

POKER AND A WEDDING.

STRANGE WAY IN WHICH A MARRIAGE BECAME KNOWN.

The Landlady's Unsuspected Weakness—Mistaken into tions of a Clergyman—Devil of two Young People—Result not so Bad as it Might Have Been.

I have often been told that gambling could cause a man trouble, and I realized that once to my sorrow. Poker nearly caused my ruin then, although I have never touched a card in my life. I nearly lost my wife by a little game of poker, in fact. Could anything more than that happen to a man?

It was the unanimous sentiment of the party that the question was oratorical and nobody attempted an answer.

A party of strangers played the game that worried me, he went on. 'I did not even know their names. They were a mixed lot, men and women, who were stopping at a summer resort in the Virginia Mountains. They were Southerners, and used to play every night in one of the houses that made up what was called the hotel. It was a ramshackle place built before the war, and different houses had been built or brought as it popularity increased. The place was cool, there were more fried chickens than such places usually supply, and the cost of living there by the week was not much more than it costs for a day in an Eastern resort. So the old place was always crowded, and there were few weeks in the summer that didn't find every rickety wooden house occupied by Southerners of a very good class. I didn't meet many of 'em the summer I was there, because the girl I was engaged to was down there. Does a man need anybody else in the summer time to enjoy himself?'

The listeners were not moved by this obvious attempt to keep up their interest. None of them made any pretence at a reply. They felt they were showing interest enough in the commutator's sentimental affairs by merely listening.

'Things were not going so smoothly though as they might have in that direction,' he went on. 'The girl was all right, and there was no question about our determination to put the thing through whatever opposition we might have. We'd had plenty of it. Her people simply would not hear of me. They never got a chance to see many of what I think are my best qualities, for whenever I came around they froze up so that they lost the sense of sight and hearing and made me feel that I was making about as much impression on them as an oil stove on an iceberg. My girl and I had met while she was visiting in the North, and anything we didn't settle then was attended to afterward by correspondence. Her folks had no use for me. I was rejected with out a trial. I was a Yankee, and a poor Yankee at that; so there was no excuse for my living, especially with two or three rich Southerners in the offing doing all they could, with the support of the family about equally divided among them. This took me down to the Southern springs, where my girl was stopping with friends. I was sure enough of her, but I thought it would do no harm to be on the spot, particularly as she wrote me that one or two of the other fellows were coming up for a few days to see her. I wasn't exactly afraid, but I know how attractive Southern men can make themselves, and I decided to go down there. It was in the summer, and I was the only man left in the office to look after business; but I flew the coop one Friday, and on Sunday morning I dropped in to find the most dangerous man of the lot up from Richmond to stay over from Saturday to Monday. She was there with her aunt, and it that fellow talked to anybody but her aunt while he was there it was at meal times when we all sat together. Everything seemed all right. The aunt was not frozen so tight as the rest of the family, but there was a glassy look in her eye that made me suspicious in spite of her friendliness of manner. My girl and I were together the whole time and we'd settled every detail. It was to take place the next winter whatever the family did. She was going to write them that as soon as I went back to New York and I was to come down in the fall and make another attempt to thaw 'em out. Whether it failed or not, though, we were going to see the thing to a finish. She wanted me to stay on a while longer, because she was as suspicious of the aunt's geniality as I was. The old lady favored the man that was there when I arrived, and never missed a chance to cap his game. The girl wanted the moral support of my presence for a while and I was willing to give it to her, especially as I was having the time of my life.

'Late one afternoon a negro boy came up from the village drug store and told me I was wanted at the telephone. The place was six miles away from the railroad and there was no telegraph. My message from New York woke me up. I was to

come back right away. There was no getting out of it. I had made myself think that the devil would be able to get along without anybody in charge at the busiest time; but the news from New York knocked the idea out of my head with a bump. I knew the thing was settled. I hurried back to the hotel to report to headquarters; but headquarters was upstairs dressing for supper. I went to my room and packed my trunk as much as I could in time for the Eastern train the next morning. The stage left at 6 o'clock. When I came down I saw that something had happened. She was the usual, flimsy combination that Southern girls can make themselves in the evening. There were signs that she had been crying, and there were tear-jerker eyes when she said to me: 'What do you suppose Aunt Helen's done? She's written you are here, mama and papa are furious with me, and I have got the most awful letter from them. Auntie and I are going to leave to-morrow afternoon and we're going to visit Charlie Hixton's mother.'

'Hixton was the chap I found down there. This news was more than mine. I told mine, but swore that I'd go with her in the opposite direction from New York even if my firm went to pot. I said I'd never leave her. For an hour we walked around a pine grove near the hotel, as miserable as two people could be. She wouldn't hear of my travelling with her and her aunt and said that would make things worse than ever. I realized that it might, and we talked over twenty plans of getting ahead of the old people before we hit on one that seemed likely to succeed. That one was mine. It took a lot of persuasion, but it went in the end. I talked hard for it and won after the hardest twenty minutes of talking I ever did. 'The only other man in the place besides myself who was not a Southerner had arrived that morning. He was a clergyman from Boston. His wife who belonged in Virginia, had brought him down there. That man fascinated me the moment I laid eyes on him. It seemed to me that if he could just give us his professional services for a quarter of an hour the hardest problem in my life would be settled. The thought of that made the man seem a superior being to me. Marriage that night before I went away would make everything easy. Relatives and Southern beaux might go hang after that. And it was only putting forward a few months what we had decided should take place whatever happened. These were some of the arguments I used with her. It was hard to persuade her, but after a while she said she was willing to call in the clergyman in case I thought it was best. She left it all to my judgement, she said, and cried as if we were both going to be buried alive instead of doing just the thing we were looking forward to as the event make us happier than anything else in the world. 'I tackled the clergyman and found him willing to undertake the job. Mary was of age and could do what she wanted. The old fellow was rather sentimental, and I think the idea appealed to him. I told him most of the facts and I think from his alacrity in consenting that he must have had some troubles of his own in the same situation. Everything had to be done hurriedly, and he said he knew his wife would act as one of the witnesses. We wanted two. Mary had decided who the other should be. She wanted the landlady and would hear of nobody else. This landlady was a woman of refinement, more like a hostess than the proprietor of a boarding house to the people that came there every year. We had to ask her for permission to get married in her house, as neither of us had mentioned anything of that kind when we engaged rooms. So long as she had to know of it, it was decided she might as well be one of the witnesses and keep the news from spreading too far. The ceremony was to take place in the parlour as soon as auntie went to bed. She was to know nothing of it until the rest of the family heard the news at the time we thought it convenient to tell them. Everything looked all right. The clergyman was to break the news to the landlady, as it would look better to have it come from such a dignified source. Mary and I were to sit around as usual until the coast was clear. Then the five of us were to meet and fix up matters. I saw that she had gone upstairs and put on white ribbons where she had worn blue before the ceremony was decided on. That was our only apparent preparation. We were both nervous that night at supper. Auntie probably attributed that to the parting the next day. She made some sugary reticences and looked really bland. But we didn't care how she looked or felt so long as she got upstairs soon enough. Mary was anxious that she should go to sleep early, too, for their rooms adjoined, and she didn't want to answer any more questions than necessary when she went upstairs. 'The landlady was the best woman in the

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'Mary and I were across on the piazza of the main building wondering what in the world could have happened to him. She decided he had backed out and wanted the whole thing called off. I went over to interview him. He explained the situation and I told him to wait until the game broke up. It was after 11 o'clock then, and it probably wouldn't last much longer. I went back to cheer up Mary, and the clergyman remained on guard to catch the landlady at the first sign of a break-up in the party. In a little while it shattered. Even then the clergyman was a little too hurried. He stopped the landlady before all her associates had got away and talk to her with an air of importance for several moments. Then she was left alone and walked over to where we were waiting. She was all right. We had not made a mistake. We then went to the parlor to wait for the clergyman. He came over with his wife in a few moments and began the ceremony. It was only when he was nearing the end that the accident came. 'The listeners had begun to wonder vaguely when the poker game was going to show its influence. They had looked up with encouragement when the game was first mentioned. They had not expected so much sentiment. The tired-looking commutator had never seemed a possible hero of romance to them under any circumstances.

'The hitch that came at the end of the ceremony was all due to the company's solicitude about the landlady and the clergyman. They went on. They concluded that he was talking to her about the evils of gambling when he spoke to her after the game. They thought that was bad bad enough, and when they saw what followed they were indignant. Two of the women were living in the cottage where the game took place, and saw him start for his room, which they mistook for a Bible. That was too much for the two women. They thought they ought to stand as much of the blame for the poker game as the one that has been picked out by the clergyman. So they set out for the hotel to find the landlady, and the did find her. Just as we had reached the last words of the ceremony the door flew open and in rushed one of the women. She gave one look around and then disappeared as quickly as she had entered. Until that time not a soul in the house outside the five in the room had suspected what was going on; but I knew that one was enough. The story would be all around the place the next day, if the net-rooper hadn't already waked up the town to tell the news. I knew the jig was up and almost regretted that I had urged the step.

'When I went to my room I heard behind various doors suspicious whisperings that told me the story was already on its travels. My wife came down to breakfast the next morning and told me that auntie was still in ignorance. She had not croaked and was apparently asleep. Nobody but a few servants was up at that hour, but I thought I noticed a rather significant smile on the face of the colored waiter. He said a few words to the stage driver, who suddenly took a new interest in me. I hated to leave my wife alone to face the outbreak of gossip but she was not afraid of it and I had to get to New York. 'That day by 10 o'clock everybody knew it. Auntie had to hear it, and she raged like a fiend. Then she grew calm and wouldn't speak a word for the rest of the journey home. The people in the hotel gossiped and cackled interminably; but they all liked my wife, and the talk was good natured. The woman who had come into the room was profuse in her apologies but nobody blamed her. She had come in by accident, and the story was too good to keep. Nothing that happened there was equal to the storm that started from the parental home. They never had thought much of me. I knew that; but I didn't realize how much they could say until I got their letters. They were nearly as hard on the clergyman as he was to far away to feel it. They swore the marriage was illegal going

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Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of these imitations, however, bear any resemblance to our system. Most of them, like it, provide for a complete business education, but none of them provide for the same old-fashioned, practical, and up-to-date training that we give. All of them are "book-learning" and "theory," which counts for nothing in the real world. As a matter of fact, there is no actual business education, as any one can see, who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

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to have it set aside, and declared that if their daughter had so far forgotten herself as to want to marry a miserable creature like me they wanted to make the best of the disaster and do it in a proper way. My wife was troubled, but I was calm. I was sorry for her sake that the affair had turned out as it did; but I knew we had 'em. They realized that after a while and began to calm down. Two weeks afterward I went down to Virginia and brought my wife back. Since that time we've got along very well with everybody but auntie. She never would come around. But that's not the only thing that makes me realize how dangerous gambling can be sometimes.

BIRDS AT THE BROOKSIDE.

Oris Full of Significance to be Heard, Though the Song Time is Past. It all the birds grow from infancy to mature birdhood between mid-April and the first of August their conduct in spring and in mid-summer could scarcely present more striking contrasts than it now does. It is the difference between the happy carelessness of childhood and the busy preoccupation of manhood. All the gay troubadours of spring and early summer are transformed into sober birds of business whose activities are directed toward strictly utilitarian ends.

There is no better place to observe the birds in midsummer than a brookside edging a woodland. Water seems almost as essential to the non-aquatic birds as to the web-footed kinds, and a woodland that seems deserted of birds in its highest parts, as the woodlands often seem in mid-summer, will be found to swarm with them along the watercourses. Seated for an hour within clear sight of the brook, the observer may be sure of seeing many forms of bird activity. His ear will be gladdened with little true bird music. The wren may occasionally pipe up, for the wrens driven away by the sparrows are gradually returning to these parts. The observer may fancy that he hears the robin, but it is more than likely that he will have been deceived by the counterfeits of that little gray warbler, whose notes have a superficial resemblance to those of the robin.

Birds seem to like for bathing a sunny bit of running stream edged with a little beach of sand. Some merely touch the water, shower it over themselves and come out to preen their feathers. The birds seem to know which streams are perennial and which dry up in droughts of mid-summer, and to choose the former as their special haunts.

It will sometimes happen to the watcher that the humming bird, that spirit of the air, will come whizzing on invisible wings above his head to alight on a bough and smooth his splendid breast with a beak awkwardly long for such service. Perhaps, if the watcher has especially keen eyes and especially good luck, he may come upon the nest of the humming bird, looking like a lichen knot on a small dead limb, a deep, narrow cup, exquisitely soft within, but small, one must think, for even its tiny tenant. The humming bird, it will be noted, has an odd way of approaching the bough it means to light upon as if ready to thrust its bill into the heart of an imaginary blossom. The sight of the bird actually exploring a large blossom that of the trumpet vine, for example, is one of the fascinating incidents of bird conduct. While the swift wings make a mist about the bird's body, the tiny creature poises itself motionlessly until the head is pointed fair for the trumpet's mouth, and then thrusts its bill and head while the wings still fan the air.

Despite the lack of song, there is much bird conversation along the brookside, and

some of it, by reason of its expressiveness and piquancy, is less beautiful, is perhaps more interesting than song itself. As a revelation of bird character, the cries and call notes designed to be part or any song are full of significance. Even the town world is familiar with the perpetual twittering of the sparrows, whose loving making begins in February and seems hardly to cease with the autumn frosts. The robins, late poets now gourmands, have a variety of cries to express vexation to signal danger, to guide and admonish the young and not one of these fails to convey the peculiar jauntiness of the bird. Persistently tuneless, the robins rise in small flocks from the edge of the woodland with lively warning cries at the approach of an intruder. The scolding chatter of the wren is one of the liveliest sounds of the brookside. It usually proclaims some impudent insurrection of the English Sparrows. A characteristic mid-summer of the catbird it that which gives its name. Balancing on a light bough with tail aw up, now down, the catbird scolds at all intruders, redoubling the intensity of its call as the obnoxious approach the nest. As to the wood thrush, lone musician of midsummer, even its call of alarm is musical, and the mo-he-wid sign's her young with a cry in which one fancies something like human tenderness.

Varied and interesting as are the mid-summer calls of the birds, they are all suggestive portents of a time not far distant when the woodlands and hedgerows shall be silent save for the chirp of the sparrow and the caw of the crow. When the brook runs clear and sunny beneath thinning but brilliant foliage, and the woodland paths are choked with falling leaves, and the sunshine falls mellow upon unaccustomed spots that seem a silence as of death upon the woodland, only less oppressive than that of the bare multitudinous trunks rising gray from the snow covered ground of mid-winter.

In Frazer of the Still Tongue. Collis P. Huntington laid the foundation of his fortune of \$50,000,000 by peddling hardware in California during the feverish days of 1849. His business maxims are:

Don't talk too much during business hours. Listen attentively; answer cautiously; decide quickly. Do what you think is right and stand by your own judgment. Teach others, by your conduct, to trust you implicitly.

First Tramp (in the road): 'Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?' Second Tramp: 'Yes, and he's growlin' at the same time. Iunno which end to believe.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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In Praise of the Still Tongue. Collis P. Huntington laid the foundation of his fortune of \$50,000,000 by peddling hardware in California during the feverish days of 1849.

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Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONES.

Among the soloists with Kalitz's military band at Chestnut Hill Park, Philadelphia, are Fred Wiegandt, William Kalitz, Paul Fingst, Adolph Dahle, William Schensley, and Charles Kalitz.

Maurice Grau has signed for the next opera season at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, the following artists:

Sopranos—Madames Calve, Sembrich, Ternina, Nordica, Adams, Susan Strong, and Zelle De Lussas. Contraltos—Madames Schumann-Heink, Mantelli, Olitzka, Bauermeister, Van Caeteren, and Broadfoot. Tenors—Van Dyck, Salza, Alvarez, Dippel, Salignac, Bars, and Vanni. Baritone—Van Rooy, Bertram, Campanari, Albers, Scotti, Muhlmann, Dufriehe, Meux, and Pini Corai Basses—Edouard de Reszke, Plancon Davies, and Pringle. Conductors—Mancinelli, Hinrichs, and Paur.

Louise Gerard-Thiers, the operatic singer, who has been visiting relatives in America during the past six months, will return to Europe this month.

Franz Kaltenborn has purchased the famous Stradivarius used by Eduard Remenyi.

Nellie Demartini, the young Brooklyn vocalist, who has been successful in Austria, was among the first to greet Admiral Dewey upon his arrival last week at Trieste.

Victoria Herbert has finished the music for Alice Nielsen's new opera, rehearsals of which will begin under direction of Julian Mitchell at New York, Casino on Aug. 28. Richie Ling will sing the tenor role.

One hundred and eighty-one new operas were presented in Europe during the past dramatic year.

A car on the cable railway up the Schneeberg, in the Austrian Alps, ran away last Thursday, descending some 6,000 feet at frightful speed and being dashed to pieces in the valley below. Five of the twelve passengers were fatally injured, among them being August Herbert, the violinist.

Maymi Taylor resigned from the Waite Opera company on Saturday and will join Murray and Mack's Finnigan's Bill, Aug. 28, for the lead.

The Mr. Plaster of Paris company under the management of Joseph P. Harris, will open on Sept. 4.

Payne Clark who was here with the Jaxon Opera company is now a member of the Milton Aborn Opera company and his work as Don Jose in a recent performance of Carmen in Memphis Tenn. has received a very flattering notice.

Lilli Lehmann has been added to the long list of prime donne appearing this season at Covent Garden in London. She made her entrance on June 1 as Leonora in 'Fidelio.'

Mme. Sembrich is to return to this country in advance of the other members of the Grau company in order to sing at the Maine festival. She will remain in the United States next year until June.

American comic opera prima donne are not the only ones who go to the music halls in the intervals between engagements.

Letty Lind is to sing at the Alhambra, in London, and Ilka Palmay, the Hungarian, is at the Winter Garden in Berlin. She is at the head of her profession in Vienna.

The Robinson Comic Opera Company reports excellent business, and will open this season with the most of the old favorites and some excellent new people in the cast.

Frederick Ward will begin rehearsals next week. The Lion's Mouth, by Henry Guy Carlton, will be the principal feature of a repertoire which includes Romeo and Juliet, The Merchant of Venice, Othello,

Ingomar, and Virginius. Mr. Ward will produce a new play during the season in which he will be seen here. Theodore Bromley will be Mr. Ward's business manager.

A scenic production of The Danger Signal will launch next season under the management of E. V. Evans, headed by Louisa Blanchette in the role of Rose. An excellent company is being engaged, and nothing will be left undone to make it one of the best productions that will start from New York. The season will open on Sept. 1, the company working West to the coast and back.

Virginia Eirle and James T. Powers, late leading spirits of Augustin Daly's musical company, have signed with George W. Lederer.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has agreed to write the text for a trilogy to be composed by Mascagni. The subject is to be the adventures of Orlando as described by Ariosto and Boiardo.

Ozell Williams may be starred next season under the management of W. A. Brady.

Kathryn Kidder is spending her summer vacation visiting her father, Colonel Kidder of Evanston.

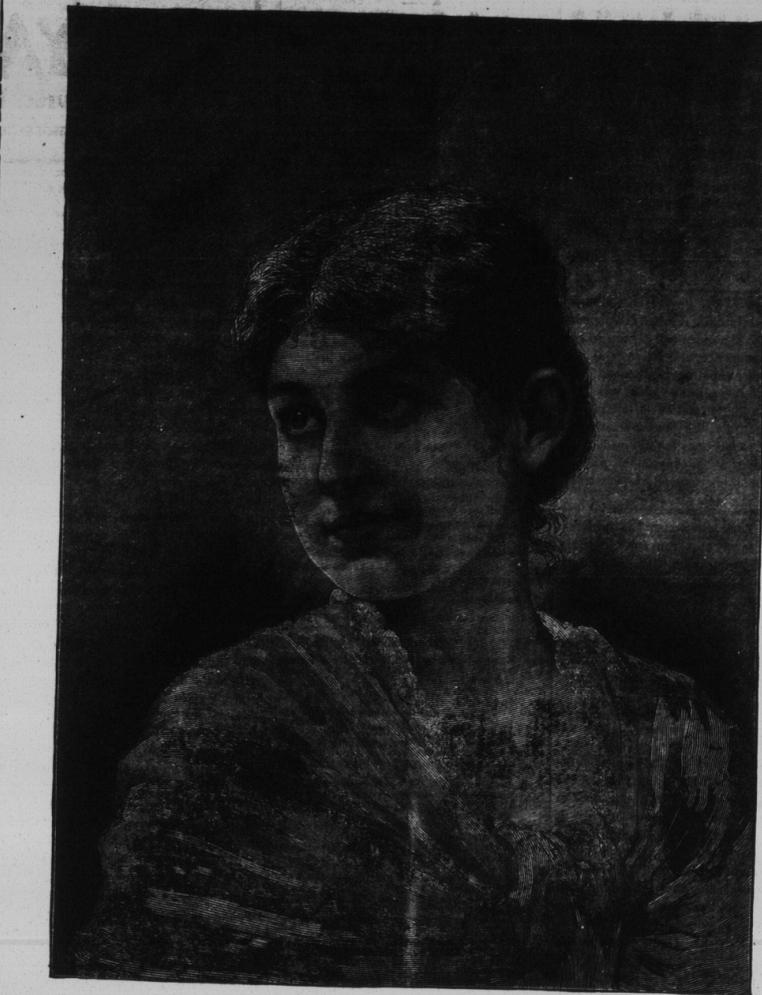
Marie Geistinger will come back to New York next season and play Adrienne and other serious parts.

It is possible that Marie Jansen and Pauline Hall will be travelling in vaudeville companies next season.

Jerome Sykes will be starred next season in the production of 'Chris and the Wonderful Lamp,' playing the part of the Gani.

Francis Wilson's next season will open at the Knickerbocker theater on Sept. 11 in a new comic opera by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith.

Dr. Hans Richter has just been appointed director general of music of the Austrian empire, a title which has been created especially for him.



Opera House on Monday evening. They were billed for three performances but they didn't finish the engagement.

Robert Edeson retired last week from the east of Arizona, in Chicago, and intends to go to Porto Rico in the interest of New York business concerns.

E. H. Sothern has arranged to produce next season Leo Dietrichstein's play, 'All's Fair in Love and War,' which was tried at the end of last season in Providence.

Fay Templeton has been engaged for the lead in this autumn burlesque production at New York Theatre.

Mrs. Langtry's race horse, 'Mirman,' won the Goodwood Cup, at the Goodwood race meeting, in England, last Wednesday turning the tide of ill-luck that has beset so long the course of the 'Jersey Lily.'

Mrs. Leslie Carter will have a new play by Jean Richepin, the scenario of which has been approved already by David Belasco.

Ben S. Mars will be seen in a revival of King John the coming season, and will also produce Richard III. and Macbeth, direction of A. M. Mayer.

J. Arthur Lanning, who appeared as Hamlet on July 14, at Colorado Springs, Colo., has been proclaimed by the Denver Times as a truly great player, worthy to wear the mantle of Edwin Booth.

Pearl Livingston, late of An Arabian Girl, has announced her retirement from the stage.

William A. Brady cabled last week from London that The Sorrows of Satan was still highly successful in the English provinces.

Viola Allen will open her second season in The Christian on Sept. 4 at Syracuse. On Sept. 11 she will begin a six weeks' run at Power's Theatre, Chicago, following by appearances in Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia.

James Young has been ill with typhoid fever at his home in Baltimore. His illness will prevent arrangements for his contemplated tour next season in the new play, Lord Byron.

Clinton Stewart's new play, Marie Antoinette, will be the feature of Madame Modjeska's coming tour. Though tragic in its denouement, it is to be by no means

the gloomy affair one might imagine from historical retrospection or from recollection of a play of the same name used by Ristori in this country. In the new play as much attention is to be paid to Antoinette's happy sojourns at Little Trianon as to the terrible events associated with the closing years of her career.

Madame Modjeska, it is said, will have opportunity to display her ability in comedy as well as in tragedy. Mr. Stewart is now in California, visiting Madame Modjeska at her famous ranch, and putting the finishing touches to the new play.

Annie Russell will open the regular season at the Lyceum Theatre on September 7 in 'Miss Hobbs,' a new comedy by Jerome K. Jerome. The scene is laid at New Rochelle, N. Y. Charles Richman, late of Daly's, has been engaged to play the hero.

Maudie Adams is to appear as Peg Woffington next season; not in 'Masks and Faces,' but in a new piece to be constructed especially for her benefit.

The first performance of Mrs. Craigie's new romantic and poetical drama 'Osmond and Ursyne,' will be given at a matinee at the Empire Theatre in November. This will precede its London production by George Alexander. The performance will be in charge of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, who has arranged all the details of the cast and production with Mrs. Craigie personally. The play in three acts and in verse is printed in Lady Churchill's 'Anglo-Saxon.'

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights of the French farce, 'Place aux Dames,' by Valabregue and Hennequin, which won a good deal of approval last winter at the Paris Palais Royal. In America will be called 'Ladies First.'

'The Wild Rabbit,' a new farce by George Arliss, which has just been presented in London, is a boisterous and not too decorous piece, which turns upon the old expedient of mistaken identity. It was originally produced some time ago.

Chester Bailey Fernald's new romantic Japanese play, in which Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are to appear soon in London, is called 'The Moonlight Blossom.' Its story circles round the adventures of Aruna, son of a native nobleman, who has suffered disgrace and exile from his father's home on account of a calumny supposed to have been uttered several years previous to the commencement of the play. Nayana the heroine, anxious to restore her lover to fortune and his father's favor, becomes an unconscious tool in the hands of a dishonest woman called Dajan. But the

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inflames of this latter is brought to naught, and her scheme overthrown, by the power of a mysterious plant which blossoms in the moonlight on the temple roof, and eventually provides a solution to all the difficulties opposed to the union of the loving pair.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett (Mary Manning) arrived in Boston last week from England.

Ethel Knight Mollison is at Yarmouth, N. S. spending a few weeks with her mother.

James A. Herne is writing a new play, 'Sig Harbor Folk,' for production next season. It will portray the life of the Long Islanders down near Mr. Herne's Summer home.

John Parr and Ada Lewis were married on June 20, at Sig Harbor, N. Y.

Viola Allen will sail from Europe on Aug. 12. She has visited Marion Crawford at Sorrento, Italy, and Mr. Crawford will dramatize for her his new novel, to be published next winter. The play, it is said may be called 'Old Madrid,' which is not a new title.

Frances Drake has contributed to the St. Louis Republic a most interesting account of her horseback trip from Havana to Matanzas, Cienfuegos, and Santiago, Cuba, accompanied by original photographs.

Says a writer in the Dramatic mirror:—I learn, on what seems to be reasonably good authority, that Ada R. has just returned to this country and undertake a starring tour of ten or twelve weeks during the latter part of next season.

'It is said that tour will be under the management of Richard Dorney, who is in the transaction that resulted in the transferring of Daly's Theatre is said to have been more or less ignored by his co-executors of the Augustin Daly estate, and who in the round-up has been left out in the cold.

'Mr. Dorney ought to be eminently well qualified to direct Miss Rabin's professional affairs, and I hope that in this case rumour is true.'

Percy Meldon will be with the Baldwin repertoire company next season.

Alfred Klein, the comedian, may star next season in a three act farce called 'My Lord the Butler.'

Edith Yarrington has been engaged to play the title role next season in 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'

Charles Wyndham, the well known English actor, is reviving 'Rosemary' at the Criterion theater, London.

Louis N. Parker is to revive Stuart Ogilvie's version of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' for Charles Wyndham, to whom Sir Henry Irving has transferred the English rights.

Kylie Bell and Mrs. Potter have acted together for the first time in many months at a charity matinee in London. They gave the balcony scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet.'

S. R. Crockett, in collaboration with Lady Violet Greville, has made a play out of his story, 'The Lilac Sunbonnet.' E. H. Vanderbilt hopes to produce the piece soon in London.

Close resemblances have already been found between Sardou's 'Robespierre' and 'Thermidor,' which has not yet been given in England. So nearly alike are the two plays that the author is said to have used freely parts of the earlier work, which will probably never be given in England.

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 12

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AGAINST MOB RULE.

Governor CANDLER of Georgia presides over a state which has gained an unenviable reputation for lynching and similar crimes of violence, but he is no supporter of the mobs. A recent manifesto against lynching is now followed by more substantial proof of opposition to the practice, the governor facing a mob of would-be lynchers last week and pleading for the regular course of justice. This act of bravery deserves recognition. It ought to help the cause of the courts in Georgia. Mention of lynching calls to mind the affair in Louisiana by which five Italians lost their lives. The mob seized these men and hung them because they had assaulted Dr. HODGE for shooting one of their goats. A local newspaper thus upholds the mob: "With the natural horror of such atrocious murder (that of Dr. HODGE) that influences all good men, the good people of Tallulah seized the five conspirators and promptly hanged them." As a matter of fact, the crime of the Italians was nothing more than assault, for Dr. HODGE is still alive, reasonably well. If the mob had waited until the result of the doctor's injuries had been known, there would have been no lynching. Had the courts been allowed to attend to the assault, the offence would have been punished by terms in jail, the country would have no complication in its relations with Italy and the town of Tallulah would bear a better name. Mob thought does not extend to justice or to consequences. It is hardly thought at all, rather feeling of the basest sort. There is only one way to crush it, and that is by force. Occasionally some man of influence and ready courage will check a mob, as did Governor Candler, but even this is a temporary influence which is personal rather than a form of respect for law and established forms of justice.

Eccentric as are some of the findings of the juries, the ruling of judges sometimes amazes. An English actor recently thought that a critic had damaged him by ridiculing his performance in a certain part and brought suit. The judge proposed that the jury see the actor "at work" although it was impossible to show him in the play in which he had been criticised. The learned judge seemed to assume that an actor is alike at all times without reference to the character he may assume. But actors, like judges, differ in accordance with the characters and the cases that elicit their efforts. If it were not so, there would in the one case be no diversity of criticism and in the other case no overruling of decisions.

The conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws upon ST. HENRY IRVING by the University of Glasgow is the third academic honor with which the great actor-manager has been invested. Trinity College, Dublin, was the first institution to recognize IRVING as a scholar and a man of letters. Last year Cambridge University honored him with the degree of Doctor of Literature, and now the strict and conservative Scotch temple of learning has conferred the higher distinction upon the player, who has brought the theatre into new dignities.

In England the success of the postoffice savings bank has attained enormous dimensions. One person out of every five in the British islands is a depositor, and the balance standing to the credit of these accounts is nearly \$615,000,000. The rate of interest is low, but the security of the investment and the easy opportunity to deposit small savings more than make up for this, as is shown by the rapid growth

of the institution. The interest, hitherto sixpence on the pound, will soon be reduced to fivepence.

The second court martial of DREYFUS is now in progress, and its outcome will be watched with anxiety. General GALLIFET has shown himself a fearless advocate of fair play, but the army cabal is strong and will exert all its power towards another condemnation. Professional secrecy will not be a valid excuse for avoiding truth-telling, this time, and public sentiment and the ministerial tendency are both likely to count in favor of the accused. There are very few persons in or out of France who believe DREYFUS guilty.

Old pensions will be established soon by the Pennsylvania railroad for its employees. The allowance will depend on age and length of service, and 70 years is the limit fixed for compulsory retirement. The foundation of the pension fund was laid some years ago. It will be maintained by contributions from the company and from employees in proportions not yet made public. The result of the experiment will influence other large corporations which are considering the idea.

A New York clergyman has declared himself in favor of a roof garden on his church, and the idea has been endorsed by the famous MOODY, although it is not intended to mix anything more worldly than lemonade and social communion with the religious services that would be the feature of the church resort under the stars. And yet the world moves.

WHERE WILL BAD BOYS GO?

The Difficulties of Reformatory Life.—A Remedy Suggested in Halifax.

The experience of St. John with the reformatory has not been of the happiest nature and there are many people opposed to sending boys there who have been guilty of some trifling offence to associate with other lads who are criminals by nature. Still it is not sent there where would they be sent, and it is this question that is causing some discussion in Halifax at the present time.

"It is useless to send such a boy as that to St. Patrick's Home or the Industrial School," remarked a police official of that city, the other day, as a lad of 18 was being escorted from the court room to a cell. He had been convicted of theft, and given a term in one of these institutions. The official said he was not unfavorably disposed to the institutions mentioned, but thought them fit only for certain work. As at present constituted and managed they were not the best means through which refractory youths could be broken into the good paths of life. They were only suited for one class of boys, and that children of a tender age, say from 7 to 14, whose gravest offence could hardly class them as 'criminals.' When boys whose ages ranged from 14 to 18 were found guilty of offences which if committed by a man would call for imprisonment, they should be consigned to an institution founded for such alone.

"Where boys of various ages and characters mingle together," he continued, "the younger and less criminal are liable to be contaminated. For example suppose you send a boy 16 years old, and of a vicious nature, to the present institutions, is he not likely to instill harmless ideas in lads of tender years? I think so; as a matter of fact, from my experience I can say such has been the case."

In reply to a question as to what scheme he would suggest, he stated that he thought the scholar plan a good one. "My idea would be to send all the boys convicted in the magistrate court, from 14 to 18 years old, to a term on board ship, and entering the engineer's department, would have a good mechanical education when he became 18. I would not think it advisable to send any boy to such a ship whose age was less than 14. His place is properly at St. Patrick's home or the Industrial school. Then, again, every boy should not be committed there. My idea is that such an institution as a school-ship would be the best thing for boys who show criminal tendencies. The simple truant should never be sent there.

A school-ship would often relieve a judge of the painful duty of sentencing a boy to the penitentiary when legislation did not provide for his care at a city reformatory.

Anna Eva Fay Heard From.

That charming lake, Anna Eva Fay, who had such a run in this city some time ago, has been in Dawson city and she came back with half a million in gold—she says—and a good sized story of how she located a rich claim for a poor miner. The fair Anna is as glib of tongue as ever. Still it is strange if she could make money so fast in the Klondyke she would leave it even to make a visit to so charming a place as Boston.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

O. e. Summer Day.

One summer day we said farewell, In a garden of roses sweet; You were sadder than words could tell, And I heard you say, "My leaves fall; Sit silently at your feet. Knowing we never again should meet.

For I must go my way and you, I'd never be more to meet; Than that sweet summer had proven true, And all between us fondly part; No nearer could ever be, When we were sailing love's golden sea.

We stood together where roses twine, In a shelter of scented shade; There with your true heart hearing mine, Each language we two could well divine; When our parting vows were made, And we kissed farewell in that rose leaf shade.

Without that Hagerine last embrace, And your lips to mine that sped; The silent tears on your and sweet face, And all within filling your soul with grace; What anguish our lives had led, Without that kiss in the roses red.

Had we the truth between us at last, To a wilder madman's career; A cold farewell would have been in vain, To lessen the sorrow of love's sweet pain; For faith is a blessing ever, And therein it was best to sever.

O peaceful are the memories yet, Of the place and the blissful time; The hallowed scene we can never forget, In the twining roses where last we met; For still in this distant clime, It's a summer dream that is still sublime.

CPRAUS GOLDZ.

Fiava's, August 1899.

The Hal-Man and the Whole-Man. No carpenter can build a man the way he saws a shell; The wisest way to make a man is—let him make himself.

The way to build a gnat, and thence the way I know Is to drop him in the sea with this one commandment—"grow."

The way to make a perfect race, the lords of sea and land, Is to clothe its bits and bills and tell it to expand.

The race down Fate's great turpentine road has lurches from side to side, With one good arm straight-jacketed and one good ankle tied;

And thus, in many a sun-panched day, many a stem-drenched gnat, With all his chain-gang fetters on, has climbed to sunny heights, the vista of the journey that it asks no staff, no crutch, no help, but says "Take of the chains!"

One man and woman make one man. Is either half denied? The full freedom of his rights? The whole-man then is tied.

The race is fenced, foot and wrist, a hampered chain-gang, who? The man made by his fellow half laws enacted by half-men.

One man and woman make one man, with self-same rights to be— Take the full man's shackles, then, and set the whole-man free.

To drain the moral Dismal Swamp and cleanse the social sin We need the power of whole laws enacted by whole-men.

The hal-man since the years began has staggered towards the light And clung to many a table-land and many a star-kissed height; But down the visited distance far he summits more sublime And manhood peaks, beloved of heaven, which the whole-man shall climb.

The cosmic yeast is working; the centuries ripen And science new shapes are looming dim from out the distant vast; Strange and subtle the strange mountains, wide plains on many a sea.

Let the whole-man march unflinching toward the greatness yet to be, Let him front the coming glories and the grandeur With feet unguaged and fetterless and hands without a chain.

The Boy on the Farm.

Under a spreading apple tree The boy with bare feet stands; He has ten apples in his hand and some more are in his hands— Beneath his waist of calico His tummy-tan expands.

His belt was shingled by his ma, Who cut it straight behind; He has a lurid color that is due to sun and wind— He's lost the teeth he's in front, But doesn't seem to mind.

Week in, week out, from morn till night He leans around the place, With birch scratches on his legs And flies on his face; The neighbors casidly admit That he's a hopeless case.

He wears his trousers at half-mast, He ties with his belt; He chokes his busy father leaves For him are seldom done, And he is always gone when where Are errands to be run.

He goes on Sunday to the church And stays to Sabbath school, And, by propounding questions, makes His teacher seem a fool; He pinches smaller boys than he, And leaves the golden rule.

His mother sits up every night To patch the clothes he wears And every night he takes them off With more emphatic tears— He falls from trees and into wells And smokes and chews and swears.

The frightened chickens duck their heads, And cackle where he goes, With only stars upon his eyes, And bruises on his toes— He is in touch with his knife for cause, For any way that flows.

You gorge with undeveloped shells, Which is a foolish plan; No poetry is in you, but Know this, my little man— It takes much more than crumbs to stand to stand the things you can.

Word-Language.

Como esta Usted was all I knew, O Spanish; you of English knew still less, And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

In vain I sought for phrases—one or two— Which with my admiration to express: Como esta Usted was all I knew.

A trifling error grows: How do you do? After much repetition, I coasted; And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

Was ever hap less lover forced to sue In such cramped phrase? You laughed at my distress: Como esta Usted was all I knew!

So, silent is the Sphinx, I sat by you, Nor, till we part, did I set your hand to press; And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

Perhaps Love needs no language; there are few Unspoken thoughts Do could I count your guest, Como esta Usted was all I knew; And yet that night how fast the hours flew!

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A BIRCH-BARK PICTURE

Was it Photographed by Lightning on the Tender Bark of a Young Tree?

'Sitting on the veranda at Dr. A. T. Sanden's place, the Pines, on Lake Oaawa I was impressed with the charge which the past few years have brought to this water sheet among the mountains,' writes a New York man now rusticated in the Maine woods. 'Ten years ago this lake, then known as Ship Pond, was part of the primitive wilderness with no sign of human occupancy, except the dam built by lumbermen across the outlet. Now there are half a dozen cottages and permanent fishing camps on its shores, and a sawmill at the outlet run by electricity. As I listened to the piano within doors, played by a pretty girl visitor from Kansas, the whistle of the railroad train crossing the 180-foot-high bridge which spans the outlet, a mile and a half below the cottage, tingled with the strains of Chopin. The advance of civilization indicated in the railroad and sawmill is very sad, but convenient, to lovers of the wilderness, who may get their mail daily and take a train east or west several times in the day at the Oaawa station.

'Hung round the walls of the reception room in the cottage with pictures and woodland trophies. On the mantel was a picture about a foot square, plainly framed and taking it up and holding it in the proper light, my host asked me what I saw in it. It was a landscape of woods and sky and water, painted apparently in the impressionist style, but with the mellow tints of one of the old masterpieces, and exquisitely beautiful and natural. Its composition was a stream in the foreground, rippling silver, with shoals and eddies, a birch woodland on the left with such tall straight-stemmed trees and symmetrical tops as one finds in the timber regions of Maine and a reach of lake beyond the birches, with an inclosing background of dark, wooded mountains and a sky with floating clouds.

'It is a scene of Oaawa, and a rarely beautiful one,' I pronounced. 'But I am at a loss to name the painter and the point of view from which he made it.'

'Look more closely,' the lady said, and held the picture nearer to me. Then I saw that what I had taken for canvas was birch bark and the varied coloring were natural tints in its texture. Seen near or far, the perfection of its design was undiminished. It could be described best as a landscape photographed in colors upon the bark.

'It was as you see it, the frame excepted; when it was taken last week from the tree, she continued. I was entertaining a free party of young friends at the cottage, and they had brought in a quantity of birch bark from the woods. The girls were busily at work shaping the bark into sunbonnets for themselves when one of them discovered the picture upon the piece she was handling, and she gave it to me. Of course we value it highly on several accounts—it is a part of our landscape translated to the sheet of bark. It does not seem that it could have come there by accident, yet we have no theory to give for it, and only one of our visitors has attempted to account for it.'

'And what did he say?' I inquired.

'He said that it was a natural photograph made upon the bark when it was smooth and tender—made perhaps by slow process of the sun, more likely instantaneously during an electrical storm. We did not understand how this could be done, and he said he didn't understand it himself, only that such cases had been known and that this might be one of them. He is a man who has travelled widely and has the reputation of knowing what he talks about. So there you have it and can decide for your self—do you give it up as the rest of us have done.'

'I was inclined to accept the theory that it was a natural photograph, as being less difficult than the supposition that so finished a picture was the result of an accidental combination of colors. Taken in any way one chooses the picture is a wonderful leaf from nature's sketch book that by accident has found its place in the cottage by the lake.'

Five Formulas Worth Millions Each. Russell Sage, the dean of American financiers, set out in pursuit of his present \$100,000,000 as an errand boy in a country grocery store. His maxims are: Be temperate and you will be happy. Plain food, an easy mind and sound sleep make a man young at eighty-three. Opportunities are disguised with men who don't recognize them.

Despair is the forerunner of failure. Next to a fat purse is a 'stiff upper lip.' When a man 'loses his head' he mustn't complain about the other fellow taking an advantage. Keep cool and freeze out the enemy.

The Sunday River Trip. The party that went up river on the Victoria last Sunday was smaller than usual owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the weather early in the morning but those who went enjoyed one of the most beautiful days of the year. The boat stopped at Evandale and those who did not dine upon the boat found an excellent table and courteous service at Mr. J. O. Vanwart's Evandale House. There was service in the afternoon in the hall at which many attended. On the return trip the city was reached shortly after six. This Sunday the boat goes to Lower Jemseg and the disappointing announcement is made that no stops will be made.

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Declining an Obituary. The Aroostook (Maine) Pioneer prints the following story of Indian shrewdness: Some river-drivers were working on the west branch of the Aroostook. The lads had jammed into a nasty snarl, and no one banked for the job of going out with a cant-log to start the key-log.

In the crowd was an Indian noted for his coolness and skill. The boss finally looked over in his direction.

'Cool,' he said, 'go and break that jam and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper.'

The redskin looked at the logs and then at the boss. 'Dead Injun look nice on paper,' he grunted, and walked away.

A Summer Resort. Swill was hit for his clothes were out strict to the latest fashion plate; Head to heels not an item that continually and up to date. Ured his money with lavish hand. (Rumor said he had wealth galore.) Drove and dawdled and picknicked, and Picnicked, dawdled, and drove some more.

Fair were they—for their gowns were fair. Sixteen trunks to a damocel; Furniture's garments enough to wear; Somewhere he'll be in reserve, so well. My wife's when her weapons bleed. (Art as nature their best beauged.) Blushed a d'colored and railed and sighed. Sighed and scolded and blushed and smiled.

He and they through the livelong day Met and flirted and talked, and then Changed their costumes, and so, straightaway, Met and flirted and talked again. Willing to gossip or dance or swim; Play at love as a sport pro tem— They because they were to be with him; He, because he must be with them.

Thus he spent what he had to spend. They had no use to the last penny of it. It was the speech that marked the end. Naught was left but return to town. Through the winter he called to mind Him and her—what you wish report Of sea, and mountains, and breeze a kid? Zounds, I write of a summer resort!

Queen of the Arkansaw. Maid Mary of the Arkansaw beauty cannot boast; No gallant knight in sparkling hose her eyes would care to court. Her figure for a connoisseur would call of p'fect mould. And in her hair there's many a silver thread among the gold. And yet admirers by the score are seeking for her hand. From coyness rough in speech and dress, to nobles of the land: They see in her without a doubt a most bewitching plan. She owns a thousand head of steers, and beef is on the rise!

A Word to The Wise is Sufficient. Everyone knows Ungars is the place to get Shirt Waists and P. K. Suits laundered. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 68.

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

Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Unwearied, Durable, Splendid Performance, Dural, 17, Waterloo.

BAKING POWDER PURELY DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME

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Fair were they--for their gowns were fair. Six ornate trunks to a damsel; Fragrant garments enough to wear; Bonnets were held in reserve, so well. Every maiden her weapons placed. (Aunt's nature they'd beamed.) Blushed a d, scolded and smiled and sighed. Blushed and scolded and blushed and smiled.

He and they through the living day. Met and flirted and talked, and then Changed their countenances, and lo, straightway, Met and flirted and talked again. Willing to gossip or dance or swim; Play at love at a sport you term. They because they were d with him; He, because he must be with them.

Thus he spent what he had to spend. They had come to the last new gown. It was the epoch that marked the end. Through the water they called to mind Him and her--whom you wish report Of sea, and mountains, and brew a kite? Z-z-z-z-z, I write of a summer resort!

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Chairs Reseated, Canes, Splints, Repairing, Dyeing, 17, Waterloo.



A party chaperoned by Mrs. George F. Smith and Mrs. George McLeod attended the concert at the opera house on Monday evening, and though the concert itself was disappointing the young folks among whom were the following had a very jolly time of it: Miss Gladys Burton, Miss Mariel Thompson, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Nellie McAvilly, Miss May Hays, Walter Harrison Boy Thompson, Leo Barker, Willie Rogers, Gerald Furlong and Ed Robinson.

A merry party of young people are enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thomson at Ottawa this week, and breathing in the healthful air of that charming locality; the party consists of Miss Mariel Thompson, Mr. Roy Thompson, Minnie and Nan Barnaby, Arthur Chipman, Will Harrison, G. Barton, Gerald Parsons, Mr. Foster, Nellie McAvilly, Robert, Constance Smith, May Hays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gilliland and little daughter of McAdam Jct. are in town. Mrs. Jos. Walker and children of Fredericton are visiting Mrs. Walker's mother in the West.

Mr. Roy Shaw of the Bank of N. B. left this week for Halifax where he will be the bank of N. B. there. Miss Ella M. Shewan sister of J. G. Shewan of the C. P. R. of this city, who for the past few weeks has been the guest of Mrs. James Prince Dorchester street has returned to her home in Westmount, Montreal.

Miss Jessie A. Fales who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Prince returns to her home in N. B. on Monday. Mrs. G. Prescott and Miss Prescott have returned from St. Andrews where they have been spending a month at Linden Grange.

Miss Smith and Miss Barnes of Boston (are making a visit to St. John. Mr. Colin Clarke is home from Boston spending a two weeks vacation. Of the marriage of a New Brunswick lady in the far west the Vancouver News Advertiser of August 2nd says: F. L. Christie of Sandon and Miss Margaret Hatt of Fredericton, N. B., were married yesterday morning at the home of the bride's mother by Rev. E. B. Scott. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Christie left for Southern California on an extended honeymoon tour. Mr. Christie was formerly a member of the firm of Bowser, Giffney & Christie of this city. In Sandon, where he and his bride will make their home he has a rapidly growing practice. As a barrister he is well known all over the province.

Mr. and Mrs. C. LeBaron Miles are paying a short visit to city friends. Mr. and Mrs. James Manson returned from their wedding trip last Saturday. Mrs. Manson received her friends this week. Mr. Thomas Carmichael is home from Boston by short trip to St. John.

Mr. Charles Dinkwater is spending a little while in Westfield with Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Trimmerman. Mr. Henry Towne was called to Sackville this week through the severe illness of his daughter. Mr. Joseph Bullock left this week for a visit to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Flemming of Chipman were in the city for a day or two this week. Mrs. C. E. MacMichael who is visiting Hampton assisted the Ladies Aid Society very efficiently in their tea and sale this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wainaker are visiting friends in Kings County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Backers of Worcester Mass were among the week visitors to the city. Judge Forbes, with a party of friends, paid Hampton a visit this week. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Maxwell of Chicago and Miss Jessie S. Forbes, E. B. Stone and E. Skinner of St. John. They were guests at the Vendome Hotel.

Mr. D. H. Charteris of Moncton paid a short visit to the city a day or two ago. Another western marriage in which St. John people will be interested was that of Mr. W. J. Sparks of Vancouver, B. C., and Miss Georgie W. Sherwood of St. John, which took place at Vancouver on July 10. Miss Sherwood is the daughter of the St. John agent of the Messers Harris Co., Ltd., and was organist of the People's Mission here.

Mrs. A. S. Pillsbury of West Cornwall, Mass., a visiting relative Mrs. A. H. Ellis of Elliot row. Mrs. David Lynch has been entertaining the Misses Kate of Halifax, daughters of Rev. Mayor Keele, during the week. Judge Steadman and Mrs. Steadman of Fredericton paid a short visit to the city this week. Miss Edith Kerr has returned from a very pleasant visit to friends in New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. George R. Davis and family have come back from Boston and will again take up their residence in this city. Mrs. Charles F. Harrison, Miss Adams and Master Adams are back from a pleasant visit to Halifax where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs.

J. D. Chipman, at their beautiful summer residence at the West Arm. Mrs. and Miss Agnes of Chelsea, Mass. made a short stay in the city this week. Mr. George R. Dully of the west end left this week for New York where he has obtained a good position in a banking establishment.

Mr. Samuel Thorne was suddenly summoned to Forest Hill this week owing to the illness of his little daughter. Mr. A. H. Hanington and Miss Hanington returned last Saturday from a delightful trip through the Annapolis valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hooper of Fredericton spent Tuesday in the city. Dr. Burton and his son of London, England, are paying a visit to the city and are staying with friends on Killis Row.

Mr. H. A. McNight of TheSpring Hill News and Advertiser made a short stay in the city this week and left for home on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Starnes spent the greater part of the week in Kentville.

Mrs. John O'Brien of Ladysmith, I. d., is a guest in the family of Mr. J. M. B. Myers the American consul here. Mr. W. S. Clark of Carleton is spending a week or two in Chatham.

Mr. O. ven Campbell and little son Donald have been guests at the home of Mrs. Andrew this week. Mrs. H. Forby has her guest this week Miss Tillie of Toronto, daughter of Mr. E. S. Tillie.

Mr. E. L. Lory has returned from his annual holiday trip which was spent in Montreal and Ottawa, with a few days sojourn in St. Andrews on his way home. Mr. O. ven Campbell and little son Donald have been guests at the home of Mrs. Andrew this week.

The St. John people who were registered at the Algonquin, St. Andrews this week were R. R. Rankine, E. H. Turnbull, Peter Clench, who Kennedy had as guests the following city people: Lewis Comras, Miss McFarlane, J. R. McFarlane, Allen Murray, W. Harkins, H. F. Fretze, Geo. DeForest, R. A. Christie, H. L. Gaudin.

Miss Jewett who has been visiting Miss White of Hantsport spent a day or two in Windsor lately. Mrs. G. W. Edwards and Miss Estelle Edwards are paying a visit to relatives here. They have just completed a trip through the Annapolis valley.

Miss Annie Hughes of Boston is the guest of Miss Irving, King street east. Miss Marion I. Newman, a nurse in the Whidden memorial hospital at Everett, Mass., is the guest of Miss Ada E. Travis of Spring street.

Miss Josie Quinn and Miss Tina Quinn who attended the summer school of science at Campbellton have extended their trip to Quebec where they will visit friends. Mr. George F. Gregory has returned to Fredericton after a short visit to Brown's Falls.

Mrs. C. Fred Richards is spending a few weeks with city friends. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatt and Mr. John Hatt spent a few days lately with Mrs. McConnell who is one of the season's cottagers at the Bay shore. Mrs. Howler and Miss Nan Howler of Fredericton are spending the summer with Mrs. McConnell.

Mrs. Tapley and Miss Day returned to Fredericton this week after a pleasant stay with friends here. Mrs. Cudlip and two children arrived this week on a month's visit to Mrs. Cudlip's mother, Mrs. Crutcher.

Mr. Archie Topley's friends are pleased to hear of his recovery from a recent severe illness. Miss Nellie Ferguson has returned to Richibucto after a pleasant stay of several weeks with city relatives.

Miss Mary E. Band, formerly of this city but now of Walkerton, Mass., spent Tuesday in the city on her way to Oromocto where she will spend a couple of weeks. Miss Anna McLean of Truro is spending a week or two with friends in this city.

Miss Bailey is visiting St. Stephen, where she is being most hospitably entertained by Mrs. D. A. McNeil. The Misses Adie and Bessie Starr of Calais have just completed a very enjoyable visit to this city.

Misses Noe Clark and Florence Mitchell have gone back to St. Stephen after a two weeks stay at the Cedars. Miss E. Smith, has been the guest of Miss Bremner Ross of St. Croix for a week or two.

Miss Minnie Sol of St. Stephen is paying a brief visit to the city. The following interesting wedding notice has been received and will be read with much interest by the friends of the bride in this city: "The marriage took place in the Methodist church at Apicook, N. B., on Wednesday of Mr. Percy Sargent of Bridgewater, Me., and Miss Jessica daughter of Duncan Buchanan, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. S. Sutherland of Sussex. The church was prettily decorated with cut flowers and potted plants, and was filled with friends of the contracting parties.

As the bridal party entered, a choir sang The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden. The bride was Miss Edith Swain of Boston, and the groom was Nathaniel Tompkins of Bridgewater, Me. The bride was gowned in spotted tulle, trimmed with satin ribbon, and carried a bouquet of white peonies and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid wore a plain white muslin and carried a bouquet of pink. Miss Frances Morton, niece of the bride, was maid of honor, and was dressed in white muslin and carried a basket of lovely white flowers. The bridal party, under a floral arch, formed a very pretty picture.

Seats were reserved for the invited guests. The wedding march was played by Mr. Heber Folkins. After the ceremony the invited guests remained at Mr. Buchanan's residence where luncheon was served and a reception held, and the bride party left by the six o'clock train for St. John en route to their home in Maine. A large crowd assembled at the railway station to shower rice and extend good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Sargent.

The bride received many handsome gifts. The groom's present to the bride was a diamond brooch and to the bridesmaid a brooch set with opals. Miss Maud Wedda is spending a few weeks in Shediac as the guest of Mrs. H. Aschbald. The Lyons, Mass., item of the late date has the following complimentary notice of the work of Miss Dorothy Cole of this city: "The numerous friends of Miss Dorothy M. Cole in this city will be well pleased to learn of the brilliant success attending her work at the Welts, N. H. The perfect ordering of her save all efforts selection elicited the warmest praise from critics and audience, the interpretation of Falstaf being especially excellent. The high character of her work is surprising in an amateur, and promises a place for her in the front rank of concert sopranos."

Rev. A. E. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw of Dundas P. E. I. spent part of the week in St. John. Among the guests at a recent Fredericton excursion were Miss Leobart, Miss Vanwart and Miss Elsie Holden all of this city. Prof and Mrs. Cristowe and family have returned to the capital after a pleasant stay of some weeks at the Bay Shore.

The death of Dr. M. F. Bruce occurred Wednesday after an illness of little over a week from brain fever. The remains were taken to Honiton Me. for interment. Miss Alice Wade of Melrose, Mass. is the guest of West end friends. She will leave in a few days for Nova Scotia where she will spend several weeks. Miss Minnie Wilson of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. J. A. Patterson, Charlotte St.

Mrs. W. E. Fellows of Canaan, N. S., is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Smith, 4 Pitt st. PARROBORO. (Parroboros for sale at the Parroboro Bookstore, 1 Ave., 9--Broderick's beach hotel is in full swing fifty boarders enjoying the invigorating breezes from Miss Basin and a daily dip in its waters. Among the guests are Mrs. James Dicker, two daughters and Mr. Mr. Chapman and son and son-in-law Mr. Butte, Amherst, Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard, Miss Hibbard, Miss Richards and Missa Tompkins, Boston, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard, Reed's Island, Dr. and Mrs. McDermott, Montreal, Mr. Leonard of London, Ont., joined his family on Saturday.

The members of Court Youvan K. of P. wearing their regalia marched to St. George's church for divine service on Sunday morning. There was an appropriate and impressive sermon by the rector. Mrs. J. C. M. Wade is here with her children staying with her parents during her husband's absence in British Columbia. Miss Bishop came with Mrs. Wade from Aylesford and is visiting Mrs. McQuarrie.

Mrs. Burton, Halifax, and her two sons and daughter and Mrs. W. W. Black and her children of Amherst are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks. Wallace Presbyterian was in session on Tuesday and Wednesday. Rev. Mr. Fraser, Trinidad, and Mrs. H. E. Robertson, Broxton, were among the visitors. Mrs. Robertson was entertained by Mrs. Huestis.

Mrs. Alloway and Miss Alloway, Springhill are guests of Mr. J. R. Cowans. Mrs. Charles Smith and Mrs. Thompson Coste of Amherst are staying here with relatives. Miss David Howard is very ill. Mrs. Tuttle of Fagwash is visiting her relatives, Mr. Saunders and son, Digby, and guests of Dr. and Mrs. Magee.

Mrs. Stephens, who has been some time with Mrs. Stuart Mason, left to-day for her home in N. Leon B. C. Mrs. Goddard and Miss Goddard returned home to St. John on Thursday. Mr. J. Greenham Alkman has been confined to the house by illness for some time. Mr. C. T. Muir is so ill. Mrs. McDougall is the guest of Mrs. H. K. McLean. Miss Jessie McDougall is staying with the little daughter of Dr. Magee. Master Harold Upham has returned from a visit to his brother in St. Stephen making the trip in a schooner. Mr. St. George and Master Percy St. George, Montreal and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Townshend Amherst are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend. Judge and Mrs. Townshend give a family dinner party at the hotel at Five Islands on Wednesday. Miss Abbot, Springhill, is Mrs. A. S. Townshend's guest. Mrs. Lawson Coste and Mrs. J. M. Keen, Amherst were entertained by Mrs. A. E. McLeod and Mrs. Chambers at Tamagouche, by Mrs. B. L. Tucker while attending the Presbyterian. Mr. C. M. Fowler and family have gone to live in Bangor, Me. Miss Lillian Langille is visiting her brother and his wife. Miss Elliot who has been paying a visit to Miss Gove has returned to her home in St. John. Mrs. J. J. Henderson gave a small party on an evening recently for the pleasure of her guest Mrs. Joe Henderson of Macoon. Mr. and Mrs. Fanny and children of St. Stephen are on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. F. McLeod. Mrs. L. S. Gove, Amherst spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Epps went to Cornwallis on Monday. Mr. D. A. Huntley has gone to New Brunswick. Mr. Harry Corbett has gone to St. John for a few weeks. Miss Blanche Wotton is with friends at Shediac. On Tuesday evening a garden party was held in the rectory grounds which presented a gala appearance, strings of flags gaily flying and many incense-burners and Chinese lanterns effectively lighting up the scene. The tea tables were in charge of Mrs. Norby, Mrs. Feltis, Misses Woodworth, Miss Emma Reib, Miss Maud McNamara and others. Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Fraser and Miss Mary Smith presided at the refreshment table. In a remote corner of the lawn was a gypsy encampment with a bright fire over which hung an iron pot; a covered wagon near by and a tent in which two pale Misses Bessie O'Neill and Hattie Feltis revealed the mysteries of the future to an eager crowd. Then there was a flower booth where Misses Sadie O'Neill and Lizzie Lavers sold lovely bouquets, a candy stall and a Rebecca at the well, Miss Annie Smith who dispensed lemonade and other drinks to the thirsty. Mrs. Wade, Miss Bishop, Misses Birdie and Celeste Pierce and Miss Blanche Mother were kept busy in two pretty booths serving ices and sherbets. The presence of the summer visitors in great force very materially helped to swell the receipts which are to purchase an organ for the Sunday school.

The Passing of the Pickaninny. Ugo a little nigger. A swimming the Nile. Appeared quite unexpectedly. A hungry crocodile. Who, with that fierce politeness. That makes the warm blood freeze. Remarked, "I'll take a little dar' most. Without dressing, if you please."

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(The Queen of Fashion) For 1899.

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WHEN YOU WANT a real tonic Ask for "ST. AGUSTINE," (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Gagetown, July 26 h, 1897. E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co., Dear Sir:—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your Pelee Wine, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age, I think too much cannot be said in its praise and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from the grippe debility, with like good results. I am, yours gratefully, JOHN C. CLOWES. For and Commission Merchants: 62 Union Street.

Maypole Soap DYES ANY MATERIAL. DYES ANY COLOUR. For sale everywhere. FREE BOOK on "Home Dyeing" on application to Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, MONTREAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. MORSON & Co., Barrington street... The wedding took place Monday morning at St. Mary's cathedral...

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien, Crowe Bros. and at D. C. Smith & Co's. Mrs. W. W. O'Brien, formerly of Halifax and Miss Blanche Thomas, her niece, of Sheffield Mills...

RICHBURTO.

Aug 9 - Messrs. T. N. Vincent and F. W. McLean of St. John spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kimmerson of Boston are in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary...



Poland Water.

I have just received a barrel of POLAND WATER direct from the POLAND SPRINGS and can supply same to my customers by the gallon. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 87 Charlotte Street. Telephone 230. Mail orders promptly filled.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, E. E. Atchison and J. W. Brook. In Calais at O. P. Trevelyan's. W. F. Vroom of New York presided at the organ in Christ church on Sunday evening...

At the TOP of the TREE.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa "Strongest and Best." - HEALTH. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

Frank State of Fredericton is visiting Miss Fane's Moore. Miss Mary Berry of St. Andrews and her friend Miss Smith of Halifax, N. S., made a brief visit in town on Thursday last.

Miss Alice Todd will be the assistant teacher at the Catholic high school this year. Mrs. T. Whinlock has returned from a brief visit at Campbell's. Miss Eliza McBride is able to be out again after her tedious illness.

SHINGS OF VALUR.

A retired linendraper went into an English school one day and began putting the scholars through an examination in general grammar and dictation. 'What is the capital of Holland?' he asked. 'Capitol Hill' was the crushing rejoinder from the smart boy of the class.

THE BLOOD OF FIVE RACES FLOWS IN THE VEINS OF THE BOER.

Only one person in every four of the inhabitants of London earns more than a pound a week. Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Chills go of water, cooling, and green fruit is sure to bring on the attack.

When a servant in Germany falls ill, her mistress is not allowed to discharge her, but is obliged to pay 47 cents a day for her hospital care and until she has perfectly recovered. Wages in Germany are small, however, varying from \$3.40 to \$7.50 a month with board.

Chas. A. Bales of Wilton, N. H., and Miss Hamilton of Godfrey, N. H., are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Carrie R. Maxwell. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Hunter of Minneapolis are visiting Mr. Hunter's mother on Main street.

Miss Carrie Murchie of Calais, who is the guest of Roy Morrison at Fredericton, was entertained by her young host on Friday evening at a delightful lawn party. The guests' numbering upwards of sixty were entertained mostly upon the lawn and beautiful grounds surrounding Mr. Morrison's fine residence.

THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received - Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Buttache Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buttache Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S LETTERS (now before publication), edited by SYDNEY COLEMAN.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

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

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

SENATOR NOAR'S Reminiscences - Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences - Illustrated.

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

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

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

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

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

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GLOSSY SWEET HAIR

follows the use of TARNIA, the ladies hair soap. A shampoo with it not only cleanses, but also sweetens, allays scalp itching and prevents dandruff.

Tarnia is a perfect tar soap, and the very best for the complexion, the tar tending to cure pimples and all skin affections. It is a specific against the evil effects of perspiration.

Sold in tin lined box, 25c. If not for sale at your druggist, send price and we will mail box postpaid.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. P. O. BOX 2410. MONTREAL. MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED BABY'S OWN SOAP.

FREDERICTON.

[Promissus is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fensy and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Mr. John A. Morrison presented a most interesting appearance on Friday evening on the occasion of the lawn party, given by his son, Mr. Roy Morrison and for their guest Miss Carrie Murchie of Calais. The handsome grounds surrounding the house were brilliantly illuminated with Japanese lanterns, the whole garden presenting a beautiful and fairylike scene. On the lawn, a large platform had been erected for dancing. Orchestras were stationed on the broad veranda and played a dance programme of fifteen numbers, with three supper extras. Several marquees were dotted over the grounds and provided delightful resting places for tired dancers. In a large booth which was artistically decorated were served ice, sherbets and iced drinks. It was two o'clock before this delightful party broke up and the guests bade farewell to so charming a scene. Among those present were:

- The Misses Winslow. Miss Fannie Palmer. Miss Johnston of Calais Me. Miss Lockhart of St. John. Miss Margaret Johnston. Misses Sadie and Stella Stirling. Miss Widdon of Calais Me. Miss Vanwart of St. John. Miss Anna Vanwart. Miss Fisher. Miss Whitehead. Misses Babbitt. Miss Bessie Limerick. Miss Elsie Holden, St. John. Miss Edith Gibson. Miss Blissard. Miss Willey. Miss Nan Thompson. Miss Gertrude Peasey. Misses Jean and Beatrice Fenety of Florida. Miss Lora Tibbitts. Miss Edna Coburn. Miss Gertrude Conthard. Miss Queenie Edgewood. Miss Gretchen Phair. Miss Ethel Hatt. Miss Golding. Miss Jean Nell. Miss Flossie Wilson. Mr. Spencer. Mr. Sterling. Mr. Will McCallan. Mr. Don Nell. Mr. Lou Long. Mr. Willis Babbitt. Mr. Mont Atkins. Mr. Fraser Winslow. Mr. Harold Babbitt. Mr. J. McPeake. Mr. G. McCallum of Truro. Mr. A. L. Fowler. Mr. W. Willey. Mr. C. H. Allen. Mr. Tom Murchie. Mr. W. Black. Mr. Fred Devar. Mr. A. H. McKee. Mr. F. Shute.

Mr. F. Collier. Mr. F. Sedler. Mr. A. Clark. Mr. E. Sewell. Mr. C. Coleman. Mr. W. McKay. Mr. D. Tabor. Mr. Bert Mc Murray. Mr. and Mrs. E. Byron Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. George Allen, and Capt. and Mrs. Carpenter left for St. Andrews last Saturday where they will enjoy the sea air for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. West and little daughter are visiting at St. Andrews for a couple of weeks.

Miss Betty has returned from a pleasant visit to Prince Edward Island and other points of interest. Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Dr. and Mrs. McLaughlin and their families are making a happy party a camp comfort.

Miss Hoyt who has been enjoying a couple of weeks here, the guest of her friend Miss Carson returned home yesterday.

Mrs. T. G. Loggie has returned from her visit to her old home in Pictou, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Ralston Wood has returned from her summer outing at Youghall.

Friends of Mr. George Botsford are pleased to welcome him to his native city, once more.

Mrs. E. Finch of London and child are here from New Glasgow N.S. visiting her mother Mrs. Edward Gery.

Invitations are out for a large picnic tomorrow, to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Parker Gistler, the picnic party to go down river to Grand Lake in Mr. Glazier's steamer Flushing.

Mrs. Currie of Boston arrived here yesterday on a visit to her daughter Mrs. J. B. Gainer.

Mrs. Murray (Staley) is here the guest of her aunt Mrs. John Robinson.

Miss Bertha Clowes with her friend Mr. Francis F. Hicks of Boston, who has been visiting this city went to Oromocto yesterday to spend a week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clowes, Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Fenety are this week visiting Fredericton and are the guests of Mr. Fenety's parents at Linden Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fiewelling this week opened their beautiful new summer residence on the Nashua where they entertained a number of their young lady friends.

Mr. Albert Leighton of Pepperell, Mass. is here the guest of the Misses Beverly at Grape cottage. Mr. Leighton was accompanied by his son Mr. Charles Leighton of Boston, who took the ocean trip from St. John, in order to enjoy the beautiful scenery on our charming river; both gentlemen were much pleased with the scenery in and around our picturesque little city.

Miss Maggie Allen is home from Boston on a vacation and is the guest of her uncle Mr. T. Carleton Allen at "The Poplar."

Misses Fisher and Payne of Commonwealth Ave. Boston, who have been the guests of Miss Fisher, at "Summer Villa," have gone to St. Andrews for a short visit with Mrs. Medley before returning to Boston.

Mr. Arthur Tabor is home from Boston for a short stay and is visiting his mother Mrs. Clifton Tabor at "Lang Syne Cottage."

Mrs. L. C. Sharp of Montreal, in company with Mrs. H. H. Pitts and a child have gone to Florenceville to spend a week with their sister Mrs. D. Pike.

Senator Temple is in the city for a few days. Miss Currie Winslow is one of the hostesses of the week and on Monday gave a pleasant five o'clock tea and lawn party to a number of her young friends.

Mr. A. Vard who has been staying a few days with the Misses Beverly went to Sheffield on Friday where he will be the guest of Mrs. Wm. Harrison.

Miss Laura Wood of Boston is visiting Mrs. J. A. Edwards at the Queen.

Mr. Geo. Hodge spent Sunday at the Bay Shore where his family are enjoying the breeze from the ocean for a few weeks.

Mr. G. F. Gregory has returned from a visit to Brown's Flats.

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. B. Bridges are enjoying a part of their vacation on the Washademock Lake.

Miss Loba-t of St. John is visiting Miss Jennie Taylor.

Mrs. and Miss Fleming of Brandon Manitoba wife and daughter of Dr. Fleming formerly of this country are here the guests of Major and Mrs. Cropp.

Mrs. Wm. Cooper and Mrs. J. W. McCredy are spending a few weeks in the city by the sea.

Miss Edith Spauld is home from her visit of several weeks spent in Boston.

Mr. Martin Lemont has returned from his visit to Prince Edward Island, looking exceedingly well and happy after his long stay where he renewed many former acquaintances.

Mrs. H. B. Eaton, Mrs. W. A. Lamb and Miss Harvey and Miss Marehale made a very happy party that came over here from Calais this week.

Prof. and Mrs. Bristowe and family have returned from their stay at the Bay Shore.

Mrs. J. L. Currie of Cambridge Mass and son Bayard are here the guests of Mrs. Carrie sister Mrs. John Spauld.

Mrs. D. Lee Street of Boston is here visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Bobbitt.

Mrs. C. Fred Richards is spending a few weeks with friends in St. John.

Miss Gertrude Gregory has gone to Sacco, Me.

Trafalgar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University.) SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL.

For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN

President: REV. JAS. PARCLAY, D. D. Vice President: A. T. DUMBOURD, L. L. D. Principal: MISS GRACE FAULKNER, M. A., B. ED. M. A.

The Institute will re-open on Tuesday, 12th, September, 1899.

For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal at A. S. RIDDELL, Sec'y., 23 St. John St., Montreal.

where she will remain several weeks visiting relatives.

Miss Clara Bridges is very upon her vacation and will be absent several weeks.

Mrs. E. A. McLean of Harvey, in company with her son Master Hugh and daughter Miss Margaret McLean, spent a few days in town this week the guest of the Misses Beverly.

Mrs. Balmala has returned to her home in Woodstock.

A quiet wedding took place this morning at the residence of Mr. Matthew T. Tannatt when his adopted daughter Miss Bessie Tannatt was united in marriage to Mr. Fred E. Blackmer, a popular young jeweller, Rev. F. C. Hartley officiating. After a wedding breakfast the newly wedded pair boarded the Canada Eastern for Woodstock on the wedding journey.

Miss Maggie Babbitt is home from Framingham on a vacation.

Mrs. Foley Parker, sister of Mrs. J. H. Howie, is here on a visit.

Miss Slipp, of Hampstead, sister of Mr. A. B. Slipp is in the city a guest at Windsor Hall.

Fredericton friends will be pleased to hear of the marriage of Miss Maggie Kist, daughter of Mr. Geo. East of Vancouver, formerly of Fredericton to Mr. F. L. Christie of Sandoz, B. C., who is a graduate of the U. N. B. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father on August last. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for Southern California on an extended bridal tour. Many Fredericton friends of both bride and groom extended hearty congratulations.

Miss Minnie Yandine and Miss Nellie Lispett left Monday on a visit to Halifax.

Mr. D. Crowe the well known jeweller is looking unexpectably happy this week; the occasion a young daughter in the home.

Mrs. Thos. Peters and family who have been spending so many weeks at the Bay Shore is this week visiting with friends in Hampton and is expected home on Saturday.

Mrs. Thos. Everett has returned home after a pleasant visit spent here with Mrs. Julius L. Inches.

Mrs. A. N. Habberly and Miss Habberly of Hyde Park Boston, who have been visiting relatives here last yesterday for a two weeks visit to St. Andrews.

Miss Annie E. Graham who has been visiting her cousin Mrs. Bradford Green returned to her home in St. Stephen yesterday.

Miss Foster of Marysville, is home from Boston spending her vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Foster. Miss Foster has been in Boston studying music in a private culture and had the honor of being the soloist in one of Boston's large and fashionable churches.

Mrs. Southworth and sons of Wakefield are the guests of Mrs. James Gibson at her beautiful home "Sunny Brae."

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatt and their son Mr. John Hatt spent a few days with Mrs. McConnell at their Bay Shore Cottage.

Miss Annie E. Rowley is spending part of her summer vacation at St. John.

Miss Tapley and Miss Day returned this week from St. John both young ladies leave on Saturday to assume charge of their respective schools.

H. Mark Tapley returned on Thursday from his vacation spent at the residence of Mr. H. J. Holly, part of which was spent on Mr. Holly's steamer the W. H. Murray. Mr. Tapley thoroughly enjoyed his vacation.

Mr. McConnell and Mr. Rowley spent Sunday at Bay Shore. Mrs. Rowley and Miss Nan are summering at that popular resort as guests of Mr. McConnell.

Mrs. and Miss Berry of Minn. W. S. are visiting Miss Shilly, after an absence of seven years.

Mrs. J. B. Cadlip, master Carrolle and little Edythe left on Friday for a month's sojourn with her mother Mrs. Crulshank, St. John.

Mr. Harry Gib on made a flying visit to St. John on Thursday to visit some friends, "bon voyage" on their departure for Boston.

KILLING ARCTIC GAME.

Prof. N. Choisy Says Tourists are Available to Kill in Spitzbergen.

The western shores of Spitzbergen have become very easy of access because tourists steamers make several visits to this Arctic land every summer. Nearly half way up the coast, at Advent Bay in Ice Fiord, a very comfortable little hotel was opened two or three years ago, and tourists are now able to enjoy nearly all the pleasure aspects of the Arctic regions without foregoing the comforts of civilization. This thoroughly Arctic land is near enough to Europe to be easily reached, and it is added permanently to the list of tourist attractions for these realms of the glacier and ice mountains have glories all their own, whose particular charm and grandeur inspire the enthusiast of the most inveterate globe-trotter. One might imagine that the fat expense of the pack or drift ice would be simply monotonous, but tourists to Spitzbergen may always see it under circumstances that give new zest to pleasure travelling. It also is worth the trip, on a splendid Arctic morning, to see the sky filled with the most brilliant sunshine and the steamer ploughing through big and blue or green on the edge. It is a unique and beautiful sight and one of the distinctive attractions of the northern journey.

There is, however, one phase of a certain amusement in Spitzbergen that is not commendable. Some of the tourists are accused of slaughtering the big game, and particularly the reindeer, in a most unsportsmanlike and barbarous manner. One sees their ardent restrained but will certainly exterminate the reindeer in that region without serving any purpose, except the mere love of killing. Prof. A. G. Nathorst, the well-known Swedish explorer, brings this indictment against them, and all sportsmen and the public good hunter will share the indignation he expresses at ruthless butchery.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

In the professor's account of his fruitless explorations in the summer of 1895 he says that while at Reichenbe Bay on the west coast of Spitzbergen his party had an opportunity to hunt reindeer. On earlier occasions when he had hunted in these high Arctic regions he had always found the animals exceedingly shy, because they had been hunted before.

Last year, however, he reached the land so soon after the ice had gone out that the deer had not been disturbed by hunters. He supposed they would be as shy as usual, and so his party approached them with the utmost caution, crawling upon their hands and knees, dragging themselves forward on their stomachs and keeping carefully out of the wind.

Much to his surprise, he found that he and his men had only to show themselves openly to attract the animals, which, moved by curiosity, would come within range of their own accord. There was no pleasure whatever in hunting them. At one time three reindeer approached within ten paces of the spot where the professors stood, while two big bucks, with fine antlers, stood gazing only a little farther off. He had his rifle at his shoulder, but of course refrained from a shooting. The men agreed with him that it would be unwise to kill animals that would come forward to be shot, and so they killed only a few that they wanted for food.

Later in the year the expedition returned to Advent Bay and found that the tourists had been making wholesale war on the reindeer. Parties had been made up to go on hunts lasting for several days, and every animal that came within range was shot down. Not the slightest use was made of the carcasses, but they were left to lie and rot where they fell. No sportsmanlike qualities were exercised or required in this sort of work. The Swedish explorer characterized these performances as disgraceful and barbarous and says they cannot often be repeated without annihilating the reindeer on West Spitzbergen.

There are very few if any Arctic regions where large game is so plentiful that there is no danger of its entire disappearance if it is assiduously overhunted. Mr. F. G. Jackson, who is a keen sportsman and has lived three years in Franz Josef Land, would not permit any waste of game by his party and never allowed him to be taken for the sake of sport alone. He said he thought that even in a country so rich in animal life as Franz Josef Land, it would take only a few years to kill all the larger game. He found walrus fairly plentiful, and yet he was certain it would not pay steam whalers to hunt them in those waters for more than two years in succession. In the past few years a good many walrus have been killed for dog feeding by exploring parties that have visited the Smith Sound region, and reindeer and other game have been killed there in vast quantities by white men. One of the best known Arctic authorities has expressed the opinion that the food supply of the Smith Sound Eskimos was thereby being endangered. These few hundreds of people are largely isolated from the rest of the world and are wholly dependent upon the slender resources of the surrounding land and waters. It would only be humane to conserve their small food supply. Any white men who cannot get along in the Smith Sound region without endangering the lives of the natives had better keep away. An expedition has called this month for Smith Sound, and among those on board is a party from Boston, whose only ostensible purpose in visiting the home of the Arctic Highlanders, according to the published reports, is to "hunt walrus, bear and reindeer." Possibly the report that they are merely going to hunt for amusement is inaccurate, and at any rate when they see clearly the conditions of Eskimo life, they will probably abstain from reckless hunting. It is certain that Mr. Peary, in whose behalf this expedition is going north, would not approve of any enterprise that would add to the hardships of life among the natives.

An army of hunters, however, would have a hard task to deplete to a serious extent the big life of the Arctic region. All explorers tell of their prodigious numbers, and Prof. Nathorst adds his contribution. He tells of a cliff rising perpendicularly from the sea on the south coast of Bear Island, where he believes there were, last summer, actually millions of euks, kittiwakes and fulmars. Every ledge and every projection was thick with birds engaged in the duties of incubation. Whenever a shot was fired upon them from the rocks, they would about the cliffs like a snow squall, and yet these still seemed to be quite as many left behind on the rocks.

A Novel Drink.

The agony of thirst is often experienced by travellers in the sand-belts of South Africa. Doctor Schulz, in "The New Africa," tells of a strange device to which his bearers and guides resorted one night when the pangs of thirst became unendurable.

We had no water that night, and the boys got so thirsty that some of them went off to search the neighborhood, carrying firebricks as a protection against possible lions. A shout in the distance induced us to walk over to where they were. There we were surprised to find two boys squatting on the ground holding the legs of one of their companions, who had gone down head first into an ant bear hole in search of water.

By and by he gave a signal and was hauled up, but what was our astonishment to find, when he was pulled out, that he had hold of the legs of another boy, who in his turn brought up a calabash full of wet mud that he had dug up at the bottom of the ant-bear pit.

This moist earth was duly shared by the crowd, who filled their mouths and sucked such fluid out of the stuff as it contained, and then spat out the remaining sand.

When the first lot were enjoying the moisture thus obtained another cycle of boys took up the job, and so the night was spent by them in getting up the mud with which to wet their parched throats.

As for ourselves, we could not touch it; it was accompanied by a fearful smell of decaying material, like sulphuretted hydrogen, which we could not stomach.

Angolina: "When one of us dies I shall go and live somewhere in the country, all among the woods and wild flowers."

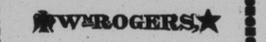
Edwin: "But, dearest, supposing that you were to die first?"

Angolina: "Oh, don't let us think of anything so dreadful."

PREMEDITATE

and don't buy silver-plated knives, forks and spoons marked with unknown names.

You get the best for your money when they are stamped.



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'SUN' LINIMENT externally

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

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FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

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BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Buc-touche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anemic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering the ill effects of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

A LITTLE WAIF AT AN INN

Story of a Child Abandoned in the Back Woods of Pennsylvania.

In northern Pennsylvania there is a wayside inn which many years ago, during the stage coach days, was a famous stopping place for travellers on old North and South turnpikes. The ancient glory of the place long ago departed. In a field belonging to the inn on a slight knoll inclosed by a neat wooden railing, there is a grave apparently that of a child marked by a plain blue stone slab less than two feet high on which are carved the simple words 'Little Chip.' This is the story of it told by the landlord of the old tavern.

One evening in the summer of 1848, he said, 'the regular coach from the south reached an inn an hour or more behind its usual time. The cause of the delay was a breaking down some miles below. Among the passengers who alighted, while a blacksmith repaired the damage done to the coach, was a handsome young woman who had a small baby in her arms. She asked for a room where she might lie down until the stage was ready to start, saying she was too ill to eat supper. When the coach was ready to start on its way the young woman came from her room carrying the child, or what was supposed to be the child close to her breast. The stage had been gone an hour or more before the room the young woman had occupied was entered by any one about the house. Then the landlord's wife went into it by the light of a candle the lady carried she was startled to see the baby lying asleep on the bed. The news was soon spread through the house and Solomon Ryder, the landlord, sent a man, mounted on a fleet horse and carrying the abandoned child to overtake the coach and return the child to the woman. He made such good use of his time that he overhauled the coach, but the woman was no longer a passenger. She had alighted at Clark's Corners, ten miles back, where she took the coach waiting for the eastern bound passengers. To overtake that coach was out of the question and the man returned to the tavern with the baby.

The presence of the abandoned baby in the tavern placed the landlord's family in a dilemma. Mrs. Ryder had a large family of her own and to add the care of this unknown child to it was not to be thought of, and there was no family in the settlement that was not in a like situation. How to dispose of the innocent cause of an unfortunate situation was something that puzzled Mrs. Ryder. The babe was a very small one, a boy, and apparently bright and healthy. The good housewives of the neighborhood warmed toward and pitied the helpless stranger, and at last a novel plan was hit upon that solved the problem of its care. It was agreed among the families of the lumbermen who then lived thereabout that the care of the little one should be divided up among them, one family taking him for a week and each one succeeding to him in rotation. The child was so uniformly good, he never having been heard to utter a sound, that he became a great favorite with the rude but great-hearted backwoods families, and his coming was warmly welcomed wherever it fell to his lot to go.

In this way the child grew up among his many foster relatives. He was literally the child of the settlement. Before he was many months old the discovery was made that the strangely abandoned child was deaf, and from the utter absence of any inclination on his part to make an articulate sound, it was believed he was dumb as well, which time proved to be true. Another peculiarity of the child was his diminutive size. At 4 years old, while bright and healthy, he was barely the size of the average year old child. As no one knew the name of the waif, no conclusion could be arrived at as to what name he should have. One day some one remarked that the baby was no bigger than a little chip, and from that time the unknown child was called Little Chip, and as such the stranger was known until he died.

When Little Chip was old enough to run about, he developed a love for solitude. He would not play with other children although not one in this settlement but would run his feet off to please the little mute. He loved the woods and spent all his time running over the hills. He was at home whenever he chose to go. When he was hungry he entered the nearest house and ate, and when he was sleepy he went to bed at the first house he came to. He clothed himself in the same way, putting on whatever pleased his fancy wherever he might be. This trade made the naturally weird little waif still more picturequely so, as nothing he ever wore fitted him, whether it was hat, jacket or shoes. He

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping on the contrary, a tea line that sold in Tully's Eleph Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By.

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Boils - "I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLADWIN, TRURO, N. S.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

would not confine himself to clothing made especially for him, and, by the time he was 10 years old his kind benefactors ceased trying to cloth him in that way. He loved cows and horses, and seemed happiest when driving cattle to or from pasture or leading a horse to water. He was uniformly good-tempered, but seemed to have no affection for any one.

Nothing having ever been heard from the woman who had abandoned him, all hope that the mystery-attending Little Chip would ever be explained had long been given up, when one day, when the boy was 10 years old, a letter was received by Landlord Ryder, postmarked Philadelphia. It was alleged to have been written at the request of the woman who had abandoned the child ten years before, and who desired to have him brought to her at an address given in the letter, as she was his mother. This letter caused great commotion in the settlement, and the weight of public sentiment was against tearing the unfortunate boy away from the only home he had ever known and transferring him to a person who had treated him so cruelly. But Solomon Ryder, whose word was almost law in the settlement decided that the boy might have rights of great importance to him which his return to his mother might establish. It was with difficulty that Ryder could induce Little Chip to go with him, but he at last got him away. He found the address given in the letter, but was told the woman whom he sought, and who had been ill with consumption at the house for a long time, had died two days before,

and had been taken away by a strange man whom she said they were relatives of hers. All that was known of her at the house, which was a boarding house, was that her name was Mrs. Hunt.

Ryder returned to the Ridge with his unfortunate charge, and the mystery of his birth was never revealed. As he grew to manhood he became an adept woodchopper, but he worked only as the fancy moved him. He continued to live among the people, as he had done since he appeared so strangely among them, although the families and their descendants had become scattered and few. Most of the mothers who had helped to raise the unknown waif from babyhood had long since passed away, but none of their children ever attempted to change Little Chip's mode of life or objected to the freedom of his presence. This child of mystery lived in this way until ten years ago, when one day he came in from the woods to the tavern where he had not been for some months. I was the landlord then. He went to the barn, feeded the horses and cows and visited every nook and corner of the premises. He went to bed soon after supper and it was noticed by everybody that there was a peculiar, happy look on his face. Next morning he did not come down. This was so strange that I went to the room where he had gone to bed. He lay in bed, dead with a smile on his face. His strange life came to a peaceful end. We buried him on the little knoll over yonder, and I had his grave stone marked by the only name he had known, 'Little Chip.'

Mr. Rock'seller Dreads Debt. John D. Kocheffler, the 'Oil King,' whose wealth touches the \$125,000,000 won his first start in a business way working on a New York farm twelve hours out of the twenty-four, for twenty five cents a day. He has earned his position as a multi-millionaire by adhering to the principals of the following maxims:

It should be every man's duty to get all the money he can, keep all the money he can, and give away all he can. Buy only what can be paid for, and look upon debt as an ogre that first paralyzes and then kills. Live within your means, and don't think too much of your neighbor's good fortune. Keep a record of all expenditures and receipts so that at the end of each year you can tell whether you are saving enough money to provide the inevitable rainy day. Any one can make money; few can save it. Live as though every act of yours was under the scrutiny of your bitterest enemy.

The Golden Rule in Money-Getting. President John J. Mitchell of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and a financier of the first rank, simplifies his code of business ethics as follows: There is no question that the golden

A pure hard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

rule is the best one to apply to business transactions. I put myself in place of the man with whom I am dealing and govern my actions accordingly.

Success has attended my efforts because of dealing with others as I would be dealt with.

My rule in investment has always been: Look to the principal rather than to the interest.

ODD SIGNS OF OLD INNS.

Curious Survivals in England of an Ancient Custom. The signs displayed by the innkeepers of this country, even in the earliest days of its existence, were never so fantastic and varied as those which were in use in the mother country. The number of subjects chosen by American landlords to stand for their inns was small and many of these were geographical. As there was no manor lord whose arms were to be chosen as the insignia of the inn in the neighborhood of his supremacy, there was a monopoly about the designs used here. In England, on the other hand, they were numerous and diverse and there origin has never been satisfactorily explained although many traditions about them have been dispelled by modern investigation. More than a century ago the large signs that formerly stood in the street in front of the inns were removed by law, but enough remain to surprise an American who stumbles across these inexplicable names in London. To this day there stands in a London street 'The Antigallican,' a name which would convey little suggestion nowadays as to the character of a hostelry. The name dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a society was formed with the idea of keeping always active the English dislike of the French. The association ceased to exist long ago, but the inn to which they formerly resorted still keeps their memory a little bit alive. Many of the signs are nearly as much representative of some special episode. 'The Bombay Grab' sounds neither enticing nor comprehensible and can be appreciated

only with an understanding of the slang of the last century. 'A grab' was a foot soldier at that time, and this term was commonly used to describe him. The original proprietor was a soldier who had served in Bombay and so perpetuated those days of his career in the name he gave his hotel. Unique in character is the London inn with the name 'The Case Is Altered.' This stands opposite a cemetery, but its name has no connection with that circumstance. The inn has been known by its rather positive title since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a lawyer had been trapped by his enemies to attend a bogus mass performed by a layman disguised as a priest. This came out at the trial and the prisoner, who was likely then to be convicted, got off by turning to the jury with these words: 'Gentlemen, this case is altered; no priest, no mass.' Since that day this name has always been attached to some English inn. 'The Bull and Mackerel,' found to this day in London, is intended to perpetuate the story of the man who when he put a fish caught by him back into the water for future use, tied a bell on its neck that he might be able to find it without difficulty.

The name 'The Hole in the Wall' is applied to several London inns, and came from the hole in the wall of Debtors' Prison, through which food and refreshment were passed to them. This name has gained some vogue here and sometimes as a term of rather unfavorable description. 'The Moonraker,' a name still found in London, recalls the legend of the Wiltshire farmer who tried to rake the reflection of the moon out of a pond. Only one hotel in London is known as 'The Rat and Day,' which has no other rival in England. 'The Pinner of Wakefield' is named after a very famous pinner, or impounder of stray cattle, who won his reputation by taking into confinement the cats of the lords and barons of the manor as frequently as the cattle of the peasants. 'The Running Footman' took its name when the footmen congregated in Berkeley Square were in the habit of stopping there for their refreshments. 'The Ship and Shovel,' near the wharves and granaries, is also a tribute to the occupation of its principal clients.

'The Sun and Thirteen Cantons' exists in a part of London long occupied by many of the Swiss residents, and its connection is obvious. 'The World Turned Upside Down' has a man walking upside down as its sign. He is supposed to be standing on his head, which was thought to be an attitude made necessary by the conditions of the South Pole.

Two of the most interesting of London signs disappeared only a few years ago when the inns which bore them finally went out of existence. They were 'Old Pick My Toe' and 'Who'd a Thought It.' The name of the former is believed to have come from that of the Roman slave who performed his work before he even stopped to take a thorn out of his toe. The other got its title from the strange fact that its first proprietor made out of it a fortune that ultimately enabled him to get into peerage. His successor wanted a new name for the place, and 'Who'd a Thought It' was suggested. This explanation is unsatisfactory only because there are three instances of this name in England.

Some of the former theories of the origin of these names have been shattered during recent years. The familiar cat and fiddle sign was said to have originated in honor of 'Canton fidele,' a staunch Protestant. In reality it had been a popular sign for an inn in England long before there was any distinction between Protestants and Catholics to cause the notice of a Protestant who was especially zealous. Efforts to find significance for the sign used on inns proved misleading. The original desire of the landlord was to make known in an age which could not read what his purpose was and he like the modern advertiser, adopted the symbol he thought likely to do the best. This led to use of many signs without especial significance, although some modern students have tried to find significance in all of them. The arms of the lord of the manor under the protection they lived, the signs of the guilds and modifications in coats of arms that had already been used were some of the ways of making the significance indicative of the character of the inn.

Freddy (age six) was seated in a barber's chair. 'Well, my little man,' said the barber, 'how would you like your hair cut?' 'Like father's, with a round hole at the top.'

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1899.

PRIZE SOAP

SOUTHERN BLOODHOUNDS

NEW OFFER BRED TO HUNT SLAVES FOUND NOW.

Course of Their Southern Disappearance After the War—Dogs of Kean Country—A Note on the Bloodhound—The Wile of Slaves Against Their—Once Very Costly.

There was a time when the bloodhound was a distinctive dog of the Southern States; when to own one or a pair meant that a great slave, was therefore a man of property, and presumably a planter. One of not more of these dogs was carefully kept on each plantation. If the plantation was a large one, the bloodhound would number probably half a dozen, sufficient to form a fair sized pack. They were registered, highly valued and crossed and bred with thought and skill. Certain strains were celebrated for scent, others for speed others for endurance, others for ferocity. If a slave owner could obtain dogs which united the blood of all these strains, he had an idea pack. Sometimes the proprietor of a highly valued strain established a dog stud, was as expensive an institution as a stud in Kentucky is to day. It cost the owner much money, and it cost the patrons more. Some of the dogs are yet remembered in the South for their superlative merits. Such was Ranger, a bloodhound owned in southern Georgia in the early fifties. Such also were Meteor of western Alabama, and Nig of the Yazoo delta in Mississippi and Lawyer Jack of an upper county in Florida and Pancho of middle Louisiana. The blood of these brutes runs here and there in the veins of animals now widely scattered, survivors of a vast number of forebears that have gone so many miles whither.

In the South the question is often asked by an old timer. What has become of the bloodhounds? Only the questioner does not say 'bloodhounds.' He says 'nigger dogs,' which is the name by which they were known from South Carolina to Texas. The question has not yet been answered. There must have been when the war began as many as 20,000 bloodhounds in the South. There were nearly as many when the war ended. That was less than thirty-five years ago, yet the dog is now comparatively rare. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the bloodhound—the American variety—is good for nothing in the world except to chase men. When the need of chasing men disappeared the dogs disappeared. They were not bred longer. Because of their temper they were not permitted to cross with other dogs. They lived out their lives and died without further progeny. Those now alive have been kept for the old purpose and their number has been restricted by the limits of that purpose. They are used now only in the pursuit of criminals. Every Southern penitentiary has a brace of them. A good many Sheriffs keep them.

Generally these animals are of pure blood, undiluted descendants of their mighty progenitors. They are quite remarkable animals in their way, probably the greatest exemplars of patient, unflinching tenacity. Their keenness of scent is a strange thing, though it is of more value in thinly settled localities than in neighborhoods where many feet are likely to confuse a trail. It does not seem credible that the mere temporary pressure of a man's boot or shoe upon the ground should leave a distinguishable odor for a space of twenty-four hours, providing there be no rain in the meantime; but that it does has been proved by a thousand chases and captures. Sometimes in the South a murderer breaks jail. Until the introduction of chilled steel cages this was not a difficult matter. Dogs are telephoned for for probably 150 miles away. They arrive a day later. They are led in leash to a point where the criminal made his exit and uncoiled. They take up the scent instantly and follow it rapidly. The man must have crossed much water or buried his trail among the footsteps of dozens of others to throw them off. Always supposing that twenty-four hours is the extreme limit allowed the fugitive, the dogs are the best means to effect his capture. They will follow him until they come up with him if it takes a week, unless he has boarded a train at some swamp station or been taken up by some little steamer plying the inland rivers. In that case the dogs will run to the place where their quarry began the use of means of locomotion other than his own, after one deep note of anger and surrender all at-

tempt at pursuit. They seem to know better than any man could know the know the end of their quest and the limitation of their powers.

It is not so an infrequent thing with these animals to display brain action clearly allied to reason. A bloodhound of two years' experience, if the trail brings it to a stream, will never waste a moment looking for the scent on the side exactly opposite to where it ran down to the water. The dog will always begin casting down the bank, going sometimes for a half mile before it again strikes the trail. It concludes instantly that no fugitive will emerge on a direct line with its entrance and that he will go out of his course in the water to confuse the trail. It is aware also, in some strange fashion, that it is the impulse of a flying man to wade downstream, and if he is hurried he will not stop to change this impulse. The bloodhound will turn and cast along the bank up stream only when he has thoroughly searched the downstream bank. The dog's nose gets better practice, just as his brain does. Certain old fellows, with white hairs here and there in their black coats, are as nearly infallible as fish and blood ever get to be. They hesitate on a trail only at rare intervals. If a man has doubled they will overrun for possibly ten yards, wheel and take the back track with certainty. If their quarry has sprung far to one side they will overrun, wheel, search for the back trail, fall to find it, then begin a series of circles of small diameter along the trail until they strike the new one. Then they steam away once more, heavy heads within two inches of the ground, tails straight behind them and rigid as iron bars. The bloodhound is not a water dog, yet when a stream crosses its path it takes it without hesitation, no matter how wide or swift it may be. It seems to believe that it can traverse anything a man can swim, and the possibility that the fugitive has found a boat does not enter into canine calculation. A good many dogs have been drowned in endeavoring to cross estuaries and other arms of the sea running into the Southern coasts. As for the Mississippi, a bloodhound can always swim it, if it be not more than bankful; that is to say not more than a mile or a mile and a half wide.

Strolling 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' companies occasionally have a couple of huge hounds to add unnecessary horror to the performance. These companies are not popular in the South, but they come through sometimes and are liberally patronized for the fun of it. Also the Southern likes to sit around afterward and denounce the show and consider himself abused, which is a privilege. These theatrical dogs are sometimes bloodhounds all right, but they are not Southern bloodhounds. They belong to the English, or Continental, breed, the kind that Walter Scott knew. He speaks of "The deep-mouthed bloodhound's mellow bay Resounding up the rocky way." The English bloodhound not only bays, but also has a remarkably sonorous and beautiful voice. It opens on a cold trail, and keeps it up until the quarry is sighted or run down. It is of great size, with deep chest, powerful shoulders, massive head, drooping jaws and long ears, a sagacious and affectionate animal, courageous, not especially savage, and a good friend to man. This is the old sloughhound or sloughdog name taken from a slough or slot or trail of the deer. Subsequently the dog was named bloodhound as a matter of diet, but because having once found the blood of a wounded animal, it follows with great staunchness. The Southern bloodhound of pure breed does not bay on the trail. When running, its note is confined to a querulous whine, and this is heard only when the nose is temporarily at fault. When casting about for a double trail or a leap aside, it whimpers a good deal like a whipped puppy. When it sights the chase however it breaks into a deep, hoarse bark that has little music in it, yet has a strong effect on the nerves. It is raucous and utterly savage.

The bloodhound of the South is a descendant of the Cuban bloodhound and differs materially from its English cousin. It is generally larger, it is fiercer and it is swifter. There is more of a bulldog out above the head. Undoubtedly back in the past the race was crossed with the bulldog. The bull strain is evidenced also in its manner of taking hold. It is not a snapping dog, but goes and bangs on steadily to the selected spot and can be disengaged only by compelling him to retreat and shutting off its

breath. The first Cuban bloodhounds in this country were imported more than 200 years ago by Louisiana planters. They were owned by every man who owned negroes and were used liberally. Slaves were cheaper then than afterward and it did not much matter pecuniarily if the dog's hold on the throat were broken by tearing out the fish and taudons. The planting dog of 1700 had the Spanish streak of cruelty intensified by a semi-wild life and the transplantation to the New World of feudal customs and despots. He existed baronially and his wife, his sons his daughters and his poor kin were as much his chattels as the blacks. He regarded the African merely as animals of a different species and not individually worth so much as the dogs. It was often the case that the fugitive slave did not live after his capture. If the dogs caught him on the ground, which was seldom they killed him before the rider's could be in at the death. If he gained a tree his olive-skinned masters shot him out as an example to the others. The Cuban bloodhound then cost a good deal of money and was well treated. Old bills of sale in the Court Houses of Louisiana record the purchase of these animals. Sometimes they brought as much as \$1,000 a pair.

Eventually the breed spread all through the South, though the dog was not used as man hunters in the upper tier of the Southern States. It is to be doubted if a bloodhound was ever laid on the trail of a negro slave in Virginia, North Carolina or Maryland. The planters of this country, however, as a matter of course protected their slaves from attack by the animals. The dog had become much cheaper while the negroes had risen enormously in value. I did not pay to have a \$1000 negro observed up by a \$50 dog, humane consideration aside, and among the old planters there was much humanity in the treatment of their dependants. Furthermore, they had the property pride of possessions. They valued a fine negro, as nowadays they value a fine horse, thought him a better negro than anybody else's negro, boasted of his fine points and beliberally on his capacities. Generally when a slave ran away it was an easy matter to preserve him from the fangs of the trailing brutes. Invariably he made for the swamp at the back of the plantation. It contained many streams and lagoons that aided him in throwing dogs off the scent. If the worst came to the worst, he could always climb a tree. There is no doubt that the anecdote of the oon which remarked to the man with the gun, 'Don't shoot, mister, I'm coming down,' had its origin in some runaway hand perched in a cypress and glaring down with frightened eyes at his irate master but preserving always the negro's sense of humor. Indeed this story is venerated and loved in every quarter, and is always good for a laugh.

It stands to reason that the negroes hated the dogs as their bitterest enemies and feared them. The African when left to himself is a good deal of a botanist in a crude way and may be trusted to find any poison that lurks in strange plants. The old slaves had poisons that produced madness and temporary paralysis and poisons that produced death. The secrets of many of them have lapsed with the death of their possessors. In the southern part of this State to-day are several voodoo women who as toxicologists know more than is written in the books. When a bloodhound died suddenly the master knew what killed him, but as he could not identify the guilty negro little was ever done about it. The only thing possible to him was to guard the animals sedulously, and this was done. The most trusty slave was made their keeper and was held responsible for their health. When one of them came to a mysterious end the keeper was severely beaten, but this did not bring the dog back. There were other negroes of a more daring temperament who sometimes ran away merely to match their wits against the wile of the dogs, and these duels were often memorable. Just as certain dogs are now famed for the staunchness, intelligence and nose, so certain men are remembered for their courage, skill and steadfastness displayed in dodging or outwitting them. There are instances of negroes going forty hours without a moment's pause, and daily beating the pack back to the quarters. Of course they were whipped as soon as found, but that did not trouble them any. They had had their fun.

part of this parish years ago lived a slave called Big Matt. He was a self-taught carpenter, and a good one, and did all the woodwork about the place, the making of wheels and repairing of wagons included. He was as black as jet, jovial and beloved of the children at the big house, but with a wild streak in him that demanded just so much liberty every six months. Holidays were not given to slaves when they thought they needed him, and Big Matt knew this as well as he knew anything, but he took his. When the fit seized him, he disappeared. At the end of three weeks his longing for savagery was satisfied. He came back then, sheepishly, quietly took his whipping, listened to the scoldings of his wife and went back to work. It was hard for a reasonable man to blame him. He was but one remove from the primeval forest fastnesses of equatorial Africa. For ages his ancestors had ranged free as the lion and leopard in their hunting grounds. It was not difficult to imagine Big Matt stripped to a bark brooch-out, his powerful limbs shining with palm oil, the home ring of the warrior plaited into his hair and in his brawny hand a spear. His father used to say that he had been a prince in his own country. This father spoke little English and to the day of his death was feared by the overseers. Big Matt got gentleness from his mother, who was a Zanzibar woman and a house servant; nevertheless the blood was in him and would not out. He was a mystery to many, because he was never captured, though pursued with vigor. It being necessary to maintain discipline at all hazards, the best dogs were put behind him, but always his trail ended in the swamp at a point three-quarters of a mile from the furthest cultivated land. The dogs faulted there suddenly and absolutely cast about for hours in every direction, but could never recover the scent. His master but could get no satisfactory answer. Big Matt had an unwary reply: 'W'on I gite dar,' he would say with a laugh as rich and true as the big string of a bass 'wick. 'I j'e' melts Da's w'at I does. Den I c'lects marse' ter gadder fudder on.'

He ran away many times and was whipped many times. His periodical come to be a recognized thing. They were always followed by the fruitless chase and the return of the wearied and disgusted planters with the whipping of the prodigal and his black wife's objections, and the suppressed but intense admiration of the other slaves, and the next morning the mellow voice would be rolling out from the carpenter shop without a note of care in it. 'Yes, sub,' his owner, Col. Sallis, would say to a neighbor cronny as the mint stood dark green in the tall glasses and the spoons tinkled on the rims; 'yes, sub, he's gone again. Last year followed true as a hair to the place near where I killed the big buck and then went whimperin' round like a child. I believe they were afraid, sub, actually afraid. He'll be back in three weeks; tired o' livin' on his rads an' birds. Wa's am I go'n to do? I can tie up the wuthless black reekil sub, and strip his wuthless black hide off his wuthless black carkie, and it'll do no good. Nobody'll buy him and I'll be pestered with him till he dies.' Col. Sallis was not sincere in this. He would not have taken \$2,000 for Matt as his neighbors knew.

The time came when Big Matt forced his way into the innermost chamber of his owner's heart and abode therein, black as he was, for many a day. It came about in this way: 'Pidgy' was 3 years old, the newest child in the big house and its tyrannous mistress. Her father was rather an old man, and, as it is not frequent with the old men, he was not so fond of her body and soul. It is said that the Colonel would arise often in the night and tiptoe and her cot and look down upon her sleeping. All the other fruits of his union with Miss Ida, as the slaves called their mistress were as dress beside this youngster. Pidgy had been told to keep away from the quarters, and consequently went there as often as she could escape surveillance. She was in search of folklore tales and sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes, and always found them. Aunt Mandy, whom she favored on the day in question, left her alone for a little space to gossip with a neighbor. The cabin in some way caught fire and the flames spread merrily. Aunt Mandy jumped excitedly up and down and screamed. Now and then a tiny cry came from the wee one inside, as she groped blindly for the door. The interior of the cabin was a flashing red when Big Matt came bounding from the carpenter shop with a speed of a back and the courage of an army of chiefs. He hurried his huge form through the door from which the black smoke poured and reappeared in an instant, bearing Pidgy in his arms. She has a slight red scar upon her forehead to this day. The slave was burned about the legs and body and Miss Ida nursed him. When he got out of bed he was formerly manumitted. The Colonel called him a 'wuthless reekil' from force of habit, but his hand trembled as he gave him the paper which released him. He was a free man and told the reason why. This son of an ungrateful Kinging did not know what to do with his liberty. He resumed work in the carpenter shop for him. When his period of wandering came

around he ran away. Nobody followed him. He did not have to dodge possible witnesses of his flight. He did not have to fool any dogs. He walked and collected himself together again, but there was no reason for it. There was no thrill in it. All of the old rest was gone from life. If he felt himself tempted to steal out from the swamp and beg for food, it was given to him freely. If, creeping along the edge of the woods, he was detected by one of Matt's and laughed at him. At the end of a week he came in. He was not whipped nor asked where he had been. His wife, it is true, termed him a 'black reekil' and refused to give him dinner, but she came around in time. Distinctly freedom was a failure. The next day he went to his former master and volunteered to clear up the mystery of his disappearance. He took the curious planter to the point where his trails had ended and showed him a massive rattan vine descending from the limb of a live oak. It hung thirty feet clear from the trunk and its end swung a clear, twelve feet from the ground, so high, in fact, that no pursuer had ever noticed it. 'Big Matt' was six feet four inches in his bare feet. The great African ran ten yards, sprang into the air, clutched the vine and clambered up it hand over hand as rapidly as any sailor. He leaped from the tree into another of his kind and then forty feet above the quarter of a mile, roving in a circle, with all the sureness and almost the speed of a monkey, he made his way. The limb swung in down under his weight, but they did not break, being green and tough all of them. Reaching the end of his aerial journey, he dropped into a wide, shallow bayou, ran down it a half mile and emerged upon its further bank. The mystery was a mystery no longer. He explained that when a slave, always before leaping to his vine, he snouted his base soles with oil from the nut of the sweet gum. This, he said, would blunt the nose of any dog. It was merely an additional precaution.

THE STRENGTH OF MORRIS.

He was Wonderfully Strong and Lived Very Great Weights.

William Morris, craftsman, poet and socialist, was very little of a milkpoker, youth or in manhood. Like Sir Galahad, his strength was as the strength of ten; not altogether, it would seem, because of his purity of heart, although he was honest, manly and generous, for his biographer frankly admits that he had a violent temper. Indeed, some of the stories told of his physical strength recall Bret Harte's hero, Guy Heavystone, and the snuff-bit which, in one of his strange freaks, he wore in his mouth to curb his occasional ferocity.

In his youth Morris, as one of his school-fellows describes him, was a thick-set, strong-looking boy, with a high color and black, curly hair. He was good-natured and kind, but had a fearful temper. At the game of single-stick, of which he was very fond, his opponent had to be guarded against Morris' impetuous rushes by a table placed between the two combatants. While at Oxford he had a habit of beating his own head, dealing himself vigorous blows 'to take it out of himself.'

At dinner one evening, Val Prinsep, the English artist, said something which, whether so intended or not, offended Morris. Everybody expected an outburst of fury. But by a prodigious effort of self-control, Morris swallowed his anger, and only bit his fork,—of the common four-pronged, fiddle-pattern kind,—which was crushed and twisted almost beyond recognition.

At one period of his life Morris was so singularly placid as to provoke comment. 'That he has tucked only one paw out of the door for this twelve-month past.' He was a mild employer, but in any case his workers would have respected and admired one whose language was so forcible and copious when things were not going so his mind. Once he buried a fifteen century folio, which in ordinary circumstances he would not have allowed any one but himself to touch, at the head of an offending workman. On other occasions he was known to drive his head against a wall so as to make a deep dent in the plaster, and to bite almost through the work of a window-frame.

He could lift enormous weights by his teeth with apparent ease. Once, when describing how he had seen passengers staggering off a channel steamer loaded with luggage, he illustrated his point to the amusement and horror of his audience by getting a chair under his arm and then stooping and lifting the coal-stove in his teeth.

Much of his strength resided in his hair. This he always wore long partly as a sign of his artistic profession, partly because he could not be bothered to have it trimmed. It remained through life at extraordinary length, very thick, fine and strong with a beautiful curl that made it look like superbly wrought metal. It was so strong that he used to amuse his children by letting them take hold of it and lifting them by it all the ground.

My Love Story.

CHAPTER V.

'By Jove!' exclaims Sir Harry Grammore in a tone of immense satisfaction, 'you don't say so! What a charming Phyllis she will make, to be sure; and, of course, you will allow me to play Corydon—across the metaphor; but if there's one thing more than another, that I confess a secret biasing after, it is amateur theatricals, and I assure you I'm your man for it. I've run through the gamut of all stock plays. My Charles Surface was very well spoken of in several leading papers last season. Where is Lady Curton? Who is stage manager?'

I sink helplessly back into the recesses of a huge armchair. Truly I am in a pretty dilemma now, for which I can partly thank my own vanity and stupidity, and from which, at present, I see no way of extricating myself.

Sir Harry's words fall upon my ears like a thunderclap, and cause me to sink out of sight in dismay at the disagreeable prospect of having him for my stage lover.

It is too bad of him to persecute me like this, and tears of vexation fill my eyes. It is too late for me to retreat, however, because a score of intimate acquaintances heard me consent to play the heroine's part, and it would only draw more attention to Sir Harry and myself if I repudiated the arrangement now.

'Pardon me,' murmurs a quietly sarcastic voice, close at my side, 'but I think—that is, did you not say something to me this morning, Lady Curton, about wishing me to undertake the part of Lovel, which is quite familiar to me, owing to my having played it before? I may be mistaken—'

'Why, yes; of course I did, Sir Anthony,' replies Lady Curton, quickly. 'It will suit you down to the ground; you will look the part better than Sir Harry, especially as you know it; and there is another part I have picked out for him, which I am sure he will play admirably.'

'Nonsense!' cries Sir Harry, none too politely, 'I will play Lovel, or nothing; hang it all, I insist upon having that part. Come, Lady Curton, make a redistribution in my favor—Lovel, or nothing for me.'

Lady Curton's eyes flash with annoyance; she is the most good natured woman in the world, but is rather inclined to stand upon her dignity, and Sir Harry's free-and-easy manner of addressing her does not commend itself to her good taste.

'I am afraid that it will be nothing,' then Sir Harry, he replies, rather coldly. 'I have given the part of Lovel to Sir Anthony Nigel, and, unless he reneges it I certainly shall not offer it to anyone else.'

My heart is beating wildly, furiously. If I was excited before, I am a hundred times more so now, since I have learned that Sir Anthony is to take part in the theatricals.

That means, of course, that I shall see him almost daily for several weeks, perhaps; and all I want is to see him. I do not know the play at all, for I am still very ignorant in such matters; in fact, until tonight, I have never even heard of it, but its title, Lovel's Bride, is full of possibilities, and Sir Harry's extreme eagerness to have the part of Lovel given to him is sufficient in itself to warn me that it may be more sentimental than I should find pleasant.

But to have Sir Anthony as my stage sweetheart, to have to assume, even in the part of his bride, ounces of the blood, to course rapidly through my veins, and make my heart beat with pleasure.

I take very little interest in the rest of the discussion, beyond gathering that Sir Harry repents his rash speech, and asks, with more humility than I have seen him ever display before, for another part since he cannot have the one he most desires.

Lady Curton graciously complies with his request, and while he is going into details with Lancelot Curton, the stage-manager, I persuade Aunt Janette to slip away without Sir Harry seeing us leave.

She laughingly agrees, so we set off for home, where, after hurriedly making a change of toilette, and partaking of dinner, we go to the opera to hear Lohengrin.

Hardly are we seated in our box before Colonel Treherne and Sir Anthony stroll in, and I gather from what they say that Aunt Janette invited them to do so this afternoon.

Ere long Aunt Janette and the colonel—who, as I discovered long ago, is perhaps her greatest favorite—are deep in conversation together, paying very little attention to the music or plot.

Between the acts he escorts Aunt Janette to the crush room, where she expects to meet some friends, according to her usual habit, whilst I am left alone for a brief space with Sir Anthony Nigel.

'I have a confession and an apology to make to you,' he begins, directly the others have left, which accounts for my presence here this evening.

'Surely that needs no apology,' I reply, in surprise, since it is a favourite practice with Aunt Janette to have her men friends attend her whenever she visits the opera.

'You know her box is always full of visitors,' but I came here to-night to speak with you—not her. Let me explain, rather hurriedly, as if afraid lest I may miscon-

strue his words to mean more than he intends, 'it is about these theatricals, that I owe you an explanation.'

'Yes,' I remark, looking down, and with heightened colour, 'please go on.'

'You heard what I said to Lady Curton—that I knew the part, had played it before, and that it was already allotted to me before Sir Harry applied for it?'

'Yes,' I answer, 'I heard you say that, and—and I was awfully pleased about it.'

'Well,' he says slowly, while a crimson flush steals over his face, 'I certainly knew the play from seeing it acted once before but I have never played in it myself. I am not familiar with the part as I pretended to be; and last of all, Lady Curton never mentioned the word "theatricals" in my presence until this afternoon. It was all fiction, invented on the spur of the moment, to gain the part for myself, and I cannot rest until I have made confession to you and obtain absolution.'

'But why should you confess to me? How can I absolve you? I ask in confusion. 'What have I to do with it?'

'Everything,' he replies, emphatically. 'The fact is, as I said before, I have seen the play [Lovel's Bride, acted by a company of amateurs, and it is a rather pretty show]—the feeling is mutual, indeed, I think, myself, that the Curtons made a mistake in selecting it; not that there is anything objectionable in it—on the contrary it is perfectly an agreeable play—'

'—abruptly—with a man like Sir Harry as the hero, with you as the heroine, knowing as I do what a strong feeling he has for you, I thought you might find yourself rather awkwardly placed, unless—very slowly—the feeling is mutual, when I certainly have made a mess of it.'

'How can I thank you sufficiently, Sir Anthony?' I reply, unsteadily, for I can quite realize the effort it must have cost his proud spirit before he could stoop to utter a lie; 'you have saved me from un-speakable torture. I did not know the play—I did not dream for a moment that I should be cast to play with him—'

'Truly you cannot be in doubt as to my feelings towards him. He is the only person on the face of the earth whom I absolutely hate.'

All anxiety and sternness dies out of his face for a moment, and the smile that is one of his rare charms, flits across his features.

'That is all right he observes, gaily; I have been in an agony ever since the words passed my lips. I uttered them on the spur of the moment, when I saw tears in your eyes, or thought I did; and, seeing that no one appreciated the situation, or came to your relief, I threw myself into the breach. All's well that ends well, and Lady Curton is a real brick: a woman with tact like hers could rule a kingdom.'

The rest of the evening slips rapidly away, and, with Sir Anthony beside me, with a whispered word now and then, fanning me when I am hot, and wrapping my cloak round me when I am cold, I am really in Paradise.

Not that he ever indulges in compliments, or utters any remark but the very best commonplaces regarding the scenery, the actors, or the music.

Not that he murmurs one word of love or sentiment in my ear, which I could possibly construe into affection or passion.

No; the whole world might hear all that passes between us, and yet, when I got over it all afterwards in the seclusion of my own room, I tell myself that it has been the very happiest day I ever spent.

If his lips spoke no tender syllables, his eyes did, and the slightest touch of his hand seemed like a caress; whilst the joy I feel in thinking how circumvented Sir Harry is surely not without reason.

I feel that the events of to-day have drawn us together with a strong cord, that, when we next meet, we shall have passed all the ordinary outposts of friendship, and be wandering into the 'fairland of Love.'

Aunt Janette teases me unmercifully in the morning about the events of the previous day.

'You are turning out a dreadful little flirt,' she declares. 'No matter who the individual may be, it is all the same to you so that it is man. How I laughed yesterday, to be sure to see one sweet little wild flower surrounded by so many clamorous bees. There was poor Bertie Dalcourt, as grave and as silent as a judge—he who, only a few weeks back, hadn't a care in the world—and Lord Merton, who was so eager to obtain the part of Lovel that he stammered and stutted so frightfully over the first syllables of his speech that Lady Curton does not know to this minute that he applied for it at all. Then Sir Harry blustering and imperious as usual, dying to have the opportunity of making open love to you, whilst Lady Curton has already given it away to, perhaps, the only man in her set who didn't want it.'

It really seems as if Aunt Janette were right, as, time goes on, for Sir Anthony shows so little interest in his part, and behaves so tamely, that Sir Harry commiserates with me on having such a stick to act with, and the stage-manager whispers:

'Hang it, old fellow, don't ruin the show! The girl isn't made of spun glass; she wouldn't break if you were to touch her hand.'

On the evening of the performance, the guests begin to arrive early.

Everyone wants to be made up at once, and the professional dresser who has been engaged for the same evening is in demand. The whole place is in a state of chaos.

When I meet Sir Anthony behind the scenes, I utter a little cry of wondering delight.

He looks superbly handsome in his white satin costume, trimmed profusely with gold lace, and the white wig tied at the back with a piece of black ribbon.

I do not know what he thinks of my appearance, but every one else tells me I look charming.

Lancelot Curton comes up, and begs him to favour us such animation into his part as possible.

Sir Harry, in the background, remarks, sotto voce, but quite audible to a girl he is talking to, and with whom he has been carrying on a desperate flirtation during the last fortnight, no doubt to pique me—

'For my honor, the fellow is next door to a fool. I said all along, he wasn't up to the part; only no one would pay any attention to what I said. It wanted a man to play Lovel, a real live flesh and blood man, not a dressed up prig made of wood and tin.'

I do not catch the remainder of his sentence but I see a change come over Sir Anthony's features; his eyes glow with passion, and even the powder on his face does not conceal the deep red flush that suffuses it.

'You hear what they are saying of me he says, abruptly; 'that I cannot act, am a fool, and that I am spoiling your part as well as my own. What do you advise me to do?'

'I think you might certainly put more spirit into your part,' I reply, rather coldly, for I am naturally mortified at his apparent sulksiness, 'or you had better not have undertaken it at all. You take things too seriously, Sir Anthony. After all it is only acting—'

'Is it?' he asks, quietly, and I feel myself change color, and grow hot all over as he continues; 'So be it—the decision is against me; only, don't blame afterwards Barbara.'

It is the first time he has ever called me by my christian name; but I have no time to think of that.

The curtain is rung up, and soon I am pushed onto the stage, where I find Daisy Curton just finishing her first long speech and gave me my cue.

I dare not look at the sea of faces in the front, but rush into my part; and presently Lovel comes on, and I see at a glance that a startling change has come over him during the last few minutes.

He is absorbed in the part—it is not Sir Anthony, it is Lovel himself who has come to woo me, and a storm of applause greets the close of every speech.

I have never seen acting like this—it carries all before it, and imbues me with a frantic desire to act up to it.

I, too, forget that I am Barbara Courtesine; I forget that I am only portraying a fancy part for the amusement of Lady Curton and her guests.

For the nonce I am really Dorothy Trueheart, soon to be Lovel's bride.

I laugh, dance, sing, play. I am a coquette and a prude by turns to suit my capricious fancy.

I exert every latent charm and power to bring my stage-lover to my feet, and succeed beyond all hope.

Again and again we are called before the curtain at the close, and it really seems as if the applause will never cease.

'I've seen Robson and Sothorn, and every actor of any note within the last fifty years,' remarks one old gentleman, solemnly, 'but not one of them could touch the Lovel of to-night. He is a genius—a wonder! It's quite a pity that his position precludes the idea of adopting the stage as his profession. As for the young lady, she is a born coquette, and some day will have all the world at her feet.'

'That's the Prime Minister who is speaking,' murmurs Daisy Curton in my ear. 'Praise from such a man is praise indeed.'

The performance over, we go down to supper, I with Sir Anthony as my escort; and we return to the drawing-room, an hour later, to find it cleared for a dance.

Sir Anthony claims my hand for the first waltz, and then another, and another.

He is still Lovel—ardent, tender, passionate.

He holds me closely in his arms, and bends his face near to mine, as we glide round the room together.

Sir Anthony, with his cool, careless languor and 'platonist' manner, has vanished, and left not a trace behind.

I feel that I love and am loved; I tread upon air, and am in the realms of Paradise. He follows me about the whole night; he is jealous if I linger with another partner one second longer than is absolutely necessary.

He begs the flowers at my breast, a knot of ribbon from my hair; he steals my handkerchief, and even that he will part with them only at his death.

Then Aunt Janette comes up and breaks our truce—

'Child,' she says, with a frown, 'do you know it is four o'clock? I am dead with sleep; we really must go home now or we shall both be ill together. Ah, Sir Anthony, what an actor you would make, to be sure! Why, you can make your audience laugh or cry at your will.'

He attends us to our carriage, and requests permission to see us early to-morrow; he kisses my hand at parting, and as I take off the garb of Dorothy Trueheart and prepare for bed, I kiss each garment separately, and say—

'I was wearing you at the time I discovered that he loved me.'

CHAPTER VI.

'There is someone else,' cries Aunt Janette, suddenly turning round and giving me a piercing glance as if she would read my soul.

'No girl of your age and inexperience could reject a suitor like Sir Harry in such a cool, firm way unless she had already given her heart to another man. Barbara, you have behaved badly to me. What have I done that you should withhold your confidence from me? I am deeply hurt, for I have not deserved it of you since all I've done to win your affection.'

I blush crimson from brow to chin; I turn back and cold all over.

I try to deny that I care for any man, but my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and my lips refuse to utter the words I wish to say.

I have succeeded in staving off a positive offer of marriage from Sir Harry until now—at least, until last night, when he plunged boldly into the subject before I realized his intention.

He absolutely refused to be refused, if I may express it that way, and called upon my aunt early this morning to urge her to use all her influence to induce me to accept him as my future husband.

This I shall never do, not only because I dislike him personally, but also because, as Aunt Janette has guessed, I care for another man.

Slowly, but surely, during these last three months I have given my heart to Sir Anthony Nigel.

Sometimes I think he stole it right away when he first met, and I despise myself for having done the very thing for which I reproved poor Bertie Dalcourt—namely falling in love at first sight; whilst at other times I think that I have deliberately walked into it day by day and hour by hour.

I look upon him as my good angel, even as I regard Sir Harry as my bad one, for, as chances will have it, Sir Anthony is always at hand when I want a friend.

He seems to see right into my soul and understand my secret wishes.

Numberless times during the last few months he has saved me from an embarrassing tete-a-tete with my bete-noire, until I feel quite blank and lost when I have not him to turn to—as last night, for instance, when, at a small dance given by Lady Somers—Sir Harry's married sister—Sir Harry contrived to propose to me, which I am convinced he never would have succeeded in doing had Sir Anthony been present.

When Aunt Janette reproaches me for withholding my confidence from her, I feel terribly guilty, for she is only speaking the truth, and yet what have I to tell?

Nothing, just nothing at all, which I could put into plain words, and yet sufficient to fill my daydreams with a sweet radiance.

I do care for another man.

I love him with all my heart.

I could tell his footstep amongst a thousand.

The sound of his rich baritone voice fills me with unspeakable joy.

A look from his eyes seems to steal into my brain, and yet—and yet I have nothing at all to tell.

He has never uttered one word of love, never tried to convey to me, by word or deed, that he cares a straw about me save and except upon that one occasion.

I have met him at a score of balls since that first one at Lady Curton's, but he has never danced with me twice, except that once, and never, since then, ever sat out a dance with me.

On all ordinary occasions, in fact, he seems to avoid me; only, instinct tells me that his indifference is but assumed, and that, sooner or later, he will tell me he loves me.

Meanwhile, I must possess my soul in patience, and still guard my secret not only from Aunt Janette but from all the world besides.

How it has escaped notice I cannot tell, but I congratulate myself many a time and oft that it has done so.

The only person I really fear has guessed something of it is Sir Harry Grammore, although we both seem more guarded than usual towards one another in his presence; now that he has openly asked Aunt Janette's consent to pay his addresses to me, the difficulties of my position are increased tenfold, more especially as her vexation at my lack of confidence in her does not evaporate as quickly as I have hoped, and the estrangement between us hurts me deeply.

She is never unkind to me, but merely cold and silent, and hardly addresses me at all, in spite of my efforts towards a reconciliation.

Consequently Sir Harry, who does not seem to understand a rebuff, is rarely absent from my side.

To make matters worse I have noticed a subtle change in Sir Anthony's manner towards myself of late—instead of our intimacy making any progress as time passes on, we seem to be drifting apart.

Days go by without my seeing him at all and when we do meet he makes no effort to talk to me.

Some of the brightness seems to have gone out of my life; I am beginning to taste the Dead Sea fruit of life.

Society calls upon me, and yet, with a wild restlessness, for which I cannot account, I long for excitement; I cannot stand being alone with my own thoughts.

I dare not trust myself to think of him and yet I am not even Aunt Janette in my wild, unadvisedness to see him, to speak to him, to try and break down the barrier which has risen between us.

'Why, Barbara,' she exclaims, one very hot day when, after a drive in the park, an hour's shopping, a lunch-party, an afternoon garden party, and a theatre at night, I urge her to drop in at Lady Curton's reception for an hour before going home, 'why, Barbara, you are careless, inattentive; not one night this week have we touched our pillows before daylight. You will ruin your complexion; you are losing all your exquisite color. I really do think we had better go home tonight and get some rest.'

Just for an hour, Aunt Janette! I plead, feverishly, 'just to have a look round. She expects us. We need not stay, you know.'

'Only long enough to see who is there, I suppose,' she replies, quietly. 'Dear Barbara, what has come to you? Who is it that has wrought such a woful change in your Woodland flower?'

It is midnight when we arrive there, and the crash is simply frightful.

We see dozens of familiar faces in the first few minutes.

Colonel Treherne meets us at the entrance of the drawing-room.

I see a sudden leap into my aunt's eyes and she quickly away again, as he turns and addresses me with a smile.

Then I see Sir Anthony's stern, handsome face at our side, and I forget everything.

'Ah! Sir Anthony,' cries my aunt, with a smile. 'How are you? We caught a glimpse of you in the stalls tonight, but you did not come round to our box. May I leave Barbara in your charge for a few minutes? I am going down to supper with Colonel Treherne.'

In another instant she has gone, and we are alone together.

I can feel my hand tremble as I lay it on his arm.

For once Fate has favored me. Now surely, if ever, I shall learn how I have offended him, and make my peace.

Almost mechanically he commences to walk towards the window recess in the corridor, where we sat ourselves in silence, as we did once before—centuries ago now, as it seems to me.

'We hardly ever seem to meet you now, Sir Anthony,' I begin slowly, for want of something better to say. 'It was quite a pleasant surprise to see you here tonight.'

'It is by the merest chance that I am here,' he replies, with averted eyes. 'Lady Curton is an old family friend of mine, and she seemed to think that I have neglected late. She was very anxious for me to take part in her private theatricals next month, which I was obliged to refuse, as I am leaving town for a time. I was anxious to make my peace before going, therefore ran in for an hour tonight.'

'You are leaving town? I repeat, mechanically, not taking in the full sense of the words all at once. 'How long for—where are you going to—when do you start and how soon shall you return?'

'I start to-morrow,' he replies, briefly. 'The date of my return is in the remote future. My destination is Africa, where I have arranged to join a party of friends on an aborting expedition.'

'Africa?' I echo, startled out of all assumed indifference, as I realize what his indefinite absence will mean to me. 'No time fixed for your return—it is horrible to think of. You must be joking, Sir Anthony!'

There is an agony in my voice that my utmost efforts seem to subdue—my words are wildly incoherent.

I tremble from head to foot, and I feel as if I am losing hold of everything I care for—as if life, reason, and Heaven itself were slipping away from me.

'Why should I be joking?' he replies, carelessly. 'No; I assure you, Miss Courtesine, that I am in real earnest; I spent some months there once before, and it did me an incalculable amount of good. You see, a man wants something more in his life than to hang about drawing-rooms all day. I am fond of an outdoor life—sport and exercise. I am tired to death of the kind of existence I have been leading lately. What shall I send you from foreign parts?'

His light jesting tone seems to cut my heart like a knife.

I am conscious that, for my pride's sake, for the honor of womanhood, I ought to pull myself together, and return some commonplace answer.

But I cannot; I am not accustomed to feel one thing and to grin another.

Everything seems to fade away out of my life, save the knowledge that I love this man with all my soul—all my nature—and that he cares for me so little that he can go away without one word of regard.

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Sunday Reading

What Jesus Said About Prayer.

The importance which Jesus attached to prayer appears in the prominence given to it in what is known as the Sermon on the Mount. Sixteen verses are devoted to its exposition in this discourse. Two of the parables, the parable of the Unjust Judge, and the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, deal exclusively with prayer. Even more impressive is the fact that his own life and ministry move in an atmosphere of frequent, protracted, earnest, agonizing prayer. The people were astonished at his teaching, because his words were weighted with an unusual authority and grace. The disciples, who witnessed his private life, listened in awe when they heard him pray, and asked him to impart the secret to them. And when he tore himself away from them, he went into solitude, not to sleep but to spend the night in prayer. He prayed at his baptism; and as he prayed the heavens opened. He prayed on the Mount of Transfiguration; and, as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment became white and dazzling. He prayed at the grave of Lazarus, and Death released his captive. He prayed in the Garden of Agony, and so mighty was the spiritual wrestle that the bloody perspiration beaded his brow. He prayed in the upper chamber when he had eaten the Passover for the last time, and had instituted the Holy Supper, and that prayer still hushes us into a holy silence, and fills us with a strange, deep peace. The seventh chapter of John's Gospel is the Holy of Holies, where the veil between earth and heaven is held wide apart. It gives us a glimpse of the eternal and everlasting intercession of our Lord. And he prayed on the cross for others and for himself.

Two things never appear in the prayers of Jesus, though in the prayer which he taught his disciples, as indicating the spirit and the scope of their petitions, they have a place. In the first place, Jesus never prayed for the forgiveness of sins. Confession of wrong and penitence are wholly wanting in the great prayer which preceded His arrest and crucifixion. The omission is of startling significance. It can only mean that the consciousness of personal sin was something of which he was absolutely ignorant, so that not even impending death could awaken it. He prayed as a sinless and holy soul prays; and this makes it clear that prayer is more than a means of grace, helpful to sinful men and women, but needless in a state of moral perfection. Jesus did not pray less, but more, than his disciples. Nor did he cease to pray when he rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. He declared that he would continue to pray, and that his prayers would be answered. Whatever of mystery there may be connected with this heavenly intercession, the simple fact remains that he is represented as our Advocate before the Father, pleading on our behalf and praying for us. This makes it clear that prayer is more than a means of grace for the sinful and erring. It is the eternal ordinance of heaven and earth. We shall never cease to pray.

The second thing which is absent in the prayers of Jesus is the petition for such good things as the body needs. He refused to turn the stones into bread, though he knew that the power was not wanting in him. Nor did he ever pray for bread. He has taught us to pray for our daily bread—

a very modest petition. But even that modest petition he never once made his own. He lived as did the birds of the air, who sow not, neither reap, nor gather into barns. All his prayers move in the higher realm of thanksgiving, adoration, equipment for spiritual service, communion and intercession. The explanation of this cannot be found in his knowledge that whatever was needed was at his command; for, when fierce hunger pressed him in the desert, he refused to work a miracle. He would take only what the Father was pleased to give him, and in the Father's way. The only explanation is that faith in him was so absolute and perfect, and his absorption in his mission so complete, that the only meat and drink about which he concerned himself was the doing of his Father's will. We follow him afar off, but we, too, may take comfort in the assurance that God knows what we need, and that if we seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, all these things shall be added unto us. And if we have food and raiment, let us be gratefully content.

I presume it will always impress us strangely that Jesus prayed; for a prayer is a recognition and confession of dependence. Jesus Christ was and remains very God. And while it is true that the eternal life of God is a plural life, so that in the indivisible essence there is an eternal intercommunion of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, this communion cannot properly be regarded a prayer. God cannot pray to God. Did Christ, then, pray simply as man, the consciousness of Godhead being for the time in eclipse? That is a violent supposition, which destroys the unity of his personal consciousness. We can only say, and we must say, that he was the Incarnate Son of God, in the Form of Man, and that in consenting to come into the flesh, he voluntarily assumed a place of dependence upon the absolute Godhead, and so came under the law of prayer. He not only could pray; he must pray; because, while he retained his conscious Godhead, he retained it in Form of our common human nature, which is dependent. That conscious dependence he shared and that made prayer his vital breath and native air, as it is ours. In the same way must we construe the heavenly intercession. Jesus Christ now prays for us, not as God, nor as glorified Man, but as the Incarnate Son of God, God in the Form of exalted and glorified man. As such, he still 'shares' in our dependence, and that brings him, even in heaven, under the law of prayer. So that the intercession is not figurative and rhetorical, but real and effective.

Prayer strikes its roots in the moral economy of God. It is not the duty and the privilege of some; it is the duty and the privilege of all. It is not the necessity of the few; it is the necessity of all. The attitude of prayer is the normal attitude of a dependent and conscious creature, including its visible and anointed king, who in his conscious dependence is also conscious of his eternal Godhead. Nor can prayer ever cease. It must be the eternal speech of the consciously dependent creature to the Creator and Father, to which he is eternally responsive. There will come a time when confession for sin will drop out of our speech. But thanksgiving, adoration, equipment for spiritual service, communion and intercession will continue to be the normal speech of the eternal heavens. And when we pray our Father will answer.

If, now, we have not exaggerated the importance and the dignity of prayer as the eternal form of communion between the conscious created spirit and its Creator and Father, ever widening in its scope, ever deepening its tenderness and sweet intimacy, we cannot address ourselves too early and earnestly to the mastery of the celestial speech. In this, as in everything else, there must be a beginning, and we should begin right. We walk before we run and we creep before we walk. We spell before we read, and we must learn our alphabet before we spell. The alphabet opens the door into the wide fields of literature, science and art. There is an alphabet of prayer; its mastery is of prime importance. Prayer is not any and every kind of address to God. It has its distinctive features, and these are sketched with great clearness in the utterances of our Lord. These are not grouped in formal order, but they are found imbedded and ingrained in the discourses of Jesus. Their full treatment would require a volume, and the merest hints must here suffice.

Jesus always assures that prayer is the natural speech of the soul. It is more than a duty, more than a privilege; it is a fundamental and universal necessity. Without it the soul is dumb. Man seeks God and God seeks man; therein lies the eternal necessity of prayer. Mind not my lips speak to their Maker? Must not my

ear listen to him who formed it? And he hath made the ear, shall not he hear? He who made my lips shall he not speak? Dr. McCosh summed it all up in two short sentences, as sweet as they are simple, when, speaking of prayer, he said: 'I pray, God hears; God speaks, I listen.' That tells the whole story.

Natural speech is always simple and direct. Hence Jesus warns us against needless repetitions, against much speaking, against pomposity of manner and language. That is always offensive, and defeats its end, even between man and man. Sincere speech is always simple. It studies short, plain sentences. It does not deal in superlatives. It discards artifice and ornament. And that is the only speech to which God gives an attentive ear. Any other is hypocrisy, and hypocrisy God hates. In the second place, natural speech is earnest as well as sincere. All sincerity vibrates with earnestness. For sincerity, as Whately tells us, not only means 'reality of conviction,' which may be false, but 'unbiased conviction,' an impartial conviction, unflinching by wishes or passions. Such a conviction has grip. The whole soul enters into it. And such earnestness, in the third place, inspires persistence. It is not easily discouraged. It presses its suit. It will not be denied. Hence, our Lord's parable of the Unjust Judge, who yielded to the importunity of the widow. She knew that her cause was just and she was determined to have justice. Hence, too, the present tense in those sayings of Jesus: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; for every one that asketh receiveth.' The asking is continuous, repeated until the request is granted.

Prayer is natural, earnest, frequent, unintermitting.

When we turn our attention to the suppliant himself, certain things are emphasized as indispensable to prayer. He who prays is absolutely dependent upon him to whom he prays. That should make him modest in his petitions, and habitually grateful. He who prays is ignorant, 'does not know what is best for him; and that should make him humble and submissive, exalting God's will above his own, and doing this gladly. He who prays is a sinner; and that should make him penitent. Yet he who prays is also by the grace of adoption in Jesus Christ a child of God and an heir of glory; and that should make him bold, asking great things, and expecting them. Prayer is grateful, modest, humble, penitent, bold speech. In prayer, too, we are reminded that we occupy a common place with our fellow-men. The plural number must not drop out of our speech. If we are selfish, God is not. He is no respecter of persons. He does not share our jealousies and hatreds, and they are offensive to him. He will not forgive us, if we do not from our hearts forgive our enemies. Therefore we must pray for them, too; and so intercession for all men must enter into our speech with God. Prayer summons us to an exalted state of mind. It involves gratitude, sincerity, earnestness, persistence, humility, submission, penitence, boldness, comprehensive charity. The character of whom we pray must also be taken into account. It is his favor we seek, not the applause of men. Hence we must pray, not to be seen or heard of others standing apart and attracting attention, but speaking to our God in secret. He is infinitely exalted; and therefore our speech should be profoundly reverent. There should be frankness without sippancy and offensive familiarity. Our place is at the foot of God's throne. He is infinite in wisdom, power, goodness and grace. That commands and justifies the most absolute confidence in him, and surrender to his sovereign will. Summing it all up prayer involves gratitude, sincerity, earnestness, persistence, humility, submission, penitence, boldness, comprehensive charity, secrecy and faith.

There is, too, a natural and necessary order in the things for which we pray. Nothing is excluded. We may and we ought to, carry everything to God in prayer. All our cares, we may, and we ought to cast upon him. But all things are not of equal importance. The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. Bread we need, but we do not live by bread alone. The immortal soul should command our chief attention. We should be infinitely more anxious to be saved from sin than from poverty, sickness, suffering and death. Righteousness is our supreme need of the world. Therefore our Lord summons us to pray that the Kingdom of God may come and that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. For the answer to that prayer includes every other blessing.

It is a common complaint that many earnest prayers are unanswered. It is pertinent to ask whether the natural and necessary conditions have entered into such prayers. He who scattered his seed upon

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE. Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz., Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail, T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

the ocean has no rights to complain that he does not reap a harvest. There is such a thing as a law of draver. The conditions must be complied with; and these conditions, as we have seen, are not arbitrary, but grow out of the necessities of the case. In true prayer man must understand himself, and man must understand his God. He must ask for what is really needed, with comprehensive charity for all men, and with absolute confidence in God. Prayer does not lend itself to a selfish and self-seeking soul. It is the highest speech of which the soul is capable. In it the heart undurdens itself. In it we rush for shelter under the divine wings. In it the perfect will of God broods over our own, quieting our restlessness and impatience, imparting to us the peace in which he dwells. If we pray thus, the answer will come before our lips have ended their appeal. God hears; God speaks, let us listen!

WILL GIVE LUCK A CHANCE. A Man Who Tried Work With Wells, Light-bulbs and Windmills.

'I used to think that hard work counted for more than luck,' said the man who had thrown-down appearance, but after basking against the idea for ten years I've had to give up. I'm out of a job and dead broke, but I'm going to walk around on my uppers and see what luck will do for me.

'I went into drive wells a few years ago,' he continued as he jingled three or four cents in his palm. 'Bought the right for four counties in Kansas and could see \$5,000 profits a year. Put in my last dollar and started out to drive. In driving a well for a farmer you may calculate on hitting water within thirty feet. That's what you base on when you figure on the job. A farmer won't pay by the foot. It's so much for a well yielding all the water he wants. I put down thirty feet of my first well and only struck dust. I went down sixty feet and could smell a little dampness. The pipe was down a full hundred feet before we got water. I put down fourteen wells and was teetotally busted. I had picked out the counties myself, but they were the driest in the State. I drove 140 feet of pipe for the last without getting any water.

'Then I turned to lightning rods. I got an agency and an outfit and started out to do the farmers of Illinois. Say, you may not believe me, but out of ten barns which I protected in one township eight were struck by lightning during one storm. The farmers got after me in a mob, and besides having my leg broken and my nose knocked out of plumb, I was hauled into court and my broken up in business.

'As soon as I could limp around again I got the agency of a windmill to a part of Indiana. The only one I put up was for an old farmer who wanted it to drive a saw for cutting wood. I had to exert so much power, you see, and he had his saw ready

as soon as the windmill was up. All the time we were putting up the mill it blew a gale, but no sooner had we finished than the gale dropped to a slyphz. Say, now, well for fifteen straight days there wasn't wind enough to ruffle a duck pond, and the farmer declared my mill a fraud and made me take it down.

'After I'd been out of a job for a year an old uncle started me in the chicken business. Ever figure on it? Bless your heart, but the man who can't figure out a clear profit of \$2,000 a year has no business to live. There are so many hens, so many eggs, so many chickens. Easiest thing in the world to figure on, especially where an incubator goes with it. I leased five acres of ground, got an incubator and 200 hens, and for a few days I had my hat on my ear. Did you ever hear of the chicken disease called pip? Well, it broke out among my hens, and they went pip! pip! till the last one turned up her toes. I didn't get two dozen eggs out of the whole lot. Then I fell back on my incubator to hatch and grow a new lot. Hatched out 150 little chicks, and then—please excuse my emotions. One day that incubator blew up with a bang and scattered my hen farm all over the county and laid me up in bed for three months.

'I have been offered a hay-tork agency, a washing machine and a hay-tork agency, but have respectfully declined. No more hard work for me. I'm walking around looking for lost pocketbooks and big rewards, and I count on luck to uncover a gold mine or notify me of a legacy.'

Why Suffer? When there is such a good remedy as Nervine for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pain just as rapidly. Give it a trial.

She Knew His Footsteps. His enemies may have originated, but his friends do not hesitate to repeat, a story about a rising young politician, who, says the New York Tribune, has large feet as well as a spacious head.

The politician's mother, a lovable old woman is unfortunately very deaf. She lives in a flat in the neighborhood of Grant's tomb, and is always delighted by a visit from her son.

When the United States cruiser Brooklyn, which was anchored in the Hudson, off the tomb, on Memorial day, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the old lady was observed to start, fix her cap, and smooth down her apron.

Then she said, with a sweet smile, 'George is coming. I hear his footsteps on the stairs.'

A young man sent his father, an old farmer in the country, his photograph, accompanied with a request for aid, as he was poor. The old man looked at the photograph and then responded:— 'You can't cheat me, you young dog. You can't be very poor to be living among them marble vessels, and statues, and flowers and nice furniture, such as your photograph shows.'

Advertisement for 'Paste Blacking' and 'Packard's Special' shoe dressing. It includes the text 'IN MEMORY of Paste Blacking', 'KILLED BY Packard's SPECIAL BOX CALF Shoe Dressing', and 'FOR ALL BLACK SHOES. APPLY ONCE A WEEK.' It also mentions 'Will Hourich, China, Polish and Preserve the Leather' and 'L. H. Packard & Co.' at the bottom.

Men and Women of To-day.

Thomas Brackett Reed is not the only distinguished member of the famous class of 1860 of Bowdoin College Maine.

This colony is the most successful venture of the sort ever made in this country. It was planted a little more than twenty-five years ago in several townships of land near the village of Carleton.

Governor Roosevelt's First Bombardment. 'Thirty years ago,' says George C. Rockwood, the veteran New York photographer.

'Several years ago, when the Governor was Police commissioner, he came into my present studio, and of course I personally superintended posing him.'

'I wonder whether you are the little fat boy who used to throw stones at my skylight in Thirteenth Street about thirty years ago?'

'Mr. Roosevelt's eyes winked. 'That's a long time ago, Mr. Rockwood,' he said. 'It's pretty nearly outlawed by this time.'

'It didn't for it was the best likeness that had ever been taken of Mr. Roosevelt up to that time. In fact, it was the only one that didn't make him look severe.'

Captain Watkins on Sea Captains. Captain Frederick Watkins, of the steamship Paris, who has been suspended for two years on account of the disaster to that magnificent ship, is an exceedingly popular visitor in New York.

Not long ago he said: 'There is no doubt to one who makes his living upon the sea that character is unconsciously changed by the conditions prevailing on shipboard. A good Captain becomes the brain of his vessel, and insensibly forms an attachment for it as strong as the love borne by many men for their old homesteads.'

They tell a story of an old skipper in England who had been frequently urged to retire. He had saved up a great deal of money and had passed the three-score and-ten mark. He refused persistently, until finally, in a storm and fog combined he was cast away upon the coast of one of the eastern counties. His craft was very staunch, and though considerably broken, still held together.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Met Her Husband. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of Patsy and Penelope's Progress, went abroad five years ago to rest. She was tired. Her work had been phenomenally successful, but it had also been particularly arduous, and she wanted to get away from the world for a few weeks at least.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Suppressing Stitches, Biliousness, Headache, etc.

Order all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from F. VAN & SONS, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

HOOD'S PILLS

Remedy for biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever.

'I don't want to be introduced to any one,' continued the author; 'not to any one, except possibly that man who sits near you at our table. With that exception I don't want to meet any one.'

'That man' was a tall stalwart Englishman with blue eyes and light curling hair. He was preeminently distinguished in bearing and conspicuously well dressed.

'Mrs. Wiggin was and is a woman of great beauty and rare powers of fascination. The Captain made an exception in favour of the Englishman, and the following March cards were issued for the wedding of the fair widow and 'that man,' who is George Christopher Riggs, a prominent and wealthy business man of New York.

Shortly after her marriage to Mr. Riggs two ancient villagers met that gentleman walking down the main street of Hollis. 'Who is that feller?' asked one of the other.

'Why, don't you know who that is? That's Katie's husband. His name is Riggs.'

'Riggs!' repeated the inquisitive one meditatively. 'He ain't the Riggs that used to work down in the glove shop at Salmon Falls, be he?'

'The Magic of Hobart's Name. Vice-President Garret A. Hobart, of Washington and of Paterson, comes very near being the most important man in New Jersey.

'I was singing in the mouth-piece of a telephone where the vibration of my voice caused a steel wire point to scratch one of my fingers. That set me to thinking. I determined to record the motions of just such wire points on a cylinder, and the result was the phonograph. But it cost me many sore fingers.'

Edison's Lucky Scratch. Thomas A. Edison said the other day regarding the invention of the phonograph: 'I was singing in the mouth-piece of a telephone where the vibration of my voice caused a steel wire point to scratch one of my fingers. That set me to thinking. I determined to record the motions of just such wire points on a cylinder, and the result was the phonograph. But it cost me many sore fingers.'

Miss Corelli Answers Another Critic. When Marie Corelli crosses swords with a critic she does her work effectually. Recently a London reviewer observed in print: 'Miss Corelli is a dazzlingly pretty woman, but she fails as a novelist.'

Whereupon Miss Corelli replied in a personal letter to an English daily newspaper as follows: 'Mr. Jones has a brown beard, three inches long and neatly trimmed. He is slightly bald, but on the whole good looking, yet he cannot write correct English.'

Webster Unabridged. Senator George Frisbie Hoar, who has made an exhaustive study of the life and

speeches of Daniel Webster, has an original theory regarding the published work of the great orator. The Senator believes that his greatest speeches were injured by being edited. He has some manuscripts in his collection which are just as Mr. Webster conceived them. They were put down on paper hot from his brain, and the Senator thinks that they are in some particulars more eloquent than those which were revised before publication.

The Launching of B. T. Washington. Booker T. Washington is a favorite orator and a forceful speaker. However much he mingles with the white people, he will not be apt to forget his first experience in that line. It was during the Atlanta Exposition, in 1895. He was to make a speech, and the radiant Mrs. Joseph Thompson, President of the woman's branch of the organization, sat on the platform with him. There were murmurs in the vast audience, but they did not nerve either of them. On the contrary, they inspired Mrs. Thompson to write and hand him a note felicitating him on the occasion. This produced such an effect on Mr. Washington that he laid aside his written speech and made another one wholly impromptu, which is, so far, his ablest effort in the line of oratory.

Shipbuilder in Embryo. Irving M. Scott, Vice President of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, builders of the Oregon and Olympia, visited the East this summer to attend his daughter's wedding and the commencement exercises of Cornell, where his son is an undergraduate. Young Mr. Scott is preparing to follow in his father's footsteps. He has made naval architecture a study, and has at his fingers' ends the statistics of most of the vessels in Uncle Sam's Navy. The other day his father, in telling a visitor about the armament Olympia, at a loss for certain figures.

'How about that gun?' he asked. 'Four eight-pounders, ten five-pounders, rapid fire, in her main battery, and fourteen six-pounders, six one pounders and four Gatlings,' answered the young man without a pause. And the shipbuilder, thus reinforced, went on with his description.

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom. Robert Dewar, brother of Lord William Dewar, the British scientist who was the first experimenter to liquefy air, is remarkably absent-minded man. It is said that on one occasion he left his home early one morning and repaired to the house of a friend, in which there was a fine library to which he had access. That afternoon his relatives and friends searched the neighborhood in vain for him. At length he was run down in this library. By his side was a new suit of clothes.

'It's a nice man you are,' ironically said the spokesman. 'What's the matter now?' returned Robert irritably. 'Your bride and the preacher are waiting for you this two hours. Don't you know this is your wedding day, man?'

'I declare,' said the groom, 'I'd forgotten all about it! Wait till I dress and I'll go along with you.'

Mutually Surprised. A writer in Harper's Weekly tells of the strange experience of a prospector named Whitley in the mountains not far from Cooke City, Montana. Absorbed in the panning of some rich specimens, he worked too long, and although totally unprepared, was compelled to sleep out. The weather luckily, was warm and pleasant.

Finding a depression filled with soft grass, he stood his rifle against the neighboring tree, and lay down to sleep. In the course of the night he was awakened by the heavy breathing of a large animal and the oppressive sense of a disagreeable odor. At first he was dazed and half-conscious of something standing over him, lay perfectly still.

Soon there was a grunting and snuffing close by his head, which made him realize that he was in a strange and horrible position of being underneath a grizzly bear. A cold sweat came over him, and he was paralyzed with fright.

The grizzly had been prowling about led by the scent of the remains of the prospector's supper, and so happened to walk over the prospector's body, partly covered by the grass and hidden in the depression.

His rifle was standing against the tree, and was of course out of reach. He had no knife, and he realized the grizzly might at any instant discover him. Acting on a sudden impulse, he doubled up his knees, and with all his strength plunged his fists and feet against the stomach of the brute.

It was a complete surprise for the grizzly, which in turn was even more frightened than Whitley. It ran squealing and bellowing into the timber, while

Hall. His personal attacks on Mr. Croker were the sensation of the contest. 'Did you make that picture of Mr. George?' he asked.

Mr. Rockwood said he had made it. 'Then you know Mr. George. I have never seen him myself, although he has had a great deal to say about me. What kind of a man is he?'

Mr. Rockwood told him that he was a very sensitive, sanguine man. 'I suppose he is sanguine that he will win this election, eh? Poor fellow! Poor fellow!'

The next day early in the morning, Mr. George suddenly died in his bed. His forces went to pieces within twenty-four hours, and a week later Mr. Croker had won the fight of his life.

From A Vice-President's Dairy.

'Ellerlie Dairy Milk' is a familiar sign in high class butter stores in New York City. The product is put up in specially sealed bottles and commands a fancy price. During the last year of President Harrison's term of office an elderly gentleman, smooth-shaven and dignified, was in an Amsterdam Avenue market one morning when a woman came in and began to berate the clerk about some Ellerlie milk she had bought.

'Are you sure it was the Ellerlie milk you had?' inquired the old man, who had taken a singular interest in the controversy.

'Certain,' replied the woman warmly. 'And it's half water, that's what it is, and this man asks twelve cents a quart for it.'

'I don't understand that,' he replied. 'Suppose you let me look after this matter. I'll give the woman back the twelve cents, and I'll communicate with Mr. Cottrell, the Superintendent, and see what really is the matter.'

Thereupon the old man took the bottle, gave the woman twelve cents and handing the butter man his card, walked to the curb, where a carriage was waiting, and drove away. When the butterman looked at the card it read:

'Mr. Levi P. Morton, Ellerlie, New York.'

The old gentleman was the owner of the dairy and Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Morton has been out of public life for several years, but his interest in his great dairy farm up the Hudson is as active now as it ever was. This famous establishment is a model of its sort. It has more than 400 Guernsey cattle, costing over \$60,000. The last published statistics of the farm recorded a milk production of five and a half tons from one cow alone. From this milk 753 pounds of butter were made. Not only are a large number of milk stores supplied with Ellerlie milk, but it is a popular beverage in many of the big downtown dairy lunch rooms.

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Webster Unabridged. Senator George Frisbie Hoar, who has made an exhaustive study of the life and

speeches of Daniel Webster, has an original theory regarding the published work of the great orator. The Senator believes that his greatest speeches were injured by being edited. He has some manuscripts in his collection which are just as Mr. Webster conceived them. They were put down on paper hot from his brain, and the Senator thinks that they are in some particulars more eloquent than those which were revised before publication.

The Launching of B. T. Washington. Booker T. Washington is a favorite orator and a forceful speaker. However much he mingles with the white people, he will not be apt to forget his first experience in that line. It was during the Atlanta Exposition, in 1895. He was to make a speech, and the radiant Mrs. Joseph Thompson, President of the woman's branch of the organization, sat on the platform with him. There were murmurs in the vast audience, but they did not nerve either of them. On the contrary, they inspired Mrs. Thompson to write and hand him a note felicitating him on the occasion. This produced such an effect on Mr. Washington that he laid aside his written speech and made another one wholly impromptu, which is, so far, his ablest effort in the line of oratory.

Shipbuilder in Embryo. Irving M. Scott, Vice President of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, builders of the Oregon and Olympia, visited the East this summer to attend his daughter's wedding and the commencement exercises of Cornell, where his son is an undergraduate. Young Mr. Scott is preparing to follow in his father's footsteps. He has made naval architecture a study, and has at his fingers' ends the statistics of most of the vessels in Uncle Sam's Navy. The other day his father, in telling a visitor about the armament Olympia, at a loss for certain figures.

'How about that gun?' he asked. 'Four eight-pounders, ten five-pounders, rapid fire, in her main battery, and fourteen six-pounders, six one pounders and four Gatlings,' answered the young man without a pause. And the shipbuilder, thus reinforced, went on with his description.

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom. Robert Dewar, brother of Lord William Dewar, the British scientist who was the first experimenter to liquefy air, is remarkably absent-minded man. It is said that on one occasion he left his home early one morning and repaired to the house of a friend, in which there was a fine library to which he had access. That afternoon his relatives and friends searched the neighborhood in vain for him. At length he was run down in this library. By his side was a new suit of clothes.

'It's a nice man you are,' ironically said the spokesman. 'What's the matter now?' returned Robert irritably. 'Your bride and the preacher are waiting for you this two hours. Don't you know this is your wedding day, man?'

'I declare,' said the groom, 'I'd forgotten all about it! Wait till I dress and I'll go along with you.'

Mutually Surprised. A writer in Harper's Weekly tells of the strange experience of a prospector named Whitley in the mountains not far from Cooke City, Montana. Absorbed in the panning of some rich specimens, he worked too long, and although totally unprepared, was compelled to sleep out. The weather luckily, was warm and pleasant.

Finding a depression filled with soft grass, he stood his rifle against the neighboring tree, and lay down to sleep. In the course of the night he was awakened by the heavy breathing of a large animal and the oppressive sense of a disagreeable odor. At first he was dazed and half-conscious of something standing over him, lay perfectly still.

Soon there was a grunting and snuffing close by his head, which made him realize that he was in a strange and horrible position of being underneath a grizzly bear. A cold sweat came over him, and he was paralyzed with fright.

The grizzly had been prowling about led by the scent of the remains of the prospector's supper, and so happened to walk over the prospector's body, partly covered by the grass and hidden in the depression.

His rifle was standing against the tree, and was of course out of reach. He had no knife, and he realized the grizzly might at any instant discover him. Acting on a sudden impulse, he doubled up his knees, and with all his strength plunged his fists and feet against the stomach of the brute.

It was a complete surprise for the grizzly, which in turn was even more frightened than Whitley. It ran squealing and bellowing into the timber, while

Whitley, whose knees were knocking together with fright gathered up his goods and struck out for Cooke City in the dark, not daring to pause until he was safe in the settlement.

TOBACCO AS A SOURCE OF REVENUE

A Government monopoly in Great Britain is a valuable item to all.

The fact is well known that in four European countries, France, Austria, Italy and Spain, the tobacco trade is a Government monopoly, the tobacco being imported, or, if domestic tobacco, exclusively sold to the Government to be in turn retailed by it at a profit somewhat in the same way that postage stamps are sold. The French revenue from tobacco is nearly 400,000,000 francs a year (about \$80,000,000). The revenue from the Italian tobacco monopoly was 188,000,000 lire last year, or about \$37,600,000. It is impossible to state with exactness the revenue of the Spanish Government from its tobacco monopoly (this year, but in other years it has been) put at about 100,000,000 pesetas, or \$30,000,000, though the loss during the past year of the two chief tobacco-producing colonies of Spain, Cuba and the Philippines, may not unreasonably be supposed to be a reason for the falling off in revenue from this source, as the purchase of tobacco by the Spanish Government honorably will be in an open market and not under conditions distinctly favorable to the Government as sovereign.

Though all countries do not maintain a tobacco monopoly, there are few civilized Governments which do not derive a considerable measure of their financial support from taxes laid upon tobacco in some way or other. Thus, for instance, the customs duties on tobacco imported into England amount £11,000,000 a year of \$55,000,000 which is nearly as much as France derives from a complicated and cumbersome control of the sale of tobacco in the French Republic. Russia imposes tobacco taxes which yield a constant increasing revenue, the figures being \$5,000,000 paper rubles for 1896. Germany derives a large revenue from its tobacco sales, and from its customs duties on tobacco, Germany being one of the countries in which the use of tobacco is most general, following in this particular Belgium, Brazil and Turkey, the three great tobacco-using countries.

When it comes to revenues of a public character from tobacco, Uncle Sam though making no pretence to any Government monopoly of this trade, is not much behind some other countries, and is far ahead of most of them, with every present indication of a further large increase from tobacco revenues in Cuba and Manila in the future. During the fiscal year of 1897, before the imposition of the revenue war taxes, so called, the Treasury receipts from the tax on the sale of cigars were \$12,189,000 and last year they were \$13,600,000. The tax has now been increased 60 cents per thousand, and the estimated revenue from this source this year is \$16,350,000. There is also another item of tobacco revenue for the Federal Government in the tax upon cheroots, or small cigars, which amounts to about \$400,000 a year, and under the increase of 50 per cent in the taxes of manufactured tobacco and snuff, this brings up the total from that item \$37,500,000, exclusive of \$5,000,000 tax being represented by the Commissioners of Internal Revenue at \$48,850,000 for last year.

This is a large item of revenue, but it does not exhaust the benefit which the Government derives from tobacco (taxes, being such only as are imposed) by the Internal Revenue Department and exclusive of those levied by the Treasury Department at the custom houses. The importance of leaf tobacco into the United States for the ten months ending May 1, 1899, were to the value of \$7,500,000, and cigars and cigarettes to the value of \$1,500,000 were imported. The general rate of tax on tobacco is 35 cents a pound, and when the revenues from a Custom House are added to those of the Internal Revenue Department it is seen that the proceeds of tobacco taxes in the United States are certainly as large, collectively, as those imposed in England, and probably exceed them, too, to some extent. It is estimated that the collective taxes of all Governments on tobacco amount to \$600,000,000 in a year.

It is said that on many Welsh villages the few trees and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, married of Deafness and Noise, the Head of Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department C. Q. The Institute, "Loggoot," Guilford, Conn., London, W., England.

Advertisement for NIVES WORKS and MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. featuring 1847 ROGERS BROS. and GUARANTEED BY THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

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Whiskey, whose bones were knocking together with fright gathered up his goods and struck out for Concho city in the dark, not daring to pass until he was safe in the settlement.

Tobacco Monopoly of the Republic

The fact is well known that in four European countries, France, Austria, Italy and Spain, the tobacco trade is a Government monopoly, the tobacco being imported, or, if domestic tobacco, exclusively sold to the Government to be in turn retailed by it at a profit somewhat in the same way that postage stamps are sold. The French revenue from tobacco is nearly 400,000,000 francs a year (about \$80,000,000). The revenue from the Italian tobacco monopoly was 188,000,000 lire last year, or about \$37,500,000. It is impossible to state with exactness the revenue of the Spanish Government from its tobacco monopoly (this year, but in other years it has been) put at about 100,000,000 pesetas, or \$20,000,000, though the loss during the past year of the two chief tobacco-producing colonies of Spain, Cuba and the Philippines, may not unreasonably be supposed to be a reason for the falling off in revenue from this source, as the purchase of tobacco by the Spanish Government heretofore will be in an open market and not under conditions distinctly favorable to the Government as sovereign.

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An exchange pictures a small boy with a hoe in his hand saying indignantly to his father: "Say, the fish are biting like everything down to the creek." "Well, sonny," says the father, reassuringly "you just keep on hoeing potatoes and I guess they won't bite you!"

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

TO THE DEAF—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his family, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department O. The Testina, "Loggish," Bazaar Street, London, W., England.

Frills of Fashion.

This has been a record breaking summer for the woman's tailor. The surprising activity in yachting, the continued popularity of golf, and now the rise and rage of the automobile have kept them as busy as bees and hovers straight through what has hitherto been their dull season. So long as there are new and interesting sports to be followed, just so long must the women be turned out in the latest tweeds, ducks and serges, and it requires not one but dozens of smart tailor dresses to carry any self-respecting young woman through the summer of outdoor activity.

In the golden days of tennis and simplicity a pink shirt waist, a duck skirt and a sailor hat comprised the whole of dress as applied to the education of feminine muscle, but the gay costs and frivolous hoister of the golf links quite turned the heads of the most sensible, the automobile costume's requirements completed the business and now as big a track is necessary for every modish woman's sporting toilets as the one that holds her ball gown.

Justly they are named toilets, for all of them represent careful color schemes; elaboration in detail and an elegance of aspect never considered essential before for suits built to endure hard weather. It is no uncommon sight, for example, to see smart serge sea coats flung open to reveal the most fragile silk bodices fluttering in the front with costly lace jabots. All the yachting skirts are cut to the floor in front and beyond the heels behind they are hung upon pale-tinted silt petticoats. The coat revers are often faced with fine Irish point and if it were not for the wearer's cap and glasses the whole outfit would appear hopelessly anomalous.

These two last details are thrown in for local color. The cap's crown is always made of the same goods as the duck dress with a visor of salt-water proof silk, and it is in shape only a pretty feminine edition of the yachting caps men wear. Now and then a felicitous little hat is seen on the deck of a private steamer, where, of course, these toilets make their most agreeable display. The hat is apt to be of white felt wound with ribbon twisted over a wire and drawn in skeleton bows in front, or double bands of velvet encircle the crown, finishing in two small bright gold-watched buckles. An objection urged to these by the girl who ties up her curly locks in a big, soft Persian patterned silk kerchief, is that they are not practical; but to be practical is by no means one of the ambitions of the woman who walks the rear deck of a white steamer. Hard, stern and unbecomingly stiff she leaves to whoever goes sailing; and on the steamer to the ornament, to be able to arrange herself well in a wicker chair and to glance now and then at the sailing boats through a pair of small hand-glasses along by a ribbon across the shoulder, in the whole duty of the gentle sail.

While white and pale pink and navy blue have become devoted to the service of the sea women, green is growing as precious to the golfer as to the patriotic Highlander. Last year it was red and only red that the woman would wear for coats and skirts, neckties and stockings, while now there are ninety nine in green to every hundredth woman who wears the pink. Skirts have dropped to the ankle and are usually of a tweed that shows a mottled green and brown surface, while the skirts run the whole verdant gamut, from sober olive and what is called vegetable green to a bright peacock overpread with yellow or black microbe dots.

While the effort of the tailor is merely to cast a pleasing variety into his golf

studies, with the automobile costume he is still in the throes of creation. Never for any length of time nor in public will the American wear red. With her instinctive good taste she feels that it does not chime well with her coloring, and it is a fact, strange but true, that no woman's figure ever appears anything but short waisted and dumpy in a red gown. Deprive of any chance to evolve interesting studies in scarlet, the tailors have done wonders in combinations, and blue and buff is as nice an arrangement of a uniform as la belle chausseuse could desire. A pretty automobilist at Bar Harbor spins about in her gasoline dogcart in a strapped-seam skirt of pale buff cloth, brightened about hip and foot with curlyeons done in turquoise blue mohair braid. A white duck shirt, heavily embroidered down the bosom as all well regulated duck shirt waists should be, in three broad bands of blue, accompanies the buff skirt. No small coat goes with this, for a cape is what the chausseuse prefers usually to carry, and the cape, in the case referred to, was made of plaid molleton cloth in buff and blue crossbars, lined with blue silk, and showing a pudding hood also lined with blue. A white straw hat, with a crown band of blue velvet and one big argus quill and a pair of one button gaiter skin gloves completed the story. When a coat is carried by a woman in her automobile it is a long box-shaped affair bristling with pockets of sizes so various that they will hold anything from a cent to a cabbage and made of the very light, very warm Scotch goods called fleece cloth. The coat is almost certain to be buff and lined with blue, and its buttons are big silver or mother-of-pearl disks engraved with the owner's initials. It is observed that the owners of automobiles carry long-handled, long-lashed carriage whips, usually for the benefit of small dogs that attempt to imperil their lives near the wheels of the machine, the handle end finished like a rider's crop.

Let it be here impressed upon the woman who is both hearted and non-resisting under any temptation in shirt waists that the gymkhana is the proper type of blouse to patronize. It is the shirt waist cut conventionally in the back, laid in three short narrow box plaits on the shoulder and borrowing all its splendor from its embroidered ornamentation. In the spring the leading duck waist was white, spotted in small squares or disks worked in pink, or blue or lilac silk. Now we have the newest waists from London of white cotton corduroy with three heavy bands of embroidery in a bright color running lengthwise of the bosom. Added to these are shirts of French flannel with the embroidered bands at the back as well as in the front, and every band two inches wide. It may be added that a yoke at the back of a shirt waist of pique or flannel is considered out of style. A series of small tufts converging to a close group at the waist line gives the back sufficient reinforcement, and all the silk and flannel waists for autumn will have small round cuffs, instead with two small stud buttons instead of links.

The American woman's foot, along with her waist and her intellect, is steadily ennobled. Any shoemaker will bear out this assertion and give a string of good reasons for the phenomenon. Golf seems to be at the bottom of it, although a remarkably handsome, comfortable tie is made for use on the fair green. This season brown shoes have been in the lead, and in place of rubber soles a skin of water-proof silk is introduced under the lining of the shoe and prevents any dampness from reaching the foot. For dancing the women have given all their patronage to the slippers with half French heels, toes somewhat rounded and the whole foot covering held quite firm with straps across the instep. Sometimes as many as six very narrow beaded bands are clasped upon the top of the foot by means of six very small bright jewelled buckles and after long use of the leather slipper the fashionable woman has gone back to an advocacy of black satin. A black satin dancing shoe with a cheysanthemum in the finest jet beads on the toe, the interior of the shoe lined with white or mauve silk on which the owner's name is embroidered and with five straps fastened with buttons of brilliant stones aching over the instep is the most luxurious thing in slippers we have had over from Paris this year. In place of the patent leather pumps that were at once so ornamental and so comfortable, the patent leather dancing shoe now appears with a high heel and high buckled flap over the instep. The style of it is colonial, though its official title is the gipsy shoe, and many women have silver plates attached to their tall slipper heels, so that an appropriate click clack is heard at every step across a bare floor. Stockings with incrustations of lace have had their day and now have given way to dancing hose of black spun silk, either

delicately openworked on the instep or split up the outside of the ankle for a space of about five inches. The long slit is closed by a lacing of bebe ribbon in cherry, canary yellow, or ciel blue, or with cord made of slightly twisted tinted flax in field in a fancy bow. Such a stocking is not certainly to be recommended to a golfer, but with a gypsy dancing slipper it is not likely to pass unnoticed or unadmired in a ballroom.

What the very smart woman wears of an afternoon with her crisp muslin driving dress is a strapped slipper that cannot help but show off her slim round ankles clad in cobalt blue spun silk powdered with dots of crimson or white that are not embroidered on, but each one of which is a downy puff of silk not larger than a sugar-coated pill and tacked to the stocking. Golfers with their green gowns have rather a liking for clear poppy red stockings speckled with black; or green hosiery is adopted of a tone that matches the shirt waist and is similarly spotted.

The price at which the silk blouse keeps the feminine public ever true to its charm is unforgiving variety of color and decoration. Now that tucked silk and satin bodices have lost some of their pristine freshness of idea, the designers have introduced the blouse of tinted taffeta overpread with a sheath of embroidered muslin. Right through the remainder of the warm season these will be extensively worn, and some of the transparent embroidered veils of white over rose, blue or green linings are marvels of fair needlework. It is possible to pay as high as \$160 for a set of three pieces for laying over a silk foundation. Where such a price is asked the needlework is all done by hand in a French convent on the thinnest handkerchief batiste.

When the autumn begins to create a change in the momentous affair of dress the blouse waist will appear under the guise of black and white mulline or chiffon webs richly embroidered and laid over tinted silk linings. They can be worn with any sort of silk, satin or fine cloth skirt, and those women who invariably force every season have been appearing in beautiful handworked bodices at smart country houses morning entertainments.

In heavier and more durable goods the novelty blouses are already making a show and a new silk called peau de suede is what they are built of. A peau de suede surface, tinted in pale tan, displays interwoven spots of brown velvet of graduated sizes, technically termed the mushroom pattern, and to find a blouse of more interesting and modish goods than this woman will be obliged to search far and wide.

It seems almost essential to mention here in connection with blouses that any maid or matron who is obliged to conduct at once with skill and economy the destinies of her wardrobe for the approaching fall will do herself a good turn by investing in a white satin skirt. It is to be the basis, in fact it has been the basis all summer, of every variety of blouse. No woman who knows the law of clothealand mounts her blouses, be they grave or gay of aspect, on a black satin skirt. She buys instead the richest ivory white satin she can find, gives it to a good dressmaker, who will cut it on handsome lines, but decorate it with nothing more than a narrow thick fold of satin at the foot, or with three-wide tufts. It is amazing what rough steady usage such a skirt can endure, and how with a few blouses, it will answer as the very backbone and cornerstone of theatre toilets, dinner dresses, at home costumes,

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IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS.

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H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK,
Members of the Royal Family, and the
Courts of Europe.

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the
General Public, direct with every description of

Household Linens,

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is 50 more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

Irish Linen: Best Irish Linen Shertina, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46cts. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 48cts. per yard; Bolter, Towelling, 18 in. wide, 47 1/2 per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen: Fish Napkins, 70c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.25 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c. Towels, \$1.50 per doz. Monograms, Ovals, Coat of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel and Home Orders.)

Matchless Shirts: Five quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and cuffs, \$2.50 the half doz. (to measure 46c. extra). New Designs in our Special Indian Gaiters, Oxford and Unbreakable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Collars and Fronts, for \$3.25 the half-dozen.

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs: "The Cambria of Robinson and Cleaver."—The Queen. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sydney Home Journal*. Children's 30c. per doz.; Ladies', 40c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 75c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 50c. per doz.; no hemstitch, 55c. per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs: Collars—Ladies', from 84c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from \$1.25 per doz. "Roll-top" Shirts to Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Four Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of ecclésiastical and every one."—*Court Circular*.

Irish Underclothing: Tricots, Embroidery, &c. Nightgowns, 84c. Corsets, 12c. Undershirts, 10c. and Colonial Undershirts, \$10.31 3/4 Tricots, 65c. 80c. Ladies' Lingerie \$12.00 (see 1st).

N. B.—To prevent delay all Letters, Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

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and, at a pinch, for a ball gown. Now important as it is to dwell on the merits of the white satin skirt, just so important is it to caution every woman against its black satin fellow. That garment is an old soldier of unlimited furlough, some day, undoubtedly to be recalled to active duty.

Some Practical Festivities.

Joseph Downey, one of the wealthiest contractors in Chicago, takes a pessimistic view of every business venture. He says that he is always expecting the worst to happen, and is agreeably surprised when the reverse occurs. To his intimate friends he often gives these terse bits of advice:

Never figure what your profits are going to be.

Calculate what your possible losses will be on a venture.

Figure what the lowest return will be in a business proposition with all things unfavorable. If matters turn out favorably you can stand the prosperity that follows.

Buy all the property that you can, but never built to suit yourself. Construct buildings to please others and they will sell.

His Price.

Andrew Carnegie, whose intention of returning his millions to the public has recently been announced, has the reputation of being a good story-teller, and he enjoys giving the history of his early life before he became a millionaire. The New York Herald prints the following:

When last in New York Mr. Carnegie had a bitter experience with a messenger boy, whose tardiness in delivering a business message came near upsetting a deal of great importance. Referring to this incident, while at dinner with friends that evening, Mr. Carnegie told of an office boy who worked for him many years ago. James, said Mr. Carnegie, was a willing

boy, but his ability as a stutterm was simply wonderful, and I often found it more convenient to attend to little errands myself than to wait for his explanations. One day a neighbor wanted to send a note clear across the city, and I permitted James to carry it for him.

The trip was a long one, and James was gone quite three hours. When he returned, I asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"Fifteen cents," he replied, with a grin.

"Why didn't you make it a quarter?" I asked.

"I c-o-o-ouldn't s-a-a-y it," he replied, with tears as well as hyphens in his voice.

Right then, concluded Mr. Carnegie, I made up my mind never to give any one my services without first making sure that I could realize my price without stuttering, and I never have.

AMERICAN MARKSMANSHIP.

It has Been Fully Demonstrated in Time of War.

It was said during the late war with Spain that America's success was due to the fact that her soldiers could shoot straight. Skill of that kind is no new thing for Americans. As far back as 1775 it was found that the marksmen of this land could stand a test specially designed to throw out all but the most expert.

Harper's Magazine reminds its readers of the June of that year, when Congress a resolution creating a corps of sharpshooters. Carriers on relays of swift horses carried the news to the various county committees on the frontier. In less than sixty days from the date of the resolution, fourteen hundred and thirty, instead of the eight hundred and ten men required, had been raised, and had joined the army, marching from four to seven hundred miles over difficult roads, and all without costing the Continental Treasury a farthing.

Volunteers had poured into the little recruiting-stations in such numbers as to embarrass the officers, who would gladly have been spared the duty of discriminating. One of these officers, beset by many applicants than his instructions permitted them to enroll, hit upon a clever expedient. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew upon a blackboard the figure of a man's nose, and placing this at such a distance that none but experts could hit it with a bullet, he declared that he would enlist only those who shot nearest to the mark. More than sixty men hit the nose. So much for American marksmanship in Revolutionary times.

Letting it out.

If inquisitive persons cannot learn to mind their own business, they should try at least to control their tongues. The Sydney Journal this illustrative anecdote on the authority of a woman whose servant was given to curiosity:

"Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" the mistress asked, on returning from a visit one afternoon.

"Nothing but a post-card, ma'am."

"Who is it from, Mary?"

"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl with an injured air.

"Perhaps not. But any one who sends me a message on a post-card is either stupid or imprudent."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily, "but that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother!"



ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR

Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enameled back, strong fancy striped canvas.

\$4.00

Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.—fold to occupy a space only 4 1/2 x 81 inches. No more broken backs.

Agents Wanted to COLLECT TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR give away with "SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD" which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. Address:

The Scott Medicine Co.,

KINGSTON, ONT.

A WISE WOMAN



Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a

PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK

written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. I am sure you'll be delighted with it.

WRITE TO-DAY

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal

...by the case, etc. The end of the...
...to avoid suspicion, every case sent you will be marked 'case of...'
...a lady in need of a cook was informed...
...Indignant Proprietor: 'Can't you read...'

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years a use and has no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be wise to see that the full name, Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle you buy.

PATENTS When you want to procure or sell a patent you need a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—beware of firms who offer schemes—our 20 years personal experience in all our services. Write us for information and terms.

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00 our new bicycle models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship sample Bicycles C.O.D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$3.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 23 1/2" fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$3.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern tires, \$3.00 to \$5.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. ROYD & SON, Montreal.

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MATCHING THE FACE. When a lady visits our establishment to buy a Switch, Bang or other Hair work, she can have the fullest confidence that not only will it be a perfect match for her natural hair, but it will also match or suit her face and appearance.

ANTISEPTIC CARBOLIC SOAP. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. O. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

[Continued from page 14.]
...in a voice that might have come from the dead.
...He would be very pleased to hear of my marriage!
...These words will ring in my brain until I die; but they have taught me how little I have to hope for.

I am called back to life by burning kisses upon my brow, my hair, my lips; I feel strong arms holding me in their embrace, and wild, passionate words of love, great my awakening senses.
...My darling! Oh, my one love, I have killed you! But that I am a villain! I poor weak fool! and I thought myself as strong as a rock in my miserable pride! Oh, Barbara, dear heart, I speak but one word to tell me you have not died without knowing that my very soul is yours, that my indifference was but assumed, a clumsy mask to hide my real feelings. Speak to me for pity's sake!

'I believe you,' I reply in utter blissful satisfaction, 'only you have been so cold and unkind lately, Anthony. You have not been to see me for weeks. When we meet you at other places, you seemed to avoid us. I—I thought I must have offended you, somehow, though I could not think how, and I have been so very unhappy.'
...You have never offended me,' he declares, vehemently; 'you couldn't vex any one; you are absolutely perfect, and I adore you.'

'So I have caught you at last, have I, oh mine enemy, Sir Lamont, knight without reproach! I cry a mocking voice at our side, and Sir Harry with a face distorted with rage, reason himself into sight. 'This is your revenge, I suppose, for my fault of long ago; by Heaven, I will take mine now without further delay.'
...Hold! cries Sir Anthony, in a hoarse voice, whilst his face is as absolutely colourless as a marble statue; I stoop to ask your forgiveness, Sir Harry. Give me but this one night, and you shall dictate your own terms, and you won't spare me that innocent girl, who dreams not of wrong.'

'Why should I spare her?' retorts Sir Harry bitterly; 'she, who has refused me and scorned my love—and for what? Learn Miss Modesty, Miss Consonant, that I have rejected my love and stolen that of a married man! How do you like that? What will the world say when your little romance is public property? You will regret them, madam, that you did not make upon me.'
...That I shall never do, by your story true or false, I reply, proudly; and as yet I have only your word for it, and that is less than nothing.'

'If my word is nothing in your opinion, perhaps your sweetheart's may be accepted,' cries Sir Harry, with a Spanish triumph. 'Ask him to deny it. Poo! look at his face—can't that prove positive?'
...Go! says Sir Anthony, in a deadly cold stern voice, and the other quails perceptibly. 'You have done your worst; I have still mine to do. Will you remain while I tell the story? And shall I summon the rest of the household to hear it or not?'

'There is not the least occasion for saying any more about it,' says Sir Harry solemnly. 'I'm sorry I let my temper carry me away; but it is hard to see the only girl I've ever really cared for stolen from me by a dog in the manger.'
...Go! repeats Sir Anthony, and the other sneaks away like a whipped hound.
...Then there is a long, long silence, only broken by Sir Anthony's labored breath and the beating of my own heart.
...What was it that Sir Harry said?
...That Sir Anthony is a married man!
...Oh impossible!—it cannot be true.
...And yet—and yet—if he would only deny it—if he had only hurled the lie back in the other's teeth, if he did not stand so sternly, so silently, apart, with the look on his face of one who has received his death-blow.
...Why don't you curse me?' he asks, presently, in a low, hoarse voice. 'Why don't you call me coward and traitor, since I have come into your life like a thief in the night and robbed it of its sweetness?'

'What he said, then—is it true?' I ask, faintly.
...Yes; it is true!
...But you have something to tell me, I whisper, gently laying my hand upon his arm. 'You are more to be pitied than blamed. Your story is a sad one, and I must hear everything. Poor Anthony! I've watched many things now that were dark before.'
...I will tell you all, he replies in an unsteady voice, and you shall be judge between us.
...Years ago, when I was a boy of twenty-two, the possessor of an enormous fortune, without one single person to control or guide me, I fell into the hands of an adventurer—a woman some years older than myself, but clever, beautiful, fascinating.
...She was, at times of meeting, playing a subordinate part at the Opera Comique, Paris, and like a young fool, I fell, as I supposed, in love with her, managed to strike up an acquaintance, and was as wax in her hands; and at the end of a short acquaintance I found myself engaged to be married to her.

'After the ceremony was over, we started on a long rambling trip through Europe. We reached Venice just at the Carnival time, and there it was we met—or rather I met—for the first time Sir Harry Grammore.
...He was then a good-looking man of about thirty years of age, and being, as it was a young fool, when he attached himself almost exclusively to my party, I believed that it was my companionably he sought.
...I did not dream that there was anything between him and Nita—I believed her when she said never admired 'blonde' men, and that she was sorry we had ever met Sir Harry Grammore.
...Poor girl!—with a sigh—she had reason to be sorry for it since. But I must proceed with this, the most painful part of my story.

'One day I received a telegram, purporting to be from an old friend of mine, who had been seized with malaria in one of the unhealthy districts in Italy. It said he was ill, perhaps dying; would I go and see him before it was too late?
...Well, I need not dwell on what followed. On my reaching the little village where my friend was supposed to be ill, I found that the telegram was a lie—forged in his name to draw me from Venice.
...I hurried back thither, only to find that I was a few hours too late—the English gentleman and lady had started off together to join me, and had started off to the next day days. I was like a bloodhound on their track. Then, suddenly, I lost the clue, and of my own accord I again.
...One morning I received a brief note asking me, for pity's sake, for humanity's sake, to call and see a dying woman. The postmark was 'Paris,' and the letter was signed 'Nita.'
...I hurried off to the address given, and found that it was in one of the most poverty stricken slums, where, in a garret, devoid of any but the scantiest furniture, I found my poor wife.'

His voice faltered for a moment, then grew steady again.
...She had a piteous tale to tell me, and it required only a glance to see that her illness was not feigned. It seems that she and Sir Harry were old acquaintances long before I came upon the scene.
...When they met at the Carnival after our marriage, she appealed privately to him not to enlighten me as to her questionable antecedents, saying that now she found herself in a respectable position, she wished to acquit herself worthily of it.
...He promised readily enough, but from the very first day of their re-union, he pressed his attentions upon her, first declaring his own passionate affection for her, and then ridiculing her boy-husband—myself.
...It seems that once upon a time she had loved Sir Harry very dearly, but now she made a brave fight between love and duty. What between his vows of eternal constancy and his threats of telling me all, of course the woman gave way.
...Sir Harry forged that telegram, knowing that I should fall into the trap, then hurried back to Venice to await himself of my absence for a final effort to persuade her to leave me.
...He succeeded. They eloped together, but Nemesis was on their track. Their train met with an accident, was thrown off the line, and several carriages smashed.
...The one they were in was utterly wrecked, and poor Nita was seriously injured. Another train carried them on to Paris, whereupon, the doctors universally agreeing that she could never recover, Sir Harry boldly deserted her, leaving only just sufficient money behind for immediate necessities.
...The money dwindled away like water thrown upon the ground. Then she tried to raise more by the sale of her jewellery and clothes. You can, perhaps, imagine how those rogues of French lodging-house keepers would rob a helpless woman.

'At last, when on the brink of starvation, convinced that death was near at hand, she sent for me.
...I found that her spine was frightfully injured, and that her limbs were paralyzed—that all the doctors agreed her death was only a matter of time, as she could not possibly recover.
...What could I do? Of course, I could have sued for a divorce, but humanity forbade it—the look in her poor, clouded eyes haunted me even now—so I had her carefully removed to bright, cheerful apartments. I engaged a maid and a hospital nurse to attend her. I agreed to pay all charges and to make her an allowance, and awaited God's own time for my release.
...That is seven years ago, and she still lingers on in her dreadful helplessness.
...Of course, I see now how I ought to have taken steps to obtain my legal release from her. I could have provided for her equally well, but pity for her and pride for the honour of my own name prevented me.
...I thought her death was a question of weeks or months—it has proved to be years. Until I met you, Barbara, I scarcely felt the iron chain that bound me.

'I wandered about, from one country to another, leading an aimless life, until I returned to England about six months ago, when I found myself suddenly plunged again into the vortex of society, my marriage was a secret from the world. Can you wonder that I preserved it as such, and buried it in my own heart?
...I let it be generally understood that I was not a marrying man, and steered clear from all entanglements.
...Then I met you, and I knew that I had never loved before. Day by day my passion grew, until my whole soul was yours. I might have found courage and strength to have torn myself away, had it been any other man but Sir Harry Grammore who was persecuting you with his attentions; but, though I could not win you myself, I was determined to prevent his doing so.
...I had never seen him since he sent me on a fool's errand in Venice until we met, in your presence, that night at the opera. For his own sake I thought he would preserve my secret, whilst I—well, you see, my hands were tied; I had fastened the cord myself.
...Since I had elected, at twenty-two years of age, to keep my disgrace a secret, how could I call him to account for it at thirty? Yet, you can picture what gall and wormwood it has been to me to see him received as a man of honor and a gentleman by my friends. Ask yourself, Barbara—was I justified in remaining in London after I discovered my danger?—in seeking your presence when I knew I loved you?'

'You were justified,' I say, in a low voice.
...Ah! but not for breaking down my guard—not for letting me know I loved you! he cries, wildly. 'These theatricals, these—oh! my darling, it was cowardly to steal your priceless love, to cause you tears and pain. Then I tried to fly when the mischief was done. I arranged to join that expedition to Africa.'
...Ah! yes, I say, with a sob, 'and I prevented your going. It was immoderate—weak—wicked of me to try to stop you. If I had seen more of the world, I should have known that you had a reason for going, and I should have waited your own good time for your explanation. And now dear Anthony, you will go to-morrow, as arranged?'

'No,' he cries, fiercely. 'I will stay and defy him. Let him do his worst, the tale will tell more against him than against me.'
...Dear Anthony, I whisper, softly, 'you must go. Our love is a sin, we must stamp it out of our hearts—you will start tomorrow as you arranged.
...Nothing will induce me to leave that man master of the situation,' he replies, obstinately. 'What have I done that I should fly like a criminal? No: I will hold my ground and stand between you and him to the end. Have some pity for me, Barbara. I should go mad with jealous doubt if once the seas were between us, and you were here with him. You ask too much—I cannot go.'
...You are mistaken, I whisper again. 'Dear Anthony, my gay life in town is over—I am a social failure. When you go to Africa, I return home to Slowerton, never to leave it again, unless—unless, some day in the future, you should find yourself free to come for me. Will you go now, Anthony?'

'Heaven bless you, dearest!' he answers in a broken voice. 'I will go.'
...Back in my old home at last. How strange it seems, to be sure—back in sleepy lazy Slowerton, far from the mad-dog crowd in gay Mayfair and Belgravia and every other haunt of fashion.
...Wearily the months drag on. At first life seems unbearable; then I grow calmer but still live as one without hope, for I never expect to see my lover again.
...Heaven is good to me; however, for one morning as I stroll carelessly about the garden, a well-known voice cries out behind me—
...Barbara, are you not glad to see me? Have you no word of welcome?
...Sir Anthony! I gasp, trying to still the wild joy I feel at seeing him once again; is it really you?
...Sir Anthony? he echoes, blankly; for Heaven's sake, Barbara, don't greet me so coldly after such a long separation.
...Then, bending forward, he draws me as he does not once before, but I am like a child in his grasp—I so weak, he so strong.
...Oh! why have you come here to disturb my quiet life, now, when I was just learning to live without you? I ask.
...Then, it is quite time I reappeared upon the scene, he replies, tightening his hold and kissing me again. 'Can you not guess what has called me back to life and happiness and joy?'

'Not—oh, Anthony!
...Poor Nita is dead,' he whispers, softly.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) is pure coffee of the very choicest quality. Beware of Spurious Imitations. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

'She sinned, but she repented, and has paid a bitter penalty for her fault. I arrived there just in time to comfort her dying hours with my forgiveness. Peace, let her rest, and her name shall be a deed letter between us. Tell me, Barbara, is your love still mine?
...Yours for ever,' I reply, unsteadily.
...Oh, Anthony, I have been so silly and selfish since we parted! I do not think I could have gone on living for ever without you!
...Please Heaven, we shall never be separated again,' he says, quietly. 'To me, dear, the sting was doubly bitter, for it was planted there by my own folly. Try to picture my torture in seeing you, the girl I loved, so intensely persecuted by that scoundrel's attentions, and yet unable to come forward myself as your savior.'
...And thus, in the joyous sound of wedding-bells, ends My Love-Story.

AN EX-COONVIC. His Church Membership not Responsible for His Fall.
...A certain small New England town was deeply stirred, some twenty years ago by the arrest of 'Jimmie' Craig, one of its citizens, for forgery.
...Craig was about twenty-five years old, a church-member and prominent in the work of the Sunday-school. His family was among the oldest and most respected in the town, and the story of his wrong-doing astonished and shocked every one. The short trial ended in a verdict of guilty and a sentence of ten years' imprisonment. As usual in such cases, the men who sit in shirt sleeves on the benches by the grocery store disapproved instructively and exhaustively on the shortcomings of church-members and the general worthlessness of church affiliation. Craig's young wife secured a divorce and his parent sold their house and moved away.
...One day, ten years later, a stranger appeared in town, going about from one shopkeeper to another in search of work. The news soon spread that it was Jimmie Craig.

After meeting rebuffs on every hand, Craig, as a forlorn hope, applied to McFadden, the coal-dealer, a man apparently as barren of sentiment as a hod of his own goods. To Craig's surprise McFadden said yes.
...Probably no one in town, unless it was the coal-dealer himself, knew what that first year cost Craig. Used only of the light work of a business office, he was here daily grimed with coal-dust and streaked with sweat. His hands were blistered by the shovel and torn by splinters, his skin tanned and roughened by the summer sun. Nevertheless he kept steadily at work, without comment or complaint.
...At first an occasional customer protested against 'having his coal put in by an ex-convict.' To such McFadden said, 'I hold myself responsible for my men. When you have a claim against me, present it. You'll get your money. If you don't like my men you must go to some other dealer.'

As McFadden had the only wood and coal yard in town, it was not always easy, on the spur of the moment, to think of a fitting answer to this argument.
...At the end of five years Craig was McFadden's superintendent. To-day—less than ten years after his release—the sign over the office reads, 'McFadden & Craig, Coal, Wood, Lime and Cement,' and the junior partner is as heartily respected as any man in town.
...Let Craig himself—for the story is a true one—tell what brought about the brave and patient rehabilitation. To a man who shares his confidence he once said:

'I was a church member before I made my slip, and I was sincere, although I did go wrong; but as soon as I was arrested every loafer in town began to make my case a church matter, declaring that it was an illustration of the usual hypocrisy. The church-members on the other hand, never once reproached me. They wrote to me, and when they visited me in prison, and in general they showed me every kindness.
...When my time was up, I determined to come back here where I had made my fall, and try to redeem myself, to show the friends who had stood by me that my church connection had helped and stren-

gthened me, even if I had proved unworthy of it.'
...What would have been the probable result if this man had held the opinion, so often entertained by thoughtful persons, that church membership is a diploma of respect, instead of a bond, a union, for better living and a nobler manhood?
...Sleep!

More than any others who have attempted that difficult feat, Sir Edwin Landseer in art and Rudyard Kipling in the 'Jungle Stories' have succeeded in making real to us ordinary, unseeing, unappreciative humans the comedy and tragedy of animal life. But a case of 'Dignity and Impudence,' as plain as Sir Edwin's famous picture, a case in which the chief actor was an Indian adjutant-stork,—that unbecomingly but interesting bird which figures so vividly in Kipling's tale of the 'Undertakers,'—is reported from actual life by Mr. C. J. Cornish. The adjutant, like his fellow storks of Europe, has a fancy for perching on the towers and pinnacles of lofty buildings.

'In one town,' says Mr. Cornish, 'it was noticed that an adjutant always sat at the top of a native college. An Englishman who was engaged in examining another part of the roof, noticed that a single brick had been laid on the parapet, and that the adjutant anxiously to gain a couple of inches in altitude, was standing on this brick—poised, according to outcome, on one leg. A crow slipped up behind and pulled the stork's tail, upsetting it twice from this post. As it approached to do this a third time, the adjutant caught sight of it, darted down its enormous beak, caught the crow and swallowed him whole! After which, with a touch-me-not expression it reoccupied its brick pedestal.'
...Was ever comedy more unmistakable or retributive tragedy more overwhelming?

No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Mergent Dyes—Price ten cents for any color.
...Fatal Loquacity.
...In a New England village, rich in quaint and amusing characters, John Bates was renowned for his ability to hold his tongue. The gift approached genius, but John was keenly alive to what he considered its incompleteness—although of course he said nothing about it.
...He made mattresses for a living, and one day a native of the village came into his shop and said:
...John, what's the best kind of a mattress?
...Husks,' said John, and said no more.
...Twenty years later, so the tradition runs, the same man came again to the shop and asked 'what, in Bates's opinion, was the best kind of a mattress.
...Straw,' said John.
...Straw? You told me husks was the best!
...John gave a despairing sigh. 'I've always ruined myself by talkin',' said he.

A CARD.
...We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.
...A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
...W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
...Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
...W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
...E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
...G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
...R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
...S. Walters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
...Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
...C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
...S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
...N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
...G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
...C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
...Hastings & Fines, Druggists, 65 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

