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NOTE ON PARK MORALS

PERMISSION GIVEN TO SELL SUNDAY REFRESHMENTS

Causes a Commotion Among the Committee and Mr. A. H. Hanington Objects—Mr. Torrey Sells Just the Same—Some Facts of the Case.

The Sabbath desecration question is revived in a small way, and this time it is in connection with the park.

Canadian cities are noted from their Sunday piety and St. John is quite as marked in its observance of the fourth commandment as the others. The extent of its Sunday desecration is Sunday street cars, Sunday cigar stores, Sunday sodas at the drug stores, which are according to law, and Sunday drinks which are an infringement of the law.

An attempt was made to prohibit the harmless Sunday sodas at the drug stores, but it failed.

Now the question of Sunday refreshments at the Park and Sunday boating on the Lake is likely to be an issue. It is rather too late in the season for it to attract much attention at present but next spring it will have to be fought out and settled pro or con.

Mr. Joseph Allison to whom more than anyone else the city is indebted for the park, had a very pretty tea house erected there this summer. It was to have been completed early in August but it was not finished until the first of September. Mr. A. H. Hanington is chairman of the Park Attractions' Committee and in his absence from the city on a jaunt to the Pacific coast Mr. G. S. Fisher was appointed to act in his place. Mr. Torrey was given by the latter the privilege of occupying the tea house and selling refreshments there. For the last three Sundays he has been doing a thriving trade in temperance drinks, fruit, confectionery, peanuts and other refreshments. He obtained a lease of the tea house for this year with the option of next year, and one provision of the lease was that he could sell refreshments all day Sunday. This lease was signed by Mr. J. D. Hixson, president of the Horticultural Association.

The tea house has been a bustling place on Sundays and many of the thousands who have gone out to the park, particularly the children, have sampled his stock of good things. In the eyes of the enthusiast on Sabbath observance perhaps the buying and selling detract from the appearance of sanctity which in their opinion should on Sunday pervade the Park, and lower the dignity of the Park to directorate of a God-fearing city like St. John.

Anyhow, that was the way Mr. A. H. Hanington looked upon it. When he returned from the west a week or two ago and heard about it he was very wrath and considered that such an important step should not have been taken in his absence. He saw Mr. Torrey on Saturday a fortnight ago and ordered him not to sell on the morrow, threatening to prosecute if he did so. But Mr. Torrey sold on the morrow and he was not prosecuted last week, so he also sold on Sunday last.

The members of the Park attractions committee of the Park Directorate are Mr. A. H. Hanington, chairman, J. M. Taylor, Joseph Allison, James Manchester, W. L. Hamm, H. W. deForest and G. S. Fisher. This is a very good committee but Mr. Fisher it appears, thought he was good enough to settle this important question without any assistance. It appears to have been a rather irregular proceeding. There appears to have been no meeting of the committee either before or since the entering into the contract with Mr. Torrey. It is hardly worth while to have a committee if the chairman is to settle such important matters off-hand.

Mr. Joseph Allison was also speeding across the continent while Mr. Fisher was determining the moral status of the Horticultural Association. Mr. Torrey states that Mr. Allison is in favor of Sunday selling. Progress however knows that Mr. Hanington has some backing on the committee in his contention for Sunday closing and it appears that there is a division in the committee.

As there are so few Sundays left when it will be pleasant to go to the Park it is hardly likely that the question will become one of serious moment.

It seems to Progress that it does not show disrespect to the Sabbath nor will it promote rowdiness at the Park to sell temperance drinks and refreshments there. It enhances the attractions of the Park and

increases the quiet wholesome enjoyment there, and what is the Sabbath for but quiet wholesome enjoyment.

Moreover, if there are to be refreshments at the Park at all they will have to be sold on Sunday for their would not be sufficient week day business to induce any one to take it. It will prove a boon to week day picnics and Sunday visitors and why oppose the Sunday selling?

Whether Mr. Hanington intends to test the question legally is yet to be learned.

There is the other question of Sunday boating out there. Before the Park Association took charge boats were hired on Sunday and sometimes there was rowdiness there. But there need be no fear of that if boats should again be hired on Sunday for under the changed conditions rowdiness could be easily prevented. It is the purpose of the directors to build a handsome boat house something like the tea house next spring and to have a good fit-out of gondolas. It would be no great fracture of the moral law of children and young men were allowed to enjoy a Sunday ride as were not Puritans and the Puritanic idea of the Sabbath is exploded. Let the working people have healthy enjoyment on the only day they have for enjoyment. There will be no lowering of the moral status of the city.

HOW HALIFAX DOES IT.

The Attorney-General Has an Appointee who Makes a Good Thing.

HALIFAX, Sept. 30.—In what manner the province of New Brunswick manages its criminal prosecutions is not known to your correspondent at Halifax, but he has a pretty fair inkling of the way they are carried on in Nova Scotia. For the credit of the sister province he hopes the system is not the same. If the system is identical he hopes, for the same reason, that it is worked in a manner more consonant with justice and morality.

The way we work it out is this: The Queen is the fountain of justice and the Attorney General is her crown officer. The commission of a crime is an outrage for which the attorney general is bound to prosecute. Now the attorney general has other duties which prevent his personal attendance to such matters and he is thus forced to appoint deputies. The custom has been established of parceling out this duty in turn for three months periods, to all young lawyers who happen to be in the political favor of the government.

Occasionally squabbles occur of a more or less serious nature, as to the order of procedure in which this form favor is out, and the job is well worth fighting for. There is a twenty dollar bill involved in every case. In a city the size of Halifax these trials usually are worth from \$40 to \$80 per week to the attorney general's fortunate appointee. Even members of parliament or their professional partners have been known to be favored in this manner. Last years report of expenditure of government finances charges one city firm with upwards of \$1000 largely made up in this way.

The fees are only supposed to be paid when the accused happens to be "sent up for trial." The prisoner is first arraigned in the police court for preliminary examination. If the magistrate considers there is a case to be tried, the prisoner may elect to be tried by the court judge or by a jury. In either case there is twenty dollars in it for the barrister.

The attorney general's representative is not supposed to appear in the police court at all. If he does appear and the accused is discharged he gets his fee. But he frequently does appear. If the case is a flagrant one, for which the accused is morally certain to be sent up for trial, you will seldom see the crown representative. But if otherwise—if there is a doubt of the prisoner's guilt, the lawyer will appear and bend all his energies to have the case referred to the court above.

Now this works out exactly as things should not be. If the accused, as is generally the case, happens to be friendless and poor, he has no counsel, and it is comparatively easy to make out a case for the court above. If he is an experienced hand and has "been there before," with the assistance of counsel he is very often discharged in the lower court.

The system entails another evil. Suppose three men are implicated in a theft or an assault, the ingenious prosecutor makes three separate and distinct charges against them and collects three separate and distinct twenty dollar bills therefore.

Taken on a whole, the criminal prosecutions of this province are a tremendous force. Once the case has been "sent up" the \$20 has been secured—no more, no less—and it is due whether the prisoner is proven guilty or innocent. One can well imagine the result. The prosecutions are conducted in a very loose and disorderly manner. He is a conscientious lawyer indeed, who bothers himself to obtain a conviction, and as that style of a lawyer is reputed to be a rava avis, again we say it—you can imagine the result.

A PUGILISTIC WARRIOR.

He Sometimes Makes Races Lively For all Concerned.

The Upper Canadian crack riders would up their lower province tour with a grand calamity. They struck many rainstorms and cold waves on the way which did not tend to put them in good spirits and the only time they found it at all warm was at Moncton last Monday when big Angus McLeod dispersed a gentle glow of warmth about, emanating from the heat of his wrath.

It was at the conclusion of one of the races wherein Harley Davidson had crawled in beside the big fellow on the home-stretch and passed him winning the race, McLeod's cholera arose; why, is not definitely known, though here are cynics who say that it was because it was programmed that Angus was to win that race. Whether the racing squad were engaged in the pleasant little pastime of dividing the events beforehand, and gulling the public, as some allege, opinions probably differ and no knowing, Progress will be silent on the subject.

But anyhow McLeod was fighting mad. He went up to Harley, the giant in build though not in height, and let him have his right straight from the shoulder. He landed upon Davidson's chin and inflicted quite a gash, it being necessary to put in three stitches. The latter did not return the compliment and a scene was prevented.

What made the affair worse was the fact that the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen were present. It, however, occurred so quickly that very little excitement resulted.

On Tuesday the racing men came down here, but McLeod did not appear at the races on the B. and A. grounds on Wednesday night, and the rooters were deprived of the pleasure of seeing him go up against the old-time Canadian champion. He had been suspended by C. W. A. Consul Barnes pending an investigation and that afternoon has taken the train for Montreal. Mr. McLeod has more than once distinguished himself by a pugilistic exhibition on the track. At London and Petrolia, Ontario, he furnished more than was provided for on the programme by showing combative tendencies.

Martin has no Secrets.

Martin Butler, editor of Butler's Journal, Fredericton, is enjoying his annual holiday and this time is honoring Montreal with his presence. It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but the man who said it hadn't read Martin's paper. It is more objection than even Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal, and in it Martin tells the world of his own individual thoughts and feelings. In his plain and simple English he tells of himself, his rambles about the country with the Democrat, his feelings as husband and father, his religious and political aspirations. It contains the life month by month of a man as he is. He hides nothing, neither his pecuniary troubles, his likes nor dislikes, and so his writings appeal to the inner self of the reader.

A Question for Some House Owners.

A question arose in one of the law offices in this city a few days ago which concerns a good many owners of houses in the lower section of the city which it appears, are occupied for immoral purposes. One of the tenants of these was in arrears of rent to the extent of some hundred or more dollars. The landlord put constables in possession. The tenants lawyers looked up the law and forbade the landlord making any seizure or permitting the constables to remain as the house was closed for immoral purposes and the contract between landlords and tenant was illegal. The criminal law as amended by Sir John Thompson is very severe in a case of this kind and landlord or agents are not apt to escape scot free if known to rent property for purposes other than moral.

NEW YEAR'S SERVICES

THE HEBREW FESTIVITIES THAT WERE HELD THIS WEEK

And How They Were Conducted—What the Rabbi's and Others who Take Part in the Services Wore—A Gold Medal Presentation to one of the Members.

Over the street door leading to Segee's Hall on Mill Street printed on the glass in black are several curious looking multi-angular characters. They are Hebrew letters and form the words Ahabath Achim, which being interpreted means Brotherly Love. That is the name of the Hebrew Society which meets there. There is an increasing number of the descendants of Abraham in the city and they have become strong enough to have two church societies though they have not as yet risen to the dignity of a synagogue. The other society is under the patriarchal care of Rabbi Topkin while Rabbi Gorowitz presides over the spiritual destinies of the society of Brotherly Love. They were a united body but a split occurred in Rabbi Topkin's family and six months ago the seceders brought Rabbi Gorowitz here to minister to them. The latter has a congregation of about a hundred, the other has 150 hearers.

This week they have been having their New Year's festivities and as Jewish forms of worship are a novelty in our midst a description of them would no doubt prove of interest. At sunset on Sunday last the year 5658 of the Jewish era which dates from the creation, was ushered in. Then commences the festival of Yom Hazikkron or the Day of Memorial lasting through Monday and Tuesday until sunset of that day. The Jews of the city all closed their places of business and devoted themselves to attending the services and to feasting and entertaining visitors. They are not economical of time at their services. They had a service Sunday evening last for an hour and a half and on Monday and Tuesday the worshippers were gathered from 7 a. m. to 1 p. m. and from 4 p. m. to sunset.

The writer had a peep into the service on Tuesday morning. The dark hued Hebrews were gathered there, the men on one side of the little hall and the women on the other. It is strictly au fait for the men to wear their hats during the service; in fact it is compulsory. The Rabbi was standing in front of the altar called the Shilken with his back to his congregation chanting in a high shrill key the Rabbinical prayers while his hearers joined in the responses in the same piercing tone. He was attired in a white robe while over his shoulders was draped the Taales a rectangular piece of silk bearing on the four corners an embroidery which is pronounced something like Tschittobes. Our language is however unequal to the task of reproducing the word and it would require a reinforcement of consonants from several other languages to do justice to it. The service consists of readings, responses and prayers from the scriptures and the prayer book. It is an interesting fact that the Bible is in the centuries old scroll form. The prayer books are all printed in Hebrew and not only the elders but even the children read them in that language. Rabbi Gorowitz has a school for the young Hebrews of about 30 pupils. The married men of the congregation all wear the Taales of white silk or cotton with light blue facings. The Rabbi preached a sermon both mornings, Monday morning in English and Tuesday morning in German. On his right hand was the president Mr. d'Boyaner and on his left the vice-president Mr. I. Komienski. This society was organized seven years ago. The secretary is Mr. E. Stone, the treasurer Mr. Chas. Brazer and the trustees Messrs A. Poyas, Louis Green and L. Komienski. The Jewish Sabbath begins at sunset on Friday and services are held at that time and from 8.30 to 11 Saturday morning.

A pleasing feature Monday evening was the presentation of a handsome gold medal by the Rabbi in behalf of the Hebrew Emigration Society to Mr. A. Poyas for his services in looking after the Jews who come here in winter by the trans-Atlantic steamers on their way west. Mr. Poyas boards every steamer coming in and sees if there are any Jews on board who need looking after. If there are any without money the society provides for them until they can be sent on their way. The society has 21 members and Mr. B. Myers is president and Mr. E. Stone secretary.

They are doing a good work as Samaritans and last winter they kept a family of eight for four weeks.

On Wednesday the 10th day of the year there will be another festival, that of the Atonement, or Yom Kiper. On the Monday following there will be the first day of the Tabernacle. The New Year's festivities have brought into town quite a number of visiting Hebrews.

A QUESTION AT ISSUE.

Between the Street Car Company and the City Council.

Just now two or three interesting questions are up between the street railway company and the city council. The latter seem desirous of stowing their standing by calling a halt in the matter of candy dispensing.

The Street railway company were taxed \$9,780. They appealed against the valuation of \$670,000 and the matter was referred to arbitration.

Then according to their charts they were required to keep in order streets 60 feet in width where they have double tracks. Prince William street is such a street and they have failed to keep it in repair. It needs repairing and they appear to want to save expense by macadamizing it. The city council at their last meeting instructed the recorder to institute proceedings against the company.

The third point of difference is in reference to extending the railway line at Indiantown around Court's block in order to avoid the danger of cars leaving the track on Indiantown hill in winter. The streets that they wish to go through are narrow and traffic there would be impeded. There is considerable feeling over the matter and there is a strong opposition to the company, mainly on the ground that the railway has been getting too much taffy and it is time to draw in. The railway company are the virtual owners of the streets and everything else has to make way for them while their privileges cost them little or nothing. Their stock has risen from about 70 to 140 in a few months. In other places street railways pay a bonus or percentage of receipts to the city and in other ways have to shell out for their taffy.

The company have been very lucky in the past and next Thursday will probably tell whether they have sufficient influence to carry the day on the Court block matter. There will likely be a very close vote on the issue. The alderman have been canvassed on the subject, and which ever party wins will probably have a narrow majority of votes.

The City Directors From the C. P. R.

The great Canadian capitalist, Sir William Van Horne, was here the other day and he delivered a message to the city. He said that it was satisfied with as little taffy as any country village that he knew of. In that respect, he might have added, the city differed very materially from his own C. P. R. company, and his own St. John Street Railway company. In the person of these monopolies a large quantity of taffy has not satisfied him. The city presented him with harbor facilities at Sand Point and Street railway franchise and privileges worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Not for Speculators

The recent issue of Jubilee stamps and the fact that a new issue of the ordinary Canadian stamps will soon be out has been an incentive to stamp collecting and has made quite a number of new converts in this city. Stamp collecting has risen through the steps of fad and recreation to the status of a well defined business. There was a great rush for the jubilee stamps and as the new stamps will be issued about the close of the year there will be quite a demand for the old ones. Even now the post office authorities sell some denominations only on an assurance that they will not get into the hands of speculators.

In the Matrimonial Class

"Jack" Fraser of the Victoria hotel has grown restive under the ban of single blessedness and again sought the ranks of the benedictines. The ceremony was performed in the Cathedral Tuesday morning when Miss Mary Kennedy united her present and future happiness with that of Mr. Fraser. Those who have seen the bride say that the groom is lucky but those who know the groom have little doubt as to Mrs. Fraser's future happiness.

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RECEIVED AT MONCTON.

VICE-ROYALTY ENDORSED BY SOCIETY AT THE REED.

The People of the Railway Town Turn Out en Masse to Welcome the Vice-Regal Party—How the Reception Was Managed and What Sort of Thing.

MONCTON, Sept. 28.—For the second time in the history of their administration at Ottawa their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have visited Moncton officially; and for the second time the city of Moncton has done itself proud in the matter of receiving them, and providing constant occupation, as well as entertainment for them during their stay. In fact so well was their time portioned out that it is a matter of speculation with the more thoughtful and considerate of the citizens whether the Vice-regal party got anything to eat in the middle of the day, or whether their sole refreshment consisted of a biscuit or two, which they had prudently secreted in their pockets, and surreptitiously partaken of during the brief spaces of time which intervened between their Excellencies' reception at the I. C. R. station, the inspection of railway shops, the laying of the corner stone of the new school house, the afternoon procession and the visit to the athletic grounds, where the distinguished visitors witnessed the bicycle races.

Unfortunately the weather was the reverse of Queen's the clerk of the weather serving out a very indifferent quality for Her Majesty's representatives and harsh cold winds, cloudy skies, and frequent showers rather marred the pleasure of the day.

The proceedings began punctually on schedule time when, at a few minutes before eleven the loyal citizens of Moncton chiefly those belonging to the female persuasion massed themselves in a solid phalanx on the green at the rear the government offices commanding a view of the railway station and prepared to enjoy at their leisure the inevitable procession of school children without which no public function is considered complete in Moncton.

Children? Well rather! There were children of all ages, sizes, complexions, and apparently of all nationalities. On they came in squads in companies in battalions, in regiments! First the tiny children from the primary grades who looked as much of a size that they almost have been turned out of a mould like candles, then the next size, and the next, in a gradually rising scale until the long line ended with the sturdy lads and lasses from the High School some of whom looked quite as big, and almost as old as their teachers. Some carried flags, others carried branches of reddened maple leaves, and just a very few carried handkerchiefs.

As they swept into view around the corner of the General Offices walking four abreast they seemed as never-ending as the pictures in a kinoscope, and the number and strength of the rising generation of Moncton was well calculated to impress a stranger. "What is your population?" gasped a St. John lady who had been standing in the crowd, her eyes growing larger and larger with amazement as the wonderful procession wound past. "Ten thousand" answered her friend promptly—"we always say ten thousand, it is such a nice even number, and so easy to remember—"Ten thousand!" murmured the visitor from the seaside city, in a hushed voice, "Two thousand adults, and eight thousand children then, I am sure. Why I don't believe we could do anything like this in St. John!"

Over from the railway shops came the deep mellow Mr-r-r-r-r. of the eleven o'clock whistle, and almost at the same moment the Governor General's train glided quietly into the station. Instantly all was activity and bustle. The guard of honor drawn from the ranks of the 74th lined up, the school children were grouped around the platform which had been erected in the centre of the green for their excellencies, the mayor and aldermen advanced to receive the visitors who were already being welcomed in their car by General Manager Pottinger. In a moment more the Vice Regal party appeared escorted by Mayor Robinson, the guard of honor saluted, the band burst into the national anthem, and their Excellencies passed through a crowd whose emotions were probably too deep for words, so singularly undemonstrative were they, to the platform prepared for their reception. Here a number of the influential men of the city and a few ladies were assembled.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were accompanied by their daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, Lieut. Governor McClellan, and Mayor Hewett, private secretary to Lord Aberdeen. Immediately the Countess and Lady Marjorie were presented with bouquets, the former a handsome bouquet of Autumn flowers, by little Miss Eunice Welch, daughter of Mr. D. I. Welch, and

the latter with a beautiful shower bouquet of pink and white sweet peas tied with white ribbon, by little Miss Muriel Williams, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Williams, treasurer of the I. C. R. Lady Aberdeen kissed the little girls in a very sweet and motherly fashion, and the Mayor looked around for a convenient spot to deposit his hat, and after a preliminary cough which gave Their Excellencies time to arrange their features into an expression of eager anticipation, unfolded the address and began to read.

It was a very nice address and expressed in terms of the most fervent loyalty, but the wind was high and it blew His Worship's fair hair into his handsome blue eyes, and played havoc with the fluttering pages of the address besides carrying the words away almost before they had left his lips, not to mention taking liberties with Lady Marjorie's flowing bronze-brown locks, reddening the already cold noses of the spectators, and freezing the luckless little school children, most of whom were clad in white dresses, and thin summer clothes, to the very marrow of their poor little bones. The party on the platform felt the wind keenly, especially the gentleman whose uncovered heads caught the full fury of the blast; but it was soon over and after the Governor General had briefly but feelingly responded, two or three of the bolder spirits amongst the vast assemblage of school children led by Principal Oulton piped a few bars of My Own Canadian Home and waved their flags and branches vigorously. Three cheers for Lord and Lady Aberdeen concluded, the Vice Regal party returned to their car while the populace dispersed in search of its dinner.

The mayor had thoughtfully suggested that as the Governor General would arrive just at knocking off hour for the shops, the men should make a point of assembling at the station and welcoming him, but as the horny handed sons of toil have just as much pride as other people, they scarcely cared to greet Her Majesty's representatives arrayed in greasy overalls, and with faces smouched with the grime of honest labor, any more than his worship himself would so they did not loiter at the station for any length of time but very sensibly went home to their dinner. At a quarter past twelve the Governor General and party visited the railway shops, and the afternoon was devoted to a procession through some of the principal streets, the laying of the corner stone of the new school building on Botsford street by the Governor General, and the bicycle races at the athletic grounds which were under the patronage of their excellencies and Governor McClellan.

The procession was supposed to start at half past one, but it was three o'clock before it really moved, and the waiting citizens were cold and weary before the welcome skirling of the bagpipes announced its approach. It was a most creditable turn out the escort of cavalry lending that distinction which nothing but cavalry can impart, and the red coats of the infantry, the dark blue uniforms of the Citizen's Band, and the fire companies, and the flashing brightness of the fire engines, and accoutrements made a very pleasing picture. The procession was headed by a company of young lady bicyclists, followed by a contingent of wheelmen. In the Governor General's carriage were Lord Aberdeen, Governor McClellan, and Mayor Robinson. Lady Marjorie Gordon, Judges Hanington and Wells, and Major Hewett occupied the other post of honor.

Arrived at the school building Lady Aberdeen was presented with another bouquet by little Miss Iva Bourgeois, daughter of Mr. Joseph Bourgeois and a very pretty floral basket composed entirely of wild flowers, berries, ferns and mosses by little Miss Helen Bradley daughter of Alderman Bradley. The Countess seemed gratefully pleased and kissed the little girls warmly. An address printed on white satin was then read by Mr. David Grant Chairman of the School Board, and a very handsome silver trowel bearing the Aberdeen arms, was presented to Lord Aberdeen, to be used in laying the stone. After His Excellency had responded, and approved of the name of the new school.—The Aberdeen School—the assembled school children sang "The Red, White and Blue" and the corner stone was duly laid, Governor McClellan made a few remarks, and after singing God Save The Queen, the procession, re-formed and proceeded to the Athletic grounds where the Vice Regal party gave their entire attention to the bicycle races seeming deeply interested in all the events in spite of the cold, which was most unusual for the time of year.

It will probably interest the ladies to know that the Countess of Aberdeen wore a plain, but rich gown of steel gray moire and a gray, bonnet with a few pink roses a costume which was singularly becoming to

her. Lady Marjorie wore a dress of royal blue cloth trimmed with plaitings of black silk, headed with narrow jet passementerie, a cape of the same, and a little walking hat of black felt trimmed with a band of velvet, and a black wing and tuft of scarlet feathers at the side.

In the evening their excellencies held a reception in Victoria rink, being escorted to the rink by the Citizen's Band; and firemen bearing torches. Lord Aberdeen had announced that though evening dress would not be objected to it was not necessary, as he especially desired to meet the working people. Consequently evening dress was not conspicuous, except by its entire absence, and his excellency met the working people to his heart's content.

The rink was prettily decorated with flags and electric lights, a dias being erected at the upper part, covered with rugs and canopied with flags and very comfortably arranged as a little drawing room. Their excellencies had desired that it was to be quite an informal affair, and it was informal to the last degree, one gentleman even stretching the word so far as to smoke with the utmost nonchalance a short briar-root, during the entire proceedings. The vice regal party consisting of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Governor McClellan, Major Hewett, Mr. Pottinger, Judge Wells, and Mayor Robinson, were of course all in evening dress, the countess wearing a dinner gown of rose colored silk veiled with a deep flounce of black lace. Owing to the cold of the rink, she wore a jacket and bonnet; after the mayor, the governor general and the lieutenant governor had each made a few remarks in a very happy vein, presentations were in order, but somehow they failed to materialize with that alacrity which one would have wished to see. Many who were burning to touch the Vice-Regal hand, hung back either from shyness or modesty, and things seemed to be approaching a deadlock.

Some of the occupants of the dias who had been with the vice regal party all day, and should have felt pretty well acquainted by that time, obligingly sacrificed themselves in the public interest by stepping down from their exalted places and showing the masses how it was done; solemnly advancing going through the form of presentation shaking hands, and then returning to their original position—it presented very much the appearance of "You get your tooth out first and show me if it hurts and then I will," but it was done with the best of motives, though without visible effect at first. After a while these amiable decoys scattered through the building to beat up recruits, and by degrees a few of the bolder spirits were lured from the crowd, led gently but firmly up to the platform, and presented, and though many required a good deal of persuasion their actions inspired confidence in the weaker brethren, and in time the ball rolled so merrily that the candidates were advancing in squads, and their Excellencies must have been thoroughly reassured on the subject of the loyalty of the people of Moncton and their willingness to shake hands with a real Earl and Countess. There were children almost too small to reach the Countess's hand, handsome manly boys in groups of two and three, school girls in the same order, veterans, and one small boy who kept his cap pulled comfortably down over his ears during the ceremony and who failed signally to comply with order issued that all those who wished to be presented must bring a card containing their names legibly inscribed. Once matters were fairly started it seemed as if the entire town burned with an unquenchable desire to become acquainted, if but for one brief moment with Their Excellencies. There were ladies so anxious to meet the representatives of their sovereign that they cheerfully faced the ordeal of advancing in solitary state to the throne, rather than not advance at all, and others who approached in little groups keeping each others' courage up by the force of example. There were sturdy working men big and brawny, who looked frightened out of their wits, and had to make several attempts before they could make up their minds to go through the terrible ordeal.

Amongst the many prominent and distinguished citizens of Moncton who were presented, none attracted more attention than Mr. Charles Niles, who bowed over the hand of the countess with the grace of a Chevalier Bayard, and seemed as much at home as if earles and countesses were his daily companions. Their Excellencies were most kind in their manner of receiving everyone, frequently conversing in the most kindly manner with those presented, but it is scarcely to be wondered at that the Countess' kindly face wore a very weary expression as the evening wore on, and it was doubtless with feelings of sincere relief that she heard the first strains of God Save the Queen. It had been a tiring day for all concerned, but probably the most fatigued of all those who took part in the day's proceedings, were their Excellencies, the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen.

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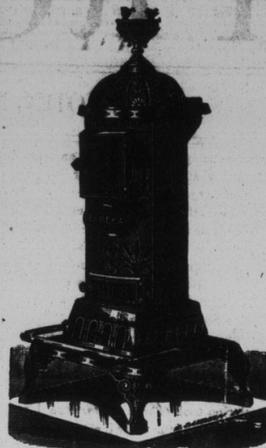
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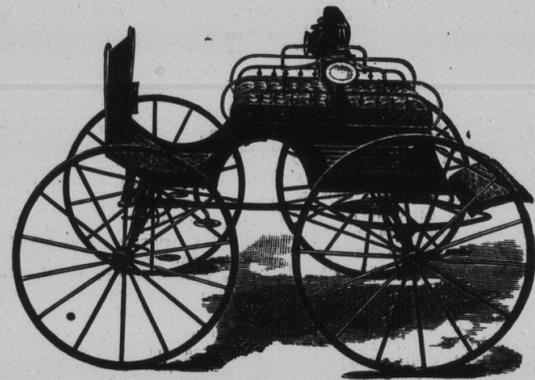
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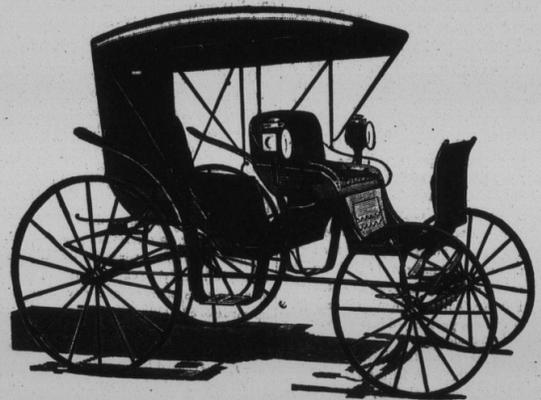
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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL OPERAS.

The musical event of this week was the concert given by Mrs. Marie Harrison in the Opera house last evening. It occurred quite too late in the week to permit full notice for this week's issue of PROGRESS which always pays due attention to musical matters, especially when it is claimed by their promoters, that they are of more than ordinary importance. Since Mrs. Harrison was last heard in concert in this city (an occasion duly referred to at the time in this department), we are told she has been a pupil of the famous vocal teacher Madame Marchesi in Paris, although a letter of recommendation or introduction, a copy of which has been preserved and has appeared in the daily papers, suggests that another, besides Madame Marchesi has had to do with developing or training Mrs. Harrison's voice, during her sojourn abroad. Last night's concert was the first opportunity local music lovers had of listening to Mrs. Harrison's voice since her return, although she sang in St. Stephen last week.

The forthcoming concerts in this city by Mme Mary Louise Clary are anticipated with very great pleasure on all sides and because every one believes that every such anticipation will be abundantly realized. Miss Clary's fame as "America's greatest alto" has gone abroad into many lands, and every one who had the opportunity of hearing her sing here for the first time last spring, every music lover and unprejudiced, is more than ready to endorse the statement. The week after next she appears here in two concerts. The interest in Miss Clary's advent is not a little intensified among our citizens in the announcement that a young and talented St. John lady—Miss Frances Travers—will then make her first public appearance as a vocalist. Quite recently a more than tremor of interest was felt in local musical circles when it was announced that Miss Travers had sung in the Cathedral one of the beautiful solos found in the music of the church and enquiries were very numerous as to when she would sing again. I have not yet heard the young lady sing in concert, but I have satisfactory reason for the belief that few, if any of our best known singers made a debut better equipped for the event in quality of voice or musical knowledge. The young lady is to be felicitated on the fact that her initial appearance is on the programme with such a great singer as Mary Louise Clary.

Prof. L. W. Titus went to Halifax the early part of this week. He goes in connection with the concerts to be given in that city by Miss Clary and of which I understand he has the management. Halifax people are credited with much love of music and no doubt, justly so, therefore will their pleasure be great in the rare musical treat in store for them.

Tones and Undertones.

Augusto Van Biene the famous vocalist who is starring in "A Wandering Minstrel" at the Park theatre, Boston, gave a private recital at the Parker House in that city, Saturday afternoon.

Max Heinrich will give a series of song recitals at Steiner Hall Boston during the season. He will be assisted by Mrs. and Miss Heinrich.

Madame Cellini, the London court teacher of singing recently gave a concert at St. James hall, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and other leaders of London society. Among those who took part was a Mrs. Viola Campbell of Lincoln Nebraska, who sang "Goring Thomas" "A Summer Night" and Schabert's "Autenthalt."

A new instrument which is called a Contrabass clarinet with a tone like that of a sixteen foot diapason on the great organ, has been invented by Richard Kohl of Victor Herbert's Twenty-second Regiment band.

It is said that Madame Calve has abandoned her intention of studying Komdry in "Parsifal," but will add Sieglinde and Norma to her repertoire.

The famous London "Boosey" Ballad concerts have been running for the past thirty years. Some of England's best singers appear on these occasions. Such artists as Maybrick-Santley, Lloyd and Green have added to their fame by singing their country songs at these concerts.

Miss Minnie Bridges of the Carlton Opera Company has recently made a hit as Piti Sing in the "Mikado."

Much pleasure is anticipated in the appearance of Madame Nordica who will arrive in time to sing, at the coming Maine Musical Festival, beginning at Bangor on the 14th October. There will be a chorus of one thousand voices.

Messrs. Clifton Bingham and F. E. Weatherley two London lyric authors furnish the bulk of the song words set by the principal English ballad writers.

A boy singer, named Paul Edward Dooley is making quite a favorable impression among the patrons of Keith's theatre, Boston. He will sing at a song recital to be given by Mrs. Katherine G. Hindley in Steiner Hall on Oct., 14th, inst.

Arthur W. Pryor the trombone soloist with Sousa's band was one of the best liked soloists at Manhattan beach this summer.

Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard of Boston, who for a third of a century has held position as the most popular and successful pianist in New England for country musical festival work, has decided to give up her work, when as she says, her friends will remember her at her best. Mrs. Shepard is a lady of sterling good sense and thus sets an example that many now before the public might follow with advantage to themselves and proportionate satisfaction and relief to the public.

The Bostonians have met with much favor in presenting their new opera "The Serenade" in Boston. The opera is said to suggest "Nanon" in the fact there is an aria running through it that every one sings "that is very catchy. The story of the play says a writer, is like most other comic opera plots in not being worth telling in detail."

"The Wandering Minstrel" in which Van Biene appears, is pronounced "an unique and interesting performance, combining as it does the elements of a good comedy drama and an afternoon concert." The holder of that opinion asks, "why isn't this a combination that has possibilities."

The opera "The Walking Delegate" described as "an oriental picture set in an occidental frame" has recently been given in Boston in a manner that is an improvement upon its production last year. Several changes and all for the better, have been made in it. The late Boston production of this work was specially interesting because of the appearance in the cast of Miss Edith Hardy, a Cambridge society girl.

Pauline Hall who is not unknown to fame as a comic opera star, has effected the vaudiville there are others—and appears in the programme of Keith's theatre this week.

"Wang" with DeWolfe Hopper is being given at the Grand Opera house, Boston this week. Many of the original members of the organization are in the cast.

DeKoven and Smith's new opera "The Paris Doll" was given in Hartford, Conn., last week and scored a success. The leading part was intrusted to Verona Jarbeau.

The tenor Tamagno has lost 1,700,000 francs in a real estate speculation at Rome.

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The Bennett and Moulton company begin their engagement here for this season at the Opera house on Monday next. They will present for their opening piece a strong play entitled "Darkest Russia." The play is altogether new to St. John but has scored a success wherever done in the United States during the past two or three seasons. The scenic effects are said to be good.

Jeanette Lowrie, the popular soubrette of the Opera house Stock company of a few years ago, is now playing in "A Wandering Minstrel."

"Men and Women" a play first pro-

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FACE HUMORS

Induced here by Harkins a couple of seasons ago, is the bill at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week.

The Miles Ideal Stock company are playing in Calais Me. this week.

It is said that Nat Goodwin will next year play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" and that Miss Maxine Elliott, the altogether beautiful, will be seen in the role of "Portia." It is promised that the play will be thoroughly well mounted.

Gertrude Elliott, almost as handsome as her beautiful elder sister, is a member of Mr. Nat Goodwin's company this season.

Joe Jefferson and "Rip Van Winkle" will begin an engagement at the Boston theatre on the 11th inst.

Mme. Rejane did not lose her jewels when burglars broke into her Paris apartments during her absence. They took 1000 francs worth of her husband's things however.

"Judith Renandin" is the name of a new play written by Pierri Loti, the French writer. It is a love drama with a very simple plot, founded on the persecution of the Huguenots after the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685.

Miss Eugenia Blair, who for several seasons was leading lady for Robert Downing, closed an engagement as a "Star" at the Grand Opera House Boston last week. Her repertoire comprised "East Lynne," "Camille," "Jane Eyre" and "The New Magdalen." While she is personally credited with success it is remarked "Her company was generally inadequate."

Actresses returning and who have returned from their summer vacation in Europe and who are about beginning the season's work are all credited with the possession of a greater or less number of new gowns. They are spoken of as "beauties," and it is seriously mentioned of Maxine Elliott for instance that she has "brought back seventeen different styles of the Russian blouse which is to be the feminine fashion this season." This would seem to indicate that dressing not acting is to be the sine qua non in theatricals this season.

Next Monday evening Richard Mansfield will give his production of George Bernard Shaw's latest work "The Devil's Disciple" at the Fifth Avenue theatre. In succession to this piece Mr. Mansfield will produce a play entitled "King Frederick William."

AUTUMN MILLINERY.

Charles K. Cameron makes a splendid Fall Display.

The advance display of winter millinery shows the usual variety of extremes in fashion, but the styles give promise of very pretty modifications later on. The great point of difference between the fall and summer models is the way they tilt up on the left side. Both large and small hats have this peculiar touch which distinguishes them as new. Charles K. Cameron & Co. held their regular autumn opening this week and attracted large numbers of the fair sex to the establishment, where they were seen of finding whatever was new in this line of business. Mr. Cameron spares no pains to please his numerous patrons.

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Ache?**

Lots of people that were troubled with sore, aching, sweaty feet, now have an easy time of it. They use Foot Elm. It makes walking so easy, the feet so comfortable, that they wonder how they got along without it. Sold by all druggists and shoe dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of 25cts., silver or stamps, by addressing STROT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

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and is always rewarded with a generous portion of the seasons trade. The bright, airy rooms of the establishment were prettily decorated and formed an attractive gathering place for the ladies who were very enthusiastic over the triumphs of the modiste's art displayed to view.

Very pretty hats are made of velvet, beaded felt and chenille braid, in a shape which is something between a toque and a large hat, except that it has no decided brim. The crown is large and flat, with a fluted or soft irregular finish, and caught up high on one side with wings or feathers with rosettes of ribbon or velvet tucked in close to the hair.

Terry velvet, felt, and all sorts of felt and chenille braids make up the foundation in the first installment of winter hats while feathers, quills, coq feathers, birds, glittering ornaments, chiffons, and laces are the leading trimming. Velvet is also extensively used being tucked and shirred in various forms. Wings are worn more than ever in the round hats. Ostrich feathers are used as a ruche around the crown and brim giving the effect of a feather boa as a trimming.

A corse velvet hat was in a sailor shape with sequin and chenille ruche on the brim and black ospreys and stiff wings at the left side. A little puff of velvet was also at the left where the brim was slightly caught up. A large emerald green felt had a chenille facing, and was trimmed in black velvet and rhine stone buckles; a bird with long coq feathers was at the left side. A small hat with a Paris modistes name on the card attached had a brim of silk and chenille in castor shade; at turned up back were velvet flowers, green and white wings and rosette of velvet. On the left side were wings and a white aigrette.

A hat made of black sequins was draped around the crown with brown mirror velvet. At the left side were brown and pale cream velvet flowers, wings and ospreys of the same colors.

A lovely black sequin hat with tan crown was trimmed with five ostrich tips, a band of tips on the brim and emerald green ribbon with fancy edge. A bright scarlet hat was simply trimmed with black velvet, scarlet tips and coq feathers; it had a very stylish look. A black fur felt was trimmed with emerald and pale green velvet, ostrich tips and buckles. An odd toque was made in corse velvet trimmed with sequins and tips.

A pale pink shirred velvet bonnet with chenille, black tips and aigettes was greatly admired. Rhine stone ornaments were used.

A striking effect was obtained by a combination of blue trimmed in green and blue with black plumes.

Red and black was made up into a braided tam trimmed with two tone ribbon in scarlet and black; black tips and bows were used. A very French creation was a black velvet bonnet with fur trimming and feather flowers; the velvet was embroidered with silver in fancy designs, and white ospreys and fur points were at the front. A second French bonnet was of white satin with embroidered crown white ospreys and jet ornaments.

A green bonnet of gold and steel embroidery had a band of the embroidery around the fluted brim, jet ornaments and a white osprey.

A grey sailor turned up at the back was trimmed with black velvet and tips.

An all grey hat had a lovely fluffy appearance, trimmed as it was with grey softly drooping plumes, grey velvet and steel buckles; it was caught up at the left side with a carefully made rosette of grey velvet.

In the way of children's wear Mr. Cameron has a full line of goods in the very latest makes and designs, a pretty style of bonnet for the little ones being made of white merino with white silk ruffles. Tam's for every day wear in all late shades, may be had as well as the more dressy Sunday chapeaux. Mr. Cameron's store offers every inducement to the searcher after millinery this season.

At Mrs. Peabody's.

Mrs. A. Peabody who only last year opened an establishment on Union street and captured so large a portion of the trade held her autumn opening on Wednesday and Thursday of this week and did a splendid business, her elegant and artistic work eliciting the admiration of all who visited her rooms; the show room was artistically decorated with white and pink asters and these together with the bright flowers ribbons and other accessories used in the manufacture of fashionable headwear made a brilliant showing. Mrs. Peabody's work is done by trained artists and bears the impress of style and fashion. Among the elegant things displayed to view was a green felt tam braided in black with a roll of velvet next the hair and at the left side were black fans and quills. A large black velvet hat had fluted velvet on the brim, four black plumes black birds

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ostrich pom-pom, bird of paradise at the left and back, while corse poppies were banked at the left side which was turned up. A very fashionable piece of work had a crown of peacock chenille worked with jet and brim of accordeon pleated black satin, fans of shot fawn and blue pleated surlah and at the left coq feathers and bird; jet ornaments were used.

A large black hat had a sequin crown and velvet brim faced with chiffon; a long plume fell from the right to back and two plumes, a black osprey and a bunch of pom-poms were at the left and under the brim were two black plumes. A hat that was greatly admired was of medium size with chenille tan crown and brim of fluted emerald silk, faced with black. At the left were three black plumes with jet ornaments, and at the back were coq feathers and under the brim were placed red and green roses. An odd but stylish looking red hat was plaque shaped with fluted red velvet edge; at the side were two bunches of coq feathers tied with red ribbon the ends of which were drawn softly across the crown and fastened at the right with a glittering buckle. Under the brim at the back were two black plumes and a knot of velvet.

There were many elegant and stylish bonnets shown among them one of merle velvet with chenille rosettes and birds at either side of the back, while at the front were two tips and an aigrette; black velveties finished the trimming. Another was of shot green and blue velvet ribbon large purple and green roses at either side of the back, while at the front were black satin ribbon and sequin bands, a bird and jet ornaments. A stylish round hat of pale grey had a rolled brim faced with black velvet, and had fans of the same, black birds and steel ornaments at the left.

A charming creation was of all black velvet with white and black wings and osprey; black moire ribbon and fans of velvet were arranged toward the back and under the brim were black roses.

During the two days on which Mrs. Peabody's millinery show was held the place was thronged with ladies and early in the day many of the hats and bonnets were marked "sold." Mrs. Peabody personally superintends all orders and pays the most careful attention to the little details that give a piece of work that indescribable air of style that only the touch of an experienced and tasteful modiste can give. Her shop is a very pleasant place in which to spend a few moments just now.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 2,

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

As the huge capabilities of school education become understood, visionary or designing people reach out to control it for their own fanciful or subtle purposes. Very recently Miss FRANCIS E. WILLARD has put forth her views as to what the education of women should be; and unfortunately her rather chimerical notions exhibit this same tendency to warp instruction into the service of social and utilitarian ends with which schools have little to do from the standpoint of the best educationalists.

Her conceptions are given out as an indorsement of the opinions of a "college bred newspaper man," suggested to a friend of hers; but the influence from them arises from her approval. She herself is "college-bred," for she was graduated at the Northwestern University, near Chicago, and there she became the dean of the women's division of the institution—a post which she relinquished because she and the president could not agree as to the discipline suitable for young girls in a mixed college.

This experience combined with her great renown as an organizer of popular sentiment, gives an authority to her opinions which is like the voice of inspiration to myriads of people. But it is not because Miss WILLARD holds the notions about to be reviewed that we speak; it is because she represents the sentiments of a very wide constituency and because the attempt to realize their ideal must, after much confusion and trouble, come to naught. The paper under notice assumes that there is being done in the higher education of women "serious damage to a generation because college authorities and alumnae are unwilling to acknowledge mistakes." Surely it is fair to suppose that those who have the responsibility of institutions for the education of young women and those who have experienced their methods of instruction, must have some insight into this problem. One might fancy that the noted men and women, whose names are synonymous with the highest mental development, would be quite as reliable authorities as newspaper men and popular agitators of opinion.

It is alleged that the modern colleges for girls are too much given "to imitation of men." What is there wrong on educational grounds about this? In the course of centuries it has been found out fairly well what will give discipline, intellectual force and culture to the human mind and have incorporated this regimen into the colleges. It is to be assumed that it will be detrimental to girls to share this training? This question is one of cross-roads, and stands where widely diverging modes of thoughts part. Are the colleges to make men and women or toilers in utility? Are they for culture or for crafts? It is not a question of whether pupils, boys or girls, shall learn how to be useful in manipulation and professions, but whether this standard shall displace culture which adorns all crafts and situations. It is claimed by Miss WILLARD that girls' colleges of today lack social training, refining influences and ideals of wifehood and motherhood. To remedy this last defect in some measure it is proposed to instruct girls in domestic economy, chemistry of food, the effect of costume on trade and social reforms—which, translated would seem to come somewhere near cooking, mending, dressmaking and millinery and care to see that the women become reformers of the right stripe. As for social training KATE C. CLAGHORN comes out in her new book "College Training for Women" with a very different and sounder opinion. "Anything," she says "which fosters in the mind of a newly graduated girl that she has a special mission to society is pernicious." What is wanted are

self-unconscious, capable, disciplined women and not class room made, faddists. Again how are colleges to teach wifehood and motherhood? and, if these very not husbandhood and fatherhood which are really quite important to society. Does motherhood here stand for more than physiology? If not then let us call it physiology. Motherhood is an old institution and the love of it among women is large. Let those who have had experience of it teach it to their daughters; but for heaven's sake do not make a profession of it!

General Sir BINDON BLOOD seems to have converted the Mohmands from their belief in the Mad Mullah's power to stop British bullets and close the muzzles of British guns. The Mullah has taken to his heels and the tribesmen are prepared to submit. The Anglo-Indian forces, however must still "convert" the Orakzais and the Afridis in order to complete their mission among the borderers of India, and the conversion of the Afridis in particular who are more numerous than any other of the Pathan tribes and who occupy a strong position on a rugged plateau, will be a matter of extraordinary difficulty.

The big Nova Scotia Exposition is in full swing over in the sister city and the people from all over the provinces are flocking in that direction; its progress already is said to surpass the most sanguine expectations, although like the St. John exhibition when it opened there was a general air of unreadiness everywhere. It is certainly strange that this should be so anywhere. It would seem better in such cases to postpone the opening for a day rather than have a bad impression given the first day visitors.

The Indian summer girl is out in all her glory and it may be said that in variety and brilliancy of raiment she quite eclipses that other popular institution, the airy fairy summer girl.

The glass manufacturers combine of the United States has \$30,000,000 back of it. This is a sort of crystal wedding that will levy tribute on all other functions of the sort.

It appears that there is a millionaire Nova Scotian in the Klondike named McDonald. Thus provincialists are always to the fore front in the heat—or rather frigidity—and turmoil of the day.

Nelson's version of it—England expects every man to do his duty. Nelson Diagonal's version of it—Columbia expects every man to pay his duty.

Fire is a good purifier; but the New Orleans mob which burned a fever hospital carried its ideas of sanitation to a blundering extreme.

THE INTEREST IN ST. JOHN.

Boston's Success Suits the Base Ball Cranks all to Pieces.

It is wonderful the interest that baseball assumes in this city when the national league approaches a finish. This year it was especially the case for the finish was so close that it was intensely exciting. Boston will not forget in a hurry the midly joyous crowd of thousands that blocked Washington street when the last Boston-Baltimore game was being played in the latter city and how the shouts grew deafening as Boston's score grew. This was practically the decisive game of the season and the cranks in St. John looked for the papers next morning with the greatest interest. Boston was the favorite here, with New York a close second in the heart of the ball loving public. A month ago as much attention was paid to the "giants" success as to Boston's but when it was seen that the former was out of the race, then all interest centered on the hub players.

Boston has another game to play with Brooklyn and then for home and an ovation. Perhaps the fact the big cup series with its emoluments is to follow, will prevent swollen heads for a time, but after that the "rooters" who have followed them of late will have fun with them. There is talk of a reception now, and if so St. John will have an opportunity to be represented in the person of Alderman McGoldrick who is making an annual business and pleasure trip to Boston at present. If all the Boston people whom he has had a hand in entertaining in St. John find him out he will not get back in a hurry.

But back to baseball. The National league has finished. What about St. John's league and who will win the pennant?

That Vandeville "Aggregation."

Progress's light and altogether too mild criticism of the tent show, outside the exhibition grounds, excited the wrath of Mr. John Mackay, and that proprietor of "a first class vandeville aggregation"—to use his own words—comes out in point with his objections. Mr. Mackay is welcome to his opinions, but nine-tenths of the people who saw that "aggregation" will agree with Progress just the same.

VERSES OF THURSDAY AND TODAY.

A Ragged Tramp. Ragged, foot sore and old at heart, I knocked at a rich man's door; A woman heard me and cried "depart, Your kind come here by the score." "Give me a drink and a bite of bread, I'm starved and I'm sick of years; A place for the night to rest my head, If only out in the barn." Out to the door came a maiden young, My heart but she was sweet; Sweet as a poet's song unsung, By an angel at her feet. "No room have we for such as you, Begone from the door away; Go work for your living as others do, Lab' r and earn your pay." Out of my bag my tinny guitar, I drew with an anxious hand; To sing like the troubadours afar, The songs of a southern land. A love song breathing sweet and low, Of a lover and maiden true; I saw a tear from her dark eye flow, A love song to her was new. No longer I wear a ragged coat, And shrouded knees and shoes; No longer the barn of old stone host, To me won't seem a lowly place. For lo, that night when the moon looked down, On the silvery hidden tree; I needed no name of high renown, She was queen and a crown to me. For love in its music filled again, A woman's soul with sigh; That came what might of want and pain, The truth it never dies. I sing the song of that summer day, In a mansion of wealth and art; And the angel that never has flown away, Nestles here on my heart.

Double Balsam, Sept. 1897. CYRUS GOLDIE. Storm and Drang.

The storm was raging, yet I thought it glorious, We were alone, who ever were before; Loud blew the wind, the billows were uproarious, And lashed the rock-bound shore. Alone together, safe as in a pillory, Till tuns of tide—what could I but rejoice? And the bolterous elements' artillery Quite drowned the human voice.

As wave and wind and weather grew more turbulent I watched you (with what joy Love only knows), And deemed you sweet and thought what grace super- perb you lent. To your unstudied pose. Then in scintillating tones did I vociferate, "How tall you are and how true!" But that tornado, blowing at a swift rate, Hid all I said from you.

I yelled, "I love you!" howled, "I daily sigh for you— you heard not and my heart was wild; And when I faltered, 'I will die for you,' You nodded and you smiled. Ah! vain is wooing when it is tempestuous, When surging breakers rear and whirlwinds blow For we may deem the fair has whispered 'Yes' to 'No.' When she has followed 'No.' Had you but heard my suit as I was roaring it, You might have made me happiest of men, But now a consequence of your ignoring it, We have not met since then." —Fall Mail Gazette.

Is Your Lamp Burning. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; For if it were burning, then surely Your lamp would fall brightly on me. Straight, straight is the road, but I falter And often fall out by the way; Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, Let it should make the fatal delay.

There are many and many around you Who follow wherever you go; If you thought that they walked in a shadow, But for lamps would have higher, I know. Upon the dark mountain they stumble; They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie With their white pleading faces turned upward To the clouds of the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted; We behold them near and afar; But not many of them, my brother, Shine steadily on like a star. I think, were they trimmed night and morning, They would never burn down or go out, Though from the four quarters of heaven The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted Shone steadily clear in the night, Wide over the land and the ocean, What a girle of glory would shine. How all the dark places would brighten; How the night would be lit up and away! How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the millennial day!

The Travelling Man.

First in the crowded car he is to offer— This travelling man unshowered and unsoiled— Or old and wrinkled; first to some woman young Something, a trifling from his samples, maybe. To please the fancy of a crying baby.

He lifts the window or he drops the curtain For unaccustomed hands. He lends his case To bolster up a sleeping child, not certain But for himself will frown him in the face. So anxiously a man a moment seek for danger In every conscious act of every stranger.

Well versed is he in all those ways conducive To comfort, where least comfort can be found; He turns the sea washed, yet unobtrusive; His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound; It is glad to please you, or to have you please him. Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

He smoothes the Jo-e-like frown of some official By paying fare for one who cannot pay. True, possibly he knows from artful deal: "Will 'it' of course, if you're inclined that way. And if you're not, be sure that he respects you. The sorrows of the moving world distress him. He never fails to lend what ails or can. A thousand hearts today have cause to bless him— This much abused, misused commercial man. To please the fancy of a crying baby. But speak of him precisely as I found him.

The Foster Girl.

The blessed Foster Girl leaped out From a pink-purple heaven. One eye was red and one was green; Her hair was cut uneven; She had three fingers on her hand, And the hairs on her head were seven. Her robe, ungrit from camp to hem, No stud never did adorn her breast; But a heavy Turkish porridge Was very neatly worn; And the hat that sat along her back, Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of waddy wave That she was standing on, And high aloft she flung a scarf That must have weighed a ton; And she was rather tall—at least She reared up to the sun. She curved and writhed, and then she said, Less green of speech than blue. "For, as I am absurd—perhaps I don't appeal to you. But my artistic worth depends Upon the point of view."

I saw her smile although her eyes Were only watery tears; And then she switched her swirling arms, And wagged her gurgulous ears, She sobbed a blue-and-green checked sob, And swept some purple tears—Dorothy Wells in Century.

AN EXCELLENT INSTITUTION.

The Great Educational Advantages Offered at St. Joseph's College.

A visit to rural, Arcadian, Memramcook is an excursion that cannot fail to be indelibly impressed upon the memory, and give a great deal of pleasure to the visitor. The picturesque little place itself, pervaded with a pastoral hush, the wide stretch of surrounding country, dotted with neat and tasteful homes, forms a combination of picturesque beauty that must be imagined. It cannot be described.

Memramcook is the seat of the chief school of learning of the Catholics of New Brunswick and a representative of Progress who visited there recently had the pleasure of a tour of inspection of the different departments of this excellent institution. No one who has not been a visitor or a student there, can really appreciate what this college is. It is an ideal school in an ideal situation, and the young men who go there enjoy every comfort and are under the same strict surveillance as they would be at home, without any of the temptations to which students are exposed in larger towns.

The college buildings are placed in a setting of green fields, beautiful flower beds, well kept lawns, inviting summer-houses, while one of the show places of St. Joseph's is a magnificent lake, overshadowed by luxuriant trees that now wear the brilliant tints of autumn. The steep bank on either side has been carefully cleared of underbrush and the view obtained in a walk or drive through the grounds is certainly grand. On this beautiful lake the boys develop brawn with boating in summer and skating in winter. The frontage of the buildings is excellent, and seen from the outside the school's environment is all that can be desired.

Seen from behind the scenes the institution bears close inspection equally well, and the courteous fathers of the large staff are only too delighted to show visitors over the place. The reception rooms, class-rooms, study halls and sleeping apartments are well adapted to the education and bodily comfort of nearly two hundred young men and boys of the lower provinces. The teachers in the various departments of art, science and literature are gentlemen of the highest mental attainments, experienced, and devoted to the best interest of those entrusted to their care. The social influences are most wholesome and refining, and the greatest care is exercised in regard to the health of the students.

Progress was taken over the newly built Memorial Hall, erected in honor of the founder of the college, Father LeFebvre. The most beautiful woods and finish prevail in decorating the interior of the new building, which, besides rooms in which the study of the arts and sciences will be pursued, contains a compact, cosy theatre, and the grace inspiring art histrionic which has always flourished at St. Joseph's will be cultivated all the more. Here too the future statesman will have an opportunity to develop his oratorical powers. There is no prettier theatre in the lower provinces; its acoustic properties are excellent and it is furnished with modern chairs of the same style as in the Opera house here. A gallery encircles the theatre, and there is a commodious dressing room. Most of the scenery was painted in Chicago, and the drop curtain has an admirable and faithful painting of the poet Longfellow.

An article upon St. Joseph's would be incomplete without reference to a gentleman who has his home in the institution and who is one of the most energetic and faithful of teachers. Rev. A. B. O'Neill has a reputation as wide as the continent in literature. He has courted the muse and his suit has been received with favor, for he appears frequently in the best magazines and gives intellectual enjoyment to thousands of readers.

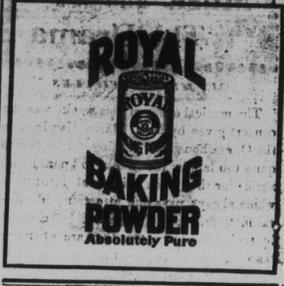
St. Joseph's College is not sufficiently well known among the people of the provinces. It is doing a grand work, and boys entrusted to the care of these zealous and devoted fathers are in safe keeping morally, intellectually, and physically. The reins of discipline are kept well in hand, the educational advantages are excellent, and the health giving properties of the region of the famous Tantramar are too well known for further comment.

Grounds, buildings, and the whole institution with its ever increasing army of sons, and its ever widening circles of influence, are the monument of the late revered Abbe LeFebvre to whom the fortunate ones who can call St. Joseph their Alma Mater, owe the incense arising from a grateful heart.

Oh I Don't Know.

We're not so slow, we have the only mangle that will not destroy your linen—send to the up-to-date laundry—UNGARS LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Faons 68.

As the ingredients of Hall's Hair Restorer are mixed with the best glycerine, unshaken, it makes the finest dressing for the hair, and keeps it soft and of even hue.



Local Talent does the Buskin.

Miss Florence Corbin assisted by local thespians presented at the Opera House Thursday the military drama in five acts entitled The Soldiers Honor. There were two performances, the matinee drawing a crowded house and the evening show only a corporal's guard. The play is by Miss Corbin herself and lacks in dramatic unity, and the audience felt rather misty as to what it was driving at. The soldiers of the Northern and Southern armies walked about each other's camps clothed in full uniform in broad daylight and went unscathed. The audience enjoyed the show heartily and got their money's worth certainly. Miss Corbin showed animation and Mr. Bruce considerable talent. They received a couple of bouquets and curtain calls in the evening. Mr. Fred Chesley looked villainous as was appropriate to his part. C. F. Peterson was a clever Irishman. The other members of the company were Dr and Mrs. Preston and Mr. Taylor. The hero and heroine executed a couple of masterly stage falls, sinking down on their knees and then gracefully subsiding, while the orchestra played in a plaintive minor key.

Was it a Success.

St. John's exhibition is over and the people are wondering whether it has been sufficiently a success to try it again next year. Perhaps it would be as well to see just what the deficit is before indulging in too much speculation. There is a citizen's guarantee fund but if the people who subscribed are called upon to pay up they will be more critical than they have been in the past. From many points of view the show was a marked success but visitors to exhibit nowadays are looking for features of a sensational order and if the management had advertised an ascension to the moon or something equally impossible the attendance would no doubt have been greatly increased.

Pathetic Incident.

An exchange prints a pretty and pathetic story said to have been related by Professor Gallaudet, the well-known instructor of deaf-mutes.

The professor has favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and proceeded to repeat it.

The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator.

"When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry-tree," signalled the voiceless child, "George put his hatchet in his left hand—"

"Stop!" interrupted the professor. "Where did you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Why," responded the boy, "he heeded his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."

On Time.

The American boy is not the only one, it appears, who sometimes has the sagacity to apply for a situation just in the nick of time. A London paper tells of a small boy who dashed breathless into a merchant's office and demanded:

'Is the gov'nor in?'

'Yes, what do you want?'

'Must see him myself. Most pertickler.'

'But you can't see him.'

'Must, really—immedjit. I tell you it is most pertickler.'

'The boy's impertunity at last won him admission.'

'Well, boy, what is it you want?'

'The merchant, with some anxiety. 'Do you want a orfise boy, sir?'

'You impudent young rascal! We've got one.'

'Beg pardon, you aint, sir. 'Whit do you mean?'

'Your boy's just been run over in Cheap-side, sir, and he won't never work for you no more.'

The applicant was engaged.

In State Quo. I must have been a fool when I married, said Little Tompykns, glaring fiercely at his wife.

'Certainly, my dear,' said Mrs. Tompykns, sweetly; 'it couldn't come on so badly all in two years, could it?'

Chairs Re-seated, Cases, Spines, Repaired. Dorel, 27 Waterline.



Talent does the work. Local Corbin assisted by local... The play is by Miss... The audience enjoyed the... The play is by Miss... The audience enjoyed the... The play is by Miss... The audience enjoyed the...



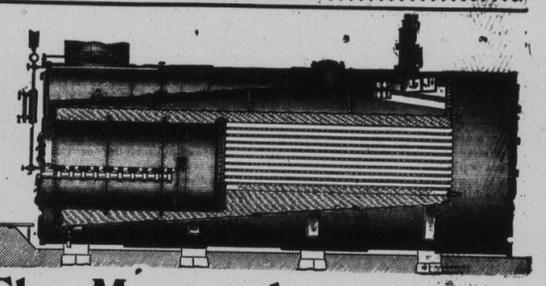
At the Cathedral, Tuesday morning Mr. John D. Fraser of the Victor hotel, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Kennedy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fr. McEneaney in the presence of a few of the most intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attended by Miss Minnie Devine, and Harry Donohue supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser have the best wishes of hosts of friends.

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WELCOME SOAP. All Housekeepers SHOULD USE Welcome SOAP. Have you had a FREE GUESS at the MISSING WORD yet? Don't fail to visit the

Welcome Soap Booth AT THE EXHIBITION and try for the missing word. \$25 Cash Prizes Welcome Soap Co. Missing Word Contest

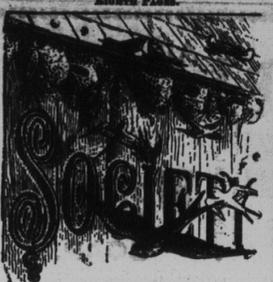
Hot Air Furnaces With Hot Water Combination if desired. Famous Florida for Coal THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINDSOR, VANCOUVER



The Monarch Economic Boiler IS PORTABLE SAVES FUEL Has an outer casing and requires no brickwork. Leaves our shop mounted on skids ready for use. Some tests show a saving of 30 per cent. over a common brick-set boiler. We guarantee at least 10 per cent. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LIMITED, AMHERST, N. S.



FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH PAGE



No Knife, No Plaster, No Pain,

We do not claim to cure ALL cases of Cancer and Tumor. If we did we would claim to do that which is beyond the power of man, even in this age of advancement.



Our method of treatment is being endorsed by leading physicians, and it proves beneficial in fully 90 per cent of all cases; but, of course, we cannot effect permanent CURES in so large a percentage, but if taken in time our treatment will remove all traces of the disease from the system, and effect a PERMANENT and PERFECT CURE.

We will be glad to send the addresses of those who have been using the treatment, and they can tell you all about the different kinds of cancer, etc., etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE ONLY PLACE IN CANADA WHERE THE GENUINE AND RELIABLE TREATMENT CAN BE SECURED IS FROM

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. N. B.—We also manufacture FOOT ELM, a positive cure for sweaty, swollen, tired feet, 25 cents, or five for \$1.00. We pay the postage, and return your money if not satisfactory.

Rev. A. D. Gale and bride have been spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Aliaa Randolph and family who have been summering here returned to Fredericton last week.

Major and Mrs. Daly who have been doing the cities of Upper Canada have returned home.

Mr. J. M. Sturrahed E. C. has been at his brother's since Saturday quite ill.

Miss Marion Leckie left on Thursday to visit friends at Springhill.

Mr. L. B. Gove who has assumed the editorship of the Farnborough Leader arrived from Wolfville on Tuesday.

Messrs. M. L. Tecker, E. Woodworth, Humphrey Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Mason, Mrs. Cook and Miss Cook and others, have been attending St. John exhibition.

Mr. W. Hill of Halifax, inspector of customs, is here this week.

Dr. H. Clay and little daughter Jean, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hanstey.



The young married couple who are crowned with good health are really a king and queen. They are possessed of an armor that enables them to withstand all the hardships and misfortunes of life.

There are thousands of young couples every day who start wedded life with but one drawback,—one or the other, or both, suffer from ill-health.

No woman should wed while she suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way. These are the most disastrous disorders from which a woman can suffer.

Mr. Mosher has returned from Bridgetown to resume his place in the Commercial bank, Mr. Bitterland being removed to Windsor.

Miss L. McCurdy returned yesterday from a visit to St. Martin's.

Mr. Rankine and Mr. Lecheur of St. John are registered at the Queen.

Mr. DeMille Keenan is here from Boston visiting his friends.

Miss Janet Cameron is paying a visit to her sister at Athol.

Prof. W. O. Crosby of Boston spent a few days at Partridge Island for geological purposes.

Mr. Walter Lawson of the Commercial bank of Windsor is in town.

Mr. Mosher has returned from Bridgetown to resume his place in the Commercial bank, Mr. Bitterland being removed to Windsor.

Sept. 29.—The chief entertainment of the past week has been the visit of Lord and Lady Aberdeen who honored our city on Monday by remaining with us on the entire day laying the corner stone of the new school building over which there has been a much dispute taking in the bicycles races on the Athletic grounds under their distinguished patronage, and finally holding a reception in the evening at the Victoria Hall and giving the citizens an opportunity of shaking hands with representatives of our own beloved Queen.

Mr. F. E. F. Brown entertained a number of her friends at a tennis tea on Saturday afternoon and as the day was simply perfect, both players and onlookers enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

Mrs. George McSweney is spending a few days at her former home in Summerside, P. E. I.

The numerous Moncton friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Schaeffer of Point du Chene will be glad to hear that they have removed to this city and intend making it their permanent home.

Miss Ada Jump of Hillsboro the popular young elocutionist is spending a few days in town, the guest of the Misses Seaman of Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hawker drove to Dorchester on Sunday spending Sunday and Monday at the Shiretown.

Mr. John W. McEln of Brighton, Mass., is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Daniel McEln.

Mrs. E. G. C. Ketchum of Fredericton, who has been spending the summer months at her residence in Halifax, paid a short visit to Moncton last week and was the guest of her sister Mrs. I. W. Binney during her stay in town.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray who have been spending a short vacation with friends in Queen's county returned home last week.

Miss Mary Cooke who has been spending the past six weeks in Dorchester visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Forsythe returned home last week.

Mr. William Reed of Amherst is spending a week or two in town the guest of her sister, Mrs. William McKenzie of Gordon street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris and Miss Mary Harris who have been paying a short visit to Charlottetown returned home on Saturday.

Miss Sadie Forster of Dorchester is visiting her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street.

Mrs. Little wife of Rev. G. M. Little of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Matthew Trider of Dominion street.

Miss Talbot of Bermuda is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bell of Church street.

Mr. F. G. Nickerson of the Montreal branch of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax is spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson of St. George street.

Mrs. Hiram Humphrey of Petticoat, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Cochrane of Steadman street.

The many friends of Mrs. J. D. Benedict will hear with deep regret that she is about to leave us, and take up her permanent residence in Campbellton, where Mrs. Benedict has at last succeeded in securing a house. I believe the family depart at the end of the week. Both Mrs. Benedict and her mother Mrs. Newton Benedict have made hosts of friends during their residence in our city, and their departure will be universally regretted.

Miss Goddard of St. John, Miss Maud King and Mr. Harry King of Chatham, are spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Crandall of Pleasant street.

Judge and Mrs. Steadman who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crandall for the past ten days returned to Fredericton on Friday.

Mr. J. R. Trice of Sussex, is spending a few days in town the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Jones, of Main Street.

Mr. Clarence Fairweather formerly of this city but now of St. John, paid a short visit to Moncton last week.

There were no less than three weddings last week in which Moncton people took leading parts, two of them taking place in town, and the third in Chatham.

The first Miss Fannie Le Lecheur, daughter of Mr. J. Le Lecheur, of Cameron Street, to Mr. John T. Bradbury of the I. C. E. The ceremony took place shortly before ten o'clock on Wednesday morning at Central Methodist Church, and was performed by the pastor Rev. W. W. Lodge. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by friends of the bride who is a prominent member of Central Methodist choir, and a most popular young lady.

During the ceremony the bride and groom, who were unattended, stood beneath a very beautiful floral bell. Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury left by the midday C. F. train for a trip to Boston, Providence and the American cities. Mr. Bradbury is one of our most prominent young athletes, deservedly popular with all classes, and his numerous friends will unite in congratulating him upon his good fortune in winning so fair a bride, and in wishing them prosperity and happiness.

The second wedding, which was a very quiet one took place at the residence of Mrs. Edward Milliken at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, in the presence of only the immediate members of the

Windsor Salt Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

Fry's Cocoa advertisement with text: 'Fry's Cocoa... It is as simple as flour. It is made in the largest factories in the world. Three thousand employees make it and drink it every day. You can't fool an employee on quality—purity—flavor. Perhaps your grocer has a reason of his own for not daring you to buy some other.'

The Parisian is working night and day to keep up with the orders.

The Parisian has certainly got the crowd.

The Parisian is everybody's friend.

The Parisian sells millinery 50 per cent lower than you can buy anywhere.

OUT OF SORTS? If you are run down, loosing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use

Putner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

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

Ladies' Tailoring... The Subscribers having secured the services of a first-class LADIES' TAILOR, will in future add LADIES' TAILORING to our regular Tailoring business.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

Jewelry... In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, RARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

A FATHER'S SORROW.

Called Upon to Requite his son to Death the Judge's Heart Broke.

There is nothing more pathetic than the sorrow of an old father or mother over a wandering son. A writer in the Vancouver World tells a thrilling story, related to him by a man who is now a judge in one of the states. At the time of which he speaks he was a rising lawyer in a small western town and in this capacity came often in contact with a certain elderly judge. He was the saddest looking man the young lawyer had ever seen. About a dozen years before he had come from the East with his wife, and had soon distinguished himself as a jurist. The two lived quietly and, to all appearance, serenely, but it was evident that they were growing old before their time. They did not speak of the past, and their history was unknown to their neighbors.

One night the town was thrown into a state of excitement over a robbery and murder. The murderer was captured almost in the act, and the young lawyer was chosen to defend him. Practically there was no defence, however, as every one knew him to be guilty. He was a stranger in town a man thirty odd years old, with a face hardened by dissipation, and disguised by a week's growth of whiskers. In those times the law was not slow, and by six o'clock of the second day the prisoner was standing before the judge to receive sentence.

'Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?' asked the judge, after preliminaries were over.

'I have your honor, if your are to pronounce the sentence,' replied the prisoner. 'At least,' he added half-apologetically, 'it is impossible that, under the circumstances, you might care to pronounce it.'

The counsel for the defence here interposed to warn the prisoner that he was acting irregularly, but the judge gravely requested that the matter be left to him. Perhaps some premonition of the truth affected his voice at that moment, for when he turned again to the prisoner it was altered and excited.

'Will you be kind enough to explain?' he said, and his eyes searched the man's face.

'Well, your honor,' responded the prisoner, without a quaver of the voice, as I happen to be you only son—'

He got no farther. The father's heart told him the words were true, that heart that had grown old before its time through sorrow at the death of the son of whose doings he had lately known nothing. It was the last shock the old bear. Before the prisoner had finished speaking the judge's head fell forward upon the desk in front of him. The son must die but the father's heart broke before he was called upon to pronounce the terrible sentence.

The who's community continued to hide the truth from the aged mother. She knew that her husband had died suddenly when about to pronounce sentence on a criminal, but with the identity of that criminal she was never made acquainted. With tender chivalry all tried to spare her further sorrow, and when, a few months later, she was laid beside her husband, she had never heard the pathetic story of his death.

UNLUCKY JOHN.

It is not Bad Luck but Carelessness is Some Times to Blame.

There is an old saying that 'some men are born to ill luck' but a close inquiry into the circumstances attending the 'bad luck' of most cases will reveal a carelessness, a lack of method, a general shiftlessness, a sufficient cause for the effect. A good old countrywoman of an inland Maine town was recently telling the writer of her son's misfortunes.

'John has nothin' but bad luck,' she

said; 'everything he sets his hand to comes to a bad end. I don't see why he should be so unlucky. Now there was his colt worth more'n fifty dollars, and it fell through the floor and broke its neck.'

'I suppose there was something wrong with the floor?' I queried.

'I do s'pose 'twas getting a little weak,' she answered, 'but John was a-going to fix it when he got round to it.'

'No, that wasn't it,' she continued, 'twas all on account of his bad luck.'

There was his yoke of oxen; he'd fed 'em and fussed over 'em till everybody admitted they was the best yoke in town; and if you'll believe it, one o' them oxen got cast one night, and had to be killed.'

'Was the ox properly hitched?' I asked.

'Praps not,' the old lady responded, with a sigh. 'But 'twas John's bad luck. Then there was his hens; twenty of 'em died last summer from eatin' salt fish.'

'Where could they get salt fish?' was my surprised question.

'Well, you see, John went fishin' and brought home a lot of fish. He salted 'em and hung 'em on the fence to cure, and the hens was possessed to pick at 'em all the time.'

'The hens must have been hungry to do that,' I remarked.

'I don't s'pose John did feed 'em as much as he'd ought to; but 'twas just in keepin' with his bad luck for them hens to up and die. And now his barful o' hay is all burned up, and nobody knows how it took fire.'

'Does John smoke?' I inquired.

'Well, I s'pose John does smoke more'n he ought to. And I do s'pose maybe he sometimes smoked in the barn; but lots o' men does it and don't get burned up.'

'It hard for your son,' I said, 'but don't you think John's bad luck is partly due to carelessness?'

'Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'tis,' sighed the old lady. 'And now his barn's burned up, and he hasn't got a cent o' insurance. You see he was calculating to get insured one o' these days, when he come round to it. I do declare, John's a dretful unlucky man.'

FINLAND'S LUCKY WOMEN.

There They Have a Chance to Get on the Same Plane With Men.

'It amuses me immensely to hear and read all this stuff about the Republican women in the municipal canvas,' remarked a stout woman with a strong-minded voice. 'What good can they do? Votes are the things that tell and they can't cast any ballots. Talk about the liberty that we American women enjoy all you please, but I say bosh! This land is a paradise for women, indeed!'

'You are quite right, dear lady,' interrupted the mild-mannered returned traveller. 'America is no place for women. You ought to all move to Finland. Finland is the only paradise for women that I've ever come across in my wanderings on the face of this earth, for there your poor downtrodden sex has its rights.'

'Do tell!' exclaimed the thin, bespectacled New England suffragist, who was also of the party.

'Yes, I'm just going to tell,' continued the returned traveller. 'Now in Finland any woman who wishes to place herself upon the same plane as man socially, industrially, politically, professionally, or just any old way, as the American youngster puts it, does so. In no country of the civilized world are the sexes so nearly upon an equal footing as there.'

'How has the experiment worked?'

'It has been proved an unqualified success,' the traveller answered. 'I, for one, do not agree with the man who said there were three kinds of lies in this world—just plain lies, blankety-blank lies, and statistics. I've found statistics pretty good things to rely on, and at any rate those regarding woman's status in Finland are interesting. For over a quarter of a century the gymnasiums have admitted both sexes to all departments, and that has given the women a good chance to get even with the men physically. In the University of Helsingfors there are over 200 women students, and there are two flourishing clubs of women. About 1,000 women are employed as teachers in schools of various grades, and it is no uncommon sight to see young women teaching young men of 18 or 20 years who are preparing for an academic or commercial course. Another thousand are employed in Post Offices, railroad and telegraph bureaus, and other departments of public service. Fully 3,000 are in business, and of the eighty posthouses in that country fifty-two have women superintendents. As for the dairies in Finland, not one of them are run by a man. All are managed by women. I tell you, you women who are so downtrodden here ought to go to Finland.'

'There now,' broke in the woman with the strong-minded voice. 'I'm glad women somewhere have their just dues. Now, here—'

But before she could go on the mild-mannered, returned traveller had checked a smile that lingered about the corners of his mouth and was talking about the downtrodden women of China and Turkey.

CURIOUS SIBIRIANS.

How a Child's Want of Courage was Overcome by her Mother.

The Outlook contains a delightful sketch of a timid child; the kind of sketch which deserves to be read by children, and especially by fathers and mothers. Few of us have the courage to confess that we are cowards; but many of us are, and the wisest way is to recognize the fact and take measures for curing ourselves. The little girl in question was not only alarmed by palpable terrors, but by the bogies of the imagination.

What could be done with her? If she was told that her fears were nonsensical, she would only sit more quietly, bite her lips harder, and suffer more intolerably. So her wise mother set about discovering a remedy for what was really an inherited misfortune.

The mother never spoke of fear, but talked about courageous deeds mentioned in history or the newspapers. Bags of candy or other delectable articles were left in dark and distant rooms, and offered as a reward to any one who would bring them; and meantime, after the child had started on her dreaded errand, the door was left ajar, so that she could hear the sound of voices, and accomplish the deed without too great a mental strain.

Favorite songs and pleasant stories were kept for bedtime, and delightful tales of an olden time for the night hours, when the poor little thing left her bed in search of comfort.

Then, when she became older, she was tempted forth into the dark, ostensibly to take care of another child; and in traveling she was given charge of the checks and tickets to occupy her mind. Her reason was appealed to in the sweetest and sunniest way by her mother, who graciously included herself under the same disability.

'Find,' she would say, 'that when I am frightened I must act at once. If I think burglars are at the window, I jump up and get a light to satisfy myself. If an object in the dark makes me tremble, I drag my feet toward it, touch and examine it; and nearly always what seemed gigantic at a distance, grows familiar when it is near.'

Not all children have such home training, but there is much to be done by themselves. The only way to lay our fear forever is to recognize him for a unsubstantial bogey, and to resist him with common-sense and cheerfulness.

A Few Words of Advice Before You Dye. When you dye at home your chief view is economy. Home dyeing economy means the very best results from a minimum of expense, time and trouble.

Your objects and desires are fully realized only when the Diamond Dyes are used for your work. If you are one of the careless unfortunates who simply take a package of dye of the color required from your dealer, you will in nine cases out of ten suffer loss and great disappointment, as many merchants will hand you some common dye ruinous to your goods, dangerous to handle and worthless as far as coloring power is concerned, and on which a very large profit is made. If you secure the Diamond Dyes your success is sure and certain.

Diamond Dyes have a long record of triumphs in home dyeing work; they have been used and tested in every land, and have become friends and family necessities. Happy women everywhere dye with Diamond Dyes.

SOME MEXICAN WAYS.

They Would Seem Hardly the Proper Thing to a Yankee Housewife.

An American woman would grow gray-headed in a month if she attempted to keep house in Mexico on the same plan pursued by the native housewives. There are no water mains in the average town, and water for domestic purposes is drawn from the public fountains and sold from door to door by leather-aproned vendors, who carry it in picturesque vessels of hide or pottery. Pulque and milk are brought to market in skins of sheep, pigs, and goats, which are stripped off the carcass by cutting only the neck and legs and turned inside out, all the openings but one being tied up securely. The natives do not object to the flavor of goat hide and swine skin in the milk, but visitors do.

The washerwomen have no faith in modern methods. They get 25 cents a day and are satisfied. The washerwomen all do their work beside an open stream of water in a trough of stone or wood, a piece of home made soap and their strong hands. No hot water is used. The scene at the public washhouses is an interesting one. The method breaks buttons, bends buckles, and tears goods with the same ease as does a steam laundry in the States.

The average Mexican cook is as primitive as the washerwoman. No matter how many times the use of a modern cook stove were explained to her, it is probable that she would build the fire in the oven and put the bread to bake in the fire box. What she would use is called the brasero. Among the poor this is an urn-shaped affair of pottery with a hollow base, where a tiny charcoal fire may be kept alive by a constant fanning, the whole being not much larger than a common flower pot. In the homes of the upper classes the brasero is built in of brick, mortar, and pile, its surface as high as an American cook stove, with holes a foot square, under each of which a charcoal fire is kept burning. Some of these stoves have twenty-five or thirty openings, and the operation of cooking is no laborious task; the cook has a relay of assistants to prepare the vegetable, wash the dishes and attend the fires.

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IS GALANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street-Car Manners.

It cannot be concealed that there is a growing tendency, even in the South, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women in the street cars shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction. It is a fact that men are rapidly falling in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the reason, to a large extent, is that men are meeting women as competitors in all fields of labor, and this fact vastly changes the social races between the sexes. Women are claiming all sorts of equality with men, moral, political and physical, and are declaring more and more their independence. The effect on the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and training, and that is the reason they talk about street car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes; but in the year 1930, just thirty-three years, or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such matters.

The greater number of women at work in proportion to the men the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the figures shown, the day might come when there would be no street car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners, there will always remain the Christian grace of charity; so, in the time to come, able bodied young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women and to others who may be sick or disabled.

His Sway Ended Forever.

The man looked as if he had lost his last friend. He sat with bowed head and weary eyes, and he made awful-looking figures in the sand with his cane.

'Have you lost your job?' was asked in sympathetic tones.

'No; it is not that.'

'Some dear friend has perhaps been laid away?'

'No; I have not been to a funeral.'

'Has the market turned against you?'

'I never speculated in my life.'

'Perhaps you are sad because others have passed you in the race for wealth or fame?'

'I don't trouble myself over trifles. I have enough of this world's goods for any man, and what is fame when the clouds begin to tumble in upon a fellow's coffin?'

'Well, what the dickens is the matter with you, anyhow?'

'Here, come a little closer, and I'll tell you. The Sunday papers published a picture of my wife, and labelled her the most beautiful woman at Bath Beach.'

'Well, is that a thing to feel bad about?'

'Is it? Why, man, I love her!'

'Of course. All the more reason why you should be proud instead of sitting here like a boy with a broken toy.'

'Oh say,' he groaned 'you still have to learn the lesson of life. That picture and those few words have wrecked my happiness. Do you suppose the most beautiful woman at Bath Beach will ever again be satisfied with the admiration and affection of one ordinary man? Do you suppose she will ever again be willing to put up with anything but a box at the opera? Do you suppose that she will ever again permit me to occupy the high seat in our spider phaeton. Pah!'

And he savagely threw his cigar stub into the water.—Cleveland Leader.

Thirty Years the Limit of a Deer's Life.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse, Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man, Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer, Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle, Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 300 years; and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Capt. McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 86 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for fifty years, his father for a like period before him, and his grandfather for sixty years before him. So, in 1826, MacDonald of Glenarry is reported to have killed a stag who bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he

could catch by Ewan-Mac-Ian-Og, who had been dead 160 years. Analogous stories it may be noted, are told in countries on the Continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But, alas! the general opinion among experts would seem to be that thirty years or thereabouts is the limit of a deer's life.

Clary's Concerts.

The social and artistic event of the year will certainly be the coming concerts in which Madame Clary appears assisted by Miss Frances Travers daughter of Dr. Boyle Travers and other leading local talent. The interest in these events has developed into enthusiasm among our musical people. It has been impossible to secure the opera house and as the seating capacity of the Institute is limited intending patrons should secure seats the first day they are on sale as the demand will certainly be greater than the supply. Attention is directed to the advertisement in this issue for particulars the dates, are Tuesday and Wednesday Oct. 12th and 13th, Madame Clary has undoubtedly the finest voice of any contralto who ever sang in these provinces and none should fail to hear her.

INSTEAD OF BUTTER.

In Some Cases it is a Good Substitute but not in This Instance.

A good many years ago, when orange marmalade was first introduced into England, some of the dealers advertised it as an 'excellent substitute for butter,' so says a British journal.

A Lancashire workingman's wife, seeing such an advertisement in a shop window, concluded to give the novelty a trial. She bought a two-pound jar. The next morning she entered the shop in a state of high indignation.

'You old villain!' she exclaimed to the grocer. 'What did you mean by selling me that stuff? I pretty nearly poisoned my old man with it!'

'How were that?' asked the innocent shopkeeper.

'How were that! Didn't you say it were a substitute for butter?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Well it is a grand substitute! I used some of it to fry a bit of fish with an' it made us all sick as we could be!'

Esq.

In Paris, as well as in some other parts of the world, there are men of fashion who aim to do everything as the English do it. A foppish Frenchman, who knew no English, but nevertheless called himself a "gentleman" went so far in his Anglomania as to write "Esq." after the names of men to whom he wrote letters on the backs of envelopes. By and by a friend asked him what this meant.

'Why the English do it,' the other answered.

'Yes but what does "esq." mean?'

'Why you see, the English are of a very cold temperament, and admire cold things and "esq." which means Esquimaux, is a great compliment!'

NY-AS-SAN

A Word for Sufferers to Remember — A New System of Natural Cure — Special Treatment for Each Disease — Sent to Users Only.

SKIN DISEASES.

If you have confidence in simple cures which have stood the test for seventy-five years, and if you are a wretched sufferer tortured with Erysipelas, Eczema, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, or the like, it will pay you to write to us for proofs of what the Nyassan Remedies have done for others.

NYASSAN MEDICINE CO., Limited TRURO, N.S. WE CURE WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.

MARY LOUISE

CLARY

AMERICA'S GREATEST CONTRALTO.

Mechanics' Institute,

OCT. 12th and 13th.

Under the Management of Fred. G. Spencer.

ASSISTING TALENT

MISS FRANCES TRAVERS.....Soprano. J. A. KELLY.....Tenor. D. B. FIDGON.....Baritone. MISS ALICE BUTCHER.....Violonist. W. C. BOWDEN.....Violinist. MISS EMMA GODDARD.....Accompanist.

PRICE: 75, 50 and 35 cents.

Turkeys

AND.....

Chickens

THOMAS DEAN,

City Market.

Good Blood

Is essential to health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Coleman's Salt DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 2, 1897.

SHOT IN NICK OF TIME

THE KILLING OF CAPT. CASANOVA

AN ARIZONA TERROR.

He was an Ex-Confederate Officer who had Turned Highway Robber and Murderer—How the Morning That Brought Death to his Guest Proved his Last.

I had not been long in Arizona, where I went in 1866 to take charge of the Deloro mine, before I heard a great deal of the doings of Capt. Casanova, said Luther D. Ammon of Los Angeles. 'It was revealed at the end that his name was an assumed one, but simmering down and sifting all that was told of him, it is pretty certain that he was a Confederate army officer in the civil war who conducted a guerrilla warfare with such savagery that at the end he had no hope of amnesty and went to Mexico, as so many ex-Confederates did at that period. In a few months he reappeared north of the border, in Arizona, and at about the same time there began a series of robberies of stages and emigrant trains that made the epoch a memorable one in the young Territory's history. Gradually suspicion ripened into certainty that Capt. Casanova had a hand in these robberies, and with the inquiry raised by this discovery the Captain kept away from the settlements and stayed pretty much in the mountains, except when business called him down to the stage and wagon trails. The robberies went on and, of course, every one now was laid to him.

There were warrants in plenty out against him soon, and then came rewards for his capture by the Territory, by the counties in which crimes had been committed that were laid to him, and by the express and stage companies. But there were not so many men trying to get those rewards as one might expect, for there was a good deal of risk in the undertaking. The captain had the name of being absolutely desperate, cool, and ready with weapons, and determined never to be taken alive.

His robbery of the Mexican diligencia between Tucson and Hermosillo in Sonora will give an idea of the worthy Captain's methods. With two followers he stopped the diligencia, and standing the passengers, three Americans and two Mexicans, up by the roadside, disarmed and robbed them. Then as the robbers started away one of the Mexicans, who had secreted a pistol in some way, fired after them. At once they returned and shot the five passengers down in the roadway, leaving them for dead. But one of the five, an American, survived his wounds to tell the story.

It was on an October day that I started on horseback alone to ride to the Deloro mine in the Juarica mountains. It was a long day's ride, and in trying to make a short cut to the camp I lost my way. Night came on and found me following a bridge path along a cañon on a very tired horse. The night was cold and frosty, as the October nights always are in the Arizona mountains, and I had no grub or blankets; but I made up my mind to camp down, build a fire, and pass the night the best I could, as soon as I should come to a place where there was grass enough for my horse to pick up a feed. It was seven o'clock and the stars were bright in the sky when I came to where the cañon opened into a little grassy valley; and, near the centre of this valley, stood a jocal, as the Mexicans call the one-room huts which they build, where timber is plentiful, of upright posts chinked with mud. Near the hut three horses were feeding about their picket pins.

Through the one unglazed window and the door, partly open, streamed a light, and I knew I had struck a place where white people of some sort were staying. Without hesitation I rode up near the jocal and gave a call. Instantly the sound of voices ceased within, the light was extinguished, and there was a clicking of gun hammers. Through the doorway came the words sharp and stern:

'Who are you? What are you doing here?'

'I'm the superintendent of the Deloro mine,' I answered. 'I saw your light and rode up to see if I could get a bite to eat.'

'The door was flung wide open and I saw a man standing in the doorway, a carbine in his hand. Behind him, I could see indistinctly, were others, and I was sure that all of them were ready, at the least suspicion, to turn loose with their firearms on me. I began to wish that I had not been in such a hurry to let my presence be

known. There was a whispered consultation in the doorway, and then the man in view called to me:

'All right. Take the saddle off your horse and come in.'

'They watched me from the doorway as I unsaddled my horse and picketed him out to graze. Then with my saddle and bridle in my arm I approached the cabin and the man in the door made way for me to enter. The light, a pine knot stuck in the chinking of the wall, had been relighted, and showed me the bare interior of the hut and the faces of three as villainous-looking men as I ever has been my luck to see.

A little fire was smouldering in the stone fireplace. At a signal from the leader one of the men put a coffee pot on the embers and pointed to a piece of bacon hanging against the wall. I cut off a slice with my pocket knife, broiled it in the embers, and with this and a piece of bread made my supper, which I ate with far less appetite than I had had an hour before. I knew that my only chance of pulling through was to appear confident and unconcerned, and, my supper eaten, I seated myself on the floor—there were no chairs or benches in the hut—lighted my pipe, and waited for what might come. No one had spoken to me while I was cooking and eating my supper, but the three had gone outside. Now, as they came back, I caught these words from the Captain:

'There's no hurry. We've plenty of time for that. There are some things to find out first.'

Seated on a roll of blankets opposite me, the Captain began to question me about myself and about what was going on in the settlements. There was no evading his relentless eye and keen interrogatories, and I answered him promptly and frankly. On one point only I tried to deceive him, telling him that our paymaster would go next week to the mine to pay off the hands. This was to get him off from any idea that I was likely to have a considerable amount of money with me, in point of fact, I had seven Mexican dollars, nothing more. He listened to all I said with no expression of belief or disbelief, and at last brought of the interview abruptly to a close by saying:

'That's all we have to talk about tonight. I reckon we'll turn in. Here's a blanket. You can make out with this and your saddle blanket.'

He motioned me to the corner furthest from the door, where I fixed my saddle for a pillow and rolled myself in the blankets. My revolver with its belt and scabbard, I

placed by my head. Without a word the Captain walked over to me, took the weapon, and hung it on a peg over the place where I was to sleep. I did not think it wise to make any protest, and pretended to take no notice of the occurrence. The three men then unbuckled their belts—each carried two revolvers, and there were three carbines leaning in one corner of the room and lay down between me and the door with their pistols by them. The Captain extinguished the torch and all three seemed to go to sleep at once.

You can imagine what sort of night I passed. For hours I lay awake wondering what the morning would bring, but I was tired and fell at last into a sound sleep. From this I was aroused by the Captain shaking me by the shoulder. The gray dawn was lighting the cabin through the square window, so that I could dimly see the things about me.

'Come, get up,' he said, in a tone in which there was none of the shade of politeness that he had used in questioning me the night before. 'I want you to take a walk with me.'

I was unarmed and virtually a prisoner, so there was nothing to do but obey. He threw open the cabin door and waited until I put on my straw hat and passed out ahead of him, then motioned the direction in which I was to go—toward the rocky hillside that shut in the valley. A ravine led up among the hills, and up this he marched me to its head at the crest of a ridge. Beyond this opened a wild, mountainous country that looked as if the foot of man never had trod it. Here I stopped and faced him. He was carrying a cocked revolver in his hand, and there was murder in his eye.

'If you mean to kill me, it may as well be done here as for me to walk any further,' I said, 'Is that what you mean to do?'

'You have called the turn precisely,' he said, with a smile that was wickedly than a scowl would have been. 'I regret the necessity, but you were so unfortunate as to come upon us in our retreat, and I can't let you go away with the knowledge you have gained. I can see that you know who I am. Now, you will save yourself and me some trouble by turning round and continuing your promenade.'

The cold-blooded scoundrel was actually compelling me to walk to the place where he proposed to murder and leave me, so as to save himself and his companions the trouble of carrying away my body or burying it, as they would have to do if they killed me at their cabin. I had

'It went right to the sore spot.' is what a young man lately said of his first dose of SHORT'S DYSPEPTICURE. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

THE TREE OF HEALTH

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Is health-giving, health-preserving. It is a preparation that has proven its curative and health-restoring properties to the satisfaction of the most eminent physicians of England and Europe. It's not a miracle-working cure-all—it can't bring the dead to life. But its introduction into this world of pain and disease has brought happiness and health to many.

Its constant use—one dose every morning before breakfast—will cool and purify the blood, build up the system, and keep it in a state of insusceptibility to disease.

It has proven an invaluable remedy in cases of

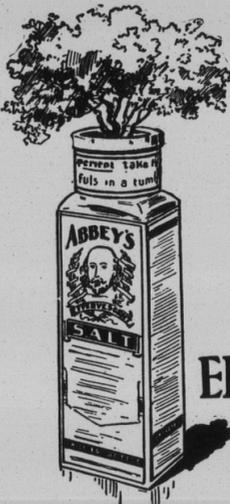
La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Spleen Affections, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Depression, Billiousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Constipation, Flatulency, Fever, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Croup, Skin and Kidney Complaint.

These are not mere statements but stubborn facts. We have testimonials, which prove that Abbey's Effervescent Salt is all we claim it to be, from such prominent personages as Sir Henry Irving, Dr. G. B. Frier, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Dr. T. E. Lovegrove, Dr. Wright, Count W. J. Stomm, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Christine Nilsson, Miss Ellen Terry and thousands of others.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

PRICE, 60c. A BOTTLE.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.



Springs From Every Bottle Of ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT

by Eben-Mao-Ian-Og, who had 150 years. Analogous may be noted, are told in the Continent of Europe, to be found in any number! the general opinion would seem to be that or thereabouts is the limit of a

Clary's Concrete.

and artistic event of the year will certainly be the first. Assisted by Miss Frances Travers Boyle Travers and other leading artists in these events has demonstrated among our musical people possible to secure the opera house capacity of the Institute is limited. Tickets should secure seats the first sale as the demand will certainly be great. Attention is directed to the fact in this issue for particulars the day and Wednesday Oct. 12th and Clary has undoubtedly the finest orchestra who ever sang in these halls should fall to hear her.

LEAD OF BUTTER.

It is a Good Substitute but in This Instance

my years ago, when orange was first introduced into England the dealers advertised it as a substitute for butter, so says a

workingman's wife, seeing a sign in a shop window, she gave the novelty a trial. She found it a pound jar. The next morning she found the shop in a state of high

excitement. 'Didn't you say it were butter?' she asked the innocent

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A CUBAN EXPERIENCE

Fate and Prof. Henry A. Ward would it that my ups and downs as a field naturalist should begin in Cuba, and that during the...

me, nothing could. Every Spanish word that I had learned rattled at my tongue's end, and I talked bad Castilian literally 'for dear life.'

WON A WIFE WITH CHEWING GUM.

A New York Man's Proposal Finds an Acceptance in Montreal. Orleans avenue, Maisonneuve, and the surrounding neighborhood are busy discussing a pretty little romance in real life...

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE. Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won. SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use. Don't forget the name SURPRISE.

IT IS A DANDY! What is? Why! OUR SPECIAL "UNIT" ENGINE, Automatic in Action, Self-oiling, Fuel-saving; 2 to 25 Horse Power. Full line of BUTTER and CHEESE SUPPLIES kept in stock. Get our prices for any kind of MACHINERY. Best equipped shops in Canada. CARRIER LAINE & CO. 263 St. Joseph St., QUEBEC. LEVIS, P. Q. 145 St. James St., MONTREAL.

all his flags in yard-arm and rainbow dress; but when the salute was over and the smoke was lazily drifting away it was seen that the British ship was not dressed, and had not fired a salute.

A Joy That Endures. Cures Made By Paine's Celery Compound Are Permanent. Recent Testimony Of a Lady Cured Years Ago.

PILE-OF-CLOUDS' HOME RUN. The Red Men's Names Made the Report a Picturesque One. Indians may be supposed to be well on the road to civilization when baseball nines from the reservations in the Northwest play match games with representative ball nines from the cities and towns.

FORGOT THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. The Great Event Was Recalled to the Englishman by an American. An exchange prints a strange and interesting narrative from the mouth of an old naval officer. The event in question occurred in 1870, when the United States flag-ship Franklin was lying in the harbor of Malaga, Spain.

Accidents to Children. Children in their play, are apt to get sprains, bruises or cuts, and the pain these little ones suffer before relief is brought to them should convince mothers that it is necessary to be always prepared for accidents. 'Quickcure' is a healer, that acts quickly and removes pain at once.

Sunday Reading.

ALIEN'S HEART SERVICE.

It was the second week of school. Aileen Lawrence sighed as she looked out of the large window into the sunny playground beyond.

'Twelve,' said Aileen somewhat sharply, rousing herself for the exertion.

'Nineteen,' began Jimmy again, intending to go over the whole sum in order to rectify his mistake.

'You may be seated,' said Aileen in her most measured tone.

'But not one of them is half so happy as I am to get out of this tiresome school. I wonder why I ever tried to get the appointment.

'Yes, she will make a great success as a teacher. Her work, as shown by her popularity alone, is wonderful for so young a girl.'

'And to what is her success due?' asked another voice which Aileen knew to be the superintendent's.

'I suppose to the same thing that almost all success is due. Miss Richardson loves her work. Her heart is in it.'

'Her heart is in her work,' she repeated mechanically. 'Can that be true?'

'When are you going home, Grace?' she asked.

'In about fifteen minutes,' she answered. 'Come in and wait, and we will walk home together. I have only to finish correcting these few exercises.'

'Just look at this exercise,' went on Grace brightly. 'You could easily tell it was Ben Tillman's. Written in such a wild, erratic way. But he is a dear little fellow, and so kind at home to his hard-working mother. When he seems more than usually stupid, or has had lessons, I always say to myself: 'Little Benny was probably up last night, singing the baby to sleep.'

So on she went, from one child to another, telling their little ways until Aileen was almost bewildered. 'You seem to take a personal interest in each of your charges,' she remarked, with the least tinge of sarcasm in her voice.

Grace noticed the inflection, but only said quietly: 'I do indeed. I should consider myself but a poor sort of teacher were I to think only of getting through the required work in the required time. Before I ever began teaching, I heard a sermon which impressed itself on my mind indelibly. The clergyman said that 'no two persons could be dealt with alike. From the little child to the old man, each has his own characteristics, and it is these characteristics, peculiar as they may often be, that make individuality. I cannot speak the same to all my people,' he said. 'I may give the same lesson, but give it in different ways to different people, according to their dispositions. So the physician gives his medicines. Different drugs for different sicknesses. And so the Great Physician treats each man according to his own peculiar needs.' Then when I began to teach, I thought of those words. 'I will apply them to my pupils.' I said, 'and try to draw out the best that is in each little nature.' It is really very interesting, once you have tried it, and it is wonderful how quickly the hours pass, perhaps before you have found out even one small trait in one of your children.'

While Grace was speaking, Aileen felt a sudden shame rise within her. 'Here I have been taking money for work that I

have only half performed,' she said to herself. 'What a poor thing I am after all!'

After all, they were lovable, these little children. Aileen wondered why she had never noticed it before. And in that first day of her real work, she found out many things. She found out the reason that Jimmy Crooks' mind would wander to the woods and streams was because he had been for one whole day, the past summer, in the country. Those little feet, which had never before walked on anything softer than city pavements, felt the cool green of grasses beneath them for once. And then because he loved her in this new mood, he tried to keep his mind on his lessons, and succeeded.

'I may not be so successful as Grace,' she said mentally, at the end of the third week, 'but I will do my best, and at least I can say truthfully now, that my heart is in my work.'

IN THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

The More we Reflect Upon Divine Knowledge the Brighter it Seems.

Ignorance always causes the feeling of being at a disadvantage, sometimes of absolute helplessness. The wisest often appreciate this most keenly, because they understand better than others how much there is to be known. Their superiority over others in wisdom they see to be comparatively small, while nobody else appreciates as they do the magnitude of the possibilities of knowledge. This consciousness of ignorance, by whomsoever felt, is depressing. It sometimes almost unnerves us.

There is relief, however, in the thought of the divine knowledge. God knows all things and, so far as his wisdom is necessary to us, it is at our service freely and fully. If we are trying to live in unity of spirit with him and to do his will, the wealth of his wisdom is available by each of us, no matter how humble or needy we may be. He will not dispel for us all the mysteries or solve all the problems which perplex us. That would be to enervate us and to rob us of the opportunity of cultivating faith and courage. But so far as our honest study and earnest effort in our own behalf needs the enlightenment which he alone can afford, we may depend upon receiving it.

To realize that he who is our creator, our daily guide and ruler, our tenderest friend, knows all things and means to use that knowledge for our good, is full of comfort. It is a help in the hour of temptation. We are checked, when likely to yield, by the recollection that the divine eye is upon us and all the consequences of our sin are foreseen by him. It is a help in the day of trouble. It is consoling in some degree to be sure that God knows why we have been afflicted and how good can be made to result from our bitterest trials. What ever knits us closer to our heavenly Father is of present, permanent and the utmost benefit, and our consciousness that he is all-knowing as truly as all-loving helps to bind us fast to him.

Even the consciousness that he knows our follies and our faults should have the same effect. For we may remind ourselves that he understands, as no one else does, our struggles against sin. He knows of the secret inner strifes, the penitent resolutions to try again and again, the shame which we feel when we have been overcome, and the longings for goodness which in spite of the evil within our hearts, we have. Yes, the more we reflect upon the divine knowledge, the better we comprehend that it throws steady light upon our human way.—Congregationalist.

SCOWLING.

It Does no Good and Only Serves to Disfigure Our Faces.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We sit our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. 'Constitutional scowl,' we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. 'Cross,' we say about the children, and 'worried to death,' about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy.

We should possess our soul in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid contentment. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time [and trouble]—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad-iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.—[Selected.]

KINDLY IMPULSE OF A WOMAN.

She Followed the Dictates of Her Heart and Good Resulted.

A youth once went to a large city to work. He had no friends, no money, and was both awkward and bashful.

He could not spend a cent for pleasures, but he had been brought up to love his church, and every Sunday found him in his place, though he was too shy to join the young people socially.

Just behind him sat an elderly couple whom he knew by reputation, for the gentleman was an honored statesman and general. One Sunday the General's wife whispered to her husband as they rose to leave the church: 'Invite that young man home to dinner, dear!'

Like most great men, and all good soldiers, he knew how to obey promptly, so he courteously gave the invitation.

Though almost overwhelmed at the honor the latter at once accepted, and, when his shyness wore off, showed his entertainers that he could talk well and intelligently. To be brief—and this incident is true—the General engaged the youth as his private secretary, and he became an inmate of the grand house, where he was treated almost like a son.

Months later he ventured to ask the lady why he was invited to dinner, and she answered: 'Because you were in your place every Sunday, and showed reverence to God. I grew to observe you closely, and soon decided that you were alone and poor, but a neat, self-respecting, and intelligent boy. I longed to give you a taste of home, and perhaps a little motherly help, and I am sure that neither of us will regret that you awakened the impulse and I indulged it.—[Selected.]

PRAYER IN SECRET.

Christians often complain that private prayer is not what it should be. They feel weak and sinful. The heart is cold and dark; it is as if they have so little to pray, and in that little no faith or joy. They are discouraged and kept from prayer by the thought that they cannot come to the Father as they ought or as they wish. Child of God, listen to your Teacher. He tells you that when you go to private prayer your first thought must be: The Father is in secret; the Father waits me there. Just because your heart is cold and prayerless.



get you into the presence of the loving Father. Do not be thinking of how little you have to bring to God, but of how much he wants to give you. Just place yourself before, and look up into his face; think of his love, his wonderful, tender, pitying love. Just tell him how sinful and cold and dark all is; it is the Father's loving heart will give light and warmth to yours. Oh, do what Jesus says: Just shut the door, and pray to thy Father which is in secret.—[Rev. Andrew Murray.]

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God is the keynote of a holy life; the secret of power; the garden of all useful, beautiful and fragrant growths. The school of graduation in this high and holy exercise is private prayer. Without private prayer grace flows in shallows and dries up. A vital connection with God, an ardent desire to know and love him more and more, and to serve him better is the basis of private prayer. Hypocrites have no closet. Formalism knows nothing, cares nothing about being alone with God. The worldly Christian has never learned, or has forgotten, the lesson of private prayer. Other motives may draw to public prayers. God only draws to the closet. The true Christian like the seraphim, loves to veil his approaches to God. A worldly Christianity is always ostentatious; publicity and parade are its delight.—[Selected.]

TALK WITH JESUS.

Make a confidant of Jesus. Let him be your bosom friend. Tell him all your secrets. Talk with him about your troubles, and they will disappear; about your doubts and they will vanish; about your cares, and they will grow light; about your duties, and they will become plain; about your enemies, and your resentment will die; about your disappointment, and hope will bloom again, about your hopes and they will grow brighter all the time. Let Jesus be not an abstraction, but a real person. Talk with him just as you would talk with your wife or your most intimate friend in private. You may not see him in the viewless air around you, but he will be there to hear, and you will receive the token of his presence in the calm joy diffused throughout the soul.—[Sel.]

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Mr. Stasia, the editor of the Streetsville, Ont., Review, gives this unsolicited testimonial under date of Nov. 6, 1895: 'Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured my daughter of eczema. That was six months ago, and there has been no reappearance of the disease.'

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Florida's Vanishing Spider.

On the borders of the Everglades you often see a large yellow spider. He swings a strong web from two plant twigs on each side of a path or clear space of ground and waits for his prey. The web is in the shape of a hammock and tapers at each end to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle. The bright color of the owner seems to mark him out for destruction—he is clearly defined against the white sand or dead leaves, and you wonder what he would do for defence in case of attack. Approach quietly and he watches you intently. Now raise your hand suddenly and he will disappear! While you are wondering what became of him you see first a blur where he had been, then several spiders, then you catch sight again of the yellow ball you noticed at first. Repeat the performance, and the stage effect is renewed. The disappearance is absolute—there can be no doubt about it, and the little magician

trusts to it entirely for his protection. How is it done? As soon as he is threatened he starts the vibrations of his airy hammock. These become too rapid for the eye to follow, and he vanishes. As these become slower you see a blur, and then several spiders as the eye catches him at different points of his wings, until finally he reappears before you.

Blood Indians.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre Mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes, and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the New world. But this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folk-lore tale, current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

The Mexicans have never been able to conquer this people. Nominally, indeed, they are under Mexican rule, but really they are governed by their own chief, and whenever the Mexican Government has interfered with them they have taken up arms, getting the best of the scuffle many times. Their nearest Indian neighbors are the Yaquis, and these two warlike tribes have reciprocally down to a fine point. Each helps the other when the Mexicans attack them. The Mayas live principally by the chase, although they cultivate some corn and garden truck. The men are large and well formed, and some of the women are remarkably handsome blonds.

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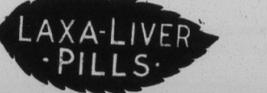
For two years I was doled, pilled, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, three boxes cured. E. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill a dose, price 25 cents.

Stoves and Ranges Used at Sea.

Stoves and ranges used at sea have two peculiarities. One is that the doors are made to turn down and not to swing, and have fastenings to hold them securely when they are shut, so that they can't possibly fly open. The other peculiarity is in the rack on top. It is elevated four or five inches, and runs around the edge of the stove to keep the pots and kettles from sliding off.

Some stoves and ranges used afloat are also provided with cross rods which run from the fixed rod at the back of the stove to the rod in front, across the top of the pots and kettles and hold them down and keep them from shifting. They are used in very heavy weather, or when the ship is rolling. For some reason these cross rods are more used on British than they are on American ships.

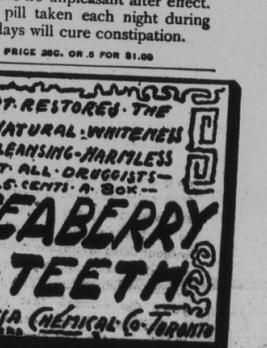
When a vessel is in port the front rail of the rack is usually taken out, and then the cook has as easy access to the top of the stove as he would have with a stove ashore.



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Notches on The Stick

"Burns' Clarinda: Brief Papers Concerning the Poet's Renowned Correspondent, Compiled from Various Sources by John D. Ross, L. L. D., the Rieburn Book Company, New York, 1897. Cloth; 250 p.p.

These documents are highly interesting, as elucidating a deeply romantic and, in some respects, mysterious, episode in the life of a man full of passionate impulses, if not of gross purposes, in love. Beside the full Sylvander correspondence, found in any collection of his prose writings, and the finest at least of his lyrics inspired by the Edinburgh charmer, we have here a biography of the heroine by her grandson, W. C. McLohose, and articles by John Muir, F. S. A. Scot; James Adams, M. D. Glasgow; Peter Ross, L. L. D.; Rev. Dr. P. Hately Waddell; Rev. T. C. Higgins, A. M.; by Principal Sharp, Alexander Smith, Thomas C. Latta, Robert Ford, John Stuart Blackie and others.

The purpose of the Compiler is expressed in his Preface, as follows: "It is safe to say that the memory of this gifted but unfortunate woman is held in high esteem for her genuine worth more than it was forty years ago. Then it was clouded because people did not understand, did not have the means of understanding, her character, her career, or the story of her innocent intimacy with the poet. Since then her life-story has been searched, been weighed, been commented on; the closest scrutiny has been bestowed on her actions, her words, her writings, and the most scalpel-like dissection has been made of her thoughts, so far as they have become recoverable. Out of all this she has emerged without a stain, with the early cloud rolled away, and with, as her only weakness, an acknowledged love for the poet in preference to the heartless scamp who wrecked her life. She once hoped that she might in time be united to the poet, but she never forgot she was a wedded wife. To her faithless husband she remained loyal, to her children she was a model mother, and to the end of her long life's journey she enjoyed the respect of her wide circle of devoted friends. . . . The volume is in reality a tribute to the memory of Clarinda. It could have been made much larger, . . . but enough has been presented, I think, to demonstrate that, among the heroines of Burns, Agnes McLohose is not the least deserving of honor as an honest, a beautiful, and a gifted woman."

Dr. Waddell, who of all the writers in this book takes the most unfavorable view of Clarinda, is not inclined to consider her intercourse with the poet as innocent but of culpable wantonness. In discriminating between the two he seems to regard her as the greater sinner, inasmuch as her letters were calculated to stimulate his passion and to lure him on. "It was Clarinda's own faculty of rejinder that stimulated to such efforts of eloquence; and his own love of victory, conjoined with his belief in the possibility of dissolving adamant with words, that carried him ultimately beyond the varieties of his nature in such a perilous encounter. Alas! for such unlicensed and seductive war. For his own credit and peace of mind it should have been honestly abandoned when the inevitable issue was foreseen; and for her credit it should never have been renewed. For himself it was disastrous, and for her sorrowful. No good could come of it.

This gifted and unfortunate woman, memorable for this singular association with one of the greatest and most unhappy of poets, was born at Glasgow, April 1759, daughter of a reputable surgeon named Andrew Craig. Kindred to people of strong character and masterful intellect, it is not strange that she should from a child have attracted attention for her piquant and brilliant parts, as well as for her singular beauty. Agnes was a delicate child, and her survival from the period of infancy was a surprise to her people; yet she alone of all her family—one brother and four sisters—lived to a venerable age. Her education was incomplete and as imperfect as was general in that age, even among women in the higher ranks of society; some rudimentary knowledge of English was the best part of her furnishing, and this she afterwards partially remedied when her love of literature was awakened. Having lost her mother at a tender age, and soon afterwards her only surviving sister, she was left—though still in her father's house and under his care,—without those invaluable counsels and that sympathy that are so potent in the correction of character. Yet to her latest years she affirmed that that "sainted mother" had left upon her heart an indelible impression, and that her memory had been a bond that held her to the right in

times of peril and trial. As a maiden she became noted for her beauty and the liveliness of her disposition, and among even the beauties of Glasgow was spoken of as "the pretty Miss Nancy." As in the case of many a fair one, her personal charms led to her chief misfortunes and her deepest sorrows. These commenced shortly after her return home from the boarding-school at Edinburgh, where she remained about six months.

"Mr. James McLohose," relates the author of this Memoir, "a young man of respectable connections, and a law agent in that city, had been disappointed in getting introduced to her; and when he learned that she was going to Edinburgh, he engaged all the seats in the stage coach, excepting the one taken for her. At that period the coach took the whole day to perform the journey between the two cities, stopping a considerable time for dinner on the road, which thus afforded Mr. McLohose an excellent opportunity of making himself agreeable—an opportunity which he took to the utmost pains to improve, and with success, being possessed of an agreeable and attractive person and most insinuating manners. His deficiency of sound principle was hidden from general observation by great plausibility."

Though her friends did not encourage the match, she nevertheless married Mr. McLohose July 1776 while yet only seventeen, and her husband five years her senior. The remediless error soon appeared. She was a wild-bird, in the cage, with her wings clipped, and her husband her keeper. Coldness and harshness soon blighted her nascent love. As she, herself confessed: "Only a short time had elapsed ere I perceived, with inexpressible regret, that our dispositions, tempers, and sentiments were so totally different as to banish all hope of happiness. Our disagreements rose to such a height, and my husband's treatment was so harsh, that it was thought advisable by my friends that a separation should take place, which accordingly followed in Dec. 1780." Her fourth child was born shortly after this event, and, as soon as it was possible, the three then living were by the action of her husband, under the law of Scotland as that time, removed from her and placed under the care of his people. "She parted with them with extreme reluctance, her father being both able and willing to maintain her and them; while her husband neglected his business and entered into every species of dissipation, so that he became unable to maintain his children." She found herself alone, the infant from her arms, even, having been committed to the charge of a hiring nurse.

Upon the advice of some friends, and in harmony with her own inclinations, to escape the scene of her misfortunes, she went in 1782 to reside in Edinburgh. To this city her husband followed her soon, and attempted to obtain an interview which she refused, though he wrote pleadingly: "Early tomorrow morning I leave this country forever, and therefore wish much to pass one quarter of an hour with you. Upon my word of honor, my dearest Nancy, it is the last night you probably will ever have an opportunity of seeing me in this world." From London where he lived for some time in a disreputable way, he wrote her a letter in a reproachful strain announcing his purpose of going across the ocean, and in this he observed: "The sooner you return to Glasgow the better, and take under your care and protection those endearing pledges of our once happier days, as none of my friends will have anything to do with them." This was true enough; and, with the mother's instinct, she lost no time in possessing herself of her children, but how to support them in Edinburgh was the question. "The income left me by my father being barely sufficient to board myself," she wrote, "I was now distressed how to support my three infants. I found arrears due for their board. This I paid; and the goodness of some worthy gentleman in Glasgow procuring me a small annuity from the writers, and one from the surgeons, I again set out for Edinburgh with them in August 1782; and by the strictest economy, made my little income go as far as possible. The deficiency was always supplied by some worthy benevolent friends, whose kindness no time can erase from my grateful heart."

"The deserted wife draw round her a circle of sympathetic and appreciative friends, and owing to her connections and her character some of them were in the higher intellectual and social circles, and became helpful to her. Among these was Lord Craig, her cousin-in-law, then an advocate at the Scottish bar, who had befriended her on her first arrival in Edinburgh, and continued through life her principal benefactor. At his death he left her an annuity, and made her son residuary legatee. She developed a taste for literature, and cultivated poetry, producing some songs of considerable merit; while by conversation and the study of the best

authors she acquired a good style of expression, so that her letters in the correspondence she afterwards maintained with Burns, were sometimes superior to his. "It is to be regretted," writes her grandson, "that so little of that correspondence has been preserved." Effort was made by Allan Cunningham, when publishing his complete Burns, to obtain her replies to the Sylvander correspondence, but without avail.

The second determining event of her life, was her introduction to Robert Burns, and the birth of her first deep and genuine affection. This occurred toward the end of the year 1767, at the house of a mutual friend, Miss Nimmo. After an evening spent in her company, the poet was able to make this declaration: "Of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of friendship, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, the most permanent impression; while she, on her part, avowed: "Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we would derive pleasure from the society of each other." The poet was then preparing to leave Edinburgh, but an accident which occurred on an evening when he had engaged to meet her, and which delayed his departure for several weeks, gave occasion for the singular, passionate, and, in some instances, affected and high flown correspondence, that more than all his other writings exhibits the extremes and contradictions of the poet's character. On his recovery he visited the lady, who signed herself "Clarinda," and still lingered for several months to enjoy her society, till at last he left the city. Once only did they meet after that, but he wrote her an occasional letter after his marriage to Jean, and indeed till within a brief period of his death.

Burns was not the only literary person whose society she enjoyed. In later years the youthful Thomas Campbell, when prosecuting his studies at the University of Edinburgh, frequented her home. "The amiable Graham," the poet of "The Sabbath," James Gray, who wrote "Cuna of Choyd," and "The Sabbath among the Mountains," and Burns' friend, Robert Ainslie, a respectable writer, may merit special mention. This latter gentleman, the author of the Memoir tells us, "proved throughout life a warm and steady friend. He was an original visitor at Mrs. McLohose New Year parties, which were kept up for about forty years, and are still remembered by many of the younger guests for their great conviviality, to which the liveliness and vivacity of the hostess greatly contributed."

Her husband, meanwhile, had contributed nothing to the maintenance of his children, though repeatedly urged to do so. After a disreputable career in London McLohose went to Jamaica, where he enjoyed a prosperity that was never shared by any of his relatives in Scotland. One of her boys fell ill during 1787, when the mother made a vain appeal to the faithless man who seemed not to care for his dying child. At last a letter did come expressing his wishes with regard to his surviving son and inviting the mother to come to Jamaica, which, singularly, and yet perhaps not unwisely—since it disabused her of any notion that she could live with him—she determined to do. She sailed from Leith on board a vessel named the Roselle, in February, 1792 having resolved, if possible to overlook the past and throw herself under her husband's protection; but upon arriving, after a tedious and uncomfortable voyage, she was so coldly received, that, finding her husband's affections more than ever alienated by his illicit relations with a colored mistress, she determined to return which she did in June following. After this she continued to reside in Edinburgh, until her death in 1843, thirty-one years after her husband's decease, and forty-five after that of Burns. To the memory of the poet—whose rank and greatness in the world's list of poets she lived fully to appreciate,—she was always devoted. The mention of his name would bring the quick tears when many years had passed. In her private diary, forty years after the date of her last interview with the poet she has this entry:—"6th Dec. 1781.—This day I never can forget. Parted with Robert Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in Heaven!"

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E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. Dear Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think too much cannot be said in its praise, and no home should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully JOHN C. CLOWES.

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One of the writers (James Adams) whose work appears in this book gives us an interesting glimpse of Clarinda in her old age as she appeared at an evening social. "There were present a chirpy old lady who, from subsequent information, I know must have been about seventy-five years of age but it was a considerable time afterwards I learned that in her an angel had entertained me unawares; and that the 'Mrs. McLohose,' with whom I shook hands and exchanged ordinary civilities during the evening was the far-famed 'Clarinda,' mistress of the soul of Burns. It was evident that she was an intimate friend, and highly regarded by the household. Singing was in order, and a number of Scotch songs were rendered. At last a solo entitled 'My wife has taken the Gae,' was rendered by a young man with a 'boyish,' Lord Roseberry cast of countenance, who 'eacted' the henpecked husband deprecating the sulks of his wife, till the effect became 'irresistibly judicious.' The merriment became contagious, and the company was convulsed with sympathetic laughter. Clarinda in particular went off into frequent kinks, ejaculating now and again 'Oh stop him! take him away! put him out!' while he enforced made occasional pauses, gavelly resuming as an interval of quiet permitted. When he finished she declared while breathlessly panting and wiping her eyes, that 'she did not know what he deserved for causing her to make such an object of herself.' I remember being strongly impressed with the old lady's vivacious manner and lively spirits, so rare in one of her advanced years."

Whatever may be said of the sincerity and depth of Burns' attachment to Agnes McLohose—and there is little doubt of her passionate affection for him,—she has been the inspiration of several of the finest of love songs in any language. That artless strain wherewith he laments her departure might well bespeak a feeling heart; but "My Nannie's Awa" is also like a voice from the soul of nature,—the soaring lark, and the gray dawn, the leaping lamb and the dew wet violet are in it. "Clarinda, mistress of my soul," and "Once wair I hail thee, thou gloomy December," bespeak our tears; but if there were none of these, we have still that heart-breaking "Ae Fond Kiss," a lyric four lines of which Scott has declared, "contain the essence of a thousand love tales."

"Had we never loved see kindly, Had we never loved see blindly, Never met—nor never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

A friend (Hon. Charles H. Collins) writes: "In February following the 'Gloomy December,' Burns wrote the following, referring to Clarinda. By some means Dr. Ross has missed, or for some reason has omitted it."

"Behold the hour, the boat, arrive; Thou goest, thou darling of my heart! Severed from thee can I survive? But fate has willed, and we must part. Th' often greet this surging swell, You distant tale will often hail: E'en here I took the last farewell, There latest marked her vanish'd sail!"

"Along the solitary shore, While fitting sea-fowl round me cry, Across the rolling, dashing roar, I'll westward turn my wistful eye! Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nannie's path may be; While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray, O tell me does she muse on me!"

It is a coincidence worth mentioning that the "Roselle," the vessel Clarinda sailed in to Jamaica, was the one in which Burns had intended to sail to the same island a few years earlier.

For frontispiece Dr. Ross' book has the silhouette portrait, that appears in Fatsom's six volume edition of the poet's works, edited by Scott Douglas, the original of which long adorned Clarinda's room, but is now, it is said the property of Mr. William Campbell of Cammo, but will ultimately be placed in the National Portrait Gallery. The following letters will explain its origin:

Thursday Noon, February 7, 1786. "I shall go tomorrow forenoon to Miers alone. What size do you want it about? Oh Sylvander, if you wish my peace, let friendship be the word between us. I tremble at more."

Thursday Night, February 7, 1788. "I thank you for going to Miers. Urge him for necessity calls, to have it done by the middle of next week, Wednesday the latest day. I want it for a breast pin to wear next my heart. I propose to keep sacred set times to wander in the woods and wilds for meditation on you. Then, and only then your lovely image shall be produced to the day, with a reverence akin to devotion."

It continued in the poet's possession until the time of his death. It belongs to the time of her youth, and shows her in all the grace and brightness of her voluptuous womanhood. The poet's figure and the contour of her face bespeak her vivacity and beauty. She was formed in heart to entertain romantic friendships,—but this one grew to something more, and it was herself, more than Burns that she had to strive against. Unhappy Clarinda! Woman of the disappointed heart,—she loved much, and much may be forgiven her. Who can read her written words without feeling: "Never were there two hearts formed so exactly alike as ours. Oh, let the scene of Nature remind you of Clarinda! In winter remember the dark shades of her fate; in summer the warmth of her friendship; in autumn, her glowing wish to bestow plenty on all; and let spring animate you with hopes that your friend may yet surmount the wintry blasts of life, and revive to taste a springtime of happiness. At all events, Sylvander, the storms of life will quickly pass, and 'one unbounded spring' ensue all." Love there is not a crime. I charge you to meet me there."

It is too much to hope that they have met, and found no harm in love? PASTOR FELIX.

When chafe the heart to ashes in its pain, Or withers in its vain desire, Tears are the benediction of the rain Falling to quench the fire.—Chas. G. D. Roberts.

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GASTROLOGY, July 26, 1897.

protection for several years, using nothing but relief until I procured some of this wine and had the desired effect. It is the best I have had in its class, and no home is to several hundred from La Grippe.

I am yours gratefully JOHN C. CLOWES.

See You Get It

62 Union Street.

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Thursday Noon, February 7, 1788. I shall go tomorrow forenoon to Miers. What size do you want it about? Sylvander, if you wish my peace, let friendship be the word between us. I am able at more.

Thursday Night, February 7, 1788. I thank you for going to Miers. Urge for necessity calls, to have it done by middle of next week, Wednesday the 10th. I want it for a breast pin to next my heart. I propose to keep set times to wander in the woods wilds for meditation on you. Then, only then your lovely image shall be devoted to the day, with a reverence akin to devotion.

continued in the poet's possession until the time of his death. It belongs to the time of her youth, and shows her in all the beauty and brightness of her voluptuous youth. The pose of her figure and contour of her face bespeak her virginal beauty. She was formed in heart to entertain romantic friendships, but she grew to something more, and she herself, more than Burns that she had never against. Unhappy Clarinda! man of the disappointed heart, she is much, and much may be forgiven. Who can read her written words without feeling: 'Never were there two hearts so exactly alike as ours. Oh, let the face of Nature remind you of Clarinda! I can remember the dark shades of her in summer the warmth of her friend in autumn, her glowing wish to be plenty on all; and let spring animate with hopes that your friend may yet count the wintry blasts of life, and relate to taste a springtime of happiness. In events, Sylvander, the storms of life quickly pass, and 'one unbounded oceanic all.' Love there is not a charge you to meet me there. It is too much to hope that there they meet, and found no harm in love?

PASTOR FELIX.

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Woman and Her Work

Matrimony, like the poor, is with us always, and if it were not I really don't know what would become of the mediocres and dry goods men, for it seems to me that it were not for the boom that such events give to trade, things would languish greatly in those two important branches of commerce. I don't know what would happen if the advanced woman should ever succeed in abolishing marriage and compelling the race to universal bachelorhood and I sincerely hope that day is too far off to affect the present generation, because I think we all love the bustle and excitement that a wedding always brings in its train, and we should be sorry to miss it for the rest of our lives.

Luckily for those amongst us who are not on the verge of matrimony, there seem to be two especial seasons set apart for weddings; if it were not so, I don't see how the rest of us would ever get any clothes made, since all things must give way to the trousseau, in every dress making establishment, and the ordinary customer usually gives way also, whether she wishes to or not.

September is one of the favorite months for weddings, but still a great many brides choose "golden October" as the pleasantest month for travelling, especially when the bridal journey is to extend to New York, and other American cities where October is like our September, and resembles late summer rather than autumn. After all it is a charming season for a wedding and if one happens to live in the country nature herself seems to provide ample material for decorations every field and hedge teeming with golden rod, red berries, and brilliant leaves. Those who live in cities and have well lined purses need only leave their orders with the florist and the caterer, but after all there is far more pleasure and satisfaction to be obtained from the work of one's own hands, and the result is often far more original and pleasing than the work of professional decorators.

First of all think out your plan of decorations and arrange your scheme of colors, white and yellow, is one of the easiest and prettiest combinations for this time of year when sweet peas are still abundant, and white asters, phlox, and white and yellow garden chrysanthemums abound in the gardens, while the fields are still bright with golden rod.

The drawing room, hall, and dining room are the only parts of a house needing special decoration. In the drawing room the principal decorations should consist of a flower screen before which the bride and groom stand, and an artistically arranged mantel which should be the real focus of the whole scheme of decoration. Should the bride's family be so fortunate as to possess an old fashioned pier-glass the work of making the screen will be a mere trifle.

Take four or five fine picture wires invisibly at the top of the glass, and carry them across the face of the glass to the bottom where they must be securely fastened. Twine these wires with ground hemlock, moneywort or any of the creeping vines, which abound in the woods just now. At equal distances on these perpendicular wreaths, fasten bunches of the yellow and white flowers alternating the bunches, so as to avoid a stiff appearance, and at the same time give the look of a regular design to the screen. Above this build a high bold frieze at the top of the mirror with ferns, cedar, or any pretty green branches which will lend themselves readily to the scheme. At the bottom of the glass bank up a mass of green, small cedar or laurel bushes, potted palms or ferns, with the pots concealed, or better still masses of asparagus, if it can be obtained; and you will have a most beautiful and artistic screen.

If this pier glass is not obtainable a very good substitute may be made by covering a light colored horse with wide meshed wire netting, and then making it a mass of greenery set, at intervals with bunches of yellow and white flowers in groups which work out some simple design. The frieze and bank at the foot may be managed as I have already described, and the screen will be almost as pretty as if it had the mirror for a background.

For the mantel decoration it is well to begin with a drapery of white silk ornamented with touches of gold embroidery. Make the wall behind the shell itself a mass of green, with trailing vines ferns and delicate foliage; this can be done with comparative ease as smilax, ivy, etc., can be used, and the pots hidden behind out foliage. On the mantel shell place jars or vases filled with overflowing with white asters or white and yellow chrysanthemums, if they

are obtainable. There is no prettier way to finish the mantel than by banking it with fresh green moss up to the tops of the vases and flower pots, and sticking fresh cut fern leaves through the moss both in groups and singly; the effect is that of a bank of ferns growing in their native woods. Should there be an open grate beneath the mantel it will add greatly to the general effect, as it can be made a mass of green through which stalks of goldenrod and asters are thrust. The chandelier should be twined with green and from the top white satin ribbon four inches wide and twined with a single green vine, should be carried to the four corners of the ceiling. Over doors and windows that are poled and draped, branches of green will be found very effective; in fact it is scarcely possible to use too much green as it all adds greatly to the decorative effect. For the hall and stairway large potted plants such as are to be found in every home, are especially appropriate, they can be massed in the corners on small tables, built into pyramids on their wire stands, and arranged on brackets, the pots being concealed beneath masses of foliage moss, and ferns.

For the stairway nothing can be better than ferns, especially those of the larger and coarser growth which abound in every bit of woods just now. They can be grouped on post and balustrade so as to completely cover the wood, and fastened in place with a thin cord the color of the baluster. The landing at the top can be set with ferns and potted India rubber plants, and palms, or even with commoner plants, carefully and effectively arranged.

Drawing room, hall and stairs being finished we come to the most important room of all, the one where the wedding luncheon is served. Where the guests are at all numerous the table is usually in the form of a T, a short table placed across the end of a long one securing the desired shape. At this short table, which is known as the bride's table, facing the longer one, sit the bride party, the bride and groom in the centre, with the bridesmaids and groomsmen, the rest of the guests occupying seats at the longer table. The father and mother of the bride face each other in the centre of the long table, and a male guest of honor, perhaps the clergyman, occupies the foot.

Of course the decoration begins with the napery, and if possible the damask should have a plain centre the border being as elaborate in design as possible. For the centre there may be either a wide strip of white silk or satin running the entire length of the table, or a wide scarf of Honiton lace; but quite as effective is the large square of white linen embroidered in an elaborate design of white asters and their green leaves, which is often substituted by people of excellent taste. On this is placed a tall epergne, one of the old-fashioned kind with three or four branch-like receptacles for flowers, if possible, and in these branches mass a quantity of white asters, roses, gladioli, any white, or very pale tinted flowers in fact, with plenty of maidenhair fern. Around the base of this let there be a closely trimmed wreath of smilax which will form a small mound. If desired, this scheme can be carried out as a border to the edge of the table, by pinning small and delicate bunches of maidenhair fern with groups of white carnations, or any other pretty white flower, at equal distance apart. These bunches should be tied with very narrow white satin ribbon in bows with ends, and the pinning should be done from the under side of the cloth.

The part of the cloth which falls in folds below the table, is usually rather neglected but nothing adds more to the beauty of the table than a tasteful garniture here. First see that the folds fall gracefully at the corners, and then group bunches of ferns, and the smallest white flowers obtainable, amid the folds. These little bouquets must be very tiny, tied with loops of white ribbon and fastened securely underneath with good sized pins. The same little bunches should be arranged at equal distances along the lower border of the cloth, and the effect will be found to amply repay the trouble expended. The long table may be decorated after an entirely different plan, the scheme of color being yellow and goldenrod, chrysanthemums and the hardy yellow garden chrysanthemums, upon which frost has so little effect, can form the basis of the decorations, relieved with green. As a table border nothing can exceed in beauty the moneywort, or creeping Charley, of the woods, which should be arranged at the extreme edge of the table.

There is just one essential to be observed with these lovely home decorations—they must be fresh. If the wedding is to be in the evening, leave them as late in the day as possible, preparing everything else, but leaving the flowers to the very last; and if it is to be a morning function, rising a couple of hours earlier in the morning in order to put the finishing touches, if they

A Word About

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tables and the more fragile decorations in which cut flowers are to be used.

There seems to be a perfect craze for souvenirs of weddings, a flower from the bride's bouquet a knot of ribbon from her dress even a hairpin which had really helped to support her tresses on the eventful day—all these have been highly prized by her girl friends, while the one who was fortunate enough to catch her bouquet when she threw it into the crowd of friends who were waiting to catch a last glimpse of her at the station, as her train moved off—was accounted lucky indeed.

A novel and very charming conception to this fancy, is a photographic souvenir of the occasion which consists of photos of the bride and her maids framed in cream satin, if possible a real piece left from the bride's dress. To be quite correct the satin ground should be covered with mosaic lines of gold, which can easily put on with a fine brush, and gold paint. In the centre are two oval spaces bordered with a line of gold, and finished at the top with two tiny sprays of leaves turning up in a sort of Napoleonic wreath, in which are placed small photos of the bride and her maid of honor. At each corner is another oval space slightly smaller, and merely bordered with gold without the wreaths for the four bridesmaids. If the wedding has been a quiet one, with but one maid, of course there are but the two centre spaces, but there is no provision made for the bridegroom in any case; somehow he does not seem to count at all on these occasions.

The frame is easily made at home and is stretched on card board, and lined at the back with either white silk or linen. The photos are supposed to be of the small "sunbeam" variety or the small diagonal cards which do not take up too much space.

ASTRA.

HER UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

The Troubles of a Young House-Wife and her Cure.

'Oh, Mrs. Tin-Wedding, I'm so glad to see you,' exclaimed Mrs. June-Bride as they met unexpectedly on the ferry. 'You are the very person I wanted to see of all others in the world,' she went on with a suspicion of a tremble in her voice and a watery look in her big soft brown eyes, 'I'm so worried that I could cry, and you've given me some good pointers that have guided me over many a rough place since my marriage.'

'Tut, tut, my dear; what's the trouble now?' said the motherly Mrs. Tin-Wedding giving the other's hand an affectionate little squeeze.

'Mrs. Tin-wedding,' confided Mrs. June-Bride, 'what do you think? Mr. June-Bride went off to his office in a half this morning, and it was all his fault.'

'Poor little dear,' said Mrs. Tin-Wedding soothingly. 'Tell me all about it, for you know it won't go any further and you might just as well have the benefit of my experience.'

'You see it's been brewing all summer,' began Mrs. June Bride, and all the men around deliberately neglected their business and listened. 'You know when we took

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the cottage in the suburbs and decided to keep house during the summer we agreed to keep open house, but Mr. June-Bride promised always to let me know when he was going to bring people out from town, for you know what an inexperienced house-keeper I am. Well, he did so all during the month of July and I never was so happy in my life. I was always ready for guests when I knew they were coming, and when they arrived was able to take my ease and enjoy them. Along about the first of August Mr. June-Bride brought one of his old college chums out without letting me know. It was wash day, the range was out of order, the laundress, who comes in by the day had gone back on me, and the cook had to do the laundry work, and altogether it was the last day in the world that I wanted company. We had about the poorest dinner we've had since we were married, but I made the best of it, and didn't say a word to my husband about being put out.

In a few days he came home bringing two college chums without letting me know, and, if you please, the next week in he walked with three. When you have a laughing dinner for two persons it is no laughing matter to have three extra big strapping men walk in to dine. I didn't know what to do, for it wasn't like being in the city, where one can send out and get anything. But I dashed around and pieced up some kind of a meal. We certainly had some queer dishes for a dinner, but I murmured something about the groceries not coming out from the city, though it hurt my conscience awfully to do it. That night I gave Mr. June-Bride particular fits for the first time, and told him that when he knew our finances did not permit of a lavish every-day provision that would tide over unexpected guests, I thought it was as little as he could do to telegraph me when he was going to bring people home with him. What do you think he said Mrs. Tin-Wedding? He only laughed at me and said he thought the dinner was O. K., and that the fellows seemed to think so too, and that I was a dear little goose who worried unnecessarily.

'Just like a man,' remarked Mrs. Tin-Wedding.

'It seems to me that every man my husband ever knew at Yale came to New York during August, and I know he brought every one that did come out to our house unexpectedly. I was as patient as I could be for awhile, but the thing has been terribly wearing on my nerves, and the explosion came last night when he brought three men again, all howling swells at that, and I had six little lamb chops for a meat and had ordered raw oysters for two, for the cook won't touch 'em. After the men left I let out on Mr. June-Bride and he got angry too, and this morning he left without kissing me. It's very hard when I try so hard to be economical and do the right thing. He insists that we shall stay in the country and keep house through October, but it will make me crazy if he keeps bringing company home without warning me, as he has done for the last six months. Can't you tell me some way out of it? Arthur said this morning that he was disappointed in me, because he never expected the day to come when I would nag him about asking his own friends to his own house, and that just broke my heart. Can't you tell me some way out of my trouble?'

'Simplest thing in the world, my dear,' responded Mrs. Tin-Wedding cheerfully. 'I had the very same trouble the first year that I kept house, and now my husband can bring six men to dinner or luncheon or breakfast or supper unexpectedly, and I defy him to make me cross or nervous doing so.'

The men all looked at her in amazement and the women within hearing distance listened attentively.

'You see,' continued Mrs. Tin-Wedding, 'I hit upon a plan of always being ready for the unexpected guest. I provided myself with what I call an emergency shelf. I took the top shelf in my pantry and on that I placed a dozen cans of French peas, a dozen cans of tomatoes ready for soup, a dozen bottles of best extract ready for bouillon, a dozen cans of sweet corn, a pumber, of jars of canned whole tomatoes, which make a very good salad, and a half dozen bottles of salad dressing. To these I added corned beef, salmon, codfish, and such things, and a large package of self raising flour. So as not to be worried when it came to sweets, I placed there a few cans of preserves and fruit and several glasses of jelly, and I assure you I can get up a fine dessert in a quarter of an hour. In my ice box I always keep steak, chops, veal cutlets, or some meat that can be quickly prepared if Mr. Tin-Wedding comes in bringing friends. All of the things I keep on my emergency shelf, you see, can be prepared very readily. Such a lot of edibles cost only a trifle, and their saving in temper and comfort of mind and heartache is worth their weight in gold. Sometimes it is only necessary to use one or two articles from the shelf for an unexpected guest, but each one should be replaced the very next day, for the comfort of the thing lies in knowing that everything is there. Get up an emergency shelf, and you can let your husband bring as many people home as he pleases without warning you. Don't you want to come with me to the grocer's and let me help you select the things for your emergency shelf now, dear?' she asked as the gong sounded.

'Oh, thank you so much my dear Mrs. Tin-Wedding,' exclaimed the young woman. 'But couldn't you meet me there at noon and then go out to lunch with me. I want to run by Mr. June-Bride's office to tell him he can bring the Yale alumni home at any time without letting me know if he wants to.'

'Poor little thing!' ejaculated a crusty, unmarried-looking man. 'The old woman has a lot of common sense,' commented his companion. 'I wish my wife could get some pointers from her.' That woman isn't specially good looking, but she gambles on it that she could manage a whole regiment of men.'

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AN UNLUCKY NUGGET

HISTORY OF THE LONG POTATO NUGGET IN CALIFORNIA.

Two Murders Followed Its Discovery—It Had Many Owners and Brought Little Profit to Any—A Miner's Experience With It—Last Appearance of the Nugget.

The current stories of gold nuggets recalled to a forty-miner this strange history of an early California lump of gold.

'This nugget,' he said: 'was found in the summer of 1853 by a Mexican miner who was washing out dirt in a gulch leading down towards Dry Creek, in Amador county.

At the head of the gulch a party of Digger Indians were in camp. One day one of the Indians came slouching along where the Mexican was at work in his crude and careless way and stopped to watch him.

The Mexican kept a suspicious watch on the Indian out of the corner of his eye as he manipulated the cradle, for the Diggers were inveterate thieves, and did not hesitate to kill if it aided them in a robbery.

The Indian eyed eagerly every pile of tailings the miner threw out, and after awhile the Mexican saw him stoop down quickly, dart his hand like a flash into the tailings and make a rapid motion with it to the breast of his buckskin shirt—a garment which he had undoubtedly looted from some miner.

Then the Indian rose to his feet and watched the Mexican as before. The suspicious miner asked the Indian what he had found in the trailings.

The Indian, without replying, ran up the gulch as fast as he could. That was enough for the Mexican. He knew that the Indian had found gold, and he started in pursuit of the fleeing savage, drawing a keen, long-bladed knife from his belt as he ran.

'The Indian led the Mexican a long chase. The digger camp was about three miles from the Mexican's claim, and the Indian was almost within sight of it before his pursuer overtook him.

Then the Mexican plunged his knife to the hilt between the Indian's shoulders. With a yell the Indian fell to the ground. The miner tore open the Indian's shirt and found a gnarled and knotted lump of pure gold. Seizing the treasure, he thrust his knife once more into the body of the Indian, and hastened back to his camp.

Two days later he was found dead in his tent, his body covered with spear wounds and his scalp gone. It was then that the finding of the nugget, its theft by the Indian, and its tragic recovery by the miner first became known in the mining camps.

A Mexican woman who lived with the miner had been sent by him to a camp at Dry Creek, the day after the nugget was found, to carry the news to his brother, who was working there, and tell him to come to the gulch digging.

It was she and the brother who found the miner dead and mutilated in his tent when they got there from Dry Creek.

'The manner of the Mexican's murder was so unmistakably that of the Digger Indians that there could be no doubt who the assassins were. It was supposed that the yell of the Indian, when the Mexican's knife sank into his back, was heard at the Digger camp, and members of the party went to see what it meant.

There being life enough left in their dying companion, he had been able to tell them what had befallen him and who was responsible for his fate. The Indian's companions had simply avenged his death and at the same time recovered the nugget.

The dead miner's brother and a party of other Mexicans started in pursuit of the Indians, but they found the camp deserted, and the trail the Diggers had taken could not be located.

The news of the finding of this nugget and the tragic incidents that followed it spread through the mining camps. The lump of gold was described as resembling in form a long potato, covered with smaller potatoes in bunches, its dimensions being about four inches long and two inches in mean width.

From its peculiar shape it got the name of the Long Potato Nugget, and its fame was wide. Nothing was heard of the nugget for months, and its reappearance was only momentary, so to speak, and came about in a queer way.

'One of the most reckless and dissipated miners of those reckless days was Sam Lovell. He had dumped more dust on gambling tables than any other miner on Cosumnes River, where he had worked and toiled away various claims.

One day in the fall, after the nugget was found, Sam was riding home on his mule to his camp from a mining town. Sam was drunk. On his way he met three Digger Indians. They stopped him and wanted to buy his mule. He didn't want to sell it, but at last one of the Indians stealthily drew something from beneath his blanket and told Sam they would give him that for the mule.

When Sam's eyes fell on what the Indian had in his hand it almost knocked him sober. It was the long lost potato nugget, which had already cost two lives, and for which every miner in the moun-

tains was looking. The Indians were evidently anxious to get rid of the gold, for of course its possession was a constant menace to their safety. Sam dismounted from his mule, handed it over to the Indian and received the nugget. Drunk as he was, he knew the importance of keeping his possession of the murdered Mexican's lost treasure a secret.

When he reached his tent he hid the nugget and tumbled in to sleep off his drunk. When he woke next morning he remembered trading the mule for the nugget, but he could not recall the place where he had hidden the lump of gold.

'According to the tale Sam told afterward, he hunted in every nook and corner of his claim, dug up ground on all sides of it, split no end of hollow logs, turned over stones of all sorts and sizes, working for days in the search, but no nugget, could he find. He at last made up his mind that the Indians had regretted their trade, sneaked back, found the gold, and carried it off again.

Sam was terribly disappointed, for he had made up his mind to quietly work his way to Frisco with his treasure and break every bank in town with it. When he gave up the search for the nugget in disgust, he went back to the mining camp and filled up again. The minute he had reached the stage of intoxication he was in the night he traded his mule for the lump of gold, it all came back to him where he had hidden it. He started for his claim at once, without saying a word to any one; but for fear that he might get sober on the way and forget where the nugget was he carried a jug of camp whiskey along with him to keep his head level.

Arriving at his tent all right, he walked over to an old pair of boots at one side of the tent, shoved his hand down into the leg of one boot, and found his nugget, just where he had hidden it.

'But poor Sam didn't have the satisfaction of even trying to break the Frisco fare bank with the dead Mexican's treasure, after all. For fear that he might hide it again and forget where it was for good and all, he took to carrying the lump secreted on his person, and within half a day he discovered that he had lost it. How he lost it or where was more than he could remember. He was sober at the time, and he laid it to that. So he went to drinking harder than ever. Being unable to find the nugget, he told his story about it in camp for the first time, and the search for it became general. Shortly after losing the nugget Sam died with delirium tremens. I was in there then, and when Sam died it was agreed that if any one in camp found the nugget it should be his individual property.

'Just about that time a stranger came into camp and looked around two or three days. Being a stranger, no one said anything to him, of course, about the lost Long Potato Nugget. He went away, and the search for the nugget went on. I remained there a month or so.

'After a time I went down to Frisco, and the very day I got there there was quite a stir over the robbery of the safe at the hotel where I stopped, the excitement being chiefly owing to the fact that a big nugget of pure gold, belonging to a man named Peters was among the property taken by the robbers. The nugget was described, and I was certain that it must be the missing Long Potato Nugget that was last in possession of poor Sam Lovell away up on the Cosumnes River. If there had been any doubt in my mind about the matter it would have disappeared when I met the man Peters. He was none other than the stranger who had spent the three days in camp where Sam had lost the nugget. I immediately asked Peters for an explanation. He was unmistakably astounded when I told him the story of the nugget. As said he had only been in California a few weeks, being from Illinois.

While at the camp on Cosumnes River, in one of his strolls, he had stumbled on something, and looking down, saw that it was an old boot, lying half way in the leg of which was the nugget. He quickly picked it up, and, believing the find his, said nothing about it for fear the miners would object to his keeping it—which was a wise precaution—and quietly left the camp with it.

'Plainly, then, Sam Lovell had hidden his lump of gold again, this time while sober, and getting drunk had forgotten it, as he feared he would. If he had only become sober once more the chances are that he would have remembered where he had placed the nugget and got possession of it again.

'No trace of the robbers could be found and Peters must have left the place, for I saw him no more. Two months later I was walking down Montgomery street and seeing a crowd of people gazing in a jeweller's window, stopped to see what the attraction was. When I saw what it was I almost jumped out of my boots. It was the Long Potato Nugget. I passed into the store to see if I could learn how it came to be there. The proprietor frankly told me that it had been played in by a stranger at a faro bank in the city a month before and the jeweller had purchased it of the owner

of the bank. The jeweller was as much surprised to hear the history of the lump as I was that any person could establish a valid claim to the nugget he could have it. That was a safe enough offer. I thought, for it wasn't likely anyone could do that. At any rate, no one ever had the opportunity to try, for this nugget of many vicissitudes disappeared from the jeweller's window the next day, having been stolen so the jeweller said, by a very clever thief. Who never the thief might have been, he was no more clever in getting the nugget than in keeping it, for from that day to this, so far as I know, nothing has ever been seen or heard of the Long Potato Nugget.'

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THE FUTURE TELEGRAPH.

Every Man Will Prepare his Own Message Slip.

An increasing amount of attention is being given nowadays to the possibilities of rapid telegraphy. By the Wheatstone system in which a previously punched strip of paper is fed into the transmitter, from 100 to 150 words a minute, are now easily sent over a single wire, a speed which is three or four times that of the operator who manipulates a Morse key. By the Rogers system, not yet in general use, it is claimed that 200 words a minute can be handled and printed on a typewriter automatically. What is called the DeLany system is still more rapid. But all these achievements and projects are surpassed by a plan described by Lieut. Geo. Owen Squier of the Third United States artillery and assistant professor of physics at Dartmouth. In some experiments conducted by Lieutenant Squier in co-operation with Prof. A. C. Crehore at Fort Monroe, a speed of 1,200 words per minute was actually attained and the assertion is made that from 3,000 to 6,000 words a minute may be sent by the same system between points as far apart as New York and Chicago.

One great novelty about the new plan is that it utilizes an alternating current instead of a constant one. Now, if an alternating current is interrupted, and if the interruption occurs at just the stage of an alteration, which is midway between a positive and a negative wave, there will be no spark, because the force which was flowing in one direction subsides to zero before it begins to flow in the other. What Messrs. Squier and Crehore propose, then, is to interrupt their current and restore it at just such 'zero points' in the oscillation as this. But the sparks will not disappear unless the 'make' and 'break' occur at precisely the right instant; and thus a simple and valuable guide is afforded the operator in adjusting his apparatus. When he finds that sparking has ceased, he knows that his transmitter interrupts and restores the flow at the zero stage, and is working in perfect harmony with the particular frequency of alternation employed.

Now, let us suppose that the Morse alphabet, which is composed of dots and dashes, is to be tried with this system. In that case a break lasting from the beginning of a positive wave, but continuing past its subsidence through the rise and fall of the negative wave also, would make a dash. The machine by which messages are sent with an alternating current, is very simple. A narrow wheel with a flat narrow periphery is kept in rotation at a rate which is rapid and is equal to an integer number of cycles. Let us imagine, now, that the wire carrying the messages is cut in two, and the adjacent ends are provided with flexible metallic tips or 'brushes' and that these two brushes rest, side by side on the periphery of the wheel. Obviously the current will flow from one brush into the metal of the wheel, and thence into the other brush, so long as the wheel remains clean. If, however, a little patch of paper or other insulating material be attached to the periphery at a certain point, every time it comes round it will break the contact between one brush and the wheel, and thus open the circuit. As soon as the patch is past the connection will be restored.

This, however, was not the exact plan really pursued. In practice a long, narrow strip of paper was kept in motion by the wheel, just as a belt is by a pulley. This strip has been previously perforated with holes of different lengths, long or short, and carefully spaced. One brush rested on top of it, and the other pressed upward against it from below, the two being removed a short distance from the wheel, and situated one directly above the other. So long as the brushes were separated by the paper strip no current would flow, but when a hole permitted one to reach through and touch the other the current would be restored. The interruption and restorations of the current always occurred at the zero stage, between positive and negative waves, so that no sparking resulted after the brushes were once adjusted. The wheel was geared to the dynamo so as to make one revolution to every 184 half-cycles. An actual speed of 1,200 words a minute was secured, and three or four times that rate is said to be entirely feasible.

It is thought that a telegraph company of the future will fulfill a somewhat different function from the present ones. The company will own its own wires and rights of way as now, but the tendency of the offices proper will be to transmit and receive letters already prepared, rather than to undertake the preparation of the letters as well. When the system comes into general use, business offices will have their own perforators, and it will become necessary for the operator to learn the telegraph alphabet as a part of his preparation as a stenographer and typewriter. The three-key perforating machine is comparatively inexpensive, but undoubtedly a machine could be devised at an early date, as an attachment to the present typewriter, for the purpose of perforating letters at the

same time that they are being written by the typewriter in the usual way. These perforated strips of paper will be carried to the telegraph post-office, as letters are now delivered at the post-office, and the telegraph operator will slip the strip on the machine, and off will go the message.

Stinging Corns. Next to a stinging conscience, makes life a misery. The stinging pain of a corn may be speedily and painlessly removed by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Twenty-four hours after Putnam's is applied the corn may be removed.

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY. The Gas was not Turned on but the Student had his way.

It is almost as dangerous to be too clever as to be stupid. According to Short Stories that is what a student of Yale College found out one day. He belonged to a chemistry class, before the members of which Professor Silliman was going to experiment with laughing-gas.

This student knew a little about the effects of laughing-gas, and he explained to his companions that since under its influence no one was responsible for his words, he was going to take the opportunity to tell Professor Silliman what he thought of him. The scheme might have worked well but for one unforeseen circumstance. Professor Silliman overheard the conversation.

When the professor remarked that for the purposes of illustration he should like to administer the gas to some member of the class, the plotter of mischief at once volunteered.

The leather bag was connected with his mouth and he soon appeared much excited. He began to abuse his professor, and to say many things which he would not have dared to say except under cover of the peculiar circumstances.

Professor Silliman allowed him to go on for a time, and then casually remarked that his young friend had become prematurely irresponsible, for the gas had not yet been turned on. Only those who have been to college and who know how a chemistry class can applaud, can imagine the uproar that followed.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1 LB AND 2 LB TIN CANS. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

French P D Corsets



The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style. Wholesale only. KOENIG & STUFFMANN, Victoria Square, Montreal.

Oak Leaf Soap

Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market. We ourselves think it is one of the best values ever turned out from our factory.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

DEWOLVER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

BABY WAS CURED. DEAR SIR,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints. MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

THE HEAD MASTER. GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public. R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

TURKISH DYES

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

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Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by the Famous Golden Siphon. 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 Widows, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SIPHON CO. TORONTO, Ont.

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CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, and Consolidated Montreal and Sorel, Central Ontario Railway, Northern and Western Railway, International Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Cumberland Line to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 200 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory and British Columbia. Express ready to be sent from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent, and Scotland, France

JOE'S CONVERSION.

Billy Capstan and Teddy Luff, two middle-aged fishermen, stood, or rather leaned against one of those tall tar-smear'd wooden buildings at the front of the old town of Hastings; a building used for the hanging of nets and the storing of other paraphernalia of the fishing industry. Their boat, The Sober Jade, was hauled up high and dry on the pebbly beach, and the two men, silently smoking short clay pipes with bowls turned downwards, now and then cast a wistful glance at the craft of which they were part owners. According to the poem there should have been three fishers who went sailing to the west as the sun went down, but in this case the third, who was shipper and predominant partner of the craft, was, as Teddy Luff phrased it, lying up for repairs. Both men knew that he was dangerously near the boundary line of that fantastic country known as delirium tremens, and The Sober Jade was now out of the water waiting for her master to sober off.

Joe Rutlin, the captain of The Sober Jade, was not a man to be expostulated with. He was one of the domineering sort when sober, which was seldom, and very much more so when drunk, his principal line of argument being the flooring of a man with a hand-pike; therefore his partners and crew tried to avoid discussion with him, for in silence on their part lay the chances of a long life and immunity from bruises and black eyes. Even between themselves Billy and Teddy did not dwell at any length conversationally upon the shortcomings of their master and partner. Each of the two men liked a drop of grog himself, but neither had the ambition to be the main support of the rum industry, as was apparently the case with Capt. Joe Rutlin.

The two men stood there silently with their hands thrust deep in their trousers pockets, pulling at their pipes, and they seemed to find dumb consolation in each other's presence, although their disgust at the unsatisfactory situation of things found no expression in words. As they stood thus, there blew alongside a man from London, who began to ask them questions regarding nets and fishing boats, and the hard life they were supposed to lead, as is the custom with London visitors to Hastings. The men answered him with respectful patience, as had been their habit for years, going over the same dull round, for there is little originality in the questioning of a London man.

Yes, they encountered a bit of nasty weather now and then. No, there wasn't much money in the fishing industry. Yes, most of their catch went to London. No, the nets weren't painted brown to conceal them from the fish, but to preserve them. Yes, coming in and out of the water a good bit, they were apt to rot, and he's were expensive. No, they weren't going out that day on account of the skipper being ill. Under the weather a bit. No, his mialady wasn't exactly caused by the hard life he led. Yes, he'd get over it; he'd had these spells before, but he'd always recovered, although he seemed to be getting a bit worse as time went on. Yes, the chances were his trouble would carry him off some day, unless he was swept overboard in the meantime, and Teddy allowed that Joe would hate to come to his death by means of water.

Turn about is but fair play, and by and by the Londoner, from extracting information, began to impart some to the two men who listened attentively. If he were a fisherman, the London man said, he would put out to sea at once and sail for Spitzhead. The whole fleet was going to be on view there, and a grand sight it would be, especially on Saturday night. Billy replied that as a usual thing they saw too much of the fleet. 'We don't care much about the fleet,' he added, 'except to keep out of its way. A warship won't swerve from its course for anything afloat; and as for them torpedo boat catchers he's a wise man who gives them a wide berth.'

'There will be no danger on Saturday night,' said the Londoner, 'for the ships are all anchored, and the light of them will be something a man never can forget. For each of the craft will have her outlines defined by something like a thousand electric lights, shaping her in the fire; masts, ropes, funnel, and all the rest of it. There will be over a hundred and fifty ships all ablaze like this, and on that night the electric fleet will be worth seeing.'

At imparting this lurid information the Londoner went his way and left the two men meditating over what he had told them. At last Teddy said solemnly: 'If we could run the old man up against that fleet of fire, and him not knowing anything of it, he'd think he had 'em sure wouldn't he?' 'Yes,' admitted Billy. 'It would be a kind o' dazzles.'

'Let's get him aboard,' cried Teddy resolutely, 'and give him a lesson. We can drift down Spitzhead way and come on it kind o' casual like Saturday night, then if the fleet's ablaze, as the stranger said, it would make Joe think judgement day had come, and he likely swear off and not touch rum any more.'

'It's worth trying,' said Billy. 'And anyhow, I'd like to see the fleet all lit up. We can pretend to Joe that we notice nothing out of ordinary, and I think that will stagger the old man.'

The two fishers without more ado trudged off to Capt. Joe's cottage. The skipper was feeling mighty bad and rusty. He sat with his head in his hands and gave no greeting to his shipmates. The prospect of getting him aboard did not look any too cheerful, and perhaps they would have been unsuccessful had not Mrs. Capt. Rutlin told the men that they ought to be ashamed of themselves coming after a sick man who ought to be ashed, if he knew what was good for him. He wasn't in a fit state to go out in a boat. This at once aroused Capt. Joe Rutlin. He'd show her who was in a fit state, he cried, so bundling his two partners out of the house, and roaring defiance to his wife, who tried to

stop his exit, he followed them down to the beach, and in a short time The Sober Jade was afloat on the salt water again, heading out from Hastings. There was some shrewdness after all, the captain's going to sea; the doctor had forbidden him liquor and now giving the wheel to Teddy Luff, the skipper set himself industriously at the consumption of what rum there was aboard. No one dared say a word to him, or expostulate. And thus the three fishers sailed to the west as the sun went down on Saturday afternoon.

There came up a wild thunderstorm which drove the captain below, for he had not his oilskins on, and it also gave Billy an opportunity of largely diluting the rum with water, which the captain was now too drunk to notice. Teddy began to fear that the old man would be too far gone for notice the fleet, even if it all blew up, but the drenching he got before getting under cover partly sobered him, and dilution of his grog kept him from getting much more intoxicated. As darkness came on The Sober Jade had 'risen the fleet,' as Teddy put it, and getting under the lee of the Isle of Wight, Billy cast anchor and there they lay.

'I'm afraid,' said Teddy, 'that the old man won't come up on deck again of his own accord. I don't see how we can persuade him to come up ourselves, for we can't pretend we see anything.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said Billy. 'I've put the rum up for'ard and he hasn't much more to go on, so we'll hear him sing out after a bit.'

At 9 o'clock the first of the illuminated ships broke out in dazzling splendor, quite taking away the breath of the on-lookers, and shortly after the whole fleet was one gigantic display of glittering starlike beauty as if the constellations of the heavens had fallen and shaped themselves into fairy ships.

'My eye!' said Teddy, 'I never saw anything like that before.'

'Nor did I,' answered Billy. 'Both of the men were gazing with such admiration at the scintillating fleet that they forgot all about their inebriated captain until he roared up at them.'

'Here you Teddy Luff; bring me some more rum.'

'I got something better to do,' growled Teddy. 'Go and get it yourself; it's out for'ard.'

'I'll have to come up there,' said the captain, 'I'll throw you overboard. Billy Capstan, bring aft the rum.'

'Captain Joe Rutlin,' cried Billy, 'you've had more than your share now. I've put the rum for'ard, and there the rum stays.'

With a resounding oath the captain came up, and then stopped, stricken dumb by the amazing sight spread out before his eyes. He drew his hand slowly across his forehead.

'My God!' he cried, 'Billy, what's that?' 'What's what?' said Billy, indifferently coiling a rope with his back to the fleet, while Teddy was busying himself near the wheel.

'What's that I see in the offing?' cried Captain Joe. 'Look at it a standing out between sea and sky, like a thousand ships afloat!'

Billy and Teddy looked over in the direction pointed. Teddy shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

'What is it?' asked the captain, and his crew was pleased to notice a tremor of anxiety in his shaky voice.

'Rum, I expect,' answered Billy grimly. 'I don't see nothing, do you Teddy?' 'No, said Teddy, 'except b'a k water and blacker sky!'

'Look again, boys,' cried the captain. 'Off there, nor-nor-west. Don't you see the lights?'

There was a trace of nervous apprehension in the skipper's tone. His two comrades turned their gaze to the nor-nor-west, and again shook their heads.

'Don't see no lights,' murmured Billy. 'Then,' said the captain defiantly, 'I've got 'em! I've got 'em, boys, I've been o'ten on the boarders before, but now I've got 'em sure.'

'Looks like it, skipper,' said Teddy sympathetically, 'but don't get frightened, Joe; it'll be all right if you swear off. That is sent as a warning you should pay heed to.'

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A SUFFERER IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Suffered From Weak Heart and Could not Satisfy Walk any Distance—How the Pulse of Life Was Adjusted.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

The romance of unwritten facts of real life far exceeds the rich elaborations of fiction. A peep behind the scenes would furnish us with adequate proof that there is more of care, trial and severe anxiety in human life than floats on the surface. We find many whose experience has almost incessantly fluctuated between health and sickness; little if any of this is obtruded upon the notice of the world, or breathed into human ear. You may secure the confidence of some of these sufferers who will rehearse to you an often ill understood by the friends and inadequately treated by the physician. Thanks be to the mighty genius that discovered the now famous panacea for the ills to which humanity is subjected when suffering from impoverished blood or a shattered nerve system. Thousands have and thousands are still using to the great advantage Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have passed the ordeal of experiment again and again with ever increasing honor. The following statement is from one who was rescued from seeming permanent enfeeblement and distressing heart action. Mary Fisher, of Lancaster township, Glengarry county, is a maiden lady. About eight years ago, Miss Fisher was seized with weakness and a distressing sensation in the region of the heart. It was attributed to several causes, all possibly more or less true, they were overwork, exposure etc. She was certainly weak and the action of the heart was abnormally rapid. The doctor in attendance pronounced the ailment nervous palpitation of the heart and she received treatment accordingly for two years. At this stage she took to her bed she was so low. For twelve months she lay receiving only domestic attention. She improved somewhat, however, and was able to be taken to a friend of hers near Lancaster village, Mrs. J. Haney, where she was under medical attendance and took medicine for about three years. At the end of this time she could not safely venture to walk out even a short distance. All this time she complained of her heart. About two years ago she began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, from this date she began what proved a steady restoration of nervous energy. The improvement was marked. She was able by the middle of the summer to do as much work and walking as most ordinary women, and to satisfactory and apparently permanent the cure that Miss Fisher has gone to her former home. Such are the unvarnished facts of a remarkable case. The malady was persistent, tenacious and hard to fight. But the constant use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wrought a marvelous change, which Miss Fisher's friend said might be profitably known to many others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Fictoria and Halifax.....12.30 Express for Halifax.....12.35 Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Springhill Junction.....12.40 Express for Sussex.....12.45 Express for Robshaw.....12.50 Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney.....12.55 Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 12.50 o'clock, and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....6.00 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....7.15 Express from Sussex.....8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene.....12.40 Express from Halifax, Fictoria and Campbellton.....12.50 Express from Robshaw.....12.55 Express from Montreal.....12.55

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives, 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, Moncton, N. B., 16th June, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Excursion

.....TO.....

PORTLAND and BOSTON

COMMENCING MONDAY, 13th inst., R.E. TURN TICKETS will be sold to Portland or Boston, good for return within 30 days from date sold, at the

ONE WAY : : : UNLIMITED FARE.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted)

Lve. St. J. on 7.00 a.m., ar. Digby 9.30 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., ar. St. John, 3.30 p.m. S.S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Fargrover, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 5.50 a.m., ar. in Digby 11.55 a.m. Lve. Digby 12.05 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 2.40 p.m. Lve. Halifax 3.00 a.m., ar. Digby 12.45 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 9.58 a.m. Lve. Digby 10.05 a.m., ar. Halifax 4.48 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.30 a.m., ar. Digby 10.20 a.m. Lve. Digby 10.25 a.m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a.m., ar. Digby 8.30 a.m. Lve. Digby 4.45 p.m., ar. Annapolis 6.05 p.m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Annapolis.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every MONDAY and TUESDAY immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Lone Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p.m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steerage can be obtained on application to City Agent.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4-Trips a Week-4 THE STEEL STEAMERS BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, Returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER, President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf, Boston, Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th, The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf at Hampton for Indiantown.....

Mondays Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5.30 a. m.

Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly.

CAPT. E. G. BARLE, Manager.

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