

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

FIFTY YEARS A PRIEST

MONS. CONNOLLY CELEBRATES HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Preparations that are being made for the event by his Parishioners and other St. John people—Portrait and sketch of the Clergyman's

It is just fifty years ago today since the Very Rev. Monsignor Thomas Connolly, Vicar General of the Diocese of St. John, began his pastoral labors and to-morrow

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

The memory of this festive occasion is to be handed down through the enduring medium of the printing press; a jubilee volume is now in press, illustrated with

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

HOW HE VIEWS IT.

What One Citizen Thinks of Some Other Folks and Their Work.

PROGRESS has received the following letter for publication. It is not given in full because there were matters touched upon which did not concern the public. It is always a pity from a newspaper standpoint 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 be.

There is no doubt that there is much discussion among the people regarding the administration of the liquor law. According to the statement 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 Kouch 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 letter.

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 seem 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 Sabbath day, and get intoxicating liquors in a great many places?

Mr. Editor, if you can tell me why the chairman of that commission, seems to enjoy nosing 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 King receive the appointment not long ago from the Government when we have in our midst a man of intelligence like the honorable chairman.

I have watched this brainy chairman on several occasions, nosing around and venture to say he is not in the house, two nights in the 365, as he enjoys his pecking acts. On three different occasions, I have caught him watching the place I think is called Tammany Hall, on King square.

I would willingly give this chairman five hundred dollars, and guarantee him three others of like amount, who have sons, like myself, 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 at that, and to think of the other dens, that are operating full blast and putting it out wholesale.

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 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.

I have two sons and have repeatedly watched them going into these hell holes, 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 the first place the license costs so and so, that's lots of money, I can afford to run my place without it (providing that Mr. Knodell 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 for some time on the second trip, perhaps next year, so you see I have figured pretty well.

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. W. W. GROCER.

HIS SLIGHT MISTAKE.

MR. WILLET NOMINATES THE WRONG MAN.

He Meant Mr. Sutherland and he Said Mr. Mullin—Why Mr. Baird was not a Successful Shepherd—Some Incidents of the now Famous Case.

The Mullin case has made two rapid and kaleidoscopic changes of front recently. There was the meeting at Fredericton when the question was thought to have been settled for all time and there was 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 Fredericton 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.

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 was wanted.

Mr. Baird appealed to the presbytery 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 the bull by the horns and bring matters to a climax.

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

The clergyman saw it coming and he spoke in an apologetic manner endeavoring to shunt the responsibility from himself upon the session. But those present felt that Rev. Mr. Mullin was the real one who was responsible for refusing to open the church doors to Mr. Baird and they 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, Rev. 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 result 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 will be more trouble and it may get into the Civil Courts.

The presbytery has one thing, however, the records of the session. At this meeting of the presbytery 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 omissions to be attended to, and made their report to the presbytery to that effect. Rev. Mr. Mullin observed that the minutes of some recent meetings were not entered 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 over to me to insert in the book."

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, nominated 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 for each was not announced it can be imagined. It is sufficient to say that Judge 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. Mullin's case if he corrected himself so he let it go at that.

ON MOOSEPATH PARK.

Why Thursday's Races Were not a Very Brilliant Success.

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 Thursday's races. There were between 600 and 700 paid admission and these included representatives of the sporting fraternity from St. Stephen, Fredericton, Amherst, Moncton and other towns.

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 when officers of the law intimated that his work must be stopped. There is 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 of 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 prevailed.

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 pacers.

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 races.

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.

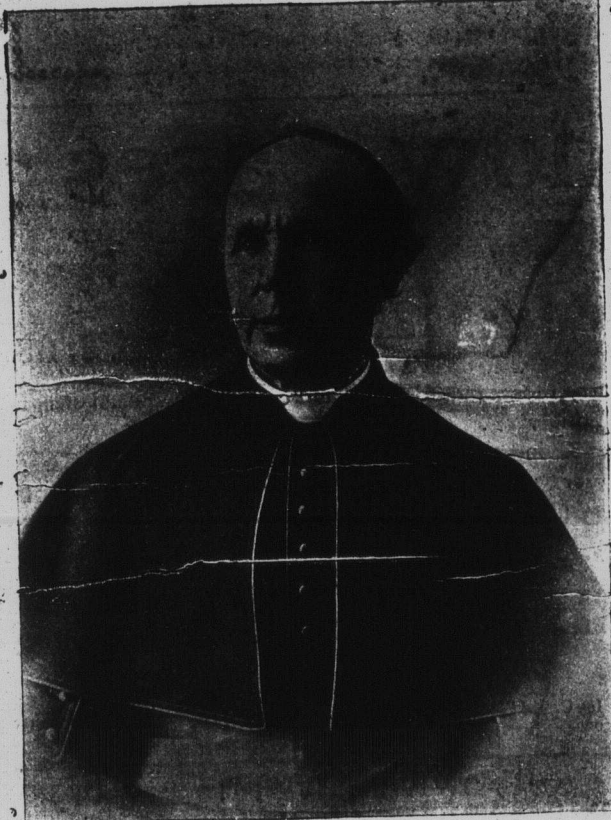
GETTING THEM READY.

The Tax Lists and How They are Progressing.

The preparation of the tax lists has been going on steadily and people are looking forward with longing anticipations to its appearance—nit. Some of the aldermen were computing some time ago that the rate would make a big leap this year from 1.46 its present mark to 1.60. It would not, however, be oversteering it to say that it will probably be advanced from 1.46 to 1.55. 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 Scottish Clans, having recently been appointed 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 Mackenzie, 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.

the occasion will be celebrated with all the 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 Connolly's co-religionists apparently cannot do too much to honor him and other sects have imbibed their enthusiasm and have decided to lend their aid as well. The esteemed Vicar General's fellow workers do not do things by halves when they attempt any function of this sort and in this respect certainly their zeal is to be emulated.

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 Carleton, accompanied by bands of music. There will be three addresses to the vicar General presented by the parish of St. John the Baptist, Father Matthew association and the united societies of St. John Carleton and Fairville. The kindly sentiments 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 lined 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 Connolly, V. G., by the ladies of his congregation on the jubilee of his priesthood, July 10th, 1898." The plate was handsomely engraved by Mr. Herbert A. Green, jr.

It is also noteworthy that at the services tomorrow the new organ which was put in St. John the Baptist church in May last will be used in the service of the church for the first time.

But this is not all that is to be done in

pictures of Father Connolly and the associates 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 there is scarcely a place that has not felt the impress of his labors. Among his charges were, St. Louis, Kent Co; Fredericton, Woodstock, Barabois, Milltown, Johnville, Cathedral, St. John; Grand Digne, Kent Co.; Carleton, St. John; and St. John the Baptist, St. John. It was during his incumbency as rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate 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 chaplain of the penitentiary.

Father Connolly has always been a steadfast temperance worker. He founded the Father Matthew Total Abstinence society and he was in 1879 elected president of the New Brunswick Total Abstinence Union.

There are many monuments to the venerable priests industry and zeal distributed about the province. He built several churches at Yarmouth and displayed the diversity of his genius by being his own architect. He was given the task of organizing the parish of Lower Cove which was separated from the mother parish in 1889. 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 excellent 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 Brunswick, to pass through many hardships

A FEMALE PICKPOCKET.

FUNERAL IN CHICAGO ATTENDED BY 2,000 PERSONS.

The Most Skillful Criminal in Her Line Known to Police—Only One Conviction Against Her—Her Trip to the Queen's Jubilee.

A few days ago there was buried in Chicago a woman named Minnie Daly, whose funeral was attended by no fewer than 2,000 persons. It was a gathering in which no man's watch was safe. Most of the expert hold-up men, second-story thieves, pickpockets, 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 Daly had the lightest finger and the coolest nerve of any man or woman who has ever made a living in this country by the art of the "genile touch;" in other words, that she was the most skillful pickpocket in the American annals of crime.

From what circumstances Minnie Daly descended to her career is not clearly known, for she who was so ready to talk of 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 and last time in a career of varied risks that she was so fairly caught at her business 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 tucker out my elbow 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 occasional 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's 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 saw her and held out the stolen purse to his owner.

"Pardon me," she said calmly, "I think I took your purse in mistake for my own."

That was all there was to it. The cash girl vehemently declared that it was a case of theft, but there was no proof and nothing could be done. Thereafter when 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 a Chicago police officer says:

"I have seldom seen a more frank expression or a more honest face than hers. It was the finest outfit imaginable for a crook. She had light brown hair, wide, clear 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 to convict her and so 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 boast that she could unscrew 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

family who met her at one of these dances and escorted her home afterward had her arrested on a charge of stealing a gold watch and chain, a diamond 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 hall and get into conversation with persons there. While one of them was talking to the victim, the other would go through his pockets. Usually it was the woman who did the actual "touching," as Birch, who is himself one of the most skillful 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 also a betting man, when Birch remarked that his wife could "pinch" anything that was in plain sight, from a man. The saloon 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 corner.

"You stand right here and watch," said Birch, "and maybe you'll see how it's done." "What'll you give me for the tucker 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 conversation 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 better they demanded the \$50 and got it.

"Where's the fifty I'm to get for the watch?" asked the woman.

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 after paying all my expenses and living on the fat of the land all the time. They took me for an American heiress, I guess, and I might have got an earl or something of that kind to bring back with me if I was in that line of business, but they cost too much to support. I'd heard such a lot about Scotland Yard and the sharp British bobbies that I didn't know as I'd take a chance with any work at all over in England; but, bless 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; I 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.

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

"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."

Little is known of the circumstances preceding her death, which took place at St. Vincent's Hospital in this city a fortnight ago. She was brought to the hospital in a carriage by friends three weeks ago, suffering from a disease of the order of pneumonia, the cause of the death of a proportion of criminals. As soon as her death was announced the body was ordered shipped to Chicago, when a big semi-public funeral was held. Her general reputation in Chicago was that of a sort of Robin Hood, who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. It is said that she did give con-

siderable amounts to charities and church work and that she never robbed a poor man or a good one.—N. Y. Sun.

A CANVASSER'S EXPERIENCE.

Suffered From Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism—Was Becoming Despondent When Aid Reached Him.

From the Journal St. Catharines.

One of the most recent witnesses about Fouthill and vicinity regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is John F. Price, who is widely known in the Niagara District as he has been on the road as an 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, a 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 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 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 suffering 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.

The postal service in India extends as far north as Kolghur, a village of the Himalayas. Beyond this point a letter is sent by a native runner, who carries the message 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 carry for days, along wild mountain tracks, where they could never be traced, and then deliver it into the right hands.

Permanently So.

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 one.

CLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or if 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.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

BOYS can earn a Stem-Wind Watch and Chain during the Summer Holidays, by selling \$4.50 worth of our six and six goods—10 kinds, assorted. Boys who send to the States for goods have to pay 50c duty. Goods not sold exchanged. No money required. Write at once, stating your father's occupation, and we will mail the goods. Manufacturers' Agency Co., Toronto, Ont.

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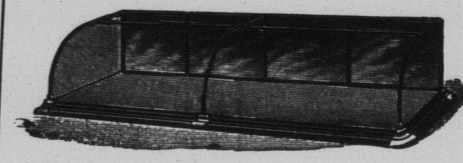
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

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

The Misses Furlong have fixed the date of their concert for July 28th. It promises to 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 teachers 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 concert artists who are coming to America next season one of the most prominent is Herr Emil Sauer, the pianist, of Dresden.

Emil Giesche and Camille Seygard are making a concert tour through Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In Stockholm and Christiania they will be supported by the royal orchestra.

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

Maud Hollins and Alice Judson are to have the Edna Wallace roles with DeWolf Hopper at Manhattan 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's Crystal Palace.

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

A British critic, having heard Wagner's trilogy complete, asks: "Is it a failure as a drama? . . . The final 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 'Götterdämmerung' one does not care a pennny 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 liquidation. It lost over \$39,000 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 prosperous amusement enterprises in Great Britain is dead and gone.

Some months ago Lillian Russell and many other charmers of the stage were in high fever to be war nurses and several actors undertook to raise regiments on the Bialto. But these matters were intended for publication only, not as an evidence of good faith, and Broadway continues thronged with heroes, villains, walking gentlemen, soubrettes and leading ladies 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 company next season will be composed of Jennie Patrick-Walker, soprano; Fanny Holt Reed, contralto; Bruce Hobbs, tenor; Stephen S. Townsend, baritone; Wulf Fries, violoncello; George F. W. Reed, accompanist.

It is reported that Mark Twain's youngest 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 September is to have testimonial benefit in London.

Victor Maurel is giving in Paris a course 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 Victoria, and carries the Queen's picture with her wherever she goes. Ill-natured persons have suggested 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 hands with childlike enthusiasm 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 ingenuite 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 guileless.

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 friends.

Even among her most intimate friends however, Calve never relaxes in her attitude toward the English Queen, so perhaps the adoration is genuine. The prima donna is superstitious. She acknowledges it, with a charming little shiver. Possibly her Majesty's portrait possesses a 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 woman, exercises evil spirits, sore throat pneumonia, stage-door chappies and hard-hearted critics.

At any rate, Calve carries the portrait and she says with naive ingenueness: "When I do what is right it seems to me that the face smiles on me. Ah! la bonne reine."

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 for his use were not intended for his troupe of trained hand-clappers and bravo shouters, but for his family and retainers. This same correspondent says that Tamagno has not read a 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 who 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 Marion. 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.

The Burrill Comedy Company have been giving "performances" 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 not quite sure. I presume the rest of the plays in the extensive repertoire were equally amusing. There is a very graceful little dancer with the 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 the Wilbur opera company; at least the advance 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 OF THE WEEK.

News comes this week of the untimely death of Mors, the clever little actress who has played two or three engagements in this city, and was booked for an appearance here next month. "The Comedy Sunbeam" was the public's favorite soubrette for this bright little woman. An intensely dramatic death hers was, and those who knew her best during her professional career, say the closing scene was quite in keeping with her stormy life. In her earlier years she was a great favorite throughout the United States, and at one time was quite wealthy, her diamonds representing a fortune in themselves. A block in New York—the Mors block—was once the property of the little soubrette. She was married to Fred Williams who for years has managed her company.

FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

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EVERY HUMOR

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

Olga Netherole begins her American tour on Nov. 14, at the Alvin theatre in Pittsburgh.

A play new to Boston is at the Castle Square this week entitled "A Southern Romance."

A German version of "The Heart of Maryland" is to be produced in Berlin in October.

Mrs. Brown Potter and Kyrie Bollew will sail from England for South Africa on Aug. 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 the 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 Tarnsgant" in which Olga Netherole 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 strong 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 "Chattanooga." Its author is Lincoln J. Carter, and Wilton Lackaye 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 individual share of the profits amounts to more 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. DaSoubert's new comedy "A Misfit Marriage" will be produced in September with Max Figman in an important part.

Danman Thompson is going to make an elaborate revival of "The Old Homestead" at the New York Academy of Music in August.

W. J. LeMoyné and Sarah Crowell LeMoyné will not go on the road next season but will remain in New York to fill short engagements.

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 embody 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 Annie Russell in "Sue."

Grace Lambkin, 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 between 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 the names "Sullivan and Kraus, managers and proprietors," and stating that on or about September 1st the place having 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 fog and drizzle of London 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 "Shanandoah" company, and if it is not possible to secure a new play for her for the autumn she will be very prominently featured on the tour of "Shanandoah" until the new piece is happened upon.

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 building 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" which is novel and startling. By the use of a stationary engine and a moving picture thrown on a screen the spectators are made to believe that the engine is plying forward on the track while the hero and villain engage in a hand-to-hand contest.

"The Manoeuvres of Jane" is the title of a 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 arrangement limits the run at that house of "The Little Minister."

The "J. P." (Justice of the Peace), a farce 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 a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," at Manhattan Beach.

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

The Frawley Company, in Frisco last week, presented a dramatization of Captain King's story, "Fort Frayne." Rhea is dying.

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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 roof garden—a ship.

Celeste Wynne has left Francis Wilson's company.

Frederick Warde made his vaudeville debut last week.

"The Heart of Maryland" company has sailed for America.

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 trapeze 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 found 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 disaster of "The Bauble Shop." Meanwhile that audience was educated into a lively appreciation of the new actress, whose talents 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 rouses curiosity in the minds of travellers.

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." And because of the many fishing expeditions of their boyhood, no one of the elderly 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 to 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 Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian forces, 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 Chanzy's Army of the Loire, and against the Czar's soldiers in the Balkans, under Baker Pasha. But most of his service has been in the East, where he first went in charge of a party of surveyors in Palestine.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate 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 paper discusses with the utmost sang froid Canada's manifest destiny. The article referred to says: "Striking evidence of the growth of the spirit of all-embracing 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 wassail and oratory in Windsor Castle? These things 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 friendliness in our international complications doubtless had much to do with causing this phenomenon, but manifest destiny had more. It was as inevitable that American political customs should follow American social and business customs across the Canadian line as that the water shall flow over the Horseshoe Fall. 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 destiny is manifest?"

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 echo 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 s'zed up our neighbors, and we would sooner be what we are than what they are. We prefer British institutions, Canadian laws and 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 struggles that are at hand. Canada's destiny 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 United 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 eagle 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

Warsaw, Indiana this week music poems, paper stories and "nature sketches" were heard, 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 followed.

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 killing. 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 world."

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 barrowing 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 it now.

About 25 per cent of the women of England earn their own living, but it seems difficult to believe that there are something like 100 female blacksmiths in that country.

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 weather.

Most any 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 treats of subjects pertaining to the Dominion or rather to that portion of the Dominion 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 publisher.

Summer School of Science. We extend a welcome to the visiting delegates of the Summer School of Science, now at Moncton, free stationery and postal cards will be furnished; and for those who are familiar with the use of the typewriter a machine will be at your disposal, or letters will be written at your dictation. H. G. Marr, Moncton, N. B., July 7th 1898.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Oubage. O, vain, delusive dream of life! For ten or a 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 swan-like neck And bravely rally forth to milk The spotted cow called Speck.

Was always ready, out of doors, To lend a helpful hand In doing up the evening chores At my august command.

Now in the garden I must dig, Where festive weeds abound; And sent to feed the black pig— She losses 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 ceaseless toil Are never seen to hold a tool For when that woman bids me toil I'm never out of work.

And all the troubles I have had These wretched days and nights Are due to the capricious 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, Thy altar is man's glory, Thy sacrifice is men.

O, War, thou purple monarch, Who swaysest field and town, What heartless heat of iron Must fill thy crimson crown!

Thou fire-eyed fiend of slaughter, Who sweepst drought and flood, The shadows of desolation Cannot obscure the blood.

That thou hast shed for conquest, For glory and for shame, And in the niche of Murder, Hast written thine own name.

Yet this is not sufficient, O, War! and we are told That you have now discovered New horrors to unfold.

We read that in Dakota, Pursuant to your plan A new and helpless baby Is christened Deweyana.

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

The Summer Homage. A hostess down the alleys! The listening bedchamber leans God walks among His valleys: His make His mountains green. His garden knows His greeting, Fair earth His favor feels, And modest Nature, meeting, Before His glory kneels.

For Him her tender duty Its dearest welcome spreads, And all her buds of beauty Tremble when He treads. Her touch, in adoration, Unseals the hoarded sweet, And summer's blissful station Anoints His holy feet.

O mists and meek religion That pour without reward The tribute of a region Whose fitness is the Lord's! O voice of honor, vaster Than gifts of pride and power, The broken alabaster Of each unloved flower!

Shell hearts withhold and barden When heavenly feet go by? Who God walks in His garden Shall love its bloom deny? Or shall the lives He planted Thrive without welcome pay, And thanks too long ungranted Shed fragrance on His way?

—Theron Brown.

In Spite of the Funny Man. From London Tid-Bits Theatre hats aren't always high, In spite of the funny man; And country chaps are so sometimes fly, In spite of the funny man. Her father's dog it 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 "charlie" occasionally thinks a think, In spite of the funny man. Policemen's feet aren't huge at all; The plumber's bill is sometimes small; And messenger boys don't always crawl, In spite of the funny man.

The poets 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-new joke is sprung; Sometimes the ball is not all tongue, 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. Sometimes the typist is plain in face; Sometimes the church-deacon's not at the race In fact, this world's quite a decent place, In spite of the funny man.

A Little Rhyme of Four. Busy all day long, Cheerful of faces, 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, Slipped feet a-twinkle, Eyes like stars of blue Periwinkle; Airs engaging, exquisite, Lusty brows and smiles that fit, Arch, coquettish just a bit, Fairy fine.—That's Flora.

Nest and sweet and nice As all care can make her; Pretty precise Little Quaker; Smooth brows hair and forehead pure, Quiet step and look demure Test turned out, yet may be sure, Oa the line.—That's Dora.

Brimmed with sweetness as Clover-tops with honey, Scarce a blossom here Looks so sunny; Brave and loyal, blithe and brown, Laughing every tooth down, Loving though the spittle world frown, Sweetheart mine.—That's Nora! —Margaret Johnson.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

How a Halifax Man Tried to Victimise a Tailor.

HALIFAX, July 6.—A bold attempt was made recently to victimise the firm of O'Connor & Co., doing a tailoring business at the corner of Graville 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 was 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 he had left the place, a curious incident occurred, and one which prevented him from measuring the much sought for cloths. 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 coolly on the information 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 job on Hudson. Brady at his own suggestion went to O'Connor on the night that the coat was to be ready, and secreted himself in the back of the store. There he patiently waited for his don'ts to arrive, and sure enough he came.

He entered the store, conversed about matters in general, and then all was in readiness to see how the coat would fit. Mr. O'Connor said he would go in the workroom and get it, but in place of bringing out the coat, he led out the original Charles Brady, Hudson was paralyzed at his appearance, and it was some time before he 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 proceedings against him. Hudson begged hard for a chance, and even got his mother to intercede for him the following day, and the firm has decided not to prosecute.

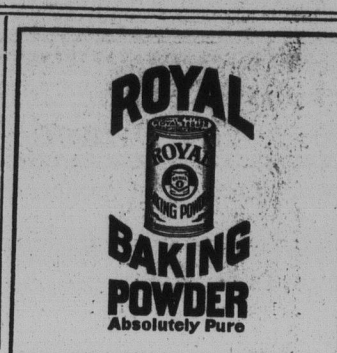
AMONG THE CLUBS.

What the Aquatic and Other Clubs are Doing Now.

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 aquatic 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 with white wings. Now the B. & A. club should get a hustle on and give cycling and field sports a boom. In order to do so they will require the co-operation of the athletes and of the critics who are wont to find fault with the B. & 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.

Cowboy and Waiter.

The Irish nature is notoriously well prepared 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 menacingly, called out: "Waiter! Hyah, wai to-e-e-rrrr!" A bald little Irishman 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, cinnamon bear, brown bear, white or Polar bear, goggle-eyed bear, Irish bear, woolly-bear, Wall Street bear—"



'Hold on!' said the imitation cowboy, in a rather low tone. 'Et bear is as plenty round these parts as that, I'll be switched if 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.

A most curious phenomenon has been observed in the flow of an artesian well on Kealia plantation, Kaula, 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 o'clock in the morning.

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 twenty-four 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 a month or more, waiting for extra pipe to conduct the water to the mill where it is to be used. We have noticed a peculiar action of this column of water, and I have been unable to find any explanation of it. If the publication of the facts by the Star will lead to an explanation, I will be very much gratified.'

'The column of water in this five additional pipe placed to prevent the flow at 8 o'clock in the morning is at its lowest point one and a half inches below the top of the pipe. Then it rises until at noon it begins to flow over the pipe. The flow increases until two o'clock, when there is quite a flow. From that time it gradually falls, until at 11 o'clock at night there is a very slight flow, and this ceases at 1 o'clock in the morning, the water gradually falling until it reaches the lowest point at 8 o'clock, when it begins to rise again. It has been suggested that this change in flow is due to the tides, or to the rotation of the earth, or to the influence of the sun. It is interesting, and I should like a satisfactory explanation.'

Representative McCandless says regarding this phenomenon that in his experience where an artesian well is influenced by the tides the water never rises above the sea level.

Spilled in Transmission.

One may have the ability to appreciate a good thing, but not the faculty of telling it.

At the club one evening somebody remarked in the hearing of young Cargyle: "The worst thing about these 'yellow' journals is that they're read."

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 sounded 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 doubt it will stir the reader's sympathies:—

My Darlin' Peggy:—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again tonight whether you come or whether you step away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write 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.

These Mineral Waters.

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.

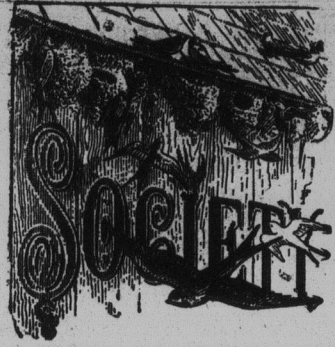
He found them depressed. "How are you getting on?" he asked. "The reply came, 'Oh, we're gettin' on fine, but we're verra fatesaggit wi' these mineral waters.'"

Our Complete Collar Shaper.

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

Cancer From Eating Meat.

The officers of a leading London hospital believe that the general increase of cancer is due to excess in meat eating.



A Massachusetts correspondent sends to Enquirer 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 company of relatives and friends were assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Flowering, Carleton street, Somerville, Mass., to witness the marriage of their daughter Esther Ann to Henry D. Holloway of Halifax, N. S.

The spacious hall and staircase were tastefully decorated with field daisies, 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.

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

The ushers were Harry Fuller, Ralph Wetmore, Gerard Fraser and Stanley Flowering. The latter rendered the music for the occasion while the other three ushers preceded 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. George Prescott 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 pins, one by the groom of pearls and diamonds, the other a gold star set with pearls from the best man. The maid of honor was presented by the groom with a handsome gold bracelet with garnet setting, also noticeable among the gifts was a sterling silver key fitted to the house door, this being a token from her father that the door of the home was forever open to her. This was also accompanied by a substantial cheque. About five o'clock the happy couple bade adieu amid a shower of old shoes for a trip to New York when they will return to Boston and thence to Halifax by rail where they will be at home July 6th and 13th.

Mrs. F. M. Brown has been 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. Noyes 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.

Lieut. Governor McClellan spent a little while here the first of the week.

Mr. F. B. Carvell and Miss Carvell of Woodstock and Mrs. W. L. Carvell of Lakesville 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 Dr. Bayard.

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 arrival of a baby daughter which event occurred on Dominion Day.

Dr. W. L. Ellis late resident physician of the G. P. hospital returned last week from the Johns Hopkins university where he has been taking a special course of study.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stokes, Mr. Stokes and Miss Stokes were a party of Philadelphians who visited St. John this week.

Mrs. G. R. Pageley and the Misses Fugley 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.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Robbins 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 Charlotte county.

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

Mrs. Walter Thompson had her reception days on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week when a number of friends called to extend their good wishes. Mrs. John E. Copp receives on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week at 97 Orange street.

Miss Caroline Smith, and her sister Miss Etis Hutchins of Bermuda were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Stammers for a short time last week. They arrived on the Taymouth Castle on Friday and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Stammers until Saturday afternoon when they left 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 Centerville, 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, North End, to congratulate them upon the 25th anniversary of their marriage. A solid silver tea service was presented by the assembled friends and Mr. James Hunter read an address which referred felicitously to the event of 25 years ago and the couples happy married life. It also made mention of Mrs. McAvity's excellent work in connection with the North End W. C. T. U. Interesting games, music and social intercourse made the evening pass pleasantly and delicious refreshments were served. After the singing of Anid Lang Syne the merry gathering dispersed with best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. McAvity's continued prosperity and happiness. Among the many handsome remembrances received was a silver cake basket from friends in the United States, cut glass, silver and other gifts. Those present included the following persons, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McRobbie, Mr. Mack McRobbie, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas, Misses Bradley, Miss Blanche Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Wilson, Mr.

and Mrs. J. N. Golding, Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. David Kirkpatrick, Miss Belle Wilson, 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 McArthur, Mr. Arthur McInnis, Mr. Coleman, Miss May 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. Toadale was in the city for a few hours recently on his way from Digby where he had been paying a short visit.

Dr. G. F. Mathew and Mr. W. Frank Hathway leave shortly on a trip to Newfoundland.

Miss McMillan is visiting the Misses Randolph at "Frogmore," 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 guest of Mrs. D. Sullivan.

St. John friends of Miss Mabel Clarke of St. Stephen were interested in hearing 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 tea given by the prospective bride's intimate friends 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 of 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 week.

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, E. H. McClaskey, W. C. Whitaker, W. Harvey, D. M. Doherty, J. Angevine, O. H. Barnes.

Mr. Arthur Bowman and Miss Flossie Bowman remained for a visit to Mrs. W. B. Rankine.

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

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

Miss Nagle is spending a little while in Moncton. A very pleasant reception was given Mr. Charles Marven and bride at the home of the groom's father Mr. Charles Marven, Springfield, Tuesday evening on their return 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 social intercourse. A delicious supper was served. Among those present were: Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Crosswell, Mr. Quinlan, Miss Maggie Quinlan, Miss Fannie Marven, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Kierstead, Mr. Clarence Kierstead, Mrs. Ervin, Miss Berwin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. McIntyre, Dr. E. V. White, Miss Mabel White, Misses Mary and Annie Gillies and Mr. C. B. B. Raymond.

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

Miss Beuch of this city is visiting Moncton as the guest of Mrs. E. A. Borden.

Mr. Charles 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.

Mrs. Eames and Mrs. Rine of New York have 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. Robertson has returned from a visit to Los Angeles, California.

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

Mrs. James I. Fellows and Miss Fellows arrived recently in Fredericton from England, and have taken rooms at the Queen hotel for a month.

Miss Constance Vail who is studying nursing at Waltham is spending the summer at Duck Cove. Mrs. Edwin Collins of New York is also at that pretty and popular resort, a guest of Miss Murphy.

Mr. W. E. Stevens of the customs department is home from a pleasant trip to Massachusetts.

Mrs. J. S. Neill of Fredericton spent part of this week in the city.

Mrs. W. H. Furdy of Princess Street is entertaining Miss Edith Tilley of Toronto. Miss Jella Tilley is staying with Lady Tilley at Bothwell.

Miss Katie Greany returned Thursday from Mount St. Vincent Halifax from which institution she graduated with honors a week or two ago. She was accompanied by Miss Agnes Hayes who will spend some time in the city.

The Misses Perkins left Thursday for Charlotte-town P. E. I. to visit friends.

Miss Kate McParland returned Thursday from a visit to Halifax.

The marriage took place this week of Miss Ada D. McNicol daughter of the late James McNicol, and Dr. Robert I. Robertson. The ceremony was performed in Trinity church at seven o'clock Monday morning and was attended only by a few friends, as owing to the serious illness of the bride's mother the event was extremely quiet. Archdeacon Brigstocke officiated and the bride was given away by her uncle Mr. Andrew McNicol. Miss Howard and Mr. Frank Kincaid were in attendance on the bridal party.

FARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.] July 8.—Kensilworth Lodge K. of P. and others enjoyed an excursion to Wolfville by the Farsboro on Thursday and on Dominion day the Beaver brought a party of about one hundred and fifty from Wolfville including the Wolfville band which played at the driving park where the races were going on in the afternoon. The Roman Catholics had their usual picnic their tempting tables

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

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

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

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

Misses Maisie McDougal, Avora McLeod, Josephine Gillespie, Jennie McAleer and Master Grant Bealey 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 by Rev. Robert Johnston at the residence of the bride's parents, Whitehall. The bride wore cream cashmere trimmed with lace and ribbon and Miss Dora Smith the bridesmaid a white Swiss muslin over pink. Both carried bouquets of white flowers. The groom was attended by his brother.

The first wedding in Grace church took place at 8:30 this evening when the usual Methodist custom of presenting the newly couple with a Bible and hymn book was adhered to. The recipients in this instance were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Langille. The church had been beautifully decorated by the young friends of the bride, with potted plants, banks of mosses, ferns and daisies and an arch and marriage bell of moss and syringa blossoms, under which punctually at the time stood Mr. Langille supported by Mr. Cooper, where he 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 white silk on train with veil and a bouquet of white roses and was attended by her sister, Miss Vida Howard, who wore pink muslin with cream trimmings, and two tiny maids Misses Rose Smith and Maria Fullerton carrying lovely bouquets of flowers. A flower strewn carpet extended from the carriage to the church door. Messrs L. S. Gove, B. Henderson, H. McMurray and Valford Tucker acted as ushers. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Sharp assisted by Rev. H. H. McLean. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to Capt. Howard's water refreshments were partaken of and Mr. and Mrs. Langille then left for Amherst where they take the midnight train to Halifax. A substantial sum in gold was Capt. Howard's present to the bride, who received other sums in gold and many valuable presents besides from relatives and friends.

KENTVILLE.

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 tennis has not always had its number of admirers, but that there are more nice courts, more players and consequently more enthusiasm and gaiety displayed at the lawn.

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

Although many were away from town on the 1st yet the funeral of Miss Lilla Lovett 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 accompanied by Miss A. Stewart and Miss Abbott of Halifax spent Friday at Partridge 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 "Chestnut Sanitarium" returned on Monday.

Miss Cadwell of Fredericton is visiting her brother W. E. Cadwell of the bank of Nova Scotia.

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

Mr. Joseph Wood of Halifax has been visiting in Cornwallis.

Miss McCollough of Picton is visiting her sister Mrs. Goucher.

Mr. John Campbell returned from Cambridge, Mass., last week where he has been in attendance at Harvard University.

Mr. Jack Orlight of the Union Bank, Halifax, is visiting his aunt Mrs. Leslie Eaton.

An "Evangelical Tea" will be held in the near future in which a number of our charming and popular young ladies will assist. I will write you of this later. VALDENAR.

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 woollens 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. WELCOME SOAP. Use Fairy Soap! A most healthful detergent, free and velvety in its lathering quality, and delightful Soap for the Bath. Smooth on the Hands. Rough on the Dirt. USE Fairy Soap. It Foats.

"They Staid To Dinner" "Company came unexpectedly yesterday and stayed to dinner. Lucky for us we had one of those Lazenbys' Jelly Tablets on hand. We gave each one of our friends individual moulds of Strawberry jelly and you could almost see the strawberries 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 Oil Stoves. SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners. Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year. Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Oil 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 surround the burners to retain any char or oil soakage, thus preventing odor. THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, 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 satisfactory 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..... PELLEE ISLAND WINESBE 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."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUNN. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



DEATHS.

July 6—Mrs. Wilson with her family is staying for a few weeks at Shubnacead. During her absence Mr. Adams is taking charge of Christ Church organ. Mr. Robertson, agent of the Union Bank, has gone to his home in north Sydney for a month's vacation. Mr. Ryan of Kentville is leaving him here. Mrs. Van Buskirk and family are spending the summer at Lawrenceville. Messrs. Wilson, Jago and Weston are home on a short vacation from Kingston military college. Mr. Turner has returned from his trip to Porto Rico where he went with Capt. Farquhar on the steamer Newfoundland. Dr. Miller spent Dominion day with his brother Principal Miller of Dartmouth. Miss Florie Elliott, formerly of Dartmouth, now of Montreal has been visiting her sister Mrs. Coll Elliott, and is at present with her parents at Ft. Pisack. 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 Edith Weston together with several other wheel d to Bedford Dominion day. Mr. Sutherland student at Dawson has returned from a myrt rious trip to the country. The Stewarts valley is always attractive especially at this season of the year. Miss Ada McNabb of Boston is spending her vacation 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's 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. Miss Florence Ellis of Montreal is visiting Miss Rose Hollie. Mayor Johnston and Mrs. Johnston have returned from their trip to various parts of the New England states. Mrs. F. L. Thorne, Miss Thorne and Miss Golda Thorne left today to spend the hot weather in Upper Canada, going to Gal. and returning by way of Niagara. Mrs. Anderson of Philadelphia is visiting at her father's Mr. Louis Payant. Miss Minnie Payant is home after her winter's visit in Philadelphia. Mr. Arthur Bowman of St. John was in town last week. His sister Miss Flossie came with him and is visiting Mrs. W. B. Rankin. Miss Daisy Dumas, Miss Rose Hollie and Miss Florence Ellis wheeled to Cow Bay Monday. The Misses McKay, Mrs. A. H. McKay, Mrs. N. C. Cunningham, Miss Helen Howe and Miss Rita Elliott made a merry party at Hester's grounds on the 2nd. Mr. M. F. Espar 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. Walter Allison's. Miss Helen Howe is spending a few days in Moncton. LEBRIS McQUAMPA.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co. July 6.—The town was very busy with bunting on Dominion day. The cornerstone of the Town Hall and Fire station was laid by Mayor Allen, prayer by Dr. Steele, hymn by a mixed choir from the different churches, under the leadership of A. U. Brander, an address by Mayor Allen and Frincl. al Lay, with music by the band, completed the ceremony. Quite a number of the citizens went to Dorchester on Dominion Day to attend the bazaar under the auspices of the Masonic Fraternity. Miss Helen Parker spent two or three days in Sackville last week, the guest of the Misses Cogwell, Bridge street. Mrs. H. W. Rogers and Mrs. T. B. Rogers with their children have gone to that pretty little seaport Pugwash, to enjoy the breeze of the Northumberland Strait for a few weeks. Mrs. Max M. Sterne gave a unique and pleasant "chamber 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 talk and conversation, interspersed with tea and coffee, and all the delicacies of the season. On Monday Mrs. Sterne was again at home and entertained about twenty-five ladies to a five o'clock tea. Miss Shilkins of Kentville, is visiting the Misses Tighe "Willowside", Victoria St. Mr. and Mrs. Barry Bent enjoyed a driving tour this week as far as Shediac, taking in Dorchester Fort Elgin, Bale 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, "Hillside", Eddy St. Mrs. Moore of Halifax who has been spending several weeks in Amherst, Dorchester and Moncton was hastily summoned home on Thursday last on account of the sudden death of her uncle E. F. Archibald, which occurred at his home Victoria Road in that city on Wednesday. Miss Laura Johnstone who has been spending two or three weeks in town with Mr. A. B. Dickey has returned to Halifax. Mrs. Eaton of Bridgewater is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sutherland, Rupert street. Mrs. Campbell and son who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hanford, "The Dock," Fort Lawrence for many weeks, left this week for Digby where they will remain some time before returning to Ottawa. Miss Madist is spending two weeks in Dorchester with Mrs. David Chapman. Mrs. W. J. Moran has returned from a month's stay with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Darling Nauwigawank. Mrs. James Moffat gave a reception at her pretty home Church street on Friday evening last in honor of Mr. Wodell and Miss Richards, attended



YES OR NO.

When a young woman answers "yes" 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, and for healthy wifehood and capable motherhood. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, restores the pain and invigorates and vitalizes. It banishes the numerous 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 milk. Thousands of homes that for years had 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, asking women can secure the free advice of a specialist who physician in the world, and avoid the disgusting examinations and local treatments 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 Medical Adviser. Cloth binding fifty stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. by about forty guests, ice cream and cake was served throughout the evening. Mr. Wodell here from Boston for six weeks and is accompanied by a pupil 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 also by Miss M'ev's on one of his pupils in Boston. Mr. Wodell explained his method of instruction at considerable length, which was very interesting to a large audience. Mr. Geener Kerr was in town on Saturday 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. Ellis will spend his holidays with his friends Mr. and Mrs. Percival St. George, at St. Ann's, Montreal. Mrs. Travers, wife of the manager of the Bank of Montreal in town, who has been with her mother Mrs. Johnson of London, Ont., for three months, until her death— is expected home on Saturday. Master John Elderkin Chipman of Somerville Mass 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 Mc-Master college, Toronto, Ont., is in town visiting her many relatives. Several families in town who have their summer cottages at Tidnish are preparing for their usual outing far from the maddening crowd. Mr. and Mrs. 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. Whiston of New York has been spending a few days in town a guest of his cousin Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Havelock street. Mr. W. G. Smith of Truro was in town this week. Mrs. J. Hillburton Silver of Montreal is in town to spend a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Havelock street. Mr. Foster of Springhill is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Prid, Havelock street. The relatives in town 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, Parkboro, at 6 o'clock p. m. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. Master Regine Harris carried off five prizes at the closing of school at Port Hope, Ont. F. E. A.

WOLFVILLE.

July 5.—The Art club met this week with Mrs. Hester 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 Lila 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 sister Mrs. Frank McOles is spending a summer with her. Mrs. Kerstead returned from her trip through New Brunswick on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. D. W. Johnson of Yarmouth was the guest of Mrs. Hemmott this week. Mrs. James Morse of Montreal and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis of Lunenburg have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Blair. Mrs. Ellis 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 Wolfville on Wednesday for Halifax 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 Hemmison (Acadia '98) and Mr. Morley Hale (Mt. Allison '98) have recently arrived with lawyer Pisco 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 again. The Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Turner have been the guests of Mrs. Turner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See

Collins for some weeks. They left on Thursday for Weymouth where Mr. Turner has been appointed as Methodist clergyman. Lawyer Crawley has gone to Boston for a short trip. Dr. Moran Hemmison of Bridgewater spent last Sunday in Wolfville with his parents, the Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Hemmison. Mrs. Leonard Baird has gone to Great Village for the summer. Mrs. Scott of Halifax and Mrs. Clarke of England are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Collins. Mrs. Parker of Bridgetown is visiting her father Mr. Blackadar of this town. Miss T. Eva Andrews (Acadia '97) who has been spending the winter at Cambridge, Mass., has gone to Intervale, N. H. for the summer months. Mr. Clifford Tufts (Acadia '96), is the guest of his uncle Prof. Tufts. Mr. Tufts has recently completed the law course at Dalhousie University. Mr. Dukeshire (Acadia '96) the Rev. Mr. Saunders (Acadia '98) and the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, (Acadia '96) were in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Corand 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. Thor. Mrs. Shannerson of St. Andrews, N. B., is visiting her mother Mrs. Quinn. Mrs. C. R. Burgess gave a very pleasant tennis tea on Tuesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Bona Johnson of Fredericton, N. B. DIX.

WINDSOR.

July 5.—News was received here on July 1st of the sudden death of Mr. Edward O'Brien caused by drowning in the Stokien River. Mr. O'Brien left here about a year ago for the Yukon and was engaged in a sport 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. Hild. Mrs. Hazel and Mr. Hild in 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 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 McHaffey of Amherst is summing in Windsor at Mrs. Thomas'. Miss Bullock of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Paul in "Arron House". Miss Nora 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. Malloy. The lawn was decorated with flags, Japanese lanterns, etc. The ladies dispensed ice cream, strawberries, etc., while to add to the merriment the band discoursed its sweetest music. It was pronounced a social and financial success. Mrs. Lawson of Hazel Hill and little daughter are at Miss Stannan's. Mr. Hadley Tremaine who has been entertained by Mr. Wiggins since the college closed returned to his home in Cape Breton on Monday. Rev. T. Clift of Aitken, S. C., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock, Avon ton. Mr. Frank Solano of the Commercial bank agency Bent is here relieving Mr. Kenway who is 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 cottage at Fairfield. Mrs. Duncan's friends are also glad to see her among the arrivals at Fairfield. MINOTA.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros. July 6.—On Monday last Mr. F. C. J. Swainson gave a "driving party," to the "Folleigh," where lunch was partaken of, among Mr. Swainson's guests were—Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Dockyard, Mr. Ronald Grant of H. M. LeMoine, Halifax, Misses Sutherland, Miss MacKenzie, Messrs. A. F. Gunney, 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 thoroughly enjoyable conclusion to a very pleasant outing. Miss Edie Snook arriving, at what last Monday night: Miss Hockin, Miss Maggie Snook, Miss Nora Black, Miss L. Spencer and Messrs. W. Lawrence, Murray, W. Carter, E. McDonald and B. Hanson. Mr. W. G. Reid, Mrs. Reid and family, en route from Montreal, to their summer home in St. John's Nfld., were guests at the Leasment, Monday night. Dr. and Mrs. W. Hallett of St. John's, Nfld., who have been visiting home friends, in New Brunswick were in town a day or two this week, guests of Mr. Wm. Hallett, 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. Pzo.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. E. Wall & Co. and at Jackson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Trevelyan's. July 6.—For the first time the church of England synods are in session in St. Stephen. A large number of clergymen 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 Kingdon 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. Deane 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 Nellie McCormick have been making a short visit in town this week. In spite of the intense heat on Monday the

"Glorious Fourth" passed off 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 festive attire to watch the numerous races and sports and to enjoy the fun of the day. All 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 flying together where ever there was decoration. The demonstrations began at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, when cannons boomed, bells were rung and the band played, "The Star Spangled Banner." God Save the Queen, "The Star Spangled Banner" and other stirring airs, this midday celebration lasting until two o'clock Monday morning, and with vigor until late Monday night. The coaching parade and monster procession of secret societies, funny representations, a regiment of small boys, who marched well in order carrying wooden guns, wearing uniforms of blue paste white coats and red caps, and Colonel Woods Rough Riders, made a most attractive scene as they marched through the streets on both sides of the river. There were races at the Calais driving park in the afternoon, 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 square 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 great credit is due to those who planned the events of the day and the celebration in charge. Mr. Connell of Woodstock who was Mrs. F. M. Murchie's guest returned to her home last evening. Mrs. Jane Hayden of Robbinston is visiting in Calais this week. The Right Rev. Bishop Sweeney 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 Belyea. Dr. J. James Walsh of Toronto is the guest of Rev. William Doherty. On Saturday afternoon Miss Alice Graham gave a tennis party and five o'clock tea in honor of her young friend Miss Mabel Clarke to announce Miss Clarke's engagement to Lieut. Frank V. Lee of Calais. It was a very dainty and delightful affair and was greatly enjoyed. Miss Linnie McKeasle at an early date will give an at home in honor of Miss Clerke. Mrs. James G. Stevens gave an at home on Saturday afternoon from three to six o'clock to her young lady friends invited to meet the Misses Babin of Edmundston. Mr. Stevens was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Annie and Miss Kate Stevens. The home was prettily decorated with murguerites, clover, ferns and foliage plants. Misses Winifred Todd, Florence Mitchell, Helen 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. Mrs. John Prescott gave a garden party on the grounds surrounding her handsome home, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. S. H. Blair is spending this week with Mrs. A. E. Newell. Miss Ella McGarrigle has returned from an extended visit to Providence, R. I. Mrs. Henry Todd and Mrs. Fredrick MacNichol are now occupying their cottage at St. Andrews. Messrs. Walter Purdy, Fred C. Jones, Charles Troop and J. U. Thomas have been in town for several days and are guests at the Windsor. Miss Nina Harris of New York city is the guest of Miss Sara Clark. Mr. Herbert C. Grant arrived from New York city to spend the vacation season with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John F. Grant. Mr. Guy C. Murchie who is one of C. Inel Woods rough riders was in the thickest of the fight at Santiago, was unharmed although there was reports to the contrary on Friday and Saturday. Mr. John D. Chipman, M. E. P., made a brief visit in New York city last week. Mr. Harry Paley of Eastport was in town on 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. Messrs. Lovetick 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 extended visit. The Misses Babin have returned to Edmundston



THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining motionless on the part affected; the rest does not. \$1.00 BOTTLE. Kind, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Limbs, and Shoe Boils. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co. \$5.00 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir 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 trotting Stallions "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article. I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

IN STOCK,

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.

The Parisian Puttner's Emulsion

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

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

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

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OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME (in season) MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALBS and LIQUORS.

NATIONAL... DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY Metric System Taught. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

PUPILS thoroughly taught by mail how to cut and fit all kinds of dresses, costumes, gowns, etc., by a new, simple method absolutely correct and reliable. No failure with this system. It is easily learned by any one in a very short time. Diplomas, recognized all over the Dominion, granted for proficiency. Full particulars upon application.

Menu Cards, Wedding Invitations, Programmes, etc., Printed in the very latest styles, by the Progress Job Printing Department.

After... Miss... friend... Mr. town... Miss her... Mess on... pass... They w... of the... Mr. C... church... Mr. F... visitors... Mr. F... city... will b... for sev... for sev... Mr. A... father... Miss E... for the... Mr. W... Boston... The W... appear... anticipa... company... of the... visit... Boston... being... part of... lady be... women... and beau... noted... comedy... [From... S. Melon... JULY.—... to Shedi... usual thi... in June... now. Mi... er than... resched... by sequen... homes by... without del... Mr. and... been settle... or some ti... their fami... the same... Harri's dep... at Shedi... Mr. and... been settle... Of week I... out their... and Main... Saturday w... time. Mr. and M... town on M... will spend... Dominion... common... some rather... ground, an... which gre... actors, bu... our groun... velous gro... immediately... had happen... Comedy Con... in the opera... then so acc... mandated... Mr. and M... for a trip... sent for th... The many... been suffer... be glad to he... E. The cover... Lodes in th... and friends... Another wed... George Mulli... A. McDonald... at the home... was perform... near relatives... present. The third we... enant of Shedi... day afternoon... The ceremony... in the presen... bride and groo... Meahan. The b... travelling uni... was and attend... touch, while... ported the groo... after the cere... Edward I. and... Mr. Claude W... St. John on M... The Misses B... been spending...

THE WORLD'S WARS.

Since the Birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 Men Have Been Slain.

Our civil war cost 303,000 lives. Of this number 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 men were killed or disabled. There were 145,000 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 fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield. There were 250,000 troops to combat in that engagement.

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

At Canes, however, where the Romans suffered the worst 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 brown and sinew of the empire.

In the Franco-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 been handed down.

In none of the battles mentioned was dynamite 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 at 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 machinery that they do not think deeply of its practicability. This 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 machinery, apparently lost in admiration. Finally he said to the exhibitor:

'Mighty useful machine that must be.' 'It is, indeed,' said the exhibitor. 'Kind of handy to have 'round, eh?'

'Decidedly.' The farmer looked at it uneasily a moment more, and then said: 'Say, mister, what's it for?'

Cast-Offs Rarely Seen in the Street.

'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; it's 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.'

A Young Soldier.

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 company had compared reminiscences.

'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, - - 1.10 Best Lenses, per pair, - - .90 Alloy Frames, (note), - - .35 Nickel Frames, gold filled nose-piece, - - .35 Steel or Nickel Frames, - - .10

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.

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.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere else. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Mrs. B. P. 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 Gun.

In spite of a trade with an unhappy name there is a kind of humane second thought in the ingenuity of the death-instrument maker. He may invent some thing so terrible as to make war impossible. 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 minute. Our surprise to be told that he is really 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 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 brought him a fortune from the Western wheat farmers, and patented 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 prop 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 sixteen, a schoolmaster at eighteen, and at nineteen and twenty a country storekeeper tending counter by day and studying chemistry at night.

When he invented his propeller and 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 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 disappointment 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 rapid-fire cannon have made battles too terrible to be undertaken if they can be honorably avoided.

The Marquis 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 until he was translated to the higher House as Baron Manners, of Haddon. The Marquess is the most enthusiastic of noble anglers and has travelled thousands of miles with his rod.

Strength of Spiders.

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

BALLOONS IN WAR.

A Novel Battle in Cloudland Nearly Thirty Years Ago.

The announcement that the balloon is destined to play a role in the present war with Spain recalls the aeronautic experiments made by the French during the great war in 1870 and 1871. As early as 1793 balloons were used for military signalling 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 beleaguered city, and to despatch men and matter from the capital by means of balloons. In Paris itself, under the direction of Postmaster Rampont, a balloon post and transport service was established for carrying persons and Governmental 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 news back to Paris. A total of sixty-six balloons, according to Tissandier's 'En Ballon Pendant Le Siege de Paris,' left the besieged city, and 168 persons, 10,194 kilograms of postal matter, including 3,000,000 letters, 363 boxes, 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 perilous 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 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 air. When they were separated by only a short distance several explosions were heard. The stranger had commenced to fire shots at Nadar's balloon—the 'intrepide'—which began to descend rapidly. The French flag had by this time been replaced in the other balloon by the Prussian colors. The Parisians, who were watching the affair from the forts below, and who now realized the true character and object of the last arrival, cried out that their plucky compatriot was lost. But they were mistaken.

Nadar had scrambled from the car up the network of his airship after 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, seizing his rifle, he fired shots with rapid succession into the Prussian, which suddenly sank and sank 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 alighted in safety within the circle of the Paris forts, meeting with an enthusiastic ovation for his victory in the first balloon duel.

A Natural Conclusion.

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 business, he was taken in hand by the wife of the proprietor, who wanted to know all about his private affairs. 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 trade-mark. Its the mark placed only on highest grade of plate by the manufacturers.

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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 NORSTROM, Drugs, etc., Sacred Heart, Minn.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor

a time was rather amused. Finally she 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 stoppin' with us!'

On Women's Blushes.

In a learned work on criminology, it is stated that out of ninety-eight 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 heroines betray their emotions by blushing, they should leave that part of the regular 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 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.

Archbishop and Architect.

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 relinquished 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.'

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.

Why he Departed.

Burke once rushed out of the House of Commons in a rage, because as he rose to speak, holding a bundle of papers a member jumped up, saying, 'Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not intend to read all those papers and to bore us with a speech in the bargain.'

'A lion put to flight by the braying of an 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.'

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 no danger, sir,' said the dealer, 'he's very particular about what he eats.' The engineer instantly left the yard.

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 little white hand upon her heart, 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.'

'I cheated a man out of £50 today,' he said. 'Can you darling—can you forgive me?'

The color came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile, she rested her head against his breast, and

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 woman.'

Rather Difficult, Though.

A certain popular divine, who is noted quite as much for his absent-mindedness on occasions as for his general piety, was called in once by a young couple, whose home had just been lightened by a miniature representative of the mother's self. The happy parents decided to have the christening at home. The minister took the child in his arms, and, in his kind, fatherly way, addressed a few words of advice to the young people. 'See that you train 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 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 arrangement 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 illustrate 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.

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July 9th, 1898.

ADAMS' GINGER BEER. RECIPE

ADAMS' EXTRACT One bottle FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST Two pounds SUGAR One half ounce GINGER One half ounce LUKEWARM WATER Two gallons

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

IN THE THOUSAND ISLES

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP THROUGH CHARMING SCENERY.

"Astra" Tells of her Exciting Experience in Going through the Rapids—Some of the People She met and What They Were Like—Other Incidents.

"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 at 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. It is no joke this getting up in the middle of the night, after a long tiring day of sight-seeing; 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 at five in the morning. I think myself half past three is the time when the pendulum comes nearest to stopping, but, of course, that is a matter of opinion.

However, one is willing to sacrifice something 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 hold out.

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 anticipation. 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 horizon 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 down upon all the more recently wedded ones from a superior height, down to the 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 if it is there still, and how it looks since she examined it last.

One 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 verdancy. They have trouble with their menu card, and are obviously afraid of the waiter at dinner time, but finally, after much anxious consultation, they succeed in 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 they can obtain, and all quite happy though terribly shy. Another couple are quite as green and much more common, without being in the least conscious of

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 foolish or inclined to give people an opportunity 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 or not.

There is no difficulty in identifying these 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 scattered in such profusion about 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 breakfast.

My chum and I had thrifflily looked out for the inner Christian by providing a stock of light refreshments from the nearest pastry cook's shop before we started, but the healthy human stomach craves something more substantial than cream puffs and sultana cake before five o'clock in 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 clamoring for sustenance.

"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 ten minutes!" I answer snappishly, "only you couldn't see it on account of all those 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 fifty, all told, and I wish I was at home in bed."

"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 jacket 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 everything but the cold. If I were not so sleepy I should count those islands and make sure for myself how many there were. Groups on groups are now passing, sometimes they are closely clustered together

reminding one irresistibly of a large mother duck surrounded by her family and sailing majestically down the broad bosom of the lordly St. Lawrence. Again there will be one great island standing in solitary grandeur in the centre of the stream, crowned with lofty 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 the glistening water, and in some places 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—well, that the sound of a bell? It can never be the breakfast 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 of land and sea rest upon the heads of the culinary department—it really is breakfast!

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 indeed.

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 family of four, 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 seems to be to impress the bystanders with the amount of money he is spending, and his ability to meet his financial obligations.

"What are ye going to have hey!" he 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 Maria?" Maria who is a large handsome woman with fine dark eyes and a smile so stereotyped that it seems to have been stamped upon her features by years of practice, announces in a low voice that 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 perhaps she might try a little bit of toast 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 it."

"Don't hey, waitin' till ye get to a restaurant 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, mutton."

"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?"

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 of the waiter, and criticisms of the fare. "More coffee Maria, have some

more, won't get anything else till dinner time you know, cost too much to have lunches on these steamers and I am near dead broke now.

"Let's see"—here our interesting vis-a-vis 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? 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 ain'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 table.

The islands are glorious, such scenery I never imagined in my mildest dreams, wooded slopes undulating gently down to the water's edge, fairy islands bearing little pavilions 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 feet wide, but I know it contains a regular village of cottages and a big summer hotel. 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 summer 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 newly 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 scenery.

"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 I 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 island again as long as I live. You can call me when we come to the rapids."

"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 asleep again before she had finished her sentence. Half an hour later I am aroused by a peculiar sound, and peeping cautiously over the back of the wide double sofa, I espied 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 everyone scrambles with undignified haste to get a good post of observation. Not that the gallops amount to very much any more than 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, 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 safety 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 accidents never occur but standing on the deck and watching those huge green billows rearing their heads almost over the gunwale, 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 reassuring, and I think most of her passen-

gers are quite satisfied with their experience, and breathe a sigh of relief 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 Coiteau 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 if 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 Cascades 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 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 scene 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 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 travelling caps with wonderful structures of ribbons and leathers, preparatory to making their triumphant entry into the city.

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

Rapid Shoemaking.
One of the big Lynn shoe shops made a pair of ladies' boots for the Paris exhibition of 1889 in twenty-four minutes. A notary public followed the operation, watch in hand. For this feat the pair of shoes went through the usual routine of the shop, but at exceptional speed; fifty-seven different 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-four 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 ought to do on proper occasions. "She's as womanly a woman as ever was," he said, "but she can hammer nails like lightning."
"That's remarkable," said a listener.
"Yes, sir," said the first speaker. "You know lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—Exchange.

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

A TANGLED WEB.

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 old man raised his hand and pointed to the bureau—that one there, and Lavarick nodded to the piece of furniture. "In that second drawer," said Sir Jordville. "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 old 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 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 waistcoat, as you thought."

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

The Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., let an oath slip through his white lips. "You have got it!" he stammered. Lavarick smiled and nodded, and swung his foot to and fro with lazy sang-froid. "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 singular that a clever gentleman like you shouldn't have guessed what had become of it, doesn't it?"

Jordan listened intently. "This is a strange story," he said with a forced smile. "It is," retorted Lavarick, coolly, "and although you think it is a lie, it's the truth. That's where Providence comes in and makes me sit up. I tell you"—he spoke slowly and emphatically—"that I was almost tempted to stop in England, and run the risk of being sent back to quod, that I might find this girl; but I couldn't screw 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, if I'd stopped on here. Do you think me lying?"

Jordan came back, carrying a silver with a liquor bottle, a water carafe and glasses, and a candle, and putting them on the table, waved his hand. "Help yourself," he said, as he lit the candle. Lavarick poured out a liberal quantity of brandy and a very small quantity of water, and raised it to his lips; but suddenly arrested the glass half-way, and with a start, looked suspiciously at Jordan, who stood silently regarding him. "Here!" said Lavarick, sharply. "Drink yourself."

Jordan winced and kept his eyes down. "You say so!" he said. "You have got to prove it." "And I can," returned Lavarick, Sir Jordville, I don't go much on Providence—I ain't a saint like you, who specify at Exeter Hall—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 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 Jordville's money—the daughter of the people he hunted to death—and there was I, happening on him at the other side of the world, and me with the will in my possession that would make a rich woman of her. Ain't it wonderful, eh?"

Jordan bit his lips, but still did not speak. "You were always a cool one, and you pulled yourself 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 morning, quite free and open like, they 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—"

Jordan shook his head. "I do not drink," he said. Lavarick sprang off the table and seized him by the throat. "You mean livered bound!" he snarled. "You would, eh, would you? I'll choke you first!" Jordan struggled desperately, and succeeded in exclaiming: "What are you doing? What is the matter?" "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—"

Jordan winced and kept his eyes down. "You say so!" he said. "You have got to prove it." "And I can," returned Lavarick, Sir Jordville, I don't go much on Providence—I ain't a saint like you, who specify at Exeter Hall—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 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 Jordville's money—the daughter of the people he hunted to death—and there was I, happening on him at the other side of the world, and me with the will in my possession that would make a rich woman of her. Ain't it wonderful, eh?"

Jordan bit his lips, but still did not speak. "You were always a cool one, and you pulled yourself 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 morning, quite free and open like, they 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—"

Neville and this girl, the daughter of the woman Sir Jordville had wanted 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 produce her, and that she could prove her claim. Give up a third of the Lynne money and all the famous jewels to an unknown girl! Oh, impossible!

Jordan's face as he sat in the darkened room trying to find a way out of his difficulties. "He could gain possession of the will and—put Banks out of the way! He looked round with a shiver as the idea struck him, then shook his head. The ruffian was a match for him at low cunning and more than his equal at violent measures. No; there were only two courses open to him—either to defy Banks, or to pay him the sum of money he demanded. And even if he took the latter course he could not be sure that he had got rid of the scoundrel. That sort of man would be sure to squander the money and turn up again at intervals for more blackmail."

Jordan bit his lips, but still did not speak. "You were always a cool one, and you pulled yourself 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 morning, quite free and open like, they 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—"

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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 much 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 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 alone, but in a thousand, silent and unsuspected forms they will unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that times without number, particular portions 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 utterance, 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 there, 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 soul 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 be at rest.'

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 impossible we can study it too much, or esteem it too highly.' 'We account the 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 Christian 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 'Day-spring 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 Scriptures struck each reader. It was the language of human life which they discovered

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

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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 and teachings concern. This fall and this 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 LEPROUS OF INDIA.

The Deplorable Condition of These Unfortunates, 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 maimed 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 festering sores round 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 realises 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 manual 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 river-side, through whose unprotected openings the damp mist pours in during the rainy season, 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 times denied them, and out on the bare stones or pressed up under the eaves against the wall their fevered burned bodies seek slight protection from cold and rain.

It is computed that in some parts of India one out of every two hundred people is a leper, and when one remembers that as a rule they leave the villages and congregate in the centres of population, it is easily seen how numerous in some of these centres they oftentimes must be.

Few sights are sadder than the leper groups, especially in the ragged, dirty and poverty stricken 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 'unclean, 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 readiness to receive it, and the results among them are often quick and true. They had been teaching a number of them every morning at the Mission Hospital, Ujjain, and it was my great privilege one day to be called up as a member of session to examine six of them for baptism.

We questioned them carefully and closely and decided to baptize them all. Mr. Jamieson tells of the day on which they were baptised, of how they stood up 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 receive the visible sign of union with Christ, surprised 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 services, their reverence for their bibles which they would wrap up so carefully in a cloth for the purpose, their desire to proclaim 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 government 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 admitted by the native doctor, because 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 authorities.

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, Easy to Use.

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Their Little Ways.

A lady was telling her husband about a recent passage-at-arms with another woman. 'You see,' she said, 'I've known who she was all my life, but I'd never met her until the other day at the house of a common 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 got over 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,' he said. 'Well, it's a good thing that you do, for it is certainly more than anybody else does.'

DYSPEPSIA.

'For over eleven years I suffered terribly with Dyspepsia and tried everything 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 since. I feel as if B. B. B. had saved my life.' Mrs. T. G. JOYCE, Stanhope, Que.

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.



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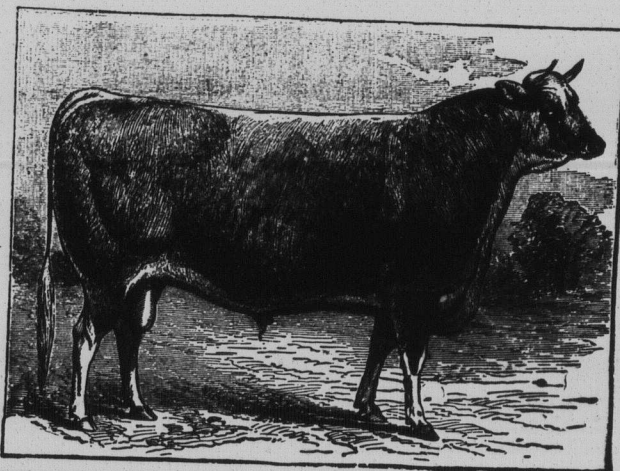
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FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE.

Courage and Tact Will Get a Man out of Danger.

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 Lippincott's for April.) Here are a couple:

Many years ago, the late Dr. Shippen, of Philadelphia, left 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 politeness and bonhomie he smiled, raised his hat, and passed on—when suddenly he heard a shot. Turning, he found 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 younger, 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 forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree, and slept profoundly. In the morning he awoke with a start, with that indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and, glancing up, he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the leader of the band, in war-paint 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 self-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 passed away from the eyes above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. Both were men—both were brothers—and he was saved! 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 almost completely devastated and denuded in the Maritime Alps 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 biliousness 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.

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Notches on The Stick

It was in the power of a missive from the editor of the Home Journal (N. Y.) to induce a sigh, and to determine my evening meditation. It was to inform me of the death of my venerated friend, Rev. Dwight 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 to die.

When such depart, though we hasten to make our record, that is often futile. It is the record they have made that avails. To be missed and mourned and regretted by those whose source of light has faded, 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 innocency 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:

"Noble he was, contending all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
True, 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 smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused 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 jealousy distressed;
Yet far was he from staid pride removed;
He felt humbly, and he warmly loved."

With all his sweetness and saintliness his character was full of vigor. 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 knew him most favorably. Dr. Manly S. Hard a minister prominent in the Connexional society of church extension of our church, told me, when recently at our Annual Conference, that he had long been his friend and household intimate, and that from such an actual character he had shaped his idea of the divine Saint John.

The incidents of his life among us, subject to our record, are few and brief. That life began in the beautiful village of Cazenovia, N. Y., April 26, 1824; where it was terminated, June 13, 1898. He was the son of Elijah Williams and of Sophia Brigham and was descended from English ancestors, who came to America in 1635. His great-grand-father was a soldier in the French and Indian wars, and an officer in the war of the Revolution—having been noted 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 ministry in the methodist 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 welfare employed his tongue and pen. He had reached the "bound of life" where a preacher's most active responsibility ceases; but from his enforced retirement 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-

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ed, which will testify to the talent and industry 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 "Owabges" 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 "paths of all flags," haunted ever by the "wings of white gulls," and many another delightful scene. One of those booklets is dedicated to his son with the simple lines:

"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:

"My child, thy love to me is as a star
That shineth through the distances serene,
And thus it drew me to fair Puget's shores,
To look with thee across the wondrous bar,
Where come the ships, stormed-screens with
strain and jar,
To rest like me behind the mountain-creens,
Harbor to me in thy sweet eye-light seen
With gorgeous vision from the outline far;
A thousand leagues from paths I only know,
What revelations 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 imprinted the figure of my gracious friend, 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 seminary of Cazenovia, whence came to me those occasional notes, those confidential and brotherly letters, and those souvenirs, now so choice and precious that I can never add to their number? Sit there before me, my friend, till the light 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 still haunts the shady walks of thy natal village, whose very name has something pleasant and poetical to me. Still maintain the noble ascendancy thou hast over my spirit, and teach me to live, and to cease from living, as thou hast done.

"So'll I'er my life preserve thy mild control;
Correct my views and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and parity of mind;
Devout, yet cheerful; active, yet resigned;
Grant me like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never slum'd to rise,
To meet the changes time and chance present
With modest dignity and calm content."

A memorial window has recently been placed in the Church of the Transfiguration New York City, in honor of Edwin Booth, the great histrionic master. It is the gift 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.

Beneath the verse are the lines: "To the glory of God, in loving memory of Edwin

Booth, this window has been placed here by the Players in 1868."

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 senators of mighty woods,"—I look with the deeper disfavor on whosoever 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 wantonness, 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 especially 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 root-tree may be caused quickly to grow again; but how shall her withering brow survive its 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,—the "Poly-obion" of Drayton. The English forests of his day had been decimated, and poet-like he expresses his resentment:

"Our trees so hacked above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighboring coun-
tries crown'd,
Their trunks like aged folks, now bare and naked
stand,
As for revenge to heaven each held a withered
hand."

With the coming of these verses, we seem to see the ghost of our vanished elm, lifting, up his arms making his silent appeal to heaven.

Our cheerful correspondent, Mrs. Bryan discourses pleasantly of the forest country of Indiana: "The country about Memphis never looked so beautiful. Both Silver Creek and Blue Lick had been brimming nearly all the springtime, and their wide valleys are fresh, green, and flower-strown. Oh, I wish your poet-friend, who sang so sweetly of The Woods of Maine; might see our Southern Indiana woods in the sweet June-time.

"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 lines:

The paw-paw rears its silver shaft
Above the mandrake green,
And bounding o'er the fallen 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 bear were sometimes seen, and the scream of 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 as grew along the banks of the Blue Lick! I measured one 23 feet in circumference!

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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, touchwood, 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."

"In the beginning God made man
Out of the wandering dust, man say;
And in the end his life shall be
A wandering wind and blown away."
and again in "Pulsis et Umbra":
For man walks the world with mourning
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 sonnet of Prof. Leggett:
—Leon Lake.
BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.
The lapping waves come 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 spark:
A blessed boon for weary labor meet,
To hush the lips of fevered care and creep
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-trogs piping from the reedy mere
Nipple the cool dusk with a note of cheer.
PASTOR FRILL.

No better cough remedy is on the market than Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine. Only 25 cents a bottle.
Commodore Schley.
Commodore Schley, the commander of the American "Flying Squadron," is a jovial, open-hearted man, free and easy in manner, and fond of the humorous side of things. Like Admiral Sampson he has seen a good deal of active service. He has plenty of dash and courage; in fact it is said that his extreme readiness to fight on the least occasion somewhat retarded his promotion in the past. One of his most notable exploits was his rescue of General (then Lieutenant) Greely in the Arctic regions. His only daughter, Virginia, was married in 1891 to Mr. Ralph Stuart Wortley, a nephew of the Earl of Wharfedale.

A HEALTHY WOMAN.
Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lameness, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.
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Tone and regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system.
Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen ankles, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no swelling, and I am recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any Kidney or Dropsical trouble."
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Woman and Her Work

I wonder when some legislator who is yearning for distinction, will show a niche 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 connected 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 rendered necessary.

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 a hospital under active treatment for an injury to his eye so severe as to require an operation, and another case is on record of a bride 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 forward 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.

I knew of a case myself where a street urchin tied up a bag 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 were 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 a 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 quite sure that if one man should pelt another 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 which 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 lose her wits temporarily it is generally very funny.

A short time since Miss Felt one of the

THE HEART IS THE ELECTRIC MOTOR OF THE SYSTEM.

ITS CURRENT MUST NOT STOP.

THE DR. WARD CO., Toronto, GENTLEMEN,— It gives me pleasure to endorse Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. For years I have suffered from weakness 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 I am 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) MISS MAGGIE BURNS, 213 D'Arcy St., TORONTO, ONT.

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smartest and best skilled nurses at Cincinnati 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 diseases 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 across from his bed in delirium, slammed doors, overturned tables and chairs, and crashed through a window on to the pavement below. The nurse, hearing the succession of noises, the crash of the glass, the cries of the awakened men in their coats, without taking a look or a breath, with distended eyes and hair upright, ran shrieking 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 artificial means used by her parents in her childhood. It is a common custom practiced among the Turks who hold long eyes in such exalted esteem as to lengthen them by cutting the corners of the eyes. 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 an inch. While the wound is healing the lids are drawn outward every day, and when it is quite cured is still submitted to the drawing process every day for a long time, with the eventual result that it becomes long and narrow, 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 3 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 summer 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 stomachs is composed of the whites of eggs and orange juice. The eggs and fruit should be placed on ice and allowed to remain 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 there is absolutely no nutrition in the 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 summers 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 canvas 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 fashionable 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 increased 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 looks 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 a 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 linen 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 example of elaborate needlework is in a pink silk waist tucked up and down in groups of five, the groups separated 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.

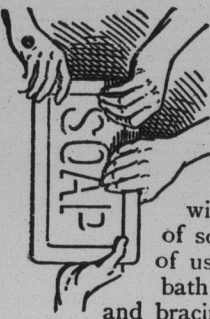
Besides the grenadines so much worn there are gauzes of various kinds, very much liked for the transparent effects. They come in dark colors, with brocaded designs in black and white, or a lighter

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. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me."



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 using it after anybody else. A Pearline bath is like a Turkish bath in freshening you and bracing you up.

Millions NOW USE 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 chemist-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 EUROPE.

What They Mean in Paris and How They are Regarded in Other Cities.

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 Bois 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 woman, 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 who wear them know that they throw away 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-faced lot. In London there are very many pairs of bloomers—thousands worn every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and not on other days of the week. They are, it seems to me, all worn by good women, but they are women of strong-minded tendencies and reforming aspirations. They are nearly all of the middle lower class—workwomen, radical and independent thinkers. They are so often rude and coarse and loud and noisy that the Dorking innkeeper had doubtless noticed their manners more than their trousers before he decided to refuse them the comforts of his inn.

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 popularize pantaloons 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."

The ladies of London who ride bicycles all wear long skirts and bloomers underneath. 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 bloomers 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 jewel of a maid, who hasn't broken a single piece, not to speak of chipping it, by far the worse offence.

One afternoon not so very long the mistress came home and found the maid out. An hour or so later the domestic returned. Her arms were full of bundles, and she carried a basket. Her face was radiant. "Oh," she said, the table was perfectly

lowly! 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 the mistress. "Why," answered the maid, the luncheon my sister gave me today. I didn't have time to ask 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 Halt Hide!

"I s'pose if I should try to ride that machine I should break my neck?" said a gawky-looking fellow, sitting on a box in front 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. Anybody can 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 slyly once more at the interested spectators.

"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 one as I've got home," he said, as he mounted it and started down the road at a rattling pace, "but I can follow 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.

Playing the Note.

Some little time back a German musician a 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 playing vat is on zis paper," said the cornet-player. "I play 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 played 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.

Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited but because he is modest. Dribbler—Modest! What about? Scribbler—About his spelling.



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STARTING A TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Many Ways of Doing It—How 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.

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.

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.

A well-known 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.

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 harm than good in the long run. This objection (though in a minor degree) will also apply to the case of a gentleman whose principal work is the production of jokes for the comic papers.

Quite intelligible from a scientific standpoint is the method employed by a young magazine-writer, who is accustomed to quicken the fecundity of his brain by having his hair vigorously brushed before commencing work.

No doubt there is a good deal of what device 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.

The Marquis Carsano, an Italian nobleman, owns the smallest horse in the world, which is named Leo. This Lilliputian Bucephalus is 21 in. high, and is a beautiful, well proportioned chestnut, whose tail sweeps the ground.

The greatest size to which a horse has been known to grow is 20½ hands high. This is the record of a Clydesdale 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, 84½ in. round the hip, and 11 ft. 4 in. in length. It was of perfect proportions, with a head 36 in. in length, or 11 in. longer than an ordinary

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four 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.

Paine's Celery Compound.

Is the world's great nerve medicine. This is the month when overworked men women and girls in the home, workshop, store and office feel nervous, tired dull, irritable, languid and weak. These conditions result from weak and unstrung nerves.

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.

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 cured me."

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Some of the leading Viennese actresses have been spending so much money on stage dresses that they are in a sad condition pecuniarily.

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life.

when the diva of the Theater an der wien, after many sleepless nights, finally hits on the idea of astonishing her admirers before the curtain with a selection of "confections" that absorb a whole half-year's salary.

MOTHER AND 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.

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 for some time, and is now strong, healthy and vigorous."

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 cured me."

Submerged Mountain. A submerged island has been found 1,000 miles due west from Gibraltar which offers a curious problem for geographers.

NEWS AND OPINIONS OF National Importance THE SUN ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

STRANGE MEETINGS.

It is a trite saying that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' Indeed, many of the facts of daily life would, if introduced into fiction, be scouted as improbable, if not impossible and among them are cases of meeting under the most strange circumstances of time and place.

A few months ago a lady of wealth and fashion in Berlin was lying on her death-bed. Her nearest relatives were a son-in-law 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.

Dramatic as this scene was, it was less strange 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.

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.

A surfer 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.

Submerged Mountain. A submerged island has been found 1,000 miles due west from Gibraltar which offers a curious problem for geographers.

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(Continued) appeared and wished to see him. Jordan nodded.

"Ah, yes, that London," he said. "No, no; the fit business or other der why the door can't come in now."

"Not a bit of it. I defy even to get up. Good, and stroked his hair. Jordan eyed him.

"That's so," he said. "I thought Jordan did this. I heard us talking."

"What's that?" Jordan looked smiling. "For a cunning, you're singularly of you forget to past career. I torgery."

Lavarick still swears impatiently. "What's that?" "Merely this, sweetly, that I that in exchanging give me a forgotten the genuine."

A gleam of Lavarick's face. "Pon my son claimed under he you'd have done Jordan smiled.

"I never thought Jordan, you're mire you! And with you," and hand.

Jordan looked have touched a "Good!" he condition. Give You may leave "Wait here to for getting me a (penal?) fine."

"No, thank you I'm off; I did n country a little his face darkened Jordan watched.

"Whether yo ness," he said, arrange for the Lavarick nod "I've thought the money. I'l not afraid you'll without causing Brij's notes Friday night, at "Why not br thoughtfully.

Lavarick smile "No, thank I trust myself in my possession so clever, you s my forging a c safe—both of u Jordan ponder "Why Friday not?" "Id root me No, I certainly You don't carry your coat-pock worth almost to me. I've got and I'll produce not afraid you'll bring Traie it better. What's this little quiet and con

