

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Atlantic Railway.

DAY, the 22nd June of this Railway will be completed as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN  
St. John, Fredericton, 11.30  
St. John, Moncton, 12.30  
St. John, Miramichi, 1.30  
St. John, Edmundston, 2.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 3.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 4.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 5.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 6.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 7.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 8.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 9.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 10.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 11.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 12.30

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:  
Carleton Place, 11.30  
Grand Falls, 12.30  
Carleton Place, 1.30  
Grand Falls, 2.30  
Carleton Place, 3.30  
Grand Falls, 4.30  
Carleton Place, 5.30  
Grand Falls, 6.30  
Carleton Place, 7.30  
Grand Falls, 8.30  
Carleton Place, 9.30  
Grand Falls, 10.30  
Carleton Place, 11.30  
Grand Falls, 12.30

Colonial Railway are based on the following: St. John, Fredericton, 11.30  
St. John, Moncton, 12.30  
St. John, Miramichi, 1.30  
St. John, Edmundston, 2.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 3.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 4.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 5.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 6.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 7.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 8.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 9.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 10.30  
St. John, Grand Falls, 11.30  
St. John, Carleton Place, 12.30

General Manager.  
September, 1896.

## DIAN RY.

## S. C. E.

## ENTION,

## , July 7 to 13

On sale July 6 and 7  
passenger in each direction,  
July 10, at the following  
rates:

St. John to Woodstock, \$20.00  
from other stations.  
of Ticket Agents.

A. H. NOTMAN,  
District Pass. Agt.,  
St. John, N. B.

## Atlantic R'y.

## D SHORT LINE BY

## JOHN, HALIFAX

## BOSTON.

Eastern Standard Time.  
By, March 2nd, trains will  
be as follows:

PRINCE RUPERT  
Service.  
St. John, 11.15 a. m.  
St. John, 3.45 p. m.  
BOSTON TRAINS.  
St. John, 12.30 p. m.  
St. John, 12.45 p. m.  
St. John, 12.55 p. m.  
St. John, 1.10 p. m.  
St. John, 1.25 p. m.  
St. John, 1.40 p. m.  
St. John, 1.55 p. m.  
St. John, 2.10 p. m.  
St. John, 2.25 p. m.  
St. John, 2.40 p. m.  
St. John, 2.55 p. m.  
St. John, 3.10 p. m.  
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St. John, 11.40 p. m.  
St. John, 11.55 p. m.  
St. John, 12.10 p. m.  
St. John, 12.25 p. m.  
St. John, 12.40 p. m.  
St. John, 12.55 p. m.

## NATIONAL

## S. Co.

## Y LINE

## BOSTON.

COMMENCING June 20th  
to Sept. 21st, Steamers of  
this Company will leave St.  
John: MONDAY, 9 p. m.,  
for Eastport, Lunenburg, and  
Boston; TUESDAY, 6  
a. m., for Boston direct.  
WEDNESDAY, 9 p. m., for  
Eastport, Lunenburg, and  
Boston; THURSDAY, 9 p. m., for  
Eastport, Lunenburg, and  
Boston; FRIDAY, 9 p. m., for  
Eastport, Lunenburg, and  
Boston; SATURDAY, 9 p. m., for  
Eastport, Lunenburg, and  
Boston; SUNDAY, 9 p. m., for  
Eastport, Lunenburg, and  
Boston.

on sale at all Railway Stations  
throughout the Province.  
Apply to  
E. LACHNER, Agent.

## STEAMERS

## ton

## Woodstock.

STANDARD TIME.

DAVID WESTON and  
leave St. John every day  
at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and  
Moncton every day (Sunday  
excepted).

WESTON will leave Fredericton  
THURSDAY and SATURDAY  
at 7 a. m., for WOODSTOCK, and  
at alternate days at 7.30 a. m.

moderate citizens having  
the river and to give farming  
the season's earnings; leaving  
St. John EVERY EVENING  
at 6 o'clock for Wickham and  
returning each morning  
at 10 o'clock. St. John at 8.30  
a. m., for Woodstock.

## R CLIFTON.

April 18th, the steamer  
her season's earnings; leaving  
St. John every day (Sunday  
excepted) at 8.30 a. m. for  
Woodstock and intermediate points  
on the river every day at

## RESIGNED HIS CHARGE

### IN EXPECTATION OF COMING TO LABOR IN ST. JOHN.

A Methodist Clergyman Regards His Call as *Non Vido* and Gives up His Former Parish—The Regardment is Cancelled Through the Influence of One Man.

A large sized split has existed for some time in the congregation of one of St. John's leading Methodist churches and at one time the members of the congregation were so much at variance with one another that the very existence of the church was threatened. All the trouble and stormy meetings was caused by the brethren being unable to dwell together in unity, and instead quarrelling constantly among themselves.

Some time ago the pastor of the church resigned in order to accept a charge in

## CAN'T EMPLOY AGENTS.

### THE LEGALITY OF A MARKET BY-LAW BEING QUESTIONED.

There is a Section Which Makes it Necessary for a Man to Attend to his Business Personally—It Will tend to Greatly Injure the Market Trade.

The legality of a certain market by-law is troubling Messrs. Dunn Bros., meat dealers of this city more than a little, as on it depends considerable of their future success in business. For the past fifteen years this firm have occupied a stand in the city market without any idea that they were violating any of the market rules. During a good part of this time Mr. Stephen B. Smith has been acting as their agent and transacting much of their business. It was discovered recently

## THAT NEWCASTLE BROOKING.

### Some of the Facts of McKane's Career in the Maritime Provinces.

Apropos of the row in a hotel in Newcastle and the shooting of Mr. McKenzie by Dr. Benyon whom he and Messrs. Hall and McKane were assaulting, a correspondent sends PROGRESS the following facts respecting McKane who appears to

## BOB-NOB WITH THE ARISTOCRACY

### "Jimmy" Brennan Swops Pipes With Mayor Robertson and Chief Clarke.

Those who follow the daily workings of the police court see and hear many amusing things in the various cases that are tried there. One of the funniest cases came up in the civil docket on Thursday. The complainant in the case was James Brennan and the defendant was the city of St. John as represented by Chief Clarke and Recorder Skinner.

The suit was brought by Brennan to receive \$18 which he claimed the city owes him for 12 days work at \$1.50 per day. When the case came up on Thursday Brennan took the stand and told his story. It seems he applied for a position as special policeman at the time of the exhibition in September last, but he was not appointed.

He appears however to have considered himself as good as engaged and set about performing his duties to the city in a manner that had all the charm of novelty. "Jimmy" was evidently acquainted with the habits of some of the special police and he took to prowling around at unearlier hours to see if by some chance he couldn't catch somebody napping. But everybody was particularly watchful at that time and "Jimmy's" self constituted guardianship of the special police was not very arduous. The first intimation the city had of his brilliant efforts in its behalf was when he made application for his pay. For his invaluable services he wanted \$150 per day but he didn't get it. Recorder Skinner clearly proved that he had not served the city in any capacity and therefore was not entitled to any claim.

At the conclusion of his own evidence Mr. Brennan had another witness ready in the person of Job Sears of the C. P. R. but when examined Sears knew nothing about the case at all, and Jimmy was as badly off as ever.

A happy thought struck him however and he persuaded Chief Clarke to occupy the box and endure a rigid cross-examination.

Chief "said Jimmy," didn't you tell me when I asked you for a job "That'll be all right Jimmy—the job's yours?"

To this the chief replied that he was not even aware that his questioner bore the name of "Jimmy," whereupon Brennan got decidedly angry—"Not know my name was Jimmy—Why manny's the time you've asked me for a chew of tobacco or a drink on the street when you were not as big a man as you are now; then appealing to the magistrate he said, "Why your Honor even the mayor of the city has asked me for a smoke of my pipe. I just mention these little facts, your honor, to let you know the kind of gentlemen I get in town with."

At this juncture the Recorder remarked that when this little exchange of courtesies took place the mayor was probably running an election. Brennan then turned his attention to the recorder and answered him in a way that called for a rebuff from the magistrate to the effect that "Mr. Skinner was not accustomed to being addressed in that manner." Brennan paralyzed every one present by saying "Oh, that's all right; we are Mr. Skinner's old friends; we meet when other folks is sleeping."

"Jimmy" addressed the court at length in his own behalf and his vivid flights of imagination together with his oratorical efforts held the close attention of the large number present.

The case was however dismissed and "Jimmy" was one of the maddest men in town as a result. He still swears vengeance on the chief and talks of appealing the case to a higher tribunal where he can get what he thinks would be a more just and less law.

## SAYS HE WAS FOOLISH

### FOR HAVING ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE LEAR BLACKMAIL.

This is What Lawyer Tremaine Told the Court in Halifax this Week—'Progress' Was Right in Its Exposure—The Facts Brought to Light at Last.

HALIFAX, July 8.—The Byron versus Tremaine case has occupied the attention of Chief Justice McDonald for two days in the supreme court. The old details of the disgraceful case were gone over again and Lawyer Tremaine, the defendant, must have found himself an awfully uncomfortable man. Depositions were made by the man who paid the sum of cash varying from \$400 to \$150 to secure immunity from threatened implication in the Lear divorce suit. Mrs. Lear was expected to put in an appearance in court but she did not come, and her presence was not necessary for C. Hudson Smith who has been acting throughout for Mrs. Byron or Lear, had a mass of evidence so full that additional testimony from the plaintiff was not required. The chief justice, who conducted the trial, expressed his views pretty plainly more than once, and caused considerable trembling in certain quarters. It was thought that possibly he would give judgment at once when the case finished today, but he reserved his decision. The rule requires that judgment be given within sixty days, and the public will join with F. J. Tremaine, the defendant, with Mrs. Byron the plaintiff, not to speak of C. Hudson Smith her lawyer, in awaiting with interest the delivery of that judgment. The time of the court was largely spent in listening to arguments on the question of Tremaine's trusteeship for Mrs. Lear. Lawyer Congdon had Tremaine on the witness stand; C. S. Harrington finally addressed the judge on behalf of Tremaine and Congdon for Mrs. Byron-Lear. Whatever may be the result of the trial what everybody says is this: "Well, one thing is sure, Progress had the right end of the whole sad story."

"Every word PROGRESS ever said about the Lear and their wholesale blackmail, was more than substantiated by the proceedings in the supreme court this week," was the remark made by a prominent citizen to-day.

"I was in the court during part of the trial," he continued, "and if ever a man was in a lamentable position it was the defendant who was being sued for an accounting for the blackmail money paid by young men in Halifax in that Lear business. I pitied Tremaine, and so, also, it seemed, did the chief justice, when he remarked to him:

"You have put yourself in a most unfortunate position, Mr. Tremaine."

"I made a fool of myself" replied the defendant sorrowfully.

"That is putting it mildly," was his lordship's laconic rejoinder.

"The sensational expose made by PROGRESS is amply justified" remarked another citizen, who heard the chief justice caustic remarks when discussing the costs claimed by Tremaine to have been paid for out of the Lear fund. The Chief Justice asked what a certain item meant, and the reply from Tremaine was that it was spent on a trip to St. John to take steps to proceed against the publisher of PROGRESS for libel.

"Proceedings for libel," said his honor indignantly. "How could you ever expect to recover against Mr. Carter, or anybody else, in the face of this mass of evidence which would be given to establish the blackmail that was charged?"

Everybody who speaks about the case has the same remark to make—that PROGRESS told only the truth in this matter, and that in the mildest form possible.

One document that the prosecution put in was a letter in Mr. Tremaine's handwriting which stated that he was willing to act as trustee for parties desirous of contributing to a fund to prosecute PROGRESS. Tremaine admitted sorrowfully to the judge that he had been a fool in this Lear business. Had anyone been found to subscribe to this "prosecution fund" they would have been just as big or bigger fools than the would-be trustee confessed himself.

## The Monkey Theatre Coming.

The Monkey Theatre opens in the Opera House Monday afternoon July 13, under the management of Rufus Somerby. PROGRESS printed an admirable account of the performances of these clever little animals, and showed by illustrations what tricks they are capable of doing. Mr. Somerby says that he has had great success with them. The show pleases the people and they flock to see it. More than this it is an agreeable variety and shows what patient training of intelligent animals will accomplish. Mr. Somerby was in town Thursday assisting his advance representative Mr. Sam Sampson to boom the show. Mr. Sampson, though not as venerable looking as his employer is almost as well known in

## SCENES AT THE HALIFAX RACES.

### The Maritime Jockey Club has an Inauspicious Opening.

HALIFAX, July 9.—The Maritime Jockey club had an inauspicious opening on the 1st of July, if indeed, the club has not sounded its own death knell. Never before was there such dissatisfaction at a race meeting in Halifax as that which appeared at the riding ground on Dominion day; "stealing races" and "fool play" were words which were found on many lips. The management have given it to be understood that they would not likely hold another meeting in this city, and if the sentiment which prevailed among the spectators was any criterion by which to judge, the public do not want another meeting. There is no doubt about it, the management was led in the extreme, and if what, nine out of ten of the spectators said was true, the honesty of the decisions and the methods adapted were little better. In this connection it is interesting to read the list of officials who were present, though this wholesale condemnation would not be just of all:

Executive committee—W. N. Wickwire, M. D. president; Peter Clinch, vice do; B. G. Leckie, Wm. O'Brien, W. Jones.  
Judge—Col. Cragg, A. P. D.; W. Stairs Deane. Starter—Thos. Spelman; assistant do, F. J. Power. Clerk of the scales—Jas. W. Stairs. Clerk of the course—Gay C. Hart. Timekeeper—Jas. W. Power.  
Hon. Secy.—G. Carlisle Jones.

A well-known alderman of the city council speaking of the meeting said that two of the races were positive "steals"

The Fredericton horse "Atlanta" said he won the "Hurricane" purse, as fairly as ever a prize was gained, but the New Brunswickers were deprived of it on a decision over-ruling the starter by officials who were interested in the success of Amerique II., the Halifax horse. Starter Spellman's conduct was peculiar, and without making any further comment on it, for publication, I will simply say that he never was known to act that way before, and I hope he never will again. The race which the stewards ordered to be run over again, when "Atlanta" came in first, was as fair a contest as ever took place on the race track, and the decision ordering its repetition was as rank a one as was ever uttered.

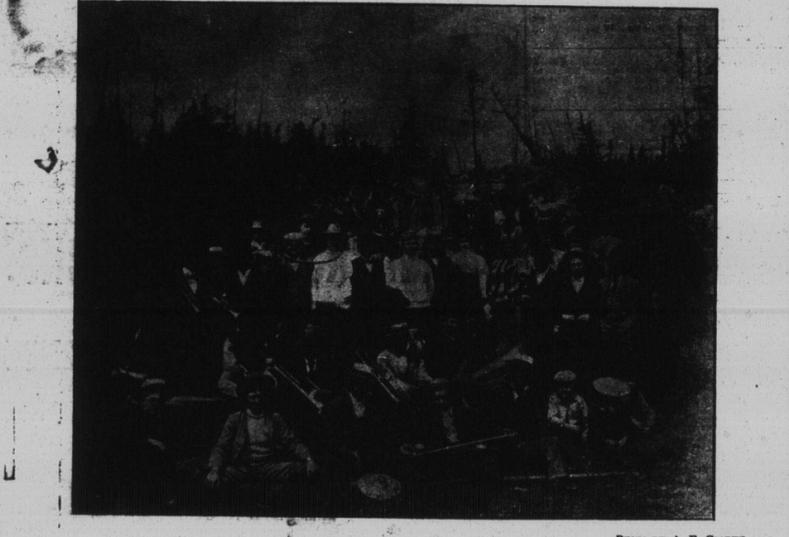
Thus spoke an alderman of Halifax, who added that it was the habit of promoters of running races to say that the un-sportsmanlike gambling and peculiar methods were usually found in the trotting track but after this exhibition he thought they would surely not make similar statements.

The "Mimac" purse was very little better. Start after start was made during which "Atlanta" was thoroughly pumped out. The New Brunswick mare was never in advance, but the starter refused to let the field go though urged by "Atlanta's" jockey to do so even though he should be many yards behind. These tactics resulted in throwing "Atlanta" out of the race, for as the Recorder says—"a paper which had more courage in speaking of the dissatisfaction at the meeting than the others, though even it tried to shield the management in the matter,—"her rider wisely pulled her up." So again Amerique II owned by one or more of the officials won, with Peter Clinch's "Millicent" second.

The race for the "Jockey club stakes" and cup was hardly less unsatisfactory. There was too frequent scoring. "Melicite" won, but owners of "Little Billie" were as angry as owners ever were. Two men interested in that horse in full view of the grand stand publicly rebuked the secretary for his conduct. The incident which provoked this outbreak was in connection with the scoring, which was as annoying as could be imagined. Time after time the horses were brought back walking as a rule. When the crowd saw an official strike "Little Billie" with a whip, to expedite the bay gelding's return, there was a yell from them for they knew that he was interested in another horse. One gentleman told this official that it was more regard for his own self-respect than for the feelings of the whip-user which prevented him attempting to strike the official who had so openly violated the rules.

There is no doubt about it, the maritime jockey club is in bad odor in Halifax today, and it may be that discretion is the better part of valor when some of the management say that they will not hold another race meeting here. If it prove anything like that of Dominion day another race meeting is certainly not wanted.

The other racing organization in Halifax is the Driving club. They are fortunate in not having caused another scandal such as exists in connection with the Jockey club, but some things have been done by them too, which, to put it mildly, have given critics a chance to say that their disinterested sportsmanship may sometimes be questionable.



GROUP OF THE HARKINS COMPANY, NEW PAPER MEN, AND FRIENDS.

another province where the emoluments of office were much greater.

The question of a new minister at once commenced to occupy the minds of the brethren and a faithful few hustled about until they procured a gentleman whom they thought would be acceptable to the rest of the congregation. The object of their choice was known to be an eloquent preacher and an earnest worker in the good cause and they congratulated themselves on having made such a find. They submitted the reverend gentleman's name and recommendations to the managing board of the church at a meeting which was subsequently held. All the members of the board were present save one and as those in attendance were all in favor of the new applicant it was supposed that he would be engaged.

Accordingly one of the gentlemen who had been most active in securing a new pastor wrote to the clergyman whose name had been under consideration and told him he might consider himself engaged, but he would receive official notification of the fact in a few days. Expecting to get a lucrative charge in this city the preacher who previously had been engaged in a rural district tendered his resignation also, which was at once accepted and for a few days he made bright plans for his work in St. John as pastor of the church for which he had been almost formally engaged.

His surprise may be imagined then when he received a letter from the St. John church notifying him that after reconsidering the matter the board of management had decided not to engage him.

It seems that the member of the managing board who had not attended the meeting was opposed to the new applicant and informed the board that he should not be called to the charge. The rest of the board protested that the minister had been as good as engaged but it was useless,—the dissenting one objected still more and threatened to withdraw his support from the church if the engagement were not at once annulled.

As he was a man of large means and contributed generously to the church's support he could not be allowed to leave it, so the contract was cancelled.

The minister who came so near being engaged feels greatly annoyed at the turn matters have taken and denounces the whole affair as a mean piece of business. However he is still out of a job with no immediate prospect of finding one and he is inclined to think that St. John churches are run on a strange system indeed.

Should be Improved Upon.

There are many comments being made upon the training method of the St. John boys who propose to row at Halifax. Mr. Ross only gets out at irregular intervals

and in the meantime there is no system to the training. The men all chew tobacco and do not retire until 10 or 11 at night. They do not arise until 7 o'clock in the morning and after a spin have breakfast at 9 o'clock. The wife of the stroke oarsman is at the Clairmont. It may be unpleasant to note these facts but when the people were generous enough to subscribe to send a crew to Halifax, the management should see to it that the training is done properly.

have taken more than an ordinary part in the trouble. McKane is a Scotchman. He was employed first in the head office of the merchant's bank of Halifax. Then he was sent to Charlottetown, and from there he was transferred to Truro. In Truro he got into trouble which made it decidedly advisable for him to have his location changed. He was one of "the boys" and the ladies also frequently fell under his power. While in Halifax he was engaged to one of the charming young women of that city. In Newcastle he also found himself in that interesting situation it not twice at least once. What the directors of the Merchants bank will do with McKane this time is probably a question of some interest for himself if not for his friends and the public.

H. D. McKenzie, of Halifax, is a brother of the dangerously wounded man; he is a popular club-man of Halifax, and is in the very thickest of whatever is going on.

George A. Hall, of Truro, is kicking himself severely to have his name mentioned as it has been in connection with this shooting. He was with them that evening more by accident than design. Truro is a steady going place and when the people of that town learned what Hall had been doing they experienced a strong sensation which the genial "George" will see portrayed on the faces of the good Truronians when he goes home.

## For Educating the Blind.

The Halifax school for the blind is having its needs placed prominently before the public just now and a very generous response is being made to the appeal for help. The school admits New Brunswick pupils to equal advantages and privileges with the Nova Scotia blind and this province should therefore not be behind others in the matter of helping along the new building fund. There is very urgent need of enlarged facilities in order to accommodate all applications. Mr. H. S. Campbell assistant music teacher in the school will continue the work of collecting here, commended by the superintendent in May last. Mr. Campbell is a bright energetic young man and will do all in his power to increase the New Brunswick subscription fund which now amounts to \$651. It is to be hoped that his efforts will be generally rewarded.

## Souvenir of a Pleasant Outing.

The pleasant outing on Mahogany Island enjoyed by the Harkins Company, many of the newspaper workers and a number of friends is happily described in the splendid group photograph taken by Mr. Clark, from which the engraving on this page was taken. It will not be difficult to recognize many members of the party in fact all of them appear with such distinctness in the photograph that in the majority of cases the individual photographs are excellent.

that there is a section in one of the bye laws governing the market under which they can be prevented from having an employe attend to this business although it is open to either of the members of the firm to attend to it in person.

A complaint was made to the board of public safety by several stand holders who wished to see Dunn Bros. crowded out. At the instance of the safety board the opinion of Recorder Skinner was taken on the matter and as in his opinion the section was valid the offending merchants were reported. Under the act, the penalty for the offence is a fine of eight dollars but it is not here that the true importance of the case comes in. It simply means that if the bye law is powerful enough to prevent Messrs. Dunn Bros. from employing an agent to do their market business it will cut out of most of the general business of the market and would prevent a farmer sending his son, his wife or his daughter with his produce as is now so generally done. It certainly seems strange that the law allows either member of the firm to be present in the market to transact their own business but prevents them from hiring an agent and they claim that it will have the effect of preventing stand holders doing any agency business at all.

This would hardly be beneficial as in the present state of trade St. John requires all the business that can be done either in the market or any where else.

The case is expected to come up in the police court but to late to report in this issue of PROGRESS. Geo. A. Henderson appears for the prosecution while Dunn Bros. interests will be guarded by A. P. Barabull. The result will be awaited with interest.

## PHYSICIANS WERE BAFFLED

### By Miss Elliott's Condition—She Slept a Week Before Death.

The peculiar death of Miss Ebel Elliott of High street North End on Tuesday last caused no little amount of excitement among the residents in that part of the city and the young lady's friends most of whom were acquainted with the phases of her extraordinary illness.

The fact of the deceased young lady having fallen asleep a week before her death and never regaining consciousness, not only baffled the physician in attendance, Dr. Addy, but also Dr. Murray McLaren. All sorts of rumors and theories were afloat as to the cause of the young lady's long slumber and her awakening was watched for with eagerness not only by the family and friends, but by the general public who had become fully acquainted with the strange case through the press, but the young lady did not awake in this life, but slept herself peacefully into eter-

nity. The physicians of course made especially sure that life was extinct before pronouncing it so, but the incredulous public worked up more theories as to the possibility of animation being suspended, trance-like. The grief-stricken family were ready to listen to any argument regarding Miss Elliott's death, but it was not until Mrs. Armstrong, a lady now resident in this city in the interests of an Upper Canadian drug firm, called to view the body that a medical test was made.

Mrs. Armstrong, who is a lady of pleasing appearance and apparently highly educated, is giving weekly or bi-weekly health lectures in the W. C. T. U. building for ladies only. According to Mrs. Armstrong's own words she read of Miss Elliott's sad case and expressed a desire of seeing the remains simply out of sympathy for the afflicted family. When at the house Mrs. Armstrong suggested to Mrs. Elliott the advisability of having the body bled to prove either life or death, and stating that if it was her child she would certainly have it done, for the sake of peace of mind at least. Dr. Addy accordingly opened articles in Miss Elliott's body but death was proved certain.

Extravagant and utterly untrue reports were circulated about Mrs. Armstrong and what she is alleged to have said she could do in connection with this case, and only tended to place the lady in an undesirable position before the public. She comes to this city representing a leading Montreal drug firm and is holding her lectures under the auspices of the W. C. T. Union.

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nity. The physicians of course made especially sure that life was extinct before pronouncing it so, but the incredulous public worked up more theories as to the possibility of animation being suspended, trance-like. The grief-stricken family were ready to listen to any argument regarding Miss Elliott's death, but it was not until Mrs. Armstrong, a lady now resident in this city in the interests of an Upper Canadian drug firm, called to view the body that a medical test was made.

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Extravagant and utterly untrue reports were circulated about Mrs. Armstrong and what she is alleged to have said she could do in connection with this case, and only tended to place the lady in an undesirable position before the public. She comes to this city representing a leading Montreal drug firm and is holding her lectures under the auspices of the W. C. T. Union.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

HOW IT IS CELEBRATED IN BOSTON EVERY YEAR.

Times are very bad and Mills are shutting down everywhere—The Country is in a very unsettled state and will be until after the November elections.

Boston, July 5.—What used to be known as the Glorious Fourth in this part of the continent, is now looked upon almost as the twelfth of July used to be in St. John. Its greatest feature is a parade of patriotic bodies, so called, which in the estimation of most people fill about the same place as the Orangemen do in the province. In fact the general belief is that those who compose what is known as the A. P. A. are men who came from the provinces and were members of the Orange order there.

The parade last year took place in East Boston, and it made that part of the city notorious throughout the country. It was a large parade; the police protection was not what it should have been, and the result was a riot in which several people lost their lives and scores nursed broken heads during the following week.

The same thing was feared this year, although the parade was not to be in East Boston, but through the Back Bay and business districts of the city proper. The little red school house, which is regarded as the emblem of the public school system, and which is said to have caused all the trouble last year was brought out again, but there was not as many people in line as there was on the previous occasion.

The police protection was all right, so far as protection went. It was ridiculous. There was one policeman for every six men in the parade. It was led off by a squad of mounted police, single lines of blue coats marched on either side of the procession over its whole length, and a formidable squad brought up the rear. As a matter of fact the police made up the biggest part of the show. This was not the fault of the department, for those who had the parade in charge had announced time and time again that there would be about 20,000 men in line, but not more than 2000 turned out yesterday.

Although the streets were crowded all along the line of march there was very little of that feeling shown, which caused so much trouble a year ago. It may have been that the marchers did not go through the same kind of a district, and there was certainly no cause for any disturbance of ill feeling over the arrangements and right to parade, which was one of the differences of last year.

Nevertheless the effects of these turnouts last longer than the day on which they take place, and it will always be a question whether they are productive of any good, or whether they have any other results other than to stir up ill feeling between neighbors and friends. In a district like East Boston, where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, many of them ignorant people, a parade of this kind has an effect of which the great body of the people have no idea, and more homes are made uncomfortable by it than could readily be estimated.

Of course the Fourth is celebrated in other ways, all with the great idea of showing the patriotism of the people. Fire crackers of all sizes were exploded by the millions in Boston, and the night before the Fourth was as hideous as ever. In all parts of the city, men, women and children walked the streets blowing horns, burning red lights, exploding fire crackers, and making all the noise possible. The greatest noise-maker this year was a bell—a cow bell is what it would be called in St. John—which was tied to passing carts and street cars, or dragged along the sidewalks on the end of a string. Down in Chinatown the air was as thick as it would be in St. John on a foggy day. The Chinamen had a sham battle with fire works, those living on one side of the avenue lighting crackers by the bunch and throwing them across among the crowds on the other side, burning dresses, fingers, straw hats and everything in reach. Nobody knows which side of the avenue won. Nobody cares. Everybody enjoyed himself.

Every Fourth of July there is a reunion of provincialists on the common, near the soldiers monument, and from this annual gathering the place has been called Nova Scotia hill. They showed up yesterday as usual, bought pink lemonade and nuts and talked about days gone by. On this day the city government grants permits to vendors of refreshments of all kinds to erect booths on the common, and the night is usually one worth seeing, especially along the Tremont street mall. This year, however, the work on the subway made it impossible to use the old stamping ground, and the booths were scattered all over the common. The city however, dispensed free ice water to the thirsty, as usual although water is not a popular drink on the Fourth.

The display of fireworks in the evening also used to be made on the common, but that too was transferred this year to Franklin park. About 50,000 people went out there last evening in a fog, walked around in wet grass and saw a show which was generally conceded to be a fizzle. If the day before the fourth is an eventful one in Boston so is the day after. This year, however, the results were made

known on Monday when the police courts opened, and the men and women, who celebrated with too much patriotism showed up to take the consequences. But Boston did itself proud. There were only 140 drunks in the downtown courts, and this is not more than is found there usually on Monday mornings. The barrooms here are closed on holidays, but the days before are busy ones for the beer waggons. A house that does not have a couple of cases in for the holiday is not supposed to be patriotic, especially in the districts where the working people live.

The Fourth always makes business good at the hospitals, for fireworkers are set off without much regard for the limbs, and this year the papers published columns of accidents from the careless use of powder. The reckless use of fire-arms surprises everybody. It is a common thing to see young men and boys going along the streets with revolvers, firing blank cartridges among the crowds, and it sometimes happens when there is too much firewater aboard, that blank cartridges give way to one with bullets in them. There was one instance of this kind where a colored man amused himself, by sitting in his windows with a glass of beer in one hand and a loaded revolver in the other. He amused himself by firing shots indiscriminately between drinks, with the result that a woman sitting in her window across the street was shot in the leg, and had to be taken away to the hospital.

Times are bad. Mills are shutting down all over the country, and people have plenty of time to read the rattle of news sent from Chicago. The country is in the most unsettled state that it has been in for years, and until the November elections, Yankee guessers will be kept more than busy.

R. G. LARSEN.

A CORNER IN COLORED SINGERS.

Scheme Worked by the Actor Who Holds the Record in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

All of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" actors in New York, and there are many of them expect a big revival of interest in the play because of the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe. There is now in this city an actor named Smith, who says he has appeared in this play more frequently than any other man alive. He has been stranded in every State in the Union, and a few years ago he took an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company and a pack of bloodhounds down to the West Indies. The venture was a failure, but all of the actors except the dogs got back to New York safely within a year. Smith himself worked his way back on a sailing vessel. The proudest achievement of his long and venturesome career was cornering the market in colored singers who had been trained with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies.

Smith begins all his stories now with "When I cornered the market in colored singers," and there are several managers in town today who paid the penalty of it. The incident happened about fifteen years ago, when several managers each sent out half a dozen companies to produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Before the season opened Smith had been engaged at a salary of \$40 a week to play Marks with one of the road companies. About a month before the company was to open the season he dropped in on his manager to ask for money to pay his board.

"Can't do it this time, Smith," said the manager, "because we have decided that we don't want you. I've got a man for Marks at \$30."

This was a hard blow for Smith, but he rallied and went around to a saloon to think it over. No well-regulated company left New York to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a chorus of negro singers, and there were about 100 of these singers in town who had been trained and the managers knew could be engaged at the last minute. Smith knew that the choruses were not engaged until a day or two before the companies opened their season. He advertised in several newspapers for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" singers, and a dramatic agent gave him desk room for a week. Before the end of that time Smith had every available colored singer in New York under contract to sing for him only. When the managers got ready to organize their choruses they sent out for singers, but they couldn't get any. Every colored man whom they tried to engage said that he was under contract with Mr. Smith. This was found to be true, and the managers were in a panic. The one who had engaged Smith hunted him up and offered him the part of Marks at his old salary if he would release his singers.

"No, sir," replied Smith. "I've got a good thing. I want a thirty weeks' engagement at \$50 a week and a commission on every singer."

The manager objected strenuously, and then he surrendered, and every other manager had to pay tribute to Smith that season.

"It was a good year for the old play," said Smith, not long ago, "and I don't suppose that I will have another season like it."

Typewriter Bicycle. The Inventive Age tells us that the latest invention to facilitate field operations is the typewriter bicycle. This consists of a typewriter mounted on a serviceable wheel, which can follow the movements of the army through an ordinary stretch of country. The operator can take commands and general orders in shorthand, and strike off several duplicates on the typewriter, being held erect by portable props. It has been tried in England, and worked very satisfactorily.

Hubby—"Darwin seems to have had a lot of trouble with his cuff buttons." Blanche—"How so?" Hubby—"He was always howling about the missing link."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TAXIDERMIST AS AN ART.

Nature Closely Followed in all Details in Mounting Animals Nowadays.

A sportsman shoots a deer, kills a bear, catches a fish, or gets a bird. The deer is a buck, with big, spreading antlers; the bear has white, cruel-looking teeth; the fish is extraordinary in size, and the feathers of the bird are beautiful to behold. Whatever his luck, he wishes he could have his trophy preserved, an evidence indisputable of his skill or luck.

In preserving the skins, skeletons, and environment of animals, there has sprung up what J. Carter Beard calls in Scribner's a new art, and he views taxidermy with the eye of an artist. In the Cosmopolitan Dr. R. W. Shufeldt tells about "The Preservation of Wild Animals" with the pen of a naturalist. As a matter of fact, his article could be pinned to the end of the skin, and the two should be read together, since neither repeats what the other says, save in a minor instance or two, and both deal with what the writer of each regarded as the most interesting feature of the work.

"Taxidermy," says Mr. Beard, "a name heretofore suggesting nothing more than dusty heaps of straw, stuffed hides on varnished platforms, or pyramids of hawks being sung to by robins and other songsters under bell glasses, now lays claim to designate really artistic work." Dr. Shufeldt says that "embalming is allied in a way to prehistoric taxidermy," that the taxidermist "must be familiar with the anatomy of animals, their habits, and their normal surroundings," less the result of his work be offensive to the eyes of a naturalist. "Taxidermists must be naturalists, both field and armchair ones. They must have the eye of an artist and the hands of a sculptor. The more skillful they are and the better they know their subjects, the better is the work they do."

From the days when shoe buttons, or equally crude materials, served as eyes to these, when the English taxidermists are discarding the ordinary glass eye for hollow globes, hand painted so well that the eye has absolutely the precise expression desired, as of rage, hunger, affection, or fear, is a long flight. What is true of the eye is true of the features and forms.

The modern mounted singer, from whose lips blood is dripping, do not have smiling wrinkles in his jaws and a merry twinkle in his eye, nor is his tail curling up over his back like a purring cat's. Every possible means of making a mounted creature look natural is adopted. Colorless photographs are also in this way. Materials of all descriptions, go to make the modern taxidermist in his work. Further than this, animals are grouped on their native soil—scattered shows their footprints, their food, and the water which they drink. Buffalo, moose, and even elephants are also in this way. A single Rocky mount in goat on its stony rocks would not be natural, so Prof. Lewis Lindsay Dyche of the State University of Kansas put seven on a mountain peak—a papier mache peak, perhaps, but so lifelike, so true to nature, that the goat hunter trembles with excitement with looking at them.

A fight in the treetops, as shown by William T. Hornaday, between two ugly orangutangs, carefully reproduces the vines, orchids, and moss, as well as the trees and foliage, the nest of the female for whom the two were fighting, and the female and her young one as well.

HE TIED HER SHOESTRINGS.

Then He Was Inclined to Fridge Himself Until the Fall Came.

She was pretty and pert, and as the theater train swayed around the high curves of Harlem four men in dress suits glanced at her approvingly. All at once she made a discovery and her manner let every one in to her secret. One of her shoes was unlaced. At first she made a show of stooping to tie it up, but she was not comfortably adjusted for lacing her own shoes. In fact, it was a physical impossibility. The four young men in dress suits saw it and soon were discussing the young woman's dilemma.

"I'll make a bluff at it anyway," said one of the men as the train left the Fifth street station. Whereupon, to the delight of his companions and the astonishment of those who hadn't observed the situation, he arose and, kneeling deliberately at the feet of the fair one, he raised his hat politely and said:—

"May I have the P?" etc.

Her red lips parted, showing two rows of pearly teeth, while a faint color mounted to her cheeks. "If you will be so kind," she said. It was a mighty pretty foot, and none too quickly the job was done neatly and dextrously. The pretty woman thanked him and he returned to his seat. He plainly inclined to plume himself in the eyes of his companions, who made various remarks about "having her on the string," etc., all of which was heard by her, as was evidently intended. At the Forty-second street

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station she arose, and pausing a moment before the young man as she passed, sweetly inquired:— "May I ask where your store is?" And then she vanished.—New York World.

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WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS., Onto, Ont.

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# Musical and Dramatic

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There is a positive dearth of musical matters this week. The only entertainment that may be regarded as obtaining the assistance of some of the best local talent, being the parlor concert at Mrs. T. Carleton Lee's Wright street, last Thursday evening. Father Davenport Prof. Athos, Miss Manning, Prof. White, Miss Godard Mrs. Lee and others not unknown in musical and literary circles are important factors in the programme, giving assurance that the occasion was a delight to auditors and performers alike.

**Tones and Undertones.**  
The Imperial Grand Opera Company which Col. Mapleson intends bringing from London to the United States next season will start on tour 26th October. The six weeks engagement of the company will begin at the Academy of Music, New York. The tour will be directed by Marcus Meyer.

Edwin, W. Hoff, a former member of the Bostonians Opera Company, is now studying voice culture under Sbriglia in Paris. He is also studying acting under Gerardet. Mr. Hoff intends retiring from the operatic stage and, when he returns to America this month, will establish a conservatory of music in New York city.

English admirers of Lady Halle (Mme. Noman Neruda) made her a very sensible present on the occasion of the 56th anniversary of her appearance as a violinist, and the twenty fifth of her appearing in England. The present was a villa at Asolo, in the Trevisan Alps, back of Venice. It was completely furnished.

Johann Strauss, it is said, cannot work to order although his work is full of spontaneity. Weeks and months often pass without his touching a pen or piano. When an idea strikes him he jots it down and occasionally his only available note book is his cuff. He often comes home with his left cuff black with pencil marks.

The range of the human voice, says a writer, is quite astounding there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,044,515 different sounds; thus 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,883; 30 indirect muscles, ditto, 178,741,828, and all in co-operation produce the number named. These are quite independent of different degrees of intensity. Any one who is skeptical about this is at liberty to make personal calculations on the subject.

Madame Calve announces that during her next season in the United States, she will sing in "Hamlet," "Carmen," "Faust," "L'Africaine," "Lohengrin" and "La Navarraise" besides two comic operas by Offenbach.

The musical festival at Worcester, Mass., this year will begin on 21st September and continue until the 26th Sept. The principal works will be: "Messiah," Tuesday evening; "Eve," Wednesday afternoon; "Golden Legend," Wednesday evening; "Tower Babel," choruses, Thursday afternoon; "Stabat Mater," Thursday evening; "Arminius," Friday evening. Mr. Carl Zerrahn, assisted by Mr. Franz Keissel, will conduct.

Miss Emma Exmes is the favorite of this season with the opera goers in Paris. She has done some splendid work in nine grand operas, says a recent Boston paper.

DeKoven has completed the score of his new Chinese opera which he has entitled "The Mandarin."

Arrangements, it is said, are now completed for the production by the Bostonians of the new opera "Rip Van Winkle."

Verdis, gifts towards an asylum for old musicians amount to nearly \$200,000.

The German Emperor has commanded the production at the Imperial Opera House, Berlin, of a new Opera by Henry Walter, a young Englishman. The opera is entitled "Fra Francesco."

The Belgian violinist, Harry De Besse, will appear in concert in Boston next season.

Francon Davis will spend next winter in America.

A young pianist Heinrich Gebhard—favorably known in Boston, sails for Europe to-day to spend three years in hard study with Paderewski's teacher in Vienna.

It is now said that Boston will only have a fortnight of grand opera next season, and that the visiting company will be under the management of Walter Damrosch.

Francis Wilson's new comic opera is to be called "Half a King" and he will produce it next September at Abbey's theatre. It is by Messrs Smith and Englund.

A new opera entitled "The Mandarin Zuna" opened the season at Concert Park Providence, R. I. last week. The music is by bandmaster Reeves. The production was under the direction of James Gilbert who has had large experience in operas and who was here last season. "The work is absurdly comical and gives the actors ample opportunities. The music has plenty of 'go,' is tuneful, and has a number of whistleable airs," says a Boston paper. It is expected the opera will run through the summer.

An old time negro minstrel named Ad. Hyman committed suicide in New York last week.

At the Castle Square Theatre, Boston this week "Fatinita," will be given with a specially strong cast. This opera was last given in this city by the Jam's Gilbert opera company.

Sunday concerts for the public are being given in Boston. On the Common last Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Baldwin's Cadet band played the following programme:—

- "The President's Wedding March" Baldwin
- Overture "Ray Blas" Mendelssohn
- Concert waltz, "Englitauna" Waldteufel
- "Reminiscences of Donizetti" Godfrey
- "Sanctus from Gounod" Solenne
- Potpourri, "Branglebrink" and "Carpen ter" Whitmore
- Ficcio solo, "Echoes of the Forest" Demare
- Mr. August Damm.
- Divertissement, "Releebilder" Resch
- Secred song, "My Shepherd is the Lord, My God" Greeley
- Concert galop, "Storm Clouds" Bergina

At Marine Park, Boston, commencing at 4.30 o'clock the Baldwin Cadet band last Sunday afternoon gave a free public concert of which the following is the programme:—

- March, "Festival" Wadsworth
- Overture, "Stradella" Flow
- Concert waltz, "Beautiful Maid" White
- Selections, "Eskimian Girl" Balle
- Corset solo, "Frolics" Walteufel
- Salonstück, "Loos Blatter" Resch
- Morceau, "The Sword" Voelker
- Gems of Ireland's Melodies Bohm
- Intermezzo, "Jewelle Party" Jaxone
- Finale, "On the Brink" Daggett

## TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Harkins company close their season of 1896 at the Opera house this evening when "The New Boy" will re-appear and both win the sympathies and arouse the abilities of the audience, as he has previously done. The season, on the whole, has been, I believe, quite successful financially as it has been professionally. It was well managed and our friend Harkins has had, as he certainly deserved, generally large patronage. Of this gentleman it is difficult to say anything new, he is so well known here, nor is it perhaps necessary to do so, yet one thing may be insisted upon and re-iterated, and that is he always gives strong proof of his desire to please his St. John patrons by giving them the newest plays and capable people to present them, and this, too, no matter how expensive the productions are. Everything he put on this season has been seen for the first time here—"In Old Kentucky," "The War of Wealth," "Love or Money," "Too Much Johnson" and last, but by no means least, of all "The New Boy."

This list in itself is quite a repertoire and it comprises the latest successes in the United States. Mr. Harkins likes St. John and its people and the people generally look forward to Harkins coming that a summer without a dramatic season by a Harkins Company, would be a strange condition of things, and one that "no fellow could understand." I have said, he always brings good people to present his plays and his company of this summer is no exception to the rule. There are of course Mr. Wise and his pleasant, happy looking wife (Miss Whitty) whose presence is now always regarded as a matter of course, and everything they both undertake is admirably well done; but new faces are seen this year, who, one and all, taking their work into account, may be considered not surpassed by any previous company. In character work certainly the company of this season is very strong when one thinks of Charles French as the negro "In Old Kentucky," Bradley as Raymond the watchman of the bank in the "War of Wealth" Deyo "In Old Kentucky" Miss Magill as Helen Raymond in the "War of Wealth" and "The New Boy"; Miss Tabor as Madge in "In Old Kentucky," and "Too Much Johnson," Miss Leigh in "Too Much Johnson" and "The New Boy" and Mr. Kilgour also in both these pieces, as well as Mr. Leigh in the same plays. They are all good but, as 'straws show how the wind blows' small parts sometimes prove the actors talents, and therefore I think that nothing better has been done by Mr. Deyo than his role of the bully of the school in "The New Boy," nor has Mr. Kilgour done anything that was more creditable than his Mr. McNab in the same production. The ladies, in their work have given abundant satisfaction and some of the new members of the company has been a greater surprise than Miss Magill who not only plays emotional parts in a manner that gives much promise, but she can give a skirt dance as well as any one, who makes that sort of thing a specialty.

Of the plays themselves [in] matter of construction there is, room, perhaps for criticism, but it would be ungracious to indulge in that now, nor is it necessary to particularise instances. The audiences were pleased and that is what goes after all. The impression made by the company, publicly and privately, is most favorable and there is no doubt one and all will be cordially welcomed when they visit St. John again another season. Meantime my best wishes attend them all.

"Uncle" Rufus Somerby, as he is dubbed by his friends, who are legion in number, visits this city again and brings this year an ultra novelty in the shape of a "Monkey Circus." He will open at the Opera House next Monday afternoon and will continue every afternoon and evening throughout

the week. He will only remain for the week, and as everyone will want to see the intelligent and amusing little animals that are so highly trained, there is little doubt the Opera House will be filled to its capacity during the engagement.

W. A. Whitecar, associated with Madame Janaschek, has been engaged for next season as a member of "The Great Diamond Robbery" company which will begin its tour at the 14th street theatre, N. Y. on 28th Septm'r next.

Arthur Forrest has been engaged to play the leading role in support of Sol Smith Russell next season. Mr. Russell will produce a new play written for him by Martha Morton.

A new play entitled "At Sunrise" by Frederic Bryton, in collaboration with Alfred De Lussier, will be produced by the former next season.

"Puddin' heat, Wilson" the title role of which was originated by the late Frank Mayo, will start on tour next season at Newark N. J., on 28 September. It is probable that Mayo's part will be entrusted to Dan Harkins. There are many aspirants for the late Mr. Mayo's place in the cast.

Johnstone Bennett who made such a hit in "Jans" a few seasons ago, has been engaged by F. F. Proctor for his "big novelty company" which will start on its road tour 21st September. Miss Bennett was in the support of Richard Mansfield last season. She has sailed for Paris to procure stage gowns etc. In the new company she will appear with S. Miller K'nt, in a sketch designed to manifest their versatility in light comedy work.

Charles Frederick Robinson Hayward, a Denver editor, wrote learnedly of the drama and could keenly analyze every part of the actor's art. But his shortest criticism will probably outlive any other written by him. It was as follows: "George C. Mlyn, the preacher-actor, played Hamlet at the Academy of Music last night. He played it till 12 o'clock." The only other criticism that seemed to class with this emanated from Leadville, where a performance of "Richard III," by a barn-storming troupe was chronicled under the glaring headline of "Many Lives Lost."

Sir Henry Irving is said to be looking for an American play. He has left his ideas with some of the best dramatists in the United States. He wants the play to

be historical in character. A recent Boston paper says "Henceforth and forever" "Angel" passes into theatre parlance along with the particular language of the play house. It starts into the language with the full grown advantage of familiarity and therefore its origin is not likely to be lost in obscurity.

Louis James will play "The Gladiator" and "King Lear" all of next season.

Fritz Williams who was married recently to the attractive Katherine Florence, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams, who were both Boston Museum favorites at one time. Fritz was in the juvenile Pinafore company with Ida M'ule and Corinn at that house.

Augustin Daly's company will open their season in London, Eng., next week.

Lucy—"Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?" Mamma—"Why do you want to go over there, dear?" Lucy—"Oh, I just want to gargle my feet in the brook."—Truth.

Excited traveler—"Can I catch the 4 o'clock express for Buffalo?" Railroad official—"That depends upon how fast you can run. It started thirteen minutes ago"—Judge.



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## DRUM MAJOR JIM.

R. P. F.

G. FROELICH.

MARCH

1. Say, girls, just look at Jim-mie boy, Oh! ain't he gay and grand?... His face is lit with smiles of joy, Drum

Ma-jor of the band.... Just see his shi-ny but-tens blink, See the feath-er in his cap;.... Now see him tip his

girl a wink, For none he cares a rap. Oh, right a-bout face and march in line; Now girls, I say, don't

CHORUS.

girl a wink, For none he cares a rap. Oh, right a-bout face and march in line; Now girls, I say, don't

Jim look fine? Puts all the oth-ers in the shade; He's boss-ing this par-ade, He's boss-ing this par-ade.

2 His mustache has the sweetest curl,  
He walks like Duke by birth;  
To-day I feel the proudest girl,  
As though I owned the earth.  
Jim Dandy, that's just what he is,  
Such a dude when in parade,  
On other days he tends to his,  
Of work he's not afraid.  
Oh, right about, etc.

3 To-night he'll come in plainer dress,  
And when the lights are dim,  
He'll coax me till I do confess  
My love for Major Jim.  
He's saving for a little flat,  
Big enough for him and me;  
My Jim and I will never part,  
For we're in love, d'ye see?  
Oh, right about, etc.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

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

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Catherine Street, St. John, N. E. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 25,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 11

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The resignation of Sir CHARLES TURPIN and the invitation extended to HON. WILFRED LAURIER to form a government has been the event of the week in Canada. Rumor has asserted that Mr. LAURIER has his cabinet almost completed and that it will include the ablest and most prominent men in the provincial as well as the federal field of politics. There does not appear to be much doubt but that the leaders of the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia governments will lend Mr. Laurier their valuable assistance in forming his government. Messrs BLAIR and FIELDING have been at the head of affairs in these provinces for a long time and they must have the assurance of important port folios in the new administration to induce them to resign and accept office. They will be among the ablest of Mr. LAURIER'S lieutenants and will not only bring much valuable experience to the council board but much strength from their respective provinces. They are leaders in every sense of the word and with HON. L. H. DAVIES from Prince Edward Island will ably represent the Maritime provinces.

INSURANCE AGAINST FRIGHT.

A prominent English Railway Company has recently been the unsuccessful defendant in a suit which has created intense interest among persons and corporations, in this country as well as in England, who are concerned in the business of accident insurance. The railroad corporation referred to insures its own employees against accident. A signal man took out one of these policies by which the company agreed to pay him two hundred pounds, to be paid at the rate of one pound sterling a week until it had reached the amount named in the case of permanent disability; and in that of temporary injury a pound a week for not more than one year. In the policy it was particularly stated that the insurance was absolute "for all accidents, however caused, to the insured in the fair and ordinary discharge of duty.

Shortly after the insurance was in force the signal man was on duty one day when he noticed something wrong about an express train as it approached his box on its way to London. The truck of a Pullman car had broken and sparks and fire were flying out from it and the safety of those on board was greatly endangered. The man became very much alarmed but by signal succeeded in stopping the train within a short distance of his box. The shock to his nervous system, due to his fear that a dreadful accident was about to happen, was too much for him and it was many months before he recovered from the fright. He was utterly incapacitated for duty and subsequently brought suit upon his accident insurance policy, and recovered a pound a week for the forty three weeks he suffered from the peculiar temporary injury.

The company carried the matter to the Court of Appeal and that tribunal has just rendered a decision denying the defendants application for a new trial and sustaining the verdict in favor of the plaintiff, the members of the Court fully agreeing that the accident was one to which the policy applied. The decision seems reasonable and fair enough; for the plaintiff was injured by the shock to his nerves; not by his own act but by the state of the train, and in the place appointed for the performance of his duties. The railroad company purpose carrying the case to the House of Lords.

Many thousands of young people assembled at Washington this week to take part in the great Christian endeavor convention which opened there on Wednesday evening. There is perhaps a difference of opinion as to just how far this organization serves the particular interests of the various denominations to which the members belong. In some churches it is regarded with disfavour and, among other things criticised, as an association that cultivates the youthful craving for social excitement

rather than promotes definite and earnest religious work. However this may be there can be no doubt that the society is a valuable conservative force in society at a time when destructive influences are working so widely and insidiously. Its aim is not to teach religious dogma but simply to arouse religious enthusiasm among workers who wear different denominational badges, but are united in a common work and inspired by a common sentiment. The members are taught fidelity and instructed to think of duty first of all.

That is decidedly an old fashioned doctrine but it is a sound one and is never likely to be superseded by a much wiser one even in this very wise age. It makes good citizens of all who give it heed and saves them from contamination by the demagogical and diabolical influences prevailing, whose tendency is directly toward the destruction of christian civilization. The pestilent socialist and other agitators of the future will not come out of the rank of young men and women who have been in the moral atmosphere surrounding the Christian endeavor.

In a speech made recently in reply to congratulations offered at the jubilee of his first appointment, as professor of natural philosophy in the university at Glasgow, Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, Lord KELVIN said: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly through fifty-five years; that word is failure: I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as professor."

Sir WILLIAM is not the first nor the only great man whose work has been insufficient to content himself, highly esteemed as it may be by others. His modest estimate of his own work recalls Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S well known saying: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only a boy playing on the sea shore and diverting myself in finding smooth pebbles or a prettier shell than ordinary while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." No man, or woman with lofty ideals ever attains them to his or her perfect satisfaction and it is truly comforting to the humbler laborers in the field of human effort to know that the greatest minds have been oppressed by the same sense of failure.

The death of Sir JOHN PENDER occurred a few days ago. In the history of submarine telegraphy his name merits a place equally honorable with that of CYRUS FIELD. He was one of the first subscribers to the original Atlantic Cable Co. and in spite of the failures of the early Atlantic cable he had a firm faith in the ultimate success of the project and continued to give it substantial aid from his own purse. The critical moment in the prospects of the Atlantic company was reached when the cable parted in mid ocean about thirty years ago. In view of repeated failures and the project having been thoroughly discredited it seemed useless to make any appeal for aid. It was then that Sir JOHN PENDER proved himself the man of the hour by giving his personal guarantee for the quarter of a million sterling necessary for the purpose of reconstruction. The new cable was successfully laid in 1866. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that but for this man submarine communication would have remained unaccomplished but certain it is that it would have been greatly delayed, possibly a generation and his services can be better estimated by imagining that for the past twenty-five or thirty years the world had been obliged to jog along without that communication which flashes the doings of widely separate countries to each other in the twinkling of an eye almost.

PETER WHEELER'S confession was as startling, almost in its suddenness, as was the crime for which he will die in September next. From the moment of his arrest WHEELER has been the calmest of any one connected with the case, and his repeated assertions of innocence were made in a manner that led many to think, that perhaps, after all, he was a victim of circumstances. He received the death sentence with a courage, that, in the light of his confession, must be regarded as the bravado of a villain; and expressed the hope that ere the sentence could be carried out the true murderer would be found. A few hours later his confession, with its revolting details, was given to the public. That WHEELER did not tell the whole truth can be easily seen, though there is no doubt he will do so before the day of his execution arrives.

Mr. SAMUEL PLIMBOLL is endeavoring to make the rising and future generations of the United States of America look upon England and the English with more friendly eyes. Mr. PLIMBOLL thinks that the school books are responsible for the trouble, and he is to a certain extent right. Only those, perhaps, who have attended American schools can fully appreciate the contempt and hatred with which even the smallest child regards everything English; and the feeling is seldom rebuffed by

the teachers, but very often encouraged as true patriotism and loyalty. The American histories are one long boast from start to finish. Mr. PLIMBOLL has a herculean task before him in endeavoring to combat this anti British feeling for it is one of the oldest and strongest of American institutions.

Though fate has long been adjudged as very fickle, it cannot be denied that she often does the work of justice. A case in point comes from Louisiana near which city lives a gentleman who boasts creole ancestry and thinks the good things of this earth are his by right of birth. The gentleman who is a bachelor, had once a handsome fortune but he went a lively pace, and on the sunset side of life, he encountered the woes and griefs that invariably hunt out the victims of fallen fortune. His housekeeper seems to have had a firm idea that all other men taper off from the bachelor over whose establishment she has for many years held undisputed sway. Last winter she invested in a lottery ticket and in a burst of confidence told her employer what she had done. Though he professed to chide her for her folly he watched the returns closely; and as may be imagined was considerably surprised to find that the number she had chosen some weeks before had won the capital prize. He married the widow out of hand, and shortly after the nuptials were over enquired for the lottery ticket. A second and more startling surprise awaited him when he learned that, discouraged by his words when she told him of her venture, she had sold the ticket to the grocer. There is no doubt that the last state of the man was considerably worse than the first.

Throughout New England many cotton mills are being temporarily closed. This closing is attributed by some of the Protectionist papers whose zeal outstrips discretion to the effect of the Wilson tariff. It is conceded by high protectionist authority that the cotton schedule of the Wilson tariff is the best that the government has ever adopted. The calamity shrieks here are having a delightful time of it.

BEAUTIFUL DUCK COVE.

Its Natural Advantages as a Summer Resort Described.

New Brunswick has many pretty summer resorts, some of which have more than local fame, judging by the numerous visitors attracted from the United States and the Upper provinces, who come with the earliest breath of summer and linger until the breezes of autumn warn them it is time to be on the move again. Year after year those in search of rest, pleasure, or novelty, are on the lookout for some place that is most likely to meet their requirements.

During the last few seasons New Brunswick has widely advertised her charming summer resorts, and as a consequence they are yearly thronged with the best class of visitors.

Until this summer one of the prettiest of these places, Duck Cove, was simply a spot for private picnic parties, and daily the shore was thronged with those who sought to escape for a few hours the heat, confusion and rush of city life, and at the same time to be within easy walking or riding distance of home. Duck Cove filled every requirement and those who went once were so favorably impressed that they kept on going throughout the summer and upon each occasion came away delighted with the facilities it afforded for such outings.

In natural attractions the "Cove" is unrivalled in the lower province. It is beautifully situated on the Bay of Fundy about three miles from St. John, and from every point some spot of historic or romantic interest meets the eye. To the southeast is Partridge Island on which is the lighthouse, quarantine, and signal stations; on the island are pretty tree shaded walks; about half way between it and the Cove is the breakwater and one or two tiny islands. A place of interest on the south is Sheldon's Bluff, a great rugged point running out into the sea, which is reached by way of the beach, or a pretty walk over the hills. Near this Bluff is a requisite of every properly equipped beach, a "Smuggler's Cave," with its full stock of guaranteed wild and weird legends for the benefit of the romantically inclined. This particular spot has an added interest when it is known that it has been immortalized in a famous English novel; it is one of the show places of that part of the country.

In close proximity to the "Cove" is "Pirates Glen" which no doubt takes its name from some gruesome exploit of the famous Captain Kidd. Seward from the Bluff is Mahogany Island, seven miles from the city, a delightful trip on a fine day. The bathing facilities at Duck Cove are excellent, and this combined with its many other advantages, will no doubt in a short time make it one of the leading sea side places in New Brunswick.

Mr. D. R. JACK has built five pretty and comfortable seven roomed cottages at the "Cove" this season, and all are occupied; so that the pleasure seekers of a day, are not the only ones who enjoy its beautiful scenery and clear bracing sea air. Trains of the Shore Line Railway pass the Cove daily. A line of buses makes several trips to and from the city for the accommodation of visitors and cottagers, while for those who are fond of walking, there is a charming road which goes past the Martello tower on the way to the Carleton ferry. The Martello tower, built during the war of 1812, is not only interesting from a historical point of view but adds greatly to the attractiveness of the landscape.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Inspiration. She breathes the air of realms divine, And cloudless skies afar; Ethereal as the rays that shine, In every holy star. Seraphs in sweetest hymns confound, Where golden temples glow; Her saintly face the angels bless, In love's celestial dream. What marvel one so fair as she In that life giving clime; Shout on the earth all honored be The lovliest of her time. That in those jewelled walls of light, Immortal beings long; To meet her on their mansions bright, And teach her love's sweet song. If it a sad depending hour— Of doubt, my soul must cry; O say it is for her my flower, I anguish and die: Let no dark night her sweet dreams mar, Or grief her sunbeams leaven, For such as she on earth there are Some souls baptized in heaven. She breathes the air of realms divine, Reflecting in her eyes; Love's language is a mystic sign, To me a sweet surprise. My soul responds with inward fear, Let I unworthy prove; To have the heart of one so dear, To that high heavenly love. On that pale brow in beauty still, My love's enchanting smile; The sweetest is that Eden land, Compare my love who thee. My spirit flies thine own to greet, I follow it apart; To tell thee this my treasure meet, And clasp thee to my heart. She breathes the air of realms divine, The flower angels know; What favors meet our minds refrain, There best for her they grow. Their epithets and lilies sweet, In heavenly values serene; In fragrance to my heart repeat, Thy name my sweet Laurent. Laurel Wood June 1896.

The Castle Near the Window Seat.

There's a castle near the window seat, Made of wood, Where dwells full many a wondrous wight, some very bad, some good. On the turret 'er lives Crusoe bold, and Mr. Greaves, who Once sailed star on the broad salt sea; and there's Columbus, too; And next to them lives Robin Hood and all of his merry band, With his little namesake, Riding Hood, upon his strong right hand. And away old Don Quixote, too, lives 'way up there with these, With his battered helmet on his head and the cage on his knees.

On the lower floor is a fairy store—Titanis and her kins. An I Broderick by the dozens who are pranking all their days; And Cinderella lives near them, with her good old fairy friend; And close to her Aladdin dwells, with stores of gold to spend.

Pop-o'-wey-though lives up there, too, and Jack with his big head of looking glass, with her queer old rummy Queen; And the Barber who dwells therein, of the old Arabian Nights, And about about are heroes of at least a thousand fights.

'Tis a wondrous band of persons grand that nursery castle holds; With martial heroes and fearful birds, and witches, too, and scolds; And you'd almost think it would frighten me to know, when I go to bed, That all these creatures live so close, almost at my very head.

But it doesn't, you see, for I am King, and I hold the castle keys; Not one can stir from his stilled place within unless I please. And after all, they are safe enough, in spite of their wicked looks, For the castle walls of which I speak make the case where I keep my books. Carlyle Smith.

After Death.

I sometimes linger 'er the last Of days of lost other days, And still the question with me stays—"When I am gone shall I be missed?" I doubt if others think the same, Or even wish to share my thought—That men were foolish who have sought To leave a never-dying name.

When thou hast run this earthly race Thy soul will not "leave a world in tears," Nor will men come in after years To view thine earthly resting place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well, Thy spirit will be no less free, Although it is not thine to be A Milton or a Raphael.

Fret not thyself, but heaven thank If all the good that thou canst do May be so done that only few Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if but one true heart Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—Ere it can say, "We meet again!" Or know what it is to part.

One loving heart that never craves, And all those cards on its earth Should seem to have no lasting worth And end forever in the grave.

One faithful heart beneath the sky, Is worth to leave a seed of love, To blossom in a world above And bear a fruit which shall not die. C. J. Bodden.

I Wonder Why.

I wonder why I learn change so carelessly, Forgetful of the fires they have set, Forgetful of the trembling lips once wet With dew of kisses.

I wonder why it comes—forgetfulness—To meet every the loyalty and truth, That once was glorified, Leaving alone a formless shadow—truth For these fragments.

I wonder why we cannot earnestly Command our loves as we command our lives And give it sweetly true, The love remains to him who truly strives to give in constancy.

I wonder why we never know ourselves—One never look into ourselves and see The hidden things that wait, A magic touch to burst forth mightily And "within our started souls."

I wonder why our earnest vows enshrine With the lesser trembles of our love, Grow faint with laughing time, Like echoes from some "whispering" voice above The far of laughing clouds— I wonder why!

The Bellevue Convent, Quebec, has selected and purchased a Frate Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

Respectfully in Wall Papers of McArthur's King, St.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



TO INVESTIGATE BANKS CONDUCT.

Ald. Hubley Leads the Onslaught Against the License Inspector.

HALIFAX, July 9.—Again the city council has spent a field night over Inspector Banks. Ald. Hubley led the onslaught against the inspector and he did it with heroic outspokenness. The alderman tried to have an ultimatum given to the inspector to do his duty or get out in the case of the "single-tax license holders," as some one calls those who are selling on the documents to which the signature is unattached.

The alderman was unsuccessful in this, and besides had to endure the taunt that Banks was the nominee of the temperance people, and that he himself had worked and voted for the new inspector. Ald. Foster said he could not lift a finger against Banks, for that official had been put in office by the temperance people. Ald. Hubley defended himself against the charge of supporting and voting for Banks, saying that he never trusted him and that his vote was only given because he thought that possibly Banks would be some improvement on his predecessor. Ald. Hubley's perseverance was rewarded, however, when he secured the passage of a motion authorizing the Mayor to appoint a committee to investigate Banks' discharge of his official duties. Here are the names of the six men who will sit in solemn conclave over the case of "Havelock H. Banks, chief inspector of liquor licenses": Ward 1—Ald. Geldart; ward 2—Ald. Butler; ward 3—Ald. Lane; ward 4—Ald. Hubley; ward 5—Ald. Eden; ward 6—Ald. Creighton. Poor Banks; his friends and his foes alike are apt to hit at a target!

There is one official of the city of Halifax who seems to have a particular enemy, and that man is Chief O'Sullivan, the enemy being a no less redoubtable personage than Alfred Whitman, barrister. The estrangement between the two grows out of the case of one Charles Stern, a New York alleged defaulter, who some months ago was arrested in this city. Three claimers were made against him under capias after his release on the criminal charge. The lawyers spent days and nights trying to reconcile conflicting claims, and two of them blame Whitman for not allowing the whole matter to be amicably settled, which comparatively small loss to Stern and with mutual benefit to themselves and their clients. In the course of those negotiations chief O'Sullivan was appointed trustee for Stern's wealth. By virtue of that office O'Sullivan was given certain papers in the case. Whitman, it seems, refused on the ground that he has already shown them to him twice, and that his time is too valuable to spend it in another exhibition. Whitman claims a right to see the papers because he says the chief holds them as a public official. The official refuses, on the ground that he holds them not in any manner whatever as Chief of Police, but solely as a private citizen who was asked to act as trustee. The chief challenged Whitman to subpoena him in court and have him ordered to produce the papers, but that challenge the barrister ignored, preferring rather to write a letter to the city council lodging a complaint against the chief in the matter. The subject has been referred to the police commission to look into. Whitman may possibly, in consequence be near a third inspection of the papers, and again he may be far, though yet so near. Any one interested, it seems, except Whitman, can see the papers for the first time whenever he likes to ask the privilege.

GODFREY PAYZANT'S BEQUESTS.

He Leaves Privately Legacies to Various Baptist Institutions.

HALIFAX, July 9.—The will of Godfrey P. Payzant, of Windsor, president of the commercial bank, contains the most munificent legacies that have been made in this province for some years. Mr. Payzant at the age of 85, had accumulated an estate valued at about \$700,000, made in shop-keeping in Windsor years ago and by judicious investments since, coupled with economical habits of living. The sum of \$100,000 is left to Acadia college; \$1,000 to Acadia seminary; \$1,000 to the church at Chester Road; \$800 for four Sunday school libraries; 1,000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, Baptist Home mission Board, and Baptist Foreign Mission Board, \$20,000 to the town of Windsor for an hospital, provided a like sum is given or raised within seven years. This makes a total to charities of \$150,800, surely a noble monument to one of Nova Scotia's merchant princes.

This will shows that Mr. Payzant did not allow family troubles to influence him or prevent him from doing what was right with his money. It is known that his domestic relations were not in every particular the happiest; years ago he met a

surprise in his domestic circle which cost him some \$25,000 to settle. His son-in-law now receives only \$10,000, but his only daughter is given \$50,000 besides real estate. His widow receives \$50,000. The balance is given to other relatives and connections, the bulk going to grandchildren and nephews. Mr. Payzant's memory will long be kept green at Acadia college, and in the Baptist church, on account of his noble benefaction to the cause of education and philanthropy.

The contrast is marked between this will and that of Bennett Smith, another Windsor man who died a few years ago worth three-quarters of a million dollars. Payzant had lived his life by the side of his father; his manner of life was similar, and his methods of business much alike. But Mr. Payzant gave back to the people, from whom his wealth was taken, over \$150,000, while Mr. Smith left barely a dollar in that way. Not only did Bennett Smith leave nothing to render his memory fragrant in the community, but he tied it up to prevent, as far as possible, even his descendants getting the immediate good of it. One of his sons—T. B. Smith was cut off with a pittance \$20 a month, while the estate was tied up as the "Bennett Smith estate," so that it could not be divided for about forty years, or until his grandchildren sons of John and Charles Smith, came of age.

One document was a will which will leave the world the better because Godfrey P. Payzant lived in it. The other benefits no one but two sons and the grandchildren of Bennett Smith. The one benefactor will long be remembered with loving gratitude by his countrymen; the other will soon be forgotten except by those who think of an imbecile but comparatively unphilanthropic testator.

Purcell's Church Music.

In Purcell's great church music, which is far better known than his secular work, he is still full of respect for his words; he is also still dramatic, but dramatic with a difference. He was far too great a man not to see the fine distinctions, which foolish people nowadays are apt to ignore, between sacred music and secular; far too great not to realize that although sacred music must excite nearly all the emotions excited by secular music, or it becomes formal and unhuman, yet it must excite them with a different object and from a different motive, or it becomes sensational and sentimental. Many English church composers have fallen into the first error and written music which, as Mr. Barrett says, "is like chaff for giness and unlike chaff for heaviness." Many foreign composers have fallen into the second—Rossini for example. Rossini's remark that he "knew only two kinds of music, good and bad," is exactly what might have been expected from the composer of his "Stabat Mater." But Purcell's is a noble course between the two extremes. In his own home, and in his great "De Dum," the original manuscript of which has been lately recovered by Dr. Bridge, we have the finest works of English church music, as well as, perhaps, the finest works of the master himself.

His connection with Westminster Abbey was not the only part of his life. He was also organist of the Chapel Royal and Composer in Ordinary to the King, and all this at twenty-five. Besides these regular appointments, we hear of him playing elsewhere—at the Temple Church, for instance, on that exquisite organ, which, for chasteness and refined beauty, has scarcely an equal. At the famous contest between the organ builders Harris and Smith, which lasted for a twelvemonth, and became so violent that one night the friends of Harris crept in and cut the bellows of Smith's organ, Purcell was employed to play for Smith. Perhaps it was partly owing to him that the instrument was finally chosen by Judge Jeffreys instead of the one by Harris.

The New Woman Not in It.

With all her frivols and lads the "New Woman" does not commence to enjoy the same comfort with her mannish clothing that a man does, for she will almost always sacrifice comfort for style and effect, while with a man comfort comes first. Men's suits and overcoats admit of such few changes in style that the main question is to get a becoming color and, for severe weather, to make them warm enough without too much bulk or weight. And here men take advantage of the many feminine appropriations of their styles and borrow the invaluable Fibre Chamoi on which such extensive sleeves are safely built, using it in winter coats and vests for the sake of the beautiful warmth it gives; a comforting warmth which neither wind nor rain will penetrate.

Time of Sailing.

The evening sailings of the Star Line steamers have been changed, the steamer "Olivette" running on her regular Saturday night trips instead of every evening; see advertisement.

The steamer "Aberdeen" will run to the camp meeting at Brown's Flats on Sunday at 9.30 a. m.

It is also expected that steamers will run from Fredericton and other points along the river.

S. Gov't Report.

King powder

...which cost \$10,000...

...not only did it...

...the one becom...

...the other except...

...the first error...

...the original man...

...the famous cont...

...the instrument w...

...the many immit...

Rub! Rub! Rub! WELCOME SOAP

We Can't all have Bicycles. . . .

STOWER'S Lime Juice Cordial

Sea Foam Soap

Drink Montserrat IN HOT WEATHER.

Social and Personal.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. and the Misses Holden gave a very pleasant tea in honor of their guests...

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Houghton are at Cedar Street cottage, St. John's, visiting Mrs. Hoaghton's parents Dr. and Mrs. Steeves.

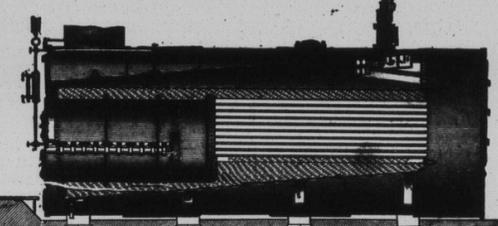
A quiet wedding was celebrated in the Cathedral at six o'clock Thursday morning, the interested parties being John J. Barry and Miss Minnie McDermott...

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Houghton are at Cedar Street cottage, St. John's, visiting Mrs. Hoaghton's parents Dr. and Mrs. Steeves.

WHETHER YOU BUY... "Tetley's" TEAS

Bad soap did it. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.



The Monarch Economic Boiler.

Illustration of a woman at a table with a man.



ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

St. Stephen is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

July 8.—The fourth of July passed off very quietly...

Trinity church Sunday school picnic and excursion...

Mr. Lee Tudor Porter will spend his summer vacation...

Mr. J. H. Ganson and his daughter Miss Sue Ganson...

Mr. A. E. Neill gave a children's party at his residence...

A party of young ladies left this morning for the cottage...

Miss Alice Robinson has arrived from Boston to spend...

The funeral services of Mr. Robert Gilmore who died...

Mr. J. H. Ganson and his daughter Miss Sue Ganson...

Mr. A. E. Neill and his daughter Miss Julia Neill...

Mr. W. A. Boardman left on Friday for Toronto...

Mr. W. C. Goucher's numerous friends are sorry to hear...

Miss Charlotte Galvin and her niece Miss Mary Hopper...

Mr. Smith Dexter has returned to his home in Providence...

Miss Majorie Riceout is the guest of her cousin...

Miss Winifred Vose is visiting her sister Mrs. George...

Mr. Henry E. Barnard, and her daughter Miss Mary...

Mr. Lee Tudor Porter will spend his summer vacation...

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Mr. Hugh Kay is visiting friends in Houlton. Miss Clara...

Mr. Frank Lawlor, Mr. F. Murphy, and Mr. G. Stoad...

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Chosen by the United States Government. Columbia Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing. Indian Woman's Balm. visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes

ANAGANCE. Mr. J. H. Ganson and his daughter Miss Sue Ganson...

HOTEL ABERDEEN. ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office, Prince William Street.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Cool Soda Water. With Choice Fruit Syrups. Cherry Ripe Peach, Red Messina Orange.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. "KING OF PAIN." I WAS CURED OF Rheumatism and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. "KING OF PAIN." I WAS CURED OF a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. "KING OF PAIN." I WAS CURED OF a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Ferguson & Page. 41 KING STREET. Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for small presents.

Dancing Gowns and Wheeling Suits. Dressy Wraps or Knockabout Frocks — it doesn't matter which.

Fibre Chamolis. Suits them all equally well, giving a grace and stylish stiffness which can't be put by any amount of crushing or hard usage.

Distress. AFTER EATING, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, ACIDITY. INSTANTLY RELIEVED. FOR ANY FORM OF INDIGESTION.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1896.

IN THE LEPER COLONY.

A MALIGNANT SETTLEMENT IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The Abode of Death is known as Indian Camp—The Trouble Experienced in Establishing a Leper Hospital in New Orleans—How the Afflicted People Live.

Far from any habitation in the parish of Iberville, Louisiana, is the most melancholy settlement in the United States. There are only two similar settlements in the world, and they are veritable Gehennas. Each house is in effect a tomb, and every member of these settlements—except the nurses and doctors—is slowly but surely less surely dying. This abode of death in Iberville parish is known as Indian Camp; it is a place of refuge for lepers.

It is a newly established colony. Owing to its isolation and the quiet way it is managed, the outside world has thus far heard nothing of it. Its very existence is known to very few outside those directly interested and the city and State officials who have been appealed to.

What a field for the magazine writer and novelist in that dreary, death-doomed colony! There are heroes and heroines there, and life tragedies are enacted almost daily. One of the greatest drawbacks with which these interested in the success of the colony have to contend is the great reluctance to becoming a part of the community which the lepers themselves feel. This is not because they fear they will not have the best of care and treatment, but rather due to the well-known peculiarities of the disease, which when it once becomes established can never be cured. The certain knowledge of this fact causes the leper to go as far away from his fellows as possible; and it is said by those in a position to know that of the hundred or more lepers now in the State of Louisiana, the majority are now hiding in the dense woods and swamps, far away from all human habitations, and never leave the seclusion of such retreats except under cover of darkness.

Leprosy, the most dreaded disease of all which afflict the human race, has been prevalent in Louisiana since the year 1766. It was first brought into the State, then a French colony, by the French Acadian exiles, who settled along the lower Mississippi river after they were expelled from Canada by the British. It is only very recently, however, that the State authorities have taken any active steps toward suppressing the disease, or even isolating the afflicted persons. Indeed, there is no law in Louisiana which gives those in charge of the colony at Indian Camp the necessary police power to arrest a leper wherever found and isolate him at the colony, although several attempts have been made to have such a law passed.

Of the twenty-seven lepers now at Indian Camp, two are colored and the others are white. Eleven are women, of whom the youngest is thirteen years of age, and the oldest fifty-two. The thirteen-year-old girl is a sister of three brothers now at the same colony, and she also has a cousin who is a leper and who is at the same place.

At first there was considerable opposition to the establishing of a leper hospital anywhere in the vicinity of New Orleans, and on two occasions the City Council interfered when arrangements had been practically completed for the opening of such an institution within the city. Recently after a great deal of difficulty, the Board of Control secured a lease of what has been known ever since as the Old Indian Camp Plantation. It was a typical southern plantation homestead, about which were grouped the small cabins which in anti-bellum days served as homes for the slaves. Now those old negro quarters have been completely renovated, they have been cleaned and painted, made weather-proof, and furnished each with an iron cot and chair, and a few other necessary articles.

At first there was much opposition to the opening of the colony in the parish, but when the people began to realize that such a work meant, and that the lepers were as anxious to be isolated as the law was to have them, prejudice gave way to pity. The first lepers were sent to Indian Creek on a coal barge which was towed down the river by a tug at midnight. The trip was a variable ride to the tomb for the unfortunate. They knew that no cure was possible, and all they could hope for was some small mitigation of their sufferings for the remnant of their miserable lives, shunned by all the rest of the world, and deserted even by their nearest relatives and friends. Since that first trip there have been several similar ones, but none of these have equalled that first one for ghastly novelty.

One can hardly expect an excessive amount of happiness to prevail at such a funeral spot as Indian Camp, where everybody is aware of the fact that everybody else as well as himself is slowly dying, yet everything possible is done to divert the thoughts of these wretches from their own condition. In the first place the old plan-

tion grounds have been made as pleasant and cheerful as was possible. The place has no resemblance to either a hospital or quarantine station, and unless the observer were previously told of the real purpose of the place, he would judge it to be the home of some prosperous planter with the cabins of his laborers surrounding the family residence.

Physicians and others who are familiar with leprosy and the effect which it has on the victim's mind, say that when a knowledge of the fact that he has the disease first comes upon him, he is, as a rule, so stunned at the thought as to appear unable to fully realize the awfulness and the certainty of his fate. Then comes a forced resignation, or at least an attempt to accept the inevitable with patience. That some succeed in this is shown by the fact that such games as croquet and hand-ball are played at Indian Camp, and papers and magazines are eagerly read. Especially when the disease has so far overcome any patient that he is unable to take part in any of the few amusements indulged in by the other patients, the illustrated periodicals and magazines which are each week sent to the colony are eagerly looked over. Two organs were presented by friends to Indian Camp—one for use in the chapel, and the other for the amusement of the patients, all of whom seem to appreciate its music.

Doubtless almost every sufferer from this dread Eastern scourge could tell an affecting tale of how he first came to realize the fact that he was thus doomed to a living death. Few of the patients, however, care to relate their experiences, and the few facts known of each case are only picked up here and there as it were by accident. In one instance a prominent lawyer, whose brilliancy and success at the bar won for him a reputation throughout the country, was made aware of the fact that he had leprosy by the merest accident. He was about to be married, and was working day and night in order to get his affairs into such shape that he could leave town for a brief vacation. As he was working by the light of a lamp one night the shade suddenly broke. Without thinking that the glass was hot, he reached out his hand and picked up the broken fragments. The fact that he felt no sensation of burning, although the flesh blistered, attracted his attention. Then he remembered that if fire failed to cause pain when applied to the flesh it was an unfailing indication of leprosy. Further tests convinced the man that he was doomed, and that night he disappeared. Strange to say he did not commit suicide, but instead hid away from the world in the midst of a swamp, where he was finally found months after his disappearance, ragged, emaciated and nearly dead from exposure and the ravages of the disease. He was taken by friends, who did not heed his protests, and placed in the leper colony, where he died shortly afterwards.

In another instance a youth of twenty years, who happened to strike a hot stove with his hand, thus discovered that he had the disease. He told his sister of his condition, and she, despite all efforts of the authorities, kept him concealed and supplied with food for months. Finally, however, the disease appeared on her also, and the authorities, took both brother and sister and placed them in the colony where they now are. Instances are on record where mothers have left their families and become outcasts and wanderers, hiding from their own flesh and blood, because they have made the horrible discovery that they have in some way contracted leprosy. There is at Indian Camp almost an entire family, all marked for death by the white scourge.

Not so very long ago the entire civilized world did homage to the memory of Father Damien, who cheerfully gave years of toil and finally his life to help the lepers of the Hawaiian colony on the Island of Molokai; and more recently two sisters of charity have gone to that island of death to work among the lepers until they shall die of the same loathsome disease which is certain eventually to attack them.

In the same category of heroes and heroines must be put the names of four sisters of charity, who in response to a request of the Board of Control have just undertaken the care of the lepers at Indian Camp. Dr. E. M. Hooper, of Wilson, Louisiana, is at present the resident physician, and all possible care is given to the unfortunate beings who compromise the colony. Kate Marden was received by Queen Victoria and decorated by the Czar of Russia in recognition of her work among the lepers of Molokai, but no one receives or decorates those who as physicians and nurses are daily putting their lives in jeopardy among the lepers at Indian Camp, and their heroisms is no less worthy.

The thing now most needed at the colony is sufficient funds to ensure a continuance of the work. The State of Louisiana has recently voted \$10,000 for this purpose, but the Board of Control claims that if the money now fails to accomplish the purpose for which it was instituted, it will be solely from lack of adequate funds.

Indian Camp is so situated that perfect isolation can be secured, and efforts are constantly being made to induce lepers throughout the State to come to the Colony.

Attempts were first made to locate persons so diseased through the agency of the sheriff throughout the State; and when this plan failed, application was made to the local health officers, but with the same result or rather lack of results.

Then the Board of Control set about trying to induce the lepers to come to the colony of their own accord; and when once the purpose and aims of the institution were understood, a large number of lepers did report, and were isolated at their own request. Many others, however, fled deeper into the impenetrable swamps when they learned that they might be obliged to live at Indian Camp; and in the swamps they will remain until some legal steps are taken to secure them and isolate them.

The Board of Control of the leper home has now suggested to the Louisiana Legislature that this and other States cooperate in securing a uniform law which shall prevent the emigration of lepers from one state to another, and which shall enable the authorities to isolate a leper wherever found.

The same difficulty, however, has been experienced by the government of Hawaii where laws were enacted, which made the concealment of a case of leprosy, or the aiding of a leper to escape deportation to Molokai, a misdemeanor punishable by a fine or imprisonment. Notwithstanding this it is only with the greatest difficulty and by constant watching that the authorities can locate the lepers.

Some of the donations sent to the colony are unique, although a use is found for everything. One firm donated a single pair of suspenders, while a gentleman who could think of nothing else, gave two cows and two calves. A barrel of cakes and fruit was the gift of a lady of New Orleans, while clothing, candied, onions, two gallons of whiskey, and one hundred pounds of ice delivered each week, were among the donations recently received.

Of the thirty-one patients who have been isolated at Indian Camp—four of whom are now dead—twenty-two were born in Louisiana, one in Pennsylvania, four in Mississippi, two in Germany, and two in France. None of the patients ever expect to be cured; and although the record of the resident physician at Indian Camp shows that in some of the cases under his care there is a marked improvement, the relief is only temporary; and the fact is fully realized that Indian Camp is, after all, mainly designed for the protection of society, and is only a gateway to the tomb for the unfortunate who are placed there.

JOHN FRIES'S REBELLION.

Led by a Pennsylvanian With a Sword and Good Hat—Sentence to Death.

Shortly after the election of John Adams to the Presidency several acts were passed by Congress which were obnoxious to a portion of the people of eastern Pennsylvania, in consequence of which Berks, Bucks, and Northampton counties presented scenes of excitement. It was more particularly in that part of Northampton which is now included in Lehigh county that there was the most violent and determined resistance to the attempt of the Government to collect a direct tax, known by the name of "house tax." In the latter months of 1797 disorders prevailed to an alarming extent in portions of the counties named, and considerable difficulty attended the assessors for the direct tax in the execution of their duties. In several townships associations were formed to prevent the persons charged with the execution of those laws from performing their duty, and more particularly to prevent them from measuring the houses.

The leader of the opposition was John Fries, a bold, fearless, uneducated man who seemed to exercise a great influence over his neighbors and get them into heats of trouble. At many places public meetings were called to make resistance to the enforcement of the law, and in some instances resolutions in writing were entered into, solemnly forewarning the officers and threatening them with dire consequences. The opposition had grown to such proportions that even the friends of the Government were completely suppressed by menaces against any one who should assist those officers in their duty. Repeated declarations were made, both at public as well as at private meetings, that if any authority should be arrested by the civil authority such arrest would be followed by the rising of the people in opposition to that authority to rescue such prisoners.

Infants' Wear Department.

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

- Infants' Embroidered Robes, \$2.10 to \$3.15.
- Infants' Day Slips, 83c to \$3.50.
- Infants' Night Slips, 50c to \$1.00.
- Infants' Cotton Skirts, 45c to \$1.75.
- Infants' Flannel Shirts, \$1.15 and \$1.35.
- Infants' Foot Blankets, \$1.35 and \$1.45.
- Infants' Knitted Bands, 8 in, 55c; 9 in, 60c.
- Infants' Flannel Bands, 5 in, 22c; 6 in, 27c.
- Infants' Muslin Shirts, 22c and 31c.
- Infants' Cashmere Shirts, long sleeves, 50c and 70c.
- Children's White Lawn and Nainsook Dresses, 70c to \$3.60
- Children's Colored Cotton Dresses, 48c to \$1.90.
- Children's White Cotton Skirts, 39c to \$1.05.
- Infants' Silk Shirts, short sleeves, 33c.
- Infants' Embroidered Flannel Squares, \$1.45 to \$2.00.
- Infants' Silk Bibs, 50c to \$1.00.
- Infants' Muslin Bibs, 16c to 60c.
- Infants' Wool Booties, Assorted Prices.
- Infants' Wool Jackets, 85c to \$1.45.
- Infants' Cream Cashmere Cloaks, \$1.65 to 8.00.
- Infants' Silk and Muslin Hoods, Assorted Prices.
- Infants' Hats, untrimmed or trimmed to order, Assorted Prices.
- Children's White Muslin Aprons, 37c to \$1.05
- Children's Silk Shirts, short sleeves, 57c to 80c.
- Children's Silk Shirts, long sleeves, 75c to \$1.00.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

Bethlehem, collected before the house in which were the marshal and his prisoners, and demanded that the latter be delivered up to them. In consequence of refusal they proceeded to commit acts very little short of hostility, so that the marshal was overawed and deemed it prudent to accede to their demands, and the prisoners were liberated.

Some time in February, 1798, a public meeting was held at the house of John Kiline in Lower Milford, of what is now Lehigh county, to consider this house tax. At that meeting certain resolutions were adopted, a paper signed by fifty-two persons, and committed to the hands of one of their number. John Fries was present at this meeting, and assisted in preparing the paper, at which his expressions against the law were extremely violent, and he threatened to shoot one of the assessors, Mr. Foulke, "through the legs," if he proceeded to assess the houses. At a vendue, later on, Fries, threatened another assessor, S. Clark, that if he attempted to go on with the assessment he would be committed to an old stable near by and there fed on "rotten corn." The assessor in Lower Milford was intimidated to such an extent that he declined to make assessments, and the principal assessors, together with three deputies, were obliged to go into the township to execute the law. At the house of Jacob Fries, Mr. Chapman, the assessor, met John Fries, who declared his determination not to submit, but to oppose the law, and that by next morning he could raise 700 men in opposition to it. Fries and his partisans continued to follow and persecute several assessors, chasing them from township to township in parties of fifty or sixty, most of whom were armed and accompanied by a corps of drummers and fifers. Fries was armed with a large horse pistol, and was assisted in command by one Snyder. Thus equipped they went to Quakertown, seized two assessors, and attempted to fire at another who ran away. Fortunately the weapons failed to discharge. They examined the papers of the assessors and exacted a promise that they would not proceed in the valuation of the houses in Lower Milford. They abused a traveller who had the courage to stand up for the Government. At Quakertown, learning that the marshal had taken a number of prisoners, they resolved to effect their escape. The people of Milford were induced to take part in this business, and a paper, setting forth their design, was drawn up by Fries at his own house and signed by the party.

On the morning of the next day twenty or more of them met at the house of Conrad Marks. Fries was armed with a sword and had a feather in his hat. On the road, as they went forward, they were met by young marks, who told them they might as well turn around, for the Northampton people were strong enough to do the business without those from Bucks county. Some were inclined to do so, but at the behest of Fries and others they went forward and proceeded to Bethlehem. Before their arrival a party going on the same business had stopped at the bridge near Bethlehem, where they were met by a detachment from the marshal, who advised them to return home. They agreed to halt there and send three of their number to declare to the marshal their demand. During this period Fries and his party came up, but it appears when they came Fries took his party across the bridge, arranged the toll, and ordered them to proceed. With the consent of his people he demanded of the officer that he could not surrender them except they were taken from him by force, and produced his warrant for taking them. Fries bargained his party at the house and explained to them the necessity for using force. That none should mistake his design it was proven that he declared "that was the third day which he had been on his expedition; that he had had a skirmish the day before and that the prisoners were not released he should have another that day."

Addressing his men, he said: "Now you observe that force is necessary, but you must obey my orders. We will not go without taking the prisoners. But take my orders; you must not fire first, but you must be fired upon, and when I am gone you must do as well as you can, as I expect to be the first man that falls." He further declared to the marshal that they would fight "till a cloud of smoke prevents us from seeing each other." He harangued the troops, urging them to obey his orders. The marshal was intimidated and liberated the prisoners, amid the huzzas of the insurgents. After this affair at Bethlehem, Fries frequently avowed his opposition to the laws and justified that outrage, and when a meeting was afterward held at Lower Milford to choose assessors he refused his assent, and was as violent as ever. The charges against Fries were proven, after two trials, in both of which he was found guilty of treason. He was sentenced to be hanged, but was subsequently pardoned by President John Adams. Several other citizens from the same vicinity were tried and found guilty of the subordinate crimes of sedition, insurrection, and riot. They were imprisoned for a time, heavily fined, and held in jail for their future good behavior. The rebellion was entirely bloodless, probably being the only one known in which no blood was shed; but during its progress all the people of eastern Pennsylvania were intensely excited.—Philadelphia Times.

ONLY FEMALE MOSQUITO BITES. Twenty-One Species of the Pest in America, and Jersey Claims Four of Them. This is the season when the pestiferous mosquito gets in its deadly work. No scientist has ever been able to discover a single virtue in the insect, but we all know its faults. Besides making mankind miserable during the summer, there is no doubt that mosquitoes carry and propagate diseases. There is every reason to believe that they spread yellow fever. It has been observed that this dreadful fever comes, with them and departs when they go. Where they are most plentiful it flourishes, but where they are scarce very few cases appear. Malaria is also supposed to be propagated by these pests, but this charge has been proven. There are about one hundred and fifty species of mosquitoes in the world, and at least twenty-one are native to North America. New Jersey alone has four species, one succeeding another so that it is kept well supplied all summer. The largest varieties occur in the tropics. The female does all the biting. The male never enters the house unless by accident, its only object in life being to perpetuate the species. The natural food of the female are the juices of plants. It is not known why she likes human blood. If she drinks her fill once she never troubles mankind in this respect. Her sting consists of five very sharp needles, two of them being barbed. They unite and form an awl, which, having made the puncture, serves as a tube to suck the blood through. When Mrs. Mosquito is ready to lay her eggs she selects some still water near by. Here she deposits them in a boat-shaped mass on the surface. From these the larvae are hatched. These larvae are called "wigglers." When the wriggler is ready to emerge into an insect he comes to the surface and sheds his skin, which serves as a raft for him to stand upon. If there is any wind his raft may be upset and he drowned. However, if nothing happens, he stands on it a minute or two until his wings are dry and then flies away to torment unfortunate persons. It takes three or four weeks for the eggs to develop into full-fledged mosquitoes. In localities where there are swamps or ditches the nuisance may be mitigated by covering the waters with petroleum. A single drop of oil will spread over quite a large surface, and the thinnest film is said to be death to the larvae. It is estimated that 500 acres of water surface can be covered with crude oil for \$3. If such surfaces were covered five times during the summer no mosquitoes could possibly propagate in them. A mosquito will produce hundreds of generations in a single summer. In the School of Journalism. "What do you call a piece of exclusive news that you secure?" "A beat or a scoop." "And what do you call a piece of exclusive news that is secured by your rival?" "An idiotic take."—Chicago Evening Post.

WOMEN AND LIFE INSURANCE. The Poor Women Against Insuring the Rich in Favor of It. "Women seem to have a rooted dislike to insuring their lives." This was the assertion of one of a new firm of women "insurance brokers," who have established themselves in the hope of educating the sex to the demands of modern civilization in this respect. Incidentally the brokers are earning a few dollars in the business. The new woman has been steadily pushing herself into many of the avenues to riches and fame hitherto traversed by men, but the two keen-eyed but modest widows who have hitherto taken to themselves the title of "insurance brokers" are the first to venture on such a rocky road to preferment. They represent several large insurance companies, fire and life, and they will buy or sell real estate, or trade a second-hand bicycle for a fast horse, or buy you a silver mine in Cripple Creek, or negotiate any kind of "paper," or, in fact, do anything that a live man of business finds to his advantage. "Why will not women insure?" "If it is a married woman she will say, 'Why should I pay money for another woman that is to occupy their place when they have shuffled off this mortal coil. It is for granted that their husbands will marry again if they ever become widowers. This thought in itself is bad enough, but the idea of No. 2 having the money laid up by No. 1 is worse. So we have to educate the women up to insurance, and it is anything but an easy task.'"

"But all women are not married. Why should not single women get insured?" "There, again, the single woman has plenty of reasons for refusing to insure, and most of them valid. She says that she cannot afford to, for one thing; then she will ask why she should insure her life and pay out money annually, when she has no children to enjoy the money she may leave. She will say that there is absolutely no inducement for her to go into such a speculation. Even when we point out the advantages of an endowment policy, which will give her the money at the end of twenty or twenty-five years, she cannot see it. She feels that she would rather have \$10 in her pocket today than wait twenty-five years for \$10,000. I am a woman and know my sex."

"But do not some women insure their lives?" "Yes; but they go to men to do it. I suppose there must be about \$2,000,000 invested by the rich women in this city in insurance policies. Your rich woman knows the value of insurance, and she does not hesitate to take it, for it means to add to her wealth, even if it means to die with women, and we hope to succeed, but we have to hustle. One of us stays in the office, and the other goes out to look up business, and we are never idle. We represent a number of excellent companies, of world-wide reputation, but we are hampered by our sex. The new woman has it not all her own way yet—at least, not in the insurance business."

There is But One.

Way, and that is the right way, for doing all things. We have the correct method for Cleaning and Dyeing, and the proof is shown in the work. Try UNGAR in this line and be convinced. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS 26 to 28 Waterloo Street. We pay wages one day.

IVER'S QUIANT BAPTISM.

[The following is a selection from S. Baring Gould's novel, "The Broom-Squire," recently issued by Frederick A. Stokes & Co. A sailor stopping at a tavern called The Ship with his motherless babe whom he is taking to his sister in another county, starts out at night with some boon companions. At the inn, during the conversation, it transpired that the babe had not been baptized. Young Iver heard his superstitious mother, the hearse, say of an unbaptized child: "It ain't a Christian, so it can't go to heaven. It ain't done no evil, so it can't go to hell; and so the poor spirit wanders about in the wind and never has no rest. You can hear them piping in the trees and tobbing at the window." Iver and the Broom-Squire set out shortly after the sailor and his friends; and Iver goes but a little way when they find the dead body of the sailor, who had been murdered and robbed, and the little child crying in the bushes. The Broom-Squire stands guard over the body, while he bids Iver carry the child to one of the houses in the scattered settlement and give the alarm. The boy seeks in vain at a number of the houses for admission for the babe, but the selfish people will not be burdened even for the night.]

Iver stood in the open air with the child in his arms. He was perplexed. What should be done with it? He would have rubbed his head, to rub an idea into it, had not both his arms been engaged.

Large, warm drops fell from the sky, like tears from an overcharged heart. The vault overhead was row black with rain clouds, and a flicker over the edge of the Punch-Bowl, like the quivering of expiring light in a despairing eye, gave evidence that a thunder storm was gathering, and would speedily break.

The babe became peevish, and Iver was unable to pacify it. He must find a sister somewhere, and every door was shut against the child. Had it not been that the storm was imminent, Iver would have hastened directly home, in full confidence that his tender-hearted mother would receive the rejected of the Broom-Squire, and the Slip Inn harbor what the Punch-Bowl refused to entertain.

He stumbled in the darkness to Jonas Kink's house, but finding the door locked, and that rain was beginning to descend out of the clouds in rushes, he was obliged to take refuge in an outhouse or barn— which the building was he could not distinguish. Here he was in absolute darkness. He did not venture to grope at out, lest he should fall over some of the timber that might be, and probably was, collected there.

He supposed that he was in the place where Jonas fashioned his brooms, in which case the chopping-block, the bundles of twigs, as well as the broomsticks would be lying about. Bideabout was not an orderly and tidy worker, and his material would almost certainly be dispersed and strewn in such a manner as to trip and throw down any one unaccustomed to the place, and unprovided with a light.

The perspiration broke out on the boy's brow. The tears welled up in his eyes. He dared the infant in his arms, he dressed it carefully, he scolded it. Then in desperation he laid it on the ground and ran forth, through the rain, to the cottage of an old maid near, named Sally, stopping, however, at intervals in his career, to listen to the child who was still crying; but unable to decide, owing to the prolonged chime in his ears. It is not at once that the drums of hearing obtain relief, after they have been set in vibration by acute clamor. On reaching the old maid's door he knocked.

For some time Sally remained irresponsive. "I know very well," said she to herself under the bed-clothes, "it's that dratted boy who has been at the Rockliffe's."

Iver persisted in knocking. At length she appeared at the casement, opened it, thrust forth her night-capped head, and said peevishly: "It ain't no manner of use. I won't have no babies here, not to my time o' life, thank'y. I sez I won't and wot I sez that I sticks to tea toffee and the teeth. You may knock them there knuckles of yorn into dimples, but open I won't. I won't."

The old woman stamped on the bedroom floor. "I do not ask that, Sally!" pleaded the boy. "I have set the baby in Bideabout's barn, and there's no knowin' if it may get hold of the chopper and hack off its limbs, or pull down all the rick o' broom handles on itself, or get smothered in the heater. I want a lantern, to see how to pacify the creature, and 'tis spreading that terrible! I don't know what's the matter."

"Is it a drawn of the hind legs up, and stiffen of the back?" asked the old maid. "I think so," answered the boy dubiously, then with further consideration, "I'm sure of it. It wriggled in my arms like a worm when she's gettin' it on a book out fishing."

"That's convulsions," said Sally. "Twill go off in one of they, sure as eggs is eggs and sin't inions."

"Do you recall say so?" "It's that, or water on the brain. W' all this pouring rain, I shouldn't wonder if 'twasn't tother. Not, you know, that I've any acquaintance w' babies. Only I've heard wimmin talk as has had 'em just like rabbits."

"Do they die when they have water on the brain?" "Always. Babies can't stand it, no more nor can gals gettin' their backs wetted."

"Will you help me?" pleaded the boy. After the lapse of a few minutes, a light appeared at the window of the lower room, and the door was slowly unlocked and unbarred. Then the old woman appeared in the doorway.

"How can I say? I've had precious little to do w' babies, thanks be. Now, shap, w' deal is it you want? I'm perishing w' cold."

"May I have a bottle and some milk, and a lantern?" "You can have wot you want, only I'll protest I'll have no babies foist on me here. Then she added, 'I will not trust you byes. Show me your hands, that you ain't hidin' of it behind yer back.'

"I assure you the child is in Bideabout's shed. Do be quick and help. I am so afraid lest it die, and becomes a wanderer."

"If I can help it I will do what I can that it mayn't die, for certain," said the woman, "anything but taking it in here, and that I won't, I won't, I won't." Again she stamped.

Iver provided himself with the requisites as speedily as might be, and lattered back to the outhouse. At the door a cat was mauling, and rubbed itself against his shins. When he entered the cat followed him.

The child was still sobbing and fitfully screaming, but was rapidly becoming contented.

Iver felt the arms and head of body to ascertain whether any bone was broken or battered by the fall, but his acquaintance with the anatomy of a child was too rudimentary for him to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

He held the bottle in one hand, but was ignorant how to administer its contents. Should the child be laid on its back or placed in a sitting posture?

When he applied the moistened rag to its mouth, he speedily learned that position was immaterial. The babe fell to work vigorously, with large expectation of results. Some moments elapsed before it awoke to the fact that the actual results were hardly commensurate with its anticipations, nor with its exertions.

When roused to full consciousness that it was being trifled with, then the resentment of the infant was vehement and vociferous. It drew up its legs and kicked out. It battled with its hands, it butted with its pate, and in its struggles pulled the plug out of the mouth of the flask so that the milk gushed over its face and into its mouth, at once blinding and choking it.

A series of strangulating coughs and gasps ensued, and the creature turned the color of mulberry. Iver was more alarmed than he had been before. He did his utmost to rescue the contents of the bottle from being entirely spilled, and he replaced the plug.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?" he exclaimed, and began to cry with vexation.

The cat now came to his assistance. It began to lick up the spilled milk.

Iver seized the occasion. "Look, see, pretty puss!" said he carelessly to the child. "Broke pussy. Don't be afraid. You see she likes the milk that you wouldn't. Naughly pussy cats, little licks and mounies. But she won't touch babies."

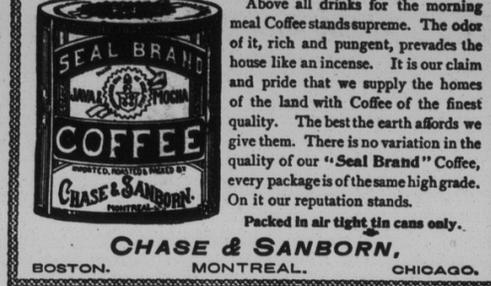
The cat having appropriated the spilled milk looked at the infant in an uncanny way out of her glinting green eyes, as though by no means disposed to try whether baby was not as good eating as a fledgling bird, at toothsome as a mouse, and as little tick and mounies. But she won't touch babies."

Iver caught up the cat and scratched her under the chin and behind the ears. "Do you hear? The pussy purrs. Would that you also might purr. She is pleased to make your acquaintance. Oh, do, do, do to quiet!"

The catting and the cat he endeavored slowly to dust some of the milk down the child's throat without sufficing to swallow too much at once, but found the task difficult, if not impossible, for his hand shook.

"Wait a bit," said he. There are straws here. I will cut one and put it through the rag, and then you can tipple like a king upon his throne."

It Makes a Good Breakfast.



CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Down went the contents of the bowl over the babe, which uttered a howl lusty enough to have satisfied any nurse that the baptism was valid, and that the devil was expelled.

RHEUMATISM'S VICTIMS.

After spasmodic efforts for a cure usually give up.

There is one medicine that has cured thousands after other medicines had failed—A Released Sufferer Adds His Strong Endorsement of This Wonderful Remedy.

What an innocent sounding name has rheumatism, and yet how terrible a reality to the thousands who suffer with it. Doctors agree that rheumatism results from poison in the blood, but as to just how they can be reached and eradicated, it would seem that their knowledge fails.

There is a remedy for rheumatism despite the general belief that it cannot be cured—a remedy that has cured thousands of the most severe cases. A noted instance of the truth of this assertion which has just come to the knowledge of the editor of the Courier, in the case of Robert Francis, Esq., formerly of Trenton, now retired from business in Elk Portage, Ont., and still residing there.

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He had to use a staff in walking and went at a slow pace. This Christmas he was again on a visit to his friends, smart and erect and without the stick or the sorrowful look of a year ago. His friends and acquaintance all accord him as a row man and congratulate him on his healthy, fresh and active appearance in contrast with a year ago. He has cheerfully and gratefully given the following statement of his case.

"My home is at Elk Portage, Ont., where for four years I was engaged in business and where I still reside. For three years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried several highly recommended remedies to no purpose, as I continued to grow worse till it was difficult for me to walk. I was for thirteen weeks confined to my bed at home and in the Winnipeg hospital. I was then induced to try the Mount Clemont Springs. I took six courses of baths or twenty-one baths each without any seemingly beneficial result. I read of several cures in the Courier from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and friends who used them with benefit to themselves urged me to try them. I did so and after a short time I felt an improvement in my condition. I have taken twelve boxes in all and my improvement has been continuous and satisfactory, so that I need the case no longer and I have increased my weight from 140 pounds to 175 by the use of Pink Pills. I am not entirely free from rheumatism but I am a new man, one thousand percent better than I was a year ago and I attribute my health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, serous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many

women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$3.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

AMERICAN WIVES OF EUROPEANS.

Reasons Why They do not Always Find Europe a Paradise.

The American girl or young widow as a marriageable person has come to be appreciated in Europe as much as, or more than, on the Continent as in England. There are several reasons for this, says a German correspondent of the N. Y. Sun, one being that the average American girl is handsomer than the average European girl; another being that she—her papa or guardian—is supposed to have, and often does have, more money than her European sister; and still another, though not so potent factor, being that the American girl is intellectually more gifted, brighter, a more interesting creature than is her European sister, on an average. The above three facts have just begun to be generally known in these European circles coming here under consideration; hence it is probable that the marrying and giving in marriage of the American girl to well-connected young Europeans will increase, instead of decreasing, hereafter.

In most instances American girls, when marrying Europeans, do so for two reasons, one being that they wish to spend their lives in a highly cultured, more or less aristocratic, and exclusive society, and the other being that they believe the life of this society to be a more enjoyable one than would be the case in American and with an American husband, other things being equal. In this two-fold supposition the American girl is often quite wrong, rarely quite right. If she marries, for instance, into a family belonging to the privileged classes, she is regarded to the last in the light of an interloper. And this, no matter what she or her husband, or even the whole family may do to the contrary, caste spirit in Europe being too strong and too insurmountable to be overcome even by a very "smart" American girl. Again, where she escapes, by her European marriage, a number of peculiarly American annoyances, she exchanges them for as many, or more, peculiarly European ones.

The whole life of the upper class is, just to mention one thing, so highly artificial and so full of the minutest care to be taken at every step, that few American-born women, even after a long training, grow accustomed to it or learn to accommodate themselves thoroughly to it all. There are, of course, exceptions—I personally know of some—but the above is the rule, even if the girl, on marrying, be still young and impressionable. Again, Europeans of both sexes, but more especially the women, do not like the independent, unceremonious ways of the American woman, and they never forgive her for exercising more freedom of speech and manner and motion than they themselves are, by the custom of a thousand years, permitted to enjoy.

A recent incident at one of the court balls in Dresden comes to my mind to illustrate this. The young American girl in question is the daughter of wealthy and distinguished Baltimoreans, and she, being very pretty besides and highly gifted in mind as well, found no great difficulty in obtaining an invitation to the eventuality that night (court rules and etiquette being often somewhat relaxed on the Continent at the smaller courts for the pleasure of receiving some charming little American). Her costume that night was, of course, above reproach; of that she had taken good care, and at first she was much admired; and she had also an irreproachable chaperon with her. But her manners—B-r-r. Without intending to do so, without being aware of it, she transgressed that evening nearly every paragraph in the code of behavior, until she was, when supper time arrived, fairly taboed and ostracized. Her final faux pas—she said, rather audibly, though in English, that the trifled pleasant on her plate was not as good as an American canvass-back duck, and said this just when a royal prince, nephew of the King, conversed within her hearing—broke her neck, so to speak. At any rate, she was shunned by all for the rest of the evening, and the King personally requested the court marshal to be a little more careful in the matter of invitations for the future.

All this was simply due to the fact that the girl was not used to such a higher artificial atmosphere as obtains at courts, and probably never could get used to it, her very blood, her mode of thought, being against it.

But imagine for a moment that a full-grown American girl of wealth and position, and corresponding bringing up, was married to a European of more or less aristocratic family. It is true that such girls often possess that flexibility and adaptability of mind necessary to conform to the new surroundings, to the novel way of looking upon life and one's fellow beings. If she does adapt herself to these altered circumstances, the cases, and most cases, to be an American in all essential respects. She must above all bow down to that grand European fetish—caste spirit—and observe in all minute de-

tails those rules of dividing and subdividing classes and species of mankind which he has for fathers in 1776 successfully levelled in the young republic. Nearly all American girls, however, are unable to completely Europeanize themselves, and hence their life is an unbroken series of compromises between their consciences, their minds, and the demand of their new home.

It may be well to state here, though, that while it is true that when a European marries an American it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, primarily for the sake of a large, fat dowry, it is true probably in the same percentage that he treats his American wife well and indulgently. Among the American wives I have met in Europe married to natives, I do not recollect personally a single case where the husband was brutal, or where the union was an out-and-out unhappy one. On the contrary, I know or have heard of quite a number where there seemed to be happiness on both sides.

An intimate friend of mine here, for instance, still cherishes the memory of his young American wife with a devotion which is as steadfast as it is deep, and that young wife, while she lived, often declared, her union to be an ideal one. But she had become thoroughly Germanized within the first eighteen months of her marriage. Another young American I know of here, the wife of an officer in the staff major, takes such a pride in her husband's profession, and such an interest in it, that she knows by name of some nearly every officer in the German army. Countess Waldraue, nee Lee, is intensely happy in her German life, and very proud of her lord. The other day an American young widow, nee Budd, married a Major von Harbon, having been, as she says, so happy with her first German husband, Frau von Rotenburg, daughter of the late American Ambassador Phelps, is a happy medium, neither too German nor too American, but wital a happy wife. Countess Max Fappenheim of Bavaria, who is an American girl, told me last winter that she felt sure she could not have been happier with an American husband, and her life in Europe she likes immensely. Count Alex Gerdorff of the army is the second son of the old imperial Chamberlain, Count Gerdorff, who married an American, a Miss Parsons, while his elder brother married a Miss Loomis, and though he, too, married for money, he is not a bit less happy. In this instance, as in so many in Europe, the sons are simply forced to look out for a "goldfish," the social standing of the family requiring large means, while their estates are heavily encumbered. And the American people being quite productive of "goldfishes," these high-born but penniless sons must look for their game in that direction, not because they bear America any special grudge.

There is one elderly American lady in Germany who has been quite a match-maker for impoverished but aristocratic young German aristocrats, and she has to them a number of these self-same "goldfishes." That lady is Princess Amelia Lynar, nee Parsons of Columbus, O., who is a widow since 1886. Her husband was a distinguished Prussian diplomatist. Her son is now twenty, and entered the German army as officer of honor, and he is the picture of his handsome mother more than any other of her children. From all the individual cases I know of both in Germany and in Austria and the Scandinavian north, I should say that marriages between natives of those countries and American girls are much more likely to be happy—or, at least, not unhappy—than with natives of Italy, Spain or France, whose estimate of women differs much more materially from the American estimate than does the German one. However, high spirited, self-willed American girls are not advised ever to marry even a German, or Austrian, or Dane, or Swede, as they are not nearly so liable to have their way as when they marry an American. Here the wife—the well-tried, orthodox, average wife—is expected to bow down and submit to her husband, figuratively at least. She must not attempt to set up her ways of thinking above his, as he is supposed to do the thinking for her. And the law goes even further than custom; by law a German husband is allowed to chastise his wife—"mildly, so as not to permanently injure her." Even the new civil code now being considered in the Reichstag has retained this provision. And divorce is difficult to obtain here, and only for a few reasons.

Lucky Thirteen. "I believe that the number 13 brings me good luck," said P. T. Thornton of Louisville at the Metropolitan. "I don't know whether or not it was because I was born on the 13th of the month, or I have watched it for years, and whenever there is a combination in which 13 appears it is a lucky one for me. I am as much of a crank in favor of the number 13 as you can possibly be against it. If I am having a dull business on the road I ask the hotel clerks to give me room 13. It is remarkable how many hotels there are that have no room with that number, and I am told that I am the only man who ever asks for a room with that number. Most men object to being given such a room."

Didn't Want His Share. Perry Petic—"What do you think of this here idea of the progress of the country bein' mostly doo to the division of labor?" Wayworn Watson—"Oh, I guess it is all right, but they needn't take the trouble to divide no labor with me." Cincinnati Enquirer.



Sunday Reading.

His Father's Rebuke.

It was said of Admiral Farragut that he could preach as well as he could fight. One of his men said: "When he prays, he prays as if all depended on God, and when he fights he fights as if all depended on himself."

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country?" said the admiral to a friend. "It was all owing to a resolution that I formed when I was ten years old. My father was sent to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Barr. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of men—I could swear, drink, smoke and gamble. At the close of dinner, one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: "David, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea," I said. "Follow the sea!" exclaimed father. "Yes, be poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign climate." "No, father," I replied; "I will tread the quarter-deck and command as you do." "No, David; no boy every trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

The Teacher's Personality.

How important it is that your child should learn to appreciate the beautiful in the life around them and through forceful habit intuitively love the best when they see it! Yet this selecting of the 'beautiful' and 'best' is not natural to the untutored mind; hence, the importance of careful culture on the part of teachers, especially during the formative period when the child is so susceptible that he may be said to take on the color of all he meets, or, more truly, all he loves. How important, therefore, that he should be trained to cultivate 'proper loves and proper hates,' to love the pure, lovely, and of good report, and to hate all 'appearance of evil.'

How a child's life may be brightened and sweetened by being guided in righteous paths and beside the still waters! Ah! who can estimate what errors may thus be avoided and what an endless chain of good influences may be set in motion? Theory and beautiful thought are not sufficient to realize our ideals, these must be crystallized in action, else the beauty vanishes and the ideals become stumbling, not stepping stones. Do we not oftentimes feel the words of Shakespeare to be sadly true? 'I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.'

We feel ourselves handicapped by our own imperfections. We cannot conscientiously ask another to be what we are not, or do what we are not willing to do. We must be greatly good ourselves, else we cannot greatly influence for good. We may conceive high ideals of life and point them out to others, but it is not the "go up," but the "come up higher," higher along with me—and not only this in words, but by nobility of life—that truly uplifts. It is not what we say, but what we are, that potentially speaks and gives momentum to our actions and charm to the life. Thus realize that we cannot effectively teach more than we are, how wise our innermost thoughts should be, how jealously guarded lest they defile and belittle that inner temple, that higher self to which all else in life should be subordinated!

In the Dead of Night.

It may be a little trying to a tired father or mother to be awakened in the dead of night by a fretful little youngster, who insists that he "wants a jink" when you are quite sure that he does not really need nor want it. It is aggravating to have to get up and go scurrying around in the cold and darkness to get the "jink," and you are apt to say something harsh and impatient to the little lad or lassie when the water has been brought.

It is annoying to have the baby awaken and cry for a full hour in the dead of night, when there is apparently "no earthly reason" while the child should do so. It is hard to be gentle and patient, and you are apt to say things that you do not mean. You may even be moved to give the child a shake or two, or even a slap, and you don't feel very sorry when this causes increased yells.

You can be gentle and patient, perhaps, if you know that the little one is really ill, but even then it is not easy to get up in the dead of night, and you are ready to confess that children are a great care. You think that you wouldn't mind the trouble they make in the daytime if they would only be good at night.

But there is a trouble that sometimes comes in the dead of night that far outweighs the trouble the baby may have given you. It is when the little crib in the corner of the room is empty. It is when the little voice that once awakened you in the dead of night awakens you no more because the baby lips are closed in death. This is a trouble so real, so genuine, so grievous that your pillow is wet with tears as you lie in the darkness and stillness, thinking of the little one that will trouble you no more in this life. Your heart aches and your empty arms long for the child that once troubled you so in the dead of night.

The Bishop and the Cobbler.

A certain old bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a cross road settlement of a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe store kept by an old negro man, which showed signs of prosperity, interested in that old cobbler, the bishop stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay you so well!" "Ah," said the old gentleman with him, "Old Cato has the monopoly of shoemending in this district. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the Bishop. "Just so, master," replied Cato. "It is only little patches or tiny pegs. But when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I drive a peg it holds."

The good bishop used that reply as a text for many a sermon afterwards. And it might well give us a profitable hint for every walk in life.

A young man having studied law settled in a town filled with successful lawyers. One day one of these old lawyers asked him how under such circumstances he expected to make a living.

"I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply.

"It will be very little," said the lawyer.

"Then I will do that little well," answered the young man decidedly.

He carried out his determination. The little things well done brought larger ones, and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists of the state.

"Papa, be True to Me."

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem. "To tell you the truth," said the Senator yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my Senatorial colleagues gave a dinner, and I was one of the guests."

"Where you find a poem for drinking saltz?" asked the reporter. "No," replied Senator Coggeshall. I refused to drink anything intoxicating, and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter, her last words to me when I left home for Albany being, 'Papa, be true to me.' I gave the poem that title. It is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass? Well, I'll tell you the reason why: Because a homely blue-eyed lass is ever standing by; And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the just and the merry glee, As with baby grace she kisses my face and says, "Papa, be true to me."

THE BARRER'S LOVE COURSE.

It is responsible for the Disturbed Condition of Affairs. Lieutenant A. B. Totten, whose fondness for astronomical calculations and inferences is well known, says Harper's Weekly, declares that the trouble with current affairs is not due to the United States Senate, the bicycle, the new woman or the silver question, but may be accurately traced to the contortions of the heavenly bodies. He says that when too many of the planets get on the same side of the sun at the same time it makes trouble for the earth, and that now, for the first time in the history of man, all the planets except Earth, are approaching coincident perihelia and within four or five years will be in line tugging away at the sun, while Earth, alone on the other side of it, will have an exceedingly hard time, and will be the scene of all sorts of disasters and devilsment. Earth will pull through, he thinks, after some trials; after which he looks for "the literal rule of the returned Messiah," and the winding up of the confusions now fermenting at Jerusalem, which city, he believes, will cease to be trodden by Gentiles, and will become the centre from which right rule and justice are to spread over the earth.

Lieutenant Totten is familiar with both the bible and the higher mathematics, and has a remarkable gift for stirring them up together into connections that give people bad dreams. He is a very disconcerting person and a chronic "boon," and his deliverances are well adapted to make timid believers realize on their investments and take to the woods.

Orphan asylums have been called into existence if there had been no necessity to provide for children otherwise destitute? Is it not impetuous to wait for Providence to do that which every man can do for himself. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," and the offspring of the righteous are not seen begging their bread, because those who study the will of God in the physical and moral universe take care that their children shall have bread without begging."

Starved Her Baby.

"A pitiable case illustrative of the awful results of the drink habit in destroying even the love of a mother, came before a Brooklyn court a few days ago. A woman was charged before the court with starving her seven-year-old daughter. The cries of the little one, who was ill, had kept the neighbors awake, it is said, for several nights, and finally an anonymous letter was sent to the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and an investigation was ordered at once. The officer found the child lying upon a bundle of rags. The mother was drunk, and the little one had not taken any food for several days. She was removed to St. Peter's hospital, where it is feared she will die. It is alleged that the child was deprived of drink for two days, the mother refusing to give her water."

The Other Side.

Every rag stuck in a window to keep out the cold from the drunkard's home, says the "Presbyterian Review," denotes a contribution toward buying new suits for the liquor dealer and his family. The more elegance and ease in his family, the more poverty, degradation and despair in the families of those who patronize him. The corner grogshop, with its large plate glass windows and marble floors, is paid for by the tenants of other landlords, who live in cheap tenements and often cannot pay their rent.

GREAT MEN WEAR ARMOUR.

Several Prominent European Statesmen Employ Such Safeguards. From 1885 to the time of his death, the late czar of Russia, Alexander III, never appeared outside his bedroom and study without a fine steel suit of mail, which would protect his body, back and front, between his collar-bone and his loins, from the dagger of the assassin. Excepting his valet and his wife, nobody had seen his suit of mail, as it was worn between the underclothes and uniform, but the czar's unwillingness to go even to a cabinet council without it was an open secret in all the courts of Europe.

Bismarck at one time wore such a coat, as did also Stambouloff and Crispi. The Italian premier, indeed, as we have before noted, still wears, for protection from the assassin's bullet or knife, a light shirt of mail of double thickness over the heart. None of these men, however resorted to such precaution until repeated attempts at assassination had been made. True it is that "necessity lies the head that wears a crown."

Nicholas II. of Russia has waited for no such attempt on his life. Ever since the last arrests of Nihilist students at Odessa he has worn a shirt of nickel and steel, onerous as the garment must be to a man of his inferior physique and lethargic habits. Still strange stories of his fear and caution have penetrated the walls of the imperial palace and gained credence among the people of his capital. Although no dagger has been laid on his pillow to unnerve him, and no warning of death has been put under his dinner plate to plague him, the czar never visits his dinner table or bed without the company of a trusted attendant. At every door of the dining-room and bed chamber stands a Cossack guard day and night, and from every dish that is served at the imperial table a special watcher in the court kitchen must eat a mouthful before it is served, to prevent any chance of poisoning.—Philadelphian Telegraph.

SEE BARRER'S LOVE COURSE.

It is responsible for the Disturbed Condition of Affairs. Lieutenant A. B. Totten, whose fondness for astronomical calculations and inferences is well known, says Harper's Weekly, declares that the trouble with current affairs is not due to the United States Senate, the bicycle, the new woman or the silver question, but may be accurately traced to the contortions of the heavenly bodies. He says that when too many of the planets get on the same side of the sun at the same time it makes trouble for the earth, and that now, for the first time in the history of man, all the planets except Earth, are approaching coincident perihelia and within four or five years will be in line tugging away at the sun, while Earth, alone on the other side of it, will have an exceedingly hard time, and will be the scene of all sorts of disasters and devilsment. Earth will pull through, he thinks, after some trials; after which he looks for "the literal rule of the returned Messiah," and the winding up of the confusions now fermenting at Jerusalem, which city, he believes, will cease to be trodden by Gentiles, and will become the centre from which right rule and justice are to spread over the earth.

Lieutenant Totten is familiar with both the bible and the higher mathematics, and has a remarkable gift for stirring them up together into connections that give people bad dreams. He is a very disconcerting person and a chronic "boon," and his deliverances are well adapted to make timid believers realize on their investments and take to the woods.

X RAYS IN SURGICAL WORK.

The Photography of Broken Bones at a London Hospital. It may be said at once that the new photography will never become a popular hobby because the apparatus is too expensive, but there is some danger of Prof. Roentgen's discovery being ranked in popular estimation with palmistry, magic lantern entertainments, and sleight-of-hand performances. There is more than one establishment already where one has only to pay a fee ranging from sixpence to a guinea to have any part of his or her skeleton "photographed." But the X rays deserve a better fate than this. From time to time fragmentary accounts of sporadic experiments at London hospitals have been published, but at King's College Hospital, the home of the all-conquering antiseptic surgery, the new photography has for some time been used as an auxiliary in clinical work. By special permission of the Warden the Rev. N. Bromley, a representative was enabled to spend several hours in the hospital at a time when he was fortunate to find the Surgical Registrar actively engaged with his apparatus, and some account of what he saw will doubtless be read with interest.

Since it became known that the X rays were utilized at King's the number of persons who have called with needles and other foreign bodies in hands and feet is remarkable. Nothing, of course, can be easier than to secure a negative showing the shadow of a needle in the extremities. An exposure of one minute suffices for the hand, and of three minutes for the foot. In a simple case it is not even necessary to take a photograph—a look at the hand by means of the cryoscope answers every purpose. But if it be thought advisable to take a photograph the developing only requires a very short time. In the bath the ordinary photograph of the part first appears, then the too, too solid flesh disappears, and ultimately beneath one's gaze the bones or foreign bodies stand out in strong white relief. With a photograph behind him the surgeon operates with the minimum expenditure of time and with the least possible use of the knife. The value of the invention has been illustrated in the case, inter alia, of a dislocated thumb, the negative showing that had the thumb been longer neglected it would have become useless.

To the ignorant the unknown is always terrible, and the mere process of photographing, with the glowing green glass and the flying electric sparks, was too much for one female patient in our representative's presence, and she sobbed and shook as though about to undergo a major operation; and it was only with difficulty and the exercise of patience that she could be induced to place her needle ridden hand in the proper position. But, as has been said, dealing with hands or feet is comparatively simple. It is the more complex cases that are the more interesting. One of these, at which our representative "assisted" was that of an old man with a painful hip. He had met with an accident, and was convinced that he was suffering from dislocation improperly treated. The surgeon at once diagnosed the complaint as what is commonly called rheumatic gout, but to satisfy the sufferer the joint was photographed. Laid on his back on a couch, with the plate underneath the affected part, it called for little or no effort to stay still in one position for 20 minutes. That length of exposure was deemed necessary, as the subject was a big man, and the X rays had to penetrate a considerable thickness of flesh. It may be remarked in passing that one of the difficulties of the process is to know the exact amount of exposure required. If the plate be exposed too long, the rays go through bones and all, and the result is chaos and old night. In the case under review, precisely the right exposure was allowed, and an excellent negative obtained, which conclusively corroborated the diagnosis. Nothing remained for the sufferer, therefore but to possess his soul in patience, and to grin and bear his pain; but he had, at any rate, the slight consolation of knowing ten minutes after the photograph had been taken that there was no ground for his previous fears. This and other consultations took place in a room, which serves the double purpose of studio and dark room, but while our representative remarked at the hospital a number of cases were taken in the wards.

The whole apparatus, which consists of the all-important Crooke's tube (of the type specially designed by Mr. Herbert Jackson of King's College), and a vise in which to hold it, the accumulator, the induction coil, and the plates weigh under 2 cwt., and is wheeled to the bedside on an India rubber-tired trolley, everything being got ready in a few seconds. The process causes very little disturbance in the wards. The noise of the coil, with its hammer beating and miniature thunder, is considerable, and the whole operation evidently affords an agreeable break to the monotony of ward life. The first case in the wards was that of a boy who had just come in to the hospital with a swollen knee. Some months previous the upper part of his femur had been wired for an ununited fracture. His leg was, therefore, photographed twice on whole plates, and the negatives on being joined showed the whole limb from thigh to shin, wires and all. The little fellow was told to keep his leg still, and for that reason was unable to control violent involuntary twitchings, so it was necessary to rest a hand on his leg. However, slight twitchings or similar movements do not materially interfere with the result of the new photography, and hence

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

its superiority to the old, which those who have had their counterfeit presentations taken what time their heads were fixed in a "rest" will appreciate. The next case was that of a woman with a needle in her foot, and such nurses as had not hitherto seen the process clustered round the bedside. The patient suffered (like Mr. Rhodes, according to Mr. Chamberlain) from the last infirmity of noble minds, but from no other sensation, and she was evidently an object of envy in the minds of all the other patients in the ward who had not from the X rayist's point of view interesting complaints. The apparatus was conveyed by lift to another floor, where some difficulty was caused as the patient possessed, in Mr. James Russell Lowell's words, "The pectoral proportions of a Juno," or shall we say an amount of adipose tissue that only an operative soprano could rival? But with twenty minutes exposure a triumphant photograph of the whole of the shoulder joint was obtained. One more patient was visited, a man suffering from the results of an accident, recently reported in all the papers. It was now thought desirable to see what progress he was making. The plate in its box (the whole thing under one inch in thickness) was adroitly placed under the patient's thigh, without in the slightest moving the injured parts, and the photograph was taken through splints and all. The importance of being able to report progress or otherwise through splints must be obvious. The only drawback in such cases is the presence of the metal pins joining a rectangular splint. Such, then, is a sample of what our representative was privileged to see. Lord Salisbury's hand with its tendency to gout, shown at the soiree of the Royal Society, was interesting, but that pales beside a photograph of a hip or elbow joint after operation. To those ignorant of anatomy the photographs taken at the lungs, stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, muscles, skin, &c., must have one another's aid to remove waste and to avoid dangers. Otherwise they would be a mere show.

If more difference is required in the super-imposed negatives then place thin plates of aluminium between them. If celluloid films are used, aluminium plates are necessary, as celluloid is quite transparent. Hard rubber can also be used. The principle is to use some substance between the plates that is not very transparent to the rays, and to use a number of super-imposed plates, each numbered so that after development they can be compared with any two or more super-imposed to show the relations of one tissue to another.

Satisfactory Reply.

"They say," remarked Miss Keedick, "that the most worn spot on the carpet in a girl's room is that directly in front of her mirror." "It can't be the case in your room," replied Mr. Higgins. "Why? Do you think I have nothing to look in the mirror for?" "Your little feet would never wear the carpet."

NOT A MOB BUT AN ARMY.

A MOB of strong men wouldn't make an army, would they? To be sure not, we all say. An army is a great number of men trained and disciplined to act together under orders and for one purpose. Similarly, a promiscuous crowd of bricklayers, carpenters, &c., would not be able to build a house. No, not even if every one of them were skilled in his own trade. Such a helter-skelter sort of business wouldn't do. There must be organization and direction. At the head of the army a commander; at the head of the workmen, a masterbuilder.

So with the human body. It is not a collection of organs; it is a single machine all the parts of which are vitally connected and work together to one end. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, muscles, skin, &c., must have one another's aid to remove waste and to avoid dangers. Otherwise they would be a mere show. On this basis we may talk about the case of Mr. Edward Hepler. Nearly four years ago (dating from this writing) his health fell away. What ailed him he didn't know; he simply knew how he felt, and that was badly enough. This was in January, 1890. Yet there were certain things that he remembers, these among them: He lost his appetite and yet had a craving for food. This sounds like a contradiction, but it isn't. When a man is hungry his whole body is hungry, yet it doesn't necessarily follow that the stomach will accept food when you offer it. In health it will, but in some complaints it will not. In Mr. Hepler's case it would not.

I could not touch food when it was placed before me, he says. By this he doesn't mean that he ate nothing at all; only that the sight repelled him. After meals (very light ones at that) he had intense pain at the chest and sides. That was nervous action. The stomach was inflamed and sensitive, and the extra stimulus of the food irritated it, just as a draught of mustard and warm water would upset a healthy one. This constant gnawing pain, of which he also speaks, was due to the same state of things.

He goes on to add (we quote from his letter of June 15th, 1895) as follows: "I lost a deal of sleep, and night after night used to toss about the bed all night long. After a while I got so dreadfully nervous that I couldn't bear the least noise; I was startled if anybody merely knocked at the door. Presently I was so weak I could hardly get about, and the least exertion made me sweat fairly run off me. I saw a doctor who gave me medicine, but I got no better. In February, 1890, it was that I obtained a letter of recommendation from Mr. T. Carter, of Swavesey, and went to the Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge, where I was under treatment as an indoor and outdoor patient for a year and seven months; but no real benefit came of it. The doctors said I was suffering from a weak heart and general debility. I took painful of medicine, growing weaker all the time. "In the autumn of last year I took to stopping in the house and was not able to leave it for twenty-two weeks. I had no pleasure in living, and often wished myself dead. In March of this year I first read of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle and began taking it, and in a few days felt relief. In three weeks sleep returned and my nights were restful. My appetite improved, my food agreed with me, and I gained strength. Soon I was better than I have been for years. Not long after I was well, and have since kept in the best of health. You may publish these facts and I will answer inquiries. (Signed) Edward Hepler, Boxworth End, Swavesey, near Cambridge."

How clearly this shows the wonderful unity of the human body. The human body. The stomach was first attacked—our old and bitter enemy it was, indigestion and dyspepsia. General debility resulted from the want of nourishment. The nerves weakened like violin strings when the screws are turned backwards. All the other organs were strained from lack of food and from overwork. The heart beat feebly and the oxygen inhaled by the lungs found no food to set upon so as to make heat. And so the trouble increased and became complicated—all from one source, the stomach. Treatment addressed to the symptoms failed, of course; but when Seigel's Syrup set the indigestion to rights, heat came back as vegetation does under the spring sunshine.

SPoons STAMPED BROS. ARE GUARANTEED ANNIA CO. FACTURERS IN THE WORLD

THINGS DONE FOR A CENT

BUSINESS GOOD WITH THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT MACHINES.

You Can be Weighed, or Have Your Fortune Told, or get Chewing Gum, or Try Your Strength for a Cent—Photographs for a Dime—Slot Machines Not Novel.

Penny-in-the-slot machines are doing a booming business. They always do at this season. They thrive and grow rich with the warm days, just like the summer resort man, and, as in this case, the hotter the weather the better is business. It is astonishing how many things these automatic machines belch forth immediately the direction, 'Drop a penny in the slot,' has been complied with.

Two young persons, who are going to see just how much fun they can have, and how cool and comfortable they can keep by staying in the city this summer, had what they called a penny-in-the-slot day recently. They first walked from Thirtieth street to Eighteenth street along Sixth avenue, trying every slot machine on the way, and the machines are numerous in the Tenderloin. Both were jolly girls, with big brown eyes, dark complexion, and muscular hands which looked as if they were capable of earning the pennies that they threw into the slots so recklessly. At Eighteenth street the one with the pink shirt waist said:

'Let's get on the L and go to South Ferry. Jack was telling me last night that there were loads of machines there—very interesting ones. Why, he missed three boats on account of them the other night on his way to a club dinner at Bay Ridge. Jack says they are splendid.'

'I suppose talking about these wonderful machines was what kept John saying good-by to you for such an age last night. He started to say good-by at a quarter of 11, and it was twenty after midnight when I heard him going lickety-split down those miserable uncarpeted apartment house stairs,' said the girl in the yellow shirt waist.

'I never could take interest enough in anybody to keep tab on him; and he was talking about these machines the last hour he was there, as true as I live. You'll believe me when you see how many there are in the various ferry houses, confectionery and drug stores, and railroad stations, and, as for Coney Island, why, there are as many different slot machines to be found as brands of beer, and that's all one can say. Will you go?'

'Cert,' came from the pretty lips of Miss Yellow-waist, and they mounted the steps and rushed for a train bound for South Ferry.

'I told you so,' said the one in the yellow shirt waist. 'Jack was right. Just look at the machines. We ought to get loads of articles and experience many sensations for a few cents this afternoon. Which shall we try first?'

The Weighing machine, suggested Pink-waist. 'I want to see if I really am getting fatter. I do wish my neck and arms would fill out a little.'

'Oh, I say, let's try the wheel of fortune first,' contended Yellow-waist. 'I'm half crazy to try that.'

Nearly all penny-in-the-slot machines look alike and work alike. The only difference is in the face and the product. One wheel of fortune has a queer looking wooden donkey in the centre of the face. The animal has on glasses, looks wiser than donkeys generally look, and sits bolt upright on its hind legs with great dignity. At the right of the animal is a space cut out about the size of a small-sized playing card. As soon as a cent is deposited in the slot the donkey solemnly raises one of its fore-legs and points to the open space. Simultaneously a card containing the depositor's fortune appears in the space. The machine which the two girls tackled first was like the one described in every point, except that a queer, uncanny-looking old woman presided over the fortunes.

After the little feminine ceremony of 'You go first.' 'No, you go first.' 'Oh, don't be foolish, go on!' the girl in the yellow waist dropped her penny in the slot. Her hand had trembled perceptibly as she let it go. The student of human nature who is always at large, could see that it really was a serious business with her, this particular machine was. The old woman's hand flew up and the fortune have full view of quite a little crowd of curious spectators who were collecting when any one tries a slot machine.

'You'll lose your lover through a blonde woman,' the little green card warned her. 'A blonde woman,' repeated yellow waist thoughtfully. 'Yes I know who it is. Now you try yours,' she said, recovering herself suddenly.

I've spent \$2 on that one machine this summer.' 'Is that so?' said Yellow-waist, apparently consoled.

'Here's one that gives an electric shock,' called out the other girl from the other end of the ferry house. 'Come, you need one to brace you up. I've taken one and it's fine. Put your penny in and grasp these handles. Quite a strong current, isn't it?'

'Yes, I feel better. Let's try this lifting machine. It's a cent, too. See how much you can lift. How much?'

'Eighty pounds answered Pink waist. 'Can you beat that?'

'No, I didn't quite make eighty. Let's get weighed. I weigh more than you. I tip the beam at 120,' she said, dropping in her cent.

And I at one seven,' gave out the other, yielding up hers. Then she added: 'I don't like this machine. It doesn't give out anything, simply points to your weight. I'd rather put in a five-cent piece and get a card with my weight printed on it, and hear a little tune played. I think that's a better investment, don't you?'

'I don't know,' replied Yellow-waist, making hastily for another machine. 'I'll treat you,' she said to her chum. 'What will you have—chocolate or chewing gum?'

'Chocolate.' 'Well, I'll try the chewing gum,' decided Yellow-waist, and she did, and chewed it vigorously the rest of the afternoon.

'There's only one more machine here for us to try,' she said regretfully, 'and that's the cologne machine.'

'What can you get? A bottle of cologne for a cent?' asked Pink-waist in surprise.

'Oh, no! Here it is. I'll show you what you do get. Here goes my cent. See, I get a squirt of cologne on the front of my pretty new waist. How do you like the odor?'

'Whew!' was the reply, accompanied by a grimace that expressed more than all the words in the English language could possibly have done. 'Do you know what that smells like? Stump water. Don't you know how rain water smells after it has stood in a rotten stump for several days? You don't? Well, the spray of cologne that these machines treat one to is just as out as sweet and lasting, if this is a specimen. I'm sorry there are no more machines here. I told you it would take two afternoons to do them all. There are lots more. 'Drop a penny in the slot and get a cigarette,' catches many a man and boy. It takes five cents, however, to get a cigar, and I've been told by men who have tried them that the machines made an enormous profit on these smokes. Then, there is the punching-bag machine. That is a one-center, too, and it's fun to try how hard one can hit.'

'I know of lots of others,' interrupted Pink-waist. 'There is a dice-throwing machine and also a jack-pot machine. The former is one cent a throw, while it costs five to get a chance at a jack pot. I know a boy who got \$38 from one not long ago, but when I invested with a view to depositing a few five cent pieces in the slot myself I found that he had spent \$41.75. It's interesting, or I should say, fascinating, machine inasmuch as it is a gambling machine pure and simple, and every human being likes to get something for nothing. These gambling machines are not so much in evidence as they were several years ago when the craze for slot machines was at its height. Or reason for the waning of their popularity was that many States passed a law prohibiting them. Nearly all of the gambling machines have music boxes in them, and that reminds me of the phonograph machine. Drop in a cent, put a tube to your ear, and you hear the coo-coo-coo or some other such classical piece reproduced in great style. Of course the latest craze is to drop a dime in the slot and get your picture taken. What, you haven't tried that one? Well, we must by all means. The photograph you get will take any little vanity that you may have out of you. I never understood the expression 'pie face' until I saw some of the unlikeliest faces that it doesn't say. The only consolation is that it doesn't say 'Look pleasant, row.' The test slot machine I ever heard of is an English invention. It is a gas machine and is much used in tenement houses. An inmate has one in his room, drops in an English penny and has gas light for one hour in his room. However, I saw the model of an electric slot machine here the other day that promises to outdo it. It is designed for parlour and sleeping cars. You drop in five cents and have a first class electric light to read by for a certain length of time, and it is said that the machines will also be used in cabs.

'People have an idea that automatic machines are something new,' continued this little woman who turned out to be quite an authority on the subject. 'The principle is as old as holy water. In fact the first slot machine ever brought to light—so far as any one knows—was used to dispense holy water. There was a kind of vase in ancient Rome into which the religiously inclined dropped a coin; the coin struck a lever and forced out holy water. Several similar machines were found in the ruins of Pompeii. The weighing machine as we know it was invented by Percival Everett, an Englishman, in 1884, and was introduced into this country in 1886. The patent was bought by a company which now has three-quarters of a million dollars invested. The Secretary of the company says that most people have an idea that slot machine is a gold mine, and that they are very much mistaken. This company does not sell its machines, but has over ten thousand placed in three thousand towns throughout this country. All are operated from the central

office here and returns are sent in from each machine every month. After the man who sets up the machine receives his commission and the machine is kept in order it pays the company a very fair dividend, but you must remember,' he emphasized, 'the weighing machine give nothing and take everything.'

'Other slot machines, as a rule, give out something, and they are furnished by operators even to increase their trade. For example, a chewing gum man manufactures a lot of machines and allows such persons to have them as will buy [chewing gum from him with which to supply the machines. If the dealer quits buying chewing gum from him, he must return the machine. I asked the Secretary if the weighing machines were accurate, for I've tried as many as seven in one day, and never weighed the same on any two. He was ready for the emergency, for he said:

'Yes, they are as accurate as any scales. It's only in weighing how a person's weight varies even a trifle from one's appearance. Sometimes you will weigh three or four pounds more or less from one day to another.' We must try 'em all before we stop.'

'You talk like an advertising pamphlet,' said the other young woman. 'But we must try them all. See what I have; a chocolate creamy bit of chocolate, a piece of chewing gum, a cigarette, a squirt of cologne, and I've been weighed and experienced an electric shock all for seven cents, and had my fortune told for another penny.'—N. Y. Sun.

PIERRE AND JEANNE. A Story of Devoted Friendship Between a Cat and a Bird.

Some time ago, in a quiet little corner way down on Rue Royale, I chanced upon a queer little Creole creature, whom the neighbors call 'Mam'zelle.' If there was ever any name attached, it must have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little bake shop where Mam'zelle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, as I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'zelle's cosy shop a very comfortable resting place after a morning's tramp in quest of news.

In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'zelle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne, were about the same age. Mam'zelle told me in her pretty patois how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidence of their kindly relationship.

In a quiet corner of the little shop I have seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together, from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would be dozing in the sunshine, the bird would hop about him, or cuddle up snug and comfortable between his cut-stretched paws. When Mam'zelle was busy so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety she would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend.

That was the way it was always on the alert for equals, and if the cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne bustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street.

Just this very thing happened yesterday for the thousandth time, probably, but for the first time on record grief followed the move. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a big bristled stranger appeared on the banquet without. Straight as a die, Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre had gone in hot pursuit of the bristler. The chase was a hard one, and Mam'zelle says Pierre must have been gone a long time, but she was busy serving customers, and by and by noticed Jeanne hopping about the counter. Thinking, of course, that Pierre had returned she took further notice of the bird. A little later, however, hearing a dreadful commotion out in the banquet hall, she ran out to witness the sad little tragedy which I, too, arrived just in time to see, but too late to prevent. Taking advantage of Pierre's protracted absence an ugly tortoise-shell from the next block strolled up to the little shop in search of Jeanne. Finding her out hopping about unprotected he began siege at once, no doubt Mam'zelle and I arrived just in time to see the tortoise-shell pounce on poor Jeanne as she sat perched on the top of the swinging cage and bear her with him to the pavement.

Before either of us could interpose the deed was done and then in a moment there came Pierre rushing round the corner, and as quick as a flash he had taken in the situation. With one fierce bound he sprang upon the tortoise-shell and swept poor Jeanne from his clutches. For a moment he sat guarding her, but that moment was long enough to tell him that he was too late.

Then letting Mam'zelle take the little corpse from under his paw he swooped down upon the tortoise-shell. It was only for a little while, but when the battle was over both cats lay dead on the pavement. Pierre had laid down his life to avenge Jeanne's death, and the little Mam'zelle mourns both her pets.—Piscayune.

Glass for Bearings. Should not something more be done than is being done, experimentally if not practically, in the use of glass for bearings? Some experts speak highly of it for wood-working machinery. It is said to require less care than other material, running with little oil and keeping cool. In methods of shaping and cutting glass such advances have been made that it should be now a comparatively simple matter to adapt it to general use. Glass lenses could, of course, be easily furnished, perfectly true, both inside and out; and there are numerous places where steel sleeves, bushes, thimbles, or whatever they might be called, could probably be employed with great satisfaction. Glass would probably be better adapted to high speeds than to heavy loads.—American Machinist.

THEIR HONEYMOON. It was Theirs and They Could Spend it as They Pleas'd.

They had just been married, and had sought the romantic shades and dells of the Zoo to while away the hour or two before their train should be ready to carry them back to their country home. She was arrayed in all her bridal vestments, including the long, flowing veil, that completely enveloped her figure—and then some was left over. He was a sturdy-looking chap, not much given to the study of theosophy, perhaps but it might have been safely gambled that behind the plow he would be perfectly at home. That they were spending their first post-nuptial hour in a manner highly shocking to the ethics that are generally prescribed for such occasions never occurred to them at all.

Down the shady walk they ambled, the leaning proudly, oh, so proudly, on his arm. They gazed with curiosity at the beautiful birds of paradise, and mentally calculated that a setting of those birds' eggs would cost a power of money. Then they went to see the elephants, the buffalo and the various other sights that the groom had quandered a half dollar to see. Finally they entered the monkey house. Better taste might have guided them in another direction, but, as has been intimated before, better taste was temporarily off duty.

The comical, human-like animals, that, according to Mr. Darwin, are the papas and mamas of the human race, looked and chattered volubly, while the other spectators in the building, including two or three "old married couples," surreptitiously winked at each other and smiled.

Suddenly the bride became conscious of the attention she and her hubby were attracting, and blushed to the roots of her hair, all of which made her look prettier than ever.

'Oh, George,' she said, 'I think we have seen enough. Let's go.'

'Why, deary,' said George, 'I wanted to see that big fellow that sits up there in the top of that cage, pointing across the room. What's your hurry. Why not see all of them?'

'Why, those people, George, don't you see, they are trying to make monkeys of us?'

George didn't stop to think that his bride was reversing the Darwin proposition but he grasped the significance of her bald English at once, and, with an angry glance at the malicious old married couples (who didn't have any business poking around there anyway), he led his treasure from the building.

And the wise-looking old married monkey couple near the door munched their peanuts and chattered on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Repeated by a Brother Tramp, It Soothed his Last Moments.

The way train ahead of us had struck an open switch and had been derailed, and two passengers were killed outright and five or six others more or less injured, runs a story in the Detroit Free Press. The killed and injured were lying on the depot platform as our train came up, and among the latter was a professional tramp who had been stealing a ride. The doctor had looked him over. The vagabond, who had not lost consciousness for a moment, smiled faintly and asked:—

'Well, pard, what's the verdict of the jury?'

'You are badly hurt,' was the reply. 'I know that. I was right in the squeeze when the two cars cum together. I'm as flat as a pancake. Will I ever tramp again?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Ar' my legs off?'

'No; you are fatally injured, however.'

'That means I'm a goner?'

'Yes.'

'Wall, I'd hev liked to get over this and had somethin' to talk about and over, but I ain't doin' no kickin' now. My pard was on the car ahead. Was he hurt?'

'No; here he is.'

At that moment a ragged unkempt and typical vagabond came forward and bent over the victim and said:—

'Wall, Jim, they say you hev to go.'

'Yes.'

'How are you feelin over it?'

'Sorter. No use to kick, Tom.'

'That's right; you never was no kickin' now. Got any friends?'

'No.'

'Kin I do anythin' for ye?'

The dying man gazed at him for a moment in silence, and then whispered:—

'Tom, ye ar' the only pardner I ever had as knowed the Lord's prayer. Just say it over to me.'

The old tramp pulled his cap and knelt down, and as the score of us uncovered and bowed our heads he repeated the prayer in silence, and with such feeling as astonished everybody. When he had finished he rose and said:—

'That's it, Jim, an' kin I do anythin' more?'

'Nothing more for him,' answered the doctor, as he looked down upon the pale face. 'Your partner is dead.'

On the Bargain Counter.

'You say, then, that this material is the latest fashion?'

'The very latest, madam.'

'But will it fade in the sun?'

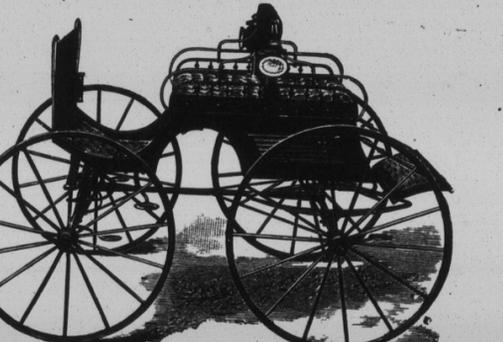
'Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood!—Boston Traveler.

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JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am often amused, in the course of my fashion reading—for it takes quite an amount of reading to get up one practical fashion article, at the amount of solemn nonsense written on the subject by people who should know better. A fashion talk which is not strictly practicable had better remain unwritten, for the part of the fashion writer, as I understand it, is to explain the prevailing modes and help her readers as far as possible to adapt those modes to their own individual needs.

It is an easy task to describe dress, after dress of rich material and the very latest cut, when no regard has to be paid to the cost of these dresses. Nothing is easier than to use up yards and yards of costly satin, lace brocade and chiffon—on paper—it makes lovely copy and fills up more quickly than any other style of writing, because there is so little effort about it. I suppose it is all right in the case of the high class fashion writers who cater to the tastes of the wealthy few, but those in Canada are supposed to write for the many; wealth is not so common with us, and a fashion writer who took no heed for the wants of those who are moderately well off, and those who are not well off at all would soon find her occupation gone.

I found some very instructive remarks recently in the weekly contribution of a well known fashion writer, to a prominent New York paper. The writer speaks very sensibly of the necessity of the summer girl who goes to a popular summer resort, being provided with a full fledged outfit for all the athletic sports so fashionable amongst women now, boating, yachting, bicycle, tennis, and golfing. And then she goes to say that it is not expensive, so much as thought that produces the needed outfit for a summer campaign, and the girl with a small dress allowance can appear quite as up to date as her more prosperous companions if she brings her mind and good taste to bear upon the subject.

I am a great believer in the influence of mind over matter myself, but still I know I should have to concentrate my attention upon ways and means for some time, and devote more thought than I could possibly spare, to the operation, before I could succeed in evolving an extensive summer outfit, from my limited means, by merely bringing my mind and good taste to bear upon the subject. I should be literally clothing myself with my own brilliant fancies.

The writer referred to goes on to say that as the cost and short style of dress prevails in all the plainer and many of the more dressy gowns, a girl only needs three or four well made costumes of this sort, a variety of pretty waists and vests, and some simple evening gowns, to be fairly well equipped for the season—fairly well, you will notice, not by any means very well. Now I wonder if this well meaning fashion authority stopped for a moment to consider the cost of such an outfit, before she recommended it to a girl with a limited dress allowance? In the first place the cost of those three or four well-made costumes alone would be enough to care the average girl with a small dress allowance, out of all idea of a summer holiday at all! Why the mere making of them without counting the material would cost up more than a quarter's allowance.

Suppose the girl mentioned takes her material—just the bare material, without even a yard of trimming—to a first class dress maker—a second class one will merely ruin her material—and requests that it be made up into four stylish, tailor made coat and skirt costumes? When the bill comes in she will find that not one of those gowns have cost her less than twelve dollars, for the making, lining and smaller furnishings. In fact, if she gets them at that price she will be getting a bargain, and I am quoting Canadian prices, not American! Serge, mohair, or chevrot which are the materials most used for such suits, are rarely worth making up when they cost less than a dollar a yard, and the last mohair dress I had made contained eight yards, besides the silk for trimming it, so our summer girl's four well made gowns are going to cost her just 80 dollars.

As for the variety of pretty waists, by which I am sure shirt waists are not meant, I saw one pretty waist last summer, of very light quality silk, and not elaborately made, which was considered quite a bargain, but it cost fifteen dollars. Of course there are not many Canadian girls who can afford to be lavish of fifteen dollar suits, but it is not easy to get even a pretty lawn, or organdie blouse properly lined and trimmed under five dollars, even when one makes it herself, and these dainty fluffly trifles which look so simple are far from easy to make, and unless they are properly put together, they are far from being satisfactory, as they are liable to have a twisted untidy look. However we will put these pretty accessories down at eight dollars apiece, lawn, silk and organdie, trimmed with lace and ribbon, and allow the summer girl five of them, 40 dollars more, and a hundred and twenty dollars have been swallowed up. Quite an item for a girl with a small allowance! Granting that she

is well supplied with white skirts, shirt waists etc, and allowing 30 dollars apiece for the material and making of those simple evening gowns, and reducing their number to three, we have spent 200 dollars and still our summer is unprovided with hats, gloves, parasols boots and shoes, and those numerous vests which are recommended by her. So I think it is fair to assume that her summer outing will cost her the whole of her yearly allowance before she starts, and that she will not only be left without anything to carry her to her destination, or to spend while she is absent, but remain utterly without resources for the rest of the year.

Of course I know quite well that what would be considered a small allowance for a girl in New York, would be almost an income for a family amongst the middle classes in New Brunswick, but still the writer I have quoted was not supposed to be writing exclusively for New York girls, but rather for the average American girl, whose income is not by any means large, and I cannot help thinking that even an American girl could manage to start out for her summer vacation amongst the mountains, or by the sea with less than one half the outfit, which has been indicated above. Indeed I have known a Canadian girl, and a well dressed one too, to go off for an outing of five weeks with one well made tailor suit of good blue serge—skirt and coat—five or six shirt waists, one or two of them pretty white ones, a duck suit, and one pretty dress of blue organdie, trimmed with lace, and made with two waists, one for day wear and the other for evening. A new sailor hat, and her own pretty summer one; and just her usual summer allowance of shoes, gloves, neckties and other "supplies."

She told me afterwards that she had simply lived in the blue serge, and the shirt waists, and had it not been for a party or two she could have got along without her best dress altogether. The duck suit was useful for warm days, but the serge was literally her standby. It was not that she could not have provided herself for the campaign, but she went unexpectedly and had no time to get ready. After that, I do think any girl need be deterred from taking a summer trip, for fear of the expense caused by a too close study of the requisites for her outing as set forth by the fashion writers of the day.

Speaking of the coat and skirt style of costume, reminds me of the numerous varieties of vest which seem to be increasing almost too fast for one to keep up with them, I fancy each week that I have described the very latest thing in vests, when lo! next week something quite new has appeared on the horizon, and is reflected in the glass of fashion. These vests may be truly said to transform the plain coat suit into quite a dressy costume, and it is a real boon to the economical summer girl whose ambition is wide, while her income is narrow. Grass lawn vests are one of the novelties of the season, and they are made of the very fine and sheer quality, lined with silk and trimmed with ecru or colored embroideries, and yellow lace. White, and black net and chiffon, with cream lace applique make lovely vests, and then the stitched white muslin trimmed with narrow valenciennes lace, and fastened down the front with gold studs, are very new and pretty. Persian taffeta silk handkerchiefs are also used, and adds greatly to the diversity of this most important, if small article of dress.

For the girls who expect to include yachting in this summer amusements, there is a new kind of serge shown which is especially made for yachting gowns, and is warranted to be proof against the effect of salt water. Both colored and white serges are worn, but the white is so easily soiled that it is scarcely a serviceable investment. Numberless other gowns for outing purposes, are shown in duck lines, pique, and linen crash, which is one of fashion's latest fads. The coats of all these suits have either a basque frill four inches deep and half loose fronts with wide pointed reverse and square collar, or are made in some of the many forms of souvare, eaten or bolero jacket now so fashionable once more.

There are several styles of English, and Scotch tweeds for bicycling, golfing and coaching which give excellent satisfaction. They are shown in all kinds of patterns from the tiny pin check to the most enormous plaid, and all very English indeed. Of course such garments are rigidly tailor-made.

The crash suits come ready made, and the material looks exactly like the cloth we use for our kitchen towels except that the weave is wider. It is made up in blazer suits, frequently lined with taffeta silk and trimmed with huge pearl buttons. Some of these suits are incongruously trimmed with rich lace in applique figures all over the suit and in a contrasting color from the material itself. The color of the crash varies very little, cream, ecru, or a peculiar dull white called "mat-white."

I have read about "iron grenades," when I was a child, but I never expected to see one, much less that they would ever come into fashion again; but the iron grenade is mentioned amongst the newest materials for this season, and they are certainly deserving of popularity, being smooth and firm, as well as silky in texture. They resemble alights, in their peculiar weave. The canvas cloth which is destined to divide popularity with them, is in natural linen color, also very firm, and of an opaque weave. Made up over a contrasting color, it is a charming dress. Of course there are dyed colors in the canvas cloth, and it comes in Nile green, gray, tan and blue, but when undyed, it resembles the color of the darker of the grass lines.

## WOMAN'S HAND GROWING.

It is Spread by the Exercises of the Athletic Era.

Nos. 5 and 6 in women's gloves are going the way of No. 1 and 2 shoes and of No. 18 and No. 19 corsets. They are sinking into desuetude, because women's hands are growing larger at the same time with their feet and waists. They are spreading out and becoming more muscular every day, so the glove men say.

A chunky, middle-aged woman wearing a very broad and heavy wedding ring learned some astonishing things from a manufacturer and importer of gloves the other day.

"Have you finished altering those gloves I left here?" she asked as she seated herself on a stool in front of the counter.

"Yes, madam," was the polite response.

"Let me see how they do now," she commanded rather impatiently.

"I hope they are all right now," said the suave manager, "but it was an ugly job, I can tell you. How a regular glove maker, a man who pretends to make a study of woman's hand, ever cut such a shaped glove for your hand is a mystery to me. No wonder you were dissatisfied for these gloves," producing a pair of black glove gloves, "made your hands look much shorter and fatter than they are. We've altered them, and I'll just try them on to see if they are satisfactory in every way."

"If they aren't, I'll just throw them in the ash can, and five other pairs that I had made at the same time with them," answered the customer petulantly, "for this glove that makes my hand look three times bigger and shorter than it really is, for goodness only knows it's grown so much in the last three years, anyway, that I am ashamed of it. Doesn't it strike you as being phenomenal that my hand should take a sudden start and grow at my time of life when I haven't increased a pound in weight in five years, either?"

"No," answered the glove man; "it isn't phenomenal that your hand should grow at your time of life. It's an every-day occurrence. Women's hands are growing larger as well as those of children and young girls. You ride a wheel, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted the customer as she looked up in surprise, "but what has that to do with the size of my hands, and how do you know it, any way?"

"Oh, it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to tell that you are an enthusiastic wheelwoman. Your hands show it, and that also accounts for their increased size. From time immemorial it has been the desire of every woman to have a pretty hand—a long slender hand with tapering fingers. But the craze for athletics is going to make it very hard for those who are born with such hands to retain the shape of them, and it will be even harder for women who have plump hands with short fingers to cultivate long slender hands. Women use their hands more to-day than ever before since America was discovered, and when I say that I include women of all classes. First of all, take society women. While they do not do any actual work, still they use their hands. They row, play tennis and golf, ride wheels and horses, drive, swim, and work in gymnasiums. These things are bound to develop the hand. Then think of the hundreds of women who are employed in offices, stores, restaurants, and factories. They are constantly using their hands, and even if it isn't very heavy work, it makes the hands grow. Of course, menial labor develops and coarsens the hands, and we expect to find domestic servants with large hands, although some of the negroes in the South, whose ancestors have worked in the fields for several generations, have the most beautiful shaped hands to be found in the world. They are not always small, but are symmetrical in every way. The only thing is that negroes do not have pretty nails, inasmuch as the half moon is never to be found on one of them."

"Three years ago I wore a 5½ glove," interrupted the matron, "and now I wear a seven, so my glove man says. Think of it! But I shan't go back to him any more. I wouldn't think that riding a wheel three or four hours every day would make my hand grow like that."

"Yes, it will," answered the glove man, as he begged to get the altered glove on, "and it is reasonable that it should. You grip the handle bars firmly and wear a very loose glove, because steering the wheel in tight gloves would be decidedly uncomfortable. Your hand is in a spreading

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## MEN'S TAN SHOES.

All the most desirable shapes and shades are now in stock. And the price—\$5, \$4, \$3, down to \$1.25 for a good wearing Oxford Shoe, make it impossible for us not to please you.

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# RIPANS

## ONE GIVES RELIEF.

attitude, its muscles are all brought into action, and they harden in that shape.

"Oh, these gloves make my hands look beautiful," she exclaimed enthusiastically as he buttoned the last button. How did you ever do it? Why, they look as they did before they grew to such enormous thickness and breadth. You must alter the other five pairs."

"You see it was this way," explained the manager. "The gloves were cut to make your hand look fatter and shorter than it is, instead of being cut to make it appear long and slender. We gave you longer fingers and cut the seam running round the base of the glove down considerably. This drew the palm down so that the first button fastens well down on your wrist instead of up on the hand. That makes your hand look longer. Then we ran the stitching on the back well down on the wrist. That also makes the hand look longer. That stitching is a trifle too broad for a hand shaped as yours is, anyhow. A woman with short, broad hands, or even with long broad hands, never should wear gloves with broad stitching on the back, for it makes the hand look almost twice as broad. She should have gloves made with fingers just as long as she possibly can wear them, and they should fit down well between her fingers. Then, if she has three rows of very narrow stitching running down on her wrist, the thumb seam running down on her wrist also, and the glove buttoning around the wrist, without her trying to make it meet over the base of the hand, she will be gratified by seeing her hand look really quite long, slender, and shapely."

white, but over the whole glove. See, the white has disappeared, and the gloves look much better. Every woman who wears black glove gloves should have a bottle of this among her toilet accessories or if she wears kid boots, for it is equally necessary and beneficial to kid boots. It makes a glove last three times as long to have a little of this dressing rubbed into it well with the fingers occasionally, and especially when the gloves get hard and with perspiration. It should be applied to boots with a piece of old kid, and care should be taken to rub it in very thoroughly, else it will catch and hold the dust. No, if I were you I wouldn't worry about my hands growing larger for you may be sure that what is true in your case applies to woman generally, and athletics is largely responsible for it."

"I was really worried," answered the plump matron, as she got up to go, "but since I have learned that all the other women are in the same boat I don't mind."

**MANICURING AT HOME.**

One Branch of a Constantly Increasing Business.

Of the greatly increased, and still increasing numbers of persons who have their hands attended by professional manicures, a great number now have the work done at home. Among the customers at the large manicuring establishments there are almost as many men as women; those whose hands are cared for at home are nearly all women and regular customers. Operators are sent to them at any desired hour from the manicuring establishments, and there are now visiting manicures who devote themselves entirely to home work. The visiting manicure acquires the art in a manicuring establishment. An apt pupil can learn the work in two or three months. She then sets about building up a route of customers.

Women usually have their hands cared for once a week. They are not likely all to want the work done at the same time, and the visiting manicure endeavors to lay out a route that can be covered without loss of time and which will keep her constantly employed. More parents now have the hands of their children, both boys and girls, cared for by a manicure, beginning when the child is six or seven years old. In the case of children, the work is done to cure them of the habit of biting the finger nails as much as it is to beautify them. It is sought to instill in the child a pride in the appearance of the nails, and thus to prompt it to preserve them in good order. The work thus begun is likely to be continued for purposes of beautifying. The number of people, men and women, who now have their feet attended to by the chiropodist, as they do their hands by the manicure, has also increased greatly. The work on the hands is done to beautify them; upon the feet, for comfort. It is now required by the law of June 3, 1895, that chiropodists shall pass an examination by a board of examiners of the Podic Society of the State of New York. Some persons have their feet cared for at home, but much the greater number go to a manicuring establishment, in which chiropodists also are employed, or to a chiropodist's establishment.

Gave His Hand for Wealth.

When a wealthy merchant died in Cardiff he left a will directing that his two sons should be taken to a point in the English Channel, put in boats and that his fortune should belong to the one whose hand first touched the English soil.

When the day of the trial came a large crowd collected to see the case. There was a bitter feeling between the brothers. When one saw the other was about to beat him by a few inches he drew a knife, cut off his hand and threw it to the shore, thus securing the fortune. He afterwards built a line of merchant vessels and adopted a hand as his trade mark, having it put on the funnel of his boats, where it remains to this day, his heirs continuing the use of the design.

**"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."**



**COMPOUND**

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

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

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Montreal.

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THE SHAH'S JEWELS.

Enormous in Quantity and Some of them Enormous in Size.

The jewels of the late Shah are the greatest sight in their way that the world can show, and are worth several millions.

The first place among the gems belongs to the famous Darya-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, sister diamond to our Punjab trophy, Koh-i-Nur.

Among the rings is one in which is set the famous Pitt diamond, tent by George IV., to Fath Ali Shah.

The Khan was treacherous with pleased surprise for a moment then bouted, 'Stop! stop! Elchi; my your condescending kindness increase? This alters the matter.

The result was that Sir Harford entered Teheran by one gate as Gen. Gardanne made a hasty and hastened exit by the other.

An experienced telegraph operator can, from listening to the sounds, understand a message on one kind of telegraph instrument without seeing it at all.

Never before has there been a time when so many commissions for public monuments were in the hands of American sculptors as there are now, and probably never before has there been a time when there were so many differences between artist and client.

Avoid taking cold! If you do take it, and it is only in your head, Hawker's catarrh cure will clear it out in a few hours.

There is nothing more disagreeable and irritating than a hacking cough. Hawker's balsam offers the means of a speedy and complete cure.

Dr. Manning's German remedy cures neuralgia. Apply the remedy freely.

Sunlight Soap

There is no mystery about Sunlight Soap. It is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use.

The Twin Bar Soap. Use will reveal The Twin Benefits: Less Labor. Greater Comfort.

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Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours Dinner a Specialty.

WILLIAM CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

GERMAN STUDENTS' JOKE.

Members of Leipzig Corps Have Fun and Get Revenge on the Philistines. In Leipzig, as in every other German university town except Berlin, the students and the tradesmen are not on the best terms.

When the corps students heard of the plans for the summer night festival they decided on a little practical joke, which would enable them to get even with all the members of the Tradesmen's Club.

After the failure of the Connowitz picnic was assured and the stations along the electric road had been asserted, the students ceased paying fare, left the cars for their club rooms, and there drank to the discomfiture of the Philistines.

VALUE OF SWEDISH COOKERY.

How its Advantages may be Made Available. It has been suggested that the different cooking classes that are established in various parts of the city should devote one lesson of each course to Swedish methods of cooking.

Throughout most of the century, since the election of Napoleon's aide-de-camp, Bernadotte, as their crown prince, Sweden has been greatly influenced by French standards of taste in literature, manners, dress and in the household arts.

Swedish cooking, which would especially commend the latter to the average American, as better suited to our tastes and needs. Swedish dishes are more substantial. Entrees of various kinds, giving imposing length to the menu but not satisfying the appetite or giving such reinforcement to the vital powers, are not in their line.

The ethics of the difference between the professional opinion of a paid advocate and the honest conviction of a learned man were set forth by a well-known English barrister who died recently.

"Smith," said the barrister, "of course I know you didn't murder the man, but as a matter of fact, did you do it with the butt end of a revolver or with a stick?" "Sir," said Smith, "I swear I am innocent. I know that perfectly well, but you must tell me. For if you did it with a revolver I shall say to the prosecution, 'Produce the stick!' and if you did it with a stick I shall say, 'Produce the revolver!'"

Overcoming All Obstacles. "I tell you, he's a fellow who doesn't care if he climbs to success on the backs of others."

Not Necessary. Clara—"I wish I could decide what kind of a mask to wear at the ball." Maud—"Why wear any?"

I WAS CURED of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LIMELENT. Lot 9, P. R. 1. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTONE.

I WAS CURED of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LIMELENT. John MARR.

I WAS CURED of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LIMELENT. Bridgewater. JOSEPH WYKACER.

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The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort!

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.



Her Expression Alone Tells That.....

A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRE'S.

Take it always—Take no other For Coughs and Colds

Gray's Red Spruce Gum Syrup

THE OLD STANDARD REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA and all Affections of the Lungs.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS MONTREAL.

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The McMullen Fencings and Poultry Nettings

Are the BEST ever made or sold in Canada. Buy them and get the best.

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KENWOOD, RABLER, CRESCENT CRAWFORD and SPECIALS NEW AND SECOND-HAND. We sell everywhere. Get our prices and save on repairs and nickel plating. Catalogue Free. T. W. BOYD & SON, 158, Notre-Dame St. Montreal.

DRUNKENNESS

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

Choicest Liquors.

The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars. For Sale at Reasonable Prices by THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street, Montreal.

FEARLESSNESS OF IGNORANCE.

Illustrated by the Conduct of a Tour it who Insisted Upon Going Into a Crater. Capt. Basil Hall tells one of those stories which are always coming up to prove that the man who knows nothing about a danger is the one to fear it least, and to neglect a salutary obedience toward those who have trodden a path before.

"A few years ago," said Salvatore, "I came up the mountain with a party of gentlemen, one of whom insisted on going not only around the cone, as we are doing now, but actually into the crater, though I told him that such an adventure was attended with more danger than the thing was worth."

"Well! Well!" he called impatiently. "Come along! And away we went he flourishing his stick like a sword, while I only shrugged my shoulders at the man's audacity."

"Now, sir," I said to him, "the only plan by which we can hope to accomplish this expedition in safety is to be perfectly steady, and if a shower of stones comes about our ears to stand as cool and collected as if nothing were happening. I hope we may not have any while we are in this awkward place, but if we should be so unfortunate, mind, your only chance is to stand fast and look forward. It requires good nerves, so brace them up!"

"So away we went, climbed the lip of the cup, descended into the fearful abyss, and though half choked with the fumes, saw all we wished to see. We were on our return when the mountain roared like thunder, the ground shook, a furious eruption took place, and myriads of stones were shot a thousand feet into the air."

"For my part, I was too much afraid to fly. I never saw such a shower of stones, and I wonder we were not both demolished. As it was, my companion had not run far before he was struck down by these missiles."

AS SLOW AS A SNAIL.

Nevertheless the Small Supplies Himself With Everything he Needs. There are some slow little walkers that move round and round our gardens. You have often seen and wondered and exclaimed over them. They are said to be deaf and dumb and blind, but, after all these drawbacks, and their slowness, too, they manage to walk a good deal by keeping at it, and to get a living after a fashion of their own.

These snails—for no doubt you know the familiar little creature—live upon the tenderest leaves and the most perfect fruits of the garden. So the snails cannot be such very stupid creatures, for at least they know enough to select the best of all they find for their dinner. The small snails his dinner by night, like many other animals, and he has a pleasantly persistent way of going straight ahead and directly over everything which comes in his way.

Snails have many peculiarities. Of course you know they carry their houses upon their backs. Their house is made of a pretty marked shell. While a snail walks along he comes out of the house, but still takes it along with him. Naturalists tell us that when a snail wants to breathe he must draw himself into his shell to expel the air from his lungs, and come out again when he draws air into his lungs, again. This seems to be a very elaborate and troublesome way of breathing, and it is to be hoped the snail doesn't have to do it very rapidly.

It is a curious fact that the spiral pattern of the snail's house nearly always turns from right to left. But occasionally a snail is found with his shell turning in the opposite direction. A snail, then, of unique variety is regarded as a great curiosity, and if you ever find one keep it safely as one of the ornaments of your collection. The shell is a heavy one, marked with brown stripes, and the snail's body is gray. He enjoys his dinners and his slow peregrinations all summer. On the approach of winter he selects a snug corner, and there he makes a close cover for himself out of leaves and dirt, fastening them together with sticky fluid which nature has provided him to do the work.

Used Him Up.

"What is the matter with Jorkins? He seems to be a financial wreck." "Yes, poor fellow; he has met the fate of ancient maledactors."

"In what way?" "Been broken on the wheel."



A Thread That Wont Snarl..

What woman has not sighed for it—and felt happy—if by chance she got .. A SPOOL OF ..

CLAPPERTON'S

There is no chance of its snarling, breaking, or being uneven—it is made by improved machinery which prevents any possibility of this.

MENTAL FATIGUE

relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when those deslily and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of King.)

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c.

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Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. I. SIMS, Prop.

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Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States, and Europe

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

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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, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sherbrooke, Toronto and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Montreal Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, Canadian Branch Railways, Steamship Lines to Europe and Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 800 passages.

Connections made with the Montreal, Middle, Southern and Western Lines, Kingston, the Northwest Territory and British Columbia. Expresses ready to send from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamships. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Victoria, B. C. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. B. BROWN, C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.



IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

The crash had come at last, and as in way of most catastrophes, it had fallen with the egg-headed force of absolute unexpectedness on the person who was destined to feel it most.

When Dick Frant broke the seal—a tender pink in color, and stamped with a tiny spray of olive leaves—of his wife's last letter to him, he was more ignorant of what he was about to read therein than his own servants, who ape their betters to the extent of always guessing at what their superiors know.

As the tiny sheet of scented paper fluttered from his limp fingers he glanced at Dick Frant's face. The whole characteristic of his wife, Olive, as she had become since the sun of prosperity had shone upon her, and since luxury, and fine living, and soft lying had broken down the enforced austerity of a simply-bred English gentlewoman, and had impinged that beast of the flesh that lurks in the bodies of the saintliest of humanity.

As he bent with gloomy brows and tightened mouth above the dying fire, his unseeing eyes flashed into vitality as they lighted on a photograph, pushed aside to make more room for the ivories and flower vases, the bibelots of china and silver that overcrowded the wide mantelboard.

He began, and in a few words, for he was not a verbose man, told his story. 'And you want to see her,' said Trevannon, slowly, as Frant stopped. 'For what reason?'

'To tell her that despite the wrong she has done me, I want her to come back. Not as my wife, Trevannon, but as the mistress of my home and the mother of her two children. The world need know nothing—and you—you are a gentleman, and will not speak of this to any one.'

'Do you think she will go with you?' asked Trevannon's cold, clear voice out of the foggy darkness. 'I shall not ask her in my name—but in the name of her son and of her baby daughter. I do not think any mother can withstand the cry of her children,' said Frant, simply.

With a gesture, Lord Trevannon signed the other to follow. Swiftly they passed into the warm vestibule of the hotel, up the first flight of the wide stairs, and down a brilliant lit corridor.

'Here is Mrs. Frant,' cried Lord Trevannon, flinging open a door. 'Now you can speak.'

With a low cry a woman rose from before the fire and faced the two men. 'My husband here!' she murmured, while the lovely roses in her cheeks died in a creamy pallor.

'Even in the shock of this sudden meeting Frant noticed that his wife only expressed astonishment at seeing himself. 'I met your husband outside, Mrs. Frant. He expressed a desire to see you,' said Trevannon, quietly, 'and as—'

'Lord Trevannon will not speak of this,' interrupted Dick Frant. 'He is too much our friend.'

A questioning gleam came into Mrs. Frant's blue eyes as she looked from one man to the other. 'His calmness seemed to reassure the lovely woman standing by the fireplace, for the color crept back into her face, and the slight trembling that had shaken her frame ceased.'

'Olive,' began Frant, slowly, 'I have only a few words to say. I intend to ask you no questions; your own shame must be a sufficient punishment to you, for you are a proud woman. I cannot now offer you forgiveness for that would be to dishonor myself. But I ask you to come back home with me.'

'Back!—home!—with you?' cried Mrs. Frant. 'I ask you to return to my roof—to silence all gossip and scandal—for the sake of your children.'

Olive Frant's expression was not very pretty as she raised her fine eyes and looked her husband in the face. 'For the children! I am to give up my best years of life—my ambitions—my prospects of a great marriage—for the children?'

'Mrs. Frant waved aside the piteous appeal. 'Your wealth will not make it difficult for you to give her another mother. For myself, my own future contents me. You will give me freedom, of course?' she said, with the first note of anxiety breaking through the evenness of her charming voice.

'For what purpose?' cried Frant. 'That you may go from bad to worse? That you—'

'That I may become a countess,' she answered smiling and dimpling all over her beautiful face. 'A countess? Then—the man who has done this base thing—Trevannon!'

One glance at Trevannon's livid face gave Frant the clew to the whole wretched story of broken trust and dishonored friendship. With a cry he rushed from the room.

The case of Frant vs. Frant and Trevannon was scarcely a nine days' wonder. Everybody had seen it coming for so long. Slightly more astonishing was the fact that in due time the Earl of Trevannon made the fair Olive his countess, and took a house in town, and engaged a large establishment for the purpose of exploiting his bride.

My duty here is finished,' said Frant, quietly, and arising from his place by the dead woman's pillow. 'She wanted the last grasp of the hand she loved before she drifted out into the dark waters. They sought for you in vain—so—I was fated. You know she hid away me once—and when the end came—I think she was at peace.'

He laid his hand on the clay-cold brow, as though in everlasting farewell; then, looking neither to the right nor left, he turned and passed from the house into the gray dawn of the already waking street—Pick-Me-Up.

HIS VEILED VISITOR.

A Musical Director of a Strange Meeting With a Stranger.

One of the duties of a musical director of a large comic opera company is the trying of voices. As soon as it is learned that such a gentleman is in the city, he is immediately besieged by all sorts of aspiring young singers, who, with the intention either of obtaining a place in his company or of finding out just how well they are suited for the theatrical profession, insist on being permitted to come before him and have him test their voices. It is tiresome work, sometimes, but he has to appear patient, and, what is more difficult, express his opinions with perfect candor.

Probably Mr. Bill Simonson, musical director of the Camille d'Arville Opera company, has listened to the singing of more than five hundred aspirants in the past year. During the summer, when the aspirations of so many turn towards the stage, he averaged twenty a day.

'Some days,' said he the other day, 'it seems as though I should go crazy, for too quick voices, I like troubles, never come singly, and when one is forced on my ears, there is sure to be another one. But on the last Thursday of my stay in New York, just before we started out on our successful tour with 'Madeline' I had an experience, which I shall remember as one of the most interesting in my whole career. About a month ago I received at my summer home a letter from a lady in New York, who said that she was very desirous of having me hear her voice when I should come to the city. She knew that it was rather early in the day to write, but would I not please make an engagement? I did so, setting the time for that Thursday and wrote to her to that effect.

'On Wednesday I received a letter from her. She wanted to make particular terms. In the first place she insisted that there should be no one within hearing of her voice when she should sing to me. Then she demanded that I should sing without my seeing her. If I was to hear the singer, I went in the afternoon to the theatre where Miss d'Arville was rehearsing with her opera company, and waited in the music room for my visitor. In a little while there drove up to the doors a magnificent carriage, with footman and coachman and grandly liveried. Out of it jumped a lady, heavily veiled, but of a magnificent figure and evidently young. Coming into the theatre she inquired for me and was sent up to where I was waiting. 'Will you pardon me,' she said, 'for not telling you my name? This letter which I have signed to my letters is a nom de plume, and you have recognized it. For certain reasons, I prefer to maintain an incognito, but I trust that you will appreciate my desires, and make no effort to find out who I am.' Very strange, thought I, but I passed it over and asked if she were ready to sing. She handed me some music, which I found to be Gomodo's 'Ave

Letters Come. Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still others of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brampton, Ont., says: 'During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Co., of Brampton, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me.'

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Maria, a difficult selection at the best and hardly the one to be usually chosen by aspirants for the stage. 'Now,' said my strange visitor, 'I have your promise not to seek my identity, and to let me sing veiled and behind a screen. When you are ready, I am.' Then she stepped behind a large screen that there is in the room, and announced that she was prepared. 'I played the introduction to the music, and she started to sing. Her first notes showed me that she was not only possessed of a beautiful voice, but one that had been splendidly trained. As she progressed I became more and more surprised, for the strange woman was really a singer whose equal I have seldom heard. Her voice was full and strong, yet so delicate and sweet that its tones brought out of the grand song a meaning and expression I had never before discovered in it. I was simply dumbfounded, and as she finished I sat there too much surprised to say anything. In the midst of my wonder and admiration, she came out from behind the screen. 'Well,' said she by way of introduction. 'Madame,' I replied, 'your voice is marvellous. Who are you?' My unknown laughed. 'It would do you no good to know,' she said, 'so there is no need of your being so serious.'

'But,' said I, 'I should be at least permitted to see your face. A lady who so good a voice means and to possess of a most interesting face. Won't you remove your veil?'

'I would rather not,' said she, 'especially as you have complimented me with a quick movement, she pulled away the quick veiling that covered her face. I would have given almost anything not to have seen her countenance. She was most awfully disfigured. How, I can scarcely describe, for she replaced her veil so quickly. But I saw enough to make my heart sick.

'I beg you pardon,' I stammered, 'I would not have said that. I am sorry, but I was my fault. But—well, Mr. Simonson, I thank you for what you have said of my voice. Try to think as well of me as possible, and forget that you saw my face.'

Before I could say any more she was gone, and from that moment she drove away in her carriage to this day I have not seen or heard of her again. Whenever I take my place to conduct a performance I cannot help glancing over the theatre to see if she is in the audience, and when I impel me to look for this strange singer.

KILLED BY IMAGINATION. The Soldier Thought the Pin Prick of a Friend Was a Bullet.

'In my opinion,' remarked the college professor, who rose from the ranks during the last war to the position of colonel, 'the imagination of men does more injury to the cause of courage than all the appliances of war yet discovered. I had a remarkable case happen to me during the battles around Richmond. That is to say, it happened to another man, but I was part of it. It was on a skirmish line, and I was lying behind a log with two other men—I was only a private then—one of whom was an inveterate joker, and the other was one of the imaginative kind of soldiers. In fact he was so imaginative that he was almost scared out of his wits, and when bullets and shells began flying through the woods, cutting off saplings clipping limbs all around us, and barking the top of the log behind which we lay, I thought the fellow would burst a blood vessel, or go crazy, or do some other fool thing unbecoming a soldier. Tom, the joker, noticed the man's terror and called my attention to it. Then he reached out and dragged in a stick cut from the trees above us by a bullet, and fixing a pin in it proceeded to have his fun. The man was at the far end of our log, ten feet from Tom, and I was just beyond Tom on the other side, and I am free to confess, was nervous enough to wonder at Tom's manner at such a time. However, I couldn't help watching his movements, and actually laughed to see him slipping the pin-pointed stick along toward the unsuspecting victim. Having got it at the right distance he waited for a smashing volley of bullets, and just as it came he prodded the man. Well, it was really funny to see the fellow jump and yell and roll over, and we both fairly howled. But it wasn't so funny when the man didn't move after his first startled action, and Tom looked around to me in a sacred kind of way. His surprise found expression in an oath and he called to the man. There was no answer, and he called again with the same result. Then he crept over to him and gave him a shake. That brought no response either, and Tom dragged him around so that he could see his face. It was an ashy blue, with the eyes staring wide open, and the man was as dead as Julius Caesar, with never a mark on him save, perhaps, that one pin scratch in his back.'

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. MARRIED.

Woodstock, July 1, E. Elmer Gausso to Leticia M. Hayer of St. John.

Truro, June 24, by Rev. Dr. Hearty, John W. Vance to Miss Mary C. Keston.

Pictou, June 23, by Rev. Wm. F. Archibald, James I. Ross to Miss Rose.

Woodstock, June 23, by Rev. C. T. Phillips Miles, E. Harris to Ida Boyd.

Cape Island, June 23, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Orlando Atkinson to Doris Ross.

Newcastle, June 20, by Rev. P. G. Snow, W. J. Loggie to Elizabeth Keston.

Truro, June 20, by Rev. J. Shipperly, William Anthony to Maggie Hamilton.

Tenby Cape, June 20, by Rev. A. Daniel, James A. Webster to Maggie E. Bell.

Newcastle, June 20, by Rev. D. McIntosh, George Oak to Margaret McDougall.

Marysville, July 1, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, William Robertson to Ella Cain.

Dartmouth, July 1, by Rev. W. Ross, John E. Walker to Blanch Thompson.

Caladonia, June 23, by Rev. A. V. Morash, Gordon McKennie to Amanda Knight.

Truro, June 20, by Rev. J. G. Angus, James W. Asgwin to Gertrude M. Rice.

Fort Erie, P. E. I., June 23, by Rev. C. McKay, Cyril Dobbie to Eliza Dougherty.

Chatham, June 18, by Rev. Geo. Steele, Charles Anderson to Maggie Campbell.

St. Peter's, N. B., June 20, by Rev. J. Calder, Wm. McLeod to Katie A. Nicholson.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes 'Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax' and 'Express for Montreal and Quebec'.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday Excepted) 6.05.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Summer Tourist Tickets. Now on sale to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS. To take local points on Atlantic Division.

For Tour Book and all other information enquire at office, Chubb's Corner, and at station.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after 3rd July, 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railroad will run daily (Sunday Excepted).

Royal Mail Steamer, PRINCE RUPERT. Lvs. St. John at 7.00 a.m., arr. Digby 9.30 a.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Sydney, N. B., June 23, by Rev. J. A. McLaughlin, Albert O. Leslie to Catherine J. Boston.

New Glasgow, June 23, by Rev. James Carruthers, Charles G. McKee to Arabella McKay.

Newton, Mass., June 24, by Rev. G. K. Harris, George Albert Aston to Mary A. Turner.

New York, June 24, by Rev. G. T. Lewis, Dr. M. B. Lewis of Yarmouth to Mary Bittershaak.

Milton, N. S., June 23, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, Chas. J. L. B. M. D. to Clara A. Freeman.

Windsor, June 23, by Archdeacon Weston-Jones, Henry Martin Bradford to Florence May Locke.

Bellefleur, N. B., June 23, by Rev. T. Vande Moortel, Herbert M. Buckley to Margaret Devereaux.

Roxbury, June 23, by Rev. Alfred Chipman, Alvah Chipman to Mabel DeWitt B. of St. John.

Sonora, Kings Co., N. S., June 16, by Rev. W. C. Freeman, Adam D. McLean to Flora McLean.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. DAILY LINE (EXCEPT SUNDAY) TO BOSTON. COMMENCING June 29th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of the Company will leave St. John: MONDAY, 6 p.m. for Boston direct.