

PROGRESS.

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POLYMORPHIAN'S REFUSE.

The South End Polys Refuse To Parade—The Others Will Under Certain Conditions—Who is To Blame.

To the regret of a great many citizens of St. John the efforts of the central committee, which appears to have the arrangements for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall in hand, have not seemed to meet with the approval of some of the large societies which in the past have been very instrumental in making every public affair a success.

This refers particularly to a section of the polymorphians and to a portion of the firemen. On Thursday morning resolutions appeared in the press explaining why the south end Polymorphian Club did not think they were called upon to take part in the celebration. Whether they are right or wrong Progress does not pretend to say, but certainly the opinions of the club are very decided and the members do not hesitate to give their reasons that in some way or other the chairman of the committee offended them in making it appear to the leaders of the club that they were a sort of a "make shift". It is very possible that such a meaning was never intended by the chairman, but as no explanation has been forthcoming up to the time of this writing the members agree that they are not particularly wanted in the parade. More than that they say and very truly too that the polymorphians and firemen have been very prominent in all public demonstrations of this nature in this city and that in fact no such parades have been given without their assistance.

They go further and say that the firemen were not fairly treated, at least a portion of them were not, and that a motion to withdraw the grant was very earnestly placed before the central committee and passed almost without discussion. Therefore they conclude that their assistance is not desired in the demonstration.

Moreover, and with much regret it is said, the feeling has got abroad that the committee does not desire the demonstration to be as public as it might be. Instead of that the idea of militarism seems to dominate all others, and the efforts of private citizens to make the affair a general and successful one have not met with much approval. The grants for arches, for the fire works and for the illuminations of buildings are conceded to be all right, but both the polymorphians and the firemen maintain that if grants outside of music are to be given they should be included and considered in the same generous way as other organizations even they are of a military character.

In opposition to this, another polymorphian of long years standing expresses himself very decidedly to PROGRESS that these grants are a mistake and that if the polymorphians had maintained the original organization that has been so successful in the past no grants would have been required or thought of. As it is now with the Haymarket Square (the original polymorphian club) the south end club the north end club and the west end club, all distinct and with offices of their own and all in a certain sense dependent on the public for subscriptions for their own out in the event of no grant there is not much use in any one of them making a decided effort towards a respectable display. The merchants get tired of being asked first by one club and then by another, all belonging to the same order, while they would be very willing to give a very generous subscription to any one in particular. And again if the clubs accept these small grants which the city proposes to give them the generous assistance that is usually afforded them by the merchants in the way of tears and decorations would not be given at all. In the past when the polymorphians made their best and greatest displays they were entirely the result of their own efforts with the assistance of the merchants who did not hesitate to loan their best terms and even decorate them for the purpose of riding the parade. This enthusiastic polymorphian said that it was not an unusual thing after a firm had given a subscription to receive a donation of material for the purpose of decorating free of charge. He was entirely in favor of the polymorph-

ians turning out, but turning out as a whole and not as divided, doing the thing themselves and not dependent upon the city in any way for grants.

The firemen are also divided, the cause and reason of which it is hard to discover. Some blame one official, others blame another, but it is quite certain that unless some conciliating influence is brought to bear in the very near future the parade so far as the South End polymorphians (at least) and the firemen are concerned will not come up to what was anticipated.

What a Correspondent Thinks.

It is to be regretted that so much wrangling or ill feeling or whatever it may be called has arisen in connection with the arrangements being made for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of York to this city.

There is no excuse for the sorry exhibition that is being made. As far as can be learned no other cities in Canada or for that matter any place that the Royal party has visited in their extended trip have had difficulties in their making preparations to receive the future King and his wife. Then why should it lie with this city to be the first to take the initiative in this respect?

There is no doubt as to the loyalty of the people in this community. In fact there is no city that their Royal Highnesses have visited or will visit, that will be more pleased to welcome the distinguished visitors than the old city of the Loyalists. Every inhabitant of St. John and the Province is proud of his mother country and British institutions. But while this is so it is also manifestly evident that there is a small feeling existing in our midst that should not exist, a selfish feeling that is narrow and bigoted.

It must not be thought, however that this feeling is at all universal. Happily it may be said it is to a very small extent, but there is enough of it to make disagreeable and place the City in a very unfair light to outsiders. Progress believes that not a single person after calmly considering the matter can find the least fault with the manner in which the reception affairs were instituted. The government of the Province and the City Council went to work openly and broadly. They asked the Citizens to meet them and discuss matters and all had a right to express an opinion. Nothing could have been more admirably arranged.

It cannot be conceived that there was a disposition on anyone's part to slight or overlook a single individual in the appointing and selecting of committees. Mistakes might have been made, but such mistakes are unavoidable errors; on such occasions should be overlooked. If some thought they had not been treated properly, it would seem to have been more in keeping with patriotic principles to have voiced small differences and to have worked in the public's interest. The firemen and some Polymorphians have refused to take any part in the coming celebration. While these parties had a perfect right to decide as they have done and while St. John feels proud of the efficiency of these bodies, yet at the same time their action on the present occasion is refusing to do honor to the coming distinguished visitors is open to considerable criticism.

The turning out of the firemen and the Polymorphians would have added much to the success of the undertaking. There have been times when the above bodies have taken part in proceedings of far less importance than the coming celebration. At those times there did not appear to be any petty feelings on the surface.

Unfortunately the criticism and bitterness towards the general committee is not confined to the Polymorphians and firemen. Some of the North Enders have their complaints and west enders it should have more rights and so it goes. Everyone is not pleased and those who are displeased are not making it pleasant. Then there is the complaint that there is an unfairness in the awarding of contracts and that there are protests in certain

quarters about the selection made by the government of the Royal residences. There are numerous other fault finders, but enough have been mentioned to show that the controllers of reception arrangements are meeting with considerable opposition.

It is deplorable, as has been stated that such a state of affairs exist, but people do not lose faith that all will not come out right. The town seems to be troubled with a critical kind of fever at the present time. Mr. Carnegie after giving handsomely to the leading cities in the United States and the Old Country, had to come all the way to St. John before he was made the subject of attack. It is said that cranks make the wheels go round. It is about time then that St. John was taking a turn and it is to be hoped that it will be a turn for the better. Those at the head of the present reception committees are men in whom the people should have confidence. They will meet the difficulties at hand. The Duke and Duchess will be received in no better shape anywhere than they will right here in this city. In spite of all, the commercial capital of the province will take no back seat in the way of entertaining. It has a reputation in this respect to keep up and it will not be found wanting when the time comes.

DR. JOSEPH MORRISON DEAD.

A Leading Citizen Who Has Suddenly Passed Away.

During the past week the public has been considerably interested in the death of Dr. J. A. Morrison against the St. John street railway. It has proved one of the most important cases that has been tried in St. John for years. The chief witness has been Dr. Morrison himself.

Thursday one of his counsel asked the adjournment of the court until Monday owing to the serious illness of the plaintiff. The request was granted. On Thursday evening it was heard with surprise that Dr. Morrison lay unconscious at his home.

Still greater was the surprise when the people of this city learned on Friday morning that the doctor had passed away. The strain of the trial seems to have been too much and it is presumed lead to the bursting of a blood vessel in the head.

Dr. Morrison was one of the best known citizens of St. John. Besides being noted as a specialist of high standing and one enjoying a most lucrative practice, he took the greatest interest in many public matters.

He always was a leader in the political ranks and on more than one occasion was a candidate for political honors. In the Orange, Masonic and Temperance bodies he was a foremost figure and during past years has occupied many of the highest offices in these bodies. His early demise deprives St. John of one of its most intelligent and energetic citizens.

Come On Next Week.

The Exhibition which opens at Fredericton next week promises to be first class, particularly in the Agricultural line. As the different railway and steamship lines have offered very low fares and as it is a very pleasant time of year in which to visit the capital, no doubt a large number will visit Fredericton. The management have worked very energetically to make the affair a success, and as they are men who understand their business their expectations will probably be realized. It is to be regretted that the horse races have not filled very well. This is surprising too for Fredericton has one of the best tracks in the country. St. John wishes its sister city the best of luck and may fine weather, the element so necessary towards a successful exhibition be its lot.

It Shocked St. John.

The news of the shooting of President McKinley was received in St. John with the greatest shock. People were stunned at the brief telegram that so swiftly gripped circulation. And as the first report was of a most serious nature to the effect that the President could not live the feeling was very intense. Since the great news deep interest has been taken in the different reports sent out and the daily papers have met with a ready sale. As there were many Americans in the city at the time the different hotels became quite centres of conversation. There was a number in St. John who have seen McKinley and had the greatest respect for the man.

NO JEST ABOUT THIS.

The Lord's Day Alliance Must Have Sworn Evidence To Support Their Charges Against The Chief.

There was a feeling of subdued interest around the government offices in this city Thursday afternoon, when Premier Tweedie entered about three o'clock and prepared to hear the investigation into the charges made against the chief of police by the Lord's Day Alliance. The premier had been appointed a commissioner by the governor of the province to conduct the inquiry and he was all ready at the appointed hour of the day named.

President Fotheringham of the Lord's Day Alliance was there also and he was supported by all the signers to the very strong memorial with the exception of Mr. Joseph Allison.

The preliminaries of reading the authority of the commissioner and the charges as set forth in the memorial having been got over the premier was about to call upon the signers to bring forth their evidence when Recorder C. N. Skinner entered and announced in quiet tones that he appeared for the chief of police. The chief too was present watching the proceedings in an anxious way. This is the first time that any regular charges have been formulated against him and it is no wonder he is anxious. Time and time again the safety board has tried to get at the fact of charges that have been presented but in most cases the interest died out and the chief did not have to worry much if any about the matter.

This time it is different. The charges are of the gravest character setting forth that he willfully neglects his duty by not enforcing the Sunday liquor law and the Sabbath observance act and also stating that he is prevented from doing this by those in authority over him.

The prompt compliance with the alliance demand for an inquiry must have taken those gentlemen by surprise because when they assembled yesterday they had no witnesses at hand to support the charges they had made.

There was hardly any excuse for that because Judge Forbes whose name was attached to the memorial must have known what was required when an inquiry was demanded. The other members of the Alliance seemed to have idea that all that was necessary was to make speeches or 'statements' as they called them, but COMMISSIONER TWEEDIE gave them to understand that it was evidence not speeches he wanted, and what evidence was given could not be a mere gossip or of a hearsay character.

Mr. Fotheringham seemed surprised at the nature of the inquiry. He did not know what the government wished but he was prepared to assume all the responsibility of the charges in the memorial.

Premier Tweedie—The government has no desire in this matter at all. I have been appointed to make an inquiry into the serious charges contained in the memorial and it will be necessary for you to produce your witnesses and have them examined under oath, then when you have finished your case the chief of police will be at liberty to cross his witnesses. Mr. Skinner will then have the right to address the court and you or your counsel will have the opportunity of replying.

Mr. Fotheringham was evidently at a loss what to do then and he asked what the other memorialists had to say. This brought a few words from Rev. Mr. Steele to the effect that they had no information that day but the president had come prepared to make a statement.

This brought forth a suggestion from Judge Forbes that subpoenas issue in the regular way and an adjournment be made to some other day. The recorder observed daily that it was peculiar after such serious charges had been made that there was no evidence.

Rev. Mr. Steele—We were ignorant of the course of procedure in such a case. More than that we do not wish to appear as prosecutors.

Premier Tweedie—But you have made charges, serious charges and asked for an inquiry.

Recorder Skinner—You knew enough to make the charges.

Judge Forbes—But there are no charges.

Premier Tweedie—How could any charges be stronger (and then he read from the memorial the charges against the chief) I presume that when you signed your name to this document you had some evidence.

Rev. Mr. Fotheringham—I am convinced that the government has done right but we are placed in the peculiar position of appearing as prosecutors of the chief of police and will have to make statements that may seriously affect his position.

Premier Tweedie—We have nothing to do with that.

Recorder Skinner wished to have those words taken down but the premier did not think it was worth while. Then the chief's counsel asked for specific charges, so that he might be prepared to answer them when the inquiry was held again.

Judge Forbes did not think the Lord's Day Alliance wished to be placed in the position of pressing specific charges against Chief Clark.

Premier Tweedie—But you have made charges against Chief Clark, very serious charges in my opinion.

Recorder Skinner—It is quite within your power to refuse to give me those specific charges but you cannot treat this inquiry as merely fishing for information. You are absolutely seeking the destruction of the chief of police. You may not be aware of it but this is what you are doing. I do not mean to be offensive.

Judge Forbes—But that is very offensive.

Premier Tweedie—Confine yourself to the matter at issue. I propose to investigate these charges fully.

Judge Forbes—There are two specific charges and we propose to sustain them against the chief of police.

The exchange of words had by this time become somewhat hurried but everybody was reduced to normal temperature during a suitable day to adjourn to. It was settled at last to adjourn for a week and Judge Forbes placed his office at the disposal of the Alliance that afternoon to consult and decide upon their course of action.

The earnestness of the government in regarding on this investigation has had the effect that PROGRESS predicted. The Lord's Day Alliance must put up a case now or hold its peace after this. The real test and the evidence must be produced to support the charges. To this end it is said that the witnesses will include hotel men and liquor dealers. In fact the mere observance of the Lord's day seems to have narrowed down to the sale of liquor. To prove that this is 'openly done' will be a difficult task and the Lord's Day Alliance must have some evidence that is important and conclusive.

Be a Look Out.

The report is published in many of the Provincial papers that one of the A. D. C. of His Honor the Lieut. Governor has ordered a suit of clothes from England. This suit it is announced will be worn by the A. D. C. when he accompanies the governor to St. John on the occasion of the Duke of York's visit. A report of this kind may not seem important, but if duly considered it might be thought to be very serious. Before the young man is allowed to appear would it not be a good plan to first have an inspection of the suit by the St. John Reception committee. The clothes might be very grand and might put the Mayor's gown in the shade. This would never do. The City Council and St. John should look after its rights.

Death of an Aged Resident.

The death and funeral of Mrs. Charlotte S. Hatheway this week caused much regret among all her old friends who knew and esteemed her while she lived in this city. She died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Bauld, in Halifax, at a good old age. Her remains were brought to St. John for interment and the funeral was held from Stone church. J.T.S.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Only one of the group of wedding gowns... Chat of the Boudoir.

The bodice of this gown is collarless... Chat of the Boudoir.

A wedding gown showing a slightly... Chat of the Boudoir.

A cluster of orange blossoms is caught... Chat of the Boudoir.

While speaking of orange blossoms... Chat of the Boudoir.

Now that the low coiffures are unmistakably... Chat of the Boudoir.

That velvet is to be greatly used... Chat of the Boudoir.

Such goods in plain color will lead... Chat of the Boudoir.

Handwork in tuks, herring-bone, &c.,... Chat of the Boudoir.

Stitchings and stitched bands also hold... Chat of the Boudoir.

With the long coat tight fitting... Chat of the Boudoir.

ones are long and straight, without any... Chat of the Boudoir.

A velvet jacket, worn with a modified... Chat of the Boudoir.

If there is one thing for hats more... Chat of the Boudoir.

Loops of velvet falling over the brim... Chat of the Boudoir.

Latticed and crossed designs and combinations... Chat of the Boudoir.

A simple, yet delightful, use of ribbon... Chat of the Boudoir.

The Empire petticoat is a charming... Chat of the Boudoir.

Such empire petticoats are quite the... Chat of the Boudoir.

An Ankle Bracelet. A young woman living in New York... Chat of the Boudoir.

It would seem far too striking a fashion... Chat of the Boudoir.

One of these anklets being observed at... Chat of the Boudoir.

'A great many women,' said the girl... Chat of the Boudoir.

All summer long women have been wearing... Chat of the Boudoir.

Sunday Reading.

The Revival in Japan. Further news of the religious awakening... Sunday Reading.

The Mormon Propaganda in New England. Lack of aggressiveness is no part of... Sunday Reading.

Be it understood that the Mormon organization... Sunday Reading.

The manner conducting the cottage meeting... Sunday Reading.

Nothing was said about polygamy, until... Sunday Reading.

Religious Notes. Leonard Da Vinci's famous picture... Sunday Reading.

subject the face to the picture to a close... Sunday Reading.

The design for one of the most extensive... Sunday Reading.

A pastor of a church in Northwestern Pennsylvania... Sunday Reading.

Another one of President Harper's segregation... Sunday Reading.

OFF TO BUFFALO. The Fine Opportunity Offered to Visit... Sunday Reading.

The summer rush is now over, men are... Sunday Reading.

A general misunderstanding exists in regard... Sunday Reading.

have nothing special you will find the... Sunday Reading.

In reference to the Fair itself, it is proposed... Sunday Reading.

Although many members of the frat and... Sunday Reading.

As explained before each item of expenses... Sunday Reading.



Pure and Sweet as the Skin, Soap, and Hair of Infants, Purified and Beautified by

Cuticura SOAP.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP... Cuticura SOAP.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and dates.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the owners... Mrs. J. H. Harris, Annapolis, is visiting her son... Mrs. J. H. Harris, Annapolis, is visiting her son...

on Saturday. Grand Mrs. Chas. Scribner and Mr. and Mrs. Van... Mrs. E. H. Bohaker, who has been studying professional nursing at Boston has returned home...

WOLFVILLE. Sept. 11.—The Misses Parquell have returned from a pleasant visit to friends in the country... Mrs. J. H. Harris, Annapolis, is visiting her son...

KEENEVILLE. Sept. 10.—Mrs. Burgess McKittick spent some days in Windsor last week the guest of Mrs. Geldert... Mrs. J. H. Harris, Annapolis, is visiting her son...



A WOMAN'S THROAT

Is her fortune if she chooses to be a Patti or Albi, and that fortune is guarded day and night with the greatest care. Nothing frightens a singer so much as a cough...

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Discovery, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only...

BRIDGETOWN. Sept. 11.—Misses Serlino and Emma Kinsey spent a few days in Keenille last week... Mrs. J. H. Harris, Annapolis, is visiting her son...

Cheap Excursion Rates. The Canadian Pacific Railway is advertising very low rates for those desiring to attend the Exhibition at Fredericton which opens next Tuesday...

Public Exposition Biting. The interest in the Royal visit is becoming intense. This shown by the activity of municipal bodies and in the generous rivalry between individuals...

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Discovery, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. The colors are absolutely fast and very brilliant. They will not streak.

USE THE GENUINE... MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

APOLI & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superinducing Bitter Apple, Fil Coclea, Purgative, etc.



A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert". BABY'S OWN SOAP

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. The Book of the Century, H. A. D. Somerville's illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest artists.

NOTICE. Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province...

The Sun A L O N E CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

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

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

Continued from page seven. registered at the Aberdeen that day. B. M. MacLeod, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is here, having returned on his holiday trip to F. E. Island.

Health Resort. No more dignified or gentlemanly official of the government than Arthur Simmons, the old negro attendant at the White House, can be found in Washington; nothing disturbs his reposeful elegance of manner and speech.

What He Might Do. The custom of preserving the business names of a firm years after the founders have passed away or disappeared finds its reproof in a story related by the New York Evening Post.

A young man who was sent out to canvass leading lawyers in a certain interest entered the office of a firm of great prominence and said: 'I should like to see Mr. M.—mentioning the first name of the firm.

The Last of the Buttons. It is related by an exchange that in a certain parish, the name of which is prudently withheld, the wife of a clergyman was mending clothes when a neighbor dropped in for a social chat.

Caterhazone is not a wash. You cannot force liquids into the lungs. It is not an ointment to be sniffed up the nostrils. Ointments are useless and disgusting.

PAIN-KILLER IS JUST THE REMEDY needed in every household. For cuts, burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it, apply to the wound and the pain is relieved.

A Birmingham cat brought a bag to its mistress, and there was a mouse in the bag. This may show a high degree of intelligence, but we don't believe the animal would have brought the bag if it had expected its mistress to gather up her skirts, mount the piano, and scream like a fog-horn. It must have surprised the cat.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Continued from Fourth Page. will be issued to the public immediately for thorough study and discussion. The public desire the Philippine commission to hold open sessions on Wednesday and Thursday, when the changes proposed by the merchants will be considered.

The Associated Press in London learned from Copenhagen Sunday night that no change is contemplated in the Czar's plans and that Emperor Nicholas will surely go to France and it may be also to Paris, but this is not settled yet.

Some uneasiness is felt about the safety of two new Nova Scotia schooners which are overdue and have not been reported. The Castane, Capt. Robles, has been out 33 days on a voyage from Cienfuegos for Apalachicola, Fla.

C. S. Titus Sunday rowed a mile on the Harlem river breaking the American tide water record. He covered the distance in 5m. 8 2/5s. The former record was held by John Runohr, 5m. 27s.

A Race With A Tiger. A race for life on a bicycle from a man-eating tiger sounds more like a passage from a novel of adventure than it does like an actual event.

A bicycle gleaming under a shed caught my eye the first morning at Nieuwenhuys plantation. I could not resist the temptation—I had not ridden since leaving France.

While I was enjoying the beauty of the place there was a crouching of branches and I became conscious that something massive but light footed was approaching.

I dared not move a finger. To reach my bicycle I must get to the road. This impossible without attracting the attention of the brute, and I was upon me.

With extreme nonchalance the tiger at length turned toward the depths of the forest. I could bear it no longer. I tore from my hiding-place, clambered over intervening obstacles, caught the bicycle and ran alongside, my hands on the handlebars.

In a flash, as I was mounting, I caught sight of the great body crouching for the leap. I heard the tiger at the first bound, land not far behind me.

His fourth bound brought the tiger very near. The next time I felt the wind of his breath. A second later his shoulder or paw touched the tire and made me swear.

At this instant we came to a very narrow bridge—two boards side by side over a deep, shallow canal. The wheels went over it as an arrow. The passage must have slightly retarded the awful thing behind me, for although I heard no sound I felt him to be further off.

We were now between two fields of bananas. A small tree had been cut and thrown on the road so that it completely blocked the way. There was nothing to do but try to go over at top speed.

I cannot say when the tiger abandoned the race. But when I shot amid the group of my friends, fell and scrambled to my feet, completely out of breath and my eyes bulging out, my first instinct was to look around in the expectation of finding the brute at my heels, ready to slay us all.

For a week afterward I ran that race again in day-dreams and awful nightmares; and every time I passed in front of my mirror I saw myself as beggared as a lunatic.

Sick Headache

Bilious headache is the same thing. Most people that are subject to it do nothing for it until it prostrates them. Then they only take a dose of physic or an emetic.

And so it comes on soon again—just as soon as the stomach is again disturbed by the bilious habit of the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Faithfully taken this great medicine corrects the bilious habit and gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs.

BOSTON OUT OF BEANS.

A State of affairs that calls for sympathy. No person whose heart is not increased in ice can fail to be touched to the point of tears by the spectacle of human suffering which is afforded by the wretched people of Boston.

The generous people of the country have responded to many piteous appeals in the past year, but this fact should not be made an excuse for neglecting Boston in its hour of misery.

Every household in the country has at least a few quarts of dried beans on hand for use in an emergency.

At this instant we came to a very narrow bridge—two boards side by side over a deep, shallow canal.

For simple fevers, colic, constipation, indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure.

Never give the babies so called soothing medicines which simply put them into an unnatural sleep.

For simple fevers, colic, constipation, indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure.

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The Laugh Was on The Clerk.

Down at Atlantic City, says an exchange they are telling of the effective manner in which a wealthy Hebrew of the Mills Building coterie rebuked an hotel clerk who sought to bar the Israelite from dubious hospitality of the house.

'I want some room for my vile, my daughter and myself—good lar-b rooms.'

'Don't think we've got anything to suit you,' the clerk answered, promptly.

'But I can look ad 'em, gan't I?' the Mills Building magnate persisted.

'Oh, yes, you can look at them,' the clerk assented, 'but they won't suit you.'

'How much you ask for dem?' the broker queried, indifferently.

'Three hundred dollars a week,' he fairly shouted at the would be patron.

'The Mills Building man looked at the fellow out of the corner of his eye.

'Well,' he drawled, 'dot's a good price, but dey are wort it. Your season is about I suppose, and you bet got to make hay sects vile de sun is out. I take de rooms.'

'The clerk glared helplessly at his victim. He realized that the banker had seen his bluff and beaten it.

'One hundred and fifty dollars,' he answered, quickly.

'Does Cancer Come From Trees? I do not deny the Princess of Schamberg-Lippe the life-ownership of Frierichshol, writes the Paris correspondent of London Truth.

Some doctors were disposed to think that cancer came from trees; but statistics of that disease taken in Paris show that it can and does break out in streets where there are no trees.

It might possibly, but not probably, be brought by the wood of a cancerous tree.

The gall nut is now supposed to be a form of vegetable cancer, and the oak on which it grows is most used in France for floors; but this seems so far-fetched that I hardly like to put it forward.

However, I do not hesitate to call attention to the great danger of living in houses where there have been cancerous patients.

Not long ago attention was called at a sitting of the Academy of Science to a house where there were seven successive tenants, the families of six, furnished a victim apiece to the fell disease, and one family two victims.

The infection was evidently in the house. The apple tree is obtaining a bad reputation as liable to cancer, and the elm a worse one.

I have shown the boles of elms that look quite cancerous. Normality is the part of France where most people die of cancer in the stomach.

It is also the one in which most cider is drunk and the soil is the heaviest.

Pleuritic Pains a Danger Signal. Prompt treatment is essential. Bathe the region of pain immediately with Polsons Nervine and quickly bind on a hot bandage sprinkled with Nervine.

Never know to fail. Cures almost instantly. Neuralgia, toothache, rheumatism and lumbago are cured by Nervine just as readily.

Polsons Nervine cures all pain, and is the best household liniment known. Large bottle 25c.

Keep your Hands White. SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics.

Silver Plate that Wears. We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's 'Silver Plate that wears.' This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article.

For the Sideboard. We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's 'Silver Plate that wears.' This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article.

Wood's Phosphodine. The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered.

CANADIAN PACIFIC. The Great Pan-Am. Buffalo. THE EXPOSITION is now at its best. September is also a good time to visit Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

INTERCOLONIAL RY. NOVA SCOTIA EXHIBITION. EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS. Halifax will be issued from all stations in New Brunswick on Sept. 12th, 14th, and 16th.

Quebec Exhibition! SEPT. 16TH TO 21ST, 1901. Provision Return Tickets at First class fare will be issued from stations at New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on Sept. 14 and 16, good to return until Sept. 22.

Page MEN Mr. Frank A resigned the postary of the Treasury of the City York, is noted readiness in respect his career in the he known to bet swift and appropr sion called. I ation was to take loving cup, box tokens of esteem his desk, and cle to bid him farewell who had written out without eloc barrased Mr Van the panegyric to I wish I could And I wish I instant reply. Mr. Vanderlip was the first instaur to overmatch visitor. Echoes from his ary, which he undel ional finance and wit in his meeting and officials. Walk with a German sta was contending the ces of the United American workmen, gies of American cas of this country must the world. 'Alread sending 'Russian' 'Rhine' wine to Fra Manchester, and sa During the discus a regiment of instat fine stateliness and s was playing one of S 'There,' said the t waving his hand at the symbol of ultim thage; and we, you nation. 'Yes, and Marchi ture,' was Mr. Van The Clever King The persistency with David B. Hill's friend the public eye lends incident in Mr. Hill which has never heret and which reminds on said to a friend: 'I won and have the public fail and have the public Ten years ago Mr. a popular Democratic secure the nomination Governor of New York ally conceded that he Mr. Hill, who was comp as Governor, controlled ization in the State, doubt that the man se any position on the ticl the nomination. At the ever, it was equally we of Mr. Hill's selections combated on general prifaction that was arrayed That year Mr. Hill de the voters of the State ticket, for it would ai was for the United States had arranged to make harmony, however, was strong I to induce him to nominate men of their own A day or two before opened at Saratoga it was all sides that Mr. Hill's Lieutenant-Governor w han, and the anti-Hill fact fight the nomination. V was the amazement both editors and of politicians morning before the convento to order, word came from Sheehan was not to be nom The report, however, w credited till Mr. Edward afterward Senator Murphy-men in the organization and

HELEN'S SECRET.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

A joyous peal rang out from the bells of Rushmead Church—a peal of welcome to the heir who had just opened his eyes on the troublesome world.

Rushmead was delighted, albeit a note of sadness ran through the general harmony.

He, who would have seen his dearest longings fulfilled by the event of his son, lay, with many a gallant comrade, under the burning sun of Africa—in a soldier's grave.

His young wife had given way utterly at first under the grievous shock, and those who loved her feared she would never rally; but when the baby was placed in her arms, the warm mother-love welled up, and she craved for life once more.

'Ah! we shall do now, I hope,' said the doctor, who had been almost despairing; 'but she must be carefully watched, there is great prostration.'

A clever, trained nurse was in attendance; and in readiness to do anything required of her, from washing the baby to preparing any sort of invalid food, was Helen Vyvern, who was called Lady Laura Vyvern's maid, but whom her ladyship treated much more as a companion.

As a master of fact, the girl's position was a somewhat anomalous one in the establishment, not without its trials to a proud, sensitive nature.

Endowed with considerable beauty, well educated, ambitious, she was treated by her employer almost as an equal when alone, and left to her own devices at all other times.

It was only by the exercise of great tact that she was able to exact respect, and even a sort of liking, from the servants.

Her duties were varied and numerous. She assisted Lady Laura with her toilette, wrote most of her letters, did her shopping, read to her at times, and made herself generally useful, and agreeable always.

Lady Laura Vyvern had a sincere liking for the girl, possibly because she found her so useful and reliable.

Helen was permitted to see the baby almost immediately.

She gazed at the jumpy little morsel of humanity with a strange expression on her pale, clear-cut face—a look almost of resentment mingled with curiosity.

'Is it strong, nurse?' she asked. 'I am not much of a judge, but to me it looks like a puny little thing.'

'He is not very robust, certainly; but the world is big enough for him to grow strong in,' was the guarded answer.

Lady Laura's sister, Mrs. Dimsdale, who was staying on a visit at Rushmead, was delighted with her tiny nephew.

She was a pretty, vivacious woman, who had no children of her own, and regarded the newcomer much in the light of a child with a novel toy.

'Oh, what a darling!' she exclaimed, when the baby, almost smothered in billows of dainty lace, was placed in her arms. 'It has a very red skin, though, and how odd it wrinkles up its forehead. What tiny hands! And see, here is a curious mark. What is it, nurse.'

The nurse bent down and looked at the little palm which the lady held gently open.

'It's a mole, she said; 'but in all my experience I have never seen one in such a curious place.'

She examined it closely.

'Better there than on the back of the hand; but perhaps it is a mark that will wear off.'

'Not much fear of that, ma'am.'

Here the baby, evidently bored with the subject, broke into a feeble cry.

Mrs. Dimsdale promptly handed him over to the nurse.

At the moment the heir of Rushmead drew his first breath, a young man entered a room on the first floor of a house situated in a fashionable locality.

He was considerably above the medium height, well formed, and muscular.

By the majority of people he would have been pronounced singularly handsome, he had fine features, large expressive eyes and waving chestnut brown hair.

But the mouth—that expressive feature—closed in a cold, hard line which was suggestive of cruelty, and the dark eye brows met all too readily in a heavy frown.

He glanced curiously around the room, picked up the letters which were placed on the mantel piece, and threw himself into a large lounging chair.

The quick brown and impatient exclamation proved that his correspondence was not of a pleasant nature.

He tossed the papers and envelopes on to the table with a muttered—

'Hang the lot! I wish to Heaven this suspense were ended!'

As though in answer to his curse, a servant at that moment appeared with a telegram.

The young man took it carelessly and broke open the envelope.

The message was very brief—just the words—'A to, ten four p.m.—H V'

But Hilton Wyvern's face was suddenly convulsed with fury.

He crushed the fiery paper in his hand while a string of imprecations issued through his set teeth.

'Any answer, sir?' asked the maid in trembling voice, but receiving no reply she discreetly retired.

The young man spread the message out, and read again the fateful words which deprived him of fortune and estate.

'Just my cursed luck!' he ejaculated, as he paced up and down the apartment. 'In any other family it would have been a girl. And this wretched brute is to deprive me of all that makes life worth living. A miserable, wailing wretch, who will need so little during its long minority that the value of the piece will be doubled. And here am I, over head and ears in debt; and, of course, they will all be down on me like a lot of hammers when it is known that I shall not inherit. Heaven only knows what I can do!'

Seating himself once more, he remained buried in his gloomy thoughts until he was interrupted by the timid entrance of the servant.

She handed him another telegram, and quitted the room immediately.

This second wire was an announcement of the birth of the doctor.

Having perused it, Mr Wyvern threw it into the waste paper basket, then sat down before a writing table.

Selecting a telegram form, he wrote a message of congratulation to Lady Laura Vyvern, a bitter, mocking smile curling his lip the while.

Then he took a sheet of paper and wrote as follows—

'My dear Helen,—As you can imagine, the news is a crushing blow to me; and one from which I am not likely soon to recover. I am coming down tomorrow—it is so natural! I should have to bestow my congratulations in person—and I want you to meet me at the old place as soon as I leave the dinner table.'

'Au revoir.'

'Yours ever, H. W.'

This note was placed in an envelope, the address on which was already typed, and which he carefully sealed.

Mr Wyvern rang for the maid and gave her the telegram to despatch; but the letter he placed in his pocket ready to post himself.

He started for Richmond by the mid-day train on the following morning, and was graciously received by Mrs. Dimsdale, who guessed a little disappointment at the least jealousy which, you must admit, would be quite pardonable under the circumstances. And how exceedingly handsome he is! I have not seen him since he was a raw youth from college.'

'Yes,' replied Lady Laura languidly, 'Hilton is a handsome man, and I am pleased to hear that he bears no ill-will to my baby. Of course, if it had been a girl he would have had everything, the property being strictly entailed in the male sex. Still, my marriage settlement was very good, and with my own income, I could have brought up a daughter quite comfortably.'

'But you surely prefer having a son? Think of the difference it makes to you. You have at least twenty-one years to queen it over this lovely old place, and even if you should marry again—'

'Don't I cry here as in a sharp tone of pain, and when she buried her head in the pillow and broke into low sobs, Mrs. Dimsdale stole penitently from the room, anathematizing her thoughtless tongue.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Dimsdale and the guest dined tête-à-tête, and it must be confessed that the lady, who was beginning to feel things a little more at ease, was slightly disgraced when the young man announced his intention of smoking a cigar in the open air.

'Don't you think it will be rather unpleasant out of doors?' she suggested, these autumn evenings are terribly dreary, and with so many trees about the place is always damp.'

'I am not afraid,' he replied, showing two rows of glistening teeth in a fascious smile, 'and I want to look in on the river; he and I are chums of long standing. You—' observing her moule face could—'I trust I may present myself for a cup of coffee in about an hour.'

'Certainly, it shall be ready,' she answered gaily.

Mr. Wyvern strolled leisurely across the gravelled terrace which ran along the whole front of the house, skirted the lawn and shrubbery, and, opening a wicket, made his way into a long, straight avenue, bordered on either side by a row of magnificent trees.

It was a warm evening, the air soft and calm.

A full moon sailed in a sky flecked with white billowy cloudlets; an occasional breeze rustled the leaves of the trees, and it had a delicious scent of the roses to waft him.

He removed his cigar the better to inhale the exquisite odour, and at the same moment caught the sound of approaching footsteps.

In a few seconds a girl's form was clasped in his arms.

'Oh Hilton, I am so sorry!' she said, when she had presently freed herself. 'I hated sending you the tidings.'

'Not more than I hated receiving them, I can assure you.'

'What will you do?'

'That is precisely what I don't know. It means complete ruin to me, for I am certain my uncle will cast me off altogether when he learns the extent of my liabilities. I was a fool to build on such a very insecure foundation. It has given way and left me stranded.'

Helen Vyvern looked up into his face, a soft light in her beautiful grey eyes.

'Can I do anything to help you? I have some money which I have saved—nearly ninety pounds.'

She stopped abruptly as he laughed aloud.

'My dear little girl, your generosity is sweet and charming, but ninety pounds would be but a drop in the ocean of my debts.'

She drew back in dismay.

How dreadful! What will you do?'

'I think you asked me that question before, I am no nearer having an answer.'

'I wish—oh, how I wish I had money and influence!'

'I wish so, too,' he responded heartily. There was an awkward silence for a few moments, then Hilton Wyvern spoke in a hesitating voice, glancing at his companion from time to time.

'You see, Helen, this business alters all my plans. I have nothing; I—I—can do nothing but—seek to make a wealthy marriage.'

She stopped him short with a low voice.

'Hilton, don't say such a cruel thing! You must surely wish to break our engagement.'

'It is not a question of what I wish, but necessary. It would be an odd way of showing my affection by taking you to a life of beggary.'

'I should not mind. I could live any life—love anything—it were together I love you so!'

Her hands were on his arm; his face which looked strangely white in the silvery moon beams, was upturned to his.

The words were uttered with an impassioned fervour which startled him.

She was usually so reticent.

'You are a dear!' he responded; but I cannot permit you to sacrifice yourself. I had no business to bind you to such an unlucky beggar as myself.'

'Don't don't!' she cried; 'I have only known the meaning of happiness—what it is to live—since we met. Don't say you regret it!'

'Do not agitate yourself like this, he returned, an uncomfortable presentiment of impending difficulties coming over him.

'Much as we love each other, we cannot ignore stern facts. I have neither money nor profession; I am deeply involved—a quarrel with my uncle is imminent. Under these circumstances, would it not be more honorable of me to release you to him, instead of holding you to a promise given under brighter auspices?'

'I do not wish to be released. I love you, and desire nothing better than to share your anxieties.'

He gave an impatient sigh.

What a persistent, impossible creature she was!

'The only way you can help me is by throwing the little heir into the sea,' he said, with a laugh, and the girl caught her breath.

'Of course you would be glad if the child were to die?' he queried presently.

'I certainly should not regret. But babies that are not wanted always live. I suppose the youngster is as strong as a young lion?'

'No; he is very delicate and feeble.'

The words were uttered in a low tone, and Helen Vyvern's face grew even paler than it was before.

There was a moment's tense silence, then the two regarded each other steadfastly, the girl at last moving uneasily under the strange fascination of her lover's gaze.

'I must be going,' she said hurriedly. 'Lady Wyvern may want me.'

He did not seek to detain her, but turned towards the house.

'I had better not accompany you any further,' he remarked quietly, 'or someone might see us.'

'Shall we have another opportunity of meeting?'

'I'm afraid not; I must go back to town in the morning.'

'Then we must say "Good-bye" now, Hilton, you do love me? Tell me that there is no other woman in the world who has the smallest share of your heart?'

It was impossible to utter the ready lie under the passionate, loving entreaty.

He seized her in an almost rough embrace to disguise his vexation.

'What on earth is the matter with you tonight? You know I love you. Have I not told you so a hundred times?'

'Yes.'

'Then why do you not doubt me?'

'I do not. Good night, Hilton.'

Their lips met for a second; then the girl hurried away.

She walked quickly, and the moonlight fell with soft radiance on her white face, with its closely-set lips and brilliant eyes.

Hilton Wyvern watched her well-poised form until it melted into the shadows, his countenance darkly moved.

'I seem to step into a hornet's nest whenever I turn,' he muttered. 'What would have I dreamt of this new development of Helen's? Women are the very plague!'

Helen made her way to her own small apartment, where her cupper was laid.

It was not the least of her privileges that she was allowed to make her meals alone in her private sitting room.

By the side of the tray lay a letter, which disturbed her very much.

After perusing it twice, she put it into her pocket and made her way to the drawing room.

Her hand was on the handle of the door,

then a sudden thought caused her to withdraw it and silently retrace her steps.

As soon as Mrs. Dimsdale appeared on the following morning, however, Helen requested permission to go to London for a few hours, as her sister was ill.

'I do not think my lady will be likely to want me until the afternoon,' she said, 'and my sister is very anxious to see me.'

'Quite natural. I see no objection to your going, child, and if Lady Laura asks for you I will explain the matter to her, answered the lady good-naturedly.

Helen thanked her and went off to get ready.

At the station an hour later she cast a sweeping glance around; but if she had hoped to see a tall, well-groomed, familiar form, she was doomed to be disappointed.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wyvern was at that precise moment standing on the terrace lighting a cigarette and wondering idly what were the prospects of a fine day.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the afternoon when Helen returned to Rushmead.

She looked tired and listless, and walked with a lagging step.

Lady Laura had requested that she should come to her as soon as she was back, so when she had made the necessary changes in her dress she repaired to the sick room.

'I hope your sister is better, Helen,' her ladyship said kindly.

'She is very ill,' the girl replied guardedly, not thinking it was wise to impart the truth, namely, that her sister was dead, as it might cause a shock in Lady Laura's weak state.

'Do you feel able to read to me? I cannot sleep, and perhaps your soothing voice will send me off.'

'Of course, my lady.'

Helen purposely read in a low, monotonous tone, hoping it would have the desired effect; but at the end of half an hour the patient's eyes were still brightly open.

'Thank you, I do not want to tire you. Will you please tell nurse to bring baby to me? Helen—the lady raised herself on her elbow, and looked searchingly into the girl's face—'you have never told me what you think of my boy.'

'I think he is like you; his eyes are blue and his hair has the same golden shade.'

'Yes, yes, I don't mean that. Do you think it is strong and hardy?'

'I do not understand babies, my lady.'

'And you do not wish to hurt my feelings. Helen, I know the child is delicate. He does not cry half enough, and he lies so quiet all the time. I shall lose him, as I have lost his father!'

She threw herself back on the pillows with a sob.

Helen went hurriedly into the adjoining apartment for the nurse.

In the middle of the night, lights flashed through the house, and hurried footsteps passed to and fro.

Her ladyship had been taken alarmingly ill.

A groom was despatched in all haste for the doctor, while the nurse, after giving some preliminary directions, took up her station at the bed-side, and did not return until the doctor arrived.

Towards morning there was a slight improvement, but the lady's condition was still critical.

The doctor took Helen aside.

'I have wired to London for a second nurse,' he informed her, 'as her ladyship must not be left a minute. Do you think you could take charge of the infant? We do not want too many strangers in the house, and Mrs. Dimsdale agrees with me that this will be the best arrangement, and promises that a maid shall be sold off, to wait upon you entirely.'

'I will do my best,' Helen answered, a sudden color dyeing her fair cheek. 'I know how to wash and dress the child and attend to his food, but it will be anxious work, as he is not strong. Do you think he will live, Doctor Joyce?'

She asked the question with a peculiarly strained eagerness.

'Impossible to say. He is a frail child, and may go off like a puff of wind. On the other hand, babies have a marvellous power of pulling through obstacles which is simply astounding sometimes. You cannot do better than your best, and I shall be satisfied. We will, therefore, consider the arrangement settled.'

Left behind, Helen sank down in a chair and covered her face with her hands, while a violent trembling seized her.

She got up presently and went to the window.

A soft, white mist hid all but the immediate vicinity.

There was a raw chill in the atmosphere which made the girl shiver.

She dropped the curtain and walked back to the fire.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a faint call from the adjoining apartment.

With a sob coming and going, Helen went in to her charge.

All that day the household was hushed, the servants moving about with silent footsteps, and speaking in subdued voices.

The nurse arrived at midday, and instantly took command of the sick-room while her sister-in-law went to her own apartment for a well-earned rest.

Helen attended assiduously to the little one who had been confided to her care; but when the middle-day meal had been served, and the servants were all shut up in their own quarters, she sat down and wrote a letter.

Her pen travelled rapidly over the paper as she wrote after sheet was filled.

Having carefully read what she had written, she put the letter into an envelope and addressed it.

Summoning the young housemaid who had been deputed to attend to her, she told the girl to sit in the room and listen for any sound from the baby.

'It shall not be long, I am only going for a blow.'

The blow took the form of a sharp walk of two miles to Walton, the nearest town, where she posted her letter, mad-

one or two purchases, and hurried back.

'Well!' was her question, as she stepped noiselessly into her room and found the young girl half asleep over a glowing fire.

'It's all right, miss,' said the maid, getting up hurriedly from the comfortable chair in which she had ensconced herself; 'the young gentleman haven't cried at all, he's sleeping like a lamb.'

'That's right. You can go now and get your tea.'

Before taking off her walking garments Helen went and looked at her charge.

He was sleeping quietly, the fair lashes lying on the soft baby cheek, which was not so round as it ought to have been; one tiny hand resting outside the lace trimmed coverlet.

In spite of the warm temperature of the room the little hand was chilly; Helen carefully covered it up.

Alone she stood and gazed at the small sleeper, then moved quietly away, a heavy shadow brooding in her grey eyes.

In the evening the newly arrived nurse came to have a look at the little heir.

He was awake then, his large blue eyes wide open.

The nurse put her finger against the little hand, which closed loosely round it.

'There is no superabundance of vitality,' she remarked carelessly. 'It's frequently the case in these aristocratic families, where a child is of great importance; whereas, a tribe of youngsters will live and flourish in a labourer's cottage. Has he been christened?'

'Yes; the doctor thought it advisable, as he seemed so weakly,' replied Helen.

It was the same verdict from everyone.

'The baby's hold on life was considered of the slenderest.'

'How is my lady?' Helen asked, anxiously.

The nurse shrugged her shoulders.

'In a precarious condition. Her temperature is rising again. I am afraid we are in for a bad night. The doctor is coming again at ten, and, if necessary, he will remain until morning. I must go now. Good-night.'

'Good night, nurse.'

The nurse's fear was realized. They had such a bad night with the patient that in the morning Dr. Joyce sent to town for a certain great physician, who arrived by the afternoon express.

Mrs. Dimsdale, terribly frightened and distressed, had wired to her husband, begging him to join her at once, and he came by the same train as the London doctor.

The latter remained at the house for some hours, having an early dinner served to him before his departure; but he left hope behind him.

Her ladyship would pull through; but the greatest care was necessary, and regarding this he gave some emphatic and minute directions, especially enjoining absolute quiet.

By ten o'clock the whole household was wrapped in silence, no light being visible, save in the sick room and the nursery.

Helen, however, was not in bed.

On the contrary, she had attired herself in skirt and coat and as the clock commenced to strike the hour, she pinned on her head a soft hat.

The girl's face was deathly pale, and her eyes shone with a restless brightness.

It was evident she was labouring under strong excitement, which was only kept in check by force of her will.

The last of the ten strokes had barely died away when she opened the door, and stole noiselessly along the thickly carpeted corridor, peering at the ante room which communicated with Lady Laura Vyvern's chamber.

Stepping lightly, she tip toed across the little room to the door of the larger apartment.

This stood partially open, so by the exercise of great caution, she contrived to peep round to see what was going on.

The patient lay sleeping calmly, while the nurse, whose back was towards the door, sat at the bedside, with her fingers on the lady's wrist, her eyes on the dial of a watch, she held in her other hand.

A shaded lamp stood near, which gave sufficient light for Helen to observe the great alteration in Lady Laura.

She withdrew as silently and quickly as she had come, and once safely in the nursery she stood white and trembling, a great wave of a decision sweeping over her.

If it be true that good and bad angels watch over the destiny of mortals, Helen Vyvern at that moment was in the throes of great struggle.

It did not last long, and having made her choice, the girl set about what she meant to do with feverish haste.

In a few minutes she came out of the room muffled in a long, dark cloak, and wearing a thick veil.

She closed and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket.

With swift steps she descended the stairs, feeling her way cautiously in the dark.

Tracing carefully on the mats and rugs spread over the polished oak floor of the hall, she turned into a room on the left—a long, narrow room which opened on to the terrace by a French window.

This window was already unbarred; it was only the work of a moment to lift the catch and step out.

She folded her cloak more closely around her and sped across the lawn.

At the side of the kitchen-garden a path led by a short cut to a road used by tradesmen and servants coming up to the house.

In the most shaded part of this quiet road stood a broad path.

Helen had scarcely reached it, guided by two dim lights, when the door was opened, and a man's hand was thrust out to assist her to get a

From the time of her leaving the house until she again stepped through the window, Helen had secretly been at work.

Before moving the stairs she listened,

Continued on page eleven.

(CONTINUED)

but all was put off until she had put each with a scrupulous care that the fire in the grate should be a warm wrapper for the first.

But a violet making her to the door.

She spread a blue, which power to war.

She crouched close to the door, the terror that

As the first through the door and crept.

She was ing that the p even a shade.

With quiet make some to.

She was refreshing her scoured closet.

Thinking it relieve her.

'You are you with a on.

She led the down the stairs.

The child's nurse's brief exami.

'The little ally. I should some hours.'

Helen uite.

'He was wrapped him but he never.

'When w.

'A little w tried to fo throat, but I.

'Have you child—is th death?'

'Yes, we doctor had a portant point her loss from state, the sh Dr. Joyce upon Mrs. silence.

So the po had closed a family vault followed by also the nec.

The doctor of Helen, re distress.

'My dear you did youn that it was b was not pre lesse, an mo.

You must will have al mother by m.

Mr. Wyv.

He expres terms, th Mrs. Dimsdale oring but gra turn of even that it should be was fu condition, at any form rec.

Before le with Helen.

She took r room very r servants.

It was dim amuldering.

Helen wal nurse's chair around it, f out.

'No one w here, Hilton always pale this—this you happy?'

'O course lived of al and that alon.

'Is that al you would b.

'So I am. I should have these tidings tions to go a bit too hot please. I sh civility of all.

'I am so g.

She notice he had thro in loose com.

The sensit 'Hilton,' warmer? W you used?'

'I do love His brow How could hable fancy o had grown o.

Her grey f face, acquie.

He dare u chance.

'Hilton, H have done s It was the of a woman's her right is

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

But all was perfectly quiet. Back in her room she took off her things...

CHAPTER IV.

As the first grey streaks of dawn broke through the night shadows the nurse rose and stretched himself.

Helen uttered a faint cry. 'He was so cold,' she said, 'that I wrapped him in a shawl and sat by the fire, but he never moved or made any sound.'

So the poor little heir, whose brief life had closed so speedily, was buried in the family vault in an unostentatious manner, followed by his uncle and Mr. Weyern.

The doctor had asked a few questions of Helen, reassuring her as he noted her distress.

'My dear young lady, I have no doubt you did your utmost. I told you at first that it was but a feeble life, and though I was not prepared for such a sudden collapse, am not surprised at its termination.'

It was dimly lighted by the glow from a smouldering fire. Helen walked over to where a cavernous chair stood with a high screen around it to keep wandering draughts out.

'No one will be likely to disturb us here, Hilton,' she said, raising her face—always pale now—to his. 'Tell me, has this—this death put things right—made you happy?'

'Of course,' he answered. 'I am relieved of all pressing embarrassments, and that alone is a comfort.'

'Is that all you have to say? I thought you would be delighted.'

'So I am. As I told you the other day, I should have been ruined. In fact, when these tidings came I was making preparations to go to sea. England was getting a bit too hot for me. Now I can do as I please. I shall meet with nothing but civility of all hands.'

'I am so glad.'

'Hilton, Hilton, I love you so! And I have done so much for you!'

It was the painful, unconscious pleading of a woman who knows instinctively that her reign is over.

'What do you mean?' he cried, recoiling suddenly. 'What have you done? Is it possible—Helen, don't say that the child—that you—'

'Was the child's death natural?' He asked the question in a low, vibrating tone.

'So I have, so I have, but not that.' She stepped backwards and forwards, and the next moment fell into his arms unconscious.

'Good Heavens! here's a predicament,' he muttered, looking around helplessly. Carefully he laid the girl's form in the chair while he went to search for bandy.

While he was crossing from Osborne to the mainland during the week of the funeral of the queen, he observed that the flag was lowered on the mast of the vessel.

'Why is that?' he said sharply to the captain, who stammered, 'Your Majesty—the queen is dead.'

'Yes, but I am here. This boat is the only place in England today where the flag should not be lowered.'

The keeper of the Tower with other dignitaries waited upon the king after his accession, to offer him, according to custom, the keys of that fortress. The king received them, but continued steadily to regard the official, and with a look of annoyance.

'Is there anything—What can I do, your Majesty?' he hesitated the keeper.

'Go home and put a band of orange on your overcoat,' was the reply.

A year or two ago a portrait of one of the secretaries of the king, who was then Prince of Wales, was submitted to his inspection by the artist. The prince glanced at it, and turning to the secretary said:

'Your orders are not placed properly on your breast in this picture. The proceed-ence should be exactly the reverse of that which you have given.'

'But the likeness, your Highness?' gasped the artist.

The prince then looked at the portrait itself, and gave an appreciative criticism of it.

About the same time he was present at the production of a tragedy in which one of the actors took the part of a Russian nobleman of high rank. The prince sent for him at the close of the performance.

'Very good; very good indeed!' he said, with a cordial smile, 'but those are German decorations; you are wearing. Go to the Russian embassy. Take my card and tell Count Blank to show you the proper Russian orders for the part you represent. It is worth doing at all it is worth doing right in the last particular.'

A good motto either for king or subject, He-Weather Philanthropist.

The depression brought by many minds by the newspapers' daily record of fatalities due to the heat is modified, at times, by the manifestations of sympathy for the poor and suffering which the heat calls out.

Individuals, known and unknown, city officials and organized societies are alike busy in this work of mercy.

One man was passing through a New York east side tenement district, when his attention was attracted by the crowd which swarmed about a dripping ice-cart.

He lingered to look on. The few who were able to buy a bit of ice were far outnumbered by the less fortunate who pressed about the tail-board of the cart, struggling with each other for unconscious fragments.

'Yes, he's treatin' us,' interposed one of his chums, 'but' (insinuatingly) 'wee could stan' anuder if we had it!'

'They had 'anuder,' and yet 'anuder,' and with 'Tanks, mister,' the quartet departed, cooled and refreshed.

President Draper and the trustees of the University of Illinois have recently issued a circular which is of interest to every lover of pure and wholesome athletics.

The circular has been sent to the leading Western colleges, and urges that after this year no more paid 'coaches' shall be employed in football, baseball, rowing, or any other branch of college athletics.

The University of Chicago, which has pursued this policy from the beginning, gives the suggestion its cordial approval, and the universities of Wisconsin and Iowa and also in sympathy with the movement.

President Draper and his trustees oppose the present practice of hiring coaches for the various teams 'because it is destructive of university self-dependence; because it encourages extravagant expenditures and invites professionalism; because it makes the game a battle between rival coaches, who become indifferent to the hazards of the contests, and because it results in the overtraining of the men to an extent which is hurtful physically, and which unfits them for regular university work.'

This is a strong indictment, yet all of the counts are plausible and most of them irrefutable. The whole tendency of college athletics, when unrestrained by faculty oversight, is to make the contests too much in earnest. The pleasure of the game and its benefits as a means to physical culture are subordinated to the desire to win.

The old-fashioned baseball teams, composed of players in whom the cities they represented took pride, have given place to nines made up of men gathered from all parts of the country, hired as bricklayers or shoemakers are hired, solely with a view to their skill in their trade and consequent earning capacity. The players occupy the same position in athletics that the Hessians occupied during the Revolutionary War, that of mercenaries. The change has lowered the standard of the 'great American game' until, in its professional form, is no longer deserves a place in the category of clean sports.

With such a lesson in view, all efforts to safeguard college athletics are to be commended.

It is a common saying that a town or city gets as good a local government as it deserves—and no better. So it is with other elements in the life of a community. One of the best signs of the times is that the American public seems to deserve more and more in the matter of books. Certainly it is getting books—in public libraries—as never before.

The princely gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and many other benefactions by other givers, have caused an amazing growth of libraries, containing about thirty-three million volumes; now their number is nearly five thousand four hundred, and the books they house exceed forty-four and a half millions. In the past year alone, from June 1 1900, to June 1, 1901, more than sixteen million dollars, in gifts and bequest have gone to American libraries.

More encouraging even than the great figures themselves are the facts regarding the distribution of the money and books throughout the country as a whole. East and West, North and South have found themselves enriched in the power which books can impart. Of the states and territories, only eleven are without record of gift during this wonderful year.

When the longer columns of industrial and commercial development are added up these library figures must be placed beside them. Thus we may remind ourselves that the growth of the nation is not entirely an increase of dollars. Thanks to a score of agencies—the spread of popular education, the interest in patriot and civic study, the activity of clubs of intellectual purpose, and other causes—the things of the mind are winning their own fair chance of development. Before many years the public library must become as necessary in every town as the public school system.

Memories of Boyhood.

Recalling childhood's days does not often have such an unfortunate effect as in this story printed by a Pennsylvania paper.

While walking along the track of the Pottsville & Reading Railroad near Lebanon, a farmer began thinking about his boyhood days, and what fun it used to place a jagged against a piece of cold metal.

Following up the thought, he knelt by the track and placed his tongue on one of the rails. The sensation was delightful, but he had not enjoyed it long before he

CURES WEAK MEN FREE.

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

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



W. KNAPP, M. D.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from actual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor.

Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your gift of a copy of the book, 'How to Cure Weakness'.

heard a train coming, and then, to his dismay, found that his tongue was frozen to the rail.

There was nothing to do but to pull it loose, and when he did that he thought it was coming out by the roots. A visit to the doctor reassured him on that point, and he eventually got well.

Against False Alarms.

In all our large cities, when an alarm of fire is rung and the engines of but one district are called out, there is an expense to the department for fuel and wear and tear of the apparatus estimated at one hundred dollars.

The turning in of a false alarm, therefore, is no trifling matter. A London paper says that Miss Ellen Tyndale, a resident of that city has patented an invention which is meant to check the 'false alarmist.'

The contrivance takes the form of an automatic alarm-post, which not only rings up the fire station but also grips the wrist of the alarmist with a steel bracelet, blows a police whistle and presents the man with a shilling for his trouble. The prisoner cannot be released until the policeman arrives and the authenticity of the alarm can be verified.

An Odd Nest.

A correspondent of Cassell's Magazine records a curious freak on the part of some wasps in Gloucester, England.

It has completely traced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am.

Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor.

The young daughter of the eminent statesman had just received her diploma, but she was not happy.

'Father is so egotistical!' she sighed. 'Why, what's the matter?' asked a sympathizing friend, who happened to be a reporter for the Washington Star.

Hobb—What's the matter with Wind-pipe? He used to be always boring people with advice, and now he says so little and seems to be so thoughtful.

Nobb—Yes his wife conceived the happy idea of getting him into the habit of writing letters to the newspapers, and he's too busy to do anything else.

A straggler of the Lord's great army—one unworthy to be his soldier; merely a camp follower, helping that splendid host a little on its toilsome way.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion. See Pac-Style Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLETELY WEAK.

Try to learn what stuff heroes and heroines are made of, and how much worthier that stuff is than all the virtues of our commercial age can ever be.

Mistakes made at Poker.

I've heard a heap o' talk about what's right, and what ain't right in poker said old man Greenbut. 'It's all right, o' course for a man to be strenuous about rules. The rules of poker had ought fer to be upheld.

'But there's different ways o' lookin' at this here question o' rules,' continued the old man, as he walked out from behind the bar and took his favorite seat by the window. 'There's times in the game when it's really necessary for a man to get another ace, an mebbe there ain't no ace within reach excep'in' at the bottom o' the pack. O' course, tain't what you'd just exactly call regular to deal a card off'n the bottom o' the deck, an' if a man is caught doin' it, there ain't nothin' else to do but shoot, accordin' to the best usage o' the game.

At the same time the man's necessities compel him to do it, so the only thing he has to do is to make sure he ain't caught. 'So I say that no man can be called a good poker player that gets caught dealin' crooked or playing any kind of funny business with the cards. And similar no man that has any respect for his own good name, or any scruples against being used for a target would sure ring in a deck of marked cards, 'thouten he was plumb certain he wa'n't goin' to be found out.

But some of the ablest players I've ever knowed maintains that them things is all right under certain circumstances, providin' a feller knows enough to do 'em right. 'The way Jim Billings used to put it up was this: Jim, he says, 'Greenbut the reason we plays poker is to get the other feller's money, ain't it?' An o' course I says 'is. There ain't no man goin' to play poker 'thouten he's tryin' to get the other feller's money. 'Very well,' Jim says, 'I'm after his money, and if I can make him think I have got the best hand when I ain't, and he lays down, I take his money don't I? And that's all right and correct, ain't it?'

'Just naturally, I says 'is. 'There hain't no objection to that,' I says. 'That's accordin' to the rules of the game.' 'Very well,' says Jim. 'But supposin' I make him think he's got the best hand when I have him beat, and he bets his pile, and I call. Don't I take his money? And ain't that regular?' 'Why sure it is,' I says. 'There c'n't nobody find no fault with that.'

'Well,' he says, 'that's all I'm doin' when I introduce a ace, superstition like from some place where it ain't supposed to be. I'm just a strengthening my hand, and it he don't see me do it, what's the difference whether I deal it off the top of the deck or take it out of my sleeve? He'd lose his money just the same, wouldn't he, if it same off'n the deck right?'

'Well, there didn't seem to be no answer to that, only I told him he was a little off in the use of one word. Any such actions as that wouldn't be superstitious. They'd be superstitious. But Jim, he laughed, kind of careless, and says he didn't care a cuss about getting the right word as long as he got the right card.

'He was a darin devil, an I used to warn him frequent about the peril of playing the sort of game he did. 'Some day,' I says, 'you'll stack up against some player as can see what you're doing and then it'll be a case of one or the other of you getting the drop. 'Tain't good play,' I says to take chances of that sort, 'thouten you're sure off gettin' away with it, nor it ain't worth while,' I says to do it in no small game.'

'But Jim, he was like a good many men as thinks they knows it all. He was too daring for his own good, and getting over confident I'm too much success, he took chances that wa'n't no ways in proportion to the size of the game. And that's how he come to cash in finally under circumstances as was most disgraceful. For it were it a tenderfoot of the rankest kind that caught and it were his own gun the tenderfoot used to blow his head off with. And the worst of it was that Jim had bungled so, that his best friends couldn't say a word the tenderfoot wa'n't even shot at.

'It were right here in my back room that it happened, more's the pity. It were flood times, some years ago, an' there hadn't been no strangers in town for a week or more, when this feller dropped off 'n' one o' the river boats to get a train for Little Rock. The train's wa'n't runnin' just then, only every other day, an' this feller had to stay over the best part o' two days afore he o'd get away so just naturally it was a leasin' round with nothin' to do, an' similar 't was natural enough for him to drop in

here, an' for some o' boys to start a game o' poker, thinkin' maybe he might take a hand. They was playin' a small game not wishin' to frighten him, but it were table stakes all right. Only they hadn't none o' 'em put in mor'n' \$25, and there wa'n't nothin' much doin' as the cards was runnin' small.

'The feller—he said his name was Gregory—he looked on a few minutes an' seemed to be interested, but he didn't make no move to play, nor didn't say nothin', so after awhile Jake Winterbottom he spoke up and as't him if he didn't want to take a hand.

'Gregory he laughed a little, uneasy like, an' he says: 'I wouldn't mind playin' a little, but to tell you the truth I ain't fix'd. I've got my ticket through to little Rock all right, but I haven't got over ten or twelve dollars in money with me.'

'Well, just naturally the boys was disgusted. 'Twant worth while to get a stranger into the game for no such money as that, so nobody said nothin' an' Gregory he just sat there and looked on some more and he didn't say nothing neither.

'Jim Billings, he played away for a few minutes longer, but he seemed to sort o' get uneasy an' pretty soon begin cussin' his luck, which wa'n't special bad, an' fightin' round like he didn't want to play no more. And sure enough, bimely he shows his chips over to the banker and says, 'I've had enough of this,' and he puts his money in his pocket and gets up. He were a bankerin' after that meesly little \$10 of Gregory's and he knowed of course that the game that was on wa'n't no real game, and wouldn't be, as Gregory wa'n't coming in. And just naturally when he stopped the others stopped.

'They lasted around for a few minutes, and then Jim, he says to Gregory: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll play you a freeze-out for \$10. You say you have that much, and maybe I'll have more luck in a two-handed game than I had in the other.'

'Well, Gregory was easy. He said: 'I don't mind if I do, and they sat down and playing. Just naturally they sat next to each other at the round table instead of opposite, and twas unlucky for Jim that they did, but of course, nobody thought of that till twas all over.

'They hadn't played five minutes when everybody seen that Jim had things his own way. Gregory was playin' a beginner's game an' hadn't no idea o' what the chances o' the game was. He wouldn't bet on no small pair, an' he drew twice to a flush, like it were a seven handed game. Jim was winning on every bluff, an' it were only a question o' keepin' on an' gettin' all the money without no extra effort, but it looked too easy to him, an' he started to shorten it. Several o' the boys was lookin' on, an' they seed how Gregory was playing for he let them see his cards.

'His chips was half gone afore he made a bet, just antein' along and laying down cards. Then he won a small pot, and that were all he did win. Jim kept on betting, and he kept on laying down till he was most broke when he took a tumble, sudden and hard.

'It were a jack pot, an' Jim opened it on a pair of aces. He put up \$2, but Gregory only had a dollar and a half left, and he called for a show and took one card to a four flush. He didn't fill and Jim showed down three aces and raked the pot.

'That seemed to finish it, and the boys was turning away when Gregory spoke up kind of sudden and says: 'Hold on there! I'd like to know how you got that ace o' hearts. Gentlemen, you saw me discard the ace o' hearts when I drewed for a spade. An' he turned half 'round as he spoke.

'Well, the boys had seen it, an' he knowed they had, an' it were a little bit hard to say anything, but as Gregory's head was turned Jim pulled his gun. O' course, he couldn't do anything else when the feller charged him with cheatin' like that, but it were such a rank play that he'd made, pickin' up the one card that the other feller had discarded that the boys was disgusted. I can't understand it, unless he thought Gregory was too green to notice.

'Well, any way, he drawed, an' when Gregory looked back at him, he looked right into the muzzle of a gun. It were enough to scare anybody whether he was a tenderfoot or not and it scared him most out of his wits. He yelled an' not only throwed up his hands, but he actually threw his feet up too. I don't really think he meant to do it, but he fetched 'em up



What you get with PEARLINE:

1. Very fine rubbing-soak, don't tug.
2. Less hard-work, -rinse, don't rub.
3. Less wear, and tear.
4. Better health, -stand up, don't bend double; live, don't merely exist.
5. Saving of time, -precious, don't waste it.
6. Absolute safety, -be sure you're right, then go ahead.

All Pearl Line Gains

so hard that they kicked Jim's chair over backward and Jim in it.

'It were a question, then, which were the most surprised, Jim or the tenderfoot but as [Jim topped over backward he threwed out both hands tryin' to catch hold o' somethin', an' his gun fell on the table. He landed on his back, but he were up again as quick as he went down, an' as he got up he drawed a knife. I reckon the gun play were only a bluff, an' taint likely he meant to do more's the scare Gregory when he pulled it, but when he got up with the knife he were mad clean through an' I looked to see some quick killin'.

'It come, but it come in a way wa'n't lookin' for Gregory yelled again. There but some way or another he grabbed the gun in front of him an' fired afore any of us seen what he was doin'.

'Well, when he seen what he'd done he, bust out cryin' an' dropped on his knees an' begin to pray. I don't rightly know what the boys might ha' done to him if it hadn't been for that, but they wa'n't lookin' for no such actions an' they stood for a minute as if they was dumb. There wa'n't nothing to be done for Jim. We o'd see that without looking the second time. And there didn't nobody offer to do nothing to Gregory. They knowed he had not done nothing out of the way, and they all felt that Jim hadn't got nothing more than was coming to him. And they all walked out one at a time till Gregory and I was left alone him a crying and a praying on his knees like he were at a campmeeting and me waiting and waiting for the undertaker and the Coroner.

'There wa'n't nothing to be done after the inquest excepting to bury Jim and remember the great moral lesson that was to be drawed from his unfortunate end. And I never see nobody playing crooked in a game without thinking how foolish it is. There ain't no use of a man taking chances like that, 'thouten the stakes is big enough to justify it, and even then he don't want to get caught.

DRESS REFORM IN GERMANY.

Begins With Abolition of the Corset, and the Effect is Not Beautiful.

Dress reform has just been introduced to the women of Germany and in accordance with the occasional perverseness of human affairs, it is not the kind of reform that might have been expected to do most good. If the opinion of an expert had been asked, the reform of woman's dress in Germany would never have taken the course that the new movement recommends.

It will not do, with a memory of the ridiculous figures that some American dress reformers made of women, to be too uncharitable with the results of the German reformers. Their work, of course, begins with the abolition of the corset, which were it not for the natural health of the German nation might have done more harm there than anywhere else in the world; for nowhere else is there so much tight lacing. The new gowns all fall from the shoulders and naturally have a somewhat modified Empire effect. The styles provide for all occasions and the woman clothed in accord with the principles of reform, may be ready for any of them, and it cannot be truthfully said that she will look much worse at one time than at another.

A view of the morning gown might almost force an observer to modify this conclusion, but really it does not seem so very much more unbecoming and destructive of all womanly beauty and charm than the others. It is a loose cloth affair; falling straight from the shoulder, and cut in at the waist enough to call attention to the tradition that a curve is customary at that point. The only relief to the plainness of this waist is a bolero, which makes the wearer look a little bit less like a sausage than she does in a reform dress unrelieved by any of these frivolous additions.

Another street dress that is not quite so bad as the first in the form of a long, loose cloak which falls without a curve from the shoulders of the wearer and has no worse result than to make her look as if she were walking around in a bath robe. If, at least, makes no pretence whatever to beauty and is frankly sanitary. The so

called afternoon dress is a species of Watteau affair, cut low in the neck and spreading from that point in every direction. About the throat opening and the bottom of the skirt are bands of braid not specifically said to be healthy, but presumably so, as, like everything that is sanitary in woman's dress, it is so ugly.

The full-dress evening gown is the most striking. It is also an Empire affair spangled with jet said to be half the weight of this material ordinarily, and hanging, as all the gowns do, from the shoulders. The dresses are destitute of style, fit and beauty. They may be as healthful as their promoters claim, and they ought to be to compensate any woman who wears one of them. But admirers of the native dress regret that the women's dress has developed this phase.

Testing Navies.

The English and French naval manœuvres took place recently at almost the same time. The French manœuvres were planned to represent conditions which might arise if there were war between France and England. In the event, it was assumed that the English Channel or home squadron would try to join itself to the English Mediterranean squadron. The French Mediterranean fleet would endeavor to prevent the junction. This was the problem set to the French commanders in the manœuvres.

A certain number of French battle-ships and cruisers represented the English Channel squadron, and another fleet of war-ships the English Mediterranean squadron. A third fleet, representing the French Mediterranean fleet, was sent out to prevent the junction of the two English squadrons; and a smaller group, representing the French Northern or Channel fleet, sailed out to cooperate in the movement. The details of this great naval game could be understood only by naval experts, but the result was that the fleets representing the English squadrons effected the desired union.

In the case of the English manœuvres, in which one hundred and seventy vessels participated, the problem was to defend the English Channel and its approaches and St. George's Channel from the attack of a hostile fleet, bent on destroying commerce. Here, as in the case of the French manœuvres, the victory rested with the enemy. According to the calculated results, the attacking fleet lost only three cruisers, three torpedo-boats and eight dozen torpedo-boats, while it sunk a dozen cruisers, two gunboats and eight torpedo-boats of the defending fleet, and captured an indefinite number of merchantmen.

Both in England and France there has been sharp criticism recently on the efficiency of the navy. The disappointing result of these manœuvres is likely to strengthen the demand for improved construction and a reformed administration.

BORN.

- Torbrook, Aug 29, to the wife of Mr. Jolly, a son.
- St. John, to the wife of George Anderson, a son.
- Digby, Sept 3, to the wife of Outram Daken, a son.
- Windsor, Sept 3, to the wife of George Clark, a son.
- Windsor, Aug 31, to the wife of Harry Fogarty, a son.
- Hillsboro, Sept 4th, to the wife of F M Thompson, a son.
- Amherst, Sept. 3th, to the wife of James H Hogan, a son.
- Amherst, Sept. 4th, to the wife of Arthur L Jones, a son.
- Truemanville, Sept. 1, to the wife of Mr. Miner, a daughter.
- Westport, Sept 1, to the wife of John Tins, a daughter.
- New Albany, Aug 27, to the wife of Leonard Whitman, a son.
- Woodstock, Aug 27th, to the wife of Harry E Currie, a son.
- Oak Hill, Aug 18, to the wife of Rev. D. R. Chown, a son.
- Summerside, P. E. I., Sept. 1, to the wife of Rev. W H Smith, a son.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, James Jennes to Mary Pracey.
- Chicago, Sept 4 John Book to Lulu Cobb.
- Yarmouth, W D McKeen to Anne McKeen.
- Yarmouth, Sept 3, Egerton Allen to Eva Bent.
- Caylon, Walter Allen Courtney to Mary Hall.
- Moncton, Sept 4, Oude Peters to Mary Hall.
- Boston, Sept 4, John Reardon to Jane Harris.
- Joliette, Aug 28, Hattie Oulton to Walter Tuttle.
- Liverpool, Sept 4, Helen Hemon to Arthur Drey.
- Milville, Aug 19, Arthur Parker to Ethel Northrup.
- Dartmouth, Aug 28, Mary Purdy to Edgar Newson.
- East Noel, Aug 20, Ellsworth Hines to Stella Manley.
- Louisburg, Sept 4, Aivah Nicholson to Mabel Ranson.
- Summerside, Sept 4, Frank Elley to Foebe Murhill.
- New Tasket, Sept 5, Roger Seabean to Mary Esher.
- Summerside, Sept 4, Gustaf Linder to Lillian Dunville.
- Lawrence, Aug 21, Mary Brown to Sydney Stephens.
- Port LaTour, Sept 4, William Snow to Eva Maywood.
- Mill Village, Aug 24 Walter Llewellyn to Foebe Sarty.
- Truro, Aug 20, John Bentley to Mrs Elizabeth Irwin.
- New Canada, Aug 23, Ernest Freeman to Ruth Webb.
- Gavelton, Aug 20, Archibald Sweeney to Emma Gravel.
- Wallace Bay, Sept 4, Henry Fosher to Lizzie

- Clarke.
- Green Hill, Sept 4, Minnie McLean to Charles Spruel.
- Keegan, Aug 28, H McNamara to Florence McComber.
- Charlottetown, Sept 2, William Davey to Susie Fraught.
- Summerside, Sept 5, Jennie Campbell to Ronald Campbell.
- Halifax, Sept 2, James O'Connor to Joan Mary Cullen.
- New Campbellton, Sept 4, James Burchel to Elsie Campbell.
- Antigonish, Sept 4, Donald MacDonald to Lina MacKinnan.
- West Hantsford, Sept 4, Daniel Marshall to Vittoria Knight.
- Jordan River, Sept 3, Rowland Matthews to Hallie Blackburn.

DIED.

- Halifax, Sept 4th, James Dwyer.
- Halifax, Sept. 9, Honora Kern, 67.
- Surrey, Sept 1st, John R. Lewis, 66.
- Yarmouth, Sept 4, Laura Harris, 60.
- Halifax, Sept 3, Elizabeth Mackay.
- Alma, Sept. 3, Fraser McGregor, 70.
- Mathias, Aug. 30, Bessie Drille, 30.
- Cumbecland Bay, Sept 2, Willie Moore.
- Halifax, Sept. 4, Della Moore.
- Halifax, Sept. 3, Annie L. Whelan, 48.
- Halifax, Sept 6, Charlotte S. Hathaway, 72.
- Yarmouth, Sept 6, Abel C. Robbins, 81.
- Boston, Aug. 26, Nelly Hanson, 28.
- Somerville, Aug. 25, Miss Grace Macneill.
- Emerald, Sept. 3rd, George Murphy, 82.
- Emerald, Aug. 20, Margaret Roy Henderson, 2.
- Windsor, Aug. 31, Gasper Alex Drillo, 70.
- Halifax, Aug 21, Rebecca A. Johnston, 70.
- West Lakevale, Sept 2, Annie Kate, Boyd.
- Charlottetown, Sept. 4th, Edith Marjorie Woodill.
- Charlottetown, Sept. 8, Ellen J. McFee, 19.
- Upper Fort LaTour, Sept 2, Daniel Currie, 20.
- Dartmouth, Sept 7, E. Sheburne Tupper, 22.
- Truro, Sept 5, Frederick Roy Henderson, 2.
- Lunenburg, Aug 27, James Solomon Sarty, 68.
- Whiteburn, Sept. 28, Mrs. Margaret Allen, 72.
- Charlottetown, Sept. 4, Wm M. Berrn, 4 mos.
- Halifax, Sept 4, John Frederick DeYoung, 4 mos.
- Strathalbyn, Sept. 2, Christie Annie MacKenzie, 19.
- Charlottetown, Sept. 6, Ada Olive Richards, 4 mos.
- Glen William, Aug. 27, Mrs. John C. Macdonald, 68.
- Point de Roche, Aug. 27, Francis A. McCormack 82.
- New Glasgow, Sept. 3, Elsie Carmichael Macneil 17.
- Barrington Head, Sept. 3, Rev Wm H Eddyvson, 48.
- Wellington Barracks, Sept. 1, Leslie Edward Trevor, 6 mos.

Square Men.

In the mountains of Berks County, Pennsylvania, where Dutch shrewdness matches Dutch thrift, the proprietor of a hotel was bargaining for a supply of chickens.

'Now, look here, Fred, said the hotel man familiarly to the farmer, 'dont you feed them chickens before you bring 'em here, and don't you let 'em get wet.'

'All right, Chrissie, said the farmer, 'but I don't want to see them go hungry.'

'That is all right, Fred, but I ain't a-paying twelve cents a pound for corn, and I ain't a-buying water at the same rate.'

'All right, Charlie, and I will bring my scales along.'

'No need of that, Fred; I've got good scales here.'

'They parted, and I asked the hotel man just what he meant.'

'Oh, Fred's all right, he said. 'He's one of the squarest men alive; but all the same I am not a-paying live weight for chickens stuffed full of wet corn and wet feathers. But do not misunderstand me. Fred is a square man.'

I walked down to Fred's farm. He was jolly and smiling. 'Charlie is a fine fellow,' he said, 'one of the squarest men in she country—but I am going to take them scales, all the same.'

She loved, and was beloved in turn, But ah! she was not happy, Because her lover and beloved Were not the self-same chappy.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton	5.30
Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.15
Suburban express for Robbsey	7.00
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11.05
Express for Sussex	11.50
Suburban Express for Hampton	12.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.45
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	12.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	12.45

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.00
Suburban Express for Hampton	7.15
Express from Sussex	8.55
Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.50
Express from Robbsey	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou	12.30
Suburban Express from Hampton	12.35
Accommodation from P. du Chene and Moncton	12.45
Daily, except Monday.	12.45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901.
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,
7Ket St. John, N.B.