

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

The Globe Interviews Dr. J. D. Maher and Presents a List of Testimonials and References Received by Him of Which any Young Man Might be Proud.

Where people from all parts of the city and country go when in quest of good dental work. The Hale Method of Painless Dentistry used exclusively at these offices. Has done more to bring the importance of the care of the teeth before the public than any other dentist in this province.

Our temporary, the Globe, on Saturday evening, printed the following interesting interview with Dr. J. D. Maher of North End, which will, no doubt, be perused with interest by readers of PROGRESS. It is quite a tribute to Dr. Maher as a Surgeon-Dentist:

Who is there that does not know the pang of an aching tooth, and how many thousands in this city have cause to thank Dr. J. D. Maher for the introduction of the now famous Hale Method of painless dentistry, which after eight years' constant use in this city is today more popular than ever?

It is a question whether there is another dental office in Canada that turns out such thorough and such a quantity of dental work as do the Boston Dental Parlors of St. John of which Dr. Maher is proprietor.

After ten years of constantly increasing and strictly up to date practice, Dr. Maher has so well established himself in his profession that his name is a household word in the Maritime Provinces wherever the subject dentistry of a superior character is discussed.

Employing only those who are adepts at the business, it is no wonder that the quality of the work is of so high a character. Thousands of patients feel grateful for the easy and painless manner in which they have had teeth extracted or filled.

Patients from all parts of the Maritime Provinces, Maine and elsewhere may be found daily at his offices awaiting treatment, which is the very best compliment that could be paid.

When a reporter called the other day he was surprised to find that all the offices had been refurbished from the top to bottom, presenting a beautiful appearance. The place was recently beautifully decorated by Mr. Joseph Craig. The walls are covered with choice steel engravings, and the rooms furnished with the best of everything by Messrs. M., R. & A.

New dental chairs, fountain spittoons, saliva ejectors, and all the latest and best appliances have been introduced. This has been one of the chief factors of his success, and he spares no pains or money to secure the best of everything for his patients, and his charges are as reasonable as they could be—only the very best materials being used.

No students are allowed to practice on patients, as he considers it an injustice to have uneducated, inexperienced youths tampering with the teeth at an unsuspecting people who go to a dental office in good faith and pay their money expecting to get reliable work.

All kinds of dental work are performed there, and several sets of artificial teeth shown the reporter, some on gold, some on platinum, others on silver, aluminum and rubber, containing gold crowns, gold fillings, etc., were masterpieces of workmanship, whilst the specimens of crown and bridge work made at these offices, and in which a special pride is taken, cannot be surpassed in Canada.

These offices, which are under the charge of a lady assistant, are open daily from 9 a. m. until 9 p. m.

We present today cuts of the rooms, which fail to do them justice as they cannot easily be photographed; however, the work performed by Messrs. Erb and Wesley is particularly good, considering the disadvantages.

The introduction of the now famous Hale Method has revolutionized dentistry in this province. Dr. Maher can very justly lay claim to being the "Father of Painless Dentistry," in New Brunswick, and the Hale system cannot be used by any other dentist in the city of St. John, Canada, has sold to other dentists the exclusive right to use it in certain parts of Canada. That he can do all he claims is vouched for by hundreds of our most reliable citizens.

He is also registered in the United States, and is the only dentist in Canada not practicing in Nova Scotia at present who is entitled to do so, being fully registered in that province. He expects to open a branch office in Halifax as soon as he can complete arrangements, as a large practice awaits him there.

He is at present arranging for a branch office here in the South End, which will no doubt be in keeping with the one in the

North End, which has no superior in Canada.

Now that the vacation is coming, parents should not fail to have their children's teeth attended to, as they are powerful factors in assisting digestion, which means good health. We highly recommend any one who may be in need of such services and desirous of obtaining reliable dentistry to visit the Boston Dental Parlors, 527 Main street, North End, where an examination of the teeth will gladly be made free of charge, and where one may feel assured of obtaining efficient workmanship.

We present here a few names and testimonials of the many hundreds of which Dr. Maher has been the recipient, the fact of having the endorsement and the praise

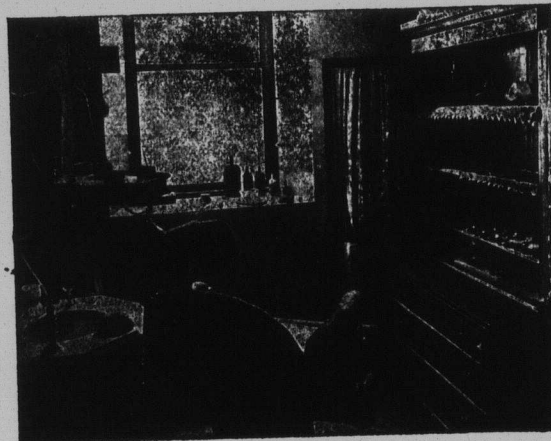


RECEPTION ROOM.

mission to use the names of the following best known and trustworthy officials, clergymen, physicians and citizens is a notable proof of the position held by him as a dentist in this province.

The following are a few of the names of those from whom he has received letters, testimonials, or who have been pleased to permit him to use their names as a reference:

- HON. A. R. McCLELLAN, Governor of New Brunswick
- HON. A. G. BLAIR, Minister of Railways and Canals, Dominion of Canada.
- HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, M. P. P., Premier of New Brunswick.
- HON. H. R. EMMERSON, M. P., ex-Premier of New Brunswick.
- LATE HON. JAS. MITCHELL, M. P. when Premier of New Brunswick.
- D. J. PURDY, Esq., M. P. P., St. John.
- WILLIAM SHAW, Esq., M. P. P., St. John.
- FRED LA FOREST, Esq., M. P. P. Victoria Co.
- T. M. BURNS, Esq., M. P. P., Gloucester Co.
- O. M. MELANSON, M. P. P. Westmorland Co.
- JOSEPH FORIER, M. P. P., Kent Co.
- DR. SILAS ALWARD, ex M. P. P. St. John, N. B.
- EDWARD SEARS, Esq., ex Mayor of St. John.



EXTRACTING ROOM.

- HON. H. A. MCKEOWN, M. P. P. Solicitor General of New Brunswick.
- HON. C. H. LABILLOIS, M. P. P. Chief of the Board of Works of New Brunswick.
- HON. A. T. DUNN, M. P. P., Surveyor General of New Brunswick.
- HON. JUDGE LANDRY, Supreme Court.

- SENATOR J. V. ELLIS, Editor of the Globe.
- GEO. ROBERTSON, Esq., M. P. P., ex-Mayor of St. John.
- VERY REV. MGR THOS. CONNOLLY, Vicar General.
- REV. ALFRED ROY, C. S. C., President St. Joseph's, Miramichi.
- VERY REV. M. C. CORDUKE, C. S. S. R., Rector St. Peter's.
- VERY REV. J. McNERNEY, C. S. S. R., ex Rector, Roxbury, Mass.
- REV. JAMES FEENEY, C. S. S. R.
- REV. JAMES WOODS, C. S. S. R.
- REV. JOHN CRONIN, C. S. S. R.
- REV. JOSEPH BOURGMAN, C. S. S. R.
- REV. EDWARD SULLY, C. S. S. R., Rector of St. Peter's.

- FRED W. JENKINS, Captain of Police Department.
- DR. HOWARD FRITZ, Oculist, Sydney St.
- DR. LUCEN BELLEVEAU, S. ediac, N. B.
- DR. RUDDICK, St. Martins, N. B.
- MESSRS RAYMOND & DOHERY, D. W. McCORMACK, Esq., Proprietor Victoria Hotel.
- J. J. McCAFFREY, Esq., Proprietor Dufferin Hotel.
- J. H. BOND, Proprietor Carvill Hall.
- W. H. M. QUADE, Esq., Proprietor Grand Union Hotel.
- FRED SANDALL, Esq., City Chamberlain.
- A. C. FARWEATHER, Esq., Robesay, N. B.

present state of the law, before allowing such examination to take place. I think, however, you deserve credit for bringing this matter before the public, and in due time your efforts may bear fruit.

Yours sincerely,
L. J. TWEEDIE.
Hon. H. R. Emmerson, M. P. ex-Premier, writes:

Dorchester.
Dr. J. D. Maher, 527 Main St., St. John.
Dear Sir—I certainly have a very high appreciation of the value of your suggestions to the Board of School Trustees of your city. That more attention is not given to the subject by all of us is certainly a matter of some surprise, or at least should be. The value of your many testi-



OPERATING ROOM, No. 1.

- JOHN CONNOR, Esq., Government Contractor.
- JOSEPH FINLEY, Esq., Retired Merchant.
- ERNEST MACMACHAEL, Esq., Wholesale Merchant, Dock St.
- C. J. MILLIGAN, Esq., Manager of The Telegraph.
- JOHN BOWES, Esq., Editor of Gazette.
- JAMES KELLY, Esq., General Passenger Agent I. C. R.
- W. J. STARR, Esq., Coal Merchant.
- M. COLL, Esq., Chairman of Board of Liquor Commissioners.

TESTIMONIALS.

Governor McClellan writes:
Government House, Fredericton, N. B.
Dear Sir—It affords me pleasure to state that Mrs. McClellan has derived great satisfaction from your dentistry treatment, and not only the painless extraction, but also the subsequent work.
I am, yours, etc.,
A. R. McCLELLAN.
To Dr. Maher, D. D. S., St. John.
Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Premier, writes:
Chatham.
Dr. J. D. Maher, Boston Dental Parlors, No. 527 Main St., St. John.
Dear Sir—I have read with a great deal of interest your letter of the 13th ultimo, addressed to the Board of School Trustees of the city of St. John,

monials as to the merits of the so-called "Hale Method" would indicate that had Burns lived in these days he never would have had occasion to write his feeling "Address to the Toothache." I sincerely trust that you may energetically pursue the path which you have so clearly mapped out; public attention will surely be arrested by necessity of some action. It does not require a Shakespeare to teach us.
"For there was never yet a philosopher
"That could endure the toothache patiently."

Although he took occasion to tell us so.
Yours faithfully,
H. R. EMMERSON.
WILLIAM SHAW, M. P. P.
Mr. H. A. McKeown, M. P. P. a leading barrister and Solicitor General of New Brunswick, says:
Dr. J. D. Maher:
My Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in expressing the complete satisfaction which I received from your treatment.
Yours very respectfully
H. A. MCKEOWN.
JUDGE McLEOD.
St. John, N. B., 18th June, 1901.

Dr. Maher:
Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the satisfaction given a member of my family through dental work done for her in your offices.
Yours faithfully,
ALFRED MARKHAM.



OPERATING ROOM, No. 2.

upon the subject of "Examination of Children's Teeth. I am convinced of the importance of the matter of which you treat, but at the present time there may be many difficulties in the way of carrying out your suggestions. Many parents would consider it an interference with their individual rights, and the trustees of school boards would hesitate, under the

Dalhousie.
Dr. J. D. Maher, St. John, N. B.:
My Dear Sir,—I have had the Hale Method used while having teeth extracted and suffered no pain whatever. I have recommended it to several of my friends since.
Yours truly,
C. H. LABILLOIS.
Continued on page eight.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Christine Nielson two years ago disposed of her American investments and decided that she would spend the rest of her life in her native land. She has not been heard here since 1884, when she was a prima donna in a company singing at the Metropolitan during the first year of its existence. At that time she received \$2,000 for every appearance and her expenses were paid, so she was more fortunate than the singers who come here today. Her early poverty—she was the child of a peasant family—had taught her the sufferings that came from lack of means, and in spite of her large earnings she was always in dread of some accident that might deprive her of her fortune, and when she finally retired it was with wealth sufficient to insure her comfort. She lived for a while after she left the stage in London, later in Paris, and then decided several years ago, after a visit to her old home, to settle there permanently. She sang first in this city at the academy of music on Oct. 23, 1871, as Lucia with Brignoli as Edgardo, under the direction of Max Strakosch. She next sang Marguerite with Victor Capoul and during that season appeared as Violetta, Martha, Zerlina and Ophelia, a role which Ambrose Thomas wrote for her. She returned the next year with Max Strakosch, when Italo Campanini was for the first time a member of the company. Victor Capoul, Guseppe del Puente and Anni Louise Cary were also in the Strakosch band that year and Victor Maurel sang Valentine in the "Faust" performance. Mme Nielson sang in "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto" and in "Les Huguenots", Valentine and during the spring season Elsa, Ilma di Muska, who was in this country for the first time during that year, was prima donna of the rival Maretzek troupe singing at the Grand Opera house. Mme. Nielson after these two seasons remained in Europe until 1883, when she returned to sing at the Metropolitan under Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. She had also appeared in concert, and so great was her strength of voice and physique that she sang regularly four times a week, which Mme. Schumann-Heink alone is able to accomplish today. After her return from this engagement she sang in concert in some of the European cities and then retired altogether.

Emma Eames has just sung Aida for the first time in London and her associate as Rhadames was Ernesto Tamagno, Milka Ternina sang Elsa for the first time there, and Mme Melba reappeared as Mimi and Lucia on the same evening. Mlle. Calve's arrival has been repeatedly postponed and Anton van Rooy has gone to Bayreuth. Albert Saleza is to sing Mylio in 'Le Roi d'Ys' in July. It was in this role that he made his first appearance at the Opera Comique. Fritz Scheff is to sing Urbain in 'Les Huguenots' when Mlle. Brevat comes to sing in London. There is much complaint from the public concerning the stage management and nearly every feature of the performances which are called unsatisfactory and the result of amateur management that is going to have serious results in the future unless artistic and professional direction is allowed to have some influence. It is a fact that the Covent Garden opera is a plaything for Lady de Grey and an effort to conduct a season that shall afford them amusement and lose no more money than possible. It is a laughing stock in Europe and the really eminent artists appear there only a few times and then retire in favor of mediocrities that make up the rank and file of the performers.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was presented at the Mechanic's Institute by the George P. Stetson Company on Wednesday afternoon and evening. The attendance was good and the performances much enjoyed.

The Country Merchant opened a short engagement at the Opera house on Thursday evening. The company is a fairly good one and the different performances were well attended.

Sarah Bernhardt, J. M Coquelin opened their London engagement last week. L'Aiglon was the play presented. Both the players received almost continuous applause.

The Silver Slipper a new musical play the combination of Owen Hall and Leslie Stuart is being successfully produced in London. It is not unlike Flerodora, one of this season's grand successes and will probably be very popular.

It is reported that Richard Mansfield will revive Macbeth next season.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt states that she doubts her ability to master English sufficiently well to be able to play Romeo to Maud Adam's Juliet. Mr. Frohman is said to be much concerned about the matter, but says he is quite willing to let the performance take place in French.

Inez Leonard, the young actress who was murdered at Key West recently was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Wallace. She was but eighteen years old and had been on the stage since her third year.

Ethel Barrymore fainted from the heat during the performance of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, at the Garrick, Wednesday night, but revived and finished the play.

Clyde Fitch is at Carlsbad. He has contracted to write a play for Annie Russell.

Elsie Leslie has been engaged to play Glory Quayle in The Christian next season.

Mr and Mrs Charles Pinkett left on Friday for Bay Fortune, Prince Edward Island, where they will occupy the cottage of Mrs Chas Coghlan, who has placed it at their disposal. They will return here about Aug. 1.

Julia Banc will spend the summer at the Catskills.

Frank Hall Crane is passing the summer in Western New York.

Lewis Baker and Erank Worthing sailed for Europe in the Campania Saturday.

Giulia Valda has rented a cottage at Saratoga. She intends to give a few concerts there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pullman have gone

to Luke Hopatcong.

A divorce has been granted to Virginia Allison from A. E. Morse. Both are well known before the footlights.

Lovers' Lane is doing a fine business at McVickers.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was given in Tiddish at Glickman's Theatre in Chicago recently.

There are only two theatres open in Boston at present writing. The Hollis theatre will open about the first week in September, the others following immediately afterward.

Anne B. Satherford is to appear in Leo Ditrichstein's new romantic play, to be produced at the Broadway, and may go abroad for the summer. She made one of the hits in The Wooing of Priscilla.

Julia Marlowe gave her 158th performance when Knighthood Was in Flower, at the Criterion Theatre last week. This closes her summer engagement.

The Spooner Stock Company presented For Fair Virginia, at the Park Theatre in Brooklyn last week. Miss Edna May Spooner assumed the name role and met with considerable success.

King Dodo is having a successful run in Chicago.

The Casino Girl is still having a successful run in Chicago and other Western cities.

Eugenie Thais Lawton has been engaged by James O'Neill as leading woman next season's company.

The Katherine Ryber Company is meeting with considerable success in Providence R. I. where they have been playing for several weeks.

When Discouraged

Turn to Dr. Chase.

He Cures Every Form of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before, you, that there is no cure for piles. Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friend about it; ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one, Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of

piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the old country have tried most every remedy.

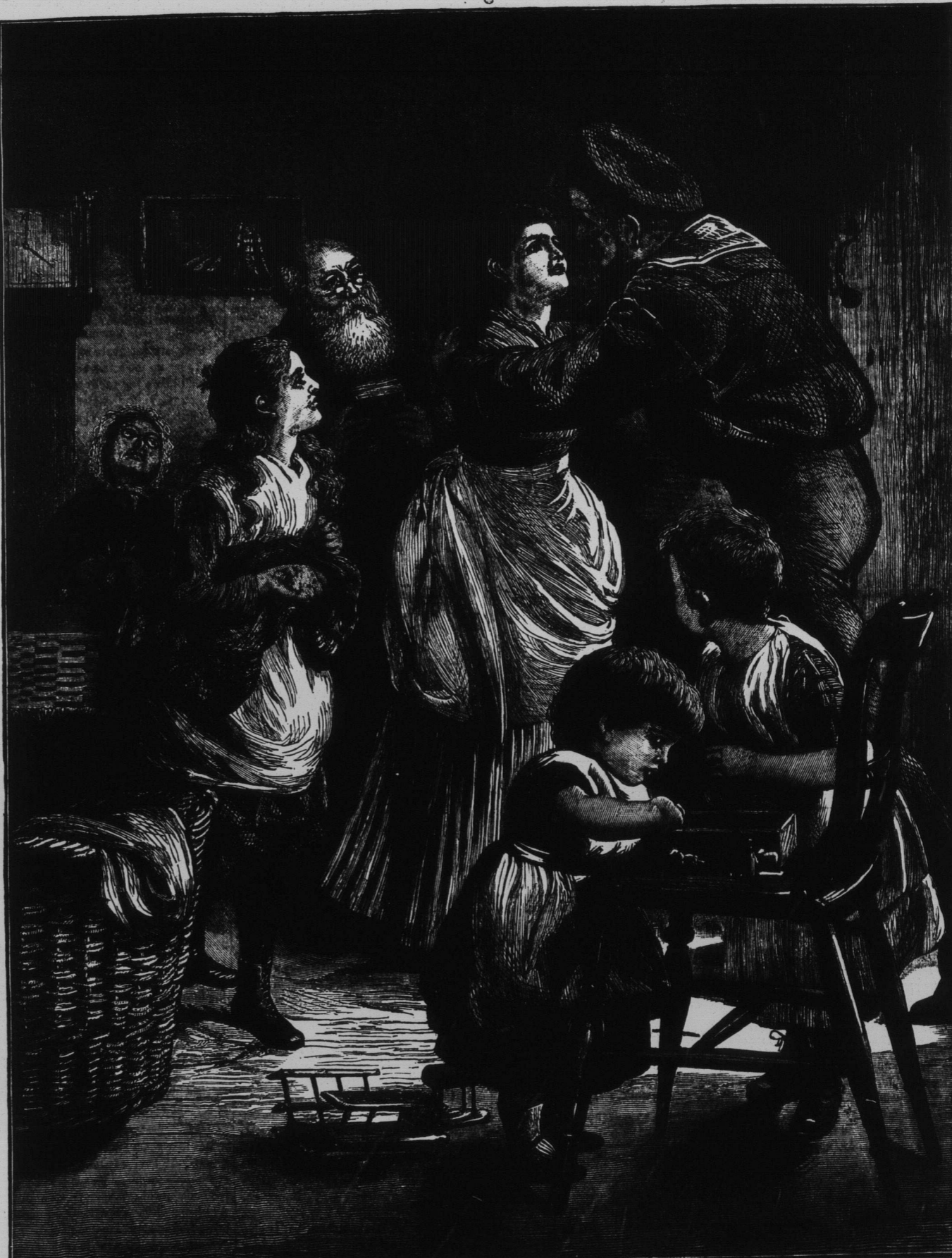
"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box." Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment the only absolute cure for piles.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Cissy Lottus with an excellent Vaudeville company has been playing short engagements in upper Canadian cities.

A recent Buffalo paper says that the Bergomaster is running along smoothly at the Star fair business. The last act has been localized so that now instead of the Chicago World's Fair it is the Pan-American Exposition that is visited. The electric tower has been handsomely reproduced in this scene and the local jokes meet with a good reception. Gus Weinberg, Edith Yarrington, Ida Hawley, Alma Dorge, and others have become local favorites. The engagement will probably last several weeks longer.



THE SAILOR'S HOME-COMING

References

istry used exclusively

of the law, before allowing... I think, you deserve credit for bringing before the public, and in due course may bear fruit.

Yours sincerely, L. J. TWEEDIE.

R. Emmerston, M. P. ex-officio.

Dorchester.

527 Main St., St. John.

I certainly have a very high opinion of the value of your suggestion to the Board of School Trustees.

That more attention is not given to the subject by all of us is certainly a matter of surprise, or at least of regret.

The value of your many testi-



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Yours faithfully,

H. R. EMMERSON.

LIAM SHAW, M. P. F.

A. McKeown, M. P. P. a lead-

ter and Solicitor General of New

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Mahet:

ar Sir,—I have much pleasure in

the complete satisfaction which

from your treatment.

Yours very respectfully

H. A. MCKEOWN.

JUDGE McLEOD.

ohn, N. B., 18th June, 1901.

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ir,—I have much pleasure in

to the satisfaction given a mem-

family through dental work

her in your office.

faithfully,

ALFRED MARKHAM.

No. 2.

Dalhousie.

D. Maher, St. John, N. B.:

ear Sir,—I have had the Hale

used while having teeth extracted

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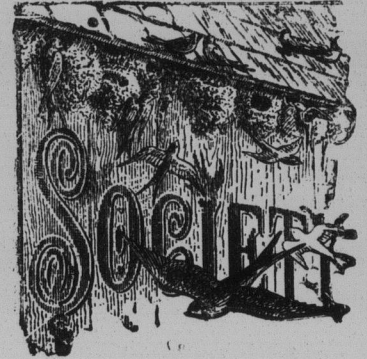
Yours truly,

C. H. LABILLOIS.

Continued on page eight.

BAKING POWDER
Wholesome

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...ddy!' he said, looking up a...
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The week just closing has not been marked by anything of unusual interest in the social line. The production of the dainty opera H. M. S. Pinafore being about the only break in the monotony of an otherwise unusually dull week.

The daily papers have given such a detailed account of the opera and have been so generous in their praise of the youthful talent that Pinafore has very little left to comment upon.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings the attendance was rather disappointing, but on Wednesday afternoon it was everything that could be desired.

Miss Marjorie Baraby as Josephine, Miss Daisy Sears as Cornelia and Miss Geraldine Hogan as Little Buttercup all came in for a full share of well deserved recognition. Miss Baraby's voice is beautifully clear and sweet and suggests great possibilities. Miss Geraldine Hogan made a dainty buttermilk, she is apparently perfectly at home on the stage, betraying very little nervousness. Her voice is strong and clear and her enunciation really splendid. Miss Daisy Sears assumed the part of Hebe with her usual grace. Her costume was very pretty and dainty and she was the recipient of much applause and many floral tributes.

The little boys were all appropriately and attractively dressed in man-of-war suits, their solos and choruses were all well sung and they had evidently taken as much interest as the little girls in the preparation of their parts.

The stage settings and groupings were under the direction of Miss Clara Jean Brennan, Mr. L. B. Sharpe and Mr. Bertrand Harrison. They with Mr. Collinson are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts.

ST ANDREWS.

June 27.—Mr Chas M Wallace of Providence is here for the season.

H F Rigby of St Andrews won the Governor General's medal at King's college, Windsor, for the highest average in degree examinations. Mr Rigby is to be congratulated upon this result of his diligence and studiousness. He is spending his vacation with his parents in St Andrews.

Rev A T Bowser is expected to arrive from Wilmington, Del., to-morrow.

Rev A B Motion of St Stephen is a member of the Board of Halifax Presbyterian college.

R W and Mrs Star of Wolfville, N S, are visiting Mr and Mrs D'Almaine, Minister's island.

Mr and Mrs Rupert D Hanson were in town yesterday. Mr Hanson has lately returned from New York.

Mr and Mrs DC Rollins and Mr and Mrs Alex McCracken went to Milltown last week to be present at the wedding of Harry Shaw and Miss King.

The Misses Parker of St Andrews obtained leaving cert. faxes at the commencement exercises at Edgell school, Windsor.

Miss Bessie Grimmer pupil at Netherwood is home on her vacation.

J Oscar Baldwin of St George, graduate of the St John Law School has had the degree of B O L conferred on him by King's college, Windsor.

Mr Arthur Ripsey of Port Arthur, Ont., is visiting his sister, Mrs W A Robertson and family.

Mrs J W Simpson returned from Boston on Saturday and went to Calais on Tuesday to attend the wedding of Miss Cook and Mr. Mills.

A gay wedding took place at Milltown on Tuesday last the principals being Mr John M Stevens, barrister of Edmundston, son of Judge Stevens, and Miss Ida McKenzie daughter of Mr James McKenzie. After the wedding the young couple started for Montreal on their wedding tour. A host of congratulating friends followed them to the train.

Mr William Andrew Mills, merchant of St Stephen and Miss Flora Emma Cooke, daughter of Mrs Chas E Cooke, Calais, were wedded at the Calais Congregational church Wednesday afternoon in the presence of a large number of guests.

Rev Calvin Currie and Mrs Currie returned to St Andrews on Saturday.

Thos McCracken has gone to Calais for her health.

Dr NGD Parker and family are at present in Nova Scotia.

Miss Marguerite Parker was awarded the gold star at Edgell church school, Windsor, for the highest percentage on the years examinations in two languages in Form V.

Mr Murray and wife of Deer Island were in town on Saturday.

Mrs Edward Stentford, of Peabody, Mass, is visiting old friends and old scenes in St Andrews. She is accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Blanch Clarke.

Dr Du Vernet Jack and wife of Grand Manan visited St Andrews on Saturday.

Rev Hunter Boyd and wife of Warrig have been guests of Mr Robert Kerr lately.

Mrs George J Clark and the Misses Clark of St Stephen, spent Saturday and Sunday at Mrs Nelson Clarke's.

Miss Edna Clinch succeeds Miss Wilson as organist of All Saints church.

Mrs Holt and family of Montreal, will summer at the Truedell cottage this season.

Mrs Magowan of St George has been visiting at her father's, Mr Thomas Black, lately.

Misses Carrie and Ethel Woster of Grand Manan participated in the closing exercises of Netherwood school, Robtsey. Miss Ethel Woster was among the prize winners.

from their wedding trip. Mrs Branscombe received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon at 189 Princess street.

Mrs. Arthur S. Bowman, (Miss Ethel Beer.) was at home to friends at her mother's residence Wright street on Monday and Tuesday. She went to West-field again on Wednesday.

Mr. F. Arnaud and Miss Constance Arnaud are guests at Rothesay hotel for the summer months.

Miss Helen Perkins is enjoying a vacation trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Elkin have returned from a pleasant trip to the Capital.

Mrs. W. S. McLaughlin of Minneapolis has returned from her visit to her former home in Fredericton and is now the guest of her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin, Leinster St.

On Thursday evening a very interesting and pleasant concert was given at the Chalet, Riverside. It was much enjoyed by those in attendance quite a number going out from the city for this purpose.

Miss Florrie Brown of the North End is visiting friends in Moncton.

A pretty though quiet event took place at the residence of Mrs Sydney B Patterson, Horsfield street, on Saturday afternoon last when her daughter Miss Jennie B Patterson was united in bonds of wedlock with Mr Douglas R Helmley of the firm of Messrs R Helmley & Co of Montreal.

Only the near relatives of the bride and groom were present. Miss Patterson wore a travelling suit of dark cloth with hat to match. Her attendant, Miss Clara Gerow was becomingly gowned in organdie over pale blue. The groom was supported by his brother Mr George Helmley.

At the conclusion of the ceremony a dainty luncheon was partaken of and the happy couple left on the early train for a honeymoon trip to New York, Buffalo and Niagara before taking up their residence in Montreal.

Miss Patterson is a very bright and popular young lady and will be much missed among her young friends in this city.

Miss Lizzie Carleton formerly of this city now of New York is here visiting her brother, Mr. J. Carleton Waterloo street.

Miss Lithgow of Portland Maine, is in town paying a short visit to friends.

Miss Helen McAvenny who has been studying at the Sacred Heart Academy, Halifax is spending the vacation with her father, Dr. McAvenny of Charlotte street.

Miss Shaw of Digby is spending the week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Sellick of Boston arrived here on Friday and will remain over Sunday.

Mr. W. F. Murray and wife of Boston are enjoying their honeymoon here.

The closing exercises of the different schools were as usual of an interesting nature. This is especially true of the exercises at the High School on Friday. The hall was crowded with the friends of the pupils and the entertainment much enjoyed. At its conclusion the prizes for the year were awarded.

The programme was as follows:

March, Merry America—Orchestra.

Essay, Notable Structures of the 19 Century—Walter Freeze.

Essay, Honor—Gertrude H Lawson.

Overture, Festival—Orchestra.

Essay, Value of Forgotten Knowledge—Jennie Green.

Essay, Schools of the Ancients—Harry Lunney.

Selection—Sixth ballet from Faust Orchestra.

Shakespeare—Merchant of Venice.

Casket Scene.

Introductory—Isabel Archibald.

Portia—Myra Frink.

Nettie—Bessie Everett.

Bassanio—W Smith.

Prince of Aragon—Maude Peters.

Prince of Morocco—Herbert Taylor.

Gratiano—Harry McLeod.

Solo—John Matthews.

Summary—Isabel Archibald.

Selection, March, Ye Boston Tea Party—Orchestra.

Essay, Oriental Civilization—Florence Estabrooke.

Valedictory—Mae Perkins.

The Oulch.

Thou little child with naked feet
That walkest in the noisy street
Whence comest thou, and whither goest?
Say, if thou knowest.

By muddy curb and glaring gas,
I see by thy footstep's pass;
On sodden face and ragged singer
Thy wide eyes linger.

Thou starest not by the window bright,
That flaunt their gaudy wares to sight
From gold and gems that show so bravely,
Thou turnest gravely.

Nor dainty food or glittering toy
Allure thy glance, Thou little boy
O where,urchin dost thou wander,
Oh what dost ponder?

Then said the Child, 'In wind and wet
I seek and seek a dwelling yet
Here is no stable and no manger
For me the stranger.'

The flower girl on whose tawdry gown
The drops of rain are soaking down—
Beneath her tattered shawl, unbidden,
Whiles naps I hidden.

The shabby, weary, faded folk,
Bowed down beneath the accustomed yoke,
With coarsened hands and faces hollow,
Homeward I follow;

'And I will enter all unknown
Across their threshold stone;
Poor, tired, obscure, they shall be blest there,
For I will rest there.'

Mr. and Mrs. City Branscombe have returned

"CREST" CORSET

will not break at the waist.
Bones will not wear through the cloth.
Absolutely rust proof, and not only a corset of strength—but a corset shape of grace and comfort.

No other corset to compare with it

TRY IT

\$1.25 to 1.50 a pair, drab and white.

Leave Your Orders Early for **Spring Painting, etc**

At **ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,**
153 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697.

H. L. & J. T. McGowan

We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.

Caramel Snowflakes

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

GROWN BEST OF ALL

Every lady who has worn Corticelli Skirt Protector crowns it the best of all protectors.

Its soft, porous, elastic texture, of pure selected wool outwears the skirt, sheds dirt and dust, dries out quickly.

Steam shrunken in the yarn, cannot pocket the skirt, cannot fade—no frayed edges, no cut-bottoms, no pulling away from the stitching.

Sewed on flat, not turned over.

Every dress goods shade.

Sold everywhere.

Stamped with this trade mark: **Corticelli**

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

ask for **'ST. AGUSTINE'** (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, ———

"Having used both we think the **'St. Augustine'** preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.

JOHN C. CLOWES;

E. G. SCOVIL (Commission and Merchant) **62 Union Street**

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Bucotouche Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Betting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY,

Fry's Cocoa.

Pure, rich and delicate of flavor. Healthful, nourishing Concentrated and hence has the greatest strength and is the most economical to use.

It has won medals and awards without number. A quarter pound tin of it costs but twenty-five cents and makes fifty cups of fine Cocoa.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Wood Ida suggested.

McGoldrick's idea that the dote be permanently engaged one in a sense, but it is the courage to propose such a common council. There is no why the policeman should be engaged than the firemen.

have important duties to official of the law in protect particularly and keeping firemen in protecting property looking after the lives.

in many cities smaller the fireman are well paid after with great care. In they appreciate their services a paltry sum of one hundred for some of the force and efforts of others are not too highly.

Not Without Works.

most popular as well as most gymgymens of the London East by Richard Free, who to similitudinal courage of his flock, has advertisement in the Topical

at Ead church will pay us for d allow the payment to go to arch of St. Cuthbert, here in will give them a thorough

ng.

men, women, boys and ll scrub, sweep, dust and own hearts' content and that chier friends in the common do it gladly for the sake of

ieve, with the experience I can not now be waxed and or varnish chairs with any wife is A1 at painting and

new the Hopes.

'said the tenderfoot to Two person, 'I suppose that you are rners call a 'bad man.'

don't exactly know,' replied n, 'but I'll say this for my need no guide when I'm

an Company at Chicago; are details for a pension depts- t-voys after they reach the . The company has from d to fifteen thousand persons , about seven thousand of ore porters on sleeping cars.

Would Like to Have

work; we will give you ever thing you would like done, it will be attended to. No nes and cuffs allowed to go noob at glass. Our flexible is well liked.

great many who are getting their laundry work. undry, Dyeing and Carpet ks. Telephone 58.

FOR ADVERTISING: COUNTY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALLUX NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the coveboys and at the following news stands and cents.

June 27.—Mr and Mrs F G Cox of Toronto arrived in town this week and will probably be here for some time.

Miss Mabel McMillan has returned from a very pleasant trip to Boston.

Miss Kathleen McMillan is visiting in Uncle Sam's territory.

Miss Katherine Pinsky and Ethel Blagay have returned from their studies at Edgchill.

A very pretty home wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mrs James J Lovitt.

The house was profusely and very tastefully decorated for the occasion with roses, ferns and other flowers.

Mr and Mrs Frank J Hughes have returned from their wedding tour and are receiving their friends' week.

Mr and Mrs Meehan is spending some time with us at Georgetown.

Miss Alice Stratham and Miss Notting were in Halifax people who sailed on steamer last week.

Mr and Mrs J Dingle are home from their wedding trip, and are receiving visits from their friends.

Mr W C Gates and family of Montreal, will spend their vacation this summer in the city.

The marriage was announced to take place on Monday, August 6th, at St. Marks church.

Miss Baldwin of St. George, N B is a guest of Mr and Mrs James Moffat.

Mrs James Dickey and Miss Dickey last week attended the closing exercises at Edgchill where Miss Grace is a pupil.

Mrs Montisambert wife of the manager of the Bank of Montreal gave a large at home on Wednesday afternoon of last week from 5 until 7 o'clock.

Mrs Robertson of the Experimental Farm is in Montreal for a few weeks for her health.

Mr Casswell Sharp and two children spent a few days in town visiting his relatives.

Mr R C Fuller is in Truro visiting her sister, Mrs George Nelson.

Mrs Charles Corbett, and little son, of Portland, Me., is visiting her parents.

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LOOKING BACK

To the time when she was plucked from the very grasp of death, the natural impulse of the womanly heart is thankful-ness for the means which saved her,

Those are the motives which prompted Mrs. Eva Burnett to write the accompanying testimonial to the curative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This is only one cure out of thousands. No one would dare say that the average woman was not as truthful as she is good.

He had no faith in the "Favorite Prescription." He had no faith in the "Favorite Prescription." He had no faith in the "Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

Dr. Wm Beckwith who recently completed his course in dentistry, returned home and is at present in Halifax.

Miss Edith Mullooney spent last week in Halifax.

Miss Minnie Snook is visiting relatives in Halifax County.

guests of Mrs McLauschins parents, Mr and Mrs Benj. Gordon, Birch street.

Rev A E U Morse, of Corning, N Y, brother of Dr L H Morse, of Digby, was married at Lockport Wednesday.

Miss Ella Wilson who has been sick at Granville for four weeks, was brought home Wednesday by the tug Freddie V.

Mrs F Sanders is spending this week in St. John.

The Salt of the Earth.

One day at the Church Missions House in New York, a young clergyman, who was at that time very little besides young,

Mrs Brunot, the wife of the Indian commissioner, was full of good works.

It is about as true, replied the doctor, 'as that other people won't take their own advice.'

Up in the Attic.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

APRIOL & STEEL PILLS.



A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

The Albert Toilet Soap Co. MONTREAL.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given! Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past,

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

A WIDOW'S BID.

As a sailorman, holding a certificate as chief mate, though at the time out of a berth, I was in the Maritime Exchange, San Francisco, when the ship Good Intent and cargo were put up at auction for the benefit of the underwriters. I had heard something about the queer voyage of the ship. She was from China and Japan, laden with teas, silks and fancy goods, and, being blown to the south among the islands by a typhoon, she had struck on a reef off one of the Necker islands. The shock dismissed her, and she was breaking up when her crew took to the boats and were picked up after several days of suffering. When it had been properly sworn to by master and crew, it was for the insurance companies to come down, and when they had landed over the cash programme was to put the wreck up at auction and hope to get a bid large enough to cover the cost of making out the papers.

There was just one bidder, and, to everybody's surprise, it was a woman. I soon heard that she was a widow and kept a boarding house for people of the better class. She bid \$100 for the wreck as it stood, whether still hanging on the coral reef or at the bottom of the sea, and there was a general laugh as her bid was accepted. She had recognized me as a sailor while writing to bid and had asked me the distance to the islands and I had ever been there. When she had bid in the wreck and was ready to go she gave me her address and asked me to call. Just what she was up to I couldn't figure out, but the fact of a woman bidding in a wreck was sufficient to satisfy a sailor that she was acting upon some information not possessed by the underwriters. I was on hand at the hour named, and I soon discovered that she was a woman of business. When she had made many inquiries about me and was evidently satisfied that I was all right, she told me she had discovered through one of her boarders that the cargo of the ship was far more valuable than appeared by the manifest. It seemed that some one had a private speculation in opium, the captain and mate standing in, and it was this knowledge that had caused the Widow Jackson to bid for the wreck. The secret had been let out by the mate while ill of fever and out of his head.

What the widow wanted of me was first, to ask if there was a possible chance that the wreck was still on the reef and if any part of her cargo could be got at; second, the cost of fitting out a craft to visit the scene, and third, if I would take a command on a percentage of what might be recovered and could spare a crew to do the same. The widow Jackson was a brisk spoken, decisive woman. She had been left money. The adventure would be a big risk, but if the wreck was found the profit would be enormous. All I had to risk in it was my time, and I soon decided to do that. Acting under her instructions, I looked about for a craft to charter and after a little lighted upon a brig which filled the bill. I also routed out among the sailor crowd a mate, cook and six men who would take all the chances if paid a month's wages in advance. I got figures on the necessary stores, and the widow took a day to look them over. I expected the sum total would frighten her, as the figure was pretty steep in spite of all I could do, but when I called again she said:

"I have got that amount of money and a little over. I am going to sub-lease this house for six months and go with you on this voyage. I see you have figured on a cook. Strike him off the list. I shall be cook myself. If I can cook and work here, I can do the same aboard of a brig, and we want no idlers. I have fully made up my mind to carry out my ideas, and you will go ahead as fast as possible."

I was pushing things along to get away at the earliest hour, when I heard that the late Good Intent was secretly seeking a craft for charter. Thus satisfied as to the value of the wreck if it was still intact and also made me hustle the harder. When we finally got away there was no talk

about it, and I was the only man who knew our real destination. That we should be followed within a week or ten days was certain, and we were no sooner clear of the heads than orders were given to crack on and keep the little booker travelling for all she was worth. We were in ballast only having cleared for Japan, and I had picked up a good sailer in chartering the Duchess.

There is a wide stretch of salt water and weeks of sailing between the California coast and the Necker islands, which lie in a southwest direction and number 12, great and small. Only the largest two are inhabited, but I knew that residents of them roved among the whole group and that shell gatherers and traders would be frequently met with. Among our outfit was a 6 pound cannon and 10 muskets, bought of a junk dealer in San Francisco. If we found the wreck, we might have to hold it by force and do some sharp fighting. From the first day of sailing until the morning we sighted Nigger island, one of the Necker group and the one where the Good Intent had left her bones, she appeared to be certain that our adventure would turn out all right.

The wreck lay there on the reef as she had been abandoned, and a yell came from every throat. We had simply to feel our way down to her as near as possible and then take the yawl and board her. She looked a sad wreck, but we found her in fairly good shape when we got aboard, halving the widow with us. The reef was half a mile from the beach, and the ship had driven on to it stem first, run about half her length and then made a cradle for herself. At high tide there were two feet of water in her lower hold; at low tide she was drained of every drop.

Now, see how queer are the ways of fortune. We had not been on the wreck an hour before two native catamarans, each carrying 15 islanders, hove in sight and came down to us. The fellows at once demanded a share of the loot, and we had to resort to the big gun to drive them away. They returned under a white flag before night and offered their services for pay, and 20 of them were engaged to assist us.

It would have been a great find without the opium, but the stuff was aboard all right. The value of the tin cases packed in one of the staterooms was not far from \$20,000, and of general cargo we took in a load which sank the brig to her pinnoil mark. In a week we were through with the wreck and ready to turn her over to the islanders for what they could get out of her. We up anchor and headed for the Pacific coast at noon one day, and within three hours we rose a bark which was heading straight for the spot we had left. It was the captain of the Good Intent, but he had come too late.

We made port after an uneventful voyage, the cargo was landed and disposed of with only a few days' delay, and one morning we were all paid off, said goodby to the widow, and I never saw her again.

Further Information Wanted.
In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been conflicting, and as the jury retired the judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Even of the jury had filed of the box but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly:
"I would like to know my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

First Carrier Pigeon—I once flew 100 miles in an hour.
Second Carrier Pigeon—Huh! You're a disgrace to the profession!
First Carrier Pigeon—Well, I'd rather be that than a meal for a hawk.

OLD TIME'S VIEWS OF BASEBALL.

"Smiling Mickey" Welch Talks of the Progress of the Game Since He was a Star.

"Smiling Mickey" Welch, who helped pitch the New Yorks to the pennant in 1888 and 1889, has interesting ideas regarding the progress of the game since he was one of the stars. The fact is, he does not think there has been much progress since then, and as he was a player of intelligence as well as of mechanical ability his opinions are entitled to weight however much they may be differed from. Welch lives at Holyoke, Mass., and comes here now and then to see a game, so he is not criticizing from hearsay.

"The pitchers nowadays have not got anything on the pitchers in the '80s, and players nowadays have not got anything on the players of those days," said Welch a day or two ago. "The same tactics were used when I was playing ball that are used now, and the only way in which the game has improved that I can see, is that there are more good players. There are more good pitchers too, a larger number of scientific batters and more fast fielders. That is natural in the development of the game, as it would be in any other business, but the first-class players of the present are no better than the first class players fifteen and twenty years ago."

"I know the pitcher has to stand back farther from the plate now, but that does not make pitching any harder for him except that it gives the batter more chance to time the ball. But look at the new foul strike rule that batters have to go against now. Why, the first thing they know the very best hitters have two strikes on them and are in a hole."

"They played the hit and run game in the '80s, but as I said, did not have as many players who could work it as now. I don't believe there ever was a better hitter than Anson; in fact, I think he was the best batter the game ever saw. Talk about place hitting, there was one man who could do it. Show me any pitchers of the present time who were better than Clarkson, Keele and Radbourn. Those men not only had the arms, but the head. They were pitchers of fine judgment. I believe Clarkson was the greatest pitcher that ever threw a ball. Nobody was in it with him in the knowledge of how to use a slowball. 'Lady' Baldwin was the only great left hander I ever saw."

"As an argument of what I say about old timers is the fact that the champions of today are instructed by one of the old-timers, Ned Hanlon. He, by the way, was the best base runner on the diamond in those days and the only one that gave Buck Ewing any trouble when the latter was in his prime. Speaking of Ewing, I believe he was the greatest ball player that ever lived. There may have been better catchers, but for knowledge of the game, knowing just what to do and all-around ability he had them all beat. Why, when I was pitching to him we used to waste three balls on such a good base runner as Kelly in order to get him to run to second and then Buck would give him a start and nail him by twenty feet. We always knew when a base runner was going down. We simply watched him, used our heads, and he would tell us himself. Ewing certainly was the king of them all and I've yet to see his equal."

Returned for the Pan.
Only the experienced and methodical housekeeper knows the agony of the woman whose maid forgets her tray while performing the ceremonious obligations of the house. That the importance of the tray is recognized in Milwaukee is evidenced by the relation, by the Sentinel, of the horror which seized upon a fashionable mistress while listening to conversation in the hall.

The maid had just arrived, and had been solemnly instructed as to the necessity of carrying the silver card-tray when answering the door bell. It was an 'at home' day, and the domestic, immaculate cap and apron rushed to the door at the first tinkle. The caller proved to be the most imposing representative of the very upper set.

"Sure, an' she's in," said Mary, affably, in answer to the usual inquiry, and started up stairs. Half-way up she turned and rushed madly back, snatched the card-tray from the table, and holding it out to the astonished visitor, exclaimed:
"And wasn't I after forgettin' me pan?"

The Little Seeds.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was asked recently why he devoted so large a portion of his charities to the establishment of free libraries. He replied, "When I was a poor boy at work in Pittsburgh, Colonel Anderson opened a little circulating library of four hundred volumes for boys. No one but he who has felt it can ever understand the intense longing with which I used to wait for Saturday to come, when I could have a new book. I resolved then if ever I had money to give away, I, too, would found a library for poor boys."

Colonel Anderson, as he distributed the worn volumes among the ragged urchins every Saturday evening, had no thought of the millions which would be spent in keeping up his good work.

No man who plants a single good seed can forget the tree which may grow from it, or the fruit which it may yield for the healing of men.

Many years ago, Mr. Childs, the well-known philanthropist of Philadelphia, was asked by a crippled boy for work. Mr. Childs secured a position for him as book-keeper in a neighboring town, and at parting gave him a volume containing biographies of certain great authors.

For thirty years Mr. Childs lost sight of him; then he heard of his death in New York. He had never married owing to his ill health. His one book had given him a passionate desire to know the works of the men whose history he read in it; every leisure hour he gave to study. He had amassed great wealth and had spent a large portion of it for rare books and manuscripts.

His library was one of his most valuable in the country. In his will he left it to the city for the free use of scholars, stating that he owed a debt of the comfort and happiness which books had brought into his life to that gift of a single volume from a kindly stranger.

Lady (to departing servant)—What shall I say in your reference?
Servant—Just that I stood it for six months, mum.
"Ah, Miss Clarinda! may I dream that you will return my love?"
"You may, but it won't come true!"

A Remedy for Worry.

It is impossible not to fret under certain conditions. Many a woman would be a wellspring of pleasure if she would only stop whining, scolding and fretting. It is not always inborn a hatefulness that makes her do these things; she is irritated and out of patience with others who do not do their duty, and doubly so with herself for not being able to accomplish all she wishes. She longs for more time and strength, then she thinks perhaps she could get through.

There are other women who have altogether too much leisure; their time is employed in pitying themselves, and magnifying all ills which fall to their share. Many lovable qualities are as naught when possessed by the complaining woman. Her friends, dread and her family endure her.

It seems a simple remedy—to go out of doors. Will that give time and strength to the over-worked woman, or cure the chronic growler? Yes; if coupled with judicious healthy exercise. It must be an exercise that will give a woman something to think of in place of the narrow "read-me!" either of real or fanciful or fabled cares. Mere exercise is not enough. A woman of family has sufficient of that in her ceaseless rounds. It is merely basing in the air, light and fresh air that will cure the dissatisfied, sick soul of the woman of leisure and groans. To get at the best results, pleasurable exercise and a fresh should be combined.

May—Charley Stubbs is a good dancer in his way.
Sue—Yes, and in everybody else's way.

"I suppose it is a long time since you have had stage light," said the friend.
"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but I have box office fright every now and then."

Hotel clerk—But, madame, the larger room is pledged to some other people.
Madame—That's all right; I'll just take possession, and when they come you can tell them you can't get me out.

Is it true, doctor, asked a patient, "that physicians won't take their own medicine?"
"It is about as true, replied the doctor, "as that other people won't take their own advice."

YOUR WHEEL
Should be at your service all the time. If it's a
CLEVELAND
it will be.
\$35.00 up. DUNLOPS.
Good Guarantee. Parts always in Stock.
W. H. Thorne & Co's., Ltd.,
MARKET SQUARE.

A GOOD BICYCLE
Well made, of a neat design and properly fitted, impresses people with the prosperity and progressiveness of the owner. Aluminum finished Genpron Bicycles are thoroughly up-to-date in every particular, fully guaranteed, Dunlop Tires, prices to suit all pockets.

R. D. COLES, 191 Charlotte Street.
LESS REPAIRS REQUIRED

FOR Dominion and Perfect BICYCLES
Than any other wheels on the market, if any parts are required they are in stock. Dunlop Tires. Good guarantee.
\$35.00 up.

J. CLARK & SON,
Germain Street, Near King.
E. P. DYKEMAN, Salesman.

The reason we get the biggest share of the bicycle business is on account of our past reputation for making things good. We give a guarantee that IS a guarantee, and keep the parts to back it up.

New Wheels, \$35.00 Up
Old Bicycles, 10 and \$15
CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Ltd.,
THE BIG BICYCLE STORE.
No. 64 King Street, Telephone 704.



Lady of Quality
real value and genuine merit; will use SURPRISE Soap for soon.
QUALITY is the essential element make up of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY is the secret of the success of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY means pure hard soap remarkable and peculiar qualities washing clothes.

SILVERWARE
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION WILL IT WEAR?
NEVER BE ASKED FOR YOUR GOODS BEAR THE MARK
ROGERS BROS.
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more the train started there was a door of the baggage car, and, hard to the iron railing on the rear of the big Scotchman, with cap one jaw hanging nervously, swung rough the door and stood, rockward and forward on his heels and out of the astonished inspector. He tried to speak and then he to ejaculate, "Pose-tly shkrec. that?" gasped the inspector's comment pictured on his counten

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On the Eve of St. Valentine.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

"It may come in useful," decided Elspeth, who had no scruples about using it.

The worst side of her character was uppermost just then, and she was in the mood for anything.

She knew London pretty well, having gone there frequently with her uncle and aunt; and she felt no dismay now at finding herself alone in the great city, with little more than a sovereign in her pocket.

Having telegraphed for her boxes to be sent to the cloak room at the terminus, she took a bus and had herself driven to a business house in Chesapeake where a former servant of her aunt's had gone as caretaker.

This good woman, though greatly surprised to see her, made no demur about taking her in; listened to what Elspeth chose to tell her; and promised not to acquaint her relatives with her whereabouts.

In less than a week Elspeth de Windt obtained a situation as lady's maid, thanks to Lady Chester's reference.

She had answered several advertisements, signing herself Alice Hunt; and travelled down to Yorkshire some days later as maid to the Hon. Mrs. Whitaker, of The Mount, Skarsdale.

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Wakeman had purposely kept the sisters apart during all these years.

She did not wish them to grow intimate, as they possibly might have done had they met as children, her own friendship with Mr and Mrs Leek being of a most cordial description.

Her ladyship, therefore, after spending several years abroad, settled herself at the Manor, without paying even a flying visit to the uncle and aunt of the child she had adopted.

She wrote from time to time, the girls should meet when one of them had a bus brand to occupy her thoughts, and so present undesirable intimacy between them.

Her last letter had announced Marie's marriage to a wealthy colonial from Tasmania, who purposed taking his bride thither for their honeymoon, during which he would wind up his affairs out there, to settle afterwards in England.

Lady Wakeman was thankful that the carefully brought up Marie had run no risk of contamination from association with her unprincipled twin, when she heard of Elspeth's mis-conduct and subsequent flight—doubtless with the unknown of the city dress ball.

Elspeth would have been more amused than indignant had she known of what she was suspected; for her uncle and aunt shared Lady Wakeman's belief that she had gone off with the man who had personated Midnight on St. Valentine's Eve.

The prosaic reality was a decided contrast to her supposed fate.

The Mount decidedly lacked cheerfulness as a residence; but the pay was good.

Mrs. Whitaker was not an exciting mistress.

Alice Hunt continued in her employ for the space of six months, at the end of which the poor lady died after a short illness, bequeathing her maid, much to the latter's astonishment, the sum of £100 in acknowledgment of her faithful attention.

Now for the first time Elspeth thought of Elspeth as she had been in the past; and she thought, "I have helped to nurse two people, and I like it. I'll study nursing as a profession."

She had not forgotten "Prince Midnight" by any means.

It was but dimly felt in Elspeth which gave her power to resist the temptation to make a slave of every man she met.

It was not her fault if the men servants at the Mount, admiring her black eyes and lissom figure, and fell victims to the nameless fascination which seemed to her mental and moral atmosphere.

The women, as well as the men, liked her, and were quick to perceive her superiority to the ordinary run of lady's maids.

"As much of a lady as Mrs. Whitaker herself," pronounced the house-keeper, when Alice Hunt had been there a week, and no one felt inclined to contradict her.

But Elspeth was not sorry to bid them goodbye, and return to her own station in life.

At the hospital, she met several nurses who were her social equals, and with these she allowed herself to grow intimate—still as Alice Hunt.

Not yet would she resume her rightful name.

She must feel sure of being able to earn her living in some way to which her uncle and aunt could take no sort of exception, before she would re-open any communication with them.

When she felt herself to be well on the way to the top of the tree in the noble profession she had chosen, she would send them a written record of her daily life since leaving the vicarage, and demand an apology for their unjust suspicion in the past.

At the end of two years, Nurse Alice was qualified to undertake the charge of patients suffering from almost any of the ills to which human flesh is liable.

In everything pertaining to her profession she was an undoubted success.

She had found her place in the world, and the work for which she was most fitted.

She was, therefore, not only happy, but

good in the truest sense of the word—not because temptation to evil was lacking, but because, being occupied from morning till night, and sometimes all night long in the bargain, in ministering to suffering fellow creatures, she had no time, and no inclination, to do wrong.

Mrs Leek's experience of Elspeth's childish days held good now; when thoroughly busy, she never even wished to get into mischief.

Having had a generous education in hospital work, Nurse Alice petitioned for private cases.

She joined a nurses' association, and led a life of social ups and downs for twelve months, at the end of which time she was sent to nurse Lady Camperdown, of Colleton Park, through what proved to be her last illness.

Lady Camperdown was over eighty years of age; there was nothing actually the matter with her except that the sands of life were fast running out.

Like everybody else, her ladyship took a great fancy to the black-eyed, soft voiced nurse, whose cheerfulness never seemed to fail, and who was attentive and kind to an unusual degree, endearing herself not only to the old lady, but also to Lord Camperdown, who when utterly broken down at his wife's death, entreated Nurse Alice not to leave him.

She remained for several weeks longer, and then said she must go, as Lord Camperdown had really no need of a nurse.

"But I shall be so lonely," said the old gentleman.

"You have plenty of grandchildren," was the reply. "Why not have one of them to live with you?"

"I want you, and nobody else, he declared. 'I know you would insist on going, sooner or later, and I made up my mind what I should do when the time came.'

"Well?" said Nurse Alice. "What shall you do?"

"Marry you, my dear."

"Marry me?" Lord Camperdown exclaimed. "Marry you," he repeated, "to all intents and purpose. I want to leave you sufficient money to make you independent for the rest of your life. This is out of gratitude to you for your tender care of my dear dead wife, and for your kindness to myself. The only way I can do this, to prevent subsequent annoyance to you, is to marry you."

"There are some of my grandchildren who would insist on disputing the will, if I left you money without having married you on the grounds of my mental inability to make one, or they would accuse you of exercising undue influence over me. I am not at all sure that my heir would not be the first to make a fuss. I am not particularly fond of him. I only wish his scum of a cousin was in the direct line, instead of only being connected with me by marriage."

"But that is neither here nor there; and Adrian must inherit, in any case, after me. This is the question in this; will you give in to an old man's whim, so far as to allow him to ease his mind of the burden of gratitude which—"

"I have only done my duty, Lord Camperdown."

"I may think otherwise, my dear. What I ask of you is simply to change from Nurse Alice into Lady Camperdown. You shall be as free in every respect as you are now. All I desire of you is your sweet companionship for the remaining short period of my stay on earth. Don't decide at once. Take a few days to think it over. If you agree to grant me this favor—and I think you will not have the heart to refuse a request so easy to comply with—we will be married quietly in some London church and go abroad for the winter."

Having said all he had to say, Lord Camperdown walked away and left Nurse Alice to her own thoughts.

Had this strange and unlooked for proposal come earlier the answer would have taken the form of an immediate and decided refusal.

But all these weeks of idleness were not without their effect on the complex character of Elspeth de Windt.

She had deteriorated considerably, from a moral point of view, since Lady Camperdown's death.

Her present life of idle luxury suited the lower side of her nature as thoroughly as the hardships of nursing had satisfied the higher.

Then again the memory of "Prince Midnight" was jading to a mere dream.

Why should she any longer dwell on the doubtful possibility of meeting him?

Had he declared love been a living thing he would have found means, long ere now to have in some way evaded his promise not to seek her, or to learn who she was.

Elspeth's decision was a foregone conclusion before she had given many moments to consideration of the matter.

Her moral muscles were too far relaxed to brace themselves to resist the temptation laid before her.

When Lord Camperdown asked her, that evening, if she had made up her mind she replied very characteristically—

"One part of me has, and it won't let the other part speak. That is to say, Nurse Alice knows very well that she ought to say 'No, thank you, my lord,' with her prettiest courtesy; but Elspeth de Windt, declines to give her the chance.

"Eh? Who did you say?"

"My real name is Elspeth de Windt. Lord Camperdown; only, I will ask you to keep it a secret for the present."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. But it is a curious coincidence that my grandson—and heir—should have married a Miss de Windt. That is a secret, by the way, now I come to think of it. Lady Wakeman told me in confidence."

That name aroused no particular memory for Elspeth; Lady Wakeman had seldom been mentioned at the vicarage of late years. What puzzled the girl was the fact of a mystery surrounding the name of the future Lord Camperdown.

"Do you mean she—your grandson's wife—does not know her own name?"

"That is the case, my dear, strangely enough. She imagines herself to be Lady Wakeman's cousin. Her ladyship adopted her in infancy, and gave her own name to the child; I believe the parental de Windt had been a bad lot. Probably you belong to another family. But we stray a little from our subject. You shall tell me another time as you choose to reveal. At present my chief thought is how to make sure of you before you change your mind, or lend a foolish ear to the other part of you."

"You need not fear, Lord Camperdown. There is nothing left for Nurse Alice but the dress; I am all Elspeth de Windt now."

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear. All the same, I shall lose no time in converting you into Elspeth de Windt. My grandson, the other de Windt girl will be Lady Camperdown some day, so I don't see why you should not have your turn first. She is not half so pretty as you are, nor yet so pleasant a companion. She thinks too much of her own convenience to have time to study that of others. I am very grateful to you, Elspeth de Windt, for humoring my little whim. You shall not regret it, child."

"I think the gratitude should be on my side, Lord Camperdown. Just think what a change it will mean for me! To lead a life of hard work and enforced self-sacrifice, for one of perpetual leisure and luxury I only hope you may not regret it. I tell you candidly I don't altogether trust Elspeth de Windt. When she is at work she is all right; but when she is idle she is all wrong."

"I'll risk it, my dear, I'll risk it."

Lord Camperdown dropped a parental kiss on her white forehead; and asked her to play him to sleep.

She went to the piano at once; but it was some time before the old gentleman's eyes closed.

He was watching her with a humorous twinkle in them and his mental soliloquy was as odd as his smile.

"Grandmother and granddaughter! They shall meet as soon as I can contrive it, and Lady Wakeman ought to be present. Black sheep and favorite pet bas-lamb. Well, I'll back my black sheep against her bas-lamb any day. Time will show—time will show!"

CHAPTER V.

"At last! Where, in Heaven's name have you hidden yourself all these years?"

The well remembered voice sent a thrill through every nerve; but young Lady Camperdown looked the speaker calmly in the face as she said: "Pardon me! and passed on to her carriage, as though she had not understood."

He watched her a moment, noting the elegant richness of her dress and the well-appointed vehicle with its thoroughbred horses.

Then his eyes wandered to the footman, who was closing the door on his mistress, and a glimpse of a very familiar face in the far corner of the carriage kept the man rooted to the spot for seconds in supreme bewilderment, even after the equipage was out of sight.

"I'll swear it was Elspeth! And yet, how can it possibly have come to pass that she is the adventuress we have been denouncing so heartily of late? I must go and hurry Marie; or shall I call without her?"

Lord and Lady Camperdown, after wintering in Rome, were lingering a few days in Paris on their way home.

The old gentleman was feeble, requiring in every truth, the constant care Elspeth lavished on him as a salve to her conscience for what she had done.

She did not feel by any means satisfied that she had done right in consenting to go through the marriage ceremony for the sake of enriching herself.

Of course it is done every day, but that is no reason why it should be a right thing for any self-respecting girl to do.

When they returned from their drive that morning they found a letter from Lord Camperdown which had arrived while they were out.

He read it languidly, but quickly became interested.

"My dear he said in some excitement, 'my grandson's wife was in Paris, and proposes to call on us this afternoon with her husband's cousin, who also happens to be staying here.'

"Yes?"

Elspeth felt a little nervous.

She had looked forward with some dread to the inevitable meeting with her new connections, who, she knew, must regard her as more or less of an adventuress.

But there was no trace of nervousness about her when she entered the room an hour later, dressed quietly, but tastefully, to receive her guests.

"You don't look much like a grandmother," said Lord Camperdown, with the ghost of his old humorous smile playing round his mouth. "I shall be interested to see how you play the character."

"Please, don't!" she pleaded. "I feel terribly afraid of your grand-daughter."

"You needn't, my dear; you are far away the prettier woman of the two. Mrs. Adrian Conroy is rather incaipid to my mind. But you will get on with my hand-some scamp of a n

you to marry him when I am gone."

"Dear Lord Camperdown, it vexes me when you talk like that."

"I believe it does, child. I think you are really fond of the old man."

"I should be ungrateful if I were not, after all your kindness," was the heartiest response.

"Madame Conroy et Monsieur Clayton," announced a waiter ushering in a fair doll-like girl and a man, at sight of whom Elspeth's heart stood still.

She saw only him, as Lord Camperdown uttered a few words of introduction.

This first meeting with her twin sister was as though Marie had not been present.

What was this smiling blue eyed woman to Elspeth, compared with the man whom she had never really forgotten, though they had met but one short evening?

"You must be friends, you two girls; you look near of an age."

These words of Lord Camperdown's recalled his young wife to herself.

With an imperceptible start she turned to glance at Marie, who was regarding her curiously.

"I am surely older than Mrs. Conroy," she said hurriedly.

"In present company I have no objection to giving my age away," said Marie, laughing; "but it must not go out of the family, Lady Camperdown. I was twenty-two on the third of October last."

"So was I," said Elspeth; and then she fell to wondering if they were by any possibility related.

Her heart went out strangely to this pretty piece of humanised Dresden china.

Was it only because she had been told that Marie Conroy had been Marie de Windt?

But the liking appeared to be mutual.

Adrian Conroy's wife was saying to herself at the moment—

"I don't dislike her as much as I expected. In fact, I don't dislike her at all. I only hope Anselie will not admire her too much, for then I shall feel in duty bound to hate her, and that will not be easy."

Anselie Clayton, however, gave no sign of what she thought of her grand uncle's wife.

He was too much concerned to learn how it had come about that she had married Lord Camperdown to appear interested in anything else.

Of course, everybody knew that the old gentleman had married his nurse; but Clayton had never heard that "Miss White," whom he had, with a very little trouble, been able to identify as Elspeth de Windt, niece to the Vicar Lougton, near Rockles had taken to nursing.

It was generally rumoured at Rockles that she had eloped with a man whom he recognized as himself, and right heartily did he reproach himself for having acted towards the girl in a manner likely to have given ground for such a suspicion.

Later, when he again made inquiries in London, he was told she had been recommended by Madame Ravier to some London house, and, going on this clue, he had sought her at all the principal customers' establishments in London house, and, going on this clue, he had sought her at all the principal customers' establishments in London and Paris.

"When is Adrian coming home?"

Lord Camperdown's question, directed more to Anselie Clayton than to Adrian's wife served to arouse the man at last.

"Next month, I believe, uncle. Marie heard from him yesterday."

"Tasmanian affairs not wound up yet?"

"They've been a long time about. If I were Marie I should protest against Adrian's frequent absences."

"If you were Marie, grandfather," said she of that name, with a chilly little laugh, "you would know that it is more than possible to have too much of a good thing—as represented by Adrian's constant presence. Don't look shocked, Lady Camperdown. It is only that Adrian and I have quite outlived the rapture of early wedded life."

Elspeth began to feel sorry for this blue-eyed girl, whose husband, apparently, left her much alone.

But what was Lord Camperdown asking now?

"And where was Lady Wakeman when you last heard from her?"

"Staying with some very old friends called Leek—I forget the name of the place, in Buckinghamshire somewhere."

"Langton Vicarage, near Rockles," supplied Clayton, his eyes on Elspeth.

She started visibly at this time, and appeared on the point of speaking, but changed her mind.

When leaving, he found opportunity, amidst the farewells, to murmur in her ear—

"You see I have not forgotten; and neither have you, though you would have me think you had."

She flushed and paled, and flashed again.

Truly, Fate was fond of playing frolicsome tricks in bringing them together in such curious fashion after long years of waiting!

"Well, what do you think of my grandson's wife—our fair grand-daughter?" inquired Lord Camperdown, when the door had closed on their visitors.

"She is sweetly pretty—much more so than I was the ready response."

"That is a matter of opinion. You are something more than pretty. Certainly you are not much alike. I wish Lady Wakeman was here; she wanted to perform the introduction between you two."

"Why?" asked Elspeth, in natural surprise. "I don't know Lady Wakeman."

"Yet she is an old friend of your uncle and aunt?"

"Yes; but I never remember seeing her at the vicarage or elsewhere."

"You will probably meet her before long, my dear. But you have not told me what you really think of the future Lady Camperdown? Perhaps you don't know that she married Adrian for the sake of what he represented in the way of position, etcetera? She would greatly have preferred his cousin. Only, I don't think Anselie

gave her a chance of choosing between them. He would be more likely to admire you—as I trust he will do to some purpose some day."

"Don't!" said Elspeth sharply.

"Where had you met him before, my dear? You did not meet as strangers?"

For a moment she was confused to speak.

Then, with the honest courage that was one of the best things about her, she told Lord Camperdown the story of her girlish love for that particular St. Valentine's Eve.

He only smiled indulgently, and patted her approvingly on the shoulder.

"He was more to blame than you, my dear. Anselie was always a bit of a scamp; but he's thoroughly forgotten, for all that. You have no need to be ashamed of your foolishness; girls have wild oats to sow as well as boys. Prudes are as objectionable as prigs, every bit. And you have neither of you forgotten that night. Come, come, that looks promising for my plans for your future. It sets my mind at rest, too, about Adrian's wife. She is quite ready—for all her careful bringing up—to make a fool of herself over that handsome rascal, Anselie; and men are but human. But, it is in love with you, she will be safe."

"I have no wish that he should be in love with me, Lord Camperdown."

"Not even if it saves your sister? There, the murder is out! Lady Wakeman will never forgive me for anticipating her."

"My sister! Elspeth had heard nothing after that magical word, 'sister.'

"Your twin-sister, my dear, born the same day, of the same parents, and very wrongly separated in infancy. Lady Wakeman ought to have taken the pair of you, or have left both alone."

"My sister!" said Elspeth again. "My twin-sister! No wonder I felt drawn to her. I must go to her at once, Lord Camperdown. She ought to know the truth before she gets into the habit of disliking me."

He made no attempt to hinder her, setting himself for a well-earned hour or two of repose when she had gone, quite satisfied that he had done right in making the sisters known to each other.

Not in vain had he studied the two characters.

Marie was weak at her moral backbone, with no strength to resist temptation should it come to her in a pleasant form, as it generally does.

Elspeth might, through idleness, drift into idly, just for the sake of something to use up a little of her superabundant energy; but she would never sin through weakness.

Her influence would be good for Marie, who would of necessity yield to the fascination Elspeth exercised on all with whom she came in contact.

Her strength would balance her sister's weakness; and the result would be beneficial to both.

CHAPTER VI.

"You!" exclaimed Elspeth, as Anselie Clayton rose to greet her, in the room where she had expected to find her sister.

"Even I. And why not?" he asked, smiling.

"Why not, of course!" she answered hurriedly. "It was only that I expected to find my—to find Marie here alone."

"Your grand daughter, were you about to say? I am glad you changed your mind. The next thing would be that I should hear you calling my unlucky self your grand-nephew. I don't think I could stand that, Elspeth."

"I prefer to be called Lady Camperdown, Mr. Clayton."

"Naturally—most girls would. Thank you for the reminder. I had forgotten the rise in your social status."

"Do you know where Marie is?"

Elspeth ignored the nasty retort with a calmness that made him ashamed of having given utterance to it.

"I do not. We parted at the door of an enticing military establishment. I came here for a quiet smoke, on the understanding that Marie might, or might not, turn up in an hour or so."

"Does she permit her gentleman friends to smoke in her drawing room? I presume this apartment is equivalent to her drawing room at home?"

"My cousin's wife permits me to do whatsoever I please in her drawing room. Lady Camperdown, I am allowed the licence my cousin would claim as a right, were he here—where he ought to be—instead of in Tasmania, where he ought not to be, perhaps."

"Mr. Conroy's whereabouts is nothing to me. In yours I own to feeling some inner-est."

"You are very kind. Is it Lady Camperdown to whom I owe that speech, or the Goddess of Night?"

She thrilled under the look in his eyes.

All her old love for him surged up in her heart, making her long to be the Elspeth of old, with no barrier between them.

But the memory of the trusting old gentleman whom she called husband helped her to crush down the longing, and answer as she might have done had he been within hearing.

"I spoke as Lord Camperdown's wife, Mr. Clayton. I have nothing to say to you in any other character."

"I feel very properly snubbed," was the smiling retort. "But, may I ask Lord Camperdown's wife to explain her present absorbing interest in me? Of course I know it is not an unusual thing for married ladies to feel—it isn't that they don't openly own to it—a more or less absorbing interest in some man who is not bound to them by the holy tie of matrimony; but I confess I did not expect a Lord Camperdown's wife."

Elspeth controlled her rising wrath, and coldly replied—

"I've not time to consider yourself from my own point of view; instead of from your own, you will see that I regard you as being of no personal importance at all. That is to say, it is not as

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)

Sunday Reading.

PRIESTS FOR FIFTY YEARS.

A Remarkable Anniversary to Be Celebrated by Bishop Potter This Week.

Bishop Potter, of New York has invited the clergy of his diocese to a dinner in the refectory at the General Theological Seminary, Chelsea Square, on Saturday, June 29, to meet five of his clergy who 50 years ago were ordained to the priesthood by Bishop De Lancey of Western New York. These five clergymen are not only in good health but also in the active exercise of their calling. Such a combination as the fiftieth anniversaries of five clergymen coming at once is so unusual in the history of the church that Bishop Potter felt himself called upon to celebrate, and he has appointed a committee consisting of the Rev. Dr. H. Mowett, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Pott and the Rev. C. S. Lewis to make arrangements for a dinner to which all the clergy of the diocese are invited.

The clergymen who will be so honored are the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., the Rev. P. H. Cady, D. D., the Rev. W. W. Olssen, D. D., the Rev. J. S. Spencer and the Rev. W. S. Coffey. They were all ordained priests by Bishop De Lancey, the first Bishop of Western New York, on St. Peter's day, 1851.

Dr. Gallaudet was educated at Trinity College, Hartford, where he took his M. A. degree in 1845, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Whittingham of Maryland in 1850. He has been known as the apostle of the deaf mutes in New York city for about half a century and still exercises an active ministry among them.

Dr. Cady is the professor of evidence of revealed religion and sub-dean of the General Theological Seminary, where he has been a member of the faculty since 1889. He was rector of Grace Church, Newark, for nine years and of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, for ten; and when he was appointed a professor in the seminary he was rector of St. James' Church, Hyde Park. He was educated at Woodward College, where he was graduated in 1843. He received an honorary doctor's degree from Columbia.

Dr. Olssen is a professor at St. Stephen's Episcopal College, Annandale, and was for twenty years rector of the church of St. James the Less, Scarsdale, N. Y. He is the author of several books, notably of 'Universal and Special Revelations,' published in 1885.

The Rev. Mr. Spencer was until quite recently the active rector of Christ Church, Tarrytown and only reigned his charge a few months ago in favor of his son.

The Rev. Mr. Coffey is still in active charge of St. Paul's Church, East Chester. As senior presbyter of the Diocese of New York in the absence of the Bishop he presides at its meetings until a chairman is elected. He is a remarkable man for his years. He married his wife only a short time ago.

Messrs. Gallaudet, Cady, Olssen and Spencer were not only ordained priests by the same Bishop in 1851 but they were also ordained deacons together by Bishop Whittingham of Maryland.

Such an instance of five men ordained priests by the same Bishop half a century ago, and still in the enjoyment of good and in the active exercise of their ministry in the same diocese, is probably without a parallel.

A Famous Prescription.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end:

Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more!

But, doctor, began the bewildered patient.

Go home and read your Bible an hour a day, the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, then come back to me a month from today.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience.

Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she was back to his office. Well, he said, smiling as he looked he looked at her face, I see you are an obedient patient and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?

No, doctor, I don't, she said modestly. I feel like another person! But how did you know what was just what I needed?

Madam, said he, with deep earnestness, if I were to omit my daily reading of this book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation but I read my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure.

Yet I confess, doctor, said his patient, that I came very near not taking it.

Very few are willing to try it, I find, said the physician, smiling again. But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it.

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. It will do no one any harm to try it.

Appropriate Recognition.

A metal tablet, crated in readiness for shipment, recently attracted the attention of visitors at the reception room of the secretary of the Navy in Washington. It was beautifully executed, and bore these words:

Here lived during the Spanish-American War Frederick W. Ramsden, consul-general of Great Britain. He died at Jamaica, August 10, MDCCLXXXVIII. The Navy Department of the United States, in token of his humanity to American naval prisoners, erects this tablet to his memory.

Ramsden, as the consular representative of the British government at Santiago, remained there during the siege, after the other consuls, for greater safety, and quit the city. His chief duty was to look after the concerns of British subjects; incidentally, he took a deep personal interest in the American prisoners whom Spaniards had captured.

He used his influence, under the rights of international law, to have them removed to a place where, in case of bombardment, they would not be in special danger. He also bought for them such delicacies as his means would provide. The Spaniards had none too much to give their own soldiers, and our men, as prisoners of war, could expect still less.

Probably as a result of his close attention to duty, Ramsden's health failed. He went to Jamaica, hoping to recuperate but instead died two days before the peace protocol was signed.

Although he was a British officer, our Navy department has wisely seen fit to remember him. From old scrap-iron that had covered ships of war the skillful workmen of the Washington gun shop have executed two or three tablets. One goes to the house where, as consul, he used to live, so that the visitors to Santiago may not forget his self-sacrificing services. The other has been placed in the museum of the Naval academy at Annapolis, where have been collected for the inspiration of the cadets, trophies from many fields of valor. An additional placard there recites that this is a duplicate of the tablet erected in Cuba.

The protests of antiquely people against the docking of horse's tails seem to have little effect on fashionable turnouts, but it is worth noticing that no horse thus mutilated ever gets mustered into cavalry service; and it is said that in polo-playing 'the long-tailed ponies are much the cleverest in turning, and shifting their course; perhaps because' as with birds and fishes the tail serves as a steering apparatus.

She—Tell me, Mr. Spatts, what is the difference between a ready-made tie and one you tie yourself.

He—Oh, about an hour. Hewitt—You should sleep with your head to the north. Jewett—I can't; our flat doesn't run that way.

Baby Incubators at Berlin.

An intensely interesting Pan-American exhibit to physicians is the infant incubators. These are situated in a most carefully constructed and complete building near the Service Building and Emergency Hospital, at the West Amherst entrance. The crudeness of the methods of attempting to rear premature or weekly infants, by wrapping them in wadding, sheepskin, or feathers, or by keeping the cot close by the fire, impelled Dr. Crede, some sixty years ago, to the invention of an incubator consisting of a metallic box with double sides, through which hot water was caused to flow. Dr. Tarnier of Paris, in 1878, conceived the idea from the incubators for poultry installed by M. Odille Martin, at the 'Jardin d'Acclimation, at Paris, of applying similar apparatus to the rearing of prematurely born children, and the first incubators on this principle were used in the Paris Maternity Hospital in 1880. The results proved satisfactory, and led to the formation of a private institution in Berlin for the preservation of these unfortunate infants. Its success was great, and many healthy and developed children both mentally and physically, now meet in annual reunion to give indisputable testimony to the fact. In 1897, a public exposition of the system was given in London and the entries in the visitors' book, among which we noticed the names of such representative obstetricians as Clement Godson and others, amply testify to the satisfaction it aroused. Since that date, a permanent institution of the kind has existed successfully in London.

American physicians have now the opportunity of examining its workings for themselves. Briefly the construction is as follows: The incubator is a glass case in a metal frame, supported on metal legs. In it is suspended a cot of woven wire, a dequately padded. Fresh air is admitted by a large tube from outside the room. This air, first passing through an antiseptic fluid and being filtered through cotton, enters at the bottom of the case and strikes an umbrella-like shield below the cot and is thus deflected downward till it meets the warm current of air provided by a Bunsen's burner placed outside the case. Inside the incubator is a thermometer, which by its contraction and expansion, automatically works a lever outside, lowering or raising a cover on the burner, and thus directing more heat inside the incubator, or letting it escape outside, according as the inner temperature falls below, or rises above the required degree. A thermometer in front registers the degree existing. The foul air escapes from above through an air shaft.

In a large sanitary room, well lighted, stand about a dozen of these incubators, occupied by premature or weakly infants, swathed in German fashion. These infants are sent by the local physicians and handed over to the care of the institution. They are weighed, properly clothed and placed in the incubator. They are generally under five pounds in weight on admission. A staff of wet nurses is kept on the establishment, all of them being medically examined and carefully selected. They live in the building and their diet and regimen are carefully regulated. The infants are taken out of the incubator every two hours to be suckled, a trained nurse sitting by to see that the child actually receives nourishment, and is not merely, fruitlessly 'put to the breast.' Those that are too weakly to exercise suction are fed with the Gavage spoon until they become robust enough to feed themselves. At the back of the incubator room is a model nursery, where all that forms part of sanitary toilet for the infants is performed. A miniature elevator takes the infants to the upstairs quarters to be fed during the night. The temperature is kept equable throughout the entire building at a degree comfortable for adults, without oppressiveness, while in the incubators the little patients can have any required temperature all to themselves.

It is stated that out of the very large numbers of premature and weakly children that have been submitted to this artificial rearing, upward of 85 per cent could have been saved, as compared with the normal 25 to 30 per cent under ordinary conditions. The success of this method in Germany, France and England should certainly lead American physicians to take this opportunity of studying it for themselves.

'Ah,' sighed the fond mother, 'two souls with but a single thought!'
'Yes,' echoed paterfamilias, 'and less than one dollar. I don't know how they're going to make it, Mary, unless—er—perhaps that single thought they've got is that papa's going to put up for two.'

'Charley,' said the affectionate little wife, 'didn't you tell me those blue chips cost a dollar apiece?'

'Yes,' 'Well, here's a whole box full of all colors that I bought at the bargain counter for 75 cents.'

The Sultan and His Bags.

An old dispute recently reached a climax at Constantinople. For a long time the leading powers of Europe have maintained post offices of their own at the Turkish capital. Established originally for their official representatives, they have been used freely by others of their subjects who sojourned in the sultan's dominions, and did not care to have their mails subject to Turkish scrutiny.

Turkish officials, from the sultan down, are suspicious of anything that is under seal. They do not like to have newspapers entering the empire with no opportunity for the censor to blot out dangerous articles. They do not like to have letters coming in which they cannot open and re-seal. Every foreign mail-bag, coming straight from its point of departure to the post-office of an embassy at Constantinople, fills them with uneasiness, for who can tell what seditious views may be contained in the newspaper articles or the private letters which it carries?

Early last month the sultan's curiosity and alarm overcame his discretion. He ordered the postal authorities to seize the foreign mail-bags and distribute their contents. If this proceeding had been merely a breach of etiquette, it would have been annoying to the ambassadors, especially as their official despatches were in the mail-bags. But it was a direct breach of international law as well, for the right to maintain their own post offices is secured to the powers by an ancient treaty.

The ambassadors resented the indignity, and notified the Porte that their governments would hold the Turkish authorities responsible for tampering with the mails. Thereupon the sultan made his offense greater by intimating that the bags had been used for smuggling. The communications conveying this insult were returned to him. Probably the sultan had hoped to find in the bags incriminating letters of the 'Young Turkey' conspirators, but he succeeded only in directing against himself an energetic 'concert of the powers' which speedily forced him to make an abject apology.

In addition to the five thousand dozen of wine from her late Majesty's cellars which are to be auctioned off in London, royal relics, says an English paper, 'are being cleared off in all directions with astonishing haste, and among them will be put up to auction a set of ninepins with which his present Majesty played as a child; toy garden tools formerly owned by the Empress Frederic; an original painting by Queen Victoria, drawn and signed by her when twelve years old; and, so says the catalogue, part of the beard of George III.'

The latest development of the motor car is a funeral hearse, which is known as the auto cataloque. When it was first introduced, a while ago, at a funeral in Paris, it created something of a panic among the people who crowded the church. When the undertaker's man pressed an electric button the coffin began to traverse the aisle, moved by an unseen power. The strange scene so frightened the people that they shrieked and fled in terror, and were only induced to return after lengthy explanations had been made and the principle of the electric coffin trolley has been demonstrated to them.

Burglary is becoming an extremely scientific trade. The latest story in this connection comes from Spain through the 'London Globe.' A thief, who looks like a well dressed gentleman, carries in his overcoat pocket a very strong electric battery. This is joined by wires to a metallic plate which he carries in the palm of his hand. On meeting a lively-looking victim he stretches out his hand, pretending to a previous acquaintanceship. His victim grasps the hand, receives an electric shock which renders him powerless, and has his pockets rifled. This, says the 'Globe' is quite the latest and most literal thing in assault and battery.

After the fitting out of the steamer 'City of Owen Sound' this spring, says the Owen Sound 'Times,' a swallow built its nest under the guard, a name applied to the extended main deck of the vessel above the hull. She followed the 'Owen Sound' on her trip to the Soo, and frequently visited the nest when the steamer was under full steam. On the down trip the sea was rolling high, and the crew expected that the nest must certainly be washed away, but examination after the arrival at Owen Sound showed that such was not the case, and that the swallow's marine home was still intact. It is a strange place for a bird of any kind, and particularly a swallow to choose for a home.

The French courts were puzzled some time ago by the case of a man who lost a bank note under remarkable circumstances.

ces. Dining on the terrace of a Narbonne restaurant, he let the bank note fall into his soup. He laid the note on the table to dry, and a gust of wind carried it away. A passing dog swallowed it, and the gentleman detained the animal, whose collar happened to bear his master's name. The owner of the note sued the owner of the dog for a hundred francs, the value of the note. There was much legal hair splitting, but at length the court arrived at a decision which surprised most people, ordering the owner of the dog to refund the hundred francs.

There is now a club in Vienna of which the sole members are divorced women. It was opened quite recently, and already thirty eight women have joined it. The object of the organization is to provide a home for its members and to secure remunerative work for those among them who are obliged to earn their living. A benefit society will also be started in connection with it as soon as there are sufficient funds in the treasury. At the first meeting the question arose as to whether women who had been abandoned by their husbands but who had not sought a divorce should or should not be admitted as members. 'They should not,' said several, 'because, though they could be free if they chose, they prefer to remain in slavery, and hence they show that at heart they do not believe in woman's inalienable rights.'

A Warm Welcome.

Skagway heralded the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's steamship Islander in its port on her first trip by the following glowing report, which appeared on the front page of the 'Daily Alaskan.'

'Sunday afternoon half of the population of Skagway accepted the cordial invitation of Captain Foot to inspect the steamship Islander. Captain Foot was personally in charge and he was very solicitous to see that everybody had a chance to see the fine ship and partake of the good things. He was most ably assisted by Agent Dunn, Mr. Humphrey and every member of the crew. They were all just as polite and attentive as though those aboard had paid their hard cash to be taken care of.'

It would be difficult to give an accurate description of the vessel and her appointments without going into the minutest details. The ship's exterior is well remembered by many Skagwayans, but the interior has been so completely changed that it was absolutely unrecognizable yesterday. The fittings are most elaborate and the decorations are all of artistic merit and present a harmony of view which is indescribably grand.

The dining saloon is exceptionally large for a ship of the proportions of the Islander. Its finish could scarcely be finer, it would seem. The furnishings of the ladies' cabin, the lounging room and other parts are of the finest. One of the attractions which is always looked for by the sea traveller is a chance to promenade. The Islander's cabin is so located that a splendid walk can be had around it. But it is in the state rooms where the well being of the passenger has been zealously guarded. Every arrangement and detail which could possibly contribute to the comfort has been provided. From main trunk to keelson, from stem to stern the ship is kept scrupulously clean. As many minded their way up toward the viewing the vessel and enjoying the hospitality of Captain Foot they were constrained to say she was the finest vessel with the most popular skipper on the run.

On the way up there were many musicians on board and the last night out a concert was given, at which T. R. Humphrey pre-sided.

What If—

The other afternoon, writes a correspondent of the 'Outlook,' I overheard the remarks of two little girls who were leaning against the railings of a private park ablaze with dense masses of waving daffodils.

'Oh, moil ain't there a lot!' exclaimed one child.

'Aye, ain't there just!' rejoined the other. 'And Oi say, wouldn't they be beautiful if they was pink!'

The same day, adds our correspondent, I was on my way to the cottage of a rheumatic old woman whose one daughter, hitherto her helper and support, lay seriously ill. After briefly recounting her troubles in answer to my queries, she finished up with: 'Ah, well, with it all, us has a deal to thank the Lord for; whoi, 'E moight 'a made us pigs!' And quite a pleased, grateful smile passed over her brow puckered old face.'

Miss Meek—I understand Mr. Minty is a great football player.

Rice—Yes. He inherits the tendency from his father who is a chronic kicker.

'So you loaned Harbinger the money, did you?'

'Yes.'

'What did he say?'

'He promised to pay with alacrity.'

'He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: if there's one thing that's scarcer with him than money is alacrity.'

A monster of iniquity—a vice president. A pledge of affection—a pawned wedding ring.

Make Way for the Ladies.

In Michigan there is an Indian school where the children of the more or less noble red man are instructed in Anglo Saxon graces and civilities. One of the teachers says:

It is very interesting to study these children, especially as we have them from four different tribes.

The boys have a sense of humor. In my flag drill last Friday the partners were a boy and a girl, and where the lines intersect to form a cross I taught the boy to let their partners go first; and much trouble I had to do it.

After the exercise Isaac Crane came up to me, and in his solemn way, said:

'Miss B., in letting the girls pass in front of the boys you have struck at the foot of an Indian national custom.'

'How so, Isaac?'

'It is the custom for the man to go first, carrying his dignity, and for the woman to follow, carrying everything else.'

In Manningham's quaint old diary for 1603 is found this queerly spelled account of a little exchange of favors between the queen and one of her courtiers:

Mr. Francis Curle told me howe one Doctor Bullein, the queenes kinsman, had a dog which he doted one soe much that the queene understanding of it requested he would graunt hir one desyre, and he should have what soever he should aske.

She demanded his dogge; he gave it, and 'Nowe, Madam,' quoth he, 'you promised to give me my desyre.'

'I will,' quoth she.

'Then I pray you give me my dog againe.'

How They Met.

Bennet Burleigh, the English war correspondent, is authority for the following strange story: One day last autumn two officers, newly arrived from different parts of up country, met at Cape Town. Rather lonely and a good deal bored, they scraped acquaintance and found one another agreeable. When the dinner-hour came they agreed to dine together.

The keen edge of appetites having been taken off by a good dinner, the senior officer became a trifle more expansive.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before. I am Major S. of the—'

'Hello, are you?' said the other. 'I'm Lieutenant S., just joined,—your youngest brother!'

There was an unrehearsed scene as the two khaki-clad warriors sprang to their feet and pounded each other on the back which is the Briton's way of falling on the neck and weeping. They had not met for years, and the baby brother had meantime frayed into a tall youth with an incipient mustache.

He—I'm not living with my father in law any more.

She—Well, I don't blame him.

'We had three cases of appendicitis in the past three days,' said a rural exchange. 'That shows how the town is improving. A! we could boast a few years ago was ordinary in cases.'

'He seems quite celebrated as an author, and yet he has written very little.'

'Yes, for you see, pretty much everything he does is silly enough to afford material for a literary anecdote.'

'Yes, I am a confirmed bachelor.'

'How many times have you been confirmed?'

The telephone is in the Sandwich Islands; and as 'are you there?' in the native dialect is 'kals'iboiakau'vokoi?' you can imagine what kind of a time they have when they are speaking in a hurry.

'I can't get on with that young woman at all.'

'What's the trouble?'

'Oh, she gets mad when I say she's mature; and she gets mad when I say she's immature.'

'Meriba, you are a Christian Science believer?'

'Of course, Jonas.'

'Well Merthat, don't clean house—just sit out in the yard, while I'm down town, and give all the rooms absent treatment.'

Laura—I am afraid that you love another, Jack.

Jack—How can you talk that way, dearest? I've kissed you 30 times in the last two minutes.

'But if you really loved me you wouldn't keep count.'

Buttle—Yes, I find that marriage is economical.

Shyer—You spend less than you used to do you?'

Buttle—Well, not exactly that; but it comes to the same thing; I have less to spend.

Those berries you sold me yesterday were not fresh.'

'That's not my fault ma'am. I had 'em four days ago. It's not my fault that you didn't come along until yesterday.'

They were driving together when Miss Rocks, unsolicited, gurgled forth her views upon matrimony. 'Love is a dreary desert,' she said, 'and marriage an oasis.' Whereupon Mr. Shyly remarked that 'it certainly did require a deal of sand.'

The President's Wife.

The wife of a president bears no small part of the burden of his great office. It is much as it is with a clergyman's wife; a church employs only the minister, but it often demands much of his helpmate.

It is in social affairs that the wife of a President principally appears. Mrs. M. Kinley, on account of the frailness of her health, has always been excused by com-

mon consent from many duties which ordinarily fall upon the mistress of the White House. At the formal reception she has usually occupied a chair in the receiving line, and instead of attempting to shake hands with those who were presented to her, has merely bowed pleasantly as they passed.

Countless appeals are made to the wife of any President. Persons who seek to

secure some favor from him are known to be, without realizing how impossible it would become to transact public business in that way. For example, women who desire for their husbands appointments to office, to save the family from want, or for a son a cadetship at West Point, or the pardon of a nephew, often try to secure the intercession of the President's wife.

These requests are usually made by mail but personal appeals are not unknown. Moreover, the influence of the President's wife in behalf of experimental charities, young musicians and new books is constantly sought. In its bestowal the greatest discretion is necessary.

Mr. Sezz't—I'd like to buy a pipestem. Mr. Se'om—I suppose if I buy it I can keep it all my life.



ENJOYING THE SUMMER.



THE YOUNG MASTER.

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Chat of the Boudoir.

No family purse is so small that a wife is not entitled to an unquestioned share of it. An allowance for household expenses is prudent and commendable; when the income is limited and must be adjusted to the needs of a growing household, it is most obligatory, but over and above this allowance there should be a sum set aside, which shall be the wife's remodeled and unexpected pin money.

It is becoming quite necessary to give the home a summer dress as it is to provide one's self with a warm weather wardrobe. It helps one to keep cool when the mercury soars, just as the appetite is improved when a table is daintily spread. The temperature of a brick house in the hottest of cities drops 10 degrees if it is carpeted with a cool silvery matting, has faintly white curtains, and green woody looking furniture that makes you think of the depths of some forest. So housewives even if they have no summer home, are turning their city houses into seashore cottages, putting away their carpets and hot, stuffy furniture and decking their homes out in the lightest, coolest, airiest dress imaginable. And it is a good investment. It soothes the nerves, rests and refreshes.

The latest sleeve fashions are decidedly novel in their line, and one needs at least one pair to match each shirt waist. The flat round buttons of modern sleeves are crocheted of silk or linen, and they come in all the fashionable colors.

Porch chairs should have cushions of green and white or of scarlet denim. Such accessories give freshness to the house and make outdoor hours attractive.

An ironing board cover made to fit the board and button on one side like a child's dress is one of the most useful articles a housewife can have.

Boots for the street, slippers for the house, is the wise woman's rule, and the sooner she makes the change from the old habit of a pair of boots or half shoes donned in the morning and worn all day without change, the sooner will she have more healthy feet.

A Japanese plan by which cut flowers may be made to last an abnormally long time is to burn the ends of the stems with a piece of wood; not with a match, but if observed, for the sulphur would be injurious to the flowers.

The Japanese, who are great flower lovers, say that the churning process enables the water to penetrate the stem and thus sustain the flower. Whatever be the reason, one is glad to know of any plan which will prolong the life of flowers, especially at any time of the year when they are both scarce and expensive.

During the early summer days plenty of fresh air is excellent for the skin. Sun-warmed feet will not hurt the tenderest skin if protected by a tip tilted hat or sun shade. And the girl who will brave a wetting and let a warm summer rain soak into her skin is on the way to a peach bloom complexion that will arouse the admiration of all beholders. The English and Irish girls have such pretty skins on account of the rain and fog which they are never afraid to encounter.

The pretty old fashion of having quaintly shaped 'dishes' of rare china filled with a few choice pears, peaches, etc., is coming into favor once more, but now the china dishes are replaced by small baskets of silver or silver gilt and they are placed at the four corners of the table.

Stylish folding stocks of linen duck in crossbarred red and in green can be found at the men's haberdashers.

A white waist which is finished with points of embroidery down the front is pretty. Every other point turns back upon the side of the waist to which it is secured and the alternate points fly loose. On the band down the centre of the waist there are three small pearl buttons set on diagonally at the base of each standing point.

BILLS OF FASHION.

Since Parisians have adopted the tailor-made gown so generally, the milliners have found it necessary to create suitable headgear to wear with it, and the three-cornered hat seems to fill the necessary requirements, one fancy in trimming being a little velvet ruche around the brim.

Another popular shape is a sailor with a rolled up brim trimmed around with wild flowers, with a bow of black velvet ribbon on the left side falling over the hat. The Marquis, or three-cornered hat, is very becoming to some faces and especially a Parisian woman. One little mode of crinoline is covered over the crown with hydrangea blossoms, and the brim is cut at either side and laced across with black velvet ribbon.

There seem to be no falling off in the popularity of lace stitches which are used in every possible manner with dainty effects. One great thing in their favor is that they furnish a means of making pretty long lines in skirts and bodices.

Pale gray lace is an old fashioned netted design is being employed again for trimming batistes, muslins and veils.

Little handbags of gray suede are very popular as a convenient accessory of the race costume. They are long and narrow in shape and decorated with steel or silver bag is of white lacée gold applique is the ornamentation.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND OF TODAY.

Ideals are subject to the same conditions of change as reflect the material world. In no department of life would the ideal of past generations be satisfactory to the men and women of today. If their dreams could have come to pass in the lifetime of those who dreamed them, they might have brought contentment and happiness, but when, in the evolution of ages, they reached fulfillment, a new generation had come into existence with ideals of its own. And so always we are looking toward the future to satisfy our longings, but through this endless struggle to attain the ideal the standards of humanity are lifted up.

Since marriage is the most vital of the relations of life, it should demand the noblest ideals, but these are possible only to the most highly developed men and women. As this development increases, the ideals broaden, and those of early days seem inconceivably narrow. The man of the past was far more exacting in his requirements for a wife than was the latter in hers for a husband, because his judgment and discrimination were more fully matured, and also because he was in a position to pick and choose.

It is idle for one who has no freedom of choice to make stipulations, and this was absolutely denied to the women of the past. Unless she had money, and this was seldom the case in the 'good old time,' she must marry or have a life of the most humiliating dependence on relatives and friends. Even with ample means she was not permitted by custom to make an independent home of her own, but was forever compelled to prove.

How salt the savor of another's bread, How hard the passage to descend and climb By one's own stairs. Even though she paid for the privilege. The free, independent, greatly envied bachelor maid of today is a transformation of the much hampered, deeply pitied maid of other days. If the father had not accumulated enough to leave her a competence, which was difficult in those times of small fortunes, she had no resource except school teaching for a pittance or a unrewarded slavery of the needle. Even these opportunities were few, and her usual fate was the upland, little regarded position of the spinster drudge in the family of a married brother or sister, without honor and without profit, and with the general verdict of having made a failure of life.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that the vast majority of women would rather take any chance than those of single blessedness. But in those days as now, the villages were denuded of young men who were obliged to seek a livelihood elsewhere, and even in the larger places the marriageable men went to sea or to war or out West to find a fortune.

With more prospective wives than prospective husbands, and with the strong necessity for marriage on the part of woman, it is out of the question to wait for an ideal husband. And under such conditions what is an ideal was a woman's part to choose? Without education, heretofore was not fitted for an intellectual companionship, and, although she would feel a natural pride in any high position her husband might attain, she was

little adapted to bear the share of its honor.

In all ages women have striven to embody the ideal of themselves which men have cherished, and the latter have been so situated that they could search for the ideal wife, defer marriage until she was found, or, failing in the quest, lead useful, honored, independent lives, in no wise affected by the fact of never having wedded.

Man's ideals in generations past were comprehensively expressed in Proverbs, xxvii: 17: 'As above all else, and then the perfect housekeeper, industrious, benevolent, God-fearing, at work before daylight in the morning and not letting her candle go out at night. For uncounted generations woman strove to live up to the standard of this woman in the Proverbs, and if they fell behind occasionally, the preachers, the elders and the husbands pointed to the Good Book and spurred them on.

What sort of an ideal for a husband these women were formulating in their minds, through all these generations, never will be known, for the records were kept by men and the opinions of women were not considered worthy of a place therein. We may imagine, however, that it might have been comprised in a single sentence. The ideal husband is the one who does not take advantage of the power which the law confers upon him.

Leaving the centuries out of consideration, let us go back only fifty years and examine the relative conditions of husbands and wives. At marriage the legal existence of the woman was blotted out forever, while the man added to his own all which she had lost. The two were one and he was the one, with the dual rights and privileges merged in himself. With the best words of the marriage ceremony all the property which she possessed, with its rents and profits, and all that might come to her by gift and inheritance, passed into his absolute control.

She had spoken the vows which made it impossible for her ever to own a dollar's worth of anything while the husband lived. She had entered into a partnership in which she was to give the services of a lifetime in exchange for her board and clothes; while her partner at his death could will an outsider the all proceeds of the earnings of the two, except the use of one third the real estate for life, and a small portion of the personal property. She could not hope by work outside to lay up something for old age as her earnings also belonged to her husband.

Almost invariably a large family of children followed marriage, but, although brought into the world at the peril of the mother's life, and reared in toil and anxiety their guardianship was vested solely in the father, and, without her consent, he could bind out the children, or dispose of them by will, even the unborn, to the utter exclusion of the mother. Under these conditions was there room in the woman's heart for any other ideal of a husband than one who would not avail himself of the rights conferred by law?

No provision was made for the education of girls, and, with the household demands on women beginning before daylight and lasting into the night, there was no opportunity for reading, study and development of the mind. As the wife saw the men's girls widen between herself and her husband, naturally she would not cherish an ideal of one who would be even a longer into the world.

Since she was denied all participation in the church, except a timid recital of a prayer meeting of an 'experience' which she would never have dared to give in full; and since her religious nature was constantly appealed to in order to keep her submissive under her wrongs, she certainly would not create an ideal man who should be still more devoted to the religion of his fathers. She never would have formed an ideal of a more 'material' man of one who would take greater pride in his position as the 'head of the family,' for this limit has already been reached.

Our foremothers kept no record of their ideal man, not even on the faded pages of those little worn diaries. Wherever their brief, practical entries go beyond the details of the household expenses and the family illnesses, into the realm of aspiration, it is always in regard to the heavenly life. The conditions of this one they considered beyond remedy. But understanding the nature of woman and knowing that her dearest hopes, her fondest desires, are concentrated in the future of her children we may well believe that these old-time mothers did dream of an ideal husband for their girls, and that, if interpreted, it would have read: 'A man who will lift woman up to a plane with himself.'

For the past two generations men have been approaching this ideal, slowly at first, and with extreme caution, but satisfied

with the experiment, they have made practically no retrogressive steps, although there never has been a time when they did not have it in their power to withdraw all the privileges which had been granted.

With this new womanhood which has developed, the man's ideals of a wife has broadened to include many attributes which never would have occurred to his forefathers. Virtue is still first on the list but, before even the domestic qualities, the man of brains places an education. The modern man wants also a public-spirited woman whose ideas reach beyond the limits of her own household. The highest ideal of his ancestors would by no means satisfy his own requirements for a wife.

Woman is now, for the first time in all history, so situated that she can create an ideal husband and not be compelled to accept a substitute, and she has set the standard far beyond any that the woman of the past could have dreamed of. Her very first exaction that he should recognize her equality of rights, legal and domestic, would have thrown the forefathers into a fit of apoplexy and paralyzed the foremothers, but the best type of manhood in the present generation is not at all disturbed by the demand.

He is not like his ancestors who placed their honor in the sacred keeping of the wife, but were very careful that she did not get a chance at the pocketbook. Her request that a portion of the family income be set apart for her sole use and that she need not be asked to give an account of the same does not seem unreasonable to him. I remember distinctly, however, a case that came under my observation many years ago.

A man of large means was desirous of marrying a schoolteacher. He paid the most assiduous court; he used every possible argument and finally one day, when he had melted into tears and declared that his life would be a lined without her, she told him frankly that she did not like to give up her financial independence for the dependent condition of all her married friends, but if he would secure to her the same income which she was now receiving she would marry him. He dried his tears, asked a few days to think it over, went away and never came back! Such an idea was too repugnant to be entertained by men of past generations.

The man of today does not find his equanimity very readily disturbed when his blushing bride declines to promise at the altar 'to obey.' He has rather more respect for her not doing it. The old attitude of sovereignty on one hand and obedience on the other has largely disappeared. Enlightened men no longer marry for the purpose of getting a housekeeper, or with the sole object of raising a family of children, but through the desire of congenial companionship and with the intention of stimulating the development of the wife along the lines for which she is best fitted. Thus far we have the ideal husband, not universally, but in efficient numbers to offer much hope for the future.

An ideal husband will not commit her to the presence of wine and children exhaling the odor of liquor and tobacco. In olden times it is doubtful if women would have dared form such an ideal as this, but already it is partly reached. Then, liquor was on every sideboard and ladies withdrew from the dinner table in order that gentlemen might get drunk. Now the gentleman who gets drunk offensively conceals that fact from the ladies of his acquaintance. Where formerly the woman endured the intemperate husband as her inevitable lot, the law now steps in and sets her free. The abolition of the tobacco habit forms a part of the future ideal.

The woman of today has a moral ideal. She dreams of a time when there shall be but one standard of virtue for the two sexes. Her fulfillment is no more impossible than what we're ready have seen. The attitude of society toward the immoral man is gradually changing. Like the drunkard he is beginning to cover his tracks. His lapses are no longer a matter of pride.

The new self respect of woman is protesting against man's defiance of the moral code and he is commencing to feel the effects of a social ostracism, which will increase as women grow stronger in self reliance. And here again the revised statutes come to the rescue of the wife and relieve her from that body of living death—a husband who is unfaithful to his marriage vows.

There has never been a time when man did not desire to find favor in the eyes of woman, to fulfill her ideal, if it did not require too great a personal sacrifice. But until woman herself had reached a higher plane she could not make a loftier one for him. Her evolution has been slow and long and sorrowful; it is by no means complete, but it has been greater in the last fifty years than in centuries which preceded.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula. No disease is older. No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality. Consumption is commonly its outgrowth. There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility. Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary testimonial, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Until now man has seemed infatigably of her, and her thought has been to attain his ideal of her, rather than create one for him. But as she realizes more and more the possibilities which lie within herself out of this very knowledge comes the conception of a nobler manhood, and of this she dreams—but a grander womanhood, too is always in her vision.

The ideal husband will stand first of all for the freedom of the wife. He will provide that marriage shall place upon her no more restrictions than it imposes upon him. He will treat her always as his equal in every respect, as his beloved companion, his nearest and best friend. He will make his personal life as clean and pure as he desires hers to be. As his ideal motherhood is the one which he would have his daughters imitate, so he will embody in himself a fatherhood which shall be the standard for his sons.

Never until recent generations could woman wait for this ideal, for it was only through the assistance of man that she could secure the necessities of life, and a dependent cannot make terms, but it is no longer obligatory for any woman to sacrifice herself in marriage. She has, now for the first time, the power to choose, and always we have a finer type of manhood than the world ever before has known. The demand of women is responsible for his, and, as its scope increases, it will continue to meet. In the fulness of time we shall have the ideal man, and he will include within himself the ideal husband, father, son and brother.

Judge—And your wife aimed at and stuck your head with a cup? Witness—Yes sir. Judge—Well, all I have to say is that you ought to be proud of her. 'My face is my fortune,' she quoted. 'It's no crime to be poor,' commented her dearest friend.

Bad Pace Making: Mrs. D. Kanter—Full again, eh? I might excuse that if you'd only get in before daylight. Mr. D. Kanter—'Taint my fault zhat I'm sho late, dear. You sbees my friends an' a mshenger boy to take me home.

More Than Possible: Tom—Why don't I get married? Hub! It isn't possible to live on love. Dick—I expect to. My love has half a million in her own right.

Lady of the House—If you are such a skillful typewriter as you say you are how is it that you cannot find employment? 'Remunulating Pete (mournfully)—Well you see, lady, my name's Mr. Jesse Darlin', an' all the men are afraid to hire me for fear of gettin' into trouble with their wives or sweethearts.

Citizen—Madame, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella? Madame—I want to make you look round so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.

My Washington—I suppose now that you have been abroad, you have your own views of foreign life.

Mrs. Nerwich—No we ain't got no views We didn't take no camera along. It's so awful common.

Husband—I wonder what we shall wear in Heaven.

Wife—Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks. Love may be able to see something laughable in the locksmith, but it is blind to the interests of the gas company.

A celebrated English physician asserts that the increased height of English as a Americans in the last half century are chiefly due to the increased consumption of sugar. He cites in confirmation of this opinion the fine health of the date-eating Arabs and the sugar cane eating negroes did he forget little Jack Horner, who, after devouring a plum, made a remark respecting his own magnitude?

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or EDWARDS, BROWN & CO., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE DEMON OF HOMICIDE.

Some time ago I was dining tete-a-tete with Dr. D., a gentleman well known in his profession but whose name I prefer to suppress. After dinner the conversation turned upon a certain murder that had been committed—a murderer of details so revolting and extraordinary as to draw a great part of public attention and a good many columns of the newspapers, the perpetrator lying at the time under the sentence of death. A stranger, a tramp, actuated as it is supposed by no particular object, such as revenge or plunder, had possessed a solely, and had murdered a whole family from the aged grandfather to the infant in its cradle. He had betrayed neither before nor since any symptoms of insanity, and was now laboring, if the papers were to be believed, under an awakened and horrified sense of his guilt, but was unable to explain his motive or give reason for his deed. We talked as I have said, on this subject, and I asked my friend whether he could give any explanation, or whether any theory which would account for a circumstance so extraordinary.

"I do possess a theory," he replied, and it is possible you may think it a wild one, as coming from a professional man. I, myself, ten years ago, would have scouted it as absurd, but I had since that time a certain experience, an experience so dreadful so incredible, that when I look back upon it I can scarcely bring myself to believe that it actually occurred, and but for the terrible attendant circumstances that deprived me of two of the dearest friends I ever had, I should imagine myself to have been the victim of an hallucination. I will tell my story for the first time to you, and you shall then judge whether my theory has not strong grounds for support.

Accordingly, having replenished our glasses and lit our cigars, the doctor commenced his tale.

The best friend I ever had—I may say my only real friend, as friend should be—the Jonathan to my David—was a man named John Hargreaves. We had been educated together, as a little boy he was my father's pupil; we went to Westminster together, moved up through the school together, at all sports and amusements we were inseparable; and when, at the close of our school life, he went to Oxford, I gave my parents no rest till I was allowed to accompany him. On our life at Oxford I need not dilate; suffice it to say that there we drifted somewhat apart; his mode of life and mine were different; he was heir to a considerable fortune, and the rather straitened income of my father would not permit of my indulging in the amusements in which he and his set delighted, but nevertheless we were still friends, though we did not meet as often as formerly. To tell the truth, he became rather wild, and in his second year was "sent down" for some foolish prank while I stayed on, and took my degree. We still corresponded with great regularity, and during the next three years I frequently enjoyed his society—as frequently, that is to say, as a young and struggling physician could afford the time.

About a year after his leaving college he met, wed and married Lillian Cladesley, a very charming girl, closely related to me, and who was as dear to me as a sister, so that our bonds of friendship became, if possible more closely drawn than ever. It was some three years after his marriage that I received a strange letter from him. He had, through the death of a relative, come into a considerable fortune, and he now wrote to tell me that he had recently purchased a place in Yorkshire, called "Moorlands," from which he intended to retire, and begged me in somewhat exaggerated terms, as I thought, to come down and spend a few days with him, if I could not spare more. There was, I seemed to observe, running through his letter something strained and unlike his usual style of correspondence, and his invitation savored of actual entreaty, as though my acceptance was almost a matter of necessity to him.

My practice at that time was not so large but that a few days might easily be spared, and I wrote to him accordingly, naming the day and hour of my arrival.

On my stepping off the train at the little station some four miles from "Moorlands," the first person I saw was Jack Hargreaves, anxiously scanning the passengers, and the air with which he greeted me had in it, to my eye, something of relief. He was in excellent spirits, almost boisterously so, and had never appeared in better health in his life, so that an idea I had formed that he had asked me down to consult me professionally was almost dissipated.

I may pause here a moment to describe him. He was what you would call a fine-looking man, not strictly handsome, but with a charming open countenance; six feet in his stockings, fair, clean shaven, with the exception of a long yellow moustache, clean-limbed, carrying himself like a soldier, and with gentleman written on every inch of him.

He had come down himself, he said, to meet me, not daring to trust me to the tender mercies of his coachman over Yorkshire roads, and certainly I should have been loth, had I not been aware of his reputation as the best whip of his day at Oxford, to trust myself in the vehicle which he had brought for my transportation—an abnormally high dogcart, with a pair of fiery looking chestnuts, harnessed tandem. However, conquering any little qualms of nervousness I left, and devoutly hoping that the frightful hills I saw in the distance

were not on the road to "Moorlands" I mounted and we rode off.

We had not proceeded more than half the distance, when my companion, who had at first been extremely talkative, relapsed into silence, and seemed to be meditating deeply.

"What's the matter with you, Jack?" I asked. "For the last quarter of an hour you have been talking thirteen to the dozen, and now you haven't a word to throw to a dog?"

He replied with another question: "Did you notice anything strange about my letter, Billy?"

lifting up a corner of the rug, he pointed to a dark discoloration of the planks. "That is his blood, they say."

"How long is it since this affair happened?"

"Ten years to-morrow night. To tell you the truth straight out, that is the reason that I so particularly wished you to come. They say in the neighborhood that something is seen on the anniversary of that night, though what it is nobody seems exactly to know, and I wished for some companion, to test the truth of the rumor, and whom should I choose but you, my old friend?"

Your old friend is infinitely obliged to you for such a mark of consideration," I replied. "But in spite of the compliment you paid my nerves just now, I doubt whether I have any great desire to make Mr. Beverley's acquaintance. But seriously Jack, don't give way to this morbid feeling. If you do you will find yourself unable to live in the house, and your health will suffer. I will sit up with you with the greatest pleasure, but as for any expectation of seeing anything, I have none. You had much better let me prescribe for you."

Jack once more indignantly disclaimed any such necessity, and, picking up a magazine, was soon deep in its contents. I busied myself with the newspaper, and having met with an article which interested me, and had been reading for some little time when, happening to glance at my friend, I saw that he had laid down his book and was looking uncomfortably about him.

"Billy," he said suddenly, "it is in the room. I feel it."

There was something very unpleasant about so abrupt an announcement and though I do not think that I could be called at all a nervous sort of person, I felt a decided cold run through me.

"Where?" I asked, with an attempt at a laugh.

"I feel the presence most distinctly, more distinctly than at any previous time. It seems as though it, whatever it may be, were watching me from that corner," and he pointed to some old tapestry worked in uncouth figures which adorned one side of the room.

"I glanced towards the point indicated. There was something there—something vague, shadowy, indistinct, something like a human figure. I sprang up, and as I did so it disappeared, but not before I had caught sight of a countenance so fell, so diabolical, so utterly surpassing anything I had ever conceived, that I felt sick with downright terror. I mastered my emotion with a strong effort, but I felt that I was white to the lips."

"What is the matter?" said Jack, starting up.

"Nothing," I replied. "Nothing—only you frightened me by your abruptness, and I fancied that I saw something. But it was only a shadow."

"You are more easily scared than I expected," he said, and so I thought myself when common sense once more resumed her throne and I was able to think quietly over the matter. What more probable than that the phantom which had appeared to me, as I thought had been conjured up by an excited imagination. I had doubtless been startled by Jack's sudden announcement that he was conscious of a supernatural presence in the room. His abruptness had frightened me, and it was most probable that fancy had woven out of nothing that fleeting vision, that horrible countenance, the shadowy, indistinct figure. I was ashamed, surprised, at my weakness, and so determined to reassure myself of its unreality that I ridiculed my absurdity to Jack, though with half-hearted merriment. It was his turn now to assume the mentor, and he counselled me with much wisdom about diseased imaginations, in much the same words as I had addressed to him. By the time his homily was finished we had time to retire and I went to bed in a very divided frame of mind.

It was long before I fell asleep, and when I did so at length I was constantly awakened, with that horrible vision burnt, as it were, into my eyeballs. It required a vast amount of reasoning to assure myself of the absurdity of my fears.

The morning dawned bright and fair, and with it the terrors of the night departed. After breakfast Jack and I sallied forth, bent on the destruction of such unwary partridges as might chance in our way. I have been reckoned a pretty fair shot—in fact, it is the only field sport to which I have any leaning—but today I shot wide and wild, although unconscious of any particular sense of nervousness. Nevertheless, it was evident that my nerves had received a pretty severe strain, nor did Jack fail to remark it. He chaffed me about it unmercifully, and indeed the fright I had exhibited the previous night appeared to have raised his spirits in a proportionate degree. There were no fits of deep meditation, no heavy locks; his brow was clear, he was all jollity and laughter. Poor fellow! It was late when we returned home with a heavy bag, due mostly to Jack's unerring aim.

Lillian was awaiting us at the hall-door, and Jack, bounding up the steps and kissing his wife with an exuberation of affection, related to her my sad falling off as a sportsman, with many a jest at my expense, though of the real reason he breath ed not a word—in fact, it seemed to me a notice nothing unusual in her manner. As he turned away to carry the results of day's sport to the larder and to receive the encomiums of the cook, she and I were left together.

"Billy," she said do you believe in pre-sentiments? There seems to be some

cloud over today, as though some trouble were coming upon us. I have been terribly anxious about you all day, fearing that some accident had befallen one of you. It was a great relief to me when you returned. I know it is foolish, but I cannot shake it off."

"You are as bad as your husband," I was about to say, but I forbore. It was apparent that he had not confided to her the facts which in last night's converse he had imparted to me; and I had no wish to enlighten her, so I turned it off with a laugh and a jest about nerves.

While I was dressing for dinner Jack entered my room, for the ostensible purpose of borrowing a tie, and as he stood folding it before the glass, he asked me: "Is anything the matter with Lillian? She is not herself; she has been hinting something about pre-resentments. I hope to heaven she is not going to suffer from my complaint, or we shall be obliged to close up the house. I wonder what there is in the atmosphere of this place that affects us—first me, then you last night, and now Lillian."

"Her presentment," I replied, "was I fancy, chiefly on your account—fear lest I should mistake you for a partridge—and now that you have returned with a whole skin it will vanish; but from the utterance of reports you have given of my skill, though I was for life? Slowly but surely I was forced back—back—and I felt that my hold of his hand was failing. At length with a sudden effort he released it; I saw the bright steel flash in the lamplight, and gave myself up. But even as the dagger hung poised in the air the door was burst open, and the men-servants of the establishment appeared on the threshold. For a second he glanced at them in his ill-rage and spite, and then the dagger was turned against his own breast, and he fell across me a corpse—the best, the truest friend I ever had—and from his broad breast ran a dark stream, renewing that stain upon the floor which he had shown to me, the evidence of that ten-year-old tragedy.

How often in the past, I wondered, had that foul spirit hovered round the living, gloating over his prey and waiting for the fatal day when he might wreck his will upon them. Poor Jack! honest, upright and gentle all his days, and murderer and suicide at the last.

There was an inquest, of course. My evidence was soon given. I testified to having seen him but a few minutes before the tragedy, in full possession of his senses and to having witnessed the sudden turn of madness spring up. The verdict, a unanimous one, was, as is usual in such cases, that of "temporary insanity." I remained to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead, and then returned to town broken in health and spirit without having mentioned to anyone the vision which I had seen. What purpose would it have served? I should have been laughed at and suspected of insanity myself. You are the first person to whom my tale has been told, and now that you have heard it you can guess my theory.

"Well, doctor," I said, "as regards your theory, I am neither disposed to accept or refute it, and considering that I should have been at home an hour ago, I cannot stop to argue on it." And so I took my leave, much surprised at the doctor's story, and strongly inclined to suspect him of an unusually exuberant imagination.

"You are nervous tonight, Lill," said Jack.

"I think I must be," she replied, but said no more, and presently she challenged her husband to a game of chess an amusement of which they were both extremely fond.

I stood before the fire a short time and watched them, wholly engrossed with their game.

"What a handsome, what a perfectly matched pair!" I said to myself; and once when, with a light laugh, she corrected one of his moves and smiled up in his face, I caught the quiet look of devotion, given and received. They might have been lovers. I watched them for a few minutes, and then left the room, to search for a book which I had mislaid. As I passed up the stairs the old clock struck ten.

DOCTORS BAFFLED

BY THE CASE OF MRS. HARRISON OF ORANGEVILLE.

She Was Completely Run Down—Racked With Pains in the Back, Head and Limbs—Again Rejecting in Good Health.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the Sun hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just what to call my disease I do not know; even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down, I had racking pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as before going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition and the least movement caused my heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me and I was in a very discouraged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken half a dozen boxes I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now several years since I took the pills and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

(Contd.) Annie Clay you, but since who has acco private situ wife—a thro what she is misery she t trusting so day play be "Since wh tske to pres A dull fla tone voice- tone wic- "Elaph. My hear is that mem is simply a ment of a n ently tow- ly. Own, different t succeeded i over to "As I think ton. "Must that I am l "You ma now, his ar member yo Marre is w go away wi do not wis her way t your hand your lips o equals mil- just one s leave you ing my no Am I to the name I from the c I will do, I what mann "She rele and tone had been n for him. "He stood "Marie w mine, Lidy "Pardon even Mari "Her ov "You ha you did no Wind bet Yes; it is prepared t "Your s How shoul There w servant en Would i miord, wh in an in at her sid "Elaph, so longed sister is sh would y "Yes, if "After t deed, the very soon Camperd once that Lord C nap in a his me the messen a doctor. All was there w "Espan a monac Clayton the poor have him He nev was mo "Taki and Clay gether, t them do i In less was gon free to lo "We as dear Esp "It was haved dis that to believe me. "The c returned the new as claim Adrian C The ty their do "Of co Elspeth, must ad quite to married Elspeth member of whom Annie concerni the day I had in t contrar, t to be u for Trast six mon at length, at the A to take his wife Lady the dark one—pe

