

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 20 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## GOOD MAN GOES WRONG

### AN ERRING MISSIONARY MAKES TALK AT GRAND MANAN.

There is serious charge against him—A matter which has been kept very quiet by his brother pastors—He will have to resign or will be expelled.

Another good man has gone wrong, and the ranks of the ministry in Grand Manan have lost one who has been looked upon as an earnest and hardworking missionary. He is Rev. Mr. Richardson of the returned baptist denomination, and the story is one of a sad and sudden fall from grace.

The charge against Mr. Richardson is the somewhat serious one of attempting an assault on a young lady of Lubec, Maine, a member of his own denomination, and a person of unblemished character. The scene of the occurrence was on a lonely road at Lubec, and the affair might have been of a much more serious nature, had it not been for the unexpected advent of a man on a bicycle. The occurrence took place a number of months ago, but all parties appear to have kept it a secret until a recent period. Like all other secrets in a small community, however, it was gradually confided to this one and that one until rumors of it became so current that it reached the head quarters of the denomination, and resulted in an investigation by prominent ministers of the body, who went from St. John, for the purpose. Leading members of the denomination in St. John, decline to give information on the matter, but it was understood that the investigation, held last week, was a searching one. The result of it, as near as can be learned, is that Mr. Richardson has been requested to hand in his papers and resign from the ministry. Should he decline to do so, the only course left will be to expel him.

The story, as told by a correspondent, makes a very strong case, and contains reflections which are not necessary for the establishing of the facts. From other sources it is learned that the story is true in all its essentials, but with the popular opinion on the matter PROGRESS has nothing to do. The case of the erring man has been investigated, and it is but just to him to say that the investigation has revealed no other delinquency on his part than that which is the cause of the present trouble.

Mr. Richardson is a man little past forty years of age, is married and the father of a large family. He is a native of Grand Manan, and has always had his home there. Like the majority of the residents of that island, he was brought up as a fisherman and followed that occupation until about three years ago, when he believed he had a call to preach the gospel. He had but a limited education, and was not supposed to be of a high spiritual nature, yet as he seemed earnest, and anxious to go about doing good, he was in due time examined as to his qualifications and was ordained. The reformed, or holiness, baptists are a comparatively recent outgrowth from the parent body in this province, and missionaries have been in demand to spread abroad a knowledge of their teachings.

Mr. Richardson has acted as a missionary ever since his ordination, and has never had a settled pastoral charge. His field has been wherever he was required, and he was particularly well known on the island and at Lubec, at which latter place there is a church of his denomination. It was to this church that the blameless woman in the case belonged, and the fact that she looked to the missionary as a spiritual guide and friend does not make his offence any the less serious one from every point of view. After the offence was committed, Mr. Richardson continued to perform his missionary duties, and it is reported that he does not, even now, appear to think that there was anything terrible in his lapse. This may be readily understood in the case of a man having early surroundings not favorable to the development of a high spiritual nature, and there is, perhaps, nothing surprising that such a man should fall when assailed by temptation.

So far as appears, no complaint has been made by the young woman with a view to legal prosecution. She is probably better satisfied to be thankful for her escape than to bring herself into unenviable publicity in a case of this nature. The offence, too, having been committed in the United States would not be a matter of which the courts of this province could take cognizance.

Some of the Grand Manan people are said to express themselves very strongly in the matter, and have even charged the investigating ministers with trying to suppress the affair. This assertion is denied by members of the denomination here. They claim that prompt action was taken as soon as possible, and that Mr. Richardson has been dealt with as severely as the body had power to deal with him. He will not be allowed to preach again, and the only clemency extended has been in giving him the opportunity to resign, without proceeding tooust him in a more summary way. That they have been un-

willing to make the affair public is not strange. They consider that publicity would not help the matter now, and that in the minds of many it might not only give a bad impression of their denomination, but of religion in general. The returned baptists have a belief in continued holiness after conversion, and it is conceded that the body as a whole is composed of earnest and zealous workers. The detection of one of their number, for whose education and environment every allowance must be made, is no reflection on the denomination or its principles. Just why the erring missionary did not preserve in holiness is a question of theology which PROGRESS cannot undertake to explain, unless on the theory that there was something defective about his conversion in the first instance. This much is certain however, that whatever may be urged in extenuation of Mr. Richardson's offence, his usefulness as a missionary has been so materially impaired that he will do the wisest act of his life when he surrenders his license and devotes himself to some other line of work.

### Did the Doctor Go.

The question which is agitating the minds of some of the citizens is whether Coroner Berryman went all the way to Beaver Lake to hold an inquest, last Thursday, or whether he found out sooner that the subject offered for investigation was a cow. The story goes that some men who were fishing there found a number of bones, and believed they had at last solved the mystery of the fate of the missing man, Robert Horn. They drove at once to the city and notified Coroner Berryman, but the doctor did not hold an inquest. He found out the bones were undoubtedly those of a deceased cow, but it is understood that when a reporter questioned him as to whether he went there to find the fact out, he declined to be more specific. The presumption is that the doctor had a pleasant little drive, even though he did not succeed in making the world any wiser as to the mystery of the Horn case.

### When the Steamer is Due.

The arrangements for letting the public know the hour at which the International steamers are due would be better if the information were more definite. As it is now, anybody who expects a friend by the boat needs to be on hand half or three quarters of an hour before the time named on the bulletin board, though it may be the boat will not arrive for half or three quarters of an hour after the time announced. There is no certainty whether the boat will be early or late. The reason for this is that the bulletin is based on the time of the steamer's arrival at Eastport, the time of departure being a matter of guess work. When the boat reaches Eastport the agent finds out, by an estimate of the freight to be handled, what time it is "expected" to leave, and wires accordingly. It would seem to be a simple matter to wire when the boat really left, so that there could be some certainty of the time it was due in St. John.

### The Wall Was Not There.

A few days ago an old gentleman from up river came to the city on business and went to a restaurant where he intended having his dinner. He entered one of the stalls, and while awaiting the appearance of a waiter proceeded to look around him. After he had fully satisfied himself as to his surroundings he began preparations for his midday meal. He began by attempting to hang his hat upon what looked like a nail in the wall, but leaning forward a little too far he found that even the wall wasn't there. The occupants of the adjoining stall were a little surprised, and started at his sudden and ungraceful entrance among them and somewhat amused at his remarks as he picked himself up and went out. He did not wait for his dinner and says he will stay at a hotel when he visits the city again.

### Was a Shore Line Story.

Both the St. Andrews Beacon and St. Croix Courier speak of the Charlotte country supplement recently issued by the Telegraph as the work of a "special commissioner" of that paper. As a matter of fact the descriptive matter was written in 1890, by a member of PROGRESS staff, Mr. Reynolds, for the management of the Shore Line railway. It was published in the Telegraph in 1891, as an advertisement for the railway, and did duty in the same line again last week.

### Covay Loses His Stripes.

Chief of police Clark took prompt action when removing the ban of suspension from Sergeant Covay. When he removed his suspension he took away his stripes as well and reduced him to the ranks. Covay's punishment is the least he could have expected because his offence was a particularly flagrant one. The chief's prompt action will have a good effect upon the discipline of the force. Officer Caples now has the prefix Sergeant to his name. The promotion is popular among the men.

## ONLY WAITS THE CROWD

### THE TRAVELLING ACCOMMODATION IS FINE THIS YEAR.

Railway and Steamboat Facilities Never Were so Good or at such Low Rates—The Service to Halifax, Boston and Across the Bay—The Hotels.

Never in its history has St. John possessed such accommodations for tourists travel—or for that matter for any class of travelers as it has this summer. The improvement is so marked both in the facilities provided by the railway companies for coming to and going from the city and in the line of extended hotel accommodations that there is an impression in some quarters that the prospect of summer travel has been somewhat overestimated and the preparations on a larger scale than the patronage will warrant. But that remains to be seen. Up to date the tide of tourists has not been up to the average but the season has only just fairly begun and there is plenty of time for hot weather, and crowds of breezy and fog hunters.

Those who have studied the announcements of the railways and steamship lines, will make up their minds easily on one point—the public never had such a chance to get to this province so cheaply and so quickly as this year. Beginning with the service of those big railway companies, the Canadian Pacific, Main Central, Bangor & Maine, &c. They have given provincialists and returning tourists a more convenient service than ever was presented before. To step on the train here at 4:36 in the afternoon spend a pleasant evening on board the train and wake up the next morning in Boston is not much more than going to Fredericton or Woodstock. The same thing is true coming, this way, only instead of starting in the afternoon the journey is begun later in the evening and completed here at noon. Then in addition to this there is a fast all day service which leaves St. John and Boston every morning and arrives in each city the same evening.

Then take the service to Halifax. Three trains a day; the morning express which stops at every still, almost, on the 276 miles and fairly flies between stopping points, the Atlantic express which leaves here between one and two o'clock and drops you off at Halifax in time to retire before midnight, and the night service permits a passenger to go to bed—if he takes a sleeper—between ten and eleven o'clock in this city and breakfast in the sister city by the sea. The same service prevails from Halifax to St. John, though perhaps not at such convenient hours for the public to leave that city.

But that is not the only way to get to Nova Scotia and to do it quickly too. The Dominion Atlantic with their new bay steamer has made a startling bid for passenger traffic and have opened up a new route from Boston that, for swiftness and cheapness has taken the people by surprise. The Prince Rupert is the new bay flyer and making two trips connects closely with the trains for Halifax and Yarmouth. Leaving here at the usual hour in the morning a person can cross the bay and be in Halifax by three o'clock in the afternoon. Or if he be in Halifax he can step upon the fast A. R. express about eleven o'clock in the morning and reach this city about supper time. He gets a great chance for varied scenery and has a short sea journey as well as a quick one by rail.

But the surprising journey is that from St. John to Boston by this line. Leaving St. John in the afternoon, a passenger crosses to Digby, takes rail for Yarmouth, then the Yarmouth steamship line for Boston, and gets there the next day at noon. Perhaps the most attractive part of this is the fare, \$3.50 or \$5.50 for a return ticket. Who has ever wanted to "go to Boston," who would not avail themselves of this trip and at the same time return with the consciousness of having made quite a circuit to get there.

The old and favorite local steamer, the Monticello cannot hope to rival the Prince Rupert for speed but in many other respects she still has the favor of many people. A local boat with a home company behind her and a strong local interest must retain enough of the patronage of a city to make opposition unprofitable for the most improved service. Then there is a paragraph going the rounds to the effect that a rival fast boat is going to oppose the Prince Rupert and the Monticello run to Windsor and Parroboro and other points up the bay. This may be a mere rumor but it has gained currency nevertheless.

Anyone who notes the throng coming from the International boats every day cannot help concluding that this is as popular a line as ever. Hundreds sail from Boston by these boats every trip and many of them come right through to St. John and just stop long enough to take the train to their destination in the provinces. And here is where the hotel men say the increased accommodation in this city is getting it, vulgarly speaking, "in the neck." When there are trains and boats at all

hours, travellers have no particular use for hotels but push right forward. Still the hotels are making every possible bid for business. Who of those who noted the appearance of the Royal front and office last year will recognize it to day with its handsome appearance and improved interior. The same is true of the Victoria, which is now one of the most imposing buildings on King street. Then the Dufferin is full of life where all was silence a year ago, and from it and the New Victoria the sound of band concert music reminds the people that the enterprise of the hotel men is providing them too with enjoyment while they please their patrons. The Aberden is bran new from top to bottom, elegantly furnished and with an elevator that will not only take a guest near his room, but also within easy distance of a proposed roof garden.

### NEW CEMETERY RULES.

They are designed to meet the Needs of Both the Present and the Future. Mr. James R. Ruel takes as much interest in the cemetery as in the public library, and is an authority in regard to each of these institutions. His position as an executive officer demands his attention to both, and he gives it. For some time past he has been getting information as to the regulations in the leading cemeteries of the United States, and the new regulations to be the result. Some of them are designed to be merely protective—that is, to be enforced only when the necessity arises, while others are to be enforced on all occasions. Some of them may not yet be needed, but the time may come when they will be, so the legislation is in view of the conditions of the future, as much as of those of the present. All are intended for the general good, and they are such as the decent public will be glad to endorse.

One of the new regulations is that smoking will not be allowed in any part of the cemetery. This may be considered a little strict by men who have been wont to take a stroll through the shady walks, aiding their meditations on the brevity of life by the use of a fragrant cigar. To distinguish between fragrant cigars and the six for a quiffed pipe, however, would impose too much work on the custodians, and it cigars were allowed so should the abominable cigarette and all kinds of bad tobacco. Ladies who venture on the streets of St. John have to suffer enough from ill-bred fellows who assail them with tobacco smoke without having the nuisance repeated in the avenues of the cemetery. Therefore smoking is put under the ban, as it never has been before.

Dogs, running at large, are also prohibited. A lady or gentleman may lead dogs with a ribbon or chain or carry them in their arms, but when the keepers find an animal not so held in bond, they will serve a process of summary ejection. If any man wants his faithful dog to pine away on the grave after he is dead, he will have to seek some other burial place. The faithful dog is not in it when the staff of thirteen guardians is around.

There is also new legislation in regard to bicycles. When wheelers come to the gate they must get off and either leave their wheels behind them or walk alongside of them.

One new rule which has caused a great deal of talk has been clearly understood by the public. It is that omnibuses will not be admitted to the grounds. A good many people, who want to take their families to the cemetery, have been in the habit of chartering a bus, on account of its being cheaper than a coach. They want to do so still, and so they can, for the word "omnibus" applies only to the large excursion barges, holding a score or so of people, and has no reference to the ordinary, every day bus, army-worm or bug. They can traverse the grounds as well as a coach can. The excursion wagons are prohibited on account of their size.

A very important regulation is that which limits the height of fences, hedges and copings around lots, to a height of one foot. The wish is to do away with them altogether, but existing fences of a greater height will not be disturbed.

One new regulation appears to affect fraternal societies which have decoration days, but it actually merely controls them. It provides that societies, and other large bodies will not be admitted to the grounds except at funerals. This regulation, however, may be varied or suspended at discretion. The idea is simply to have all such societies under control, so that they may be placed in such positions of the cemetery as may be suited to their requirements and where they and the accompanying crowds can do no damage to the lots by tramping on them or otherwise. Hereafter, there has been some cause for complaint in this respect.

The idea of the cemetery directors is to make the grounds beautiful and to keep them so. Public opinion will support them in all they thus do for the public good.

## HALIFAX ON THE WHEEL

### LEADING CITIZENS WHO LIKE TO RIDE BICYCLES.

The Interest Appears to be as Great as in St. John—An Estimate of the Money Value of the Wheels—How the Craze Affects Other Cities of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, July 18.—About one in every forty of the men, women and children of Halifax and Dartmouth, uses a bicycle. On both sides of the harbor we have 42,000 people and the bicycles in use number 1,200. These figures are based on a careful estimate by one who keeps in touch with wheeling here. The number seems large, but it cannot compare with Toronto, where the proportion is something like one bicycle to every twenty of the population. Last year it is estimated there were 500 bicycles in use here, so that this season the number has more than doubled. The Ramblers Cycle Club this year has a membership of 250, so that the club has gathered in less than one-fourth of the wheelmen and wheelwomen of Halifax and Dartmouth.

We have about forty lady riders in Halifax, but sad to say not one minister except Rev. F. W. H. Archbold, has had the courage to mount the silent steed. Mr. Winfield, an evangelist working in connection with one of the missions of St. Paul's church, is the other nearest approach to clerical wheeling. The lawyers have made a break for wheeling, however. F. J. Tremaine is now to be seen "scorching" along the streets and roads. W. A. Henry, H. McInnes, J. W. Geldert, jr., and W. B. MacCoy, are all Blackstonian wheelmen.

The bending forward on the bicycle may be bad, and wheeling may have injurious effects generally on the human frame, but many of our doctors don't think so, for they are riders. Dr. M. A. Currie, Dr. Smith, Dr. Cunningham, Dr. McKenzie, Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Woodbury, Dr. Cogswell and Dr. Fluck are all enthusiasts who give their horses frequent rests, those who have them.

Thomas Fyfe, manager of the bank of Nova Scotia, with a salary of \$12,000 or \$15,000 a year, is one of our bankers who delights in the wheel, and he has given his son and daughter opportunities for enjoying the same sport, for all three are frequently seen on the road together. A. E. Ellis, manager of the bank of British North America, is another financial wheelman and so is Horace Flemming, accountant of the bank of Nova Scotia. The bank clerks, of the rank and file, who have become wheelmen, are numerous. Ex Mayor Mackintosh who does by far the largest private bank and stock banking business in Halifax, is a learner this season, and he will soon be able to keep up with all but the scorching class. His son is also a rider. H. H. Bell of the banking firm of W. L. Lowell and Co. is a wheelman of this season.

Our merchants, too, have come to see the benefits of cycling. George E. Hoak is one of this year's men. So is John M. Smith, of Burns and Murray, one of the last men who would have been expected to get in for anything so popular as a wheel, but even he has abandoned the horse, has donned the knicker-bockers, and has mounted the wheel. M. R. Morrow, agent of the Dominion coal company, is a wheelman. Both members of the immense clothing manufacturing firm of Clayton and Sons are wheelmen; indeed Edward Clayton is one of the cycle pioneers of Halifax.

Principal Kennedy of the county Academy, Principal Rose of Albro street school and Secretary Wilson of the school board, are representatives of teaching profession who use the cycle for business and pleasure. The secretary of the school board has graduated by smashing a new wheel.

The journalistic profession is not without its cycle devotees, some three or four newspaper men having taken unto themselves wheels.

There is one man who has not been riding for a couple of seasons, but who should be for he is a genuine pioneer of the safety—James Macdonald, of the Macdonald Co., limited. Mr. Macdonald was one of the first, if not the first, who mounted a safety in this city, and while all other wheelmen were on the 60-inch high wheels he was outside the safety which he yet has in his office. "Mac" should get a light pneumatic and experimentally see the difference between it and his original fifty-pound hard tire.

Age is no bar to wheeling here. T. Hemsworth, a north-end merchant, is seventy and he gets as much pleasure out of his cycle as anyone; and we have many other grey-haired cyclists.

Putting the wheels of Halifax down to the low estimated number of 1,100, and placing their average value at \$100, which is below the mark when lamps, bells, cyclometers and other accessories are considered, an aggregate value of \$110,000 is given. The effect of this large expenditure is felt in business. Many young men do without extra clothes they

would have ordered in order to contribute to the price of their wheels. They don't hire horses as they formerly did, and some of them do with fewer drinks in order to find the wherewithal to square with the bicycle dealer. The academy of music, too, has fewer patrons because the young men prefer to save their money to pay for the wheel, and in summer when they begin to use it they like better to spend the evening skimming along the road, free of expense, to sitting before the footlights, at a cost of 50 or 75 cents.

The wheeling organization of Halifax is flourishing, and the Ramblers now have a membership nearly equal in point of numbers to the swell and prosperous Wanderers, and far ahead of them in wealth. Their 250 wheels represent a value of at least \$27,500. President Halliburton and Captain Forbes make the very best of officers. The Ramblers fair last week was a great success. Five thousand people visited the show, and the net profits will be \$700 at least. This sum will be spent in paying for the club-house at Prince's lodge on the Bedford road. The road has to be improved by the clubmen and a town clubhouse for use during the winter season will have to be provided.

The bicycle has come to stay, perhaps in a yet more improved form, but it has surely come to stay. It's not a craze; it's a permanent and sometimes expensive, but a delightful reality. Rev. Mr. Gandier in Fort Massey church on Sunday night assailed the bicycle chiefly on the ground of its expense and its consequent temptation to dishonesty.

The clergy of the town of Windsor have gone in strong for cycling. Three out of the five clergymen of the place use bicycles. Rev. Henry Dickie, the young presbyterian minister, is a good bicyclist. Rev. Mr. Jones, the church of England minister, is a wheelman, and so is Rev. Mr. McEwan, the baptist minister. The methodist parson has not yet got a wheel, nor has the catholic priest when they do every clergyman in Truro will be a wheelman.

### SHE FOUND THE PLACE.

But she will not wait for a Transfer Car the Next Time she Goes.

A lady who is a stranger in St. John wanted to go to the Mission church, Paradise row, the other day and concluded that the handiest way to get there would be to take an electric car at the market square, as she was told the line went by the church in question. She therefore took a car and when she paid her fare she told the conductor where she wanted to go.

The conductor was evidently a man who had never been on the Paradise row route. "The mission church?" he replied. "That's on Paradise row, isn't it? I will give you a transfer." He accordingly did so, and when the foot of Main street was reached he politely showed the lady where to get a Paradise row car, telling her she would have to wait only three minutes for one. She accordingly stood on the corner, surveyed the street, looked in the shop windows and generally tried to pass the time as pleasantly as possible until her car should arrive.

She had to wait about five minutes, but at last the car came and she got aboard. She concluded that it would be wise to tell the conductor her destination before the car started, so that he could let her know when she came to the place.

"I want to stop at the Mission church, if you please," she said. The conductor looked at her, tried to conceal a smile and pointed to a building close at hand. "That is the Mission church," he remarked.

So it was, and the lady had stood within a hundred feet of it for five minutes, waiting for a car to take her there.

### Sullivan in Halifax.

Twice as many people were at the Halifax exhibition building Monday night to see John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan as assembled on two nights to see the Halifax prize-fighter George Dixon. The home man was not a drawing card, while the big Boston man and John's troubadours with one or two exceptions, were not the kind of troubadours Halifax people care to see, and during half their show pieces from the audience were almost as general as applause.

Then John L. and Paddy's part of the performance was altogether too brief to satisfy. Rounds of less than half a minute don't take when there are only four of them. There will not likely be more prize ring shows in Halifax for some time. Certainly there's not much more money to be made in it here. Twice is enough.

### Is Sure to be a Success.

Father Callerette's picnic is one of the annual events in which Quaco and all the country for miles around is interested. It will take place this year on Monday, the 29th, or the next fine day should Monday be rainy. The festivities will begin at 8 o'clock in the morning, and there will be the usual abundance and variety of amusement and refreshments.

GLISH IN THE WORLD.

## SUN POLISH

Emblems, and Points which is, injure the iron, and burn Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant and Durable. Each package contains when mentioned will boxes of Paste Polish.

### SALE OF 3,000 TONS. BORN & CO. LEASALE AGENTS

June 20, by Rev. W. D. Spence, to Mrs. Martha Lovins Harris, \$100.

June 21, by Rev. W. N. Hutchings, M. A. Smith to Agnes M. McEwan.

June 22, by Rev. John A. Cairns, M. A. to Mrs. Mary O'Dell Bayley, \$100.

June 23, by Rev. J. W. B. C. C. Fawcett to Frances A. Foster.

June 24, by Rev. J. M. Witherspoon, M. A. to Mrs. J. M. Witherspoon, \$100.

June 25, by Rev. Dr. McCleod, assisted by Rev. James J. Conley to Lizzie E. June 26, by Rev. W. T. D. St. Andrews, N. B. to Florence

June 27, by Rev. Howard Sprague, to Helen Bates, \$100, of Dan-

June 28, by Ven. Archdeacon Weston to Rev. L. Gregory, of

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July 20, by Rev. Dr. McCleod, assisted by Rev. James J. Conley to Lizzie E.

July 21, by Rev. W. T. D. St. Andrews, N. B. to Florence

July 22, by Rev. Howard Sprague, to Helen Bates, \$100, of Dan-

SOME CANADIAN BOOKS.

PATEREX HAS A TALK ON POETS AND THEIR WORKS.

Kirby's Canadian Idylls and the Patriotic Ring to Them—Hester Duvar's Annals of the Court of Oberon—LoMoine's Maple Leaves in a New Edition.

With some of Mr. Kirby's "Canadian Idylls" a thoughtful and sympathetic portion of the reading public in Canada have been long acquainted. The recent publication of the whole series in book form has occasioned some comment in the press (as it would be singular indeed, if they did not.) but nothing, it seems to us, commensurate with their worth, either from a historical or poetical standpoint. We object to the form in which these poems are presented to the public which betrays the report of an Agricultural society, but not a work of literature or art. But in the poems themselves, with some things to censure we find much to commend and admire; while withal we have a very high regard for the man who is of such fibre and spirit as gives stamina and stable character to his adopted country. Mr. Kirby has poetry enough in him to give color to excellent prose, as we ascertain from his "Golden Dog," but he also frequently writes admirably in verse, as these Idylls testify, notwithstanding his tendency to diffuseness and his lapses into prose. The historic pride of Canada, has been expressed, by no Canadian writer more warmly; for various historic scenes, such as the plain of Niagara, been more accurately nor lovingly delineated. His is an eye and a soul with some of the light of morning in it. The glow of dawn, the calm of evening upon his landscape are made more attractive, by the presence of virtuous and lovely women and many heroic sons and lovers. How finely he can describe let this passage from "The Queen's Birthday" attest. We have read it again and again with pleasure.

The sun was rising seaward of the plain Of a low promontory thick with trees, Which, like the sacred bush by Moses seen, Were all ablaze with unconsumed fire, A smooth horizon cut with clear divide The sky above it from the sea below, Each touching other save one spot of white Where stood a glistening sail, caught by the sun And held becalmed upon the distant verge, Landward the orchard's were in bloom, the peach In red and pink, the apples white and red, While every bush, after its kind, in flower, Wrought once again the miracle of spring.

Such vignettes are not infrequent in these pages. These are touches that thrill, and that move us by their paths. There are characters drawn we would wish at least might still be real and actual; and there are memories revived, in all of these Idylls, that every true Canadian will welcome and wish to cherish.

A success seems to have been scored in John Hunter Duvar's, "Annals of the court of Oberon" an attractive volume published by Digby and Long, of London, for it is already in its second edition. We believe it is not to be offered to the American public, but to the British who have not yet, (with all due respect to Shakespeare and his followers) scoffed the fairies away. This book of quaint beauty, has in it much to charm the lover of the antique, who can enjoy a racy humor under the guise of fable or allegory. We venture to think the children will find an interest in these fantastic chronicles; but there is much here, by way of wise and wholesome suggestion, for children of a larger growth. He who takes it up will affirm that in this book Fairy land has a more than creditable historian, in that he has called on the most fanciful of the immortals to supply him with facts—Shelley among the number. The style is limpid, with here and there, a mild poetic tinge. The stories are engaging as such; but are to be taken as a criticism on current follies in a view by no mean caustic or bitter.

Mr. Stephen Crane is called "The Chatterton of to-day." Why? Because he commenced to write nonsense when he was sixteen? Because of his pessimistic precocity? Because he chooses, like Chatterton to be satirical and to have his fling at churches, as the "Bristol Bard" did at the methodists? We are unable to reason why. At eleven years Chatterton could write thus:

Almighty framer of the skies, O! let our pure devotion rise Like incense in thy sight; Wrap in impenetrable shade The features of our souls, was made Thy Thy commandment pure light.

This energetic, condensed expression is indeed marvellous in a child; to say nothing of the strength and music of the stanzas. Chatterton hurried impatiently out of this life before he had reached his eighteenth birthday, but left behind him "Alta," the "Bristow Tragedy," "The Prophecy" and other poems that promised mastery in the wider range of English poetry than had been taken by any but the first of poets. This is how Mr. Crane writes. We do not know how old he is but his conceits are infantile. This is what he regards as poetry, and with it challenges public approval:

Two or three angels Came near the earth. They saw a fat church. Little black streams of people Came and went in continually; And the angels were puzzled To know why the people went thus, And why they stayed so long within. This is, we believe, a whole poem! As

to its form, amorphous would be a word of large dimensions to apply to such a fit bit. The ignorant and curious angels may be taken to figure the less ignorant and credulous public, who are wondering why Mr. Crane should ever think it fit to print such a thing in a book, and call it poetry. The least of them who run and read might venture on a parody in this wise:

Two or three critics Came near a poet, They saw a lean book. There were found some folks people Who read and said it was wonderful; And the critics were puzzled To know if a piece of post, Because every line is printed in cap ital.

Enough. Mr. Crane is the birth of an age of fads. To-morrow will have to engage itself with some other folly.

A new series of the the admirable papers by Mr. J. M. Lo Moine, entitled "Maple Leaves," has for some months been before the Canadian people. Having read with much enjoyment the papers hitherto published under this general title, we are prepared to affirm that, according to our best judgement, these are of surpassing interest, by the greater variety of the subjects treated, and the mature style in which they are expressed, which continued practice always gives the careful writer. We have in this volume a prose pendant to Mr. Kirby's "Canadian Idylls;" for the papers contained therein (which are not in the manner of the dry-as-dust annalist, but are penetrated by a lively and genial humor, and fancy) are mainly on Canadian subject,—historical episode, folk-lore, romance, biography, and adventure. He gives us in this volume the articles on Canadian wildflowers, of which previous mention has been made in these columns. The lectures on Canadian ornithology, and on Edinburgh, Rozen and York, are among the most admirable of these papers. The work is dedicated to the Countess of Aberdeen.

It may have been the misfortune of William Watson to be overpraised; consequently Mr. Henry A. Van Fredenburg is moved to tear his laurels in a critique entitled "A Decadent Specimen." Even a critic should be modest, and for-bearing, and we will not ask the invidious question. Who is Van Fredenburg? for we have read some of his verses without diminution; but we are here moved to challenge him to produce a sonnet of the quality and calibre of that from Watson which he criticizes. It is this:

I think the immortal servants of mankind Who from their graves, watch by how slow degrees The world-soul greeters with the centuries, Mourne most man's barren levity of mind: The ear to no grave harmonies inclined, The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lies, The laugh mistimed in tragic presences, The eye to all majestic meanings blind, O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great, All truth being great to you: ye deemed man more than a dull jest, God's enemy to amuse; The world, for you, held purport; Life ye wore Proudly as Kings their solemn robes of state; And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use. To this really elevated and noble strain Mr. Van Fredenburg applies such epithets as "rhythmic jangle," "hideously incoherent, illogical jumble" and the like censures more easy to allege than to justify. He fastens on the one questionable phrase of the sonnet,—"God's enemy,"—which might be objected to on the ground of irreverence, but is quite intelligible. If God could have an hour of weariness, the poet thinks, these men (doubtless they exist, and are at the front) afflicted with a "barren levity of mind," might have been made by him for his amusement. Mr. Van Fredenburg seems to concern himself with the superlatives of poetry. He, too, is the first we have known to assert that Mr. Watson's general style is slovenly; on the contrary that he is at his best scrupulously close and careful in his following of the classic models. Let Mr. Van Fredenburg carefully weigh "Wordsworth's Grave," "Lachrymæ Mausarum," The Ocean of Man" and the "Vita Nuova," before hazarding his assertion that their author is "A Decadent epueman." Finer elegies are not now being produced than these in our humble opinion.

The Messrs. Copeland and Day, of Boston, who have of late been the publisher's of Bliss Carman's verse, have issued his recent threnody on Robert Louis Stevenson, in a little booklet. It all the stanzas were as good as some it would be a memorable production; for Carman abounds in intrinsically poetical passages, while the total affect of his pieces is frequently uncertain and disappointing. PATEREX.

Public Opinion. Public opinion is generally not very far astray after all, for the simple reason that it is the result of experience and not theory. In the matter of drinking in hot weather it has been found that the most wholesome and refreshing beverage is "Montserrat" Lime Fruit Juice. It can be taken with plain water, aerated water, or claret and soda, in fact, a dash of "Montserrat" improves almost anything. It is pure, being the juice of ripe fruit, and it chases pain and lemons.

He Ate the Pie. A Cockney of recent importation dropped into a restaurant in New York one day, and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter, upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter, who stood near, he said to him: "Take this pie to the fire and heat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

BOSTON, WAS CAPTURED.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR FOLK HAD A GREAT TIME.

Sixty Thousand Curious Strangers, Were in the City and the Most of Them Were Badges—What They Did—The Canadian Contingent—No Place Like Boston.

Boston, July 16.—The great Christian Endeavor convention is over, and any one who has not been in Boston during the past week can hardly realize what that means. It was the biggest and grandest affair of the kind ever held in this part of the country. While it lasted there were nearly 60,000 strangers in the city, every one of them wearing badges and coming from all parts of the country.

The meetings were mammoth affairs. Two great tents on the common seated 10,000 people each; there was accommodation for ten or fifteen thousand more in the Mechanic's Building and in each place a chorus of from 1000 to 2000 voices had seats behind the speakers. Meetings were held in the tents and the hall at the same hours daily, and they were crowded all the time. In fact there has been general complaint among Boston people that they were not able to attend the meetings. Nobody could get in who did not wear a Christian Endeavor badge and when the Endeavorers got in there was seldom any room for anybody else. So hundreds of Bostonians who went to the common and to the Mechanic's building had to go home again without hearing or seeing anything.

And they missed a grand sight. The big hall decorated beyond description, and filled from floor almost to roof with Endeavorers in holiday dress, all wearing badges; the two great tents so large that one could not recognize a friend in the rear, the great chorus platforms larger and seating more people than any ordinary hall,—all this had to be seen before one could realize the magnitude of the convention. Yet the tents and the building were only a part. The whole city was one big convention ground. The churches of Boston were all headquarters for the different state delegations, and meetings were held in every one of them. It seemed that no matter how many meetings were held, at one time there were always enough people to fill all the auditoriums.

I will not begin to tell just how many meetings were held, or what they were all about, but they were all interesting, and the singing was always a great feature. Many of the states had rallying songs or hymns of their own, and the delegates sang them on the electric, the streets, wherever they happened to be.

There was a large number at the convention, but the greater portion of them came from the upper provinces.

Some were too sensitive for anything. They made objection to so much talk about Bunker Hill and all that sort of thing, and yesterday when the delegates went on pilgrimages to historic places, the Canadian leader had to take more time than was necessary in explaining that the war of the revolution was all a mistake, and that the best of feeling existed between the United States and Canada.

The Canadians were loyal to their own country. Many of them wore little union jacks in their button holes, and out under the Washington elm yesterday their American cousins joined with them in singing God Save the Queen, which happened to be in the Endeavor hymn book. Then the two parties sang America which is set to the same tune.

Notwithstanding all this good feeling on the part of the Endeavorers there was hissing when the British message was given in one of the tents on the closing night.

The convention was a grand success in every way. The arrangements were the most complete of any that have ever been made for such an event. There wasn't a hitch anywhere, and the delegates had nothing but praise for Boston and Bostonians.

There is no other city in the United States like Boston. In no other city can anybody who has studied American history find so much of interest. Its historical points are without number and no matter where one goes the guide has a story to tell which never fails to hold the attention. And guides have been plentiful during the past week. Everything was thrown open to the visitors. Old burying grounds inside of which not one in a thousand of Boston citizens have ever set foot, were opened and crowded with sightseers all day long. So with the old churches, the old state house, everything in fact which was worth seeing.

Excursion trains have been going out of Boston all day today to points of interest in other parts of the state. Nearly 4000 people went down to Plymouth to walk over and kiss the famous rock. Thousands of others went to Salem to see where the witches were burned, thousands more will go to Concord and Lexington tomorrow and it is safe to say the Endeavorers will see everything before they go away.

R. G. LARSEN.

Dedicate. "Mister," said Reginald de Humme to the man who looked as if he must be a college professor, "have you the price of a shave to spare?" "Why, what do you want with a shave?" "I didn't say I wanted a shave." "I wanted the price of a shave. The price of a shave bein' 10 cents, and the price of

a drink bein' 10 cents, the two phrases are practically synonymous, and I merely took the liberty of substituting one for the other for the sake of euphony. See!"

THE TERRORS OF DYSPPEPSIA

A DISEASE THAT MAKES THE LIFE OF ITS VICTIMS ALMOST UN-BEARABLE.

A sufferer for years tells how He Obtained Relief—A Bright Ray of Hope for Those Similarly Affected. (From the Boston News).

The editor of the News, in company with Mr. Jury, of the well known firm of Scott & Jury, visited the home of Samuel Wood, in the township of Darlington, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars of another of those remarkable cures happily brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood—who had thus been released from suffering, and when the newspaper man made known his mission she said: "Yes I can give you a bright testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe that if they did not save my life, they at all events released me from untold misery. Some three years ago dyspepsia came upon me in a severe form. I doctored with one of the local doctors for more than a year, but all the time was growing steadily worse. The medicine I took cost me a dollar a bottle, and the expenditure was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was growing worse, it would be better to try something else, as they felt that unless a change soon came I was doomed to live through the terrors of a dyspeptic's life. Sometimes I would be fairly doubled up with the pain, and it seemed as if a knife [was cutting into me. I then tried a number of medicines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We had so often read of the remarkable cures achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken eleven boxes when I was fully recovered. This was a couple of years ago, and I have not now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood further said that her husband had been a victim of kidney trouble for a long time and had taken a great deal of medicine for its cure but to no avail. When it was seen that Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good, Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they acted like a charm as he is now entirely free from his complaint and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pills and would not be without them in the house.

Messrs. Scott & Jury informed the News that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale. They have handled Pink Pills for years and say that they cannot recall a single instance in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkable record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other medicines fail.

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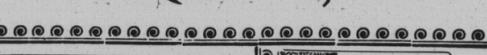
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# Musical and Dramatic.

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The congregation of Centenary Methodist church, on last Sunday evening, realized to full extent the pleasure anticipated by the singing of Mrs. Spencer on that occasion. The lady was in excellent voice and sang her solo exquisitely. There was an additional and unexpected feature of the musical programme that evening in the singing of a gentleman formerly, I understand of Guelph, but more recently of Toronto, - a Mr. Knowles. This gentleman has an admirable baritone voice of good timbre, rich and round and powerful also. He sang the solo in the Anthem. I have not learned how long Mr. Knowles will remain in the city nor whether he will be heard in other churches during his stay. It is to be hoped he will be heard here again however.

The congregation of St. Andrew's church will have the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Spencer tomorrow (Sunday) evening as she will then sing in that church. Mr. Blair will preside at the organ I am informed.

Prof. Bristowe organist of the Cathedral in Fredericton, and whose musical and other welfare is not without interest to many persons in this city, has obtained a well merited vacation and will make a trip to England. May all favoring breezes favor him and wait him safely back to our shores.

Miss Agnes Toomey has resigned her position of organist of the Church of the Assumption in Lancaster, which position she has filled very acceptably for some time past. The position I understand was offered to and accepted by Miss E. Morris, of Morrisville, who assumed the duties of the position, for the first time, on Sunday last. This lady, I am told, is a pupil of Prof. Costin.

A rumor has reached me to the effect that an effort will be made on behalf of Centenary Church, to secure the services of Mrs. Spencer in the choir of that church as leading singer.

Tones and Undertones.  
The death announced of Madame Marie Caroline Felix Carvahoe nee Miolan a once famous prima donna. She was born at Marseilles Dec. 31, 1837 and in 1863 was married to Leon Carvahoe of the

Opera Comique, Paris, where she was singing leading roles. She first appeared in England at the Royal Italian opera at Dinorah, with great success July 26, 1859. She was recommended by Meyerbeer as the only artist to supply the place left vacant by the death of Bizio. From 1856 to 1859 she sang at the Grand Opera receiving therefore a salary of \$12,000, and four months yearly vacation. "Actaeon" "Les Mysteres d'Uloph" "La Cour de Colimene" "Les noces de Jeannette," "Le Nabob," "La Caid" and "Giralda" were all written for her.

Maria Parollo, a talented Austrian contralto, recently sang in Paris with much success, a serenade by E. P. Pizzio, the composer of "Gai riella."

"Kismet" or "The Unglued Tracks" a new opera was given a first production at the Tremont theatre on the 9th inst. a notice of the work says "Gustave A. Kerker, is responsible to himself and various other composers for the music" and "the music of Kismet is worth little, if any, consideration; the libretto, none whatever."

Madame Bellinconi, who sang "Sanzuzza," in the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has been appearing in that role at the Covent Garden, London.

Clementine de Vere-Sapio, it is said, has developed into a dramatic soprano. She recently appeared in a Wagner concert in London under the direction of Henrich, and scored ovations in such selections as "Isolda's Love Death" and "Eriabath's Greeting Entrance Air," from Tannhauser.

New opera in the United States, says the Grand Opera Press, is becoming a serious question of finance. Great singers will not cross the ocean without a guarantee of almost double the salary they receive in Europe. It is doubtful whether Sir Augustus Harris pays Mme. Patti \$2,000 a night. Calve must sing two years at home for \$100,000 that Abbey & Grau have offered her for fifty odd performances next season. Mme. Melba offered to sing in Paris for \$300 a night, while at the Metropolitan next winter she will receive \$1,500. Emma Eam. was engaged in Paris for \$200 a night; with us she has \$600. Tamagno drew \$1,600 a night out of the Metropolitan treasury, although no impresario in Europe could afford to pay \$1,000 for the

Italian's services. Jean de Roszko's salary and percentages often amounted to \$2,000 a night, and if he receives half that amount at Bryrouth this summer we are mistaken in Cosima Wagner.

It is not generally known that Sig. Michelen, the handsome tenor of the Hinrichs Grand Opera Company, is an American, the supposition being that he is an Italian. Sig. Michelen is a South American by birth.

The London correspondent of the New York Journal writes: "By common consent Patti's reappearance in opera has been made the occasion for a wild fandangio of delight on the part of her admirers, and Mrs. Melba's nose is for the nonce put completely out of joint. The latter, who is now and again in the habit of saying piquant but not spiteful things, cannot bear to hear such wholesale praise lavished on the diva, and quite lately, out of all patience, she remarked: "Well she ought to be a good singer; she has had sufficient practice. Didn't the great Duke of Wellington admire her very much." This was told to Patti, who smiled and observed that she would "not say anything nasty in reply, lest it might hurt the feelings of Melba's grandchildren." Certainly the mother of a twenty year old daughter might have spared the gibes at Patti's age. It puts one in mind of an actress in one of Sir Augustus Harris' touring companies who had her nose put out of joint by Jessie Preston, when the latter was only 16. After a double encore and vociferous plaudits Jessie met the older actress boiling over in the wings. "And pray Miss Chit," said the jealous one, "how much do you pay them to do this—you, you, you back row ballet girl? Why, I don't suppose you even know who your mother was?" "No," was Jessie's quiet response. "I don't; was it you?"

"Hansel and Gretel" which has achieved an European success for the past year and a half, has never yet been heard in an American City.

Thomas Koschat, a Vienna composer and basso much admired and beloved, has celebrated his 50th birthday and he received a gratifying ovation. Forty-five singing societies counting up 1500 singers gave him a serenade, a banquet and a concert. Koschat has composed songs, choruses, quartets and some light operas. He is a singer of the imperial court chapel.

Last week Madame Patti made her first appearance these ten years at the Royal

Italian Opera, London, where almost in childhood she made her English debut thirty-four years ago. She gets 1,000 guineas for each performance, and many seats for her rentree costs \$25 apiece.

## TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Flossie Ethyl who as a child, played the title role in Little Lord Fauntleroy in this city a few years ago, is engaged as a member of Richard Mansfield's company for next season.

Miss Katherine Grey who is now a member of "Ted" Frawley's company, which is doing the Pacific slope, is engaged for next season by A. M. Palmer to play in "The great Diamond Robbery" at the American theatre. Madame Janauschek and Arthur Forrest, both well known here, will also be members of the company.

Mme. Rhea will tour next season in a revival of "Josephine Empress of the French" and "Nell Gwynn."

P. A. Nannery the well known actor and writer, who is a native of this city has been engaged as a member of the Stock company at Havins theatre, Chicago. The season opens 5th August.

Courtenay Thorpe will add to his repertoire "A Fantomine Rehearsal." The late Rosina Vokes was very successful in this play.

T. D. Frawley, well remembered in this city, and recognized as a clever actor, is meeting with much success with his stock company, now playing on the Pacific Slope.

M. Parodi has written a new tragedy which will be called "The Pope" and it is likely to create a sensation on the stage. The Pope to whom the drama refers is said to be Gregory VII, who has been called the "Bonaparte of the Papacy." The heroine is the countess Matilda who was the original of Tasso's Clorinda, and considered by M. Parodi an Italian Joan of Arc, save that she was of noble birth and wealthy.

Miss Edith Crane, who will be remembered in this city as leading lady of Tyrone Power's company, has been doing the role of "Tribly" in Chicago. Wilton Lachaye was Swengali. He created that role. A notice says "The Tribly of Miss Crane naturally realizes the ideal."

The London Sun says, Katherine Clemons is in that city "looking for an English play and theatre." The same paper further says of her "She is one of the most beautiful creatures that ever faced the

footlights. She has the vivacity of California, the brain of a New Yorker and the exquisite taste in dress of Paris. She sank a lot of Buffalo Bill's money in her production of "A Lady of Venice" a couple of years ago."

Madame Rejane, the French actress, who has recently arrived in her native land, from her American season, expresses herself in very complimentary terms of Boston and the people of that city. She found an extensive knowledge of the stage as well as a knowledge of the French language in society circles in that city.

Venner Clarges, who will be remembered as a member of the Tyrone Power company playing in "The Texan" in this city, has been engaged by Augustin Daly to support Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in "Le Collier de la Reine" next season.

Before coming to this city Mr. Clarges had been a member of the Potter-Bellew company.

Japan's best actor, Danjuro, it is said ranks with the best on the stage today.

Caroline Miskel Hoyt, will create the title role in a new play, entitled "A Satisfied Woman" which is now being written by her husband Charles Hoyt.

Miss Olga Nebersole will produce Hamilton's drama, "Carmen" for the first time on any stage, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, Nov. 18. The Frohmans, her managers, promise a grand production of the play.

Miss Minnie Radcliffe, leading lady of this Harkin's company this summer, goes with Sol Smith Russell next season.

Tom Wise, everybody's favorite and a sterling fellow and good, goes with "In Old Kentucky" next season. Mr. Wise's home is on the Pacific slope.

Denman Thompson, who wrote "The Old Homestead," started his professional career as a banner holder in a circus. His first appearance on the stage was with Charlotte Cushman, who played "Lady Macbeth." Thompson carried a spear.

In the new play "The Prisoner of Zenda" a dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel which has been made by Edward Rose, Mr. E. H. Sothorn will play three distinct characters, viz Rudolf of Pfortains, a king and an english.

A recent American paper says: It is with deep regret patrons of the legitimate drama learn that Eleanor Duse will not be among the theatrical stars to shine here next season. Whether she ever really

intended coming, or it was only a flattering held out by her managers, cannot be said, but the fact remains that this great and truly emotional actress is too much of an invalid to be relied on for grand enterprises, such as Bernhardt undertakes with absolute security. The Frenchwoman never disappointed an audience while filling the American engagement, but Duse went all to pieces most as the time, [and the exceptions were the nights she played. Yet, how well worth waiting for she was! The memory of her masterly performance in the last act of "Camille" sticks by, and after nearly three years still wrings the heart strings, protest, as one may, at any Camille doing that nowadays. BLE. Montreal is designated a most inhospitable summer show town.

## Women of the Future.

"Do you think women will ever successfully fill the pulpit?"  
"I see no reason why she should not. It ought to be easy, with the sleeves she wears."

## RECIPE—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle  
Fischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake  
Sugar, Two Pounds  
Lakewarm Water, Two Gallons.  
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.  
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

## Great Reductions in

# MILLINERY



The balance of our stock of TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED HATS TOQUES and BONNETS At greatly reduced prices. All this Season's Styles. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King St

# COMING to St. John, Monday, Tuesday, JULY 22 and 23.

THE BIGGEST SHOW EVER SEEN IN THE CANADIAN PROVINCES. Earth's Greatest, Grandest and Most Stupendous Tented Exhibition. The Premier Event of all Combined Circus Seasons. First Visit to this City of the Largest, Oldest, Richest and Most Complete Arenic and Zoological Displays in the World.

# SELLS BROTHERS ENORMOUS UNITED SHOW OF THE WORLD.

Beyond all Comparison the Biggest and BEST SHOW ON EARTH. Coming in all its over-shadowing Vastness on 4 SPECIAL RAILWAY TRAINS. 4 1000 PEOPLE, 500 HORSES AND PONIES. 12 MAMMOTH WATERPROOF TENTS.



3... Ring Circus, in all its Dazzling Splendor.... Magnificent Exhibit of Wild Beasts. 50-Mammoth Emblazoned Dens-50 Filled with Remarkable Wild Beast Treasures, which are more than 1000 as many as any other Circus in America carries.



\$3,500,000 ACTUALLY INVESTED TO PERPETUATE ITS GRANDEUR. \$3,500,000 SEE Two complete Performances Daily, AFTERNOON AT 2 EVENING AT 8. Doors Open One Hour Earlier. Seating Capacity 12,000. THE BIG SHOW WILL EXHIBIT IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES: St. John: Monday and Tuesday, July 22 and 23. Moncton: Wednesday, July 24. Grand: Thursday, July 25. Halifax: Friday and Saturday, July 26 and 27. New Glasgow, Monday, July 28. Amherst: Tuesday, July 29. Charlottetown: Wednesday, July 30. Production: Thursday, August 1. Woodstock: Friday, August 2. St. Stephen, Saturday, August 3.



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JOHN, N. B.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from a list of 100,000 subscribers...

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies can be purchased at every news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the city, town and village of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuation. - Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

Special notices should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Mailman Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,643.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY JULY 20. THAT SUNDAY LAW.

The police magistrate, after taking several weeks to decide whether the sale of cigars and beer on Sunday constituted servile labor, has finally decided that he does not know. He has therefore imposed a nominal fine of four dollars, and the question is to be argued before the supreme court.

There is just one good end that will be served by the proceedings. It is that, some day, the supreme court will decide whether the law amounts to anything or whether it is simply an unrepulsed and useless relic of the last century, as most people believe it to be.

Not a single case of selling liquor on Sunday has been reported since the crusade against soft drinks and cigars was begun, though there are undoubtedly as many bars open as there have been in the past.

When the great and momentous question of the sale of soda water on Sunday is settled, there may be an attack (on the Sunday excursions up river and elsewhere). They are getting to be shockingly common, and the people seem to like them.

BOSS SHEPHERD'S REVENGE. It has been the fortune of a good many public men, in the United States, to be railed at as corruptionists and jobbers.

Such has been the fortune of a man who arrived in the city of Washington last Saturday, after a voluntary exile of nearly twenty years, save for a brief visit made there in 1887. His name was ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD.

At the Christian Endeavor convention in Boston, Canada came to the front when the province of Assiniboia was awarded the banner for the greatest proportionate increase in number of local societies.

At the Christian Endeavor convention in Boston, Canada came to the front when the province of Assiniboia was awarded the banner for the greatest proportionate increase in number of local societies.

The young lady who had made 700 words out of "controversy" last autumn has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of flour.

ington municipal affairs and finally made executive officer of the board of public works. He was not only a politician himself, but he had a thorough knowledge of the other local politicians and knew how to manage them.

When the extent and cost of Shepherd's improvements became known, there was a tremendous outcry from the press and the public, and he was branded as the worst corruptionist of the age.

It is not often a public man so proves himself right in his lifetime, when all the world has said he was wrong.

ESQUIRE IS TOO COMMON. The New York Sun, which is a pretty good authority on many points of social usage, has this to say in answer to a correspondent:

It is hard to charge cadship against the use of the suffix Esquire, after it has spread so universally among English-speaking people; but it ought to be stopped, as cadship, as unnecessary, and as contrary to the tenets of the future.

Whatever may have been the English idea, the American seems to be that the tradesman should be called Esquire, while Mr. is the exception which marks the gentleman.

At one of the Christian Endeavor meetings in Boston, "Dr. S. F. Smith, author of 'America' was introduced" and a verse of that apology for a national anthem was sung.

Books and Magazines. Appleton's Canadian Guide book for 1895 is a very well illustrated and carefully prepared manual which will be found of great use to travellers.

The House of Never. The house of Never, is built, they say, just over the hills of the By and By, and is reached by a devious way.

The Small Boy Jubilant. Monday will be a great day for the small boy and the big boy, for the circus will be here in all its glory.

An Unpractical Girl. The young lady who had made 700 words out of "controversy" last autumn has run away from home.

Origin of Coal Beds. Among the important announcements made by Professor Huxley, and which created a stir among scientific men, was one that the coal beds of England were not formed, as previously supposed, chiefly from trunks of trees.

Among the important announcements made by Professor Huxley, and which created a stir among scientific men, was one that the coal beds of England were not formed, as previously supposed, chiefly from trunks of trees.

ing holes in the gutta percha insulation, thus letting the water reach the wires. The gribble's taste for cables is purely an acquired one, and the appetite of this insect will doubtless lead to much greater ravages in the future, unless some plan is devised to make it mend its ways.

A few years ago, the newspapers were praising the business sagacity of MARK TWAIN in making money by being his own publisher. It now seems he would have done better had he done otherwise.

Rain fell last Monday, which was St. SWITHIN'S day, and now people are predicting that rain will fall during every twenty-four hours of the next forty days.

A "rich and heretofore a highly respectable citizen" of a town in Ohio has been arrested for burglary, and has confessed himself guilty of most of the robberies occurring there for the last three years.

Newspaper writers and others are apt to depict the fishermen of the Gulf of St. Lawrence as a hardy and simple minded people, but the wreck of the steaming ship Mexico at Belle Isle, a few days ago, proves that some of them can distinguish themselves in other ways.

A week or two ago, PROGRESS told the story of a violin which had been lost by one Professor BOTT, of New York, and which VICTOR FLECHTER, a well known dealer, was charged with having stolen.

There are songs of love which are sweet to hear, recalling scenes to our hearts most dear; They reveal the faces of the dear long ago; They tell of love-light and love's glow; But they pass away and we hear their note; But the song in the heart is never forgot.

There are songs of praise to our hearts most dear, And we've heard them oft for many a year; We've heard them sung when our hearts were glad, And comfort they've given when our hearts were sad.

There are songs of grief that ever bring us to our hearts, as if the heart were stung; They tell of sorrow and of pain and tear; They tell of love that's gone and never near; They tell of love that's gone and never near.

There is a glad song which often it sings, When the soul soars aloft as a bird on its wings; It is a temple of God in the heart, Which is beauty and grandeur and truth and art, And our eyes behold through the veil between, The beauty and glory of the great unseen.

The sweetest chime that the world has heard, Though the hearts of millions by it were stirred; The sweetest laugh of a child at play, The sweetest smile of a mother's eye; Are as though compared to the heart's love song, When the love is known in pure and strong.

The dearest and truest to us in the land, The song in the heart grows so lovely and grand; Too deep for a word, so strong to endure; With gladness so great, and ecstasy so pure, The face is made brighter, more lovely and fair.

The House of Never. The house of Never, is built, they say, just over the hills of the By and By, and is reached by a devious way.

Among the important announcements made by Professor Huxley, and which created a stir among scientific men, was one that the coal beds of England were not formed, as previously supposed, chiefly from trunks of trees.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

World's Love. Then beauteous earth, by angels trod, Ye splendid cities, and ye grand - My Father's house! The money and Was pillow for the Son of God.

Ye noble wildernesses of trees, With wood nook, cool and dim, His were your charms and mysteries; And yet ye gave, for soothing ease, The milk of cedar to His lips.

Ye streams from your wild heights that burst, Where both the wild deer roe, Ye wear his own; yet when, at worst, Ye heard his dying cry - "I thirst!" Ye wet not then His lip.

Ye world so fair, with pleasure girl, - So wonderful to see! Ye mortals love thee to their hurt? Or, if ye failed to Him then wert, Can't thou be good to me?

Yes, let me look through love lit eyes, And woo thy charms, unshrill lied; 'Tis were the curse of Mammon lie. Men crouch to me in the beaking skies, Nor hear when God hath called.

"Back the Main Yard. "Back the main yard all hands lay aft." It brought no surprise to me; "Uncover!" The burial service was said, And he sleeps in the wild, wild sea.

He was a quiet and willing soul, But still on his life there lay; A heavy burden, we could see, Some weight of a sorrowful day.

At the last he told me how it was, Of one who had loved him well; And would have married him any day, And that was his grief to tell.

"She was true as a polar star, But gold and a prouder name; And a home to save took her from me, And mine is an ocean grave."

"We had our parting and that is all, Her picture - "Thy death to keep;" We sewed it up in his shroud with care, To rest with him in the deep.

A death at sea of a broken heart, There are many on shore, but this, Was the saddest scene in my sailor life For there's no one his love to miss.

She is gay "in the swim" of mirth to-night, She once at his coming smiled; Now never a thought have they of him, We let the waters wild.

At home they say he would have his way, To see he made choice to go; They will hear his dead; can that be all, They ever will care to know?

"Back the main yard," there was sold today, A young lady fair and sweet; Over the ocean a million she bore, And laid at her buyers feet.

"Back the main yard" all hands lay aft, It brought no surprise to me; "Uncover!" The burial service was said, And he sleeps in the wild dark sea.

Salor's Song Rest, July 1895. "A Fishin' Want we want a fishin' - me As 'my pa' 'ma' 'all three - When they was a picnic, way Out to Hanch's wood one day.

An' they was a creek out there, Where the fishes is, an' where Little boys 'at ain't big an' strong Better have their folks along.

My pa he let fished an' fished, An' my Ma she said she wished Me 'at her was home; An' 'pa' said he wished to me 'at Ma.

I's a'did 'ya talk, or say - 'nythin', or sneer, or pray, I ain't no fish, alive or dead, Ever goin' to bite, he said.

I fussy high desk in town, when 'me Got back home, an' 'ma' says she, Now she'll have a fish for shore, An' she buyed one at the store.

'N then 'at, 'pa he woot Like me - 'at he pould me " When I choked - ma, didst he, St. John N. B. July, 1895 R. J. W.

There are songs of love which are sweet to hear, recalling scenes to our hearts most dear; They reveal the faces of the dear long ago; They tell of love-light and love's glow; But they pass away and we hear their note; But the song in the heart is never forgot.

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from trunks of trees, but almost wholly from pollen of lycopodiums, tree ferns, and other cryptogamous plants. He held that as there was no wind during the carboniferous period, the pollen fell annually in layers of almost even thickness. From these layers he made an estimate of the duration of the carboniferous period, and his figures showed it to be the shortest of all preceding the present one, aggregating something less than half a million years.

THE WORLD'S BIG BRIDGES.

The Structure Uniting New York and Brooklyn Reaches the List.

The very latest official computation puts the total cost of the Brooklyn Bridge at \$17,489,855. The bridge when contracted for was to cost \$10,000,000. At least such was the original estimate of John A. Roebling, who, in 1867, put the cost of the bridge at \$7,000,000 and of the approaches to it \$3,000,000. Actually, the bridge cost \$15,000,000, which was not much of an increase over the original figures when the difficulties of the undertaking came into account.

The Brooklyn bridge is the most expensive work of the kind in the world, exceeding in cost any other bridge of which authentic figures are available. The bridge over the Forth, in Scotland, cost \$14,000,000, the Victoria bridge in Canada cost \$12,000,000, the bridge across the Volga at Saratov, in Russia, cost \$4,000,000. The cost of London bridge was \$10,000,000, of Waterloo bridge \$5,500,000, and of the Westminster bridge \$2,500,000.

With the enormous increase of viaduct work for railroad purposes in the United States, the profession of "bridge builder" has become a very important one, and steel and iron work having largely superseded masonry, since by improved processes in their manufacture, structural iron and steel have materially decreased in cost.

Will be Here Monday.

Sells Brothers circus will exhibit in St. John on Monday and Tuesday. This is the only great show in America that has had a continuous and successful career of twenty-four years under the same name and management, and the only one that has enjoyed a trans-Pacific tour to Australia.

Everybody knows the wonderful power of money in business, and Messrs. Sells Brothers have the distinction of being the wealthiest showmen in the world, the commercial agencies accrediting them several millions. This being their first visit to this section, they have made the price of admission the same as usual, and no higher.

The horse street parade will be grander than a half a dozen such shows as those sometimes traveling under the name of circuses. Sells Bros. will visit all the leading Canadian cities this season, and invite the discriminating consideration of the intelligent public. That they will receive liberal patronage is firmly believed, and that they will win good opinions there is no reason to doubt.

Sells Bros. are the pioneer showmen of America, and are the absolute and sole owners of all stock, railroad cars, animals, cages, chariots and tents, renting no privileges. Free from any and all objectionable features; no games of chance, no lumbags, which frequently accompany circuses for the purpose of fleecing a gullible public. No exaggeration, everything exactly as advertised; coming on their own special trains of railway cars, 12 mammoth tents, 1000 people, 500 horses and ponies, three ring circuses, fifty cages in cages, Roman hippodrome races, elevated theatre stages, Australian aviary, Arabian caravan and the spectacular street pageant at 10 p. m. on exhibition day. Special grand holiday excursions will run on railroad and steam boat lines at reduced rates.

Russian Centennarians.

Russia seems to be prolific of centenarians, though one would hardly be disposed to regard the general condition of existence under the government of the Czar as conducive of longevity. Last year we were told of the French cavalry colonel who fought in his middle age at Borodino, and would not, perhaps, have died even in his 187th year if some benevolent person had not got up a subscription for his benefit.

Lawrentz Efimoff, who has just shuffled off this mortal coil in the province of Samara, beats this worthy hollow. He was half way through his second century when death cut short his career. He probably owed the prolongation of his days to the fact that he spent his youth in the honorable and healthy profession of brigandage. In the reign of Catherine the II. he belonged to the famous band commanded by Pougatcheff, and having been caught was sent and the Empress to Siberia. However, he had his revenge by surviving his persecutrix just 100 years. He did not imitate most of his rivals in senility by retaining all his faculties to the last for he was blind for some time before bidding farewell to the world. - Fall Mail Gazette.

What "Northern" Are.

In Texas a "norther" is a chilling blast that sweeps over the country, sending the temperature down as much as thirty degrees in as many minutes. But in California a "norther" is a hot wind that puts the temperature up ten or fifteen points above comfort and, instead of freezing vegetation, does great damage by causing a too quick ripening. Early this month the Sacramento Valley had a norther which lasted ten days, ripening the wheat crop prematurely so that the yield struck 25 per cent over the estimate of the previous week. These hot winds rarely last more than three days, as is the case also with the cold Texas northers.

The Sunbonnet.

A feminine reformer wants a revival of the old-fashioned sunbonnet. "I do wish," she remarked, "that I could get about twenty women to join me in bringing the sunbonnet into popularity again. Many women in this city do their own marketing, and how absurd they look toggled out in flowers and ribbons, in silks and laces; how much more appropriate would be the old-fashioned sunbonnet. I wish women would revive it." - Louisville Courier-Journal.

Training Locomotives.

It may not be generally known that locomotives intended for express trains require as much training in their way, for fast running as do race horses. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company builds its own engines, and those built for express trains are known as class P. They are very large, and built, with slight variations, after the pattern of the big English engine imported into this country several years ago, and which at that time was a curiosity in its way. When one of these big engines is taken out of the shops to be placed on the road, instead of putting it to work it is intended for at once, it is run for two or three weeks in the country several years ago, in order to train it, so to speak, for fast running. By this means all the bearings and journals connected with the running gear become settled to their work; for, about anything about the new machine no work harmoniously, there is ample time to adjust the defects. Usually the engine proves troublesome on account of its propensity to make fast time, and at almost every station the train is found to be a little ahead of schedule time, and must wait for from ten seconds to a minute. - Philadelphia Record.

Shoes of Paste.

"For years," says a Maine manufacturer, "shoes of a cheap grade have been made of what is known as leather-board. It is a compressed paste. There is a factory in my State which turns out tons of it every month. Many of these shoes are sent to Central and South America, and, as a matter of fact, thousands are sold here. "As long as the weather is dry they wear first rate, but when you strike a rain you're gone almost surely. Two wettings and you want to look out. When you invest in your summer shoes be sure they are what you want. Usually the dealer, and you can't cover your feet with it for a trifle." - New York World.

"FILOSOFOY AND FOLLY."

T. O. Per - I want you (hic) to (hic) kill that dog! C. A. Nino - What for pray? T. O. Per - C - cause (hic) he bit me, and I'm (hic) scared of hydrophobia. C. A. Nino - Well see here, you bite the dog, if he don't die of "veterian remon," I'll poison you both.

A Horse Jockey's natural disease is "galloping" consumption. "Water on the Brain" is far too microbic a disease for heavy drinking, or for sedentary work, or for Cordiality about it. When the liver becomes torpid, try torpid pills. Better have the "mumps" in your purse than in the neck.

"Scarlet" rash may occasionally be observed at about the centre of the face of bigotted anti-water imbblers. "Neglected Colds" are responsible for many an orphan, therefore take care of them. Did you ever try little red riding-hood's Sarsaparilla for "constipation"?

For "Wry" face try some other "grain." Advertisers in the "lost and found" column for "Loss of Flesh," if you don't find it, try your butcher's. Water-melon-cholla is a kind of liquid-starch disease prevalent in the South. Too late to try Heart's-ease when the heart ceases. Sailors suffer considerably from "Salt" rheum, deep, bruisy, salt room. For writer's cramp, try syrup of (S) quilla. Don't be too familiar with your dentist; he only wants a "pull" on you.

Flatulency is one noted for "roundness," or rotundity is particularly hard to cure. When your Occult wants to change you \$25.00 for a special "glass" inform him that you cannot "use through it." All dogs should be prescribed for, sick or otherwise. Recipe: six ounces of leather, formed like unto a muzzle. Sprinkle six-months' yarns with salt, before washing. Love-sickness, too often finds its antidote in marriage. "Scalp" diseases originated in the Indian Territories, upon the advent of the pale face. When one is near a cold, distasteful person, it's best to be contagious. "Sharp" balsam is not good for a "dull" head ache. Smoking is the "root" of all illness, a kind of "biter" root; this is no overstatement. Slingers are N. G. if sluggish. Naturalists should be unaffected by disease, they should die of natural causes. Fridge suffers more from "fall" than diseases, but generally survives in the South. Admiration of your portrait in the "Testimonial" column, may not necessitate the further use of that wonderfully miraculous, and efficacious restorative, of which three bottles made a new man of you. Close, hand-fast persons are peculiarly susceptible to "skin" diseases. The prevalent disease among Indians, is Whooping cough, a sort of was-whoop-ing cough. The descendants of "John Bull," still suffer from corns. Jonston's "Anno Domini" liniment was not invented B. C. Tapers frequently exhibit symptoms of Bran de Blossom. "Enlargement of the heart" except from its original and literal sense, does not promise to become epidemic. Coffee should not be ill-treated, as it "urans" its livin on its own grounds. Fish-hawker, Wood-hawker and others of that ilk should give Hawker's specific a trial. - JAY EX.

SYDNEY, O. B.

[Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKenna and G. J. McKinnon.] JULY 17. - Mr. John M. Stirling and bride arrived from Montreal on Friday. Mrs. Johnston and Miss Johnston are spending a few days at Sydney mines. Miss Ida Ingraham is staying with her uncle at "Balsboro." Mrs. Allison, of Halifax, is staying at "Burnside," Mr. and Mrs. E. Moore, of North Sydney, were in town today. Dr. G. B. McLennan and Mr. D. A. McDonald, are spending a few days in Sydney. Miss F. Marshall has gone on a short visit to her brother at St. John's. Miss Mary Corbett, of Halifax, has been staying at "Helmington." Mr. G. Patterson, New York, has been attending court here. - CHAS. RYAN.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- K. S. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LAWSON & MILLER, Morris street
CONNOLLY'S BOOK STORE, George street
BROOKLYN'S DANCE STORE, Spring Garden Road
LAWSON'S DANCE STORE, Opposite R. R. depot
F. J. GARDNER, 11 Jacob street
LAWSON'S DANCE STORE, Railway depot
SMITH & CO., Granville street
W. J. HARRIS, Spring Garden Road
H. HARRIS & SON, George Street
E. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth, N. S.

Last week was very gay with tea, tennis parties and receptions and the loudest gossamers of all had nothing to complain of.

Monday afternoon Miss Ethel Stairs gave a small but pleasant tea for some people which ended in a dance in the evening and was very much enjoyed.

Mrs Ritchey's reception on Tuesday afternoon was very successful notwithstanding the very wet weather: large numbers went out to Belmont and the afternoon and evening were very much enjoyed.

On Wednesday society turned out en masse to see and hear "Princess Bonnie" which was given in St. Luke's hall in aid of the organ fund. The piece was not given in costume, those taking part wearing evening dresses only.

Mrs. D. Carr in Clench of St. John, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. E. F. Wilson Prince street west.

Mrs. G. O. Fulton and family left this morning for a month's stay in Wallace.

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Buy Eclipse Soap if you want economy and comfort in your home. Take a bar from your grocer and try it.

JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Manufacturers.

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Miss Spool, of Parrboro, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Millidge Tuttle.

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BEAR RIVER.

July 15.—Miss Lizette Smith, of Windsor, and Miss Beth Lovitt, of Yarmouth, are the guests of Mr. H. H. Henderson.

Miss May Davis is visiting Miss Purdy, she returned to her home in Yarmouth this week.

Miss Neil Crowell, of Yarmouth, is spending a few weeks in Bear River.

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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

July 10.—Mrs. Andrews and baby of Halifax, are the guests of Mrs. Wood.

The Misses Gales who have been spending some months in Boston, returned on Tuesday and are the guests of their mother, Mrs. Gales.

Miss Jack who has been visiting at Mrs. Robinson's, went to St. John on Monday.

Mrs. J. J. Ritchie went to Halifax on Wednesday for a short visit.

Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Cunningham.

Mrs. Leavitt gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea Thursday to a few of her lady friends. Those present were: Mrs. Henry de Blois, Mrs. J. M. Owen, Mrs. Boggs, Miss Strotzard, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. F. O. Lee, Mrs. Tibbitts, Miss Tibbitts and Mrs. Malcomb.

Miss Lombard returned from Yarmouth on Friday.

Mrs. Thompson and son, of Melway, are the guests of Mrs. Gales.

Mrs. Beckwith, of Bridgetown, spent Sunday in Annapolis.

Mrs. Rudolph gave a five o'clock tea on Wednesday. Those present were: Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Dogge, Mrs. Leavitt, Mrs. John Runciman, Mrs. F. O. Lee, Mrs. Ang. Harris, Mrs. Herbert Runciman, Mrs. Fred W. Harris, Miss Goodwin, Mrs. Nellie Robinson, Mrs. Brittain.

Miss Rudolph - has been the guest of Mrs. H. L. Rudolph returned to her home in Lunenburg on Thursday.

The Misses Brittain gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea to their young friends on Friday afternoon. Those present were: Mrs. Reed, Boston, Mrs. Leo Hodson, Mrs. F. O. Lee, Mrs. J. Herbert Runciman, Miss Mabel Hall, Miss Mabel Joy, Miss Annie Hall, Boston, Miss Harris, Miss Blanche Harris, Miss Gervane Hodson, Miss Edith Corbett, the Misses Withers, Miss Maggie Leavitt, the Misses Buckler, Miss Tibbitts, Miss McCarty, Miss Cannon, Miss Belle McLoughlin, Miss Nichols, the Misses Gales, Miss Cunningham, Miss Macdonald, Halifax, Miss Mary Shaw, Boston.

Miss Jennie Harris, of Yarmouth, is the guest of Mrs. Robert Harris.

Messrs. Slater, of Boston, are paying their usual summer visit to Mrs. Malcomb.

Mr. Frank Hall, of Moncton, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Samuel Hall.

Miss Longley, of Paradise, is visiting Mrs. Leavitt.

Mrs. F. C. Whitman gave a five o'clock tea on Friday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Leslie. Miss Laura Joy, of Halifax, is visiting her brother, Mr. Allen Joy.

Miss Robinson gave a tennis party on Friday afternoon.

Miss Florence Purdy who has been the guest of Mr. Bohaker, returned to her home on Saturday.

Mrs. How gave a very pleasant birthday party on Monday afternoon for her little son Jim.

Mrs. Lombard gave an "At Home" on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. J. M. Owen.

Miss Gervane (Boston) and Miss Owen (Halifax) are the guests of Mrs. J. M. Owen.

Miss Leslie who has been the guest of Mrs. F. C. Whitman for the past few weeks went to St. John on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Pennsylvania are the guests of Mrs. Edwin Clark.

Miss Grace Robinson is spending a few days at Clarendon.

Mrs. Reed, of St. John, is visiting her daughter Mrs. F. O. L. E.

Canon Maynard was assisted on Sunday evening last at the services at St. Luke's by Mr. Lewis.

Rev. H. How called on steamer Damara for London Saturday last on a three months leave of absence, on his many friends hope to see him return very much improved in health.

Capt. Foster went to St. John on Friday to resume his duties as pilot on board the steamer "Prince Rupert."

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, of Yarmouth, who are visiting in Mount Hill spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. Thomas Patton, of Sussex, is the guest of Mrs. of Mrs. Robert Harris.

SEBASTIAO OAR.

July 17.—Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Clement, Albany, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beal.

The Misses Stronick, Henderson, and Rogers, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kincaid.

Mr. J. H. Scovill is spending his vacation at his home at the Cape.

Miss Eugenie Russel, Ottawa, and Miss Lena Mabel, St. Stephen, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Scott.

Mrs. Gross and Master Johnnie Gross also Mrs. Stever and Mrs. Harris and family, are boarding with Mrs. H. Hamilton, Mrs. Fries and family are staying at Mrs. A. Wilbur's.

SALMON CREEK.

July 15.—Mr. Hugh McLean entertained a number of his friends at his residence on Wednesday evening. Quite a number were present.

Mr. James Fowler has returned from a few days stay in St. John.

Miss Annie McGregor and Mr. Keith were united in marriage, last week. They have the best wishes of many friends.

Miss Laura Beal has returned from St. John.

Miss Laura and Master LeRoy Sandall are spending a few days here.

AMHERST.

Programme for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.

July 17.—The picnic season is upon us and the prospect looks as if it would be a very prosperous one. On Thursday a number of young ladies and gentlemen drove out to Timbith and spent a delightful day by the cool sea breezes. On Saturday the teachers of the summer school of science drove to the Joggins Mines and spent the day; and on Tuesday afternoon drove to the experimental farm where, through the kindness of Colonel and Mrs. Blair they spent a most enjoyable time. On Wednesday the church of England and Presbyterian church combined had a day's outing at Pucwash. The weather was delightful and kept so throughout the day which was one of perfect enjoyment for all the merry party to that beautiful resort. The company of gentlemen and ladies must certainly have the thanks of all, for making the affair such a grand success.

ADVERTISING FOR CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE, and other services.

Advertisement for BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS, listing ailments like dyspepsia, bad blood, constipation, kidney troubles, headache, and biliousness.

BURDOCK FILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the stomach, liver and bowels.

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Advertisement for PATENT SKIN SILK HOLDER, featuring an illustration of the product and text describing its benefits for washing silks.

What leading Art Embroiderers say of our New Patent Holder. "I think the Holder a magnificent improvement..."

Stick Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package of CROCKETT'S, CONSUMPTION.

Have You Tried Allan's Soda Water? Cool and Refreshing. STAR LINE STEAMERS.

For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMER: David Weston and Olly Olive, leave St. John every day...

Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick...

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Advertisement for An Open Letter, mentioning MARTIN'S, QUEBEC, and C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Advertisement for AN EXPRESS CO., offering express forwarding and shipping services.

Advertisement for CEDARS, featuring an illustration of a cedar tree and text about its uses.

Advertisement for K. D. C. CO., LTD., located in NEW GLASGOW, N. S., and 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.



ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1895.

CANNOT MEND THE GAP.

THE WANDERERS AND GARRISON CLUBS NOT RECONCILED.

The Nearest Approach to Reconciliation Is an Armed Neutrality—Some Points of Contention—How the Garrison Got Ahead with the Boston Team.

HALIFAX, July 18.—There is no possibility of bridging the chasm that has come to separate the Wanderers and the Garrison Athletic clubs of this city. Every effort to arrange peace, to call off the Garrison boycott, has failed. The nearest approach to friendliness that can be secured is a kind of "armed neutrality." There were rumors that the garrison had some other reason for refusing to play cricket with the Wanderers than the fact that the latter would not allow them to become members. It was said the Garrison objected to some members of the team, or to their conduct, but there seems to be nothing in that. Certainly the Wanderers have failed to get the Garrison to formulate any such charges, if they have them. A conference composed of Colonel Anstruther and Lieutenant Everitt, representing the Garrison, and J. N. Duffus and F. P. Bligh, representing the Wanderers, had a long session. The Garrison could not be prevailed on to admit that they had any other grievance than this, that they are excluded from membership in the civilian club. That matter was thrashed out thoroughly. It was pointed out to the officers that one-fourth of the Wanderers are strongly opposed to memberships by the officers. They do not want them for several reasons. One-fourth, on the other hand, desire the admission of the Garrison. Then the remaining half of the membership cares not whether the officers get in or stay out. It was shown that in any case nothing can be done about it till the autumn, and the officers were asked to relent a little and make things pleasant for the summer by playing cricket. The conference adjourned with the two officers promising to lay the case before their club. That is the last heard directly of the attempt to make a treaty of peace.

The officers have never reported back to the Wanderers. They evidently did not think the courtesy of a report to the Wanderers was necessary. But the W. A. C. have heard, indirectly, that there is no hope for an amicable understanding. It was this way: The Garrison wrote to the Boston cricketers, who come here next month, that it would be impossible for them to play against them in a combined team with the Wanderers. The military did not want to spoil the week's cricket, however, and they offered the Boston to get up a match with them for the closing days making the team a combined military and navy one, instead of the combined Garrison and Wanderers. They thus shut the Wanderers out, confining them to the one match—Boston versus Wanderers—and indirectly intimidated they would have nothing to do with them. The matches, except the Boston-Wanderers contest, will come off on the Citadel field. After this, it will be a very cold day when the Garrison officers get within sight of the membership roll of the W. A. C.

NO AMBULANCES NEEDED. The Twelfth of July Parade in Halifax Was a Very Peaceful Affair. HALIFAX, July 18.—The celebration of the "twelfth of July" came off in Halifax with a big procession—the first on record here. There were untold fears of trouble. The entire police force was called out and put on duty along the route of march. Chief O'Sullivan was determined to take no chances of a riot, and he handled his men admirably. Not only that, but a riot did occur the chief was ready to receive the dead and wounded from the field of battle with promptness and despatch. Two horse waggons were borrowed from the fire department, the horse was dumped out, and the vehicles were metamorphosed into police patrol waggons. These looked grim enough as they followed in the rear of the procession, driven by two lusty police sergeants.

The 700 orangemen paraded the streets of Halifax from end to end, and there was not a murmur of disapproval. Perhaps this peaceful condition prevailed for three reasons: First, no one wanted to fight; secondly, the police were all out with the two patrol waggons to carry off the dead or dying; thirdly, and most important of all, alderman Neddy O'Donnell was prominently to the front with a huge yellow banner pinned to his coat. The sight of the chairman of the city prison committee, with such a yellow pony as he sported, was more than enough to keep down all the angry passions that might arise in Halifax on "the glorious twelfth."

But there was not much danger of trouble on account of the orange procession, and there were those who complained that the production of two "patrol waggons" was overdoing the precaution business just a little. Chief O'Sullivan thought otherwise and he carried out his arrangements to perfection. The orange magnates recognized

the chief's good work by passing him and the police force a cordial vote of thanks, for their services on the occasion.

WILL HAVE AN ELECTRIC.

Halifax to Have a Street Railway Which Will be up to the Times. HALIFAX, July 18.—At last Halifax is to have an electric railway first class in every respect. The main line and branches will make a length of eight and one-half miles. The financiers at the back of the enterprise are practically the west end street railway people of Boston. What a revolution it will be to Halifax people who have so long groaned and suffered under the miserable apology for a good horse railway.

In connection with the half-mile branch from South park and Inglis streets to the park gates an interesting piece of inside history is told. When the company's charter was before the legislative council just before prorogation, Hon. Dr. Owen got a clause added making it compulsory on the company to construct this branch and thereby benefit property in the locality which he had an interest. The amendment had to be swallowed by the company or lack of time to do anything else. The road it is estimated, will cost \$340,000.

HONORS TO THE VICTOR. The Pomp and Circumstance Attending an Ancient Roman Triumph.

In ancient Rome a triumph was an honor awarded to generals for decisive battles over foreign enemies. It was never granted for victories achieved in civil war. The power of granting a triumph rested with the senate and it was a prime condition that the victorious general on his return from war should not enter the city until the triumphal procession should escort him.

This procession was headed by the magistrates and the senate. Then came the trumpeters, who were followed by the spoils, which included arms, statues, standards, and representatives of battles and of the towns, rivers and mountains of the conquered country. Next came the victims intended for sacrifice. As a rule, these victims were white oxen with gilded horns. They were followed by the pioneers that had been kept to grace the triumph, and after the prisoners came the chariot in which was seated the triumphant or victorious general.

The chariot was covered with laurel, and the triumphant was stired in a robe of purple and gold. In his right hand he held a laurel branch and in his left an ivory crown. A slave held the golden crown of Jupiter above his head, and kept saying to him:

"In the midst of all thy glory, victorious one, remember that thou art a mortal man."

Last came the soldiers singing songs and shouting, "Io triumphe!" This procession started from the Campus Martius, outside the city walls, and passed through the city to the Capitol. Triumph days were gala days in Rome. The streets were gay with garlands and gorgeous colors and the temples were all thronged open.

When the procession reached the temple of Jupiter on the capitol, the triumphant placed the laurel branch on the lap of the figure of Jupiter, the prisoners were put to death, and thank offerings were made. A feast prepared for the magistrates and the senate and sometimes for the soldiers and the people concluded the triumph festivities.

The triumph must have been a much coveted honor, for we are told that Lucullus on his return from Asia, waited outside of Rome three years for his.—Philadelphia Times.

Care of Little Ears. Mothers are nearly always to blame if the baby's ears stick out. Never tie anything behind a child's ears, like bonnet strings or hat elastic. Always lay the baby flat on its ear when sleeping; in extreme cases a cap should be worn, out a silk handkerchief drawn over the top of the head, down over the ears, and tied securely under the chin, answers the same purpose.

The Chief's Dilemma. "I don't know what to do with that chappie we got out of the last shipwreck," said the chief to the cannibal king. "What's the matter?" "If we take his cigarettes away from him he'll pine and get thin."

Never Touched. From the time the brine leaves the wells until the pure salt reaches the packages for shipment, Windsor Table Salt is not handled, except by the machinery of the factory. It doesn't cake. Try it.

STYLE IN INVITATIONS.

WHAT SOCIETY'S DICTUM SAYS IS QUITE CORRECT.

Pointers for the Guidance of People Who Aspire to Social Distinction—The Shape and Limitation of Invitations to Weddings, Receptions and Parties.

The new style of wedding invitation announcement sheet is almost square, and the paper has a vellum finish, says a well known New York authority. Smooth-surfaced paper may be used for dinner, ball, and reception invitations, but in no case for a wedding. A thick, pure white paper that is absolutely tintless is the style decreed, and the envelope is of medium size, with either a pointed or a square flap, the latter being more expensive and in higher favor.

The monosyllable "to," "and," and "with" continue to struggle for supremacy in the wording of invitations. "My daughter is not going to be married 'to' the man but 'with him,'" declares a discriminating paternalist when ordering invitations, and consequently the word "with" is substituted for "to" in that particular lot of cards. Again, a bride possessed of ideas of her own ordains that neither "to" nor "with" shall contract the names on her wedding invitations, and declares in favor of the strictly fair and equal "and." Those in authority, when left to exercise their own judgment in the matter, invariably use "to," so that must be accepted as the best form. There are two formulas submitted for the other wordings; either "Mrs. Brown requests the honor of your company," or "requests the honor of your presence." It is not in good form to say "solicits the pleasure of your company," or "invites" or "requests your company."

When invitations are issued to a reception after a ceremony which has been performed in the presence of only a few friends, the phrase, "the honor of your presence," would be too formal, and "the pleasure of your company" is usually substituted. The announcement cards sent out, when there have been no invitation to either wedding or reception, are distinguished by great simplicity, and it is noticeable that the little prepositional "to" obtains universally in the connecting of the names. Invitations should reach the guests exactly two weeks before the event. In the case of a noon wedding, which is invariably followed by a breakfast, the card of invitation to the house (should the ceremony be in church) is enclosed with that for the ceremony, the name of the guest being inverted. This observance makes the breakfast invitation more personal and less suggestive of a circular.

Cards to the church are optional, but are much favored because they guard against an intrusive crowd. In England it is the custom to enclose with each invitation a visiting card upon which is written "Admit to the church." In this country such cards are printed. Those conversant with the doings of polite society in English circles remark that the English are much more sparing of expense, time, and trouble than we are. Printed forms of wedding invitations are furnished by stationers in London and it is quite admissible to use them. Two sets of invitations to the church are printed, and to one set are added the words: "And afterward to the house in square." In America this is never done. A separate invitation to the house is always issued.

In looking over the various engraved cards which authorities on etiquette recommend, it would seem that in this luxurious generation everything possible is done to save time and trouble. Cards in acknowledgement of bridal presents are worded in the following fashion:

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Brandon express sincere thanks to Mrs. De Lancy for the beautiful wedding gift June 18th. 62 West 125th St.

An ultra-fashionable bride, supplying herself with several packages of these stereotyped acknowledgements, has nothing to do but fill in the name of the sender and thus avoid infinite labor. Cards are also engraved to be sent in acknowledgement of special attention shown at the time of a bereavement: for instance:

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Granby desire to express their sincere thanks and appreciation for your kind expressions of sympathy in their great bereavement. Gramercy Park.

The custom, too, saves the afflicted Granbys infinite weariness of spirit. The powers that be decree that dinner invitations shall be engraved, not written, on heavy cream-colored note paper or card. A coat of arms or monogram or both, embossed in silver or gold, is considered in good form, and the envelope used must be perfectly plain. If sent by post, two envelopes must be used. The same flat, from which there is no appeal, has pronounced the death sentence of the menu. Menus are no longer fashionable, unless the dinner be given in to celebrate an event of which they would prove valuable as a souvenir. A simple white card with a centre crest, if the host honestly possesses

Summer Sundries for Ladies' Wear.

Gauze Corsets.

Light Weight and Cool Two Prices, 75c. and \$1.40.

French Woven Corsets.

White and Grey Medium Length Waist at \$1.25. Long Waist " \$1.60.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES' CORSETS, ETC.

Ribbed Lisle Thread Vests. Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests. Ribbed Silk Vests. Children's Ribbed Cotton, Silk and Lisle Vests.

LADIES' WHITE WEAR.

Skirts, Drawers, Chemise, Corset Covers and Nightgowns.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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one, stamped in gold and properly inscribed is placed on each plate to designate the guests.

Under no circumstances, declare the same august authorities, should an ordinary visiting card be used for an invitation, even to the most informal of luncheons. A personal note should be written, and for a more formal affair engraved cards must be used.

The fashionable hours for an afternoon tea are from 4 to 6. When extended beyond 6 o'clock it becomes more formal and partakes of the nature of a reception. The form of invitation which characterizes the entertainment as an informal reception is:

Mrs. Granville Sealwell, Tuesday, May 6, 5 o'clock, from 3 until 6 o'clock.

These invitations should be on engraved plate, on correct sized cards, enclosed in informal reception envelopes, and sent either by mail or messenger, as best pleases the hostess. The formality of bidding adieu to the hostess at an afternoon tea is now dispensed with; the omission is considered with favor and in good taste. No after calls are made in acknowledgment of a tea. Informal receptions are regarded as no more than grand card calling days, and after calls are not expected from the guests. The absentees make a return call at their leisure. "An invitation proleed" with "the pleasure of your company is requested" requires an answer and a call of acknowledgment. Invitations to the receptions or dinners given a betrothed pair always terminate with the phrase "to meet." Followed by the names of two honored guests, thus, "to meet Miss Delano and Mr. Kendall." Ladies who entertain largely like to furnish themselves early in the season with engraved cards, which read:

Mrs. Adams requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, May 14, 1895, at 8 o'clock, at her residence, 125 West 125th St.

The blanks are filled with the name of the person invited, the date of the entertainment, and the names of the persons to meet whom the guest is invited. Sometimes a hostess is content with her ordinary visiting card, writing at the top "To meet Miss and Mr. De Lancy" but not that the fashionable card is small there is no space upon it available for an invitation. Some dames of fashion refuse to accept the small card for this very reason. It is absolutely necessary in accepting such an invitation to observe the formula of repeating word for word the date of the dinner or reception. "Thursday" is often mistaken for "Tuesday," and vice versa, and should such a mistake be made, it would under this formula be repeated, and opportunity would thus be given for correction. If the above example were filled out to read:

Mrs. De Lancy, 409 Madison av., requests the pleasure of Mrs. Atwood's company at dinner, Thursday, May fourteenth, at eight o'clock, at her residence, 125 West 125th St. and Mr. Kendall.

Mrs. Atwood's answer on her own note paper would be: "Mrs. Atwood accepts with pleasure Mrs. De Lancy's kind invitation to dinner, May fourteenth, at eight o'clock, to meet Miss Delano and Mr. Kendall."

The authority in charge of the invitation department at a stationer's or recognized standing and reputation has many questions to answer bearing upon the general code of etiquette, particularly if that authority be a woman of an amiable disposition calculated to invite and not repel confidence on the part of her patrons. "Must I take my gloves off before sitting down, or at the table?" questions mademoiselle, about to attend her first formal dinner.

"Wear them to the table," is the advice given, "either a formal luncheon or dinner, and even after being seated make no movement to remove them until the hostess unbuttons hers, and never lay the gloves on the table; stick them in your belt or keep them in your lap. When the ladies retire to the drawing room for coffee the gloves can be replaced before the return of the gentlemen. In some French and English circles the gloves are worn all during dinner; the hostess decides that matter."

"Would it be very bad form for a bride to bow or smile to any one either while entering or leaving the church?" asks a bright-faced girl who has been looking at wedding invitations. "Decidedly bad form," she is told. "Propriety and dignity both forbid such friskiness."

"Well, tell me another thing. Is it proper for the bridegroom to pay for the wedding cards?" That matter was discussed the other day in the town where I live. "Most certainly not," is the smiling reply.

Millions of Crackers.

Last week twelve big ships reached this country from Hong Kong loaded down with firecrackers, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. They carried 8,000,000 packages. In each package there are sixty-four firecrackers. That makes 512,000,000 firecrackers. To render this vast prospect of joy more comprehensible remember that a fire-cracker is two inches long, and if these 8,000,000 packs were laid out in one continuous line, as the small boy would be glad to have them laid, it would make a line 16,161 miles long, and would reach more than two thirds of the distance around the world.

A Nest Dress.

A dress that will look well, at the same time defy rain or dust, would seem to be the ideal after which ladies have been longing. These merits all meet in Cravenette. Waterproof, but thoroughly porous, thoroughly stylish, while defying the deluge from above or the dust from beneath; suitable either for dress, or cloak or wrap. Cravenette meets a need long felt. In Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Spang or Black. The ideal costume for spring and summer. Light and medium weights.

Scylla and Charybdis.

It was in an absent-minded sort of way that she read the sign, "Ice cream." "Oh, ah; ice cream," said he. "Did you ever read that there were deadly poisons in ice cream?" "Yes," she said, a little spitefully. "Did you ever read of the microbes in kissing?" On reflection he concluded to compromise on a basis of present cream and future kisses.

The last glow of sunlight at the close of "wash day," falls on a cheerful home where Sunlight Soap is used. The washing is done and at evening the house-wife is fresh, bright and light-hearted, because Sunlight Soap washes clothes so easily, so quickly, without rubbing and scrubbing.

6 Cents Twin Bar Less Labor Greater Comfort For every 12 wrappers save 1 cent. L. V. Brock, Ltd., 22 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER. The last glow of sunlight at the close of "wash day," falls on a cheerful home where Sunlight Soap is used. The washing is done and at evening the house-wife is fresh, bright and light-hearted, because Sunlight Soap washes clothes so easily, so quickly, without rubbing and scrubbing.

6 Cents Twin Bar Less Labor Greater Comfort For every 12 wrappers save 1 cent. L. V. Brock, Ltd., 22 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

SUNLIGHT SOAP. N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

EQUAL TO NEW! Flannel and Duck Suits, dresses and jackets receive the attention that enables us to make this claim. Ladies will find our starch work unequalled for finish and general excellence.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS! 35-34 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B. 66-70 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

Consumption. Wholesale Dealers and Retailers in Canada and Foreign Countries. See list on page 10.

Pearline for washing member that any colors with if you want the freshness brought want Pearl- the safety, the saving of things are not the recommend work is done through. Bright proved this for of packages. all you "this is as good as" Pearline is never recalled, in place of Pearline, be JAMES PYLE, New York.

of these celebrated minion, Trap, Far-Ejector, customers to select.

Complete price list in \$15.00 up.

Dealers. P. Davies Co.

gh the Eye edle

May go misery or comfort, according to the quality of the thread used. With PERTON'S

it's always comfort, it's so VEN and SNARLS

Atlantic R'y AND SHORT LINE BE-Halifax and Boston. (Eastern Standard Time.) Monday, 3rd July (1895, trains as excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS. Leaves Yarmouth, 8.00 a. m. a. m.; arrive Halifax 3.05 p. m. 10.15 a. m.; Digby 10.58 a. m.; 8.45 p. m. Yarmouth 11.10 a. m.; leave arrives Yarmouth 5.10 p. m. 10.15 a. m. Arrive Digby 1.25 p. m. 8.45 p. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 p. m. Arrive Kentville 5.30 p. m. daily each way between Halifax and Digby. Through Express.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS: 5.30 a. m.; arrive Halifax 1.15 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 5.35 p. m. Wed. and Fri. 12.15 p. m.; 10.15 p. m. Tues. and Sat. 6.45 a. m. 10.15 a. m. Tables, etc., apply to Dockway Ticket Office, 114 Prince St.; 125 Halls street, Halifax; or, Boston.

CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. Superintendent. ERA, for hunting 96ing ing, touring, travelling, etc. We carry the latest artifice Provinces. Free in-lack room. Write for prices, ng Street, St. John, N. B.

D. HOWE, FURNITURE. Cases, Wardrobes, Office to order. and over Mantles Mahogany and Walnut.

End of Union Street. HN, N. B.

HIS ANTI-PATHY.

The Major came slowly down the steps of the Veteran Club house and turned toward the door. The day was a warm one and the Major's wounds were apt to worry him a good deal in hot weather, but he held his handsome old head none the less. Light Markham, one of the founders of the club itself, watched for a moment, and then turned to Altman, who sat near him.

"One man in a hundred, is the Major," said he, "one man in a hundred."

"Yes," agreed the other, "but what has he been saying this afternoon?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary," replied Markham, "I believe that he was the best all-round soldier that I ever knew. He has the greatest antipathy for anything bordering on frivolity in military affairs, as you probably know, and he declares these boys do nothing but 'play soldier' as if they were fifteen years younger than they really are."

"But doesn't he see the good side of the question?" asked Altman.

"I suppose he does, but he thinks the Guards should be composed of more capable men—workingmen who can stand a great deal, and not aristocrats."

"But—"

"Fray don't think I am supporting the Major's views, my dear Altman. When I remarked that the Guard had been ordered to the mines, he said: 'I feel sorry for the young men themselves, but more sorry for the State. It ought to send experienced men to such places if they ever hope to enforce the law rigidly and quickly.' Very firm in his beliefs is the Major, and the strongest one he has, however wrong it may seem to us, is that the Governor's Guards in its present state is a useless organization."

"For a stranger's opinion that might pass," said Altman, "but the Major ought to know better. And I'm told, too, that the officers are all excellent swordsmen."

"Yes," said Markham, "so I've heard, and all of which I pointed out to him. But you can't shake the Major, as I said."

"Well," returned Altman, picking up his paper again, "it gives him something to talk about any day."

But neither he nor the Major's old comrade knew the real reason of his last outbreak against the Guards in question; for that reason, in the form of a square sheet of rote paper, lay in the Major's inside pocket, and it consisted of a hastily written but entirely exact offer for his daughter's hand in marriage. And the young man who took the liberty was none other than the First Lieutenant of the Governor's Guards.

Lieutenant Holloway was not a disagreeable young man; in fact, he was quite the opposite. He came from the South and of a soldiering family, his father having lost his life at Cold Harbor during the civil war; he was interested in a well established business situated in the heart of the city; his family pedigree was a long one, and his own character and record spotless.

"He doesn't want my answer for a week, doesn't he?" muttered the old soldier, as he marched on homeward. "Well, he shan't get it! I'll think it over, as he asks me to, and not make a hasty decision, but I can't tell him right now what it will be. No, emphatically!"

Had the Major's good little wife been living herself, she would have pointed out long ago the possibility of this contingency arising, and would have prepared him for the blow which must fall some day, and leave him childless, while some enterprising young man gained a wife; but Mrs. Major had died many years ago, and left the Major with the pretty child to bring up alone.

From a vivacious, headstrong, pretty little girl, Dorothy had grown up into a beautiful young woman, with her mother's sweet face and her father's will and determination.

So to-day, when he found the letter waiting for him at the club, the Major was surprised and troubled, and to be forgiven for railing against anything, especially the Guards, when it was remembered that one of them was the vanguard, bent upon robbing the old soldier of his daughter. Entering the open door of his handsome house, he called as cheerfully as he could:

"Dorothy, daughter!"

"Yes, daddy," came the answer from somewhere upstairs, and the next moment the face he loved peeped over the banister and a small forefinger was shaken warningly at him.

"Ten minutes late, sir," she cried, trying to be very severe; "what does it mean?" Then she ran down the stairs, her pretty face dimpling with happy smiles.

"It means, little girl," replied the Major slowly, taking her bright face between his two kindly old hands, "it means that my daughter has gone—"

"Gone where, daddy?" said she, after one glance at him, for she felt what was coming.

"Over to the enemy," returned the Major. Then, as they went arm in arm into the library, he added, "Dorothy, Dorothy, to think of you deserting at this time!"

"But I'm not deserting, dear, I'm not!" she cried. Then she asked slowly:

"What—what did he say?"

"Nothing," replied the Major, shortly; he wasn't soldier enough for that, so he wrote it.

"It was not because he wasn't soldier enough, papa, but because he didn't have time. And now you call him a coward—and—and he's up to where those wicked miners are, and he may be killed—"

But the rest was unfinished, for the tears had welled up into the pretty eyes, and the next minute the contrite Major was doing his best to stop their flow by abject apologies and declarations of better behavior in future.

"He isn't a coward, daddy," murmured Dorothy from the depths of the Major's shoulder, where she had taken refuge again, "and—"

"My dear child, I didn't say he was," remonstrated the harassed old soldier; "and you mustn't cry any more."

But all through supper, though she chatted and laughed so brightly, the Major's old heart was still a trifle sore, for he kept saying to himself: "Only half her love is mine, and the rest belongs to a Governor's Guard!"

That night, after the evening had worn away and the daughter of the house had gone to bed, the Major climbed the stairs, when he heard a patter of small bare feet coming along the entry, and the next mo-

ment a white-robed little figure stood beside him.

"You aren't angry with me, are you, daddy dear?" she asked, hugging him lovingly, "and you won't feel badly about it, will you?"

"Of course I won't," replied the Major, laughing, "but run back to bed, my dear girl, or you'll catch cold. Of course, you couldn't expect me to feel very gay," he added again, "when I'm about to lose a daughter—now could you?"

"But you aren't," she answered quickly; "you're going to find a son—Tom says so himself!"

Two days later the Guards were in the city again. The night they reached the mines an attack had been made upon them by the desperate strikers, and though they were taken by surprise, their officers had not lost their heads. Using a row of salt barrels as breastworks, they received the charge and repulsed the enemy. Then the Guard had captured fifteen of their principal men, driven the rest back to their homes, and waited until the Second Regiment arrived on the scene to relieve them. The latter having appeared at last, the Guards were ordered home with their prisoners. The papers were, of course, full of the story of the fight, and the fact that Lieutenant Holloway was mentioned as one of the most efficient and collected officers there, did not intend to harden the Major against his would-be son-in-law. He had also received a painful, though not serious wound, in his left arm from the knife of a murderously inclined miner, which necessitated his carrying the arm in a sling.

Later in the day all sorts of rumors began to fly about the town concerning the injured feelings of the miners in regard to the imprisonment of their ringleaders, and as night came on, the report that they would come to the city in force and endeavor to take their men from the jail was gaining ground every minute.

"That is nonsense, plain and simple," said the captain of the Guards when approached by a newspaper man on the subject. The miners have had a dose they will not soon forget. The only danger the city now stands in is from men out of work, who are more desperate by hunger and want, and who will take to robbing if they cannot find any other way to live.

And that very night the captain's words were proven.

The Major and Dorothy had been to the theater and were returning home. The night was warm and soft, and the moon shone so bright and clear that the old soldier could see his daughter's face in the other square before going in to enjoy the night. The Major was about to say something about the stillness of it all, when from behind them there came a light tread, and the next moment, without the slightest warning, the kindly old soldier was staggering forward from a stunning blow on his head.

With a little cry of terror Dorothy caught at him as he fell, but she was quickly grasped from behind, and a hoarse voice whispered in her ear: "Scream, and I'll choke the life out of you!"

"Go through his pockets, Jim," continued the fellow, who was now binding Dorothy's arms to her sides; "he won't come to right away, but we've got no time to lose." As he spoke, he picked up the short, heavy stick he had used with such murderous effect a moment before, and as he stooped to do so Dorothy sprang away from him and dashed toward the corner. With a muttered oath the miner rushed after her.

Despite her clinging skirts and imprisoned arms, the brave girl had gained the corner and was just turning down it when ever, while her pursuer was still several yards away, when she ran plump into a tall, soldierly young man, who was coming up the street with a long easy stride.

"What—why, Dorothy—you!" he exclaimed, as he looked down into her white face; but he got no further, for the man was upon them. With another fierce exclamation of disgust and anger, for he recognized the Lieutenant as he turned the corner, an utterly desperate as to the consequences, he threw himself at the young officer. Holloway stopped short as he saw him coming; then, as the footpad missed his aim and hurled himself past the Lieutenant, the latter struck him a sharp, hard, scientific blow just below the ear, and doubling up like an empty sack he fell to the pavement without a sound.

Then the young soldier sprang to Dorothy's side and tore the gag from her mouth.

"What in Heaven's name is the meaning of this?" he asked, freeing her arms.

"There are two of them—he struck papa—back there!" she answered, pointing to the spot where the other highwayman was still bending over the Major. Without stopping to question her further, her lover ran quickly up the dark street, and made out the prostate form of the Major and the kneeling one of his assailant. As he came upon them, the latter sprang to his feet, and seizing his own club he struck at the Lieutenant viciously, but the soldier was too quick for him.

Like a flash of light, the slender, tough sword leaped from its scabbard, and as the miner's blow fell it was parried neatly by the officer's only weapon. Again the stick was raised and swung about his head, and as the man moved his face came into the single patch of moonlight that shone through the thick boughs above, and Holloway laughed grimly as he recognized his antagonist—the man who had wounded him at the mine.

"So it is you, is it, Slaty?" said the officer.

There was no reply to Holloway's remark, but faster and faster rained the blows of the herring-headed miner.

At the first clash of wood and metal the Major had opened his eyes, and struggling to his feet he leaned against one of the trees near by and watched the little battle going on before him.

"I am sorry to hurt you, my friend," said Lieutenant Holloway, coolly, "but I really think you've done enough to-night; and in order to render you harmless I'll have to—"

He did not finish the sentence in words, but before the other could recover from his mild misdirected stroke he was reeling backward with a stinging blow from the flat of the Lieutenant's sword.

The Major, though still dazed, held out his hand to Tom, and wrung it heartily.

"I hope that villain did not hurt you badly, Major," said he, "and as soon as I find a policeman and get these two pleasing individuals in the hands of the

law before they come to themselves, I'll be back to help you home, if you need it."

And without waiting for an answer, he hurried down the street, some returning with a city officer whom he met wandering leisurely along in their direction.

Then he and Dorothy and the Major went home. Though the lieutenant's sword had kept back her tears all along, there was a suspicious moisture in her pretty eyes as they passed into the hall, but she was smiling bravely, nevertheless.

As the old house-keeper bustled off to get something to put on the Major's wound—which luckily was not a serious one—the three stood looking at each other beneath the chandelier for a minute. Then the Major took the Lieutenant's hand once again, and put Dorothy's little one into it, with a kindly smile.

"It was one of the finest bits of fencing I ever saw, my boy!" he said, with only a slight tremor in his pleasant old voice, "and a man who can handle a sword as you can in these degenerate days, deserves anything another can give him. So take her, Tom, and God bless you both!"

And this is how the Major's antipathy was overcome at last.

**MACHINE INVENTIONS.**

Some Introduced Since 1880 Have Spelt an Enormous Extent.

"Right here in the patent office you may watch the forward rush of civilization and realize how happy it is," said chief Examiner Greely. "Probably it has never occurred to you to consider how many arts and industries that are of importance were unknown in 1880. Their creation has given employment to tens of thousands of people and to billions of dollars of capital. If we were thrown back only so far as a decade and a half we should find ourselves deprived of numerous comforts, and even necessities, as we now regard them, which were not obtainable at all fifteen years ago."

"The self-binding harvester is new since 1880, commercially speaking. It renders possible the gathering of certain cereal crops with a rapidity unapproachable by hand labor. Hundreds of thousands of men would be required to reap the harvest of the great Northwest without the aid of this machine. It has made practicable the raising of crops far larger than could be produced and gathered otherwise. Incidentally, food has been cheapened."

"The typewriter was not put on the market until 1883. It seems wonderful that we could have got along at all without it. In eleven years from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000, worth of typewriters have been sold. This machine has opened a new field for woman's work. It has increased the demand for writers of short-hand very greatly. The quantity of matter actually written has been enormously increased by this invention. It has rendered letter so easy that many people now maintain a large correspondence who would write very few letters by long-hand. Merchants who write more than twice as many letters as they used to, and the volume of the mails has been proportionately augmented."

"Who, in 1880, had ever heard of a 'trolleyman?' The cable and electric roads are new since then. The cost of constructing and equipping them is mainly for labor, and in this way employment has been given to great numbers of men. These novel systems of traction have given work to regiments of horses who now wear uniforms. When horse cars are superseded by electricity the cable the number of passengers carried is always increased and more cars are run, requiring a larger number of employes. The labor at the power-houses is better paid than at the stables."

"The last fifteen years have witnessed the creation of the electric light, the electric railway, and telephone, and a large variety of industries depending on electricity. The inventions on which they are based have deprived nobody of employment. On the contrary, they have opened entirely new fields and fresh demands for labor. Without the aid of our patent system, which holds out to the inventor the prospect of reward, how many of these ideas, which represent the forward steps of civilization, would remain without fruit, if not unknown."

"The most important of the very recent inventions are the typetting machine and the cash register. The latter has already put on the market \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 worth of the material, the cost of which is mainly labor. Let us not forget to mention in the list of novel industries the manufacture of the bicycle, which is new, commercially, since 1880."—Washington Star.

**JUST TAKE THE CAKE**

OF SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

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# Sunday Reading.

## ADOPTING THE TITHES.

The Lesson of Systematic Giving Taught by One in Humble Life.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time, I was almost indignant. We were sitting at the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said: "I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically."

"Giving systematically to what? I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide awake and interested.

"Why to the church and missions and so on," explained Dennis.

"Give what?" I asked again, setting my lips a trifle firmer, and making it just as hard for Dennis as I could.

"Money, of course," he answered. "You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithing-box. At present, we really give nothing worth speaking of."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis?" said I, "to talk so soberly of giving, when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet."

I looked meaningfully around the plain, little room, with its modest, lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue, and the many things we both needed. I even quoted Scripture to the effect that if any provide not for their own he is worse than an infidel; and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying:

"Oh, well, no doubt, as you say, what is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something."

A serious illness came to me, and as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the Orphans Home. I knew she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly consented. Maggie was a capable, well-trained girl, and had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice. I loved to hear it so well that during my convalescence I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

"This is my tithing-box," said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. "I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sabbath."

"Why, child," I said to I "come here and sit by me; I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me you give a tenth to the Lord?"

"The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence, but she answered simply: "Why, yes, ma'am. I am very sorry it is so little, I can give nothing but my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole life is such a trifle, should give one-fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it."

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such a decided invasion of mine—but she, sweet child, all unconscious of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at the Home, who had taught her as a little child that she had a father in heaven ready to give more to her than the father or mother she had lost.

"She told me," said Maggie, "that when Jesus left this earth, after his resurrection, he put the missionary work he had been doing for three years—and for that matter, all his life, the matron said—in our hands to do for him; and he said plainly, that every one of us who love him shall show it by what we do of the work he loved. If we cannot preach or teach, or give all our time to him here or over the seas, we can at least give a part of our money to him. She liked to give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people he loved, and so must be the division of one's money that pleases him best."

"It is all right," the dear matron said one day, "to give a tenth of our all; and after that, if we can spare more, we can call it a gift." She gave us a tithing-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it.

"So your matron thought that every one should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"

"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. "She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our every-day living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when once we begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of him with the one he accepts, so it is lifted above being ordinary money, and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with those sweet words long after Maggie had left me, and the question came:

"If she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse?"

Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been in the wrong, and a stumbling block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cozily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis:

"I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it?"

And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written "tithes." Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara,"

he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us, over this little box, won't we?"

It would be half truth to say that we never miss the money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich, and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better. "Oh, Dennis," I said the other day, "how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved!"

## CHRIST'S LIFE WAS UNIQUE.

It Is Not True that the Saviour Was but as Other Men Are.

Rev. Dr. John L. Campbell, of the Lexington avenue baptist church New York, talked on the above topic recently. Christ's life was unique in that it was the theme of distinct and specific prophecy. His coming had been foretold hundreds of years before. The Old Testament was finished about four hundred years before the Christ era. We know that it contains the fullest prediction of the advent of a Messiah. The four gospels alone have two hundred and twenty passages, either directly quoted from or alluding to the Old Testament. He was to come during the time of the fourth great kingdom predicted by Daniel; that is, in the days of the Caesars (Daniel ii. 44). He was to appear before the scepter departed from Judaea; that is, before the death of Herod the Great (Genesis xix. 10). He was to be born of a virgin (Isaiah vii. 14) in the town of Bethlehem (Micah v. 2). The innocent were to be slain (Jeremiah xxxi. 15). He was to be in Egypt (Hoses xi. 1). He was to be despised and rejected, (Isaiah liii. 3), and yet He was to be a light to lighten the Gentiles (Isaiah xlii. 6).

So minute are these predictions that we are told of the very animal He rode when He entered Jerusalem at the time of our text, of the precise sum paid to the traitor, of the indignities of His trial, of the disposition made of His garments, of His thirst and the vinegar they gave Him to drink, of the associates of His death, of His lonely cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" of the character of His burial. All these, and multitudes more of details are given with the greatest definiteness ages before He was born.

From the opening promise made in Eden that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," down to the closing prophecy in Malachi, "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple," we have a whole system of complete prediction matching the life of Jesus as it is stamped. Now, this could not be the result of collusion, or sagacity, or accident. Nothing like it ever took place in the case of any other. And it was because He was Himself different from all others, and came into the world to accomplish a special mission. He is unique in his claim. Elsewhere we have spoken of the thrilling silence which reigns over His youthful years, spent in secluded Nazareth, so unlike the ways of men, so worthy of the Son of God. There is the calm, dignified unfolding of a heavenly flower. I look into the life of Paul, or Augustine, or Bunyan, or Newton, or Wesley, or Judson, or any other distinguished man of God. I find that the piety of each began with confession of sin and sorrowful contrition for the past. There is some definite experience when the old animal life is cast aside and a new life begun. Not so with Jesus. He was once in all His life there the slightest consciousness of the least unworthiness of any kind from the beginning of His life up to its close.

So perfect in every relation of life, so wise in speech and so pure in conduct, so large in compassion and so intense in beneficence, so replete with everything that charms into attachment and rapture. He was the incarnation of universal loveliness.

## A True Gentleman.

"I beg your pardon." With a smile and touch of his hat, Harry Desmond handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it is best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charlie Gray. "He is only old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the street, instead of sitting in a counting room." Which was right?—Christian Statesman.

## Pay Your Debts.

One of the best ways to keep things moving and to put fresh life into the community is to do more debt-paying. The man who has the money in his pocket, or lying in bank, with which to cancel his notes, and then excuses himself from payment on the plea of hard times, is not only searing his conscience and running counter to the honest and manly instincts of his nature, but is doing an injury to the many. His non-payment prevents his creditor from paying his bills, and he hinders another from doing so, and thus it goes.—Presbyterian Observer.

## God's Own Instruments.

It is long before we understand that evil arising from no fault of our own, that the sins and infirmities of other men are part of God's appointed discipline, intended to act as a special chastening for the attainments of the higher forms of sanctity. We are slow to apprehend that these "pricks in our eyes and thorns in our sides" are God's own instruments, fraught with unpeakable virtue if we use them aright, for

the attainment of great spiritual improvement, through the constant self-discipline which their endurance requires; even if they are the occasions and provocations of unceasing sin, if we refuse to bear with others as we need to be born with ourselves.—Canadian Churchman.

## TEMPERATIONS TO GAMBLING.

Dangers Which Beget Young Men and the Way Mischief Makes Itself Felt.

When a young man makes his first bet, or puts up his first wager on a match or a race, or when he risks his first penny at a card-table, he puts a coal of fire into his bosom that is not easily extinguished. It may kindle into a conflagration which, in the tremendous language of Scripture, "will burn into the lowest hell."

All games of chance have a dangerous fascination. As Dr. Farrar has truly said, "There is a gambling element in human nature;" and it must be watched against just as much as you should watch against any natural sensual appetites. With the excitement of a game of hazard comes the strong desire to risk a stake on the game; as soon as the stake is laid down, conscience goes with it, and literally the devil has a hand with you in the game. Here is your peril. The excitement sets you on fire. If you win, you play to win more; if you lose, you play on to make up your losses. Before you know it you are a gambler. The safe place to stop is—stop before you begin.

There is more gambling (often behind locked doors) among young men in lodging houses and social clubs than parents or employers dream of. Many of the larcenous acts in stores, counting-rooms and banks—some of which are "brushed up" to save reputations—are committed in order to cover up losses at the card table. Many young men are tempted to take "a flyer" in mining stocks, or some other volatile stock that are playing up and down in the market. I have known half a dozen school-boys to "pool" their pocket-money in order to make a venture on a share or two of stock. The temptation to dabble in stocks has ruined several young men of my acquaintance. One of my objections to the mischievous inter-collegiate foot-ball matches (which wholesome athletic exercises does not require) is that they are attended with such a fearful amount of betting, gambling and hard drinking. I know whereof I affirm when I say this.

The dangers to young men are increasing from these causes:

First—There is a growing passion for getting rich suddenly and easily.

Second—The gambling element is insinuating itself into the trade of the country; and "pools" and "corners" are becoming too common for good business morality.

Third—The rapid increase of luxuriant and extravagant living inflames the gambling spirit.

The very word "luck" is a dangerous word.

## Florence Nightingale's View.

Florence Nightingale, as is well known, has always related to be interviewed. Many years ago an American journalist asked her to give personal details of her life. In reply she wrote a most beautiful letter, from which, as it may be new to most of my readers, I make a brief extract.

"I could not give you information about my own life, though if I could it would be to show you how a man of very ordinary ability has been led by strange and unaccustomed paths—to do His service what he did in hers. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all and I nothing. I have worked hard—very hard—that is all, and I have never returned—God anything, though, being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me. I have no peculiar gifts, and I can honestly assure any young lady if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the appointed course. But then she must first learn to walk, and when she runs she must run with patience."—British Weekly.

## The Best Things.

The best things in the world do not come to us ready-made. . . . Truth must be searched for with patient toil. Beauty must be wrought out with painstaking devotion. Food and comfort must be wrested from the furrow and woven in the loom. And all our social and political institutions must be fought for on the field of battle, defended in the forum, and vindicated in the courts. Even our religious faith must be thought out anew in the soul-conflicts of each generation, and then become mere forms of words, devoid of life and power.—William DeWitt Ayer.

## Golden Rule Proverbs.

No tent so good to abide in as content. Let conversation be a mine, and not a show. Second-best living is treason to God and man. Laugh at your ills, and you'll save doctor's bills. When death turns up the light we shall see Christ. Dare not reprove once till you have praised ten times. Seek one, gain one; seek 100, gain one-hundredth. If you would know yourself, forget yourself; remember Christ.

## The Inquisitive Child.

Every house is a kindergarten. Every child asks questions; and when we get out of patience with him we are foolish and the child is wise. The kindergarten takes the inquiring mind for granted. The want has been inspired by God, and the child's idea is not to be sacrificed in order that he may be taught a system of ethics.—Rev. Lyman Abbott.

## A Message from God.

"Return we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and . . . quicken us, and we will call upon thy name. Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved." Psalm 80: 14-19.

## The Work of the Heart.

One of the most remarkable things about the heart is the amount of work it does. Considering the organ as a pump whose task it is to deliver a known quantity of blood against a known 'head,' it is easy to show that in twenty-four hours a man's heart does about one hundred and twenty-four foot tons of work. In other words, it is a contemporary, 'if the whole force

expended by the heart in twenty-four hours were gathered into one lugs stroke, such a power would lift one ton and twenty-four tons one foot from the ground. A similar calculation has been made respecting the amount of work expended by the muscles involved in breathing. In twenty-four hours these muscles do about twenty-one foot tons of work."

## A CRUEL AND FIENDISH MIDSUMMER MONSTER.

## Always Conquered and Banished by Paine's Celery Compound.

The sad, weary and wailing cry of men and women around us is: "I am sick," "I suffer so much from day to day," "What can I do to regain my strength?"

The intense heat of summer aggravates the sad condition of those who suffer from dyspepsia and indigestion, and there is no physical or mental rest for the afflicted ones.

Have you tried Paine's Celery Compound, the marvellous health and strength giver? It is nature's true infallible cure for your distressing ailments. It never fails to banish disease; it gives natural and healthful strength when most required, so that the depressing and enervating weather cannot overcome your bodily powers.

Reader, if you are numbered in the large army of dyspeptics, and held captive by a cruel and destructive disease, use Paine's Celery Compound at once, if you desire full and robust health, pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion and a healthy appearance.

It will do the same blessed work for you, Strong testimonials sent in every day from people. Sufferer, try it. "It makes people well."

## IN A CHAIN FACTORY.

Condition of the English Women Who Work in Such a Place.

Through a doorway and we come in a chain factory; a square apartment of good size, lofty, with plenty of windows and 13 or 12 forges, says All the Year Round. To each forge were apportioned a blower and a worker. Hammer, thud and clatter ruled the roost and the heat from the forges was considerable, of course, though I stood in the middle of the factory among the piles of made chains.

The workers looked up but did not pause for a moment. The iron rods, molten, were fast being thrashed into ovals and welded one within another, and sweat ran from the bodies of the men and lads.

Mr. Smith, for my instruction, put one of the men through a series of questions. He answered cheerfully, but as it seemed to me, by rote. He was a skilled worker, and by toiling with hands and feet for nine hours a day could earn something over a sovereign a week.

But I was more struck by the look of the girls in the factory. Bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and smiling, these three or four maidens—aged 12 to 15—were a surprise to me. Yet for nine or ten hours daily they work a bellows apiece in close proximity to a fire. One of them was knitting while she treadled. They were grimy, of course. But they were nevertheless, an agreeable surprise to me.

Mr. Smith, however, declined to leave me thus contented.

"They won't be like that long," he said. "They'll be turned into the flat-chested women-men the all are that work at these cursed forges. They'll marry one of these days go from church to the chain or nail work and grind on an on like that for the rest of their lives; and if they bring children into the world they'll set the poor little wretches at work like themselves, and so it'll go on to the end of the chapter. Ignorance doesn't express their state. They are just made to be imposed upon."

## Self-Respect.

Mistress (reprovingly)—I saw you throwing slops out the back door, today. New Girl (with dignity)—I wouldn't live with a family wot throwed em out th' front door, mum.

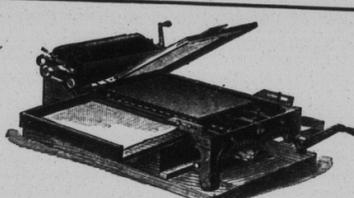
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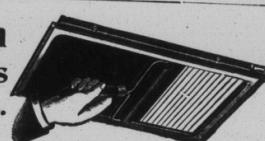
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QUEER TIME TELLERS.

FORMER METHODS OF KEEPING TRACK OF THE HOURS.

The Sun Dial and Hour Glasses of Ancient Times—King Alfred's Horological Candles and the Water Clocks Used in the Early Centuries of this Era.

The National Museum, at Washington, has been making a collection of clocks and devices for telling the time among various people in different parts of the world. The results of several years' labor in this direction by a number of persons connected with that institution have recently been arranged and classified, and are now on exhibition to visitors. Professor Langley, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has made a hobby of collecting clocks of ancient design and history, and several were brought by him from the old countries which he had visited in the last few summers.

The devices go back to the primitive times when sun-dials were in use, and consisted among the mass of the people the only method measuring the lapse of time. There is one dial in the collection such as were not uncommon in the rural regions of the Northern States thirty and forty years ago. Hour glasses, such as were used in England during Shakespeare's time, and models of the early clocks which were run by weights are included in the number of queer inventions. A large number of watches illustrate the progress in the make of that important mechanism.

One of the curators, who has made a study of the subject, said the other day, in referring to the collection, that one of the earliest methods of computing time of which there is any record was among the Babylonians. They used a staff stuck in the ground or erected a perpendicular pillar in a sunny place. The sundial was evolved from this. It was first called a gnomon, and the first of these instruments recorded in history was owned by Abaz, 742 B. C. It is believed, however, that dials were constructed on mathematical principles long before that year. Big posts were undoubtedly placed upon wooden or stone bases, but they were so rude and unwieldy that most of the people probably preferred to guess the time rather than attempt to compute it from the shadow.

The progress in the invention of devices for measuring the flight of the hours was very slow. It was hundreds of years before sundials were worked out. It answered well to mark the duration of time, but for counting the hours only the wealthy, who could afford an elaborate improvement on the device, could utilize it. It will be noticed that all these early timekeepers were not portable and a number of years elapsed before any success was made in manufacturing a timekeeper that could be carried about. The pocket ring dial was the first solution of this problem. They were invented about 100 B. C. They were manufactured in large quantities as late as the seventeenth century and sold to those who were too poor to purchase watches.

The water clock was the successor of these earlier inventions. This was an invention of the Alexandrians, and was brought out about the time of the birth of Christ. It was used to measure the duration of time by allowing water to escape from a cavity through a regulated flow. It met with popularity in Greece, where it was introduced and used to measure the time for speakers in Athenian courts of justice. The first water was given to the accused, the second to the accused, and the third to the judges. A special officer was appointed to watch the water clock and see that it was stopped during any interruption. The amount of water to each speaker was regulated by the importance of the case. It was intended also to make the Athenians speak to the point without wandering from their subject.

King Alfred of England had a variation of the water clock, which consisted of burning candles that had rings around them at various intervals. In some of these devices cogged wheels were made to receive their impetus from falling water. By this method there was a regularity of motion but a want of equality in force. One of these clocks, sent by Haroun Alraschid in 807 to Charlemagne, was considered one of the wonders of the world. The wheels were set in motion by falling water, and there were twelve little brass doors which were opened by the revolution of the wheel. Little balls then rolled out, marking the time of day. Although the time was hardly as exact as that required for running a modern express train, it was very accurate for those days.

As the balls rolled out they fell upon a brass bell, striking the hours. The doors remained open until 12 o'clock, when figures of twelve knights rode out on horseback and paraded before the dials. A monk named Valley modified these dials, and first gave them a scientific character. He divided a cylinder into several small cells, and as the water flowed from one to another the center of gravity was changed, and by the use of an indicator, as the suspended cylinder revolved, the hours were marked.

The invention of the clock, in principle as it is known today, soon followed. Its origin is known, but clocks were known in Italy as early as the tenth century. Some think they were first invented by the Saracens. From that time many elaborate and whimsical designs were constructed, and those which were skillfully and wonderfully made brought fabulous prices. An old Italian soldier, who served prior to 1650, constructed one of the most curious of these. By its mechanism the figure of a torii was made to drop into a plate of water, having the waters marked on its rim. The figure would float around and stop at the proper hour, telling the time "like a learned pig." A lizard also was made in the same timekeeper to ascend a pillar on which the hours were marked and point out the time as it advanced. A mouse did the same thing by creeping

along an hour-marked cornice. The figure of a golden cock that flapped its wings twice with the approach of the hours and crouched twice as also a popular favorite for ancient timekeepers.

DEEP TEA OVERTAKEN. The Popular Belief in Its Qualities is Said to be a Delusion.

A recent number of a publication called Modern Medicine says:

"The late Dr. Austin Flint remarked on one occasion that thousands of patients have been starved to death while being fed on animal broths, beef tea, etc. No error could be greater than the notion very commonly held by the laity, and still quite too largely entertained by the members of the medical profession, that beef-extracts, beef tea, bouillon, animal broths, etc., are peculiarly nourishing in character. We can adduce no better evidence to the contrary than is afforded by the following paragraphs from 'Bunge's Physiological and Pathological Chemistry,' one of our latest and most reliable authorities:

"We must guard against supposing that meat bouillon possesses a strengthening and nourishing influence. In regard to this the most delusive notions are entertained, not only by the general public, but also by medical men.

"Until quite recently the opinion was held that bouillon contained the most nutritive part of meat. There was a confused idea that a minute quantity of material—a platel of bouillon could be made from a teaspoonful of meat extract—could yield an effectual source of nourishment, that the extractives of meat were synonymous with concentrated food.

"Let us inquire what substances could render bouillon nutritious. The only article of food which meat yields to boiling water is gelatin. It is well known that albumen is coagulated in boiling, the gallogen of meat is rapidly converted into sugar, and this again into lactic acid. The quantity of gelatin is, moreover, very small; for a watery solution which contains only one per cent of gelatin coagulates on cooling. Such coagulation may occur in very strong soups and gravies, but never in bouillon.

"Bouillon, therefore, contains much less than one per cent of gelatin. In preparing extract of meat, the quantity of gelatin is reduced as much as possible, because it is in a high degree liable to putrefactive changes, and therefore likely to interfere with the preservation of the preparation. The other constituents of bouillon are decomposition products of foodstuffs—products of the oxidations and decompositions which take place in the animal organism. They cannot be regarded as nutritious, because they are no longer capable of yielding any kinetic energy, or at most such a small amount that it is of no importance whatever.

"Nevertheless, until the most recent times, creatin and creatinin which are among the chief constituents of meat extract were regarded as the source of energy in muscle. This assertion was shown to be untrue by the researches of Meissner and of Voit, who proved conclusively that creatin and creatinin are excreted in the urine twenty-four hours after their absorption, without loss. A material which is neither oxidized nor decomposed cannot form a source of energy, apart from the fact that the quantity of creatin and creatinin which is absorbed in bouillon is so small that it could not possibly be seriously regarded as the source of muscular energy."

CHANGES IN BARBERS' SIGNS. Fashions in Which the Form of the Pole is Lost Sight of Completely.

Barbers' signs are going to be a puzzle to the people of the next two or three generations, for their form is undergoing as great a change almost as took place when the barbers' pole ceased to be spelled "poll," say the N. Y. Sun. The fact is that the barbers' sign was originally a human head or poll. Then gradually it became a pole with a red stripe on a white ground to indicate the barbers' avocation of blood letter and tooth puller. When the civil war came on in this country, red, white, and red being an unpopular combination in the North, a blue stripe was inserted. Out of that grew the pole representing a buried United States flag, with the bit of the blue field showing up near the top of pole. The end of the pole was then ornamented in such fashion as to simulate a flagstaff. Sometimes the pinal of the staff was a ball, sometimes a liberty cap, sometimes an arrow head, sometimes an eagle.

The symbolic representation of the flag has been very popular with New York barbers, and has been varied in almost every conceivable fashion. It has been obscured in some cases by elegant barbers, who have substituted alternate black and gilt stripes for the white and red. Some have contended themselves with alternate red and white stripes on the door lintels. The Italian barbers, being lovers of color, have unfurled the flag, and placed it on doors and shutters. They sometimes place the United States and the Italian flags side by side. The variety of modifications seen in the barbers' signs of this town is very large, and in many cases the form of the pole has been entirely lost sight of. So, too, has the idea of the flag, and the original colors have in many cases given place to others having no significance. The idea of alternate stripes of different colors, however, still remains. The man that clings to the tradition of a pole with alternate red and white stripes might easily look long in vain for a barber shop.

A Hint to Mo hers Those mothers who wish to develop and encourage a love of nature in the youthful mind will give the children a little garden plot "all to themselves." It need not be large—better only a few feet square and every foot of earth well cared for. The important point is to give the little ones freedom in conducting their own "establishment," and by skilful management lead them to do "just as mamma and the other folks do." Take special point in showing how to prepare the soil properly, explaining the necessity of this work; how the various seeds should be planted; and en-

courage all sorts of questions. It is wonderful how a child's mind will expand with the encouragement given by judicious and kindly answers to eager questioning.

Teach them how to distinguish the young plants from the weeds; and do not look upon it as a serious matter if childhood curiosity should lead to an occasional pulling up of a shoot "to see how it grows." We all have had that same curiosity. Make it the occasion of a pleasant little lesson on plant growth if your own store of knowledge will permit. Nature's reward in the shape of beautifully growing plants and flowers will fully recompense the children for their labor and time. The plots should not be large enough to seriously tax the play-hours. The lessons that will be unconsciously impressed upon the children in their "garden play" may be made important factors in their training and development.

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

Canadian Invasion of the City of New York.

PROMINENT DRUGGISTS OF THAT CITY ENDORSE THE HAWKER STANDARD REMEDIES.

The Sales of Which are Constantly Increasing in the Great Metropolis.

The Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) have won a brilliant success in New York. Their standard remedies have won in the great metropolis a remarkable measure of public favor, as will be seen from the testimony of druggists given below.

This is a success of the most significant character, for there is no city in the world where the trade and the general public are more coldly critical of a new comer. New York has been the rock on which a thousand patent medicine concerns have split. But the Hawker remedies are not patent medicines in the ordinary acceptance of that term. The Hawker Medicine Co., knowing the merit of their remedies, from the wonderful success achieved in Canada and England, went confidently into the new field and set to work in precisely the same manner as in Montreal and other leading Canadian cities. They confined themselves at first to one section (a large and important one, indeed), and proceeded systematically to introduce their remedies. To do this was less than six months ago.

But New York, if coldly critical of a new thing, is as quick to recognize merit when it is proved. The merit in the Hawker standard remedies was soon discovered, and as a result there arose a demand that has steadily increased. The proof of this is in the following practical statements made by wholesale and retail druggists, including some of the largest houses in the city, whose endorsement in such a manner is a most significant evidence of the triumph won by these Canadian remedies in the great city of New York:

The Hawker Medicine Co., 6th avenue and 15th street, New York:

"My customers speak favorably of the Hawker Medicine Co.'s remedies, and I notice a healthy growth in the demand. We are daily receiving mail orders for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

Druggist, 430 Sixth avenue, cor. 26th st., New York.

We carry a full line of the Hawker Medicine Co.'s remedies, and have an active demand for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's catarrh cure, and Hawker's liver pills.

WM. B. RIKER & SONS CO. Druggists, 6th avenue, cor. 22nd st., New York.

Our sales of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's Catarrh cure and Hawker's liver pills are constantly increasing.

Druggist, 7th avenue and 14th st. New York.

I noticed a marked increase in the demand for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills.

ED. LEGOLL. Druggists, 286 Seventh avenue, New York.

Gentlemen—The demand for Hawker medicines far exceeds our expectations.

J. W. BIRDSALL. Druggists, 255 Sixth avenue, New York.

The increase in demand for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's catarrh cure and Hawker's liver pills has been surprisingly large.

HARRY HELLER. Druggist, 157 7th avenue, New York.

We sell the Hawker Medicine Co.'s remedies, and have a good demand for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's catarrh cure.

ROBT. G. BUEHDI. Druggist, 717 Sixth avenue, cor. 41st st., New York.

There has been a remarkable increase in the sale of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's catarrh cure.

GEORGE N. SYMS. Druggist, 91 Eighth avenue, 14th and 15th sts., New York.

Our retail customers and the public as

THE NUMBER

4 YOST

THE RUBBER COME FOREVER DISCOVERED, THROWN AWAY.

Perfect In Every Particular. CORRECT IN Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results. Complete.



Complete. In Every Detail. UNEQUALLED IN Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Cleanness of Letter Press Copies. Perfect.

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ALL KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents

- Mosher, R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. E. Morris, St. Andrew; J. Fred Benson, Chatham
- W. A. White, Sackville; L. J. McOhee, 50 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. B. Dumas, Chatham; N. S. D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; E. E. I. Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Barrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock.
- Clarence E. Casey, Amherst; E. E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newswarie, N. B.; P. J. Gogan, Plover, N. B.; H. F. McLatche, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Spruceville, N. S.

well evidently recognize merit in the Hawker Medicine Co.'s remedies. The demand for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's catarrh cure and Hawker's liver pills has been phenomenal.

THE CHAS. N. CRITENTON CO., Wholesale druggists, Nos. 115, 117 Fulton street, New York.

HERE IS BARK RUBBING.

Silly Superstitions Which Belong to the Age of Ignorance. When you buy a pair of new shoes never put them on a shelf higher than your head, unless you want to bring bad luck; and, if you blacken them before you have had both shoes on, you may meet with an accident or even have a sudden death. This is an old Irish superstition. The Scottish girls believe that if they drop their shoes before they are worn, trouble will ensue, while a French lady losing her heel is sure of some disappointment in love, and a German mother in the same predicament feels that she will soon lose one of her children. You must not put your right shoe on your left foot or your left on your right, nor must you put your left shoe on before the right, unless you want bad luck. This superstition dates back to one of the Emperors of Rome, who, it is recorded, put on his left shoe first one morning, and came near being assassinated during the day.

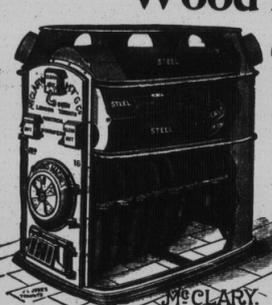
The Seasoning of Stone.

Stone, like lumber, requires seasoning. Stone is often spoken of as the synonym of solidity—"as solid as a rock," we say, but, as a matter of fact, stone is very far from being solid. A cubic foot of the most compact granite, for instance, weighs about 164 pounds. This plainly shows that in between atoms which compose the mass of the most enduring stone there exists much space for air, moisture, etc. This seasoning of stone prior to use for building purposes has been well understood by the architects of all ages, but in the modern rush of the nineteenth century building too little attention has been paid to it. Now it enters into the calculations of every good architect—Scientific American.

Redeeming the Currency.

The purser of the steamboat Sebena, running between Bar Harbor and Sorrento, Me., was making change with a passenger at his office on the deck of the boat one day last week, when a twenty-dollar bill was blown out of his hand and overboard. Ellis Bray, the mate, was standing by, and he followed the bill like a hawk after a sparrow, striking the water about the same time that the bill touched it. He was hauled aboard with the bill in his teeth, and got \$5 and a lot of applause for his quickness of thought and action.—N. Y. Sun.

A Perfect Wood Furnace OUR "Famous Magnet"



Made in 4 sizes, Nos. 14, 16, 17 and 19. Will heat from 10,000 to 100,000 cubic feet. Heavy Fire Box, Large Feed Door, Steel Flues with Cast Heads. Direct and indirect draft. Flues easily cleaned. All operations from front of Furnace. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HOUSE WARM FROM CELLAR TO GARRET, AND DO IT CHEAPLY. Highest Testimonials From all Dealer and Users. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

The McClary Mfg. Co., If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.



SINCE WE CAME TO LIGHT from the tips of our fingers" to the "tips of our toes" every bit of us has been washed with

BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Makers and Sellers of the Only Genuine

Get a Glass! Quick!!



There's lots of snap and vim in this HIRE'S ROOT-BEER. There's lots of pleasure and good health in it, too. A delicious drink, a temperance drink, a home-made drink, a drink that delights the old and young. Be sure and get the genuine

HIRE'S Rootbeer

The Chas. E. Hires Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Even a Soaking can't ruin the style and stiffness of your dress if

FIBRE CHAMOIS



is the interlining. It has a natural stiffness which defies dampness or crushing and always ensures style and grace of outline. It will not become matted or matted like some other materials. It is just as good, and there is more profit in it. Insist on having the genuine with the name on every yard.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

It is an old adage that when things come to the worst they mend! I don't think there is much more reliance to be placed upon this, than upon most other old adages, but still it does seem as if there must soon come a change in the manner of making skirts; as they are now, the wearer might almost as well be inclosed in chain mail so thoroughly armor plated with canvas and horsehair are they. One lady told me she really had to be very careful about sitting down in her new dress until she got used to it, because there was so much spring in the haircloth that if she sat down with reckless haste she was just as apt as not to bounce to her feet again with unexpected alacrity, and it made her nervous all the time. Dresses which have no haircloth are stiffened with rows of wire tape, and from this the dreaded crinoline seems but a very short step.

Therefore I think we may look for a change soon and I believe the best dress makers in New York are already making dresses guileless of haircloth, fibre chamois, wire taper or stiffening of any kind beyond a twelve inch deep facing of canvas around the bottom of the skirt.

I saw an English dress "with my own eyes" only last week, a dress that had only been over for a week or two, and it was as free from stiffening as a pocket handkerchief. The lining was of taffeta silk, it was faced to a depth of five inches with bias fold of the same, instead of canvas, and finished with the usual piping of velvet. The skirt of course was wide, and full, but it fell in as soft folds as a dressing gown and the very novelty of the softness, caught the eye and was a relief after the eternal stiffness of things lately.

And yet the price of horsehair continues to advance until the prospects are that the horse of the future who finds his vocation as a means of locomotion gone, will only have to possess his soul in patience, and devote his time to the cultivation of a luxuriant mane and tail for the horsehair market, in order to assure his position in the world of commerce, and live in clover until the crash comes and the stiffened gown is a thing of the past, when the canned meat factory will probably be his destiny.

Here are some pretty gowns for young girls, which bear the stamp of originality, and what is more important still, good style.

India silk with a white ground covered all over with tiny bouquets of flowers, cornflowers, carnations, forget-me-nots or poppies, is one. The skirt is cut in goreds, and very full, and the shirred round waist is cut out to show a chemise of white mousseline de soie spangled with silver. The collar and sleeves are of white satin ribbon, and repeats of the same trim the waist and the quarter length sleeves.

A very pretty cotton gown of the more dressy description is of white duck, which has little bunches of red, and blue flowers scattered over the surface, almost like the silk described above. The skirt is in full circular shape, and the blazer coat has a deep sailor collar of striped red and white duck extending over the shoulders, and pointed cuffs of the same trim the leg of mutton sleeves. With this dress is worn an adjustable front of fine white lawn, and yellow valenciennes lace, with collar of the same, having the odd piquin points or laps, turned over a neckband of red taffeta ribbon. A folded belt of the same ribbon finished the waist, and a large hat of yellowish rough straw trimmed with loops of red ribbon, and poppy buds is worn with the dress.

Another pretty dress of wash silk, shows a pale bluet ground with fine white and blue stripes. The flaring circular skirt is untrimmed, and the waist is brought down in fine plaits just below the waistline, slightly pointed at front, and back, and cut short over the hips, the edge is trimmed with a soft-folded belt of the material, finished by a square bow in the back. The sleeves are plain, and cut in full leg of mutton shape. The trimming of the waist is adjustable, and consists of a very rich collar and yoke of heavy yellowish guipure vandycks, and deep lace frill to match. Similar vandycks trim the cuffs.

A feature of the millinery this summer is the immense rhinestone buckle which makes one think of the crown jewels worn by stage kings and queens. They are quite "the thing" however, and the more swell the milliner the larger the buckles she uses to decorate her works of art. But as the one test of a hat this season is its becomingness it really does not matter much how it is trimmed.

The ever popular sailor is with us again but it is not as pretty as it used to be, by any means. It has a high bow crown, a narrow brim, and no trimming beyond the flat band and bow usually seen on men's straw hats. If they are becoming nothing could be more desirable as a head gear, but if they are not, woe betide the woman who persists in wearing one because it is the fashion, because when they are good they are very very good, but when they are bad they are hurried. The sailor with a moderate crown, and slightly wider brim, like those worn last year are trimmed with a close wreath of wild flowers made by blending together bunch after

bunch of marigolds, violets daisies and and primroses. The wreath is so soft and thick, that it almost covers the hat only leaving a glimpse of the edge of the brim and the top of the crown visible.

There is a curious difference between the way men, and women love! The man insists that his love is the deepest and strongest, the warmest, but most reckless, and generally the best, but he is willing to admit that perhaps in some cases woman's love lasts a little the longest, and is perhaps more of a self sacrificing nature, than the masculine brand. But the radical difference between the two emotions is the standpoint from which the question of rivals is viewed. A man hates a rival of any kind, he is such a self conscious creature that he wants to be first always, not only in the present, but if such a thing were possible, in the past also. I don't know whether it is that he distrusts his own attractions, or doubts his power of holding what he has won, but certain it is that he cannot brook the thought of the woman he loves ever having had a lover before. He wants to pluck the flower not only before any rude hand has touched it, but before any other eye than his own has gazed upon its beauties. The most respectful admiration he regards as a sort of profanation, and at heart I believe he sympathizes warmly with "the turbaned Turk who scorns the world"—and keeps his numerous wives securely locked away from all eyes but his own.

I heard a sensible man say once, that in his estimation no woman should ever have more than one lover, and she should marry him. Every added admirer was a drawback in his eyes and took away just a little of the dew from the rosebud, and the bloom from the peach. An admirer implied encouragement, he argued and no girl should give a man the least encouragement unless she meant to marry him. A man expected to have love affairs himself he said, but of course that was a different matter, men were differently constituted, and so the same rules could not be made to apply to them. They lived in the world and were of it, while women should be sheltered and preserved from even a breath of suspicion. Their lives should be like a sheet of white paper and to be admired by this man, and sought by that, was far from being a credit to any girl.

It seemed very exalted and beautiful no doubt, but very impracticable and I think, very selfish. "Flirt with every woman you meet, if she will let you, but despite her in your heart for accepting your attentions" is the way it seems to me to read, and the look out for some sweet modest soul of a girl who has scarcely ever spoken to a man before, and crown her with the diadem of perfect womanhood. It does not seem quite fair, because with the very best intentions in the world the most modest and retiring of us will get caught out sometimes! Some man is sure to discover that we are there, and being there, that we have pretty ways or bright eyes, and want to gather in those charms for his very own. It stands to reason that girls cannot be kept in glass cases nowadays, nor can they all be brought up in secluded parts of the country far from the busy haunts of men. Neither can they be compelled to love the first man who wants them to. Why I have known very nice girls who found it impossible to lavish the wealth of their young heart's first affection upon any of the half dozen suitors who appeared. It so happened that they were not nearly so easily pleased as they are supposed to be, but exercised the prerogative which is believed to belong exclusively to men, and took time to make a careful choice.

I believe there would be fewer unhappy marriages if girls only had the courage to take their time and make a careful choice, passing over the ineligible candidates and waiting patiently for the right one to appear. "You had better take him" says the worldly wise relative. "He is a very fair match and a good enough fellow; lots of girls would snap at him, and you may not have another offer as good." So the girl stifles down the question in her heart whether she loves him or not, accepts what she considers her fate, and half the time lives to regret it bitterly.

Now a woman loves a rival—an unsuccessful one of course, and nothing gives her such exquisite pleasure as to hear about the girls who have loved her husband. That he might have loved them does not seem to occur to her. She loves to get the history of each female photograph he possesses, and even when they have no history she persists in imagining one for them. Each predecessor is an added victim to the wheels of the chariot in which she sits in triumph. All these had their chance, each one enjoyed for a time the sunshine of his favor, clever, beautiful and attractive as they must of course have been to win his notice at all, yet each and all were lacking in some essential, and so they failed to hold the treasure that lay within their grasp, while she, only she, was found worthy to wear the crown, and occupy the throne as queen of his heart. She is so proud of those predecessors of hers that she almost

loves them so long as her husband shows no disposition to talk about them. Whenever he flirts upon the photo of a pretty girl, in some unexpected corner of his desk she is rather pleased than the contrary if he tells her, "That is a girl I was awfully broken up on, the year before I met you, and a beauty she was too!" But just let him show the least disposition to evade the subject or simply say, "Its a girl I used to know once," and if a bad half hour does not supervene for him then I am no judge of my sex, that's all!

It is a strange world, when all is said and done and perhaps it is just as well we do not all think alike.

A correspondent writes to ask me where she can obtain the face brush I described two weeks ago, as an essential feature of Diane de Morney's beauty culture. Somehow the procuring of the brush was a difficulty I had not foreseen, and I don't know how to solve it, as the brush is the first requisite of the treatment, but the only remedy will be to get some druggist to import a few of the brushes. Nearly all druggists are willing to try a new thing, as the securing of a novelty is always a good advertisement; or they will send away for any special article, in order to oblige their customers.

My correspondent also sensibly asks me if I do not think that interference with the skin, and the constant use of creams and unguents, however harmless, tends to injure rather than improve the complexion. Some of the people who take no care whatever of their skins, she says, possess far better complexions than others who are always trying new remedies and using every possible means to improve themselves.

This is quite true, but it must be borne in mind that medical and surgical appliances are not for well people, but sick; the child with perfectly developed straight limbs has no need of steel splints to support him, but the weak boned bow-legged child who suffers from rickets or some similar disease, must have the benefit of every device modern skill has invented in order to prevent him from growing up a cripple. It is the same with the complexion. Some people are born with such perfect skins that even sun and wind never seems to affect it; they never freckle or tan and they do not know what a pimple means, except on other people. They get the credit of having the most exquisitely delicate skins when the fact is that their skins are really so tough a fibre that they are not sensitive to changes of temperature, and can stand wind, rain and sun, with impunity. They never take any care of their complexion for the simple reason that they have never been obliged to do so, nature has looked after it for them, and they have taken no more thought about it than the much quoted lily of the field. But the unfortunate damsel whose face is mottled with freckles, and whose complexion is the despair of her life, is the one who has the delicate skin, and the one who needs to take the best possible care of it.

It is true that some skins would be ruined by the constant application of even the best cold creams, or soothing applications, but then it must also be remembered that all such preparations are skin foods, and designed to supply the inevitable wasting of the tissues which begins as soon as the first bloom of youth is past. To go into the physiology of the matter each skin is underlain with a thin layer of fat, a delicate cushion which I can only liken to the thin sheet of wadding which a good dressmaker places between the lining and the material of a rich satin dress-train, to give it softness, and "body." It is the wasting of this which causes wrinkles and fades the most beautiful face, and the object of cold cream, cocoa nut, or cod liver oil, and all the lubricants which professional masseurs rub into the face and neck, is to supply as far as possible the lack of this soft cushion. For a coarse oily skin, any kind of grease, however daintily prepared, would be suicidal if used frequently, but it is a boon to the dry wrinkly skin which burns in wind or sun, and always feels chippy and parched.

The rubbing is never done roughly, nor should it irritate the skin. The object is to bring the blood to the surface, and induce free circulation which re-vivifies the skin, and tends to preserve its beauty and freshness. I have heard it frequently stated that the constant use of vaseline, or cold cream will soon induce a fine growth of hair on the face, but I have yet to meet with one well authenticated case where the growth of hair could be directly traced to the use of cold cream. A growth of the kind is quite common, and was quite common before face creams were in at all general use, and many persons who have never used any such preparation in their lives have a decided crop of down on their cheeks and lips; so I have no small faith in the dismal predictions I hear concerning the future of those who, like myself, are addicted to the cold cream habit in moderation.

IGNORANCE, St. John.—The lady who invites you to your hostess, and you owe the call to her, in the case you mention, but under such circumstances it is quite usual to call on both, so that neither should feel slighted, as people are often very sensitive about such things.

A SILENT ADMIRER.—You will see that

## Just Before

The recent rise in Leather we purchased at a large discount from J. & T. Bell, Montreal, their entire manufactured stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, etc. Many of their lines we do not regularly carry in stock and we will close out these at largely reduced prices.

Today we offered a Ladies' T-ee  
Dollar Vel Kid Tan Oxford Shoe in  
half sizes, C. and D. widths, at

# \$1.50 PER PAIR.

## Waterbury & Rising.

"Strongest and Best"—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

# Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.  
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

# R.I.P.A.N.S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

I have answered your questions at some length, in another part of this column. I do not think I would recommend the rubber complexion brush, as it would be rather harsh for a delicate skin, and I am sorry to say I cannot give you much information about the camel's hair rubber; you will have to get some friend to bring you one from the United States, or get a druggist to send for one. I do not think the duty would be very much. I would be very careful about the preparations I used, if I were you, and I am very certain that all the cold creams advertised are not safe to use. But all the cosmetics prepared and sold by Miss Mootie of the Gervase Institute Toronto, are not only harmless but excellent, and a cold cream which I have used myself for years, is the vaseline cold cream, put up in little metal covered porcelain pots by the Chesebore Manufacturing Company. It is perfectly pure. The one for which Madame de Morney gave the recipe, and which I published the week before last is easily made at home, and I know it to be a good one, and I am sure it would not injure the most delicate skin. Try massage before going to bed rubbing the cold cream thoroughly into the face, and then washing it off with quite hot water in the morning.

A remedy in which I have great faith, but which is too troublesome to win very general favor, is the bread and milk wash, or poultice applied warm at night, worn all night, and then removed and carefully washed off with hot water in the morning. It is a wonderful feeder, and freshener of the skin, but such a nuisance. Many thanks for your appreciative words.

ASTRA.

### "HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



COMPOUND

Women who have been protracted for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists.  
Prepared by the  
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,  
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,  
Montreal.  
Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

## CURE FITS!

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,  
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.  
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.  
The "Leochinsky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.  
Apply at the residence of  
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

PATENTS,  
FOR INVENTIONS.  
Applications for Patents, Trade Marks and Designs, searches made, Definitive Patents issued. Opinions on infringements, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements on any subject. Assignments, licenses, contracts, etc. drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, arbitration conducted.  
CARRON, New York City. HANBURY A. BURDEN, Building, Montreal. (B.C.) R.C.L. & Co. (Soc. C.E.)  
Cable address "Brevet."  
Advocate, Patent Attorney.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1895, the train of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Piquish, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Accommodation for P. du Chene	8.00
Express for Halifax	10.10
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11.15
Express for Sussex	11.25
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11.32

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 11.15 and Halifax at 11.40 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from St. John, Halifax and Pictou (Monday excepted)	6.00
Monday excepted	6.00
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from P. du Chene	11.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	11.30
Sleeping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.	

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.  
Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 30th June, 1895.

## THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co., (LIMITED).

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!  
Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in combination.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 1 a.m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p.m., for Yarmouth and Intermediate ports, connecting with N. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p.m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.

HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced AT ST. JOHN BY JONES BROS.

**VEUVIUS, IS NOT IDLE.**  
Further Demonstrations by the Great Volcano Air Expected Before Long.

Vesuvius, which is just now passing through another period of renewed activity, is attracting a good deal of interest on account of the recent seismic disturbances in Italy says a recent writer. The tourist, ascending to the summit of the volcano, is seized by a fearful admiration in the presence of the imposing spectacle developing before his eyes, under his very feet. The increase of activity in the volcano has been noticeable ever since last January, and the old crater of 1891 is gradually and steadily filling up, making room for a new cone, which is perceptibly rising at the north-western border of the 1891 crater, and nearly in the centre of the much larger crater of 1872. The new cone, the formation of which was first noticed last winter, can now be seen even from Naples as it rises nearly 60 feet the crest of the old crater.

The exterior activity of the volcano has been very feeble ever since the summer of 1893, when the lava stream from the "Atrio del Cavallo" ceased flowing. The stopping of this lateral opening on the side of the volcano is the natural cause of the recurrence of volcanic activity in the great cone. In January last the column of molten lava first rose perceptibly within the pit overflowing a little the bottom of the 1891 crater. There it stopped for a few days, the column of lava slowing receding; then it was followed by another light rise of the lava, accompanied now by great quantities of escaping steam. Since then the tension of the steam keeps the lava continuously on the rise, and makes its surface turbid, projecting it to a great height with each explosion. The frequency of these explosions is very variable. During May they occurred every 90 seconds; and the greater ones throw up the lava and drop to a height estimated at between 250 and 350 feet. During the intervening period of relative quiet other much less violent explosions take place always accompanied by powerful bursts of steam.

Nothing can be compared to the grandeur and beauty of the spectacle presented by the volcano as it throws into the air these streams of molten matter, falling back like enormous globes of fire. In spite of the great distance separating the tourists from the crater itself the heat radiated from the stream of lava is unbearable. During the trajet through the air the matter thrown out by the volcano cools off, and spreading and falling all over the borders of the crater, builds up the new cone—a matter of considerable interest to geologists. This new summit is of quite an irregular shape, and has attained a height of over 220 feet above the bottom of the crater of 1891, rising above the highest portions of the crater of 1872, which still remain to the east of the shelter house for the guide. Its irregular form is mainly due to the action of the wind which for the last few months has almost steadily blown from the east. This has caused more of the dross to fall on the Naples side of the mountain, and has swelled the side of the cone facing west. If the eruptions will continue with the same regularity which characterized the action of the volcano for the last five months, the new cone will rise, growing in circumference until the old crater is quiet filled up, when nothing will possibly prevent an overflow of lava down the side of the mountain, which would probably be directed toward the Northwest as the chief of 1891 is quite near the present cone. The possibilities of such an event are simply appalling, still as they are certain to occur sooner or later, steps should be taken to minimize the danger by preparing for it. It carefully watched it will be possible to know exactly where an overflow will occur, and the stream of lava could by stone walls and like structures be made to flow where it will work the least damage.

**The Great Wall of China.**  
Authorities differ as to the exact date when the great wall of China was built, but the consensus of opinion appears to be that it was begun, at least, in the reign of the Emperor Che-Hwang-Te, the founder of the Tsin dynasty, who ascended the throne in 231 B. C., and died 210 B. C. There does not seem to be any reason for doubting its actual existence. It is true that the late Carter Harrison, of Chicago, when visiting China in 1886, wrote home that he was inclined to look upon it as a myth. Subsequently a paragraph went the round of the papers, copied from the London Times of August 5, 1887, which attempted to show on the authority of Albert Harrison that the great wall "does not and never did exist," that there are, indeed, square towers of earth faced with brick at considerable distance from each other, but these were never joined together by any wall as originally intended. This paragraph called out a lively controversy which was settled in favor of the wall. Among others, H. S. Ashbee wrote to Notes and Queries, insisting that he himself had seen the great wall, that he had climbed upon it, and though he had never measured it nor traveled along it for any great length he could bear ocular evidence that it extended from the point where he stood upon it in a straight line, unbroken save in places where it had been allowed to fall into decay, as far as the eye could reach in either direction. "While crossing the gulf of Liao-Tong I plainly saw, from the deck of the steamer, where the great wall started from the sea. Further, in the same part of China, but unconnected with the great wall, I observed the square towers in question."—New York Herald.

**A Question of Color.**  
A Boston "widow of a few months" asks the Herald whether she may ride a bicycle. Certainly—certainly. Black bloomers will not be very becoming, but you may wear them, certainly.—Des Moines Register.

**THINGS TO REMEMBER.**  
A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption.  
Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles.  
Cause and Effect: Consumption is the cause of a host of diseases. Hawker's liver pills cure constipation, thereby preventing the subsequent ill.  
For children's coughs and colds Hawker's balsam of wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.

**Chase & Sanborn's**



**Seal Brand Coffee**

Universally accepted as the **Leading Fine Coffee of the World.**  
The only Coffee served at the **WORLD'S FAIR.**  
**CHASE & SANBORN,**  
BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO

Within the memory of middle aged people CONSUMPTION and other Lung troubles were much more prevalent and fatal than they are to-day. The existing improvement in the public health in this respect is, in considerable measure due to a more widespread appreciation of sanitary laws; but PUTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and Pancreatine, may justly claim to have largely aided in the good work. Many persons who, some years ago were in a most critical state of health, are to-day sound and well, as a consequence of a faithful use of this valuable remedy.

For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

**DRUNKENNESS**  
Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.  
It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. **IT NEVER FAILS.**  
Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.  
GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

**Worth A Trial.**

Hundreds of business men in his city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to PROGRESS. We will give you a handsome, well written adv't., a splendid circulation, and if the people want your goods then there should be no doubt about the result.

Try it.

**Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.**  
THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

**JAMES S. MY & SON, Tailors,**  
Domville Building,  
68 PRINCE WM. ST.  
Telephone No. 748.

**SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELRY, WATCHES AND DIAMONDS,**  
AT 43 KING ST.,  
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**DAVID CONNELL,**  
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES,  
45-47 WATERLOO STREET.  
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.  
Horse and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Out. at short notice.

**CAFE ROYAL,**  
Domville Building,  
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.  
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY  
WILLIAM CLARK

**DEEDS BETTER THAN WORDS.**  
How Abraham Lincoln Heard the Pettition of a Distressed Widow.

On the first day of January, 1864, while a blinding snowstorm swept with untold violence through the Northern and New England States, while thousands of our brave defenders were entering upon the gory fields of the South, a man, tall, gaunt, and homely, was seen standing in Pennsylvania avenue, in the city of Washington. A woman with her head bared to the hurricane of heaven, with her gown tattered and torn, saw him. She, supposing him to be a minister of the gospel, ran to him, and falling at his feet, addressed him thus:

"Oh, sir! If you are a minister of the gospel, if you serve the God who fed Elijah by ravens and Israel with manna, pray to him to provide me with a shelter from the storm and food for my poor starving children! I am a widow. My husband sleeps in the bloody bosom of Gettysburg. I'm sad and forlorn. Oh, pray to the Master till he hears my sad cry, and that he may shelter and feed us, or pray that we may die."

The tall, ugly man, with his heart overflowing with sympathy and his eyes flooded with tears, extended both his hands to the dirty, kneeling woman and said: "Woman, get up; you are mistaken. I am not a minister of the gospel. Jehovah never appears to hear my prayer. For four long years I have been praying for the restoration of our Federal Union and the cessation of this cruel, bloody war. Not until a petition was sent to the States in rebellion in the form of two of the most magnificent armor that ever shouldered a musket, under the guiding hands of Generals Grant and Sherman, was there ever the remotest resemblance of an answer. My prayers have finally been answered through the instrumentalities of these two armies under the matchless and daring skill of these two Generals. Now, if I had any idea that a prayer would shelter, feed, and clothe, you I would bow down, but I think that the best prayer I can make in your behalf is a prayer that that groceryman on yonder corner."

Suiting the generous act to the kind and sympathetic words, that ugly-beautiful man took from his pocket a small order-book and wrote:

"Washington, Jan. 1, 1864.—Mr. Groceryman—Sir: You will please supply the bearer with \$25 worth of provisions as she may direct and choose, and charge the same to your truly, Abraham Lincoln."  
—Western Paper.

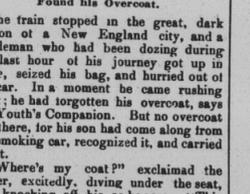
**DR FOWLER'S**  
EXT. OF WILD  
**STRAWBERRY**

CURES  
**COLIC, GRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM**  
and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.  
For Sale by all Dealers.

**TURKISH DYES**  
EASY TO USE.  
They are Fast.  
They are Beautiful.  
They are Brilliant.  
SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, you will be convinced.  
One Package equal to two of any other make.  
For sale in St. John by S. McJARMID and E. MAHONEY, Indiana.

**THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE**  
IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL, MARRIAGE



**Found his Overcoat.**  
The train stopped in the great, dark station of a New England city, and a gentleman who had been dozing during the last hour of his journey got up in haste, seized his bag, and hurried out of the car. In a moment he came rushing back; he had forgotten his overcoat, says the Youth's Companion. But no overcoat was there, for his son had come along from the smoking car, recognized it, and carried it out.

"Where's my coat?" exclaimed the owner excitedly, diving under the seat, and knocking off his hat as he rose. "This was my seat! I'm sure I left it here."

But the persons sitting near had just entered the car, and took no interest in him; nobody answered. Out he hurried, and engaged his son, who had gone into the station to inquire about tickets. He was sure his coat must be in that car! There was nothing for it but to go back and back he went.

Meanwhile a tall, slender lady dressed in black, with a long crape veil over her face, entered the car, vacated, and sank wearily back in the corner, her veil over her face. In rushed the excited gentleman. The train was about to start, and if he was to find his coat, it was now or never.

"There it is!" he exclaimed, in triumph. "I knew it was there!"

He plunged forward, and literally grabbed at the veiled lady. She shrieked, and he gasped an apology, the train started, and he plunged out of the car.

**Appearance of the Musk-Ox.**  
The appearance of the musk-ox is so odd and striking when one sees it it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, 4 1/2 feet high by 6 1/2 feet long supported upon wide hoofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There are also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward—and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that as the robe lies on the floor it is easy to walk over as a feather bed. Over the body you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddlemark" of dirty-white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat. Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool, so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, and sometimes twenty, like the grass raincoat of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks.—St. Nicholas.

**That Unlucky Thirteen.**  
The conversation turned upon the fatal number. Friday, salt spilling, and other superstitions.

"It is not well to make too much fun of such matters," gravely remarked Brich-an-an. "For instance, I had an old uncle who, at the age of seventy seven, committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of thirteen."

"And he died the next day?" LeRibi inquired.

"No; but exactly thirteen years afterward. A shudder ran through the audience.

I WAS CURED of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTON.  
I WAS CURED of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MADON.  
I WAS CURED of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOSEPH W. TRACY.

**DR FOWLER'S**  
EXT. OF WILD  
**STRAWBERRY**

CURES  
**COLIC, GRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM**  
and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.  
For Sale by all Dealers.

**TURKISH DYES**  
EASY TO USE.  
They are Fast.  
They are Beautiful.  
They are Brilliant.  
SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, you will be convinced.  
One Package equal to two of any other make.  
For sale in St. John by S. McJARMID and E. MAHONEY, Indiana.

**THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE**  
IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL, MARRIAGE



**Every Man Who Would Know the Grand Truths, the Plain Facts, the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life: Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book Called the "COMPLETE MARRIAGE" and How to Attain It.**

Here at last is information from a high medical source that must work wonders with this generation of men.

I e book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power.

A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system.

To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc.

To exchange a faded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power.

To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc.

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000 references.

The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ENIGMATIC COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MARRIAGE." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any mark, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

**The Sun**

The first of American Newspapers,  
CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution; the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

**The Sunday Sun**

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year.  
Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year.  
Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - \$8 a year.  
The Weekly, - - - \$1 a year.  
Address THE SUN New York.

**Provisionalists With Chignons.**  
The Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Advertiser says there will be 44,100 delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention, from the various states and adds:

In addition to these there will be delegates from Canada. Ordinarily the Canadians are not much given to any generous display of religion, but the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island will send at least 2,500 accredited delegates. As the good Canucks have a fear that most things American are unbecomingly, each of these delegates will have a chaparan or travelling companion, so that there will probably be 6,000 provisionalists from the maritime division of Canada independent of what Quebec and Ontario may send.

**IT WAS A BIG PUDDING.**  
Baked in a Trench and Carried by About One Hundred Men and Boys.

I had been 10 years on Savage Island, and meant to come to England on a visit, but before leaving went to each village to say "good bye" to the people. We had been three weeks from home, when we got to a little village called Liku.

The evening after our arrival there was a terrible commotion—men, women and children were running about, some carrying sticks, some logs of wood and some big stones.

The men began digging a long shallow trench with their sharp-pointed sticks. The boys brought big stones and fire-wood. These were piled up all along one side of the trench. The wood was then set fire to and was soon blazing, while the stones on the top were getting hot.

While the fire was burning one side, little bundles of something white and soft were being undone from the clean leaves that contained them. This was the paste out of which the pudding was to be made.

There was no flour, suet, eggs, milk, plums or currants in it. It was the paste of a native vegetable called taro, and old coconuts, both grated very fine and mixed together. A long pudding cloth was laid along the side of the trench, and in it the pudding was carefully wrapped. It was not calico or linen, but nice clean banana leaves. Over this long coconut leaves were placed.

When the stones were hot enough, some were quickly laid along the bottom of the trench, then the long pudding laid on the top of them, and then some more stones at the sides and on the top.

Some girls had brought heaps of leaves to lay over the top to keep the heat and steam in, and the earth which had been dug out of the trench was thrown over the top.

The cook and pudding maker all went to sleep, and left the stars to watch their cookery. Next morning at 8 the whole village was astir, men, women and children all in holiday attire.

It was soon uncovered, and was found to be well done. Long poles were brought and laid the whole length. These were fastened to the pudding by small vines, canes, etc. It was then rolled out of the trench on one side; short sticks were made last crosswise to the poles, and all was ready for taking up.

**Number and Gender.**  
The Boston Budget says that a man and woman were standing together on a street corner, waiting for a car. She was American and he was English. She delighted in proclaiming the glories of the New World, but he only elevated his nose at any innovation on English custom, and made frequent use of the irritating phrase, "In the old country."

While they were waiting, a pair of bicyclers, a man and a woman, went past. The woman was dressed decidedly "up to date."

"Aw!" the Englishman remarked. "Knickerbockers!"

The girl looked up in surprise.

"Do you mean the woman in bloomers?" she asked.

"Yes; but in the old country, ye know, we call them knickerbockers."

Miss American hardly knew how to meet his supercilious manner. She felt that it would be rude to change the conversation too abruptly, so she simply said:

"By the way, do you call 'a pair of knickerbockers' singular or plural?"

The Englishman glanced after the retreating bicyclers.

"Plural," he said, "as applied to men; but in the case of women—singular."

**Found the Cussed Lady.**  
A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend, who had a suite of rooms in a large apartment house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed.

It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared, and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself the prima donna said:

"Well?"

The reply came in a voice heavily charged with irritation.

"I'm a hickman," said the voice, "and I was sent here to get some conveyance, and don't know what in time her name is! I've rung every bell in the house! Are you here?"

When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him he coolly replied:

"Well, come on! We'll have to lose it all the way to the hall to get there on time!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Provincialists With Chignons.**  
The Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Advertiser says there will be 44,100 delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention, from the various states and adds:

In addition to these there will be delegates from Canada. Ordinarily the Canadians are not much given to any generous display of religion, but the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island will send at least 2,500 accredited delegates. As the good Canucks have a fear that most things American are unbecomingly, each of these delegates will have a chaparan or travelling companion, so that there will probably be 6,000 provisionalists from the maritime division of Canada independent of what Quebec and Ontario may send.

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**Sick Headache**  
CURED PERMANENTLY  
BY TAKING  
**Ayer's Pills**

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint, but it was not until I began taking Ayer's Pills that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills freed me from headaches, and I can now eat well and sleep well."  
—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.  
Awarded Medal at World's Fair  
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ROSEDA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

**THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.**  
It is a much higher place in the estimation of eyes than friends, than when he is less well and indifferently clothed.

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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.  
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Five ample rooms in connection. (First job in Livery Stable). Coaches at rates and boats.

**Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.**  
RECEIVED THIS DAY:  
15 KEOS PIGS' FEET,  
3 KEOS LAMB'S TONGUES,  
AT 19 and 23 KING SQUARE  
J. D. TURNER.

BRINGING DOWN RAIN.

NOT BY ANY MEANS AN IDEA DUE TO AMERICAN GENIUS.

The Strange Ceremony in Serbia and in Other Foreign Countries—How the Chinese Get Rain at their Rain Drags—The Poetry of a Wet Black Cat.

In many parts of the country the question is beginning seriously to be considered whether some one or other of those enterprising gentlemen who have of late years, in the United States, claimed to bring down refreshing showers by exploding heavy charges high in air, should not be afforded an opportunity of showing their powers here, says an English paper.

As things exist at present, the majority of civilized men look upon the weather as the product of a concatenation of natural phenomena entirely beyond human control. Not so was it believed among the ancients, nor even now is it thought by semi-civilized or savage races at all possible to bring down "the gentils rain from Heaven upon the place beneath."

For instance, in Serbia the villagers are accustomed, when a severe drought has long tried their patience, to choose from among their young girls one pre-eminent for virtue and beauty, whom they strip and cover from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot with flowers and grass. Then they call her the Dodola, and she, escorted by a troop of maidens, goes through the village; she stops before every house and dances, while the girls form a ring round her and sing a song which, being interpreted, runs somewhat in this fashion—

We go through the village, The odds go through the sky; We go faster, faster go the clouds; They have overtaken us And wetted the corn and the vine.

Then the mistress of the house throws a pailful of water over the Dodola, and the party passes on to the next house. The use of water occurs in nearly every performance resorted to for inducing rain amongst Aryan people. Thus in Transylvania, when the ground is parched with drought, an old woman calls to her several maidens. They all strip, and then search till they find a wooden barrel unoccupied. This they steal and take to the nearest stream, where they set it afloat with a ruyght burning at each corner; they leave it in the water and depart to their several homes.

In the Punjab there is a somewhat similar practice; naked women drag a plough across a field by night, sprinkling it with water.

When the farmers in Georgia want rain very badly they run to the priest of their village to perform the traditional rite. He chooses a couple of marriageable maidens, puts an ox-yoke on their shoulders, seizes the reins, and drives them before him through the streams and marshes, praying, weeping, laughing, and screaming.

In some parts of Russia, if anything of a drought is vexing the souls of the peasantry, it is decidedly awkward for the unoffending stranger who chances to come amongst them, for the women of the place fall on him in a body and throw him into the river, if it is handy, though a horse pond is considered equally in order if no river is within convenient distance.

In China, or, at any rate, in some parts of that loosely-jointed empire, they try to frighten the rain god into providing the proper quantity of rain. They make a big dragon out of wood or paper to represent the god; then they carry this in procession with much pomp, to put the deity into a good humour and politely to remind him of his neglected duty. A reasonable time is allowed him to wake up and do his duty, but that respite passed without the wished-for showers, the indignant people rush at the dragon and tear it to pieces with curses and reproaches. This reminds one of the way the West African negroes treat their fetiches when they have not responded sufficiently generously to repeated prayers.

In Battambang, a province of Siam, where a spurious kind of Buddhism is the prevailing religion, if the rice begins seriously to suffer from drought, the Provincial Governor, acting on the request of the community, goes in great state to a certain pagoda, where he beseeches "the great God Buddha" for rain. Then, accompanied by his suite and an enormous crowd, he repairs to a neighboring plain, where a figure has been dressed up to represent Buddha. Then crackers are let off and the local band begins to play. This, as nobody who has heard a Siamese band will wonder at, excites the elephant in the procession, and they, goaded also by their divers, rush at the image and trample it to pieces. The insult to his image is confidently believed to be enough to engage the serious attention of the god, and by giving him a sample of the treatment he might expect if rain should not fall, to ensure a plentiful supply of it.

In Sumatra, when rain is wanted, the women wade into the river and splash each other with water. From the bank someone throws a black cat into the midst of them, and they keep it swimming about for some time, and then let it escape, while they all splash it vigorously. Their idea is that as the black cat appears, stays a little, and then disappears amidst the splashing of water, so will the dark clouds come and depart when the rain splashes down.

The Zulus employ a rain-charm which is very remarkable, considering their usual fierceness and cruelty. They catch a bird, and after the tribal wizard has consecrated it, and made it a "heaven-bird," they throw it into a pool of water. In spite of their own indifference to the sufferings of animals, they believe that the sky, which they conceive to be a personality, will be full of woe at the death of the bird, and drop sympathetic tribute in showers of rain.

The custom amongst the Guanches, those mild-mannered aborigines of the Canary Islands whom the fierce Spaniards so ruthlessly exterminated, was much more in accordance with their national character. If the rain failed to arrive in due season, they used to lead their flock to consecrated ground, and there separated the lambs from the ewes. The plaintive bleating consequent on separation arising to the ears of the gods from their own sacred inclosure, was certain to move those benevolent beings to tender tears, with, of course, the earthly counterpart of rain.

Even the practical Romans were not exempt from this curious belief that something done by man can alter the weather. Outside their city stood a stone, hard by a temple sacred to the Mars, which deity, be it remarked, was with the early Latins, before the influence of Greece had modified their beliefs, more the god of agriculture than of war; this stone was called lapis manalis, or the sweating stone, and in time of drought the priests used to drag this to the city of Rome, which was certain, according to popular belief, to effect the desired change in the weather.

But perhaps the most remarkable instance of this superstition is one which used to prevail in one of the islands of the South Pacific, called Niue or Savage Island. There dominion used to be exercised by a line of kings. But these kings were also, like Agamemnon and Ninus, high priests, and as such were responsible for keeping the gods in good humour. So, whenever rain failed and food grew scarce, the dignified subjects came to the conclusion that their king was not up to his work, and inconspicuously slew him. The not unusual result was that the monarchy died of inanition, because nobody could be found willing to run the risks attendant on wielding so responsible a sceptre.

WOMEN ON THE WHEEL.

AN EXPERT TELLS THEM HOW TO C.K. FOR THEMSELVES.

Drinking Should be Avoided on Hides and So Should the Cold Bath—How to Keep the Muscles in Order—Points for Both Fat and Lean Riders.

Cycling has taught many a woman how to take care of herself and of her health, and those who have just learned to manage their wheels well enough to get beyond the point of discussing how to mount and dismount, the proper ankle motion, and dress, are now thoroughly interested in this subject also. A clique of girls who were feeling the effects of their first long run met in one of the academies, and each one had a different ache, pain, or bruise to tell about as the result of a seventy-five-mile jaunt taken the day before.

An ex-champion bicycle racer has the same fascination for the average wheelwoman that theatrical people have, and the used-up enthusiasts eyed Billy Murphy as he sat watching the beginners as if he were an ancient god. "He could tell us how to take care of ourselves if any one only dared ask him," said a little blonnetite. "You do it then," suggested an elderly woman. "No, ask him yourself. You are worse off than I am," she answered, and after considerable wrangling as to who should approach Mr. Murphy a girl in an accordion-plaited bloomer suit made of black silk volunteered to be the spokesman. The troop filled round to where he sat and got there just in time to hear a woman, weighing about 250 pounds—say to him: "Can I reduce my weight if I go at bicycling the right way?"

Before he had time to answer an angular-looking girl stepped up and put in, "And can I get on flesh by riding?"

"Yes to both of you," he replied, "but wait till I correct this instructor and I'll explain my paradoxical statement."

"He talks like a patent-medicine man," commented the novice, as the ex-racer proceeded to correct an instructor for allowing his pupil, a man, to ride with his handle bars almost even with his neck. Strange to say the man objected to having his wheel readjusted, and said that he was perfectly comfortable, but finally he gave in, and when the bars had been lowered and the saddle raised he looked like a different person. As Mr. Murphy returned to the enthusiasts the little blonnetite said: "Oh, Mr. Champion man, we want to ask you a question, too: Why is it that we feel so banged up after our run?"

"I'm going to answer all of these questions together," he continued. "To begin at the very start, you all saw how that beginner objected to having his wheel adjusted. There are many who wheel-woman just like him who will not heed the advice of those who know, and they go on riding incorrectly all their lives. Everything depends upon the proper adjustment of the handle bars and saddle, and a beginner who insists upon her instructor setting that is bound to lose about twenty per cent. of her strength. A good instructor takes pride in his work, and points with satisfaction to his pupils, dwelling on their neat ankle motion or correct position, just as an artist does upon his masterpiece."

"Most people have an idea that a good rider makes a good instructor, but this is always true. A man's ability to teach women to ride well depends upon his ability to keep them informed in detail of what they are expected to accomplish, and he must also be quick to observe their individual needs and characteristics. In this way the work is rendered much easier for pupil and teacher. An instructor's work does not end when he has wheeled, pushed, or led a pupil around the academy floor until she is able to ride fairly well alone. She is learning an art that is to last her for all time, and should be taught all of the details most thoroughly and carefully; and when the first light there to tell her beginner how to take care of herself, or she is very apt to be absent from her lesson the next day, or else to report that she feels too stiff to ride."

"The nervous strain attendant on a first lesson makes one perspire freely, and it is natural to rush out into the air in this overheated condition, but it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to do. Then another thing that instructors should caution beginning riders about is to avoid over-exercising. The nervous strain attendant on a first lesson is new to them and an entirely new set of muscles is brought into play, and it is very easy to overdo the matter. A cramped or strained position in being placed too high or too low often has the same effect."

"There are many rules to be observed in caring for oneself, and common sense must guide you. In the first place, never even go on a day's run without taking a change of underwear, because more colds and muscular rheumatism result from sitting around in wet clothing than from anything else, except from plunge and shower baths. Authorities differ on the subject of baths, but most bicycle athletes avoid them after hard riding or racing as they would the most deadly poison, and I think myself that they are just about as fatal. A sudden plunge interferes with the heart action and often results in acute rheumatism or permanent injury to the health; a shower is little better. Refrain from both, but use a large sponge and water of about the same temperature as the body. Very warm water has a weakening effect. In drying the body rub it briskly with the towel, but do not so harshly that the skin will be irritated. Racing men often have the skin taken off with the towel, and that is entirely wrong."

"There is every indication of a growing passion for outdoor sports among women nowadays, and after any form of exercise has been indulged in they should receive a rub-down and thorough kneading of the muscles of the entire body. It does not follow that one must have an expert massage operator to aid to do this, for a woman can readily reach any muscle in her body, and although the effect is not so good as when some one does the massage set for her. The muscles are as much relieved and all liability or soreness removed. I do not approve of this slapping of the body until it is ready to bleed, but think a deep kneading, or, as athletes express it, making bread or mixing dough far preferable. After the massage treatment it is well to rub the body down with a liniment composed of equal parts of some good oil. Camphorated oil is one of the best for this purpose. You will be astonished at the exhilarating, revivifying effect that this treatment will have after a long ride, and if you women had tried it on your return last night you would not have been too tired to sleep and would have felt like taking another run to-day."

"To you stout women who wish to be good this I say diet. Don't starve yourselves, for I am opposed to the old theory of weak tea, toast, chop and eggs. An engine must be fed to be kept going. So I say eat plenty of vegetables and fruit, but avoid fatty substances and drink nothing with your meals and very little at any time. Keep the body constantly active, take long, hard runs systematically, go on the road every day that the weather permits, and when it doesn't ride indoors and ride hard. Regularity is a great thing, and persistent dieting and exercise pull the flesh off and leave the body firm and hard."

"To you thin wheelers who would become rosy and buxom, I say do just the opposite. Eat starchy, sugary foods and latten things, and drink plenty of sweat milk. Ride regularly in the fresh air, but do not overdo it. Avoid acids and things to eat and drink that make one thin; exercise systematically, but moderately, and your cheeks will soon begin to fill out and bloom and your bodies will fill out on pretty, graceful curves, instead of the sharp lines that you so hate. "There is one thing that I wish to warn all sorts, sizes and shapes of wheelwomen against, and that is quenching the terrible thirst that every beginner feels. I know that you want to stop at every well, spring and red house that you come to on a run to get a drink; but don't do it. The racing man when he starts into training experiences the same terrible thirst that you beginners do. This is simply the result of a fever brought on by the unusual exercise, and a five-grain quinine pill taken in the morning before starting on a run will keep the temperature down, and you will have only a thorax parched from the dust to contend with. Learn to do without liquids, and if you find this impossible drink a glass of anything and milk, as it is less harmful than anything else, except to those wishing to reduce flesh. Spring water is also especially bad for them."

"To encourage you thin people I'll tell you of a man that I once handled in a six day race. After the terrible siege he pitched the scales at seven pounds more than when he started. "How in the world do racing men keep from taking cold on those long races, lasting from twenty-four hours to six days," asked the novice, "when they don't wear any clothes to speak of?" "They cover themselves with a thick coating of goose grease and slip their racing suits over it. That excludes the air, and they are not at all susceptible to changes in temperature."

"If we mustn't drink anything, how in the world are we to get cooled off?" asked a stout girl who always looks warm. "Well, when you come to a spring instead of drinking dip your wrists in the water or allow it to trickle over the pulse and you will cool off gradually, and it would be well for you who make long runs to adopt a wrinkle much used by racing men. They carry in the palm of their hands a sponge saturated with diluted bay rum, which they rub across their faces occasionally. It has a very soothing effect, and isn't in the least harmful. When you stop to rest don't pick out a cool, shady spot, but sit in the sun, no matter how hot the day, and always put on your coat,

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or better still, a sweater. Avoid draughts as well as drinks, and you will be apt to feel in good condition when your journey ends. Remember to carry out the suggestions that I've thrown out and you will be astonished at your own physical strength and endurance at the end of a few months."

secure a supply of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50c. per bottle of six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B. and New York City.

Many of you have read quotations of silver fox skins and black fox skins, but did you ever see one? The chances are that if you are not in the fur business you never did. Only 100 were taken in the whole world last season, and every year all of these go to Russia, where they are the fur of the royalty and the nobility. Hunnewell, the South Danville fur king, is a real Yankee at a trade, a bustling buyer, who has agents in Nova Scotia and in Cape Breton and all along the rich fur-bearing countries, and his transactions amount to \$50,000 a year and upward. Under his arm Hunnewell recently bore a package, which he tossed lightly to the floor of the reporters' room and disturbed the quiet of the several "decks" at work. "There," said he, "is something you never saw before—eight silver fox skins in one bunch. There they are—four of them beautiful, four of them ordinary." The four first named were beautiful skins, pure deep black along the bases of the necks, silver tipped along the backs, while the tails were just shimmered with the silver white. The fur was soft and fine, beautiful to the touch.

"That skin," said Mr. Hunnewell, tossing one, "is worth \$135. This one is worth \$150. If that one was as black as this and was as heavy and soft as it is now it would be worth \$300 easily. Considering that only 136 were taken last year, and that I got twenty-four of them, I think I got my share. These came from Cape Breton, and I never had so many in one bunch before."—Lewiston Journal.

Very Neatly Sati. Lady (in a crowded street car).—Thank you, sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat. A gallant Irishman (who had obligingly risen) Bo th' powers m'um, it was comfortable no longer when Oi saw you standin.

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Headache PERMANENTLY TAKING Ayer's Pills

FOR HIS SISTER'S SAKE.

her. You yourself have a daughter about her age. Think—

At that moment a window high above the flames was thrown violently open, and with a scream for help, a white-robed figure leaped far out, his arms extended towards the crowd below.

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Bear Point, July 3, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Theodore Newell to Annie Johnson.

DIED. Upland, July 11, Charles Deboer, 78. St. John, July 14, Jane Milligan, 78.

BORN. Halifax, July 9, to the wife of John Murty, a son. Milton, July 1, to the wife of William Felt, a son.

MARRIED. Oshawa, June 9, Capt. Alfred Dodge to Winnie Howe.

DEAFNESS. An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, singing in ears, etc.