorest people in the United States, and sufficiently plentiful in Canada so to be used on the most economical tables, and baked, roasted or fried, as individual taste may suggest.

We are accustomed to look upon the golden fruit with the tough and treacherous rind, and the delicious interior as a fruit to be eaten raw, and as a dessert, not a staple article of diet by any means, yet eminent authorities assert that it is in itself a food of rare nutritive properties containing all the essential elements for sustaining life, and that it would be quite possible to

one thousand are eaten raw, for the simple reason that few people are aware how good they are when cooked, and therefore are satisfied to leave well enough alone and eat them in the most convenient fashion; but yet I am sure, that if I could induce any of my girls to try any of the following recipes for preparing bananas, once, they would repeat the experiment very often.

Fried Bananas.

Peel and slit the fruit lengthwise; dip it in beaten egg, roll it in flour or sifted cracker crumbs and drop it in boiling fat and cook until it is a delicate brown. Drain on a sieve before serving.

Banana Toast.—No. 1.

Peel and press some nice bananas through a colander. This may be very easily done with a potato-masher, or if preferred a vegetable press may be used for the purpose. Moisten slices of zwieback with hot cream, and serve with a large

ing. Peel the bananas, and reduce to a pulp, afterward beat very light with an egg-beater. Beat the whites of eggs, one for each banana, until very stiff, add the banana pulp, and beat together until thoroughly mixed and very light. Serve on the slices of moistened zwieback.

These two recipes are American, and though I must confess my ignorance of what zwieback may be, I fancy it must be brown bread of some special variety, and as the recipes both sound good, I have inserted them amongst my own.

Baked Bananas.

Select perfect but not over-ripe fruit, wash it thoroughly and cut off the ends. Place it in a shallow dish, an earthen one is preferable, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. When it is done the fruit will be thoroughly soft, and most of the juice will be retained within the skins. If baked too long, or in too hot an oven, the juices will be evaporated, and much of the flavor will be lost. Serve hot with or without cream.

Bananas in Syrup.

Heat in a porcelain kettle a pint of currant and red raspberry juice, equal parts, sweetened to taste. When boiling, drop into it a dozen peeled bananas, and simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Remove the bananas, boil the juice until thickened to the consistency of syrup, and pour over the fruit. Serve cold.

Baked Bananas—Another Recipe.

Peel and split lengthwise; lay them in a plate or platter. For each half dozen use one tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of hot water and the juice of one lemon; melt the butter in the water, add the juice of the lemon and pour it over the fruit; dredge over them six tablespoonfuls



NEW FANCIES FOR CHILDREN.

The figure at the right shows a crepon frock with bands of insertion and with lace appliques, the whole trimmed with braided ribbon and small loops. The center picture represents a blouse shaped out of shepherd's check. The boy's suit is of fine blue chevot, with blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is open over a linen shirt with fancy collar.

of white sugar and bake until brown in a quick oven.

Breakfast Fritters.

Make a batter as for apple fritters, but somewhat thicker; peel and slice the fruit in slices one half an inch thick; dip in the batter and fry in hot butter; drain the fritters on a sieve or on blotting paper; dredge with white sugar and serve. ASTRA.

The Old, Old Question.

"Mr. S." said the young woman, timidly, as the two walked along the quiet street on their way to church, "may I presume on our somewhat short acquaintance to ask you a question?"

"Why, yes, Miss M.," he answered, turning slightly pale. "It's the old, old question, Mr. S." "It had come upon him unexpectedly. He was not prepared for it. Long, long afterwards he remembered how her voice trembled, and how the little hand that rested upon his arm fluttered with a shy nervousness that awoke a responsive chord in his knees.

Long, long afterwards he could close his eyes and see as vividly as he did at that moment every detail of the commonplace landscape that environed him—the street, with its row of gas-lamps struggling in vain to illumine the gloom of a cloudy evening; the sleepy-looking houses that stretched monotonously away until lost in the dim, foggy perspective; the sombre, bleak sky overhead, and the occasional pedestrian flitting about in the semi-darkness, like an uneasy ghost suffering from insomnia, and walking because there was nothing else to do.

"Why, Miss M.," he gasped, "certainly you may ask it—if you feel you must." "Then, Mr. S.," she said, halting directly opposite a street lamp, and looking the trembling man squarely in the face, "will you please tell me if my hat is on straight?"

Episode of an Umbrella.

An accepted tradition concerning the gentler sex is the one which affirms that every woman who carries an umbrella has a malignant intention of punching out with its some other fellow-creature's eye; and it

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HANDSOME HOME TOILETTES.

Two attractive gowns for home wear are shown above. The one at the left is of black silk with a shoulder mantle of exquisite lace. The sleeves are of the fashionable balloon variety. At the right is a gown of white china silk with lace trimming on the front of the skirt and about the waist. Black silk bows and bands are used to finish the corsage, sleeves and skirt.

live for an indefinite time upon an exclusive diet of bananas. Indeed it is quite possible to wax fat and lusty on bananas, and nothing else, as the wily savage of the South Sea islands owes to his banana diet both his wonderful physical power, and also doubt-

spoonful of banana pulp on each slice. Fresh peaches may be prepared and used on the toast in the same way.

Banana Toast.—No. 2.

Prepare the toast by moistening slices of nicely browned zwieback as in the forego-

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AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Stories of Sir Matthew Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia.

The late Sir Matthew Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia, was an uncommon man. He will probably be best remembered for the courageous part he played in the early and troublous life of British Columbia, when men's minds were fired by the gold fever.

But the judge was a big, bony man, and his whole atmosphere and carriage suggested courage and determination. He soon saw what was before him in Cariboo. A Chinaman had been killed by a white tough only a short time before his visit to the district.

Many tales are told of the decided way in which the late Chief Justice would say what he thought. A little while ago the journalists of the Province came under his caustic notice. Sometimes the jurymen serving under him were very severely dealt with.

Every now and then the papers publish how much Zola, probably the best paid of all living authors, gets for his books. We read of the 200,000 francs which Zola gets for one single novel.

When Clergymen Should Be Careful. Clergymen who borrow their sermons should be careful to read them over beforehand, and see that they are appropriate.

Accommodating. Swiss Guide (to English tourist, who is accompanied by his daughter)—There, monsieur, before you is the place where the celebrated Marquis d'Uri was precipitated into the terrible abyss below.

Humble Mindedness. "The humble-minded man," writes Edward Garret, "is asked not to kick down the ladder by which he has risen. If his origin be lowly, he does not want himself, in season and out of season, to have left it so far behind; but he mentions it candidly and tenderly. He does not thrust aside the simple old belongings that are redolent of his youth, and which he holds very dear. Above all, cherishes his old friends."

A Roland for his Oliver. Summer hotel clerk, (pointing to new arrival)—"That's the young fellow who used to scare the young ladies he took rowing by rocking the boat."

Proprietor—"Tell him the place is crowded and you'll have to put him with that old gentleman from Barne's Corner. That old duck looks as if he blow out the gas."

"There are few more disappointing things in life," says the Man; unk philosopher, "than a balloon ascension to a man with a stiff neck."

She—"Mamma says I would make an ideal wife." He (regretfully)—"And I am looking for a real wife."

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A TALK TO JIM.

And How it Happened that Jim Made no Reply.

The other day in a corner of a veranda, the Listener happened to hear a man who was on the other side of a lattice engaged evidently in a little friendly admonition of another man. "Now, Jim," said he, "you've got to stop it; it's a foolish habit. It makes people think you're crazy; and I'll be hanged if I don't know but you're getting so. Jim said not a word in reply. He seemed to be taking this plain talk well, or else he was a surly, dogged fellow. "Just think of it!" the voice went on; "you're no sooner alone than you begin jabbering to yourself about serious concerns. If the habit grows on you, as it seems to be doing, you'll presently be giving yourself away badly. Some of your affairs of the mind will be coming out next, and getting you into trouble. It won't do— it won't do." Still Jim held his tongue.

Is the Pope in a Duncion? A most sensational case has been brought before the Courts of Rome. It appears that several French adventurers started the rumor that the present occupant of St. Peter's is not the real Leo XIII., but a substitute, put into the Vatican to destroy the power of the catholic church. The adventurers succeeded in convincing numerous persons that the real Pope is a prisoner in the vaults beneath the Vatican, and the dupes, among whom are several nobles of high rank, parted with large sums to bribe the supposed jailers of the Holy Father to give him back to the world. Four persons have been sentenced to one year's imprisonment each by the court, for alleged swindling.

The most wonderful thing about the whole matter," says the Echo, Berlin, "is that the Countess of Armas, the Marquis Martinuzzi, the Duke of Bustelli Foscolo, and Baron Penacetti continue to maintain their assertion that the Pope who reigns at the Vatican is spurious. They are led to this belief because they were unable to obtain an audience with His Holiness. They believe that the late Arch-Duke Johann Salvator is the Pope's jailer. It is quite certain that the accused persons endeavored to win the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy for their attempt to release the supposed prisoner, and that they spent large fortunes in the realization of their object. The two Frenchmen who contributed twenty thousand francs, the Abbe Xae and the Solicitor Genard, also continue to believe the story."

Apertisms. Remedy your deficiencies and your merits will take care of themselves.— Bulwer-Lytton. He that catches at more than belongs to him, justly deserves to lose what he has.— Zsop. Stories to suit the public taste must be half epigrams and half pleasant vice.— J. R. Lowell. Faith is to believe what we do not see and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.— Augustine. The more the diadem is cut the brighter it sparkles, and in what seems hard dealing God has no end in view but to protect his people's graces.— Guthrie. I have read in Plato and Cicero, sayings that are very wise and beautiful; but I never read in either of them: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."— Augustine. How Genius is Handicapped. First Printer—How did you lose your job? Second Printer—I made some queer mistakes in setting up a reading sheet. Why, sir, they were so funny that they started the whole town to laughing. Yes, sir. Never saw people so amused. And yet the editor got mad and bounced me. That shows how genius is handicapped. No matter how much you please the public, you will get fired if you don't please the one little fraction who happens to be editor.

A Lucky Dream. To prove that there is something in dreams, James Eyn tells a story about a servant girl who won a big prize in a lottery. She was asked how she came to hit upon the lucky number, and declared that it was revealed to her in a dream. "I dreamt about the figure 7 and dreamt about it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-one, I chose that number and it won the prize."

A Man's Personality. Dyspepsia makes a man nervous and irritable, in spite of his desire to be pleasant and sociable. Hundreds of dyspeptics have been cured by the distressing ailment, and its accompanying effects of nervousness, sleeplessness, irritability, etc., by the use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the greenish-brown pills for nerves, stomach and blood, and a perfect cure to digestion. All druggists sell it. For sale by all druggists—Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic and Hawker's Liver Pills.

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THE ORIGIN OF SOME NAMES.

How a Great Many Common Surnames Came From Christian Names.

How many people know the origin of their names? It will surprise many Snoopers to learn that their name was once Sevenoaks. Some persons are not aware that Elizabeth is to be accounted an uncouth form of Isabel, which was formed from Isabeau on a false supposition that Isabeau was masculine. Eliza, it is stated, is not a shortened form of Elizabeth, but is the equivalent of Alice. Marion, we know, is in line with Marie, Mary and Maria. Patronymics have been much multiplied through pet names by adding to the original name—John, Strang has become Strange, Johnson, Hobson, Robbs, Robson, Hopkin, and Hopkinson. Philip gives us Phillips, Philpott and Philpotts. Richard has been distorted by affection into the pet names Rich, Ritchie, Dick, Dicoon, Hitchin and Hitchcock. From these turn we have Richardson, Richard, Rixon, Ritchie, Ritchison, Dick, Dickie, Dixon, Dickens, Dickenson, Hitchins, Hitchison, Hitchcock and Hitchcock. David has given us Davidson, Dodson, Dodds, Davy, Davison, Daw, Dawson, Dawkins and O'Dowd.

We have from Henry the derivation Hal, Hallet, Harry, Harriet and Hawkins. From John we get Jack and Jenkins; Simeon Simkins. Thackeray's ancestor was a tatcher. Malthus got his name from malthouse, and the common family name of Bacchus would be more correctly spelt bache-house. Macpherson means person's son. Vickerson was the vicar's son. Wallace means a Welshman, and Bruce is a Norman name. Sinclair, Montgomery, Hay and Vance are, like Bruce, names derived from lands in Normandy. Many English surnames end in lord, ham, (house), les, ton (farm) and by (town), from the old practice of naming persons after their native place. Aylestord, Grimston, Habersham and Ormsby are examples. The reader will perceive that many of our Christian names and surnames have had curious histories.

A number of years ago Signor Crispi, the famous Italian statesman, was on an election tour. In a certain small town a dinner was given in his honor. Next to him, during the meal, there sat a somewhat insignificant-looking young man, with whom Crispi did not exchange a word all through dinner. At dessert, however, the young man could not stand this neglect any longer, and suddenly turned to the politician, remarking: "It seems you don't know who I am?" "No," replied Crispi, quietly, "I do not."

"I am the son of the mayor," said the other, gravely. Signor Crispi looked at him earnestly, shook his head, and said solemnly: "So young! and already the son of the mayor!" Flower Ghosts. Anyone who wishes to see the ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around the second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The spectre of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen.

A Bridge Built by the Devil. Near Aberystwith, on the west coast of Wales, where the Monk river flows through a black, yawning abyss, there is a single arch bridge of unknown antiquity. The popular legend says that it was built by the devil, and far and near it is known as "The Bridge of Devils," or "The Bridge of the Evil Man." British antiquarians are united in the belief that it was built by the early monks, but that fact does not affect the popular legend in the least. "Old Harry's" part in its erection being never questioned by the inhabitants of Cardigan-shire. Grose says that "the bridge is an honor to the hand that built it, whether that hand be Satan's or that of some monk."

Blasts From The Ram's Horn. There are men who ask God to lead them in many things who trust to their own judgment in politics. The true leader must be willing sometimes to stand alone. The religion that does not make men like Christ does not come from Him. People who never worry do a good deal of missionary work that they never get credit for. The man who does not put good reading matter into the hands of his children has never done any real praying for their salvation.

A False Alarm. Father (from top of stairs)—"Annie, has that young man gone?" Annie—"Why—ser—no, father. Father (with sigh of relief)—"Ah, all right! I thought perhaps you had let another one escape."

Famous Stranger—"I do not wish to be interviewed, sir, because I desire to travel about your country without being recognized." Reporter—"Nothing easier, my dear sir. Just give me your picture, and I'll have it published in all the newspapers."

Wool—How do you like your new flat? Van Felt—All right, except that the man across the hall is learning to play the flute. Wool—You ought to get an accordion. Van Felt—I did; that's why he got the flute.

HUMPHREYS' Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are recommended and carefully prepared for the relief of all the most distressing and dangerous diseases of the human system. They cure without pain, and in the most rapid manner, the following diseases: 1-Fevers, 2-Whooping Cough, 3-Consumption, 4-Diarrhoea, 5-Scald Head, 6-Scald Neck, 7-Scald Breast, 8-Scald Groin, 9-Scald Throat, 10-Scald Face, 11-Scald Hands, 12-Scald Feet, 13-Scald Arms, 14-Scald Legs, 15-Scald Back, 16-Scald Chest, 17-Scald Stomach, 18-Scald Liver, 19-Scald Spleen, 20-Scald Pancreas, 21-Scald Gall Bladder, 22-Scald Intestines, 23-Scald Urinary Organs, 24-Scald Genitals, 25-Scald Vagina, 26-Scald Uterus, 27-Scald Ovaries, 28-Scald Fallopian Tubes, 29-Scald Cervix Uteri, 30-Scald Vagina, 31-Scald Uterus, 32-Scald Ovaries, 33-Scald Fallopian Tubes, 34-Scald Cervix Uteri, 35-Scald Vagina, 36-Scald Uterus, 37-Scald Ovaries, 38-Scald Fallopian Tubes, 39-Scald Cervix Uteri, 40-Scald Vagina, 41-Scald Uterus, 42-Scald Ovaries, 43-Scald Fallopian Tubes, 44-Scald Cervix Uteri, 45-Scald Vagina, 46-Scald Uterus, 47-Scald Ovaries, 48-Scald Fallopian Tubes, 49-Scald Cervix Uteri, 50-Scald Vagina, 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SHADOWING CUPID.

"Here's a chance for you to do some detective work, Sutton," exclaimed one of a party of commuters on the Jersey ferry-boat. "That pretty girl over there has been crossing with us every morning and evening for the past week. Now get your Leuco acuteness to work and tell us something about her."

Sutton, a wholesale grocer, who has an idea that Nature intended him to be a great detective, thought Fate would otherwise, looked critically at the girl before replying: "She is a type-writer," he said, "in some office where she is kept very busy."

"That is easy. There is a stain of purple ink, such as is used for type-writing, on the corner of her handkerchief that peeps from under her belt. Besides, she has one hand clasped in the other, after the manner of people who are nervous, though her bearing and complexion show that she is not of a nervous temperament. She clasps them in that way because her fingers are very tired with work."

The usual laugh greeted this, for Sutton's hobby has long been a source of amusement to his friends. He bore it good-naturedly, as is his wont, though he felt certain that this time at least his theorizing was correct.

"That girl crossed with them every morning and evening will not be wondered at by any punctual business man. Though it is possible to wander through New York for months without seeing the same person twice, men who keep regular hours soon find themselves surrounded by familiar faces. Others who keep the same hours cross the ferry with them morning and evening, day after day, or go to and from business on the same trains. In this way they get to know by sight all the people who pass along the same route regularly, and can pick out strangers at a glance."

A few evenings after it was remarked that the pretty girl was a regular passenger, Sutton announced to his friends—who had ceased to pay attention to her when her face had become familiar—that she was in love.

"With whom?" he asked. "I don't know yet; but I know she is in love, for I saw her kiss a girl friend as we were crossing the ferry. After kissing, she laid her cheek against her friend's for a moment, and only a girl who is accustomed to being kissed by a lover would do that. Moreover, she is happy in her love, or she would not do it, because the lover-like action would recall unpleasant memories."

Although this information was jeered at, the romantic touch awakened interest in the girl, and they all began to notice her again. A few mornings later, a young man accompanied her across the ferry, and returned with her in the evening.

"Anyone can see at a glance that they are lovers," exclaimed Sutton triumphantly; "but he is out of work and hunting for a position. That is shown by the fact that he was waiting for her in the ferry-house this evening. If he were regularly employed, it is not likely he would have time to do that; and besides, he has his pockets full of the advertising columns of the daily papers. For the last couple of mornings when crossing the ferry, she has been studying the 'want ads.' in the papers, as they did this morning, and I thought at first she was looking for another position; but it is now clear that she was simply looking for something to call his attention to. He was not successful today, for he looked dejected, though he was quite hopeful in the morning."

This programme was repeated on several consecutive days, and the prospects of the young man's getting a job were beginning to look gloomy. One evening, however, they found him waiting in the ferry-house, manifestly very happy, and impatient for her arrival. When she came, he ran up to her and said something in an excited manner. She shook hands with him, as if in congratulation, and they passed on to the ferry-boat.

"She'll have an engagement-ring in a few weeks," said Sutton, and none of his friends disputed the prediction. They all hoped she would, and began to feel as much interest in the match as if they were helping to make it. To the complete satisfaction of the commuters, the lovers began to cross the ferry together both morning and evening, though they went no further than Jersey City, where they evidently lived.

A few weeks later she began to carry her left glove in her hand, and a bright little diamond set in a plain loop of gold sparkled on her finger. Their unknown and undreamed of friends felt like offering their congratulations, but restrained themselves.

During the next few months nothing of importance happened except a rather brisk lovers' quarrel. They failed to meet at the ferry on several times, and the glove was once more worn on her left hand. When they did meet one morning they simply nodded cordially to each other.

"Contend him! It is his fault!" said Sutton angrily. "That redness about her eyes, which a little touch of powder does not hide, shows that she has been crying over it, and the set, determined expression of his face shows that he is in the wrong and knows it. It is probable that he is jealous, for nothing brings such a look of determined despair to a man's face as jealousy, especially when there are but slight grounds for it."

The others agreed in this opinion, and the young man did not know that there were half a dozen respectable commuters on the boat who felt an intense longing to kick him. When the breach was healed, a short time afterwards, they agreed that he was being treated better than he deserved, but at the same time almost lost a train by stopping to have a drink to the success and happiness of their heroine.

Near Christmas the young man began to ask for a raise of salary. The amateur detective was sure of this because of his fits of despondency and exhilaration. He was evidently trying to decide from the treatment he received from his superiors whether he would get the raise or not. When the great man had been affable to him he was very happy when crossing the ferry, but when they had been grumpy he was in the depths of despair.

Sutton was so anxious he should get the increase he wanted and be able to marry that he could hardly be restrained from offering him a position in his store with a good salary attached. But at the first of the year the young man became cheerful again,

and the unusual air of importance he began to cultivate made it certain that success had attended his efforts.

A change immediately took place in the attitude of the lovers to each other. Instead of merely being happy in each other's company, they were evidently discussing something constantly, exchanging opinions and arguing. Their watching friends knew they were discussing the details of the approaching wedding.

Presently she stopped coming, and they knew the wedding day must be near, for the young man did not show any signs of worrying, as he would if she were ill, or if they had quarrelled, or she had lost her position. And he had a way of smiling to himself that told the story. There is nothing so blissful as the reminiscent smile of a lover, and it is unmistakable.

One morning they missed him, and suspected he was away being married. They speculated much as to whether they would start housekeeping in some part of the city that would make it necessary for him to cross the ferry at a different hour or to cross a different ferry. They felt it would be unkind, almost unjust, of him not to continue crossing with them as usual, considering the interest they were taking in his affairs. They were wanted to be that their unconscious proteges were married and happy.

About a week later he reappeared. There was a flower in his button-hole, and they decided he was married.

"Let us go and congratulate him," said Sutton.

"All right," said the others. "But," suggested the wary one, "what if he is not married? A flower in his button-hole is not much to convict a man on."

Sutton hesitated a moment. His reputation as a heaven-born detective rested to some extent on his conclusion, but after another look at the young man he said confidently: "It's all right. Come along."

They went over to where the young man was standing, and Sutton acted as spokesman.

"Pardon me," he said, "but we have been very much interested in you and your affairs for the last couple of years, and wish to offer our congratulations on your recent marriage."

"Oh—er—eh?" stammered the young man, blushing and looking embarrassed.

"You were married last week, were you not?"

"To the young lady with whom you have been in the habit of crossing the ferry for the last couple of years?"

"Yes."

"Then I hope you will allow us to congratulate you. We have had an eye on you both every day during that time."

There was much laughter and exchanging of cards, until the boat reached the wharf at New York, and the happy but very much confused bridegroom was enabled to escape.

"I say, Sutton, what convinced you so suddenly that he was married?" asked the man who had previously been doubtful.

"Why," replied Sutton with the bored air of Sherlock Holmes, "a child might have seen it. His wife had asked him to buy something in the city, and to make him remember it had tied a string around his thumb."

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"Semper Fidelis! (ALWAYS FAITHFUL.)"

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Mr. A. R. McGruer, Dixon's Corners, Ont., speaks of his wonderful cure by Paine's Celery Compound, as follows: "About six months ago my condition of health was alarming and I suffered very much. I was laid up three days out of every week; and I often said to my friends that it would be better, if it was the Lord's will, that I should be called away. Three of the best doctors attended me, but could not relieve me in any way. It was then I was advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, which brought relief at once. After using this great remedy I find myself a new man, and feel just as a boy of eighteen years. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world, and would strongly recommend it to all who suffer."

BORN.

Truro, July 26, to the wife of T. W. Bell, a son. Halifax, to the wife of John W. Parker, a daughter. Sydney, July 26, to the wife of Edward Keefe, a son. St. John, Aug. 6, to the wife of Ralph Hespenski, a son. Wolfville, July 31, to the wife of W. H. Chase, a son. Kentville, July 31, to the wife of F. Margeson, a son. St. John, July 27, to the wife of J. W. Mahaney, a son. Woodstock, July 27, to the wife of A. H. Kearney, a son. Parshoro, Aug. 1, to the wife of Capt. Henry Card, a son. Dalhousie, July 23, to the wife of Hibbert Robar, a daughter. Halifax, July 24, to the wife of Wm. T. Dowden, a daughter. Yarmouth, Aug. 3, to the wife of Bowman B. Law, a daughter. St. John, July 29, to the wife of Capt. Richard Bradley, a son. Berwick, N. S., July 30, to the wife of Frank Borden, a son. New Glasgow, July 23, to the wife of D. M. McNeil, a son. Ecosse, N. S., July 30, to the wife of Elfram Fleet, a son. Campbelltown, Aug. 2, to the wife of Charles Kennedy, a son. New Glasgow, Aug. 3, to the wife of John Stewart, a daughter. New Glasgow, July 30, to the wife of S. T. McCurdy, a son. Lunenburg, N. S., July 28, to the wife of Austin Young, a son. Great Village, N. S., July 29, to the wife of Dr. Dickson, a son. Berwick, N. S., July 28, to the wife of Walter Bryden, a daughter. Glenwood, N. S., July 25, to the wife of Capt. Thomas Goodwin, a son. Billtown, N. S., July 29, to the wife of William Day, a son. New Glasgow, Aug. 3, to the wife of Fred Armstrong, a daughter. Mother's River, N. S., July 28, to the wife of George Campbell, a daughter. Glenwood, N. S., July 18, to the wife of Ephraim Roberts, a daughter. Nantuxwick, N. B., Aug. 1, to the wife of Alfred Langstroth, a daughter. Saw Mill Creek, N. S., July 29, to the wife of Chas. W. Hardwick, a daughter. Haverhill, N. S., July 24, to the wife of Burton H. Margeson, a son and daughter.

MARRIED.

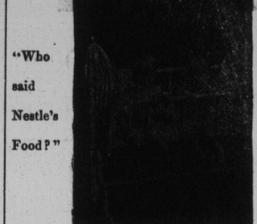
Beckville, Aug. 1, by Rev. W. Harrison, Jocelyn O'Neill to Ruth Wry. Yarmouth, Aug. 1, by Rev. Henry Stearns, George Boyce to Grace Beak. St. Stephen, July 26, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, William Biddout to Eva Lorey. St. John, Aug. 1, by Rev. Wm. Penna, Charles Morgan to Louisa Day. St. Stephen, July 26, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, William Sinclair to Sadie Capron. Milford, Aug. 2, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, William M. Robb to Mary McMillan. Tracy Mills, July 24, by Rev. G. F. Currie, John W. Conley to Miss Rose. Stanley, July 26, by Rev. A. Stirling, William McKay to Mary McKay. Windsor, July 25, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, H. Percy Scott to Annie B. Wilson. St. John, July 31, by Rev. John C. Berrie, John Jenkins to Annie Aralow. Halifax, Aug. 2, by Rev. J. Perry, William E. Hall to Robena Eisenhaar. St. John, Aug. 7, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, George Patrick to Margie Miller. Mathias, N. S., July 26, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Charles Pace to Alice Carr. Halifax, Aug. 1, by Rev. A. G. Borden, Samuel H. Bounell to Rebecca Stroud. Roseway, N. S., July 19, by Rev. J. C. Morse, Loran Blackford to Clara Kobbins. Quispamsis, July 29, by Rev. D. Fraser, E. T. A. Laver to Margaret Duncan. Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. F. Davidson, William I. Lynch to Nellie M. Barber. Dartmouth, July 24, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Henry H. Walsh to Lottie Whitman. Shag Harbour, July 24, by Rev. W. Miller, Delbert Wilson to Elizabeth Nickerson. Baddeck, C. B., by Rev. D. McDougall, Donald J. McIlrae to Margaret McKean. Stellarton, July 29, by Rev. S. H. Turnbull, Alex Stewart to Margaret Campbell. Fredericton, July 31, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, John D. Fullerton to Joannus Gilmore. Yarmouth, July 26, by Rev. A. A. Spencer, Charles Valentine to Sarah E. Thompson. Mann's Mountain, July 26, by Rev. George Millar, Richard Mann to Catherine Lynch. St. John, July 31, by Rev. F. A. Whitman, Frederick H. Johnson to Sarah McGrath. Carleton, Aug. 7, by Rev. James Burgess, Harry H. Simpson to Mrs. Jennie Ritchie. Dartmouth, July 26, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Capt. John Marks to Mrs. Jennie Ritchie. New Glasgow, July 31, by Rev. J. Carruthers, J. D. Fraser to Catherine J. Cameron. Salsbury, July 29, by Rev. B. S. Crisp, William W. Wilson to Aramina B. Constantine. Cape Tormentine, July 26, by Rev. M. Vincent, William Rudderham to Beatrice Trenholm. St. John's, Nfld. July 2, by Rev. A. C. F. Wood, William S. Cunningham to Minnie Oakes. Bear Point, July 26, by Rev. William Halliday, Reuben B. Nickerson to Jessie O'Connell. Baddeck, C. B., July 16, by Rev. D. McDougall, Muehboon, N. S., July 27, by Rev. E. H. Ball, James C. Andrews to Minnie Bella Langille. Upper Brighton, N. B., July 27, by Rev. Gideon Swan, Samuel F. Cook to Minnie H. Pearson. Moncton, July 31, by Rev. J. Millen Robinson, Frederick W. Geddis to Katherine Cameron. Kentville, July 26, by Rev. J. W. 26, by Rev. G. B. Martell, Ota White to Ella May Ettinger. Peel, N. B., by Rev. A. H. Kearney, assisted by Rev. J. Denton and Rev. J. Downey, Levi A. Moore to Edna Harmon.

DIED.

Windsor, July 29, Frank Canavan, 29. Campbell, July 21, Paul Ostrom, 66. Griffin, July 31, Samuel Sanford, 47. Halifax, Aug. 2, Mary Ann Hickey, 89. Halifax, Aug. 4, Nathaniel Burton, 87. Sussex, July 31, Margaret Vincent, 63. Chester, Aug. 3, Mrs. John Walker, 45. Halifax, Aug. 6, William Glasbrook, 74. Clementsport, July 31, George Corey, 48. St. John, Aug. 5, Thomas E. Millidge, 79. Tremont, N. S., July 29, Judson Beale, 65. Fredericton, July 27, Thomas Williams, 72. Yarmouth, Aug. 3, Benjamin E. Patton, 48. Falmouth, July 28, William Armstrong, 88. Moncton, July 2, LeB. Rotford Storms, 42. Campbell, July 20, Mrs. Julia A. Bell, 31. Green Head, Aug. 8, Joseph Armstrong, 80. Cornwallis, July 30, Mrs. Sophia Savage, 96. Central Grove, July 20, Joseph Shortliffe, 91. Riverside, N. B., July 31, Enos Downing, 62. Halifax, Aug. 2, Jonathan Stearns Dimock, 90. Pleasant Lake, N. S., July 23, Silas Chandler, 67. Halifax, Aug. 6, Maynard, son of Elias Covey, 27. St. John, July 25, Mrs. John Steele, of Amherst, 52. Haverhill, N. S., July 19, Mabel Ferguson, 14. Vogel's Cove, N. S., July 23, Frederick Wambolt, 63. St. John, Aug. 8, Margaret, wife of Arthur Mullay, 60. St. John, July 30, Mary Jane, wife of Hugh Creagan, 37. Halifax, Aug. 2, the son of Wm. H. Hubley, 6 months. Halifax, July 30, John son of Nell and Zella McLeod, 1. Amherst, July 31, Annie widow of the late Samuel Chubb, 75. Rockville, N. S., July 31, of paralysis, Rev. John Rowe, 75. St. John, July 29, Margaret, wife of Joseph McWhirly, 60. Lakeville, July 29, William, eldest son of Bishop Carver, 81. Pictou, July 29, Annie I., widow of the late Wm. Munroe, 77. Carleton, Aug. 8, Isabella S., wife of Samuel W. Belyea, 75.

GIVE

"Who said Nestle's Food?"



THE BABIES

"Let me taste it."

NESTLE'S

"Um—but it's good."

FOOD.

"My turn now."

WANTED!

People to Understand That

Nestle's Food IS SAFE.

Twelve thousand children under five years of age died in July and August, 1893, in the four largest cities of America. The chief causes of this terrible mortality were improper food and surroundings. Cow's milk is one of the greatest of all dangers to infant life. It is the conveying medium of germs which desroy thousands of lives.

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Lehigh Coal

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STEAMERS.

CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, West Glen Cifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton wharf the same day at 6.30 a. m., for St. John and intervening points. R. G. KABLE, Captain.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. A. BAXTER, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, be kept at Yarmouth, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 8.30 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Annapolis wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River on Range.....\$1.25. Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage at \$2.00. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All UP PASSENGERS must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets at all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents.

WALTER BAKER & CO. The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES.

On the Continent, have received SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS on all their goods at the CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION. Their BREAKFAST COCOA, which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkali, neither Chemicals or Tyra, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Summer Arrangement. Daily Service, BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. Utilizing the steamer "MAY QUEEN," which will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, touching at Annapolis wharf at 7.30 (Standard) for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. Tuesday and Saturday mornings for Eastport and Portland, making direct connections at Portland with B. & N. Harlow, due in Calais, St. Andrews and St. Stephen. For further information apply to J. B. KOEHLER, Agent.

RAILWAYS. YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday June 26th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH 11.55 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.15 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.10 p. m.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1894-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1894 On and after MONDAY, the 25th June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation for Pictou and Chesebrough..... 10.10 Express for Halifax, Pictou and Chesebrough..... 12.45 Express for Quebec, and Montreal..... 12.25 Commencing 2nd July, Express for Halifax 21.45

A Parcel Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.50 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 5.20 Accommodation from Pictou and Chesebrough..... 12.45 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.50 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 23.45 Commencing 2nd July, Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 12.45

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, London N. B., 20 June, 1894.