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PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 595.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PINKIE TAKEN CARE OF.

THE BLIND TOUGH COON OF FREDERICTON IN DORCHESTER.

He was a Terror to the Police and a Tax Upon Friends and Public Friends—Where He Came From and Something About His Evil Life and Bad Ways.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 12.—The transfer of James Hamilton, better known as "Jim Pinkey," to Dorchester on Monday to serve out a sentence of two years in the penitentiary, for malicious injury to property, deprives this city of one of its most unique and notorious characters. Few people who have visited or resided in the capital, for any length of time during the past forty years, have not encountered or at least heard of black Jim Pinkey. Although he has been a public charge for many years, for some reason or other—probably because he was not wanted—Jim was not detained at the almshouse, but was allowed to make his home in the Whitechapel district among his kin and to roam about the streets at will. The fact of his being stone blind, seemed to interfere but little with his wanderings. He was sure footed and seemed to have the lay of the town wonderfully well. He would grope his way along with the aid of a cane and whenever he heard anything in the way of a commotion in his immediate vicinity, that suggested probable danger to his person, he would hasten to send forth a warning note in the shape of a toot from a shrill whistle which he invariably had with him. Every citizen and every small boy is familiar with the note of Pinkey's whistle and a blast from it usually insured for Jim the right of way on our streets and side walks. Although he already stated Jim, was a public charge, he was more to be regarded in the light of a pensioner than a pauper. He received a cash allowance of \$1.50 per week direct from the city treasury, and in addition the mayor, aldermen and commonalty had to keep him in clothes. Of course the color of family who harbored him took care of Jim's pension as remuneration for their services, so when he wanted a little spare cash, he had to look elsewhere for it. The business men and traders of the city were his special mark, and he made a practice of calling upon them regularly once a week. He only had to wend his way inside of a store, and prop himself up against the counter and his striking personality did the rest. With the average merchant it was a question of getting rid of his obnoxious presence as soon as possible and a five or ten cent piece placed in his outstretched palm invariably proved effective. Notwithstanding that his locomotion was necessarily slow, Jim succeeded in making quite a number of calls in the run of a day and seldom allowed anybody to be slighted if he could avoid it. With the proceeds of his hunt he would, with the aid of a friend, obtain a square face of forty rod knocker out, and with it repair to his whitechapel abode for a good old booz.

He has been successfully conducting this little game for years, against the protest of a long suffering public, but no effort was ever made by the authorities to suppress him. It was not until a few days ago when he drove his cane with all its might through the plate glass front of one of our jewelry stores in revenge for being gently put out of the establishment, that Jim found himself in the custody of the law. Here was an excellent opportunity to rid the city of a nuisance and it was quickly pounced upon by the authorities. Pinkey was arraigned in the police court, and afterwards rest up for trial to a higher court. He elected to be tried under the speedy trial act, and when taken before Judge Wilson promptly pleaded guilty to the offence charged against him and was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. It only took the judge fifteen minutes to dispose of the case. In the meantime the jeweler who suffered from Pinkey's wrath, petitioned the city council to assist in making good his loss, and the council promptly voted him the sum of \$25, which will be good for about half the damage. Pinkey is now wearing a convict's garb in Dorchester, and it is to be hoped that he will forget all about Fredericton during his period of incarceration.

Pinkey first saw the light of day something over fifty years ago. His exact age is a matter for conjecture, but old residents say he is under sixty. He knocked about this city when a boy and afterwards went

to St. John. He developed into a tough when quite young, possible before he moved away from here, and while in St. John he figured quite prominently in police circles and it is said did time in the old penitentiary. On one occasion he nearly lost his life in a drunken brawl, and when he came to himself afterwards, it was only to discover that his eyesight was gone. This practically terminated his career in St. John. He made his way back to Fredericton soon afterwards and has lived here most of the time since. He figured in a great many fracas in his younger days and has gone through enough to kill half a dozen ordinary mortals. He was generally looked upon as a tough old coon, and he was all that and more too.

He went by the name of Pinkey altogether, and prior to the recent episode, in which he figured it is doubtful if ten per cent. of the people of Fredericton knew what his real name was. How and where he got the nickname is a matter about which very few of the present generation have any knowledge. Progress is informed that the appellation was first applied to him over thirty years ago by the captain of a woodboat on which Jim worked as a deckhand. Jim, so the story goes, was ambling up Queen street one day, when his attention was attracted by a boy standing calling out at him the words "nigger nigger never die." Jim approached the fellow and administered to him a sharp blow in the face with his clinched fist and then scooted. When he reached the woodboat, he related the incident to the captain and wound up by telling in a boastful way how he had "pinked Jim." The captain then and there applied the nickname which is destined to stick to Jim all his life. Jim was not infrequently referred to by temperance speakers and political workers and no doubt appreciated the honor thus conferred upon him. On one occasion a certain well known divine of this city in addressing a public meeting in another part of the province gave his audience to understand that "a fellow they call Pinkey" might secure election to the Fredericton city council under certain conditions. During a civic election campaign it was a common thing to hear Pinkey's name suggested, not as a probable candidate, but as an improvement on some fellow who had announced himself as being in the field. This was rather rough on the candidate to say the least.

It is said that the penitentiary authorities are at a loss to know what to do with Pinkey. He was not given a flattering reception at the institution but it is hardly likely that he was disappointed. Pinkey is endowed with a muscular development equal to about four mule power, and it is possible that this may be turned to good account by the prison officials. In any case they are welcome to Jim's company for two years.

BEING UP AND EDUCATION.

Chief Clerk and Detective Ring Have a Discussion Upon These Points.

When Director Wisely and Ald. Colwell went to the police station one morning this week they had little idea what the result of their visit would be. They were harmless enough in their intent because they simply wanted to look at the place where the recent fire occurred in the jail yard and to guard against any danger to the police station from a similar occurrence in the future. Sergeant Watson and Detective Ring were present in the guard room and the former gave them what information was necessary. Then Ald. Colwell asked what use was made of the room opposite and he was told that it was a rubbish place. He expressed his opinion pretty plainly to the director that it should be cleared out when Sergeant Watson suggested that it was the place they kept seamen's bags in. Now this happened to be the room that Detective Ring has been asking for and he took issue with the sergeant saying that sailors' bags might have been in the place once in years but that was all. The conversation dropped then but in the afternoon when the detective returned from his dinner, the Chief and Capt. Jenkins and Sergeant Campbell and Watson were busy clearing out the room in question and placing the names of the policemen upon some hat boxes there.

Nothing was said for a moment or two and the detective was looking on when the chief asked him sharply if he could not find something else to do but stand around what had taken place in the morning and Ring replied that anything he had

done or said then he was quite willing to repeat to the chief. There was some further conversation of a similar nature and then came a lull.

This was broken by the chief in an unexpected way, for, turning around to the detective he said "Officer Ring I will have you know that the officers of this department were as well brought up and as well educated as yourself."

This was a poser and Ring did not reply for a moment then he said: "Chief Clark, I have nothing whatever to say about the men on the force, their bringing up or their education, but so far as you are concerned, my bringing up and my education are as good as yours and since I have been connected with the police force I have conducted myself quite as well as you have."

This practically ended the wordy combat but those who heard it and heard about it are wondering where it is all going to end.

AT A PRAYER MEETING.

An Incident of the Gagetown Meeting of the Conservatives.

The political picnic at Gagetown last Friday in the interests of the Liberal Conservative party had to it another phase not recorded in the daily press, perhaps because the speech-tired newspaper men sought the land of Nod on the comfortable lounges of the David Weston on the return to the city. Beside the editorial fireworks in the big canvas tent and the many little side happenings in the shiretown of Queens County on that day, the return trip to St. John furnished some diversion. A prayer meeting was held. Just to think of it, a prayer service following a political gathering!

Among the passengers and also of the tent's audience were a half dozen or so country preachers. When the David Weston had gotten fully under way one of these arose and said that "we had had politics and such, also a good time, now we might hear a little of the gospel." Also in these introductory remarks did he fire a few crude hot shots at the politicians assembled in the after part of the saloon, among whom were none less than the Hon. ex-Finance Minister Foster, J. D. Hazen M. P. P. and John Black of Fredericton. However no move was made by the law makers and brave they sat the meeting out, while one after another of the bearded group of amateur clerics contributed his testimony. The singing was indulged in by all. Everybody was expecting Hon. Mr. Foster to be called upon for a few words, but fortunately for the silver tongued Oppositionist one of the meeting's leaders had arrived at his destination. General disappointment was caused by the abrupt termination of the religious "corner" for many were just aching to hear the spiritual politics of the men who have our temporal affairs to look after.

The St. Peter's Field Baby.

A baby's body was found on the St. Peter's church grounds, North End, some short time ago. The papers and police announced the fact but that was all about it. Why was the case not investigated? might be asked. Or again, if this North End case is not worthy of investigation why was it that poor, unfortunate Minnie Graham of St. Stephen was so vilely exposed in her shame and sorrow by every paper in the town and by the officials. Her child was born when she was alone in Rockwood Park and indeed she paid sufficient penalty in the suffering she endured then and since, and even now she is a prisoner in the vermin-infested jail on King Street East. But for some strange and hidden reason this dead infant found back of St. Peter's is not considered by the police and yet the many detectives are not overly rushed these days. Officer Ring distinguished himself in the Graham exposure, now let him exhibit a few Sherlock Holmes lets in tracking down the unfortunate mother of the tiny bit of humanity discovered by the boys in St. Peter's field.

Mr. James Fleming's Death.

The sudden death of Mr. James Fleming came as a great shock to his family as well as his friends. He was always an active man and an hour or two before his death he was busily engaged discussing the arrangements for the plumbing in the marine hospital which he was much interested in as one of the trustees for the home for incurables. He has been truly a captain of industry in St. John, one of the men who have quietly forwarded the best interests of the community.

WHO GAVE HIM NOTICE

MR ROOP KNEW ALL ABOUT THE LIQUOR SEIZURE WARRANT.

And Warned His Customers not to be Around in Case of a Raid—The Service was Suspended for a Week and Then Made on Sunday Morning—What was Found.

William Roop of the Central house has been out of town this week. He has a farm in the country to which he goes once in a while and it was convenient for him to find recreation there at the present time.

For, said to say, William has been breaking the law again and selling liquor without any permit to do so. He is incorrigible in this respect and the inspector and the police are somewhat weary watching the tall form of the proprietor of the Central.

So, just a week ago last Saturday, a search warrant was issued authorizing the officers of the law to search for liquor on the premises of Mr. Roop. This seems to be a necessary procedure because without power to enter it is almost impossible for an officer to get into the bar of the Central. There are people around who know a policeman a mile off and who have the inspector down so fine that they can scent him before he turns the corner.

The warrant seemed to have been issued Saturday afternoon and was in the hands of Mr. Henderson who no doubt told the chief of police about it. The secrecy of the matter was well understood and it was with some surprise that Sergeant Kilpatrick got word from Sergeant Campbell that he was required to get the warrant and make the search. It seems that the chief had gone to Spruce Lake on his usual Sunday curing and that the sergeant had again showed his obliging way by driving him down. Then it was, so the story goes, that the instructions were forwarded to Kilpatrick.

Of course the officer was prepared to do his duty but to use a vulgarism, he "wasn't stuck on the job" and he made this pretty clear to Mr. Henderson, the clerk of the court. That gentleman was surprised that so many of the force knew about the warrant so long before it was to be served and he took a little time to think over the matter with the result that he concluded he would not issue it on that evening. Perhaps he was wise in not doing so, for by this time it was fairly well understood that something was up and policemen don't have to keep guessing long to ferret out what is going on.

The next Saturday night the chief was present and when the men were assembled at roll call he instructed the officers on the King square beat to report at the station at 8 o'clock. To deprive this important portion of the city of its guardians on Saturday night indicated that something unusual was on the tapis and it did not take long for the news to reach the square.

Several of Mr. Roop's customers got a hint from the house that there was going to be a raid and they had better make themselves scarce. So the officers who went around the square Saturday night found everything hard and fast. They could have burst open the door under their warrant but they wanted to avoid that if possible and when eleven o'clock came they went to the station and held a council of war as to what was best to be done.

Roop had been warned. That was clear. It was not the idea to hunt up the informer just at that moment but to decide the best time to make the visit to the Central. The next morning at six o'clock was decided upon and the inspector was notified of the hour. He did not appear on the scene Sunday morning—not at the Central at least—and the four officers who found their way without any difficulty bore away four bottles in triumph to the station.

Considering the business that Mr. Roop is reported to do, these four bottles did not seem to be representative of his stock but no doubt the officers knew what they were doing. Besides they found such a stock as might have been expected where in the world would they have taken it except to the office of the inspector. According to the chief there is no room in the station for it and the prospects of lugging a 60 case of ale and all the stock that might be in the Central up the long flight of stairs leading to the inspector's office was not a pleasant one. So only four bottles resulted from the search warrant.

"How did it happen" a policeman asked Progress "that some hours later there were twenty three people in the Central bar and the pumps were going merrily?"

just the same as if there hadn't been any search warrant for months.

This is simply one incident of the eternal dispute in the police office. A prominent city official remarked a day or two ago that "something must break up there soon." The force was never in such a state as it is at present. The spectacle of the chief disputing in public with one detective and then from the force which he has always claimed was too small, appointing another man to do the work simply to ignore the other must lower him in the eyes not only of those who appoint him but of his men.

A Post Office Spy.

Perhaps if the department at Ottawa were acquainted with the condition of affairs in the St. John post office some little changes might be brought about whereby the honest hearted and respected men employed there could exist with the full liberties of an ordinary man and not as if the fabled sword were suspended over their heads for some imagined wrong doing. It would not be a surprise to the clerks these days if plaster of Paris jackets were supplied them by the local postal powers. Within the four walls of the big letter distributing centre is contained a man who seeks to popularize himself with his boss by spying on his fellow employees. He is not a junior clerk but an old hand and perhaps even visions of a fatter pay envelope every time he saunters to the postmaster with a little tid-bit of tattle tellur.

A half dozen instances could be quoted wherein he has without provocation run with petty tales to Mr. Hanington and has had the boldness and effrontery to confront the alleged "criminals" before that official. He is an old woman busybody with pretensions to the life of a goody-goody but unless he makes amends for his eavesdropping and news carrying his will be another case of the "needle's eye" when accounts are balanced in a future ledger. "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you" is not a bad motto after all.

About the New N.W. Paper.

The Daily Telegraph has not been sold yet, though there is only \$3,000 between Col. McLean and the new company. The invoices for the new machines are at hand, and in any case they will be used. Col. Tucker has been assured that his claim of some \$16,000 will be paid but then managing owner McLean has a claim of \$12,000 to say nothing of the minor claims of other stockholders. It has been decided that if the Telegraph is purchased the building will be abandoned as it is not considered suitable for a modern plant and besides the ground rent charges are too high.

Why not a War Correspondent?

What a great shake up there will be in the morning newspaper field if the friends of Mr. Blair succeed in buying the Telegraph. Or even if they don't it is said the war and historical editor who has driven the readers of the good old daily to the verge of rebellion will have to take his ticket and go. That situation in Ottawa is said to be no longer open. But there may be an opening on the Sunny Side journal even if the Parroboro journal is gone or what is the matter with him as a war correspondent.

The Halifax Exhibition Attendance.

According to a statement in one of the Halifax papers some 66,000 persons passed through all the turnstiles inside the grounds as well as to them. That means an attendance of about 40,000 people in all, because at least 25,000 people saw the amusements and the races. Still as all of them had to pay 25 cents to do so the revenue was all the greater.

The American Steam Laundry.

The American Steam Laundry has had a great summer's business and now is determined to make the fall and winter's business come up to the high water mark. To this end they will talk to the readers of Progress every week and tell them what they can do in the way of laundry and dyeing. In a week or two Progress will be able to give an extended notice to this modern and well fitted up establishment. Today attention is simply called to the advertisement on the 8th page.

Summoned to 235.

The friends of Mr. William Keefe of the Dufferin, will regret to learn that his hurried summons to his home in Salem was followed by the death of his youngest sister, a young lady of great promise and a favorite with all who knew her.

TRAPS FOR THE FARMER.

FAIRIES REPORT GOOD BUSINESS AT THE COUNTY FAIRS.

Farmers Have Plenty of Money, They Say, and Are Anxious to Part With It—Devices Old and New for Emptying Pocket-books—Women as Guiltless as the Men.

A number of swindlers are now closing their fall season at county agricultural fairs, and will soon return to their homes in New York and other cities, having done quite well in August and September and thus far in October. Said one of the leading operators:

'Working the jays this autumn has paid well. Everybody seemed to have money to burn at the agricultural fairs, and our business was dead easy. Those who operated games of chance cleared big money, in spite of the fact that heavy charges had to be paid for gambling privileges. But, where they could get in, \$5,000 was nothing to pay for a full gambling privilege for four or five days.

It was nothing to see eighteen gambling tables running on a fair ground in the open air during September. What was the favorite game? I think jack-pot probably caught more people and made the most money. No, it wasn't poker, or anything like that. It was betting on a card with a doubling-up privilege for the banker, and many a dollar was lost by the countrymen who hadn't enough money to double-up, so they dropped all. I have been following the fairs for years at various games, but I never before saw as many rolls of money among the farmers as this season. And they played it, too.

I think the easiest thing this year was the old tobacco box trick. A capper of mine had a neat silver box. He'd stand off a farmer and show him the trick, that is, show him how to open the box. Then I'd come along dressed like a farmer. I'd fall in with the pair. Capper would show me the box. I'd fail to open it. Then I'd offer to bet a ten dollar bill no one else could open it. The guy would jump at the chance flash his roll, and we'd put up ten each. I'd look at the box, give it a dead-lock turn, which the jay'd not see, and hand it back to him. Then he'd go to work. Of course, he couldn't open it under the new conditions and he'd lose. To take in ten jays a day wouldn't be much of a job for five hours. I recollect one jay I had my doubts about. He was dangerous looking. He had up his ten and I had covered it. It looked like his bottom stake. I imagined he had a gun, so I ventured another bet of ten against his pistol he couldn't open the box if I couldn't. To my surprise he pulled a five shooter bulldog from his hip pocket, and the capper held all the stakes. Well, sir, it nearly took the capper's breath away, but we were all right. Chances were the farmer hadn't two guns. He tried all he knew how and of course, couldn't open the box. We got away all right, but we might have fared badly had I not thought he might be armed.

'One of our party sold a lot of twenty-five-cent rings for a quarter and then gave 50 cents each for them to the farmers who bought. When he had a big crowd he sold a dozen cheap watch chains for a quarter each, and gave a half dollar each for them back to buyers. Then he offered fifty cheap watches, at a dollar apiece, saying there was no telling but what he'd give \$5 each for them again, as he was simply advertising a big New York jewelry house. Buyers were plenty, flush and anxious. Watches were handed out as fast as they could be wrapped in paper. A few of the first that were sold had works in them and would run in a fashion. All the others had no works but were only cheap imitation cases. All were well wrapped in paper. Buyers were told to keep up their arms, watches in hand, in plain view, so that no one could make any change or substitute. Before they knew of anything, our man who drove a fast horse, would leave the crowd and get away before they could touch him. In this branch, we'd take in country cappers and all and beat them with the rest. It was dead easy to get a half dozen jay cappers for the first two buys. Nine cases out of ten they'd stop, but go ahead on the third buy. They, still, like the other farmers, have their alloy watches on hand unless they throw them away. A few dollars fixed any constable or special who might be in the way. It was dangerous, but it went.

'One clever new thing was this: For a half dollar enough drug could be bought to color a barrel of water. Our barkers sold the cure all medicine, crying out to every farmer to take a sample. The cappers accepted a small drink of it. Hundreds followed. Cappers then made a dime each. Farmers hedged saying they had accepted a sample. 'Nonsense,' cried the barkers. 'we said it was Dr. Sample's cure.' And in this way the agriculturists were compelled to give up a dime each, which they did

with a laugh and a swear at 'the damn swindle,' as they said.

'We had two boys in our party, kids they were, who flim flammed the hucksters with two and five dollar bills, and they did the trick so cleverly that I'm sure that they can live comfortably all winter in New York without much labor. That pair of kids will grow up and become expert ten-dollar bill workers in a year or two. They showed many a bad five, asking for two two's and a one, for change, while the beer and oyster men were in full swing of business at the various eating stances. We did some little green goods business, where we could manage a tent privilege in some side show, but there was not time or opportunity to fall in with a jay who had a big enough roll to equal a regular come-on. Green goods men have a hard row to hoe these days, where they're located.

'Too many people are on to 'em, yet they're doing fairly well. A bright young fellow was given away the other day by his pal in a neighboring jail. For a promise he squealed; wrote to his pal in New York to come on. Faithful lad that he was, he came on to help his friend and walked right into the hands of a chief of police. The judge gave him two and a half years in an east Pennsylvania jail, while the chief man got free. That's right, what I'm telling you.

'The twirling pointer that is loaded and never stops on the space were the ten dollar bill is, if the operator don't want it to, is not a new thing, but it is a winner. When the capper elbows his way in the crowd and the operator lets the pointer stop at the tenner, why, of course, the farmers try to win the next big money. I hired a good man—that is, I thought he was a good fellow—to help us out on a busy Thursday. Well, sir, that fellow, like all of us, had his price. He jumped the fair ground when he won his first ten-dollar bill. Maybe he's running yet, poor fellow. The ten was too big a temptation

and he got away with it. The whirling racehorse is a winner, as most of the farmers like to bet on a horse, even if it is a tin one in a race.

'We didn't have any thimble rige, little jokers or sweat cloths this trip. People are too much on the alert for new plays. The shoe blacking peddler, who puts one, two and five dollars bills in the tin boxes in the presence of the jays, to boost sales, is not a success any more. Not enough in it for quick business. We had a wart remover fakir, who could cut out a wart with his specially sharpened thumb nail, about as slick as the best surgeon I ever saw. He sold as much of the wart remover compound as he could make out of cheap rosin soap. Of course, his thumb nail did the business in the presence of the crowd who thought it was the instantaneous wart remover compound. He could put some of the compound in his eye and it wouldn't hurt him. It was sold as a harm less preparation, you know.

'There is more business done with the women farmers than ever before. It is astonishing how they fill the little side tents of the fortune-teller women and the female palmists. But, after all, the biggest card to win is when you offer something for nothing. Anything with the word free to it, is a sure go. 'Free of charge' gets a big crowd quick for you, and then if you have a work to do for cold cash, do it quickly.

'As it was in Barnum's days, so it is now. People take the chances when it comes to a humbug or fraud or swindle. They have faith in their wisdom. Why distrust them? They'll be just as eager next fall to get something for nothing, or to buy a chain for a quarter if they can sell it back for a half. Of course, they'll take a dozen each.

'But don't you imagine that I'm here giving away the best we've got. There are some things which cannot be revealed. It would make our business too cheap.'

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FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT:

How the American is Remembered in the United States.

There are as many statues of Benjamin Franklin, probably, as of any other American, unless it be Washington; but the city of Philadelphia, which was Franklin's place of residence through the greater part of his life, possessed no really splendid memorial of the great man until recently. On June 14th a statue of Franklin, presented to the city by Mr. Strawbridge, the work of the sculptor, John J. Boyle, was unveiled in front of the post-office.

The statue is of bronze, and represents the philosopher and statesman seated, in an attitude of that thoughtful and courteous attention which it seems to us, must have been characteristic of him. It is in the costume of Franklin's own period. It represents, undoubtedly, the Franklin whom Philadelphia knew; for he was best known in the city of his residence, as the philosopher, the journalist, the author, the man of science, rather than as the statesman or man of affairs.

The deferential smile which the seated figure in the statue wears was certainly characteristic of Franklin. The gentleness of his ways always endeared him to his neighbors, although they found much to deprecate in his opinions and in his way of

life. Even when on his arrival in Philadelphia, he was once seized for falling asleep in a religious meeting, account was quickly taken of the fact that he was young and greatly exhausted by travel.

Franklin has received one sort of monumental tribute to a degree second only to that of Washington. More towns and post offices have been named after him than any other man, even Washington himself, although the bestowal of the name Washington on the capital of the country transcends, of course, any of the similar honors accorded to Franklin.

Thirty-six places in the United States, in as many states and territories, bear the name of Franklin simply, and thirty-four others bear names into which the word enters in combination, such as Franklin, Franklinville, Franklin Falls, and so on. As against this there are twenty-seven Jacksons in the country, thirty Washingtons, and twenty-five Jeffersons.

Thirty-one counties bear the name of Washington, twenty-four the name of Franklin, twenty-three the name of Jefferson, and twenty-two the name of Jackson. The naming of the first town for Franklin was regarded by him as a great honor. This was in 1776, during the Revolutionary War. The town of Wrentham, Massachusetts, was divided, one part of it taking the name of the celebrated diplomatist and philosopher. In recognition of the honor Franklin presented the new town with a bell for its church.



HUNTING RABBITS.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

Last Tuesday evening the Williams Concert Band produced before a large and fashionable audience their third concert, upon which they were ably assisted by Miss Blanche Shute, contralto, of Halifax; Mr. W. R. Shute, basso, of Halifax; and Mr. J. A. Kelly, tenor, of St. John. Of the vocalists it can be said those present were treated to some rare solos. Miss Shute, sang Gilechrist's "Heart's Delight" with all the musical truth the pretty piece called for, and, though lacking slightly in full expression, showed that her voice possessed superior tone. She is a student in the Halifax conservatory and will most certainly develop into a most excellent singer. Her encore song was every bit as pleasing as her first number. Miss Shute received two beautiful bouquets. Mr. W. R. Shute's easy manner and deep rich voice made his solo "Hybris the Cretan," also his encore piece, real gems in the estimation of the audience. He also was well received and shared the honors with Mr. J. A. Kelly, St. John's leading tenor, who also rendered two numbers, the principal one being a plaintive love song by Watson, "The Better So."

Miss Bessie Farmer accompanied faultlessly. Mr Harold Williams with his saxophone solo "Favorite" by Hartman, captured the audience and was forced to respond to an encore while Ernest R. Williams' clarinet solo "8th air with variations" was a musical gem as well.

The band itself was up to its full strength and rendered its various difficult numbers in perfect harmony and with the precision of professionals. Professor Williams' baton has certainly worked wonders in the corps of instrumentalists and the manner in which they rendered such high class selections as the overture "William Tell" "Der Freischuetz" and the Coronation march from the Prophet was worthy of far more pretentious organizations.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

When looking over the advertising columns of the New York Sunday papers this week I noticed that a number of good people who have appeared before St. John audiences this summer are now trying to amuse the metropolitans. That favorite, "The Old Homestead," is on the boards again at the Academy of Music, announced for a "limited engagement" only. This is coupled with the information that Denman Thompson "returns to the scene of his former triumphs."

Whatever the kala-techno-scope is, it is on view at Proctors and represents Admiral Dewey leading the land parade. So it is quite evident that New Yorkers are still crazy about their favorite admiral. Eddie Sawtelle, who was with us this summer as one of the California trio, is also a feature and he is associated with the two Duffys.

"Too Much Johnson" is on at the Murray Hill, and "Why Smith Left Home" at the Madison Square, and Francis Wilson in "Cyrano de Bergerac" is at the Knickerbocker.

Speaking of advertisements those announcing excursions to see the yacht race are worth noting. The great tourist firm Raymond & Whitcomb seemed to have the top notch price, ten dollars a trip, but then they had an elegant steamer and would only take 350 persons. Other steamers made the price one dollar and it ranged from that to three dollars. Thos. Cook & Son had the Grand Duchesse and charged five dollars for a seat and five for a stateroom. But then the wireless system of telegraphy was operated from this ship.

The newspapers agree that the prospect for good business is bright this year.

Cuticura SOAP

Flakes the hair grow. Clears the complexion. Softens and whitens the hands. Preserves and beautifies the skin of infants and children.

Absolutely pure, delicately perfumed, unparagoned in its purity and excellence. It is not only the most efficacious of skin purifiers and beautifiers, but also the most delicate of toilet, bath, and baby soap.

The season is just fairly opened and as many provincial people are taking advantage of the fall season to visit the great metropolis they will be interested in what there is to be seen in the principal houses of amusement. In addition to those that have been mentioned as advertised, "The Song of the Sword" will be produced at Daly's. It has been written by Leo Dietrichstein for E. H. Sothorn, and it is believed to contain not only a hero suitable to that actor but also a heroine whom Virginia Harned will represent handsomely. The scenes and characters are French. Their nature is romantically melodramatic. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is a principal episode. The first half of the week at Daly's will be devoted to repetitions of "The King's Musketeer." Daniel Frohman's stock company will be there next month with "The Manoeuvres of Jane."

The second opera of the season at the American will be "Roméo and Juliet," which was one of last winter's agreeable productions by the Castle Square Company and which, in view of the stronger organization and extended facilities, can hardly fail to be a good revival. The alternating casts name the best favorites, and none of them can be worn in voice or waned in vim so soon after the summer's rest.

Shakespeare will get attention [at the Grand Opera House. "The Winter's Tale" will be performed with Kathryn Kidder as Hermione and Perdita, Charles B. Hanford as Leontes, and Louis James as Autolycus. These are players of experience and ability and their efforts should be not only worthy but what is more to the purpose, entertaining as well. They will figure on various nights of the nights of the week in "Macbeth," "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal."

The Harlem Opera House will have for a week or so "Because She Loved Him So." This is the first visit of the farce to New York since its long term at the Madison Square last winter. Most of the players of the original cast are still with it. J. E. Dodson is again the quiet old man, and Annie Irish the jealous young wife who objects to three yellow-haired other husband's coat.

The weekly change at the Star will bring "Through the Breakers" to that house. It is a melodrama with a full supply of thrilling rescues and almost lots of things which are prevented just in the nick of time. The scenery is said to be the required quality and with a sufficient amount of changes. It is imported from England, where the most exciting examples of this kind of stage entertainment are made.

Henry Miller and "The Only Way" will finish their stay at the Herald Square next Saturday night. On the following Monday they will move to the Garden, to remain until Richard Mansfield occupies that stage in November. A week from tomorrow Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" will come to the Herald Square.

Anthony Pope's "Rupert of Hentzau" will leave the Garden a week from tomorrow night. People who have seen James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda" find him interesting in this sequel. It is an entertaining example of the slightly subdued melodrama which nowadays goes by the name of romantic drama, and therefore is considered possible in a Broadway theatre.

In a few more nights and "My Innocent Boy" with Otis Harlan will vacate the Garrick. The excellent though slight character sketch given by Ada Deaves in the second act is not the least amusing portion of the piece. A week from tomorrow night Louis Mann and Clara Lipman will occupy this stage with a new three-act farce called "The Girl in the Barracks."

Francis Wilson in "Cyrano de Bergerac," with its good music by Victor Herbert, has this week left at the Knickerbocker. Next the Empire company will come for a fortnight's stay in "Lord and Lady Algy." This will give New Yorkers another opportunity to see Jessie Millward in one of her best characterizations and William Faversham in one of his most popular ones.

A week and "The Girl From Maxim's" will leave the Criterion to make room for the less sportive "Barbara Freitchie" and Julia Marlowe. Before this latest work of Clyde Fitch is shown to New Yorkers, the current French farce will have reached its fiftieth performance on Oct. 17.

Another play to announce its farewell to New York is "The Ghetto" at the Broadway. This drama with its exceptionally good cast has only one more fortnight in the metropolis, and then Julia Arthur will take its place with a translation from the French, "More Than Queen." Afterward, her assumption of the role of Hamlet will be seen.

What Contains It. Cocaine is an alkaloid of a small shrub found in Peru and Bolivia. The official

Fall and Winter Millinery!



An elegant display of all the latest novelties in French, English and American—HATS TOQUES AND BONNETS. Also a large variety of Trimmed and Untrimmed Sailor Hats, Walking Hats and Gait Hats. Prices moderate, inspection invited.

GHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

name of the drug as used in medicine is cocaine sulphate, a salt derived from the shrub treated with sulphuric acid. Cocaine is composed of carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen reduced to a sulphate. Each element of the compound has a direct influence on the nervous system, blood and lymphatics. It possesses the singular property of killing all sensation of pain in the parts where it is locally applied while elevating the mind of the patient to a pitch of exaltation absolutely without parallel.

COINS RARE AND COMMON.

A Billion of Cents in One Coin—Coins for Which High Prices are Paid. The demand for one-cent pieces is so great that the Philadelphia mint is compelled to turn out nearly 4,000,000 a month to keep up the supply. There are at present something like 1,000,000,000 cents in circulation.

If you want to exchange a hundred dollar bill for cents you would get ten good large bags full of coppers. Nickels and copper coins have no mint marks, neither have coins issued at the Philadelphia mint. Collectors often pay high prices for coins bearing certain mint marks which otherwise would not have been worth more than their face value.

The first United States struck for circulation bear the date 1793. They are of six varieties and are valued at \$2.50 to \$6.25.

Very rare are the New York doubloons coined in 1787 of which only five are known to exist. On one side of this rare and curious coin is a picture of the sun rising over a mountain surrounded by the legend "Nova Eboraca Columbia Excelsior." Below is the name of the designer, "Brasher." The other side has the original form of the national motto, "Unum E Pluribus." There is an heraldic eagle on one wing on which are the letters "E. B." the designer's initials. These coins are worth about \$500. The last sold brought \$527. It had belonged to an old Maryland family ever since it was coined.

The five dollar gold piece of 1822 is a rare coin. At one time only two were said to be in existence; one in the Philadelphia mint, the other in Boston, but a third was picked up in a New York money changer's shop a few years ago.

"I was afraid at first that it might be a counterfeit," said the collector of coins who happened to spy it. The man was so delighted to secure it that before leaving the shop he bought several other coins which he didn't want. He paid only \$6 for it. The same day he received an offer of \$250; later \$450 was offered by another gentleman; \$600 by another one, but the gentleman, at last accounts, was holding it for \$1,000. One of the most sought after

"77" GRIP

It's all very well for people of leisure to "lay up" with a Cold—to keep in doors to go South—but work-a-day, active people can not spare the time. To this vast majority "Seventy-seven" appeals; it is a small vial of pleasant pellets: fits the vest-pocket, a ladies' portmanteau, card case or child's school box. The prompt use of "77" will "break up" a Cold from the first touch to the most stubborn case of Grip.

colonial coins is the Highly copper. It was struck in 1737 by Samuel Highly, who was a physician and a blacksmith at Granby, Conn. He got the copper from a mine near by and shaped the coin at his forge. About nine years ago a silver shekel was found in Texas which dates back to 142 B C. Its intrinsic value is about 50 cents; its value to collectors \$5,000.

One of the earliest known coins is a didrachm of ancient Aegina, coined about 700 B. C. Its intrinsic value is about 30 cents; its market value \$7.

The coins spoken of in the bible are shekels which were of silver: the widow's mite, the tribute penny and the "Judea capta," the bronze coin struck by the Emperor Titus to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem.

In Japan coins are generally of iron, and in Siam they are chiefly of porcelain. Whale's teeth form the coinage of the Fiji Islands. They are painted white and red, the red teeth being worth about twenty times as much as the white. These teeth are worn as a necklace instead of carried in a pocketbook.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British Museum consists of 250,000 specimens, and is one of the finest in the world. At the Philadelphia Mint is a good collection of American coins, but the government only allows it \$800 a year to buy coins with. The British Government spends \$5,000 a year.

Words From the Heart

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

He Suffered for Years from Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He has Found a Cure.

From the Enterprise, Bridge-water, N. S.

Solomon Meldrum, Esq., of Upper Branch, Lunenburg Co., N. S., is a gentleman of Scotch descent, and well known throughout the county. He is an agriculturist of repute and is prominent in the local affairs of the Baptist denomination. Referring to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he says:—"I consider them a most wonderful and beneficent revelation in the realm of medicine. Previous to using these pills some two years ago, I had suffered for years from kidney trouble and rheumatism. Many a time had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly 70 years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humanly considered, in a case of such long standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to-day in excellent health with scarcely an ill feeling to remind me of past sufferings. Something over two years ago I read of the wonderful cures attending the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if these testimonials are true it is possible the pills may benefit even me. I bought six boxes first, used them strictly as directed and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all faith in the result. I only had to use six boxes of the second lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and when I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of weakness in extreme violence being not a whit more distressing. These attacks came on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to improve our race, and allay and cure our suffering, I say again that I thank the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They remove and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Highly Exasperating Ending of a Prosperous Night's Work.

"One night when I set out as usual with a definite object in view, knowing just where I was going to go," said the retired burglar, "I stopped at another house on the road, something that I very rarely did; but somehow this house struck me as being good; you know how things come to you that way sometimes, and we can't account for 'em. It was too early, half or three-quarter of an hour before I'd have got at the house I had started for, but I

Baby's Own Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a baby and the text: 'He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert" Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing. Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.'

didn't even wait for time, I just went ahead and went in.

"And I'm blest if there was a living soul in the house; that is, as near as I could guess. I couldn't tell for sure, of course, without looking, but I imagine I can tell always as soon as I step into a house whether there's anybody in it or not. In a dead house, so to speak, that is, you know, where there's no life, nobody, the air's dead; I don't mean with the deadness of shut up rooms, but it lacks something; and when there is somebody that something is supplied; I suppose it's a current of some sort that the air is charged with, but anyhow, you can tell by the feel whether there's anybody in the house or not, and there wasn't anybody in this. But it wasn't deserted, not by a long shot; it just seemed to me as though they'd all gone off somewhere for that night, the whole kit and caboodle of 'em, and left the house alone.

"And it was a comfortable house, I tell you everything just as slick and nice as could be; people of means, and people who knew how to live, and who lived happily; poety things all around, and showing so you could tell that the folks had 'em there cause they liked 'em; not just for show." And the silver was what you might have expected in a house like that. It was solid and good and handsome, and at the same time kind o' chubby; that is, it was inclined to be sort of stoutish, rather than tall and slender. It looked good humored and cheerful, somehow, and it suited me right down to the ground.

"I got that stuff together and it made a pretty heavy sort of a sack. And then I stopped right there. I knew the house was empty, well enough, but I wasn't taking any chances at all; I might have struck a good trade up stairs, but I'd struck a good one down, sure; and it seemed as though it would be a blunder to take one chance in a million of spoiling the good thing I'd got by reaching silver more, and so I just went away and went home; and I got there with all that stuff, almost as soon as I'd have got to the house that I'd set out to go to, as it'd gone there. My folks was away, like they was out of that house I'd just come from, and baby like I spread the silver out on a table in a room downstairs and looked at it and then left it there and went to bed. I woke up in the morning thinking of it, and came down to look at it again, and it wasn't there; it was gone, to the last spoon; and a latch shoved back from a window, showed how.

"I don't like to think ill of anybody in my own profession, but I'd like, even now to meet the man that swiped that silver."

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

"You profess to think a great deal of me," a romantically-molded dame told her lover; "but I much doubt if you would make any great sacrifice, if it were necessary, to secure my well-being." "Mabel, how can you be so unjust," he exclaimed, vehemently, exasperated by her heartless tone; "have I not offered to marry you?"

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We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash price. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send for samples for free.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 14

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The declaration of war made by the Transvaal against the British Empire was to be expected after the bold ultimatum sent to London by that little republic on Wednesday. England's reply was abrupt but to the point and the declaration of war followed. Now both parties are pushing their troops to the border and fighting is no doubt going on at this moment though the telegraphic accounts are of course very meagre. A strict military censorship is being exercised over all dispatches that are sent from South Africa and it is not likely that England will permit distorted and sensational accounts to be sent out for publication. This will, no doubt, give full swing to the imaginations of the men connected with yellow journalism who will not scruple to print anything that will make a sale for their papers.

It will not take the Boers long to buy all their available forces to the front and it may be expected that the English and Cape troops will act on the defensive until reinforcements can be hurried from the mother land and the colonies. In the meantime sharp fighting may be expected. The only hope of success the Boers have lies in prompt action. They would be foolish to wait until England was prepared for them and then make their fight against tremendous odds. They are no doubt acting on the assumption that they have the peace loving Gladstone to deal with and that one or two victories at the start will make the English recognize their absurd claims. They will find out their error too late. The question of supremacy in South Africa must be settled now. Great Britain cannot afford to retreat if she would retain her empire. The wise and venerable PAUL KRUGER seems to have lost sight of these facts and to have plunged his little republic into a war from which she cannot emerge save as a dependency. And the Orange Free state will share her fate.

Now that war has been declared the time has arrived for Canada to show what she is made of and to send such a contingent to aid England that there will be no doubt of her readiness at any time to assist the motherland. It is stated, at this time of writing, that Mr. TARTÉ the French minister of public works, will oppose such a move and will resign if it is made. Let him resign then. The people will support any government that will help England. If TARTÉ's suggestions are listened to Mr. LAURIER may as well hand in his own resignation for just as soon as parliament meets the members will invite him to step down and out. LAURIER is a Frenchman and as such is acceptable to the English but TARTÉ will not be permitted to dictate their course in this matter—not for an instant. His recent utterances in his own paper, La Patrie, are not those of a loyal French Canadian. His interview in Figaro, the great French newspaper, reprinted throughout Quebec, gives one a painful impression and must have made the best of liberals regret that there was a man in the cabinet who could represent French Canadians had such a keen interest in her affairs that they wanted a direct press service between Paris and Canada. Such utterances may have passed without comment by themselves but followed up as they have been by TARTÉ's opposition to the Canadian contingent suggests a spirit of animosity that the people of this country will not sympathize with. That cry was

raised against the liberal party once and they cannot afford to hear it again.

The Orange Free state has cast in her lot with the Transvaal and if one is conquered the other will share the same fate. The South African Republic, the President of which is the redoubtable OOM PAUL KRUGER, has an area of 118,642 square miles, and a population variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000. The great majority of these are blacks. Over 130,000 are Dutch, who rule the country, and there are about 20,000 Englishmen and Americans, called Outlanders, or foreigners, who are working the mines, managing the enterprises, and getting most of the wealth that is left after the Boers exact what they can in the way of oppressive taxes. Between the Dutch and the British is an inherited animosity coming from the wars between Holland and England centuries ago. Ever since the Dutch settled in South Africa the feeling has increased.

When England went to the Dark Continent the Dutch settlers kept moving northward in order to get out of their reach. Finally they passed beyond the Vaal River, hence the name Transvaal. There the Boers set up their own Government, and in 1852 were recognized as independent. Great Britain, however, got closer, and in 1877 it annexed the country, making the protection of the Boers from the Zulus the excuse. In 1880 the Boers rebelled from this domination, and the revolt culminated in the battle of Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881, in which the victory of the Boers was complete. Gladstone and the Liberal ministry had not the hardihood to continue the war, and Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the South African Republic, except as to its foreign affairs.

Since then the events belong to the current history of the times. The Boers have increased the exactions upon the Englishmen and Americans who have been developing the country, and have made it so that the men who control the property and the wealth have very little to do with the Government, because the laws of citizenship keep a foreigner waiting seven years before he can vote. It is the conflict between the bright, progressive, educated Anglo-Saxons and the stolid, boneset, determined Dutch farmers, who have suffered wrongs and who see in the British plans their own downfall.

A curious contrast has been drawn. Sixty years ago the Dutch in caravans moved from the English. It was known as the "Great Trek." This year the English women and children have been fleeing from the Transvaal because they feared the Boers.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that eventually, in some way or other, the country of the Boers will be brought under the British flag. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the constructive genius of the present Government is determined that it shall be done, and troops are being hurried to Africa. This is the policy of absorption but it by no means gets the approval of all the English people. Right Honorable JOHN MORLEY, the greatest of the Liberals, in a public speech declared: "There could not be a more insane attempt at human folly than a war that would bring added burdens. We do not wish to be a pirate Empire, and a war with the Transvaal would mean deep dishonour."

In standing so long against such overpowering odds, PRESIDENT KRUGER, with all his brazenness has shown himself to be a historical character; and, while the Boers will no doubt lose the game in the end, there must always be admiration for their sturdy resistance.

The stakes are worth millions. If the Outlanders, backed by the British Government, win, they will soon control the government, as they can outvote the limited number of Boers who are allowed the franchise, and with Great Britain's suzerainty admitted, the Transvaal will become a British dependency. It is for this reason that PRESIDENT KRUGER is insisting that Great Britain shall abandon all claims of suzerainty, the very point Mr. Chamberlain will not yield.

Canadians are naturally interested in every conflict in which the mother land may engage. The people of this country are ready at any time to give assistance if it is required. Other colonies of Britain have already offered to furnish troops and their offer has been accepted. Because the government of Canada has not yet done so an attempt has been made to make political capital out of their inactivity. Now that war is declared there is no doubt Canada will offer to do her share. This country differs from New South Wales and Australia inasmuch as it is situated in another hemisphere and there does not appear to be any need of her assistance. But if England is inclined to make this petty war an object lesson to the other great powers

—to show them that the Empire is prepared to stand solidly together, then that is a different matter, and Canada should lead the procession. Still its nothing to get excited over. The enterprise of a big newspaper, prompted no doubt in part by the desire to make political capital out of the matter, has gathered patriotic messages from many parts of Canada in favor of a Canadian contingent going to the war. As a rule politics and patriotism are not allied but in this case we think one is being made the tool of the other.

AMUSING RACE REPORTS.

Commodore STEWART, the editor of the Coatham World, is an undoubted authority on yachting matters. He has often scored the gentlemen on the St. John press for their reports of yacht races and now, from his editorial sanctum in the north, he is pouring sarcasm on the "specialists" of the great New York newspapers who are doing the Shamrock-Columbia races. He calls their account "stuffed" and says: "Here is a choice extract from one of the articles that is enough to make a horse—or a horse mackerel—laugh—"Both took in their spinners and eased their sheets." This was a truly wonderful manoeuvre. It is to be inferred that the yachts, with spinners set and sheets aboard, and were sailing on the wind! Wonderful yachts they must be! And when spinners were in sheets were eased! This was the first time in the history of the sport that the phenomenon was ever seen—that is, if the reporter describes what really occurred.

Here is another gem from the reports—"Columbia wore about with her helm hard down." The reporter is describing a gybe around the mark. "This was another startling feat, never before performed. Did any other craft, from the days of Noah to the present, ever gybe with her helm hard down? Peculiar boats, these America Cup racers!" The reporter speaks of Shamrock as "a wonder," merely because she holds her own with Columbia, which is hardly sufficient justification for describing her as such, but he would be fully justified in calling Columbia a wonder after seeing her perform the feat of gybing with helm down.

Among many columns of gush and set we find a striking description of what is described as "C. OLYMPIA beating playing the limit—no more reckless piece of courage ever seen in an international race." We find, on looking to see what great feat had been performed, that Columbia, behind Shamrock and with an overlap on her, gybed around the mark instead of going outside of her, thus losing the chance of fouling the buoy or the other boat. If the reporter had only known that the Columbia was entitled to room for turning, and that a collision would have disquailed Shamrock and not Columbia, he would have spared the reading world this gush about "reckless" and "courage on her part." It was Shamrock, not Columbia, that was in danger, and she was forced, to render a foul impossible, to make so wide a turn that Columbia had the weather berth when sheets were flattened for the return trip.

The way these writers of picturesque nonsense get mixed up on the sails, as the queer names they invent for them, forcibly remind yachtsmen of experiences with green crews, who have to be told to "haul on that rope there," "untie that line at the foot of the up-and-down pole ahead of you," etc. They tell us of "jibstaysails," "hullion topsails" and various other unknown sails, until one wonders why the writers had not learned the anatomy of a yacht's rig by one undertaking to describe races of so much importance. Nothing man in descriptive yacht race writing has been since a local paper told us that the forestay of a Miramichi yacht found the tack of the jib and the mainsheet jumped over the gaff and caused the topsail to shake and the yacht to come up in the wind and stay there several minutes before repairs could be effected!

We sympathize with Mr. STEWART. The next best thing to seeing a good sporting contest is to read a graphic and correct account of it. Yachting experts will agree with him that some wonderful things have come over the wires about these races but then the demand for yachting reports in New York must have been out of all proportion to the supply. Few, if any of them have the same opportunity to become acquainted with the sport as the Commodore-editor from the noble Miramichi, and next year, those news papers that buy news from the associated press should unite in a request that Mr. STEWART be invited to undertake the work of sending forward a correct report.

Halifax has got the yacht race between VAIL and LYNCH and yet no one here has yet indulged in any porky expressions regarding them. Still when it is considered that St. John money is backing VAIL and St. John men had a great share in making the race, the following statement from a Halifax paper cannot be considered quite in order.

It was thought that when it came to the five point Vail would come here, as he has rowed several races here and has many friends in Halifax. He always got a "square deal" here, and the chances are that so far as Harry himself is concerned he would no more row here than in New Brunswick. It these are VAIL's sentiments he managed to conceal them while in St. John.

A certain HATTIE SWEENEY of Digby, charged with concealing the birth of her child, was kept in jail four months before she was tried and then because the jury did not find her guilty the judge was very indignant and hoped the next jury he met in that county would respect their oaths. We are more lenient in St. John for, according to a somewhat common report, an infant found in an open field in the city is not considered to be any evidence that a crime was committed since no effort has been made to find the mother. In these late days such happenings as these are not considered worth bothering

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about but it seems quite a dangerous state of mind for the public to indulge in.

Mayor SEARS' telegram to the Montreal Star sums to have aroused the wrath of a good many people. They seem to forget the fact that he stated his own opinion and not that of any body else. The council did not agree with him and so the aldermen placed theirs upon record. But that does not warrant the Moncton Times in calling the Mayor of St. John an "incident."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Paul Kruger. Deep, mortal eyes that seek the ground To heaven's path to trace; The giant form of Lisson, crowned By Gloom—'tis grosser face; Coarse, rustic gab, of a tooth cut, That marks each mighty limb; 'Tis by less bold the ready bait Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest Asks critics clear-eyed: So rough a scabbard leaves unguessed How been the blade inside; The rascal w'l, the sub-e brain St. August's doomed to wage With Dostoy's still dumb og main The hopeless war of Age.

His kindred are a ruzzed brood That nurse a dying fire; 'Tis sons of Galyb's bit ter mood, And steeper than their sire, By falls through trackless dens-ris steered, Lost miles of lonely sand, Far from the intrustful word they feared They found the promised Land.

By such grim guards as tutored well His partan children's gaze; The wild-tail of the flit gazelle, The lion's path he knew; The camp surprised 't' dawn, the rush Of feet, the crackling smok', When on the sleeping laurel's bush He added a hair broke.

Nay, once, 'tis said, when Vail in flood T'ward the water's edge; 'Tis mid his w'ile current stood A wound'd buck at bay, While some before the bri'e drew back, And some before the wave, Strung that orris's leaping track, The mercy-stroke he gave.

A steam more rapid and more wide His strength has stemmed since then— Called from the plodding team to guide The sleeker w'ile of men— C'cept-predicted to see a trade, Unlettered and unshooked, The cloud-bred (i wish peasant made, No less, a stein, and ruled.

Yet, though that realm he still sustains, Against an empire's might, An' with retiring skill maintains The so unquas' fight; He buys his vict'ry all too dear, Whose loss have 'Tis for friend; Each fatal triumph brings more near The inevitable end.

Haply the hoarse-voiced guns must close The long debate as last, Ere the young Future can compose Its quarrel with the Past; Nations, our England, unshamed, May greet a foeman true O'er own a suburb metal framed, For she is iron, too. —London Spectator.

The Border Bullock Dray. Oh, it's shill along, you bullocks, down the ranges bust and brown, For woe is up and rising still away in London town, And those bustling city buyers, they would sign their bills away For fleeces like we carry in our jolting bullock dray.

Oh it's creak! creak! creak! that is what the axles say To the teamster tramping westward down the dusty b'rd' way; But you must heed their creaking, for with such a peevish lead You should make a border record for the back/b'ck road.

With the w'ombat range before us and another league of pain, Those twenty bales of Bogen wool are bound to miss the train, So it's move along, you leaders, or that lazy skink'er Dan, Will raise the very devil in this patient bullock man.

And it's creak! creak! creak! but the pace is awful slow, For we should have passed the mallee flat a half an hour ago; And the cy-r'ner would curse us if he knew his precious lead Was a mile, at least, behindhand down the back-black road.

With his buttocks out to starboard and his muzzle to the east, Your 'f side pole's skulking and you're swearing And your morals drop to zero, while you curse that pole's brand, And watch the wagon sinking nearly axle-deep in sand.

With its creak! creak! creak! yes, you wish they'd creak again, For you've run into the doldrums on a dry and dusty plain, And it strikes you rather sudden standing staring at your load, That it's mostly dust and blots down the back-black road.

But your throat is dry with cursing and your lips begin to crack, And you know that Murphy's chanty lies a league along the track; So you trail your whip behind you while you take the pole's side, Where you print the w'ash commandments on that stubborn bullock hide.

Oh, it's creak! creak! creak! you are under way again, There's no more like a bullock team for raising dust at a Cain; So, it's go for Dan and Traveller, and shift along the road, We shall never reach the township with our back-black load.

When the wool is landed safely and you're on the home-ward track, You feel a kind of sorry for that off-side bullock's back, For it's something worse than hades on a b'astin' summer's day, For poor old stilled pole's in a jolting bullock dray.

With its creak! creak! creak! but the wind has made a change, You can hear the b'ajo twanging down along the dusty plain, You can see the station children racing out to meet the dray, When they sight the bullocks swaying down the back-black way. —Full Mail Gazette.

A VISIT TO MOUNT ST. VINCENT.

A short time ago, while in Halifax, a Progress representative drove out to Mount St. Vincent in company with Alderman McGoldrick of St. John, whose daughter, Miss Kathleen is at ending the institution. This was the first visit of either to the place and it was only natural that they should be surprised at what they saw while there.

A more beautiful situation could not have been chosen for such an institution and it is little wonder that all the young people who are receiving their education there should so reluctantly to leave when they have finished their course. The situation, of course, is not the only reason for this but it will account, in a certain degree, for the satisfaction of parents.

To describe the institution in detail would take up too much space and yet to do it justice in a few paragraphs is almost impossible. The first impressions of a visitor cannot fail to be favorable and so it was with us from St. John. The drive approaches the entrance by a graceful curve and when it is reached one must stop involuntarily and ask himself just why the entrance was fashioned in that way. The coach or barouche can drive below a spacious portico and if the weather is inclement, perfect shelter is afforded until the house is entered.

On the day that we called, Mother Fedelis, the superior, and Sister La Salle, were somewhat at leisure having given the young ladies an opportunity to spend one day at the exhibition. So they had time to explain what they were doing, and to show us through the different rooms.

One could not fail to be impressed with the manner of these two ladies—their ability was evident—and if their pupils could go into the world with but a portion of their gracious dignity and courteous bearing, their parents might well be satisfied. Although something like a hundred pupils are in attendance, there is but one from St. John, and, if the writer does not err, that is all there is from New Brunswick. It is difficult indeed to give the reason of this. Parents cannot be informed of the advantages of the institution or else they would be glad to send their daughters there, where the best instruction is to be had.

We were shown into a large number of music rooms—there are twenty-five in all—as well as into the assembly hall, the refectory, the class rooms and the dormitories. The absolute cleanliness pervading every room was somewhat remarkable; the glossy varnish seemed to have been but just renewed. It is hard to say what impressed us most—the pleasant dormitories or the sunny class room. Where everything was so perfect it would be difficult to particularize. And as we were leaving, the bathing enclosure of the school was pointed out on the shore of Bedford Basin, where a high board fence surrounds a splendid and safe bathing spot.

There is a small chapel in the building, but arrangements are being made to add another ell and this will afford more room for this and other purposes. Mount St. Vincent is but half an hour's drive from Halifax, and a visit there will repay anyone who is interested in such a splendid institution.

Back From the Yacht Races.

St. John men who went to New York to see the Yacht races are coming home. They all had a good time but as for yacht races—it is not safe to say much about them. T. P. Regan, Dr. Maher and Mr. Harry Smith are among those who have experienced the delights and tasted the entertainments of the metropolis.

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on "Poetry": "A poem is a thing which has rhymes at the last end. A poem also has feet, but some poems don't stand steady on 'em. Poets mostly has long hair, because times is hard and it's cheaper to let it grow. Poets used to live in garrets on a crust of bread—when the baker wouldn't credit 'em. Now they live on the ground floor where they can escape easy when the bailiff is after 'em. My father says poetry makes the world better, but my mother says it ain't the kind he writes. Poets have a monument when the die, as people want to 'weight 'em down so's they can't come back."

Chaire Re-entred Gane, Spines, Perforated, Duval, 27 Waterloo.

AL BAKING POWDER
 Pure
 Delicious and wholesome

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As an institution that is a credit to those in charge of it.

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Chandra Be-acted Gane, Epina, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo.



Summer is once again a fleeting thing and in the social realm the delightful occasions of lawn parties, cutting excursions, picnics, yachting trips etc., are set aside for the next seasons amusements. Fiques, lawns, muslins, and the many other fairy like dresses as well as creak suits and summery attire for the many sex, have been boxed up perhaps forever, unless Dame Fashion put down her dictatorial foot in 1899 in favor of these popular materials once more, or unless this winter's quota of dances and social gatherings cause them to be "done up" a few more times. Here and yonder lives are on the ground and occasional frosty zips remind us that Mother Carey is contemplating the "picking of her chickens" at a very near date. And with the fall me of the season enters St. John's happiest season, the part the year when young and old of all classes delight in a continuous interchange of friendliness and sociability. Just at present the proper amusement are golf and football and yet outside of a few these games are not to any extent interesting. But soon the skating will have domination over the young folk and hockey will serve to divert their attention, followed after Yuletide by a procession of house parties, dances formal and informal, also card gatherings. Even now invitations are out for the third annual ball of the Neptune Rowing Club which takes place on the 25th inst. in the Institute and last night about one hundred young people held a very pleasant informal dance at 174 St. John Street which is may be said capped up the season's series of delightful tepid-bathroom meets held in this excellent ball room throughout the winter by the happy party of young people whose names are appended in this writing. Since last season the hall has been enlarged and beautified and is now much more commodious and accommodating. A programme of fifteen dances and four extras was carried out to the music of a stringed orchestra and it was fully 2 o'clock this a. m. before the merry dancers disbanded. A light supper was served at midnight and in every arrangement the best of taste was displayed by the efficient committee in charge. The young ladies as usual seemed to vie with one another as to dainty attire and sociability.

- Those invited were:—
- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Misses Hollis, | Miss Dodge, |
| Misses Hall, | Misses Potts, |
| Miss Dean, | Miss Clark, |
| Miss Robbins, | Miss Munro, |
| Miss Lawson, | Miss Euis, |
| Miss Barnes, | Miss Forger, |
| Miss Charlton, | Miss Foley, |
| Miss Haines, | Miss Foxwell, |
| Miss Cairns, | Miss Grant, |
| Miss Lamb, | Miss Golding, |
| Miss Powers, | Miss Henderson, |
| Miss Nichol, | Miss Kennedy, |
| Miss Price, | Miss King, |
| Miss White, | Miss Kelly, |
| Miss Munro, | Miss McCuskey, |
| Miss Smith, | Miss Nagle, |
| Miss Lou Wetmore, | Miss Bourne, Woodstock |
| Miss Siewart, | Miss Sinclair, |
| Miss Winslow, | Miss Stuehan, |
| Miss Bradley, | Miss O'Neil Golding, |
| | Miss Crockett, |

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Fred Brodie, | Misses Hall, |
| Will Haines, | Sandy McMurray, |
| Will Peters, | Percy Day, |
| H. Crawford, | Ed. E. Irv, |
| Will J. Wetmore, | Mr. Glynn, |
| Fred Brennan, | Mr. Garris, |
| Herb Barton, | Arthur King, |
| Geo. Barton, | Fred Kirkpatrick, |
| Harry Vaughan, | Gill Davidson, |
| Jack Vaughan, | Guy Tapley, |
| Will Dean, | Fred Kee, |
| Will Kennedy, | Will Magee, |
| Harry Armstrong, | Geo. Magee, |
| Will Clark, | Joe Mathias, |
| Fred Cameron, | Chas. McLean, |
| R. Patchell, | Geo. Price, |
| Geo. Dickson, | Frank Boden, |
| Ed. Dickson, | A. Smalley, |
| Fred Lawson, | B. Sharp, |
| F. Secord, | A. Stevens, |
| W. Turner, | Geo. Thayer, |
| L. F. Raynor, | W. Wetmore, |
| Chas. Woods, | D. Kearns, |
| H. McFarlane, | A. Jordan, |
| D. Belys, | A. Dismore, |
| Stan Smith, | G. H. Secord, |
| A. McNelis, | F. Dunlop, |
| Archie Cook, | G. Charlton, |
| F. Munro, | F. Dole, |
| Water Goddard, | F. C. Tarner, |
| Wm. Nair, | Water Goddard, |
| | D. McKinney, |

Of the Neptune club ball the committee in charge Messrs. John D. Robinson, J. Morris Robinson, Percy Robinson, Frank Kinross, John Kimball, Herbert Vroom, Edward Gerow, Wm. Baird, and J. Fred Driscoll, state that it will far outshine any former efforts of the rowing organization in point of elegance and general arrangement. About eight hundred invitations have been issued to the friends

Maypole Soap

DYES Children Frocks, Pinafores, Stockings, Blouses, etc.

DYES ANY MATERIAL. DYES ANY COLOUR.

For sale everywhere.

FREE BOOK ON "Home Dyeing" on application to

Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL.

to the Club in every corner of New Brunswick and a big attendance is expected.

Miss Mabelle Slipp, of Dorchester, Mass., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Harbour, Richmond street, for several weeks has returned to her home. Miss Slipp made many friends in St. John.

Mrs. B. J. Driscoll and her daughters Genevieve and Mamie have returned from a three weeks visit to Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Grace Smith of Richmond street arrived home Tuesday from a weeks visit to her friend Mrs. Tuttle of Eastport, Me.

Mr. Jack Kelly the leading tenor will leave for New York in a few days on a four weeks sojourn.

Miss Blanche Slave, the Halifax contralto and her brother Mr. W. B. Slave, bass, who are so acceptably at the Williams Band concert on Tuesday were guests of Fred. Williams, Paradise Row, during their stay in the city.

Miss Belle and Florie Hunter, daughters of Mr. Roger Hunter who are home on a visit from Philadelphia, will shortly resume their chosen profession, that of nursing in the Queen City. The Misses Hunter have so far been eminently successful in their noble work.

Miss Beatrice Sutherland, daughter of Mr. J. N. Sutherland has returned from Toronto, after a several months visit at her sisters home.

Mrs. William Clark, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. John F. Morrison are in Halifax, having so acceptably at the Williams Band concert on Tuesday were guests of Fred. Williams, Paradise Row, during their stay in the city.

Miss Mary Robbins is visiting her sister in Portland Maine. She will return next week.

Mrs. Chas. E. Hicks and her daughter Miss M. Hicks of Bridgeton spent a few days in St. John en route to Boston.

Miss Laird left by the Prince Edward to visit friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Spang, who have been visiting relatives in St. John, left by the Prince Edward for their home in Everett, Mass.

Mr. C. A. Gurney is on a visit to East Weymouth Mass., where his father and relatives reside. He will be away another week. Mrs. Gurney accompanied him.

Dr. Maher has returned from a business and pleasure trip to Boston and other American cities.

Mr. Gilbert Purdy, who has been teaching the yachting in New York, will return in a day or two. Miss Purdy accompanied him as far as Boston.

Mr. R. R. Carter went to Boston by the Prince Edward Monday evening on a holiday trip.

Among the visitors of the week were Mrs. C. and Miss Smith of Kentville. They remained only a day or two.

Dr. C. P. Hetherington and his wife spent a few days with friends in Queen county and St. John before returning to their home in Somerville, Mass.

Dr. J. Hetherington, his wife and two children, who have been spending some weeks with Mr. Thomas Hetherington of Coder's, Queen county, returned to Chicago Saturday morning. Dr. Hetherington has many friends in St. John who were glad to know of his success in the western field and who managed to give him a pleasant time while here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weatherpoon of Granville Ferry were in the city this week sojourning at the Cliff Hotel.

Mrs. H. C. Olive received at her home on Main street Tuesday and Wednesday. She and her husband have many friends and there were for indeed who did not find it possible to look in upon the charming bride.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tomkins of Hillsboro passed through the city this week.

Miss Tiffin of Toronto is visiting Miss Lily Markham, German street. Miss Tiffin expects to return to Toronto Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Skinner and Mrs. Percy Thomson returned Saturday from a trip to New York and Boston.

Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt of Fredericton is visiting Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Raymond returned Saturday from a very pleasant trip through western Canada. John Wray, son of Mrs. C. P. Foley of Fredericton, is home from Australia after an absence of six months.

Mrs. R. C. Skinner went to Boston Saturday to be absent a month.

YARMOUTH.

Oct. 12—Mr. Avon Saxon passed through here this week.

Mr. Blair Robertson, of the Bank of Nova Scotia has taken a lease of the residence of the late George B. Smith and will occupy it immediately.

Mr. Charles R. Stoneman returned from Boston this week.

Among our sportsmen who have been enjoying a successful moose hunt this week, are Messrs Alex. Dennis, George Cain, Chas. Godfrey, Chas. Kelley, M. and Mrs. J. Leslie Lovitt have taken for the winter the residence in Centre Town formerly occupied by J. Walter Holly.

Mr. Jack Raymond left by steamer Boston on Friday afternoon, en route for New York.

Mrs. A. L. Slipp of Truro, who has been visiting friends here, has returned home.

Mr. Murray Wyman left on Tuesday evening by steamer Boston on a visit to the States.

Mrs. Ronald Hatfield, who has been spending the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. George W. Johnson, returned to her home in New York on Tuesday evening.

Robert Cale and wife returned from a brief visit to the States by steamer Yarmouth Wednesday morning.

Capt. Thomas Killam left by steamer Boston on Tuesday evening.

Mr. F. Payne of Lockport, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Muriel Vought of North Sydney is visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Breighton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Holly, of St. John are

FERRISBOBO.

[PROGRAMS for sale at the Ferrisbobo Bookstore.]

Oct. 12.—Mrs. R. Smith issued invitations for nine tables of whist for Friday evening and in spite of the wild rain storm there were seven tables. Those who braved the elements certainly did not regret it. The games were very interesting and the refreshments delicious. The prizes fell to Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Ardy, Capt. Ardy and Mr. George Upham. The crown prizes were a pretty blotter and bicent j.

Miss King, Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Townsend.

Miss Agnes McCa'e has been at home from Monday spending a few days.

Rev. Mr. Mauro of Antigonish occupied St. James church pulpit on Sunday and is still in town.

Mrs. James Day arrived today from a visit to New York.

Mr. Oustrit is attending the supreme court at Amherst.

R. v. R. J. Johnston spent Monday and Tuesday at Amherst.

The clam social in St. George's hall on Saturday evening in aid of the Sun Day school was fairly successful.

Rev. W. G. Lane spent Sunday before last at Canning.

Rev. Mr. MacIntosh was the guest of Mrs. B. N. Fullerton.

Mrs. C. E. Day and Miss Rita Day have returned from a visit to St. John.

A Pretty Boston Wedding.

(From the Boston Advertiser.)

The wedding of Miss Rosemond Tudor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tudor, to Alexander Higginson, occurred in Trinity church at noon Tuesday, Rev. Dr. Donald, the rector, officiating. It was one of the most beautiful that has been seen in Boston for a long time. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the church was filled to overflowing with a representative gathering of Boston people.

The decorations for the occasion were autumnal and the work of Mrs. Higginson and Mrs. Quincy Shaw, who personally superintended them.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a surprise in tribute to H. L. Higginson, father of the groom, who has done so much to further the interests of the orchestra.

During the arrival of the guests Wallace Goodrich played on the church organ, and as the bride party appeared the orchestra, 80 of which were present with Mr. Gerieck and stationed in the 1 ft gallery, broke out playing the wedding march from Loebing's, E. E. Esting the Cathedral.

The bridegroom came down the centre aisle to meet the bride. The maid of honor kissed the bride, and then the procession started down the aisle, headed by the ushers. After them came the bridesmaids, and the bride with her father. At the chancel they met the groom, with his best man.

The bridal party included Miss Nancy Whitelide, maid of honor; Miss Abigail Adams and Miss Barbara Higginson, bridesmaids; Malcolm Greenwood, Cleveland; Theron Catlin, St. Louis; Charles Jackson, Boston; James Howe, Longwood; Tyler Morse, Boston; James Perkins, Milton; Harry Woodruff, New York; Clifford Payson, Boston, and Frederick Tudor, Jr., Boston, brother of the bride, ushers and Reginald Johnson, best man.

The bridesmaids wore fawns of corn yellow livery silk cut in princess fashion, and embroidered in black on the sleeves and corsage with bow knots. They wore black velvet directorie, hats trimmed with black plumes and tied with black ribbon. They carried Jacqueminot roses tied with red ribbons.

The costume of the bride was a princess gown of white satin with Duchesse lace sleeves and corsage. She wore a chiffon veil fastened in a small rosette with orange blossoms, and carried bride roses tied with white ribbons. Her jewels were a pearl necklace caught up with a diamond brooch, and another diamond brooch at the throat.

The ushers wore pearl pins, the gift of the groom, and chrysanthemum boutonnieres.

As the bride and groom turned from the chancel the symphony orchestra began the introduction to the 3rd act of the opera. Following this Mr. Goodrich played a postlude on the organ for the departure of the guests.

The decorations of the church were simple but most effective. The back of the chancel was massed with large palms and their green plants to form a background for the autumn foliage. Bougths with red oak leaves surmounted the chancel rail, opening in the centre into an arch of evergreen and autumn leaves with sprays of holly berries and bunches of golden maple leaves at the top. White chrysanthemums set in green overhung the chancel rail, and droopes of asparagus fern trailed upon the step. There were masses of green and autumn shrubbery on either side of the chancel, and the baptismal font was filled with the white chrysanthemums and laurel and entwined with English ivy. The top posts of the centre aisle had clematis vines tied with long white ribbons.

The Corn Crop.

Oh, th' peaches is a failure,
 An' th' grapes is lookin' slim,
 An' th' prospect fer p'aters
 Is mighty dull and dim;
 Th' punkies ain't all likely,
 An' th' squashes are ag'ee,
 An' th' fat-ops soft an' mealy;
 But th' corn crop—
 Hully Gee!

Th' apples is all guarly,
 Th' orchard is a shandy,
 What are th' golden Fippins?
 That gave this country fame?
 Th' Russets Spies all lankin',
 An' th' Greenings slope the tree,
 An' th' Russets are like cordwood;
 But th' corn crop—
 Hully Gee!

Th' biggest crop o' corn, sir,
 We sees in twenty years,
 From North, E. et, south an' West, sir,
 Th' hear th' farmers' g'ee,
 They kick about p'aters,
 But th' corn crop—
 Hully Gee!

They's a thousand million bushels,
 They's a billion o' fat ears,
 Th' biggest crop o' corn, sir,
 We sees in twenty years,
 From North, E. et, south an' West, sir,
 Th' hear th' farmers' g'ee,
 They kick about p'aters,
 But th' corn crop—
 Hully Gee!

Umbrellas Made, Re-constructed, Repaired
 Duval, 17 Waterloo.

DO YOU?

"I have used Welcome Soap for 17 years and think there is none so good, so you see I have used a great quantity and am capable to judge."—[Extract from letter from Mrs. Maggie McDonald, Canaan, King's Co., Nova Scotia,

This is the universal opinion of all who have used the old reliable Welcome Soap.

DO YOU?

If not have your grocer send you at once the famous

Welcome Soap.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS

is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

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When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL— "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.



Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost of germs is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink. The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a salivary check, hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

MORSON & Co., Barrington street
 CLIFFORD STREET, Cor. George & Granville Sts
 GARDNER NEWS CO., Railway Depot
 J. E. FRENCH, Brunswick street
 J. W. ALEXANDER, Dartmouth St. St.
 Queen Bookstore, 111 Hollis St.
 Mrs. DeFreitas, 111 Brunswick St.

Oct. 10—I was unable to write of the Dockyard dance last week but it was a brilliant affair, a fitting opening for a fall and winter season. Some complain that it was too "exclusive" and it was a fact that men were scarce but whether the fault was with the "list" or disinclination to attend I cannot say. You can judge of the "exclusiveness" for yourself for here is the list of invited guests:

- Miss Almson, Mr. T. E. Almson, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Almson, Mr. and Mrs. Abbot, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Capt. W. G. Blandford, Mr. Bryne, Col. Mrs. and Miss Biscoe, Miss Bullock, Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, Capt. Bullen Smith, Mr. Brown, Miss Burns, Vice Admiral and Lady Bedford, Secretary and Mrs. Byron, Mr. Bowdler, Mr. Buller, Mr. Bodwell, Miss Bedford, Miss Bonner, Miss Bell, Mrs. Burrows, Major and Mrs. Clement, Mr. Mrs. Miss Crofton, Dr. and Mrs. Christie, Miss Besie Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Capt. and Mrs. Craike, Ward and Gun room officers of the Crescent, Col. Clarke, Miss M. Dwyer Lieut. Gov. and Mrs. Daly, Mr. and Misses Donli, Capt. Duggan, Miss Darville, Mrs. A. Donli, Miss Dobbie, Major and Mrs. Fortescue, Hon. W. S. Mrs. and Miss Fielding, Miss Farrel, Col. Farmer Capt. Ferguson, Mrs. Farmer, Mr. and Miss Gilpin, Miss Graham, Capt. and Mrs. Goodrich, Miss and Mr. Gravely, Mr. and Miss Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Misses Hassan, Miss Harvey, Misses Harrington, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Mrs. and Misses Holmes, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. R. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. Keany, Col. and Mrs. Kingsote, Mr. G. Lyde, Rev. and Mrs. LeMoine, Mr. and Mrs. M. Morrow, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow, Mrs. Paul, Mr. and Misses Mosely, Miss McDowell, Capt. and Mrs. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrow, Mr. P. McCau land, Lt. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. P. Miller, Mr. R. Palmer, Capt. and Mrs. Primrose, Major and Mrs. Piant, Mr. and Miss Peniston, Miss Potts, Capt. Phillip, Major and Mrs. Pears, Hon. L. G. and Mrs. Power, Officers of Pearl, Foyote and Quill, Capt. Polly, Miss Ritchie, Miss Robinson, Major and Mrs. Ruck, Mr. Raynsford, Mr. Bert and Miss Setton, Major and Mrs. Setton, Miss and Mrs. Shearer, Lieut. Col. Mrs. Miss Stewart, Mr. Smith, Mr. Scobell, General, Lady and Misses Seymour, Capt. and Mrs. Sawyer, Miss Sweet, Mr. and Misses Stoyner, Miss Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Cartwell, Miss Turton, Ward and Gun officers of the Talbot, Mr. C. Usacke, Lt. Col. Mrs. and Misses Wilkinson, Mr. H. Wyldie, Asst. Paymaster White, Mr. D. Weatherbee, Capt. and Mrs. White, Capt. and Mrs. Wilkin, Mr. J. T. Wyldie.

The wedding of Mr. Anderson and Miss Kelley was a very pretty one. The ceremony was performed under a formal bell made from carnations and maiden hair fern. An aisle leading to the bell was formed with blue and white ribbons satin held by children. The ends near the formal bell were held in position by the little Misses Edna Crosskill and Edna Anderson, who were attired in pale blue satin. The ushers at the other ends were Masters Clifford Kelley and James Bayers. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Edna Kelley, while the groomsmen were Mr. G. A. R. Rowlings. The bride who was given away by Mr. John Glassey, was most charmingly attired. She wore a lovely creation of white duchess satin, with pearl trimmings. Her veil was fastened with pearl ornaments. She carried a bouquet of bride roses tied with white satin ribbons. The bridesmaid was also pretty prettily attired. She wore mauve de sol over cream satin, with satin ribbon trimmings. Her bouquet consisted of pink and white carnations. The groom's present to the bride was a gold watch and chain, while his gift to the bridesmaid was a brooch with pearl settings. The bride's travelling dress was a blue tailor-made costume, with hat to match.

Geo. E. E. Nichols, of Halifax, is spending a few days in town with his grandmother, Mrs. M. F. Agnew, Liverpool.

Mr. H. D. Burns, for the past year teller to the Bank of Nova Scotia in Moncton received notice last week of his transfer to the head office at Halifax, Mr. Burns' many friends will be pleased to hear of his promotion.

Miss Edna Thompson, of Newton, Mass., who has been spending the summer with Miss Jost, South street, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell have returned from their wedding tour and will be at home to their friends at No. 4 William Street.

Rev. K. C. Bind entered upon his duties at St. Stephen's chapel last Sunday.

Miss Minnie Sinclair, who has been visiting at 227 Pleasant street, has returned to her home in Bridgetown.

Mr. Rossmore M. P., arrived in the city last week accompanied by his niece Miss Daisy Bell of Almonte, who will spend some time with her sister Mrs. Stairs.

Mr. Kenneth and Misses Fairbanks gave a most enjoyable dance at Hazeldean, 16 South Street Friday night. About fifty people were present.

Arthur Sutherland, son of W. D. Sutherland, Windsor, who has been in the People's Bank of Halifax, has resigned that position and accepted the tellership of Moseon's Bank at Ottawa.

Miss Edith Hensley is visiting Mrs. Hastings W. Freeman, Shelburne.

Dr. L. F. Farrell, Dr. G. C. Jones, Mrs. and Miss M. Braine, all of Halifax, registered at the High Commissioner's office in London last week in September.

Judge Townsend is in Montreal, the guest of his

TO OBTAIN A GOLD IN ONE DAY
 Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

stater, Mrs. Percival St. George.

Mrs. Spencer Maul, with her sister, Miss Harvey let by C. P. R. train on Thursday last for Washington, to remain a few days. Mrs. Maul intended sailing for England on the 19th inst. by the Dominion, which leaves Montreal on that date.

Miss Harding and Miss Susie Harding, Yarmouth, who have been visiting friends in the city, left on the City of Monticello for home last evening.

The marriage took place at 3 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon at Miss Dolly Britain and Sergeant-Major Dalton, R. E. The ceremony was performed at the church at Fairview.

Rev. Dr. Foley is in New York on a short visit. G. G. Duxton, Jr., now of Montreal, is on a visit to his home in Dartmouth.

Mrs. J. Crosskill of Lunenburg is the guest of Mrs. G. Kelly, South Park street.

Miss Florence Bowers left on Friday last for Boston, where she will spend a few weeks.

Miss Sarah Elliott is here from Boston and will spend the winter at her home, Pleasant street.

A North End druggist and the daughter of an ex-tax collector are to be wedded next month.

Mrs. Rebecca Bayne of Cambridge, Mass., is here, the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Taylor, Birmingham street.

"The Pines" on the North West Arm was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday when Miss Marie Louise Tremaman, daughter of Dr. Thomas Tremaman, city medical officer, and Dr. Hugh L. Dickey of Charlottetown were united in marriage in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends of both parties.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Nicholson of New Glasgow. The bride was attended by Miss Lena Jean of Glace Bay, while Mr. Edwin Dickey, brother of the groom was best man.

The bride's wedding gown was of "mauve" brown material with turquoise silk trimmings. It was made by Stellas of Toronto. The bridesmaid was attired in blue cloth with cerise trimmings. Both bride and bridesmaid carried bouquets, the bride's being white and pink carnations with maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations.

The groom's present to the bride was a handsome gold watch and to the bridesmaid a gold bracelet. Besides these the presents received were handsome and numerous. A handsome fruit spoon from the mother of the groom was much admired. After the wedding a reception was held and lunch partaken of by the guests, who numbered about thirty.

"The Pines," Dr. Tremaman's residence, was handsomely decorated for the occasion, flowers and autumn leaves predominating. In the drawing room, where the ceremony took place, the scene presented was extremely pretty. It was a veritable flower garden.

After the ceremony the happy couple left on the 4 o'clock train for Upper Canadian cities, after returning from which they will leave for Charlottetown, the home of the groom.

SOME NOVA SCOTIA WEDDINGS.

The marriage took place at New Glasgow Thursday the 6th of W. D. Ross, manager of the local agency of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and Miss Sue second daughter of James D. McGregor, M. P. P. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home by Rev. Anderson Rogers, B. A. in the presence of the immediate friends of the contracting parties.

The bride wore a grey travelling suit with vest and cuffs of royal blue cloth. The bridesmaid Miss J. McColl, was crowned in black and white poplin with cerise velvet trimmings. A. F. Rowley of the Bank of Nova Scotia, acted as best man. The town was gaily decorated in honor of the event and a very large number assembled at the depot to convey good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Ross, who left on the I. C. R. for a trip to Boston and New York.

The marriage of Catherine B. daughter of W. C. Bill, ex-M. P. P., to Clifford B. Harris, of Canning, took place at the residence of the bride's father at Biltona, Thursday the 6th. The ceremony took place in the spacious parlors which were handsomely ornamented for the occasion and was performed at 9:30 a. m. by Rev. M. P. Freeman, pastor at Biltona. Mrs. F. C. Woodworth, of Kentville, played the wedding march. The bride was prettily robed in her travelling dress of blue broadcloth with hat to match, and was attended by her niece, Miss Ella S. Bland, of Wolfville, in a maid's honor, who wore a dress of pink India silk and chiffon. After the ceremony, a reception was held and a lunch partaken of, and the wedding party left for Kentville to take the Lunenburg on a short wedding trip. On their return they will reside in Canning. The popularity of the bride and groom was evinced by the glittering display of costly and pretty wedding presents of gold, silver, china and bric-a-brac. They included presents from Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rutland, Mrs. Lavinia Troop, of Halifax; Mr. and Mrs. James, of England; Dr. and Miss Haley, of Windsor; E. M. Hill, Shelburne.

At Noel on the 6th, at the residence of the bride's mother (Mrs. A. G. O'Brien), Miss Margaret was united in marriage to Arthur Courten, one of the seniors of the cable staff of Canada, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. Rev. Wm. Forbes of the Presbyterian church, was officiating clergyman. The bride was the recipient of numerous and valuable presents. After the lunch, the bridal party left for a short tour of about two weeks, before going to their home in Canada.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week a very interesting social event that has been for weeks past the talk of local society, the wedding of Mr. Alexander Graham Munn, Harbor Grace, Nfld., to Miss Frances Louise Blanchard, daughter of W. Henry Blanchard, barrister-at-law, took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Gray Street, Windsor. The ceremony, which was a quiet one in view of a recent family bereavement and also the illness of Mrs. B. Blanchard, was celebrated at 2:00 o'clock by the Rev. Henry D'Elodie, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who led the bride and family worship, and of which the bride is a member.

The unique floral decorations of asparagus, autumn leaves and clusters of sweet peas and potted plants converted the drawing room into a veritable bower. The bride entered the room leaning on the arm of her father, and took her place under a floral arch composed of evergreen, sweet peas and white ribbon, while at the rear was a very handsome mirror reflecting the bridal group. The bride was exquisitely dressed in rich white duchess satin, on train, handsomely trimmed with emerald brooch and pearl passementerie. The guests' attire was of the most attractive character, the daintily arranged. Her bouquet was of white hot house flowers, which were in perfect harmony with her attire.

The bridesmaid (Miss Ethel Shand) looked particularly pretty in a beautiful blue dress with over-dress of chiffon and full of embroidered and plain chiffon which well became the attractive wearer, who also carried a pretty bouquet tied with satin ribbon in her hand.

Rev. Mr. Greerless, of Scotland, who has been preaching at Harbor Grace during the past summer was the guest.

Among the guests present were a few of the bride's old schoolmates, the immediate relatives including Rev. G. J. C. White, Annapolis, and Mrs. White formerly Miss Mary Blanchard. Mrs. Munn, mother of the groom was also present and will remain in town for a visit. The ceremony over, the guests spent some time in admiring the many beautiful presents which the bride had received. After partaking of a dejeuner the bride retired. Her stylish travelling costume of green cloth trimmed with fawn, with a most becoming hat of fawn felt with trimmings of white ribbon and felt. Then amid showers of good wishes and good wishes Mr. and Mrs. Munn were driven away to catch the evening express to Halifax, en route to Baddeck C. B., where they will remain over Sunday and then proceed to their future home in Newfoundland. Their visit to the goodly country of Great Britain is postponed until January.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bishop, South Williamston, when their daughter Flora, was united in marriage to John N. Morgan of Lunenburg. At half past nine the groom supported by Dr. L. R. Morse of Lunenburg took his place in the parlor, followed soon afterwards by the bride, leaning on the arm of her father. Here the couple made their marriage vows and sealed them with a ring. The bride was escorted to the altar by her father, who carried a bouquet of bride's roses. She wore a veil held in place by lilies of the valley, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. Miss Clara bishop a sister of the bride was bridesmaid and was prettily attired in a dress of cadet blue cashmere and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums.

Little Miss Ethel, Bishop, a cousin of the bride looked very sweet, dressed in white as she strewed flowers in the bridal pathway.

The home was handsomely decorated and the parlor where the event took place was an especially beautiful room with its corner of evergreen and white flowers ornamented with the decorations of the white. The wedding march was rendered by Miss Rosamond Morse. Rev. L. F. Wallace pastor of the Lunenburg town baptist church performed the ceremony assisted by Rev. J. Astbury. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was partaken of.

The bride wore a grey travelling suit with vest and cuffs of royal blue cloth. The bridesmaid Miss J. McColl, was crowned in black and white poplin with cerise velvet trimmings. A. F. Rowley of the Bank of Nova Scotia, acted as best man. The town was gaily decorated in honor of the event and a very large number assembled at the depot to convey good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Ross, who left on the I. C. R. for a trip to Boston and New York.

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The Best is None too Good.

At Allan's White Pharmacy, 87 Charlotte Street, you will find the best of everything in the Drug Line.

My Dispensing Department is the largest and brightest in the city. Every prescription receives careful attention and is promptly dispensed. My perfume cases display a beautiful assortment of choicest French, English and American odors and Toilet Articles of every description. At my Soda Fountain you can get a delicious drink of Cold Phosphate or Cream Soda. My confectionery case contains an assortment of Ganson's choicest goods, and in my chest case you will always find reliable Havana Brands.

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Mrs. John P. Smith returned from Lunenburg on Monday.

W. M. Christie arrived home on Tuesday from New York.

Miss Caldwell, Wolfville, is visiting her friend Miss Kathie Ellis.

Mrs. A. Bloescher, Yarmouth, is visiting her friend Miss Killam, at Yarmouth.

Mr. Cerill formerly of Windsor, but now of Halifax, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Julia Brown, Matland, is visiting Mrs. H. B. Dunlop, Middle Stewiacke.

Mr. A. E. Shaw of the legal firm of Shaw & Sangster, is visiting New York.

Rev. E. S. and Mrs. Whidden, Bedouque, P. E. I., are visiting at Shubenacadie.

Lieut. P. H. Smith was in Truro last week attending the Regimental District Rifle Association.

Mrs. H. A. B. Smith, Digby, and little son are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dakin for a few days.

Mrs. Shaw, Berwick, who has been visiting her son, Rev. A. A. Shaw, returned home on Tuesday.

Dr. Jas. D. Mosher, Pleasant Valley, Baydon, went to Boston on Wednesday last.

Messrs. John Jenkins and Wm. Poole went to New York on Friday, and expected to take in the yacht race.

Miss Esther M. Hamilton arrived from Providence R. I., on Wednesday last, on a visit to her home here.

Mrs. Johnson and two children, Halifax, are on a visit to Mrs. Johnson's sister, Mrs. Clarence Redden, Matlock.

Miss Lizzie F. Wilson, of Falmouth, arrived Saturday from a very pleasant sojourn in Boston and Providence.

Mrs. Temple, Falmouth, and little niece Dorothy went to Truro on Tuesday, on a visit to her sister Mrs. Hallett.

Mrs. H. W. Dimock, has been in Summerside, P. E. I., for some weeks visiting Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Withycombe.

Miss Helen Stewart Jones, Paris, Ontario, is visiting her uncle, Archdeacon Jones, and her brother Mr. Arthur Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Eaton returned to New York on Wednesday last after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Eaton's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. B. North, Hantsport.

Miss Gussie Simmons, Fredericton, N. B., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Starr at Wolfville, is in town for a few days, the guest of Mrs. J. C. Smith.

Dr. Feindel, Lunenburg, was in town on Thursday last on his return from Halifax, and spent Sunday in Mt. Denison, the guest of Rev. J. G. and Mrs. Bigney.

Mr. Allan A. Mosher formerly of Avondale, but now of Amunderdale, Mass., has been back on a visit to his former home at Avondale. He returned on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jost, and daughter Florrie of Sydney, C. B. are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith for a few days on their way home from a visit to Canning friends.

Miss Lou McCallum went to Yarmouth on Tuesday to spend a few days with relatives there before going to Shelburne, where she will make a visit to her sister Mrs. T. H. White.

Mrs. Geo. M. Mosher of Mosherville, left on Saturday evening for Halifax, and from thence will proceed to Boston in the course of a week or two, where she will visit her son Odis, who lives at Jamaica, Plains, and will remain there all winter.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien, Crowe Bros. and at D. C. Smith & Co's.]

Oct. 11.—Mrs. Louise Bishop is here from Boston visiting home friends.

Mrs. C. B. Foster and her two little daughters are here from St. John, visiting Mrs. Foster's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Page.

Mrs. Orington left for Quebec last Friday evening, and despite the fierce downpour of rain, hosts of the lady's friends were at the depot, to see her off and wish her bon voyage.

Mr. A. H. Learment is home from his trip to Montreal and Northern New York.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Fallerton and family, have taken up their residence in Mr. E. F. Wilson's house, Fynde street West.

Capt. A. W. Flammang, leaves tomorrow for New York, to rejoin his ship.

Mr. and Mrs. Walston and Miss Walston have taken rooms at Mrs. Aubrey Blandard's for the winter.

Miss Helene Egelow, is the prime mover in an effort to organize local talent, for an amateur production of the opera "Finisera" during the holiday season.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROSSBY'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (not yet published), edited by GEORGE COLVIE.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Entomologist"—Illustrated by Herter.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann."

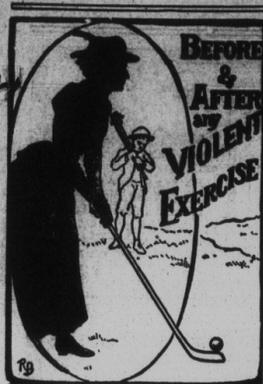
Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



"Tarina" not only as a hair soap to make the hair soft, sweet and clean and allay scalp irritations, but also to prevent the disagreeable effects of perspiration. It is a genuine specific for this purpose. TARINA is sold in tin-foliated boxes, 25 cts., at your druggist, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., P. O. BOX 2410, MONTREAL.

GREENWICH. Oct. 10.—Rev. D. W. and Mrs. Fickett left last week for Bat Portage where they will spend the winter with their son Mr. J. W. Fickett. They also intend making a visit to their daughter Mrs. D. Matthews at Walkerville, Ont., on the way out. Mrs. McLeod has returned from a visit to Edmundston where she was called by the death of her nephew, a son of Mr. S. M. Richards.

FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. E. Hawthorne.] Oct. 11th.—The highest possible encomium has been awarded Mr. F. H. Blair by the music loving public who had the privilege of attending the piano recital and concert given by him and the able artist who assisted him last evening. Mr. Blair was most happy in his selections which were all enjoyed and warmly honored. Mr. Bowden fairly charmed the audience with his violin selections. Mrs. Lyman was in splendid voice and gave several selections and was obliged to respond to an encore after each selection. Mr. Fand's of Toronto gave two solos which were much enjoyed.

ST. JOHN. Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibbee is spending a few days in St. John. Bishop Kingdon is in Eastport. Mrs. Edwards and daughter, sister of Dean Partridge who have been visiting here for the past two months left this morning for their home in England.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. S. Wall, F. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. P. Treat's.] Oct. 11.—Mr. Walter Grimmer of Boston was here for a few days this week. He arrived on Monday to attend the funeral of Hazel Inches, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Inches, and returned to Boston on Wednesday.

BETTER THAN TALK Is the Evidence of People Who Have Been Benefitted by the Use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

If the readers of this paper could only investigate the evidence which comes to these offices in the form of letters of gratitude, they could not but have the utmost confidence in the great curative powers of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Here is a plain, modest statement from Mr. Thomas T. Blair, St. Marys, York Co., N. B., who had been a great sufferer from kidney disorders: "I have derived a great deal of benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and can with all confidence recommend them to persons suffering as I have from kidney disease."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act naturally on the kidneys, liver and bowels. One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

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For Fall Entertaining

you may need new table silver. If you buy plate, buy the best—its most economical in the long run.

Wm. Rogers

The above mark on silverplated knives, forks or spoons—is a stamp of quality. The dealer who recommends them can be believed. It is "The kind that lasts."

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

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE Cures Colds

25c. a Bottle. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MRS. Montreal.

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are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

Hotels

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

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. S. CAROL WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel,

Hollis Street, HALIFAX N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, - Proprietor.

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

The "Leschetizky" Method; also "Byrnie System." Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

WHO IS HAPPY?

The healthy mother of a healthy child has a happiness all her own. Her's is a joy that cannot be told. It is peculiar to motherhood. The responsibility for the soft little, sweet little, dependant creature



as much a part of herself as her own heart brings a pleasure that may be equaled in Heaven, but never on earth. The greatest thing that can be in this world is to bear and rear healthy, happy children. Many women do not do it—do not reach the full measure of beautiful, perfect womanhood, because of the neglect of the health of the organs distinctly feminine.

Every woman may be perfectly healthy if she chooses. She need not submit to the humiliating examinations and local treatment of physicians. She need have no trouble and slight expense. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure any disease or disorder peculiar to women. It is the invention of a regularly graduated, skilled, expert, successful specialist. It has been sold for over 30 years, and has a greater sale than all similar medicines combined. It regulates every feminine function—makes a woman better able to bear children—better able to take care of her children. It greatly lessens the pain and danger of parturition. No honest druggist will offer you a substitute—look out for the one who does.

"My illness was caused by lack of medical attention during child-birth, and lasted for a period of three years, during which my suffering was almost indescribable," writes Mrs. Edith Petty, of Texanna, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. My condition was so weak and my health so poor that time. Owing to injuries received, rupture, internal displacement, etc., I became a physical wreck. I think it was a constant state of pain that brought about a nervous collapse, and it would be impossible for me to tell you the degree of torture I underwent during the time that set in. I became so nervous I feared insanity. The nervous disorder seemed to afflict my heart. The slightest shock would bring on a spell of palpitation which would last for two hours and over; this would be succeeded by another spasm which was suffocating in the extreme. I could go so reduced in strength and vitality that I was scarcely advanced that I could take no solid food. When I could eat (no matter how little) I would get so nervous it seemed that I must die. To make matters worse I was seized with an almost insane fear of death. My tortures were awful in the extreme. I at length consulted the highest medical authority in the Creek Nation. An examination was made. The doctor informed me that recovery was impossible without the assistance of three others performed the operation. For twelve days I was kept under the influence of the strongest opiates. At the end of that time I was discharged from his professional care, supposed to be cured. For about ten days my nerves were more quiet, owing to the effect of the opiates. Shortly after this the former troubles returned with renewed force. I again consulted the surgeon. He said all I required was change of scenery, exercise of will power, etc., intimating that I was inclined to be hysterical; prescribed a nerve medicine of temporary effect, and said he could do no more. Monthly periods ceased entirely. On account of this last trouble my mother bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took the medicine after meals according to the directions. It has a soothing effect on the nerves. Soon after this I wrote a letter to your establishment describing my ailments, and in return I received a communication giving a complete diagnosis of the case, and advising a course of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took in all twelve bottles—six of the "Golden Medical Discovery" and six of the "Favorite Prescription."

Thanks to an All-wise Providence and Dr. Pierce's medicines, the disagreeable symptoms have all disappeared. I can now do a hard day's work, eat anything and everything I wish. I regard my recovery as permanent, for it is nearly two years since I stopped taking Dr. Pierce's medicines, except the Pleasant Pellets, which I always keep on hand."

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

RESIDENCE at Robb's for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Times property abounds in a beautiful view. See description and within two minutes walk of the Kenebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fessy, Barrister-at-Law, Piquette Building. M-6-7

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetizky" Method; also "Byrnie System." Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

THE LIMIT OF SPEED BY STEAM. An Engineer Says It is in the Man and not in the Locomotive.

'I read a piece the other day,' said an old locomotive engineer, 'in which a New Orleans railroad man said that 150 miles an hour was one of the possibilities of future travel. I venture to disagree with him and I will tell you why—he doesn't take into account the human machine in the cab. I don't doubt but they will build engines that can stand a 150-mile gait, but they can't build the engineers.'

'On a fairly good roadbed one notices very little difference between twenty-five and fifty miles an hour. I mean the strain on the nerves isn't very materially increased; but anything above that limit is the pace that kills. The sensation is simply indescribable in words. It seems to jar every separate fibre in the body, and the tension is so terrible that one is apt to feel the effect for days. The average man can't stand many spurts at even 65 miles an hour, let alone 150. He comes out of such an ordeal 'all broke up' and jumps when he hears unexpected noises, like a hysterical woman. My own theory is that the effect is produced mainly through the sight. You have to look straight ahead, but at the same time you see things whizzing past on both sides out of the tail of your eye, and it is as if something had hold of the optic nerve and was pulling it like a rubber band. That's a pretty clumsy explanation, but it's as near as I can come to it. Many's the time I've staggered as I got up from my seat in the cab.'

'That thing of staring straight ahead,' continued the engineer, 'is bound to get on any man's nerve in the course of time, particularly during night runs. One sees queer things, and I've had some scares in my life that would have turned my hair as white as milk if hair really turned white that way. The worst trouble is with shadows. It's no uncommon thing for a bird to fly across the headlight and throw a shadow down the track as big as a boxcar. Of course it's gone in an instant, but in just that heartbeat the nerves have been given a shock that they may not recover from in a week. I've had that happen to me several times. I would be tearing along at a 55 or 60 mile clip when all of a sudden something big and black would loom out of the dark right between the rails and not four telegraph poles ahead. Next second I would know it to be the shadow of a bird, but as far as I was concerned the mischief was already done. I had had a vision of sudden death and a sledge hammer blow on every nerve centre in my system.'

'The new electric headlights are worse than the others as spook producers. They cast such sharp shadows that a bug moving over the glass will make you think a cow is lying just in front of your pilot. I owe electric light bugs a number of grudges for little jokes of that kind, and my experience isn't in the least unusual. All engineers go through the same thing. The man who was never scared is a man who is careless of the lives entrusted to his vigilance, and such a fellow isn't fit to be in the business. There are things that make me doubt the practicality of 100 miles an hour and the possibility of 150. God help the engineer of such a train! He would go mad in a week.'

Women in the Klondike.

The chivalry of American men has received many testimonials from the women whom a love for travel and adventure has led to try their fortunes in the Klondike. A mining-camp is too apt to be no place for women, and a woman unprotected by husband or brother might well have hesitated before running risks of insult. The event, however, proved the justice of the confidence of those who went.

One woman, the correspondent of an important London paper, was on her way to Seattle when she met an old miner, and sought his advice. The man shook his head wisely.

'Impossible,' he said. 'But I must go,' said his questioner. 'I have started, and my paper is relying upon me. I am safe enough, for I have a revolver, and can use it.'

'Wal,' drawled her adviser, 'seeing that you're a woman, if you want ter go, you'll go, but as to that air gun o' yours, I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't shoot often; but when you do shoot, shoot quick.'

Such a precaution was anything but comforting, but the sequel proved that the revolver was of no more use to the traveller than it she had been in Chicago or New Orleans. The courtesy shown her was universal, and throughout her journey there was no man she met who would not go out of his way to do her service.

Prof. Angelo Heilprin, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, has a similar 'good character' to give the miners of the Klondike.

'Women,' he says, 'is a privileged character in Dawson City. She has immediate entree into the depositories of mails, of records and of claims. Others may sit or stand, awaiting their turn for days, in a row; she walks in by the side door with an

'The Least Hair Casts a Shadow.'

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. Runny Sore—'My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption.' Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Lancaster, Ont. Rheumatism—'I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work.' WILLIAM R. BOACH, Margaretville, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

air of superiority which is as impressive as it is refreshing. She files her claim in the recorder's office with dignity, while her trousered rival, who may have staked five days earlier, is still studying the entrance from the outside.'

The surprise is out.

Particulars are just to hand of the new premiums for subscribers of that wonderful paper 'The Family Herald and Weekly Star,' of Montreal. It appears that to mark the end of the century the publishers are giving their subscribers this season two most beautiful pictures instead of one as in former years. The two decided on are that famous battle picture 'Alma' and a beautiful peace picture entitled 'Pussy Willows.' Yearly subscribers get them both. If this is not a dollar's worth, we want to know. 'The Family Herald and Weekly Star' has also been increased to 24 pages—192 columns—every issue, representing a book of 384 pages. Think of it! There should be a great scramble to get on the 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' subscription list this year.

In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

DO YOU ENJOY LUXURY in your laundry work in the way of smooth edges on your collars? If so get them done at UNGARS Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

As they bent solicitously over him the man who had been kicked by a horse opened his eyes. 'Have you any last wish, they asked him.

'Yes,' he murmured: 'Have an automobile hearse at the funeral.'

Revenge it seems was strong even in death.

Crimespeak—You never hear anyone speak of the white horse and the red-haired girl now.

Yeast—No; I guess the white horses have all died.

Perhaps it's the girls who have dyed.

Mrs. Younghusband—Do you notice any difference in the milk, dear?

Mr. Younghusband—I should say so; this is a much better quality than we have been getting lately.

Mrs. Younghusband—Indeed, it is. I got it of a new man, who said he would guarantee it to be perfectly pure, so I



Out of the Old.

It's pleasant during the busy week—and especially on Saturday night—to get out of the old clothes and into the clean, fresh, sweet smelling garments just sent home from the American Steam Laundry; row isn't it? We want you to tell all your friends about our work and prices and promptness.

AMERICAN Steam Laundry, CHARLOTTE STREET.

Telephone 214. Sole Agents for The British-American Dyeing Company, Montreal.

bought enough to last for a couple of weeks.

'That grass widow didn't catch your country cousin with her wiles.' 'No, indeed. Cousin Joe says he isn't going to get fooled the second time with green goods.'

Dawson's Daily Paper.

Dawson now has a daily paper, the Dawson Daily News, which in typography and make-up presents a creditable appearance for a publication emanating from a point so near the Arctic circle. The introductory number states that its plant includes a large cylinder power press, job presses, a Thorne self distributing typesetting machine and a large paper cutter. Like other journals of more pretensions the new paper of Dawson at once begins to exploit its own town, and in an editorial on 'The Future of Dawson,' it



Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest. It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater. It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb. No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use SURPRISE. A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine. Remember the name—'SURPRISE.'

LORD AND LADY MINTO.

Who Have Been in New York Attending the International Yacht Races.



A FEW BOERISMS.

Some Favorite Terms Used by Paul Kreuger and His People.

Just now when old Paul Kreuger and his incorrigible advisors have succeeded by their persistent annoyances in arousing the British lion from his lair and started him out on the rampage, it might be timely to quote a few Boerish words and terms some of which no doubt will be read in the war despatches as the South African campaign advances, but which by the majority of people would be read unintelligently. Here they are:—

- Brasjo—A little cur of low degree.
Bultong—Dried meat.
Is-span—To harness.
Karoo—The wide sandy plains in some parts of South Africa.
Karoo-bushes—The bushes that take the place of grass on these plains.
Kastel—The wooden bed fastened in an ox-wagon.
Kopje—A small hillock, or 'table top.'
Kwaal—The space surrounded by a stone wall or hedged with thorn branches, into which sheep or cattle are driven at night.
Meaties—Indian corn.
Melbos—Preserved and dried apricots.
Nachtmaal—The Lord's Supper.
Out-span—To unharness, or a place in the field where one unharnesses.
Fredikant—Parson.
Rein—Leather rope.
Schlecht—Bad.
Sloop—A dry water course.
Stamp-block—A wooden block, hollowed out, in which mealies are placed to be pounded before being cooked.
Upsitting—In Boer courtship the man and girl are supposed to sit up together the whole night.

'I have invented a new game,' he said. 'What is it?' she asked.

'Why, we'll pretend that I'm a popular hero.'

'Yes.'

'And that you're a pretty girl. Only, of course, we don't have to pretend that, for 'tis true.'

'And then?' she asked.

'Why, you know what a pretty girl does to a popular hero, don't you? That's the game.'

Mlle.—And what did you say to Capt. Martell?
Mary.—That you'd be down in a minute, Miss.
Mlle.—And what did he say?
Mary.—Please, miss, he said, 'then give me a kiss before she comes.'

'I hope you are one of the people who can keep cool in the presence of danger.' 'I am,' answered the man who wanted a place as a private watchman.

'Have you ever demonstrated it?' 'I have, I once came near being drowned in a skating pond.'

Rose Adair.
'Twas in green leafy springtime
When the birds on every tree
Were breakin' all their little hearts
In a merry melody;
As the young buds hung like tassels,
And the flowers grew everywhere,—
'Twas in green leafy springtime
I first saw Rose Adair.

I met her sowing mushrooms
With her white feet in the grass,
'Twas eyes—'twas mouth—in the smile
Of my sweet colleen dha,
An' I kilt her, oh, so secretly,
That not a one should know,—
But the rogues she stars they winked above,
An' the gossies smiled below.

The father in confession, Rose,
Won't count that love a sin,
That with a kiss tips at the heart
An' less an angel in:
'Twas so love entered into mine,
An' made his dwelling there,—
If that's a sin, the Lord forgive
Your beauty, Rose Adair.

The leaves will fall in the autumn,
An' the flowers all come to grief,
But the green love in my heart of hearts
Will never shed a leaf,
For the sunshine of your bonnie eyes
Will keep it green as 'til,
So your breath will be the breeze o' spring,
AO lovely Rose Adair! —Maurice O'Neil.

The King of Noise!

From his beautiful Parisian home, Menier, the Chocolate King, can oversee the town of Noise, entirely owned by himself, which contains his vast works, as well as the homes of two thousand of his employees.

Chocolate-Menier factory is the largest in the world and has a working equipment that is unrivalled. Everything pertaining to the manufacture of Chocolate is raised, produced or manufactured by Menier himself, and this is a guarantee of its purity and nutritive value. That the Chocolate consuming world has confidence in this fact is attested by the annual sales of thirty-three million pounds.

It is not safe to eat or drink inferior articles.

says: 'The term camp can no longer be applied to the city, with its miles of business streets and solid buildings, with good drainage and sanitation.' This is pleasant news, as it was only last May that a considerable portion of the town was wiped out by fire. Another item of interest is that the Klondike is to be represented at the Paris exposition with moving pictures and a 'pyramid of virgin gold worth \$1,000,000'

How we use the Forests.

A cord of spruce wood the Boston Transcript estimates, is equal to 615 feet board measure, and this quantity of raw material will make half a ton of sulphite pulp or one ton of ground wood pulp. Newspaper stock is made up with 2 per cent of sulphite and 80 per cent of ground wood pulp. The

best known spruce land, virgin growth, possesses a stand of about 7,000 feet to the acre. Twenty-two acres of this best spruce land will therefore contain 154,000 feet of timber. An average gang of loggers will cut this in about eight days. This entire quantity of wood turned in at any one of the large mills will be converted in a single day into about 250 tons of such pulp as goes to make up newspaper stock. This pulp will make about an equal weight of paper, which will supply a single large metropolitan newspaper just two days.

'We are going to run polite vandeville only the manager told his advertising man. 'What kind is that?' 'It's—' 'Er—why, when one performer kicks the other in the neck he will immediately apologize.'

Was the... From the... Dig me... weeks... 'The of... grave of... Dan McG... the Lake... the one l... vania yo... McGurre... less and... pulled a t... not fewer... time, yet... nail No... railroads... or rather... people we... himself d... more than... yet he nev... off. He w... the train... that awful... people wen... who escap... away with... 'After s... ed luck D... While fon... in the bar... one of his... ed by the... Knew Dan... that I lost... Cleveland... some of the... the line wit... cemetery r... old Dan... 'He was... know what... he did, he... and Eric s... fondled the... running the... Dan McGui... road wreck... had this fa... the most aw... shake him... something o... killed, but... shooting alo... ing speed... nerve rattle... down off the... good and it... two or three... of engineer... O then when... at his fright... him and he... throttle anot... not oorn to... guess he kne... uncalshed on... 'In the... President Ar... Road all the... named. Ver... his first loc... Socrates and... He didn't ca... time by any... send her into... mounted an... runs he woul... Socrates. T... the one he c... was the one... lead engine i... down into... double beam... was the Ram... and were beh... the story of... among the v... singer... 'The heavy... on to the brid... half way out... crept across... Socrates was... the further en... give. He tel... like a flash he... The Socrates... and broke her... from the heav... with the bridg... Dan felt the... The Socrates... and almost h... dead stop Dan... peer down into

A STOLEN SWEETHEART.

It was flood time along the Sacramento. The river, breaking through its levees, sprawled far and wide over tule marsh, over wheat farm and orchard, through the forest and far away to the very feet of the Marysville Buttes.

The levee held at Juba Landing, but there was not work there to keep the river back. The stern-wheel steamboat Fay Fuller lay at the landing. Frank Yates stood on the deck of her, where he belonged for he was her captain. Yates was as bony as a racing wheelman, but his face though brown and drawn as that of many another over-active young Californian, was striking.

He had a fine, strong chin, and eyes of intense black—eyes that made weak people as nervous as if a camera were pointed their way; but the chin was more to be feared than the eyes, for the eyes were kindly enough though keen of gaze, while the chin always gave a suggestion of power that might be uncomfortable if wielded against you. Many a warehouseman up and down the river had reason to dread that chin.

Beside Frank Yates stood such a short, large-waisted man as generally owns the electric light works, or the lumber yard, or the job factory in a California town. In this case it was the lumber yard.

"Captain," said the stout man, "I think you'll have no trouble about the job. You'll find the house there, and all you'll have to do will be to roll her aboard the barge and tow her down here."

"That's all right, Mr. Fritchard," said Yates; "but what is the good of doing the job in the night-time? We might just as well do it in daylight. The house is yours and what is yours you can remove to any place you see fit, on land or water. Why not take to-morrow morning for it? There'll be no moon to-night, and it will be as dark as tar. There's no occasion to be so very secret about the matter, is there?"

Fritchard turned suddenly, faced him squarely, and said:

"I might as well tell you. It's a bit of strategy. The cottage is claimed by another man. You see, six years ago a relation of mine that I don't claim very strong—a cheap sort of chap—with a poor little wife, and I don't know how many children—asked me to do something for him. So I leased from another man the ranch up there, stocked it, built the cottage, and had the orchard planted for him—cost me quite a heap, too. Then my man made the discovery that there was work on a fruit ranch, and that you had to cultivate your trees in beastly hot weather. So up jumps my gentleman, tells off all the stock and implements, and flies the country, taking his wife and children along with him. The lease has expired, and now the owner of the land claims the house. I hate to break a rule I've made about never going to law unless forced to, and so I just want you to go up there quietly and when nobody's looking, run off with the house."

"All right," said Yates, satisfied. "There's no one living in it, is there?"

"Not a soul. You know the place, Frank? Just around the bend from King's Ferry—about a quarter of a mile from the river low water," said Fritchard. "It stands on pretty high ground, but the water must be nearly up to the front doorstep now."

"A white house on the right hand bank, going up?"

"Yes; low, two-story, with terra-cotta chimneys. Easy enough to move if you tow up a big barge and carry along plenty of men."

"Well, I'd rather take daytime for it than night," said Frank, "but I'll do it; and the house shall be here on the river lot by daybreak to-morrow morning."

Fritchard smiled, and as he walked along to his office he went a little out of his way to look at the barren lot where in the morning the house should stand. As he viewed the lot he rubbed his hands together in large satisfaction.

It was forty miles to King's Ferry, which was up the Feather River, a tributary to the Sacramento, and a stream Yates had not navigated for several years. He could recall the sinuosities of it at low water, but the bars had changed of course. Still there was no need to know the channel, for it was anywhere now, and there was plenty of sailing room.

Long before the Feather was reached it came on very dark. Yates, from the pilot house, watched carefully the turns of the river, and felt by the action of the craft rather than by visual impression that the Feather had been reached. This, being a swift stream, was harder to stem and slower of navigation.

After going a few turns up the Feather, Yates saw that the levees had given way everywhere, and that the stream had

stretched away into unknown territory. It was a sad work keeping clear of the forest, into which the current set strongly. The barge, which the Fuller was towing, was steadily intent upon ramming a sturdy oak now and then, and the wheel worked badly.

The steamer swung around a great bend, and in the distance Yates perceived a white object on the right bank.

"That's our house," he said; "low, white, two stories, though I don't see any terra-cotta chimneys yet. Suppose they'll show up later."

He headed the Fay Fuller for the right bank and signaled for the engine to slow down. The little steamer cautiously poked her bow toward the house. There was a deep water clear up to the bank, and was determined by the man with the lead, and soon the barge was made fast to a cotton wood tree and lay close in, her starboard side almost grazing the shore and her deck slightly below it.

"Now quietly, men," directed Yates; "and don't show too many lights."

He sprang ashore with his mate, and while he looked about the place the crew ran out their heavy gangplanks, atop of which were placed some long, square timbers to give additional stiffness to the roll way they were preparing.

"She sits on mud sills," said Yates to the mate, speaking of the house as if it were another Fay Fuller; "and she isn't heavy."

"No; and there's no brick chimneys, Cap'n. Them two stone pipes don't count. We ought to get her out o' here and aboard the barge in a few hours, with all that stowage."

Hidden ashore by Yates, the men now gathered about the cottage, with great jackscrews, handspikes, rollers and planks. The work went swiftly, and in two hours from the time the men began their task the house stood upon rollers that lay upon a plankway running aboard the barge. Then ten men with handspikes turned the rollers slowly and the structure began to move gently along the timber bed.

There was hardly a creak or a crack, and so little or other disturbance that it seemed as if nothing would mar the safe stowage of the great cargo. Yet Yates was all diligence for the quiet performance of the work. He was afraid that there would be a sudden starting of the house when the steeper part of the runway was reached, particularly as the barge was so level, and this made the run steeper than ever. But the men, among whom were several experienced house-movers, were exceedingly careful.

Soon the little front porch protruded over the side of the barge, and in half an hour the house was safely aboard.

Then, with just steam enough to keep her from working well, the Fay Fuller swung out into the Feather with her barge and house in tow. When the Sacramento reached the sun was well up. Yates saw another stern wheeler steaming down stream. She seemed bent on getting in his path, though she had no tow.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" exclaimed Yates, running to the pilot-house where the mate stood at the wheel.

"I don't know. Guess I'll give him a blast." The mate pulled the whistle cord and Fay's awful voice rent the silence of the morning. The other steamer replied, and drew out of the way. As Yates turned from the pilot house he chanced to turn his eyes toward the barge. He stared in amazement, for as he looked at the house he saw the upper front window snub slowly let down from the top, and framed by the casement he saw the classic face of a young woman, with great eyes gazing about in sweet bewilderment. And all in a moment he was full of wonder and worship.

"For never on the river nor anywhere had he seen such a face. The pilot-house, near which he stood, was almost on a level with the window of the cottage, which was not more than twenty feet from him. There was a sash curtain in the window so that the lower half of it was screened. The girl was in her nightgown, and her hair was in fine disarray. Suddenly her eyes were turned upon him, and though they were gentle, and beautiful as they were gentle, they had a smiting effect upon his susceptibilities. He became of a sudden extremely self-conscious and altogether uncomfortable. He fully expected to hear a scream. What he heard was a mild inquiry, delivered in a tone of confidence, as though his presence and manner had soothed any alarm that his newly discovered passenger might have felt.

"Where are you taking me—and the house?" It was a voice dulcified by culture, and low as the voices of women of quality.

"Just down the river a little way—to Juba Landing," replied Yates, still startled.

"Yes; but how do you know I want to go to Juba Landing? And what do you think my uncle will say?"

"Oh, we're not stealing the house. It's all right. It's just being moved—that's all. Just being moved? But nobody wants it moved. I'm sure my uncle doesn't, and he didn't know anything about it."

"Of course he didn't," said Yates, venturing a smile.

That smile was a surplussage of chivalry. It did not fit into the situation. It reminded the young woman at the window that she was conversing with a live man while clothed in a very unconventional costume. With an "Oh!" and quickly, she pulled up the sash and disappeared.

"It was the whistle that woke her up," said Yates, as he strode down to the lower deck. "Had it not been for that fool's smoke-box getting in the way we might have steamed clear down to the Landing before she awakened. She must be a sound sleeper, though, to go through all that moving process and never lift an eyelid!"

After waiting for a time in which he thought any young woman could have dressed herself twice, he went aboard the barge, trying to set aside as impersonal and irrelevant the broad smiles of the deck hands and house-movers. He walked up the front steps of the cottage and knocked at the front door. Nothing came of the knock, and he repeated it. At last he heard light footsteps inside

and the key was turned in the lock. Before him, in a trim tailor suit, stood the young woman of the window. She had evidently taken her time to dress, for there was not a fold nor a plait that evidenced the slightest disarray. Her hair was carefully brushed, and her face was fresh from a free laving. The great eyes—Yates saw that they were very blue and as deep as the river itself—looked at him with a frank and not unfriendly gaze.

"I was afraid," said he, "that you would not come out unless I invited you, and that you would miss your breakfast. It's ready now on the steamer."

"Breakfast? I hadn't thought of that," she said with a pleasant smile. "There have been so many strange and diverting things to think of. But I suppose one must eat."

Yates conducted her aboard the steamer, the girl hesitating not at all to take the great step from gunwale to gunwale, and at breakfast she talked of her queer adventure.

"It was strange you were not disturbed by our work," said Yates.

"I did hear some noises. They seemed like slight shocks of earthquake. But we had some shocks only the other night, and I'm not much afraid of seismic outbreaks."

Surprising as it seemed, she did not appear so very resentful, and did not ask many questions. She told Yates she was from Sacramento, and that she had been visiting at the house with her uncle and aunt. He wondered how an uncle and aunt could be living in the house. The girl went on to say that on the previous afternoon her uncle had gone in a boat to look after some cattle which had thought they were in danger of drowning in the flood, and that her aunt had gone with him to see a sick friend of hers across the river.

"Weren't you afraid to stay there alone with the water so high?" asked Yates sympathetically.

"Oh, no; I've seen floods before. Besides I'm an optimist. I knew nothing very serious would happen."

"But something serious has happened," I should say," he remarked, helping her to a baked potato; "the house has floated off."

"Well, supposing that it should turn out that Uncle James should get a large sum for damages?"

"Damages?" repeated Yates. "What is your uncle's name?"

"James Brown," she answered.

"How long had he been living in that house?"

"Five or six years, I think."

"But he can't have lived there all the time." He saw the young woman's eyebrows lit with a show of resentment and challenge. There was a dangerous sparkle in them.

"I beg pardon," he went on, "but you know it's impossible. That is, it's—it's—"

"Oh," she said quietly, and smiled. "Perhaps you are better informed than I am."

Still without light, Yates talked with the girl for a while on various subjects. They found themselves kindred spirits in many things. Yates' favorite novels were her favorites, too. The breakfast had extended itself unconsciously, but to the purpose that he had learned her name, Alice Rixley.

When they left the table he invited her to the main cabin, but she said that she preferred to go aboard the house, and he escorted her there, giving her his hand for the night spring from the steamer to the barge. He was soon seated in the little parlor of the cottage, where he was surprised to find no bad paintings, and to see a genuine Bokhara and a genuine Cloisonne.

"Yes, Auntie is a woman of taste," she said, divining the look he gave at the rug and at the vase. "Uncle tells her she needs a thousand-dollar ranch to go with her ideas of house decoration. The rug, though, was a present from a lady in San Francisco. They say it will last a hundred years with ordinary usage. She has had it five or six years."

"Five or six years in this house?"

"Yes. She'll be mightily glad her pet vase didn't get broken in the moving."

"The rug, though, was a present from a lady in San Francisco. They say it will last a hundred years with ordinary usage. She has had it five or six years."

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Advertisement for Singer Sewing Machine. Features an illustration of the machine and text: 'Truest Economy to Get the Best. A cheaply made sewing machine is dear at any price, because faulty in action, liable to break and difficult to operate. A labor-saving machine for woman's use should be the best; it is truest economy to get a sewing-machine bearing this time-tried trademark. EXPERIENCE PROVES A SINGER THE BEST. Sold on Installments. Old machines taken in exchange. MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.'

Just then the Fay Fuller gave a ponderous and prolonged shriek, and the Mate yelled, 'Captain! Captain!' Yates ran out to the front porch.

"All right," was the response, and exclaiming himself, Yates sprang aboard the steamer and took his place on the upper deck to direct the landing of his craft. On the wharf he saw Fritchard, on whose face was a look of confused wonder and consternation.

"By the eternal," he bellowed, when Yates came up to him, "you've gone and got the wrong house! Well, that's the worst I ever heard of! This is Jim Brown's house—not mine at all! How in the name of sense did you come to make such a mistake?"

"I don't know, Mr. Fritchard," said Yates. "I don't know, unless it's because this one tallies exactly with your description, and I'll swear it was the first house beyond the bend, precisely as you said."

"But this was the second house beyond the bend. Didn't you see the first one? An, how-de-do, Miss Rixley!" continued Fritchard, lifting his hat to the young woman who had stepped out upon the porch. "I want to beg ten thousand pardons. I never asked Captain Yates to tow your uncle's house down here. It was another one entirely."

"I thought there must have been some mistake," she trilled back blithely. "Mistake? I should say so!" fretted Fritchard.

On a toy of a steamboat that puffed and panted ably and with much cheap dignity James Brown arrived from his ranch two hours later.

Yates and Fritchard explained the matter and offered to make amends. They would tow the house back at once and set it in its old place. But that would not do. Brown proved the fighter that Miss Rixley had promised him to be. He wanted damages—heavy damages.

In the course of the wrangle they learned that the cottage Yates had gone up to bring down had been borne off upon the bosom of the flood three days before.

And so it came to pass that the celebrated case of Brown versus Fritchard was begun in the Superior Court, and lasted from high water to low-water and back again. It was stipulated by Brown, and agreed to by Fritchard, that the house should remain on the barge at Juba Landing until the case was decided; and there, in what seemed to the Juba dwellers a strange and unseemly life, but to Alice Rixley a very idyllic existence, the Browns and their niece remained month after month, awaiting the termination of the legal matters.

Yates and Miss Rixley, being much in court as chief witnesses, saw each other very often, and were sometimes noticed in each other's society outside.

This was observed by the jury, which, as one of its members expressed it, "thought the business looked kinder am'able, an' as though no damages had been did." So the verdict, when it finally came, was in favor of Fritchard the defendant. Of course Brown gave notice of an appeal to a higher court.

Miss Rixley seemed in nowise dismayed. She and Yates came in from a row on the river the evening after the trial was ended. They looked very much satisfied with themselves, and with each other, and the world in general. Yates went over to where Brown was looking sullenly into the river's depths, as though he contemplated suicide. Then spoke the Captain:

"I think we can settle this matter without anymore going to law, Mr. Brown. I want to make you an offer for this house."

"It isn't for sale."

"I should think it would be. It couldn't be put back again now without expending three times as much as it's worth. It was removed from the bank on the highest water we've had for eight years. You might have to wait another eight years before you could put it on the old site. I'll give you \$3000 for it. That's a good deal more than it's worth, but I feel I should stand part of the expense you have incurred in this suit."

Brown reflected. He went in and talked with his wife. Then he came out and said: "I accept your offer. But what do you want of the house, Captain?"

"I've bought that river lot from Mr. Fritchard, and I'll need a cottage on it."

"What for?"

"Because I'm going to marry your niece."

"No!"

"Yes," said Alice, looking down at the barge's deck very modestly. "He said he stole me with the house, and he wants to keep both it and me."

oozes out. So if a man dug down near his neighbor's lot he would be able to collect pitch coming from under his neighbour's land. The plan was described by one of the witnesses as 'the plan adopted when you want to dig your neighbour's pitch.' 'It bulges out,' he explained, 'and you shove it off each morning.' But a suit was brought by one outraged neighbour whose pitch had thus been shaved off in adjoining land. The defense was that an underground stratum of pitch was so much like water, no man's property till appropriated. But the court held that pitch was material and that one had no more right to abstract it from a neighbour by the oozing process than one would have to tap his deposit of iron or silver.—Manufacturer.

A CHILD CAN USE THEM. Easy to Dye With Diamond Dyes—No Disappointments or Failures—Colors are Fast to Sun Soap and Washing.

Do not for a moment imagine that it is a difficult matter to do your own dyeing. It is true the work will be hazardous and disappointing if you use the imitation and crude package dyes sold by some dealers, but when Diamond Dyes are used it is but little more trouble to get fast and lovely colors than to wash and rinse the goods.

Do not allow your dealer to sell you imitations of the Diamond Dyes, on which he makes large profits, but insist every time on having the true reliable and genuine Diamond Dyes that have stood the test of long years in our Canadian homes.

East and West.

When one of the regiments of volunteers from the Pacific coast was lately at San Francisco being mustered out after a year's service in the Philippines, a lady who belonged to a volunteer's aid association engaged one of the soldiers in conversation. She asked him:

"Were you well treated while you were in the East?"

"East, ma'am? I've never been East," he answered. "I was born in California, and I've never been farther East than Salt Lake City."

"But I mean the far East," she said.

"Well, ma'am, Salt Lake's 'far East' to me. Never been farther."

"But you've been in Manila, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"But we call that the East, you know."

"Manila east? Well, I reckon it's a heap west of here. We started there and sailed straight west all the time till we got there."

"Yes, I know; but you can east by sailing west, you know."

"Well, ma'am," answered the soldier, "I've been wantin' to go East all my life, but I've got to go that way to get there, I'm going to stay right here all my life! I've got enough of goin' East that way."

When a Man and Woman

Are married, romance oozes and history begins. When you get Catarrh and use it your Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Hay Fever disappears, and health begins. Catarrh will cure—absolutely cure—Catarrh. There is no danger or risk in using this pleasant and effective remedy.

It cures by the inhalation of medicated air, which is sent by the air you breathe to the minutest cells and passages of the lungs and bronchial tubes. It cures because it cannot fail to reach the right spot. You breathe; it does the rest. \$1.00 at all druggists, or direct by mail. Send 10c in stamps for sample outfit to N. C. POLSON & CO. Manufacturers, Kingston, Ont.

Topers in many of the towns of the Argentine Republic are shamed into reformation by being compelled to sweep the streets for eight days for each offence. Respectability is no excuse, and men in dress suits may often be seen toiling with ragged tramps.

Crete's new autonomous flag has a white cross on a blue field, with a white star on a red field in the upper corner.

CANCER. And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, no pain. For Canadian testimonials & 120-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Manicure Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Pullets EGGS Wanted NOW. Sheridan's Powder. For the next four months the demand will be large. Get your pullets to laying by October. A well-filled egg basket now is what makes poultry pay. You can obtain these much desired results by good care, proper foods, and the use as directed in the morning mash of Sheridan's Powder. It causes perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs in the winter. If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pack, 25 cts; six, \$1.00; Large can, \$1.50; six, \$7.50. Exp. paid. L. & J. BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.

Sunday Reading

JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

From the solitude of the hills and the isolation of the boundless sea come the two men who have witnessed most fully and deeply to the reality of spiritual things: David from Judea, John from Patmos. The one gained these experiences from the 'precious things of the lasting hills,' and the other from 'the voice of many waters.'

For the deepest heart and life experiences of God and eternal things we turn to the shepherd of the hilltops and to the seer of the waves. David opens the human heart, John reveals the divine heart. In David we find our own hopes and joys and tears, in John we see the love of God manifest in Jesus Christ.

From the narratives which the other evangelists give us, we see that John not only became a disciple, one of the twelve, but was admitted to that inner circle of the four: Jesus, Peter, James and John. These were the four who were together in the sick chamber when the ruler's daughter was raised, together on the Mount of Transfiguration, and these were the chosen ones for that night in the garden. Of these three, it was John who leaned on the Master's bosom and thrilled at his very heart throbs. John it was who followed Jesus to the court of Caiaphas, and he alone of all the disciples braved the fury which broke on Calvary as the angry waves on the rock, and with Mary looked upon the crucifixion of her son. There at the cross Jesus made a new relationship between the Mater Dolorosa and the beloved disciple.

'When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, 'Woman, behold thy son!' Then saith he to the disciple, 'Behold thy mother!' And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.'

Let us pause and think what it meant to John in that hour, and all the days that followed, to be placed in that filial position to the Lord's own earthly mother. To my mother it was the beginning of a new and rich experience. Philip Schaff says of that scene:

'It furnishes the type of those heaven-born spiritual relationships which are deeper and stronger than those of blood and interest.'

At the tomb, excepting Mary Magdalene, he was the first, and he with keenest vision, that of love, was the first to recognize the Lord when, after his resurrection, he appeared on the shore of Galilee to the disciples. It was concerning John that Peter, still impulsive, asks the question, 'What will this man do?' The testimony of the Gospel, then, is that during the days of discipleship John enjoyed the closest intimacy and friendship with Jesus. We find that more than all others he was given the opportunity of seeing, knowing and understanding the mind of Christ. Our knowledge of the man prepares us to expect the results of such opportunities to be deep and rich spiritual experiences. In some way we come to look for those things which only the heart can reveal.

But we are interested to look further to see what the apostleship developed for John. That inner circle, Jesus, Peter, James and John, has been broken by the departure of Jesus, but the three remain as pillars of the Church of the Circumcision, just as Paul and Barnabas were of the Gentile Church. But from any and all of that strife between the two, he stood apart. The contemplation so characteristic of him when he was privileged to be with the Lord, he has given way to active ministration. With Peter he heals the lame man at the Temple Gate, the gate called Beautiful; with Peter he testifies of Christ before the Sanhedrin: 'Whether it is right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.'

Then John goes back to Samaria to aid and confirm the Christians there; it is back to that Samaria where this 'Son of Thunder' one time would call down the fire of heaven. But this is that John baptized with the Holy Ghost and with love. But John never seems in the apostolic age to take as prominent a part as Peter. As one has said, 'John follows in mysterious silence, and makes the impression of a reserved force which will manifest itself at some future time.'

John's life extended through nearly the entire first century. The youngest of disciples, he remained the last of the apostles to go to his reward. Of that life nearly a century long, there exist great periods of it of which we know nothing. When the destruction of Jerusalem came he was in Asia Minor; by Nero he was banished to

Why is it that nearly all aged persons are thin?

And yet, when you think of it, what could you expect?

Three score years of wear and tear are enough to make the digestion weak. Yet the body must be fed.

In Scott's Emulsion, the work is all done; that is, the oil in it is digested, all ready to be taken into the blood. The body rests, while the oil feeds and nourishes, and the hypophosphites makes the nerves steady and strong.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Patmos. That deep, contemplative nature which had opened it at the Master's touch, and received his life, became richer and more fruitful during all the years from Calvary to Patmos, and when at last given a return to the Church, John did the great work of his life in the writing of those five immortal, life-giving books, the Revelation, the Gospel, or his life of Christ, and the Epistles.

Christian art has well understood that rare combination in John's character, in representing him with a face of womanly purity and tenderness, and giving him for his symbol a bold eagle soaring with outspread wings above the clouds.

We have almost the completed and perfect picture thus given of John in the Gospels, in Christian art, recounted by the legends of the church and uttered by the memories clinging yet to Patmos, where he saw the things which are to be, and this is the picture it gives us. A man of rare silence, who speaks not of himself and asks but few questions. He listened more with his heart than with his ears; not a word uttered by Jesus escaped him, and like the other loving one, 'he kept all these sayings in his heart.'

McLaren says, 'What are mysteries to other men who had only sight were revelations to him who had vision.' Once he used the friend's privilege and asked a question, but not for himself. Peter was anxious to know the betrayer of the Master, and John, sitting a little below, leans back until his head rests on Jesus' bosom, and asks, 'Who is it, Lord?' For himself he had no interests, he was content to learn and listen. 'As the plant absorbs the light, in silence and without effort, so John gathered truth.'

John not only listened, he observed. How keen his faculties were; he noted the exact posture of Christ as he sat resting by Jacob's well. That morning, after a weary night of fruitless toil on the sea, it is John who cries out with glad recognition, 'It is the Lord,' as Jesus stood on the shore with the dawn breaking about him. Years afterward John saw him again, and described him: 'His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow. And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.'

Among the plans submitted for that splendid cathedral to be in New York, St. John the Divine, was one, the most beautiful of all, named by the architect who submitted it, 'Jerusalem the Golden.' Though the most beautiful and magnificent, it could not be adopted, for there could not be laid for it suitable foundations. Beautiful, yet unattainable.

'The high that proved too high; the heroic for earth too hard; The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky.'

John reveals a life temple for every one, to be reared after the power of an endless life, splendid and grand. But there are on earth no worthy foundations for it, they must be laid yonder; for this which God means your life to be must, like that Holy City, New Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven.

Preaching to Backsliders.

A recent remark made by Mr. Moody that 'where the modern pulpit especially seems to fail is in the matter of preaching to backsliding Christians,' opens up a significant and interesting topic for reflection and discussion. There can scarcely be a doubt that Mr. Moody is right. It is a fact that the failure to address the body of believers are those who are exposed to temptation and constantly prone to give way, is a failing of very many pulpits. It is noted by the late Canon Liddon that in every one of his epistles St. Paul had those in mind who had backslidden or 'erred' from the faith. He of all men realized the fact, to which he made contention in his own personal experience, that with conviction temptation does not leave a man. On the contrary, fleshly appetites are con-

stantly warring against the soul, and the inclination to yield often increases as the years go by. So it is, life becomes a constant struggle, a continued warfare. None understood this better than our earlier hymn-writers, with their injunction to

Fight on, my soul, till death.

The church attendant sinks into his pew on a Sunday. He has long held a membership in that body of believers. Yet, unknown to his fellow Christians, he has been led to adopt business methods which could not bear to have cast upon them the full light of the day. He has not constantly asked himself, 'What would Christ say? what would be Jesus' way—where does Duty point? He hears sermons addressed to the impenitent to come out and confess Christ; but he waits in vain for the word of admonition, of loving reproof, of an entreaty to forsake a known sin. We are not writing of all churches—far from it—but of some, whose name we fear is Legion. It is indeed the building up of the church membership that is wanted;—not merely that building up which means greater activity in the church, but the building up which shall lead to an old-fashioned confession and repentance and endeavor to forsake sin. More and more the Christian needs to be told that he has wandered from His ways—not 'like lost sheep,' knowing no better, but as a conscious human, voluntarily, of his own perverted will, wantonly, wickedly, defiantly, till it is a sad and sorrowful truth that 'there is no health' in him. It is the church membership that ever needs preaching to, that ever needs to be warned, entreated, admonished, rebuked. Always stumbling and falling, it is the believer in Christ no less than the poor lost sheep who needs to be sought out and led back to the Father's home.

The Gift of Power.

If you would seek an object lesson in power, you have only to go out into the street to find it. On almost every side you will see heavy, ponderous cars running smoothly and rapidly over the tracks without any visible means of locomotion. Yet you know that somewhere there is a current of electricity which connects with the wires overhead and pushes them along. At certain locations along the route are situated the power houses in which are stored the mighty batteries which furnish the force to move the cars. How great this power is, is in evidence in the easily moving vehicles. Occasionally the supply is cut off in some way, and then the cars which before moved so rapidly are stopped, and until the power is again applied they are helpless.

Thus it is all through the universe. Mighty forces are behind and controlling all the great industries and activities of the earth—adjusting and directing everything which goes to make the world wiser and better. Talent, learning, eloquence, money, and a host of such like incidental agencies, all work together to supply the power to move forward the plans and purposes of life. Science has turned many leaves in her wonderful book, and the wonder grows that such marvelous things are so close at hand. The nineteenth century may well be proud of its grand achievements, and these are but the beginning—the Alpha, as it were, of what is yet to come in the fullness of time.

And so it is with the power from on high. Though unseen, it is real, and we have but to reach out and grasp it by the hand of faith, just as the electric lever which moves the car stretches out its long finger and touches the trolley wire. The power house of the Christian is so high, and the energy which controls and moves him emanates from the Holy Spirit. While he is under this divine power he is active and earnest in all good works, moved and

guided as the Spirit directs. He is eager to do, to be, to preach, to teach, to practice, to serve any way and every way, in high places or in low, to be humiliated, even to be persecuted; but once let the connection be broken, and the activity and earnestness weaken, there comes a standstill and though he still may profess, and be faithful enough in all the forms and observances of Christian service, he can never be a successful, acceptable Christian until he has again sought and found the power which will fill him with readiness and willingness for any service. The Christian of to day has greater need than ever to lay hold of this power; there is so much to draw him aside, to lead him off in devious and doubtful paths, that it takes a strong grip to keep his faith unwavering and his conscience steady.

A Gospel to be Used.

When we preach the Fatherhood of God we preach his divinity; when we point to Christ the perfect Saviour, it is a Divine Redeemer we declare; and when we plead with men to hear the voice and yield to the persuasions of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter into whose comfort we invite them is Divine. The divinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, this is our Gospel. By this Gospel we look for salvation. It is a gospel to be used, to be believed in, and to be lived by: not merely to be kept and admired and discussed and explained.—Brooks.

THE NERVES TELL OF DANGERS AND PERILS.

Paine's Celery Compound
Repairs the Nerves and Tissues, Banishes Disease, Gives Fresh Red Blood and Perfect Health.

The nervous system is a wondrous complication, and should at all times work with perfect harmony. When the working of the nervous system is unimpaired, good and vigorous health is always maintained. The woman who suffers from nervous prostration, hysteria or hypochondria, has nerves affected that communicate directly with the brain, and if care is not exercised she may become a fit subject for an asylum.

It should be well understood that dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and blood diseases have a profound effect on certain groups of nerves. These nerves or sensitive agents give us the first true warnings of danger and peril. When the nerves indicate the first symptoms of disease, the sipping man or woman should without loss of time make use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true nerve food, blood cleanser and flesh builder. Medical experience points to Paine's Celery Compound as the true and unfailing banisher of disease, the only medicine that thoroughly builds up the broken down nervous system, that dissipates debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatism and blood troubles. It is the friend that brings perfect digestion, sweet sleep, tranquility and mental peace. If you have not yet used or heard of Paine's Celery Compound, ask any of your friends or neighbors who have recovered new life from its use; they will gladly and joyfully recommend it.

BILL STREETT'S GHOST RACE.

It Came After a Trying Experience With a Kitten in a Haunted House.

'I'll bet you \$10 you won't go out to that haunted house and stay there all night alone.' The speaker was Judge Ed Bower who for many years was the County Judge of Dallas county, Texas. His remark was addressed to Col. William Green Streett, better known as plain 'Bill' Streett, who for ten years was a well-known correspondent at Washington, and is now a picturesque personality of wide reputation. The banter was made to 'Bill' away back in the winter of 1886 before he went to Washington. A party of convivial friends sat around a comfortable fire in a restaurant in Dallas, Texas, discussing politics, spinning yarns, sipping from the cup that cheers, and incidentally keeping out of the storm that was raging outside.

The storm was what is known in Texas as a 'wet norther' and a 'wet norther' is to Texas and the Southwest what a blizzard is to the Dakotas and the Northwest. While a blizzard kills people a 'wet norther' of the Southwest is simply the tail end of a blizzard, and it depends upon the amount of moisture in a blizzard whether the 'norther' is wet or dry. A dry norther is bad but a wet norther is something awful. It blows and drizzles and drizzles. A man caught out in one of them on a bald prairie with light clothing on and no stimulants 'to speak of' is in for the roughest experience of his life.

The norther of this night was fully up to the sample and it caused the friends in the

restaurant to tarry longer than usual. The conversation finally turned to ghosts, specks, haunted houses, and uncanny things. Judge Bower told a story of a haunted house about a mile from the city limits of Dallas. He said the ghost that infested that house was known to assume many different shapes and to appear at any and all times, and that no one had ever been able to stay at the house all night, much less live in it, and consequently it had been tenanted for more than a year. 'Bill' Streett announced his utter disbelief in anything of the nature of ghosts, and denounced Judge Bower's story as superstitious 'rot.' It was then the Judge made the banter in the opening sentence of this story. Bill took his wager at once and his friends set to work to help him prepare to win the money.

Bill wrote his wife a note saying that he had been sent to Fort Worth on an assignment, bought a quart of good whiskey, borrowed a six-shooter and 'hiked' out for the haunted house. It was a terrible night and Bill had not gone two blocks from the comfortable restaurant before he regretted making the bet, not because he was afraid of ghosts, but on account of the weather. The fine rain hit his face and stung like yellow jackets. The pavements were slippery and outside of a radius of ten feet from an electric light, which looked this night like the spirit photograph of a pumpkin it was as dark as the inside of a tunnel at night. At the city limits Bill hit the 'black waxy' mud. A man who has never tried to walk in the 'black waxy' mud of central Texas doesn't know what human locomotion under difficulties is. It is to human pedal extremities what sticky fly paper is to the feet of the fly.

Bill persevered, however, and finally reached the haunted house blowing like a porpoise. He pushed open the rickety old door, like a pit of candle, with which he provided himself, struck it on the mantle in some of its own grease, and proceeded to take an inventory of his surroundings. There was nothing in the room except an empty cracker box. There were a few dry chunks of half burnt wood in the fire place, and, kicking an end out of the box and whittling a few slivers from it, Bill started a chunk fire. He took a long pull from his quart bottle, sat down in front of the fire on the cracker box and soon began to feel quite comfortable.

In a few minutes Bill heard an unearthly noise at one of the windows. He pulled his six shooter, raised the window, threw open the shutter, but found nothing but dampness and darkness. He again 'hit' the bottle and resumed his seat with the exclamation that it 'was nothing but the wind.' In less than two minutes the same sound occurred at another window. It took Bill a little longer to reach that window than it had the other though it was no further from him. He found nothing. He resumed his seat and took another drink. He was beginning to feel a little queer and to wish he had not left the comfortable restaurant. In a few minutes the same hair-raising noise seemed to come from the door. That door was only fifteen feet from him, but it took Bill almost fifteen minutes to reach it and summon the courage to open it. He threw it wide open and then jumped back six feet with his six-shooter cocked and ready for instant use. In through the door ran a little kitten, thin and poor, wet and bedraggled. It did not stop until it reached the fire, and then curled upon the warm hearth. Bill said that never before was he so glad to see a living breathing thing as he was that little kitten. He petted it and talked to it as though it were human. Then feeling that he had company, he took two drinks. The warmth of the fire and the whiskey made him so comfortable that he soon fell into a dose. The same noise that had before startled him came this time almost from his feet. He jumped up frozen with fear. Not three feet from him stood this kitten grown to the size of a young calf, with eyes as large as saucers; unnaturally visible and shining in the middle of each was an incandescent electric light. As Bill's hat began slowly to rise this thing said plainly and distinctly as a man could say it:

'There isn't anyone here but you and me—e-e-e.'

'That's so,' said Bill, as he made a dive for the door, 'and in about a second there won't be anybody here but you.'

Bill leaped ten feet from the door and made a running motion before he hit the ground. That 'black waxy' mud was no impediment to his speed. He made as good time on it as he would have done on cinder path. Bill's pudgy little stomach stuck out until it resembled a little boy tuting a big drum at a muster. He kept up the gait for about half a mile, when from sheer exhaustion he was compelled to sit down on a stump to get his wind. He had been sitting there the worst scared man in Dallas county, for about one minute, when a slight tap on his shoulder caused him to jump three feet in the air. There was the horrible object again. It stared at him and then said:

'That was a nice race we had.'

'Yes,' said Bill with a bound, as he again hit the black waxy, 'and we're going to have another.'

This time Bill held out until he fell exhausted in his own dooryard. He hid out from his friends for a week, and to this day Bill Streett will shy at a ghost story, like a moon-eyed horse at a stump.

Best Economy to Get the Best.

Ade sewing machine is dear at use faulty in action, liable to sult to operate. A labor-saving woman's use should be the st economy to get a sewing-machine this time-tied trademark.

CE PROVES A SINGER THE BEST.

You can try one Free. Machines taken in exchange. HAND SOLD ONLY BY

MANUFACTURING CO. FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.

So if a man dug down near his 's lot he would be able to collect mining from under his neighbour's 'the plan was described by one of 'ases as 'the plan adopted when 'to dig your neighbour's pitch.' 'e out,' he explained, 'and you 'ff each morning.' 'The defence was brought by one outraged 'r whose pitch had thus been shav-'adjoining land. The defence was 'underground stratum of pitch 'uch like water, no man's property 'riated. But the court held that 'material and that one had no 'at to abstract it from a neighbour 'ising process than one would have 'deposit of iron or silver.—Man-

LD CAN USE THEM.

Dye With Diamond Dyes—Disappointments or Fail—Colors are Fast to Sun and Washing.

for a moment imagine that it is matter to do your own dyeing, the work will be hazardous and tiring if you use the imitation and cheap dyes sold by some dealers. Diamond Dyes are used it is but a trouble to get fast and lovely an to wash and rinse the goods. allow your dealer to sell you of the Diamond Dyes, on which large profits, but insist every having the true reliable and genu-ine Dyes that have stood the test here in our Canadian homes.

East and West.

one of the regiments of volunteers Pacific coast was lately at San being mustered out after a year's the Philippines, a lady who be- a volunteer's aid associat'on en- of the soldiers in conversation. him: you well treated while you were at? 'ma'am? I've never been East,' he 'I was born in California, and 'been farther East than Salt Lake mean the far East,' she said. 'ma'am, Salt Lake's 'far East' to ver been farther.' 'ou've been in Manila, haven't

call that the East, you know.' 'east? Well, I reckon it's a heap 're. We started here and sailed 'est all the time till we got there.' 'know; but you can east by sail- you know.' 'ma'am,' answered the soldier, 'wantin' to go East all my life, 'got to go that way to get there, 'to stay right here all my life' 'nough of goin' East that way.'

When a Man and Woman

ed, romance goes and history 'When you get Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or 'r disappears, and health begins. 'one will cure—absolutely cure.— 'There is no danger or risk in 'pleasant and effective remedy. 'the inhalation of medicated air, 'ent by the air you breathe to the 'bells and passages of the lungs and 'tubes. It cures because it can- 'reach the right spot. You 'it does the rest. \$1.00 at all 'or direct by mail. Send 10c in 'sample outfit to N. C. FOLSON 'ann's chemists, Kingston, Ont.

in many of the towns of the Ar- 'public are shamed into reform- 'ing compelled to sweep the 'eight days for each offence. Re- 'y is no excuse, and men in dress 'often be seen toiling with ragged

new autonomous flag has a white 'blue field, with a white star on 'in the upper corner.

NCER

And Tumors cured to say 'sured, at 'home; so 'kind, please 'For Canadian testimonials & 250-page 'e, write Dept. 11, Mason Manufacturers 'harbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

MINING'S LUCKY PHASE.

ODD TURNS OF FORTUNE THEY TELL ABOUT AT ROSSLAND.

Fortunes suddenly discovered in shares supposed to be of Little Value—The Young Englishman with Remittances, Introduction of Merely Ambition.

'What's that?' asks the stranger to Rossland the first time he hears the ore thundering down the chute from the War Eagle mine and the Rosslander answers with the pride of an inhabitant of a solid camp.

'That? That's dividends.'

The mining camp that has dividend payers and the camp that has only properties 'which will make a mine' are vastly different things. And a camp like Rossland, which has passed through its period of depression and showed that it has bottom is very likely to prove a surprise to the stranger from the East, who usually expects to find a few shacks stuck on a hill, along with one general store, a log cabin hotel and twenty five saloons. As for the saloons, he is right, but he finds also, as an addendum to these and the mines a city of 8,000 people, regularly laid streets, several excellent buildings, electric lights, water works, shops of all kinds, five banks, plenty of hotels and a club with a \$2,000 home. Six years ago the place was a hillside of rocks and trees, one of a dozen such roundouts.

The history of Rossland is the history of most camps. In 1890-91 two French Canadians, prospecting among the mountains, chanced on this hill and staked out claims. In one day they located the present rich mines, Le Roi, War Eagle and Centre Star. Having no money for recording purposes, they offered a man in an adjacent settlement his choice of the claims for the recording fee. He chose the Le Roi. Thus a mine now computed at \$9,000,000 first sold for \$12.50. The Frenchman being man of no money, considered the \$16,000 which they finally got out of the claims to be a fair clean up, yet to day their hillside is calculated to have a producing power of \$15,000,000 yearly, under improved working conditions. A year or two after the locating of the claims an American general came in, bringing along his cook. This cook is the father of Rossland and the man for whom the town is named. He staked out the present town site, and has found the stakes an excellent investment, so far having made some \$300,000 out of the sale of the real estate.

Such instances are nothing, however, in a country where papers become millionaires within the year. Two years ago a miner in Rossland was borrowing a few cents to get food, while the other day he was entertaining Spokane, the Mecca of miners who have made their stake, at a large ball. Twenty-four months, and the hungry miner is worth \$2,000,000. Some curious stories are told of the Le Roi mine. For instance, one man, a tailor, doing business in Spokane, had a Rossland customer who wanted a suit of cloth, but had nothing to pay with, save shares of the Le Roi then unheard of. After persuasions the tailor gave the Rosslander a suit and received 6,000 shares of Le Roi. He put them away, and forgot about them until months later, when a mining friend asked him to invest a trifling in developing a gold claim.

'Not much,' said the tailor. 'I was only in one mining deal in my life and I got hung up for a forty dollar suit. Got paid with a lot of shares of some blamed mine that ain't worth a darn, I guess. Where are those shares anyway?' He routed them out of an old desk and held them up contemptuously. 'That they are,' said he, 'are they worth anything, anyhow?'

As the shares were bringing \$6 each at the time, the tailor made \$36,960 on his suit of clothes. It is related that another man, who originally put in a capital of \$2,000 for an interest in the mine, sold his shares after the property had been worked, for \$1,034,000, besides having received some \$90,000 in dividends. This reads more like romance than mining, yet it is quite overshadowed by what is told of the earnings of a certain other man's dollars. This man, with his partner went to own a bar in Rossland. A customer, owing them a bill of \$100, came to them one day, said he had no money, and offered 46,000 shares of Le Roi stock for the debt. It being the only thing to do, the saloon men accepted what they thought a worthless security and wrote off the debt. Now it seems that besides owing a bar in common

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

they also had a racehorse, and when the shares came in one of them persuaded his partner to give him all the shares as equivalent. To do this the first had to make out that the animal was siling and unfit to race any more. But summer coming on, it turned out he had lied and the horse that season won \$2,500. The second partner got furious, wished his shares at the devil, and started to sue his partner. Not long after this, second man sold his 46,000 shares for \$8 a share, thus realizing \$368,000 from an original amount of \$100.

It is probably the chances like these given by a mining country that have brought such droves of young Englishmen to British Columbia camps. Rossland for instance, though American in many ways, is filled with Englishmen. Most of them live on money from home and are everywhere known as remittance men, while their passion for golfing caps give them their other designation of the small hat crowd. Some of them lacking remittances come out armed with letters of introduction carrying the signatures of anything from a Marquis to a K. C. M. G. These letters are usually to the manager of the British America Corporation, the big London company operating in British Columbia, and as the bearer always imagines he is to fall into a high place and large income, his talk with the manager is a decided surprise.

'Ah, yes,' says the manager after preliminary courtesies. 'Now, as a matter of fact, what can you do, Mr. Smith?'

'Well, I can do almost anything.'

'Have you a technical mining education?'

'No.'

'Have you a profession?'

'No, but I'm a graduate of Oxford. Lord So and So's son and I were chums there, and that's how I got this letter.'

'Ah, yes. Delightful place, Oxford. Now, I beg pardon, you know, but have you any money to invest?'

'No.'

'Well, Mr. Smith, I say to you as to dozens of men before you, if you have money enough, to pay your passage out of here, do it. It's the hardest country to starve in that I know. The only work I can give you is manual labor in the mines, ore serving at \$2.50 a day. We have several Oxford graduates there now, and plenty of other good men. But as for a position, at present we have down 250 names of men wanting what clerical positions there are in the company. Again, I tell you, get out of here if you can.'

And the manager is right. In mining camps there is nothing but mining and the profession, unless a man has capital; and for an educated man unacquainted with mining, as for others, the choice is between day labor and starvation. Thus it is that many of the penniless English lads leave the country at once, but some remain to take what they can get, and very pluckily they take it, too. One young fellow, who had come out with letters from a Marquis well known in politics, and an equally well known financier, took a job of shovelling snow and washing bottles for the first winter. At the end of that time he was encountered by the manager to whom he had brought the letters, and was asked what he thought of the country.

'Well,' he said slowly, as though loath to admit even so much defeat, 'I am just the last bit disappointed in it, don't you know.'

Some Englishmen come out with neither remittances nor introductions, but only a beautiful confidence. One such, swaggering around a day or two after his arrival, was questioned as to what he was going to do.

'Oh,' said he, in a matter-of-fact way, 'until I look around a bit I think I shall become superintendent of one of the large mines here.'

Another was overheard trying the effects of great convictions and untold wealth on a shrewd American proprietor. 'Why, don't you know,' continued the youth, 'I am connected with some of the noblest families of England. Lord Crow is my uncle, and I am related to the Earl of Hawk. Why, my dear man, what are you hesitating for? I tell you I have millions behind me.'

'Well,' replied the inspector, 'I don't

give a damn about that. I want to see dollars in front.'

The 'dollars in front' Englishman was the kind who, it is related, saved the city of Spokane in the early days. Some fifteen years ago it was a town of 2,500 people, with no future and every one dead broke. At this juncture in came an Englishman with \$30,000. He was induced to deposit this in the bank, which at the time had just \$500 on hand. Then they got him to invest \$15,000 in real estate, and this amount circulating through the town gave it an impetus and got it on its feet again. It was computed that \$250,000 worth of debts was paid off with this \$15,000. Spokane is now a place of 40,000 people, the New York of northern Washington and southern British Columbia, to which many miners retire when they have made their stake. Here they live in much splendor, in houses furnished throughout by the decorator and surrounded by as many turrets as possible.

In a country of so much drinking and gambling men attend pretty thoroughly to their own damnation, and some one else must look to their salvation. While there are clergymen of several denominations at Rossland the English Church parson is the clerical character of the place. This is an old Cambridge man, a great oarsman and football player in his day, who has been in British Columbia for twenty years, and is known far and wide as Father Pat. Father Pat is distinctly western timber for a western land, prides himself on being one of the boys, and will take his whiskey at the bar with you whenever you ask him. By sheer force of character he made himself respected and loved in the rougher days of British Columbia, when a man of more dogma and less strength of body would have failed. In these days his physical fights were many, for the miners thought one parson much like another. It is said that one of his first experiences was the attempt to hold services in a saloon. There was no place else in the camp to hold the meeting, so he walked into the largest saloon in the place on Sunday morning and remarked that he was going to hold a service there. When the miners had got over their daze one big fellow stepped out.

'You can't hold no service here unless you lick me first,' he remarked.

'All right,' said Father Pat, cheerfully, 'maybe, and I squared up to him.'

As the miner was as strong and as clumsy as a bull, and knew rather less of boxing than an elephant, he was knocked out inside of two minutes. The other came out, and after him a third, and when they had been thrashed in succession their fellows not only cheered the parson, but helped him up to a church in the saloon, and the freedom of the camp became his. So the stories go of him in many cases. The miners in those days couldn't understand a parson, but 'the gum, a parson that can fight like hell' all right, as one said. In these more advanced days, when afternoon teas are heard of in British Columbia mining camps, there are those who object to this kind of minister, who say that he can't preach and knows nothing of doctrine; that he shouldn't drink, and that it's wicked to fight. But the miners still seem to think that a parson is about right who will sit up all night with their sick children, or ride twenty-five miles to nurse a man with a broken leg, even if he doesn't care anything about ritualism.

Thus, though a pioneer like Father Pat had seen great changes in twenty years, they are nothing to the coming changes of the next twenty. The amount of Eastern and English capital invested in British Columbia is prodigious, and the province is being opened up with amazing rapidity. With the extension of the Canadian Pacific lines will come a much greater population, and women, in particular, will probably go into the country in far greater numbers than hitherto. At present there is a keen demand for honest labor in southern British Columbia, the country depending entirely on Chinamen for cooking and domestic service. For this work they get anywhere from \$20 to \$35 a month, and women domestics would demand like prices.

These Chinamen, while cleanly and industrious, are, as a rule surly fellows, and liable to startle housekeeper by their vagaries. One Rossland woman, for instance, had occasion to teach her Chinese cook how to make a new cake, and for the first time made it herself before him. The receipt called for six eggs, and after she had opened four there chanced to be two bad ones, which she naturally threw away. Some weeks after, during which the cook had made the cake several times she happened to be in the kitchen when he was at the cake again. The Chinaman opened four eggs, then threw two away, and then went on.

'What did you throw these eggs away for?' she asked.

'Ah, my do likes you,' said John, with a surprised stare. And it turned out he did it each time he made the cake. So much their imitative faculty.

Another woman of Rossland had a puppy given her which she turned over to her Chinese servant to look after.

'John, she said, 'this puppy has just been given to me. I want you to take him into the kitchen and be very careful of him.'

'Me understand,' said John. At dinner that night John brought in the covered dish and set it before his master. 'Me keep careful,' he remarked to his

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noises the head by Dr. Mitchell's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Fifth Avenue, New York.

mistress, as he raised the cover with a pleasant smile on.

Under the cover was, of course, the puppy neatly cooked. Such oriental peculiarities as three barely encourage housekeepers to consider their China boys as they call them, complete substitutes for the servants of their Eastern days.

SUCCESS BY THE MILK PUNCH.

A Lawyer from 'The Ocean' Tells How He Became a Member of the Bar.

'When the time came for me to turn over a new leaf,' said the well known lawyer from the coast after the others of the party had given episodes of their struggles to get a legal education, 'I had no more idea of taking up the law than I had of flying. If anything, there was far greater probability of the law taking me up, and that in about as well as summary order.'

The statement was a surprise for the learned counsel had not only made a brilliant success through his own efforts but had been introduced to the profession by the unchallenged leader of the California bar of the period, and it was a period when men not only had to know law but to practice all they knew.

'Strange as it may seem to you, I owe the beginning and all the early steps of the career at the bar to my ability to make a drinkable milk punch, an accomplishment which might seem better to qualify me for practice behind the other bar. When it came to turning over that new leaf I was in San Francisco. I distinctly remember the very sidewalk on which I stood, being the pavement in front of the old Nucleus House, a hotel at one time famous. There was then this peculiarity about that particular strip of sidewalk over all the corners of Market street, that if any person standing there cared to hold 'the express financially supported opinions as to the order in which three cards would emerge from a siver box he had only to hint his willingness to the first bystander and he would be conducted without delay to the society gentlemen who were quite willing to deal the cards for him and would support opinions diametrically opposite to those which he professed.

'My available capital and assets were all in my pocket and I was willing to venture them in the hope of doubling them. When my visit to the tiger on Fourth street was concluded I was in the ownership of one solitary \$5 piece, a piece of hospitality which the tiger had extended to me when he discovered that I had rolled in all I had. There was no good waiting for a remittance from home, there was no one cared enough about me to enclose a ten-cent ship's plaster in a letter to keep me from going to the devil. Whatever was to be done was to be done by myself, and it was just as well to quit foolishness and get out and bustle.

'I jumped the very first job I came into contract with. This was to be night clerk at a Turkish bath establishment. Really I was very lucky and I was spared a lot of hardship which often properly falls to the lot of young men who fail to call the turn. Between my ruin at the faro table and my re-establishment as a producing member of society there was only about an hour. I was to be night clerk and was also to go on duty at the Turkish bath immediately.

'Among my duties was the care of a refrigerator with a supply of spirits, a feature of the business that had to be dealt with a little cautiously owing to the fact that we had neglected to take out a license for the sale of liquors, yet our patrons would call for a drink after their bathing was accomplished and we had to serve them. On that first night I made the acquaintance of that brilliant pleader whose confidence I was honored with until the day of his death. It was when the rivalry between the opposing factions known as the Chivalry and the Sovereignty was at its bitterest, and he was the leader of the Chivalry. To those not familiar with the course of history in my State I would explain that he was the foremost member of the faction which attracted the Southern element in California, for he was a Southern gentleman. He was brought in at an early hour, supported by a policeman and incapacitated through liquor a falling that was recognized by all his friends and scarcely reproached by his bitterest enemies.

'He was promptly put through the bath, for he was a regular customer when on a spree. The hot room and the rubbings and the showers and the cold plunge banished at last the stupor of his drunkenness and he was sober though weak by the time he was stretched out in the cool room before being put to bed. He had hardly found his sofa before he wanted whiskey. I was really afraid to let him have any. He had all the appearance of a man who needed food rather than drink. But he refused to eat and it was only by dint of much coaxing that I got him to consent to try a milk punch. Now that was one thing that I could mix to perfection, but I do not intend to divulge my methods just yet, so you need not look for fuller details in this line. But the punch

went to the right spot with the leader of the bar and as he combined both food and stimulant into the refreshment of his weariness I left him to his own devices and to the care of the attendants within.

'There was a good line of custom that night, so I was not surprised to have a number of orders come out for milk punches. Any novelty will be popular under such circumstances and these punches were just about the best of their kind. Along toward daybreak the head rubber tapped my wicket from the cool room and called me inside. There was the Judge stretched out on the floor just as drunk as when he had been brought in earlier in the night.

'What's done this?' I asked.

'It's all along of those milk punches of yours,' the head rubber replied; 'he's been drinking them all night long.'

'Well, take him out and give him another bath just to get him sober enough for bed,' I directed.

'That's just what I wanted to see you about,' replied the attendant. 'That's what I've been doing all night and as soon as I get him sober he goes to work and gets himself drunk once more. He's had four baths already and this is his fifth drunk in succession.'

'That put a different aspect on the matter and I decided to leave him alone. I had had no idea that he had been drinking all these milk punches, for I had thought that some of the others were doing their share. About eight o'clock I had the judge put through the bath again, for supposed that he might have to make an appearance in court that day. After his last bath he sent out for a cocktail and a little bit of breakfast, and particularly he wanted to see me. I was astonished to see him looking so well, for he had been through enough to warrant sending any ordinary man to the hospital.

'You are the young man who made these milk punches?' he asked.

'I began to apologize for the innocent part I had played in the night's adventure.

'Don't apologize,' he continued; 'I have to thank you for five complete and distinct interjections in one night. It is a record never to my knowledge experienced by you are a young man with an accomplishment. From this moment I charge myself with your future. You are worthy of better things than a place in a Turkish bath. You shall enter my office this very day as my confidential clerk and I will direct your studies in the law. I will have a refrigerator sent in, the milkman and the ice man shall be ordered to visit me regularly and you shall go to the very best place in the city and obtain a supply of the ingredients.'

'I know that he drank less because he had me in the office, for he no longer felt it necessary to take his friends and his clients out for the stuff. I made him milk punches and studied law with him. He took me into partnership as soon as I had fitted myself to practice. Even when I was his partner there were always ice and cream in the refrigerator in his office and the force of old habit kept me mixing punches. I never knew him to care to repeat his exploit of getting drunk five times in one night, but he often spoke of it with a great pride that he held the coast record. That is how it is true that the display of my qualification for practice or rather tending at one bar directed my industry to the other bar.'

P. E. I. OPINIONS.

What Mr. Wm. Sharam Thinks About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Used Them for Severe Urinary and Kidney Trouble—Took Ten Boxes all Told—Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Sterling Medicine.

MURRAY HARBOR, P. E. I., Oct. 9.—One of the staunch upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this town is Mr. William Sharam. He cannot do too much to impress the fact on sufferers with Kidney Disease that their certain cure lies in Dodd's Kidney Pills. That he has succeeded to a large extent is witnessed by the large sale of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Murray Harbor.

Mr. Sharam asserts that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Disease no matter what the name of the trouble is, if it can be traced to Kidney disorder, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. His own case was Urinary Trouble. He was cured by ten boxes. Similarly Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Women's Weakness and Blood Disorders are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are all so many symptoms of Kidney Disease.

Of his own case Mr. Sharam says:—Having some three years ago sprained my back with lifting, which sprain resulted in Urinary and Kidney trouble, I was left in a very weak state. In 1896 I got so weak that I almost fainted and could hardly hold up. After using many other patent medicines in vain, it struck me that a remedy for my trouble should be one advertised for Kidney Disease only, and I got some of your Kidney Pills. I have used ten boxes all told and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old trouble of frequent rising in the night to urinate has vanished. Since then and even before I have sold many dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and believe they are a sterling good medicine. I can always recommend them and always keep them in stock. I keep a general store in this vicinity and am well known throughout the district.

'WILLIAM SHARAM.'

APIOL & STEEL For Ladies' PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl Cochin, Peppermint, &c. Order of all Chemists, or sent free for \$1.50 from WYMAN & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B.C. or Wartha, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Frills of Fashion.

Dame Fashion, ever true to the traditions of her sex, brings renewed evidences of radical changes which bid fair to supersede some of our pet fancies later on.

It is the immediate future which must be considered by those who cannot change their garments with every passing whim. The very short coat is rather a staple article of dress in a way as it is always on the edge, if not in the midst of fashion, and is always jaunty on a pretty figure, no matter how great the variety in outside garments may be.

The long coats, and semi-long cloaks and coats, are distinctly the novelties of the season, but whether they will become popular or not remains to be seen. All the outside wraps, whether coat or cape, are finished with the high standing collar flaring away from the face, and lined with white satin and cream lace folds of shirtings or white chiffon, or fur, as you fancy.

The combination of fur applied to lace is one of the season's novelties. It is cut out in various designs and sewn on in spots as lace flowers are applied on cloth and silk, but it is not pretty in the sense that fur edgings are attractive on lace, or as a cream lace bow is pretty on a fancy fur muff.

The contrast between the long garments and short coats is of course very striking, but the short jackets have the lead just at the moment, and are decidedly the thing for tailor-made gowns and dressy cloth suits as well. Some of the coats end at the waist line with a narrow shaped belt piped narrowly with silk in a light color.

The harness upon the horses which draw the carriages of the Czarinas of Russia on state occasions are made of red morocco stitched with white. The reins are of red silk and gold. An arched eagle's neck forms the ring through which the reins are passed, and the manes are hidden under a broad lezarde of fringes and red silk passementerie.

popular trimming; and a similar ornamentation, which is quite as effective, is made by cutting out the dress material in a conventional design over a taffeta silk which matches it in color, and finishing the edges with rows of satin cord of the same shade.

Flannel shirt waists have filled up the spaces once occupied by the cotton waists in so effectual a manner that the others are scarcely missed. They are prettier, too, than ever before, as the flannel waist is very fine and soft, and comes in beautiful colorings. It is plain, and striped with hairlines of white, spotted with white or plaid in all colors of the rainbow.

The line stripes, dots and plain flannels are daintiest, especially in the light tints—cream and plain blue, for example, with white silk polka dots. There is some variety in the style of making them, too, which is a recommendation. One style has no yoke, either back or front, narrow plaits at the belt giving the desired fulness.

A military touch on our gowns and separate waists is the correct thing just at the moment. It is brought out very prettily by using a band of red velvet around the collar band and trimming it with rows of narrow gold braid put on in tiny coils or straight lines. The collar is all of red if the color of the bodice will admit of it.

Huge boas and round granny muffs of cinnamon bear skin are among the novelties in furs. The boa is round and long, reaching almost to the hem of the skirt. Some of the new evening dresses are profusely trimmed with artificial flowers, pink button roses and buds being especially chic.

Changeable bengaline is in favor for evening dresses, the mixture of gray and mauve being the pet fancy. ROYALTY'S GORGEOUS EQUIPAGES. State Coaches and Horses Which Draw Rulers in splendor.

The Empress of Germany, upon super-extra occasions, rides in a golden coach

which has a history. She made her entrance into Berlin, upon the occasion of her marriage, in this vehicle, which was sent to convey her to the capital from the castle of Belle Vue, where all the brides of the Hohenzollerns spend the night before their marriage.

Queen Victoria has carriages to burn. For grand occasions, jubilees, royal weddings and the like, eight cream white horses are used and each horse is led by a scarlet coated groom; the harness is as glittering as scarlet and gold plate can make it. Queen Victoria has thirty state and semi-state carriages. The most interesting one is the glass coach built in 1761. It has been called the most magnificent carriage ever built. It has a lot of panels superbly painted and covered with plate glass.

The Queen will in future not allow the tails of her horses to be docked, and she has given a hint to the Prince of Wales to follow her lead.

The state carriages in Spain number four, all of the style known as Louis XIV. They are finished, one in Vernis Martin, one in tortoise shell, one in ebony and one in mother-of-pearl. The royal coat of arms is emblazoned upon panels and encircled by diamonds.

One of the state coaches used by King Humbert and Queen Marguerite is entirely covered with reponse silver. The Khedive of Egypt has expensive tastes in harness. He recently placed an order for a set in London which cost \$10,000. The buckles are of chased gold, and the pad cloths are embroidered with gold.

The Shah of Persia's coaches are barbaric in splendor, and the long tails of his horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips, a jealously guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

One thing is certain, an affianced maid announced, with decision, on the eve of her wedding, 'my husband shall never call me 'Mamma.' He may call me Clara, or Mrs. Richards, or even 'Say,' but I shall never be called 'Mamma.' It is a horrid, impersonal name.

She did not know that when the sweetheart had changed to the wife, and the wife to the mother, there comes a wondrous first time. The first time that she feels the downy head nestling under the chin; that first time that she feels the restless pat, pat of the feet as she vainly tries to prison them in her hand, she learns then that her life has burst into a new and wondrous world.



BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering, weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia C. Richard.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

derful fulness. In her heart there is kindled the fire of love, and the income that arises from it glorifies the whole atmosphere, and the warmth envelopes her and her baby in an overlying mantle. Then in the dim light she sees bending over her the one that she loves best of all, and she reaches out her hand to draw him near, that he, too, may come within the enchanted circle; that he, too, may breathe the sacred incense, and be warmed by the heavenly fire.

He who best knows how to propitiate the mother of his best girl has the battle more than half won. This has to do with a bungalow in the line referred to. He called at the pretty house on National avenue and made the mistake of trying to entertain the mother instead of allowing the mother to entertain him while waiting for the girl, who had not completed her toilet.

What are the three latest methods of rapid communication? he asked very early in their conversation. She gave it up and he glibly said: 'Telegraph, telephone and tell-tale.' That she was indignant appeared in the fact that she did not laugh and went on to tell what a revival of old jokes there had been of late. But he never twigged and continued to be 'smart.' The mother determined to be watchful.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase the tract of land which, says the Lewiston Journal, had been 'labeled over' for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pick

went to the right spot with the leader of the bar and as he combined both food and stimulants into the refreshment of his weariness I felt him to his own devices and to the care of the attendants within.

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'That put a different aspect on the matter and I decided to leave him alone. I had had no idea that he had been drinking all these milk punches, for I had thought that some of the others were doing their share. About eight o'clock I had the judge put through the bath again, for I supposed that he might have to make an appearance in court that day. After his last bath he sent out for a cocktail and a little bit of breakfast, and particularly he wanted to see me. I was astonished to see him looking so well, for he had been through enough to warrant sending any ordinary man to the hospital.

'You are the young man who made these milk punches?' he asked. 'I began to apologize for the innocent part I had played in the night's adventure. 'Don't apologize,' he continued; 'I have to thank you for five complete and distinct intermissions in one night. It is a record never to my knowledge experienced. You are a young man with an accomplishment. From this moment I charge myself with your future. You are worthy of better things than a place in a Turkish bath. You shall enter my office this very day as my confidential clerk and I will direct your studies in the law. I will have a refrigerator sent in, the milkman and the ice-man shall be ordered to visit me regularly and you shall go to the very best place in the city and obtain a supply of the ingredients.'

'I know that he drank less because he had me in the office, for he no longer felt it necessary to take his friends and his clients out for the stuff. I made him milk punches and studied law with him. He took me into partnership as soon as I had fitted myself to practice. Even when I was his partner there were always ice and cream in the refrigerator in his office and the force of old habit kept me mixing punches. I never knew him to care to repeat his exploit of getting drunk five times in one night, but he often spoke of it with a great pride that he held the coast record. That is how it is true that the display of my qualification for practice or rather tending at one bar directed my industry to the other bar.'

P. E. I. OPINIONS. What Mr. Wm. Sharam Thinks About Dodd's Kidney Pills. Used Them for Severe Urinary and Kidney Trouble—Took Ten Boxes and Fully Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Sterling Medicine.

MURRAY HARBOR, P. E. I. Oct. 9—One of the staunch upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this town is Mr. William Sharam. He cannot do too much to improve the fact on sufferers with Kidney Disease that their certain cure lies in Dodd's Kidney Pills. That he has succeeded to a large extent is witnessed by the large sale of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Murray Harbor.

Having some three years ago sprained my back with lifting, which sprain resulted in Urinary and Kidney trouble, I was left in a very weak state. In 1896 I got to work that I almost fainted and could hardly hold up. After using many other patent medicines in vain, it struck me that a remedy for my trouble should be one advertised for Kidney Disease only, and I got some of your Kidney Pills. I have used ten boxes all told and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old trouble of frequent rising in the night to urinate has vanished. Since then and even before I have sold many dozens boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and believe they are a sterling good medicine. I can always recommend them and always keep them in stock. I keep a general store in this vicinity and am well known throughout the district.

AID CAME WITH DREAMS.

CURIOUS CASES OF HELP FROM THE INVISIBLE SIDE OF LIFE.

One Man Worked Out a Knotty Problem in Mathematics While He Slept—A Woman Dreamed the Missing Details of an Invention—An Adventure With No 13.

'Scarf at the subject as you will,' observed the man who believed in the invisible side of life, 'but neither you nor another can define satisfactorily what is superstition. The man who calls another superstitious is himself just as superstitious in some other way. It belongs to the psychic side of us to be so; few of us know anything about the psychic side of things, and what we are ignorant of we are prone to fight shy of; or, more common still, to adopt a tone of mockery or banter toward it. But the time is nearly past for that. I can go among no class or condition of people that I do not hear them discussing these things nowadays. The air is full of them; we have been in the A B C of psychology, and soon we will read our way through it.

'The other morning some friends were telling me at breakfast of odd experiences they had had in thought transference, telepathy and so forth a few days before. I went downtown that same morning into a banking house; in a back office were a group of men listening to another man, a hard-headed money maker, who was relating some of the strangest psychic experiences I had ever listened to. On one point, however, I was at odds with him. He tried to explain all phenomena on a material basis on brain function alone.

'In this relation I told him of a little experience that had befallen myself during my later school days. I had worked desperately hard over a problem in mathematics. Do what I could not get it right, and at last exhausted I went to bed leaving it unfinished. I was tired and promptly fell asleep but with sleep came a dream of that problem. I dreamed I worked it out. I could see it all completed, and enjoyed the achievement to the full, as I might have done had I been wide awake. When I awoke next morning I remembered my dream, and the solved problem stood out before my waking vision. While dressing I noticed on a table near me a sheet of paper and a pencil. I went over to it, and there on the paper, in my own handwriting, was the problem completed just as I had seen it in my dream. I was bewildered.

'At breakfast I told my mother. 'It was not a dream,' she said. 'At least it was no ordinary dream. I heard you moving about in your room and went to see if any thing was amiss. I saw you take a sheet of paper, sit down and write out that problem with the paper on your knee, and go back to bed again without striking a light. I watched you, but did not touch you—I had often heard there was danger in awakening a somnambulist—and near as I was, you never saw me. Your eyes were wide open but they were sightless, only your mind or soul was awake.'

'What do you call that?' I asked the materialist. 'Brain function,' he answered. 'Hang your brain function,' I said to him. 'According to the theory on which you base your reasoning we know nothing except what comes to us through our five senses; that is, all we take in from the world around us furnishes the food, our brain being the machine that grinds and transmits it again. Now where did the five senses come in that experience of mine?'

'If there was brain action it was wholly involuntary and unconscious on my part. Some power above and beyond my material self took hold and produced that result which my five senses and all the logic of experience had previously failed to do. The fact is we lead a double existence, but the fust and din of this noisy side keep most of us from the soul side, where hides the invisible spark. You might as well talk of electric function as of brain function. It means as much. You can trace all the workings of electricity back to the power house, but who can explain the secrets that lurk there?—listening to the voices from the elusive invisible force which creates it all. Some day I believe we will. If science has proved anything it has proved that the things we call material have a soul life. I am coming to believe that all which we call material are but pictures of the reality.

'Some persons believe that everything about to happen already exists or is outlined somewhere in the astral region before it takes place here. Now that is no more wonderful to me than is the indisputable fact that every new thought or invention is pictured in and haunts the brain of the man who creates it long before it takes visible shape. The thought was not created; that was immortal, waiting to unfold itself at the right time and place. Some persons are so finely attuned psychically that they see these things before they happen. There are plenty of persons who

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure. "She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past; and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA—Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. LIVER—Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. sgc. at all druggists.

of course, call this superstition; yet few facts of life are better established.

'I know a woman—have known her all my life—one of the keenest, brightest, high-minded souls I ever knew, who saw in broad daylight running through the streets of her native town a fully equipped electric car more than twelve years before the thing came to pass. She did not live in New York or in any other large city where such things were first tried, but in a little town in Maine where there was no talk about them. She pointed the sight out to others—she saw it more than once—but no one beside her could see it. The first time she ever saw it she went directly after into the office of a lawyer with whom she was having business, and told him of the strange sight she had just seen. To her surprise instead of pooh poohing at it, he revealed a pleased interest and quietly remarked, 'You have merely seen something, which already exists somewhere else and is coming to us. You will see that a reality yet. Things have been shadowed to me in that way more than once.'

'Now I mention this last merely to show how a man you would not suspect of an interest in the like was quite interested with it all, and so you'll meet with instances in every walk of life. The instance I speak of was recorded at the time and well known among the woman's friends, and when electric cars became a reality it was much commented upon.

'I know another woman in the same town—the wife of its former postmaster—who dreamed out one night the completed details of an invention upon which her husband and another man had been working for years. They had got it pretty near to a working success, but one or two points continued to elude them and render the rest practically worthless. This was the point at which the woman's dream came in and supplied the missing link. I might as well add that she had no practical knowledge of mechanics, but had been long known as one claiming psychic gifts and had even given some tests in public. As a matter of fact, it was in that way her husband first met her and became charmed with her—for she was a woman of many mental graces. After marriage, however, he strictly forbade any use of her psychic gifts that might become known to the public. He could hardly put an embargo on them in dreams and the gift he was ashamed of—though it had captured him self—was the means of enabling him to make money hand over fist.

'Some day, I fancy, men will marvel as much over the fact that they were once ashamed of admitting their psychic gifts, even as we today marvel at the blindness of the learned Cotton Mather for solemnly believing that all the psychics of his day were in league with the devil.

'Sometimes, however, I have witnessed a certain sort of psychic action that seems curiously tinged with mischievous diabolism. Let me relate one curious and thoroughly authentic instance, which was witnessed by at least half a dozen persons sitting in a private parlor, the psychic being the daughter of our host, a well-known musical performer.

'The musician mentioned had for many years been the friend-traveller and general factotum of a world-renowned violinist, whose name is as unique as his reputation (and for that and other reasons I may not set it down here, though I am willing to give it in private to any one). For the memory of that recently departed great violinist our host had a singular veneration, coupled with a keen sense of the market value of his name as a talisman to conjure with.

'The host's daughter had long been known to possess psychic gifts, and after the death of an only and dearly beloved young brother, she suddenly, and unexpectedly developed a clairvoyant faculty, claiming that she saw and conversed with her brother. The family was talking this over on the night I speak of, and we were giving our opinions. The girl herself remained silent, looking on and taking in what we said.

'Suddenly the young woman's head fell against the back of her chair and drooped to one side. Her father said 'she has passed into trance state.' 'We grew silent and listened. Soon she began to speak of certain spirits she saw—her brother not being among them—and whom none of us knew or recognized from description. A waggish fellow present said, 'never mind those imps, call up the man your father thinks so much of; tell us something about O. B., how he fares in another.'

'The medium breathed hard, presently her voice sounded strangely as she said—the voice purporting to be that of a spirit—'He is not here, you will find him, if you look sharply in the room you sit in, in the shape of a big black beetle.'

'Some of us kept serious, others laughed, jumped from their chairs, and declared they were going to search for that beetle. 'They actually got down on the floor and searched the room fore and aft, no beetle was visible.

'In the same spirit of waggery they again questioned the medium, and she repeated the same thing, then added, 'you did not search thoroughly, search again and you will find, under the edge of the carpet near the fireplace.'

'They went immediately and did so, and there under a corner of the carpet at the fireplace unearched an immense beetle, which waddled out of reach as quickly as it could.

'Some questioned afterward whether the girl was not cognizant of the beetle's lodgment there. I did not question that. The girl was well known to me as simple minded and extremely conscientious; the least likely to perpetrate a practical joke of that sort of any one I knew. Beside, her high esteem of the dead man would prevent it. Beside that, the whole family solemnly declared that they had never seen such a thing as a beetle in any room above stairs or anywhere except occasionally in the cellar.

'I cite this as a queer example of a sort of phenomena I have seen several times. If there is real intercourse between the living and the dead brought about by a living medium I have seen enough to convince me that practical joking is not confined to this earthly sphere, and that a good deal of it goes on at the other side by those which the mediums are fond of calling earth-bound spirits, and elementals still undeveloped.

'Do I believe in current superstitions regarding lucky or unlucky days, numbers, &c. I am often asked this and I reply yes and no. The same dates or numbers

DR. SPROULE ON CATARRH THE GATEWAY OF CONSUMPTION.



DR. SPROULE, S. A. English Specialist in Catarrh and Chronic Diseases.

Twenty years ago catarrh was comparatively unknown. Now no age, sex or condition is exempt from it, and no climate or locality is a cure for it. Catarrh is to be more dreaded than all the yellow fever, cholera, smallpox, diphtheria and all other epidemic diseases—as it is more fatal. It is in the large majority of cases the forerunner of consumption, and vital statistics show that deaths from consumption in this country have increased more than 200 per cent in the last five years, nearly all of these cases having been traced back to catarrh as their starting point, and many physicians now contend that catarrh is only incipient consumption. We make the treatment of catarrh a specialty. We do cure catarrh. Catarrh has never been cured by nasal douches, washes or snuffs. Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by medicines peculiarly adapted to each particular case. Medicine that will cure one will not cure another.

It has been determined by microscopists that catarrh has as distinct a germ as any of the noted epidemical diseases, and again and again it has been shown that a patient had been treated for some other disease when catarrhal germs have been present.

A remedy for catarrh must be used constitutionally, and it must possess a direct affinity for the mucous membrane, and of if you have catarrh, answer the above questions, cut them out of the paper and send them to me with any other information you may think would help me in forming a diagnosis, and I will answer your letter for you what is necessary to do in order to get well.

Dr. Sproule, S. A. (formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), English Catarrh Specialist, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12 Doane Street, Boston.

that are lucky to one person are not always so to others, and if any one marks as lucky for him any certain day above another, I fail to see the charm of his keeping to it. One of the greatest surgeons I ever met, a man renowned in several cities, said once in my presence that he liked to undertake a critical case on Friday; he had never lost a case dating from that day.

'I am willing to confess that I would not knowingly sit down and make the thirteenth at a table. There may be nothing in it, but I know of at least three cases which proved fatal within the year.

'And, by the way, a man of my acquaintance—one whose story can be substantiated in every detail—is the central figure of one of the strangest number thirteen stories I ever heard. Several years ago, when high class bicycles were at high price, he saw a wheel at \$150, which especially captured his fancy, and he determined to buy it. As the bargain was about completed somebody noticed that the number of the wheel was 1813. More than one declared they would not take it at any price. My friend, however, was all the more determined to have superstition and bought the wheel. He afterward told me that the number of small mishaps he had with that wheel were beyond count—but the closing and romantic mishap crowned all the others.

'It was stolen one day while he left it at the doorway of a store. He immediately advertised it, and received account after account which resulted only in sending him on one after another wild goose chase. Finally—and after no end of trouble and out-repeated expense—the thief was located. But that did not bring the bicycle; for the thief who was an employe known to the owner of the wheel, had absconded with it to another town in another State, and sold it there. The owner of the wheel who was a determined fellow, with a still yearning fancy for his unlucky property, sent at once and ordered the detectives, who had traced the wheel, to find a lawyer in that town and prosecute the thief.

'But, strangest fatality yet, it turned out that the lawyer employed to prosecute proved to be the man who had bought the wheel—at a paltry sum—from the man who stole it. Through the advertising and talk it had made the queer case excited much curiosity. People wanted to see the lawyer no less than the thief. As the former was going along the street one day he was pointed out to two strangers staying temporarily at a hotel in town. The strangers instantly recognized the lawyer, called him by another name, and declared he was once a resident of their own place—a town in the south—which he had left a few years before to escape arrest for embezzling. The end of it all was that the lawyer took fright, left the town one night and has never been heard from since. The practice he had acquired was left unattended to; his household effects and some property remained unclaimed. The owner got his bicycle by simply taking it. But he never cared to use it afterward. It had cost him three times its value. Since then he does not scorn the superstition of No. 13.

being absorbed by the parastent mucous, wherever located. It must be homogeneous, and each individual case requires treatment adapted to its conditions. Our treatment is based upon these plain theories, and has proved to be infallible. It not only relieves, but it cures catarrh at any stage speedily and surely.

- Catarrh of the Head and Throat. The most prevalent form of catarrh results from neglected colds. 1. Do you spit spittle? 2. Are your eyes watery? 3. Does your nose feel full? 4. Do your eyes discharge? 5. Do you sneeze a good deal? 6. Do crusts form in the nose? 7. Do you have pain across the eyes? 8. Does your breath smell offensive? 9. Is your hearing beginning to fail? 10. Are you losing your sense of smell? 11. Do you have up phlegm in the morning? 12. Are there buzzing noises in your ears? 13. Do you have pains across the front of your forehead? 14. Do you feel drooping in back part of throat? If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is catarrh of the head and throat.

Disease of Bronchial Tubes. When catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes, and in time attacks the lungs and develops into catarrhal consumption.

- 1. Do you take cold easily? 2. Is your breathing too quick? 3. Do you raise frothy material? 4. Is your voice hoarse and husky? 5. Have you a dry, hacking cough? 6. Do you feel worn out on rising? 7. Do you feel all stuff'd up inside? 8. Are you gradually losing strength? 9. Have you a disgust for fatty food? 10. Have you a sense of weight on chest? 11. Have you a scratchy feeling in throat? 12. Do you cough worse night and morning? 13. Do you get short of breath when walking? If you have some of these symptoms you have catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

If you have some of the above symptoms, cut them out of the paper and send them to me with any other information you may think would help me in forming a diagnosis, and I will answer your letter for you what is necessary to do in order to get well.

Dr. Sproule, S. A. (formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), English Catarrh Specialist, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12 Doane Street, Boston.

water used in washing assists materially in keeping it light. Dark hair should be dried in the shade, or it will fade in streaks, but if the dark haired girl wishes to lighten her tresses without a bleach she can accomplish something in that direction by adding borax to the water, and after drying the hair in the shade, giving it a 'sun bath' as often as practicable. During the sun bath the hair should be spread and shaken out constantly that the rays may reach all the roots alike.

'WILL DIE BEFORE DAWNIGHT.' Would Have Been Her Answer to Your Query—When?—But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Stopped the Death Struggle. Mrs. B., 186 Queen St. Toronto, gives this unsolicited testimony: 'For a number of years I had been a great sufferer from heart troubles, had smothering sensations, palpitation, neuralgia thumping, was very easily fatigued. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart when I had despaired living through the night. The benefit was instantaneous. I have taken five bottles and have no hesitation in heartily recommending it, and will be glad to communicate with anyone desiring it. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Never Had Served It Before. Sometimes a man would willingly be obliging—if he only knew how. Thus the Chicago Chronicle relates the experience of 'a short little woman and her tall husband,' who went to a down town restaurant for dinner.

'Will you have oysters?' asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare. 'Yes,' said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. 'And, John, I want a hassock.' John nodded, and as he handed his order to the waiter, he said, 'Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady.'

'One hassock?' asked the waiter, with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table cloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very red.

Then he came around to John's side, and speaking sotto voce, said, 'Say, mister I haven't been here long, and I'm not on to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?'

Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

A Test of...

When Grace Win... her father's income... that all the private... both persons must... might be able to... debts; and that, ev... bankruptcy was still... stunted for a while... being a good girl at... set about considerin... him.

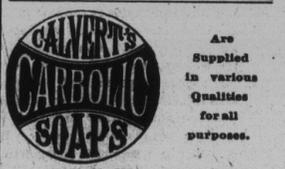
'Everything's gone... mother dear, I know... pressed mother che... do something mysel... do, although I can't... But do tell me. How... I always thought is... 'So he was until... swered Mrs. Win... always been consid... fal business men... years ago he lost h... then some Western... largely interested... other losses have f... Now he will hardly... he tells me, an... household and th... Mrs. Winthrop br... her daughter, wroop... what we are going... Grace tenderly... which her mother... restrain, and tried... her.

'I'm going to hel... decidedly,' and I... away, too. I have... useless as yet, as... you may perhaps... dear, but I've got... die of mine, and I... lack of courage. Y... ful things I'll do, w... the mother, if you'll... Following out th... borrowed from one... cy wherewith to pa... neighboring busin... herself, with desper... stenography and th... later she left the... well qualified steno... of the following w... her first earnings h... Her skill with pe... above the average... work, and her s... good. Before lon... uncle the loan, and... mother.

Her joy in this w... her father, daily b... and depressed bea... and anxiety, smil... her, and the busy... office seem'd pos... eager spirit.

She had been a... nearly a year before... by any trial other... her father's busin... put to a crucial tes... The position wh... the law offices of... Laughlin, and was... explained upon list... for it, peculiar in s... 'You will take... letters for the thr... and for myself,' h... I learn that I on... experience as yet... of advice. Privat... and import not... less come to your... in the pursuance... never be mention... the one who gave... even to members... sense of business... absolutely neces... who wishes to win... of her employe... 'Now as the d... went on. 'All d... kind, must be refer... dication in which... of conflicting dem... preference must al... work of Mr. B. ad... the firm. In rega... —do you know wh... He extended to m... small how low chil...

REIGN AND PACK SHOE IS REINFORCED LEATHER AND GIVES THE BEST SHIN Try a Bottle. 10C. AND 2 SIZES. PACKARD PA (L. H. A.)



Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FLASHES OF FUN.

First Golt Girl (in horror)—Did you hear him say 'damn' just now? Second Golt Girl—Yes; but he at once corrected himself and said 'doin'!

Seldom Fedd—What's your idea of an aristocrat? Sould Spooner—Feller dat washes his neck in cold weather—or in any other weather.

Yeast: 'What is that blue streak in the air?' Crimsonbesk: 'O, that's the colonel talking to the man in the gas office over the wireless telegraph.'

'Harry, my new frock is either perfectly stunning or else it is hideous.' 'How do you know?' 'I met Edith Blinks when I was out, and she didn't even mention it.'

The Expansionist—You can bet your life English is going to be the universal language before many years. The Anti—I rather believe you. There isn't a finer swearing language on earth.

'George Washington was the father of his country,' said one patriotic citizen. 'Yes,' said the other, 'and later on, when the country needed some one to stand up and fight for it, George Dewey was its big brother.'

The man who'd passed the spurious coin and who Mused thus:—'They'd have hard work to prove it true! If only I could but recall the passed!'

'My dear boy, you'll surely catch a deuced cold if you sit in the dew with your hat off.'

'That's what I want, don't you know; caw,' get the right pronunciation of this deuced Ki-ki-Capicacoune without a sneeze.'

'I would lay the world at your feet,' he exclaimed. But she looked at him icily and returned:—

'I see no reason for troubling you, Mr. Doddy. Unless the law of gravity has been unexpectedly repealed, the earth is there already.'

Mumbling Mike—Kind lady, would you please give me some salt? Since I lost me tee! I can't get no more work at me trade.

Kind lady—Why, certainly, my poor man. But what was your trade? Mumbling Mike—Bilin' holes in porous plasters, mum.

'It's rather strange,' remarked the boarder who was reading about Hanna and Croker abroad, 'that our biggest politicians should leave the United States even for a short time.'

'It's strange for them to leave anything,' ventured the man in black suspenders; 'they generally take it.'

Sam Sparks—Brudder, don't yo' advise every member to walk in der rarrer pat? Brudder Sasafraas—Coase Ah do, boy; what ob it?

Sam Sparks—Nuffin, brudder; only Ah wonders what is going to happen when some ob ur stout members meet on der rarrer pat comin' frum opposite directions.

'Your ideal of a wife?' asked the interrogator. 'A fat one,' briefly replied the Cannibal King, with becoming dignity.

For, be it understood, even a potentate is not unaware of the delight of possessing a spouse who can provide a good dinner when the grocer refuses any more credit.

'Of course,' said Sen. Sorghum. 'Dewey is a remarkable man; but—'

'You are not going to qualify your praise!'

'Well, I admire his courage and all that; but I must say that when a man with his opportunities stands up and refuses to run for office it sets a mighty bad precedent.'

A CURBSTONER TRAGEDY. A Temperance Lecture in a Boston Patrol Wagon.

On the sidewalk of a dingy South End street in Boston the other day, there stood a pile of household furniture.

still sat behind their barricade. When the baby cried the little girl rocked it back and forth in her arms until it became quiet again. The little boy fell asleep, curled up in the rocking-chair.

The afternoon drew to a close. It was beginning to grow dark, and the night patrolmen had just relieved the day force, when one of the men from station five strolled through the little street on his first round of duty. He stopped when he reached the pile of furniture, and peering in behind it discovered the children.

'What are you doing here?' he asked. 'We're waiting for mamma,' said the little girl. 'She's gone to find another place. We was put out here 'cause we couldn't pay the rent.'

The policeman soon persuaded the children that they had better go to the station-house. He rang the call for the patrol-wagon, and in a few minutes the van drove up beside the curb, the children were lifted in the gong clanged and the wagon rolled away.

Just as the driver turned the corner into Washington Street, a policeman hailed him from the sidewalk. He had a prisoner in charge, and by dint of much pushing and pulling, finally got him into the wagon.

The prisoner was a middle-aged man, bloated and sodden and dirty. His hat was missing, and blood from a deep cut on his forehead had trickled down his cheek and soaked his shirt. He was too far gone in drunken stupor to resist arrest, or even to keep his place on the seat without assistance.

When the little girl caught sight of this wretched figure she began to cry. Still holding the baby in her arms, she crossed over to the drunken man, and with her torn and dirty little handkerchief tried to wipe the blood from his cheek.

One of the policemen interposed, gently. 'You needn't do that,' he said. 'They'll fix him up all right at the station-house.'

'He's my papa! He's my papa!' the child cried between her sobs. 'We didn't know where he was, and he's been gone all the week.'

The officers looked at each other in silence. Even for them, with all their experience of life at low tide, there was nothing to say.

One of the tragedies had played itself out to the last act before their eyes. No stage could have furnished a situation more dramatic or more logical, no pulpit a sermon with a more impressive moral.

Dangerous Advertising. The Chilean code of law and morals gives great prominence to veracity in advertising. So we must think, at all events, if we are to believe an apparently authentic story in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Some years ago a dealer in New Orleans sent a lot of patent medicines to an American agent at Santiago, Chile.

Among the stuff was a supply of toothache drops, which were warranted on the bottle to cure the worst case of toothache in ten minutes. Here nobody would take such an assertion seriously, but down there it is different. The first man who bought a bottle made an immediate application, and then pulled out his watch. When ten minutes had elapsed and the tooth continued to ache, he was furious, and at once had the agent arrested. The poor fellow was fined one thousand dollars and sentenced to three months in jail. Through the efforts of the American consul the imprisonment was knocked off, but he had to pay the fine, and it broke up his business. The story is absolutely true, as can be testified to by a dozen people now in the city.

Parlour on the best banjos is made of well-skin.

BORN. Belmont, Oct. 9th, to the wife of Hugh Boyd, a son. R. and Hill, Oct. 4, to the wife of John L. Ramey, a son.

Bridgewater, Sept. 20, to the wife of E. S. March, a son. Wharton, Sept. 24, to the wife of James Bowden, a son.

Graville, Sept. 27, to the wife of Albert Goodwin, a son. Lonsburg, Sept. 20, to the wife of C. W. Gray, a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 23, to the wife of D. A. Bishop, a daughter. Oxford, Sept. 23, to the wife of Alex. Ross, a daughter.

Salem, Sept. 30, to the wife of Frank Phillips, a daughter. Parrboro, Sept. 20, to the wife of S. C. Moore, a daughter.

Wolville, Sept. 17, to the wife of Joseph McDonald, a son. Lonsburg, Sept. 20, to the wife of John Murphy, a daughter.

Parrboro, Sept. 24, to the wife of Frank Howell, a daughter. Parrboro, Sept. 27, to the wife of Joseph Scolling, a daughter.

Moncton, Oct. 5th, to the wife of S. A. Stearns, a daughter. Springhill, Oct. 4th, to the wife of John McKenzie, a daughter.

Springhill, Oct. 4th, to the wife of Kent Foster, a daughter. Bear River, Sept. 20th, to the wife of Harry Mason, a daughter.

Annapolis, Sept. 26, to the wife of Herbert Nelson, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of Bradford G. Allen, a son. Southbridge, Mass. Oct. 1, to the wife of Hugh E. Adams, a son.

Yarmouth, Sept. 29, to the wife of Harry E. Cooke, a son. Chelsea, Lunenburg, Sept. 19, to the wife of John Kedd, a son.

Hamilton, N. Y. Sept. 17, to the wife of Rev. O. E. Steves, a son. At F. radis West, Oct. 1st, to the wife of Gilbert Seban, a son.

At Grayville, Sept. 27, to the wife of Albert Goodwin, a son. Parrboro, Sept. 15, to the wife of Wm. Richardson, a daughter.

Kingston Village, Sept. 23, to the wife of Reuben Smiley, a daughter. Yarmouth, N. S. Sept. 5, to the wife of W. Downey Nickerson, a son.

Hobbs Mills, Lunenburg, Sept. 29, to the wife of W. E. Cooper, a daughter. Hignerville, Halifax Co. Sept. 7, to the wife of Albert Higgins, a daughter.

Elmaville, Middle Musquodoboit, Sept. 9, to the wife of C. D. Jordan, a son. Annapolis, Sept. 22, to the wife of Ernest W. Foster, of Melrose, Mass., a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Payne, chief engineer of S. S. Prince George. At 51 C. St., West, Manchester, Sept. 21st, to the wife of D. W. Cummings, a son.

MARRIED. Bridgewater, Oct. 3, Rev. A. J. Hoyt Fraser to Jessie McKay Ross.

Noel, Oct. 5, by Rev. Mr. Forbes, Arthur Courteen to Margaret O'Grady. Annapolis, Oct. 1, by Rev. W. Ryan, Joseph Milberry to Addie Hersey.

Charlottetown, Sept. 20, by Rev. L. Williams, John S. Sims to Dorothy Fife. Amherst, Oct. 2, by Rev. A. F. Newcombe, Albert F. Phips to Mary Foley.

East, Sept. 20, by Father Yanag, Peter Murphy to Nellie McDonnell. Boston, Oct. 3, by Rev. A. McKinnon, Neil Macdonald to Selma MacNeill.

Boston, Sept. 28, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, H. B. Martin to Sarah Morrison. Perth Centre, Oct. 5, by Rev. H. A. Sison, Amos Watson to Amy Gilchrist.

Halifax, Sept. 17, by Rev. E. Moore, Herbert D. Starratt to Susan O. Inglis. Springhill, by Rev. W. Chas. Wilson, James Collette to Gertrude Thomas.

Shaz Harbor, Sept. 23, by Elder Wm. Haldy, Oscar Scholts to Mary Sm th. Annapolis, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. Miles, Thomas G. Barnitt to Susan S. Sawyer.

Dartmouth, Oct. 2, by Rev. T. Stewart, Rev. S. Davidson to Christine Bruce. St. John, Oct. 9, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, F. Alden Sawille to Isabel Cameron.

Sydney, Sept. 19, by Rev. Mr. Simpson, Norman McDonald to Eva McQueen. Halifax, Oct. 4, by Rev. H. Vossema, George R. St. John, Oct. 9, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Lewellyn V. Pricot to Margaret M. Nelson.

Malind, Sept. 10, by Rev. George R. Martell, Wm. Leach to Amy Sagar. Bentville, Sept. 27, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Herbert D. Starratt to Susan O. Inglis.

Woolcock, Oct. 4, by Rev. H. Darr, Harvey M. Barkin to Susan S. Sawyer. Cumberland, Sept. 23, by Pastor J. Clark, Stacy Louis Moor to Luley Fountain.

Annapolis, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Humphrey Leung to Maggie Christopher. Yarmouth, Sept. 24, by Rev. E. Crowell, George A. Trask to Mrs. Sarah A. Spencey.

New Glasgow, Oct. 4, by Anderson Rogers, Wm. D. Ross to Susan S. Sawyer. Westville, Sept. 20, by Thos. Stewart, Jeremiah Daley to Margaret L. Henderson.

Mapleton, N. S. Sept. 20, by Rev. J. A. Sellar, Sidgwick F. Yattinson to Grace Sells H. Sill. Leamington, N. S., Sept. 16, by Rev. David Wright, Willard Guiray to N. S. Taylor.

Candy Creek, Sept. 27, by Rev. E. O. Read, Capt. D. Ross to Susan S. Sawyer. Morrison, Annapolis, Sept. 17, by Rev. J. L. Read, Arthur W. Corcor to Iona F. West.

Truro, Oct. 4, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Alfred Wellesley Poole to Margaret M. Nelson. Roxbury, Mass., Sept. 27, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Fred Borden to May McCulloch.

Billown, Kent Co., Oct. 4, by Rev. N. F. Free, man, Clifford Harris to Cassie H. Sill. Cambridge, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Hugh H. G. Harris to Margaret B. King.

Trenton, Pictou, Sept. 19, by Rev. Wm. Nicolson, Clarence Forbes to Jane A. McKinnon. Cape John, N. S. Sept. 28, by Rev. J. A. Crawford, Kenneth McCall to Christy Ann.

New Glasgow, Sept. 20, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, William B. Ross to Susan S. Sawyer. Eastville, N. S., by Rev. D. Stiles Fraser, St. P. 27 Euphemia McKenzie to Melville Carter.

Bridle, Kent Co., Sept. 27, by Elder David E. Brooks Howard H. Dyer to Jennie Sanae. New Glasgow, Sept. 20, by Rev. Charles H. Eustice, Wm. H. Stiles to Jennie Peters.

Bloomington, Sept. 27, by Rev. Wm. Brown, Edmund H. B. Adams to Annie L. Thompson. Gaharna, Sept. 26, by Rev. D. Suberland, Wm. McDonald to Mary Catherine McGillivray.

Hibernia, Queens Co., Sept. 23, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Wilmet Johnston to Estelle J. Davis. Bonlarde, Sept. 26, by Rev. D. Drummond, M. L. Buchanan, Baddeck to Maggie McLeod.

We'll Help You. In all the painting you have to do, or direct, you are invited to consult us freely about the best way of using THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. For anyone sending us a photograph or architect's drawing of his building, our artists will prepare a plan for painting, giving several artistic color combinations from which to choose. This is free.

CANADIAN PACIFIC FALL EXCURSIONS. FROM St. John, N.B. TO Boston, Mass. \$10.50 and return. \$8.50 to Portland, Me., and return.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 8.30 a.m., arr. Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.45 a.m., arr. Digby 11.25 a.m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a.m., arr. Halifax 3.30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 8.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p.m.

S.S. Prince George. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 19th June 1899 rains will run daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

STEAMER .. Clifton. Will leave HAMPTON every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 6 a. m.; returning leave Indiantown same days at 3 00 p. m.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y. New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Head's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 5th, and weekly thereafter.

VOL. SENATE The graduation city are watch and anxiety of the Case Fact in the The graduation city are watch and anxiety of the Case Fact in the The graduation city are watch and anxiety of the Case Fact in the