VOL. XI., NO. 530.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 9. 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST

MONS. CORNOLLY CELEBRATES HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE,

ns That are Being Made for the his Parishoners and Other St. ple-Portrait and Sketch of the

Vicar General of the Diocese of St. John, medium of the printing press; a jubilee began his pastoral labors and to-morrow volume is now in press, illustrated with

honor of Father Connolly. The citizens in general have taken official note of the oceasion and as a result of a meeting at the ception at the Mechanics Institute next week when many prominent citizens will attend to congratulate the Vicar General on his golden jubilee. mayor's office there wil be a public re-

The memory of this festive occasion is Very Rev. Monsignor Thomas Connolly, to be handed down through the enduring Vicar General of the Diocese of St. John, medium of the printing press; a jubilee

HOW HE VIEWS IT.

What One Citizen Thinks of Some Other

PROGRESS has received the following full because there were matters touche upon which did not concern the public. is always a pity from a newspaper sta point that the man who writes to the press upon what he considers a grave public wrong cannot persuade himself to sign his name to his communication. But these things have been and probably always will

There is no doubt that there is much discuss a mong the people regarding the administrate n of the liquor law. According to the stat mate made by the commissioners in session, matters are decided by the chairman without consulting the other members. There has been a rumor around the city for some time that Chairman Knouch aims at the powers of inspector. However that may be, his actions at times would indicate that he was inspecting the inspector. But here is the

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS .- I was quite amused on reading the Sun this week over the controversy on one Miles Carroll's beer license, in trying to get him to close his store on Sunday. Why do they seen to pick on a man like him? Are there not hundreds open on Sundays? And, to speak plainly, can I not go out on the

called Tammany Hall, on King square.

I would willingly give this chairman five at that, and to think of the other dens, that are operating full blast and putting it

If I can make satisfactory arrangements with the chief, I am going to give the different policemen a chance to make extra money, and that will be for every person who is caught in a hotel (after hours) or a

It might be well to mention that this chairman (who is trying to please the ladies)
has a son travelling for a liquor house, in the shape of Jones' Brewery.

Thanking you for your space

I am, yours Etc WLOLESALE GROCER.

and trials, to overcome many obstacles and as pioneer and builder to extend the work and influence of the cause he early in life SLIGHT MISTAKE. WILLET NOMINATES

in a great many places?

Mr. Editor. if you can tell me why the chairman of that commission, seems to enjoy | noseing around the rum and common beer saloons watching an opportunity to inform on some one, it is more than I can do. Why did our friend Ring receive the ntment not long ago from the Governint when we have in our midst a man of intelligence like the honorable chairman.

I, have watched this brainy chairman on everal occasions, noseing around and vennights in the 365, as he enjoys his peeking acts. On three different occasions, I have caught him watching the place I think is

hundred dollars, and guanantee him three others of like amount, who have sons, like myselt, if he will stand at the corners, (for which he is noted) and give the names to the police magistrate, who enters the hellholes of our city. It makes me mad, to think of such excitement over a trifling matter like Carroll's and not intoxicating

house of ill-repute, I will give the man making the arrest, \$5.00 a head, even if he scoops half the congregation of one of our churches.

and if the names could be published it would make interesting reading. I may be a crank, but this city is run like no other city in the world. We have a Liquor Inspector, who is well paid ? Where are the people he has reported? He may be a good man, but I think there is room for question. This liquor business is pure and simple, from beginning to end, all rot, and to put it in the language of an ex-licensed liquor man, I would not take out a license. Why I asked, well, said he, in that's lots of money, I can afford to run my place without it (providing that Mr. Kuodell don't sit on my door step, and smoke cigars) you are very liable to run a long time without being caught, and then the fine is not heavy. And then again if you are fined, they will not bother you tor some time on the second trip, perhaps next year, so you see I have figured pretty

There was the meeting at Frederiction it go at that. the meeting at St. John when it took an aspect more direful than ever. From being [merely an ecclesiastical row it has the appearance of becoming also a bitter legal fight.

At the meeting of the Presbytery at Frederiction Rev. Mr. Mullin and his elders agreed to submit gracefully to the administrations of a catechist, Mr. Frank Baird whom the Presbytery appointed to hold services in the disputed territory in conjunction with Mr. Mullin.

celeidoseopic changes of front recently.

The elders it seems, changed their mind afterward and regretted that they had so far bowed to the will of the presbytery for they determined to allow no one but Mr. Mullin to watch over them and gave Mr. Baird to understand that no alien shepherd

and when that astute body met at St. Andrew's church in this city this week there was a large attendance of clergy and laymen present. They had a determined look and it was evident that they had come to the conclusion that the time for temporizing was past. They had temporized for ten years or more and it was time to take Sabbath day, and get intoxicating l'quors the bull by the horns and bring matters to a climax.

The will of the presbytery had been dis. obeyed. The minister and the session had set themselves up against the presbytery, their ambassador had been treated with dis courtesy and war must be declared. They therefore proceeded to mete out to Rev. Mr. Mullin the stripes of ecclesiastical dis-

The clergyman saw it coming and he spoke in an apologetic manner endeavor-ing to shunt the responsibility from himself upon the session. But those presentelt that Rev. Mr. Mullin was the real on who was responsible for retusing to open did not delay much when they proceeded to deal with the case. It was moved that the church be declared vacant and with scarcely any debate the motion was carried; of the 21 who voted on the motion only two voted against these were, Rav. Dr. Geo. Bruce and Rev. J. S. Mullin. The former thought perhaps that the presbytery was too severe. Some one objected to Rev. Mr. Mullin voting on the ground that he as a member of the court was adjudicating in his own case, which was not just. The point was not pressed, however, and Mr. Mullin was allowed the privilege of casting his vote.

Rev. James Ross of Woodstock, has been appointed moderator of the session and now those interested will await the re sult of his visit to Nashwaak and Stanley It is not likely that Mr. Mullin will back down now, and if he refuses to hand over the key of the church to Mr. Ross there on, St. John; and St. John the Baptist, I have two sons and have repeatedly will be more trouble and it may get into

The presbytery has one thing, howrecords of the session. At this meeting of the presbtery the records of the sessions of various stations which were referred to committees to be examined. The committee who looked over the records of the session of Nashwaak and Stanley found some trifling errors and their report to the presbytery to that effect. Rev. Mr. Mullin observed that the minutes of some recent meetings were not entere and asked for the book in order that he might enter them. "Oh, no," said Rev. Mr. Ross, the superintendent of home missions, as he tucked the records of the session under his arm, "you might write out the records on a scroll and hand it

There was rather a peculiar incident in this connection; at the meeting of the presbytery a moderator was elected, Mr. L. W. Johnston, of Fredericton, nor ted Judge Forbes. Then Mr. John Willet arose and nominated Rev. J. S. Mullin. After pronouncing the word "Mullin" he sort of hesitated and some one asked "Whom did you say ?" Mr. Willet thought a second and then said," Yes, I nominated Rev. J. S. Mullin." The divines and

elders probably wondered whether he was joking but they proceeded seriously to a ballot and though the number of votes cast Forbes took the chair.

Mr. Willet now says that he intended to nominate Rev. J. S. Sutherland but by a lapsus linguae said Rev. J. S. Mullin and he thought he might prejudice Mr. Mul-lin's case if he corrected himself so he let

ON MOOSEPATH PARK.

Why Thursday's Races Were not a Very Bril-

The Moosepath races are over. They cannot be said to have been a very brilliant success from any standpoint. The weather, the condition of the track, the high wind, the want of enthusiasm on the part of the crowd, and in fact circumstances in general combined to have a somewhat dampening effect on Thursdays races. There were between 600 and 700 paid admission and these included repres of the sporting fraternity from St. Stephen, Fredericton, Amherst, Moncton and other

It may have been that the quietus which the Chief of Police put upon pool making at the outset in a way accounted for the lack of excitement; it certainly has created considerable talk. Mr. Briggs the veteran pool seller was there and started in briskly vhen officers of the law intimated that his work must be stopped. some little doubt regarding the act dealing with this matter, but it is pretty generally understood that pools can be sold only on an exhibition of races. With Mr. Briggs therefore business was very dull on Thursday. It was a sort ot off day with him, so to speak.

Mr. Wheeler also came in for a share of attention from the police, and was stopped from running a dice game. As a rule the event was well managed and satisfaction

Mr. George Carvell made his first appearance on the track after an absence of three years and was given an ovation. Speculation was in good form and did well considering that he was going against

Terrell S. entered by John M. Johnson of Calais was one of the trimmest, smoothest bits of horseflesh seen on the track here in a long time. This horse has been entered in three large stakes in the west and it is prophesied by competent judges that he will come close up to the 2.10 mark this fall.

Enthusiasts in horse racing are eagerly anticipating the day when trotters and pacers will not be classed. As it is now the number is too small to do anything other than amalgamate the two in these

Halifax strongly favors distinct and separate classes for pacers and trotters, and the time is not distant, say sporting men when this will be possible.

GRITING THEM BEADY.

The Tax Lists and How They are Progress-

The preparation of the tax lists has been going on steadily and people are look-ing forward with longing anticipations to its appearance—nit Some of the aldermen were computing some time age that the rate would make a big leap this year from 1.46 its present mark to 1.60. would not, however, be overstating it to say that it will probably be advanced from 146 to 155. The man with the income of \$1000 will pay 90 cents more in taxes. The Sand Point works, the loan for Carleton water supply and the exemption of the cotton mill will be among the items swelling the tax rate, and while the rate will not be less than 1.55 it may rise to 1.60. It is pretty certain however, that when the rate is officially made known there will be a greater cry for economy than the T. R. A. ever raised. The assessment, it is said, will be made up about the first of August and then the people will know just what they will have to pay for the privilege of living in the city.

Mr. Cameron Honored

Mr. Charles K. Cameron has achieved a high place in the Order of Scottishic Clans, having recently been appointed royal deputy chief for the provi royal deputy chief for the province of New Brunswick, to succeed the late clansman John Leitch. Referring to the appointment the Fiery Cross the official organ of the order says: "Brother Cameron is a most enthusiastic clansman, and is well worthy of the honor that has been bestowed on him by the Royal Clan." Mr. Cameron is a member of Clan Mackensie, No. 96, of this city, and was chief of the clan for three years in succession. The order is a strong one in the United States, and is growing in Canada. It is confined to Scotchmen or persons of Scotch extraction.



The Very Rev. Monsignor Thomas Connolly, V. G.

eclat appropriate to such jubilee festivities.

There are not many clergymen who are able to look back upon a period of active service of half a century and there are fewer who have so endeared themselves to their people as to call forth such enthusiastic congratulations as are awaiting the Vicar General. Father Connelly's co-religionists apparently cannot do too much to honor him and other sects have imbibed their enthusiaem and have decided to lend their aid as well. The esteemed Vicar General's tellow workers do not do things by halves when they attempt any function of this sort and in this respect certainly their zeal is to

To-morrow morning there will be solemn high mass at St. John the Baptist and the sermon will be preached by Rev. H. A. Meahan, of Moncton. At 3 p. [m. there will be a procession of catholic societies of the city and Carle ton, accompanied by bands of music.
There will be three addresses to the vicar General presented by the parish of Sc. John the Baptist, Father Matthew associa-Carleton and Fairville. The kindly ser timents will also be accompanied by the more tangible token of a fund of money containing some \$700 or \$800 subscribed by the good father's friends.

In the evening there will be a reception given by the ladies' auxiliary society of St. John the Baptist at the rectory; a large | number of invitations have been issued and it will be an enjoyable occasion.

The chief event of this occasion will be the presentation of a large oil painting of himself to Rev. Father Connolly. The painting shows the priest in his library and is a very faithful reproduction of the strongly ined and resolute face. The painting was done by Mr. F. H. C. Miles. On the frame is an oblong plate of solid silver containing the inscription "Presented to the very Rev. Monsignor Thomas Con-nolly, V. G., by the ladies of his congregation on the jubilee of his priethood, July 10th, 1898." The plate was hand-somely i engraved by Mr. Herbert A.

temorrow the new organ which was put in St. John the Baptist church in May last will be 'used] in the service of the church

But this is not all that is to be done in Brunswick, to pass through many hardship

the occasion will be celebrated with all the | pictures of Father Connolly and the as sociates in his life work, describing the jubilee exercises and giving a sketch of his life. The latter is written by Rev. W. C. Gaynor who is known as a talented writer and historiographer.

Father Connolly, according to this sketch was born at Duke street, St. John, March 4th, 1823. His father was Mr. James Connolly, a prominent mason and contractor. He was educated at the Fredericton Grammar school and at St. Andrews college near Charlottetown. In 1844 he went to Quebec to prepare for the priesthood and on July 8th. 1848, he was ordained to the! priesthood at the hands of Right Rev. William Dollard, first Bishop of New Brunswick, at St. Michael's

chapel, Chatham During the half century that has succeeded he has been stationed pretty much all over the province and their is scarcely a place that has not felt the impress of his labors. Among his charges were, St. Louis, Kent Co; Fredericton, Woodstock, Barachois, Milltown, Johnville, Cathedral, St. John; Grand Digne, Kent Co.; Carleas rector of the Cathedral of the Imma culate Conception in October, 1868, that he was elected to the rank of Vicar General. During that period too he was chaplain of the garrison at St. John and chap-

lain of the penitentiary. steadiast temperance worker. He founded the Father Matthew Total Abstinence society and he was in 1879 elected president of the New Brunswick Total Abstin-

ence Union. venerable priests industry and zeal dis-tributed about the province. He built several churches at Yarmouth and displayed the diversity of his genius by being own architect. He was given the task of organizing the parish of Lower Cove which was separated from the mother parish in He also established St. Rose's at Fairville, so that Father Connolly has had much to do with determining the history of his church in this city.

The cut which is given herewith is an ex-cellent photo of Father Connolly and people will see in the rugged face the stern qualities that enabled him to plant the banner of his church in the wilderness places of New

#### A FEMALE PICKPOCKET

FUNERAL IN CHICAGO ATTENDED BY 2,000 PERSONS.

The Most Skilful Orimical in Her Line Known to Police Anuals—Only one Con-viction Against Her—Her Trip to the Queen's Jubice.

A few days ago there was buried in Chicago a woman named Minnie Daly, whose funeral was attended by no lewer thad 2,000 persons. It was a gathering in which no man's watch was safe. Most of the expert hold-up men, second-story pickpokets, confidence men. counterfeiters, shoplifters, and general crooks who inhabit Chicago were present at the final ceremonies over one who had been the peer of the best—or worst—of them in crime. Not only the police, but the fraternity of crooks themselves, say that Minnie Doly had the lightest finger and the coolset nerve of any man or wo man who has ever made a living in this country by the art of the "gentle touch;" in other words, that she was the most skilful pickpocket in the American annals

From what circumstances Minnie Daly her exploits maintained an unbroken silence as to her origin and life. Her first appearance upon the criminal records was in 1888, when she could not have been more than 19 years old. It was the first also a betting man, when Birch remarked and last time in a career of varied risks that his wife could 'pinch' anything that that she was so fairly caught at her was in plain sight, from a man. The sabusiness of picking a pocket as to make a conviction possible.

'I was young at it then,' she used to say of this episode. 'Just as I had the ticker out my clbow turned and the guy had me by the wrist with his chain hanging from my hand."

'The guy' was a merchant of whom she had been asking directions at a railroad station, One year in Juliet Penitentiary was her sentence for this job and she came out eager to resume her shifty trade.

Where she got the money to start in life anew after her release from Juliet is another dark point, though her name was connected with that of a Chicago politician of evil repute. At any rate, she returned to Chicago, set up a quiet little establishment of her own, dressed well, went to the theatres and other places of amusement and carried herself so circumspectly that her landlord supposed her to be a well paid employee of a department store and a most respectable young person. Some knowledge of the great stores she had, for much of her work was done in them, and was not above adding to her resources by an occassional dab at shoplifting, though she always said that the returns in that line were inadequate to the risks. Every store detective in the city came to know her as a crook; not one of them ever succeeded in catching her. It was a cash girl who came nearest to getting her, but the pickpocket'e ready wit saved her then as it did many times thereafter. She had substituted her pocketbook for that of a woman who had laid one on the counter while making a purchase and the little cash girl saw her do it. All in excitement she ran forward; the criminal sawher and held out the stolen purse to its owner.

'Pardon me,' she said cal nly, 'I think I took your purse in mistake for my own.'

case of theft, but there was no proof and me for an American heiress, I guess, and I nothing could be done. Thereafter when Minnie Daly visited that store a detective Minnie Daly visited that store a detective followed her about everywhere, and this gave her great delight, so much so that she made a practice of doing her shopping at that place. Her presence of mind in embarrassing situations was powerfully assisted by her appearance. Of her as she looked at this time. Chessia of the store of looked at this time a Chicago police offi er

'I have seldom seen a more frank exession or a more honest tace than hers. It was the finest outfit imaginable for a crook. She had light brown hair, wide, olear blue eyes, a rather square but decidedly pretty face and a certain style of her own in dress and appearance. See her out on the street and you'd take her for a respectable girl of good circumstances. She never looked fast, and I guess for a woman who was on the crook she kept herself pretty particular. I don't know how many times we've arrested her, but we never could get evidence te convict her and ac we finally let her alone.'

family who met her at one of these dances orted her home atterward had her arrested on a charge of stealing a gold watch and chain, a dismond and ruby pin, and something more than \$100 in cash, but the charge was mysteriously withdrawn and the accused went free. Not long after that an ex-alderman accused her of 'touching' him for some \$400, but this also came to nothing.

Early in 1893 Minnie did form a partnership with Barney Birch, No. 2122 in the New York Rogues' Gallery, and worked with him in Chicago, Milwaukee and other Western cities. The partnership was of another kind, also. In the criminal records she appears as married to Birch, which may mean little or nothing, but she frequently claimed that she was legally married, and he has never denied it, so far as is known. They worked east as far as Philadelphia on one trip, but didn't get as far as New York. They almost invariably worked together, and a favorite trick was to go to some concert hell and get into conof them was talking to the victim, the other would go through his pockets. Usually it was the woman who did the actual \*touch descended to her career is not clearly ing, as Birch, who is himself one of the known, for she who was so ready to talk of most skilful pickpockets in the business, cheerfully admitted his companion's superiority. A story is still told in Chicago of how the pair were standing on a street corner talking with a saloon keeper, who is loon man held that any man who permitted his pockets to be picked was either drunk or a fool, and the controversy ended in a bet of \$50 as to the woman's ability to get the watch of a friend of the saloon keeper who was standing on the next corn-

> 'You stand right here and watch,' said Birch, 'and maybe you'll see how it's done.' 'What'll you give me for the ticker if I get it ?' whispered Minnie Daly, leaning over to him.

'Give you a fifty and sell it back to him for a hundred,' was the reply.

In a few minutes the pair were in con versation with the subject of the experiment. Presently Birch turned sharply, his elbow caught the man in the waistcoat, and the watch was gone so neatly that the end of the chain was left in the man's pocket. On their return to the bettor they lemanded the \$50 and got it.

Where's the fitty I'm to get for the watch ?' asked the women. At this the saloon man made some demur, whereupon she added :

·For that fifty I'll throw in another watch,' and she pulled out the better's

own chronometer which she had gently abstracted at the moment when she was whispering in his ear. The unsuspecting subject of the bet got

back his watch, for Minnie said it would be a low trick to keep it, as she had made enough out of the transaction without it.

When she returned from Europe in 1897 she had been over there two years, and incidentally taken in the Queen's Jubilee. She was interviewed by a reporter from one of the Chicago papers, to whom she said:

·You want to know what kind of a time I've had? Well, it's been great and I've done a lot of business too. You know, I believe in bringing foreign money back to America, and I brought a good bit of it That was all there was to it. The cash after paying all my expenses and living on girl vehemently declared that it was a the fat of the land all the time. They took might have got an earl or something of that you it's the easiest game yet. I worked right through the jubilee, and got more rocks and sparklers and leathers from the Johnnies than I'd strike in a year here, and the leathers were stuffed too. Victoria wasn't the only one that had a diamond jubilee; look at those,' and she actually untied a handkerchief and showed the reporter a number of fine diamonds which had been removed from their settings.

been removed from their settings.

'The sparklers are the thing,' said she.
'I'd rather get them than the long geeen,

even.
'The last time I saw Minnie Daly,' says The last time I saw Minnie Daly,' says Capt. McClusky, Chief of the Detective Bureau, 'was just as she was coming out of the Empire Theatre last winter. She was with some other woman, and a very respectable looking pair they made. She recognized me the minute she saw me and hurried away, though I've no doubt she was merely out for pleasure and not on business.

vict her snd sc we finally let her alone.'

In 1891 Minnie Daly took to attending public dances of a decent character, such as balls given by the political associations, and it was an off night with her when she did not bring back with her at least one diamond, usually a stud. It was her boart that she could unsorew a stud from a man's shirt front while she was talking to him and not give him a suspicion of what was going on literally under his very nose. A young sport of a somewhat prominent

A CANVASSER'S EXPERIENCE.

my clothes on or off without assistance, and have often been compelled to have my food cut for me at table. In the winter of versation with persons there. While one 1897 I was attacked with la grippe which settled in my kidneys. I then became so ill that I was compelled to abandon all employment. At that time my liver and kidneys combined in what seemed to me their last attack. I used several medicines and doctored in Buffalo and St. Catharines without getting any relief, so my confidence in medicine was about gone. I was getting no rest day or night and was becoming despondent, finally I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and have used in all eight boxes, and am now able to state that I feel better than in the past ten years. These pills are the nearest to a specific of anything I ever used, and they are the cheapest and best medicine I ever tested, having thoroughly reached my case and effected a cure. I feel so gratified for the relief I have obtained that I think it my duty to publicly make this statement. If all who are suf fering will give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an honest trial, I am sure they will be as enthusiastic in their praise as I am.

The Indian Postal Service.

alayas. Beyond this point a letter is sent slayss. Beyond this point a litter is sent by a native runner, who carries the mis-sive for days in the split end of a stick, and delivers it at the end of his journey as clean as when he received it. These runners are so honest that money is intrusted to them, which they will carry for days, along wild mountain tracks, where they could never be traced, and then deliver it into the right hands.

We have toe names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or it dead their heirs are wanted to make claim Many of those persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOYS can earn a Stem-Wind Watch and Chain during the Summer Holidays, by selling \$2.50 worth of our sc. and 10c. goods—10 kinds, assorted. Boys who send to the States for goods have to pay soc. duty. Goods not sold exchanged. No money

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 350

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church Wandlag Filling to learn our business then to ac

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

No Summer Vacation.

ST. JOHN'S COOL SUMMER WEATHER, combined with our superior ventilation facilis make s'udy with us just as agreeable in July : August as at any other time. Just the chance for teachers and others to take

buffered From Kidney Trouble and Rheum atism—Was Becoming Despondent When Aid Reached Him.

From the Journal St. Cathar One of the most recent witnesses about Fouthill and vicinity regarding the virtues of Dr. William's Pink Pills is John F. Price, who is widely known in the Niagara District as he has been on the road as ar advertiser and canvasser for six years, and has thousands of acquaintances. His complete cure has added fresh lustre to the reputation of this great medicine. Hearing of Mr. Price's sufferings and restoration, history of his case was requested. His story is: -I am 26 years of age and have been afflicted with rheumatism for seven years. At times I have been unable to get

The postal service in India extends as far north as Kolghur, a village of the Him-

Weary Watkins—I see some of the papers are agitating the wide tire question again for better roads.

Hungry Higgins—I don't know much about wide tires, but I know I've got a litelong oce.

#### CLAIMED MONEY,

ments undertuis heading not exceeding nes (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each ion. Five cents extra (or exceeding the cents each

JAMUE for the Summer months. That ity situated house known as the Titus proputone and a half miles from Rothesay Stawithin two minutes walk of the Kennebectent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, rat-Law, Pugsley Building.



the ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND and our NEW METHODS (the very latest) of BUSINESS PRACTICE.

OUR

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON

# PURITY AND STRENGTH

Combined with flavour, make Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo Coylon Packet Teas, favorites the world over. These qualities and their

# Best of Tea Value

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

If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will see your order is filled. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., London, Eng., Canadian Head Office, 14 Lemoine St., Montreal. 

Show Cases...



We carry the Standard Sizes, and can supply special designs at short notice.

A great saving can be effected by using a good Show Case. Send for Catalogues and get our prices which will be found very low.

# **EMERSON & FISHER.**

75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

P. S. Ice Cream Freezers, Hammocks, Lawn Mowers, Garden Sets and other

NOW WE HAVE IT!

FREE PROPERTY FREE

# GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK

The Only Complete Authorized Work By America's KING OF HORSE TRAINERS.

PROFESSOR OSCAR R. GLEASON,

Renowned throughout America and recognized by the United States Government as the most expert and successful horseman of the age, The Whole Work, comprising History, Breeding, Training, Breaking. Buying, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, Doctoring, Telling Age, and General Care of the Horse.



416 Octavo Pages.

173 Striking Illustrations' Produced under the direction of the U. S. Government, Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his most wonderful methods of training and treating horses.

10,000 SOLD AT \$3,00 EACH.

But we have arranged to supply a limited number of copies to our subscribers ABSOLUTELY FREE. First come, First served.

Offer

Th An is to An artist Em

At

Ten arrang Sunday Palace Thre perior fourth !

was dre A Br ner's tr ure as idea of footligh and mor the drai dammer piece for the sugg

Compan

quite na to death had a di conclude to pocke opera in high fever

Rialto. tor public good fai thronged original a Mr. Le cello solo The Bo pany next

Reed, co Stephen & Fries, vio It is rep est daught eratic star voice and i mous Vier Sims Re

reach the is to have Victor 1

of lectures is to repea

### Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIBOLES.

Mrs. Fred G. Spencer is announced to ing in Amherst at an organ recital. rstonians who have not had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Spencer have certainly a rare pleasure to look forward

The Misses Furlong have fixed the date their concert for July 28th, 1t be an event of more than ordinary interest and enjoyment. The young ladies will be assisted by the best local talent, and Miss Kathleen Furlong who has been pursuing her vocal studies in New York under one of the best chers in the American metropolis will be heard for the first time since her return.

Tones and Undertones.

Francis Wilson's new opera is called "The Little Corporal".

The famous La Scala Opera house in Milan is to be opened again next winter. An opera founded on one of Ibsen's plays is to be produced in Berlin.

Among the many European concer artists who are coming to America next ason one of the most prominent is Herr Emil Sauer, the pianist, of Dresden.

Emil Gischer and Camille Sevgard are making a concert tour through Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In Stockholm and Christina they will be supported by the roval orchestra

At Covent Garden, London, on Thursday next Melba will appear in "Il

Maud Hollins and Alice Judson are to have the Edna Wallace roles with DeWolf Hopper at Manhatten beach this summer.

Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar," as arranged for choral use by Sir Frederick Bridge, organist at Westminster Abbey, was the most appreciated number in a recent festival concert given by 100 church Sunday schools in London' Crystal

Three acts of "The Mascot" had been performed at Gueret, France, and the fourth had been started when the prims donna hastily quit the stage, the curtain was dropped, and pretty soon the man-ager came out to say that a babe had been

A British critic, having heard Wagner's trilogy complete, asks: "Is it a fail-ure as a drama? . . . The fine central idea of the libretto does not get over the footlights. The interest becomes more and more centered in the human side of the drama, and at the end of the 'Goterdammerung' one does not care a ptennig piece for the downfall of the god, nor for the suggested dawn of a new era, but only for Brunnhilde and Siegfried."

The Carl Rosa Royal English Opera Company has gone into voluntary liquida-tion. It lost over \$33,000 last year, and quite naturally scared the stockholders half to death. They met the other day and had a discussion as to whether the concern should be dissolved or should send out a cheaper company and hold on. They concluded that the wiser course would be to pocket their loss and bid farewell to opera in English. So one of the oldest and for a time most properous amusement enterprise in Great Britain is dead and

Some months ago Lillian Russell and actors undertook to raise regiments on the Rialto. But these matters were intended for publication only, not as an evidence of good faith, and Broadway continues thronged with heroes, villains, walking n, soubrettes and leading ladie who would be better employed had their original advertisement been carried out.

Mr. Leon Van Vliet, the well known cello soloist, will be a member of the Boston Artists club next season.

The Boston Mendelssohn Concert com pany next season will be composed of Jen-nie Patrick-Walker, soprano; Fanny Holt Reed, contralto; Bruce Hobbs, tenor; Stephen S. Townsend, baritone; Wulf Fries, violoncello; George F. W. Reed,

It is reported that Mark Twain's young est daughter is ambitious to go on the operatic stage. She has developed a fine voice and is now under the care of a famous Vienna teacher.

Sims Reeves, the veteran tenor who will reach the age of eighty years in Septembis to have testimonial benefit in London.

Victor Maurel is giving in Paris a cours of lectures on the history of music, which he is to repeat in England.

Every one knows that Calve professes

an extravagant admiration for Queen Vic toria, and carries the Queen's picture with her wherever she goes. Ill-natured persons have auggested that the devotion was in the line of a bid for royal favor. Others equally ill-natured, say, with a shrug of the shoulders, that Calve has a keen sense of humor. Calve herself, when interviewed upon the subject, assumes her "Gretchen-in the-church" expression, clasps her bands with obildlike enthusissm and says. "Ah, la bonne reine!"

Naive and girlish simplicity is Calve's particular forte. She is in her element when she visits a girls' school, as she did in New York, or a convent, as she often does in Paris, and she plays the role of ingenue with a delicate art that makes the scene a joy to the beholder. The girls may be young, but she is younger. They may be innocent, but she is absolutely guile-

She is in the world, but not of it. There is only one thing more entertaining than to see her in the role, and that is to hear her tell about the experience afterward among congenial triends

Even among her most intimate friends however. Calve never relixes in her attitude toward the English Queen, so perhaps the adoration is genuine. The prima onna is superstitious. She acknowledges it, with a charming little shiver. Possibly her Majesty's portrait posses charm beyond its intrinsic attractions and is carried as an effectual rabbit's foot substitute. It may be that the face of a queen, who is also a good and noble voman, exercises evil spirits, sore throat pneumonia, stage-door chappies and hardearted critics.

At any rate, Calve carries the portrait and she says with naive ingenuousn

"When I do what is right it seems to me that the face smiles on me. Ah! la

Tamagno has just left for a series of forty appearances at Buenos Ayres, for which he will receive \$100,000 in addition to all his expenses and those of his retinue. Somebody has recently explained that the eight seats demanded tor his use were not intended for his troupe of trained handclappers and brave shouters, but for his family and retainers. This same correspondent says that Tamagno has not read s criticism of his singing for years, knows nothing about the critical opinion of him, cares less, and is interested only in the tributes of appreciation sent to him by monarchs, institutes and persons of position wno enjoy his art.

A one-act operetta written and sung by negroes was given in New York last week The text is by Paul Laurence Dunbar. the poet, and the music is by William The scene is laid on a Virginia plantation in the last century, and Mr. Dunbar says the story explains the origin of the cake walk. Two house servants are in love and the rival to the valet is a field hand. In a contest it is the latter who shows bravery. He is to be made a house servant as a reward, and as he cannot even walk properly his master sets all his negroes walking in order to select the most graceful. The field hand, with the assistance of the girl whom he has protected, wins the preferment and the love of the dusky maiden.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Burrill Comedy Company have been giving "pertormances" at the Opera house this week. I saw a "production" of Camille which was exceedingly funny, in fact I rather fancy it was intended as a burlesque on that well known play, but am many other charmers of the stage were in | not quite sure. I presume the rest of the equally amusing. There is a very grace ful little dancer withthe aggregation but she should confine herself to dancing alone. She isn't a success as a singer; no more is Mr. Fisher. His reputation I believe was made through a four years connection with he Wilbur opera company; at least the tadvance notices said something to that effect. The feeling of those who attended the "performances" this week was one of regret that the Wilbur's had not kept him right along with them.

News comes this week of the untimely death of Mora, the clever little actress who has played two or three engagements in this city, and, was booked for an appear ance here next month. "The Co Sunbeam" was the public's favorite sou-briquet for this bright little woman. An sely dramatic death hers was, and those who knew her best during her profes career, say the closing scene was quite in keeping with her stormy life. In her earlier years she was a great favorite throughquite wealthy, her diamonds representing a fortune in themselves. A block in New York—the Mora block—was once the property of the little soubrette. She was married to Fred Williams who for years has managed her company.

EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scrofula cur

An Extravaganza company with Dave Marion at its head will open a weeks en-gagement at the Opera house next Monday evening. The management promise an absolutely refined performance from all broadness of dialogue and suggestiveness of speech or action. Capt Dan Daly is in the city preparing for the company's apperrance and is an interesting figure on the streets this week.

Olga Nethersole begins her American our on Nov. 14, at the Alvin theatre in Pittsburg.

A play new to Boston is at the Castle quare this week entitled "A Southern

A German version of "The Heart of Maryland" is to be produced in Berlin in October. Mrs. Brown Potter and Kyrie Bellew

will sail from England for South Africa on Ang. 27. The tours of William Gillette, Maud

Adams and Henry Miller for next season will include the Pacific coast. William Gillette closed his London engagement in "Too Much Johnson" last

week because of his ill health. R. N. Stephens has written a four act drama, entitled "A Soldier of Revolution" for Edgar L. Davenport

Felix Morris' name does not appear in next season's membership list of the Lyceum Theatre Stock company.

A novelty in insurance is projected in London. It is to issue policies covering possible losses on new plays produced.

Louis N. Parker is part author of "The Termsgant" in which Olga Nethersole will return to the stage after her retirement.

There is a possibility that Charles Wyndham will pay America another visit next season. Henry Irving is not coming over, so a trong offer has been made to Mr. Wyndham to bring his Criterion theatre company for a tour.

Miss Marguerite Hall and other New York artists have made an appeal for donations for the three destitute children of Mrs. Julie Wyman, who is said to be penniless and hopelessly ill.

A new war play was produced in Chicago last Monday evening called "Chatta-nooga." Its author is Lincoln J. Carter, and Wilton Lackage and Blanche Bates took the principal parts.

Edward H. Sothern next season will be seen in a drama of the Colonial period. He is undecided as to which of two plays he will use first. Both treat of episodes in

the war of the Revolution. Wilson Barrett's Australian trip proved an enormous financial success. His innore than \$60,000, and he has already made arrangements to revisit the antipodes in 1899.

J. M. Barrie has just finished a new play treating of modern English life. It will be produced in London at the St. James theatre by George Alexander, and Charles Frohman has secured the American rights.

H. A. DaSouchet's new comedy "A Musik Marrisge" will be produced in September with Max Figman in an im-

Danman Thompson is going to make elaborate revival of "The Old Homestead" at the New York Academy of

Music in August.
W. J. LeMoyne and Sarah Crowell Le Moyne will not go on the road next season but will remain in New York to fill short

Elita Proctor Otis has signed a contract with Jacob Litt for a term of years with the understanding that after a season with 'The Sporting Life' she will be starred in a new play. Miss Otis will have the leading part in 'The Sporting Life,' which opens in New York in August.

William Gillette has provisionally accepted from Conan Doyle a play in which the renowned Sherlock Holmes figures. Dr.

Doyle believes that Mr. Gillette could em body the detective better than any other actor. If it is found suited to his talents he will first try it in New York.

The actors who were engaged in 'The Heart of Maryland,' excepting Mrs. Carter, will remain in London to support An-

Grace Lembkin, a Cambridge girl in whom many Boston people are interested, has been engaged for the Lyceum theatre, Baltimore for next season.

Anthony Hope has collaborated with E. E. Rose in a comedy of modern society called 'A Man in Love.' It is not derived from any of the Hope novels.

How did the London people take to the localisms introduced in "The Belle of New York?" was asked. "Strange to say," replied Dan Daly, "they laughed at the very same lines that appealed to the sense of humor of New Yorkers. As a matter of fact, there isn't so much difference be tween American humor and the English article. There is, of course, a vast difference in slang phrases."

A business venture of State Senator Timothy D. Sullivan is announced to the public on large posters adorning the front of the old Volks Garden, in East Fourteenth street. New York, that bear th names "Sullivan and Krauss, managers and proprietors," and stating that on or about September 1st the place baving been rebuilt will be opened as the "Dewey Theatre."

"I don't think anything in the world," says Dan Daly "would tempt me to take a return trip to Great Britain, at least for a long time. That my nerves suffered chiefly through the tog and drizzle of Lon-don is shown by the fact that every night as soon as it got time to go on I was myself again. The excitement braced me up like a tonic, but immediately after the show I was simply miserable.

Mr. Jacob Litt wishes to manage Mary Hampton on her first starring tour. Miss Hampton is playing at present in Mr. Litt's "Shenandoah" company, and if it is not possible to secure a now play for her for the autumn she will be very prominently featured on the tour of "Shanandosh" until the new piece is happened

Of the playwrights, John Oliver Hobbes, or rather, Mrs. Craigie, is considering the plan of making a lecture tour of America next winter. James Barrie has completed a new comedy of Scotch life which Charles Frohman will produce here. Louis N. Parker has finished "The Treasure Seeker" for William H. Crane.

Edward Marshall, the war correspondent, who is reported critically ill in Cuba, is well known in the theatrical profession. His wife is Judith Berolde, who used to be the late Alexander Salvini's leading woman, and who has been preparing to star next season in a play written by Mr. Marshall.

"When there's a mortgage on your build. ing you don't own it," said Mr. Hammerstein one night a year or more ago. He must have reflected bitterly upon the truth of that tersely expressed proposition when his entire equity in Olympia was swept away in the foreclosure sale on Tuesday. -N. Y. Telegraph.

Several of the stories of the late Guy de Maupassant are being dramatized. The widow of the great French writer at first declared that none of her late husband's works should be transferred to the stage. She has relented, however, and there will be a shower of Maupassant plays.

"Chattanooga," Lincoln J. Carter's new play, is built around an "effect" novel and startling. By the use of stationary engine and a moving picture thrown on a screen the spectators are nade to believe that the engine is plying forward on the track while the hero and villain engage in a hand-to-hand contest.

"The Manœuvres of Jane" is the title of new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, which will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, not later than the second week in January, 1899. This arment limits the run at that house of 'The Little Minister."

The "J. P." (Justice of the Peace), a arce comedy, is to be given in America next season.

Neil Burgess is going into vaudeville with his patent horse embodied in a sketch. Lewis Morrison played the chief role in a new piece, "The Nation's Defenders," at 'Frisco last week.

Clara Throop will play Catherine in rformance of "The Taming of the Shrew," at Manhattan Beach.

Aubrey Boucicault's collarbone is broken, and "The Ragged Regiment's" eareer, was abrubtly terminated.

The Frawley Company, in 'Frisco' last week, presented a dramatization of Cap-tain King's story, "Fort Frayne."

GREAT BARGAINS

-IN-

## Summer Millinery



In order to make a speedy clearance we have made great reductions in LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDRENS'

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques, Turbans, Tams and Bonnets.

ALSO Sailor HATS and Walking HATS

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street. STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING.

Maud Adams is 26 years old. Chicago has a Jewish stock company. "In Old Kentucky" is to be acted in Germany.

New York boasts a floating root garlen-a ship.

Celeste Wynne has left Francis Wilson's Frederick Warde made his vaudeville

lebut last week "The Heart of Maryland" company has

Edwin Arden revived "Eagle's Nest" in New York last week.

"Ten Nights in a Barroom" was revived in Boston last week.

Van Biene has produced "A Musician's Romance" in London.

Charles Jerome, of "A Run on the Bank" fame, died last week

"What Happened to Jones" will be produced at the Strand, London, on July 12. Leona Dare, a trapezs performer who hangs by her teeth from a balloon, is in New York.

Frohman's Juggling.

Says Hillary Bell: "Mr. Frohman happily found in Maude Adams a pupil as docile and industrious as Augustin Daly ound in Ada Rehan. Instead of selecting plays solely to exploit John Drew he produced those that provided roles particularly suitable to Maude Adams. This was a dangerous but daring and ultimately prosperous system. By his long connection with Daly's Mr. Drew had formed an audience which stood by him, even in his disience which stood by him, even in his disaster of "The Bauble Shop." Meanwhile that audience was educated into a lively appreciation of the new actress, whose t-lents were well illustrated in the comedies which afforded scanty chances for the skill of Drew. Mr. Frohman was juggling with three balls—Adams. Drew and the public—and by heroic effort he kept them all up. He risked Drew. and on tour that actor has never recovered from the experiment, but he made Adams."

Valuable Guide-Board

At a cross-road in a New Hampshire township there is a sign which recalls former joys to many old inhabitants, and It points up a grass-grown road and bears in faint letters the mysterious inscription 'Tolpim.'

To the stranger it is inexplicable, but the boys of fifty years ago know that it still means. 'To Long Pond, one mile.'

still means. 'To Long Pond, one mile.'
And because of the many fishing expeditions of their boyhood, no one of the elderty farmers of that region will let the old
board fall to the ground and rot away, as
many such guide-boards have done.

After a wind-storm it often happens that
a number of the fishermen of long ago
take pains io drive past the old road, and
on one occasion three of them, each with a
provident hammer and nails, met and talked over old times, and every one of them
was late for dinner.

He is an Irishman

Like Lords Wolseley and Roberts, Major General Sir Horatio Herbert Kit chener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian forces, is an Irishman, having been born in Kerry is an Irishman, having been born in Kerry forty seven years ago. He is a soldier by inheritance, by training, and by instinct. Finding his commission in the Royal Engineers too peaceful, he fought in the two great European wars of recent times—against the Prussians with General Changy's Army of the Loire, and against the Caar's soldiers in the Balkans, under Baker Pasha. But meet of his service has been in the East, where he first weut in change of a party of surveyors in Palestine.

A Obauge.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUB-LISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

ogress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to Si Canterburv street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COXPANY (Limited.) W. T. H. FERSTY, Massging Director. Subscripton price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

421 Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accom-panied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

**AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640** 

ST. JOHN N. B SATURDAY, JULY 9th.

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

NOT OUR DESTINY

The Toronto World has no love for the American nation and has been getting in some pretty hard raps since the war began. With the exception of a very few papers indeed, the entire Canadian press has been strongly Anti-American and has unhesitatingly condemned the motives which led to the present trouble. The World of Wednesday last quotes an editorial from the New York Journal in which that papers discusses with the utmost sang froid Canada's manifest destiny. The article referred to says: "Striking evidence of the growth of the spirit of allembracing Americanism comes from the Canadian town of Niagara Falls, where the Mayor has proclaimed the Fourth of July a national holiday! Shall we presently see Washington's birthday celebrated with memorial services in Westminster Abbey, a statue to Jefferson erected in the House of Lords, and Jackson's day celebrated with warsail and oratory in Windsor Castle? These tnings seem scarcely more unbelievable than a real American Fourth proclaimed by a Canadian Mayor and to be celebrated on Canadian soil. The era of good feeling brought on by British triendliness in our international complications doubtless had much to do with causing this phenomenon, as inevitable that American political customs shoul I follow American social and like 100 female blacksmiths in that country. business customs across the Canadian line as that the water shall flow over the Horseshoe Fell. This year it is an American Fourth of July in Canada by courtesy. What will it be fifty years from now. Who that puts the question to himself seriously will doubt that Canada's

Perhaps the New York Journal will not feel quite so sure of Canada's "manifest destiny" when it is made to feel that all honest Canadians scho the sentiments of the World expressed as follows in connection with the publication of the above article: "Don't be so cocksure. Mr. Journal. We Canadians have sized up our neighbors, and we would sooner be what we are than what they are. We prefer British institutions, Canadian institutions. British laws and Canadian laws to United States institutions and laws. We do not care to share in the negro problem, is the West Indies problem, in the disgraceful struggle with Spanish America. We fear your economic strug-treats of subjects pertaining to the D is manifest, but it is a Canadian destiny and nothing else. So Mr. Journal, you could not be more wrong, more befogged than to imagine that it was to be of the great crass republic. There is more probability of the republic becoming English than of Canada becoming Unnited States. The First of July is more to our liking than the Fourth."

The Royal Scots of Montreal were in Portland Me., this week and practically owned the Forest City during their stay Of their participation in the Fourth of July celebrations the Transcript remarks :-- "It was a curious combination, when one thinks of it, this celebration by Americans of their violent parting with England aided by soldiers of the very Queen whose domains were lessened by this revolt. The Fourth has been known as the day when the esgle screams at the lion of England and buries his metaphorical claws in the lion's flesh. Who would expect that soldiers of the lion would assist in celebrating such a day ?"

That nursery of genius, the Western Association of Writers, has been closed on account of the war. At its meeting in G. Marr, Moncton, N. B., July 7th 1898.

Warsaw, Indiana this week music poems, paper stories and "nature sketches" eard, and "a season of much literary productivity enjoyed." The poets seem to have been in the majority, as is usually the case. Indiana has more poets to the square inch than any other part of the great republic to the south. Among them is the Hon. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH but he may be said to belong to the world, which his argentine and anti-plutocratic writings have long blessed. Mr. RIDPATH read a poem at the late meeting and no rioting tollowed.

There is sound practical sense in the views of an American girl who when she was asked as to how next to enlisting one might best show patriotism to their country, remarked: "If I wanted to show my patriotism in a truly practical way I should enlist as a nurse for the Spaniards. That would be doing my own country service, indeed, for I know literally nothing of the c lling. It is doubtful if the Roosevelt rough riders themselves could deliberately play more havoc with the enemy than I should do with the best intentions in the worl i."

The collision at sea in which the French liner La Burgoyne went down and in which nearly six hundred lives were lost is one of the many terrible casualties which have marked the past week. Death seems to have held high carnival on sea and land throughout the world.

Canada is a pretty good country after all. We haven't a very exciting time of it to be sure, but then we can get along all right without the harrowing events that are devastating other countries. Storms, cyclones and wars are not cheerful pastimes.

Some one with a statistical turn of mind might find occupation in finding out just how many decisive battles in the world's history have been fought on Sunday. The list would be surprising.

Dustless roads are made possible by a new material composed of fine earthy or mineral matter charged with heavy oil placed on the leveled bed of ordinary roads. St. John should import a supply.

President McKINLEY has lost that tired feeling which distinguished him during the early stages of the war. Those who are obliged to listen to Yankee boasting have

About 25 per cent of the women of England earn their own living, but it seems difficult to believe that there are something

New Hampshire and Massachusetts had the rejoicing of the Glorious Fourth saddened by the sudden tempest which brought death and disaster to many homes.

Is the name of the park to be Rockwood or Victoria? The public, really seems to think Rockwood the most suitable, voting contests to the contrary.

July has been a model month so far, in fact seems to have stolen June's old established reputation for bright sunny

Mostany man can get a job marching from Uncle Sam these days.

The New Brunswick Magazine. The New Brunswick Magazine has such a combined air of modesty and substantiality as to lead one to hope that it has come to stay. It was, one might almost say, a Dominion Day bantling and it ion or rather to that portion of the Domir ion which is contained in the Maritime provinces. It is chiefly a historical publication but it will take up natural history and other departments as well. Local history interests only a limited number of people and it will be necessary for the magazine to explore other fields, the natural resources of these provinces, etc., to commend itself to the general public. Mr. Reynolds has made a good start with his magazine and he should receive every encouragement. The Maritime Monthly, Stewart's Quarterly and other St. John magazines were not long lived but it is to be hoped that this venture will meet with a better fate that its circulation will come up to the fondest anticipations of the pub-

Summer School of Science We extend a welcome to the visiting delegates of the Summer School of Science cards will be turnished; and for those who are familiar with the use of the typewriter

a machine will be at your disposal, or let-

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

O, wain, delusive dream of life!
For ten or fi teen years
I thought I had a model wife
In this dark vale of tears. She was an ever-helpful mate, With temper almost bland, And when I stayed out over-late She did not reprimand.

At night she'd throw a lovely shawl About her awan-like neck Ard bravely sally forth to milk The spotled cow called Speck. Was always ready. out of doors,
To lend a helpful hand

Now in the garden I must dig, Where festive weeds abound; Am sent to feed the boar black pig— She bosses me around.

I come and go at her behest, Accepting fast or feast; These weary feet have known no rest For seven years at least.

The calloused hands in craseless moil
Are never seen oaki k.
For when that women bids me toil
L'm never out of work.

And all the troubles I have had These wretched days and nights Are just the outgrowth of a fad Concerning woman's rights.

The Horrors of War. What dreadful horrors cluster O, War, about thy name; What a cruel carnage carries A crimson crown to Fame!

What woes tread on each other, So fast trey follow, when Thy altar is man's glory, The sacrifice is men.

O, War, thou purple monarch, Who swayest field and town, What heartless head of iron Must fill thy carmine crown!

Thou fire-eyed fiend of slaughter,
Who sweepest drought and flood,
The shadows ot damnation
Cannot obscure the blood.

Yet this is not sufficient,
O, War! and we are told
That you have now discovere
New horrors to unfold. We read that in Dakota, Pursuant to your plan A new and helpless haby Is christened Deweyans

Say, War, thy dreadful horrors Hereafter are in vain; Go on and let them christen The next one Hobsonjane.

A lootstep down the slieps I The listening hedgerows lean. God walks among His valleys: He makes His mountains green His garden knows His greeting Fair earth His favor f'els And modest Nature, meeting, Before His glory kneels.

For Him her tender duty Its dearest wi leome spreads, And all her buds of beauty Are censers where he treads. Her touch, in adoration, Unseals their hearded sweet, And summer's best libation Anoints His holy feet.

Omute and meek religion
That pours without rewards
The tribute of a region
Whose fulness is the Lord's!
O votive honor, vaster
Than gifts of pride and power,
The broken alabaster
Of each unfolded flower!

Shall hearts withhold and harden When heavenly feet go by?
When God walks in His yarden Shall love its bloom deny?
Or shall the lives He planted Their sweetest welcome pay,
And thanks too long ungranted Shed fragrance on His way?
—Theron Brot

In Spite of the Funny Man From London Tid-Bits

Theatre hats aren't always high,
In spite of the (anny man;
And country chaps are sometimes fly,
In spite of the funny man.
Her lather's dog is not always wild;
And mother-in-law are sometimes mild,
In spite of the funny man.

Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink, In spite of the funny man; And "tharlie" occasionly thinks a think, In spite of the funny man. Policemen's feet aren't huge at all; The plumber's bil is sometimes small; And messenger boys don't always crawl, In spite of the funny man.

The posts don't have to live on air,
In spite of the funny man.
Those front-row men sometimes have hair,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a brand-tow joke is sprung;
Sometimes the ballet gild is young;
And sometimes wives are not all longue,
In spite of the funny man.

Society girls at balls wear clothes, In spite of the funny man. Sometimes a man pays what he owes, In spite of the funny man. Sometime the typist is plain in face; Sometimes the church-deacon's not at the rs. In fact, this world, a quite a decent place. In spite of the funny man.

A Little Rhyme of Four Busy all day long,
Cheeriest of lasses,
Like the cricket's song
In the grasses;
Wakeful with the waking sun,
Working till each task is done,
Thinking earnest thoughts which none
May divine—

That's Cora Ruffles not a few,
Slippered feet a-twinkle,
Eyes like stars of blue
Periwmkle:
Airs eugaging, exquisite,
Tiny frowns and smiles that flit,
Arch, ecquettish just a bit,
Fairy flow.

That's Flora. Nest and swert and nice
As all care can make her;
Prestilly precise
Little Quaker;
Amouth brows hair and forehead pure,
Quet step and look demure
Thes turned out, you may be sure,
On the line—

That's Dora. Brimmed with sweetness as Clover-tops with honey, Scarce a blossom has Loots so sunn; leaves and loyel, blittle and brown, Laughing every trouble down, Loving though the Winds. world frown, Sweetheart since—

How a Halifax Man Tried to Victimizes

HALIFAX, July 6,-A bold attempt was made recently to victimnize the firm of O'Connor & Co., doing a tailoring business at the corner of Granville and Sackville streets. The firm has only been in business a short time and of course new faces were seen almost daily at the establishment. Among the new comers was one who gave his name as Charles Brady and his address as Kempt road. He shown some cloth and selected a piece for a suit. His measure was taken and he was to call on a certain evening to have the coat tried on.

After be had lift the place, a curious in cident occurred, and one which prevented him from measuring the much sought for clothes. While the alleged Brady was in the shop an errand boy from W. C. Smith's tailoring establishment passed and on looking in he saw him. After he had left the place the boy went and inquired if he was purchasing clothes, and Mr. O'Connor replied in the affirmative. "Why said the boy by way of getting a "tip," that young man owes my boss for some clothes, and he cannot get the money."

This was news to O'Connor, but a still greater suspense was in store for him when the youth informed him that the alleged Charles Brady was none other than John Hudson. This put a new complexion on the state of affairs which by this time became rather mixed.

However, O'Connor acted cooly on the nformation he had received and made the best of it. He ascertained the address of the original Charles Brady, and had a consultation with him. It was agreed between the two that they would put up a a month or more, waiting for extra pipe job on Hudson. Brady at his own sug-gestion went to O'Connor on the night that is to be used. We have noticed a peculthe coat was to be ready, and secreted himself in the back of the store. There have been unable to find any explanation he patiently waited for his double to arrive, and sure enough he came.

He entered the store, conversed shout matters in general, and then all was in workroom and get it, but in place of bringing out the coat, he led out the original Charles Brady. Hudson was paralyized at his appearance, and it was sometime before be could regain his power of speech. Finally he rallied and offered explanations of various kinds, but they were of no use, as the game was up. Then he admitted he had impersonated Brady but said he had done so with no intention of defrauding the firm.

Mr. O'Connor told him an offence of this kind was punishable by 14 years imprisonment, and he threatened to take preceedings against him. Hudson begged hard for a chance, and even got his mother to intercede for him the following day,

to intercede for him the following day, and the firm has decided not to prosecute.

AMONG THE CLUBS

What the Aquatic and Other Clubs are

Sports aquatic seem to be the only sport that has any vogue at all here nowadays. Cycling and field sports are very dead and base ball is pretty nearly as bad. The two acquatic clubs, the Neptune Rowing club, and the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Squadron, are two flourishing institutions. The Rowing club is holding water sports at the Park to-day and they propose to hold during the summer an illuminated parade, a moonlight excursion and a regatta. The yacht squadron are going to hold their annual cruise to Fredericton week after next and the river will be gay should get a hustle on and give cycling and pathies:om. Ir

Cowboy and Waiter.

The Irish nature is notoriously well pre pared for any emergency of the wits. Not long ago one of the sensation-mongers who, in Easter cities, pose as untamable men of the wild West, went into a cheap restaurant, and depositing his sombrero on the table and shaking his long hair menac-

ingly, called out:
'Waiter! Hyah, wai te-e-e-rrrr!'
A bald little Irishman in an apron trip-

A batch the frishman in an apron tripped up.

'Yis, sorr, phwat will ye have, sorr?'

'Give me a bear-steak, extra rare, and give it to me right quick, too!'

'A bear-steak, is it, sorr?' faltered the little Irishman.

'Yis, sorr. An' phwat kind of a bear-steak wud ye have, sorr?'

'What kind of a bear-steak?'

'Yis, sorr. We have black bear, grizzly bear, cinnymin bear, brown hear, white or Polar bear, goggle-syed bear, Irish bear, woolly-bear, Wall Street bear—'

'Hold on!' said the imitatation cowboy, in a rather low tone. 'Et hear is as plenty round these parts as that, I'll be switched et I want any! 'Ye can bring me a plate o' pork an' beans.'

CURIOUS WELL IN HAWAII.

Flow of Artesian Water Curiously Regulated by the Clock.

to the safter pany home street of the of H. The corat with bunti room borat which seater the Msy ing bibride with a bride with a bride

The o mother wore roses. The Gerar rende three at the party while former Good ent of which groom set w

honor gold b among the ho

for a fe

Mrs. are am Dr. E for a da Mrs.

here the Mr. F and Mr. this wee

Montres Mrs. 1

Dominic Dr. W P hospit kins univ

Mr. an

Stokes w

been pay
wedding
in this po
Mr. an
were in t
Judge
ing of th
lotte cou
Mrs. J.
W. Laur
raway an
ladies w
Frederict
Mrs. W

when a ne good wis Tuesday, at 97 Oran

Miss Ca
Hutchins
B. A. Sta
arrived o
stayed wit
afternoon
will 'also
Scotia. T
they were
St. John d
Mrs. F.
short time
On Mon
the home of
land street

A most curious phenomenon has been observed in the flow of an artesian well on Kealia plantation, Kaual, Hawaii. The water has regular variations in its flow. being lowest at 8 o'clock in the morning gradually rising until it attains its greatest flow at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and then as gradually falling until 8 oclock in the

Manager George H. Fairchild of the plantation thus describes the peculiar phenomenon:

'The top of the pipe is thirteen feet. above sea level. At eight feet there is a flow of about 1,000,000 gallons in twentyfour hours. By adding five feet more of pipe the flow stops. We have had this extra five feet of pipe on top of the well for is to be used. We have noticed a peculiar action of this column of water, and I of it. If the publication of the tects by the Star will lead to an explanation, I will be very much gratified.

'The column of water in this five adreadiness to see how the coat would fit. ditional pipe placed to prevent the flow at Mr. O'Connor said he would go in the so'clock in the morning is at its lowest workroom and get it, but in place of bring-point one and a half inches below the top

Speiled in Transmissio

One may have the ability to apprecicate a good thing, but not the facility of telling

At the club one evening somebody remarked in the hearing of young Cargoyle: 'The worst thing about these 'yellow journals is that they're read.' This struck him as being particularly

This struck him as being particularly good, and he repeated it at a party the next evening in the following style:

'Speaking of 'yellow' newspapers, did it ever occur to you that the worst thing about them is that everybody reads them?'

Then he leaned back in his chair and wondered why it was that the thing sound ed so much flatter at a party than it did in a club-room.

An Irish Love-Letter

We find it in an exchange, and have no with white wings. Now the B. & A. club doubt it will stir the reader's sym-

field sports a boom. In order to do so they will require the co-operation of the atheletes and et the critics who are wont to find fault with the B. and A. club. There are a good many people who think that the club made a mistake in assuming the responsibility of the athletic grounds this year but now that they have gotten them they should proceed to make some use of them.

My Darlin' Peggy:—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again tonight whether you come or whether you with any stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll with my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're not. Your own, Paddy.

A Scotsman living in London recently ran across two of his countrymen, and took them with him to a big public dinner. In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and yet more champagne, and after a time went to see how they were

faring.

He found them depressed.

'How are you getting on P' he asked.

The reply came, 'Oh, we're gettin' on fine, but we're verra fateeggit wi' that mineral watters.'

Our Complete Collar Shaper

Arrived Saturdey, a collar of any shape can be turned without injury, we have the sole right to use the machine. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Cancer From Eating Ment,

The officers of a leading London hos-pital believe that the general increase of cancer is due to excess in meat cating,



A Massachusett's correspondent sends to Proc-mess the following item which will be of interest to the friends of the parties mentioned. On the afternoon of the 15th June, a very pleasant com-pany of relatives and friends were assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Flewelling, Carleton street, Somervile, Mass., to witness the m-rriage of their daughter Eather Ann to Heary D Hollowsy of Halitar, N. S.

of Ranias, N. S.

"The specious hall and staircase were tastefully decorated with field daistes, as were also the tables with a fine collection of cut flowers. The national bunting was in evidence throughout the two large rooms in which were laid tables on which an elaborate wedding breakfast was served, at one of which the bridal party and nearest relatives were seated.

which the order party seated.

The bride was attended by her double cousin Miss May Flewelling of Clifton, N. B. and Dr. Flewelling brother of the bride supported the groom. The bride was tastefully gowned in white silk and lace with a garniture of lillies of the valley that also gracefully caught the voil and wore bride roses. The only jewel worn being a gold brooch which her mother wore at her marriage. The maid of honor wore white organdy over pink and carried pink roses.

The unbers were Harry Eullen, Ralph Wetmore, Gerard Fraser and Stanley Flewelling. The latter rendered the music for the occasion while the other three ushers preceeded the bridal party separating at the entrance to the parlor through which the party passed, then the ushers stood just behind them while the impressive episcopal ceremony was performed by Rev. Grogs Prescot of the church of the Good Shepherd, Boston. The bride was the recipient of many useful and elegant presents, among which were two costly and elegant presents, as promounded by the party of the promound of party and the party of the promound of party and the party of the promound of the party of the promound of the party of the promound of the party o The ushers were Harry Bullen, Ralph Wetmore

Mrs. F. M. Brown has been staying in the city

Mrs. F. M. Brown has oben staying in the city for a few days.

Mrs. D. W. Hunt and Miss G. Dobson of Boston are among this week's visitors to the city.

Dr. F. A. Nevers of Houlton is staying in the city for a day or two.

Mrs. Wm. Stevens and Miss Stevens returned Tuesday from a visit to Moncton.

Lient Governor McClelan spent a little while there the first of the week.

here the dirst of the week,
Mr. F. B. Carvell and Miss Carvell of Woodstock
and Mrs. W. L. Carvell of Lakeville spent part of
this week in the city.
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Clinton came down from

Montreal for a day or two during the week.

Mrs. Kirkwood went to Halifax this week with

Premier Emmerson was in the city for a short time the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pickett are rejoicing over the

Dominion Day,
Dr. W. L. Ellis late resident physician of the GP hospital returned last week from the John Hopkins university where he has been taking a special
course of study.
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stokes, Mr. Stokes and ediss
Siokes were a party of Philadelphians who visited
St. John this week.
Mrs. G. R. Pagsley and the Misses Pugsley have
secured rooms at Linden Heights, Hampton, where
they will spend the summer.
Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hastings of Montreal have
been paying a visit to St. John. They are on their
wedding trip and have spent the greater part of it
in this province.

in this province.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bobbins of New York
were in the city for a part of this week.

Judge Stephens who was here attending a meeting of the Presbytery, returned Tuesday to Char-

Mrs. J. W. Daniel, Mrs. Emma Fiske, Mrs. J. W. Laurence Miss Annie Hes, Miss Mavd Narraway and Miss Cuthen of Boston, were a party of ladies who left Tuesday on a wheeling trip to

Mrs. Walter Thompson had her reception days

Miss Constance Vall who is studying foursing at Miss Miss Constance Vall who is studying foursing at Miss Miss Age of this week when a number of friends called to extend their good wishes. Mrs. John R. Copp receives on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week at Worange street.

Miss Carol'ie Smith, and her neice Miss Etst Hutchins of Bermuda were guested of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Stamers for a short time last week. They arrived on the Taymouth Castle on Friday and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stamers until Saturday and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stamers until Saturday afternoon when they let for P. E. Island. They will 'also visit Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia. This was the ladies first trip north and they were greatly delighted with what they saw of St. John during their limited stay.

Mrs. F. M. Brown of Centreville, was here for a short time Wednesday.

On Monday evening a party of friends called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James McAvity of Portland street, Morth End, to congratulate them upon the 28th anuiversary of their marriage. A solid silver tea service was presented by the assembled driends and Mr. James Hunter read an address which referred felicitiously to the event of 25 years ago and the couples happy married life. It also made mention of Mrs. McAvity's excellent work is connection with the North End W. C. T. U. Interesting games, must can decided the following parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Wilson, Mr. 3 T. McRobble, Mr. Mac McRobble, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Wilson, Mr. 3 T. McRobble, Mr. And Mrs. And Mrs. Wentworth Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. a

and Mrs. J. N. Golding; Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. David Kirkpatrick, Miss Belle Wisson, Miss Olive Golding, Mr. Frank Hunter, Mr. Douglas McRobbie, Miss Jennie McRobbie, Mrs. Holder, Boston; Mr. Walter Golding, Mrs. Robert Johnson, Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. John Salmon, Miss Maxthur, Mr. Arthur Mrs. John Salmon, Miss Max McAvity and others. Besides a handsome silver tea service presented to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McAvity a gift of a silver five o'clock tea service was received later in the week from a friend living outside of this city.

Rev. J. J. Teasdale was in the city for a few hours recently on his way from Digby where he had been paying a short visitit to Dr. G. F. Matthew and Mr. W. Frank Hatheway leave shortly on a trip to Newfoundlud.

Miss McMillan is visiting the Misses Randolph at "Fregmore," Fredericton.

Miss McMillan is visiting the Misses Randolph at "Fregmore," Fredericton.
Mr. Charles Hall spent several days in Fredericton lately with his family who are visiting Mrs. Hall's former home in that town.
Miss McPeake of the West End is at the capital visiting her aunt Mrs. McPeake.
Miss Maggie Reynolds is visiting St. Stephen a a guest of Mrs. D. Sullivas.
St. John triends of Miss Mabel Clerke of St. Stephen will be interested in hearing of of her engagement to Lieut. Frank V. Lee of Calais, which was announced a few days ago at a very dainty and pretty five o'clock tagiven by the prospective bride's intimate friends Miss Alice Graiam.
The marriage of Mr. Hedley Barbour of the

Miss Alice Graham.

The marriage of Mr. Hedley Barbour of the Street Railway Co., and Mrs. Emily Vanwart of Fredericton took place at the home or Mrs. Harry Morris in Fredericton at 7 o'clock Thursday morning after which they took the steamer Victoria for this city.

Messrs. Ludovic Vroom and Reginald Carr spent last Friday in St. Stephen with Mr, James Vroom.

Miss Grace Fairweather went to Shediac this week to visit her friend Miss Florence White.

T. A. Wakeling and family have removed to Hampton for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. DeVeber and Mrs. Wiggins of Gagetown spent a day or two in the city during the

agetown spent a day or two in the city during

Mrs. J. Estey and Mrs. Fred Butcher are among St. John people who are spending a holiday at the

capital.

Dr. Thomas Walker has returned from Connecticut where he had been to see his brother, whose condition was slightly improved when the Doctor

left.

Among the St. John people registered at Kennedy's hotel, St. Andrews this week were: Miss Kearns, H. H. McClaskey, W. C. Whittaker, W. Harvey, D. M. Doherty, J. Angevine, O. H.

Mr. Althur Bowman and Miss Flossic Bowman remained for a visit to Mrs. W. B. Rankine. Mrs. H. Brooks of Hartford Corner is visiting

Mrs. H. Brooks of Hartford Corner is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Laura Bradley returned this week from a visit to friends in Fredericton.

Miss Chealey went to Digby this week for a stay of some weeks with city friends.

Miss Josie Ritchie who has been spending a few days with Miss Minnie McCoy of Fredericton returned to the city this week.

Miss Negle is spend ng a little while in Monton. A very peasant reception was given Mr. Charles.

Miss Nagle is spend nr a little while in Moncton.

A very D-easant reception was given Mr. Charles Marveh and bride at the home of the grooms father Mr. Charles Marveh Springfield, Tuesday evening on their returns from their wedding tour. A large number of the immediate friends and relatives of the family were present; who after being presented to the bride and groom spent the rest of the evening in delightful secial intercourse. A delicons supper was served. Among those present were: Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Creswell, Mrs. Quinsler, Miss Maggle Quinsler, Miss Fanne Marven, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Kierstead, Mr. Clarence Kierstead, Mrs. Ervin, Miss Berwin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. McLutyre, Dr. H. V. White, Miss Mabel White, Misses Mary and Annie Gillies and Mr. C. B. B. Raymond.

Raymond.

Miss Ada Troop is in Granville visiting relatives,
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Troop of that town.

Mis Boach of this city is visiting Moneton as the
guest of Mrs. R. A. Borden.

Mr. Charlie Gaunce of Upper Hampstead, who
has been visiting friends in the city for a few days,
returned to his home on Friday.

Mrs. Hurd Peters is in Fredericton, visiting her
daughter Mrs. A. J. Gregory.

Judge Barker and W. H. Thorne returned
Wednesday from a very successful fishing trip on
the Bonaventure.

Wednesday from a very successful nahing trip on the Bonaventure.

Mrs. Eames and Mrs. Rine of New York hrve been making a short stay in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Swan and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sheldon of New York, were among the weeks visitors to the city.

Mrs. John M. Bobertsen has returned from a visit to Los Angeles. Callibrais.

visit to Los Angeles, Calliornia.

The Misses Purdy and Miss Edialia Flewelling have returned from a visit to Mrs. Sam Flewelling at Hampton.

recently in Fredericton from England, and have taken rooms at the Queea hotel for a month.

Miss Constance Vail who is studying Junraing at Waltham is spending the summer at Dack Cove.

Mrs.EdwinCollias of New York is also at that pretty and insular vascer.

and the dancing pavilion attracting acrowds. Parrisboro band which has been in a rather disorganized condition of late pulled itself together and played a few tunes in the evening veryl acceptably. The blevele and polymorphian parades which were on the programme for the evening for some unexplained reason did not come off.

Mr. and Mrs. Froegatt of Amherst spent a day or two at the Grand Central last week on their way to Halifax.

or two at the Grand Central last week on their way to Halifax.

Mr. D. Nicholis, Commercial bank left for his holidays on Thursday. Mr. Clarence Eville Hallfax banking company spent Dominion day at Windsor.

Rev. R. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson returned from Halifax on Thursday.

Misses Maiste McDoural, Avoral McLeod, Josephine Hillespie, Jenuie McAleer and Master Grant Braley pupils of the high school; went to Amherst to attend examination for grade A. which began on Monday.

Grant Braley pupils of the high school; went to Amherst to attend examination for grade A. which began on Monday.

Miss Minnie Smith and Mr. Truman Salter were married on Thursday evening tby Rev. Robert Johnstone at the residence of the bride's parents, Whitehall. The bride wore cream cashmer trimmed with lace and ribbon and Miss Dors Smith the bridesmaid a white Swissimuslin jower pink. Both carried buquests of white flowers. The groom was attended by his brother.

The first wedding in Grace church took place at 6 30 this evening when the jusual Methodist custom of presenting the newly couple with f a Bible and hymn book was adhered to. The recipients in it is instance were Mr. and Mrs. Olarence Langille. The curch had been beautifully decorated by the young friends of the bride, with potted plants, banks of mosses, ferns and dais'es and an arch and marriage bell of moss and syrings blossoms, under which punctually at the jtime stood j Mr. Langille supported by Mr. Cooper, where he j was joined by the bride, who entered on the arm of her father, Capt. Howard, to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by Mrs. Chambers, the organist. The bride was gowned in the white silk en train with veil and a bouquet of white roses and was attended by her slater, Miss Vida Howard, who wore plak nun's 'veiling with cream trimmings, and two tiny maids Misses Rose Smit) and Maris Fullerion carrying lovely ba kets of flowers. A flower strewn carpet extended from the carriage to the church door. Messre L. S, Gowe, B. Hendarson, H. McMurray and Vallord Tucker acted as ushers. The nupital knot; was tied by Rev. Mr. Sharp assisted by Rev. H. H. McLean. After the exercemony the bridal party repaired by Rev. Mr. Sharp assisted by Rev. H. H. McLean. After the exercemony the bridal party repaired to Capt. Howard's waere refreshments were partaken of and Mr. and Mrs. Langille then left for As hol where they take the midnight train to Halfax. A substantial sum is gold was Capt. Howard's pre-ent to the oride, whe received other

#### KENTYILLE.

JULY 6—Last Tuesday evening Miss Alice E. Webster entertained in her charming manner a number of friends at the "Chestnuts," Tennis and music formed the delights of the evening.

This is in reality a Tennis year for us, not that

Into is in reality a tennis year for us, not that ten is has not always had its number of admirers, but that there are more nice courts, more players and consequently more enthusiasm and galety dis-played at the luwns.

Beside the club Courts which have always been

Beside the clab Courts which have always been patronized, one of the most popular lawns of the season is that at Fores: Hill the property of the Misses Moore. These courts were never in better condition and are never vacual.

Although many were away from town on the 1st. yet the funeral of Miss Lulia Levett was a very large one Miss Lovett was one of our most popular young ladies, always took a leading part in our social life and possessed a large acquaintance. The floral contributions which required an extra wagon to convey them to the "Oaks" were the most beautiful ever seen in Kentville.

Miss Alice E. Webster a coompanied by Miss A. Siewart and Miss Abbott of Halifax spent Friday at Partridge Island.

A. Siewart and Miss Abbott of Halifax spent Friday at Patridge Island.

Mrs. G. A. Parker and little daughter have been in Annapolis for a few days.

Miss Abbott of Halifax who has been spending several weeks at the "Chestnuts Sanitarium" returned on Nonday.

Miss Cadwellader of Fredericton is visiting ber brother W. E. Cadwellader of the health of Norther Mrs. Cadwellader of the health of Norther Mrs. Cadwellader of the health of Norther Mrs.

brother W. E. Cadwallader of the bar

Mr. A. H. Chesley the popular stage director of the "Burnt Corks" enjoyed Sunday at his old home

n Clemontsport.

Mrs. Joseph Wood of Halifax has been visitin. Miss McCollough of Pictou is visiting her sister

Mr. John Campbell returned from Cambridge, Mass., last week where he has been in attendance at Harvard University. Mr. Jack Crighton of the Union Bank, Halifax,

is visiting his aunt Mrs. Leslie Es

# A Child Can Dye

and get absolute satisfactory results with that new English Home Dye of highest quality—Maypole Soap. Sun or water won't effect the brilliant color it yields—it washes and dyes at one operation. It never "streaks" like Powder Dyes. It is clean to handle. Silk, Satin, Cotton or woolens dye equally well with

Maypole Soap Dyes.

10 cents a cake for any color (15 for black) at druggists or grocers.

# To Look Well in Summer



# Fairy Soap!

A most healthful detergent, free and velvety in its lathering quality, and delightful Soap for the Bath

Very effective for the washing of Laces and fine Fabrics.

THE CLEAR WHITE COLOR DENOTES ITS PURITY.

Fairy Soap.

It Foats.

### "They Staid "Company came unexpected yesterday and stayed to dinner. Lucky for us we had one of those To Dinner"

Lazenbys' Jelly Tablets on hand. We gave each one of our friends individual moulds of Strawberry

jelly and you could almost see the strawbarries they tasted so much like the real fruit. We did the whole thing in an hour too, with

Lazenbys' Jelly Tablets.

Progressive Grocers Sell Them. 

# Blue Flame Cooking Stoves



and should last one year.

Patent Wick Adjustmen
keeps the wicks from being turn
ed too high or too low.

Oll Tanks situated away from

burners, connected thereto with small tubes; the oil is thus continually cool and prevents odor. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. No perforated plates or braces urners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor.

### THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

# **HEAT YOUR HOUSE**

with hot water. You will find it the most se method if you get a good heater.

# The "Robb" Hot Water Heater

is adapted to the use of soft coal, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flame and no soot can collect on them. This also ensures highest economy and quickest heating.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd. Amherst, N. S.

When You Order.....

PELEE ISLAND WINES

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—Propasson Lierno.
"Fure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage,"for diet or medicine."

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It G. SCOVIL Commission Morehant | 62 Union Street.



JULY 6 —Mrs. Wilson with her family is staying or a few weeks at Shubenacadie. During her ab-nee Mr. Adams is taking charge of Christ Church

organ.

Mr. Robertson, agent of the union Bank, has gone to his home in north Sy iney for a month's vacation. Mr. Byan of Kentville is re leving him

summer at Lawrencetown.

Mesers. Wilson, Jago and Weston are home on a thort vacation from Kingston military college.

Mr. Turner has returned from his trip to Porto Rico where he went with Capt. Farquhar on the transper Naviguedian.

Dr. Miler spent Dominion day with his brother Principal Miler of Darimouth.

Miss Florrie Elliott, formerly of Dartmouth, now of Montreal has been visiting her sister Mrs. Coll Elliott, and is at present with her parents at Pt.

Pisinck.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilson returned from their wedding trip of three weeks to Boston, New York and other places, Mrs. Wilson is at home to her friends this week.

Miss Rolith Weston together with several others wheel d to Bedford Dominion day,

Mr. Sutherland student at Dawson has returned from a myst rious trip to the country. The Stewiscke valley is always attractive especially at this season of the year.

Miss Ada McNabh of Boston is anything the season of the year. by about forty guests, Ice cream and cake was served throughout the evening. Mr. Wodell is here from Bosten for six weeks and is accompanied by a pu-il Miss Richards, and has opened a class

eason of the year.

Miss Ada McNabb of Boston is spending her
acation at her old home in Dartmouth. Lieut. Oland has gone on a short trip to North

Sydney.

Mr. Jack Allen of the Union bank Little Glace bay, has returned to his duties after a two weeks vacation at home.

Mr. Tom Stenhouse of Moncton is visiting here.
Dr. Morrison who has been attending synod in Montreal has returned and preached in St. James church Sunday.

church Sunday.

Miss Florence Ellis of Montroal is visiting Miss

Mayor Johnston and Mrs. Johnston have return

land states.

Mrs. E. L. Thorne, Miss Thorne and Miss Golda
Thorne left today to spend the hot weather in Up-per Canada, going to Gal: and returning by way of

Viagara.

Mrs. Anderson of Philadelphia is visiting at her

Mrs. Anderson of Philadelphia is visiting at her father's Mr. Louis Paysant.
Miss Minnie Paysant is home after her winter's visit in Philadelphia.
Mr. Arthur Bowman of St. John was in town last weez. His sister Miss Flossie came with him and is visiting Mrs. W. B. Rankine.
Miss Daisy Dustan, Mrs. Rose Holles and Miss Plorance Ellis wheeles to Cow Ray Mouday.

Fiorence Ellis wheeled to Cow Bay Monday.
The Misses McKay, Mrs. A. H. McKay, Mrs. N.
C. Cunningham, Miss Helen Howe and Miss Rata
Elliett made a merry party at Hefler's grounds on

the 2ad.

Mr. M.F. Eagar and family have gone to the
lake to their old camping grounds for the summer.

The invitations are out for a garden party at J.

Valler Allison's.

Miss Helen Howe is spending a few drys in doncton.

LEEBIE McQUAMPHA.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. P. mith & Co.

July 6,-The town was gay with bunting on JULY 6,—The town was gay with bunting on Dominion day. The corneratione of the Town Hail and Fire station was laid by Mayor Allen, prayer by Dr. Steele, hymn by a mixed choir frem the different churches, under the leadership of A. U. Brander, an address by Mayor Allen and Princi, al Lay, with music by the band, completed the cereto spend a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Havelock street.

Mrs. Foster of Springhill is spending this week with her parents, Mr and Mrs. M. Pride, Havelock street.

Quite a number of the citizens went to Dorcheste on Dominion Day to attend the bazaar under the

The relatives in to an of Miss Mary Gertrude, second daughter of Capt. David Howard, received invitations to her marriage to C. C. Langille, which took place on Wednesday last at the methodist church, Paresboro, at 6 o'clock p. m. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents.

Master Reggie Harris carried of five prizes at the closing of school at Port Hope, Ont.

FELA. auspices of the Masonic Fraternity.

Miss Helen Parker spent two or three days in Sackville last week, the guest of the Misses Cogs-

Sackylle list week, the guest of the Misses Cog-well, Bridge street.

Mrs. H. W. Rogers and Mrs. F. S. Rogers with their children have gone to that pretty little sea-port Pagwash, to enjoy the breeze of the Northum-berland Strait for a few weeks.

Mrs. Max M. Sterne gave a unique and pleasant Mrs. Max M. Sterne gave a unique and pleasant "thimble party" on Thursday afternoon last, at her pretty home "Rose Bank", Church street, when about twenty ladies assembled and enjoyed an agreeable three hour's work and conversation, interspersed with tea and coffee, and all the delicaces of the season. On Monday Mrs. Sterne was again at home and entertained about twenty-five ladies to a five o'clock tea.

Miss Glitkins of Kentville, is visiting the Misses Tighe 'Willowside," Victoria St.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Bent erjoyed a driving tour this week as far as Shediac, taking in Dorchester Port Eigin, Baic Verte, and other small towns.

Miss Sommerville of Springhill, spent last Friday and Saturday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent, "Hilliside", Eddy St.

Mrs. Moore of Hallfax who has been spending several weeks in Amberst, Dorchester and Moncton was hastily summoned home on Thursday last on account of the sudden death of her uncle E. P. Archibald, which occurred at his home Victoria Road in that city on Wednesday.

Miss Laura Johnstone who has been spending twe or three weeks in town with Mrs. A. R. Dickey has returned to Hallfax.

Mrs. Paton of Bridgewater is visiting Mr. and

has returned to Halifax.

Mrs. Paton of Bridgewater is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sutherland, Rupert street.

Mrs. Campbell and sen who have been visiting Mr. and Miss Hanford, "The Dock," Fort Laurence for many weeks, left this week for Digby where they will remain some time before returning to Ottawa.

Miss Mofist is spending two weeks in Dorchester with Mrs. David Chapman.

Mrs. W. J. Moran has returned frem a months stay with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Darling Nauvigewank.

Nauvigewank.

Mrs. James Moffat gave a reception at her pretty
toms Church street on Friday evening last in
tomor of Mr. Wodell and Miss Richards, attended

Dugg

TO CURB A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

Daihousie.

Miss Belle Crandali who sprained her ankle very badly during anniversary week is able to walk out

her many relatives.

Foveral fami les in town who have their summer cottages at Tidnish are preparing for their usual outing far from the maddening crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Freegat have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. And Mrr. Freggat have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. J. Inglis Bent is enjoying a trip to Annapolis and Digby returning by St. John, next week.

Mr. Wheaton of New York has been spending a few days in town a guest of his cousin Mrs. C. T. Sillson, Havelock street.

Mr. W. G. Smith of Traro was in town this week.

Mrs. J. Helilburton Silver of Montreal is in town to Sprad a month with her personnel.

WOLFVILLE,

Mrs. J. B. Hemmeon.

Mrs. Loonard Baird has gone to Great Village for the summer.

Mrs. Scott of Halifax and Mrs. E. Collins.

Mrs. Scott of Halifax and Mrs. E. Collins.

Mrs. Farker of Bridgetown is visiting her father Mr Blackadder of this tows.

Miss T. Eva Andrews (Acadia '97) who has been spending the winter at Cambridge, Mass., has gene to Intervale, N. H. for the summer months.

Mr. Clifford Tafe. (Acadia '96), is the guest of his uncle Prof. Tafts. Mr. Tufts has recently completed the law course at Dalhousie University.

Mr. Dukeshire (Acadia '96) the Rev. Mr. Saunders (Acadia '93) and the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, (Acadia '95) were in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox and son of Vernon are spending the summer with Mrs. J. B. Davidson.

Mrs. Freeman has returned from England where she spent the winter, and is visiting her daughter Mrs. Trotter.

Mrs. Ch. Surgess gave a very pleasant tennis the control of the guest, Miss Bona Johnson of Fredericton, N. B.

WINDSOR.

WINDSOR.

JULY 5.—News was received here on July 1st of the sudden death of Mr. Edward O'Brien caused by drowning in the Stickeen River. Mr. O'Brien left here about a year ago for the Yukon and was engaged in transport business. Further particulars of his death have not yet been received. He was one of the most popular young men of the town, and had been very successful in his new life in the West. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are at present residing in Halifax and though absent their many friends here grieve and sympathize with them in the loss of their promising boy.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Harley of Digby are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Halifax this week where she met her sister Mrs. Baird of Toronto who is at present her guest at her pretty home on King Street.

Mrs. Stewart of Dartmouth is spending a few

to the impetuous wooing of an honorable
and ambitious young
man, it depends largely upon her health
whether she will be a
happy or an unhappy
wife. A young wife
who suffers from weakness and disease of
the delicate and important organs that are
distinctly feminine is sure to fail of happy
wifehood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts health, strength, virility and
elasticity to the womanly organism. It fits
for healthy wifehood and capable motherhood. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and invigorates and
vitalizes. It banishes the nausea and complaints of the expectant period and makes
the little one's arrival easy and almost
painless. It insures baby's health and a
bountiful supply of nourishment. Thousands of homes that for years had only
needed the added tie of a baby to make
them happy now resound with the laughter
of happy, healthy childhood, as a result of
the use of this remedy. Over 90,000 women have testified to its marvelous results
in writing.

This wonderful medicine is the discovery
of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr.
R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel
and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. By
writing to Dr. Pierce, ailing women can
secure the free advice of a specialist who
has treated more women than any other
physician in the world, and avoid the disgusting examinations and local treatment
insisted upon by obscure doctors. The
'Favorite Prescription' is sold by all good
medicine dealers.

Send thirty-one one-cent stamps, to
cover cost of customs and mailing only,
for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's
Common Sense Medicael Adviser. Cloth
binding fifty stamps. Address Dr. R. V.
Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

King Street.

Mrs. Stewart of Dartmouth is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Morris.

Rev. H. and Mrs. How of Annapolis arrived on Tuesday from Halifax and are with Mr. How's father Dr. Maynard.

Miss McHeffey of Amherst is summering in Windsor at Mrs. Thomas'.

Miss Bullock of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Paulin "Arron House"

Miss Norah Blanchard is gladly welcomed back to her old home having been appointed assistant to Mr. Jamieson in the Western Union office here.

On Tuesday the ladies of the baptist missionary society held a garden party on the grounds of Mr. Maljer. The lawn was decorated with flags Japansee lanterns, etc. The ladies dispensed ice cream, strawberrier, etc., while to add to the merriment the band discoursed its sweetest music. It was pronounced a social and financial success.

Mrs. Lawson of Hasel Hill and little daughter are at Miss Stamers.

Mr. Hadley Tremaine who has been entertained by Mr. Wiggins since the college closed returned to hus home in Cape Breton on Monday.

Rev. T. Clift of Aitken, S. C., is the guest of Mr and Mrs. Clarence Dimock, Avot ton.

Mr. Frank Soloan of the Commercial bank agency Bear river is here relieving Mr. Kenway who is away on a vacation.

Mrs. Caldwell and daughters of Boston spent a here from Bosten for six weeks and is accompanied by a pu-il Miss Richards, and has opened a class for vocal culture. He gave a recital in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening assisted by Miss Richards, and alto by Miss Mi'es at one tine his pupil in Boston, Mr. Wodell explained his method of instruction at considerable length, which way very interesting to a large audience.

Mr. Gesner Kerr was in town on Faturday from Montreal for a few hours only, he spent the time with his mother Mrs. James J. Kerr at Mrs. Richardson's, Church street.

Miss Mary Dickey, eldest daughter of J. A. Dickey, C. E., goes to Halifax this week to visit her friend Miss Viola Bullock, daughter of Rev. W. H. Bullock, Garrison Chaplain.

Master Gerald, eldest son of Dr. Bliss will spend his holidays with his friends Mr. and Mrs. Percival St. George, at St. Anns, Montreal.

Mrs. Travers, wile of the manager of the Bank of Montreal in town, who has been with her mother Mrs. Simpson Smith, at London, Ont., for three months,—until her death—is expected home en Saturday.

Master John Elderkin Chipman of Sommerville Masse is in town, visiting his aunt Mrs. C. A. Black.

Mrs. Johnson of London Ont., and four children are visiting her mother Mrs. John Baker, Brookside, Victoria Street.

Mrs. Goodspeed, wife of Prof. Goodspeed of McMaster college, Toronto, Ont., is in town visiting her many relatives.

Bear river is here relieving Mr. Achway away on a vacation.

Mrs. Caldwell and daughters of Boston spent a few days with Mrs. Lawson enroute to Halifax where they propose spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong of St. John have taken a cottage at Fairfield.

Mrs Duncan's friends are also glad to see her among the arrivals at Fairfield.

Mixora.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Emith & Co., and at Crowe

JULY 6.—On Monday last Mr. F. C. J. Swainson gave a "driving party," to the "Folliegh," where lunch was parisken of, among Mr. Swainson's guests were:—Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McKoberts, Mr. Ronald Grant of H. M. Dock y and, Halifax and Mrs. Grant, Rev. and Mrs. LeMoine, Halifax, Misses Sutherland, Miss MacKenzie, Messrs. A. F. Gurney, Vizard. It is needless to add that the entertainment provided by Mr. Fraser at the Folleigh, was all that could be desired and the drive back to town, a thorougly enjoyable conclusion to a very pleasant outing.

Mr. J. W. Dickens of the Merchant's bank here, left today for Moncton where he relieves the agent for vacation. JULY 6.—On Monday last Mr. F. C. J. Swainso

Mr. F. B. McCurdy of the Halifax, who has been Mr. F. B. McCurdy of the Halifax, who has been enjoying his vacation, with home friends in Truro and vicinity was in Newcastle, N. B., vesterday, assisting his brother Mr. E. McCurdy of the Merchants' bank at an interesting function in which the latter was one of the principals.

Miss Ida Snook entertained a few friends, among whom were the following, at whist last Monday

night: Miss Hockin, Miss Maggie Snook, Miss Nora Black, Miss L. Spencer and Messrs. W. Law-rence, L. Murray, W. Carter, E. McDonald and R. Hanson.

Mr. W. G. Reid, Mrs. Reid and family, en rou Mr. W. G. Reid, Mrs. Reid and family, en route from Montreal, to their summer home in St. Johns Nfid., were guests at the Learment, Monday night. Dr. and Mrs. W. Hallett of St. Johns, Nfid., who have been visiting home friends, in New Branswick were in town a day or two this week, guests of Mr. Wm Hallet's, en route home.

Mr. Sid. Crowe's large circle of friends are charmed to welcome him home again, after an absence of several years in Trinidad.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. P. Trest's.]

JULY 5.—The Art club met this week with Mrs. Hatch at the baptist parsonage. The study was any flower of yellow color. The club is growing very interesting and several new members were received. Miss Lis Williams of Denver, was the guest of Mrs. L. E. Wortman this week. Miss Williams formerly resided in Wolfville and is a graduate of Acadia seminary.

Mrs. C. M. Vaughan gave a pleasant party on Monday evening. Mrs. Vaughan's ester Mrs. Frank McGee is spending the summar with her. Mrs. Keirstead returned from her trip through New Brunswick on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. D., W. Johnson of Yarmouth was the guest of Mrs. Hemmeon this week.

Mrs. Janes Morse of Montreal and Mr. and Mrs. Hills of Lunenburg have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Blair. Mrs. Hills was joined here by her brother Dr. James DeWolfe who with his grand daughter Miss DeWolfe of London England is making a tour of the province.

The Rev. and Mrs. Hale left Wolfvill'e on Wednesday for Hallfax going from there to Liverpool, N. S., where Mr. Hale will assume the pastorate of the methodist church. Mr. Donkin who succeeds Mr. Hale here arrived with his family on Friday.

Mr. Clarence Hemmeon (Acadia '96) and Mr. Morley Hale (Mt. Allison '98) have recently articled with lawyer Pineo and lawyer Crawley, respectively, preparatory to taking the law course at Dalhousie.

Miss Belle Crandall who sprained her ankle very badly during anniversary week is able to walk out book stores of G. S. Wall T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. F. Treat's.]
July 6.—For the first time the church of England synods are in session in St. Stephen. A large number of clergyman arrived on Monday and the rest came at noon yesterday. The sessions are held in Christ Church school room, and the services in Christ Church. A missionary meeting is to be held on Friday evening in Trinity Church. On Sunday Bishop Kingdom will administer the rite of confirmation in Christ Church.

Mrs. Arthur Stanley Burdette of the city of Mexico, accompanied by her young daughter arrived here from Clinton Mass., where they have been visiting for several weeks and are guests of Mrs. Daniel Brown. Mrs. Burdette returns to her native town, and receives from her numerous friends a most cordial welcome.

Miss Margaret Reynolds of St. John is a guest this week of her friend Mrs. D. Sullivan.

Misses Fannie and Wellie McCormick have been making a short visit in town this week.

In spits of the intense heat on Monday the

"Glorious Fourth" pused of most successfully. The streets were filled all day with an ever moving crowd. There were excursions from all points and every one was out in settive attire to watch the numerous races and aports and to enjry the fun of the day. A! the stores and public buildings and many private residences were decorated in honor of the day, and the stars and stripes and Union Jack could be seen firing together where ever there was decoration. The demonstrations began at twelve o'clock an Sunday night, when camons boomed, bells were rung and the band played, the "The Star Spangled Banner," God Save the Queen Sheridans March to Georgia and other stirring airs, this midnight celebration lasting until two o'clock Monday morning, at seven o'clock, the sports began, and were kept up with vigor until late Monday night. The coaching parade and monster procession of secret societies, funny representations, a regiment of sanll boys, who marched well in order carrying wooden guns, wearing uniforms of blue pauts white coats and red caps, and Colonel Woods Rough Riders, made a most attractive scene as they murched through the streets on both sides of the river. There were races at the Calais driving park in the aftern-oo, and in the evening a grand display of fire works. There were five bands and the people of the St. Croix did not lack for music. At five o'clock all the bands met in the city quare and played some fine selections. The fourth of July celebration of 1898 will long be remembered on the St. Croix as the most enjoyable for years and greateredit is due to those who planned the events of the day and the celebration in charge.

Mrr. Connell of Woodstock who was Mrs. F. M.

bration in charge.

Mrs. Connell of Woodstock who was Mrs. F. M.

Murchie's guest returned to her home last evenng. Mrs. Jane Hayden of Robbinston is

Mrs. Jane Hayden of Robbinston is visiting in Calais this week.

The Right Rev. Bishop Sweeny of St. John, administered the rite of confirmation in the church of the Holy Rosary this morning.

Mrs. Harry M. Webber and her young son Leonard went to Woodstock yesterday where she will visit her sister Mrs. Wellington Belyes.

Rev. Jannes Welsh of Toronto is the guest of Rev. William Dollard.

On Saturday atternoon Miss Alice Graham gave a tennis party and five o'clock tea in honor of her.

On Saturday atternoon Miss Alice Graham gave a tennis party and five o'clock tea in honor of her young friend Miss Mabel Clerke to announce Miss Clerke's engagement to Lieut. Frank V. Lee of Calais. It was a very dainty and delightful affair and was greatly enjoyed.

Miss Linnie McKossie at an early date will give an at home in honor of Miss Clerke.

Mrs. James G. Stevens gave an at home on Saturday atternoon from three to six o'clock to her young lady frieads invited to meet the Musses Babin of Edmundston. Mrs. Stevens was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Annie and Miss Ka'e Stevens. The house was prettily decorated with marquerites, clover, forns and foliage plants. Misses Winitred Todd, Florence Mitchell, Helea Grant and Constance Chipman served the guests in the dining room. This was one of the pleasantest affairs of the kind enjoyed here for some time.

some time.

Mrs John Prescrit gave a garden party on the
grounds surrenading her handsome home, yester day afternoon.

Mrs. S. H. Biair is spending this week with Mrs.

A. E. Nelli.
Miss Bells McGarrigle has returned from an exended visit to Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Henry Todd and Mrs. Fredrick MacNichol

Mrs. Henry Todd and Mrs. Fredrick MacNichol are now occupying their cottage at St. Andrews. Messrs. Water Purdy, Fred C. Jones, Charles Troop and J. U. Thomas have been in town for several days and are guests at the Windsor.

Miss Nian Harris of New York city is the guest of Miss Sars Clarke.

Mr. Herbert C. Grant arrived from New York city to spend the vaccion season with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John F. Grant.

Mr. Guy C. Murchie who is one of C lonel Woods rough riders was in the thickest of the fight at Santiago, was unipjared although there was reports to the contrary on Friday and Saturday.

Mr. John D. Chipmau, M. P. P. made a brief visit in New York city last week.

Mr. Harry Paine of Eastport was in Friday.

Miss Addie Star has returned from a visit of several months in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Babbitt who has been visiting relatives in St. John returned to St. Stephen on Monday.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden left yesterday afternoon for Bangor.

for Bangor.

Messrs. Lodovick Vroom and Reginald Carr of St. John spent Friday in town the guests of Mr.

James Vroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Brown left last week for the Western States where they will make an extend-The Misses Babin have returned to Edmun

#### DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY

Metric System Taught.

St. Denis St., Montreal

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Menu Cards. Wedding Invitations.

Programmes, etc.,

Printed in the very latest styles, by the

**Progress** Job Printing Department.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



# THE HORSE CAN'T Tuttle's

Dr. S. A. Tuitle. St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your House Elizir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my rottine Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT. 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

# IN STOCK,

+0+0+0+0+0+0+

Ladies' Short Back Manila Sailors. White Chiffon and Straw Hats, Black Chiffon and Straw Hats, Colored Chiffon and Straw Hats. Leghorn Hats. Flowers, Feathers and Millinery Novelties.

+0+0+0+0+0+0+

# Parisian

# Puttner's **Emulsion**

Excellent for babies. nursing mothers, growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthing treatment.

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

### CROCKETT'S.... CATARRH GURE!

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The"Leschetisky" Method"; also "Synthet ystem," for beginners.

Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK PISH and GAME MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL

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

Mr. I visitors
Mr. I sas city
will in t
Hon. for seve Mr. A father M Miss I for the v Mr. av Boston v visited t

July.—
to Shediac
usual this
in June, is
now. Nin
er than mo
reached by
sequently
homes by i
without de
Mr. and been settle or some tin their famili the same Harris dep at Shediac Mr. and this week vacation is week I fanc Of course than Main's Saturday w town on The

Tweedie's S. Melons

Dominion
common to
some rather
grounds, an
which grea
tators, but is Mr. and M for a trip to sent for three The many been sufferin be glad to he There are though the clonger with a place last We Miss Ella F Forbes was m residence of h residence of h
way Avenue i
R. The cerer
Lodge in the j
and friends of
Another we
when Miss I
George Multir
A. McDonald
as nerformed

present.
The third we senault of Shed day afternoon to the ceremony in the ceremony. in the presence bride and groot Meahan. The b travelling suite and was attend touche, while a ported the groot after the cereme Edward I-hand Mr. Claude W. Mr. Claude V Mr. Claude V St. Johns, Nfld, mer vacation at St. Johns on Mo The Misses Si been spending a

The 5 lb is the near market. class groce

Every 1

a delightful visit with their frie

her home in Fredericton.

Messrs. Henery Todd and J. M. Johnson leave on Saturday for New York city, where they take passage on the steamship Majestic for England. They will be absent about six weeks spending part of the time on the continent.

J. Mr. C. H. Smith, of St. John is here attending the church of England sysod.

Mr. Frederick Webber of Woodstock was among visitors as team this result.

Mr. Frederick Webber of Woodstock was among visitors in town this week.

Mr. Frank A. Grimmer has returned from Kansas city to take his family to that city where they will in the future reside.

Hon. A. H., Gillmor of St. George was in town for several days this week.

Mr. A. H. King of Minneapolis is visiting her father Mr. James King.

Miss Edith Johnson of Colby college is at home for the vacation season.

Miss Edith Johnson of Colby college is at home for the vacation season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Renne have returned from Boston where they spent their honeymoon.

The W. S. Harkins company are looked for an appearance here at an early date and there is much anticipation regarding their visit. Several St., Astrophen people who were in St. John during the company's recent return engagement say it is one of the best combinations of talent which has ever visited the provinces. The plays given are all metropolitan successes "What Happened to Jones" being the very funniest things ever seen in this part of the world. The ladies are all particularly pretty and clever, Miss Mabel Raton the leading lady bein a spoken of as one of the mrst beautiful women on the stage. The gowns worn are all new and beautiful and all bear the impress of the most noted theatrical costumers. 'Niobe' is a new comedy that is drawing crowded houses.

#### MONOTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melonson's, and at Railway News Depot.

S. Melomon's, and at Railway News Depot.

Juxr.—The usual exodus of the summer cot agers to Shediac Cape, which has been delayed later than usual this year en account of the very cool weather in June, is taking place with all possible celerity now. Ninely your in the shade is just a little warmer than most people like, and that was the attitude reached by reliable thermometers on Sunday. Consequently all those who are so fortunate as to possess homes by the sea are hastening to occupy them without delay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chandler and family have been settled in their summer home at Shediac Cape

mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chandler and family have been settled in their summer home at Shediac Cape or some time, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lyons removed their families and household goods on Monday to the same breezy resort and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris depart this week for their summer cottage at Shediac cape.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abbott and daughters leave this week for Buctouche where their summer this week for Buctouche where their summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abbott and daughters leave his week for Buctouche where their summer racation is usually spent; and by the end of the week I fancy the city will be prety well deserted. DI course the Harkins company who play to-night and Main's circus which is the attraction for next saturday will keep a few people in town until that

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Plunkett and little son left

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Plunkett and little son left town on Thursday for Shediac Cape where they will spend the next two months.

Dominion Day passed in the peaceful stagnation common to public holidays. It was marked by some rather slow bicycie races on the M. A. A. A. grounds, and also by a violent thunder shower which greatly dampened the ardor of the spectators, but left the splendid bicycle track for which our grounds are justly celebrated, in such marvellous good condution that the races were continued immediately after the shower just as if nothing had happened. In the evening the Answorth Comedy Company of Boston gave an entertainment in the opera house, to an audience much smaller then so excellent a programme should have commanded.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampel Winter left town lest week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Winter, left town last week for a trip to the Pacific coast. They will be ab-sent for three months.

The many friends of Mr. C. P. Harris who has been suffering from a severe attack of grippe will be glad to hear that he is convalescent
There are still a few Juse weddings to record though the month of roses and weddings is no longer with us, no less than three having taken place last Wednesday.

Miss Ella Forber, daughter of the late Peter Forbes was married last Wednesday evening at the residence of her brother Mr. G. H. Forbes of Railway Avenue to Mr. R. Trusman Colpits of the I. O. R. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Lodge in the presence of the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

Another wedding took place on the same evening

Another wedding took place on the same evening when Miss Bessie Mullin daughter of the late George Mullin of Amherst, was married to Mr. D. A. McDonald of Truro. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride on Bonnaccord street, and was performed by Rev. W. B. Hinson, only the near relatives of the contracting parties being present.

Miss Kats Hamilton of the Milltown High school teaching staff is spending a lew Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sleeth of Bonaccord streets.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifax, is spending a lew days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Sl

present.

The third wedding was that of Miss Elvina Arsenault of Shediac, who was married on Wednesday afternoon to Mr. Alphe Robichaud of this city. The ceremon, took plack in St. Bernard's church in the presence of a large number of friends of the bride and groom, and was performed by Rev. H. A Meahan. The bride was attired in a very handsome travelling suit of brown cl.th, with hat to ma'ob, and was attended by Miss Priscil a Henri of Buctouchs, while Mr. Z. M. Legere of this city supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Robichaud left after the ceremony for a bridal trip through Prince Edward I-land.

Mr. Claude W. Peters of the Bauk of Montreal St. Johns, Nfdd, who has been spending his sun-

Mr. Claude W. Peters of the Bank of Montreal St. Jans, Nfd, who has been spending his sum-mer vacation at his hime in Moncton returned to St. Johns on Monday. The Misses Simpson of New York, who have been spending a few days in town the guests of



Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" wants no other-because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

heir brother, Mr. R. W. Sampson of the I. C. R.

their brother, Mr. R. W. Simpson of the I. C. R. returned home on waturday.

Mrs. Frank Jones of Bangor, Maine, is spending a few days in town visiting her grandmother, Mrs. W. B. Chapman of Weldon street.

Miss Roach of St. John is visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Bordes of Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith and little daughter and late Sunday in Development.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith and seems of Lady spent last Sunday in Dorchester, the guest of Lady Smith at "Woodlaws."

The many friends of Mr. Leonard C. Harris, youngest son of Mr. C. P. Harris of this city, are giving him a warm welcome home. Mr. Harris has been in iMontreal for the past six months, and is apending his summer vacation at his home in

Moncton.

Miss Annie Grant of Pomfret, Conn., who has been spending a month in the city visiting her brother Mr. James Grant of Weldon street, returned to Pomfret on Thursday.

Miss Trilton departed last week for Halifax, where she will spent her anumer vacation.

Miss Maude Taylor left town on Friday to spend. a few days with friends in Havelock.

Mr. Will Davies, son of Mr. W. A. Davies of the I. C. R., arrived in town on Thursday from Mont-

L.C. R., arrived in town on Thursday from Montreal where he has been employed for the past year; to spend his summer vacation with his paren s.

Miss Helen Howe of Dartmouth is spending a few days in town the gaest of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Ross of Queen street.

Ross of Queen street.

Mr. R. Clark, manager of the Moncton bro mr. R. Clark, manager of the Moncton branch of the Sank of Montreal, let! last night for Montreal, and it is currently report d that be will not return alone but will be accompanied by a fair bride who will be coubly we come in Moncton, since she is well known in our city, having been a resident

well known in our city, having been a resident here for some years.

Mr. George M. Taibot and bride returned from their wedding trip through northern New Brunswick on Monday and are visiting friends in the city Miss Johnson principal of the business college spent the national holiday in Dorchester the guest of her friend Miss Hannington.

Mr. A. J. V. mer of Campbellton who has been spending a few days in town the guest of his daughter, Mrs. L. H. Bourque of Botsford street returned home on Baturday.

Two of our brides courageously appeared in St. George's church ou Suaday morning, in spite of the intense heat. Mrs. E. H. Hall looked very west and youthful in a dainty costume of pal: heliotrope silk, trimmed with chifino of the same shade with large picture hat of heliotrope chifion and flowers. Mrs. R. W. Simppon wore a smart gown of amethyst poplin with vest and trimmings of primrose again and mousseline de soie, hat of primrose and astin and mousseline de soie, hat of primrose and amethyst net trummed with poppies in the same shades. Both these ladies are receiving this week, Mrs. Hail Wednesdav, Thursday and Friday, and Mrs. R. Trueman Colpits is also receiving this week, Mrs. R. Trueman Colpits is also receiving this week at the residence of her weeks.

mes. A. Frueman Colpits is also receiving this week at the residence of her mother Mrs G. H. Forbes on Railway avenue. Mrs. Calpitts days are Tuesday Wednerday and Toursday. Mr. R. Barry Smith who has been a resident of New York for over a year, arrived in town on Thursday, and intends spending some weeks amongst his old friends.

Mrs. H. A. Price of Halifay, is spending a term

teaching staff is spending her summer vaca her home in Moncton. ner nome in moncton.

Miss Mi, nie Hunter left town yesterday for  $F(x_8)$ Lywrence, where she intends \*p nding the next few
weeks visiting friends.

1van.

#### FREDERICTON.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by Mesers W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

W. T. M. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

JULI 6.—Mrs. Clifton Tabor entertained a large
number of her married friends, today, at her pleasant home on Sunbury St. in honor of her niece Mrs

Jas. I. Fellows of London England, the hourbeing from 4.30 to 6 30. In the diving-room where
a most delicious colation was served, Miss Beck
presided, and had the assistance of the Misses
Crookshank while six little girls, all prettily gownarvad the greats.

ed served the guests.

Mrs. James I. Fellows and daughter of London,
England are at the "Queen" and will remain for a Miss Mc Millan of St. John is visiting the Misses

Mr. Wilmot Lemont arrived home last week from Boston and will spend the summer here. The Misses Winnifred and Margaret Johnston are

musicating at Keswick.

Mr. Chs. Hall has been spending several days sere visiting his family who are guests at "Red Mrs James L. Beverly and daughter Miss Katle,

Mrs. James L. Beverly and daughter Miss Katle, are visiting relatives at "Grape Cottage."

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. wetmore are very happy in the possession of a young son and heir.

Mrs. Hurd Peters of St. John is in the city visiting her daughter Mrs. A. J. Gregory at "Acacla Cove."

Mr. Roy Vanwert son of Judge Vanwart has been appointed 2ad Lieutenant in the Brighton Engin-

Prot. Duß of Lavefette University III. with Mrs. Duff and family are visiting Mrs. Duff's mother Mrs. McIntosh at Kingsolear. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Egecombe and family have cone to "Edgehill Villa" their country residence

Mr. Frank Street of M.

Mrs. F. 8. Hilyard.
Mrs. F. 8. Hilyard.
Mr. 5 pencer Esty of New York is spending a few deys in our charming little city.
Miss Maggie Metcalt of Fort Hope is here ard will spend the summer with her sister Mrs. J. W.

will spend the summer with her sister Mrs. J. W. Bridges.
Messes. Fred Cotter and J. T. Gibson are camping out for a short vacation.
Miss Myra Hatt has returned from Cambridge Mass and will spend the summer at her home here.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Everett fand son, Master Herbert, after spending several months here guests at "Windsor Hall" have gone to the seaside at St. Andrews for the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Everett were so charmed with their stay at "Windsor Hall" that contrary to their expectations, they have decided to return here in the autumn.
Prof. Murray with Mrs. Murray and child are here from Hallfax visiting at Mrs. Murrays old home.

home.

Mr. Arthur Milligan and Arthur Golding of St.
John are guests in the city.

Mayor Whitehead,s family are summering at the
Blatr cottage at Duck Cove.

Principal Mulian and family are enjoying heir
summer vacation cruising on the steam yacht

Miss at Peake of Carleton is here visitivg her aunt Mrs. McPeake. Miss Casey of New York is spending the summer with here are the Court of the summer

Miss Casey of New York is spenuing the Salar with her aunt Mrs. Crangle.

Mr. James Shute a student of the Boston dent al college, is at home on a vacation.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Hagerman te Mr. Harrison Hagerman was this morning solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, conductor Hagerman, Rev. J. J. Teasdale tying the nuputal knot in the presence of a large number of invited

Hagerman, Rev. J., J. Teasdale tying the nuptial knot in the presence of a large number of invited guests. After a wedding breakfast had been served the newly wedded pair took their departure by the early morning train for a honeymoon trip.

Miss Magrie Allen is home on a vecation and will be the guest of her aunt Mrs. T. Carleton Alle 1 and her sister Mrs. A. R. Wetmore.

Mr. John Hastings and bride of Montreal are spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Badger and child of Boston are he.e and have taken apartments at Miss Allen's for the summer.

Mr. H. Harrison of Minneapolis spent a few days in the city this week.

Mr. H. Harrison of Minneapolis spent a few days in the city this week.

Miss Peters of Moncton is visiting her friend Miss Daisy Winslow.

Mrs. A. G. Beckwith has returned from quite an extended visit to relatives in New York.

Mrs. D. P. Reid of Marysville is receiving her bridal calls on Wednesday and Thursday of this

week.
After a pleasant wisht spent with relatives here
Miss Jennie Edwards has returned to her home in

laughter are here on a visit to Mrs. Gla Mr. E. Jewett of Boston visiting friends in the

city.

The Misses Flossic and Sadie MacFarlane of S
John are here visiting their sister Mrs. W. F. Bar Mrs. Peter Mac ionald is visiting her sister Mis

Young at St. Stephen.

Mr. Percy Bagley of Toronto is in th

ew days.

Mr. John Black left today for a visit to Boston.

Miss Winnie Everett has returned from Boston after a long visit of three months spent among

Miss Bona Johnston has returned from a de-lightful visit spent with her friend Miss Burgess of Wolfville. Mr. E. Yerxa of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting

here.

Mr. and Mrs. Tail of Minneapolis, have beer spending a few days here guests of Postmaster and Mrs. Hilyar.

and Mrs. Hilyard.

Mrs. J. Estey of St. John, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Fred Butcher of St. John, is also among
our summer visitors.

Mrs. Chas. Biggs of Brooklyp, New York, is
visiting Mrs. Thomsa Atherton.

Mrs. T. J, Thorne, children and sister Miss
Carrie Fulton, are spending their vacation in the
Calestral.

Miss A. McNansily, who has been spending the winter in New York, has returned home.

BICHIBUCTO.

Miss Sadie Muudy of Sackville is in town guest of her aunt Mrs. K. B. Forbes.

Miss Bella Cale arrived home from St. Stephen

on Monday to spend her vacation.

Professor and Mrs. Dunham of Baltin panied by their chil ren are in town for the sum

### Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition -Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. SUMMER-VILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills hable, beneficial. 25c.

**EVERY PACKET IS GUARANTEED** 

to give satisfaction or we will return your money. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound, try it. All grocers, in packets only. THE MONSOON TEA CO., 7 Wellington St. W. Toronto

MONSORN INDO-CEYLON TEA

#### CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY.

Miss Mand Grierson returned home on Tuesday

from Dorchester.

Miss Mand Davis who has been in Chatham for the past few months came home on Morday.

M. s. James F. Atkinson of Kouchibouguac was in town on Saturday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wa H. McLeod.

Messrs. Lcuis and Henry O'Leary, arrived homison Montreal on Wednesday last.

see n Montreal on Wednesday last.

A strawberry festival will be held in Kingston
on Thursday evening in the interest of St. John's
church of England, a number of our towns-people
are helping to make the affair a success.

Rev. Wm. Lawson spent last week in St. John.

If I should die tonight, and you should come to my cold bier and weep while I lay there saleep, With my whole face and lips death's purple white, Like some silent marble statue expressive of great

My heart would yearn for you
With such unuterable tenderness
III should die tonight,
With longing for an olden-time caress,
And you would bend o'er me in tears my far-off
soul to bless i

THINGS OF VALUE.

A horse always gets up on its fore-legs first, and a cow directly the opposite. Brakemen refer to the saloon free lun trading stamps."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive byrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetraining and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who bave used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

At a sale held in London the other day, Rembrand's "A Jewes," with the engraving after it, brought \$1.575, and Van Dyck's "The Infant Christ" \$525.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it s. All strength segons, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferer. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, it accurse one box of Parmeier's Vegetable Pilis will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles enterleg into the con-position of Parmelee's Pilis.

ing into the con-position of Farmtheet 1 that "Mamle," said the father, who looked as innocent as he could, "I secidently overheard some of your conversation with that young man in the parties of the control of the c

Mr. Thomas Rallard, Syracue, N.Y., writes:
"I have been afflicted for searly a year with that
most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at
times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and
atter trying aimost everything recommended, I
tried one box of Parmeter's Vigoto Filis. I am
now nearly well, and believe they will come me. I
would not be without them for any money."

John Wesley realized a fortune by his literary publications. He is said to have made by his re-ligious writings tally \$150.000. Every penny of the money was expended by Wesley in charity.

Feore and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Farmelee's Pill. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusio s from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupt mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the bods. Thy are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

In 1,000 cases of the morphine habit, from all parts of the world, the medical proposition of the number.

Sate, Certain, Prompt, Economic,—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Echevario Oll a standard external and internal remedy adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excortations sores, lameness, and physical pain.

'See here, my boy, you musn't hum at your work" "Wny ir, you wouldn't check the hum of revised industry, would you!"

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator investelief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convenced.

"Is this our train?" said one waiting passenger to another. "No, it b longs to the company, but we'll take the cars." Helloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corn ard warts, root and branch. Who then would en-dure th-m with such a cheap and efficiencedy within reach?

In a Lady's Autograph Album.

A valuable lady's album was recently offered for sale in London. It was the ordinary quarto volume, with embossid pages, gilt-edged, and nicely bound, like those with which our grandmothers used to victimize their friends years sgo. It was an ordinary book, but it had extraordinary contributors. Among the writers might be found Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, William Macready, Mrs. Amelia Opie. Mrs. Howitt and W. M. Thackeray. The Mrs. Howitt and W. M. Thackeray. The artists comprised Sir David Wilkie, Westall, Sir Edwin Landseer, Cattermole, Prout, John Leech, Sir John Tenniel and Thackeray. There were many sketches by the last-named, in which might be recognized some of the original designs for 'Pendennia' and other of his books. After a spirited competition, the volume was a spirited competition, the volume knocked down at £180.—Tit Bits.

#### Now-a-days You are old fashioned—if you

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

don't use Our

Metallic

Ceilings



They're so much better than any other interior finish—more beautiful and durable and as well as fire proof and hygienic.

We make countless designs suited to any room of any building, and you'll enjoy their economical superiority. We will send an estimate with full information on receipt of outline showing the shape and measurements of the walls and ceilings you desire covered.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.

1189 King St. West, Toronto.

#### 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.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B. b. A. EBWARDS, Proprietor

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

# Delicious!

Fruit Phosphates OR CREAM SODA.

Have you tried it yet?

I have just received another lot of that

LOVELY SPRUCE GUM. W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street. Telephone 239 I have a few Dahlia Roots left for each purchase

Spring Lamb and Chickens, Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes

THOMAS DEAN. City Market.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

FRESH MACKEREL,

The First of the Spring Catch Received this day at 19 and 23 King Square.

J.D. TURNER.

he Birth of Christ 4,000,0

Our civil war cost 303,000 lives. ()f this 98,000 were slain in battle. The vast army which succumbed to disease was no less than 184,831, while the remaining 20,000 or so died of wounds received.

At the battle of Waterloo 51,000 me

000 soldiers in that great struggle, and it is estimated that one man was either killed or disabled for every 400 shots fired, counting both the artillery and rifle shots.

In the crimean war 95,615 lives were

sacrificed, and at Borodino, when the French and Russians tought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield. There were 250,000 troops to combat in that en

Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Crimean war 80,000 were Turks and Rus-

At Canes, however, where the Roman suffered the werst defeat in their history. it is said that 52,000 of their soldiers were slain. The Roman army in this battle consisted of 140,000 men—the picked brawn and sinew of the empire.

In the France-Prussian war 33,000 Frenchmen were killed. The Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle shots to attain this result. During the same war the Germans

fired 363 000 artillery charges.
Since the birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle. Before the beginning of the Christian era the losses cannot be estimated, owing to the very indistinct and inaccurate accounts that have

In none of the battles mentioned was dynamite used. In the wars of the fudynsmite used. In the wars of the future this terrible agent of destruction must be reckoned on. Men who have studied the morality statistics of the past shudder at the thought of what may be in store in the wars that are to come. Only recently has the use of dynamite in land warfare been considered safe for the army using it. The modern dynamite gun, however, has seemingly solved the problem, and the men who go to war hereafter will face an agent of destruction beside which the charges of Napoleon's old guard were child's play.—N. Y. Dispatch.

The Love of Machinery.

Most people are so pleased with the mere appearance of a pretty piece of ma-chinery that they do not think deeply of its practicability. Tais characteristic of human nature is well understood by the

dealers in mechanical inventions.

At an industrial exhibition—so the introducer of a certain invention reports—a prosperous-looking farmer stood for some time before a brand-new and somewhat complicated piece of machine. y, apparently logs in admiration. Finally he said to

loss in administration in the most be.'

Mighty useful machine that must be.'

It is, indeed,' said the exhibitor.

'Kind of handy to have 'round, eh p'

"Decidedly."

The farmer looked at it unessily a mc

ment more, and then said: 'Say, mister, what's it tur?'

'I've seen old shoes in the street,' said Mr. Glimby, 'plenty of them, and wrecked umbrellas, and old hats, and cast-off coats and various other articles of wear, but until to day, and I've lived some years, did I see a pair of suspenders lying in the street, and this was only half a pair, by the way. I notice things habitually; its a part of my business to see things, but I never before saw a pair of suspenders in the street, and I'll bet you a thousand dollars you never did.

The New York Tribune records the following instance of modern precocity: Some people were talking recently of the Civil War, and the older members of the Which side were you on during the war,



Another Big Cut in Prices Special for a few days. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE LIKE?

Solid Gold Frames, warranted \$2.35 Best Gold Filled Frames, - -Best Lenses, per pair, - -Alloy Frames, (note), Nickel Frames, gold filled nose-Steel or Nickel Frames, - - -The above prices are quoted on strictly First Quality Goods. This is a Special Sale and the prices quoted are good for a few days only. Quanty Goods.

prices quoted are good for a few days only.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN FRAMELESS

EYE GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

Open till 9 o'clock Nights, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

**ENLIGHTENING** 

THE WORLD.



DOUGLAS MCARTHUR

90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Mrs. B? asked the old young girl of the party, turning to a bright little woman who confessed to having been born in '62.

'I was in arms on the Southern side,' was the quick reply.

Doctor Gatling and His Gue

In spite of a trade with an unhappy name there is a kind of humane se thought in the ingenuity of the deathment maker. He may invent some instru thing so terrible as to make war imposs-This view lends an interest to the work of Dr. K. J. Gatling, the creator of the famous gun that fires two hundred shots a minnte. Our surprise to be told that he is rially a tender hearted man grows less when we know how he was led to contrive his murderous weapon. Seeing the trainloads of wounded and wrecks of regiments return from the front during the great war for the Union, he thought of the waste of industry and time and life in sending so many men into a deadly service. If war must slay, what a saving would be a single firearm that would short-

ton culture, made a furrow drill that brought him a fortune from the Western wheat farmers, and paented a hemp-breaking machine and a steam plow. He is eighty years old now, and still inventing. Lately Congress voted him forty thousand dollars for his proof experiments in a new method of casting cannon. The fortitude and grit of the man constitute a character history, and illustrate a moral as well as physical vitality possessed only

by those who are greater than their circumstances. He was a poor boy on a North Carolina plantation, who earned his own bread; a clerk at six teen, a schoolmaster at eighteen, and at nineteen and twenty a country storekeeper tending counter by day and studyinfi chem-

istry at night. When he invented his propeller ar took it to Washington he found that Ericsson had just secured a patent for a similar design—and all his labor was thrown away. A few years later he lost two thirds of the A few years later he lost two thirds of the money he had realized—and invested—from the sale of his wheat drill. After he completed the "Gatling gun," a fire destroyed all his work and his patterns. When, a year or two later, he had duplicated his patterns and placed an instrument before the public, a rascally agent ran off with every cent of the sales. It is a robust quality of soul that can fight disapointment repeatedly, and try again. Doctor Gatling believes that the weapon which made him famous has served, and will serve, the cause of philanthropy. He is probably right. General miles has told him how one exhibition of its effects before the chief of a savage tribe in the far West prevented an Indian war, and we have learned how, on both hemispheres, its use and that of ripid-fire catmon have made battles too terrible to be undertaken if they can be honorably avoided.

The Marguis of Granby furnishes the rare example of the eldest son of a peer sitting with his father in the house of Lords. Unlike his father the Duke of Rutland, still known to the fame as Lord John Manners, who was for nearly fifty years a prominent figure in the House of Commons, Lord Granby only sat for seven years unlil he was translated to the higher House as Baron Manners, of Hadden. The Marquess is the most enthusiastic of noble anglers and has travelled thousands of miles with his rod.

ttrength of Spiders. Naturalists say that, in proportion to their size, spiders are seven times as strong as lions.

el Battle in Cloudland Nearly Thirty

cent at the balloon is stined to play a role in the present war with Spain recalls the aeronautic exper-iments made by the French during the reat war in 1870 and 1871. As early as 1792 balloons were used for military sig-nalling in France. But, in our times, during the siege of Paris by the German troops frequent attempts were made by Frenchmen to communicate with those inside the beleagured city, and to despatch men and matter from the capital by means of balloons. In Paris itself, under the direction of Postmaster Ramport, a balloon post and transport service was esballoon post and transport service was es-tablished for carrying persons and Govern-mental as well as private mail matter from the besieged capital. Among the public men leaving the city in this way M. Gambetta will ever be remembered. Homing pigeons were also sent by this route to carry ews back to Paris. A total of sixty-six palloons, according to Tissandier's 'En Ballon Pendant Le Siege de Paris,' left the besieged city, and 168 persons, 10,194 rilograms of postal matter, including 3, 000 000 letters, 363 homers, five dogs, and two boxes of dynamite, were despatched by the aerial route. Of the balloons, fifty-two descended in France, five in Belgium, four in Holland, two in Germany, and one in Norway. Only five of them were captured by the Germans and two were never heard of, having been lost in the ocean.

Of all voyages of that time, however, none could compare for exciting and peril-ous incidents with that of the well-known aeronaut, M. Nadar, who left Tours for Paris with important Government despatches at 6 o'clock one fine December morning. At 11 he was in view of the capital on the Seine. While floating about 3,000 metres above Fort Charenton, Nadar suddenly observed a second balloon on the on the horizon. Thinking it to be one leaving Paris, the French aeronaut at once displayed the tricolor of his country, and the other balloon responded by exhibiting the same flag. Gradually the two balloons approached one another, being drawn in the same direction by the same current of must slay, what a saving would be a single firearm that would shorten the slaughter from months to minutes, and finally appal contending armies so that they would refuse to face it! Doctor Gatling was a man in middle life then, but from the age of twenty-one he had shown skill as an inventor. The first fruit of his genius was a steamboat propeller wheel. He had also originated several labor-saving devices for use in cotton culture, made a furrow drill that When they were separated by only a

the network of his airship atter the first shot from the enemy, to stop a hole made in the tissue. Presently he descended to the car as the balloon righted itself, and throwing out a quantity of ballast, caused it to rise higher and higher. Then, seiz ing his rifle, he fired shots with rapid succession into the Prussian, which suddenly split and sunk to the earth. On reaching the ground a detachment of Uhlans, who had been watching the combat from the plain, picked up the German aeronauts and rode off to the Prussian outposts. Nadar then slighted in safety within the girdle of the Paris forts, meeting with an enthusiastic ovetion for his victory in the first balloon duel. the network of his airship after the firs

The Philadelphia Record prints an amusing story of the late Pres. William H. Allen of Girard College and a lady of more inquisitiveness than intelligence. On one occasion a business matter called Mr. Allen to a small town in the central part of Pennsylvania. While sitting in the parlor of the country hotel in the evening, after transacting his husiness he were the state of the country hotel in the evening, after transacting his husiness he was a state of the country had been supported by the country had been supported transacring his business, he was taken in hand by the wife of the proprietor, who wanted to know all about his private effairs. Mr. Allen took it all in good part, and for

Plate that wears

that's the kind to buy especially as it can usually be purchased at almost the same price as the kind that wont. 20 Years use has in many cases failed to "dim" knives forks and spoons bearing this trademark. Its the mark placed only on highest grade of plate by the manufacturers.

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

BALLOONS IN WAB.

Hair Hints

Is your hair dry, harsh, and brittle? Is it fading or turning gray? Is it falling out? Does dandruff trouble you? For any or all of these conditions there is an infallible remedy in Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"For years, I was troubled with dandruff, large flakes scaling and falling off, causing great annoyance. Sometimes the itching of the scalp was almost unendurable. Prescriptions from eminent physicians, put up in my own drug store were tried, but failed to afford relief. At length I used Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in one week I found it helped me. At the end of only two weeks, my head was entirely free from dandruff, and as clean as a child's. I heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor to all who are suffering from diseases of the scalp."—EDWIN NORDSTEOM, Drugs, etc., Sacred Heart, Minn.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor 

asked:

'Have you much of a family ?'

'Oh yes,' said he, and he smiled, as his mind reverted to the hundreds of pupils.

'How many children ?' she persisted.

'Well,' said Mr. Allen, with great earnestness, 'I have five hundred, and all boys!'

The good lady was speechless for a moment. Then she arose, and hurrying to the door, called softly to her husband:

'O John, come in here! We've got Brigham Young, stopin' with us ?'

wrong, and that, instead of making their wrong, and that, instead of making their heroines betray their emotions by blushing, they should leave that part of the regulation programme to their admirers of the other sex. It is also noted by the author that women blush about the ears rather than on the cheek. Perhaps, some time soon, scientists will be able to tell us why, without apparent reason one or other of our ears suddenly blushes and burns, and if, as the old wives tell us, it is a sign that without apparent reason one or other of our ears suddenly blushes and burns, and if, as the old wives tell us, it is a sign that someone is speaking of us, how we can tell who it may be. We all know that it is 'right for spite, and left for love,' but the knowledge is not very useful to us, and nowadays we like to know the why and the wherefore of everything.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was bishop of London, was dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace at Fulham, and called in an eminent architect to advise as to alterations. The architect took time to consider, and when he finally brought in his plans and estimates, the figures were so great that the Bishop relin-

quished his project. "And now," said the Bishop, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble in the matter. "I thank your lordship," was the answer;

one hundred pounds." "one hundred pounds."

The amount was disconcerting.

"Why, sir," said the Bishop, "many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service."

"That may be true, my lord; but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession."

There was nothing more to be said, and the cheque was drawn.

Burke once rushed out of the House of Commons in a rage, because as he rose to speak, holding a bundle of papers a honorable gentleman does not intend to read all those papers and to pore us with a speech in the

'A lion put to flight by the braying of ar ass,' whispered the witty George Selwyn.
This old anecdote is 'capped' by one
told in Sir M. Grant Duff's 'Diary' of a
London engineer.

told in Sir M. Grant Duft's 'Diary' of a London engineer.

The engineer, though not easily worsted, admitted that he was once put to flight by a dealer in marine stores. He had gone to examine, from the man's back yard, a house which he was thinking of purchasing on behalf of a railway company. While standing there, he saw a huge mastiff making at him open-mouthed.

'Oh! you're in ne danger, sir,' said the dealer, 'he's very particular about what he eats.' The engineer instantly left the yard.

The Confession

The Confession.

'Clara,' said William Wharton, as he placed his arms around his wife and looked down into her eyes. 'I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise before I begin it, that you will forgive me.' A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a lixle white head appear her hears, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid and she could only gasp: 'Tell—tell me what it is '! Tell—tell me what it is '! Tell—tell

looking fondly up into his eyes, said: 'Oh Will, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some horrid womau.'

"How many children?" she persisted.

"Well, said Mr. Allen, with great earnestness, 'I have five hundred, and all boys!'
The good lady was speechless for a moment. Then she arose, and hurrying to the door, called seftly te her husband:

"O John, come in here! We've got Brigham Young, stopin' with us!"

On Women's Blusbes.

In a learned work on criminology, it is stated that out of ninety-sight young men criminals, 44 per cent did not blush when examined, of 122 women criminals, 81 per cent did not blush. From this it seems that writers of fiction are all in the wrong, and that, instead of making their seems! A certain popular divine, who is noted quite as much for his absent-mindedness on occasions as for his general piety, was called in one by a young couple, whose home had just been lightened by a minister took christening at home. The minister took child in his arms, and, in his kind, fatherly way, addressed a few words of advice to the young people. See that you rain this child up in the way that he should go, he began. 'Give him the benefit of a good example, and see that he is surrounded by the very best influences. If you do this, who knows but that he may become a general, a big politician, or even a Lord general, a big politician, or even a Lord Mayor! What is his name?' 'Jennie,' demurely responded the mother.

Mr. Chamberlain's distaste for physical exercise is as marked as his passion for orchids. At no period in his life has he indulged in any form of sport, and walking is his special aversion. Practically the longest walk he takes when in London is from Prince's Gardens to his clubs in Pall or St. James' Street. To his sedentary habits he adds a love of smoking strong cigars—a conjunction which would be fatal to any man who did not possess the constitution of the Colonial Secretary.

The prespectroscope is a new American instrument for giving a single photograph or picture the appearance of solidity as if seen in a stereoscope. It is an arrange-ment of lenses and a pair of mirrors set at an angle such that the image of the picture is reflected into both eyes. The picture is at right angles to the eye-glasses.

To il'ustrate the rapidity of thought, a distinguished scientist says that if the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer, the brain will distinguish the fact that the blows are separate, and not continuous pressure, even when they follow one another as rapidly as 1 000 a second.

An authority on microscopy states that the hair of a woman can be distinguished by its construction from that of a man.

International Exhibition.

St. John, N. B.

Opens Sept. 13th, 1898. Closes Sept. 23rd.

Machinery in Motion, showing Natural Products of New Brunswick Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Flora, etc., etc.-A Novel Exhibit.

cts-The Dairy, the Orchard, etc.

\$13.000 in Prizes.

The Provincial Government offer Special Prizes for New Brunswick Products. Amusements, surpassing all former years

For Prize Lists, Entry Forms and Spa

ADAMS' GINGER BEER. RECIPE

tim gor mo at l her still

wait soup

after berr pie, cessi ner, freel; they thou, quite

# ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

#### IN THE THOUSAND ISLES

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP THROUGH CHARMING SCENERY.

"Told in the Twilight" is a charming title for a song, and calls up visions of cosy corners in shady verandas, moonlight, summer, and two young people in their salad days telling each other the old, old story behind a sheltering trellis work of vines. It is an attractive picture but when the scene is laid in the chilly twilight of a morning in early June, when the voice is that of the bell boy al a hotel and the tale he tells is-"Half past three o'clock, boat starts in an hour" the emotions called up are of an entirely different character. is no joke this getting up in the middle of the night, after a long tiring day of sightseeing; and catching a boat which will persist in leaving her wharf at such an unchristian hour, is enough to try the temper of a saint, especially if the saint's stomach is empty and the prospects of obtaining nourishment before half-past seven o'clock are slender in the extreme. A hurried cup of boiling coffee on the way to the wharf served by a sleepy waiter in a restaurant who seems as anxious for his breakfast as any of his customers, and if possible just a little crosser, is a mitigating circumstance as far as it goes, but that is not very far, and we are told by medical men who ought to know what they are talking about that at no time in the day is the machinery of the human body at as low an ebb, as as five in the morning. I think myself half past three is the time when the pendulum comes nearest to stopping, but, of course,

However, one is willing to sacrifice some thing in order to see the sun rise amongst the Thousand Islands, and after all everything—even breakfast—is sure to come to those who wait, if their patience will only

The sun seems slow in getting up and setting about his proper business of lighting things up in general and warming the atmosphere; but perhaps it is because he knows so well what a treat awaits him when he finally climbs out of his bath, that he wants to prolong the pleasure of anticipa-tion. But whatever his motive, it really does seem later than his usual hour of rising in the Maritime Provinces, for though that staunch little steamer "Corsican" of Montreal, pulls out into the beautiful harbor of Kingston, on the dot of half past four, the god of day is only just peeping sleepily over the horizion line. A sleepy newsboy is endeavoring to sell papers to two crusty old gentlemen who grumble loudly because the said papers are not this morning's, and the inevitable bride and groom are looking for a secluded corner where they may whisper soft nothings to each other undisturbed.

Ye gods and little fishes! will the crop of June brides and bridegrooms ever fail, so long as youths are susceptible and maidens fair and kind? We have no less than fifteen blushing brides on board in different stages of newly weddedness, from the calm and experienced matron who took her vows a whole week ago, and consequently looks bride of an hour who comes on board in time for dinner, from the folds of whose gown grains of rice fall out with every movement, and who takes delighted peeps at her wedding ring whenever she thinks herself unobserved, just to see it it is there still, and how it looks since she examined

the other couple who look almost like a boy and girl, so young are they, are not only painfully ignorant of the world and its ways, but terribly conscious of their werdancy. They have trouble with their menu card, and are obviously afraid of the waiter at dinner time, but finally, after much anxious consultation, they s n making out a list, and carefully avoiding soup and entrees, they dined upon roast beef, mashed potatoes and green peas; after which the bride indulges in strawberry shortcake, and the groom in apple pie, and having worked their way so successfully through the trying ordeal of dinner, they pluck up courage to indulge freely in all the fruit, and nuts and raisins can obtain, and all quite happy though terribly shy. Another couple are quite as green and much more comm without being in the least conscions

either fact. They are both large, rather florid, given to loudness, and extremely anxious to impress all beholders with their importance, just as it none of the other fourteen couples counted in the least. They chew gum both singly and in concert. and shout remarks to each other with a sang froid that would be truly admirable if it were not rather repulsive.

Then there is the quiet, dignified bride whose husband seems rather delicate, and who looks after him with careful motherliness, the dashing, stylish bride who is fully as conscious of her own importance as the gum chewer, but in a more lady-like manner; and the happy young couple who have just been married before coming on board, and are just as full of life and fun as a pair of kittens. They are not in the least fool-ish or inclined to give people an opportun-ity of laughing at them, but they are both young, and unusually good looking, and they are off for a good time. So they laugh and chatter incessantly, and the bride makes so many conquests amongst the waiters during dinner that she might have everything in the dining room if she wanted it, whether the rest of us starved

There is no difficulty in identifying the newly married couples, if one is at all given to reading the newspapers, for it is easy to keep track of them by the scraps which are missing from the different papers which are scattered in such profusion the saloon. Here is the evening "Star" of Montreal with a piece clipped out from the "June Weddings" column; and there a Toronto "Mail and Empire," with a clipping missing from another part of the column. A similar hiatus occurs at intervals in the other papers and by watching the clippers at work one can allot the names pretty accurately if they care to take the trouble.

Really the occupants of the boat seem to be so evenly parcelled out into couples that a passenger who happens to be alone. feels like the superfluous woman or man, as the case may be.

But I am getting ahead of my story, for we are still sitting on the forward deck huddled together in a shivering group like so many sheep, and wondering hungrily how soon we can begin to expect break-

My chum and I had thriftily looked out tor the inner Chirstian by providing a stock of light refreshments from the nearest pastry cock's shop before we started, but the healthy human stomach craves something more substantial than cream puffs and sultana cake before five o'clock n the morning and turns with longing to the thought of sea trout, ham and eggs, or liver and bacon, anything in fact which smells savory and has staying qualities. It is all very well to talk about the clearness of the mind when the stomach is empty and I may have a grossly material mind, but I have found from personal experience that stomach is king when the subject is in perfect health, and dominates the brain to such an extent that sustained thought is impossible with the king clamor

"Look Astra, quickly! The sun is up and we are sailing out among the islands! Isn't it lovely?" cries the companion of my journey. "The sun has been up for at least warehouses; of course they had to keep the boat at the wharf until it had risen, and we had missed one of the things we came to see. I can't see anything remarkable about the islands so far, I don't believe there are fitty, all told, and I wish I was

"You will feel better after breakfast dear," responds my equable friend, and with the withering retort that it looks as if I would not pass the crisis of my ailment for some time, I turn up the collar of my sacket and subside into sulky silence.

That's the worst of these cheerful and even tempered companions, they always see the bright side themselves, and therefore never give you any sympathy when you need it. The islands really are not bad though, on the whole, and there certainly are a good many of them over a hundred I should think, and in the clear cold light of early dawn with the sky shading from rosy pink to palest blue the scene is lovely enough to make one forget everyis lovely enough to make one lorget every-thing but the cold. If I were not so sleepy I should count those islands and make sure for mysell how many there were.

sailing majestically down the broad bosom of the lordly St. Laurence. Again there will be one great island standing in solitary grandeur in the centre of the stream crowned with lefty trees through which one catches glimpses of a picturesque cottage with lawns and flower beds extending almost to the water's edge, fanciful summer house, and boat house, and perhaps a couple of tiny bath houses standing with their feet in the water. Other islands look like fragments of rock thrown carelessly on the surface of one can see great stretches of rock lying only an inch or two below the surface of the water, and apparently threatening us with instant destruction. It is really be toe treaktast bell-alas no, for it is barely half past six. But if it is not breakfast why does the steward put his head out of the saloon door and thrusting the bell forth ring that brazen messenger of comfort lustily ? May all the blessings ot land and sea rest upon the heads of the culinary department—it really is break-

It is a bad thing to be vulgar even when one is fully conscious of the fact, but to be thoroughly, hopelessly, stridently vulgar, and not to have the least suspicion of the true state of affairs, is a misfortune

We have the best illustration of the latter case at our table that I ever met with. The table holds eight, and the seats opposite us are occupied with an American nily of tour, father, mother, big son of about fourteen, and precocious little daughter of ten. This is how they stand in actual numbers, but it is impossible to be more than seated at the table without knowing that only the head of the house really counts, for he is self assertive to a degree that I have never seen equalled off the stage. He has no secrets apparently, from the outside world, and his chief aim ms to be to impress the bystanders with the amount of money he is spending, and his ability to meet his financial ob-

"What are ye going to have hey!" be demands in a voice which might almost have been heard on shore, seizing the menu card which the waiter has placed before me, and reading it aloud at the top of his very powerful "organ" "Bananas, porridge, porridge and cream; fried sea trout, ham and eggs, beefsteak, mutton chops, scrambled eggs, boiled eggs, fried potatoes, dry toast, buttered toast, rolls—What'll ye, take, have some beefsteak woman with fine dark eyes and a smile so stereotyped that it seems to have been stamped upon her features by years of she will have a little toast. "Toast!" yells her lord "toast did you say ? Do you know that your breakfast costs fifty cents no matter what you eat ? Fifty cents and you want some toast-Josephine! Josephine nearly bounds from her chair with alarm-Perhaps you are going to have some toast too ?" Josephine is not sure that she will have anything but a cup of coffee, but with it.

"I want to know if that's all your going to eat" shouts her irate pa "I've got to pay fifty cents for your breakfast mind you whether you eat it or not, and you and yer ma set there and eat toast. Why ain't ye going to have some meat Maria? "Because" says Maria goaded into forgetting her smile for the moment, "I don't want

aurant are ye? me paying fifty cents for a breakfast ye won't eat and then buying yer meals at a restaurant! Two dollars for the four of us this breakfast is costin me and seems as if I had to eat it alone-James! What are you goin' to have ? It's costin' me fifty cents mind, so ye better eat some. Here's porridge, beefsteak

"Waiter," I interrupt with icy suavity, "Would you kindly get us another menu card, as the one at this table seems to have been leased P"

We get our breakfast at last, and as Maria consents to have some fried eggs and bacon, there is a short lull at the other side of the table, broken only by dictatorial shouts at the waiter, and criticisms of the fare. "More coffee Maria, have some

lunches on these steamers and I am near dead broke now.

"Let's see"-here our interesting vis a-sis produced a notebook and pencil "there was twenty dollars fare, and seven for the baggage, and two more for getting it all on board—how much did it cost me for the cab Maria P Well I did think I could do it for a hundred dollars but if I get to Montreal with my life I'll be thankful. Are you going Maria? Well all I have to say is I aint't got the worth of my money this trip."-And the interesting American family melted slowly away and were seen no more until we met again at the dinner

ever imagined in my mildest dreams, wooded slopes undulating gently down to the water's edge, fairy islands bearing little pavillions which look in the distance as fragile as the little houses we provide for the birds, and again huge stretches of land like Hound Island which is a mile in length and I forget just now how many thousand village of cottages and a big summer botel. And by and by we pass Thousand Island Park, which is a sort of a religious summer resort, under the direction of the Methodist body, and contains besides a huge church or meeting house, some four hundred cottages, a regular ummer town.

The scenery grows just a little tame though after one has gazed at it for five or six hours, and half past three, is undoubtedly an unearthly hour to get up; so I shall be glad when we reach the rapids for they are sure to be exciting. The fifteen new ly wedded couples are disappearing by degrees, and one comes upon them unexpectedly in secluded corners, usually with their hands interlocked and one or both of them fast asleep. I'd like to go to sleep myself, only I don't want to miss the scen-

"Wake up Astra, you are missing some of the most beautiful scenery we have passed through yet; we are in Alexandria Bay, and you really must see it!'

"I don't care if we were passing through the Vale of Cashmere, with all the roses in bloom" I answer crossly, "I am going to finish my sleep if I never see another is-land again as long as I live. You can call

"I can't understand any woman who earns her living by her pen and therefore owes a duty to the public, being so wickedly indifferent to the beauties of nature, says my chum severely. But I am ask again before she had finished her senten again before she had finished her sentence. Half an hour later 1 am aroused by a peculiar sound, and peeping cautiously over the back of the wide double sofa, I espy the indignant lover of nature lying flat on her back with her mouth wide open and a most unromantic sound issuing from her ruby lips.

There is something delightfully suggestive of peril in the very word "rapids," and when the Gallop Rapids are sighted, there is an instant commotion on board as and when the Gallop Rapids are sighted, there is an instant commotion on board as everyone scrambles with undignified haste to get a good post of observation. Not that the gallops amount to very much any more tnan the du Peat Rapids, for they are merely short stretches of troubled dark green water, but they serve as an introduction to the Long Sault Rapids. are merely short stretches of troubled dark green water, but they serve as an introduction to the Long Sault Rapids, which are to my mind by far the grandest of the long succession of rapids we pass through between one and six o'clock. The unsophisticated traveller would naturally imagine as I did, that a full head of steam would be required to carry the steamer through the foaming water and enable her to present a sort of opposing force to the angry rush of the breakers; but instead of that the steam is almost entirely shut off and the boat is carried through the seething churning mass of water which boils and leaps around her, by the sheer force of the current depending exclusively for her satety upon the skill of her pilot, and the strength of the four men who are kept at the wheel until the rapids are passed. The Long Sault Rapids extend for nine miles down the river, and I was assured that the current carries the steamer through them at a speed of twenty miles an hour.

There is really no danger, as fatal acidents never occur but standing on the deck and watching those huge green billows rearing their heads almost over the gunwhale, or feeling the steamer apparently trying to climb up the waves much as we climbed the mountain at Montreal, a goodly amount of faith is required to assure one of that comforting fact. And besides that, there is an uncomfortable circular sort of motion about the vessel which gives one a feeling that she has lost her bearings and may be whirled upon the rocks at any moment. She has a disquieting way of quivering too, which is far from recessuring, and I think most of her passen-

gers are quite satisfied with their experi-ence, and breathe a sigh of relief when we glide once more into smooth water.

gers are quite satisfied with their experience, and breathe a sigh of reliet when we glide once more into smooth water.

After the Long Sault there are really no other very exciting rapids until we reach the famous stretch at Lachine. The Coteau Rapids are very beautiful but they only extend for about two miles and after the Long Sault, seem quite tame. The Cedar rapids come next, and though the guide books assure one that the passage is a most exciting one the vessel having a very peculiar feeling as if she was settling down to sink, I utterly failed to experience the sensation, though I closed my eyes and tried religiously to imagine I was sinking.

On leaving the Cedars, we plunge directly into the Split Rock Rapids at the entrance to which stand two huge boulders which seem almost impassable for a vessel of our size, but a sudden turn carries us safely through.

Directly beyond lie the Cascades the last of the rapids before we reach Lachine, and these are really very fierce and turbulent. They are more like the great Whirlpool Rapids for they shake and toss the steamers as it trying to whirl it around but we are soon through and the least eventful part of our journey lies before us.

I am not, as the boys say "much on figures" myself, but I was assured on the best of authority after passing through the last of these four rapids that in the eleven miles in which they cover, the descent is no less than eighty two and a half feet.

Just after passing the Cacades we come to the sharply defined line where the Ottawa River joins the St. Lawrence, and in the bright June sunshine the brilliant green of the St. Lawrence, and the dark blue of the Ottawa look almost as if they were painted on a map, so marvellously sharp and clear is the dividing line.

Some of the brides have grown seasick

Some of the brides have grown seasick and retired to their staterooms, leaving their devoted spouses to wander forlornly about the deck; others are palpably tired and just a little inclined to be cross, while all of us show a most unbecoming line of crimson across our noses, and a rich accumulation of freckles all over our faces.

It is a blessed diversion where we pass under the great iron bridge of the C P. R. and begin to look for the most celebrated, as well as the most dangerous of all the great St. Lawrence rapids, the Lachine. It is a seene hard to describe; like Niagara Falls it is difficult to do justice to them, for even if they do not equal the Long Sault in beauty, it is easy for the merest novice to take in the extreme danger of these seething waters where the rocks are so close to the surface it seems absolutely impossible that the smallest vessel can find a path between them. In one spot it seems as if we were aground at last, for the shelving rocks are so close to the steamer's side that she appears to be climbing upon them, and powerless to check her course. We are absolutely coasting over them in about twelve inches of water apparently, and one catches her breath at the foolhardiness of a mere handcoasting over them in about twelve inches of water apparently, and one catches her breath at the foolhardiness of a mere handful of men defying the forces of nature so recklessly. Down we glide right into the whirlpool of waters, and a moment later the rocks are behind us, and we are placidly getting up steam for our run to Montreal, while the brides begin to remove their thick veils and replace their unbecoming travelling caps with wonderful structures of ribbons and leathers, preparatory to making their triumphal entry, into the city.

It has certainly been a delightful trip and we assure each other hypocritically that we would not have missed if for hundreds of dollars, the scenery was so carrancing, and the sail so invigorating, but at the same time the streets of Montréal look very inviting with their bustle and life; and, when it comes to a fifteen hours journey there is a great deal to be said in favor of a Pullman car.

Rapid Shoemaking.

One of the big Lynn shoe shops made a notary public followed the operation, watch in hand. For this feat the pair of shoes went through the usual routine of the shop, ferent operators and forty-two machines were concerned in the work, which required twenty-six pieces of leather, fourteen pieces of cloth, twenty-four buttons, twenty-lour button-holes, eighty tacks, twenty nails, two box-toes, two steel shanks and twenty yards of thread. Since that time the division of labor upon a pair of shoes has become still greater, and there is a larger number of machines employed, with the result that a pair of ladies' boots can now be made complete in this factory inside of twenty minutes.

Like Lightning.

A man was praising his wife, as all men ught to do on proper occasions.

was," he said, "but she can hammer nails was, he sate, but she can manner the like lightning,"
"That's remarkable," said a listener.
"Yes, sir," said the first speaker. "You know lighning never strikes twice in the same place."—Exchange.

Cheese Experted From R

The value of the cheese exported Rome is only \$1,000 less than the value paintings, cheese being second a on the list of exports from Rome.

(CONTINUED.)

"But you kept yourself in hand, you did, Sir Jordan. You always were a cool hand" went on Lavarick. "And you said, said you: Everything shall be as you wish, father; I am quite satisfied. I will carry out the will—the last one—as faithfully as I can. Where is it, father? says you in a soft voice. The cld man raised his hand and pointed to the bureau—that one there," and Lavarick nodded to the peice of 'urniture. "In that second drawer,' said Sir Greville. 'Take my keys; they're under the pillow.' You took the keys and opened the drawer and got the will."

Jordan stealthily put up his hand to his forehead, and wiped off the big drops of sweat which had gathered there.
"I saw it in your hand," continued Lavarick in a low voice. "I knew it was the will, because you said: 'Is this it father?' and the cld gentleman nodded. 'Keep faith with me, Jordan,' he said. 'I sha'n't rest quiet in my grave if those I've injured are not righted,' and you smiled and came up to the bed"—Lavarick's voice grew lower, and he pointed to the bed—"and you smiled right down at him, and right before his eyes you held the will to the candle."

Jordan started forward, as if he meant

Jordan started forward, as if he meant to silence the speaker with a blow, then fell back and laughed hoarsely.

"Hold on," said Lavarick. "Just at that moment there came a knock at the door, shoving the will inside your waist-

Jordan's lips twitched, and Lavarick, as if warming to his work, went on with suppressed excitement, and yet carefully and emphatically, as if no minute detail of the terrible scene should be lost.

cerrible scene chould be lost.

"It was the nurse. You went outside to her for a minute or two, kept her outsent her for something, I suppose—and locking the door, went back to the bed. The old man raised himself on his elbow, tried to speak, pointed at you then screamed out, and went off—dead!"

He strongly to the breath

He stopped to take bresth.

"In came the nurse, and the doctor, and the rest of them, and there was a confusion, as usual You were terribly cut up, quite the affectionate son—oh, oh, very loving and heart broken and all that. Quite

the affectionate son—oh, oh, very loving and heart-broken and all that. Quite touching, it was; and you got 'em out of the room that you might be alone. And the very first thing you do when you are alone is to put your hand in your waist-coat and find that the will—wasn't there."

Jordan drew a long breath, folded his arms, and looked at Lavarick defiantly.

"It made you queer for a moment," resumed Lavarick. "You would have taken your oath that you'd stuck it inside your, bosom, you know. But it wasn't there. Then yon began to hunt about. I suppose you'd lost your head—it was enough to upset auybody—for you looked in all sorts of corners, as if you might have thrown it away anywhere—as it the old man might of got out of bed and hidden it whil; you were outside. You were out of the room quite long enough for him to have done so if he'd had the strength; and there's things that will make even a dying man desperate, and give him strength to do what one 'ud think he was capable of doing. That's how you put it, I dare say, for you hunted everywhere. But you couldn't find it. It was as clean gone as if you had burned it."

He stopped, as if expecting Jordan to speak, but Jordan remained silent, his brows knit, his eyes fixed on Lavarick's crooked ones.

"Just then, after you'd been searching

"Just then, after you'd been searching for about a quarter of an hour, I heard foot steps outside. I knew they'd nab me if I stayed where I was, or if I went down. I'd got to come into the room, and I came." He laughed grimly.

"I thought you'd have a fit when you saw me open the window and step inside. You looked worse than you looked when I came in just now, and that's saying a great deal. Of course, you'd have given me up, but I had this little friend here"—and he tapped the table with the revolver—"and that kept you quiet for a moment, till I'd explained that I'd heard you and the old man and that if you off-red to give me up, I'd split on you."

up, I'd split on you."

Jordan bit his lips, but sin an speak.

"You were always a cool one, and you pulled yourselt together after a minute or two. It didn't take long to persuade you that the best thing you could do was to hide me in the cupboard there, get me a suit of your own clothes, and give me money enough to clear out of the country with. Once he's out of the way,' thought you, 'he won't dare to come back.' And you were right, Sir Jordan—up to a point. I left the house next mornleft the house next morn quite free and open like, they me for one of the undertaker's men, took me for one of the undertaker's men, I expect. There was all sorts of people coming and going, and I looked such a perfect gentleman, such a respectable card in your togs, that even it that idiot Trale had seen me he wouldn't have known me." And he laughed with keen enjoyment. "I got clear off, and never intended to come back, but —"He paused, and his face darkened. "Well, I got homesick, for one thing, and—"

and—"
"You thought you could blackmail me,"
said Jordan. "You are a fool! I have
listened patiently to your farrage of nonsense and absurdity—listened far more patiently than a judge or jury would do. Yes
you are a fool! Who do you think would
believe this cock-and-bull story of a second
will P A story told by an escaped convict!"
He laughed, contemptuously. "No such
will ever existed, excepting in your fertile
magination. The whole story is a concocion worthy of a scoundrel who committed

a clever forgery and escaped trom prison, a well known criminal whom it is my duty to hand over to the police."

Lavarick eyed him sideways, with an evil leer.

"I'm a fool, am IP" he said. "I dafe say, but not half such a fool as you, who forget that the will was witnessed, and that one of the witnesses—old Mrs. Parsons—is alive and kicking."

Jordan started, and the color which had been creeping back to his face deserted it sgain; but he forced a sneer.

"Very well," he said, "we'll admit the will, if you like; but you have lied in your version of what occurred—lied as a convict naturally would to serve his purpose and make his story complete. It was my father, who changed his mind and repented of the will, who burned it at the candle a few minutes before he died."

Lavarick smacked his leg with his hand.

Lavarick smacked his leg with his hand Lavarick smacked his leg with his hand.

"Pon my soul and body! that's a clever stroke of yours!" he exclaimed, as it with genuine admiration. "It's smart, right down smart. I couldn't have hit upon a neater idea myself. But "—he leaned forward and glanced cunningly with his evil eyes at Jordan—"it won't work. The old man didn't burn the will, because it's still in existence."

Jordan clinched his hands and kept his lips steady.

"That is a lie!" he said. "It it is in existence, where is it? who has got it? Oh.—!" For Lavarick's face answered him before he, Lavarick, could even snarl out: "I've got it!"

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

The Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., let an oath slip through his white lips.
"You have got it!" he stammered.

Bart., M. P., let an oath slip through his white lips.

"You have got it!" he stammered.

Lavarick smiled and nodded, and swung his toot to and fro with lezy sang-iroid.

"Yes, Sir Jordan, I've got it. When you'd gone outside to speak to the nurse I slipped in, picked up the will from the floor, where you'd dropped it, and slipped out of the window again. You thought I hadn't been in before when you saw me, and yet it seems eingular that a clever gentleman like you shouldn't have guessed what had become of it, doesn't it?"

Sir Jordan stood with downcast eyes, trying to realize what had bappened to him. This scoundrel, this escaped convict, a man whose daring equaled his cunning, had him, Sir Jordan, in his power! At a word he could produce the will and ruin Sir Jordan, for the loss of two thirds of the property, large as it was, would mean comparative ruin to a man in Jordan's position. A Cabinet Minister who means to be Premier wants all the money he can get. It is of no use for a politician to be clever unless he possesses the golden charm with which to buy opportunities for the display of his cleverness. Rich as he was, with all Sir Greville's money, Jordan could not afford to lose a penny, least of all the largest portion of his wealth.

Besides, the scandal! How his enemies—and what a host of them he had—would leap upon this story of the lost will with yells of delight, and swiftly send it round the world! Good-bve to greatness then for the Right Honorable Sir Jordan. His candle would be snuffed out once and for all. He would be ruined in purse and reputation, and this Neville, the half-brother whom he had always hated, and this unknown girl, would thrive and flourish at his expense.

The thought the vision called up by his reflections made him turn hot one moment and cold the next. At any cost, he must buy off the man and keep the money. But he would try a little defiance at first. He forced a smile at last—it had been rather long in coming—and looked up.

"For the sake of argument," he said, and he knew



SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

sounded thick and labored, "we will admit that you stole this will, but I scarcely see what use it can be to you." "You don't, eh?" remarked Lavarick, with a sinister grin.

"You don't, eh?" remarked Lavarick, with a sinister grin.
"No." said Jordan. "In the first place, you can scarcely produce it; you cannot account for its possession without laying yourself open to the charge of stealing it, to say nothing of running the risk, or, rather meeting the certainty of recapture." Lavarick smilad, "That's my lookout."
"You have been convicted of forgery once, let me remind you," continued Jordan, "and you will find it hard to prove this will which, of course, I shall declare to be false."

""Of course; but you forget Mrs. Parsons who witnessed it."
Jordan's eyes dropped.
"I forget nothing, my man," he said coolly; "but let us suppose that you can persuade a jury that this precious document is genuine (and I should fight it to the last penny; and remember, I am in possession, I have nine points of the law on my side). I can not see how that will help you to what you want—money. You say my half-brother Neville is benefited; he may be dead. I think it is not unlikely."
"He may," said Lavarick.
"And if he were alive, why should you

"And if he were alive, why should you denounce and ruin me for his sake, you who do not know him?"
"Never saw him," said Lavarick.

"Never saw him," said Lavarick.

"Good. The enly other person to be considered now is this girl, of whom I know nothing; nor you, I imagine. She may be dead, may have died even before the will was made."

Lavarick leaned forward with his hands resting on the table, and smiled triumphantly into Jordan's eyes.

"She's alive!" he said, slowly and emphatically.

"She's alive!" he said, slowly and emphatically.
Jordan winced and kept his eyes down.
"You say so!" he said. "You have got to prove it."
"And I can," returned Lavarick, Sir Jordan, I don't go much on Providence—I ain't a saint like you, who spechify at Exeter H811—but if ever I was inclined to be a reformed character, the way this thing has worked itself out would go far to convince me that there's something more convince me that there's something more thing has worked itself out would go far to convince me that there's something more than chance and luck in the world. Here am I, quite on chance, as you'd say, outside the window the night you were going to destroy the will; and here am I, years afterward, outside a tent in which the girl's father was dying. Oh, I knew him long ago, and I knew him again directly I heard his voice. Yes, there was the girl as was left a third of Sir Grenville's money—the daughter of the people he hounded to death—and there was I, happening on him at the other side of the world, and me with the wil in my possession that would make a rich woman of her. Ain't it wonderful, eh?'

a rica woman or net. After the woman and the heart of the myself up to the point, and I crossed the herring pond, and there, at the other end of the world, I came upon her. I should have missed her, perhaps forever, it I'd stopped on here. Do you think me lains 2.

it I'd stopped on here. Do you think me lying ?"
Jordan sneered.
"Well, I suppose that you are telling the truth," he said, "and that you found the girlto whom my tather lett this money. But you said—I imagine it slipped out unawares—that her father is dead."
"That's so," assented Lavarick.
Jordan smiled.
"You will find it difficult to prove her identity, my friend," he said.
"Shall I ?" retorted Lavarick with a

identity, my friend," he said.

"Shall I?" retorted Lavarick, with a sinister smile. "I think not! While she's alive sho can prove her identity anywhere, at any time. You want to know how? You sneer and snigger as it I was telling you something a child wouldn't believe. I'll tell you how: Just before her father died—mind, I was there; I'm telling you what I saw—he gave her the papers that would prove who she was. He told her to hide them until she was eighteen. He knew Sir Greville had sworn to ruin him and his, and he was afraid that the old man would hound the girl as he had done her father and mother. She was to hide the papers. I saw her put them in her knew." the papers. I saw her put them in her bosom—" He stopped, for Jordan had looked up with a keen glitter in his eyes.
"You've got those papers?" he said in a low, eager voice.
Lavarick's face tell for the first time, and

Lavarick's face fell for the first time, and he looked—well, quite ashamed and crestfallen as be struck the table and swore.

"I said I'll act on a square with you, and I will, No; I've not got 'em. I've risked my life for 'em, not once or twice only, and each time I've bees balked. But"—he uttered an awful oath—"I will have them yet!"

Jordan watched him closely. Lavarick's tone and manner convinced Jordan that he was speaking the truth—if not the whole of it.

Lavarick drew his hand across his mouth.

"Phew! this is dry work; and I've warmed myself up talking and thinking of all I've gone through. Let's have something to drink."

to drink."

Jordan showed no resentment at the insolently rough command, rather than request, but nedded almost pleasantly.

"You shall have some wine," he said.

"Curse your wine! Bring some brandy," said Lavarick, curtly.

"Certainly," said Jordan, and went softly out of the room.

Lavarick followed him to the door and looked round the handsome corridor, with its costly carpets and hangings, pictures and statuary.

"Ah!" he muttered. "Fill have a place as

and statuary.

"Ah!" he muttered," I'll have a place as good as this myself, presently."

Jordan came back, carrying a salver with a liquor bottle, a water carale and glasses, and a candle, and putting them on the table, waved his hand.

"Help yourself," he said, as he lighted the candle.

Lavarick poured out a liberal quanity of brandy and a very small quantity of water, and raised it to his lipe; but suddenly arrested the glass half-way, and, with a start, looked suspiciously at Jordan, who stoo! silently regarding him.

"Here!" said Lavarick, sharply. "Drink yourself."

Jordan shook his head.

"I do not drink," he said.

Lavarick sprung off the table and seized him by the throat.

"You mean livered hound!' he snarled. "You would, eh, would you ? I ll choke you first!"

Jordan struggled desperately, and succeeded in exclusing.

you first!"
Jordan struggled desperately, and succeeded in exclaiming:
"What are you doing? What is the mat-"Matter!' snarled Lavarick. "You've

drugged the liquor!

Jordan gasped a denial, his voice half choked; but Lavarick held the glass to his lips.
"Drink!" he said. "Drink, or I'll—"

and he caught up the revolver.

Jordan took the glass in his shaking

"You foel!" he said, trembling with rage at the indignity he had suffered. "Do you think I'd stoop to work with such tools as you note?"

"Never mind what I think? retorted Lavarick, sulkily. "Drink, and drink a good draught. I'd trust you. Sir Jordan Lynne, just as far as I could see you, no turther. You've had time to doctor the stuff, and if you haven't done it, why, you've no cause to refuse to drink it."

Jordan, with a gesture of contempt, gulped a draught or the strong mixture and set the glass down.

"Enough," he said; "my patience is exhausted. I'd rather give up everything than spend another quarter of an hour breathing the same air with you. The will—you have come to sell it; name your price; I will buy it here and now, or never."

Lavarick, still with smoldering rage, replenished his glass and glared at him.

"You won't? won't you?' he sneered.

"We'l see. And you think Pm such a fool as to trust myself in your company with the thing about me? Not me, Sir Jordan. I know you too well. I saw you smiling down at the old man as he lay a-dying there, and mocking him to his ace, and I know the kind of gentleman I've got to deal with. I rather trust a tiger than you, Sir Jordan, for all your snaky smile and smooth voice."

Jordan, writhing with impotent rage, beat the devil's tattoo with his foot.

"Don't try me too far," he said, threateningly; "I'm more than half inclined to bid you do your worst."

Lavarick sneered.

"How nice it would read in the papers, wouldn't it? "The great Sir Jordan Lynne and his father's will." I'm not sure that it isn't a case for a judge and jury and quod. You'd look well in the prison regimentals, Sir Jordan, and you wouldn't be so ready to talk of convicts, eh? But I'm as ready to talk of convicts, eh? But I'm as ready for business as you are. Here's my terms; I'n part with the will to you—as you're an old friend—for five-and-twenty thousand pounds."

Jordan laughed bitterly and mockingly.

"I expected some such preposterous attempt at blackmail," he said. "I refuse. Do your worst. I defy you, and I regret that 1 have not done what I should have done the moment you forced your way in—handed you over to the pol

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., sunk into a chair as the evil face of Lavarick, alias Jem Banks, dis-appeared below the window-sill, and cover-

appeared below the window-sill, and covered his eyes with his hands.

What he had feared for so long—ever since that awful night when the old man had died—had come to pass at lest.

For years he had expected Banks, the man who had witnessed the death-bed scene, to turn up and levy blackmail upon him, and the man had turned up, and matters were even worse than londary inters. scene, to turn up and levy blackmail upon him, and the man had turned up, and matters were even worse than Jordan's imag nation had painted them, for Banks not only knew of the existence of the will, which would have been awkward enough for Jordan, but actually had it in his possession.

which would have actually had it in his possession.

If he had only kept away a few weeks longer—until Jordan had secured Audrey and her large fortune—he might have set the ruffian at defiance, laughed his story to scorn, and declared the will a forgery. There would have been a scandal, of course, but Jordan would have afforded to play a bold game.

But now, just on the eve, so to speak, of the marriage which was to put the coping-stone to the edifice of Fortune which he had built up with so much care and toil and cunning cleverness, he dared not defy the man. And yet, to give up so large a sum, so big a lump of the money he had pouched! He shuddered—actually shuddered—as he thought of it.

Poor Sir Jordan! It is to be hoped that all will sympathize with a good man struggling with adversity.

What was to be done? There were two persons whom he had cheated—

Neville and this girl, the daughter of the woman Sir Greville had wasted to marry. Neville might be dead; if so, he, Jordan, would be his heir. That was all right; but this girl? Banks had stated that he knew she was alive, and that he could prove her claim. Give up a third of the Lynne money and all the famous jewels to an unknown girl! Oh, impossible!

The perspiration poured down poor Jordan's face as he sat in the darkened room trying to find a way out of his difficulties.

It he could gain possession of the will and—snd—put Banks out of the way! He looked round with a shiver as the idea struck him, then shook his head. The rufflian was a match for him at low cunning and more than his equal at violent measures.

Most there were only two courses open to him—either to dety Banks, or to pay him the sum of money he demanded. And even it he took the latter course he could not be sure that he had got rid of the soundrel. That sort of man would be sure to squander the money and turn up again at intervals for more blackmail.

oe sure to squander the money and turn up again at intervals for more blackmail.

He got up from the chair at last, and felt so weak and giddy that he could scarcely stand. His neck was bruised and aching from the effect of the ruffiian's attack on him; the room reeked of brandy; Jordan himself felt as if he had been contaminated by the man's touch and presence.

He gathered the liquor-bottle and glasses together, fastened the window carefully, and crept back to his own reom.

The reflection of his own face in the looking-glass almost frightened him, it was so white and haggard and desperate. He could hear the man's hard, strident voice still, could still feel his fingers about his throat. Oh, if something would only happen to the ruffian, if he had only fallen from the window and broken his neck!

No man ever wished another dead more ervently than Jordan wished his foe at that moment. He went to a drawer and took

moment. He went to a drawer and took out a revolver—a pretty, dainty little weapon which, for all its prettiness, was deadly enough at close quarters and balanced it in his hands, then he flung it in the drawer with a sigh and a groan of contempt. empt.
Twenty revolvers could not help him

against such a man as this convict, who could give him fifty up at any game of that kind and beat him easily.

"The will, the will!" muttered Jordan.
"If I could only get that the rest would be

easy!"
He undressed himself at last and crept into bed and lay there stark, staring wide awake, his brain hard at work over the problem which must be solved, and at when his valet knocked in the morning

When his valet knocked in the morning the Right Honorable Sir Jordan got out of bed and looked in the glass and decided that he could not get up. There was a line of dark marks round his throat, his face

that he could not get up. There was a line of dark marks round his throat, his face was white, his eyes bloodshot.

He went to the door, and, without unlocking it, said that he was unwell and would rest for awhile, and crept back to bed again, and groaned as he thought how happy, triumphant and victorious, how confident of the fature he had felt yesterday! He had intended going back to town to-day and engaging an architect and setting the upnolsterers to work, and in the evening he was to address a large charity meeting, and now here he was, with this hideous secret of his sitting like a nightmare ou his chest.

He could not go to town, and could not leave Lynne until he had seen Banks again and come to some terms with him.

After an hour or two he got up and wrote the tollowing note to Audrey:

"Dearest Audrey,—I find myself detained at Lynne by business connected with some of the tenants whom, much as I long to be back by your side, I must not neglect. The care and welfare of his tenants should be one of the first duties of a landlord, and I am humbly trying to fulfill it. I trust, dearest, that these good negonle, where

be one of the first duties of a landlord, and I am humbly trying to fulfill it. I trust, dearest, that these good people, whose comfort and happiness so much depend upon those above them, will soon have one in their midst who will, I know, prove a true and tender-hearted friend to them. Yes, Audrey, here, alone, I am looking forward with eagerness to the hour—soon to arrive, I trust—when I shall have an angel by my side as helpmate and wite. Dearest Audrey, for the sake of others beside myselt our wedding must take place soon. I would say at once, but that I fear to startle you. I hope to return in a day or two and to hear from your own sweet lips that you will consent to make me the lips that you will consent to make me the happiest and most fortunate of men before many weeks have passed. Your devoted lover,

JORDAN."

happiest and most fortunate of men before many weeks have passed. Your devoted lover,

He sent this to the post at once, but he did not admit his valet until late in the afternoon, and when he did so he was dressed and had a silk handkerchief wound round his throat.

The man was startled at his master's appearance, which presented so striking change to that of yesterday, and suggested a docter; but Jordan declined medical aid.

"It think I must have got a chill," he said, "and—ahem! it has settled in my throat. I shall be all right in a few hours. If—if any one should come—I am expecting a person from London on political business—let him be shown into my dressing room. I don't think I will go downstairs today."

The valet went down to the servants' hall, puzzled and perplexed.

"He was all right last night," he remarked, "but he looks to-day as if he'd been on the spree for a month."

Jordan kent to his dressing-room, to

ed, "but he looks to-day as if he'd been on the spree for a month."

Jordan kept to his 'dressing-room, to which his letters and dispatch-box were brought; but for once the eminent statesman completely neglected public business and paced the room restlessly, or sat with his head leaning on his hand, his brows knit into a brouding frown.

The valet lighted the candles at dusk and brought the cup of beef-tes which Jordan had ordered, and Jordan was making an attempt to dispose of it when the man re-

and ho repetit ity P W his hea his toil upon 1 there,

old,

Am a ye

rock

testi. Glad

·H

hymn from

has g

auspe

that

high, what t

haustil What

perhaps court, of ambit there, to find wing be at re striking

best feel we post Gladston

winged

ence of t the mine They hav -inexha Boyle, possible Scripture osophy,'
'There a compared

any age law, or di

alt the p

faith.' What is soul,' as I crisis and should dra ure house guidance. it be for o truth-by engraved o power in th our forefat

Light' in l those time

and cotta

ment. Th tures struck guage of hu

### Sunday Reading.

THE SCRIPTURE ROCK.

The following is from the London News of late date and is particularly interesting just now. The reminiscence we gave a fortnight since of Mr. Gladstone's simple but full testimony to his estimate of 'the old, old story in an old, old Book,' as expressed in an address at Greenwich twenty years ago, has naturally created mu interest. We may further call attention to an extract from a preface to an American work on bible history, written a year or two since by Mr. Gladstone, on the authority of the bible as the divine revelation of truth—'the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture.' It will render great service to those who have to deal with the frivolous and captious objections to the Scriptures raised by some who would, nevertheless, attach weight to the testimony of such an authority as Mr. Gladstone. The clergy might read it with great advantage from their pulpits; not a and teachings concern. This fall and this hearer would fail to listen. Mr. Gladstone wrote-

'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' As they have lived and wrought, so they will live and work. From the teacher's chair and from the pastor's pulpit; in the humblest hymn that ever mounted to the ear of God from beneath a cottage roof, 'their sound has gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.' Nor here slone, but in a thousand, silent and unsuspected forms they will unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that times without number, particular portios of scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance or of warning? What crisis what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure house its proper supply? What profession, what position is not daily and hourly enriched by these words, which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utter. ance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil. And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the bible will be its several words how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market-place, when every thought of every souls seems to be set upon the excitement of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure there, too, even there, the still small voice of the holy bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by same blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and

We have seldom read anything more striking and practical, or more truly eloquent, than this expression of the heart's best feelings as to the precious inheritance we possess in the Word of God. Mr. Gladstone thus confirms the experience of the wisest of men in all ages, who have studied or digged into the bible as the miner digs beneath the soil for gold. They have found its treasures unsearchable—inexhaustible. 'The bible,' exclaims Boyle, 'is a matchless volume; it is im- slight protection from cold and rain. possible we can study it too much, or .Me w Scriptures of God the most sublime philosophy,' is the testimony of Newton. 'There are no songs,' says Milton, to 'be compared with the songs of Zion.' 'There never was found,' writes Lord Bacon, 'in any age of the world, either religion or law, or discipline, that did so highly exalt the public good as the Chrisiain faith.

What is needed is that 'each human soul, as Mr. Gladstone says, 'in every crisis and trouble and perplexity of life should draw from this inexhaustible treasure house its proper supply of comfort, of guidance, or of warning.' Happy would it be for our country and the age if bible truth—by the teaching of the Holy Spirit engraved on the heart and witnessed in the conscience—became more and more a power in the life. We want to read it as our forefathers read it when Tynedale's New Testament became a 'Dayspring of Light' in England in 1526. We read of those times: 'In the parsonage and in the convent cells, but particularly in shops and cottages, a crowd of persons were studying the New Testament. The clearness of the Holy SerinThin in flesh? Perhaps it's

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Codliver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

50c. and \$r.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Tor

in those divine writings. 'It is to me, for me, and of me that this book speaks.' said each one. 'It is I whom all these promises restoration—they are mine. That old death and this new life-I have passed through them. That flesh and that spirit-I know them. This law and this grace this faith, these works, this slavery, this glory, this Christ, this Belial-all are familiar to me It is my own history that I find in this book. Thus, by the aid of the Holy Ghost-the alone Interpreter to the heart of the Divine Revelation-each one had in his own experience a seal to the truth of the Gospel."

THE LEPERS OF INDIA

The Deplorable Condition of These Unfor tunate, afflicted ones.

At every crowded street corner in the large cities of Central and Northern India. in every thronged thoroughfare, by the gates of the temples, or on the market place, they are to be seen; bent, decrepit, with haggard pain-worn faces, and clothed in miserable rags.

One has to conquer repulsion even to stop and talk with them, for they look still more forbidding at near sight. The black glazed stumps from which the toes have been rotted away, the manmed hands in all stages of decay, some with the first joints gone, some without fingers, and hardly able to grasp their rude crutches, and worse still the festeriog sores tound with dirty rags; the marred faces and blinded eyes-oh, how the weight of human suffering and human misery presses upon one's soul as he real zes the terrible condition of the lepers.

There are some among the people of India who do not insist on the lepers leaving the home, but for the most part they are outcasts, wandering beggars, without friend or shelter. At times they can work as watchmen, but for the most part their disease forbids all manuel labor and they are thrown on the cold charity of unfeeling India.

In the city of Ujjain where they congregate in such great numbers on account of its being a holy city, their haunts are the shallow stone alcoves down by the riverside, through whose unprotected openings the damp mist pours in during the rainy eason, and on whose inhospitable! floors with nothing to cover them but their thin cotton rags they have to spend the long nights of the cold season

Even this miserable shelter is at tim denied them, and out on the bare stones or pressed up under the eaves against the wall their fevered burned bodies seek

It is computed that in some parts one out of every two hundred people is a leper, and when one remembers that as a rule they leave the villiages and congregate in the centres of population, it is easily seen how nemerous in some of these centres they oftentimes must be.

Few sights are sadder than the leper groups, especially in the ragged, dirty and poverty sricken condition in which India's people have left them. Can you wonder that men have felt the sight of them haunting their minds for days and that human nature turns from them in disgust.

And yet Jesus did not. The 'unclear unclean' had no terrors for him. His heart went out to them in their sorrow, he stretched forth his hand and touched them.

There seems a hunger in these poor souls for the Christ message and a readin-ess to receive it, and the results among them rre often quick and true. They had been teaching a number of them every morning at the Mission Hospital, Ujjain, and it was my great privlege one day to be called up as a member of session to examine six of them for baptism.

We questioned them carefully and close-ly and decided to baptize them all. Mr. Jamieson tells of the day on which they ment. The clearness of the Holy Scrip-tures struck each reader. It was the lan-guage of human life which they discovered trembling and afraid, for, however much

they despised them, the Hindus did not want even lepers to become Christians, and had filled their minds with the stories of the awful things that would happen them on the day of baptism. Fearful and yet determined they rose and with their stumps of hands pulled off their turbans to receiv the visible sign of union with Christ, sur-

prised and yet joyful at its simplicity. The persistency with which these converts, dull witted on account of their disease, pored over their letters till they learned to read, their regularity at church which they would wrap up so carefully in a cloth for the purpose, their desire to pro-claim the message and have others share in their joy, were surely a sufficient reward for the hours spent in teaching them and leading them to Christ.

But to treat them properly and carry on this work most successfully the lepers should be segregated. Not only are they thus better cared for and made more comfortable, but they are away from outside influences, away from the grasp of caste and more ready to follow the Spirit's guidance.

For the sake of others also, that the disease may not spread, is this segregation necessary. To this end leper hospitals or asylums have been erected in many places throughout India, some under govern and some under missionary control. The ideal home of the leper, however, is that under Christian influence.

A pathetic story is told of several lepers coming to an asylum and not being dmitted by the native doctor, becau they were christians. For eight days they sat out on the roadside, unwilling to deny their faith, till at last their constancy was rewarded and the doctor gave in through fear of his conduct being reported to the

Nor could anything be more ideal than some of those comfortable yet inexpensive leper hospitals which have been built. Good food, comfortable shelter, and clean surroundings, with these and the blessed gospel to cheer and bring its message of hope, life is renewed to the poor sufferers.

Sure, Safe, to Use.

Diamond Dyes are the popular dyes in every home of the civil zed world. They are sure and reliable under all circum stan es, giving the choicest, most brilliant and most lasting colors.

Diamond Dyes are the safest to use in the home; no poisonous ingredients to irritate the hands are ever used in the composition of these famed dyes. Common package dyes are largely composed of dangerous materials.

Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that

package dyes are largely composed of dan-gerous materials.

Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that a child can dye as successfully as a grown person. Beware of commom and crude dyes sold for the sake of large profits. In-sist upon having the Diamond Dyes and you will have happy results.

Their Little Ways.

A lady was telling her husband about a ecent passage-at-arms with another woman. 'You see,' she said, 'l've known who she was all my life, but I'd never met her until the other day at the house of a comnon friend we were introduced.

'Oh, Mrs. A.' she cried, 'I'm delighted to meet you. Miss B. has spoken of you

to me so many times.'
'Now, although I have the misfortune of knowing Miss B., I don't much fancy the notion of her posing as one of my friends, and I suppose I showed it. At all events, the woman froze at once. But she goteven with me the next time we met, for she pretended not to see me, and when she could no longer evade bowing, she said:—
'Dear me, Mrs. A. I thought you were Mrs. C.'—Mrs. C. being, as you know, one of the plainest women in town."
The husband smiled thoughtfully. 'How well you women understand each other,' be said. 'Well, it's a good thing that to me so many times.'
'Now, although I ha

well you women understand each other,' be said. 'Well, it's a good thing that you do, for it is certainly more than anybody

"For over eleven years I suffered terribly with Dyspepsia and tried every-thing I could think of, but got no relief until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have been so ever I feel as if B. B. B. had saved my life." Mrs. T. G. JOYCE, Stanhope,

B. B. B. cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Kidney Disease, and makes the blood rich, red and pure. It is a highly concentrated vegetable compound.

One teaspoonful is the dose for adults; 10 to 30 drops for children. Add the water yourself.



# PURE BLOODED Your horse will look twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone him up with

DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a full size package, as sample postpaid, for price 25 its.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul Street, M

**EVERY FARMER WANTS** 

The Celebrated and Popular work, Entitled

# Manning's Illustrated Book

Cattle, Sheep and Swine.

300,000 Sold at \$3.00 per Copy

READ OUR GREAT OFFER.



OUR OFFER loady \$2.00 we now offer to send this great work a sleekty cheaper

Think Of it?

MANNINGS BOOK.

All for Only

Send by Postal Order or Postage Stamps \$2.00 at once and secure this unrivalled and useful premium

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE. Courage and Tact Will Get a Man out

To show that courage, self-command, and tact will generally get a man out of a dangerous situation or an awkward predicament, Emily Mayer Higgins has collected a number of true incidents (in Lippin-

cott's for April.) Here are a couple:

Many years ago, the late Dr. Shippen,
of Philadelphia, lett[his house in the early morning and was hurrying down the street, when he noticed a singular and ferocious-looking man,] whose gaze was fastened upon him. With instinctive politehat, and past on-when suddenly he heard shot. Turning, the j tound that the stranger had just left his home with the insane intention of killing the first man he met. He was the first man; but his absolute fearlessness and constitutional as well as cultivated courtesy had put the man off his guard, and the next passer-by had caught the bullet intended for him. That smile and bow had saved his life.

When the country was a century young-er, and the Indian was yet in the land, a gentleman upon the then frontier was hunting with friends. got separated from them, and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still farther into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense torest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree, and slept profoundly. In the morning he awoke with a start, with that indescribale feeling that some one was looking at him, and, glancing up, he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the leade of the band, in warpaint and feathers, was

bending over him in no amiable mood.

He took in the situation at a glance—knew his immediate danger, and had no means of averting it; neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was selt-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even

under war-paint and feathers 'a man's a man for a' that.' He fixed his clear, bold eye upon the Indian, and—smiled! Gradually the fierceness past away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. Both were men—both were brothers—and he was saved! The The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends.

The Friends of Trees.

In Nice, France, there is a society called "The Friends of Trees." The forests and mountains being slmost completely devasted and denuded in the Maritime Alphs by the axe of the peasant, a price is given to landowners who plant trees on vacant spots, and an annual Alpine fete gives a donation of £20 to the society or individual who plants the largest number.

Your Symptoms

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

Dr. HARVEY'S Anti-Bilious & Purgative

**PILLS** 

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

e 33 pills for 23c. For sale everywhere.
Or 1 box sent as sample on receipt of 25c.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO.,

#### Notches on The Stick

the editor of the Home Journal (N. Y.) to induce a sigh, and to determine my evening meditation. It was to inform me ot the death of my venerated friend, Ray.

Dwright Williams. Was it indeed time
for him to lay aside the garment of mortality preparatory to his celestial initiation into the mystery our heart chiefly craveth? It must be even so! And yet, I give thanks for the assurance that, except in the mortal seeming, it is not for such as he

When such depart, though we hasten to make our record, that is often futile. It is the record they have made that availeth. To be missed and mourned and regretted by those whose source of light has waned, whose moral and social comfort has fallen away—this is tribute before which all our eulogies and elegies are but dewless and faded flowers. For, though it belongs not to me to do it, and I may but arrogate the task, it may be justly said that our friend's life is well expressed by the term, GOODNESS. His was innoncy of life, which, by excellent practice and the following of the christian ideal, had matured to virtue. I can testify that his pure and genial influence touched with brightness and warmth those who were privileged to come only within its outermost sphere, -for so did it touch me. The term of our acquaintance has been brief, (some five years), and my impression of him was remotely received; and yet I believe the truth of what I assert: he was a good man, excellently gifted.

In casting about for terms fit to describe him, the words of Crabbe occur to me; where he speaks of Isaac Ashford:

where he speaks of Isaac Ashford:

"Noble he was, contenning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serens;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned.
And with the firmest had the fondest mind;
Were others joyful, he looked smilling on,
And gave allow ance where he needed none;
Good he retused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast.
No envy stung, no jealously distressed;
Yet far was he from stole pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved."

With all his sweetness and saintliness his

With all his sweetness and saintliness his character was full of flavor. His mind was enriched with the choicest treasures of literature and art, and well he loved to discourse upon such themes. He helped to make life pleasant, to make it hopeful. He was a blessing to his household mates: and they who knew him most intimately Hard a minister prominent in the Con-nexional society of church extension of our church, told me, when recently at our Annual Conference, that he had long been shaped his idea of the divine Saint John.

zenovia, N. Y., April 26, 1824; where it was terminated, June 13, 1898. He was Brigham and was descended from English ancestors, who came to America in 1635. pleasant and poetical to me. Still maintain His great-grand-father was a soldier in the French and Indian wars, and an officer in French and Indian wars, and an officer in the war of the Revolution—having been from living, as thou hast over my spirit, and teach me to live, and to cease from living, as thou hast over my spirit, and teach me to live, and to cease from living, as thou hast over my spirit, and teach me to live, and to cease from living, as thou hast one. moted at Ticonderoga. His grandfather

ious ministry in the methodist | Ton episcopal church, of which he was for many years a faithful, devoted pastor and preacher. Every benevolent and righteous cause found in him an advocate, and to improve society and advance the public preacher's most active responsibility ceases; but from his enforced ratirement he frequently issued in person to engage in the work which had become his habit and which he so greatly loved.

He has long and favorably been known as a writer in the religious press, and as a poet. The discerning reader will have appraised the artistic skill and the lyric spirit of many a rich morsel of verse he from time to time gave the public. In many a home is doubtless treasured some volume of rondeaux's, sonnets, and hymns, or some delicate booklet, or single poem clipped from the journal in which it appear-

# No Gripe

# Hood's

ed, which will testify to the talent and in dustry of this gifted and good man. His work appeared in many papers and magazines, but most frequently, perhaps, in the two Christian Advocates published in his native State, and in the Home Journal.

For his domestic life, he found and lost a loving woman, and lived for some time in loneliness, but with loving friends ever near him. Of four children three survive to cherish his hallowed memory,-Dwight Williams, Jr.; Miss Susan B. Williams, and Mrs. R. Vernam Barto.

I take down from their place from their shelf above my desk two booklets, the gift of my friend, and neatly bound by his own deft and busy fingers. Can it be that they are busy no longer ? These white pages hold his rondeaux and sonnets, and are beautifully printed. They picture the avenues and green lawns about "Owabgea" the poetical Indian name of Cazenovia Lake; Elfin Dell, with its "delicious water fall that breaketh o'er the mossy wall;' the "Bar of the Columbia," with its "pathe of all flags." haunted ever by the "wings of white gulls," and many another de-lightful scene. One of those booklets is dedicated to his son with the simple lines:

<sup>46</sup>Thy thought takes color, mine seeks rhyme, But tint and tone are still one chime.

"Thy pencil and thine easel tell What I could wish to write as well. "If I have caught a vision clear, May I translate it to thine ear?"

The other is dedicated to his daughter, Mrs. Barto, and begins with this expression of fatherly love:

sion of fatherly love:

"My child, thy love to me is as a star
That shineth through the distances serene,
And thus it drew me to fair Paget's sheen,
To look with thee across the wondrons bar
Where come the ships, stormed-bruised wit
strain and jar,
To rest like me behind the mountain-screen,
Harbor to me in thy sweet eye-light seen
With gorgeous vision from the outline far;
A thousand leagues from paths 1 only knew,
What revelations far beyond my dreams
Of the Pacific world with vistas through,
That led my soul to new, unthought-of themes,
Thou wert the magnet child, that fondly drew
Me thence. In love's Northwest the star still
gleams."

I turn to the opening page, whereon is

I turn to the opening page, whereon is imprinted the figure of my gracious friend, knew him most favorably. Dr. Manly S. seated in his easy chair against a background of books and drapery. He holds in his hand a paper, which he seems to peruse intently. Is this the study in the eminary of Cazenovia, whence came to his friend and household intimate, and that me those occasional notes, those confifrom such an actual character he had dential and brotherly letters, and those souvenirs, now so choice and precious that The incidents of his life among us, sub- I can never add to their number? Sit ject to our record, are few and brief. That there before me, my friend, till the light life began in the beautiful village of Ca-shall fade from mine eyes. I will still dream of thee as living,-for living thou art,and I will believe that thy gentle presence the son of Elijah Williams and of Sophia still haunts the shady walks of thy natal village, whose very name has something the noble ascendancy thou hast over my

moted at Ticonderoga. His grandfather
was a corporal in the war of 1776 and of
1812.

The greater part of his life was that devoted to distinctive reform work, and to
the religious science with the religious science and purity of mind;
Devout, yet cheerful; active, yet resigned;
Grant me like thee, whose heart knew no disguise.
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise.

A memorial window has recently been placed in the Church of the Transfiguration New York City, in honor of Edwin Booth, welfare employed his tongue and pen. He had reached the bound of life where a of the Players' club, of which he was the first president, and is the work of Mr. John LaFarge. "It is in the form of a single lancet, and represents an actor seated, musing upon the mask which he has just taken from his face; the whole theme conveying the beautiful idea that the soul of the actor's own personality must be revealed when the personality he has assumed has had its short career. The true spirit is thus seen gazing upon the assumed spirits, (the former eternal, the latter transitory): a meditation which leads to the highest flights of imagination and to the most inspired hopes of a beautiful attainable goal. 'Vanitas Vanitatum' is the title of the picture. On the lower part of the window is the quotation:

As one in suffering all suffereth nothing, A man that fortune buffets and rewards Has ta'en with equal thanks,

neath the verse are the lines: "To the glory of God, in loving memory of Edwin Booth, this window has been placed here

Next to a human life, or that of an innocent and helpless animal, I hold sacred the life of a tree. If it be one of noble stateliness, or venerable age,—one of "Those green-robed senato's of mighty woods,"-I look with the deeper disfavor on whomsoever will lift an axe to do it needless harm. To cut down a tree that stands for shade and ornament, the pride of many an eye, is an impiety to be re-sented; it is wantoness, or a barren theft; it argues insensibility,—a barrenness of the heart and of fancy, a want at once of sentiment and of tenderness. I love to greet my neighbor; I love to lift my hat in deference to a lady; but when she has slain her brother in his green leaves, I look askance at her. Such a lack of reverence for our kinsmen, and our superior in age, is ill-seeming in a man, but expressly so in a woman. Therefore we shall not be first to welcome on her return that masculine spinster who be fore leaving for her summer vacation doomed without reprieve, though many a plea had been offered, one of our magnificent elms, because it could not avoid her root, and would cast its moisture on her shingles. She acknowledges no error, discourses eloquently of what she terms 'holiness," is well versed in the sacred science of eschatology, and would do about right to her fellow-man; but I fear she cannot be convinced of her duty to a tree, with only a dryad for a soul. But I, who lapse so often, and have so tremulous a liver, would as soon have slain my grandmother. I, even I, who am versed in that art, would have taken a public collection to hire the moss scraped from her roof, or to replace the rotted shingles, and I feel sure the community would have supported my laudable efforts. The roof-tree may be caused quickly to grow again; but how shall her withering brow sur-vive it unconscious shame, and witness the return of what she could banish in a single hour ! Shade of George P. Morris we summon thee to avert such another vandal act. But, alas! she who would not sing a profane song, nor listen to it, must miss your sweet moral, and can never

know your mind on the subject:

Coleridge points out the imaginative vigor of a really sublime passage in that nearly forgotten poem,—usually diffuse in its topographical minuteness,—the "Polyolbion" of Drayton. The English forests of his day had been decimated, and poetlike he expresses his resentment:

"Our trees so hacked above the ground, That where their lofty tops the neighboring countries crowned, Their trunks like aged tolks, now bare and naked

for revage to heaven each held a witheted

With the comning of these verses, we m to see the ghost of our vanished elm, lifting, up his arms making his silent appeal

Our cheerful correspondent, Mrs. Bryan discourses pleasantly of the forest country of Indiana: "The country about Memphis nev er looked so beautiful. Both Silver Creek and Plue Lick have been brimming nearly all the springtime, and their wide valleys are fresh, green, and flower-strown. Oh. wish your poet-friend, who sang so sweety of The Woods of Maine; might see our Southern Indiana woods in the sweet June-

'The woods of Indiana, How pleasantly they rise,' sang Mrs. Sarah R. Bolton, many years ago. But, alas! I have forgotten the

song,—can only recall four more tines: The paw-paw rears its silver shaft
Above the mandrake green,
And bounding o'er the fa.len tree
The graceful deer is seen.'

The graceful deer does not bound to any great extent to-day: hunters from the falls cities have conspired to prevent such acrobatic performances by these woodland gymnasts; but in my childhood deer ranged over the Knob country, black It is a gem. It is like Carman, only betof the panther was not infrequently heard, making us little folks curl up very small under the bed-clothes. All the face of the country is so changed by cultivation that the favorite haunts of my childhood are now strange and unfamiliar in aspect. Near my old home, Blue Lick, two miles from Memphis, was a five hundred acre tract of woodland. It was perfectly wild, no axe being permitted to swing there, and the forest growth was massive and towering. Such mighty sycamores grew along the banks of the Blue Lick! I measured one 23 feet in circumference

TIRED? OH, No. This soap greatly lessens the work It's pure soap, lathers freely. rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet

and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well. What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new sub-scribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to Progress for \$2.50. This book is handsomely bound in different colors and prefusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Apply At Once To\_ "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B. 

near the base of the trunk; -truly a Forest Queen, laying her white arms about the grove. Do you know the sycamore possesses wonderful vitality. About twelve years ago a cousin of mine-(nine-tenths of the people there are my cousins,) for his own amusement had run a telephone line to the house of a friend. Among the poles set was one sycamore. It is now a large tree, and until a few years past the cross-piece through which the wires ran could be seen among the branches. Walking in a thick grove of young trees on the banks of Silver Creek, not long ago, I found four sycamores growing straight and tall, and to my surprise saw they were branches of a large fallen tree. The mother trunk had almost decayed, a small portion projecting over the stream alone being intact. Crumbling, touchword, it was still feeding the strong young trunks that upbore their crowns of verdure high above the thicket,—an illustration of the maternal instinct in vegetable life."

Our friend, Dr. Benjamin F. Lesgett, ontemplates withdrawal from the work of teaching, at Ward, Penn., -it may be to devote himself more exclusively to the literary vocation. "Yesterday I attended" he writes in a recent letter, "the meeting he writes in a recent letter, "the meeting I in manner, and loud of the Delaware County Historical Society, of things. Like Admiral Sampson he has at the West House on the Swarthmore seen a good deal of active service. He College grounds. The old house where Benjamin West was born, in 1738, is now College grounds. The old house where Benjamin West was born, in 1738, is now occupied by one of the College professors. The Historical Society met there yesterday and had a regular field day. Several addresses were delivered on Benjamin West, and our poet friend,—J. Russell Hayes, gipia, was married in 1819 and the service of the service. He service is said that his extreme readiness to fight on the least occasion somewhat retarded his promotion in the past. One of decrease were delivered on Benjamin West, and our poet friend,—J. Russell Hayes, gipia, was married in 1819 and the service. He our poet friend, -J. Russell Hayes, of the college,—read a poem, a copy of which I hope to send you later. It was a perfect day, and we had a splendid time. . . Did I mention to you a poem on

We are of one kindred, wherever we be,—
Dumb alongthe high road or fashioned in the brain
Once my flesh was beaten from the white sand by
the sea;
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain !
Red dust and yellow dust, whither shall we go?
Up the road and by the sea and through the hearts
of man!

of men i

Red dust and yellow dust, when the great wind
blow,

We shall meet and mingle, pass and meet again.' And so it goes for thirteen stanzas, though one or two are repeated with slight

I have read The Rubaiyeat, and have not gone crazy over it. Here is the forty-

When you and I behind the vell are past,
Oh but the long, long while the world will last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds,
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast,"

Of certain of Carman's verses it may be said there is a resemblance to the above, though Carman, it is likely, wrote earli-

A wandering wind and blown away.'
again in "Pulvis et Umbra": For man walks the world with mour Down to death and leaves no trace, With the dust upon his forehead, And the shadow in his face." We will close this paper with the latest onnet of Prof. Leggett:

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

The lapping waves from out the dewy dark,
The flinty pebbles rattle at my feet;
Beyond the lake one shy faint star I greet
Above the hills the hearing shadows mark,
And inland reels the fire-fly's measured spari And island reels the fire-fly's measured spark:
The night wind comes with cool caresses sweet—
A blessed boon for weary labor meet,
To hush the lips of fevered care and cark.
The stars increase:—the waves to silence creep
And hill and mountain wear a quiet gleam,
The lake is folded in her starry sleep.—
A sheet of white mist drawn across her dream;
While peep-frogs piping from the reedy mere
Ripple the cool dusk with a note of cheer.

Paston Fill.

No better cough remedy is on the market than Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Commodore Schley, the commander of the American "Flying Squadron," is a jovial, opened-hearted man, free and easy ginia, was married in 1891 to Mr. Ralph Stuart Wortley, a nephew of the Earl of Wharncliffe.

### A HEALTHY WOMAN.



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kid-neys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, list-lessness, all signs of sness, all signs of

Doan's Kidney Pills Tone and regulate the kidneys and help then to throw off the poisons from the

Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dr. Ont., says: "For years I suffered dropsical trouble which caused me distress. I heard of Doan's Eddney and got a box of them at Switzer's Come. Refore companying to take

It rice i eye a ed wi reliev it is t

put a

Fe

object

they

yea in tice mea fine has that

70

journe herd actual no pro urchin piece been, it stra throw before boy I

good, Not where an exp were b couple where of rice and of bride's

grains, to cho with sho would h law, an why not the bett comes i

Wom collecte when on

for new

1847 ARE G

### Woman and Her Work

I wonder when some legislator who is yearning for distinction, will show a niche yearing for distinction, will show a mone in the temple of fame by making the practice of throwing rice at weddings a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment or fine, if not a criminal offence? So much has been said and written on the subject, that it is really a wonder some decided action has not been taken long ago. I suppose like the charivari in country districts, and the unpleasant ceremony con-nected with the observance of Hallow Eve, it is one of the barbarisms of civilization which the law has little power to touch. But still it is a well established fact that serious injuries have frequently resulted from the senseless and vulgar custom, and that many a bride groom's purse has been considerably lightened by the oculist's and aurist's bill for services which it was ren-

I think I have referred before to the case of the bridegroom who as the result of rice throwing was obliged to spend three weeks of the honeymoon in an hospital under active treatment for an injury to his eye so severe as to require an operation, who suffered much agony from a grain of rice lodging in her ear that she was threatened with permanent deafness, and was only relieved after an operation. Surely when such instances as these can be brought for ward of the danger attending the custom it is time some active means were taken to put a stop to it !

Few people would be so childish as to object to having a few handfuls of rice thrown after them by their friends when they were departing on their wedding journey; but when it comes to the vulgar herd who are utterly unknown to them, actually committing assault and battery on them by pelting them with dangerous missiles, it is hard to submit quietly, and does seem very strange that the law offers no protection against it.

knew of a case myself where a street urchin tied up a bage of rice into a tight ball about as hard and as dangerous as a piece of rock the same size would have been, and watching his opportunity flung it straight into the bride's face with all his might, just as she was stepping on the train. Fortunately her husband saw him throw it and by a quick motion caught it before it struck her. He also caught the boy I am happy to say, and the hearty shaking that imp received did one's heart good, and probably taught the boy a lesson.

Not long ago I was present at a wedding where the bride had almost as unpleasant an experience. Just as the wedding party bidding farewell to the newly wedded couple before the train moved out, a rough looking girl forced her way to the spot where the bride stood, and flung a bagful of rice with great violence directly at the back of her head. She was so close to her victim that the blow was a very severe one, and of course the paper broke at once, sending a shower of rice down the unlucky bride's back. But of course it was merely s wedding custom and there was no redress. Now rice is one of the heaviest of grains, and as a missile there is very little to choose between it and shot. I feel other maliciously and at close quarters with shot, "the party of the second part" would have good grounds for an action at law, and if shot is recognized as a missile, why not rice? The subject is really one ch calls for attention, and the sooner our law-makers turn their attention to it, the better for society at large, which often comes in for a share of the danger-and for newly married people in particular.

Women nurses are proverbially cool and collected in danger and at all times, so when one does loss her wits temporarily it

is generally very funny.

A short time since Miss For one of the

13



THE HEART IS THE **ELECTRIC** MOTOR OF THE SYSTEM

THE DR. WARD CO. ITS Toronto It gives me pleasure to endorse
Dr. Ward's Blood
and Nerve Pills.
For years I have suffered from weak action
of the heart and my
nerves were treacherous. CURRENT MUST NOT STOP.

of the heart and my nerves were treacherous.

I was irritable, worried, easily alarmed, and suffered greatly at times, but since taking your Blood and Nerve Pills I have felt splendid. My nerves are strong and Iam free from distress and have had no trouble with my heart since using your Blood and Nerve Pills. I gladly recommend these pills to all those who suffer from any heart or nerve trouble. (Signed) (Signed)
MISS MAGGIE BURNS,

Price soc. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, .t druggists, or if not obtainable at your druggist, mailed on receipt of price by the DR. WARD CO., Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information FREE.

martest and best skilled nurses at Cincin nati Hospital, had a very sick man in her care, who was only kept alive by heroic doses of nitro-glycerine, and whose recovery from the terrible complication of dis eases from which he suffered was considered almost miraculous by the medical fraternity. The nurse saw the dose written in her instruction book, and questioned the doctor about it, and was told to follow the dose as directed, but she had the idea of it being a deadly explosive so firmly rooted in her mind that she handled him gingerly, with a furtive look in her eye as it she was watching the fuse end of a firecracker.

One midnight, when all was sleeping, a typhoid patient in another ward arose from his bed in delirium, slammed doors, overturned tables and chairs, and crashed through a window on to the pavement be-The nurse, hearing the succession of noises, the crash of the glass, the cries of the awakened men in their cots, without taking a look or a breath, with distended eyes and hair upright, ran shricking to the doctor's door, and pounding upon it in an agony of terror called out:

"Oh, doctor, doctor, come quick! Your nitro-glycerine has exploded himself!" It is needless to say she was more than pleased when she found he was still intact and not dismembered, while the true cause of the commotion was picked up stunned and bleeding and cared for tenderly.

An odd little story is told about Mme. Jane Hading, the French actress and her eyes in a foreign paper. It says:

"Her eyes are very remarkable; not only of the clearest and purest brown, like that of mountain brooks, or the eyes of Gwendolin-which George Eliot described as resembling 'waved-washed onyx'-but veiled with a thick fringe of black and silky lashes, most unusually and extraordinarily long. The story goes that Mme. Hading owes this marvellous length of eye to artifical means used by her parents in her childhood. Turks who hold long eyes in such exalted esteem as to lengthen them by cutting the corners of the eves. This is done very early—at the age of 2 or 3 years—the outer corner being deftly slit with a lancet about the twelfth part of ar inch. While the wound is healing the lids are drawn outward every day, and when it is quite curved is still submitted to the drawing process every day for a long time, with the eventual result that it become long and parrow, and satisfies the taste of the 'unspeakable Turk.' The story about Mme. Hading proceeds to declare that her father had been in Turkey and had seen this practice, and determined to try it on his little girl, who was then a pretty baby of 8 years, with bright brown eyes and a mop of yellow curls. Whether the story is true or not, one thing is certain, and that is that the actress has the most beautiful eyes of any woman on the stage.'

This is the time of year when most people's-appetites fail them. They have not yet learned to conform their diet to real per heat, and as a result eat this, that and the other thing that puts them slightly under the weather. A very palatable drink recommended by a well-known !physician

for those with poor appetites or upset gtomachs is composed of the whites of eggs and orange juice. The eggs and fruit should be placed on ice and allowed to re-main until thoroughly cold. The whites should then be whipped until thoroughly-broken, not until they froth, the orange juice added and beaten in a bit and the mixture set on the ice until very cold. A good proportion is the juice of two oranges to three eggs. The physician who recommends this says that yolks of eggs and that they might as well be thrown into the garbage barrel as put into the stomach for all the strength they give one. The well-beaten white of an egg, slightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla, orange juice or rose water, is good for children with irritable stomachs.

White canvas shoes are in again. A few mmers ago women wore them night, noon, and morning, and then fickle fashion set the seal of disapproval on them. They are having a warm welcome now, for the white canvass is about the most comfortable shoe known to woman. It is flexible, cool, light, always built with a pliable sole, and particularly pretty with white suits of heavy wash goods for out-of-town wear.

But it is so easily soiled,' somebody objects. Of course it is. Every good thing in life must have one or more drawbacks, and the white canvas shoe has two. It is not only easily soiled, but it also makes the foot look large. But large feet are fash-ionable at the moment, so that doesn't count so much against it. The athletic girl is responsible for this, and many a woman who has never done a more athletic thing than walk a few blocks has cause to thank her, for she, too, excuses the size of her feet by saying:

"You know since we women have gone in so for outdoor sports our feet have inreased by several sizes.'

In selecting white canvas shoes one should be careful to buy only those of the very best quality. A cheap black shoe is poor enough economy, but a cheap white one is a waste of money pure and simple.

Something new in the way of gloves has made its appearance. It is a white glove loosely woven of cotton, having the appearance of open-work white duck. It ooks as if it might be harsh to the touch, but is really as soft as silk, is remarkably cool, and washes like an old rag. This is French importation. Another new glove, for golfing and cycling, has a cotton back of similar material, but in pretty shades of mixed tans and greys, and kid palms. This season's silk gloves are heavily embroidered on the back, which gives them a trifle more style, and some of them have bands of lace insertion woven in. Some women simply cannot wear kid gloves in hot weather, so they have to pocket their pride and adopt silk or lisle thread. Those who possibly can should stick to the chamois gloves or suede, for the hand was never yet made beautiful enough to look shapely and stylish in a silk glove or any other on that order.

The amount of work in the season's gowns is the most surprising feature. The stitches necessary to accomplish the infinity of tucking, shirring, frilling, and ruching are beyond estimate. One ex-ample of elaborate needlework is in a pink silk waist tucked up and down in groups of five, the groups separted by an open lace stitch. The sleeves are also tucked in groups. The belt and collar are composed of tucks, and a double frill of silk, with three tiny tucks in the edge, finishes the front.

Besides the grenadines so much worn there are gauzes of various kinds, very much liked for the transparent designs in black and white, or a lighter

### A Martyr to Diarrhoea.

Tells of relief from suffering by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont, sends the following letter: "For the past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhoea. I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money trying to get cured but all failed until I happened to read of a lady who was cured by using Dr. Wild Strawberry. To putchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was oured in a very short

CJ

Soap Sharing

isn't pleasant to think of. It's slovenly and unclean. But how are you going to be sure that your soap is used only by yourself? Particular people use Pyle's Pearline. That solves the problem. They fill a salt shaker or sifter with Pearline. Then they use that instead of soap, for the toilet or the bath, with no fear of weing it after anybody else. A Pearline of using it after anybody else. A Pearline bath is like a Turkish bath in freshening you and bracing you up.

# Villions NOW Pearline

shade of the same color as the ground and in light tints with dark colors in the pattern. The dark grounds are effectively made up over white and trimmed with black Chantilly lace flounces. A chemisette vest and collar of white silk striped with black velvet ribbon is a pretty contrast with a dark blue gauze patterned in black and white. Spotted materials and effects are another conspicuous feature of the latest fashions.

BLOOMERS IN BUROPE.

What They Mean in Paris and How They

In Paris there are but two styles of bicycle dress, long, narrow skirts and bloomers. The bloomers are very numerous— one sees little clouds of them on the Boil de Boulogne, of a Sunday afternoon and in the morning and evening they trickle through all the other streets as their wearers go to or from the Bois. But never is a pair of bloomers worn by a virtuous wo-man, except it be an American, who sees so many and adopts the costume in ignorance of the fact that they are in reality the badges of the cocottes and demi-mondaines of the poorest, brazenest sort in the capital. In Vienna the same is true. Bloomers are few and those respectability with the casting off of their skirts. In Berlin—I don't know. One does not think of fashion or dress in Berlin. It's too ridiculous. It is like thinking of quiet and repose in Chicago. There are bloomer girls in Berlin, but they look like a hard-taced lot. In London there are very many pairs of bloomers—thousands worn every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and it seems to me, all worn by good women, but they are women of strong-minde 1 ten-dencies and reforming aspirations. They are nearly all of the middle lower class workwomen, radical and independen thinkers. They are so often rude and coarse and loud and noisy that the Dorking innkesper had doubtless noticed their manners more than their trousers before he decided to refuse them the comforts of

Very many of them go through the streets in bloomers, but a greater number wear skirts in town and take them off and tie them to the handlebars of their machines as soon as they come to the green fields. They make bloomers a profession. They belong to the Rational Dress League, or to clubs whose members are pledged to pepularize pantaloon displays. They divide up their neighborhoods, and either visit from house to house begging the women to wear the trousers, or they pepper whole neighborhoods with proselytizing printed matter. They promise to go out biking in their breeches with whoever will put on the same garments until the novelty wears off and until, as their circulars say, 'a lady in rational dress is accorded the same respect that is shown to a lady in silks.'

a lady in silks.'

The ladies of London who ride bicycles all wear long skirts and bloomers undermeath. Those who wear regular bicycle suits made with a saddle seat and skirt which hangs in a straight pleat on either side of the saddle are the most graceful and bird like figures in Europe. Far too many wear the usual walking dress of thin material, with high boots, no underskirts, but bloomers in their place, and on windy days these well-meaning women make such sorry spectacles of themselves as to give the bloomerities a good chance to say that the rational dress is the more modest.

Imagine Her Feelings

Nobody but a careful housekeeper could imagine them, but others may enjoy the story in their measure. It is related by the Washington Post, and the lady of the story has not long been married. Of course, among her wedding presents there were bits of dainty china and cut glass of every description. She is exceedingly proud of her treasures, and has a perfect lewel of a maid, who hasn't broken a single siece, not to speak of chipping it, by far

One afternoon not so very long the misress came home and found the maid out. An hour or so later the domestic returned. Her arms were full of bundles, and she arried a basket. Her face was radiant. "Oh," she said, the table was perfectly

lovely! It was just exactly the way you fix yours when you have company—candles and everything. It was just too sweet! everybody thought so."
"What are you talking about?" asked

"What are you talking about?" asked the mistress.

'Why," answered the maid, the luncheon my sister gave me today. I didn't have time to ssk you, but I knew you wouldn't mind. Nothing's broken."

And unwrapping her bundles, she disclosed to her mistress's astonished eyes the very pick of all the cherished wedding china and glass, not to mention sundry pieces of silver. They had adorned the luncheon, and the table was "perfectly lovely."

He Couldn't Half Ride !

'I s'pose if I should try to ride that mag chine I should break my neck?' said a gawky-looking fellow, sitting on a box in ront of the country shop, as he looked at the bicycle which a wheelman on tour had rested against the wall.

'No, you wouldn't,' replied the bicyclist, winking at the bystanders. 'It's the easiest thing in the world to do. Anybodycan ride one of these machines.'

'I want to know,' exclaimed the gawky looking youth, 'do you think I could stay on if I got on ?'

'I know you could.
'And make her go?'

'Of course.'
'You are trying to fool me.
'Don't you want to try it?'
And the tourist in knickerbockers
winked slily once more at the interested

"How do you keep from falling off the blessed thing?"
'All you have got to do is to climb on, start it going. Take it out and get on.'
The gawky chap took hold of the bicycle awkwardly and trundled it out into the middle of the road.
'It isn't quite as good a none as l'or got

middle of the road.

'It isn't quite as good a one as I've got home,' he said, as he mounted it and started down the road at a rattlidg pace, 'but I can tollow directions on it; I can start it and keep it going. It's only four miles to the next town; I'll be waiting for you there; good-bye.'

And the smart young tourist in knickers trudged after him on foot.

Some little time back a German musician cornet-player in a very fair London orchestra, got into trouble quite innocently and unexpectedly. 'Let's have that over again,' requested the conductor, surprised at hearing a note which was not in the score. The note was sounded again and

again. 'What are you playing?' he asked, at

last.
'I am blaying vat is on ze paper,' said
the cornet-player. 'I blay vat is before

me.'
'Let me have a look.'
The part was handed to the conductor.
'Why, you idiot,' he roared, 'can't you see that this is a dead fly?'
'I don't care,' was the answer; 'he was there, and I blayed him.'

Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a chunk of conceit. writes illegibly not because he is conceited but because he is modest. Dribbler—Mod-est! What about? Scribbler—About his spelling.



Sleeptime Comfort

\$15.00 (Full Size.)

We'll send you on trial.
O. der through any dealer or write us direct

Alaska Feather & Down Co, Ltd. 290 Guy St., Montreal. Samples at W. A. COOKSON, St. John.

STARTING A TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Many Ways of Doing it—Slow Workers Might Take a Hint.

Non-literary people are given to wonder occasionally at the perennial flow of ideas clothed in appropriate language, which is apparently possessed by journalists and men of letters. But while itsistrue; that continual practice produces a remarkable degree of facility in composition, it is also a fact that fertility of lideas and fluency in expression are gifts by no means so common amongst authors as lis com-

This applies more especially to creative work for the press, for in these high-pressure days the average writer cannot afford to wait for the "divine afflatus," and the mind has to be spurred into action by whatever means the literary person finds most effectual. Being curious to ascertain some of the methods adopted, [the writer recently canvassed the matter amongst the literary people of his acquaintance.

A veteran journalist, the greater part of whose life has been spent in Fleet Street remarked that he regarded his pipe as the greatest thought-provoking contrivance he had ever discovered. 'At the best of times' he said, 'I have found composition aldifficult process for my brain works very slowly, and I have no facility of expression; but without my pipe I am seure Lishould have been lost altogether. Next to ithat, as a stimulus, I find the hurry and | bustle of the City. I can write best in close con-

compound.

A well-knowon lady writer declared that nothing promoted a flow of ideas like early rising. 'The best part of my work,' she said, 'is done in the early morning, in my bedroom. I must have absolute quiet and the further I am from town the better.'

Another journalist who, in the intervals of editing a paper, produces short (stories and topical articles, finds nothing so (stimulating as the reading of some standard author—preferably Shakespeare, Tennyson or R. L. Stevenson—before starting work. 'I sit down,' he said, 'generally in a condition of mental vacuity, but after reading a tew pages out of a favorite author some idea is sure to attract my attention] my mind begins involuntarily to work out a semind begins involuntarily to work out a sequence, one idea suggests another, and soon the mental machinery is in full opera-

Less innocent were the devices adopted by some other writers whose views were taken. One protested that nothing could bear comparison with the stimulus afforded by black coffee; another swore by strong tea, without milk or sugar; while a third has found that a little neat whisky 'produces a glow of the mental faculties highly conducive to literary composition.'

It is to be feared that such stimulative agencies are likely to do more barm than good in the long run. This objection (though in a minor degree) will also apply to the case of a gentleman whose principa work is the production of jokes for the comic papers. To get ideas, as a rule,' he writes, 'I find it necessary to adopt a sort of 'forcing house' method. I do my work in a room which is heated like a fur nace. I have a roaring fire made up, keep the door and window strictly closed, and when the temperature is something over summer heat my mind begins to expand, and the ideas begin to thaw out. And this habit of mine serves a double purpose.

hypnotists call 'suggestion' in some of the devices adopted. A writer will insensibly get into the habit of regarding some particular thing as an essential to his productive faculty, and what was at first a casual aid ultimately becomes indispensable.

Small and Large Horses

The Marquis Carsano, an Italian noble man, owns the smallest horse in the world, which is named Leo. This Liliputian Buce phalus is 21 in. high, and is a beautiful, well proportioned chestnut, whose tail well proportioned chestnut, whose tail sweeps the ground. He was bred on the marquis's stock farm. The same nobleman's four-in-hand of Shetland ponies, tiny creatures, though they are much bigger than Leo, have taken the first prize, for the past five years, at some of the leading horse shows in Europe.

The greatest size to which a horse has been known to grow 18 2014 hands high.

The greatest size to which a horse has been known to grow is 20½ hands high. This is the record of a Clydedale which was on exhibition in 1889 in New York. The animal weighed nearly 3,000 lb., and although only five years old, measured 32 in. round the arm, 45 in. round the stifle, or knee-joint, 95 in. girth, 34½ in. round the hip, and 11 ft. 4 m. in length. It was of perfect proportions, with a head 36 in. in length, or 11 in. longer than an ordinary



OUT WELL and in this respect Klondike gold is like

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

**ECLIPSE** SOAP

One trial will prove it.

Send us 25 'Eclipse" wrappers or 6c, in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

flour barrel. A British dray-horse has been known to stand 18 hands high, and weigh nearly 18 cwt., while one of Wombell's menagerie horses was once shown at a fair at Oxford, measuring 17 hands 3 in. high. It is stated that a resident in Illinois has a horse that has never been broken in or shod It weighs 2,500 lb., and is 20 hands high.

#### Paine's Celery Compound.

There is some quality in the inhabitants of the British Islands, which not only leads them to become good soldiers, but makes it a point of honor for those of them who are officers to render brave personal services to the men under their command. It is seldom that one hears of any such incident among European Continental armies as the following which is related in connection with a recent fight in the Khyber Pass, in Afghanistan; the Continental officer feels himself under no obligation to carry wounded soldiers on his back. Colonel Plowden's command formed a part of General Hamilton's rear-guard, and had to cross a bit of exposed ground swept by the ribesmen's fire. H re three men were struck by bullets; two of them could walk, but the third was disabled. No surgeon was present, and Colonel Plowden himself dressed the man's wounds. After this the men had to retire across the exposed ground, and Corporal Bell was killed. Colonel Plowden, Lieutenant Owen and Lieutenant Fielden carried the dead man up a hill; and by and by the command had to cross another exposed spot. Somebody this habit of mine serves a double purpose. for I am tolerably certain to be allowed to work undisturbed!'

Quite intelligible from a scientific standpoint is the method employed by a young magezine-writer, who is accustomed to quicken the fecundity of his brain by having his hair vigorously brushed before commencing work. If he cannot prevail upon one of the feminine members of his family to yield him this useful service, he resorts to a hair-dresser, and has a brush by machinery This, of course, stimulates the flow of blood to the brain, which is half the secret of good mental work.

No doubt there is a good deal of what hypnotists call 'suggestion' in some of the devices adonted. A writer will insensible that he was dead as the result of the second shot. Meantime Colonel Plowden and Lieutenant Owen were carrying Corporal Bell's body across the dangerous ground, and both of them were wounded in doing so. They struggled on in spite of their wounds, and reached cover with their sad burden. Such incidents bring the soldier near to his officer, and make him readier even than he might otherwise be to lay down his life for his country and his commanders.

For the Bables.

It is not necessary to buy corn cures.

Men and Women should remeber that Putnam's Painless Corn extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

the sartorial art. Competition ends only when the diva of the Theater an der wien, after many sleepless nights, finally hits on the idea of astonishing her admirers bettere the curtain with a selection of 'confections' that absorbs a whole half-year's salary. For 'Madame Sans-Gene,' Frau Odillon paid more than £200 for her costumes. For the Vienna stage, where no actress is her own manager, this is an exceptionally extravagant outlay.

## MOTHER DAUGHTER CURED.

Mrs. Lydia A. Fowler, Electric Street, Amherst, N.S., testifies to the good effects of the new specific for all heart and nerve troubles: "For some time past I have been troubled with a fluttering sensation in the region of my heart, followed by acute pains which gave me great distress and weakened me at times so that I could scarcely breathe. I was very much run down and felt nervous and irritable. "I had taken a great many remedies without receiving any benefit, a friend induced me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I had only been taking them a short time when I felt that they were doing me great good; so I continued their use and now feel all right. I can heartily recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and is now strong, healthy and vigorous."

Mrs. Fowler adds: "My daughter, now fifteen years of age, was pale, weak and run down, and she also took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills oure palpitation, smothering sensation, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, weakness, female troubles, etc. Price 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Melville Miller, Bensfort, Ontarle,

Mr. Melville Miller, Bensfort, Ontario,
Says: "Laxa-Liver Pills made a new
man of me. I was troubled with indigestion and pains in the small of my back,
and after taking Laxa-Liver Pills for
about three weeks they completely
oured me." Price 25c., all druggists. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Just a word-PACKARDS

> Special Combination Leather Dressing BOX-CALF

ALL BLACK SHOES

Perfect as a Preservative A Cleaner, a Polisher.

NEVER STICKY, NEVER SOILS NEVER CRACKS PACKARD All Shoe Stores

MAKES IT PACKARD OF MONTREAL
L. H. PAGKARD & CO.

### MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

STRANGE MEETINGS tie and Dramatic Scenes Enacted the Stage of Life.

It is a trite saying that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' Indeed, many of the facts of daily life would, it in'roduced into fiction, be scouted as improbable, if not imposs-ible and among them are cases of meeting under the most strange circumstances of time and place. That such meetings, however remarkable, are at least possible, the following stories, taken from real life, will

A few months ago a lady of wealth ard fashion in Berlin was lying on her death-bed. Her nearest relatives were a son-inlaw and a younger daughter who had made an unfortunate alliance twenty years ago, during which time her mother had steadfastly resisted her pleas for reconciliation. The son-in-law was lavish in his attentions to the dying woman, and purrounded her with every comfort in the expectation that she would make him her sole heir. To make matters absolutely sure, he gave strict injunctions that the disgraced daughter was, under no circumstances, to be admitted to her nother's presence; and be engaged a special nurse, to whom he offered a large sum of money to see that no one from out side had access to the patient. On returning home one evening be was astonished to find a lawyer and two witnesses seated by his mother-in-law's bedside, engaged in drawing up a will in favor of the daughter. His rage was beyond all bounds, and he so far forgot himself as to abuse the patient and notary, and to make very scathing remarks about his absent sister-in-law. At this stage the nurse, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, rose quietly and informed him that she herself was the lady he was so ungallantly criticising, and described ho ", by his very method of excluding her from her mother's presence he had furnished the means of defeating his purpose and affecting her own. Dramatic as this scene was, it was less

trange and tragic than the meeting of a M. Potier and his son Pierre. M. Potier was a prosperous lawyer of Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany. He had one son to whom he was much attached, and who, he intended, was to succeed to his practice. Pierre, however, preferred idleness and low companions to honest work, and wound up a discreditable youth by robbing his father of a large sum of money with which he escaped. For years M.
Potier sought his son in vain.
His practice and his old surroundings grew distasteful to him, and he retired to Coutances, where he led a lonely, unhappy life. One evening. as he was returning in the dusk from one of his solitary rambles, he heard stealthy footsteps behind him. Before he could turn round he received a violent blow on his head, and tell stunned to the ground. His assailant was rifling his pockets when M. Potier's eyes fell on him. Dark as it was, he recognised the evil face bending over him. 'Pierre! my son!' he cried, in norror, as he half raised himself into a sitting posture. Then, with a groan, he sank back into unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. Pierre was so smitten with remorse that he gave himself up to the authorities, confessed his crime, and suffered the last penalty of the law.

A very pathetic case of meeting after long years of separation came recently under the writer's observation. A handsome young Scotsman called Gregorson, a bank clerk in a Scotch town, was engaged to be married to the daughter of a local merchant. They were passionately devoted to each other, and the wedding was drawing near when Gregorson, rightly or wrongly, was accused of embezzlement. He shrank from facing the charge, and disappeared as mysteriously as if the earth had swallowed him It was variously reported that he was in South America, Autr Lia, and London, but no reliable trace of him was ever found. years of separation came recently under the South America, An tr.lia, and London, but no reliable trace of him was ever found. Ten years passed, and his fiances, true to his memory, was now one of the most skilful and devoted nurses in one of our chief London hospitals. One evening last spring a man was brought in a dying condition to the accident ward of which she had charge. In the pale, suffering features and mutilated form the nurse recognized the man she had loved for so many years, and had met at last, under such strange conditions, in time to make his last moments happy.

Submerged Mountain

A submerged island has been found Men and Women should remeber that Putnam's Painless Corn extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

Swamps Their Salaries.

Some of the leading Viennese actresses have been spending so much money on stage dresses that they are in a sad condition pecuniarely. Competition has worked the mischief. When the leading lady of the People's Theatre appears in a sensational gown, her rival in the Carl Theatre is perforce compelled to 'go one better' and appear in the latest triumphs of better' and appear in the latest triumphs of the safe and the surface of the surface of the surface of the surface of the dark and desolate night.

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of the various affairs of life. But to every lady who use affairs of life. But to every lady who use affairs of life. But to every lady who use affairs of life. But to every lady who use success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible. Simble to use, these beautiful dyes produce the richest and most lasting effects. Turking the Latest of the Every color is distinct, effective, and has its own special character. Use Turking the vacht. The island is supposed to later the vacht. The island is supposed to later the vacht. The island is used to success. They put life into old garments, they add later the vacht. The island is in no danger of interfering in the least with now the common dyes as the bright day is different from the dark and desolate night. 1,000 miles due west from Gibraltar which



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers.

Chase & Sanborn.

contains the purest, best, and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure.

She also knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha.

in one and two pound cans.





Supplied Qualities

your dealer to obtain full particulars for



News and Opinions

**National Importance** ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, - - - - \$6 a year Daily, and Sunday by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the

Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year Address THE SUN, New York.

and lawyers, wea pair of spectacles to Sir Jordan as

Both waited ur to get out of hear and quietly open for a moment. "Lock it," said ed voice; but La

'No, no; the flusiness or other der why the door er"—and he set ter"—and he set
can't come in no
ing. That's a tri
Well Sir Jordar
at him, "what's t
be peace, or war
are much which
with the other sir
than I'll get out
"Do not let us
of argument," -i
quicker the—the
ter. You ignor er. You ignore seen here."

"Not a bit of:
ly. I defy even
get up. Good, a
and stroked his
Jordan eyed h
"It is good ur
said, curtly.
"That's so," s
fully. "I thoug
front door this t
heard as talking front door this t heard us talking jerked his finger thinking it row. And now. Jordan? You've and like a sensi your mind to con Jordan leaned

"I have decid
in the matter,"
give you the mo
Lavarick snap
ly and laughed.
"Thought yo
"You're a ser
Another man m
little longer."
"On one c
haughtily, "and
will in my hand
you saw my—Si
night of is dea
Lavarick star
"What's the
asked. "What
Jordan looke

Jordan looke

"For a cunni are singularly o "You torget, to past career. I iorgery.'
Lavarick, stil swore impatient
"What's that
"Merely this
sweetly, "that I
that in exchang

give me a forger tain the genuine A glesm of r Lavarick's face. "'Pon my se claimed under h you'd have done Lavarick, with Jordan, you're mire you! Ar with you," and

Jordan looke have touched a "Good!' he You may leave "Wait here for getting me (10 penal—" fini
"No, thank you
I'm uff; I did r country a little
his face darken
Jordan watch
"Whether you
ness," he said,

ness," he said, arrange for the Lyvarick nod "1've though the money. I not atraid you' without causin Brirg the note Friedy night, a by the clump o "Why not be thoughtfully. Lavarick smi "No, thank in my possessic

trust myself wii in my possessic so dever, you a my forging a safe—both of u Jordan pond "Why Frida not in your pos "Do you me No, I certainly You don't carr your cost-pock worth almost to me. I've got and I'il produc not atraid you'l bring Trale if better. What settle this littl quietly and con

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

London," he said. "Let him come up, please."

The valet ushered in an elderly, white-haired man dressed neatly in dark-colored clothes of the tashion favored by clerks and lawyers, wearing a gray beard and a pair of spectacles, who bowed respectfully to Sir Jordan as he motioned him to take a

1/23

pair of spectacies, who bowed respectatives of ir Jordan as he motioned him to take a chair.

Both waited until the valet had had time to get out of hearing; then Lavarick rose and quietly opened the door and listened for a moment.

"Lock it," said Jordan in a a constrained voice; but Lavarick shook his head.

'No, no; the flunky will be up on some business or other, perhaps, and would wonder why the door was locked; this is better"—and he set a chair against it—"he can't come in now without giving us warning. That's a trick worth two of locking it. Well Sir Jordan," and he nodded curtly at him, "what's the verdict, eh? Is it to be peace, or war to the knife? I don't are much which it is. I can make terms with the other side, you know better terms than I'll get out of you, perhaps—"

'Do not let us waste time in that kind of argument," interrupted Jordan, "the quicker the—the interview is over the better. You ignore danger, but you cannot be insensible to the risk you run in being seen here."

"Not a hit of it" retorted Lavarick, airi-

be insensible to the risk you run in being seen here."

"Not a bit of it" retorted Lavarick, airily. I dely even Trale to see through this get up. Good, ain's it?" and he chuckled and stroked his beard.

Jordan eyed h'm repellently.

"It is good until it is penetrated," he said, curily.

"That's so," assented Lavarick, cheerfully. "It hought it wise to come to the front door this time; some one might have heard us talking in the room there"—he jerked his finger over his shoulder—"and thinking it was burglars, raise a row. And now, what is it to be, Sir Jordan? You've had time to think it over, and like a sensible man you've made up your mind to come to terms, eh?"

Jordan leaned back in his chair, his eyes downcast.

Jordan leaned back in his chair, his eyes downcast.

"I have decided on my course of action in the matter," he said, slowly. "I will give you the money you ask."
Lavarick snapped his fingers triumphantly and laughed.

"Thought you would," he said, nedding.
"You're a sensible man, Sir Jordan.
Another man might have played bluff a little longer."

"On one condition," said Jordan,

"What's the meaning of that, now?" he asked. "What's your drift, the P"

Jordan looked up at him with an evil smile.

smile.

"For a cunning scoundrel, Banks, you are singularly obtuse," he said with a sneer.

"You torget, too, a little incident in your past career. I refer to your conviction for torgery."

Lavarick, still eyeing him suspiciously,

swore impatiently.

"What's that to do with it?"

"Merely this," retorted Jordan, almost sweetly, "that I think it highly probable.

sweetly, "that I think it highly probable that in exchange tor my money you would give me a forged copy of the will and retain the genuine one for another occasion."

A glesm of real admiration lighted up

Lavarick's face.

"Pon my soul, you're cute!" he exclaimed under his breath.

'That's what
you'd have done, isn't it ?"

Jordan smiled and cast down his eyes.

"And I never thought of it," muttered Lavarick, with honest shame and remorae—"I never thought of it, so help me! Sir Jordan, you're a clever man, and I admire you! And to prove it, I say—done with you," and he held out his claw-like hand.

Jordan looked at it as it he would rather

Jordan looked at it as it he would rather have touched a snake.

"Good!' he said. "That is my one condition. Give me that and I am content. You may leave the country, or—"

"Wait here till you've hit upon a plan for getting me safely bagged and sent back to penal—"finished Lavarick, with a grin.

"No, thank you, Once I touch the coin I'm off; I did mean to stay on in the old country a little longer—"he stopped, and

"No, thank you, Once I touch the coin I'm off; I did mean to stay on in the old country a little longer—" he stopped, and his face darkened with an evil scowl.

Jordan watched him.

"Whether you go or stay is your business," he said, coldly. "I have only to arrange for the—the exchange."

Lavarick nodded.

"I've thought of that," he said. "Bring the money. I'll take it in notes. Oh, I'm not airaid you'll stop them; you couldn't without causing an inquiry, you know. Brirg the notes to Stoneleigh Barrows, on Friday night, at ten o'clock. Pill meet you by the clump of trees."

"Why not bring it here?" asked Jordan, thoughtfully.

Lavarick smiled and shook his bead.
"No, thank you, Sir Jordan. I wouldn't trust myself with that precious document in my possession under your roof. You're so dever, you see. Think of your idea of my forging a duplicate. No, no; we're safe—both of us, on the Burrows."

Jordan pondered a moment or two.
"Why Friday?" he said. "The will is not in your possession, then?"
"Do you mean do I carry it about me? No, I certainly do not; I'm not such a fool. You don't carry the Lynne diamonds in your coat-pocket, do you? Well, the will's worth almost as much as they are to me. I've got it hid away snug and safe, and I'll produce it on Friday, as I say I'm not atraid you'll go back on me. You can bring Trale if you like. But you know better. What we both of us want is to settle this little 'affair between ourselves quietly and comfortably."

"Very well," said Jordan. "I have no more to say," he added, after a panse, and he glanced significantly at the door and laid his hand on the bell. Lavarick took up the highly respectable hat which formed part of his disguise, then, as if by a sudden impulse, stretched out his hand and motioned to Sir Jordan not to ring the bell "Halt a moment," he said, hesitatingly, and looking down at the thick Turkey carpet with a strange and curious expression on his face. "We've srranged our little business, Sir Jordan, but—but there's another matter I wanted to speak to you about."

about."
"What is it?" said Jordan, impatiently, and rising as he spoke, as it the man's company grew more intolerable each moment.

ment.

Lavarick gnawed at his lip, and evidently made an effort to speak indifferently.

"It's just this," he said, and his voice was thicker and huskier even than usual:

"You might remember, Sir Jordan, that l"—he paused—"that I've got a daughter—"

and as Lavarick spoke he seemed to grow suddenly stiff and rigid; then he turned to the letters on the small table beside him so that his back was to Lavarick as he replied: "Yes, I remember.

the letters on the small table beside him so that his back was to Lavarick as he replied:

"Yes, I remember."

"Well"—Lavarick seemed as if he found it difficult to proceed—"she—she was my only child; she was like her mother"—he glanced at Sir Jordam as if he expected him to sneer, and meant to resent the sneer if it came; but Jordan looked steadily at the carpet with the same impassive face. "Her—her mother was a good woman—a—s better wife than I deserved; and it was a good job she died before—I was very fond of my little girl, Sir Jordan. You laugh, I dare say, and you think that such as I haven't any right to feelings."

"I was not laughing," said Jordan, and without raising his eyes. "Go en."

"Well," resumed Lavarick, huskily, "my girl was all the world to me, and—and if anything could have kept me straight she would; but I'm one of those that can't go straight. I suppose there's something in the blood that drives a man to the devil whether he will or won't. I'm a bad lot, I know; but I was fond and proud of my girl; and the worst part of the business when I was sent off was the thought that I was leaving her all alone and without any one to look alter her."

He paused and cleared his throat.

"It was the dreadful longing to see her that drove me to breaking out o' quod. I thought if I conld only get away and take her to a strange place the other side of the herring-pond, she and me could make a fresh start. Well, I got out," he continued, with a touch of pride in his tore, "and I risked everything to come down here and see her. I knew I was running into danger—just putting my head into the lion's mouth, as you'd say—but I risked it. And when I got down here I tound"—he stopped and turned his head away—"I tound that my girl—Rachel—had gone!"

Jordan still gezed at his boots, outwardly calm and indifferent; but his heart was beating nineteen to the dozen, and his brain was hard at work.

ly calm and indifferent; but his heart was beating nineteen to the dozen, and his brain was hard at work.

"She was gone. That was bad enough, but there was worse behind. My girl had fallen into bad hands. Some villain had—had played her false, and she'd gone off with him!"

His harsh voice trembled, and Jordan, glancing up, saw that he was shaking as it

vith ague.
"That's all I could hear. It nearly

with ague.

"That's all I could hear. It nearly drove me mad. I couldn't make inquiries; I daren't stop, and try and find her; I had to bolt, as you know. But I swore I'd come back and find out who it was that ruined her, and—well, I've come back! But I'm as tar off as ever; no one of those I ventured to speak to—and it's precious few, of course, knew asything more than that she went off with some man, and that she's not been seen in Stoneleigh since!"

He dashed his hand across his eyes with an oath at the emotion which he could not conceal, and looked out of the window.

"It occurred to me." he went on, after a pause, during which Jordan remained silent and watchtul, "that you might have heard something; that you might know who it was that led her astray. You see, you're a magistrate and local swell, and—and things'generally come to the ears of a man in your place. I want to find her," he stammered, hoarsely. I don't care what she's done, she's my girl, my Rachel still, and I want her. But I want the man who ruined her, worse! I've awarn—look here. Sir Jordan, most good Rachel still, and I want her. But I want the man who ruined her, worse! I've sworn—look here, Sir Jordan, most good men, like yourselt, for instance," and he laughed grimly, "say your prayers at night. I'm not good any way, and instead I've sworn an oath every night before I've laid down that I'll have revenge on the man that robbed me of my girl, and it he's alive and I can find him, I'll keep that oath !"

He raised his clinched hand as he spoke

oath!"
He raised his clinched hand as he spoke and swore fearfully.
"That's all I wanted to ask you," he said. "Just answer it, and I'm off. Just tell me anything you have heard, anything that might give me a clew. Why look here"—and he struck the small table so that the letters danced again—"I'd rather lose the money I'm to get from you than give up my hope of revenge upon the villain that ruined my little girl!"

It was at that moment that an inspiration visited Jordan. It came in a flash, as most inspirations do, and its suddenness sent the blood to his pale face.
"You will get into trouble, my good Banks," he said gravely. You had better forget your daughter, and put yourself beyond the reach of the police."

Lavarick laughed a grewsome kind of a laugh.

laugh.

"You think so? Well, look here; if the man I want was standing with a policeman on each side of him, I'd fly at his throat, and as I choked him I'd say; 'I'm Jem Banks, the father of the girl you ruined! and I'd kill him and be hung afterward!"

Jordan turned pale, and his eyes hid themselves under the thick lids.

'I—I scarcely know whether I should be justified in telling you," he began, hearisant!

Lavarick turned upon him eagerly.

'You know something!' he exclaimed.

'What is it? Tell me!" Jordan bit his lip softly, as if st.ll considering; then he said, slowly:

"I can not refuse a father's appeal."
Lavarick awore impatiently.
"Curse that!" he said, hoarsely.
"Out
with what you know!" Jordan rose and looked pensively down

Jordan rose and looked pensively down at the carpet.

"You say that your daughter's name was Rachel?' he said.

"Rachel!" assented Lavarick, huskily.

"What is it—what do you know?"

Jordan sighed.

"Heaven knows whether I am acting wisely in—in telling you what I know," he said; "and if I do so it is in the hope that I may help you to recover your daughter, not that you may wreak your vengeance upon her betrayer. I think I saw her, but once or twice as I passed through the town. I should not remamber her it I were to meet her again."

"Go on!' broke in Lavarick, impatient-

ly.

"You must let me tell you in my own way," said Jordan, gravely. "Did you know my half-brother, Nevills?" he asked, as if with painful reluctance.

Lavarick started. "No," he said; "he

was at college, I suppose, when I was at hom or I never saw him. What hom r: I never saw him. What—why?'
"Wei." s id Jordan, slmost gently;

whi. s id Jordan, slmost gently;

"wait he etc. ... ment."

He want out and returned after a minute cr so with a letter in his hand.

Lavarick, who had been pacing up and down with the gait, and, indeed, the expression of a lager thirsting for blood, stopped and glanced at him.

"What's that?" he asked.

Jordan held the letter firmly.

"I do not know, as I said, whether I am acting wisely in showing you this. I am not convinced that it—er—brings home the guilt of your daughter's betrayal to the person who received this letter; but I cannot withhold my sympathy from or refuse to help a father in his search for a lost child.

Lavarick eyed him with savage incred-

Lavarick eyed him with savage incredulity.
"Stow all that !" he said hoarsely. "What

"Stow all that!" he said hoarsely. "What is it?"
"I will tell you," said Jordan gravely.
"You taunted me last night with being the cause of the quarrel between my father and my half-brother Neville. It was an ignorant and unjust accusation. The cause of the quarrel between Sir Greville and Neville, who was his favorite son, was—your daughter.
Lavarick started back, gasping.
"What! he said, almost inaudibly, his eyes fixed ongJordan's face.
Jordan shook his head gravely.
"What I tell you is true," he said. "It came to my father's ears that Neville was—well—well, being seen too frequently with your daughter, Rachel; and my father taxed Neville with his heartless perfidy, and bid him give up his designs upon a young and innocent girl; but I am ashamed to say that my half brother was as willful and obstinate as he was vicious. He persisted in his evil courses, a stormy scene ensued between my father and him, and Neville disappeared. I fear—I greatly tear, that he persuaded your daughter to accompany him?"
Lavarick stood white and trembling.
"Is this one of your lies?" he get out at last. "Is this a dodge of yours to come over me?"
Jordan shook his head.

over me?"

Jordan shook his head. Jordan shook his need.

"You do right to distrust me, Banks,"
be said; "but I'm telling you the truth.
Why should I concoct this story? My
brother Neville is doubtless dead and beyound the reach of your vengeance; indeed, yond the reach of your vengeance; indeed, it I did not think so I should not have told you, for I bear him no ill-will."

Lavarick's trembling lips twisted into s

sneer.
"You hate him!" he said, hoarsely.

"But that's nothing to do with me. Give me the proof. What's that in your hand?" "The proof you ask tor," said Jordan and then, as if reluctantly, he handed Lavarick the paper.

It was an old letter which had apparent

It was an old letter which had apparently been partly burned—the date and the commencement were destroyed, but the body and the signature remained.

Lavarick seized it and examined it, then he glanced up at Jordan.

"It's—it's her handwriting!" he said. boarsely. "It's her name—Rachel's!" and he dashed his hand on the signature.

"You recognize it?" said Jordan, gravely, almost pityingly. "It is a heart-rending letter—the appeal of a helpless girl to the man who has ruined and deserted her."

"Where—where did you get it from?"

girl to the man who has ruined and deserted her."

'Where—where did you get it from ?"
demanded Lavarick, wiping his eyes, as if
the sight of the familiar handwriting had
blinded them.

'If found it in my brother's room when I
was clearing it out after my father's death,"
said Jordan, quietly. 'It was lying
among some burned papers. Will you
gwe it me back, please?"
Lavarickafolded it, and thrust it in his
pocket, his eyes fixed on Jordan's face with
an awful look.

'Give it you back—give it you back!
No; I'll give it back to him! I'll give it
back to him when I'm killing him. Oh,
my God!' and he seizzd his head with
both hands, and held it as if he were going to have a fit—'my girl—my poor girl!
Dead—you say he's dead? He's not, he's
alive, snd I'll find him. I'll—"he stopped
as it he were choking, and, tore at his respectable collar and neck-tie. "Give me
some wate!"

He seized'a carafe from a side-table and
gulped down a glassful, then stood breath-

some water!"

He seized a carafe from a side-table and gulped down a glassful, then stood breathing hard and staring vacantly at Jordan.

Jordan stood, rather paler than usual, but with his eyes fixed on the carpet.

"For your own sake," he said, "I trust you will not commit any rash deed—for your own sake."

Lavarick stopped him with a gesture at once defiant and savage.

"Leave that to me," he said, brokenly; then he laughed a horrible laugh. 'It you'd only told me this, given me that letter last night. I'd have let you off the money."

Poor Jordan stared, and a gleam of regret crossed his face. Lavarick laughed again.

"But I'll have the money and my revenge too, curse you both, curse everybody by the name of Lynne I It's you and the likes of you that drive us to the devil! My girl—my pretty, innocent girl—"he broke down again, but recovered himself as it he had had a suspicion that Jordan, for all his grave face, was enjoying the sight of his misery.

"Tragoing," he said, broathing hard. "Friday, remember. I'll have the money; it will help me to find him! Your brother won't trouble you after I've done with him, Sir Jordan."

He went to the door, but his hand shook so that he could not turn the handle.

"Open it," he said, roughly.

Jordan obeyed and accompanied him down-stairs to the hall door.

"You will take care of the papers, Mr. Smith," he said, blandly, for the benefit of the footman in the hall.

But Lavarick, as it he had forgotten his one of the tootman in the hall.

But Lavarick, as it he had forgotten his and show and the head the part and advert strede devit here."

In the fact, and the result was demony stare and Adurey laugh.

"Tou see, my dear." she said, so phen to you if you like to enter it."

"But I den't," said Sylvia, almost partent of the soil of the original to a transparent on the cards and daintily crest-emblazoned notes, "the 'great world,' as you see, my dear." she said, as she turned over the cards and daintily crest-emblazoned notes, "the 'great world,' as you see, my dear." she said, as she turned over the cards and daintily crest-emblazoned notes, "the 'great world,' as you see, my dear." she said, as she turned over the cards and divired invitations which lave, the 'great world,' as the t

Smith," he said, blandly, for the beliefs of the footman in the hall.

But Lavarick, as if he had forgotten his assumed character and part, strode down the steps and along the drive with bent head and white, distorted face, his hand clutching the pocket in which he had thrust the latter. the letter.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A wise maxim-maker has asserted that there can be no love between two women when both are young and pretty. As is usual with maxim-makers, he was wrong, and Sylvia and Audrey proved him so.

They were drawn toward each other by a mutual sympathy which acted with equal force.

Sylvia had gone through the furnace of sorrow through which Audrey seemed now to be passing. But though Sylvia saw that something was troubling her newly made triend, she did not ask for Audrey's confid-

ence, and Audrey did not give it.

need, she did not sak to Patterly scandeence, and Audrey did not give it.

But, notwithstanding this, the two girls
had tallen in love with each other with that
quiet fervency which evinces something
warmer, deeper, and more lasting than a
transient fancy.

The day atter their meeting in Sylvia's
room, Audrey drove round to Bury Street
and carried Sylvia off to Grosvenor Square.
Lady Marlow at first received her with
a mixture of kindness and reserve, but before an hour had passed, Sylvia had made
her way, unconsciously and without any
effort on her part, into her little ladyship's
heart, and the viscount happening to come
in to lunch, was as promptly conquered
and enslaved.

Sylvia was so utterly unlike the ordinary
conception of an actress and an operations that the dissipation that the dissipation of the test of dissipations that the dissipations that the dissipation is the state of the service of the test of the service of the ser

Sylvia was so utterly unlike the ordinary conception of an actress and an operasinger that the dissimilarity itself began to slowly work the charm.

She was not overwhelmed by the splendor of the mansion and its sppointments—as, perhaps Lady Marlow expected she would be—and she seemed as entirely without self-consciousness or vanity as a child—if any child, by the way, can be without vanity. We have never yet met such a phenomenon.

without vanity. We have never yet met such a phenomenon.

The viscount was made captive at once, and Lady Marlow looked on and listened to him with amused amazement as he talked and laughed with the beautiful young girl just as if he had known her from intancy, as she Jeclared atterward.

They insisted upon her remaining to lunch, and the meal had never been got through more pleasantly, the viscount, when it was over, "hanging about," and still talking with the signora instead of dashing off to his club. Then, when Sylvia said that she must go, Audrey begged her to go for a drive with her, and the two girls went off—not exactly arm in arm, for that would have been an attitude suitable to neither of their characters, but so evidently enamored of each other that Lady Marlow, looking after them, could not repress an exclamation of astonishment. The viscount said:

"Most charming girl I ever met since"— Sylvia said that she must go, Audrey begged her to go for a drive with her, and the two girls went off—not exactly arm in arm, for that would have been an attitude suitable to neither of their characters, but so evidently enamored of each other that Lady Marlow, looking after them, could not repress an exclamation of astonishment. The viscount said:

"Most charming girl I ever met since"—he bowed to his wite with grotesque gallantry—"since I met with you, my dear. I don't wonder that Audrey has taken to her so warmly. What a child, too! Every now and then I tound myself staring at her and wondering whether she could be the famous, etc., etc. That girl has a history, my dear."

Lady Marlow—that's just what I'm afraid of! An opera-singer—"
The viscount shook his head emphatically.

"You're wrong, my dear. I'll stake"

"Of course I shall be there," said Audrey rey, round it you will have me, I will come round to Bury Street and have tea with you, and we can go together."

Sylvia found Mercy and Sylvia would have sent for a doctor, late as it was, but Mercy begged her not to do so.

I shall be well again to-morrow," she said. "Tell me all about your ball, Sylvia; and Sylvia sat on the edge of the bed and recounted the glories of the evening.

"But it's my first and last party, Mercy," she said, with a laugh and a little sight to follow. "You and I will live our old life, with just Audrey for a friend. Mercy," she broke off, "why is it that I love her so."

Mercy shook her head; she seemed weary and listless.

"Lite is a puzzle," she said; "and a sad one sometimes. But I am very glad that you have met her and that you are such great friende. It has made your life

The viscount shook his head emphatically.

"You're wrong, my dear. I'll stake my life there's nothing in the history which should cause her pretty face to blush."

"Oh, you're a man!" retorted Lady Marlow. "But there, as I said, it's no business of mine now. Audrey is answerable to Jordan, and if he approves—"

The viscount smiled significantly.

"I'm thinking the animable Jordan will approve everytung Audrey doss—specially while they are unmarried. Where is that charming individual?" he added.

Jordan was not a very great favorite of the viscount.

"At Lynne. He has gone down on business," said Lady Marlow. "I can guess what it is. I expect he'll transform the old place into a palace before the wed-

the old place the a passes of the ding."

"Well," said the viscount, curtly, "he ought to do so, seeing that he's going to marry a princess, and the best and sweetest girl in the world into the bargain."

"Not even excepting Signora Stella?" put in Lady Marlew, with perhaps pardonable irony.

The two girls went for their drive, and

able irony.

The two girls went for their drive, and the crowded park saw them together and

wear the brilliant gems—of pasts and silver—which dazzled the eyes of the audience at the theater, and her 'ball-dress' was a very simple affair of black lace, unadorned save by a white exotic which Audrey had, with her own hands, chosen from the hot-house.

The magnificent rooms were crowded.

otic which Audrey had, with her own hands, chosen from the hot-house.

The magnificent rooms were crowded, and the appearance of the famous cantatrice excited no little sensation, a sensatrice widently on the warmest terms of friendship with her.

To Sylvia Audrey seemed the most beautiful of all the brilliant throng of handsome women, but she noticed that, notwithstanding all the attention and evident admiration which surrounded her, Audrey at times looked sad and proccupied; and once, as they sat side by side for a moment or two between the dances, she heard Audrey sigh and saw her eyes grow moist as if her thoughts were far away and fixed on some sad subject.

Sylvia danced several times, and with partners whose names stand high in our English bible, the Peerage, but she was not elated nor overwhelmed, and when they were driving home together, and Audrey, holding her hand, whispered:

"Yes, oh, yes; it was very grand, and very gay, but—"

"Yes, oh, yes; it was very grand, and very gay, but—"
"But what?" said Lady Marlow, who

had caught her answer.
"But I think I would rather spend the had caught her answer.

"But I think I would rather spend the evening with Audrey, Lady Marlow; just our two seives together. You see," she said, with the frankness and naivete which Lord Marlow declared her greatest charm, 'it is different for you. You are grande dames, and it is part and parcel of your lives. But I"—and she laughed— "I was thinking all the while how some of the great personages who were so friendly with me would have stared if I told them that not many months ago I was running about an Australian gold field, with scarcely any boots and stockings to speak of. I suppose they would have been very much shocked, Lady Marlow?"

Her little ladyship laughed.

"I don't think they would, if you had told them just as you have told us," she said, shrewdly.

"Ah, well!" said Sylvia, with a smile and something like a sigh, "atter all, I think I am happier at the theatre, no one there cares what I was so that I can sing and act. Are you coming tomorrow night?" she asked Audrey, wistfully. "It is not fair to ask you—"

"Of course I shall be there." said Aud-

ask you—"
"Of course I shall be there," said Aud-

Mercy shook her head; she seemed weary and listless.

"Lite is a puzzle," she said; "and a sad one sometimes. But I am very glad that you have met her aud that you are such great friends. It has made your life brighter, dear, has it not?"

Sylvia nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," she assented, sortly—yes; but even Audrey Hope's love will not help me to forget the past and all I have lost;" and she stole out of the room with his head down.

to forget the past and all a have rost, as he stole out of the room with his head down.

Audrey came the next afternoon, and the two girls sat and talked over their tea, as women who are fast and loving friends delight to talk. Audrey, ready for the theater, was resplendent in her evening-dress, and Sylvia was laughingly admiring her and holding up a hand-mirror, that Audrey might survey herself, when the maid-servant entered.

Sylvia, paid no attention, when Audrey, suddenly uttered a cry and half rose.

Sylvia turned and she saw a tall figure standing in the door-way.

She dropped the glass and ran forward, with both hands out-stretched, exclaiming:

"Lord Lorrimore!

He took her hands and held them so tightly that he hurt her; but his eyes did not meet hers, but, looking beyond her, were fixed on the pale and downcast face of Audrey Hope.

(To an Continued)

### BETWEEN CUP and LIP.

Liewellyn Whyman's heart was beating, as even the cold of a blizzard in the Cominca mountain had never succeeded in making it beat. The train had stopped at Meeston Junction. The next sts from Liewellyn's fellow traveller thrust his head out of a carrier a young lady with a bicycle. She seemed rather an overdressed oung lady; the size of the feather in the feather in the size of the feather in the feather in

ner direction.

Llewellyn started.

'Well, yes,' he said calmly. Nevertheless something about her kept him from dashing out to her and crying 'Miriam!'

'She's like all the rest of them—that's what she is,' the fellow-traveller continued with an unflattering hoist of the shoulders.

'How so P'asked Llewellyn, with a dull feeling. She had passed the carriage, looked in his eyes, and no doubt found a seat further on.

'How so? Why, she was engaged to a fellow named Whyman here, who went abroad to make money to keep her in style. I know for a fact that he promised to remain single if he died before claiming her. I had it from Whymans most intimate friend. And there you are! It's only about five years ago, and she's going to marry a chap whose only recommendation is his money. The meanest skinflint in the district.'

district."

'That's very interesting, said Llewellyn.

'What's the lucky individual's name?'

'Gabriel Solomons, the money-lender, estate agent and all the rest of it.'

'That beast!' exclaimed Llewellyn, with a flash of the eyes that astonished his companion.

a flash of the eyes that astonished his com-panion.

'Yes; I see you know him. And it's wonderful how she has changed. Used to go to daily service at the old church, district visiting, and all that sort of thing. Now she's by way of being my Lady But-terfly. All the excitement that's on the tapis, as the saying is, Miss Miriam Evans insists on her pretty little feet having a share in."

share in."

Perhaps the other one is dead, suggested Llewellyn, after a pause.

'Oh, yes, no doubt he's dead enough. They've put him on the family memorial stone in the church; lost at sea, or something. But that don't affect the situation. A promise is a promise. Staying in Cludow, or ?"

E.—just for a day or two, perhaps. I'm told the—that is to say, the air there is very healthy, isn't it ?' 'Oh, very!'

The conversation then languished, Llewellyn was glad he had left his luggage

in town, for several reasons.

At Clulow he waited, ere walking up to the little town, that he might look again at Miss Miriam. Afterwards he became more sorrowful than before. She had certainly changed, The draper's young son, or whatever he was, seemed right in his cheap judgement of hor. She was, probably, like all the rest of her sex.

He got a bed at the 'Angel,' and nearly spoiled matters by greeting the propriet-

spoiled matters by greeting the propriet-ress as the old friend she was. She of course, did not recognize him. A thick black beard may be warranted almost to transform any beardless man.

In the coffee-room were sundry framed

In the coffee-room were sundry framed photographs; among them one of a group of amateur actors, in which Llewellyn per-ceived his own portrait.

ceived his own portrait.

'Who's that P' he asked of the waitress, pointing to himself. The young woman's

reply came pat.
"He's dead, sir. He belonged to Clulow." Then, with a certain shy expression, she added, "The young lady he was engaged to is going to be married on Friday next."

"So soon!" exclaimed Llewellyn; but he laughed it off, leaving no suspicion in

the waitress's mind.

He settled to stay in Clulow until the Friday. Apart foom Miriam, there was no one to keep him there. His near relatives were dead, and his friends—well, he guessed they could do well with

well, he guessed they could do well without him.

The old church chimes at eight o'clock chimed "Home, Sweet Home," quite touchingly; they did it every four hours that day. On the morrow it would be "Pop Goes the Wessel!" Llewellyn was in High Street when they began, looking at the lighted windows of Mr. Evans, the solicitor, Miriam's father. There was a good deal of laughter in the house; the sound of it drifted towards him cheeffully, while the bells lazily tootled out that fine old sentimental ditty.

The next day Llewellyn left the 'Angel,' having secured rooms in a house opposite

The next day Llewellyn left the 'Angel,' having secured rooms in a house opposite Mr. Evan's. Here, to his annoyance, he was betrayed by his nightgown—comical enough to think of! Mrs. Bundle, his widow landlady, bustled into the parlor with outstretched hands.

'I thought I ought to know your features Mr. Llewellyn," she said effusively.
But she was soon sworn to secrecy, and dissolved into sighs when she understood the harassing drama of her lodger's roei.

the harassing drama of her lodger's posi-'Don't you go vexing your head, Mr. Llewellyn,' she said coaxingly, 'about one as isn't worthy of you. She've a common

Thenceforward Mrs. Bundle drew deer

Thenceforward Mrs. Bundle drew deep sighs whenever she came into her lodger's room. They were part sympathetic and part due to devouring irritation that she was unable, in honor, to share this precious secret with certain of her friends. But she looked forward to the wedding litself with a reliah that was almost wicked in its coldblooded intensity. Nething in the world should keep her out of the church on that occasion.

Meanwhile Llew dlyn sat in his armchair adwarched Mr. Evans's house like a de-

Miriam w as changed undoubtedly. Only now and hen did he see on her face the epito son that he still worshipped as the R. me of her soul. She was so gay too. her a restless gaiety, to be sure. If he are Mr. Solomons he should not like it; but it seemed the very manner for the rich estate agent, whose ruddy countenance glowed with rapture when he was by her side.

of course, Llewellyn got at the bottom of the mystery. It was strictly an affair of cash. Mrs. Bundle, indeed, was loth to say so outright, since it seemed to her more kindly conduct to disparge the young lady, and thus help her lodger to find consolation. But all the other gossip that came to Llewellyn's ears on the subject made it plain.

plain.
Miriam's father was in Mr. Solomon's

Miriam's father was in Mr. Solomon's hands, to break or spare, as he pleased. And Miriam was the bribe that bought Mercy for her parent.

It wasn't so very unconventional a business. What Liewellyn could not get over was the gir'ls more than contentment with her case. In the circumstances he by no means felt inclined to cross the street and offer Mr. Evans the use of five or ten thousand pounds that his daughter might be released from her servitude to the Jew.

thousand pounds that his daughter might be released from her servitude to the Jew.

And yet he loved her more and more every hour, for the sake of the past, and those glimpses in her of the Miriam whose lips he had kissed.

To be sure, he had his ironical and desperate moments. Especially on the Wednesday, after a concert at which Miriam had sung.

A lady next to him in the concert-room had thought it "so sweet" in the girl to sacrifice the precious last hours of her maidenhood in singing for a charity.

"Still there's something about her—I'm sure I don't know what it is—that I can't fathom," whispered the lady's neighbor.

Miriam's song on this occasion was serio-comic, the title, "Hearts don't break nowadays." She sang it with expansive glee up to the very last line; but though the room roared for an encore she would not even show her face on the platform again. Only those in the very front row detected the glisten in her eyes while that last line was on her tongue.

Llewellyn had taken good care not to sit in the front row; and at supper that night he was more than laconic in his replies to Mrs. Bundle's hungry questioning about his experiences at the concert.

He felt particularly ironical when this admirable gossip went on to tell of the silver afternoon tea-service presented to Miss Miriam by the old church Sunday scholars. 'And she has not been a teacher this past year or more, sir! You may see it in Rowland's window till to-morrow afternoon.

'Thank you. I will certainly give my-

noon.

'Thank you. I will certainly give myself the pleasure of looking at it atter breaktast." Llewellyn replied, almost impatiently. At twelve o'clock that night he lay awake and heard the chimes for the new day start 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

He almost settled it with himself ere daybreak that he would he off on the more-

He almost settled it with himself ere daybreak that he would be off on the morrow (and miss the wedding); the excitement of working these gold claims of his in the Ominica mountains would be better than the excitement of his wounded heart. At breakfast, still in this mood, he asked Mrs. Bundle to prepare his bill.

'I think I shall go to London this afternoon,' he added.

noon, he added.

'And not see poor Miss Mariam married to-morrow, sir?' exclaimed the good

woman, aghast.

'If I go I shall not see that particular 'if Igo I shall not see that particular wedding, as you surmise!'

"Mrs. Bundle found her lodger's tone almost too much for her nerves. She did not venture to protest further.

Then Llewellyn went out. He did, in fact, glance at the tea-service—a fluted set, neat, and not very costly.

From the jeweller's he strolled to the old church, that superh building at Here

old church, that superb building of Henry VIII's time, in which he and his forbears had been baptized, and in which most of the latter had been married and been buried. It was empty of worshippers, of course. Clulow was satisfied with a morning and evening daily service.

course. It was empty of worshippers, of course. Clulow was satisfied with a morning and evening daily service.

Llewellyn folded his arms, and read with appreciation the reference to himself on the white marble tablet beneath his elder brother's name: 'Also in memory of Llewellyn, second son of the above, supposed to have been drowned at sea."

It struck him as rather droll, and he moved away to a pew to think about it.

The chimes purred their "Should auld acquaintance," etc., while he thus sat with his back to a pillar; time had passed so quickly. He had thought, moreover, of so much while he looked vacantly at the grand east window.

And now suddenly he turned, conscious that someone else was in the church.

A woman opposite to his own family tablet!

"Great Heavens!' thought Llewellyn, as

A woman opposite to his own family tablet!

'Great Heavens!' thought Llewellyn, as
he saw that it was Miriam herself. He
peered past his pillar with a heart beating
as never before.

As he lived, she was on her knees by the
tablet; sobbing, too\_just once or twice.

Then, drawing a deep breath, and with
a strong light in his eyes, Llewellyn rose
and went on tip-toe towards the girl. He
was quite near her when his footfall clattered a grating. She started to her teet
and looked towards him.

'It is I, Llewllyn, Miriam!' he said, joyously, opening his arms to her, heedless
where he was.

And she also thought only of her heart's
rapture as she gave herself, sobbing tor joy
to his embrace.

Mr. Solomons was terribly humbled in
Clulow by the abrupt postponement of Miriam's wedding; nor was he the bridegroom
eventually.

When a man's business runs down the heriff comes along and winds it up.

He Depended on Bis own Ingenuity and i

twenty years ago may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had were bright boys, and their father in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the

to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference betwint those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it. If l was casted on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could to point him out a hammer. 'But Cy!' added the old carpenter, with a snap et his fingers. 'The lack of a hammer wouldn't attump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life.

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who 'made his own tools' is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.

nails is to wet the fingers with quassia tes and allow them to dry. When tasted it will be a bitter reminder to cease the will be a bitter reminder to cease the practice. If there are no sore places on the finger tips, a very little colocynth powder, which is intensely bitter, may be dusted over them. When, however, dipping the finger ends in some bitter tincture fails, as it sometimes will, each finger end ought to be incased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

over the pu!pit and whispered: 'Whist! whist! Jock; the poke's burst.'



SUSPENDERS

#### BORN

Amherst, June 22, to the wife of Amos Cook, a son St. John, July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pickett, a

St. John, July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Bus tin, a son.

verpool, June 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Henr thorne, a son.

dia Mines, June 22, to the wife of Mr. G. R. Smith, a son.

verpool. June 22, to Capt. W. S. and Mrs. Mc-Leod, a daughter. w Glasgow, June 27, to the wife of J. J. Mc-Leod, a daughter.

wcombeville, Lunenburg, June 16 to the wife o John Hebb, a son.

ong Island, Kings, June 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Palmeter, a son. oose Jaw, N. W. T., June 4, to the wife of Tup-per Vance, a daughter, her's Settlement, Lunenburg, June 28, to the wife of Benjamin Wentzel, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

Halifax, June 21, Harry Fader to Ella Keefe. Halifax, June 29, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Willis Kedy to Lillie Moreash.

Amherst Point, June 29, Chas. W. Holmes to Truro, June 23, by Rev. Edwin Rose, John Amy to Mary Workman. alifax, June 28' by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Francis Gow to Mabel Cook. rtland, June 29, by Rev. A. Hayward, Warren Estey to Grace Currie.

Liverpool, June 20, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, James Foster to Minnie Croft. Gay's River, June 26, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John Frazer to Mary Blades.

NUT TO BE BALKED

A comparison made by an old carp

'Um-m !' said the carpenter, 'I presur

A simple and very effective way to cure children of the bad habit of biting their

Amen and Amen.

A Scotch minister while on a visit to England noticed that when the minister stopped praying the choir sang 'Amen. The first Sunday after his arrival home he arranged with his precentor that at the arranged with his precentor that at the end of the prayers he would drop a pea on his head, when he was going to sing 'Amen.' When Sunday came, about the end of the first prayer, the precentor felt a shower of peas fall on his head, and began singing: 'Amen! amen! amen! as fast as he could, when the minister leaned over the pulpit and whitepraded. 'Whist! St. Groix, June 22, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Mr. H. Spence to Cassie Kughn. Inverness, C.B. June 22, by Rev. A. Chute. S. P. Hubley to E. M. Frizzle.

Dorchester, Mass., June 22, by Rev. Mr. Gumbart F. Murfeldt to B. Moore. indser, June 16, by Rev. Wm. Rees Mr. J. Par-ker to Mrs. A. M. Snider. ckville, June 26, by Rev. F. W. Harrison, Hiram Bowser to Buth Cole.

llfax, June 29, by Rev. J. McMillan, Peter Porrier to Annie Robinson. st Co. N. B., June 29, by Rev. Mr. Curry Chas. Armor to Ruth Newcombe. St. John, July 3, by Rev. James Crisp, Mr. S. E. Juliet to Miss C. F. Penney.

Jillet to Miss C. F. Penney.

Greenfield, N. S. June 22, by Rev. Mr. Bishop W.
G. Mingo to M. E. Joudery.

Newcastle, June 22, by Rev. T. Johnstone, Mr. D.

McKinley to miss E. Ashton.

Bloomfield, June 29, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, Scott

Emery to Minnie Crandelmere.

Emery to Minnie Crandelmere. Welsford, June 30, by Rev. A. McCully, Wm. W. Fawcett to Jessie W. McCully. Harcourt, June 28, by Rev. W. Johnson, Capt. Paul Robinson to Miss Sara Rogers. Janpine, June 20, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Robt. M. Estrid to Isabella Davidson.

ridgetown, June 21, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Frank Bent to Jeremiah Wilson. Caledonia, June 23, by Rev. T. A. Bowen, George E. Banks to Fannie H. Harlow. napolis, June 22, by Rev. E. Locke, Mr. C. T. Reigh to Miss A. L. Beardeley.

Amberst, June 28, by Rev. Father Millan, James Chapman to Elizabeth B. Savage. Yarmouth, June 1, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Mr. J. B. Burrill to Miss E. L. Duncanson. Brand Manan, July 2, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Mr. S. Dalzell to Miss Lillie Dinamore.

S. Dalzell to Miss Lillie Dinsmore.

Port La Tour, June 21, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Mr.

J. W. Nickerson to Miss A. Conneil.

Chatham, June 23, by Rev. Henry T. Joyner, Mr.

John Wallace to Miss Katie O'Kane.

Makone Bav. June 21, by Rev. Henry Crawford,

Albert Zinck to Maggie Rodenhiser.

St. John, July 4, by Rev. Arthur S. Morton,

George Harris to Margaret Chambers.

New Glasgow. June 20, by Park Addist. ow Glasgow, June 29, by Rev. Anderson Rogers Isaac Fitzpatrick to Annie McDonald.

Issac Fitspatrick to Annie McDonaid. umpobello, N. B., Juee 10, by Rev. F. W. Brook Mr. John Presley and Miss A. Brown. ouglastown, June 23, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, Mr. John Russell to Miss Jane Russell. Lower Stewiacke, Sune 15, by Rev. Alex. Car Charles G. Smith to Clara Cruikshanks. Brooklyn, N. Y. by Rev. J. Charles Roper, Arihu Richard Doble, to Georgie Ethel Hyde.

Amherst, Juae 29, by Rev. D. McGriegor, Joseph Henry Croggatt to Lillie Jane Embree. Jorchester, Mass., June 22, by Rev. E. S. Wheel-er, Mr. B. F. Blake to Miss M. E. Irish. Upper Stewiscke, June 22, by Rev. E. N. Archi-bald, Emery Carr to Etts May Johnson.

Milton, Queens Co., June 18 by Rev. A. Braine Frederick R. Freeman to Fannle M. sell.

Halifax, June 23, by Rev. W. H. Heartz, Miss Bessie Legion to Mr. Chas. Wm. Fellows, ast Florenceville, N. B., June 29, by Rev. A. Hayward, John Hunter to Annie M. Hartley. Hayward, John Hunter to Annie M. Hartley.
Lynnfield, June 22, by Rev. Matthew R. Knight,
Matthew M. Cunn ngham to Lottie Trafton.
Boulardeit Centre, C. B., June 22, by Rev. D.
Drummond, John Mckensie to Christina McRae
New Glasgow, June 29, by Rev. Anderson Rogers,
Charles M. Crockett to Margoret Anna SmithHallax, June 29, by Rev. F. M. Webster. James
DeWolf Chipman to Miante Elizabeth Fishwick.

Los Angelos, Cal. May 7, by Rev. Dr. Bresee, Lieut. Alired E. McKenzie, to Mrs. Carrie M. Lower Mscean, Cumberland Co. June 28 by Rev. W. H. Evans, Mr. H. Davis to Miss A. F.

#### DIED.

St., John, July 4, John Burke, 75.
Boane Bay, Mfd., John Silver, 80.
Hillsboro, Juns 29. Wm Ferguson, 84.
St. John, June 30, Edmond M. Daly, 3.
Amherst, June 29. Hattle W. Brundage, 6.
Canso, June 23, Ells wife of Burd Horton.
Moncton, July 2, Mrs. Malcolm Jones, 67.
St. Stephen, June 27, Atchison Cleiand, 73.
Kentville, June 30, Laleah Burpee Loyett.
Barnaby River, June 28, George Bogle, 69.
Halifax, June 29, Edward P. Archbold, 55.
June 5, drowned at sea, Sandy Webber, 23.
St. John, July 5, Mrs. Sarah M. Bissett, 78.
Thomson Station, June 27, Joshua Ross, 36.
Upper Stewlacke, June 26, Wm Dunlop, 75.
Picton Island, June 3, Charles McCallum, 70.
Salisbury, June 23, Mrs. William Steeves, 67.
Welsford, June 25, Mrs. Walliam Steeves, 67.
Welsford, June 25, Mrs. Hannah McIntosh, 74.
Point aux Car, June 18, Finlay MacDouald, 67.
Wickham, Queens Co., June 19, Ephriam Shaw, 76.
Leger Corner, N. B., July 1, Frank Thibideau, 90.
Whishar, Kirk Road, Scotland, Grac; Mulloy, 27.
Lyons Brook, June 17, Capt. Thomas R. O'Brien, 52. Lyons Brook, June 17, Capt. Thomas R. O'Brien, 52.

Halitax, June 27, Hattie E. wife of Frank J. Ou

Grand Manan. June 27, Ethelbert only sor Scovil, 3½ alifax, June 29, Mary E. child of Bdward and

DeBert, June 15. Martha F., widow of the late James Yuill. 83. Halifax, June 29, Raym Helena Desmond.

Martin River, June 15, Winnie Flo. May, daughte of Caleb Langille, 3. Saint James, June 20, Emms J. wife of Lorent Dowling 41, and infant child.

#### GRAND CHEAP **EXCURSION,**

BUFFALO, N. Y., AND RETURN,

IN CONNECTION WITH THE B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION.

## ANADIAN O PACIFIC

the old standby Experts are constantly trying to get a dye better than the Magnetic. They cannot do it. Especially in the richer colors, that test both dye and dyer, as Crimson, Green, Navy Blue, and Black.

### MAGNETIC DYES

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Springtime and

Especially Black,

Will reast work.

If your dealer does not keep Magnetic Dyes,
we will mail you as sample, a full size packet,
any color, post paid, on receipt of price, 10%.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Material

PEDIGREE Trotters and teams, get fine glossy coats, good appetite, TROTTERS increased energy, when given DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION Powders. Sold by all reliable dealers, 250.

per package. Full size package sent post-paid as samp on receipt of price.

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

# Star Line Steamers

-FOR-Fredericton.

Mail Steamers Victoria and **David Weston** 

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Sinday) at 5 a.m., for is, Jonn.

Stmr. Olivette will leave Indianto wn for Gagetown and intermediate landings every Afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time.) Returning will leave Gagetown every Morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manage

# Steamer Clifton,

On and after July 7th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown,

Monday at 5.30 a. m.
Tuesday at 3.30 p. m.
wednesday at 2.00 p. m.
Thursday at 3.30 p. m.
Saturday at 5.30 a. m.
Leave Indiantown for Hampton, Tuesday at 9.00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8.00 a. m.
Thursday at 9.00 a. m.
Saturday at 9.00 b. m.
CAPT. R. G. EARLE,

RAILROADS.

# Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 4th. 1898, the Steamship ard Train service of this Mailway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE.

#### Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 15 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.45 p. m., arv St. John, 4.30 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve, Halifax 6, 20 a.m., arv in Digby 12, 28 p.m.

Lve, Digby 12, 40 p.m. arv Yarmouth 8, 16 p.m.

Lve, Ligby 12, 40 p.m. arv Yarmouth 8, 16 p.m.

Lve, Digby 145 p.m. arv, Tarmouth 8, 46 p.m.

Lve, Digby 145 p.m. Purby 14, 13 a.m.

Lve, Digby 11, 15 a.m. arv Halifax 5, 46 p.m.

Lve, Digby 11, 55 a.m. arv Halifax 5, 46 p.m.

Lve, Yarmouth 8, 36 a.m., arv Halifax 5, 46 p.m.

Lve, Digby 10, 30 a.m. arv, arv, Halifax 5, 46 p.m. Lve. Annapolis; 7.16 a. m., arv. Digby 8.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., arv. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

# S. S. Prince Edward,

By far the finest and fastest steamer plyi Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every and Thursday, immediately on a very

### Intercolonial Railway. a and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

ns are run by Eastern Standard Time

stop was mini

Spe

don the that mus sore hea

The

as to is ri in th

was first there law durin year ing which is horse to in rach