

# PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 475.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Railway.

On the 7th September  
the Atlantic Railway will  
be opened to Halifax.

### ST. JOHN

Fugwash, Victoria	1.50
Halifax	12.50
Moncton	14.50
Montreal	17.50
Ottawa	20.50

### AT ST. JOHN:

Quebec (Monday)	8.50
Halifax (Monday)	10.50
Moncton (Monday)	12.50
Ottawa (Monday)	15.50

Atlantic Railway are based  
at St. John, and those between  
St. John and Moncton are  
based at Moncton.

### GENERAL

General Manager.

Member, 1894.

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### GOLD

### FIELDS.

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### HALIFAX

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## HONORING THE QUEEN.

### HOW ST. JOHN OBSERVED HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE.

The Polymorphian and Firemen's Parades  
the Great Feature of the Day's Doings—  
Incidents of the Big Celebration—Some  
Funny Happenings.

Do you think its going to rain? What do  
the weather probabilities say? The sky  
doesn't look very promising etc., etc.  
were a few exclamations heard all day  
Monday on the street, and were the  
favorite form of greeting between the  
hundreds who lingered around town  
until the small hours of Tues-  
day morning. Of course the vast majority  
publicly expressed their private opinion  
that Tuesday was going to be the dampest  
day of the season. The papers of Monday  
evening prophesied fine weather, but  
gloomy minded individuals found consider-  
able consolation in the fact that for the  
past ten or twelve weeks the newspapers  
have got as far out of their reckoning,  
where the weather was concerned, as they  
could possibly get. There were many  
anxious people in the city Monday night  
and those who were not kept awake by  
gloomy forebodings of the morrow, had  
sleep banished just as effectually by the  
strains of "God save the Queen" with every  
conceivable variation throughout the long  
night. First Trinity broke the midnight  
stillness, and if the air was a little off color  
here and there, it was only natural under  
the circumstances, seeing that the big chimes  
had been celebrating from midnight on the  
previous Saturday. Then musical and un-  
musical instruments of every description  
kept up the strains of the National anthem  
until daylight, with occasionally a vocal  
solo or chorus to vary the programme.

Despite all prognostications to the con-  
trary Tuesday dawned clear and sunny, an  
ideal June day, barring a stiff breeze that  
sprung up during the morning, and bright  
and early the city was astir. There was  
nothing half heard about the way St.  
John proposed to honor Her Most Gracious  
Majesty's sexagenary, and given a fine  
day, enthusiasm reached a very high pitch.  
The interest of the earlier part of the  
day centred in the polymorphian parade  
and long before the hour at which it was  
to start King street and vicinity was a liv-  
ing, struggling mass of humanity. The  
roofs of buildings, windows and hotel piazzas,  
all were thronged with an eager crowd  
and when the polymorphians, about whose  
mysterious preparations so much had been  
heard, started pretty promptly on time  
there was an excited but good natured  
struggle for a place in which to get the  
best view of the big procession.

The various polymorphian clubs had  
beautiful floats all of which added to the  
gorgeous effect of the parade. Britannia  
was one of the Haymarket Square club's  
floats that elicited much praise; in fact as  
each one passed it seemed to the gleeful  
crowd more perfect than the one that pre-  
ceded it. One of the three floats con-  
tributed by the North End club represented  
the Queen at the time of her coronation in  
1837, and as she is at this time. The idea  
was beautifully carried out and made one  
of the prettiest features of the display.

When Grand Marshall Quinton finally  
adjusted everything to his complete  
satisfaction the parade started, the  
Jameson raders in their dried grass  
colored suits leading the way; an impos-  
ing sight they were too and it is to be  
doubted if Dr. Jim had as brave and fine  
looking a lot of followers on his famous  
raid as those commanded by Major Mark-  
ham on Tuesday.

In the procession there were armored  
knights who looked ready for any amount  
of war, Zulus whose fierce make up had  
the effect of sending a shiver through the  
dense crowd, Crusaders whose long flow-  
ing garments bore a significant red cross,  
and who looked quite equal to a fierce bat-  
tle for any cause. The Beef Eaters claim-  
ed a good share of attention as they march-  
ed on either side of a representation of a  
part of the Tower of London. Their dress  
consisted of a long skirted scarlet Tudor  
coat with edges and seams outlined with  
black and gold, close plaited muslin ruffs  
at the throat, full sleeves to the waist, low  
crowned black velvet hats with red, white  
and blue ribbons, and rosettes of the  
same on breeches and shoes. Long beards  
gave them a ferocious sort of appearance,  
the effect of which was counteracted how-  
ever by the twinkling of the eyes that  
looked out at the crowd on either side.  
The dredge representation was not

quite as good as it might have been and was  
constantly on the verge of collapse; in  
fact at one point near the city road the  
spectators and others were called  
upon to assist in pulling it out of a  
hollow where it had stuck.

Taken all in all, though the polymor-  
phian parade was a good one and was  
free from any attempt at burlesque or cari-  
cature; perhaps the citizens, while well  
satisfied, would not have objected to one or  
two of the features of old times parades.  
The music by local and visiting bands was  
very fine.

At noon the square resounded to the  
martial tread of the soldiers and voices of  
the commanding officers, who looked just  
as they felt no doubt, very proud of  
the St. John militia. Colonels Tucker and  
Donville don't appear to have cut much of  
a figure in the London celebration, which  
is rather strange everything taken into con-  
sideration, and thus by grasping at the  
mere shadow of honors abroad, where  
there are hundreds of good sized pebbles  
to every square foot of beach, they lost the  
opportunity of a life time to distinguish  
themselves at home. The men however,  
made an imposing appearance and were  
the subjects of many flattering remarks.

Between the morning parades and that  
of the afternoon there was an interval that  
gave those who had arrived from out of  
town during the morning a chance to see  
the elaborate decorations of the business  
houses and private residences, so that the  
big crowd was kept in motion for a while.  
The special police, were very much in  
evidence, and wherever a small knot  
of people gathered, one at least was sure  
to be hovering near. They hardly knew  
just what they expected to be called upon  
to do during the day, and it was well to be  
always on hand. When they were not  
keeping a suspicious eye upon harmless  
groups, they walked up and down the  
streets with a would-be unconcerned air,  
trying to look as if the dignity to which  
they had been suddenly raised bored them  
half to death.

Despite their vigilance however, and that  
of the regular officials, they missed several  
little incidents that might have given them  
something to do. During the parade of  
the afternoon when everybodys attention  
was centred upon the magnificent spectacle  
of the different societies in bright regalia,  
the fire ladders display etc., thieves  
were playing their calling with a will.  
Two Germain Street residences were  
entered by way of back windows,  
and in each case clothing and food was  
taken. In the crush on King street a  
North End lady felt a tug at her skirt  
but thought nothing of it at the time.  
When she returned home however, she  
found that a long slit had been neatly cut  
in that part of her apparel where a pocket  
was situated. It is supposed that a pro-  
truding handkerchief gave the clue as to  
the mysterious whereabouts of that neces-  
sary adjunct of a feminine toilet. In  
this case a card case containing  
some Jubilee stamps and scraps of paper,  
worthless to any but the owner, was all  
that the pickpocket got for his pains. A  
house in another part of the city was entered  
during the morning and \$60 in cash  
stolen. In very few instances have the  
losses been reported.

The Beef Eaters Barbecue took many a  
to the Shamrock grounds in the afternoon,  
the roasting of the big ox being the great  
attraction. The meat was done to a turn  
and everybody had a rousing good time,  
and returned with renewed vigor to the  
evening's festivities which consisted of a  
torchlight procession and fireworks at  
Market Square.

The firemen's parade was something long  
to be remembered, the flaming torches,  
gaily decorated floats and brilliantly  
polished apparatus, the imposing figures  
of the chief and mounted police, many  
bands of music and visiting American  
firemen made an effective and fitting  
finale to the days proceedings. By  
many this is thought to have been the great  
event of the celebration, and the firemen  
must be pleased to know that their work  
was so well appreciated. One of the prettiest  
things noticed was a cart in which a mini-  
ature fountain threw its spray over the  
flowers and plants grouped around it. Op-  
posite it, a picture of the Queen was  
reflected back from a flower framed mirror.  
The route of the procession was somewhat  
long but arrangements were carried out  
with so much precision and promptitude  
that it was just ten o'clock when the par-  
ade returned to King Street East where  
it disbanded.

In the interval of waiting for the firemen  
to return an immense throng packed King  
street and waited for the fireworks. Those  
on the roofs and in the windows of the  
different buildings, had a magnificent view  
of the imposing spectacle, the sea of faces  
and the restless throng below. The fire-  
works were a failure, and not by any  
means half as good as they should have  
been. Messrs Hand & Co. have some-  
thing to learn yet about fire works, and  
it is a pity that the closing event of the  
day was not better managed, especially  
with such an immense crowd in attendance.  
Considering the disappointment everybody  
was fairly good humored, and contented  
themselves with following the flight of the  
balloons, till they were lost in space.  
Men puffed stale tobacco into the  
faces of ladies, and one stout King  
street hardware man puffed away at a  
pipe and cigar alternately, while talking  
to a group of lady friends sublimely uncon-  
scious of the comfort or feelings of those  
around him. He had a little space all to  
himself after awhile, necessitated by his  
frequent desire to expectorate on the side-  
walk.

At one time it was simply impossible  
to pass in front of the Royal hotel so great  
was the crush. Pictures of the Queen were  
being thrown on a canvas in one of the  
parlor windows while outside a party of a  
dozen commercial men persisted in singing  
the national anthem over and over again.  
One of the most interested spectators was  
a good looking, but rather unmannerly  
west side pugilist. He acted boisterously,  
and regardless of the exclamations of the  
gentler sex elbowed and "hooked" his way  
into the circle of choirmen. His pres-  
ence was not wanted however and in a  
nettle mood he dashed back into the  
crowd again. Burly men stood by and  
saw him act everything else but in a gentle-  
manly way without raising their voices or  
hands to stop him in his mad career, until  
at last a small elderly woman, very much  
jammed up, threw her arms in the air and  
with a new woman's combative spirit flew  
at the "pug" full tilt, smashing him  
over the head with her parasol and admin-  
istering a prize package of upper cuts on  
his face and neck. The crowd closed in  
and spirited the lady away, just in time to  
save her from the wrath of the boxer.

A sporting man who saw the incident  
wondering who did the most injury to the  
local fighter, the little woman with the  
parasol, or Jack Burk of Fredericton.

About eleven o'clock the crowd began  
to grow thinner but it was long after mid-  
night before the streets were cleared en-  
tirely; the last weary sightseer turned  
homewards and the loyal subjects of Queen  
Victoria slept, happy in the consciousness  
that they had done their duty to Queen  
and Country and that in no part of the  
vast Empire was the Diamond Jubilee more  
enthusiastically celebrated than in St.  
John.

### Moncton People Abroad.

A Dorchester correspondent writes PRO-  
GRESS as follows: In the early part of the  
month, Moncton's noted Scott Act prosecu-  
tor visited the Shiretown, and the occasion  
being a holiday for him, he made friendly  
visits to the "Tiger," and as usual the re-  
sult was a higher state of exhilaration on  
his part. Having held up people in  
Moncton, and carried things there with a  
high hand, he thought it wise to try the  
like in Dorchester. He made an assault  
on a guest of the hotel at which he stopped,  
who showed him the Fitzsimmon's punch;  
this however did not quiet him, and later  
he put the hotel guests to flight at the  
point of a revolver. To prevent this good-  
ly man from receiving the benefit of the  
law, the law-and-order league of Moncton  
have had him before the court themselves.  
The liquor dealers say this slightly body  
has taught them a new wrinkle, and it may  
now be in order for a liquor dealer to  
prosecute a fellow liquor dealer; they can  
say like Shylock, "The villainy thou doth  
teach me I will execute." The fracas was  
aptly described by the bard of Gouville  
in a poem that has had a wide circulation.

### How he Celebrated.

The captain of the American schooner  
Jessie B. has derived more real pleasure  
out of the St. John jubilee proceedings  
than perhaps any other person in the city.  
At his boarding house in north end he met  
a Moncton young lady on Sunday. Tues-  
day evening while the couple were waiting  
for the parade to start they strolled into  
the baptist paragon on Queen street and  
were married.

## SCENE IN THE COUNCIL.

### THE ANNUAL WOMAN'S SESSION A STORY SESSION.

Lady Aberdeen Wanted the Wives of Future  
Governors General Made President but the  
Ladies Scouted the Foolish Suggestion—  
a Scene Almost Equalled

HALIFAX, June 24.—The meetings of  
the woman's national council, last week,  
excited considerable interest, but it is a  
question if all the sessions combined would  
have proved as interesting as that session  
where the future presidency of the council  
was discussed, could that secret session of  
the executive have been open to the public.  
Except when the temperance question  
came up there was little divergence of  
opinion between the delegates. On the  
temperance issue the Montreal council and  
some of the Halifax women took the  
moderate view, and as a consequence that  
section of the women who think everyone  
who differs from them must be wrong  
sounded a warlike note.

But as has been already remarked it was  
the secret executive meeting where the  
future presidency was discussed that  
proved exciting. The popular idea re-  
garding this national council is that it is  
the personality of the Countess of Aber-  
deen that keeps it alive or that gives it  
more than a nominal existence. The hope  
of receiving a vice-regal smile, together  
with some desire, perhaps, to do good,  
keeps the women at work. Possibly the  
word toadyism is too strong to describe the  
situation, but is often used when people  
talk of the women's national council.  
Whether it is an account of toadyism or  
not, one thing is sure,—the countess is a  
power.

Lady Aberdeen evidently realizes the  
full force of this and is prepared to take  
advantage of it. She took pains to let it  
become known that she thought it would  
be a good thing for the stability of the  
women's council if it were made a rule that  
the wife of the governor-general, whoever  
he might be, should always be the presi-  
dent. Lady Aberdeen will not have  
more than two years more and she is look-  
ing out for the future. She fears for the  
council when she leaves it should the presi-  
dency fall into the hands of some one  
who could not rule it because of social  
position, disintegration might set in. Ac-  
cordingly, a resolution was introduced  
that it become a bye-law that the  
governor general's wife should al-  
ways be president. Montreal and  
Ottawa women to a large extent favored  
this. The wiser and more democratic east  
were not so unanimous. They were against  
such "divine right of Kings," or rather  
vice-regal right to the presidency. One  
lady from Toronto, Mrs. Willoughby Cum-  
mings, a member of the globe staff, who is  
corresponding secretary of the national  
council, and in close touch with the coun-  
tess of Aberdeen, and who, by the way,  
never loses an opportunity to speak on any  
subject, became the champion of the vice-  
regal presidency. At a certain stage of  
the discussion the countess of Aberdeen  
withdrew from the meeting, so as to allow  
greater freedom of expression. It appears  
the controversy waxed very warm. The  
arguments that the council would  
lose its independence, that it would  
become a mere machine; that the wife  
of the governor general at some  
time might be a very undesirable person—  
all were urged by the eastern ladies and  
some western. But Mrs. Cummings fought  
them all valiantly. She found herself in the  
minority of numbers, however, and appar-  
ently at the small end of the argument, so  
that she lost heart and there was almost  
a scene in consequence.

Strange that, in the face of so much ob-  
sequiousness a majority should have been  
possible against the known wish of the  
Countess of Aberdeen, but such it proved.  
Possibly the championship of Mrs. Cum-  
mings may account for the loss of the  
cause.

The Countess of Aberdeen is personally  
popular and deservedly so. She is a wo-  
man of great perseverance and wonderful  
organizing ability. In spite of all the  
criticism of her proposed Victorian order  
of nurses, her ladyship has no idea of giv-  
ing it up. She takes every chance to ad-  
vocate it, and last Sunday in addressing  
the Sunday school children made a good  
attempt to interest the little folks. She  
has much common sense, and this being  
the case it is the more remarkable that she  
should either advocate the vice-regal  
presidency of the council herself or allow

Mrs. Cummings, whom she can control, or  
any one else, to talk such nonsense in a  
country of representative institutions.

Lord Aberdeen is an administrative  
officer who loves popularity. So, too,  
doubtless, does nearly everybody. But  
Lord Aberdeen occasionally loses as much  
ground in this respect by a display of lack  
of tact as he gains by two or three days of  
well directed effort. He has pleased him-  
self generally on the pleasant visit to Hal-  
ifax. It was a popular move for the gov-  
ernor general to ask Admiral Erskine to  
give a naval review today (Thursday) and  
at such a late hour in the afternoon that  
everybody could see the show without in-  
convenience to business. The review will  
be in honor of the royal society and of the  
Cabot celebration, which takes place the  
same day.

There are two sides to this toady ques-  
tion. No one with correct ideas likes that  
spirit which will do anything for a smile  
from one whom the world calls "better  
than the ordinary." Right thinking people  
despise such, yet many of those who make  
the loudest outcry against this kind of  
thing are equally culpable. If they think  
themselves slighted in any way they do not  
take it philosophically and forget it, but  
they become indignant and often use many  
hard words and assume an injured or hypo-  
critically indifferent air. For instance,  
city teachers were invited to a reception by  
Lady Aberdeen at the county academy. One  
or two by some mistake were omitted but  
all were given a cordial verbal invitation.  
Some of those who failed to receive the  
large pastebord made an outcry announc-  
ing their determination to keep as far  
away from the function as possible; worse  
still was the spirit of pride which made  
some of the teachers say, when they first  
heard of the proposed reception that they  
would have nothing to do with it because  
the teachers were invited as a class. They  
wanted to have nothing to do  
with such a class. They are only  
teachers because they need the money it  
brings, and after school hours don't want  
to be known as teachers. How it must  
have galled some of these high-strung  
people to be compelled to march the  
streets in charge of crowds of shouting  
children on the way to jubilee rehearsals  
and performances in the exhibition build-  
ing. There are toadies and toadies and  
critics of this sort of thing who are often  
as bad or worse than those they condemn.  
One word regarding Lady Aberdeen.  
There it probably no woman in Canada  
who tries to be for the good of others, or  
does more than she. No other woman has  
the same influence or exerts it to better  
effect. All honor to such as she! Her  
visit to Halifax has done good, and more  
good will follow.

### The Visitor Was Funny.

A happening which drew forth from a  
thousand of eye witnesses a combination of  
that "served you right" feeling tinged  
with a little indignation in the opposite  
direction, occurred on King street as the  
big afternoon parade was passing. Chief  
of Police Clark on horseback and ac-  
companied by a squad of six of his  
officers mounted, rode in the van of the  
procession clearing the street of too eager  
sightseers. When in front of one of the  
leading hostilities a very jubilant guest  
first made a grab at the bridle of the  
horse ridden by Marshal E. LeRoi Willis,  
and when this failed to let go his hold he  
pulled the chief's horse round and round.  
Although warned by the mounted  
official to let go he refused, claiming a  
grievance, whereupon the chief drew from  
his boot his baton and struck the visitor a  
glancing blow which if it had taken full  
effect would have caused a sensation. Hun-  
dreds kissed the chief for his act others; said  
the man deserved the treatment he received.  
However most anybody with judicial qual-  
ities can see fault in the hasty actions of  
both parties. The gentleman claimed to be  
the offender was a visitor and well known  
in this city.

### Mr. Quinn Sees Snakes.

Mr. Pat Quinn of T. J. Cronin's estab-  
lishment has been exhibiting a bottled  
snake to his friends this week. It was  
necessary for Mr. Quinn's honor that he  
should exhibit the snake, for the state-  
ment that he had almost swallow-  
ed one about fifteen inches long, in  
a glass of water, evoked sympathetic re-  
marks from his friends and unkind question-  
ing as to what kind of water he had been  
drinking. Mr. Quinn met all such insinua-  
tions with deepest indignation and to  
prove the truth of his experi-  
ence brought out the snake for the  
benefit of his incredulous auditors. It  
is a thread like looking reptile measuring  
about fifteen inches. Mr. Quinn took a  
drink of water the other night, and the  
creature had wriggled itself halfway down  
his throat when he called a halt. Pas-  
sages can testify that this is no jubilee story,  
but a reality.

**HOW THEY CELEBRATED.**

**'THE BEND' HAD A REAL GOOD TIME OVER THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.**

The children owned the town for a day and had a jolly time of it even if others were inconvenienced—Incidents of the Celebration in the Railway Centre.

MONCTON, June 22.—Moncton did itself proud, in a modest way yesterday over the Jubilee celebration, and to day the entire city is patting itself on the shoulder, and purring with satisfaction. The loyalty which had been simmering very mildly during the past three months bubbled over in the most unexpected manner, and by Monday evening it had reached such a state that not an inch of red white and blue ribbon or bunting, not a flag nor a fire cracker could be purchased for love nor even for coin of the realm. The small boy had created a corner in fire crackers, and the loyal citizen had almost rendered himself insolvent in his mad desire to gratify the fervent loyalty that burned in his breast by purchasing all the flags, Chinese lanterns, and red white and blue ribbon, that he could lay his hands on. In his anxiety to do honor to the occasion, the enthusiastic citizen was not over particular in his choice of flags, quantity was more an object than quality, so he frequently employed the tricolor of France and the stars and stripes in conjunction with our own union jack, and felt perfectly happy over the combination, so long as the effect was brilliant. The fact is, the citizen of Moncton lost his head a little, and grew reckless. He had been getting sat upon so vigorously by the newspapers of other places for his apathy about the jubilee, and not being in a position to "talk back," he had been feeling down-trodden, and not of much account. Consequently when the splendid fact that he really was going to have a celebration of some kind after all, burst upon him in all its glory, it is little wonder that the reaction was too much for him and he is inclined to give himself a few airs, now that it is all over.

For some reason or other it was decided that the celebration should take the form of an exclusively juvenile entertainment, grown people not being supposed to be interested in such a matter as the fitting celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, and therefore all the plans were made with reference to the children's comfort and approval. But with a touching consideration for the feelings of those who were no longer children, grown people were not excluded from the ceremonies, but were allowed to occupy what space was not required by the children, and even where it was required, those of riper years were permitted to peep over the fence and see the little darlings enjoying themselves. It was indeed a sight which well repaid the spectator for any trifling inconvenience he might be suffering, as a solid mass of what looked like about five thousand youngsters, all in their best clothes and many of them very prettily dressed in the national colors, is a sight not to be witnessed every day.

The "Daily Times" gives vent to its enthusiasm in these inscrutable terms—"Yesterday was a great day for the children, and the little ones will long remember Her Majesty's Jubilee. No future celebration will be complete without the presence of the children, and the Athletic Association in throwing open their grounds to the boys and girls undoubtedly contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion." Does the usually grave and most literal "Times" mean to be sarcastic, or does the latter sentence contain a covert threat that in future children are to be features of all entertainments given on the grounds of the M. A. A. A. P. If the latter be the case, let the M. A. A. A. look to themselves for there is a limit to human forbearance, and should they contemplate springing anything of this kind on an unsuspecting public it would be well for them to reconsider the matter while there is yet time lest haply they find themselves in that position graphically described by the small boy, as "in the soup." Children? Well yes, there were plenty of children and there is no doubt that they had a good time so far as the very unpleasant and threatening weather permitted them. They swarmed as doth the locust of the Orient, and they all had on their best manners at first, a fact which slightly chastened their spirits! The citizens never knew before that there could be such an enormous percentage of youngsters in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, and are still inclined to the opinion that some of them must have been imported for the occasion for the purpose of impressing strangers with the wonderful rate at which our population was increasing. There were children in arms, and children in perambulators, children who could just toddle, and children who were not only able to take care of themselves, but also able and ever eager to take entire charge of their parents. There were

happy children and cross ones, irritable youngsters and others who could only cry and want to go home. And there were so many tired ones, and so many sleepy and uncomfortable babies that one's heart ached for the poor little creatures who would have been so much happier at home.

"There goes one youngster who will not be able to tell many whoppers about what he saw at the Diamond Jubilee, when he grows up" said one man to another, as a weary looking father plodded by, pushing a perambulator over which the umbrella was jammed down so tightly, that it resembled a closely covered vegetable dish, and one wondered if there could really be a living baby underneath. "Have you seen my boy anywhere?" said one anxious father to another, "no" answered the other one philosophically, "and I haven't seen anything of my own, though I've got three here, and a few girls; I did look for them at first, but I gave it up after a while and now I don't expect to see them before tomorrow morning. I guess they know the way home as well as I do, so I'm just going home, myself; and if you talk my advice you'll do the same" and he suited the action to the word.

"Mister" wailed a distracted mother, to the gate keeper, "Do you remember seeing my boy come in?" "No ma'am" answered the functionary without moving a muscle. "I didn't notice him amongst the others but I'm sure he is in all the same." "If I could just catch a glimpse of his face amongst them," continued the missing boy's mother, as she gazed pensively at a row of children ranged four tiers deep against the "Bleachers" "I'm sure I'd know him in a minute." But somehow amongst some three thousand children the task of picking out her boy at a glance, was not so easy as it seemed.

Taken altogether they were a wonderfully well behaved crowd of youngsters in the afternoon, and though the crowd was enormous, no one grudged them the space they occupied, or objected in the least to effacing themselves for the sake of the rising generation. They sang their hymns bravely, saluted with their little flags, and cheered lustily, if not quite in unison, and altogether did great credit to their instructors and leaders as well as forming a pretty sight as they marched in procession to Victoria Park to receive their Jubilee medals and afterwards marched to the M. A. A. A. grounds headed by their teachers, and carrying flags and bannerettes. The only matter for regret was the cold and threatening weather, and the frequent sprinkles of rain which marred the festivities considerably. However the rain kept off wonderfully. The sports took place as advertised, and by the time they were over the sun was shining and everything looked bright.

Had the weary youngsters been kept at home in the evening, and put to bed, the chances are that their absence from the evening festivities would have "undoubtedly" contributed much to the enjoyment of the day"—by grown people, but such was not to be. The citizens had contributed the funds for the children's entertainment, and the M. A. A. A. made the mistake of throwing open their grounds to them in the evening also, while they charged an admission to adults. And the consequence was that pandemonium reigned. The little dears were tired of being good, so they gave free reign to the old Adam that was in them, and made things unpleasant for everyone in reach. Worst of all, there was no age limit set, the term "children" being so elastic that young hoodlums nearly out of their teens came in swarms, all liberally supplied with torpedoes, fire crackers, "thunderbolts" and every variety of explosive they could purchase, and they amused themselves by placing these with lighted fuses under the chairs, and even in the pockets of luckless adults, who had been allowed the privilege of paying their way in. Ladies were frightened almost into convulsions, and old gentlemen were betrayed into using language that was far from parliamentary, while the rank and file of grown up humanity thirsted silently but fiercely for the gore of the playful kids.

The grounds had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with artificial groves of small trees stuck into the ground, and decked with Chinese lanterns, some twenty dozen of the latter being used. And the dear little boys showed their appreciation of the trouble taken in their behalf by destroying every lantern they could reach, pulling up the trees putting out the candles, taking down the lanterns, and kicking them about the grounds, so that by the time the evening was over not one dozen could be collected for use on a future occasion.

**Windsor Salt**  
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy  
No adulteration. Never cakes.

There were some hundreds of chairs provided for the use of ladies, and the dear little children used them instead, not to sit upon at all but to stand upon, while old people, and tired ladies who had paid their entrance fee, and were entitled to something in return for their money, stood around and wondered how much longer they could keep on their feet without fainting. But the children enjoyed themselves, and after all that was the only thing that really mattered; they will have pleasant memories of the jubilee celebration, and as it was undertaken entirely on their account, that is the only thing that really matters.

Eugene Gigout,

Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, president d'honneur de la Societe Academique Musicale de France, compositeur, organiste de Saint-Augustin, directeur-fondateur de l'Institut d'Orgue, Paris.

PARIS, 63, rue Jouffroy, 6th, January, 1897.

Mademoiselle:—The Pratte piano, of Montreal, Canada, on which I played the other day has completely charmed me. The quality of the tone and the mechanism of this instrument are remarkable and after its long journey I have been not a little astonished to find it not only in perfect order but also in perfect tune. These facts indicate a thorough and solid construction. Please convey my sincere felicitations to Mr. Pratte.

(Signed) Eugene Gigout.

His Choice.

It is said that Charles Wesley was sometimes easily annoyed, and on one occasion, at a conference, he became so irritated at the prolix remarks of a speaker that he said to his brother; "Stop that man's speaking. Let us attend to business."

But the offender was relating his religious experience, and though it was at so great a length, John Wesley evidently thought that no one had a right to interfere with it. He was therefore allowed to continue, but the moment came when Charles could contain himself no longer.

"Unless he stops," he whispered to John, "I'll leave the conference."

By this time John was enjoying the man's simple story, and he only turned and whispered to some one sitting near:

"Reach Charles his hat!"

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**RESIDENCE** at Rosheay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rosheay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensley, Barrister-at-Law, Fensley Building. 24 6 1/2

**30 Students**  
In Good Situations

Two weeks ago we published the names and addresses of TWENTY-SIX of our students who have recently obtained good situations. Since then we have added FOUR to that list. We thank the public for the above evidence of their appreciation, and will endeavor to merit the confidence of all our patrons. Catalogues of the best business course obtainable in Canada, also of the Isaac Pitman shorthand (the best and latest in existence), mailed to any address.

No Summer vacation. Students can enter at any time



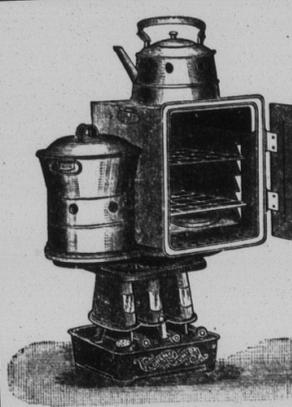
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A Necessity in Summer  
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Another lot just in. More of the celebrated 'BLUE FLAME'; also a number of new patterns.  
The prices are now so low that everybody can afford to get one.  
We also have Ovens, Extension Tops, Kettles, etc. to suit

**EMERSON & FISHER.**

75 Prince William Street.  
P. S.—Window and Door Screens are selling rapidly. Are you supplied? Window Screens from 35 cents up. Door Screens, all sizes, at \$1.15.

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For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products.  
Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.  
The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsoiled, thus carrying Exhibits practically free of cost.  
A splendid new Peatery Building is in course of erection, and an Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of HARK & CO.'S Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Effects will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.  
A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very low Rates to be later advertised.

Arrange now to come to St. John.  
Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to.

CHAS. A. EVERETT,  
Manager and Secretary,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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I have just opened a large invoice of choice . . .

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An assortment of Finest French Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, and Nail Brushes all at lowest prices.

**Allan's Pharmacy,**  
The White and Gold Front,  
35 King Street.  
Where Physicians' Prescriptions are accurately dispensed.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**

There will be sold at Public Auction at Clubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of the fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of St. John on the Southwest corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwest corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly at right angles to said Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street No. thirty nine feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot number two as shown on plan number five of the sub-division of the Estate of Robert F. Hazen, standing and being.  
The same having been levied on and seized by the undersigned Sheriff, on and under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngsland at the suit of Catherine McIntyre.  
Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897.  
H. LAWRENCE STURDEE,  
Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B.  
H. A. McKeown  
Plaintiff's Attorney.

**New Cloths**

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR  
Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of  
English and Scotch Suitings,  
Trousers and Overcoatings,  
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..... Beautiful both in finish and design.  
By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season.  
A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,  
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A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by

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**Spring Lamb,**

Lettuce and Radish.  
THOMAS DEAN,  
City Market.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This department acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of a copy of No. 786 of The Parish Choir, a pamphlet devoted to church music and issued weekly in Boston, Mass. It is naturally cosmopolitan in character and the limit of nationality does not apply where cleverness and real merit are involved. This reference to the Parish Choir at this time is because No. 786 contains a "Magnificat" in C and a "Nunc Dimittis" the author of both being Prof. Athos, organist of the Mission church in this city. These compositions are characterized with the true spirit of the words for which they were written, the music presents no particular difficulty and the harmony is so excellent, that every church choir should have both these works in their libraries.

The supply of music in the city this week was to say the least most liberal. No political reference is intended in the use of that word. The sounds of Jubilee that were heard here might be regarded as an echo of the songs of gladness and thanksgiving that arose from all other parts of the great British Empire simultaneously, in honoring the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria, Queen, Mother, and Empress. The spontaneity of the rejoicing was music in itself. The chord was struck alike in the breasts of the lowly and the exalted and the response was instantaneous. "God save the Queen" was sung on Tuesday last with a true heart interest, and as a prayer, were the words uttered "Long to reign over us, God save the Queen."

Tones and Undertones.

The Promenade Concerts in Music Hall Boston still continue to retain their popularity—Last Tuesday was "Harvard Night."

The big organ in Music Hall Boston originally cost \$60,000 and was recently purchased by E. F. Searles for \$5,000.

Marshall Pike one of the founders of minstrelsy and the composer of "Home Again" is still living at the age of 80 years.

William Wolf whose immense bass voice has often been heard in Comic Opera in this city was married a short time ago to a lady who was a nonprofessional.

M. Piacido Flammaro, a member of the Boston symphony orchestra, recently received much credit for his singing of "Dio Possente" from Gounod's "Faust" Sig. Flammaro is of Italian birth and came to the United States at an early age. He was concert master of the Boston Ideal at the age of 17 years, being then an accomplished violinist. He studied singing under his friend Campanari the baritone.

When the estate of the late Sir Augustus Harris was provisionally probated it was valued at \$100,000 but as the realization progresses it is believed the next probate will indicate the estate to be worth \$500,000.

It is feared that the financial success of the Bayreuth festival this season will be seriously affected by the mourning among the French aristocracy, because of the disaster at the charity bazaar in Paris. Nearly all the bookings made by French families have been cancelled.

Mario Brema, the prima donna, has made a decided hit at Covent Garden. In all the roles she has sung viz., Amneris, Otrude and the mother in "L'Attaque au Moulin," she has received the heartiest of applause.

Meadames Melba and Calve sang at Covent Garden during the Jubilee festivities in London, but it is much doubted that "L'Africaine" is one of the operas in which the latter was heard.

Chopin's memory is about being honored in Paris by the placing of a tablet on the house in the place Vendome, where the musician died in 1849. His body lies in Pere-la-chaise.

Mascagni hopes to have his new Japanese opera "Iris" finished in time for its production by Ricordi in Rome before the end of the year.

Prof. Villiers Stantford has undertaken the music of a new ballet on the subject of "Pocahontas" which is intended for production in the United States.

So successful has been the season of Mascagni's opera "Zanetto" at the theatre Politeama in Ancona that a complimentary marble tablet has been walled into the theatre.

A monument to the great musician Robert Schumann will shortly be erected in Leipzig. A wealthy lady amateur of that city, whose name is withheld, gave the order for the work.

Miss Leonora Jackson, a young violinist

from the United States, recently made a success at a festival in Cothen, Germany, and was engaged for concerts to be given in Dessau, next winter.

Miss Rose Ettinger, a short time ago, made a very unsuccessful appearance in Berlin and is now spoken of as "the coming singer."

The first comic opera of the Covent Garden season is "Inez Mendo" with Madame Frances Saville singing the leading role. It is the work of the banker composer Baron Erlanger. Miss Margaret Reid and Jane de Vigne are also engaged in it.

A good story is told about the last Mott rehearsal in London, when the distinguished conductor, whose politeness is proverbial astounded an unfortunate English performer by shouting at him "Ass." It appeared however, that Herr Mott merely wanted him to play A flat—in German "As."

D. A. Bonta is said to have purchased all the American and foreign rights to the comic opera "Wang" for \$2,000.

The comic opera "Captain Cook" is now in active rehearsal for production at Madison Square Garden, New York on the 7th July next. Helen Bertram will be the prima donna and there will be a chorus of one hundred voices.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Ethel Tucker, supported by H. P. Meldon and company close their engagement at the Opera house this evening. The business done has been remarkably good despite the disadvantage they were placed at by the general and extensive preparations for the queen's jubilee that have been occupying the attention of all for the past fortnight. Miss Tucker is undoubtedly an emotional actress of a high order of talent and as she is a student as well, her interpretations may be relied upon as correct in every particular. Every one who has seen this lady's work readily endorses this expression. She is already well established as a dramatic favorite in this city. Mr. Meldon also is popular, and spares no effort to please and entertain his patrons. He is a hard worker and deserves all the recognition that industry and energy merits. Mr. Dennithorne has done some excellent work during the week, especially in "The Queen's Money" which was given by request on Wednesday. Miss Russell's work emphasized the favorable opinion formed of her performances of last week. Miss Belle Vivian, the soubrette, is one of the most industrious and painstaking members of the company and always receives an enthusiastic encore for her topical songs and other specialties, among which is a very charming serpentine dance. Of Mr. Brennan as a comedian it is unnecessary to speak, every one knows both his powers and his popularity. The little Vavene, every lady's pet, is truly a remarkably clever child. She gives many difficult dances with perfect ease, and her skirt and tambourine dances are very pretty. The company will be always accorded a welcome in this city.

W. S. Harkins begins a return engagement at the Opera House next Monday evening the bill for the evening being "Shall we forgive her." This play was done when the company first appeared here this summer, and was one of the best plays presented. The company will remain all next week. I notice the prices of admission for the engagement have been reduced.

Juliet Gordon, once a member of the Bostonians, will return to the stage next season and will probably be seen in "The Highwayman," at the Broadway theatre, N. Y.

The American right to "Chaud d'habits" a work by Catulle Mendes, have been purchased by Richard Mansfield. Mr. Beerbohn Tree produced this piece at his new theatre some weeks since but unsuccessfully.

Andrew Mack is to produce early next January a new comedy upon which John J. McNally is now at work. Another new play which Ramsay Morris has written for him will receive its initial in Chicago, next September.

Miss Ada Rshan and the members of Augustin Daly's company as previously mentioned intimated are to give an open air performance of Shakespeare's "As you like it" at Stratford-on-Avon on the 26th of August next. The performance will be in aid of the Shakespeare memorial.

Jack Mason and his wife Marian Manola have effected an amicable separation,

for business and other reasons. Jack has gone to his farm in Michigan and his wife seeks restoration to health in a New York institution.

McKee Rinckin is another who has left the ranks of the legitimate to enter the vaudeville circles. The medium of his appearance in his new field will be the presentation of a charming sketch entitled "The Counsel for the defence." Nance Oldfield, who is one of the most talented soubrettes on the stage will support him.

Isabelle Evesson and Estelle Clayton, who are to be joint stars in "A Puritan Romance" next season, are sisters despite the difference in their names.

Victory Bateman who was known as one of the pretty girls of the stage, has recently been divorced from her husband on the ground of desertion. The ex-husband's name is Wilfred Clark. The court permitted the wife to adopt her old name.

Madame Modjeska is playing again having recovered the use of her arm, of which she was deprived when taken ill last year. "The Cherry Pickers" will be put on for a run at the Boston theatre early next season and Gattie Dwyer (Mrs. D. Moore) will be the soubrette of the company.

Emma Ivins, a prominent society woman of Philadelphia and who is a recent recruit to the stage under the name Virginia Stuart, has secured a divorce from her husband Dr. Ivins.

Robert Mantell will open his next season in Philadelphia on 7th, September next. He will produce a new play entitled "A Royal Warrant."

Says a dramatic writer recently "There is no more distressing spectacle than that presented by an elderly actress endeavoring to assume the roles of juvenility." True indeed!

AN ALBANIAN TRAGEDY.

The Savagest People in the World are not in Africa.

There is a general idea that the most savage races now on the earth have to be looked for in Africa—somewhere in Dahomey, Ashantee, in the Benin country, or among the tribes of the Congo. This is a mistake. By a journey of inside of five days from Paris by railway one can find one's self among some of the most cruel and bloodthirsty people in the world. A traveller has only to take a ticket from Paris by the Oriental express to Belgrade, Servia, and continue the journey to Uskub, in northern Macedonia, to find himself on the borderland of savagery. Uskub is one of the ancient cities of the world that has been little heard of, for the reason that it stands somewhat off the beaten track of history. It is only in the last few years, since the construction of the railway from the city of Salonica to Nish in Servia, where it joins the Turkish and Bulgarian railway system, that Uskub has become a place of modern importance. It is now a Turkish fortress something after the style of Plevna during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and is a junction of three lines of rail—that to Salonica line to Nish, and the third running through the tunnels under the mountains that separate the plain of Uskub from the celebrated plain of Kossova, on which the great battle was fought in 1389 between the Servians and the turks that ended in the Servians' empire.

About thirty miles north of Uskub, on the railway line, is the Albanian town of varosh, also called Verisovitch by the Servians. On the railway line, is the



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

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See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



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in on me at the hotel near the station, where I was stopping, and said that if I would like a trip up the line with him there was a section train going up to Varosh, and he would show me something that would interest me. I was very glad to accept his offer, and we started. When we arrived near the spot where the terrible tragedy I have narrated had been enacted, he stopped the train and told me to come with him. We only went a short distance from the line, when he stopped and pointed out to me the dried remains of two human beings lying a short distance apart on the stubble field. "That is what I wanted to show you," he said, and we returned to the train that was waiting for us; and as we went back to Uskub he told me the story I have just penned.—George Freeman.

Much Impressed. Some persons never can make an investment in any article of apparel without finding an excuse for calling everybody's attention to it. Occasionally this proceeding meets with a merited rebuke. "What do you think of that pair of shoes for three dollars and a half?" asked a man of this sort, exhibiting his latest purchase to a friend. "I think it's a good deal of leather for the money," replied his friend, walking around him in a wide circle and looking at the shoes with profound astonishment.

Advertisement for 'No. 10 FOR DYSPEPSIA' listing various ailments it treats like stomach issues, heartburn, and indigestion. Includes a small illustration of a person.

INFANTS.—For Teething, Colic, Crying and Wakefulness, use No. 3.



Bordeaux Claret Co. (La Compagnie des Vins de Bordeaux). During the summer season you prefer light and cooling beverages; we recommend to you a trial of BON BOURGEOIS CLARET at \$3 per case of 1 dozen quarts. MONTFERRAND CLARET at \$4 per case of 1 dozen quarts. \$1 PER CASE EXTRA PER 2 DOZ. PINTS. ALSO OUR Champagnes, Burgundies, Sauternes, Sherries, Ports, Rhine and Moselle Wines.

Our Assorted Bodega Cases of Fine Wines and Liquors ranging from \$5 to \$12, according to contents, are used with great satisfaction by FAMILIES, BACHELOR QUARTERS, BOATING, FISHING and EXCURSION PARTIES. BORDEAUX CLARET CO. 30 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

Advertisement for 'Summer Millinery' by CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street. THE LATEST STYLES IN Trimmed and Untrimmed MILLINERY, including the latest novelties from Paris, London and New York. Prices moderate. Inspection cordially invited. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Vertical text on the left margin including 'finest', 'B.', 'Summer', 'Season', 'More', 'BLUE', 'a num-', 'erps.', 'e now so', 'body can', 'ne.', 'Ovens,', 'Kettles,', 'HER.', 'plied? Win-', 'SALE.', 'ction at Chubb's', 'of St. John in the', 'on SATURDAY', 'at, at the hour of', 'clock P. M. of the', 'interest of Thomas', 'hold premises de-', 'of Mill and Main', 'in the City of Salis', 'as follows: Begin-', 'corner of Mill and', 'westerly along the', 'forty two feet nine', 'right angles to said', 'forty seven feet nine', 'lites) to Mill Street', 'nce at right angles', 'Western line of Mill', 'Eastern line of Mill', 'more or less to the', 'Western portion of lot', 'number five of the', 'Robert F. Hazen', 'd creations thereon', 'd and on seized by', 'and under an execu-', 'tion Court against the', 'the suit of Catherine', 'A. D. 1897.', 'ANCE STURDEE', 'of Saint John, N. B.', 'bths', 'ID SUMMER WEAR', 'Cloths for the coming', 'ting of', 'ags,', 'tags,', 'eds,', 'and Cheviots.', 'in finish and design.', 'mers will avoid the an-', 'which is necessary later', 'Merchant Tailor,', 'STREET.', 'TT'S', 'Cure.,', 'e cure for', 'Colds in', 'Prepar-', 'ROCKETT,', 'St. Cor. Sydney', 'g', 'Lamb,', 'd Radish.', 'S DEAN, D', 'Market.'

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, PROGRESS will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 26,

TUESDAY'S CELEBRATION.

The celebration on Tuesday in honor of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, was one of the most effective and brilliant celebrations ever held in St. John, and was in the highest degree creditable to the various clubs and societies that gave so quick time and thought to the features, which made the event one to be long remembered by the citizens, and the hundreds of strangers attracted to the town. St. John was at its best on Tuesday and the visitors could not fail to carry away a pleasant remembrance of the brilliancy of the scene, and the spontaneity with which all classes of citizens responded to the sentiment of the occasion. From early morning until after midnight dense throngs packed the streets eager to hear and see all that was transpiring, and it is safe to say that even the most exacting went to rest satisfied that the jubilee celebration had been a wonderfully happy success. The decorations were on an elaborate scale and were not confined to any one particular section or class but in every part of the city flags and bunting were thrown to the breeze, the same spirit of loyalty predominating everywhere, whether the decoration consisted of one small bit of red, white and blue in a tenement window, or where hundreds of dollars had been expended to beautify some imposing building. Honors, for the excellence of display in the parades were about evenly divided between the polymorphians and the firemen, though perhaps the latter scored one ahead in having all the advantages derived from a night parade. The brightly polished apparatus reflected back hundreds of flaming torches and innumerable electric lights, giving to this procession a brilliancy of effect that could never have been obtained in daylight. The polymorphians, however, made a display that called forth the highest praise and the frequent applause which greeted them all along the line of march was ample testimony that their efforts to make their parade a grand feature of the day's celebration had been most successful.

The disappointment in regard to the failure of the fireworks was very general, but where so much real enjoyment was experienced it is perhaps scarcely fair to be too critical. The celebration in honor of the great national event was wholly creditable to the city and the citizens of St. John.

PRAISE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

There are newspapers and newspapers, but it has become fashionable in these days to deride the secular press as a school of wickedness, whose express purpose is to record revolting crimes and pander to the worst kind of sensationalism. In the face of this sweeping and unjust condemnation the opinion of the world renowned essayist and critic, HERMAN GRENIM, is of interest and value.

He says in substance that, despite the affection of contempt and indifference with which many people take up and throw down the newspapers, nobody can get along without them. They enter into the universal life and satisfy that longing for information which they alone can give. They are man's natural, indispensable food, which few are too poor to enjoy. Man is always reading newspapers, at his meals, on the street cars, on the railway journey. They are no incumbrance, and can be taken about everywhere. They take the place of most other intimacies. One can even read advertisements, for the while imagining himself in the place of the buyers, the sellers, the seekers for places, and those who have them to bestow, thus finding himself in social intercourse with that vast, unknown throng, whose needs,

wants and aspirations are kindred to his own.

Newspapers record the daily history of the present age. No passing event escapes them. They annihilate distance and unite widely severed lands and peoples. Through them the hands of human brotherhood clasp beneath pathless seas, and over inaccessible mountains. Old Athens, always seeking after new things, would have reveled in the daily press. The newspapers lead the van of every movement—they make and mar reputations; they spread abroad the fame of illustrious deeds; they are the terror of wrong-doers. The same sheet which we accuse of falsehood to-day moves us to assent and gratitude to-morrow. They embody the spirit of the present; their noblest lesson is that the present is to be prized more highly than the past.

The rapid pace at which many people in the 19th century live has no better illustration than the suicide of the magic millionaire, BARNY BARNATO, by jumping from a steamer while on his way from South Africa to London. The entire world has for the last few years been treated to a full account through the newspapers of the wonders of South Africa, BARNY BARNATO and CECIL RHODES. BARNATO became one of the richest men in the world in so short a time, that fiction itself was outdone in its wildest dreams; the result was an unsettled brain in his haste to get rich and there could be but one ending to such a career of the man, who, starting from nothing, reached the top in a few short bounds. South Africa, the base of operations from which BARNATO made his money, is said to have 750,000 of European, and three million colored inhabitants, and to contain the largest working deposit of diamonds and gold in the world now. The largest part of Africa is owned by France with 3,500,000 square miles; next comes Great Britain with 2,500,000; Germany and Portugal 900,000 square miles each; Italy 600,000 and Spain 250,000 square miles.

Those school books which yet set down Rio de Janeiro as the largest city in South America will have to be corrected. Another city lying far to the southward has gone far ahead of it recent years—the rapidly growing city of Buenos Ayres in the Argentine Republic. The population of that city is twice as great as it was twelve years ago, and is now 700,000. It has rushed forward very steadily. Ten years ago it began to gain upon Rio which is now perhaps one hundred thousand souls in the rear. The cause of this extraordinary growth of Buenos Ayres is immigration. One half of its inhabitants are Europeans, the greater number of whom are Italians. The growth of the commerce, the industries, the wealth and the prosperity of the city has been not less remarkable than that of its population. The school books must hereafter place Buenos Ayres first among the cities of South America.

The New York Sun is mad at somebody in Canada, and vents its spite on the country. The following interesting editorial paragraph appeared in an issue of this week: We learn from a Montreal contemporary that thousands of Canadians have left their country for England to take part in the Queen's jubilee. The loyalty of the British Canadians is a thing not to be paralleled in Great Britain. Many of them are so much overcome by it that they frequently rave, or fall into a frenzy. In England the Government may be criticised, but in Canada it is spoken of only with awe. In the matter of snobbery and toadyism Canada can beat England out of sight.

The average output of coal in the United States for the year 1893-95 was 162,000,000 tons and for the United Kingdom 181,000,000 tons. With regard to the British colonies and possessions New South Wales is at present first with nearly 4,000,000 tons. This country produces about 2,500,000 tons annually and imports largely from the States. In Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania the quality produced is small, but that of New Zealand amounts to over three quarters of a million of tons annually. Here as in the case of New South Wales, the production during 1895 shows a distinct increase. British India produced 3,538,000 tons in 1895 against only 5,316,000 tons in 1888.

The Sun Led.

In the newspaper accounts of the Jubilee celebration here this week, PROGRESS' neighbor the Daily Sun led all the other papers in the city. It is always a pleasure to note good work, and the Sun is to be congratulated on its very thorough and excellent reports, in connection with the Jubilee.

The Only Machine in Town

For doing up ladies' shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's laundry and dye works.

THE BICYCLIST'S EDEN.

A Town Where the Scooter Escapes all Penalties.

MONCTON June 23.—In spite of all that is being said about the tariff just now, and the valuable breath being daily expended in quarreling about the relative duties on tobacco, paraffine oil, barbed wire and sheet music, we hear nothing about any adjustment of the revenues upon bicycles, or fire crackers, and what the country at least this section of it is really suffering for at the present moment is a prohibitory duty on both these articles. Scott act versus high license is an important question, and the putting down of the "rum traffic" as it is called, highly to be desired if all the temperance people say is true, but there is more real danger not only to the peace of mind but to the life and limbs of the peaceful and law abiding citizens, in one female cyclist—especially if she is "just learning to ride you know, and getting on so nicely," than in a whole case of three star brandy. And one small boy attached to a pack of fire crackers is capable of working more mischief in half an hour than the entire tobacco crop of the West Indies could effect in a whole year. Yet the selling of a glass of brandy is liable to cost the vendor fifty dollars, while the murderous cyclist is allowed to pursue his, or more frequently her, nefarious calling without restraint, and although the working man's comfort went up one cent a fig in a single day, two packages of fire crackers can still be purchased for the trifling sum of five cents, and the dead, small boy is allowed to purchase them without even the formality of being bound over to keep the peace, or asked to furnish bonds for future good behavior. Worst of all, the bicyclist and the small boy together own Moncton just now, to the exclusion of everyone else.

It would be interesting to know considering the fact that neither the wheelwoman, nor the boy pay taxes, just how this state of affairs comes about, but it is true nevertheless; and the rest of the citizens submit to this extraordinary state of affairs with a meekness which is incomprehensible. But so far from the meek inheriting the earth it is the haughty wheelwoman who claims the terrestrial globe as her inheritance, and who acts as if she carried letters of administration around in her pocket and was prepared to contest all rival claims at the point of the sword.

Once in a long time some down-trodden citizen reaches a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and ventures upon a protest against the indiscriminate use of the sidewalks by cyclists, but somehow public opinion seems to be against him, and he meets with scant sympathy, even from his friends, while the wheeling fraternity openly laugh at him, or go on their way in triumph—and on the sidewalks. Now it is nothing less than a fragrant breach of the law for a cyclist to use the sidewalks, and notices to that effect have been issued repeatedly, but the owners of wheels pay as much attention to that law as to the wind, and the weak excuse is made in their behalf that the streets are unfit for wheeling this year, and the poor cyclists must have some place to disport themselves, else they would find their wheels a poor investment, and fail to get their money's worth after purchasing them. If this is the case, then the sooner the street department get the streets into proper condition the better, so that this excuse may no longer hold good, and the rights of pedestrians be respected a little. Under the present condition of things the sidewalks of Moncton are absolutely unsafe for ladies, far more dangerous for children than the middle of the street and none too safe for men. Scarcely one cyclist in six has a bell, and when she has, she never troubles herself to ring it until she is right upon her victim, when she jingles it so furiously in the ear of the pedestrian as to confuse him hopelessly, and make him so uncertain which side to spring to, that the chances are largely in favor of his stepping directly in front of her wheels. The writer had recently the unpleasant experience of being overtaken in the dusk of the evening by three festive wheelwomen all riding at the top of their speed, and in the position known amongst horsemen as "unicorn" one in advance, and the other two riding abreast just behind her, none of them with bells, and all intent, apparently on riding down everyone in their path. The difficulty of getting out of the way under such circumstances is easily apparent. These amiable ladies have no idea of swerving the least bit to right, or left, in order to pass anyone who may be in front of them. Oh no! They keep directly in the centre of the sidewalk even when alone, and the pedestrian does the getting out of the way, or else takes the risk of all damage to himself. It is time the question was settled once for all, whether the sidewalks are intended for the use of pedestrians who pay for keeping them in order, or as a supplementary highway

for wheeled vehicles by those who pay nothing, also whether there is really a law to prevent them from being used by wheelmen and women, and if so, why it is not enforced. If it is *ultra vires* then let the cyclists be confined exclusively to the sidewalks, and the pedestrians be given the privilege of walking in peace and security at the side of the street where he would be much safer in the company of the erratic delivery waggon, and the always-dangerous electric street car, than at the mercy of the soulless bicyclist.

As for the fire cracker nuisance it is not nearly so deep seated, and is likely to be only of temporary duration, but it is most unpleasant while it lasts. The small boy has his rights and they should be respected but at the same time he should be taught to respect the rights of others, and if his sponsors, pastors and masters won't do it, why than the police should undertake the task and keep that festive urchin in the appointed way. They used to be a proclamation issued regularly before each holiday, warning the rising generation against the practice of setting off firecrackers in the public streets, but that was in the time of the late, and much abused, police marshal, who nevertheless managed to enforce the prohibition and keep young Canada within bounds. But under the present administration he enjoys a truly wild western freedom, and holds high carnival amongst his crackers, from early dawn until far into the night. One would not object if he showed any reason in his manipulation but when it comes to throwing a whole package of lighted crackers directly at the feet of ladies passing along the sidewalk in the most populous part of Main street, as he did on Saturday night—and then enjoying the terror of the ladies—it is just a little too much, and high time the small boy was given a lesson. Horses are terrified, children frightened almost out of their wits, and ladies kept in a constant state of nervousness—all for the amusement of the small and irresponsible boy who contributes nothing to the revenues of the city, and is far from being an acquisition to society except in the estimation of his admiring relatives; but who seems to enjoy a most enviable immunity from punishment of any kind. Truly Moncton is a perfect paradise for respectable law breakers, so long as they avoid the one unpardonable sin of offending against the Canada Temperance Act.

AT MOOSEPATH PARK.

Event of Monday Not a Financial Success—The Horses Entered.

The horse races held at Moosepath on Monday last, were slimly attended, and the receipts are said to have netted only \$60.

The small attendance on this occasion, might justly be attributed to the disgraceful happenings at the track, on the day of the 24th, when races were held under the management of two North end men.

The agricultural society, should be benefited by this lesson, and should not in future allow races to be under management, which cannot enforce the rules of the N. T. A.

Nevertheless the races held on Monday last, were first class, and it is to be regretted they were not witnessed by a larger crowd, than that which was in attendance. The track was in fairly good shape, and comparatively good time was made in each event.

The race between Belmont Wilkes, and Sharon, in the three minute class, was everything to be desired. Belmont Wilkes owned and driven by John Hall of Bridgetown won the first two heats of this event quite easily, and succeeded in getting a record of 2:34 1/4 good time for a three minute horse. Sharon driven by D. J. Stockford of Fredericton, proved to be the best race horse of the two, and won the third, fourth and fifth heats, and the race. Sharon's best time was 2:36, made in the third heat.

The named race, in which Mary Mac, Almont Charta, Bijou, Maud M. (pacer) and Sir Brenton started, was hotly contested, between the two first mentioned horses. Mary Mac was slightly the favorite, while Almont had many vociferous admirers. Mary Mac won the first heat in 2:31 1/4, having trotted within one quarter of a second of her mark. Almont won the second, and fourth heats and the race.

The only regrettable feature of the afternoon's sport at Moosepath was the accident which resulted in the death of the trotting stallion Sir Brenton, owned by Mr. Palfrey of Bridgetown.

Sir Brenton driven by E. Ls Roi Willis, was trotting down the back stretch, at a lively pace, when he stumbled and fell, breaking his neck. Death to the horse was instantaneous, while Mr. Willis was thrown a considerable distance in the air, but was fortunately uninjured. The dead horse was pulled to one side of the track, and the races were finished. Sir Brenton was a handsome bay stallion, and was exceptionally well bred. He was im-



ported to Nova Scotia from Kenttucky by Dr. Cunningham, and was afterwards sold to Mr. R. Felton under whose management he trotted several races. Mr. Palfrey afterwards got him in a trade. Sir Brenton as a two year old showed phenomenal speed, having been driven over Moosepath, a 2-45 gait, by Mr. C. W. Bell.

FOUND ANOTHER HOME.

Why the American Consul Patronizes Another Hotel.

Anti-British demonstration among the jingo classes of the adjoining republic are of frequent occurrence but it can be said to the credit of our Canadian people that within the bounds of our Dominion the American flag has never been publicly insulted nor have Americans been harangued with the story of their many defeats in old time struggles such as Lundy's Lane, Queenstown Heights and other military meetings in which our Southern neighbors and Canada conflicted. The stars and stripes have flown from flagstays in our city for many a day without a dissenting voice being raised, and although a number of local hotel proprietors with an eye and a half to business, and the remainder of their orbits turned towards loyalty, have made the foreign flag equally as prominent as the Union Jack, yet nobody has seen fit to molest them, but have allowed the two banners to float side by side symbolic of England's friendship toward her fostered child nation.

In the decorating of many establishments and private houses during the late celebration, some very poor judgment was shown in the display of alien bunting in uncalled for quantities. Frequently a house almost wholly adorned with the American colors would be passed; and early in the week the military authorities thought it best to remind these very patronizing citizens that it was England's gala day not that of the United States. Accordingly the stars and stripes was removed from the private residences of a number of American taxpayers, mill men, a Princess street lawyer, and from the building of a leading telegraphic company; but perhaps the most arguable request was that made by a King street hotel keeper, who noticing the flag of the United States floating out of one of his windows ordered its immediate removal. The room from which the American flag was flying was that of the American Consul, nevertheless the order was rescinded. Two good boarders have removed to another hotel home as a consequence. The proprietor may have been a little too hasty and yet the American Consul might have allowed the British display remain altogether British. It was England's day and America might have added her tribute with a little more grace than floating alone her national flag.

She Must Have Been Very Bad.

In this day of slang and slipshod English it is quite refreshing to find one home in which our mother tongue is appreciated, and sins against its purity duly resented.

That there is at least one such was made evident in a quarrel which took place in a literary household between the two youngest inmates; a quarrel, like most childish differences, soon over, but fierce while it lasted.

When his wrath had reached its height, the small son of the house, quivering with anger, sought for language to denounce his sister, who had been the aggressor.

'You bad,' he burst forth, stamping a stubby shoe. 'You bad, you bad—' words failed him. Then with a flash of truly literary inspiration, he concluded, 'You bad grammar, you!'

Recalled to Duty.

One word to the purpose will often turn the tide on the field of battle. At the affair of Friedland, General Rapp became aware that one of his regiments had been thrown into disorder by the galling fire of the enemy's artillery. He rushed at once into the midst of the fugitives.

'Who are you?' he cried.

'The Seventy-First Regiment,' answered a voice.

'What!' exclaimed the general. 'The Seventy-First Regiment, and you give way a single step?'

The suggestion of personal responsibility and of past achievement was too much. The ranks formed again on the instant, they marched upon the guns by which they had been assailed, and in a few minutes had possession of them.



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... Rev. J. Roy Campbell of Dorchester has been  
... paying a visit to the city during the week.

... Mrs. J. W. Hickman of Amherst spent Tuesday  
... in the city.

... Mr. F. J. Sweeney came down from Moncton  
... on a day or two this week.

... Mr. P. A. Landry son of Judge Landry of Dor-  
... chester was in the city this week.

... Mr. Walter Ryan has returned to Fredericton  
... after a few days spent with friends here. Mr. Ryan  
... was one of the graduates of St. Joseph's this year.

... Mr. W. E. Farrell also returned to Fredericton  
... on Wednesday.

... Mr. and Mrs. James Flery who were here for  
... the Jubilee celebration returned home on Wednes-  
... day. Miss Louise Flery will remain as the guest  
... of Miss McDaid.

... Rev. John Prince and Mrs. Prince of Moncton  
... were here for a short time this week.

... Dr. Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain were  
... in the city this week, en route to Kings Co. N. B.

... Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney returned to Boston on  
... Tuesday.

... Mrs. W. S. Robertson and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe  
... left Wednesday for a visit to the former's home in  
... F. B. Island.

... Miss Alice Hogan of (this is being entertained  
... this week by Miss Kate Buckley, Harrison St.)

... Mr. William White of Mansfield, Mass., is in  
... the city a guest of Mr. William H. White.

... Mrs. Arthur Henderson received wedding calls  
... on Thursday and Friday of this week at 70 High  
... street.

... On Wednesday evening at Westfield Mr. Oram  
... Maboe of the North End, and Miss Lingley of  
... Westfield were united in marriage at the home of  
... the bride. The Temple of Honor band, of which  
... Mr. Maboe is a member, went up on the Tourist to  
... serenade the bridal party, but upon reaching West  
... field were disappointed to learn that Mr. and Mrs.  
... Maboe had just left by train for St. John.

... Mrs. Henrietta McLean of Boston is visiting her  
... uncle Mr. J. N. Goding, Seville street.

... Mrs. Robert Gorham and her little daughter Miss  
... Mandie of Boston were in the city for the Jubilee,  
... visiting relatives.

... Miss S. Walton of Greenwick visited friends in  
... the city during the week.

... Misses Alice and May Groves daughter of Capt.  
... Graves of Granville N. S. are visiting their uncle  
... Mr. J. N. Goding Sr., of Seville street.

... A quiet wedding was celebrated Wednesday in  
... Grace church Millerton, Northumberland county,  
... when Dr. J. H. Scammell, a rising young physician  
... of this city, was married to Miss Isabel Murdoch.  
... Rev. Mr. Johnston performed the ceremony in the  
... presence only of relatives of the bride and groom.

... The latter was accompanied by his brothers J. K.  
... and Sanford Scammell. After the ceremony Dr.  
... and Mrs. Scammell left on a honeymoon trip to the  
... north of New Brunswick. When they return they  
... will reside on Waterloo street.

... The residence of Mr. Addison Belyea, Middle  
... street Carleton, was the scene of a pretty wedding  
... on Wednesday evening when his daughter Miss  
... Eliza H. was united in marriage to Mr. Hugh L.  
... McCavour. Rev. F. H. W. Pickles performing the  
... ceremony in the presence of immediate relatives  
... only. The bride was prettily attired in a pale blue  
... wedding gown with lace trimmings and was at-  
... tended by her sister Miss Evira Belyea. A large  
... number of beautiful gifts was received by Mr. and  
... Mrs. McCavour.

... Miss Edith Baldwin of St. George's is here on a  
... visit to friends.

... Miss Nellie Gallagher and Master Will Gallagher  
... arrived this week from Dorchester on a two weeks  
... visit to city friends.

... Mrs. Fred V. Hatt and little daughter of this  
... city are paying a visit to relatives in Letang.

... Mrs. Alex. Mahony of St. George's is visiting  
... friends here.

... Early Wednesday morning the wedding took  
... place of Mr. Whitney O. Dunham to Miss Bertha  
... M. Roxborough, daughter of William Roxborough  
... of the parcel post. Only the immediate friends of  
... the couple were present; the ceremony being per-  
... formed by Rev. Mr. Pickles. They left to start  
... through Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island,  
... and on their return will reside in Carleton.

... St. Rose's church, Millford, was the scene of a very  
... interesting event on Tuesday morning, when the  
... marriage took place of Mr. Charles McKinnon of  
... Portland, to Miss Alice Looney of Greenhead.  
... The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Collins in  
... the presence of a large number of friends of the con-  
... tracting parties. The bride looked charming and  
... wore cream colored cashmere richly trimmed. Miss  
... Annie McKeever was the bridesmaid, and Mr.  
... Samuel McCormack acted the groom. The bride  
... who is very popular, was the recipient of many  
... beautiful presents.

... Shortly after 6 o'clock Wednesday morning Mr.  
... William G. Kee and Miss Clara, youngest daughter  
... of Mr. A. F. Dibble, were united in matrimony at  
... the bride's home on Broad street. The ceremony  
... was performed by the Rev. F. W. M. Bacon in the  
... presence of a number of relatives and immediate  
... friends of the contracting parties. The bride was  
... attired in a very becoming travelling dress. A  
... great many beautiful presents testified to the popu-  
... larity of the young couple, among the gifts being a  
... handsome mirror from the bride's late associates in  
... the employ of Messrs Manchester, Robertson &  
... Allison. Mr. and Mrs. Kee left on the State o  
... Maine for Boston, the trip to include a visit to New  
... York.

... Edward Atherton, formerly of Fredericton, and  
... Miss Bessie T. Irvine of this city, were united in  
... marriage at the episcopal church in Nelson, B. C.,  
... on June 9th, by Rev. H. E. Akhurst. The brides-  
... maid was Miss Anna M. Brown, formerly of St. John,  
... and Bruce White, manager and part owner of a  
... mine at Sandon, was the groomsmen. The bride  
... was the recipient of many handsome gifts, including  
... a silver tea service. The gift of the groom was a  
... gold watch and chain, that of the groomsmen a very  
... valuable fruit dish of silver and gold. There were  
... quite a number of gifts from friends in St. John,  
... Fredericton and Boston. After the wedding break-  
... fast the bride and groom left on a tour to Spokane  
... Seattle, Portland and Victoria. Mr. Atherton has  
... been in the Kootenay country for a number of years  
... and has a large general store in the town of Sandon.  
... Miss Irvine went west about a year ago. They will  
... reside in Sandon; their many friends in New Brun-  
... swick will wish them happiness and prosperity.

... The residence of Mr. John B. Wilmet Inspector of

weights and measures, Carleton was the scene of a  
... very pretty wedding Monday evening, when his  
... daughter Anna was united in marriage to Mr. Jar-  
... vis Wilson, jr. Rev. E. W. Schurman officiated,  
... and there were present only the relatives of the  
... young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who are both  
... well known in the city, were presented with many  
... beautiful presents from friends. They have taken  
... up their residence on Princess street.

... Miss Mabel Peters of Moncton is visiting city  
... friends.

... Lieut. Gov. McClellan, Mrs. McClellan and Miss  
... Hughes returned to their home in Riverside, A. C.,  
... on Thursday.

... Dr. George B. Hegan went to Montreal this week  
... for a short stay.

... Mrs. Green and her mother, Mrs. Daley of Digby  
... are spending a day or two in the city.

... Mrs. S. J. McGowan will receive her friends next  
... Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 120 St. James  
... Street.

... Miss Teresa Stuart of Fredericton, is visiting  
... city friends.

... Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seely, 24 Du-ham street,  
... north end, entertained a large number of friends  
... and relatives this Jubilee week, including Mrs.  
... Chas. Ogden, Hollowell, Me.; Mrs. T. Brittain,  
... Yarmouth, N. S.; Miss L. Montgomery, Yarmouth,  
... N. S.; Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, Hampstead, Queens  
... Co.; Miss A. Hamilton, Hampstead, Queens Co.;  
... Miss A. McCutcheon, Sunbury Co.; J. McCutcheon  
... Sunbury Co.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Finer, Fisar-  
... on, St. John Co. and other friends.

... Miss Ida Brown left this week to attend the an-  
... nual convention of National Association of Elec-tion-  
... ets now in session at New York.

... Among the New Brunswick people who regis-  
... tered at the High Commissioners office during the  
... first week in June were the Misses Fisher, N. A.  
... C. H. and Dr. J. G. McNally all of Fredericton.

... Dr. and Mrs. George Melvin of Alma N. B. were  
... in the city for a short time this week.

... Mr. John Hamilton has taken up his residence  
... with his son Mr. James Hamilton of Germain  
... street.

... Miss Sadie Hudson who has been paying a visit  
... to Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson has returned to her  
... home in Richibucto.

... Mr. E. H. McLeod L. L. B. of Fredericton came to  
... attend the Jubilee celebration on Tuesday.

... Mr. Wm. Elder, Mr. Elder, Miss Elder, and  
... Miss Osburn of Waterville Me., were in the city  
... during the week.

... Mr. F. H. Hale M. P. and Mrs. Hale of Wood-  
... stock were here for a day or two lately.

... Mr. Thomas Burns a former St. John boy is  
... visiting his old home after an absence of several  
... years in Boston.

... Messrs. John Hall and William Marshall of  
... Lawrenceton and Dr. Bradley of Moncton, were  
... in the city for a day or two this week.

... Mr. W. Richards was among the visitors from  
... the Celestial this week.

... Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith of Salem Mass., made  
... a stay of several days here lately.

... Mr. Charles Riordon of Marston Ont., and Mr.  
... E. D. Boswell of the River de Loup and Edmundston  
... railway, were in St. John on Wednesday, Mr.  
... Riordon is accompanied by his wife and daughter.  
... The party are travelling in a private car, and left  
... the Celestial this week.

... Miss Fickard and Miss Hagerman of York county  
... were here for a day or two this week.

... Mrs. J. J. Ryan and Mrs. Frank K. Ryan, Mrs.  
... F. Howard child and servant were a party of New  
... York ladies in the city this week.

... Mrs. Alex. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hatt,  
... and Mr. and Mrs. Dase Hatt were among the Fre-  
... dericton people present at the festivities on Tuesday.

... Hon. T. H. Jones and Miss Jones of Elliot  
... were guests at the Band-George wedding in Fre-  
... dericton last week.

... Mrs. John Black has returned to the capital after  
... a few days here with friends.

... Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson of this city were in  
... Fredericton for a day or two this week.

... Miss Emma Estabrook of Oromoco spent Tues-  
... day with Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Estabrook of France  
... William street.

... Miss Cecil Phair of Fredericton is a guest of her  
... aunt Mrs. Adams this week.

... Dr. Geo. M. Melvin and Mrs. Melvin of Albert  
... N. B. made a short stay in the city this week.

... Mrs. George Warren of Saxsex was entertained  
... this week by city friends.

... Mr. and Mrs. E. E. McLaughlin came over from  
... Halifax on Wednesday and returned to that city  
... later in the week.

... Mr. Hedley V. Elgcomb spent Tuesday in the  
... city.

... Miss Smithson of Fredericton is this week enter-  
... taining Miss McQuinn of this city.

... Among the presents received by Miss George  
... of Fredericton from St. John upon the oc-  
... casion of her marriage was a large silver vase from  
... Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, a handsome candlestick from  
... Miss Markham, Miss Pugsley silver and cut glass  
... berry dish and spoon, Mrs. Fen. Fraser painted cup  
... and saucer.

... Mr. A. Yule of New York and party among whom  
... were Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones and Miss Rowan of  
... Brooklyn N. Y. spent part of this week in the  
... city.

... Mrs. M. J. Wilson and Miss Eva Wilson of  
... Harcourt have been guests of Mrs. James P.  
... Cale during the week.

... Miss Gertrude McCann has returned from a  
... visit to friends at the Windsor hotel in Dorchester.

... Miss McKeown is a guest of Miss M. Duncan of  
... Woodstock this week.

... Miss Hantley and Miss Manro came down from  
... Fredericton for a day or two the first of the week.

... Miss Mary Mary Starkie and Mrs. J. Leaver of  
... Woodstock have been making a short visit to the  
... city lately.

... Miss White arrived recently from Winnipeg on a  
... visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Powers of Germain St.

... Miss E. L. Warren Harmon has been a guest of  
... Mrs. George Higgins during the week.

... The Ethel Tucker Co. close a two weeks engage-  
... ment here this evening. They have produced some  
... excellent plays and have enhanced the good re-  
... putation made in this city last season. Little  
... Baby Vavene a new member is a bright little fairy  
... who wins all hearts with her graceful dancing and  
... sweet singing. She is the proud possessor of a  
... wheel, made especially for her tiny self and spends  
... a good deal of her time, off the stage, in spinning  
... round to the various points of interest in the city.  
... There are many new faces in the company this  
... season; The work throughout has been excellent  
... and is quite equal to any that has been produced  
... here for some time.

day on his way to Halifax. His Lordship has  
... estimated his intention of visiting St. John later in  
... the season, in company with the Countess.

... A bright social event of Monday evening was the  
... dinner given at the Duffin by the mayor and city  
... council in honor of Lieutenant Governor McClellan.

... The party was a large and pleasant one, including  
... members of the city council, city and county offi-  
... cials, members of parliament, and business and pro-  
... fessional men. During the dinner which was ser-  
... ved in the style for which the Duffin is famous,  
... the artillery band furnished excellent music. Among  
... the guests were, Lieut. Governor McClellan, Mayor  
... Robertson, Mr. J. S. Derby, C. N. Skinner, J. V.  
... Ellis M. P., Mr. James, Ald. Daniel, Ald.  
... Christie, Ald. McGoldrick, Sheriff Sturges, Mr.  
... J. A. Sower, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin, Mr. H. P.  
... Timmerman, Hon. Mr. Dunn, Dr. Stockton, Dr.  
... Alward, Lt. Col. Armstrong, Major McLean, Mr.  
... J. D. Haas, Judge Forbes and others.

... His Honor the Lieutenant Governor was enter-  
... tained at lunch on Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. J.  
... Douglas Hazan. The other guests were Mr. J. V.  
... Ellis M. P., Dr. A. A. Stockton, M. P. F.; the  
... Mayor of St. John; the Mayor of Fredericton; Col.  
... Gordon, A. D. C.; A. G. Blair, J. A. D. C., and  
... Mr. G. Sidney Smith, Mrs. James K. Hazen and  
... Miss Bursdale.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

... (Programme is for sale in St. Stephen by Master  
... Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall  
... E. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at  
... G. P. Frost's.)

... June 22.—The Jubilee celebrations yesterday  
... were most successfully carried out in every way.  
... The town was crowded from early morn with peo-  
... ple from all parts of the county, who seem to enjoy  
... most heartily the processions and amusements pro-  
... vided. The procession at nine o'clock formed on  
... Union street. It was led by sixty knights on  
... horse back, representing the sixty years. They  
... were followed by the different societies in uniform  
... on horse back. The Odd Fellows in a violet uni-  
... form, on coal black horses, with violet trappings  
... were particularly admired, as were also the hand-  
... some uniforms, and fine riding of Mr. W. C. H.  
... Grimmer and Major Descoe, who rode at the head  
... of the Knights of Pythias. The militia commanded  
... by Captain Chipman were a credit to their captain  
... and their town. Major McAdam and Burgeon  
... Frank I. Blair mounted on grey horses were a con-  
... spicuous figure of this company. Company K. of  
... Calais under the command of Colonel E. T. Lee,  
... added greatly to the procession, their fine marching  
... and soldierly appearance was for them much ap-  
... plause from the spectators as they marched along.

... The progress of the procession  
... through Calais, Captain Chipman and his company  
... were cheered again and again, by the people who  
... lined the sidewalks and streets. The city corpora-  
... tion of St. Stephen and Calais were represented,  
... The fire departments on the St. Croix were rep-  
... resented, and the hose carts and engines were beau-  
... tifully adorned with flowers. The trade procession  
... was a fine one, but space and time prevent us from  
... describing them. The parade went through the  
... principal streets in St. Stephen, Milltown and Cal-  
... ais, the last city was also decorated in honor of  
... the day. On their return to the starting point a royal  
... salute was fired at the public landing by the two  
... companies. God Save the Queen was played by  
... the band, three cheers were given with a shout, and  
... a jolly ball was rung from the belfry of Christ  
... church. At noon Rev. Howard Sprague gave an  
... oration at the curling rink. In the afternoon there  
... was a horse race at the driving park, and a bicycle  
... carnival, Master Arthur Carson, as "Eppid" re-  
... ceived the first prize, Master Will Cole, as "Geo.  
... Washington" the second, and Miss Neo Clarke as  
... "Britanna" the special prize. In the evening a bicy-  
... cle parade with lanterns, and a band concert, with  
... fire works and illuminations ended the grandest  
... public celebration ever seen on the St. Croix. One  
... of the most pleasant incidents of the day was the  
... presentation of medals to company K. by Miss Con-  
... nie Chipman, daughter of Captain Chipman as  
... souvenirs of the occasion. Captain Chipman also  
... presented medals to his company.

... The Jubilee Thanksgiving services at the  
... churches on Sunday, in spite of the rain, was  
... largely attended. The churches were all decorated  
... with flags, bunting and appropriate emblems. At  
... Christ church the services were grand. Captain  
... Chipman and company six, were present, also the  
... band. The Sunday school children all marched in  
... procession singing "Old Hundred," from their  
... school rooms into the chancel of the church. At  
... twelve o'clock, Rev. O. S. Newham presented in  
... a few feeling words the marble bust of Queen Vic-  
... toria, which had been placed in the church by the  
... congregation, to the corporation of the church.  
... The Warden Mr. E. G. Vroom then removed the  
... flag that veiled it from view, at that instant the  
... organ and band played "God Save the Queen" and  
... the immense congregation rose and sang in one  
... voice "God Save the Queen." It was a thrilling  
... moment and one the congregation present will  
... never forget.

... A fine service was held in Trinity church, Rev.  
... Mr. Robertson preached a most patriotic and thrilling  
... sermon. The Knights of Pythias attended this  
... church in uniform. The decorations was very hand-  
... some and appropriate. Services of thanksgiving  
... were held in the Methodist, Baptist and presby-  
... terian churches and each church was decorated and  
... honored with the presence of a society attending in  
... a body. Patriotic sermons were preached by the  
... pastors of the church. In the afternoon services for  
... children were held in the rink, all Sunday school  
... children except Christ church who had a service of  
... their own, and had a presentation of medals to each  
... child and teacher by the rector, who in return was  
... presented with a handsome silver medal engraved  
... with these words: "From the teachers of Christ  
... Sunday school to Rev. O. S. Newham, June 20th,  
... 1897." At the rink Rev. W. C. Goucher of the bap-  
... tist church delivered the address to the children.  
... There was appropriate singing and "God Save the  
... Queen" was sung at the close.

... The public school children met at the curling  
... rink on Monday afternoon. There was singing, an  
... address by Mr. Gilbert W. Ganong M. P. and a  
... presentation of medals to the scholars. A flag drill  
... which was under the teaching and superintendence  
... of Miss Daisy Hanson was pronounced a perfect  
... thing of its kind, and received much credit on that  
... popular teacher. The scholars some six hundred  
... marched in procession from the high school grounds  
... to the rink carrying flags and banners, each child  
... wore a sash of red, white and blue.

... Yesterday afternoon the residence of Mr. and Mrs.  
... Fredric L. Ham was the scene of festivity. It was  
... the occasion of the marriage of their only daughter,  
... Miss Josephine Ham to Mr. George Downes of  
... (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

For Sale.

... A New Upright Piano  
... New York make, and superior tone and finish.  
... Cost \$675; will be sold for \$550 cash.

... APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

No Element of Uncertainty  
About this Premium Offer  
HOW DOES \$38.50 Cash AND THE  
WRAPPERS from 3 boxes of "WELCOME" Soap  
for a High Grade GUARANTEED BICYCLE...  
Strike You?  
The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at to  
increase the sales of our famous "WELCOME" SOAP.  
It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard  
Bicycles, and guaranteed to stand up with any wheel sold in Canada.  
We can get no more this season; our limited quantity is going  
rapidly, and if you want to get the benefit of this great offer, must  
speak quick.  
WRITE US FOR FULL PARTICULARS  
The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

Quickcure  
Is the quickest remedy ever known  
to cure Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Cuts,  
Sores, Boils, Sprains, Strains, etc.  
The many well known people, of  
high standing in the community, who  
have spoken and written of the merits  
of Quickcure, show that it is an honest  
remedy of great efficacy.

"Famous Active" Range  
FOR COAL OR WOOD.  
The product of 50 years experience.  
Made in six sizes and twenty-four styles.  
Thermometer in oven door, showing  
exact heat of oven, every cook will  
appreciate this.  
Ventilated Oven, carrying all fumes  
from oven up the chimney.  
Small door in oven door for basting,  
without cooling oven.  
Stove bottom heavily cemented, in-  
suring even baking,  
with very little fuel.  
Extra heavy cast iron  
fire-bricks, that will  
not crack or crumble.  
Duplex coal grates.  
Large Hot Water  
Reservoir.  
At a recent test this  
Range baked 212 Loaves  
in eight hours,  
with only one fire-  
pot of coal.  
The McClary M'fg. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL,  
WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.  
If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

Pure Juice of Fruit  
Most of the summer beverages are mere stuff and are  
neither thirst-quenching nor refreshing—while many of  
them are quite injurious. On the island of Montserrat the  
Lime is cultivated and the pure fruit juice pressed out,  
bottled and sold all over the world under the trade mark  
name  
Montserrat  
It is pure, wholesome and refreshing. Beware of imita-  
tions "Montserrat" is sold by all druggists and grocers,  
and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold.  
If a Lime Juice Cordial is required "Limetta" will be found the  
finest article of its kind on the market.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines  
BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.  
While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe,  
Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc., it is the only Canadian wine so  
recommended.  
It is frequently the case customers ask for our brands and get a substitute.  
Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It  
E. G. SCOVIL (Wholesale Agent for Wine) 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale at the newsboon and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DEFRITAS, Brunswick street...

Last week was a wildly busy one for the members of the Woman's Council, especially those who were entertaining delegates.

On Tuesday evening Orpheus hall was crowded for the first public meeting of the council. Lady Aberdeen made a very sensible and pleasant speech.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave an "at home" to meet their excellencies. All the delegates to the Woman's Council were, of course, present and a great many other people.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen made their appearance about ten o'clock. Lady Aberdeen looking extremely handsome in a pink and white gown and wearing a diamond tiara and a necklace of beautiful rubies.

Mrs. Montgomery Moore wore a handsome white dress, and everyone as a rule was looking well-dressed and smart. There was some lovely gowns worn in a pink and white silk being the prettiest, and people stayed till quite late—much later than usual at a reception.

Mrs. Archibald entertained on Friday the delegates of the Woman's Council. The steamer Bridgewater was engaged and the sail included a trip up the Basin to Bedford, and then around the Arm.

Throughout the week there were various small teas given for different visiting delegates and very welcome and refreshing they were after the long meetings.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Eskine had a garden party at Admiralty house, the first one of the season. It was a very smart gathering.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. J. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

June 23.—Mr. O. C. Cummings and Mr. Eugene Cummings are guests at the "Prince of Wales," for the summer.

Messrs. W. F. Odeh, W. A. Fitch and F. L. Murray, are enjoying a fishing excursion with some Halifax friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Yorston and Miss Yorston, Miss Ottilie Smith, Miss F. Johnson, Mrs. A. L. McKenzie, Mrs. Atkinson and Miss Bailey, were some Truroans, in Halifax for Jubilee celebrations this week.

Truro enjoyed a holiday yesterday, but no celebrations. That feature has been deferred, and will transpire at a later date.

Miss Annie Dinkin is visiting friends, in Canso. Miss Agnes McKay gave a charming afternoon, last Thursday to a number of normal students and some other friends.

Miss Daggett is also in the city for the week. The house at Black Rock which some of the leading members of the "Century" have had put up is now nearing completion and if the weather be favorable the cyclists and their friends will no doubt enjoy many a delightful outing in this charming vicinity.

HARCOURT.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]

June 23.—Miss Stella Bailey left by train on Monday on a visit to Annapolis N.S.

Rev. Mr. Freeman, Mrs. Freeman and family went to Newcastle on Monday to spend Jubilee day where they were guests of Rev. P. G. Snow.

Mrs. James Brown and her mother Mrs. Birmer have been visiting in Chatham for some days. Mrs. J. E. McClure went to Nova Scotia on Saturday on a visit.

A Healthy 'Thirsty-day' Drink

The great trouble with ordinary warm weather drinks is that they allay thirst only temporarily.

"Stowers' Concentrated Lime Juice" cools the blood—it strikes right down to the source of the thirst and acts beneficially on the whole system.

Stowers' Lime Juice

BEST GROCERS SELL IT EVERYWHERE.

Spring Possibilities

The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London.

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian

Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.

Kitchen Work

is hard enough at the best. You are often blamed for another's fault. Poor bread, perhaps. Courage! Try a sensible flour. Get "Tillson's Pride" of you grocer.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

DEAR SIRS.—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and I was entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Tauber went to Millerton on Monday to spend the holiday. Rev. John Baird of Clifton, N. S., was the guest of Rev. J. K. McClure on Saturday last.

Miss Lucy Chrystal visited Moncton on Saturday. Mr. Thomas M. McKelvie was in Harcourt on Monday a guest of Mr. Gordon Livingston.

Mrs. M. J. Wilson and her daughter Eva are visiting in St. John guests of Mr. James F. Gale. Mr. Henry Walther of the Postal service went to Kouchibouguac on Saturday to spend part of his vacation on trout fishing.

Mr. David D. Johnston went to Kingston on Monday on a business trip. Mr. Edward Walker of Bass River left here on Monday for P. E. Island.

Mr. J. F. Black of Richibucto was in town yesterday en route to Moncton. Mr. Benjamin McLeod went to Campbellton on Saturday.

Sidney Magistrate Davis of Richibucto was in Harcourt yesterday. Mr. John Carran who has been spending some days with his family returned to Bahurst yesterday.

J. D. Phinney arrived here this morning from Fredericton and drove to Richibucto by mail stage. Mr. Harry Walker of the I. C. R. spent Sunday with his relatives at Wathena cottage and returned to Campbellton on Monday.

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Standfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

June 23.—Things are looking up wonderfully in the matrimonial line, no less than two weddings in which Moncton was directly interested having taken place on Sunday last week.

The first was that of Mr. George W. Babbitt, accountant of the Moncton branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, to Miss Annie McLoughlin O. St. John, which took place on Wednesday morning and has already been fully noted in PROGRESS. Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt will reside with Mrs. Brown of Boscawen street until their return from their wedding trip.

Understand that the bride is a most charming young lady, and we are to be congratulated upon receiving so great an acquisition to Moncton society.

The second wedding was that of Rev. W. B. Hinson, pastor of the first Baptist church of this city, to Miss Ethel Wadsworth, which was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon at Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Dobson, pastor of the Baptist church, took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Henry Wadsworth of Dorchester street, Westmont. The bride who is a universal favorite in Montreal looked charming, and was attended by her sister Miss Nora Wadsworth.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hinson left for Niagara Falls, and after spending a fortnight visiting the principal cities of Ontario, will return to Moncton, N. B. The popularity of the bride was attested by the numerous and beautiful presents she received.

A third wedding takes place today, when Miss Sarah Stronach one of our most amiable, attractive and popular young ladies, will become the wife of Mr. Fred Tennant, now of St. John, but for some years a resident of Moncton. Mr. Tennant has entertained on Saturday evening by a number of his friends, at a supper at the Brunswick Hotel and presented with a complimentary address and a very handsome clock. F. W. Sumner M. P. P., occupied the chair, and F. J. Sweeney made the presentation, and read the address. The usual toasts and responses followed, and the company dispersed shortly before midnight. Mr. Tennant is to be congratulated upon the excellent taste he has displayed in his choice of a wife.

In spite of extremely disagreeable weather: all day and a perfect hurricane of rain and wind all the evening, Sunday was observed as a sort of church festival, special Jubilee services being rendered in all the churches. Perhaps the most imposing of these services was that of the Sons of England which was held in St. George's church in the afternoon. The service being presided over by Rev. E. Bertram Hooper, rector and chaplain of the Moncton branch of the order. The members assembled at the Y. M. C. A. hall and marched in procession to the church where the service opened with the imposing ceremony of the journal presentation of the colors to the chaplain, the senior members of the order advancing up the aisle and presenting the flag of the order to the clergyman. Mr. Hooper's sermon on this occasion has been widely commented upon for its eloquence, force and fervent loyalty.

The music was of a very special character. Prof. S. W. Watis presiding at the organ, and members of Central Methodist St. John's Presbyterian, and St. Paul's R. E. churches assisting the choir, by special invitation. Precisely at four o'clock the national anthem was sung and prayers for the Queen recited thus keeping unbroken the continuous chain by which the Sons of England girdled the British possessions throughout the world, in singing their national anthem at the same moment.

The members of the different Orange lodges marched to Victoria rink shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon, headed by the Orange band, and accompanied by the Citizen's band. The large building was crowded to its utmost capacity, nearly four thousand people being present, and the impressive union service which followed, was listened to with great attention. Rev. R. S. Crisp presided, and preached a most eloquent sermon. Rvs. G. M. Ross, Archer, and Adjutant Miller of the Salvation Army were also present. The music was supplied by the Citizen's band, and a large choir composed of members of the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches.

Another large audience gathered in the rink at a quarter past eight in the evening to listen to a most admirable sacred concert by the Citizen's band thus ending the day appropriately with sacred song.

A feature of the Jubilee service at St. John's Presbyterian church, was the rendering by the choir in the evening, of an anthem written especially for the occasion; the words by Miss Campbell of this city, and the music by Mr. Harold Blair the talented young organist of the church.

Miss Eunah Archibald left town last week for Halifax to spend a week or two visiting friends. Mrs. J. D. Ross returned on Thursday from New York and Boston, where she has been spending the past three weeks.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Stronach of Montreal are giving him a very cordial welcome to his old home. Mr. Stronach has been a resident of Montreal for some two or three years, and is now spending a short holiday with his mother, Mrs. Stronach of Highfield street.

Mrs. Milner left town last week to spend the summer months with her son, Mr. W. C. Milner, of Sackville. Mrs. C. A. Belthner, of Quebec, is spending a week or two in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Allen of Boscawen street.

Miss Florence Wortman, graduate of Newton Hospital, Mass., arrived in town last week, and will spend the summer at her home in Moncton.

Mrs. John McSweeney's many Moncton friends were delighted to see her in town again last week, though her visit was a very brief one. Mrs. McSweeney was the guest of Mrs. Edward McSweeney, during her stay in town.

Moncton people heard with very deep regret on Saturday evening, of the death of Mrs. Wilbur, widow of the late Mr. D. F. Wilbur who died about six months ago. Mrs. Wilbur had been an invalid for nearly three years, but was only confined to the house for the past three months, sinking gradually from an incurable disease and finally passing peacefully away on Saturday afternoon, at her residence on St. George street, and temperance worker, before she became incapacitated by illness, having filled the position of local president of the W. C. T. U. for three years. Mrs. Wilbur was a native of Amherst, and her mother, Mrs. Farrington who lived with her, and one brother Mr. J. F. Farrington of Kingston Mass., survive her.

During her residence of some ten years in Moncton Mrs. Wilbur made numerous friends who esteem and love her for her sterling qualities, her kindness of heart, and unflinching loyalty to her friends being marked traits of a most estimable character. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the funeral home place yesterday afternoon from the residence of the late Mr. Wilbur, to the I. C. R. station the remains being taken to Amherst for interment. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. R. S. Crisp. The members of the W. C. T. U. attended in a body, and sang with extreme pathos the hymn on the "Blessed be the tie that binds." Amongst the many beautiful floral tributes was a wreath from the W. C. T. U. The pall bearers were Messrs. J. J. Wallace, Edward Forbes, James Messer, John Bould, A. Barnett, and Charles Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Marne spent yesterday in St. John the guests of Mrs. Marne's mother Mrs. R. W. Thorne.

Mrs. Edgar L. Newhouse of Denver, Colorado, formerly Miss Mary McSweeney of this city is spending the summer in town, the guest of her brother Mr. Peter McSweeney of Queen street. Mrs. Newhouse is accompanied by her two little children, and also by her sister Miss Anna McSweeney who has been a resident of Denver for the past five years. It is needless to say that these ladies are being warmly welcomed by their numerous friends.

Mrs. W. Tweedie who has been spending the winter with her daughter Miss Edith Tweedie in town yesterday for Carleton county to spend a few weeks with her son Mr. Fred Tweedie. Mrs. John F. Burryest of Vermont is in town last week, the guest of her brother-in-law Mr. C. W. Burryest. Mrs. Burryest was en route to Halifax where she will spend the summer.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.]

June 23.—The holiday was observed in Woodstock in good style. The town was highly decorated all the business men making their establishments look attractive. At the edge of each sidewalk fine spruce and fir trees were firmly fastened making a good appearance. The buildings were artistically decorated with greenery, bunting, flags and lanterns. The trees were used as a back ground for the brilliant chimes, lanterns which made a gorgeous display when lighted. At the head of Main street hill, near the Post office a fine arch of greenery decorated with bunting and flags and surrounded by transparencies crossed the street. This arch was one of the most picturesque adornments possible. The bridge was also decorated with two little arches tastefully arranged.

Flags and pendants floated gaily over a very large number of people. The programme for the morning and evening was good. The polymorphous procession though of no great length, was very good. The trades procession was fine, the various decorated floats were attractive and original. The firemen with their decorated engines and ladder carts made a good appearance. Houlton was largely represented, the firemen and band joining in the procession. The Houlton band played some very inspiring music. The illumination and fireworks of twenty-one guns were fired, and witnessed brightly illuminated during the evening.

The services on Sunday were all appropriate in the different churches, but owing to the steady down-pour of rain were not so largely attended as was anticipated. The next meeting in the opera house was very interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Fisher spent the holiday in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Jones.

Mr. H. P. Wetmore, Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Mr. George Black, Fredericton, spent the holiday in Woodstock.

M. R. L. Phillips, Fredericton spent Jubilee holiday in town. Mr. F. Lawlor spent part of this week in Montreal.

Mr. George A. Taylor is spending his vacation in Halifax the guest of his father.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Barill of Hartland spent part of this week in town.

Mr. LeBaron Dibblee left last week for New Hampshire to spend the summer.

Miss Florence Bull returned to Newport, R. I. on Monday to resume her studies in nursing.

Mr. Irvine Dibblee of Fort Fairfield spent part of this week at home.

Messrs. William and Woodside Loans of Ashland Me. spent part of this week at home, being the guest of their parents during the Jubilee celebrations.

Mrs. J. H. MacDonald of Amherst is spending a few weeks in Woodstock.

Miss Murray spent Tuesday in St. John. Miss McKown of St. John is the guest of Miss M. F. Duncan.

Dr. R. E. Guy Smith and Mrs. Smith are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Farrington returned to her home in Fredericton last week.

Miss Hamly spent the holiday in St. John the guest of Mr. F. H. Hale M. E., returned from Ottawa last week.

Miss Smith and Miss Boardley spent the Jubilee day at Florenceville M. P. P., and C. E. Smith M. P. P. went to Florenceville Woodstock to attend Jubilee celebrations there.

Miss Lily Jordan spent Sunday in Woodstock. Mr. J. S. Bailey of Fredericton spent the holiday in Woodstock.

A Row in the Choir

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the evangelization of the world could never be accomplished until the church choir was dispensed with. It is proverbial that choirs are given to internal dissension. We do not pose as missionaries. We are selling Throat Kumforts for the money there is to be made out of it. But it has been shown time and again that where we have introduced Throat Kumforts into choirs the enthusiasm they have created has spread oil on the troubled waters. They make the voice clear as a bell for speaking and singing, and the choir that has once used them will never thereafter be without them. Put up in neat tablet form, convenient to carry and use. Invaluable for smokers' sore throat. Try a box for next Sunday.

MANLY'S EARLY Thoroughbred POTATO.

The Greatest Cropper The Finest Flavor I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896. JOHN H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TERMS: Per Pound, 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00 Address all orders to J. H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.



Jewelry..

In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc. We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right. FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

YOUR SPARE TIME Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, to be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing; no previous experience required, but plain writing preferred. Permanent work to those content to earn \$6 or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WARRAN PUN. Co., London, Ont.

WINES. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" in quarter case and Octaves. For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

FREDERICTON.

[Proceedings in for sale in Fredericton by W.T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Livermore.]

JUNE 25.—"The Sunny Side" the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George was looking its best on the evening of June 25. Amid the magnificent surroundings of grand old elm trees and black foliage of vines; standing on the broad veranda and overlooking the beautiful grounds surrounding the cathedral and beyond the quiet river, flowing placidly on to the sea one would hardly expect to see a more charming view, but once within the hospital doors of "The Sunny Side" quite as pretty a scene was enacted, as promptly at the hour appointed, half past six, Miss Adeline Elizabeth Armstrong, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Farthington George entered from the extreme end of the western parlor, leaning on the arm of her father. A choir of young ladies at the piano sang "The voice that breathed 'er Eden' as the bridal procession passed through lines of guests, separated by bands of white satin ribbons held in the hands of the ushers, through the spacious hall, to the east drawing room where they took their position under an immense canopy of white lilacs. The bride was escorted by her maid of honor Miss E. L. O'Dell. The groom Mr. John Gibson Bauld of Halifax, had the support of Mr. J. A. George brother of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. D. Freeman.

The bride looked regal in a magnificent costume of white satin, with trimmings of chiffon and duchesse lace the gift of her mother, and train nearly four yards long, tulle veil, with orange blossoms and lilies of the valley and carried a gorgeous bouquet of white buds, lily of the valley and maiden hair fern, and wore a pearl and opal necklace, the groom's bridal gift. The maid of honor Miss O'Dell, was costumed in white organdie muslin with bolero of crimson satin with crashed belt of crimson satin and large hat with crimson trimmings and carried a bouquet of red and white carnations, and wore a diamond pendant brooch the gift of the groom. After the ceremony the wedding march was played and Mr. and Mrs. Bauld received the congratulations of the guests. Mrs. George mother of the bride wore a silver grey silk with lace and diamonds and carried a bouquet of crimson roses. Mrs. Bauld the groom's mother wore a handsome costume of black silk brocade grenadine with trimmings of lace heliotrope.

Among other guests present were Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Inch, Mr. and Mrs. E. Byron Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, Mrs. Chas. O'Dell, Mr. Robert Bauld, Mr. Hugh Johnston, Mr. J. D. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sparden, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibble, Major and Mrs. Logie, Dr. J. W. and Mrs. Bridges, the Misses Gregory, Mrs. A. R. Wetmore, Chancery and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Fran kie Tibbitts, Miss M. J. Babbitt, Miss Ethel Hall, Miss Partridge, the Misses Tabor, Mrs. John A. Morrison, Mrs. Frank I. Morrison, Mrs. John A. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reid, F. W. Porter, Miss Annie Fraser, Miss Jeannette Beverly, Miss W. H. P. Frewelling, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hall, the Misses Winslow Mrs. and Miss Fenwick, J. Stewart Campbell, R. S. Barker, J. J. F. Winslow, A. R. Tibbitts, Mr. L. C. Macnutt, Aubrey C. Tabor, Mrs. E. W. Miller, Mrs. Burnside, Mrs. Geo. W. Allen, Miss Hilyard, Mrs. Arthur M. Gibson, Miss Ethel Beckwith, Miss Johnston, Miss Carmichael, Miss Winnie G. G. King, Mrs. and Miss Bailey.

Messrs. R. S. Barker, J. Stewart Campbell, A. R. Tibbitts, Fraser Winslow, and Aubrey C. Tabor, were ushers. The bride presented were on a magnificent scale, and completely filled a large room upstairs, numbering in all nearly three hundred, a complete list would be impossible to give, but among them was a large oaken chest completely filled with solid silver, from the groom's mother, Mr. D. F. George a cheque, Mrs. George, a chest of linen, a solid silver cake tray, some old family silver that had been the property of the bride's great grandfather, and some other old china. A large silver vase, from Mrs. McCluskey wife of the Lieutenant Governor. A marble clock from the officers of the 68th Halifax Fusiliers, in which Mr. Bauld is a lieutenant, and a polished cherry secretary from his fellow employees in the Acadia Sugar Refinery at Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bauld sets of silver spoons all sizes. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, 3rd Prov. B. I. a bouquet lamp of deft china. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Armstrong silver lettuce fork and spoon. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Bauld, Halifax, a pair of large silver side dishes. Mr. Robt. Bauld, silver tea set. Mrs. W. B. Sumner, San Francisco, silver salad bowl, Japanese embroidered silk table cover, and fitting silver soap lade and two silver gray spoons. Mr. and Mrs. Edward George, set of silver to 4 spoons. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bauld, chocolate set. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, New York, oyster and brass pitcher. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Armstrong, salad spoon and fork. Senator and Mrs. Temple, silver tray. Col and Mrs. Gordon, piece of silver. Judge and Mrs. Vanwart and Mr. Roy Van wart, royal Worcester tea service. Col. Mrs. and Miss Mansfield, silver pitcher. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, royal Worcester pitcher. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, silver nutcracker. Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, St. John, large china vase. F. G. A. G. and Mrs. Blair, silver berry spoon. Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Morrison, cut glass salad bowl. Mr. Suberland, silver egg castor. Miss J. A. Armstrong, Russian leather travelling case filled. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Dell, brass clock. Mrs. L. A. Evans, silver syrup pitcher. Mr. H. A. Armstrong, silver jewel stand. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hart, silver muffin dish. Mr. and Mrs. Russell, silver broth lade.

Mr. and Mrs. King, centre piece. Mr. J. A. George, silver manure set. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cray, Dartmouth, silver berry spoon. Mr. E. S. Barker, case of silver coffee spoons. Mr. Aubrey Tabor, butter knife. Mr. F. Wayland Porter, case of silver salts and spoons. Misses Sadie and Helen Armstrong, silver basket. Mrs. Stephen Dixon, toilet mats. Mr. E. McKnight, large china flower vase. Miss Cowie, silver cream lade. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clark, souvenir spoons. Miss Lydia Beckwith, Boston, silver berry spoon. Miss Mrs. Steadman, silver with bottle. Mrs. Arthur Shute, silver pickle fork. Mr. and Mrs. John Black, large table spoon. Mr. Warren Armstrong, silver sugar tongs. Mrs. Myra Sherman, centre piece. Miss L. Markham, china candle stick. Miss L. Armstrong, cut glass berry dish. Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield, set silver fish forks. Miss A. J. Armstrong, three pieces of silver ware. Mr. A. M. Adams, cut glass berry dish. Hon. A. F. and Mrs. Randolph, Royal Worcester creamer and sugar. Mr. Sidney Bauld, silver tray. Mrs. John Taylor, silver tray. Mrs. John Taylor, silver soup tureen. Mr. John T. Litgower, salad dish and fork. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, silver lade. Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, cut glass berry dish. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Allen, silver oyster tureen. Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, set of silver broth spoons. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Gibson, silver silver. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. C. Orland, five o'clock case and pair egg cup and pepper and salts. Mr. and Mrs. S. A. R. McDonald, painted rose jar. Capt. Whittier, Whittier's poems. Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, cut glass salad bowl and spoon. Miss L. F. Armstrong, painted salad bowl. Mrs. Fenwick, case of silver nut picks. Miss Jeannette Beverly, silver table bell. Mr. W. Harrison, China and silver flower jar. Misses Gregory, chocolate jar. Mr. J. Mills, piece of stoneware. Miss Edythe O'Dell, silver card tray. Mr. A. F. Street, Mr. A. S. Yerra, pieces of silver in cases. Mr. Cowie, case of silver coffee spoons. Mr. Hugh Johnston, case of carvers. Mr. and Mrs. Allan F. Randolph, bronze statue of Mosart. Miss Lavinia Armstrong, souvenir spoons. Dr. and Mrs. Inch, jewel case. Mr. Arthur Shipp, silver fruit dish. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Inches, pair brass candle sticks. Mr. F. Sherman, vase of royal Worcester. Mr. and Mrs. Byron Winslow, silver bon bon dish and spoon. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, oyster and brass vase. The Misses Johnston, bonbon dish. Messrs. Geo. A. G. and T. B. Blair, cut glass bowl. Miss G. C. Fenwick, chocolate set. Hon. H. R. and Mrs. Emerson, oyster and brass vase. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Frewelling, silver bonbon dish and spoon. Mr. A. R. Tibbitts, cut glass cream pitcher. Major and Mrs. Logie, silver fish fork. Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Whitehead, large framed etching. Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, cream lade. Mr. J. S. Campbell, case of silver coffee spoons. Miss Burnside and Mrs. Geo. Allen, mantle ornaments. Miss Akerly, blue and gold cup and saucer. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. D. Bales, royal Worcester vase. Mrs. Douglas Hazen, royal Worcester pitcher. Miss Bessie Logan, silver fish fork. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Tibbitts, cut glass mustard pot. Mr. M. S. Hall, 2 vol. poem, Mrs. M. S. Hall, cut glass dish. Mr. and Mrs. J. Sparden, oyster and brass vase. Hon. T. B. and Mrs. and Miss Jones, oyster and brass vase. Mrs. Hedley, V. B. Bridges, painted jardiniere. Mrs. Burnside, silver nutcracker. Misses Thompson, blue and gold jardiniere. Mrs. E. Winslow Miller, silver bouquet holder. Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McNutt, silver fern jar. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Killam, silver basket. Miss Bailey, framed water color. Mrs. Medley, two framed pictures. Mr. Loring Bailey, silver berry spoon. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher, two framed pictures. Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, piece of silver. Miss May Robinson and Miss Partridge painted pitcher. Miss Travers, hand painted tray. Mr. Harvey McLeod, castors of salts and spoons. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Esty, case of silver five o'clock spoons. Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford Wetmore, silver bonbon dish. Mr. Kent Scovill, pair silver salts and spoons. Misses Fungley, silver and cut glass berry dish with spoon. Miss White, cut glass vase. Miss Whippley, wedgewood jar. Misses Stern, gilded plaster. Mrs. Pen. Fraser, painted china cup and saucer. Mrs. Hedley V. Edgewood, framed picture. Misses Tabor, silver nutcracker. Major and Mrs. Orlay, silver bell. Miss Hilyard, brass inkstand. Mr. L. A. W. Tibbitts, silver salt spoons. Messrs. Beckwith, china and silver salad bowl with fork and spoon. Mrs. Millard Reid, silver fern jar. Miss L. Beckwith, china pug bowl. Miss Godkin, pair silver nut crackers. Miss Mackay, silver sugar spoon. Mr. R. McCallan, silver berry spoon. Mr. E. G. Chestnut, silver bon bon dish. Miss Grace Winslow, jubilee spoon. Mr. F. C. D. Bristol, silver sugar tongs. Miss Ethel Hall, silver spoon. Miss Aggie Niell, souvenir spoon. Miss Morris, bon bon spoon. Mr. Symonds, napkin ring. Miss Annie Tibbitts, jelly spoon. Mr. Wilmot, napkin ring. Mr. A. W. Howard, souvenir bon bon spoon. Miss Annie Tilton, souvenir glove buttons. After luncheon which was served in the dining room, Mr. and Mrs. Bauld drove to the C. P. R. station, accompanied by nearly the whole company of guests, where amid showers of rice and old slippers, and many hearty wishes for future happiness, they boarded the train for Montreal, Quebec and Toronto. On the track had been placed two dozen, which gave a grand salute as the train moved out of the station. The bride going away gown was a handsome suit of linen homespun with sailor hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. Bauderson returned this evening from their wedding journey. Mrs. Alex Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hart, and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hart were among the visitors to St. John yesterday. Hon. T. R. and Miss Jones of St. John were in the city last week to attend the Bauld George wedding.

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Mrs. Odour Hackett of North Adams Mass. arrived Saturday afternoon to spend the summer with her father Mr. Benj. Kilburn of Kingsclear. Mrs. William Lemont has returned from visiting her daughter Mrs. Arthur Johnson at Charlotte town. Mrs. J. J. Fraser, is visiting Mrs. John Robinson at St. Andrews. The Rev. J. A. McLean of Harvey preached two eloquent sermons in St. Paul's church on Sunday last. At the morning service he made reference to the completion of 60 years of sovereignty by Queen Victoria and in touching terms dwelt upon her majesty's life in the capacity of queen, mother, and widow. At the close of the service the national anthem was sung by the choir and congregation. Miss Cecil Fair went to St. John on Saturday to visit her aunt Mrs. Adams. Rev. J. A. McLean was the guest of Mrs. Wark during his stay in the city. Mr. Hedley V. Edgewood spent Tuesday in St. John. Mrs. Willard Currie of Cambridge, Mass. is a guest at the Queen. Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Creed have been spending the past week at Hampton and returned home last evening. Mrs. Herbert Plant of Detroit, met Miss Helen Bliss is here the guest of Mrs. Geo. Bliss. Rev. Dr. Carman of Toronto is visiting at Mrs. Wm. Lemont's. Miss McQuinn of St. John is spending a few days with Miss Simthorn. Mrs. Dot wife of Prof. Dot of Layette Ind. arrived home on Friday to spend the holidays with relatives at Kingsclear. Miss Isabel Babbitt of this city graduated recently at the Chaucery hall school for kindergarten teachers in Cambridge and received a diploma. The Misses Fisher, N. A. Child, and Dr. H. E. McNally of Fredericton were registered at the Elgin Commission's office London in the first week in June.

The many friends of Mr. Frank Whitehead will be pleased to hear that he has passed the critical part of his illness and there is now hopes of his complete recovery to health. Messrs Foster, Egerton, Henderson and McFarlane of the teaching staff of the city, intend leaving about the 3rd of July on a trip to England. Rev. J. D. Freeman left this morning for New York. Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Thompson who have been visiting Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair at Ottawa, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Geo. McFarlane of Nashua is visiting her son, Mr. F. G. McFarlane at St. Stephen. Mrs. F. B. Edgewood has had placed in the Methodist church a beautiful memorial window in honor of his deceased parents Mr. and Mrs. John Edgewood. It is a magnificent piece of work, the design being particularly handsome. Miss Helen Child, daughter of James S. Child of Queensbury, arrived home Saturday from Farmington, Meas. where she had been engaged in hospital work. She was accompanied by a Mr. Davenport, a prominent resident of Farmington, who will take back his bride in a few weeks. The community were this evening shocked by the news that Mr. Richard Ray, had been thrown or fallen from a horse while riding on the road near Government House and was dead when found on the roadside. The remains were immediately taken to his home; Mr. Ray had many warm friends who will learn of his sudden death with keen sorrow. To Mrs. Ray and his orphan children will be extended the sympathy of the community. CRICKET

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**FOOT ELM**  
Hardens Tender Feet.

The trials and troubles associated with the feet are often such as to cause great annoyance and discomfort. The Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Toe Nails make walking a misery. When the feet swell, ache, tire easily, sweat profusely, or become sore readily, there is only one remedy that will overcome these disabilities and that is FOOT ELM. It keeps the shoes sweet and dry and the feet cool and clean. Mr. W. J. Calgary, Cor. Wilton Ave. and Berkeley St., Toronto, Ont., says:—"I found Foot Elm an excellent foot remedy. I have been troubled with tender, sweating feet for a long time. The soles of my feet were always very sore. The use of Foot Elm has removed the soreness and excessive sweating. It proved a splendid remedy for my feet."

**Sweetens Sweaty Feet.**

**FOOT ELM**  
For the Sea Shore... OR THE COUNTRY.

A dress fabric which will not spot from rain or sea water. Will not become clammy or shapeless when wet. Perfectly shower proof. A stylish, durable dress fabric, drapes well, fits well. WATERWITCH SERGE. 95

**CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE**  
"The Ideal Tonic." Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**

Magistrate—"The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man." Mrs. McDuff—"Ah, it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him."—Tit-Bits.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Farnelle has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicacy and Prolonged Constipation, these Pills are a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Candidates for a Water-Cure—"The man with a crick in his back."—Richmond Dispatch.

Fagged Out—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. In fact, to speak in fact, despondency has taken hold of the sufferer. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. These feelings are cured by Dr. Farnelle's Vegetable Pills which will wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Farnelle's Pills.

Young Spendthrift—"I didn't get you any birthday present, dad—though you'd rather keep the money."—Tit-Bits.

FARNELLE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby restoring the system to its normal state. It is a medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases at all cost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carver, Carver, P. O. Ont., writes: "I have tried Farnelle's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

She—"Did you run across any of your friends in town today?" He—"No; I wasn't on my wheel."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and chest. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. It is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved. In recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and depends upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Laundress—"Shall I see the new arrival about his linen?" Clerk—"No sir; he's a literary genius."—Philadelphia Record.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little "to ke Mother's Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?"

The Citizen—"They say undue influence was used." The Alderman—"That's false! It's still due, every cent of it."—Detroit Journal.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

"You belong to the Order of New Women, don't you, Miss Briggs?" "Yes; but don't call us that; the new woman won't stand being order'd up."—Chicago Record.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTI OIL, by a gentleman who had been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove the soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

His Banker—"That boy of mine has an inordinate craving for money." "Takes after his father." "Yes he always does when the craving comes on."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Mrs. Primpas—"Do you believe the proverb, Jack, that says when a dog howls outside a house there will be a death?" Primpas—"Yes. The dog is likely to die suddenly."—Pittsburg News.

Very Ruddy, Hange Low, trimmed in Green Turkey Morocco; cost \$1,000; run private one season, in fine order, for \$125.

Owner has no use for them. For sale at HENDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

**Buclouche Oysters.** RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bbls. Buclouche Bar Oysters At 19 and 25 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

**HOW in the Choir**  
ard Beecher used to say angelization of the world be accomplished until choir that choirs are given disension. We do not ionaries. We are selling mforts for the money be made out of it. But shown time and again e have introduced orts into choirs the they have created has on the troubled waters. the voice clear as a bell g and singing, and the has once used them will eafter be without them. neat tablet form, conveni- and use. Invaluable s' sore throat. Try a box nday.

**WOMEN'S EARLY Coughbreed POTATO.**

**Bestest Cropper The Finest Flavor**

569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 from one pound in year JOHN H. KING, h's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

**Terms:** 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00  
J. H. KING, h's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

**Cherry Tooth Paste**  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS  
25cents  
SA-CHEMICAL Co. Toronto

**Jewelry.**

**BRACELETS, BROOCHES, RINGS, PENDENTS, KEYS, NECK CHAINS, BRIDALS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, RING PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.**

**WINE'S. "Escalona" in quater cask and Octives. For sale low. OS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.**

**THE GREAT TWINS AND K.D.C. PILLS**  
Believe and Cure The Great Twin Ills  
**INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.**  
Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee. K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Boston Mass.

**BOVRIL**  
Is the Product of Prime Ox Beef  
**BOVRIL**  
Forms a complete food for Brain, Blood, Bone and Muscle, and supersedes all ordinary Meat Extracts, for flavoring and enriching Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes. Sold by all first class Grocers and Druggists.  
WHOLESALE DEPOT  
**BOVRIL, LIMITED**  
27 St. Peter St., MONTREAL.

All Genuine.....  
**Oxford Mill Goods**  
Are Guaranteed  
...PURE WOOL

**Elegant Coupe**  
Very Ruddy, Hange Low, trimmed in Green Turkey Morocco; cost \$1,000; run private one season, in fine order, for \$125.

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Owner has no use for them. For sale at HENDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

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**T. O'LEARY,**  
Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars.  
16 DUKE STREET

**Sheriff's Sale**

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Calais, son of the late Judge Downes. For days the house has been in the hands of the decorators and as was expected the floral decorations were magnificent. The reception room, where the ceremony was performed was all in pink and white, roses and carnations rivalled each other. The four corners of the room were backed high with moss and filled with tea roses, smilax and ferns. The lace curtains were hung with garlands of pink roses and the mantle was banded in their glowing colors. A beautiful marriage table of pink and white carnations hung in the bay window and under it stood the bride's party during the ceremony which was performed by Rev. S. G. Davis of the universalist church, Calais. The bride, who is a petite and charming blonde, looked lovely in a beautiful bridal costume of cream colored brocaded silk, richly trimmed with lace, she wore a tulip veil and wreath of lilies of the valley, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses and was attended by her friend Miss Katherine Copeland who looked very dainty in a pretty gown of white silk mull, and carried a bouquet of cream colored roses. The groom, who looked radiant with happiness was supported by his friend Mr. Verne Whitman. After the ceremony and congratulations, luncheon was served. The dining room was lovely in pink and white, carnations were again used. The table decorations were carnations, smilax, and white satin ribbon, long streamers of the ribbon were fastened to the chandelier above the table, and extended to the four corners of the table, and held with bows of the ribbon. A lovely bouquet of pink roses was a surprise to the bride, carried in a most unique and valuable; this was the gift of Major and Mrs. John Hodgins, of Ottawa. There was a cheque for a goodly sum from the brides father, and a case of silver from Mrs. Caroline Bailey, aunt of the groom. The gift of the groom to the bride was a beautiful diamond and pearl pendant and to the maid of honor a turquoise crescent brooch. On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Downes, they will reside for several weeks with Mrs. Caroline Bailey, at Hinchley hill, Calais. Among the guests from out of town, were Major and Mrs. Hodgins of Ottawa. General and Mrs. B. B. Murray of Pembroke. The toilets of the guests were extremely handsome. Mrs. Ham the mother of the bride wore an elegant ottoman silk heavily trimmed with jet passementerie. Mrs. Hodgins had made a gown of black velvet trimmed with chiffon ornaments. Mr. Thomas Furlong and Miss Marie Furlong, who have been Mrs. Hugh Cullens guests have returned to their home in St. John. Mr. John H. Rose has been in town for the last few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Inches, and enjoying the celebration of Tuesday. Miss Theodora Stevens of Boston is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. William H. Stevens and intends to remain until the autumn. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd and Mr. and Mrs. MacNichol have postponed their European trip until a later date. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steep are now permanently settled in their home and are pleased to receive their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Owen of Portland Maine are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kierstead. Mrs. C. M. Brown, Mrs. Joseph Meredith, and Miss Watson were guests of Mrs. C. N. Vroom. Mr. E. Blair, arrived from Boston on Saturday and will spend the summer here as usual. Judge Wells of Montreal has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Young recently. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Neill have returned from a visit in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Smith of Chatham were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Grant this week. Mrs. A. MacNichol, and the Misses MacNichol have arrived from New York city where they spent the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Newnam, and Miss Bessie Pyle of Canoe, Nova Scotia are visiting at Christ Church rectory, (R.V. O. L. and Mrs. Newnam. Mrs. John Hodgins of Ottawa is the guest of Miss Josephine Moore on Sunday Mrs. Hodgins visited Pembroke and was the guest of her aunt Mrs. B. B. Murray. Mrs. Clara Crocker and her children of Minneapolis Minn. are spending the summer with her mother Mrs. M. H. Pebody. Miss Florence Boardman is visiting Mrs. Frank Paine in Eastport. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lord are in Waterville attending the commencement exercises at Colby college. Mr. James L. Thompson principal of the Danforth schools, is spending his vacation at his home in Calais.

Blood Humors

Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston. How to Cure Every Blood Humor, free.

FACE HUMORS

Falling Hair and Baby Blemishes cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

Mr. Gorham Kimball is visiting in Boston his mother Mrs. J. Reid Kimball. Miss Mabel Marchie has gone to Boston for a visit of a few weeks. Mr. George Bassett of Waterville, has been visiting friends in Calais. Mr. and Mrs. George Kenny of Portland Maine, spent Sunday last week with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Fredric T. Pote. Mr. Herbert C. Grant of New York city is at home and will spend the summer with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Grant. Mr. George Bassett of Waterville, has been visiting friends in Calais. Mrs. Bradlee L. Eaton and her daughter Grace, will arrive from New York on Friday, and will visit her father Mr. E. C. Gates. A telegram from Friday from Brooklyn New York, contained the sad news of the death of Mr. Thomas A. Vaughan, which occurred at his home in Brooklyn, New York, on Thursday, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Vaughan is the third son of the late Mr. Henry Vaughan of St. John. He came to St. Stephen and entered into business about twenty years ago. In 1878 he married Miss Emma Sprague of this town, and for several years after made their home in St. John. They moved to Brooklyn where they have resided for some time. Mr. Vaughan has many friends here who deeply regret him and who sincerely sympathize with Mrs. Vaughan and her son, Mr. Harry Vaughan in their sorrow and trouble. On Saturday his remains were brought here and the funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Vaughan's aunt Miss Kate Grant. Rev. Frederic Robertson, of Trinity Church was the officiating clergyman, Mr. Vaughan being a prominent Free Mason, the funeral was conducted with Masonic rites. Master J. Carleton Brown arrived from Rumford Falls on Monday and will spend a month with her grand mother Mrs. P. M. Abbot. Miss Winifred Todd arrived from Andover Mass yesterday. Miss Todd is a pupil at Abbot hall Andover, and has come home to spend the summer holidays. Her young friends give her most cordial welcome among them. Mrs. James Mitchell has returned from Halifax, she was accompanied by her daughter Miss Florence Mitchell who is one of the graduates at the Ladies college, Halifax. Miss Mitchell's friends are extremely pleased to have her home again.

ST. GEORGE.

June 23.—Miss Blanche Hudson of Calais is in town and will give at an early date one of her popular entertainments. The funeral of Mrs. Eliza Gillis took place from her late home on Saturday. The surviving member of the family a daughter Miss Fannie Gillis, has the sympathy of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Frank Hibbard entertained a party of little folks at tea on Monday in honor of Miss Laura's birthday. Miss Edith Baldwin is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. Will Johnston has returned from Fredericton where he has been attending Normal school for the past nine months. The most interesting event of last week although taking place in Penfield was the marriage on Tuesday evening of Miss Jessie Bothick and Mr. Joseph Mealing. The church looked lovely, potted plants, apple blossoms and white lilies were tastefully arranged around the pulpit, prayer book and chancel by lady friends. The bride was given away by her father and wore a becoming toilette of mixed gray with a pretty white hat, Miss May Bothick officiated as bridesmaid attired in a costume of gray with hat to match. Mr. George Craig supported the groom. Immediately after the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. R. E. Smith, the bride's party were driven to the residence of Mr. Mealing in town where between thirty or forty of their friends, after offering congratulations and best wishes sat down to a recherche supper. The band was in attendance, the groom being one of its members. The wedding gifts were numerous and useful. Mrs. Daniel Gilmour has returned from a pleasant trip to St. Stephen. Mrs. John Frawley died very suddenly at her home on Saturday, although an invalid for some time she was able to take a short drive on Tuesday. The funeral took place from the R. C. church on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock and was very largely attended, deep sympathy is extended to the family in their affliction. A large number went to St. Stephen and a number to St. John to spend Jubilee day. MAX.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather. JUNE 23.—The closing exercises at St. Joseph's college Wednesday and Thursday evening of last week, drew large crowds of people in spite of the wet weather. Among those from Dorchester were Judge and Mrs. Lantry, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Chapman, Hon. A. D. Richard, Mr. and Mrs. F. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Miss Gallagher, Miss Forster, Miss Fraser, Mr. Friel, Mr. Tait and others. Wednesday evening the beautiful drama, Paul the Cripple was excellently put on. Mr. Roy H. McGrath of Dorchester, took the principal part, and his acting was more like a professional than an amateur. Mr. McGrath has a marked talent for elocution, for which he received the first prize. Messrs. Will Gallagher and Pierre Laundry were the other prize winners from Dorchester. Mr. Walter Ryan B. A., one of the graduates from St. Joseph's this year spent a few days in Dorchester, last week before leaving for his home in Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Teed are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter and Hon. A. D. Richard and lady on the arrival of a son. Mrs. D. L. Hamington, Mr. Lionel Hamington, Mrs. T. W. Bell and son, left for Windsor last week

to take in the closing exercises at Edgely where Miss Hamington is a student. Miss Ethel Emerson is home from Wolfville for the summer vacation. Mr. J. N. Douglas of Amherst is visiting Dorchester last week. Miss Gertrude McCann of St. John who has been visiting relatives at the Windsor lately left for St. John last Friday. Mrs. Waters is confined to the house with an attack of la grippe. Miss Nellie Gallagher and Master Will Gallagher left by the C. P. R. Saturday for St. John where they will visit friends for a couple of weeks. Judge Hamington left for St. John Monday to take in the jubilee. FARREROBO.

FARREROBO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Farrerobro Book Store. June 23.—Flags floating all day on Wednesday from the flag staff of the Leader building were in honor of the marriage of Mr. F. C. Choinet and Miss Ida Green, which took place in St. George's church at eight o'clock in the evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Recks, rector of Port Greville. The bride and her bridesmaid, Miss Baxter, wore lawn gowns and large white hats, and both carried beautiful bouquets. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Achille Choinet and being one of the militia No. 7 company attended the service wearing their uniforms. There was no invited guests, and the very large number of useful and pretty wedding gifts testified to the esteem in which the young couple is held. Mrs. F. A. Rand gave a tennis party on Thursday evening. A tennis party also assembled at Mrs. R. S. Smith's on Friday, but owing to rain coming on a pleasant evening was spent indoors. Cards are out for the marriage next Wednesday of Dr. Percy Holmes and Miss Blair of Napan. Capt. Dix and Mrs. Dix of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Eaton. Mrs. Roberts Smith of St. Stephen is visiting Mrs. C. K. Eville.

All previous efforts were far surpassed in the grand demonstration yesterday. A sea of flags and sunning waved by day and at night there was a fine display of fireworks while the hotels and many private houses were beautifully illuminated. At an early hour in the morning all the church bells and the new jubilee bell of the academy rang, this was repeated at noon. One of the prettiest features of the celebration was the bicycle parade at 9.30 a. m. all the wheels being gaily decorated in national colors. Later was the procession, the order being band militia mayor and council, societies of the town in regalia and lastly five hundred school children. The races took place at the driving park in the afternoon the refreshment tables and pavilions for dancing being near the park. Rev. W. Cox of King's college spent Sunday and Monday as the guest of Dr. Townshend and conducted the services on Sunday. Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Reed went to Inuro to be present at the closing of the Normal school where Dr. Rand was to give an address. Mr. C. R. Smith Q. C. of Adhest and family have taken possession of their summer cottage. Dr. and Mrs. Dearborn arrived last week from Boston to spend the summer at the island. Mrs. Sweet of Berwick is visiting Mrs. D. A. Hunley. Mrs. Johnstone returned last week from a visit to her parents at Cheverie. Mr. Munro and Mrs. Ross of Kingston are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Price. Miss Putnam of Maliland is visiting Mrs. D. McKenna. Mrs. D. P. Young with her children leaves on Friday to spend a few weeks with her mother at Woodstock. Miss Ellen Christie of Amherst paid a visit recently to Miss Avora McLeod. Mr. Churchill of Toronto is staying at the Grand Central. Mrs. Townshend accompanied by Mrs. Cecil Parsons and her children returned today from an extended visit at Springfield. All were glad to welcome Mr. Aubrey Upham and his bride who were married at St. Stephen on Wednesday and arrived here on Friday to spend a couple of weeks at Mr. N. H. Upham's.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse. JUNE 21.—Mrs. Waters is here to remain the summer. Mrs. G. P. and family arrived from Wolfville last week and will spend the next four months at their summer cottage. Mrs. Green and her mother Mrs. Daley have been spending a few days in St. John. Miss Fannie Goucher only daughter of Rev. Mr. Goucher was married thus far of last week to Mr. Roy Williams of Yarmouth. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, the bride's father assisted by the Rev. Mr. Thomas and W. C. Goucher tied the nuptial knot. The happy couple set on a honeymoon trip to St. John and Fredericton and will reside in Yarmouth. Mr. Sydney Woods' large and handsome new residence has been leased to Mr. Tretry of Boston, for the purpose of a summer hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jounney passed through here last week on their return from a honeymoon trip spent in Halifax. Mrs. Turnbull spent a few days with Mrs. Hawkesworth in Annapolis this week. Mr. Copp M. P., returned to Ottawa last week. Miss Minnie Burrill of Weymouth spent a few days in town last week. Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Turnbull have returned from a pleasant vacation trip. About a hundred of our town people attended the jubilee celebration in Annapolis. A popular young lady of Marshalltown, Miss Clara Marshall and Mr. Samuels of Boston were married at St. Paul's church, Marshalltown on Wednesday of last week. The bride looked very pretty in a shot mohair travelling suit and carried a beautiful bouquet. The church was prettily decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Samuels left the same day for their home in Chelise Mass. Rev. Mr. Harley and Mrs. Harley have been visiting in Windsor. Mrs. Alycure Oliver is visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Oliver, and will remain for the summer. Prof. Askiev, wife and family of Baltimore are at the Evangeline house for the summer. Mrs. Chalenger is visiting friends in St. John. BOB.

Unused to Travelling.

The conductor of a train running between Washington and Philadelphia tells a curious story about the ignorance of a passenger. His talk is reported by the New York Times. 'On my last trip,' says the conductor, 'I found a young colored girl in the train who when I approached, hurriedly united one corner of her handkerchief and presented

Paint Up! Have things looking bright and shining around the farm. Paint improves everything—the house, the barn, the wagon, the buggy, the implements, etc. It don't cost much either. You'll get more than the cost back in the value added to what is painted. Its important—very important, that you use the right paints, there's a brand you can be sure of, THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. They're ready to use. They're easy to apply. They're good—better than you can mix yourself or have mixed for you. Better because they cover more, wear longer, look better and are more economical. There's nothing else just as good. We've printed a booklet about them called, "Paint Points." Send for it, its free. Its full of useful information about paints. We make paint for all purposes, not one for every purpose, but a special paint for each. The best paint dealers through the country handle THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. For booklet address, 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

money to pay her fare to Philadelphia. 'I counted it out, and she had just enough. When I told her there was no change she began to cry, and said she had come from Charleston, S. C., and wanted to go to Easton, Pa. She knew no one in Philadelphia, and had no money left. 'I felt sorry for her, and when we arrived at Philadelphia I took her up to the ticket receiver to see if he could press her on to Easton. He was a little skeptical and questioned her closely. 'She said she had paid her fare on the train all the time, and the receiver asked her why she hadn't bought a ticket at Charleston. She said she had. 'Where is it?' asked the receiver. 'Here it is,' she replied, untying another corner of her handkerchief. 'There it was, sure enough, good for all the way from Charleston to Easton, and it hadn't been punched once. The ticket was deemed, and there were several dollars left after the girl had bought a ticket for Easton.'

Mr. David Russell's New Company. The Canada Gazette contains the following: Notice is hereby given that within one month after the last publication of this notice in the Canada Gazette, application will be made to His Excellency the Governor General in Council for a charter of incorporation by letters patent under the provisions of the Companies Act, Revised Statutes of Canada, chapter 119, constituting the applicants and such other persons as may become shareholders in the proposed company, a body politic and corporate under the name and for the purpose hereinafter mentioned: 1. The proposed corporate name of the company is to be "The Abbey Effervescent Salt Company," Limited. 2. The purposes and objects for which incorporation is sought are: To manufacture and deal in the proprietary medicine known as "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," and other proprietary, pharmaceutical and chemical preparations throughout Canada, and to acquire by purchase or otherwise, any recipes, formulae, trade marks, trade names, labels or designs connected therewith. 3. The chief place of business of the company shall be at the city of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. The proposed amount of capital stock of the company is five thousand dollars (\$500,000), divided into five thousand (5,000) shares of the value of one hundred dollars each. 4. The names in full and addresses and callings of the applicants are as follows: Edward Rawlings, Managing Director of the Guarantee Company of North America. All of the city of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. William Farnell, General Manager of the Eastern Townships Bank of Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec. And David Russell, of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, merchant; of whom the said James N. Smith Greenfield, Robert Mackay Anthony Elsie Sims, William Strachan and Robert Bickerdike are to be the first or provisional directors of the said company. HOGUE & MITCHELL, MONTREAL, Solicitors for applicants. Montreal, 10th June, 1897.

This company was promoted and organized by Mr. David Russell, of this city. Mr. Russell while in London last year secured the patent rights for Canada and the United States for the Abbey Fruit Salt, which has made many fortunes for the proprietor in different parts of the world. Leading doctors in London have analyzed the preparation and have been prescribing it for years to their patients. Armed with the strongest testimonials from doctors a man could possibly have Mr. Russell went to Montreal and organized a syndicate of twenty-two of the wealthiest and most influential business men and capitalists in that city, among the number being no less than fourteen millionaires. This preparation will be put upon the market at 50c, a bottle, being half the price of any other fruit salt manufactured. Mr. William Strachan, who is a large shareholder of the company, will be appointed managing director. Mr. Strachan is one of the ablest advertising men in the Dominion, having made a fortune for himself advertising Gilt Edge Soap. Mr. Russell's next move will be to organize a company in New York.

REVEALED TO A REPORTER.

He saw all the Secret Business Through an Open Blind. So numerous are secret societies in Chicago that many large buildings are devoted almost exclusively to their use, the upper floors being divided into lodgerooms, which are occupied regularly six nights in the week. One of these buildings is located directly opposite a newspaper office. It happened once upon a time that a writer in the employ of the paper, while outgulling his brains for material out of

which to evolve a 'special' for the Sunday issue, looked absentmindedly out of the fourth-story window near which he was sitting. It was evening, and the light streaming from the window of the lodge-room opposite caught his eye. 'The window was provided with a kind of venetian blind, but the brethren had neglected to close the slats, and the interior of the room was plainly visible to the observer across the street. An initiation was in progress. He quickly turned out his own light, lest it should attract the attention of some suspicious member of the lodge, and watched the proceedings.

He saw a candidate, blindfolded, with coat and vest off, and in his stocking feet, marching around the room between two athletic conductors, each holding him by a firm grip on the arm. Two men walked a short distance ahead of him, dragging a strip of carpet over the floor. They stopped now and then and allowed the candidate to step on the strip, when they instantly jerked it out from under his feet, nearly throwing him down. His conductors promptly jerked him up again, and the procession continued to move, the exercises being varied by occasionally banging the blindfolded man about the head with what appeared to be bladders filled with air.

This portion of the ceremony over, the victim was led up to a stand about three feet high in the centre of the room, assisted to mount it, and at a signal was pushed over into a large blanket held at the corners and sides by six or eight stout men, who instantly tossed him up in the air, and repeated the performance till they were tired.

At each uplift the candidate appeared to hit the ceiling, and his gyrations and desperate efforts to save himself convulsed the the unsuspected watcher with laughter, as it probably did the brethren in the lodge-room.

At the conclusion of the blanket-tossing, the unfortunate victim was allowed to array himself in his customary garb, and was conducted to the chair of the presiding officer, where, presumably, he was instructed orally in the other 'secret work' of the order, and the ceremony lost its interest for the outside observer.

The details with appropriate illustrations, were published in the Sunday paper a few days later—and the slats in that lodge-room window were never left open again.

ARMED FOR EMERGENCIES.

He Pretended to be a Royal Officer and so he Escaped. When Fridtjof Nansen was a young student he attended a ball and danced with many partners. Returning long after midnight through the streets to his lodgings, he heard outcries from a woman who was struggling with two ruffians. In another moment the woman broke away from them and ran toward the spot where Nansen was standing. The two men were close behind her in hot pursuit.

Nansen was an athlete full of courage and vigor, and put himself on guard as the men approached. He allowed the woman to pass, but called upon the infuriated pursuers to halt, standing directly in their way, and hitting out first at one and then at the other. The ruffian, angered by this unexpected attack, turned resentfully upon the rescuer, and would have overpowered him, and possibly have murdered him, if he had not shown presence of mind. Drawing himself up to his full height and throwing back his coat collar so as to expose the cotton collar which he had worn during the ball, he sternly asked them if they knew who he was.

The two assailants, awed by his manner and supposing him to be a royal officer, were at once cowed. They apologized roughly for not recognizing him, dropped their arms, and sneaked off in the opposite direction from that which the woman had taken.

This incident of Nansen's youth illustrated at once the fearless courage and the readiness of resource which were to characterize his career as an intrepid explorer.

Obituary Notices, Obituary, Perforated, Dental, 17 Waterloo.

Cures

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver troubles, catarrh—cures which prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 26, 1897.

SOUTH AFRICAN OUTCAST.

THEIR LIFE IN THE LAND OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

Englishmen who have disgraced their families at home now exiled to South Africa instead of Australia—Their readiness for more Jameson Raids.

When the young Englishman goes wrong, he either runs away to South Africa, or his family meet in council and banish him there. Formerly Australia was the popular resort of such exiles, but of late years it has been considered that the prodigal has a better chance to retrieve his reputation in the land of the Kafir than in that of the Maori. For it must be clearly comprehended, when one is a prodigal, a British prodigal, that one must not come back with a few old husks and penitential tears, but with something more obviously indicative of a changed disposition and a clean heart—a bankbook, or shares in a gold mine, or diamonds galore; something tangible, clear proof that a new reputation has been gained. The fatted calf will be killed, rest assured, only when a herd of bees follows the returning sinner.

The exile departs under varied conditions. He may possess a £10 note beyond his steamer fare; he may possess a few hundred pounds; he may have a guarantee of a quarterly allowance on his promise to remain away from his respectable brothers and sisters. With the exception of the class last indicated, which is speedily wiped out by drink, the fate of the prodigals is almost always the same. Nine times out of ten they drift further and further away from self-respectfulness, and never acquire that will-o'-the-wisp they seek, a fortune. But the object sought by the old folks at home has at least been gained. In burying themselves on the veldt they have buried the past, the shame. Therefore South Africa has been called 'the land of lost reputations.'

The average prodigal thus banished is a peculiarly useless creature in a new land, because he is generally of respectable middle class, frequently of aristocratic parentage. He or his friends at home never realize how helpless he is until a week or two after his arrival, when he finds there is no work for him which he can do. He is not a carpenter or bricklayer, or mason, or engineer. If he were—and how he wishes he was—he would be worth \$4 or \$5 a day in Johannesburg or Pretoria or Barberton. He is reduced, as a rule, to very sad extremities, when he finds at last a career which is open to him. He has discovered that Cecil Rhodes has monopolized the diamond industry, and works the mines by convict labor—there he is not wanted. On the gold reef in the Transvaal he has no capital to invest, and there he is not wanted.

But there is an opening for him if he is of sound body, and can ride a bit and shoot a bit. He can enlist, and the prodigal, in innumerable cases, gives up all hope of making a fortune and goes soldiering. There is the real cemetery of lost hopes, the real graveyard of the past—the colonial forces of South Africa.

It is real soldiering; there is always war or rumor of war. There are several commands to choose from when one has decided to join, and they are nearly all kept busily moving. There are the Cape Mounted Rifles, the Natal mounted police, the British South African Company's police, the Bechuanaland border police and others. It has been stated in recent despatches that England can bring the Transvaal to her bidding with 20,000 men. These forces are not inclusive of the African commands, which hardly seems to be taken into consideration. As a matter of fact, although they are not great in numbers, each member of these battalions ought to be worth two regular redcoats. They are inured to the climate, they know the country, they understand something of the natives, and they have had frequent skirmishes with the Kafir tribes. In the Zulu war, some of the best work was done by irregulars of the country. Last year Cecil Rhodes pacified Rhodesia and raised the siege of Bulawayo without calling for a single imperial soldier. The B. B. P. (Bechuanaland border police) are constantly on the borders of President Kruger's country and mingling every day with Boers. Such quickly moving troops, knowing the lay of the land, and backed up by volunteers from the veldt of Mashonaland and Matabeleland—every one of whom is, by force of circumstances, an expert shot and cavalryman—could do more damage in less time to Boer or Kafir than columns of heavily equipped

and slowly moving soldiers from England. They would fight as the insurgents do in Cuba, as the Americans did in the Revolutionary war, facing the Boer with the Boer's methods, not forming up to be shot down in platoons at another Majuba Hill. It is doubtful if there is any need for anything like 20,000 troops to maintain British supremacy in Africa. The object in sending out so many is probably to menace Germany but, as a matter of fact, the Germans would be a good deal lost campaigning in such a country. They have had absolutely no experience of wars where all Von Moltke's plots and deeply laid schemes would be useless. One does not fight by the code in Africa. One has no railroads to help mobilization. Five hundred men, such as Rhodes led into Matabeleland, could render ineffective the whole 3,000 Germans who have lately been sent out to the German colony, while the English army in Burmah, Afghanistan, the Sudan, all over the shop, has been constantly drilled in savage and guerilla warfare—the only kind of warfare likely to take place in the Transvaal, at which the veteran of Sedan would be as useless as a lumpshead recruit.

Such an audacious raid as that of Dr. Jameson could not have been made save with the backing of a number of desperate adventurers, such as swarm all over South Africa—the English outcasts. They have cut away from home ties and the past forever, poor prodigals! Their only trust lies in desperate remedies. They are ready for anything. They have nothing to lose, save life, and that is little to them. It is to be supposed that 3,000 free lances like these, rough riders, sharpshooters, make up a force to be reckoned with. In their ranks, side by side, stirrup to stirrup, ride the son of an aristocrat and the son of the small farmer, the university man and the jillbird. Death levels all ranks; so does the veldt.

It is not well, when among them, to be too curious in conversation about a man's antecedents. But occasionally a flash of bitterness, a burst of confidence throws a gleam of light upon the past of a trooper, who interests you. Once, in the barracks of the B. B. P. at Vryburg, in Bechuanaland, I lay on a bunk talking to a trooper, to whom I mentioned I was going home. Home always means England out there. He was a stout, mustachioed man, but his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears.

"I can never go home," he said. He was the son of a brewer and a Cambridge man. His closest friend was an illiterate man from London, who had worked his passage out to escape imprisonment. There are thousands like that in the country. They can never go home, and the thought of it makes them reckless and magnificently daring soldiers. The Kafir has a certain contempt for a redcoat; the Boer jeers at him. But both the Kafir and the Boer respect the dingy corduroys of the B. B. P. and the B. S. A. Co.'s men.

In 1892 and 1893 there was hard times at Johannesburg and all over South Africa—very hard times, and an all-pervading peace. So quite was everything that Mr. Rhodes, having occupied Mashonaland and signed a treaty with King Lobengula of the Matabeles, and having no trouble with President Kruger, disbanded his troops in the conquered country and these swarmed down to the gold fields and to Kimberley. They had money in their pockets but, out of the scores I knew in these years, not one of them thought of going home. They were under promise, as it were, to bury their reputations and the interment was not finished. A wilder lot, a more reckless I never saw, even on the plains in America. They were very angry at being disbanded and at having no new territory shown them immediately to raid and to ravish. All the other frontier companies were full, and there was nothing for them to do. The money was soon spent, and then their helplessness when out of ranks and in the cities became apparent. I doubt if there was a mechanic in the lot. One can imagine how these fellows would flock to the standard of Mr. Jameson or any other adventurer, who would lead them on a rousing raid and keep them from thinking of their past.

The troopers I was chiefly mixed up with were gentlemen. I mean, of course that they were mostly men of education, some of excellent birth and breeding. Every man had his own secret, the one shame which had wrecked his life, but there were among them no criminals, in the technical meaning of the word. When the full recognition of their position came to them, the fact that, as troopers, they were not wanted, that their money was spent, and that there was no employment for them, they buckled to in the most cheery and desperate way to tide over the hard

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 { 39 and 41 German St. } MARKET SQUARE GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEPT TELEPHONE, 664. FURNITURE DEPT TELEPHONE, 979.

HAMMOCKS

With one Spreader, 75c.; with two Spreaders, \$1.00. With Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.00. Canvas Weave, with one Spreader, \$1.25; with Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.35. Canvas Weave, with one Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.60 and \$1.80; with Valance, Pillow and one Spreader, \$2.75; with Vallance, Pillow, Spreader, and two Wooden Bars, \$3.15; do., extra large, \$4.00. Child's Hammock, with two Curved Spreaders, 90c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

times. None of them dreamed of writing home for assistance. They had, none of them, trades. The petty artifices of the swindler or the beggar were impossible to them. They were willing to annex a few hundred square miles of other people's country and be proud of the feat, but they would have been horrified at the idea of trespassing with evil intent on another man's back yard. Their shifts were pitifully amusing.

I remember in these days the "Anglo-African Laundering Company," and how I laughed to see a trooper, still in his military breeches, burning a hole in a dress shirt in a brave attempt to iron it. There was also the "Mashonaland restaurant, all meals one shilling, eat as much as you please and come again." These were partners in the concern, and they found it impossible to turn a hungry man away because he had not the luck to have a shilling. As there were innumerable poor and hungry men in Johannesburg in the hard times, and they all "passed the word" to one another, the restaurant was not a success. One man made some money by riding out to native kraals and bringing in gangs of raw Kafirs to work in the gold mines. That is a legitimate business, done on commission, but his success was phenomenal, until he was nearly murdered by an outraged gang of Kafirs which it turned out that he had been driving them into town in front of a loaded revolver.

In these days—as established also the Johannesburg Chronicle. It consisted of one small sheet, containing a lurid tale of the Rand, and the story began thus: "Upon a dark and thunderous night a solitary man might have been seen wending his way homeward along Commissioner street. He was clad in a long dark waterproof cloak which he had bought at the well known shop of Messrs Aaron & Gluckenstein, who furnish, &c."

About twenty advertisements were worked in this in the course of the sensational year, and the Chronicle was distributed gratis. Fifty dollars resulted from that venture, but the paper never progressed further than vol. 1, No. 1.

Thanks to that gentle climate, sleeping out was no very great hardship when things were so bad that we could not pay the exorbitant price charged in Johannesburg for a bed. On the Pretoria road, not far from the Rand, were some rocky hills, and in the crannies and recesses of the rocks the outcasts often slept, lying awake far into the morning, talking over wildly impossible schemes to make money. I think they often talked on and on, on purpose, dreaming to sleep and dream—dream of green hedges and cricket fields and trout brooks and the old folks and the sisters at home, never to be seen and kissed again. The dreaming was all right, but the awakening was agony.

The one great and permanent success achieved by any member of that hopeless band was made by 'Joe,' a man who had been a London reporter. Joe read a chance paragraph in the Star stating that the Mine Owners' Association was going to bring out a number of skilled Cornish miners, with their families, to settle on the part of the 'bosses' would hurt the pockets of the miners and constitute a grievance. He argued that an independent bachelor miner could make his own terms, but a man with a family would have to take what wages were offered him. He worked himself and others into the belief that the owners were contemplating a big cut in wages. Up to that time there had been no union among the miners. They had been perfectly contented. But Joe turned out to be a born agitator. He called a meeting in Market square and mounted a table. I believe he knew the difference between a spade and a shovel himself, and his hands were the long, slim, steeley ones of the man who had never known manual labor, but his opening words—"Yellow workmen"—were quite impressive. He formed his union, and was appointed secretary at \$30 a week

and grew gray quickly, inventing grievances to lay before the weekly meetings and keep the members up to the subscribing pitch.

The jolly, reckless, hopeless outcasts! Their daily prayer was that 'old Lobengula' would run amuck, and place them in the saddle again. He has since then, and been wiped out, and Dr. Jameson has led the exiles on his foray, and now there are stirring times out there, and I have no doubt my old chums are as happy as they ever can be, pulling at the leash and yelling to be loosed at somebody's throat.—P. Y. Black, in N. Y. San.

THE HAIR-DRESSER'S GRATITUDE.

He Heard About the Crown Jewels and told the Secret.

On the 16th of September, 1792, the crown jewels of France were stolen. The following curious story of their theft and recovery was afterward contributed to the Revue Retrospective by Sergeant Marceau, an official of the National Assembly. Marceau was one day visiting the prisons, when a convict sent for him. The creature was shivering with fear, and begged piteously that he might be allowed to be shaved. This was against the prison regulations, but the man was insistent, crying out:

"Oh be merciful, Monsieur Administrator and let me be shaved! I, who never have done anybody any harm, look like some ferocious assassin with my hair thus! Let me be shaved and decently dressed, so that I may receive some pity when I go to the scaffold! I was by occupation a ladies' hairdresser, so you can see I was not a scoundrel."

Marceau was so touched by this strange and pathetic appeal that he granted the favor.

In the stress of affairs he thought no more about the wretched barber, who he supposed had been executed. Shortly afterward the crown jewels disappeared, and though every effort was made no trace of them could be found. One day a mulatto woman, who came constantly to the tribune of the Jacobin Club, approached Marceau, who was a member, and said:

"What would you say if I enabled you to recover the missing crown jewels? I know a man who has the secret, but he declares

he will reveal it to no living human being but you. He is under an obligation to you, he says."

With little faith in the woman's story, Marceau answered:

"Bring him in at once!"

An hour later a man dressed in the uniform of the National Guard entered the apartment, and said, in a faltering voice:

"Monsieur Administrator, I can show you where to find the crown jewels, but you must give me your word of honor not to denounce me."

"Denounce you for rendering such an important service?" replied Marceau. "You will rather deserve a reward."

"I can take no reward except my life. My name cannot appear in this matter without risking my head."

"Speak! I promise you what you ask," said the magistrate.

"Do you not recognize me, then, monsieur?" inquired the National Guardsman.

"No, I never saw you before."

"Oh, sir, let me have your word as a magistrate that you will not give me up!" cried the man again.

"Why all this mystery?" demanded the magistrate. "If you know anything, reveal it. If you were an accomplice, I will protect you."

"No, sir," was the reply, "I had nothing to do with it. I am Lamieville, the hairdresser whom you allowed to be shaved at the conciergerie. Although I have been set free by the popular judges, the tribunal may arrest me again."

"Do not be afraid," said Marceau. "Tell what you know about this theft."

After kissing the magistrate's hand the hair-dresser continued:

"Two fellow prisoners of mine were talking together one night about the theft, and although they used thieves' slang, I was able to understand them. I pretended to be asleep, and I heard them say that all the crown jewels were concealed in two beams of a house in Dash Street. Send there as quickly as possible, for they may not yet have been taken away. But I entreat you not to mention my name!"

The search was made, and the jewels were discovered, concealed exactly where the hair-dresser had said they were. The thieves were never traced.

CONJUGAL REPARTEE.

"Jack, dear, it isn't a bit nice of you to let such small troubles worry you so soon after our marriage."

"They do seem insignificant when I think of that."—Life.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure"

ACTS LIKE MAGIC IN ALL STOMACH TROUBLES. Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. Sold by G. E. Snow, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

A MODERN DEBORAH.

At the eastern extremity of the long, straggling street of Nagy-Nemethy, are the crumbling ruins of a deserted house.

More than forty years ago, when the Hungarian people awoke and began to rattle their chains, there lived in this house a young Jewish couple. Adolf Sonnenfeld and his wife Eglantine. Although scarcely fifteen years of age when her husband took her from her parents' watchful care, she was no half-opened bud, but a glorious woman, a blooming rose of Sharon.

Sonnenfeld, like many a young German townsman, was a slender, fair-haired young fellow. His wife, Eglantine, was a lovely Jewess of the purest type. Suppressed fervor lurked behind the cold gaze of her dark, scornful eyes, and the mobile mouth could soften sweetly to the warming kiss or harden with deliberation for command.

Her husband was merely a practical man of business, of a sly and cunning disposition, called good-humored by his friends because he was too cautious to risk doing an injury.

In spite of the differences in their characters, Eglantine seemed to love her husband even more than her fatherland, and that was not to be seen; he seemed to have disappeared, and only came in sight again after the last horseman had quitted Nagy-Nemethy.

Eglantine found out afterwards that he had hidden in a recess in the cellar, and been supplied with food and drink by the cook.

Her first impulse was to take away her children, and leave the husband whom she despised for his cowardice. Sonnenfeld fell on his knees and begged her to stay; he raised his hands to heaven and implored her with tears in his eyes not to leave him, and when at last the children interceded, she relented.

From that day she treated him with silent disdain. That proved more galling than open hostility or reproaches. Hitherto he had taken no interest whatever in the struggles of the fatherland, but now he began to interest himself more and more.

But his sympathies were all with the anti-Mayar party. He hated the agitators who had robbed him of his wife's love, and the patriots whose heroic courage branded him as a coward.

He could barely hide his joy when Windischgratz, with the imperial troops, crossed the frontier and pushed on to Buda Pest, but Eglantine grew ever paler, ever quieter.

When the Hungarian capital fell and the national troops fell back on Debreczen, Sonnenfeld felt sure that all was over. He went about radiant and joyful, as if he had won the victory or inherited a million.

It was not long before the First Imperialist Light Cavalry showed themselves in Nagy-Nemethy. A whole brigade followed and pitched camp in the neighborhood.

Some of the soldiers were billeted in the village, and the general himself took up his quarters in Sonnenfeld's house. The husband surpassed himself in hospitality, loyalty and attention to the wants of his guest.

Eglantine held herself aloof, timid but inimical, one day saw the general kick her husband out of the door. She felt as if her heart was crushed, then the blood rushed to her face, but she endured in silence.

A few days later, hussars appeared in the neighborhood, and the Imperialist outposts exchanged shots with them. During the night the brigade became alarmed, for the Hungarians approached on all sides and threatened to overwhelm them.

Every one was afoot, the inhabitants stood in the street doors whispering, while cannon and heavily armed cavalry rattled by. Eglantine, who had dressed herself rapidly, found that her husband had left the house.

She glided out after him, only to find him by the garden hedge deep in conversation with the general. Sonnenfeld bowed obsequiously as he spoke, and the general laughed amicably. The laugh seemed to Eglantine even more insulting than the kick he had given her husband a few days back.

She only caught detached words and isolated phrases of the conversation; but she gathered that while her husband was assuring him of his devotion, the general was complaining that he could gain no information even from the poorest peasant.

At sunrise an adjutant arrived bearing a sealed letter for the Imperialist troops to withdraw to the south.

The changeful scenes of the Hungarian winter campaign followed in quick rotation each day bringing contradictory reports. Eglantine was consumed with anxiety and excitement, and she passed sleepless nights of watching, only to sink wearied and exhausted on her couch as daylight approached, and when the bright sunlight streamed in upon her, she would awake with a start as if aroused by some horrid dream.

Business was at a standstill, Sonnenfeld

alone showing a restless activity. He contracted for provisions of all kinds for the supply of the Imperialist troops, and after visits from suspicious-looking characters, would absent himself from home for days together. Eglantine watched him with anxious heart and increasing uneasiness.

One beautiful, sunshiny winter's day, hussars, with loaded carbines, rode into the village. The villagers received them with loud hurrahs and cries of welcome, and the joy was increased when a Honved battalion followed them on foot.

The Hungarians halted, picketed their outposts, sent out patrols to all points of the compass, and their duty over, began to think of the commissariat. The inhabitants of Nagy-Nemethy brought out the best they had to compensate the brave fellows, if ever so little, for the hardships of their campaign.

Eglantine did not like to follow the example of the others without first obtaining her husband's consent. She went in search of him, but was unable to find him, either home or anywhere in the village. Evil forebodings took possession of her mind.

Night closed in. Every one slept in Nagy-Nemethy—every one but Eglantine. She lay on the bed waiting and listening—something! Something so terrible it hardly took form in her mind, yet it was something that had been hanging over her for a long time. She sat and waited—one hour—two hours—till she grew drowsy from sheer exhaustion. Suddenly she was startled. Was it the sound of shots?—

The trumpets brayed, the words of command were heard, and the firing increased. She ran to the window, and as she threw it open a bullet whistled past and impinged upon the wall behind her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light. There was fighting in the streets of Nagy-Nemethy.

The Imperialists had advanced upon the Honved battalion under cover of the night, and the Hungarians had been overpowered. A few of them managed to escape with the colors, but the rest were taken prisoners or died the patriot's death.

Eglantine sat in her room like one in a trance; her thoughts stood still. The time passed away, but she was heedless of it till suddenly she started at the sound of voices in the next room. Her husband had returned, and with him—How well she knew those clear, commanding tones as she listened to the words of praise and the promise of a great reward—to her husband.

The Imperialists did not remain long, and her husband went away in their train. Eglantine obtained a conveyance, and, wrapping her children up warmly, drove away with them in safety, she returned home on the third day and awaited her husband's return.

On the fourth evening after her return she heard her husband enter the house softly, like a thief, and like a thief, he started when his wife, candle in hand, placed the light upon the table, and seated herself, and coldly and sternly, like a judge, she commenced her examination.

'Where were you?' 'I have done a good bit of business.'

'I know it.'

'I have delivered a contract for bread and bacon to—'

'You have delivered up your brethren? You spy!' shrieked the Jewess, flaming with indignation.

'What do you mean?' Sonnenfeld was pale as a ghost.

'I overheard your conversation with the general.'

'Anything further?' and the husband tried to laugh.

The beautiful Jewess stood up and gazed steadily into his face. 'This further, you are a traitor and deserve to die, but I have loved you and would not have the name that I have borne, and the name of my children, dishonored before the world. You shall not, therefore, swing from the gallows as you deserve, for I will let you kill yourself here on the spot.'

'I believe you have lost your reason,' cried her husband.

For an answer she glided quietly into her room and fetched a loaded pistol. 'You must die,' cried Eglantine, 'and if you have sunk so low that you do not understand how great is the enormity of the crime you have committed, or if your cowardice be so great you dare not kill yourself, then will I be your executioner in the name of the fatherland.'

She placed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast, when the wretch fell upon his knees, begging and entreating her to spare his life.

The tragic figure stood superbly above him, gazed at him for a moment with unutterable contempt, and then uncocked the pistol.

'No, truly, you are not worth powder and shot.'

She turned from him and went into her own room, when he feverishly sprang to the door and fastened it behind her.

Eglantine listened, and when she felt certain her husband had gone to bed, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and stepped out into the night.

As day broke the tread of horses sounded in front of Sonnenfeld's house, and a few blows from the butt end of a musket soon broke open the door. Hussars, with his wife at their head, burst into the room where he was sleeping.

'There is the spy,' cried she, coldly; 'he is my husband, but I would see him hanged.'

Sonnenfeld, whining vainly, pleaded for pardon, as the hussars bound his hands behind him and dragged him forth. His wife looked on in silence. When the rope was placed round his neck, and the end slung over the lime-tree, she swung herself into the saddle of a horse that the hussars had prepared for her and galloped away, followed, in a few minutes, by the soldiers.

At the taking of Waitzen a beautiful woman rode in front of the Honved battalion—it was the Jewess of Nagy-Nemethy. Once again was she seen in the forefront of the fight when the Poles of Mazuchelli's regiment stormed the green hill of Komorn

at the point of the bayonet, and there she fell riddled with bullets, but wrapped in the standard of her country and staining its colors with her blood—Translated from the German of Sachse-Masoch by Henry B. Collins, for the San Francisco Argonaut.

Disfigured Faces.

How Good Looks, Perfect Health, and Pure Blood Can Be Obtained and Maintained.

Paine's Celery Compound Removes Every Trace of Disease.

Is your face disfigured by eczema, pimples, blotches and blackheads? If so, your blood is sluggish, impure and poisoned. While the life-stream is reeking with impurities you cannot be healthy and good looking.

If you would renew the system, cleanse the blood, and rid yourself of disease, you must use Paine's Celery Compound, the great system cleanser and blood purifier.

The following letter from Mr. D. McMahon, Peterbury, Ont., proves that Paine's Celery Compound possesses virtues and life-giving qualities unknown to the ordinary medicines and doctors' prescriptions.

'I have great pleasure in testifying to the fact that Paine's Celery Compound has caused a remarkable change in my condition.'

'I was troubled with a very bad type of eczema on my face and in patches over my body for four years. I was under treatment of three doctors at different periods, and had also tried many remedies, but all proved useless. At last I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound and put in Iodide of Potassium as recommended on the label. The one bottle did me so much good that I bought five bottles more, and now am happy to say I am perfectly cured and completely free from the troublesome disease.'

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ENGINEER.

Precautions Taken to Safeguard Her Railway Journeys.

'Everybody knows that extra care is exercised whenever Her Majesty travels by rail,' remarked George Lusham familiarly known among railway men as the 'Queen's driver,' to the writer one day recently, 'but few people realize how thorough and complete are the precautions taken to guard against any and every possible danger.'

Mr. Lusham, it may be explained, has driven the Royal Special over the London and Southwestern system for nearly forty years, and is therefore an authority on the subject. Quite recently, on his retirement from active service, he was presented by Her Majesty with a beautiful silver salver, elaborately chased and engraved with the royal arms.

'Before every journey,' he explained, 'no matter how short the distance may be, the engine and tender attached to the special are carefully examined by the chief locomotive superintendent. A pilot engine precedes the train, all ordinary traffic is suspended, and the line for the whole distance is watched by relays of plate-layers. To the driver are given the most explicit instructions as to speed, stoppages, &c., to disregard any one of which would be to court instant dismissal. Printed instructions are given to every official accompanying the train, who is strictly forbidden to give any information respecting the arrangements.'

'It is wrong to suppose, as many do, that the 'Queen's special' slips along faster than any other train. As a matter of fact, it is a standing order that the speed of the Queen's train is never to exceed forty miles an hour, and it is generally kept well within even that moderate limit. This latter regulation, however, applies only to Her Majesty's special. The Prince of Wales likes to travel as rapidly as possible, and he generally has his desire gratified. If not, he invariably wants to know the reason why.'

'When any special danger is apprehended the ordinary precautions are redoubled. For instance, during the dynamite scare in the jubilee year every piece of coal used in the furnace was broken into little bits in the presence of an official before being loaded on the tender, and the interior of the boiler was carefully examined and scraped.'



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

The object was, of course, the same in both instances—to guard against the introduction of explosives.

It is not usual, it appears, for members of our own royal family to bestow extra remuneration upon the drivers of their trains. Foreign potentates, however, are more free-handed. Thus Mr. Lusham recounts with a good deal of satisfaction that he was variably received from the Shah £20 a trip. Next to that monarch-jewelled autocrat in generosity was the late Emperor Napoleon whom the 'Queen's driver' often took from Chislehurst to Windsor, and who was invariably 'good' for a £5 note. It was always delivered, inclosed in a sealed envelope, by his Majesty's private secretary. This custom his widow, the Empress Eugenie, kept up until the death of the Prince Imperial, when she ceased to charter 'specials.'

The number of cigars presented to the 'Queen's driver' by distinguished travellers is legion. Most of them have long ere now become dust and ashes, but some of them have been preserved as souvenirs. Notable among these latter is a gigantic specimen, nearly a foot long, presented to Mr. Lusham by the late Czar, and a tiny one, not much bigger than a cigarette, given him by the Empress of Austria.

men, who were riding up the road on their ponies. One of them, who had been drinking more than was good for him made a bet that he could raise the hat from the head of one of the approaching Indians with his rifle without scalping him. So he opened fire, and he did raise the Indian's hat, but he shot a trifle too low and creased his scalp not hurting him seriously, but starting the blood and making the Indians angry. They rode away, and that night came with a band of their companions and burned the ranch houses down. The residents of that section organized a posse of 200 or 300 and went after the Indians in earnest, but the men who fired the ranch were subsequently surrendered, and the affair quieted down without more bloodshed.

The Cheyennes then had a little settlement on Otter Creek, at its confluence with Tongue River. Afterward a lot more of their tribesmen joined them, and there a mission was established for them, where the Government now takes care of them. At that time they were not cared for at all, and their only means of living was by hunting and stealing. They were treacherous and undesirable as neighbors. They would always look around when they made a visit to a ranch to see whether there were any arms, round, and if there were not they would set upon the people and rob them of everything they had in broad daylight before their eyes. If they met a man on a horse on the range who was not armed they would set him afoot on the spot and take his horse and outfit along with them.

They are the same Indians who took part in the raid into Nebraska and afterward participated in the Custer massacre. The Cheyennes are not a particularly high class of Indian, though. They are not especially brave, and I never saw one who was a good shot. They are rapidly diminishing in numbers. The locality where they are now was once a fine hunting ground, but that day is gone. They are fed by the Government and furnished with some of the comforts of civilization, but for the most part they retain their original customs from preference. They live in houses a part of the time, but set on the ground when tables are furnished them, and in many other ways show reluctance to enter into the spirit of the Government in its efforts to civilize them.

THE OLD MADE YOUNG.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS MAY STILL BE THE PORTION OF SUFFERERS ADVANCED IN YEARS. THE NEW INGREDIENT IS WORKING WONDERS.

People who get past middle life are apt to think that their days of usefulness are almost gone when they are seized with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sciatica or some other dread disease, they consider their days are numbered, and pain and suffering will be their lot for the few remaining years of their sojourn on earth.

With the advent of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient, a new hope has been opened up for aged sufferers. Its action in driving away the aches and pains which Rheumatism and Sciatica, two of the commonest diseases to which the old are subject, has made many an aged one rejoice.

As an example of what great things Kootenay is doing for old people we might mention the case of Mrs. Catherine Burgess, 165 Jackson St., E., Hamilton, who states under oath that she is seventy-three years of age, that for two years she was afflicted with Rheumatism and Sciatica, had severe pains in her back and kidneys and broke out with Erysipelas. Since taking "Kootenay" she has been free from pain, has no eruption, a splendid appetite, sleeps well and is a hearty woman every respect.

Then we might mention the cases of Mr. Patrick Ryder, a retired farmer, 69 years of age, living at 940 Lorne Ave., London, Ont., who swears that he suffered 35 years from Rheumatism, tried hundreds of local applications, but got no relief till he took Ryckman's Kootenay Cure which banished his rheumatism and restored his health.

Mr. John Hyde, of 141 1/2 McNab St., Hamilton, Ont., under oath testifies that he is 72 years of age, suffered from Dyspepsia and Constipation for 35 years and was cured by Kootenay Cure.

No need to multiply instances of how this wonderful remedy has befriended the aged and given them a new lease of life. If you are anxious to know more of this marvellous Kootenay Cure, address the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and full information will be sent you free. One bottle lasts over a month.

UPRISINGS OF THE CHEYENNES.

The people who live in the Powder river country are accustomed to the reports of Indian uprisings. The scares have their beginnings in small events. The one in 1884 was started by two drunken cattle-

Gradual Absorption of a Two-Inch Frog by a Half-Inch Water Moccasin.

It is not often that one has an opportunity of watching a snake swallowing his live prey when the snake is free and on his native soil. A summer idler near the Newman Springs bridge on the Shrewsbury River the other day stopped for a rest at the site of an old rustic summer house. A spring there was dammed up years ago and the summer house built over the pond so that wanderers could sit and refresh themselves there. The summer house rotted and fell, and the pond filled with many seasons' fall of leaves from the surrounding oak and chestnut trees.

As the idler sat on a remnant of an old dam a frog about four inches in length was suddenly projected from under the leaves. At first the idler was puzzled to know how it managed to stand in the air in such a manner, but soon he saw that it was held in the jaws of a snake. The snake was less than two feet long and is what is known locally as a water moccasin. His head was about half an inch broad and his neck smaller in size than an ordinary lead pencil. The frog in the thickest part was about two inches across. The snake's jaws were closed just over the end of one of the frog's hind legs, and even that was such a mouthful that it seemed as if the jaws were stretched to their utmost.

In and out among the leaves the snake slowly twisted and turned, working his jaws all the time till he had worked the smaller end of the frog's leg down his throat. Then he became more quiet. Now he began a slow monotonous task. His jaws worked continuously, but with a motion hardly perceptible, and the body of the frog gradually disappeared, aided by an occasional strained contortion of the snake's throat, and finally it passed slowly downward. Then the snake raised his head and neck in a graceful curve, and his little nervous forked tongue shot out at regular intervals. Then, spying his observer for the first time, he slid quickly under the leaves just in time to escape a blow with a light stick. It took the snake about fifteen minutes to swallow that frog, and no doubt he had swallowed many larger ones.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful. A great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

**Sunday Reading.**

LOOK FOR THE BEST.

When we pass hastily through an art gallery, we find ourselves looking at the largest pictures only, even though these may be rude and unfinished in workmanship, and without value from an artistic standpoint. The smaller paintings, though they may be worthy of close study, are entirely overlooked in our haste. Size and showy colors catch the eye first, and we pass on, with no thought of the masterpiece that may be modestly awaiting discovery alongside its gaudy companion! The result is, that when we have thus rushed through the gallery, we carry away only impressions of the grotesque and incongruous. It is in very much the same manner, often, that we gain our ideas of people. Our lives are so filled with duties and pleasures, with rush and preoccupation, that we hurry by those we meet along our pathway, catching only a glimpse of the most prominent points of character and action, and often unwittingly impressing upon our minds only memories of their unpleasant traits and shortcomings, merely because these were momentarily presented to our view. The pleasing and the good we have not taken the time to discover, and we accordingly conclude they do not exist. The habit of discovering the good traits of others renders its possessor a charmed person: not only will he be the better prepared to appreciate the real worth of those with whom he comes in contact, but he and they will be the happier for this fact. And it is a habit. It is natural with some, but it is often acquired. Like its opposite characteristic of humanity—that of grumbling at the shortcomings, real and imagined, of others,—when once it is given free way it grows rapidly. At length it leads its happy possessor to discern traits worthy of admiration even in lives and characters that, at first, seem unforbearing and disagreeable.

The best part of it, too, is that the habit is not difficult to acquire. It simply consists in making it a rule to look for the best in the purposes and actions of others—to try to pick out the pleasant where thoughtlessness sees only the unpleasant. A gentleman and his daughter were driving along a country road, when they met a young girl walking by the wayside. "What a tawdry dress that girl has on!" exclaimed the daughter, when they were past. "Is that all you noticed?" asked the father, smiling. "I have two impressions to your one then; I noticed that the girl's hair was very neatly done up, and that she wore a bright, pretty carriage."

The one had been looking for the best, while the other had caught sight of only the unattractive. The result was, that one passed on with a good opinion of the neatness of the unconscious country girl, while the other had a bad impression—perhaps a wrong one—of her taste. Two young ladies, travelling on a railway train, overheard a mother speaking to her children in an adjoining seat. "That woman's voice jars on my nerves!" said one. "Her tones are so harsh." "I hadn't thought of it," replied the other. "I noticed, though, that her voice was low and tender when she was soothing her baby to sleep."

To look for the best is to see the best, or, if we fail to see the best, we shall at least over-look the unpleasant and forbidding. Some of the most satisfactory pleasures of life are the cheapest. One of these is that which comes from this very ability to discern the good in persons and circumstances about us. There is little to elevate and inspire in a landscape that is simply a swale of bog-water and mire, and there is nothing to help or to urge us to nobler thoughts and actions in picking out and dwelling upon the flaws in the characters of others. Look for the best, and expect to find it. The great majority of men and women have more good traits, purposes and thoughts than they have bad, and it is owing to our failure to look aright if we do not succeed in discerning these. Even if shortcomings and failures are plainly to be seen, let us still look beyond these for the purpose of the individual. Try to put yourself amid the same temptations and distracting circumstances assailing your own character and purposes. As good old Thomas a Kempis puts it, in one of the multitude of searching lessons he gives us:

"Even if we see our neighbor manifestly doing wrong, let us not utterly blame him, because we know not whether under like temptation we ourselves should have been steadfast. We do well not to assume that others are weaker than ourselves."

**AN INSPIRATION FOR US.**

How a Devoted Woman Spends a Useful Life.

Most readers are well acquainted with the correspondent, Clara, M. Cushman, for years missionary in Peking. In a recent exchange, she gives this glowing description, when, the sun gone well-nigh down behind the city walls, and the city gates closed and locked, thousands of priests chant vespers in the temples near, and thousands of homes are made fragrant with evening incense.

The watchman's rattle begins to sound, and now the sweet-toned bell—a gift of love from a devoted woman in Wilkesbarre—peals forth clear and strong, calling all who will to come to the mission chapel, for we are holding protracted meetings in good old-fashioned Methodist style. Soon the room is full and the 'Jesus songs' ring out lustily,—then, straight up to the great white throne from this one corner of the heathen capital goes the voice of praise and supplication to the 'true God.' The missionary of the cross delivers his message of love and tenderly pleads with 'never-dying souls'; the Holy Spirit touches the hearts beating 'like muffled drums' beneath the blue jackets; the invitation is given and the altar is soon filled with earnest 'seekers.'

How the missionaries have longed and prayed and worked for this hour! How thankfully they now offer up their heartfelt prayers in behalf of those who kneel at the altar! How tender are the amenities and 'God help you's' that mingle with the broken prayers of the 'seekers!' Who can describe the joy of the missionaries or the rejoicing of the angels as a whole altar-full of Chinese sing softly with deepest emotion,—

"Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Bath broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yes, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

Now all have taken their seats, save one. It is the poor man who builds our fires, empties our ashes, brings our water, and hires our donkeys. He runs on errands for us here and there, anywhere we choose to send him, but now he is transacting important business of his own for all time and eternity.

Finally he is so quiet and motionless and remains kneeling so long that we think he has fallen asleep. The leader touches him gently on the shoulder and says: 'Lin No. 2, you may now take your seat.'

"Oh, my shepherd," he exclaims, 'I came here for something. It has not come yet. I am truly unable to go.' The man of God understands. Again we unite in prayer. The Father hears, for he loves and pities the man, and he sends down a wonderful joy and peace. The 'something' he longs for comes to the poor collier's heart. His face, yellow and wrinkled and sunburned though it is, beams with joy. He shouts and rejoices. As he tries to 'tell it out' smiles and tears mingle strangely on our faces: We close the service with a doxology.

The next morning the coolie meets the missionary and he says: 'Look at me, shepherd. I am nothing but a poor coolie. Look at my garments; they are old and worn and patched. I have no learning, no rank, no silver, but in my heart's center I have an unable-to-speak-it-out joy. No mandarin in this Middle Kingdom, not even the emperor on his throne, is so rich as I, this morning.' The busy days slip by. I watch our coolie's every-day life and I rejoice. His faith and trust and, his gentle, kindly deeds and earnest service so full of the Christ-spirit, are an inspiration to us. How many good talks we have! Time and again he comes with the good news, 'Miss Cashman I've got another man.'

**DO NOT COMPROMISE.**

He Abstained From Principle and Won Others to do the Same.

The influence of consistent conduct in spite of temptation is emphasized by a recent occurrence at one of our large universities. The incident may well serve as a lesson to any who are tempted to compromise principle for the sake of policy.

A—was the youngest student in the university when he entered it, and is now the youngest as well as the leading scholar in his class. A classical club to which he belongs, and which includes professors and students in its membership, is accustomed to have refreshments served at its meetings. Until recently, beer or light wines were an important part of the bill of fare. A—comes from a strictly temperance home and is a boy of a manly Christian character. From the time of his honorable election to the club he took a marked rank among the members, but was alone in declining the light drinks. One of the professors first remarked A—'s abstinence, and, when the boy frankly told him it was from principle, commended his course and apologized for the professors on the ground of habits acquired in foreign

**A SOLID MASS OF SORES**

**CURED BY . . . . .**



**Home Proof from St. Mary's, Ontario.**

That Burdock Blood Bitters is the best Blood Purifier for use in spring is a fact which everyone knows. However, there is

**- - ANOTHER POINT - -**

**B.B.B. Is an All-the-Year-Round Medicine.**

It cures bad blood, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels at any and all seasons of the year. In fact B.B.B. does the work every time—and all the time. Read this great full letter:

MESSES T. MELBOR & CO., TORONTO, ONT.: GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for my little boy, aged 10 years. He was a complete mass of sores and pimples. The doctors said it arose from bad blood. His head and face were one mass of sores, as well as his body.

I got a bottle of B.B.B. and before half the bottle was used he began to improve. The improvement was rapid and continuous. At the end of the first bottle he had not a sore or pimple left on him. I used the medicine internally and externally, according to the directions.

Washing his face and body with the B.B.B. diluted with water gave him great relief. He was not able to be dressed for weeks, but is now perfectly restored to health through the use of this remarkable blood purifying medicine. Burdock Blood Bitters did my little boy so much good that I shall always recommend it.

The cure has been permanent up to the present date, and I believe no other medicine could have performed such a miraculous cure in so short a time. It shows me plainly that B.B.B. acts on the blood directly, and through it regulates, purifies and restores the entire system. (Signed),

MRS. PHILIP MITCHELL, St. Mary's, Ont.

**THIS IS THE MEDICINE THAT DOES THE WORK**



study. Other students soon followed the brave boy in declining beer; and this year A—has succeeded in banishing it altogether from the meetings of the club! He will take leading honors at commencement but the Master's approval of his brave loyalty to him is his dearest prize.

**Beginning the Day.**

Our early hours tune all the rest of the day. Broken, discordant, or disfigured days are possible larger because we have not learned to protect their beginnings. We trust to chance to get through the day. Against such dangers a devotional habit is the surest and most natural protection. An appeal to our own experience reveals that only as we have made it a rule to pray have we prayed effectively. To respect this rule rather than our moods is the only guarantee of secure and steady living. We may say as little as we please about our devotional habits, but a Christian life which can rely upon itself is sure to have them. There is a sustained power in the life which carefully observes its devotions, and nowhere do we need them more than at the beginning of each mysterious new day, with all its unknown dangers and blessings. —S. S. Times.

"All the sadness and sins of a whole world were on the shoulders of Jesus, and yet he found time to be good to a miserable beggar. He was about to begin his great kingdom, but he was not too busy to heal sick people that nobody else cared for. Remember how full of little good deeds was the life of Christ."

"It is better to lose the good opinion of others than to lose a good opinion of one's self."

Be grateful for little things. An ungrateful person is apt to prove unpleasant company.

**THIRTY YEARS OF GLOOM.**

He had Hunted the World for a ray of Hopeful, Healthful Sunshine, but in vain until South American Nerveine Brought a Midday burst of Healing Light to Him and Made Him Strong again.

Thomas Waterman, a well-known and popular resident of Bridgewater, N. S., had been suffering from indigestion and weakness of the nerves for nearly thirty years. He had tried every remedy, and treated with best physicians, but all failed to give any permanent relief. He had almost given up hope of a cure, and as a last resort procured South American Nerveine. One bottle greatly benefited, and after taking three or four bottles he proclaimed himself perfectly well.

**CRUELTY OUTWITTED.**

How a Quick Witted Sailor Escaped His Punishment.

Though the conditions of the merchant-sailor's life are not yet what they should be, the present evils are mostly those of neglect, rather than of downright aggressive cruelty. The old days, when a captain felt that custom demanded that he should knock his crew about with a marine spike, are happily passed away. It is told of the days when the famous 'Swallow-tail' line of clippers sailed to Liverpool that a sailor once outwitted his officer by an ingenious means and escaped a heavy punishment.

The mate was a rigid disciplinarian, who used to make the men wash down the iron masts seated in a bowline, because they would get through their work more quickly if they had nothing but a knot in a rope to cling to than if they had the board of a 'bos'n chair' under them.

Another of this amiable officer's tricks was to stand by the fore-castle door and administer a kick to the last man out. This was to promote spryness and inspire respect. The rush for the fore-castle door can be imagined, each man thanking his stars as he got safely through.

Somebody had to be last, however, and this misfortune fell to the lot of Dick H. for two successive mornings. To be last once was a gross offence, but to be last twice was criminal, and he trembled as he approached the door.

He knew the mate lay in waiting outside and that every instant's delay made the matter worse. Suddenly a happy thought came to him. As he reached the door he turned round and savagely growled to an imaginary comrade, 'Who are yer shovin', anyway?'

Then he hurried by the mate, who still waited for the last man to appear, and was safe in the rigging before the ruse was discovered.

It is a satisfaction to add that the sailor's shrewdness struck the mate's sense of humor, and the intended punishment was forgotten.

**INDIAN JUSTICE.**

How Some Penobscot Indians Fitted the Punishment to the Crime.

"According to the books that I studied when a boy," began an oldish man at the club the other night, "the Indians looked down on their wives, and made them simply beasts of burden. That may have been so in some places, but it wasn't always so, or everywhere."

A good many years ago there were some Penobscot Indians near my peoples place in New Hampshire who evidently thought a good deal of their squaws and

made one of the bucks appreciate the fact that that his wife was not a beast of burden. This buck went on what we now call a bat, and got drunk—'drank too much ocapac and Cheepie [devil] got in him.' When he came home he was in a bad humor, and finding his wife in his way he stuck her feet in the fire and burned them off.

"The other Indians discovered this very promptly and tried him by a very summary process. The general opinion was that he should be executed at once; but one of the elder bucks interposed and gave this advice: 'No shoot him; make him live long as squaw live; him carry squaw when she want walk; when squaw die bimby, then we shoot.'

"This advice appealed to the other men, and they decided to punish the buck as the old chief suggested. So the buck carried his wife around on his back, whenever the tribe moved, whenever she wanted to go any place. So far as I learned, she did not hesitate about moving around. Of course, the buck hated to carry her; but the beauty of the arrangement was that he didn't dare to ill-treat her, much less to kill her, because his life depended upon hers. If she died, he knew die bimby, then he die."

"I don't know how long this punishment lasted—who died first, or if after her death he was pardoned or executed. If those Indians didn't make the punishment fit the crime, I don't know who did, either, not Gilbert's 'Mikado,' at any rate."

**EIGHTY UNFORTUNATES.**

Is the Estimated Proportion in every Hundred People in this Climate Affected with That Dread Disease Catarrh—How easy The Proportion Would be Reversed if Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was Universally Used—It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

"Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder benefited me at once, and it's so easy to apply," says Rev. W. H. Main, of Emmanuel Baptist church, Buffalo. Thousands more of like, could say Amen to this statement. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gives relief in from 10 to 60 minutes in most acute cases. Now is the season of severe weather changes, and now is the season when disease germs develop. That slight sneezing cold in the head may mean that the seeds of chronic catarrh have been sown. The tested cure is the safest and quickest.

**Keep the Mouth Shut.**

If you would avoid colds, keep the mouth shut when coming out of an over-heated room, especially late at night, and breathe through the nose. Chills are apt to ensue when people talk freely while out of doors just after leaving a room full of hot air, and theater-goers who discuss and laugh over the play on their way home are inviting illness. It is, a fact, during youth that the greater number of mankind contract habits of inflammation which makes their whole life a tissue of disorders.

Notches on The Stick

We have "More Songs From Vagabondia," in the key made familiar to us by Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey...

Three of us without a care In the red September, Tramping down the roads of Maine...

Would they but come a little earlier in the season they might smother the mosquitoes, which are now unusually large, lively and luxurious...

"For every one Beneath the sun, Where autumn walks with quiet eyes, There is a word Just overheard...

"Since first he shed Their petals red Through Fennian gardens long ago, When Omar heard His muttered word...

"Our brothers ghost He is a most Incurable wanderer; And still today he takes his way About my hill of spruce and fir...

Do you think you will be able to discern the voice when Esau speaks? Or may you sometime be a perplexed Issac, feeling about in uncertainty?

You hearken fellows? Turned aside Into the rock-house of the past! The prince of vagabonds is gone To house among his peers at last...

The stainless salient gentleman, So glad of life, he gave no trace, No hint he even once beheld The spectre peering in his face...

I think that old and rusty inn Will have a welcome guest tonight, When Chaucer, breaking of some tale That fills his hearers with delight...

Keats of the more than mortal tongue Will take grave Milton by the sleeve To meet their kin, whose woven words Had elvish music in the weave...

Dear Lamb and excellent Montaigne, Sterne and the credible Defoe, Borrow, DuQuincey, the great Dean, The starchy leaunist Thoreau...

Much in Little

As especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

Chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc.

The single sonnet in the book, we suppose is the work of Mr. Hovey, and is entitled "Accident in Art."

What painter has not with a careless smutch Accomplished his despair?—one touch revealing All he had put of life thought, vigor feeling...

I saw him go down to the water to bathe He stood naked upon the bank. His breast was like a white cloud in the heaven that catches the sun;

"The Hearse-Horse," "The Night-Washers," "Mr. Moon," "Mary of Marka" and "Lal of Kilrudden," are veritable poem with prototypes. In this we have a good point put with vigor. The voice is like the voice of Mr. Carman.

Hem and Haw. Hem and Haw were the sons of sin, Created to shaly and shirk; Hem lay round and Haw looked on While God did all the work.

Hem was foky, and Haw was a prig, For both had the dull, dull mind; And whenever they found a thing to do, They yammered and went it blid.

They balk endeavor and baffle reform, In the sacred name of law; And over the quavering voice of Hem Is the droning voice of Haw.

There are many beauties scattered through these pages,—single lines, or passages that arrest the eye:

"I can hear the vesper sparrow Under the silver star." "Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune I saw the white daisies go down to the sea."

Although Browning has written: "A good girl, with the velvet in her voice." "A reel, an illusion, A rapture a crisis, Of bells in the air!"

Of the finest yet unmentioned are "The Mocking-bird," "A Vagabond Song," "In A Copy of Browning," "Hunting Song: From King Arthur," "In A Silence," "Nocturne: In Anjou," "Nocturns: In Provence, and June Night in Washington, an "The Mother of Poets," and the closing rhymes of the book, we have hints of good fellowship:

"Over in Kingscroft a toiler is writing, The boyish old man whom no fate ever floored; Karl's in New York with his briels and his logic, That subtle mind like a velvet sheathed sword."

"If any record of our names Be blown about the hills of time, Let no one slander us in death— The man of pain, the man of rhyme."

The closing piece, "At The end of The Day," is excellent and noble in conception and utterance:

"There is no escape by the river There is no flight left by the Inn; We are compassed about by the whiter Of the night, of the marching sea."

We have chosen to fill the space assigned with examples, rather than comments. On the whole, the second series of "Vagabondia songs" is equal to in volume and quality with the first. PASTOR FELIX.

BILLY MULLIGAN'S LAST DAY

A Terror of the Pacific Slope Who Made His Taking-off Memorable.

His name was included in the little list of Nevada desperadoes made by Mark Twain in 'roughing it,' said the Nevada pioneer in an up-town hotel last night. He did not say 'Mark Twain,' by the way, but 'Sam Clemens,' the name by which all old Nevadans and Californians knew the famous humorist.

"Billy Mulligan had run a long string, and lasted a good while for a man of his temper and practices—for he was tough, out and out," continued the pioneer. "His neck was in danger in the days of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, and he ran some narrow chances with the law and lynchers afterward. He was a brave, desperate man, handy with weapons, and would fight 'at the drop of the bat.' But he pulled through all trouble until the time came, which seems sooner or later to befall almost every desperado, when the strain of danger and the effect of constant drinking and excitement got the better of his nerves and judgment."

It was at Carson City that the end came to Billy Mulligan. The cards had gone against him all night. The liquor he had drunk had made him ugly as he walked out of the Emerald saloon one morning. Next door was a laundry, and a Chinaman, ironing clothes, lifted his face to the window just as Mulligan was passing. Without a word the desperado drew his pistol and fired through the glass, blowing the Chinaman's brains out; then went on to the hotel where he was staying, and upstairs to his room opened near the head of the stairway, and when the Sheriff's officers came to arrest him for killing the Chinaman he stood them off with his revolvers. They knew it meant certain death to try to rush up the stairway, and they stopped at the foot to consider. John Coleman, a particular friend of Mulligan, who was with them, tried to persuade him to surrender.

"No use, John," said Mulligan. "I shan't be taken alive. This is my last day and the game'll end right here. You keep away and don't get mixed up in the trouble." Coleman was working along up the stairway as he talked, with the object, perhaps, of getting near enough to the desperado to disarm him.

"Stop where you are, John," said Mulligan; "one step nearer and I'll kill you." Coleman made another step forward and Mulligan shot him through the heart. He permitted the others to take the body away, keeping them covered with his pistols all the time. A crowd gathered in the hotel and the public square which it faced, and plans were discussed for capturing Mulligan; but his character for deadly desperation was such that volunteers were scarce. At last it was decided to call out the militia company and take the desperado in his stronghold by regular assault.

The troops were mustered in double line in the public square, facing the hotel, and waiting the order to advance. Through the window of his room in the third story Mulligan could be seen now and then as he walked to and fro between the stairway and the window keeping watch against a surprise in either direction. Then as the face of the desperado appeared once more at the window, one of the soldiers fired with his rifle, killing him instantly. It was an expected shot which undoubtedly saved several lives that would almost certainly have been sacrificed in carrying the room by storm.

"Killy Mulligan was a New Yorker by birth, and was a typical representative of the old-time California 'tough' gambler—a class which got its tone and manners from the New York of the volunteer firemen and 'Dead Rabbit' days. Quick of motion—some of them could pick a fly from the wall with the thumb and finger four times out of five—stern and short-spoken except where it was part of their game to be suave, rough-and-tumble fighters, fashionably dressed, with more of ornaments than Southern gamblers often wear, and distinguished by heavy black mustaches—they ran their course in San Francisco. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, ate eggs, and he died. If these are not links in the chain of cause and effect the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."

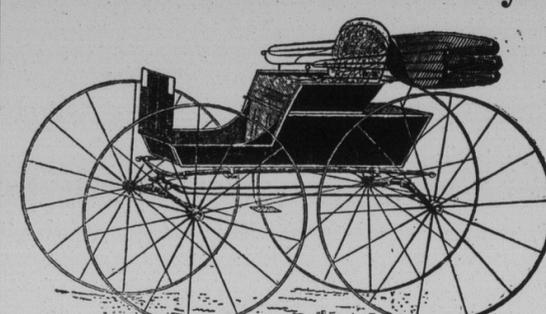
Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

The BEST SPRING MEDICINE Cures all Blood Diseases, from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



SINGLE-SEATED BUGGY.

A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes.



DOUBLE-SEATED BUGGY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle.

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JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

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"It wasn't long after this before a Bacon Hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual, were divid in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, ate eggs, and he died. If these are not links in the chain of cause and effect the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."

Tore His Flesh in Agony. "I was troubled with blind itching piles for twenty years; was unable to work and tore my flesh in agony. United States and Canadian doctors failed to relieve. Chase's Ointment was a God-sent. I am a better man than in 20 years, and am able to work every day." Philip Wallace, blacksmith, Iroquois, Ont. Chase's Ointment cures piles, eczema, and irritant diseases. All druggists, 60c. per box.

DON'T EAT EGGS WHEN ANGRY. A Boston Man says it is Dangerous and May Cause Death. "Never eat eggs when you are angry," said A. E. Stewart of Boston. "My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. I accepted her husband's invitation to dine with them. Just as we were going into

### Woman and Her Work

Just about the oddest, and most original suggestion for a jubilee memorial that I have encountered yet, comes from a Mr. Richard H. McDonald of London England and it is, to drop into the forcible language of the day "a corker." This loyal gentleman's suggestion involves nothing less stupendous than an entire change of the calendar, and the manner in which this change is worked out is to say the least, ingenious. Mr. McDonald bases his calculations upon the belief that the month, as a division of time has originally a period determined by the motions of the moon which varied from twenty seven to twenty-nine days. And he proposes to divide the year into thirteen lunar months twelve of which shall bear their present names, while the thirteenth will contain twenty-nine days and be called Victoria, as a perpetual memorial of the Queen. February would contain twenty nine days in leap year. An idea of the way the new calendar would work out may be gathered from the following comparison:

New Calendar days.	No. of days.	Commencing	Present Calendar
Jan.	28	1st Jan., ending 28th Jan.	31st Jan.
Feb.	28	29th Jan., " 28th Feb.	28th Feb.
March	28	16th Feb., " 28th Mar.	31st Mar.
April	28	29th Mar., " 22nd Mar.	30th Apr.
May	28	23rd April, " 21st May	31st May
June	28	21st May, " 17th June	30th June
Victoria	29	18th June, " 14 July	31st July
July	28	17th July, " 13th Aug.	31st Aug.
August	28	14th August, " 10th Sept.	30th Sept.
Sept.	28	11th Sept., " 8th Oct.	31st Oct.
October	28	9th October, " 5th Nov.	30th Nov.
Nov.	28	6th Nov., " 3rd Dec.	31st Dec.
Dec.	28	4th Dec., " 1st Dec.	31st Dec.

The calculation fits in the days with wonderful accuracy winding up the year just as at present and giving each month an even number of days except the middle one. From January first to Victoria first each month would begin on the same day of the week, and each day of the month would recur regularly on the same day.

The new month "Victoria" would begin on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18th, the second Victoria would be the anniversary of the signing of Magna Charter, the third that of the Queen's accession to the throne, the fourth of her proclamation as Queen, and also of her jubilee in 1887, the fifth of her "diamond jubilee, the sixth of the birth of the Duke of York's eldest son our future king, the seventh would be midsummer Day, the eighth the anniversary of the repeal of the corn laws and the eleventh that of the Queen's coronation.

I cannot possibly go through all the long list of important anniversaries that one month would contain, but it is really a curious fact that there would scarcely be one day which would not commemorate some great event in the history of our country. The battle of the Boyne, the Declaration of American Independence, our own Dominion Day, for short eighteen out of the twenty-nine days allotted to this month are historical anniversaries, and in addition to that the new month would embrace all the days which have become historical from their connection with her Majesty's accession, proclamation, coronation, and two jubilees.

Mr. McDonald's idea certainly has much to recommend it and as one of the papers remarks "Among the multitudinous suggestions for the celebration of the diamond jubilee one that has something beside novelty to recommend it, is treasure trove indeed." The originator seems quite sanguine about the adoption of his remarkable idea, and says that quarter days and bank holidays could easily be altered to suit the new calendar, a short act of parliament is all that would be required, and if other countries did not feel disposed to honor the queen by following our example and adopting the new calendar the English speaking race is so wide spread that it would not matter much, and a lasting memorial to our queen would be worth some little inconvenience. Verily Mr. McDonald should receive a baronetcy at least, as some slight reward not only for his loyalty, but also for his most original and ingenious method of giving expression to it.

It is rather surprising to learn, on the authority of a dentist of many years' standing, that the wisdom-tooth is rapidly dying out, and will soon be as rare an organ as the human tail.

Already, in fact, it has become a mark of backwardness, and its absence is, on the contrary, a sign of a high state of civilization. At present, only six out of every ten full-grown Englishmen have wisdom-teeth. Among savages, eight out of ten possess them. And while the teeth are large in the savages, they are usually small in more highly developed people. This is one more fallacy knocked on the head for it is the general belief that where the

wisdom-teeth are absent one must not be surprised to find a fool.

At the same time, the canine or eye-teeth are growing gradually smaller, as they are no longer wanted for tearing meat. In fact, all the front teeth are becoming smaller, and in time may become altogether extinct except in regular monsters.

I wonder what we shall do without next, and whether the time will ever come we shall be born without tongues; savants assure us that the human race is rapidly becoming hairless, we have long known that we should soon be toothless, and I suppose our fingers and toes will be the next superfluities to disappear, what lovely creatures we shall be in time; and now I hope I shall die while I still possess some remnant of hair, a few teeth and above all my tongue!

Most of the expensive toilet luxuries will be found to contain cucumber juice. These hold a very important and expensive place, and just now is the time for the wise house-keeper to preserve their cooling and healing qualities, not only for her own and children's use, but for the comfort of the pater also.

To make cucumber cream, which not only clears and cleanses the complexion, but is also very healing, proceed as follows: Remove the soft part from two or three cucumbers, warm sufficiently to make it squeeze through the colander, then squeeze through a hair sieve; to half a tea-spoonful of this add a tea-spoonful of glycerine and five drops of salicylic acid; both the latter are preservatives, and if glycerine does not agree with the skin the salicylate alone will be sufficient. Add a few drops of any perfume liked and the ointment is ready for use.

While cucumbers are plentiful it is well to have thick slices of the softest, with the soap on the washstand, and to use after the former, to rub face, hands and throat, rinsing afterward. The clean, soft feeling of the skin will answer for its future use. While tomatoes are ripe and plentiful they are excellent to remove freckles and muddiness from the skin. A woman with a peach-like bloom on her skin declares she has used nothing else besides soap from her girlhood. A thorough rubbing of the skin once or twice daily while the season lasts with a ripe tomato will work wonders, and if this is found to be the very thing for certain complexions the canned may be used occasionally through the winter; those canned nearly whole must be chosen, as they are the least cooked.

If you would be known as belonging to the unmistakably smart set, this season, look well to your veil, for it is not exactly right it will give you away terribly. There are just five leading styles of veil. There is no lack variety to choose from, and the leading styles are the shadow, the floating veil, the shamrock, the batiste, and the ever popular fish-net, besides a dozen minor materials of the spotted net description. There a great deal of stress laid upon the appropriateness of a veil just now, and the one you wear must depend entirely on where you are going, and the hat you intend to wear with it. Suppose you are wearing your tiny bonnet or your flower toque. Then by all means put on a shadow veil, for that is the only proper "face protector" to select. The shadow veil is composed of the very finest black or white silk tulle, and it is cut on a pattern so skillfully arranged that when the veil is pinned in place not a single wrinkle crosses the face, the point striven after being to avoid the material wrinkling as a fold in the veil always seems to throw lines of age into the face of the wearer. The lower edge of a shadow veil has a narrow selvedge and above this parallel lines of very fine black thread run through the tulle an eighth of an inch apart. Six, eight or ten of these lines are the usual number, but some of them run high enough to throw a shadow over the mouth, while others mount to the level of the eyes. This may seem to be merely a foolish eccentricity, but there is more method in it than appears at first, since it is a curious fact that any skin looks almost perfect under a well lined shadow veil; whether it be white or black does not matter apparently the effect is the same, and all defects of the complexion are suc-

## PEREMPTORY SALE OF Boots, Shoes and Slippers

At our Union Street Store, opposite the Opera House We succeeded in purchasing most of this large quantity of goods at about 50 Cents on the Dollar, and have placed the entire lot in our UNION STREET STORE for immediate sale at cash prices only.

We will make this sale the greatest opportunity to buy CHEAP SHOES that has been offered in St. John in a lifetime.

The goods will be marked in plain figures at about One Half the Usual Retail Prices now quoted in St. John and will be sold for CASH ONLY.

During this sale we expect the store to be crowded, so that no trying on of Shoes can be allowed, nor can boots be sent out on approval. Customers buying Shoes and finding them unsuitable will have their MONEY RETURNED as pleasantly as it was taken from them.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS NOW ON at our UNION STREET STORE, opposite the Opera House, and will continue until the entire lot is disposed of.

WATERBURY & RISING, 212 and 214 Union St.

cessfully hidden. Therefore it is little wonder that this veil is a favorite.

With the sailor hat two different kinds of veil are worn, the batiste, which is to keep off tan and freckles, and the fish net to show off a pretty skin. The beauty of the batiste veil is that it is not only a perfect shield from the sun, but it will wash and look as fresh as ever after its bath, so it is economical. It is pretty and becoming also, besides being very easy to arrange as it is cut square, with three little hem-stitched tucks running around three sides of the square, while the fourth is gathered into a fine white cotton cord and is intended to tie around the crown of the hat. When laundered these squares which are never made of any but the thinnest batiste, are merely washed out and ironed without either starching or folding.

The only fashionable dotted veil this season is the fish net which is woven in a very wide mesh, and at every angle in the weaving a tiny chenille dot is placed. Black fish nets have gray dots, brown have blue dots. These veils are very strong and never wrinkle. Chiffon veils are not dotted but figured in pretty chenille, and lace designs. White chiffon sprinkled all over with tiny green velvet shamrocks, or gray chiffon embroidered along the edge with cornflowers is very stylish. These chiffons are the only veils bought by the yard, by fashionable women, all others being made up ready to put on.

But of all veils the most elaborate and ponderous is the one intended for the big rose smothered picture hat. It is from a yard and a quarter, to two yards long, edged with lace put on either plain, or in a frill, and it is first drawn over the hat, and face, and then tied in a knot behind, a little to the right. The ends are then drawn down and a bow-knot is formed and pinned to the hair just back of the right ear, the remaining length of net being left to flow down on the shoulders. Bright jewel headed pins are used in arranging these bows, and the effect is very striking, to say the least.

If you want to be very up to date, and in the van of the fashion, just wear the skirts of your blouse or shirt waist outside your skirt, instead of in, and call it a Russian blouse; it is about the newest thing in bodices, and then just think of the ease to one's mind in feeling positive that the band of her dress is not bagging down in a sort of crescent below her belt! I really believe that one reason of the premature greyness, so noticeable amongst the youngest women, is one result of the strain on our minds, the awful uncertainty about our belts causes us. What woman amongst us has not felt an impulse in church too strong for resistance to reach furtively clutch, during the sermon and make a hasty clutch at her belt, to ascertain if she is keeping together properly the band of her dress is in a proper state of effacement? Therefore the Russian blouse will come as a blessed relief, and be welcomed with open arms. It is said that nun's veiling will replace the alpacas of last year, and the crepons of the year before. The veiling certainly has the advantage over either of the other materials in draping qualities and softness, but it is not so durable as either of them, and is very prone to catch dust, but yet fashion authorities that it is "in" for an indefinite length of time.

Gray, is a very popular color for the veiling gown, and white and gray makes a charming combination. These dresses are nearly always made with very full blouses and plaited skirts; the plaits are usually of the accordion variety which seem especially appropriate for veiling. The blouse in most favor at present is so full that it hangs straight down from the armholes, and hangs a little over the belt as a bolero would do, and sometimes it has a short basque below the belt, not gathered, but set on without wrinkles round the hips, and then slashed. This is really the Russian blouse proper.

To improve and thicken the growth of the hair and restore its natural color, Hall's Hair Renewer should be applied and no other. Recommended by physicians.



### A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

AND FOULDS' MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Foulds' Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Foulds' Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

#### PATHEPIC INCIDENT.

All Hate was Forgotten and the Soldiers Clasped Hands in Love.

From the Lexington Leader comes a story of the Civil War of a sort to be always welcomed. The narrator is William Wilkerson, described by the Leader as "a man noted for his fidelity to truth." The scenes described were witnessed by him just after the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, in 1862.

A son of my friend, Cassius M. Clay, was killed in the fight, and it became my duty to visit the battle-field and identify the body, and take it to his father's home.

While riding slowly over the field I heard groans, which I was sure came from a corn-field near at hand, and looking down the corn-rows. I discovered two wounded soldiers lying about forty yards apart. One was a Federal, the other a Confederate. A cannon-ball had broken and terribly mangled both the Confederate's legs, while the Federal was shot through the body and thigh.

"I am dying for water," I heard the Federal say just as I discovered them. His words sounded as if they came from a parched mouth.

"I have some water in my canteen. You are welcome to drink if you'll come here," said the Confederate, who has feebly raised his head from the ground to look at his late enemy when he heard his pitiful cry for water.

"I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the Federal, as he dropped his head to the ground, while his whole body quivered with agony.

Then I beheld an act of heroic devotion which held me spellbound until it was too late for me to give the assistance I should have rendered. The Confederate lifted his head again and took another look at his wounded foe, and I saw an expression of tender pity come over his pain distorted face as he said:

"Hold out a little longer, Yank, and I'll try to come to you."

Then the brave fellow by digging his fingers into the ground and holding on to the corn-stalks, painfully dragged himself to the Federal's side, the blood from his mangled legs making a red trail the entire distance. The tears ran down my cheeks like rain, and out of sympathy for him I groaned every time he moved, but I was lost to everything except the fellow's heroism, and did not once think of helping him.

When the painful journey was finished, he offered his canteen to the Federal, who took it and drank eagerly. Then with a deep sigh of relief, he reached out to the Confederate, and it was plain to see, as they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, that whatever of hate might have rankled once in the hearts of these men had now given place to mutual sympathy and love.

Even while I watched them I saw the Confederate's body quiver as if in a spasm of pain, and when his head dropped to the ground I knew that one more hero had crossed the dark river. The Federal kissed the dead man's hand repeatedly, and cried like a child until I had him removed to the hospital, where he, too, died the next day.

Excused.

A pleasant story of her youth is told by an old lady whose early home was in Concord, Massachusetts. She was on her tardy way to school, crying in anticipation of disgrace and possible punishment, when a deep voice by her side said:

"What is troubling you, my child?"

Between her sobs Annie explained.

"I will write a note to your teacher, asking her to excuse you," said the stranger, kindly.

The little girl protested. He did not know her teacher. It would be of no use. But the big, black-haired man had written a few words on a page of his notebook, and tearing out the leaf, handed it to the child.

"If you give your teacher that, I think she will excuse you," he said, smilingly.

Still unbelieving, the little girl handed the scrap of paper to her teacher, who read its contents and promptly excused the delinquent. The note read:

"Will Miss—excuse Annie for being late, and oblige her most obedient servant, DANIEL WEBSTER."

**\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY**  
IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR  
**SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS**

During the Year 1897.  
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### TREE'S HYGENIC BATH CABINET

expels all humors and impurities from the system by luxurious bathing and makes you feel like a new being. Used in any room as substitute for water bath, the summer heat will not trouble you. A boon to rheumatics. Price \$5.00.

Send 3c. stamp for "Hygenic Bathing." PROVINCIALISTS welcome when in town. Please call

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### Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lecchetich" Method; also "Synchro System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. E. WHITLOCK



**MAY TROUTING IN THE SNOW.**  
Tradition Destroyed by a man who Fished in an Ice Stream.

'I waded through snow once up to my knees to fish for trout,' said a New York sportsman, and it was the middle of May at that, and not more than half a day's journey from New York. The stream was in the Pocono Mountains, and I had gone there on purpose to enjoy some early fishing. I got to the little backwoods village at night and woke next morning to find a cold northeast rainstorm on hand, and when I inquired for a guide to go with me to the stream the landlord of the tavern looked at me as if he thought I was crazy.

'You ain't goin' to try to ketch trout today, be you?' he asked. 'Why, you can't git no fish worms yit, and the woods is full o' snow and the creeks has got ice on 'em.'

'I don't want any worms,' I replied, smiling at the thought. 'I fish with a fly.' I didn't believe his talk about snow and ice.

'But trout won't jump at a fly yit,' the landlord insisted. 'You've got to have worms.'

'I insisted on going to the creek, and he went out and got a strapping big native to act as guide. The guide himself was staggered at the idea of a man's thinking of going out on such a day, with the streams in the condition they were alleged to be, to fish for trout, without worms for bait, but he at last agreed to go on my paying him \$3 and finding him in rum, and we started. I found out from the guide on our way to the creek that the local angler in the trouting regions of northern Pennsylvania was always ready for action in the streams with his bate and tackle as soon as the law allows fishing, and, if the conditions were favorable, he was ready a week or so before. He used the worm not because he could not cast the fly, but because from time out of mind he had stubbornly clung to the belief that trout would not rise or jump, as he expressed it, to the fly so long as there was water in the streams nor until the natural insects had appeared on them. The mountain region through which the streams of that part of north-eastern Pennsylvania flow was so apt to have winter lingering with it late that it had been a rare thing for sportsmen from the cities to risk the discomforts and uncertainties of a visit to it before May, although the legal opening of the season was on April 1. For this reason the streams had been left to the inroads of the local angler, with his pole and worm, for weeks at a time, and the native had never seen anything to alter his belief that trout would not jump to a fly under the conditions mentioned. It was my mission, I think, to correct that old-time idea, and to show the native sportsman that he didn't know as much about trout as he thought he did.

'We arrived at the brook about 9 o'clock in the morning. It was in good condition as to quantity of water, but my heart sank within me when I saw that the story about the snow and the ice was only too true—and it was the 16th day of May, 1885. The most enthusiastic angler never yet saw much promise of an enjoyable day's sport while trying on his flies standing nearly up to his knees in snow, and gazing on a stream with deep borders of ice fringing it as far as the eye could see, especially if one of the coldest and most penetrating rainstorms was pelting furiously down upon him. My guide induced me to return to the shelter of the tavern at once, but I had travelled more than 100 miles to enjoy some early May trouting, and I was bound to enjoy it—at least I was bound to have it.

'Well, I fished that creek more than a mile and a half, and I caught seventy trout. But, bah! It was just like catching suckers, pulling them out. I wouldn't have cared for the discomfort of the day's fishing if only the trout had been capable of acting up to their nature. I caught one trout that was fifteen inches long, but he had so little fight in him that I had no idea he was of more than ordinary size until I landed him. The trout took the fly with so little animation that sometimes I wouldn't know that my leather had been touched, judging from any effort the trout would make. Out of one pool, on the bank above which was the remains of a snowdrift that reached nearly to my waist, I stood and took fifteen trout, one after the other, like so many sticks. Then I quit in disgust, and rejoined my guide, who had gone to a bark peeler's cabin near by and built a roaring fire in the fireplace.

'When we got back to the tavern we found a group of woodmen, and I had hard work to convince them that I had caught my trout with a fly. The evidence of the guide alone established my declaration. But that experience cured me of a desire to enjoy early trouting in such a region as that. I have been there many times since but never before the 1st of June. But I find that the idea that trout will not jump at the fly while there is snow water in the creek no longer prevails among the natives up there, and they no longer wait until the ground is so they can dig worms before they go out to fish. So I'm a little sorry I destroyed that pet belief.'

**Be Warned.**

Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off sore producing substitutes for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy.

**CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE**

ONLY IN 1<sup>lb</sup> and 2<sup>lb</sup> TIN CANS FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

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Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.



The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

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**TURKISH DYES**  
EASY TO USE.  
They are Fast.  
They are Beautiful.  
They are Brilliant.  
SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

**When Your Wife Has Callers**

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as

**MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA,**  
in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents.

**JOHN P. MOTT & CO.**

**Blair, Ruel & Blair,**  
BARRISTERS, ETC.,  
49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

**WILD BILL'S DEADLY AIM.**  
His Duel With Dave Tutt in the Public Square at Springfield, Mo.

'It was in the spring of 1865 that Wild Bill and Dave Tutt, ex-chief of Confederate scouts, tried conclusions in the public square at Springfield, Mo,' said Dr. Hogeboom, surgeon of the A. T. and S. F. Railroad. 'The war was over, as far as fighting in the field was concerned, but the peculiar vindictiveness that characterized all the warfare on both sides in Missouri still existed and showed itself in many ways. A strong force of United States troops occupied the town, the Kansas regiment to which I was attached among them. A picturesque and striking figure among those who had fought on the Union side was Wild Bill, whose daring and valuable services as a Federal scout were fresh in the minds of men. There were many ex-Confederate soldiers in town, and Tutt, a brave and desperate man and a dead shot was the leader of that element. They lost no opportunity to show their ill will to the Unionists, and between Tutt and Wild Bill bad feeling was strongly manifested. It came to the point of an open quarrel one night when Tutt, with his gang, came into a saloon where Wild Bill was seated at a game of poker. He had been winning, and with the pile of money before him on the table was a gold watch and chain that some one had wagered and lost. Tutt had come for a quarrel. He watched the game a few minutes, then said suddenly:

'Bill, I want you to pay me the money you owe me.'

'I have paid you once, isn't that enough?' said Wild Bill, locking up from the hand of cards he held.

'Tutt reached over and took the gold watch and chain from Wild Bill's pile of winnings.

'You owe me that money,' he said, 'I'll keep this watch to satisfy the debt.'

'Wild Bill looked at him with perfect calmness. "Better put it back, Dave," he said. "You'll be sorry if you don't."

Tutt laughed and put the watch in his pocket, which ended the matter for that night. Next day he sent word to Wild Bill that on the following Saturday, at noon he should carry the watch and chain across the public square, entering it at the northeast corner. This was a challenge which Wild Bill could not ignore.

'I'll be there,' he said, when the message was given him, and went home and cleaned and oiled his pistols. He did not show himself much about town until Saturday noon came. Then as Tutt appeared at the northeast corner of the public square, Wild Bill walked in at the southwest corner as the two men approached each other, walking from the corners diagonally opposite, it was seen that a group of Tutt's friends were gathered at the corner to the left of Wild Bill, and nobody present doubted that they were there to take a hand in the shooting if the fight went against Tutt.

'The distance between the two men at the start was about 140 yards. They walked steadily toward each other, with pistols in the belts, until about fifty paces separated them. Then Tutt made a motion as if to draw his pistol. Instantly Wild Bill's pistol came up, and holding its butt with both hands without sighting, he fired at Tutt, who threw up his hands, staggered and fell dead on his face, shot through the heart.

'With the crack of his pistol Wild Bill wheeled and faced the group of Tutt's friends, pistol in hand. Some of them had drawn their weapons, but they put them up in a hurry, and declared that the duel had been a fair one. Wild Bill was king of the town after that, as he was chief for many a year after that, on the plains and in the tough frontier towns.'

**A DRY PLACE.**

Not Enough to Drink let Alone to Wash Themselves.

There are places where water is one of the greatest luxuries, and where the want of it occasions not only great inconveniences, but numberless awkward predicaments. Witness the following article borrowed from the Oregonian:

A. B. Ellis, while on a visit to Ascension Island, met an old friend, who shook hands reached down a coat from a peg and put it on, saying:

'Excuse my not putting on a shirt, will you?'

'Of course, of course,' replied Mr. Ellis. 'Take off more of your clothes if you'll feel more comfortable.'

'N—no; it's not that, but the fact is I haven't a shirt clean enough to put on.'

Mr. Ellis could not murmur his surprise at this strange circumstance, and endeavored to look sympathetic. The friend continued: 'I dare say you think it odd that I don't have them washed?'

Mr. Ellis, hardly knowing what to say, inquired, 'Why don't you?'

The friend unfolded a horrible tale, to the effect that the water supply of the island consisted principally of what was distilled by a condenser, a small quantity being obtained from Dampier's drips and Brandreth wells; that water was always so scarce that it was served out almost like a ration of rum, the allowance in prosperous times being two gallons a day per man.

When clothes were sent to the wash, the water for washing them had to be sent with them. But the condenser at that

**Are you a Public Speaker?**

If so you cannot find anywhere a preparation to equal DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE for the throat and respiratory organs. We have hundreds of testimonials from public speakers, singers, ministers and others. One rev. gentleman says: "I never think of entering my pulpit without Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at my side." Such indications from the ministry should give confidence in Dr. Chase's Medicine.

If you are troubled with that tickling sore throat, so common among speakers and singers, you will find DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE a positive and permanent cure. Teaspoonful dose, price 25 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Co., sole manufacturers for Canada, 45 Lombard street, Toronto.

**Ladies!**

You will save time and patience if you

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**Glapperton's Thread**

It is STRONG, EVEN, RELIABLE

WILL NOT BREAK NOR SHRINK

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ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

**STAINED GLASS**

Memorials. Interior Decorations.

**CASTLE & SON,**  
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Write for catalogue E.

**THAT PALE FACE...**

May be a sign that your blood is poor in quality and deficient in quantity.

**Puttner's Emulsion**  
produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength and bloom to the cheek.

Always get **PUTTNER'S.**  
It is the original and best.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

**CAFE ROYAL**

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WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in.....  
CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

**ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI**  
AIDS DIGESTION  
Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

**DRUNKENNESS**  
Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hemilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. SOLELY OF THE PROPRIETARY FROM GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

time had been out of order for nine or ten days, and everybody on the island had been put on short allowance, so that they had not enough for drinking, much less for washing either themselves or their clothes.

**THE ONLY WHITE BUFFALO.**  
Seen and Chased by Indians and Hunters, but Never Caught.

During the summer of 1875 bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out on the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and different places, and always in the centre of a large herd, a white buffalo. They had used their best horses in the effort to overtake it, to no purpose, never being able to get anywhere near the animal. At first we did not pay much attention to these stories, but still it kept cropping up from different camps, and at last, in the fall of 1875, I myself had a chance to verify the truth of the report. I had been sent on duty north along the Red Deer River and was camped near a large band of Blackfeet, who were hunting south of that river. The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

I had gone out one morning with a party of Blackfeet to see one of their hunts, and also to try and kill for myself. My horse was a good one, and much faster than any belonging to the party, becoming tired of the slaughter, and must have been at least twenty miles from camp, when I made for a small clump of timber not far off, intending to build a fire and roast a portion of some buffalo meat I had on the saddle with me. As I approached the wood a band of about 100 animals burst out of the brush and made off to the south, and yes, most certainly, in the middle of them was a white buffalo. Although they were a quarter of a mile away, there could be no mistake about it; he was there as large as life and quite white, and running like a deer. There was no time to much more than take in the scene, but I gathered up the reins and was after him, determined to bag that buffalo or kill my horse.

Oh, what a race it was, mile after mile; and although all the band, with the exception of about a dozen, had split off and gone in different directions, the white animal, with his body guard of about a dozen, kept at about the same distance ahead. I could catch a glimpse of him now and then, and there was no doubt he was snow white. Get within shot I could not, for many miles. At last they began to tire, and although my horse tired also, I had good hopes of coming up and getting a shot. Alas! for such a chance. Of a sudden my horse lurched forward on his nose, sending me over his head onto the prairie, and turning a somersault himself, missing me by only a few feet. He had put himself into a badger hole and brought my hopes of a white robe to a sudden end.—Forest and Stream.

**Insects Drowned in a Plant's Leaves.**

There is a quaint plant, and a very pretty one, quite common in the Northern States, that grows in peat-bogs. It has large flowers with an odd, umbrella-like shield in the centre. The shape of this has given it the name of Sidesaddle Flower, but it does not look very much like a sidesaddle. The most familiar name for the plant is Pitcher-plant, and it is sometimes called Huntsman's Cup, or Purple Trumpet-leaf.

This Pitcher Plant has leaves shaped like open cups, that stand up from the ground in a cluster. They are generally about half full of rain water, in which many insects are drowned. It is probable that these serve as food for the plant. The pitchers are gaily colored—green with dark-red or purple veining, and sometimes purple all over.—St. Nicholas.

**The Hat.**

This hat has been designed which it is claimed will remedy many of its present serious objections made to it in its present shape. The chief idea in this new hat is to prevent pressure on the arteries passing to the scalp, and the veins passing therefrom, by the application of pads to the leather of the hat, in certain positions. On the band inside are fixed three pads in front, one central and two lateral; between these there is an interval on each side in which the frontal artery and supraorbital nerve rest; passing backward, the next interval forms a large space for any variations of the temporal artery and its two branches, and the next interval is for the occipital artery.

Had Joined the Church.

Clerk—Sir, I've joined the church. Grocer—Right glad to hear it; I've been a member for some years; it's a splendid thing, and—

'Yes, sir; and will you get some other clerk to sell those pure spices now?'

Adams Freeman.

**C. C. RICHARDS & Co.**

DEAR SIRS,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair. Springhill. Wm. DARTRE.

DOROTHY.

The Judge had dined and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire and puffed dreamily at his cigar, Dorothy's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the sentences in which he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most impudent, fraud, and though it was a first offense the Judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

The Judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offence against society—a direct encouragement to those who hesitated on the brink of vicious courses and were only restrained by fear of punishment. The well-meaning people who got up petitions to mitigate the sentence upon a justly convicted thief or murderer were, in his eyes, guilty of unwelcome sentimentality. There was no trace of weakness or effeminacy in his own face, with its grizzled eyebrows, somewhat cold gray eyes, thin lips and massive chin. He was a just man, just to the splitting of a hair, but austere and unemotional.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him. Stated briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier to a firm of solicitors, Lightbody & Dutton. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of \$1,250. Maxwell admitted of having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a fee for the prisoner, the letter which he had stated had accompanied the check could not be produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature on the check to be a forgery. When the check-book was examined the counterfeit was discovered to be blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody had himself taken out a blank check and had filled it and signed it at his private residence. He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to his unsupported statement.

'Arthur Maxwell,' solicited the Judge 'you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest.' The chattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The Judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in constant awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good wailing to those responsible for the disturbance. But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of 12, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

'Oh, papa!' she exclaimed, 'here's such a queer little object that wants to see you. Please let her come in.' Before the Judge could remonstrate a little child, a rosy faced girl of between 5 and 6, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under one arm and a crown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room. The Judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity. The door closed with a bang. He could hear feet scudding rapidly upstairs, and he found himself alone with the small creature before him. 'What on earth are you doing here, child?' he asked, irritably. 'What can you possibly want with me?' She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes. 'Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?' he asked more gently. 'What is it you want with me?' 'If you please,' she said timidly, 'I've brought you Tommy.'

Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose. 'Come here,' he said, sitting down, 'and tell me all about it.' She advanced fearlessly toward him, as animals and children did in his ineffable moods. 'This is Tommy, I suppose?' he said, taking the puppy on his knee, where it expressed its delight by ecstatic contortions of the body and appeared to consider his watch chain a fascinating article of diet. 'I've brought you other things as well,' she said, opening the brown paper parcel, and revealing a doll with a very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes, and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Noah's ark, a white pig, a wholly sheep, a case of crayons, a penholder, a broken-bladed knife, a small paint box, a picture book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a number of water color sketches. She seemed particularly proud of the last named.

'I painted them all by myself,' she exclaimed. The Judge thought it not unlikely, as he glanced with twinkling eyes at the highly unconventional forms and daring colors of those strikingly original works of art. 'Well,' he said, 'it is very kind of you to bring me all these pretty things, but why do you want to give them to me?' 'I don't want to give them to you,' she altered. The Judge regarded her with friendly eyes. He was so used to hearing romantic deviations from the truth from the lips

of imaginative witnesses that frankness was at all times delightful to him. 'Come,' said he, with a quiet laugh, 'that's honest, at least. Well, why do you give them to me if you don't want to?' 'I'll give them to you, and Tommy, too'—the words were accompanied by a very wistful glance at the fat puppy—'if you'll promise not to send poor papa to prison.'

A silence, such as precedes some awful convulsion of nature, pervaded the room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though observing before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head between the Judge's coat and vest, and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail. 'What is your name, child?' asked the Judge grimly.

'Dorothy Maxwell,' faltered the little girl timidly, awed by the sudden silence and the perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon his lordship's face. 'Dorothy Maxwell,' said the Judge severely, as though the little figure before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, 'you have been convicted of the almost unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of her Majesty's judges; to persuade him, by means of bribery, to defeat the ends of justice. I shall not further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say, or any sentence should not be—no, no, don't say anything. Poor little thing, I didn't mean to frighten you—really and truly. Come and sit on my knee and show me all these pretty things. Get down, you little beast.'

The last words were addressed to Tommy, who fell with a flop on the floor and was replaced on the Judge's knee by his little mistress. 'This is very like condescending a criminal offense,' thought the Judge to himself with a grim smile, as he wiped the tears from the poor little creature's face and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel. But the thoughts the tears had aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interests of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump, eye-checked, blue-eyed, golden-haired little maid, who would inevitably have to share, now or in the future, the father's humiliation and disgrace. For the first time, perhaps, the Judge felt a pang of pity for the wretched man who at that moment was probably pacing his cell in agonizing apprehension of the inevitable verdict. A vivid picture started up before him of the prisoner's white face, twitching lips and tragic eyes. He remembered his own emotion when he first sentenced a fellow creature to penal servitude. Had he grown callous since then? Did he take sufficiently into account the frailty of human nature, the brevity of life, the far-reaching consequences that the fate of the most insignificant unit of humanity must entail?

At this moment the door opened, and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in. 'Ah!' exclaimed the Judge with a sudden inspiration, 'I believe you are at the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?' 'You are not vexed, Matthew?' she asked, half timidly. 'Hardly that,' he answered slowly, 'but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?' 'It was her own idea, entirely her own idea, but her mother brought her and asked to see me. The poor woman was distracted and nearly frantic with grief and despair, and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse her, Matthew.'

'But, my dear,' expostulated the Judge, 'you must have known that it could do no good.' 'I—I knew what the verdict would be,' answered his wife. 'I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But then there was the sentence, you know—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew.' The Judge's hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictures. 'You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes?' he asked. 'No, no, no,' she answered hurriedly. 'Not unjust. There is not a more impartial judge on the bench—the whole world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy, is always a little hard? Don't, don't be angry, Matthew; I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now, but for the poor woman in the next room and the innocent little thing at our knees.'

The Judge made no reply. He bent still more closely over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields and burnt amber trees, of a singularly original shape. 'That's a cow,' said Dorothy proudly. 'Don't you see its horns? And that's its tail—it isn't a tree. There's a rat on the other side, I can draw cats better than cows.' In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in their higher manifestations, she took the paper out of his hands and presented the opposite side. At first he glanced at it listlessly, and then his eyes suddenly flashed and he examined it with breathless interest. 'Well, I'm blessed!' he exclaimed excitedly. 'It was not a very judicial utterance, but the circumstances were exceptional. Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the check. His reference to it, as he couldn't produce it, did him more harm than good; but I believe it's genuine, upon my word, I do. Listen; it's dated from the Hollies, Lightbody's private address: My Dear Maxwell—I have just heard from the doctor that my time here will be

very short, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognized the unostentatious but thorough and entirely satisfactory manner in which you have discharged your duties, and as some little and perhaps too tardy recognition of your long and faithful services, and as a token of my personal esteem for you, I hope you will accept the inclosed check for £250. With best wishes for your future, believe me, yours sincerely, 'THOMAS LIGHTBODY.'

'What do you think of it?' he said, turning to Maxwell's solicitor at once. 'Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent after all?' 'It looks like it. If the letter is genuine he certainly is. There, don't look miserable again. I'm sure it is. It had been a forgery you may be sure it would have been ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this letter, little girl?' Dorothy blushed guiltily, and hung her head.

'I took it out of papa's desk—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him will you? He'll be ever so cross.' 'Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear, but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home to-morrow night.'

'May I—may I say good-by to Tommy, please?' she faltered. 'You sweet little thing!' exclaimed his wife, kissing her impulsively. 'Tommy's going with you,' said the Judge, laughing kindly. 'I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold. I fancy there are limits to the pleasure which Tommy and I would derive from each other's society. There, run away, and take Tommy with you.'

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase and took him in her arms. Then she walked toward the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel. The Judge hastily gathered the toys, rolled them in the paper and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste the joy of heroic self-sacrifice. Besides she was afraid that the Judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts which she had attempted to prostitute to him.

She put the parcel on the chair and opened it out. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms, she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which she could part with that would be sufficiently valuable in the Judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally she selected the sheep and presented the luxuriantly woolly almost exasperatingly meek-looking animal, to the Judge. 'You may have that and the pretty picture for being kind to papa,' she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favors. He was about to decline the honor, but, catching his wife's eyes, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

'Well, well,' said the Judge with a queer smile as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantelpiece. 'I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but I never know what we may come to.' The next day Maxwell was acquitted and assured by the Judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas Dorothy received a brown parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend, and it was asserted by his intimates that he was disposed, whenever possible, to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.—Strand Magazine.

Way of Getting up Hill. A man who can run up hill has got to have good muscle and good wind. The great majority are content to walk up; and a fair proportion of us (including the present writer) are often resigned to the late of riding up, leaving to the horses all the benefit of the exercise.

As for Mr. James Endicott, he says he can now run up hill, whereas as formerly he was obliged to crawl. This shows a wonderful improvement in his condition, but there was a basket first. Now every great change in one's health, or in his circumstances, is in the nature of a surprise. That our neighbours will fall ill and that they will die too, we expect. Man is frail and mortal. But that we—no, thank you; at least not for some time to come.

Mr. Endicott had been a strong healthy man all his life, yet early in 1882 he felt (very unexpectedly) that something was wrong with him. He couldn't put a name to it, naturally enough, for things in that line were novelties to him. He had no doubt about his feelings, however; a man may know nothing of the law of gravitation and yet fully appreciate the results of a fall on the pavement.

'I was easily tired,' says Mr. Endicott, 'and felt dull and heavy. I couldn't think what had come over me. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and in the morning I spat up thick phlegm and also a fluid as bitter as gall. After eating I had great pain and tightness across my chest and across the sides, and also a horrible gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach; the latter commonly took me about half an hour after every meal. After a time, as my system got weaker, my breathing became awfully bad, and at times I had fairly to gasp and fight for my breath.'

[This was asthma, a functional ailment of the lungs. This is to say, the lungs were not affected or diseased in any way; they merely worked badly; as a bellows does when the handles are tied together that you can't get the bellows more than half open. The lungs are bellows made of muscles; the nerves, which operate them, being paralysed by the poisons of dyspepsia, why the lungs are almost collapsed. That was what ailed Mr. Endicott's breathing. It puts a person in the worst possible form for climbing hills.] We are consequently prepared to hear Mr. Endicott say, as he does, that he got but little sleep at night. In fact he didn't lie down with his head on a pillow, but had to pick up his rest as best he could. It was tough work, though.

'I struggled on with my work as well as I was able,' he goes on to say, 'but I got about only with pain and difficulty. Sometimes I worked only half a day, and then I was completely done up. My breathing grew so much worse that when I tried to walk I had to stop and rest. Friends and neighbors would look at me and say one to another, "James won't do much more work; he is going home fast."' From first to last I suffered in this way over eight years. No medicine or treatment was of any use to me until in June 1890, I first heard of Mother Seign's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle from Mr. Newman's Stores, Exeter. In a week's time I was relieved, and, by keeping on with it, was soon as strong as ever. I thank God that I ever came to know of Seign's Syrup (Signed) James Endicott, North Park, Tedburn St. Mary, near Exeter, Nov. 10, 1893.

You will notice that three years elapsed between Mr. Endicott's cure by this remedy and the date of his letter, proving that the cure was genuine and permanent. Furthermore, speaking of his present condition, he said what we have already quoted, 'I can now run up hill, whereas formerly I had to crawl.' That's good evidence enough; who wants better? His neighbors say that he is even a better man than he was ten years ago. It was the sad old story of indigestion and dyspepsia, and the weary years of suffering and complicated disorders that grew out of it. Long may our friend live to lead in unking up the hills, from the tops of which may we all discern the approach of happier times.

banged to the tassel of the window was thrown up, and this attracted him, and he yelled with laughter. We sat motionless at the other side of the carriage, opposite each other. He seized the tassel and kept throwing it up and down, hooting and roaring with laughter. Once or twice we fancied he was about to pounce upon us, but then the tassel attracted him again. After about eight minutes the train stopped. His kepers had succeeded in getting upon the guard's box as the train left the station, and hearing his shouts, stopped the train, and he was removed by force.

WOMAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS. The two are no Longer at Variance—A Helpful Sign. 'Look at a woman trying to read a newspaper,' an observant man was wont to say not so very many years ago, 'if you want to see an excellent example of how not to do it. Mark how her fingers, so dainty in their handling of china, the needle or a baby seem to become all thumbs as she crumples the reluctant sheet into ridges and wrinkles, folds it in the wrong way, and tears it in refolding, or holds it spread in the air at full width, her head thrown back to enable her to read the head-lines, and her hands shaking with long-continued extension before she has mastered a column.

'See how, if she wants to find the advertisement of a bargain sale of cheap towels, she looks for it among the editorial articles, while if she is in search of the report of a lecture on art, she brings up helplessly among the obituaries. Then she doesn't know how to read the paper in comfort, without hurry. She never takes it with her breakfast,—a selfish, but egotistically agreeable masculine way,—nor sits deep in an armchair with her feet upon a cricket, nor lies at ease on the sofa. Not she! She perches on the edge of a chair with a haven't-a-minute-to-spare expression, or stands up in a bow window, or looks over her husband's shoulder with a duster hanging in her hand.

'And if she tries to conquer the political news—well, if you want to enjoy rich comedy, hear her talk about it afterward! It is no use to pretend that women and newspapers are anything but antipathetic; naturally, essentially and permanently. The sketch is not without truth, yet the decision may well be challenged. Such were perhaps the ways of the average woman in dealing with newspapers when the average woman hardly looked into one twice a year, unless for the marriages deaths or fashions.

Now that so many women have made a study of politics; are graduates of classes in civilt government; vote perhaps for members of school committees, and consider seriously by thousands the possibility of a wider suffrage devolving upon them; those among them who follow the progress of political affairs and talk about it sensibly and understandingly have become numerous indeed. Besides this, papers for women, and papers conducted by women, and papers on more or less feminine subjects have multiplied to an astonishing extent. Best of all, the number of women constantly increases, who for reasons springing either from their higher education, or their native alertness, are inquisitive about the spectacle of the great world reflected in the press. So far as may be in more peace—in quiet domestic circles or in mere public career, in the exacting society of great cities or the remote rusticity of isolated farms—with the thousand movements which extend the drama of life beyond egotistic joys and narrow intimacies, and make it always worth holding, worth studying, worth sharing and worth living.

It is a sign of the times, and a good sign that the woman and the newspaper are no longer at variance. CAN'T BUDGE THEM. Science is Right 99 Times in a Hundred—Medical Science says that Pills and Powders will not Dissolve the Solid Secretions which cause Kidney Disease. It Has Proven That a Liquid Kidney Specific Will do so, and Thousands Have Testified That South American Kidney Cure, a Liquid Specific for Kidney Disease, has done so. The secret of the success of South American Kidney Cure is the fact that it is solely a kidney specific. It dissolves the uric acid which is really the base of all kidney diseases. And it is only when these solid matters and secretions have been dissolved and eradicated from the system that a cure can be hoped for. Pills and Powders from a medical science standpoint, or from the standpoint of common sense, can hardly be expected to do what this liquid remedy has done. The people are learning it. Mrs. Norman E. Cook, of Delhi, Ont., says: 'I tried no end of remedies—pills, powders and porous plasters, and all were used in vain. Five bottles of South American Kidney Cure completely restored me to health.'

A Misunderstanding. Customer (looking in mirror)—'Great scissors, barber! You've gone to work and peeled my head of every dern hair there was on it.' Barber—'Isn't that just what you told me to do?' Customer—'Told you to do? Why, man, I told you I wanted it cut a-la-mode.' Barber—'Bag pardon. I thought you said you wanted it all moved.'—Boston Courier.

SAVED BY A TASSEL. How it Saved two Travellers From a Maniac's Fury. A trifle may prove a life-protector. Augustus Hare and his mother were alone in an English railway carriage, which had seats for six or eight persons. The train was moving out of the station, when three men came running along the platform and attempted to enter the carriage. Only one succeeded, for before the others could follow him the train had left the platform. Then something happened, which might ended seriously had it not been for the diverting power of a trifle. Mr. Hare, describing the adventure in 'The Story of My Life,' says: In a moment we saw that the man who was alone in the carriage with us was a maniac, and that those left behind were his keepers. He uttered a shrill hoot and glared at us. Fortunately, as the door

at order for nine or ten body on the island had no allowance, so that they for drinking, much less for themselves or their clothes.

WHITE BUFFALO. and by Indians and Hunters, Never Caught. summer of 1875 bands of g from a hunt far out on ht in stories of having seen s and different places, and centre of a large herd, a They had used their best effort to overtake it, to no being able to get anywhere l. At first we did not pay to these stories, but still up from different camps, the fall of 1875, I myself verily the truth of the re-ben sent on duty north Deer River and was camped and of Blackfoot, who were of that river. The buffalo th in vast numbers, and the ck with them.

ut one morning with a party see one of their hunts, and kill for myself. My horse , and much faster than any e and party, becoming tired of and must have been at least rom camp, when I made for e of timber not far off, intend- re and roast a portion of eat I had on the saddle with roached the wood a band of as burst out of the brush e to the south, and yes, most e middle of them was a white ough they were a quarter of here could be no mistake as there as large as life and nd running like a deer. There much more than take in the attered up the reins and was rmed to bag that buffalo e.

race it was, mile after mile; all the band, with the except a dozen, had split off and went in different directions, the white body guard of about a about the same distance ould catch a glimpse of him m, and there was no doubt he mile. Get within about I could miles. At last they began to though my horse tired also, I ea of coming up and getting a such a chance. Of a sud- e lurched forward on his g me over his head onto the turning a somersault himself, y, only a few feet. He had into a badger hole and brought a white robe to a sudden end. eam.

rown in a Plant's Leaves. quaint plant, and a very uite common in the Northern gues in peat-bogs. It has with an odd, umbrella-like centre. The shape of this name of Sidesaddle Flower, ot look very much like a side- most familiar name for the her-Plant, and it is sometimes man's Cup, or Purple Trump-

er Plant has leaves shaped ps, that stand up from the cluster. They are generally ull of rain water, in which e are drowned. It is probable e are gaily colored—green with purple veining, and sometimes ver.—St. Nicholas.

The Hat. s been designed which it is remedy many of the most tions made to it in its present chief idea in this new hat is to ssure on the arteries passing to and the veins passing therefrom, ication of pads to the leather of certain positions. On the hand ized three pads in front, one ternal; two lateral; between these interval on each side in which artery and suprarostral nerve g backward, the next interval space for any variations of al artery and its two branches, t interval is for the occipital

had Joined the Church. Sir, I've joined the church. Right glad to hear it; I've been for some years; it's a splendid ; and you get some other ll those pure spices now P— eaman.

ARDS & CO. —For several years I suffered so in neuralgia that my hair came out and they bald. I used MITCHELL'S LINT, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and I am thankful to find my hair growing again. I now have a good head of hair. Wm. DANIELS.

