

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 643.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 27 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Moncton's Grand Welcome.

To Premier Laurier, the Minister of Railways and Other Politicians.

PROGRESS was represented at the Moncton demonstration in favor of Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, and the Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways, and in a brief way wishes to describe, no doubt very inadequately, the grand reception that was given to those gentlemen and the candidates for Westmorland, Cumberland and Albert, Messrs. Emmerson, Logan and Lewis.

It was apparent upon the arrival of the Atlantic express from St. John that something unusual was in the tapis. The crowds of people forming a dense mass upon the arrival of the train, badges and buttons in connection with the liberal campaign were met every where and the most appropriate banners, significant of the platform of the liberal party, crossed the main street in many places.

The preparations for the evening decorations were elaborate and although the weather was somewhat disagreeable were being continued and completed. When darkness set in, the illuminations were simply splendid. The hotels favored to the party were one blaze of light. Many of the business houses had outdone themselves in their efforts to convey the glad welcome to the Premier, and private dwellings, more particularly those of Dr. Murray and Messrs. M. B. and Andrew Jones, were handsomely decorated with Chinese lanterns and other illuminatory effects in honor of the occasion.

It would be a difficult matter indeed to describe the scene as viewed from the Hotel Brunswick, just before the procession started. The Hon. Minister of Railways appeared among the crowd and enjoyed meeting with many old friends although surrounded as he was by hundreds of it was a difficult matter indeed for him to move from one place to another. The greetings to him were so hearty and the cheering so tumultuous that a stranger would almost think the demonstration was solely in his honor. Bands and torchlight bearers were so numerous that they seemed to cover a broad area in front of the hotel and when the procession started they made a splendid demonstration. Long before their arrival at the rink, that building was crowded, it seemed, to its utmost capacity, but when the Premier and his party arrived two or three thousand more people must have succeeded in forcing and crowding their way into the structure. The cheers which greeted them were continuous and deafen-

ing and as, proceeded by the Union Jack, the Premier and the Minister of Railways, with Mr. Emmerson, the Westmorland candidate, and Mr. Logan, the Cumberland candidate, and Dr. Lewis, the nominee for Albert appeared upon the platform, there was one spontaneous outburst of cheering, applause and every conceivable noise that intended to convey the warmest welcome ever extended in the Maritime provinces to distinguished politicians.

Just before it subsided a pretty little maiden with a handsome bouquet of flowers appeared before Sir Wilfred Laurier, and modestly presented them to him. He won the favor of all the audience, no doubt more particularly of the ladies, by his kind greeting to the little girl, who can now boast that she has been kissed on both cheeks by the Premier of Canada. Before he began this speech and just after the chairman, Dr. Smith of Shediac, completed his brief and flattering introduction another little girl presented him another bouquet equally as beautiful and received a similar reward.

The speech of Sir Wilfred Laurier was one of those admirable efforts so familiar to those who have had the pleasure of listening to him on the floors of the House of Commons. His courtesy to his opponents must have impressed any of those in the audience who could not agree with him. Certainly it was very apparent to those who admired the man and his methods. He was earnest, convincing and at all times eloquent. His arguments were unanswerable and the calm and conclusive manner in which he presented them, won the praise of even the most bitter conservatives in the building. The daily papers have presented the most of his speech, if not all of it in fact, and it is not necessary to do so here. There is no doubt the best impression was conveyed to thousands and that it was done as only one man in Canada can do it.

Pleasant features of the occasion were the cheers for the returning soldiers, the boys in khaki, as Hon. Mr. Emmerson introduced them and the college boys of the students from Mount Allison. Both of these were heartily received and gave the impression that the young men of the country as well as the country were with the party in power. A handsome portrait of the late Sir J. A. Smith, who for so long a time represented the county of

Westmoreland, stood upon an easel on the platform, and when the chairman referred to him as his uncle, the applause that greeted the reference showed in what esteem the late statesman was held in the county.

The speeches of the Hon. Mr. Emmerson and the Hon. Minister of Railways were brief and eloquent. Mr. Emmerson did not say much. He knew that the Premier was to speak after him and that another meeting, the overflow from that in the rink, was being held at the Opera house. So he went there and captivated the crowd as he had the vast assembly in the rink. The Minister of Railways followed the Premier and it will be easily imagined that his task was a difficult one; for, upon the departure of the first minister, a considerable number attempted to follow him and the band and torchlight procession that accompanied him to the other meeting. But even after that the diminution in the crowd was hardly perceptible and the people of Moncton listened with the keenest attention to the address of the Hon. Mr. Blair upon the issues of the day; the principal one dealt with being the difficulties between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Intercolonial. His presentation of the facts of the case was admirably done, and as he was talking to a railway audience they knew how to appreciate the terms he used and the stand that he had taken. The applause was frequent and exceedingly hearty. There were no interruptions and but one question which was answered promptly and effectively. The minister was in excellent voice and spoke with the fervid eloquence for which he is noted, and he gave the railway men in Moncton and Canada to understand that they were in the right hands and the right people, those who understand what is best for them and for the railway, and who are looking after their interests.

Give the liberal committee of Westmorland all credit for the splendid manner in which they handled this gigantic demonstration. The rink was profusely decorated and the mottoes so brief and concise as to impress themselves upon the mind of every one present. A few of them noted by PROGRESS read as follows:—

- “British Preference and Liberal Rule”
- “Emmerson and Fair Play to the Wage Earners.”
- “Blair and the Long Haul on the I. C. R.”
- “Sir Wilfred Laurier is too British for Sir Ches. Tupper.”
- “Unity, Peace, Friendship and Fraternity. God Save the Queen. A United Canada and a United Empire.”
- “The Choice Between Foster's Deficits and Fielding's Surpluses”
- “Five Years More of Progress and Plenty.”
- “For the I. C. R. and not the C. P. R.”
- “Fair Play and Fair Pay for the I. C. R.”

The meeting broke up with great enthusiasm, and with cheers for every body. The special trains that came from Albert and Cumberland left with their delighted occupants, who each and every one of them had paid their tribute to the city of Moncton. In spite of what the Sun says there were no bars wide open with free rum, there were no free dinners, there were no free torch bearers. The demonstration was of the people and by the people as spontaneous as can be imagined and greater and heartier by far than any that has ever been held in the Maritime Provinces.

There is considerable talk and some dissatisfaction over the conduct of the committee who had charge of the grocers picnic, held in August last, in failing to make a report, or show a statement up to the present time of the receipts and expenditures of the outing. Of course the talk is among the grocers and properly so because the picnic was held under their auspices. For the past three or four years picnics have been held under the auspices of the city grocers, and in every case a surplus has been shown after all expenses had been defrayed. The picnic in August last was as great a success as any yet held, and there is no reason why a goodly sum was not realized yet there are grocers who say that the bills for printing, prizes, refreshments, music, boats etc., etc., have been paid by individuals, out of their own pockets, or else are not yet paid. One

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

Michael Kelly Explains.

Why It Was He Was an Applicant for a Chicken Farm and a Senatorship.

PROGRESS has a letter from Mr. Michael Kelly of St. Martins, which is altogether too lengthy for publication in full, but as it refers to an article which appeared in this journal a week or two ago those paragraphs in connection with that article are fully quoted. With reference to the statement that he was at different times an applicant for two or three offices in the gift of the Dominion government, Mr. Kelly says:—

“Briefly the facts are these—just after the elections of 1896, when almost everyone believed that owing to the long lease of power held by the conservatives, during which time only their supporters were given the positions of honor and emolument, a thing perfectly justifiable, that the liberals would on attaining office make sweeping changes. Accordingly Colonel Tucker wrote me asking for the christian name of my wife and stating that he intended having her appointed post mistress of this place. A little later in order to reconcile the several claimants for the different offices at the disposal of the Dominion government, we were instructed by Colonel Tucker to call a meeting of the leading workers of the party. This was done and I was unanimously elected to fill the position of post master in case a change was made. Other gentlemen to fill the remaining positions were similarly elected and the secretary instructed to forward the list to Colonel Tucker. About the same time I wrote Hon. H. A. McKeown stating that while not urging a change I wished him to use his influence in my behalf in case changes became the order of the day.

Last summer in order to help St. Martins as well as myself and to give an impetus to the chicken raising industry I applied for one of the chicken fattening stations to be established in N. B. by the Dominion Parliament, a thing which I had a perfect right to do. Now with reference to the Senatorship, arising out of my affiliation I have always been haunted by the fear that in my declining years I might find myself in straightened circumstances consequently, I have always availed myself of every honorable opportunity calculated to improve my financial condition. On the death of Senator Lewin, who died I think, last spring, and knowing if my memory serves me right, that St. John County had not been represented in the Senate since confederation and knowing moreover that there would be a number of applicants for

the vacancy, I applied with only the faintest hope that as a compromise I might possibly be successful, feeling that the position was worth the trying and that failing to obtain it I should be no worse off. A more worthy man obtained it, and just here let me say that I most heartily approve of all the N. B. appointments to Senate made by the present Government.”

With a reference to his prohibition record Mr. Kelly explains that it was in consequence of the action of the government on this question that he had changed his attitude and in conclusion he most emphatically affirms that no private matter caused him to leave the ranks of the liberal party.

One “Cop” On the Beat.

Within the past few weeks but one policeman has been doing patrol duty on Britain street in the day time. This vicinity requires more than one policeman. A single officer is not by any means able to cover the ground in as thorough a manner as should be done.

The beat is quite a large one, and the district is one that requires a great deal of vigilance. Rows of all sorts are of almost daily occurrence. There has been many barroom fights lately, generally at the time when none of the blue-breasted gentlemen were around.

If a row did occur one policeman would not be able to quell the disturbance. The consequence would be that these street brawlers and disturbers of the peace would thus be enabled to escape scot free.

It is said that more police have been asked for from time to time, but none could be obtained. Some appointment should be made in order that the city can be properly patrolled. A good citizen does not want to come in contact with these disturbers and peace breakers.

Regretted in Boston.

The esteem in which the late Mr. Thomas Tierney was held by his friends in Boston is much in evidence now through the letters that are being received by his relatives here, expressive of the keen regret they felt upon hearing of his death. Mr. Tierney's visit to St. John was largely on account of his ill health. Those who were intimately acquainted with him thought that he was improving consequently his sudden demise was a great shock even to those who knew his serious condition of health. He was well liked wherever he was known.

In Its True Light.

The Development Club appears to have come out in its true colors. There is no doubt now of the object for which it was started and the aims and purposes of those in control of it. A vote was taken on Wednesday night, by the members, to decide which party they should support and some idea of the make up of the organization can be had, when it is stated that out of 215 votes only 5 were cast for Messrs Blair and Tucker. It is understood, in fact it is stated by one of those present, that the president, Mr. Harry McLellan, was very much annoyed indeed, first because the attendance at the club was not much more than one third of its alleged membership and secondly because any one had dared to vote for the support of the government candidates.

It is stated that he gave the five who did so a certain time to retract their vote, but as they made no move and he was not aware who they were, the result of the wrath of the management was then poured out in plenty and many things were said that had better been left unsaid. In fact some of them angered even those who had voted in support of Foster and Stockton. Many of the members of the club state that it is possible to persuade them, but it is impossible to drive them. They see now that they lost their liberty of conscience when they took the oath to support the club in all things that the majority decided. Some of the strongest conservatives in the ranks of the

young men of the city will have nothing to do with the organization on account of this. They say that it is always possible for interested managers to canvass and make the vote just about as they want it.

The popularity of Mr. Robert J. Wilkins sided materially in starting the scheme. But Mr. Wilkins told all his friends including PROGRESS that the idea of forming such a club was to develop sport and he explained quite fully what was intended by that phrase. He did not mention politics at all, in fact he was quite earnest in his denial that it was the intention of the club to have anything to do with politics. As the membership grew, however, the importance of its voting power seems to have been impressed upon the managers, and a prospectus was issued which showed that the object of the club was not the development of sport, but rather the development of reform in civic, provincial and federal politics. Then it was found, much to the surprise of those who had joined, that the majority was to be coerced by the majority and that any one who was a member of the club lost the right to express his opinion, if it did not happen to coincide with that of his next neighbor. Such a condition of things was not relished, and the result is that the club is waning in popularity and has become just what it was always supposed to be, a conservative organization, particularly destined to work against the Hon. Minister of Railways and to assist the effort of its president to defeat him.

Angry at McArthur.

The fact that Douglas McArthur, grand master of the orangemen of New Brunswick, has taken his stand with the liberal party seems to have given the conservatives a great deal of concern. Some correspondents have been very busy in trying to make the people believe that Mr. McArthur was influenced by other than honest opinions when he took the stand he did.

It will be remembered by all those who took an interest in the last campaign that Mr. McArthur then figured as an independent. He was, it we mistake not, at that time an old man at large in the city of St. John and he possessed considerable influence with the people with whom he was particularly associated. Mr. McArthur, like the great majority of the independents sees that the present government is doing all that is possible for the city and the port of St. John and as that was the main plank in the platform of the independent party, he is not by any means trying his colors in supporting the Minister of Railways and Col. Tucker. Still, it so happens that the grand master of the orangemen has a brother, who for many years has been a contractor and judging from a letter that appeared in the Sun a few days ago, it seems that because Mr. George McArthur, the contractor, obtained a job from the government railway some weeks ago, a considerable time before time the election writs were issued, that the grand master is accused of changing his attitude on this account.

Everybody who knows the two gentlemen will be amused at the accusation, for no two brothers are more independent of each other. Mr. George McArthur takes a building contract every place he can get it. He has conducted his business not only in all Canada but in the State of Maine and Newfoundland and his lowest tender for the Campbellton round house being accepted by the department of railways he began work on the job some weeks before the election was on.

This is not the only way in which the opposition press has endeavored to minimize the efforts of Mr. McArthur. Only a few days ago there was a meeting at Golden Grove, one advertised only a few hours and still it was so well attended that when the writer of this article arrived he was unable to obtain a seat save upon the edge of the platform. The meeting was enthusiastic and was addressed with great earnestness and force by Col. Donville and Mr. McArthur along with one or two others. Still in spite of this fact a quartette of conservatives from the city, one of which was a south end word heeler conveyed the information to the Sun that there were eight people in the audience and four of them conservative. The lie was so apparent that it was ridiculous as well as amusing and seems to be simply a sample of the methods pursued by the opposition towards those who have chosen to exercise their liberty of conscience in electing which party they wish to support.

re, Mass., Sept. 20, Margaret Kelly to
k Phorsen.
Coversdale, Oct. 10, Manser D. Steeves to
D. E. Lottis.
Danard, Sept. 26, Dr. H. S. Jacques to
de Burgess.
re, Mass., Oct. 1, Timothy V. Kehoe to
A. Noonan.
e Bay, Oct. 9, James J. McCormack to
Lissie Gillis.
e, Oct. 11, Mr. M. L. B. Crossman to
Sarah Wright.
Mass., Oct. 26, William S. Keyser to
May Hartling.
ark's Harbor, Oct. 9, Mr. Elijah Ross to
Eugenia Smith.
e, Oct. 9, Mr. Robert E. Stephenson to
Margaret Stephenson.

DIED.

Oct 1, Annie Jost.
Mary J. Murray.
4 8, Jacob Milne 64.
Sept 20, Ralph Croft 16.
Oct 21, Bridget Kehoe 45.
Oct 1, James B. Sweet 60.
Oct 1, Garnet Russell 101.
Oct 10, Kate B. Dumas 17.
Sept 23, Ezra Cottle 80.
e, Mrs Susan Lupton 24.
Oct 10, Joseph Christie 82.
Oct 28, James E. Johnson 4.
Oct 6, Joseph Fulton 68.
Sept 27, John Blaine 86.
Marie E. Mary 4 months.
e, Sept 30, Hugh Gillis 101.
e, Robert Henderson 82.
Oct 28, William N. Quigley 1.
Sept 29, John Harburt 94.
e, Mrs Sarah Blauvelt 79.
e, Elizabeth McCurdy 88.
e, Oct 4, Melvin Smith 2.
e, Oct 4, Margaret Kaye 62.
Oct 9, Marion Churchill 14.
Oct 10, Norman McMillan 75.
Sept 25, Mrs Sarah Allen 85.
Oct 7, Jane D. Prondfoot 70.
e, Sept 12, Wm A. Tracey 60.
Oct 4, Ada E. Wetmore 33.
Oct 11, Mrs Ellen Hagerty 46.
Oct 1, Lyons Crosby 8 months.
e, Oct 3, Thomas Johnson 77.
Oct 6, Mrs John Campbell 88.
Sept 30, Beatrice S. Elmsly 37.
Oct 7, Capt James Atcheson 70.
e, Oct 9, William Tran 71.
e, Oct 4, Mrs Lydia Perkins 63.
e, Oct 10, Margaret Noonan 71.
Oct 5, Marcella MacDonald 75.
e, Mrs Elizabeth McKennie 66.
Oct 24, Mrs Isabella MacDonald 72.
e, Sept 16, Clarence Pike 8 months.
e, Arnold E. Campbell 4 months.
e, Sept 30, Mrs Joseph Rooney 24.
e, Annie, wife of Arthur F. Curtis 35.

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WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Hampton	6.30
Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou	7.15
Halifax, New Glasgow and Sydney	11.10
on for Moncton and Point du Sable	11.30
Halifax	16.50
London	17.45
Halifax, Montreal	18.25
Halifax and Sydney	22.45

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Sydney and Halifax	6.00
Hampton	7.15
Sydney	9.30
Quebec and Montreal	11.50
on from Moncton	14.15
Halifax	15.00
Halifax	15.18
Hampton	21.50

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The New Ways of Cowboys.

The village of Holbrook, Ariz., on the red, muddy bank of the Rio Colorado in northeastern Arizona is the most important cattle market in the Territories and is the rendezvous of cowboys and vaqueros from all this region. From April to December, almost every day, carloads of cattle are started from Holbrook toward Kansas City, Chicago and Omaha. Last year more than 136,000 head of cattle were shipped eastward from this little frontier town, and there is little doubt that the shipments this year will foot up about 148,000 worth, on the cars here, about \$3,350,000. In the early spring months, when the shipping season opens, it is common to see 10,000 or 12,000 cattle hunched together in the enormous corral along the railroad tracks. There is an abundance of material for the seeker of picturesque in this cattle community. At almost any hour in the day during the spring and fall months the main street in Holbrook is lively with from 100 to 200 horses from the ranges. Every horse carries a huge saddle, a lariat hanging in coils from the pommel and a blanket rolled and tied at the rear. Some saddles are elaborately decorated with silver tacks and emblems, and the bridles on many horses cost several times more than the animals themselves are worth. There are knots of cowboys here and there on the street, while all the saloons are filled with them twenty out of every twenty-four hours. They wear great gray felt sombreros with gaudy leather straps for bands, skin tight trousers and short fancy coats with showy buttons. All of them wear boots with high and sharp heels, and four-fifths of them carry a belt of cartridges about the waist and one or two shining and finely constructed revolvers at their hips. Sometimes there are drunken, swaggering, swearing cowboys who raise a din in Holbrook, but a large majority of the cowboys in the Southwest, at least, are decent sort of fellows, who are proud of their adventurous work and their skill among cattle, and despise the drunken fellow who brags about a bar and thinks it fun to shoot to frighten other people.

The changes in the methods of cattle ranching in the southwest during the last ten years have removed a large element of romantic picturesqueness. The famous cattle barons of the west of twenty-five and thirty years ago could not keep out of bankruptcy in these days of strict business methods and careful economy on the ranges if they followed the old methods. Economy and commercial prudence are at the bottom of the innovations on the cattle ranges.

The financial disasters which dethroned many a rich cattle king from 1887 to 1893 have necessitated economies where prodigal waste once prevailed. Tricks of saving, once thought contemptible, are in vogue in all-up-to-date ranges. Nowadays the bones of cattle are saved and sold. No one thinks of leaving the pelt on an animal found dead on the range. Time was when such economy was despised and left for the poor half-breed Indians. Even the piles of horns left after dehorning operations are over are now collected and made a source of revenue. The fertilizer that went to waste on the ranges is shipped at so much a ton to horticultural districts in California and Colorado for use in the orchards. Cowboys are fined for drunkenness on the range nowadays. A generation ago the cattle kings bought whiskey and brandy by the barrel for the cowboys to help themselves to.

By new methods time and wear and tear on the horses are saved. A half dozen horses and cowboys do twice as much work and cover twice as much territory as formerly. The branding of calves is done by time-saving contrivances. A dozen inventions have been made in cattle cars whereby the loss from the trampling to death of animals while in transit to market has been minimized, and, also, by which more stock may be put in a car.

In other particulars the conditions have changed also. In former years the round ups each spring, generally about May, were trying times with the cowboys. Where 15,000 or 20,000 calves were to be cut of a herd and branded the work often extended over a month, but under the later methods the work is very materially lessened. Now, instead of having to throw and tie each unbranded calf and steer the animals are cut out and run into a separate herd. They are then driven into an inclosure where is an outlet so narrow as to permit the moving of only one animal at a time. There is as fast as the string of animals pass, a branding iron is extended through the open cracks of the heavy fence and the necessary decoration made upon the flank of each

call. Yet even with all the improvements the round-up remains a feature of much life. Here is the greatest opportunity for the cowboy to display his dexterity with the lasso and his horsemanship. Some ranches at the round-up season require 400 or 500 horses. The riding is always fast and furious and seldom is an animal used more than two hours consecutively.

The old time cattle barons knew nothing about dehorning cattle. The long-horned, Texas steer has almost passed away. Twenty years ago the cattleman's pride was in the length of the widely extended horns on his cattle. The longest horned cattle in the herd were bunched out as the select. The stockman in the Indian Territory came forward about 1880 with herds of short-horned cattle. Their juicy, tender beef caught the buyer's fancy in the Eastern markets, and from that time the popularity of long-horns waned. Later, Western veterinarians found that long horns were not only a useless incumbrance, but that they sapped the strength of the animals and their roots were the seat of diseases, like the mellow horn. The cattlemen saw that without horns their herds were less liable to damage by running against trees and chaparral, and, above all, that hornless animals could be loaded more easily and compactly in the railroad cars. Dehorning soon became popular, and the practice has become well nigh universal in the Territories and in Texas. A herd of cattle without horns seems insipid and unpicturesque to the cowboy who now returns to the ranges.

Dehorning cattle has brought a new instrument into the equipment of a range. It is a steel apparatus with handles about three feet long, and altogether weighing fifteen pounds. It has two sharp knives, one stationary and one movable, and resembles a tree pruning fork. When the handles are apart the knives are open and will encircle the largest cattle horns. When the handles are pinched together the knives close, and in a twinkling the horns are severed clean and smooth. A gang of five men will dehorn 350 cattle in a day. Carload lots of cattle horns are shipped from Arizona and New Mexico frequently. Manufacturers of buttons, glue, combs and phosphate are the main buyers of cattle horns. The shippers pay the cattlemen from two to two and one-half cents a pound for them.

In other days the cowboys in the Southwest were a heterogeneous lot from all over the country. Half of them were cowboys merely for the life of freedom and comparative lawlessness the vocation permitted. The adventurous and risky character of a life on the plains led a great many sons of fine families to leave Eastern homes and come out on the border of civilization. But nowadays the cattle owners have been driven by keen competition to exercise as much care in the hiring of cowboys to handle a \$20,000 or \$30,000 herd of cattle as a railroad company exercises in its choice of employees. Cowboys are now divided into classes, those recruited from Texas and the Indian Territory, known as Texans, and those recruited from the Mexicans. The former are more trustworthy, more mindful of the condition of the herds and more sagacious in time of cattle stampedes. The latter are wonderful riders, have greater endurance and have a keen intuitive topographical knowledge. The Mexicans are considered more to the manner born than the Texans, but they are harder drinkers and are cruel with the cattle. In a round up the Mexican cowboys are wonderfully expert in tracking cattle among foothills, ravines and gulches and over mountain ranges. Some cattle companies employ an equal number of Texans and Mexicans in their gangs of cowpunchers, but there generally exists a deep enmity between the two.

The ever present dread of all cattlemen is the loss of hundreds and perhaps thousands of cattle at \$18, \$22 and \$27 a head, by reason of a frantic stampede of a herd over a precipice or into a gulch. There have been in Arizona and New Mexico single stampedes which have cost in the destruction of cattle \$20,000 or \$25,000. Thunder storms are terrifying to cattle. On the approach of one the herd should be collected in as small a space as possible, while the men should continually ride about them, calling to one another in tones not too loud; for like horses, cattle derive courage from the voice and presence of man. While thunder peals and lightning flashes the frightened beasts watch with lowered heads and tails poised, the slow, steady pace of the horsemen, and seem to

derive from it a source of protection. Sometimes, however, a steer more alarmed than the rest, and unable to contain his terror, will make a dash through an opening in the guardian chain. His example is sure to be followed, and in two minutes the whole herd will have stampeded—a surging mass of bellowing, terrified beasts rushing headlong through the storm.

Once fairly started they will run for twenty, thirty, perhaps forty miles at a stretch, many of the cattle being killed by falls or by being trodden to death, while bunches stray from the main herd and disappear forever. The reckless rider, rushing at breakneck speed over dangerous ground in dense darkness, are aware of how much depends on courage and speed. The heavy cowhide quirt, or whip, and the powerful horns and jingling rowels remain unused until the last moment. Urging on their horses by shouts the cowboys speed alongside the frantic steers until they manage to reach the leaders, and finally, swinging around, try to press the bellowing brutes to swerve to one side. All the men pursuing the same tactics, the rush is at last checked, and the animals panting and lashing their sides with their tails, are brought to a stand and the herd, or what remains of it, is rounded up. It is dangerous work and many a cowboy has lost his life in a stampede. The run may have taken the cattle far off the trail and led them perhaps into the vicinity of hostile Indians. Often on these occasions men sometimes do not leave their saddles, except to change horses, for thirty six hours.

The herds feeding constantly on the fresh grass, without change of food are made wild even by the suggestion of salt. It is not convenient to salt them often and some owners are too indifferent or too penurious to see that their herds get sufficient salt. When a wagon does appear at rare intervals containing this much craved luxury the scene is like pandemonium. The cattle leave their most attractive grazing places and follow the salt for miles in crowds, bellowing, pawing and conducting themselves much after the fashion in which they behave upon the discovery of blood recently shed. So crazy are these grass-eating creatures for salt that they frequently eat saddles, clothing and other articles which have a saline flavor.

Where everything has to be conducted on a large scale much sharp practice is resorted to by unscrupulous cattlemen, anxious to swell the numbers of their herd by illegitimate means. All sorts of brands are invented to prevent their owners from being imposed on. For instance, a large cattle owner, whose name was Bunson, had all his herd marked with a tremendous "BUN" on one side, extending from shoulder to flank and an equal large "SON" on the other side. These letters did not appear so large when put upon a calf, nor were they but their size increased in proportion to the growth of the animal—a very effectual way of preventing the addition of anything more to the brand which might make it appear to correspond with the mark of ownership used in another herd.

The long cattle drives of years ago are unknown since the iron horse on the steel rail has come into the country of the ranges. Cattle drives from Arizona and New Mexico away up to Dodge City, Kan., a distance of 600 miles in some cases, used to be made by all the cattle kings every year. Nowadays when a cattlemen in the Territories ships cattle to markets cowboy must go along to see that the animals are watered and fed three times a day. Improved cattle cars easily permit this kind of humanity, and the United States laws demand it. At every stop of the train the cowboys get out of the caboose and with long poles prod to their feet the cattle that are on there knees or sides and are likely to be

"77"

"Seventy-seven" consists of a small vial of pleasant pellets, just fits the vest pocket, at all druggists, 25c.

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Goose flesh, a chill, a shiver, indicate checked circulation, a sure sign of taking Cold; fever, restlessness and great thirst follow and influenza is well under way.

The prompt use of "77" restores the checked circulation, starts the blood coursing through the veins and "breaks up" a Cold or the Grip.

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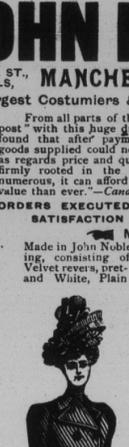
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trampled to death. The laws demand that every twenty four hours the beasts shall be freed from confinement and rested in a cattle yard at some railroad station. Often as many as 7,000 cattle are on the way at one time on a single railroad in the West, and as many as fifty different brands of cattle may be represented on the train.

When the brutes reach the great stockyards at Kansas City or Chicago thousands of other cattle are there. When the sale takes place the stockyard employees and the cowboys who have brought the animal there keep tally of the brands as the cattle pass out of the chute. If the tally of the stockyard man agrees with the invoice, well and good. If it is less the cowboy goes out among the thousands of other cattle there from all parts of the West and searches for the missing cattle. Perfect familiarity with brands is essential. It frequently happens that an expert reader of brands will save his employer \$100 in one consignment. The smaller companies and individual cattlemen who do not have expert readers, stand by the tally of the stockyard men.

NATIONAL HOME READING UNION.
An Association for Helping Those Who Would Help Themselves.

The N. H. R. U. is a purely philanthropic organization for the purpose of developing a taste for systematic reading among all classes of the community. With this end in view, courses of reading have been arranged to suit the needs of students, general readers and young people of both sexes. These courses are supplemented by a monthly magazine and book lists drawn up by some of the best readers in England. The fees, including magazines, are moderate. Special sections: \$1.00; General, 50 cents, and Young People's, 40 cents, fees 10 cents less in all sections for members of circles. These circles, which are highly recommended, are simply reading clubs of not less than five people, one acting as leader, with whom the Canadian Secretary corresponds. In these circles books, or parts of them, may be read at home and then discussed at weekly or fortnightly meetings or may be read aloud and form part of a social evening's entertainment. Papers or discussions or the criticism and analysis from the magazine may vary the programme. Members may buy their books where they please, but, by ordering them through the secretary, they get a reduction and also help the Union. Societies such as the Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A. can order the books, often some rich inhabitant of a town might furnish them for a circle, and after the year's reading was complete, they might be presented to the public library, or go to form the beginning of a library where one does not already exist. To start branches in a town, public or drawing room meetings are called, clergymen are asked to interest their congregations, and readers are asked to start

circles. Notice in the papers also help to attract the attention of those who might otherwise not know of these courses, and to whom they would offer endless pleasure and profit. No one can be a constant reader of good books without becoming better and more tolerant. The reading of good books is made easy by the plan adopted by the Union. If a boy or girl reads good books they will not have time for the bad. If men and women have the life-giving food of a good book at hand, they need not pick up the trash that is so prevalent, and dissipate their moral and mental power on vicious froth. The Union makes the supply of good reading regular and acts as a guide and friendly critic throughout the course. Readers of good books make good men and women, and good men and women make good citizens. Canada needs these men and women now, our cities need them, our prairies and mountains, mines and farms need them. The National Home Reading Union is certainly a step in the right direction for the national mental uplifting of our people, and for the promotion of a most delightful kind of education for young and old, rich and poor. For forms of application for membership, subject lists and full information, apply to the Secretary, Mrs. Anson McKim, 87 McGregor Street, Montreal.

His Schedule.

Being required to give a schedule of his personal property, a colored citizen in the rural district furnished the following:—
One wife en 2 babies of cotton.
One mule, blind in de eye, en de boy whut plows him.
One 2-room house wid a shingle roof on a mortgage on it.
One yaller dog, hard er hearin, wid his tail cut off.
One eatin' table, en mighty little ter put on it.
Two chairs wid seven legs on a half.
One brass watch whut runs on de installment plan.

Have Insects Favorite Colors.

It has been asserted that insects are particularly attracted by the colors of certain flowers. Felix Planteau, after investing the conduct of insects in their visits to various flowers, concludes that while they may perceive colors and thus be enabled to distinguish, at a distance, between flowers and leaves, yet they show no preferences among the different colors. Blue, red, yellow, and white are different to them. He thinks that the odor of flowers affects insects more than their colors do.

'Adele,' said the fond mother, 'is reaching the age where a girl naturally thinks of marriage.'
'True,' replied the father regretfully, 'but do you think we can afford a son-in-law?'

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**Music and
The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

The date of the production by Mr. York Stephens of the new musical piece by Messrs. George Grossmith and Claude Nugent, at the Globe theatre, London, is Nov. 10.

Miss Lulu Glasier will have no less than four comedians to support her in "Sweet Anne Page" the new comic opera in which she is soon to appear as a star. The quartette comprises Alexander Clark, Fred Trear, William Herman West, and Gilbert Clayton.

Fanchon Thomson the latest addition to the forces of the Metropolitan English Grand opera company, sailed from Germany for New York last week. She will make her debut during the fifth week of the season at the Metropolitan opera house.

Unusual interest attached to the production of "The Bohemian Girl," given by the Metropolitan English grand opera company in New York on Tuesday night. Not only was it the first time that Balfour's ballad opera had ever been given at the Metropolitan Opera House, but it was also the first appearance in New York of Miss de Lussan in the leading feminine role of Arline. It was in this that Miss de Lussan scored one of the earliest successes of her career. In England it ranked with her impersonations of Mignon and Carmen.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Quo Vadis, by one of Aiden Benedicts Companies was given two performances at the opera house this week and was attended by excellent audiences. The version used was an excellent one and very much more satisfactory than that seen here earlier in the season. It was magnificently costumed, and the stage settings were pictures that added much to the success of the play. From an histrionic viewpoint the play was not particularly brilliant through there were one or two persons in the cast who proved redeeming features. While Pretonius wore some magnificent robes his acting was about as bad as it could well be and it would require a pretty vivid imagination to think of him as the arbiter of allegiance at Nero's court. The work of the young man who played Vinicius was in pleasant contrast to that of Pretonius, and was excellent throughout. The balance of the cast was fair.

The Trust Stock Company begins an engagement on November 1st in the Charity Ball. The Company arrived on Saturday last and are hard at work rehearsing the different plays.

Lost River by Joseph Arthur is a companion piece to "Blue Jeans."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell opens the autumn season at the London Royalty theatre with Frank Harris play "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry."

Cissie Loftus has sailed from England to join Daniel Frohman's stock company. She will make her first appearance with the company when Mr. Daly opens his season six weeks hence with Walter Fritts, "A Man of Forty."

Mr. Joseph Brooks will bring forward his new star Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle in Washington on Nov. 5. "The Sprightly Romance of Marac," written by Mollie Elliott Sewall has been dramatized by William Young for Mr. Arbuckle.

It is remarkable, says the London Mail, in face of the great success of Magda, that Sudermans "Die Ehre" has never been played in English. It was produced by the German company in London a year or two ago, and is said to be certainly the equal of Magda in construction and human interest.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's reappearance of AZAZA in New York after her long season in London was the occasion for much enthusiasm, and the engagement has been one of the most notable ones of the autumn. She will come to Boston early in the season and will play at the Hollis street theatre. In all the new advertising the managers of the tour have dropped the "Mrs." from before her name. Will they soon clip off the "Leslie" and simply let her be called "Carter." That would seem to be the next step.

Maude Adams made her first appearance in New York in L'Aiglon, last Monday evening. There was much curiosity in regard to the event. Nobody expects that she would play the part in the same view as Bernhardt but there seems to be abundant possibilities for variety in the play. She came to the metropolis after a week of actual playing in Baltimore and the reception which she had there was so enthusiastic that there is little doubt about New York's verdict. Boston will have a chance

to see L'Aiglon before the season ends for Miss Adams is among the things booked for the Hollis.

Sarah Cowell Le Moyné is preparing a dramatic novelty with which to vary her run at Wallacks theatre, New York. It is a one-act play from the pen of Israel Zangwill, entitled, "The Moment of Death," or "The Never-Never Land." This intense little drama will enlist the talents of Mrs. Le Moyné, John Glendinning, Robert Edeson, Charles Stanley and Alphonse Ethier. It will be produced for the first time on any stage on Tuesday evening, Oct. 23, and thereafter will follow "The Greatest Thing in the World" every evening. The play will be staged by Mr. Wilton Lackaye.

Mrs. G. A. Gilbert of Annie Russell's company now playing at the Lyceum theatre Manhattan was interviewed recently on various subjects of interest to players and playgoers. Perhaps no player of "old women" roles is held in greater affection by the American theatregoing public than is Mrs. Gilbert. Asked if she was a believer in the problem play Mrs. Gilbert said:

"I am not," she replied, with some asperity. "I never saw but one and I didn't like it. I admire Mr. Mansfield. They say he is eccentric. Never mind that. He aims high. I also admire the ambition of young Southern. I like to see upon the state anything which tends to uplift its status. I am hurt by anything that tends to belittle it. The archaic idea of the 'strolling player' has passed out. We are on a higher plane, and I rejoice to see it. I am proud of my profession and I wish to see it recognized on a par with all other honorable callings. The stage should be one of our greatest educators, and to that salutary condition and purpose the wholesome, clever, modern drama and recent fine Shakespearean productions are bringing it. My lifetime has been spent in hard work in my profession. Do you wonder the venerable actress concluded with a smile, half proud, half wistful, "do you wonder that its interests are very near my heart?"

"Pilate and Ovid's Daughter," the English drama by Mrs. French Sheldon and Mr. Acton Bond which was refused a license some time ago has been altered, the one short and unimportant character was taken from the Bible being eliminated, and it has now received official sanction. This play in its revised form was the first to be brought under the notice of the new lord chamberlain and its having received a license in London, is thought to mean the beginning of a new policy at St. James's Palace.

Says the Boston Transcript of last Saturday: Probably no incident in "The Sign of the Cross," Wilson Barrett's celebrated religious drama, has been more discussed than the saving of Mercia from Marcus by means of the lightning flash which ends the third act. Opinions have differed as to whether Mr. Barrett intended this really effective climax to represent an actual miracle such as the Catholic Churches teach can be performed even in modern times, or a theatrical trick to catch the applause of the gallery gods and lovers of the sensational. Fred Grant Young, press representative of William Greet's London company which is presenting the piece in this country, recently received a letter from Mr. Barrett in which the writer says: "The subject of the lightning flash is a most interesting one and opens up the whole subject of miracles. Briefly I will say that I intended to represent, not the mere phenomenon to which we are accustomed in electrical disturbances of the atmosphere, but the more acute psychological moment such as visited Saul of Tarsus and of which which we see something in the ghost scenes in Hamlet."

The Youth's Companion's Seventy-Fifth Year. The new volume of the Youth's Companion for 1901 will mark the paper's seventy-fifth year of continuous publication—seventy-five years, during which it has had the approval of three generations of readers. The constant aim of The Companion is to carry into the home reading that shall be helpful as well as entertaining—reading that shall contribute to the pure happiness of all the family. Strong in the assurance that every reader gained is a friend won, the publishers offer to send The Companion free for the remaining weeks of 1900 to those who subscribe now for the new volume for 1901. There will not be an issue from now until 1902 that will not be crowded with good stories and articles of rare interest and value. Diplomats, Explorers, Sailors, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Story Writers and Self-Made Men and Women in Many Vocations besides the most popular writers of fiction, will write for The Companion not only next year, but during the remaining weeks of this year.

The new subscriber will also receive The Companion's new "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901, lithographed in 12 colors. Illustrated Announcement of the volume for 1901 will be sent free to any address, with sample copy of the paper. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

MISSING GREAT THINGS.

People Who Have Stabbed Their Tons Against Bricks of Genuine Gold Unaware.

"I dare say every great invention, before it is finally hit upon," remarked a New Orleans lawyer, "has been within hand's reach of dozens of men who were unaware how near they stood to fortune. There is nothing more singular in fact than the way people can skate around some huge idea without seeing it. When the foreordained fellow comes along, grasps the practice ability of the thing and reaps the rewards of perspicacity, the others who have been so near and yet so far, feel somehow that he has interfered with their vested rights. Lots of famous lawsuits have grown out of those conditions. But it is certainly exasperating to realize that you have stumbled your toe on a genuine gold brick and then were fool enough to walk off and let some other chap pick it up."

"I had an experience of that kind once myself. It occurred to me that a revolving bookcase would be a handy thing for office use, and I had one built to order. It proved a success, and on several occasions I thought vaguely of having the device patented, but dismissed the scheme as 'not worth while. Nearly two years afterward a more intelligent gentleman up in New England, did what I wouldn't do and today he is rolling in riches. I have been obliged to buy one of his cases since, and I never hated to give up money so badly in my life. Several other instances in the same line have come under my personal observation."

"I have a friend, for instance, who stumbled upon the principle of the Bell telephone long before the war. He was at college at the time, and he and a fellow student actually went so far as to construct an experimental line, over half a mile long. They had it in successful operation for several weeks, when it was discovered and destroyed by a cantankerous professor, and thus vanished what might have been one of the biggest fortunes in the world. The incident had almost faded from my friend's mind when Prof. Launched his invention on the public."

"Another gentleman who was formerly a client of mine anticipated the pneumatic tire years before somebody else patented it. He is fond of fine horses, and away back in the seventies he had a light road cart made that was almost the exact counterpart of the modern pneumatic sulky. The big, clumsy-looking tires excited great merriment among his friends. They dubbed them 'sausage wheels,' and he has told me more than once that that foolish joke was the thing that caused him to abandon the experiment. Pneumatic tires have since made half a dozen big syndicates rich."

"Still another acquaintance figured out the exact mechanism of the self-binding reaper nearly ten years before the machine was covered by patents. Not being a farmer, he failed to appreciate the importance of the thing. It impressed him as being chimerical and he pigeonholed his drawings to gather dust until he awoke next to the fact that he had a fortune by the throat, only to let go again. His comments on the incident wouldn't sound well at a prayer meeting."

New Designs in Ladies' Costumes. The new designs in Ladies and Children's costumes and jackets just brought out by the well known Firm of John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester England, are well worthy the special attention of Ladies of the Dominion.

Mode 313—price, \$4.20 a well made, tailor finished, double breasted coat and skirt, in stout frieze cloth of good appearance is nothing short of marvellous value for money. After payment of postage and the reduced tariff, the purchaser will come to the conclusion already arrived at by many thousands of John Noble's customers that it certainly pays well to send for all kinds of Dress and Drapery goods to John Noble Ltd., who are the actual manufacturers of the garments they sell, and who deal direct with the public, saving all intermediate profits to their clients, and whose forwarding arrangements are so well organized that goods in most cases are sent off within a few hours of the receipt of order.

A good plan adopted by some of our Customers, is to join their order with that of friends and neighbours, the cost of car-

E. H. Grover
 This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
 the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

riage to each customer being thus reduced. It may be added that the Firm is always willing to execute orders for any kind of goods other than their own Specialties, and include them in the parcels to be sent out.

A copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of Fashions similar to enclosed will be sent post free to any address.

THIS PHONOGRAPH SPEAKS OUT.

A Whisper on the Record Becomes Stentorian When Let Loose.

A phonograph that shouts so loudly that every word can be heard at a distance of ten miles has been tested at Brighton. You can whisper a sentence into the machine's small funnel-shaped mouthpiece and it will repeat it in tones that are more deafening than the shrieks of a liner's steam siren. Yet every word is perfectly articulated, and a shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily as if you were dictating to him in a small room.

The machine is the invention of Mr. Horace L. Short of Brighton. In appearance it is merely an ordinary phonograph with a large trumpet measuring four feet in length. Inside this trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks something like a whistle. This is the tongue of the machine.

Instead of the "records" being taken on wax in the usual manner, a sapphire needle is made to cut the dots representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time the vibrations cause the whistle to produce the series of air waves and the machine thus becomes a talking siren which transforms the human voice into a deafening roar.

The experiments were made near the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, where the inventor has his workshops. The instrument was placed on the roof of the laboratory and was made to repeat a number of sentences. At a distance of ten miles the sounds were plainly heard by a large number of people, every word being perfectly distinct, and at a second trial with a favorable wind it was found that an unknown message could be taken down in shorthand at a distance of twelve miles. Over the water the sounds will carry still further, and under favorable circumstances that might easily be heard by persons on a vessel fifteen miles out at sea. Placed on a lighthouse or lightship the phonograph would give a verbal warning that would be infinitely more effective than the foghorns and detonators at present in use.

The possibilities of the machine are practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could be heard high above the roar of the traffic and the thousand noises of a big city.

In London a religious crank attempted to blow up a theatre with dynamite. Most people will frown upon such a practical but unpoetic way to elevate the stage.

"Congratulations, old man!"
 "What for?"
 "Oh, don't be a hypocritical. Joakley tells me your rich old uncle died last week."

"Joakley thinks he's funny. A pretty widow moved in next door to my uncle, and he's dyed his hair and moustache."

Mrs. Highblower—"Don't forget, my dear, that in conversation the interest must not be allowed to flag."

Clara—"But I'm sure I do my best, mamma."

"Maybe so. But while the pianist was playing I thought, once or twice, that I detected you listening to him."

"I am sorry to hear about those bread riots in Italy," remarked Terwilliger. "It seems to indicate," suggested Jeroloman, "that even the bread is rising against the dynasty." Whereupon silence settled down on the group.

Pearl—"He knows golf to a T."
 Ruby—"You mean a te, dear."



Make the Hair Grow
 With warm shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow when all else fails.
 Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. NEWBERRY, London; L. BERRY, Paris; E. TOUSSAINT & Co., Sydney. J. PURVIS, Dares and GLEN, GORE, Sole Frogs, Boston, U. S. A.



His babyship
 will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.
 This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.
 Beware of imitations.
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Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the Seventeenth day of November next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Hansard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas H. Somerville and Stephen F. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee of the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decreeal Order as follows, that is to say:—

ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and made between "The Trustees of Saint Andrews Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:

ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Dukes Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the said Trustees of Saint Andrews Church, fronting on Bydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Edwin N. S. Stewart and by him assigned to the said Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:— Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northerly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence northerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northwesterly corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefit and advantage to be had or derived therefrom."

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D., 1900
 E. H. MOALPINE,
 REFEREE IN EQUITY.

G. C. COSTER,
 PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 27

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Sunday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

THE END OF THE WAR.

The War in South Africa began October 11, 1899, when the time limit of the Transvaal ultimatum expired, and the Boer forces crossed the frontier into Natal. It was virtually ended September 19, 1900, when the last Boer army was driven out of Komati Poort, on the Portuguese frontier, and dispersed into small bands, some of which crossed into Portuguese territory and were disbanded, while others fled into the mountains. The intervening eleven months were taken up with almost continuous fighting, on a small scale, but spirited and obstinate. For the first four months Natal and Cape Colony were the battle-grounds, but since the relief of Kimberley, last February, the fighting has been mostly in the Free State or the Transvaal.

Neither the size of the Boer forces nor the extent of their losses is accurately known. Practically, the entire male population of both republics took the field, and they were reinforced by foreigners and by sympathizers from Natal and Cape Colony. To crush the Boer forces, England was obliged to send out more than two hundred thousand troops. The British losses, excluding prisoners but including those invalidated and sent home, were more than two thousand officers and nearly thirty-seven thousand men. The money cost to England has been perhaps four hundred million dollars.

Nothing but extreme provocation on the one hand or the most beneficent effort on the other could justify a war fought at such a terrible cost. If, as many think, it might have been averted by a little more tact in the negotiations which preceded it, a heavy responsibility rests upon those whose errors of judgment or temper precipitated it.

The result of the war is the absorption of the two republics as colonies of the British Empire. This settlement must be accepted as final, since the Liberal leaders in England who opposed the war disclaim any intention to disturb its adjustments.

Much now depends on the temper in which England administers the two colonies. Leniency, justice and political freedom may avail to efface past differences. The French and English live together amicably in Canada, and the Dutch and English enjoy equal rights in Cape Colony and Natal. The most obstinate racial antipathies yield in time to a wise and conciliatory policy.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

One day a young man passing through a town in which he formerly had lived decided to look in upon the village high school. It was ten years since he had been one of its pupils.

"They all look so young to me now," said he, in describing his visit, "that I could hardly realize it was the same school. And when the teacher told me the average age of his scholars was greater than it used to be, I was almost bewildered. As a small boy, the fellows there looked so old and wise to me that I longed to join their ranks and when I finally did so, the school still seemed rather old and very serious. Now it looks as if the pupils were but children."

This is a common experience, not only in regard to schools, but in everything else that greatly concerns our lives. Unconsciously to our point of view is moving all the time. The thing we have not attained looks large; after it is ours it seems small. This is the case with accomplishments of every kind, the learning of a

trade, the acquisition of a language, or the preparation for a profession. The difference in appearance "before taking" and "after taking" is as distinct as that which is portrayed in the patent medicine advertisements.

It is well that our point of view in life is thus progressive. If it were not we should be so filled with complacent satisfaction over anything that we chance to accomplish as to lose incentive for pressing on to farther conquests. It may not come amiss to remember some times, when about to approach a new and difficult undertaking, that whereas it may look large then, after its mastery it will appear quite different.

RAILWAYS AND FORESTRY.

In days when wood was burned in locomotives more generally than now, railroad companies often purchased large tree-tracts from farmers who needed ready money, and converted their whole product into fuel and ties. By this practice entire forests were swept away, and along some railway routes farms bought merely for their woodland lay stripped and unuseful until, in twenty-five or thirty years, a new growth could take the place of the old.

The evils of this waste have been learned by experience, and a wiser policy now commends itself to the agents of our great transportation industries. The public will gain by any movement to indemnify the plundered land; consequently it is gratifying to know that the principal transcontinental railway companies are becoming interested in planting trees. It is stated that several of the companies have combined in the employment of a competent forester to examine the country along their lines, talk with railroad men and arouse a popular sentiment in favor of planting forests.

Substantially the same line of improvement a railway company which operates a line along the Southern coast has lately shown itself a patriotic promoter. Its influence, in many regions hitherto strange to all interest in arboriculture and its beautifying and benefiting effects, promises to awaken the people, and especially the young, to the advantage of making wayside places green.

The effort is a humane one, if only to popularize Arbor Day and make sure that every celebration of it shall show material returns. But the study of forestry in any branch is essentially patriotic and conservative, and against the too ready instinct of mercenary destruction everywhere the country calls for teachers and patrons of a saving science. Toward supplying this want the alliance of the school and the railroad will be a hopeful beginning.

Notes of Interest.

This year's list of accidents in the Alps numbers 79, of which 53 resulted in instant death.

Owing to the big vintage and scarcity of casks wine is selling at one cent a quart at many vineyards in the Bordeaux district.

A cousin of Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. MacQueen, who was Kate Livingstone, is alive at the age 104, at Salon, in the Isle of Mull.

Over 2,000,000 francs have been taken at the door during the 193 performance of "L'Arluon" at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt.

Sims Reeves is 82 years of age and still singing. Though he was a choir-master at 14, his first appearance on the stage was in 1839.

Shetland has had a wonderful herring catch this season, 330,400 crans, valued at over \$1,500,000. This is a record for all Scotland.

London has seen the biggest dog show of the century at the Alexandra Palace. It was held by the Ladies' Kennel Association, with 6,000 entries and \$50,000 worth of prizes.

An official map of Vesuvius on a scale of one in ten thousand has just been issued being the first since 1876. A new plan in relief of the cone of the volcano has also been made.

Paris's moving sidewalk, which has turned out to be the most striking feature of 1900 exhibition, has now, like other public conveyances, the occurrence of a case of child labor to record.

Bizet's Carmen was performed in the Baoune bull ring recently with the intercalation of a real bullfight. The innovation was not successful as the fight was not satisfactory to the audience.

On Oct. 7 the English Catholics celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the reestablishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England with the appointment of Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster.

Chorus of the Grand Opera, Splendid Performance, Duval, 27 Waterloo

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Young Queen. Some of us may have been unaware to what perfection those fruits have been already matured in the virgin soil of Australia, but if there was surprise in my quarters it was pleasurable surprise. The whole country felt a thrill of pride as the work of her hands was revealed to her, and revealed to her at a time when the dust upon her brow had been newly consecrated by common effort, and by common sacrifice in a righteous cause.—"The Times."

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spar was still on her heel— She had not cast her harness of grey-war-dusted steel; High on her red-embellished charger, beautiful, bold and true as you. Bright even to the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the Old Queen's presence in the Hall of Our Thousand Years. In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers; Royal she gave the greeting, royal she bowed the head. Crying—"Crown me, my Mother! And the Old Queen stood and said:

How can I crown thee, daughter? I know whose standard flies. What has the sword taken the Leona or the noched Kaskonras tree. Blood of our foes on thy battle-dress of our friends on thy mantle— How can I crown thee, daughter, O Queen, of the Sovereign South?

'Tis the free nations witness! But the Young Queen answered sweetly: 'Tis the crown of our crowing to hold our crow for a girl. 'Tis the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made sure our lands— Wherefore we crown thee to beg our crow for a thy hands.

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the Jealous circle prest Roped with the pearls of the north and red with the red of the Southland Laced. Laced with her hand's own pearls, her own hand's red, and the Spear of God above them for sign of the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our Thousand Years. In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no peer but their peers; And the Young Queen, out of the Southland Laced, bowed at the Old Queen's knee, And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent year to be.

And the Old Queen stooped to the Stillness where the Jeweled head dropped low. Daughter no more but sister, and doubly Daughter so— 'Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore. 'What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before.

'Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rush pride in thy seat of power? Nay, we be women—we know what that lust is worth. 'Peace to thy distant borders and strength on a road unfurled? 'These are desire or dim'ished at the secret will of God.

'I have swayed troubled councils—I am wise in the terrible things. 'Father and mother and grandson I have known the heritage of the Kings. 'Shall I give thee my wisdom or the gift of wisdom above? 'Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love.

'Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers 'Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house. 'God rest thee my Sister, through the strenuous years to be. 'And make thy people love thee as thou hast loved me! —Rudyard Kipling.

The Man Beneath the Bed.

What cosmic whim has fathered him Or made his tribe exist, Cannot be told by belonoid Or learned ethnologist; He seems a dream, yet myriads deem Him to life's vigor bred. And by the score are looking for The man beneath the bed.

Inquiring mind of womankind Inquisious search doth wage Night after night to bring to light This rumored personage. And though with will they're hunting still, The efforts have been led To hope uncrowned; they've never found The man beneath the bed.

This is a time when acts sublime Are due to sex of Eve, And who shall say, in coming day What deed they may achieve? Will one of her, to Christopher Columbus' rooms wed, Win meed of zeal, and yet reveal The man beneath the bed?

The Scorecher.

I come from somewhere up the street, I make a sudden rally To knock a copper off his feet And scuttle down an alley.

I ring my bell to terrify The walking population, For when I'm in condition I can frighten all creation.

I ring and ring to let them know There's trouble for them brewing, For when I come or when I go, There's always something doing.

I ride in front of trolley cars, And they reverse their power; I never use the handle bar, At thirty miles an hour.

The children all with terror shriek When I go past them humming, Their mothers are too scared to speak, When after they see me coming.

I ring and ring to let them know There's trouble for them brewing, For when I come or when I go, There's always something doing.

The Wise Man and the Fly Paper. There was a man in our town And he was wondrous wise; He got some sticky paper which He spread out for the flies— He spread it on a chair and then Forgot that it was there. And, being weary, sat him down Upon that self-same chair.

And when at last, he rose to go He wily reached around; And danced in easy to and fro And made a wicked sound. 'All the fools like the one who first Did think of catching flies On sticky paper was the worst! He said—and he was wise.

GROGERS WANT TO KNOW WHY.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

grocer, who feels justly indignant over the way the committee have acted, had to pay a large account into which he was drawn by the grocers' picnic committee asking him to become responsible.

The committee who run the picnic attempted at first to conduct the affair as a private speculation, but not meeting with much encouragement from the many grocers about town, they were forced to abandon their scheme and conduct the picnic under the auspices of the city grocers.

Were Glad to See Them. Many of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McBriarty gathered at the station on Wednesday afternoon to bid them goodbye upon their return to Baltimore after a brief visit to this city. During the few days they were here, the numerous friends of Mr. McBriarty had much pleasure in making the acquaintance of his charming wife, and on one evening, at least, a considerable number of them assembled and much enjoyed a brilliant musical entertainment. Mr. McBriarty's position with the Merchants' and Miners' Steamship Co. is an excellent one and his services are much appreciated by the management of the line.

THE FRENCH M'NOUVRES.

Marvellous Perfection of France's Great Military Machine.

The most interesting thing in all the recent m'novres, and the thing which gives the best idea of the colossal work to be performed by the railroads in case of a genuine mobilization, was what was called the dislocation of the army corps. That movement in reality pictures the commencement of a war and the vast preparations that have been made for the deadly start. For the infantry especially it is an operation of the very highest importance. Extreme care in regard to material and men is necessary to perform the feat with the required rapidity. The trains which carry the troops are run by officers of the regular and territorial armies, trained for years in that branch of the service. The unit of embarkment is the battalion which with horses and wagons fills an entire train. The boarding of the train by the men is an astounding operation in the eyes of a civilian. When close to the railroad station the soldiers, formed in two lines, are divided into sections, each just sufficient to fill a car. The chief of each carload is always a non-commissioned officer. Corvees, whose places are carefully guarded in their squads look after the transportation of the horses and the baggage. Innumerable gangways are run out from the rails to the floor of the railway station, and the horses are hurried on board. The heavy wagons, such as caissons, commissariat wagons, are run on board by main force by men who have been trained to the trick for years and who are commended by experienced officers.

The operation is performed with astonishing ease, leaving little or no chance for a blunder, which might not only cause a serious accident, but might delay the train or block the road. All the cars are numbered like the groups of soldiers and when the men reach the platform each group finds itself in front of the car which bears its number. In a jiffy they are all on board the train. In the cars there are corners for the knapsacks and racks for the rifles. Nothing is neglected. The train follows each other with precision. The rapidity with which an entire army corps can now be mobilized in France is something marvellous. The French owes this to the sacrifices which they have made for the perfection of their immense war machine.

At last the battle begins. The distant flashes of the Leblais in the woods and meadows would remind an American of swarms of fireflies flickering in delight before a coming thunder-storm. Very often the battle is really over for the military experts before the engagement commences. But all the same, it is a grand and picturesque affair. The long and hard training of the troops facilitates the handling of them, so that the different positions of the two army corps work like the sections of two gigantic machines. The deep toned growling of an artillery, snarling of infantry, accompanied by ever changing bugle calls, shouts of the troops, swelling in force and fury at irregular intervals, like the gust of a wind storm in the woods, make music enough to warm the heart of the most ardent admirer of Wagner; while the red flashes of the field guns, suddenly bursting from the most unexpected points, present a scene well calculated to please a soldier. The whole thing is a grand game of hide and seek, and when it is over the victors and the vanquished cheer each other lustily after which they once more storm the canteens, take a long rest and have an all-around good time.

PROGRESS

CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
PAGE 2.—New ways of cowboys—How the methods on the range in the western states have changed.
PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic notes of the week.
PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry and bright local matter.
PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the provinces.
PAGE 9.—Retaining from the Front—a list of the South African heroes who are coming home.
PAGE 10.—Final instalment of the serial "Captain Despard's Dilemma."
PAGE 11.—A lot of interesting reading for the Sabbath day.
PAGE 12.—Massacred by the Cosacks—Thousands of Chinese slain by the Russians.
PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the realms of fashion.
PAGE 14.—No bar on Suicide—Insurance companies advised a new system to meet this "disease."
PAGE 15.—A short story entitled "The White Horse Groom."
PAGE 16.—The marriages and deaths of the week.

In the French Army there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. But it must be remembered that it took France thirty years of immense sacrifice to bring that army up to its present degree of efficiency.

A Kate Showed him the Mine. The actions of a "ratty" rat led N. B. Ingoldby to the discovery of a rich gold mine in Arizona. He named the property "The Rat Mine."

Mr. Ingoldby is in Denver on the way to his home in England. He has been spending several months near Mammoth on the San Pedro River in Arizona. His purpose was to enjoy the hunting and make a collection of the animals and minerals at the Southwest. He pitched his tent in the canon of the San Pedro in the San's Catalina Mountains.

He had no neighbors and was of a long unaccountable account for the disappearance of small articles that he left lying about his camp. At last he noticed that when any thing was taken, something was always left in his place. This was unusual a big dog of stone or wood. The culprit he found to be a large rodent of the species known as the trading rat. The habits of the animal made an interesting study for Mr. Ingoldby, and he often lay awake at night to watch for his visitor.

A silver spoon was missing one morning, and in its place was a piece of quartz containing free gold. This still more excited Mr. Ingoldby's curiosity, and after several attempts he succeeded in following the animal to its home. Nearby was a ledge from which the gold bearing quartz had been taken. Mr. Ingoldby made an examination thorough enough to prove that his discovery was of considerable value. On his return from England he expects to open the mine.

Kerschdorf near Heidelberg, has a lively ninety-one-year-old blacksmith and church warden who recently climbed to the top of the church steeple and tied a new rope to the bell after the younger men in the village had refused to risk themselves.

Charles Lamb's "South Sea House," at the corner of Threadneedle and Bishopsgate streets, in London, is to be taken down to make room for a new building. It had recently the "Baltic" exchange, and was sold recently for \$1,750,000.

Johannes Brahms's house at Gminden in the Salskammergut, has been converted into a Brahms museum. It contains the composer's piano, several autograph scores and a great many relics contributed by his friends.

England's revolutionary heroes are being rehabilitated. Cromwell's state has been set up at Westminster, and now a statue of the great commonwealth Admiral Robert Blake is to be seen at Bridge Water.

Hermann Grimm's successor as professor of the history of art at Berlin is Professor Heinrich Thode of Heidelberg, whose wife is Richard Wagner's daughter. The cause of Hermann Grimm's retirement, bad health.

Askington—Who was your friend whom I saw you walking with this afternoon? Teller—Hoh! He wasn't a friend; that's my brother-in-law.

CONTENTS TODAY.

This page speaks for itself. Read New ways of cowboys—How the methods on the ranges in the western states have changed.



With the advent of November, or as a matter of fact, at the very beginning of October the attention of society folk is again turned to parties, balls, at-home, and such other delightful entertainments as go to make up the winter festivities.

The studio tea held at the residence of Mrs. W. O. Raymond on Tuesday afternoon and evening was well patronized. A beautiful collection of painted china, the work of Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Calhoun of New York, Mrs. Garrigue and Miss Nellie Jarvis was exhibited and much admired by the guests.

Preparations for the banquet to be tendered to the boys in Khaki by the ladies of the Red Cross Society and the Soldiers' Wives' League go on apace.

Mrs. Ada March of Hampton, who has been visiting friends in the city has returned home.

Among those registered at the Fifth commissioners office at London, England, during the early part of October, was Miss Ethel But of this city.

Mrs. John McAvoy is in Montreal visiting friends.

Mrs. Currie, who has been the guest of Mrs. Mount, Peter street for some time, left for Fredericton on Monday morning.

Mrs. Geo. McAvoy and little daughter Rosewood, left on Monday afternoon for Oyster Bay, Long Island, to pay a visit to Mrs. McAvoy's uncle.

Mrs. (Prof.) L. E. Woriman is in the city visiting relatives.

Mrs. E. L. Breeze is in the city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Landry.

Mrs. and Mrs. Robert Thomson have returned to town after spending the winter at Kothway.

Mr. Per. J. Sutherland of the C. P. R., staff at Toronto, has been in the city for the past fortnight.

Mrs. F. J. Harding of Chipman Hill returned last week from a three weeks visit to Boston.

The Hon. Governor and Miss McLaughlin returned to their home in Albert county this week after spending a short time in the city.

Silver sugar spoon, Miss Annie Harriman. Silver berry spoon, Miss Nellie Fleming. Silver plate dish, Mr. Jack Fleming.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Cushing. Silver ice cream spoons, Mr. and Mrs. L. Secor. Silver card receiver, Miss Kattie Downes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gregory, and many others. A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cronin assembled at their residence King street, (East) on Monday evening last, the occasion being the sixteenth anniversary of their marriage.

Among those present were—Mrs. Arthur Peterson, Mrs. Will Conway, Mrs. J. A. Peterson, Mrs. L. M. McManus, Miss C. A. Ward, Miss Clancy, Miss Lillian Leahy, Miss May O'Shaughnessy, Misses Bardsley, Jennie and Beatrice McLaughlin, Misses Florrie and Stella Byrne, Miss Stan. and Miss Emma, Messrs T. O'Brien, W. Caplan, P. Pierce, Will Pyne, M. Kelly, Walter Pyne, Har. J. Duddy, Walter Harney, W. McNeill, O'Leary, McLaughlin, Peterson, B. Fishery and W. L.

Mrs. Jennie Mills of E. Main St., returned on Saturday last from a short visit to the "Hub."

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Cromwell entertained a large number of their friends at their home 22 Metcalf street last evening. It was Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell's twenty wedding anniversary, and as the couple are very well and favorably known in North End, many beautiful individual gifts were received by them.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Mabee, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Mabee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Nase, Mr. and Mrs. David Long, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mallin, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Low. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mackin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Colwell, Mr. and Mrs. Gorbell, Mr. and Mrs. McKel, Mr. and Mrs. J. Corkery, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Vanwart, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. Slipp, Mr. and Mrs. John Salmon, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hamer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitaker, Miss Mabel Corbett, Miss Susie McAlay, Miss Ada Cowan, Miss L. Eagles, Miss May Brown, Miss Nellie Harper, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. E. Parke, Mrs. Morley Shrag, Mrs. Wm. Lemon, Mrs. Geo. Parks, Mrs. Chas. Huggard, Mr. L. P. Line, Mr. C. Holder, Mr. Pearl Jordan, Mr. Dan Wilson, Mr. Fred Dunham, Mr. T. Gorbell, Mr. W. Hamer, Mr. C. Finlayson, Mr. W. Roberts, Mr. Duplisse, Mr. J. McKelvin, Mr. G. McMulkin, Mr. Sam Adams, Mr. C. H. Eby, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stammers were taken unawares on Tuesday evening when some thirty friends took possession of the pretty little home. It was the fifth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Stammers' marriage and the young people took this way of expressing their friendship. Before leaving Rev. Mr. Waring on behalf of the guests presented the favorite couple with a beautiful china tea set. Progressive croquet and Fishology were the chief amusements of the evening. The croquet prizes were won by Mrs. Har. J. Willis and Mr. W. B. Tennant. The Fishology prize was won by Mrs. W. B. Tennant. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dykeman, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Yall, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bolding, Mr. and Mrs. G. MacLennan, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tennant, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willis, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Golding jr., Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Frye, Mr. and Mrs. George Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dykeman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tuis, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baras, Miss Lillian Whelpley, Miss Ada Emery.

Miss Emma Smith, Miss Bertha Woodworth, Miss N. Johnson, Miss Edmond, Miss I. Gregory, Miss B. Fincher, Mr. George Smith, Mr. Guy Smith, Mr. Edgar Emery.

A wedding took place at Dorchester, Mass., on the 17th inst which was of interest to St. John people, particularly to those of the west end, when Dr. Edwin Manning Montgomery was united in marriage with Miss Aechash DeLong. The groom who left here some seven or eight years ago, is a son of Mr. John Montgomery of Carleton. Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery will reside in Boston.

A pretty though quiet wedding took place at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception on Wednesday morning when the Rev. F. J. McManus united in marriage Mr. John W. Murphy formerly of this city, but now located in Boston and Miss Nellie Beatrice Dwyer daughter of the late James Dwyer. The bride wore a very becoming travelling dress of pearl gray cloth with black velvet picture hat. She was attended by Miss Mary Marry, sister of the groom, who wore a costume of blue. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Tuos. L. Murphy. The ceremony over, the wedding party to the home of the bride's mother where a beautiful breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Murphy took the I. S. S. Co. boat for Boston their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. McCormac of Charlotte's, spent a few days in the city this week.

Mrs. E. J. Wall was "At Home" to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

The Misses Whelan of Sussex, who spent the holidays in the city, returned home during the early part of the week.

Mr. Captain Pratt and his son have returned from a very pleasant visit to friends at Eastport, Maine.

Miss Lizzie Chapman, who has been visiting friends in Boston, Mass., and Yarmouth, N. S., returned home this week.

Mr. J. J. McBratney, formerly of this city, but now of Baltimore, who accompanied by Mrs. McBratney has been spending a short vacation in the city, in the company of C. P. R. on Wednesday enroute to Baltimore.

Miss Julia Hollis of Rockland Road left on Wednesday last week for a short visit to her Aunt in Providence, R. I.

Rev. Mr. Kendrick, new priest of Mission church arrived in town last week from his former home in Peterborough, Ont., and preached his first sermon to a large congregation on Sunday. A social welcome was given Mr. Kendrick on Tuesday evening of this week.

Sister Elizabeth of St. John's church left on Wednesday for Boston and New York on route to her old home in England.

Miss Daisy Clarke entertained about twelve of her friends, very prettily at her home on Duke St., Monday evening. The guests dispersed before midnight, after spending a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Annie McInerney returned last week from New York, where she has been spending the past month with friends and relatives.

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THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. Oct. 1900.

A MAIL ORDER TEST!! SEND FOR A CHILD'S SLEEPING SUIT BY MAIL.

This Special Offer is made to all Mail Order Customers at these prices to assist them in testing our Mail Order Values. Children's Sleeping Suits in good quality Merino, soft finish, with high neck and long sleeves, side pocket, feet attached, and turn over cuffs, exactly like cut, to fit youngsters of either sex, in sizes to suit the following ages:

Prices, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c each.

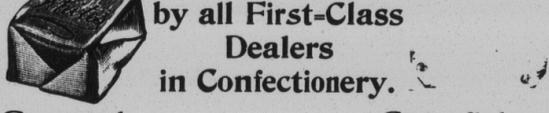
DON'T FAIL TO WRITE FOR New Winter Catalogue JUST PUBLISHED

Containing 264 pages descriptive matter fully illustrated. Sent to Any Address in Canada POST FREE.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

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



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

Advertisement for Thread Corticelli Sewing Silk. Includes text: 'Whenever and wherever there is a use for Thread Corticelli Sewing Silk is Best and Cheapest, for it lasts longest and goes farthest.' and an illustration of a woman sewing.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.'

JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

Butoche Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER.

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

Advertisement for Fry's pure concentrated COCOA. Includes text: 'No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE' and an illustration of a woman and child.

Who was your friend whom you parted with this afternoon? He wasn't a friend; that's the law.

Who was your friend whom you parted with this afternoon? He wasn't a friend; that's the law.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys at the following news stands and centres.

- MONROE & CO. Barrington street
CLIFFORD STREET, Cor. George & Granville Sts
CANADA NEWS CO. Railway Depot
J. B. FIDELAY, Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. St
GREEN BOOKERS, 108 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas, 181 Brunswick St

Oct. 25.—The dance given by Mrs John F Stairs on Tuesday evening last was a decided success. Despite the inclemency of the weather, all of those fortunate enough to receive invitations were present.

Mr and Mrs L K Paysant left this morning for Philadelphia, where they will visit their daughter, Mrs Anderson.

Mr and Mrs Bigelow of Truro, were the guests of Mrs Tupper this week.

Mrs B A Weston and Miss Weston left this week for the Hub, where they will spend two or three weeks.

Miss Josie Howe, instructor at the Blind School, has been visiting the Perkins' Institute for the Blind of Boston, the last two weeks.

Mrs Col Belcher of Canard is visiting her daughter, Mrs L S Paysant.

Mrs (Dr) Sheffield of St John is visiting her sister, Miss Kate Thompson, 203 Pleasant street.

Mrs McLarty, Argyle street, has left for Boston. Miss Edith Hennigar teacher in Park school, Dartmouth, spent Thanksgiving holidays at her home in Canning.

Rev L J Donaldson spent Thanksgiving Day at Wolfville.

Mrs J W Bell left on Monday for Boston. Mr and Mrs H W Cameron have returned from their wedding trip.

Misses M A Frith and T Talbot of Bermuda are guests at the Halifax.

Cliff J. Butcher, who has been in the head office of the Canadian Pacific railway at Montreal for a year and a half, arrived back in the city this week, and is to remain in Halifax, having been appointed to a position in the C P R and Dominion Express agency here.

Mr W J James and Miss James of Burmuda are in the city.

Mrs J W Bell left this week by the D A R for Boston.

Miss Flora Belle Carr, an elocutionist of considerable reputation, will shortly arrive in Halifax, and will teach at the Well School of Music and at Mount St Vincent.

Mr George Sanderson, inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is taking his holidays in the Annapolis Valley.

Miss Lillias Sanderson, who has spent the last two years at the College in Edinburgh, arrived home this week.

Mr and Mrs Meyer have returned to the city from their wedding trip.

The engagement of Miss Maud Eleanor Burrows, of Richmond, Va, U S A, daughter of the late W B Burrows, to Ernest Palmer Clarkson of Halifax, son of the late Captain C J P Clarkson is announced.

Mr and Mrs Robert Pickford have arrived home from a European tour extending over a year.

William Lewis and bride have returned from their wedding tour.

Sir Malachy Daly, Lady Daly and Miss Daly were passengers for England on the steamer Commonwealth, leaving Boston Thursday last.

W. H. Thornton left on the Dahome on Saturday last for London, en route to Rome, to resume his studies.

Mr James Gordon and family return to Halifax to-morrow, after three months' summering at Bedford.

A W E Hancock (inspector of the York County Loan and Savings Co.), and bride, have arrived in the city and are stopping at the Lorne House.

Mrs. Capt. A N Smith, accompanied by her grand-daughter, Miss Annie M. Doane, left this week on the Monticello, for Barrington. Miss Doane will be the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Smith at their beautiful residence, Sea View cottage. A large number of friends gathered at the pier to see them off.

Mr and Mrs. O. H. Harvey, Dartmouth, arrived home by the Halifax on Sunday evening last.

Mrs. E. Henderson and child of Charlottetown, are visiting friends in the city.

The marriage took place on Tuesday morning at St. Mary's Cathedral at 8 1/2 o'clock George Hyland, son of the late James Hyland, cooper, to Miss Bridget Ryan, daughter of the late James Ryan. Rev. Father Comeau performed the ceremony. Mr L Healy assisted the groom, and the bride was attended by Miss L Miller. The bride was charmingly attired in a light blue costume with hat to match, and the bridesmaid looked pretty in dark blue costume with hat to match. After the ceremony the newly wedded left for a trip to Annapolis Valley. The popularity of the young couple was evidenced by a large number of presents received.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

Oct. 23.—A H H Jordan spent Sunday in Halifax on a visit to his daughter, Sister Cecelia.

Misses Christie and Josie Ritchie left Wednesday on a visit to Boston.

Mrs Rice who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs B C Munroe, for some weeks, has returned to her home in Bear River.

at Lower Economy, Colchester Co., on the 10th inst in the Baptist church. It was the marriage of Clara Male, daughter of Josiah Soley, and Rev Frederick Eugene Boop, pastor of Economy, Bass River and Five Island churches, and son of Joseph Boop, Clementsport. The ceremony was performed by Rev O N Chipman of Great Village. Miss Carrie E Knight, Bass River, was maid of honor, and A E Chesley, Kentville, assisted the groom. The bride was dressed in cream satin with pearl trimmings and silk lace, and carried a very beautiful bouquet of white roses and maiden hair ferns. Miss Knight was dressed in pink nun's veiling, trimmed with silk lace. The ushers were F Roderick of Five Islands and P Davidson of Bass River. The church was beautifully and artistically decorated. After the ceremony the party repaired to the home of the parents of the bride where a very enjoyable reception and lunch followed. The presents were very numerous and costly ones, especially from the bride's father being a cheque for a substantial amount.

YARMOUTH.

Oct. 25.—A pretty but quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr and Mrs H D Munro on Wednesday last when their daughter Estora was united in marriage with Mr George H Gardner of Milton. Rev E W Millar and Rev D W Johnston were the officiating clergymen.

The bride wore a becoming travelling gown of brown cloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet of bride roses. After luncheon Mr and Mrs Gardner took the steamer enroute to Boston and other American cities. On their return they will take up their residence in Milton.

Mrs Parry, Central street, will spend the winter in the United States.

Mrs Herbert Hilton left Wednesday for Bristol, England, where she will reside in future, as her husband has taken a position on a steamer plying between that port and New York.

Mr and Mrs A H Treily, who have been in Boston for a week, returned per Prince Arthur, Wednesday last.

Mr and Mrs L G Crosby, with her daughter and son have arrived home from Boston.

The Misses Ferguson, daughters of Captain and Mrs R M Ferguson are visiting in Boston.

Mr C T Grantham and family left for Hamilton, Ont. on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Jeanette Hunter, of the W U Telegraph office, Bridgewater, passed through Yarmouth on Wednesday evening, taking passage per steamer Boston en route for Fortmouth, N B, where she will remain about a fortnight. On her return she will carry a few days in Yarmouth before going home.

Mrs B B Smith has gone to New York to visit friends.

Cards have been received in Yarmouth announcing the marriage of Mr James Clark Todd and Miss Gladys Corning, daughter of Capt and Mrs D W Corning at Tacoma, Wash., on Oct. 1st.

DIGBY.

Oct. 25.—Miss Josie Wymant is visiting her sister, Mrs D J Urquhart at Barton.

An event in which Digby people were deeply interested was the marriage at Boston on October 10 of Miss Marie Louise Dunbar, daughter of Mrs Amelia Dunbar and half sister of Capt H B Allen of this town, with Mr Wm B Wilcox of Boston. The ceremony was performed at the home of the groom's parents in the presence of a large number of invited guests.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine over white silk on train. She was attended by Miss Emma Wilcox. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held, after which Mrs Wilcox left on a short wedding trip. On her return they will reside in Boston.

Miss Emma Beaman is visiting friends in Boston. Miss Eliza Hayden of Bay View, was a passenger from Boston on Monday.

Mr and Mrs Henry Dakin returned home on Saturday from a visit to Boston.

Miss Chisholm of Sanders' millinery establishment has returned home from her trip to Boston.

Miss Minnie Jones of Letteney's Departmental store, spent Thanksgiving with friends at Clementsport.

Mr Geo Whitman has returned home from a pleasant trip through the upper provinces.

Mr and Mrs A D Bonnell and family, who have been spending the summer at their residence Montague Row has returned to New York.

Mr Stephen Marshall, son of Mr Robert Marshall, of Marshalltown, arrived home from Quebec on Saturday and is spending a few days with his parents.

Mr Frank W Nicholls, who completed his law studies at Dalhousie college in 1899 and has since been in the office of E Hart Nicholls, left for Halifax, where he will apply for admission as a barrister of the Supreme Court.

PARROBORO.

Progress is for sale at Parroboro Bookstore.

Oct. 25.—The Boston Stock company performed in the opera house on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of week before last with a matinee on Saturday. The plays put on were Soldiers of the Queen, My Friend from India and the Circus Girl.

There was a good audience at Cecilia rink on Tuesday evening to listen to Hon. Atty. Gen. Longley, Mr H J Logan, M P and Mr Stuart Jenks L B on the political question. The band was in attendance and the rink suitably decorated for the occasion. Mr Logan was accompanied by Miss Logan and Master Logan. Mrs Stuart Jenks was also with her husband.

Mr George McKean, St John, is in town.

Mr Charles McCabe left on Wednesday for Washington where he will spend the winter.

Mr J E Roberts arrived with his bride on Thursday from Victoria, B C. Mr and Mrs Roberts are guests of Mr and Mrs C M Roberts.

Some of our students in the colleges came home to spend Thanksgiving day. Miss Franklin Price had with her Miss Price of N B and Miss Fleming, Truro.

Miss Mackintosh of Canard is visiting the Misses Cooke.

Mr W H Davidson of Mt Allison spent the holiday with his parents.

Miss Jennie Allen has returned from Boston and gone to Truro to take a course at the Normal school.

Mr Bruce McKay went to Truro on Wednesday to attend a wedding and from there to New Glasgow to visit relatives.

Miss Helen Fraser is in Yarmouth on a visit to Mrs Perry. Mrs W Fraser has returned from spending a week in Boston.

Mr M L Tucker and Mrs E A Tucker are back from a journey to the Pacific coast.

Rev W G Lane spent a part of last week at North Sydney with his son.

Mr and Mrs C R Smith have returned from a pleasant trip which included Toronto, Niagara, Buffalo and New York.

Mr W E Jackson is staying at the Evangeline.

Mr and Mrs D Gillespie arrived home on Thursday from New York.

Miss Fuller, Springhill, is the guest of Mrs Hayes.

Mrs Blanch and children have returned from a visit to friends at Amherst.

Rev Mr Duffield was inducted rector of St George's parish on Thursday evening 11 inst by Revs Mr Ball and Mr Hurley.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job/Print.

AMHERST.

Oct. 15.—Mr J. H. Morrison accompanied by Mrs Morrison left last week for New York, where they will spend several months.

Dr Earrest Harding who has been visiting relatives here has returned to Montreal.

Mrs. Bates, wife of the Rev Mr Bates is visiting friends in Haverhill, Mass.

Mr and Mrs Arch McColl spent a few days in town this week, on their way from Montreal to their home in New Glasgow.

Mrs Harris left on Wednesday last week to spend a week or two with friends in Montreal.

Mr and Mrs Sanford Cottage have removed to their new and cosy cottage on Copp Avenue.

Mrs Mary Smith was a guest of Mr and Mrs Barry D Bent, for two or three days last week. She left on Monday for Port Williams to spend a month or two.

Miss Harding went to Halifax on Friday last. Miss Fannie Chapman, is visiting friends in Pugwash and Halifax.

The marriage took place on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, Pugwash, of T D McLeod, dentist of this town, to Miss Martha Yeaman, youngest daughter of Capt Yeaman, at present in Colorado. Rev J A White, of St. George's Church is officiating. They are visiting the Upper Provinces on their wedding trip.

WOLFVILLE.

Oct. 25.—Mrs. C. H. Borden has returned from a pleasant trip to Boston.

Mrs. Walker, who has been spending the summer here, will leave shortly for her home in Tennessee.

Mrs. Moore gave a very pleasant "At Home" to her friends quite recently at her pretty summer residence, Kent Lodge.

Mr. O. D. Harris, who has been in poor health for some time intends leaving shortly for the south where he will spend the winter months.

Miss Eva Andrews is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mrs. F. B. Haley is visiting her father Dr. Wilcox, at Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. L. E. Wortman spent Thanksgiving in St. John.

Mr. J. A. Thomson has returned from England, where she has been spending the last two or three months.

BRIDGETOWN.

Mrs Newcombe, of Cornwallis, is in town.

Miss Mary Fisher is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs E B Moore is visiting friends in Halifax.

Miss Madge Morse has returned from a visit to Halifax.

Mrs. Harry Ruggles is spending a few days in Halifax.

Mrs. Marietta Young of Zanesville, Ohio, is visiting friends in Bridgetown.

Mr and Mrs S B Troop, of Granville Ferry, are guests of Mr and Mrs L E Miller.

Mrs Fred Crowe, of Grand Forks, B. C., is the guest of Mr and Mrs Harry J. Crowe.

Mrs Frank Frai, who has been spending several weeks in Boston, is expected home this week.

Misses Josette Beckwith and Carrie Piper, students at Halifax Ladies College, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Dr F S Anderson left for Boston last Saturday, and will be absent a week. Mrs Anderson will accompany him home.

Mr F R Benner, of Lynn, Mass, who spent several weeks here last summer recuperating his health, is again in town after a short visit to Lynn.

Mrs O T Daniels and Mrs L D Shamer were passengers from Boston last Wednesday.

WINDSOR.

Mrs John M. Smith has returned from Truro.

Mrs W B Shaw is the guest of Mrs. Woodworth, Berwick.

Mrs E Kaulback, Halifax, visited Milford, during Thanksgiving week.

Mr Stanley Frame, Dalhousie College, Halifax, has been visiting his home at Gay's river.

Miss Maggie Logan, teacher, Bible Hill, Truro, spent Thanksgiving Day at her home at Milford.

Miss Nora Black has returned from Halifax, where she was visiting the Misses McKean, formerly of Windsor.

Mr and Mrs C DeWolfe Smith returned from St John on Monday evening, where they had been since Thursday.

Mrs Beg, formerly of Kentville, now of Massena, New York, is in town on a visit the guest of Miss Richardson.

pleasantly with music, games and refreshments. On the same evening Miss Cassie Rose was "sponsored" in the same way, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. Henry Moore, Shubenscadie, left last week for Colorado where he will spend the winter.

On Saturday evening at Windsor Junction, Miss Hattie Gladwin, daughter of Mr. Gladwin, hotel proprietor, was married to Mr. Upham, a well known and popular commercial traveller.

Mrs. Gibson C. Mosher and two children return to Kentucky on Saturday of this week. Mrs. Mosher spent a few days last week with Mrs. Wesley Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. George F Jones, Emporium, Penn., arrived here on Monday evening having been telegraphed for an account of the illness of Mrs. A F Jones. Miss Almee Jones arrived from New York on Monday morning.

Miss Annie Hunter, Milford, is attending Whitson's Commercial College at Halifax.

Kind lady (visiting prison)—Poor men, I suppose it is quite a relief to you, however, that your wives are permitted to see you once a week.

Spokesman—Yes, indeed, lady; it sort of reconciles us to jail life.

Kind lady—Ah, how touching!

Spokesman—Yes; you see, de warden won't let dem come in but de once a week.

The glass-water and sword swallower isn't on duty to-day. What's the matter?

"He's home sick, suffering with sharp pains in the stomach."



OLD PEOPLE

Have a charm of their own when they are not weak and feeble, but hale and hearty, enjoying the sports and pleasures of youth though they cannot participate in them. The whole secret of a sturdy old age is this: Keep the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in perfect order.

The young man who does not think of his stomach will be made to think of it as he grows old. It is the "weak" stomach, incapable of supplying the adequate nutrition for the body, which causes the weakness and feebleness of old age.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It makes the "weak" stomach strong, and so enables the body to be fully nourished and strengthened by the food which is eaten.

"I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed several physicians, but they could not reach my case," writes Mr. O. Poppell, of Furber Springs, Carroll Co., Ark. "I felt that there was no help for me, could not retain food on my stomach; had vertigo and would fall helplessly on the floor. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and the next little 'Pellea,' and improved from the start. After taking twelve bottles of the 'Discovery' I was able to do light work, and have been improving ever since. I am now in good health. First Coupon (3 months' interest) payable 1st November, 1900.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



"1847 Rogers Bros."

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., always combine the desirable features of silver plate—artistic design, carefully finished with highest grade of plate. Remember "1847"—the mark of the genuine Rogers.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints

THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

FOR ARTISTS.

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

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

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

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

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Full Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

TENDERS FOR ST. JOHN CITY DEBENTURES.

SEALED TENDERS, marked "Tenders for Debentures," will be received at the Office of the Chamberlain of the City of Saint John up to the 15th day of October, 1900, for the purchase of Saint John City Debentures, for the whole or any part of the sum of

SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (\$6,500) DOLLARS,

to be issued in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars each, under the provisions of Act of Assembly 55 Victoria, Chapter 27, Section 20, payable in 40 years, with interest at the rate of Four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

The said Debentures are issued by order from Common Council of the City of Saint John, under authority of Act of Assembly, which provides for creating necessary Sinking Fund for redemption in maturity.

The proceeds of said Debentures are to meet expenditures for Public Services, such as Extension of Water and Sewerage service in several places and districts, as adopted by Common Council; Purchase and establishing additional Steam Fire Engine for Civic Fire Department.

First Coupon (3 months' interest) payable 1st November, 1900.

Not bound to accept the highest or any tender.

FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain of Saint John, N. B. Chamberlain's Office, 10th Sept., 1900.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WY. KOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by

Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURE THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puisis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

ARTISTS.

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

AMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Cure For Men.

TENDERS FOR JOHN CITY DEBENTURES.

LED TENDERS, marked "Tenders for Debentures," will be received at the Office of the City of Saint John up to the 10th of October, 1900, for the purchase of Saint John Debentures, for the whole or any part of the sum of

SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (\$6,500) DOLLARS,

in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars under the provisions of Act of Assembly 52, Chapter 27, Section 20, payable in 40 years with interest at the rate of Four per cent. per annum.

and Debentures are issued by order from the Council of the City of Saint John, under the authority of Act of Assembly, which provides for the necessary sinking fund for redemption at 100 per cent.

Proceeds of said Debentures are to meet expenses for Public Services, such as Extension of Sewerage service in several places, and establishing additional Steam Fire Engine Department.

and to accept the highest or any tender.

FRED SANDALL, Chamberlain of Saint John, N. B. Serials Office, 10th Sept., 1900.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and the ..."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "The ..."

CHARLES HARDING DAVIS'S "The ..."

HENRY NORMAN'S "The ..."

articles by WALTER A. WY., author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Olive Thayer, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on "The ..."

HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Sena- ..."

TABLET FEATUR CROMWELL ILLUSTRATED BY ..."

de Chavannes, JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Illustrative schemes (in black and white) by ..."

ER APPLETON CLARK, ..."

PELLETTO, HENRY MOER, DWIGHT L. ELMEN- ..."

Illustrated Prospectus ..."

ES SCRIBNER'S SONS, ..."

publishers, New York.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. A. Deane & Co.]

Oct. 25.—Mrs Arthur Bailey left by boat, Monday morning last to visit friends at Fredericton.

Frank Gilman, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

Her many friends will be glad to hear that Mrs George Furt, Hartland, though slowly, is recovering from her severe illness.

S William Bridges, Boston, who has been absent several years, is visiting his old home and school-mates.

A F B Nagth and wife of Fredericton, are registered in town.

His Honor Justice Hannington, is holding Court here.

J F Hume, wife and child, and Miss A M Irvin, of Victoria, B C, are staying at the Carlisle.

The Misses Owens, Newburg Junction, visited Woodstock recently.

David Keefe, St John, was a guest at the Victoria Wednesday of last week.

Mrs George O'Donnell, Debec, was in Woodstock Wednesday.

Herb Connell, who has been absent from town for a year or more, arrived here Wednesday from Ontario.

Miss Isabella Mowat, court stenographer, is registered at the Carlisle.

Mrs E D Stevens and Mrs. Stephen Vanwart left on Saturday last, the former to visit her son and brother at Boston, and the latter to visit friends at Lowell, Mass.

Mrs George McCaffery, Banor, is enjoying a visit to Woodstock the guest of Mrs. John Thib bideau.

Some of the young ladies and gentlemen of St Gertrude's church are rehearsing for a musical and literary entertainment to be given in St Gertrude's Hall during the early winter, proceeds to be devoted to the payment of the new windows now being placed in the church.

Miss Mina L Fisher has been appointed assistant teacher in English and Mathematics in Acadia Seminary.

Mrs Maude McAdam, Lucia True, Lena Kearney, and Eva Jacques of Woodstock with Fannie West and Raul McClintock of Cantreville came up from Fredericton Thursday and spent Thanksgiving at their respective homes.

Dr A B Teakles, who has been practicing dentistry in Buctouche for some months past has returned home.

Beverly Sproni, who has been studying dentistry with his brothers at Chatham, left last week to complete his course at the Dental College, Baltimore, Md.

Dr G F Johnson has returned from a flying visit to Binghampton, N. Y.

MONTON.

Oct. 25.—Mrs John McAvoy of St. John, left the city visiting friends.

Mr Giles Lelacheur, of the I. C. E., left last week on a holiday trip to Boston.

Mr O M Leper, who has been spending the past few weeks in Ottawa and Montreal, has returned home.

Miss May Perry has returned from a five weeks' visit in Boston, where she had a very pleasant time visiting her sister, Mrs. Hickey.

Mrs W J Davidson, of St. John, and Mr and Mrs C J Willis, of Backville, are in the city the guests of Mr and Mrs Willis' daughter, Mrs. Walton B Mills Robinson street.

Miss Jessie Bartlett, left on Saturday last for Denver, Col., where she will make her home with her sisters, Misses Lottie and Georgie, who are residing there.

Mr R Colclough, private secretary to Mr J E Price, chief superintendent I. C. E., has returned from a two months trip to Paris.

Mr Geo Howatt and wife of Cripple Creek, Cal., are spending a few days in town.

The death occurred on Saturday morning of Miss Ethel M Hayes, daughter of Mr Nelson Hayes, manager of the co-operative in connection with the Monton Sugar Refinery.

Mr W Hasen Chapman, clerk of the county Court, and son are in the city.

Miss Viola Flanagan is home from a pleasant trip to Montreal.

Miss Maude Crisp of Mount Allison Ladies' College spent Thanksgiving at her home.

Mrs Cook, wife of John Cook, ex-I. C. E. emp'oy, died Sunday afternoon, 14th inst., after a lingering illness.

ing of last week, at the home of Mrs. Etta Robinson, when her second daughter, Mary, was united in marriage to Frank L McCready of Hartland.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. A F Carr. Miss Ferguson of First Lands was in town this week.

Mrs. A D McKendrick is visiting at her home in her home in Chatham.

Mr and Mrs. John Harquail have their residence in Miss Glover's building.

At the invitation of Miss Lillie Ferguson quite a large party of her friends assembled at her home on Monday evening last, when a very enjoyable time was spent.

Mr and Mrs. David Miller of Bathurst, who moved to town last week will make their home here in future, and have their residence on O'Leary street.

Mrs. W C Matthews is renewing old acquaintances in town, this being her first visit to Campbellton since Mr. Matthews' removal from the pastorate of the Methodist church here.

Miss E L M Gilker and Miss Lizzie Willett of New Richmond, are the guests of Mrs. E. Gilker.

Miss Barbara Willett of New Richmond, spent a few days with friends in town last week, en route to Boston.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

NEWCASTLE.

Mrs (Dr) Bishop, Bathurst was the guest of Mrs Park, Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Marks, Moncton spent Sunday with her friend Miss Fleming.

Miss Haviland, Chatham is spending a few days in Newcastle.

Miss Mamie Fleming is visiting friends in Moncton.

Miss Mckay, St. John, is the guest of Mrs John Robinson.

Mrs (Rev) John B Gough is the guest of Mrs. Fred Gough.

Miss Shaw, St. John spent Sunday last in Newcastle.

Mrs Robert H Armstrong left for Boston and New York on Monday to visit friends.

Mrs K W Hobart, Newton Mass. is visiting in Newcastle.

Miss Agnes Phinney has returned from a pleasant visit to Sackville and Moncton.

Mr and Mrs Robertson Lingley, were in St. John last week.

Mrs Parker and Miss Parker, were visiting in Derby last week.

Miss McEvoy and Master Hubert Rolan have gone to Boston to visit friends.

Mrs Samuel Craig left Monday last to visit her daughter Mrs Harry Barker at Gibsons.

Miss Russell of Bangor Me. is the guest of Miss Annie Hickey.

Mrs Charles Call gave a very pleasant whist party in the Waverly recently.

Mr and Mrs J O Fish were in Moncton last week.

Mr William Sinclair of California is here on a visit to his parents Mr and Mrs Edward Sinclair. He was warmly welcomed by his many friends.

Miss Annie Bell, Indianstown spent a few days in town last week.

October Days.

Now in the soft October weather. What shall we sing of remembered May— With the plow and the sickle leaved together, And the leaf that was green red gold to-day.

High is the heart of youth and maiden: The spoils of summer are to their soul, Their lips are glad, and with soothsay laden From the flower and fruit, and life's open scroll.

The matron looks from her open doorway, And her bosom heaves for the pleasant past; For the little feet on the worn white doorway, For the autumn web all woven at last.

Nor shall memory vex the master reaper Of the harvest hours o'er hot and lone; He shall dream the dream of the smiling sleeper, Of the high-noon rest, and the homing song.

but she sent her mother into see me instead of her father.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health.

Aluminum for Soldering Rails.

Among the uses recently found for aluminum is the soldering of iron rails end to end in order to obtain a smooth, continuous track.

The experiments of the French grape-growers in Algeria have shown that too much sunshine is unfavorable for the making of good wine.

The climate of France grapes possess a proper proportion of sugar to acid for wine-making, but the hot Algerian sunshine induces so active an assimilation by the vines that the quantity of acid is reduced and that of sugar is increased.

The wine makers of Algeria are driven to many devices for improving the flavor and lasting quality of their wines.

Anxious to do the Right Thing.

'Why should I continue to make occasional loans to you? You have never lent me any money.'

The applicant for a brief accommodation becomes temporarily thoughtful.

'The reason for that,' he said at last, 'is that I never have enough, but perhaps it isn't fair that the obligation should be always on one side, so I'll tell you what I'll do. I want \$25 for a few days the worst kind of a way. You let me have \$50 and I'll let you have the other \$25. Then you'll have no occasion to feel that way about it.'

Marine Animals Far From the Sea.

Some of the vast changes which the face of the earth has undergone are indicated by the recent discovery in the small lakes scattered among the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne in France of the survival of certain forms of marine animals.

Salt plains exist there whose deposits were formed before volcanic forces upheaved the surrounding rocks and created mountain peaks and craters.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely

SPRUCE GUM.

Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is procured. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s. 1d. and 1s. 6s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, part-time position, experience unnecessary, write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE U. S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Gulfport Basin, Washington), 10c per share, sickness, need money, regular price 10c. Address "C" Bronx Box 144 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK:

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,597,480 68; Assets, 304,844,637 62; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,548 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job ... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. Progress Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

Victoria Hotel, 61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

and their daughter; are visiting in New York city. Mrs. Charles W. King is in Cambridge, Mass., visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Gibbs. Miss Annie Harvey left on Wednesday of last week for Mansfield, Ohio. Miss Edith DeLamant entertained a party of friends at her home quite recently. Miss Margaret Maxwell was the guest last week of Miss Alberta Todd. Miss Gertrude Eaton has gone to Philadelphia to visit relatives. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Wood Eaton, have been enjoying a week of hunting near Princeton, Me. The ladies interested in the Harmony club met at the residence of Mrs. Hazen Grimmer on Saturday afternoon and decided to reorganize the club for the coming winter. Mrs. Howard McAllister was chosen as president, Miss Margaret Black, secretary and treasurer. The first meeting will be held on November 12th at the home of Mrs. Howard McAllister, Elm street. Miss Jessie McVay, who has been visiting Mrs. A. L. Smyth of St. John, for several weeks, has arrived home. The community was grieved on Wednesday morning to hear of the death of Miss Mary Bixby which occurred at the residence of her brother-in-law, Nehemiah Marks, on Tuesday night after an illness of three weeks.

ST. ANDREWS.

Oct 25—Miss Georgie Stevenson returned on Friday last from a very pleasant visit to Woodstock. Mr. Edgar W. Thompson, barrister of Stephen, has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., for health. His wife accompanied him. Mrs. Angus Kennedy, of St. Andrews, was in St. Stephen last week. Dr. Ross and family have returned to St. Stephen from St. Andrews, and will occupy Edgar Thompson's residence this winter. Miss S. A. Algar is visiting friends in Boston. Capt. and Mrs. Nelson Clark spent Thanksgiving day with St. Stephen friends. Mrs. M. Cell, who has been visiting Mrs. Howard at St. Andrews for some months, took Tuesday's train for St. Thomas, Ont. After a brief visit with friends in that place she will return to her home in Vancouver, B. C. Miss Jessie Andrews has been on a visit to St. Stephen. Mrs. J. E. Cunningham and her children will return to Boston this week. Mrs. H. L. Cole of Kentville, N. S., is visiting friends in St. Andrews. Mr. Henry Irwin, of Boabaco, and Miss Tillie Wiley, of Bayville, two popular young people, were united in marriage on the 17th inst., by Rev. A. W. Mahon. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father and was attended by a large number of friends of the contracting parties. The bride was the recipient of many elegant gifts.

QUIRINI'S TRADING TRIP.

The First Time a South European Vessel Sailed eastward North as Norway. The Journal of the Norwegian Geographical Society, of Christiania has just published a short account of the unfortunate voyage made by the Italian trader, Pietro Quirini, to the coast of Norway in 1482, sixty years before Columbus discovered the Western World. This long voyage in the open Atlantic is of interest in the history of navigation, for it was the first time that a sailor of South Europe took his vessel so far to the north. In this journey Quirini skirted nearly all the coasts of Europe in a little vessel that was considerably inferior to those in which Columbus crossed the ocean, for, in the sixty years that intervened between the voyage of the Italian trader and the great discoverer, improvements of importance had been made in shipbuilding. Quirini sailed for the north in the days of the commercial preeminence of Venice and Genoa. At the time there was no less than 8,000 sailing vessels in the trading fleet of Venice. They sailed far up the Atlantic coast as well as to every port in the Mediterranean. But they had developed no trade with the Northmen and Quirini thought it was time to break the ground. He had heard that up in Norway the people could not raise the grape but that they had become fond of wine and there was a good market for it. He was told that a considerable quantity of the wine of South Europe sold in France and England was reexported to Norway and sold at a good round profit. Here was a chance to open direct trade with the far North of Europe. So the enterprising Italian took his vessel to the Pirenes, loaded with a cargo of Greek wines and then turned the nose of his little craft straight for Gibraltar. All went well until the vessel had passed the ports of England, where Mediterranean ships were often seen. But as Quirini was approaching his destination a great storm arose that finally wrecked all his hopes as well as his vessel. He found himself unable to make port and was driven by a furious blast along an uncharted coast. He tried to keep out to sea away from the dangers of Norway's west shore but unfortunately he did not get far enough out to avoid the islands and he was driven upon the rocks of one of the Lofotens, where his vessel went to pieces and his wine was mixed with salt water. There was no record for a long time the center of any attempt by trading ships of South Europe to establish direct relations with Norway. Two reports of the ill-fated voyage were published in Venice in 1881. One of them was written by Quirini himself and the

other by his helmsman, Antonio di Cerado. Geographers have found that the geographical data in these reports are correct and regard the documents as reliable. They are the basis of the article printed in this Christianian.

CASH FOR DEAD TRAIN ROBBERIES.

The Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company Offers \$1,000 a piece for them. A reward of \$1,000 is offered by the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company for the capture or killing of a train robber or for the frustration of a robbery. The orders were issued last Tuesday from the Omaha headquarters of the company's lines west of the Missouri River. The reward is specially intended for employees of the company, but may be earned by anybody at all. Heretofore an employee was not necessarily rewarded for frustrating a train robbery or aiding in the capture or killing of a robber, and, naturally, the employees didn't take the chances which, it is believed, they would take otherwise. It was considered part of an employee's business to protect the company's property. The recent robbery of trains running west of the Missouri River was the cause of the offer of reward by the Burlington. A half dozen train robberies have occurred within the last two months and the Burlington has taken the initiative in guarding against the robbery of its trains. The robbery of the passengers in the Burlington sleepers near E. last a few weeks ago, too, impelled General Manager Holdrege of the Burlington to offer an inducement to the employees to thwart train robbery. The last condition was suggested by the heroism of Ray Miller, the brakeman on the Denver and Rio Grande, who smashed a would-be robber over the head with his lantern knocking him off the platform. Trainmen said the Burlington's new order would have the effect of spurring the trainmen to action. Every one of them on trains running into Denver has bought a revolver. Several of the conductors and brakemen who have had their own special lanterns have gone back to the heavy lantern furnished by the company. The notice of the offer of the reward has been posted in the yard offices and other places where conductors, brakemen and others interested may see it. It is said that other roads will follow the example of the Burlington.

Both Ends Remained Up.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to other subjects, those who have been held up by highway men are unanimous in the statement that no matter how few the hold-up or how many they held up, each and every man said that the robbers' weapon was pointed directly and solely at him. Years ago in California a traveller was on a stage coach that a pair of bandits went through. The fourteen passengers were all made to get out and stand in a row, with their hands high over their heads. One burly ruffian stood guard over them with a double-barrelled shotgun, while the other engaged in the pleasing task of relieving them of their valuable and spare cash. The particular traveller was nearest the man with the shotgun. While the ceremonies were in progress his nose began to itch, and instinctively he started to lower one hand to scratch it. "Hands up there!" came the stern order and his hand went automatically back into place. But that itching redoubled and again he essayed the relieving scratch. "Say, what's the matter with you anyhow?" demanded the highwayman. "Are you wishing to become a lead mine?" "My nose itches so I can't stand it any longer," tearfully explained the sufferer. "I simply have got to scratch it." "No, you hadn't," ungrammatically corrected the knight of the road, "cause I'll do it for you." And with that he proceeded to scratch the offending nasal organ with the muzzle of his shot gun.

How Montana was Named.

It is not always easy to name a baby, and to name a state or territory is obviously a serious matter. The late Gen. J. W. Denver, for whom the chief city of Colorado is called, always insisted that he gave the name to Montana. "Gen. Denver was intimate with Stephen A. Douglas," writes F. M. Cleveland, who was formerly the General's confidential clerk. "At one of the meetings, as he told the story, Douglas brought out a map of the West, saying that he intended to introduce a bill to form some new Territories, and wanted Denver to suggest appropriate names. "Colorado" was the first one mentioned. "I have already applied that to one thing," said Douglas, pointing on the map to what is now the State of Colorado. "I want a name for a Territory I am going to mark out up here in the mountains." "Denver's life in the West and his service in the Mexican War had made him

"Give Him an Inch, He'll Take an Ell."

Let the smallest microbe gain lodgment in your body and your whole system will be diseased. The microbe is microscopic. But the germs become inches and then ell's of pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla destroys the microbe, prevents the pain, purifies the blood and effects a permanent cure.

Run Down—"I had severe headaches and my constitution was generally run down. Had read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, tried it, and after using two bottles was entirely cured." Miss Mary Flannigan, Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.



familiar with many Spanish words, and he remarked: "Why not call it 'Montana'?" "What does that mean?" "Denver replied that it meant 'mountainous country.' By way of assuring himself, Douglas called to his wife, repeated the question, and received the same answer. 'General, it's just the word,' said Douglas. 'I shall adopt it.' The bill did not pass at that time. Indeed, Montana was not organized as a Territory until 1864, three years after the death of Douglas. But the name was given to it in due time.

ABERNAULT SLOOZAV.

An Affliction That Came Near Costing Daniel Maloney His Life. Those who witnessed the balloon ascension and parachute jump at the Oakland Cal., Park today, were horrified at the sight of a mishap which it seemed world record in the death of Aeronaut Daniel Maloney. He went up hanging by his teeth to a strap and remained in that position so long that his jaws became set and it was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to get loose and climb up to the trapeze from which he was to cut himself loose to make the parachute trip. By the time he succeeded in doing this the balloon had reached an elevation of 1,500 feet, and had then descended to within 400 feet of the ground. There was not distance enough to allow the parachute to inflate itself properly and it looked as if Maloney would surely be killed. The air was very still and those who had watched the ascension saw the parachute coming down within less than a hundred yards of the point where the balloon had been loosened a few minutes before. Fortunately for Maloney, the parachute struck in the top of a large gum tree, and though he was unable to cling to the branches and save himself, his fall was broken to such an extent that he was not killed. He fell from the tree to the ground, a distance of forty feet, but it was through the branches of the trees and when he struck the ground he was able with the assistance of friends to walk to his dressing room, where he was attended by a physician. His injuries consisted chiefly of numerous bruises. At the time he was examined this afternoon it was not thought that he was seriously hurt, unless it might be that it should develop that he had suffered internal injuries. Charles Vosmer, who is the manager of the park, in speaking of the accident, said he would explain it in no other way than that Maloney's jaws became "locked," as the aeronauts term it, and that when he wanted to climb on the trapeze and cut loose he was unable to do so. "This locking," explained Vosmer, is caused by hanging by the jaws so long that

they become set or rigid, and every one who has ever gone up in a balloon in that manner knows what that means. It was Maloney's intention to go up about 800 feet and then make his jump. This was his first ascension here. He came highly recommended to be as an aeronaut, and I believe that he understands what he is doing. He simply hung on a little too long."

NO MORE EGG CANDLERS.

They Are Egg Testers Now and They Have Formed a Union. Egg inspectors have organized in Chicago and members of the local union are seeking to effect a national organization. The men engaged in this business were formerly termed candlers, a name given them on account of using a candle to ascertain the condition of the egg, but the abandonment of that glimmering light and the application of modern appliances and that of egg inspector has been adopted as more appropriate. Thousands of dozens of eggs are inspected in Chicago daily and a recent visit to the warehouses of South Water street merchants disclosed nearly two hundred men separating the stale from the fresh article. The inspector operates in total darkness and is able to ascertain the condition of the egg by the aid of an electric light the globe of which is almost incased in tin, so that only a small ray of light shines on the egg being tested. He must work with lightning-like rapidity, in order to inspect the large number of eggs regarded as a fair day's work, and the casual observer, as they pass rapidly before the light and disappear as if by the aid of a conjurer's hand, becomes apprehensive of an accident that may change the color of the inspector's clothing to that hue not appreciated by public performers who sometimes appear before unappreciative audiences. Accidents rarely occur, however, and so expert do the workmen become that thousands of eggs will pass through their hands without a shell being cracked. The union has already a membership of 45 and bids fair to embrace every inspector in Chicago in a short time. The men command fair wages and the organization is said to be an advantage to the merchants, many of whom do not keep more than one inspector steadily engaged, but who, when large assignments are received, require the services of extra help, which can be readily furnished by the business agent of the union, who is generally to be found in the neighborhood looking after the interests of his constituents. At present the merchants and the members of the union are on the best of terms, but should a misunderstanding arise in the future it is indeed well to be the calamity that will fall on strike ridden Chicago, and if perchance the inspectors should go on strike the homes of its citizens will be threatened with an invasion of eggs not altogether pleasing.

Would Have to Borrow One.

Some time ago a well-known barrister had under cross examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Sampson, whose replies were the causes for much laughter in the court. "And so," questioned the barrister, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peaceably disposed and inoffensive kind of a person?" "Yes." "And that you have no desire to follow the steps of your namesake, did smite the Philistines?" "No, I've not," answered the youth, "and if I had the desire I ain't got the strength at present." "Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?" "Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon."

Not Taken as a Compliment.

He (ardently)—Darling, you're the first girl I ever loved. She—Oh,shaw! You must think I'm green not to be able to tell the difference between a beginner and an expert. Katie—I don't like Mr. Rox. Ka's mother—Why not? "He's got money, and, though he has been coming to see me for a year, he never gave me anything in his life." "I don't know about that. He gives you a chance to get to bed at a reasonable hour, which can't be said of the other young men I know." "Here is a true story of one of our hardware clerks," says The Downs (Kas.) Times. "A little four-year old girl walked into one of the hardware stores some time ago and had a bolt put in her little express wagon. When the job was completed she asked the clerk what the charges were. The clerk informed her that a kiss



A Lady of Quality

Knows real value and genuine merit and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason. QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY is the secret of the great success of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY means pure hard soap with remarkable and peculiar qualities for washing clothes.



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but ton holes are left intact when we do your work. Where shall we send the woman, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

would pay the bill, and the little lady said, "All right, mamma will pay you."

His Case Specially Diagnosed.

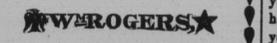
Going up the Mohawk Valley on a Central Hudson train the other day were two men attached to each other by handcuffs. They rode in silence for some time neither appearing to notice that he had a seat mate. Finally one turned to the other and asked: "Where yer going?" "Utica," [was the reply. "Asylum?" "Ye-ep" "Crazy?" "Yep, religion." There was silence for some time after that. Then the one who had answered the questions in the first instance turned inquisitor. "You going to Utica?" "Yes." "Crazy, too?" "Yes." "What's the matter with you?" "Imperialism." "Oh, you ain't crazy. You're a damn fool."

'Now, children,' said the school teacher,

"can you tell me of a greater power than a king?" "Yes, ma'am," cried a little boy eagerly. "What, Willie?" asked the teacher (expecting the answer, "An Emperor"), benignly. "An ace, ma'am," was the unexpected reply. "Miss Homeleigh—Well, after all, beauty is only skin deep. Miss Gabbbleigh—Yes. Isn't it a pity you are so thin-skinned?" "Does this climate agree with you?" said the solicitous person. "Seldom," answered the man of serious mien. "I am a professional weather prophet."

If your left hand does know

of your having made a gift, let us hope that the gift will be good of its kind. In the way of silver-plated knives, forks and spoons, the best bear this mark



They are the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1900.

Returning from the Front

List of the Heroes Who will Arrive at Halifax Next Week on the Transport Idaho.

The department of militia Ottawa, gave out on Thursday night the following list of N. C. officers and men of the second (special service) battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, who are supposed to be returning to Canada in the S. S. Idaho.

This list will be found generally correct, but there may be a few omissions, and also a few names included of N. C. officers and men who are not returning.

"C" COMPANY.

- Sergt. McGregor, 48th Highlanders.
Sergt. Middleton, 40th Royal Grenadiers.
Corp. Dixon, Queen's Own Rifles.
Corp. Freemantle, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Corp. L. Rutherford, 15th Regt.
Corp. McGee, R. M. C., cadet.
Corp. Haskins, Queen's Own Rifles.
Lance Corp. Hodgins, G. F. G.
Allen, Queen's Own Rifles.
Anderson, 39th Norfolk R. des.
Baldwin, 48th Highlanders.
Banton, 48th Highlanders.
Black, 35th Regt.
Blain, 48th Highlanders.
Bird, Queen's Own Rifles.
Bingham, 35th Regt.
Brettingham, 12th Regt.
Butler, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Calvert, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Christie, 37th Regt.
Cassel, 13th Regt.
Curtis, 31st Regt.
Day, G. G. F. G.
Eakins, Queen's Own Rifles.
Hector, Queen's Own Rifles.
Henderson, 35th Regt.
Holland, Q. O. R.
Hopson, 48th Highlanders.
Ironside, Toronto Police.
Jones, 31st Regt.
Kidner, Q. O. R.
Long, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Lorsch, 48th Highlanders.
Love, 37th Regt.
Machin, 12th Regt.
Martin, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
McColla, Toronto Police.
McHugh, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
McKerzie, 48th Highlanders.
McNiab, 48th Highlanders.
McPherson, 48th Highlanders.
Perry, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Bugler Pringle, Sault Ste. Marie Rifle Co.
Redway, Queen's Own Rifles.
Rogers, 44th Regt.
Rorke, 31st Regt.
Seager, Queen's Own Rifles.
Seymour, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Sheriff, 38th Highlanders.
Solari, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Tomison, Q. O. R.
Travis, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Warren, 13th Regt.
Wewick, 12th Regt.
Fullen, Q. O. R.
Wallbridge, Q. O. R.
Weller, 48th Highlanders.
Wilson, Q. O. R.
Bugler Williams, Queen's Own Rifles.
Whitehead, 48th Highlanders.
Young, Q. O. R.
Young, R. M., Q. O. R.

"D" COMPANY.

- Sergt. Chitty, L. I., 43rd Regt.
Sergt. Carruthers, W. B. M., 14th Regt.
Corp. Hulme, G. G., 15th Regt.
Thomas, G. G. F. G.
Corp. Ellard, G. G. F. G.
Lance Corp. Lion, 43rd Regt.
Anger, G. G. F. G.
Ault, 14th Regt.
Bugler Cawdron, G. G. F. G.
Bollyea, 15th Regt.
Bull, Cobourg Co. G. A.
Cunnington, 15th Regt.

RAILROADS IN CHINA.

The First Railway Was Built by an English Company.

People who know the Chinese as well as any outsider can—which is probably very superficially indeed—tell us that much of the anti-foreign sentiment in China is provoked by the doings of railroad builders.

Yet until a few years ago these same engineers found very little to do in the 'Middle Kingdom.' Considering that the population of China is four hundred millions, more or less, and that it covers an area of larger by six hundred thousand square miles than the surface of the United States; considering, too, that only a part of the interior commerce can be carried on by means of rivers, and that the rest must move over the worst highways in the world it seems a wonder that the Chinese were not sooner driven to resort to the steam road.

- Clother, G. G. F. G.
Cluff, 33rd Regt.
Cram, 42nd Regt.
Craig, 43rd Regt.
Croft, 16th Regt.
Croft, P. C., 42nd Regt.
Deuchars, 43rd Regt.
Dunlop, 14th Regt.
Eby, 14th Regt.
Fleming, 43rd Regt.
Foden, 47th Regt.
Frye, 15th Regt.
Gallagher, 43rd Regt.
Graham, P. L. D. G.
Hogan, 41st Regt.
Jones, 15th Regt.
Laird, late R. C. R.
Lamothe, 43rd Regt.
Lawrence, 8th Regt.
Lynn, 15th Regt.
Lebeau, G. G. F. F.
Martin, 43rd Regt.
Mason, 43rd Regt.
Matthews, 43rd Regt.
Malloch, 43rd Regt.
Mayor, 56th Regt.
Mills, 15th Regt.
Mitchell, 42nd Regt.
Morgans, 43rd Regt.
Moris, G. G. F. G.
Morrison, 3rd Field Battery, C. A.
McCormack, 14th Regt.
McCoy, 15th Regt.
Parr, 43rd Regt.
Phillips, 15th Regt.
Porteous, G. G. F. G.
Mitchell, 43rd Regt.
Rowley, G. G. F. G.
Shillington, P. L. G.
Small, 42nd Regt.
Smith, 43rd Regt.
Street, G. G. F. G.
Swan, N. W. D., 14th Regt.
Tilley, 48th Regt.
Turner, 41st Regt.
Wall, 6th Regt.
Walker, 16th Field Battery, C. A.
Williamson, G. G. F. G.
Wood, 43rd Regt.
Wright, P. L.
Doxsee, 4th Regt.
Elliott, G. G. F. G.

"E" COMPANY.

- Sergt. Adams, J. A., 8th Royal Rifles.
Allan, 5th Royal Scots.
Ackerman, 9th Regt.
Allmand, 1st Regt.
Aspell, 1st Regt.
Bach, 1st Regt.
Bailey, 2nd Regt., C. A.
Bigelow, 2nd Regt., C. A.
Byford, 1st Regt.
Campbell, 1st Regt.
Canty, 8th Regt.
Carter, 2nd Regt., C. A.
Clarke, 2nd Regt.
Costes, 5th Royal Scots.
Currie, 5th Royal Scots.
Corner, 5th Royal Scots.
Dawson, 8th Regt.
Delaney, 8th Regt.
Doyle, 5th Royal Scots.
Durkee, 3rd Regt.
Dynes, Q. O. C.
Erskine, 5th Royal Scots.
Fisher, 1st Regt.
Gamble, 5th Royal Scots.
Gorman, 3rd Field Battery, C. A.
Greenlay, 54th Regt.

- Harding, no corps.
Hill, 8th Regt.
Genu, 5th Royal Scots.
Hale, 5th Royal Scots.
Sampson, 5th Royal Scots.
Hannaford, 5th Royal Scots.
Hawkins, 1st Regt.
Home, Q. O. C.
Hynes, 5th Royal Scots.
James, 1st Regt.
Jeffrey, 5th Royal Scots.
Jeffrey, 3rd Regt.
Kealey, 1st Regt.
Lewis, 1st Regt.
Marlin, 2nd Regt.
Mitchell, 3rd Regt.
Murray, 8th Regt.
Murdoch, 2nd Regt., C. A.
MacDonald, 5th Regt.
McCann, 8th Regt.
McGoldrick, 5th Royal Scots.
McIver, 5th Royal Scots.
McBean, 5th Royal Scots.
Nash, 3rd Regt.
Omeara, 8th Regt.
Phillips, 5th Regt.
Cameron, 5th Regt.
Upton, 1st Regt.
Porter, 1st Regt.
Roberts, R. C. H.
Rupert, 85th Regt.
Ryan, 2nd Regt., C. A.
Richardson, 2nd Regt., C. A.
Shaw, 3rd Regt.
Shaw, 3rd Regt.
Sheehan, Q. O. C.
Stennington, 5th Regt.
Sword, 5th Regt.
Sword, 1st Regt.
Treggett, Q. O. C. Hrs.
Turner, 8th Regt.
Twedell, 8th Regt.
Walters, 5th Regt.
Walker, 54th Regt.
White, 54th Regt.
Wilkins, 5th Regt.
Wilkins, 3rd Regt.
Williams, 3rd Regt.
Wright, 8th Regt.
Wright, 8th Regt.
Yelland, 5th Regt.
Youngson, 5th Regt.

"F" COMPANY.

- Sergt. Polkinghorn, J., 62nd Regt.
Lance Corp. Gratton, 65th Regt.
Anthony, P., nil.
Atkinson, G., 8th Regt.
Bagot, A., 65th Regt.
Bamford, W., 3rd Regt.
Beaupre, C., 85th Regt.
Bouck, L., nil.
Bower, J. W., 93rd Regt.
Carbonneau, E., 65th Regt.
Casey, J. E., 63rd Regt.
Chatel, A., 65th Regt.
Chisholm, A. W., 62nd Regt.
Cooper, W., 62nd Regt.
Conley, J., 9th Regt.
Damour, J., 9th Regt.
Doreonnens, G., 8th Regt.
Duburger, A., 1st Field Battery, C. A.
Gates, T. H., 9th Regt.
Gifford, B., 12th Field Battery, C. A.
Gingras, J., 9th Regt.
Dolbes, L., 9th Regt.
Hudson, J. A., 65th Regt.
Hunter, W., 62nd Regt.
Jette, G., 65th Regt.
Jewell, T., 8th Regt.
Lambkin, H. J., 8th Regt.

- Leleuvre, W., 9th Regt.
Lescarbeau, F. X., 65th Regt.
Lightbound, G. R., 2nd Regt., C. A.
Lewis, O., 68th Regt.
Lemay, A., 65th Regt.
Michaud, L. C., 65th Regt.
Montiel, J., 62nd Regt.
McElhinney, J., 62nd Regt.
McDonald, R. D., 3rd Regt.
McMillan, A., 1st Regt.
McMillan, W., 93rd Regt.
Paquet, G., 88th Regt.
Rae, J. P., 3rd Regt.
Remy, J., 65th Regt.
Redmond, C., 62nd Regt.
Smith L., 62nd Regt.
Sutton, G. J., 93rd Regt.
Tapin J., 65th Regt.
Lemieux, E., 65th Regt.
Tatterstall, H. C., 3rd Regt.
Tessier, E., 65th Regt.
Thompson, W. B., 93rd Regt.
Touchette, J., 65th Regt.
Walsh, J., 62nd Regt.
Wiseman, N., 9th Regt.
Wylie, R. R., 2nd Regt., C. A.

"G" COMPANY.

- Adams, G. F., 8th Hrs.
Addison, J., 72nd Regt.
Aitken, J. M., 71st Regt.
Anslow, C., 12th Field, C. A.
Bishop, W., 74th Regt.
Boudreau, J., Charlottetown Eng. Co.
Bowness, E. W., 82nd Regt.
Burnside, J., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Brace, N. T., Charlottetown Eng. Co.
Brown, H. P., 82nd Regt.
Bryant, W., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Carney, J., 62nd Regt.
Cox, R. W., 92nd Regt.
Craig, E., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Dillon, A. R., 82nd Regt.
Dunne, J., 73rd Regt.
Fabre, D. J., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Foley, R. J., Charlottetown, Eng. Co.
Furze, F. C., Charlottetown, Eng. Co.
Globe, A. B., 62nd Regt.
Hammond, A., 74th Regt.
Harris, B., 12th Field Battery, C. A.
Harris L., 82nd Regt.
Hatfield, A. S., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Hine, C. H., Charlottetown, Eng. Co.
Irving, W. H., 62nd Regt.
Koswick, G., 73rd Regt.
Kirkpatrick, F. A., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Kitchen, W., 12th Field Battery, C. A.
Leslie, J. P., 4th Regt., C. A.
Lutz, E., 74th Regt.
Lutz, J., 74th Regt.
Matheson, J., 4th Regt., C. A.
McCain, F., 3rd Regt., C. A.
McKao, F. B., 82nd Regt.
McKinnon, B. E., 71st Regt.
McLean, H. L., 4th Regt., C. A.
Morley, H. A., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Munroe, J. R., 73rd Regt.
O'Reilly, J., 4th Regt., C. A.
Penry, R., 62nd Regt.
Perkins, J. A., 71st Regt.
Pickles, J., 71st Regt.
Rawlings, J., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Rodd, T. A., 82nd Regt.
Roberts, A., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Schofield, A., 62nd Regt.
Scott, J., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Singer, L. M., 78th Regt.
Simpson, A., 3rd Regt., C. A.
Small, J. E., 4th Regt., C. A.
Stanton, L., 5th Regt.

- Stevenson, P. S., 71st Regt.
Stewart, L., 82nd Regt.
Strange, E. H., 62nd Regt.
Tower, B. G., 74th Regt.
Turner, R. M., 62nd Regt.
Unkauff, W. C., 62nd Regt.
Ward, R., 73rd Regt.
Williams, J., 62nd Regt.
Williams, F., 62nd Regt.
Wilson, J. H., 71st Regt.

"H" COMPANY.

- Sergt. Grimshaw, F., 66th Regt.
Corp. Ferguson, W. R., 93rd Regt.
Corp. Pooley, C. F., C. A. M.
Corp. Rolfe, J., 63rd Regt.
Adams, W. F., 63rd Regt.
Attwater, J., 94th Regt.
Bennett, G. B., 63rd Regt.
Blakie, H., 66th Regt.
Borton, C. N., 66th Regt.
Burgess, M., 93rd Regt.
Buchanan, K., 93rd Regt.
Conrad, W., 1st Regt. C. A.
Coons, F., 2nd Regt.
Cleary, W., 1st Leinster Regt.
Carroll, J., 66th Regt.
Cameron, A. A., 63rd Regt.
Chapman, F. F., 63rd Regt.
Daly, T. J., 5th Regt.
Elliot, W., 66th Regt.
Embree, G., 93rd Regt.
Ewing, J., 63rd Regt.
Ewing, D. H., 63rd Regt.
Farrer, D. B., 66th Regt.
Fitzgerald, A. E., 1st Regt. C. A.
Foreyth, A., nil.
Fraser, H. H., nil.
Gallagher, J., nil.
Grent, J. W., 66th Regt.
Harrison, T. J., 1st Regt. C. A.
Harnett, J. W., 93rd Regt.
Harris, J., 66th Regt.
Hart, W. J., 63rd Regt.
Henstis, G. K., 63rd Regt.
Hurley, J., 1st Regt. C. A.
Jewers, F., 66th Regt.
Jones, H., 68th Regt.
Kelly, J., 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Keogh, P., 66th Regt.
Keefe, R. T., nil.
Kilcup, E., 68th Regt.
Kirkpatrick, F., 66th Regt.
Lindsay, A. C., N. W. M. Police.
Lockwood, A., 68th Regt.
Lowry, T. P., 66th Regt.
MacDonald, C., 66th Regt.
MacDonald, D. C., 1st Regt. C. A.
MacLean, W. J., 66th Regt.
Miller, C., 75th Regt.
Miller, C., 1st Regt. C. A.
Munnis, M., 63rd Regt.
Muir, F., 1st Regt. C. A.
Murray, N. G., nil.
McAldin, R., 66th Regt.
McCallum, B., nil.
O'Brien, E., 78th Regt.
Parkes, F. S., 69th Regt.
Rector, R., 93rd.
Pollock, W. J., 66th Regt.
Purcell, L. A., 63rd Regt.
Roche, W., 66th Regt.
Rose, J. E., 66th Regt.
Ross, E., 63rd Regt.
Ross, R., 1st Regt., C. A.
Ross, W. J., 1st Regt., C. A.
Robertson, A., 3rd Regt.
Rudland, R., 1st Regt. C. A.
Reid, W., nil.
Simmons, W., 66th Regt.
Sloan, R., 1st Regt., C. A.
Trider, R., 1st Regt. C. A.
Walsh, T. J., 66th Regt., Sergt.
Ward, E., 66th Regt.
Walke, C. W. J., 66th Regt., Sergt.
Ward, G., 68th Regt.
Wright, 63rd Regt.
Lawton, G. W., 65th Regt., (enrolled in Africa.)

(Unless where specially designated the men mentioned are all privates.)



Lady of Quality

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



All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but on holes are left intact when we do your work.

RICAN LAUNDRY,

100, 102 Charlotte St. Proprietors: B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal" Montreal.

the bill, and the little lady said, mamma will pay you.

Case Specially Diagnosed.

up the Mohawk Valley on a Continent the other day were two tied to each other by handcuffs.

in silence for some time neither to notice that he had a seat

ally one turned to the other and

here yer going? 'Utica,' 'was

ligion.'

as silence for some time after

the one who had answered the

in the first instance turned

"You going to Utica?"

too?"

the matter with you?"

alism." "A

au ain. crazy. You're damn

children,' said the school teacher,

me of a greater power than a

'am,' cried a little boy eagerly.

Wit'se?" asked 'he teacher

the answer, 'An Emperor!'

ma'am,' was the unexpected

—Marie, I must ask you to put

pepper in your soup.

metic—'Lor', ma'am, I don't

in soup. Ye'll have to season

fter it comes on the table.

leigh—Well, after all, beauty

deep.

bleigh—Yes. Isn't it a pity

hin-skinned?

climate agree with you?" said

person.

answered the man of serious

a professional weather pro-

Captain Despard's Dilemma.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

'It is usual to defer to the lady herself,' replied Reginald, throwing his head back with jealous hauteur, 'and, needless to say, I am quite prepared to resign my claim if she desires it.'

'Really,' stammered Maud, blushing deeply and looking prettier than ever when placed in such an embarrassing position. 'I don't know what to say. I should be very pleased to go down to supper with either of you; but, Mr. Fenton, suppose I give you another dance later on. Won't that do?'

'Must do, I suppose,' ungraciously turning on his heel as he spoke. 'Mr. Fenton, indeed, when it's been "Harry" all our lives up to now. You know how to flirt, Miss Maud, that's clear, but other people can play at that game, and it's well known that soldiers love and ride away, so take care of yourself; those eyes of his weren't made for the good of his soul, and he's an older hand at the business than you are, I guess.'

Soon after this he went home, perfectly furious at her treatment of him, and swearing eternal vengeance on the cause of it.

His departure, however, was hailed with satisfaction by Maud who had no desire for his society, and who was enjoying herself more than she had ever done before.

'Do you know, Captain Despard,' she said, 'that this is my first ball, and in all probability my last one, too, for they are of very rare occurrence in Somerville?'

'But you will not always live in Somerville,' he answered, with a laugh. 'In India where I have quartered for the last five years, there are balls almost every night of the year, which would be perfect had we only enough ladies.'

'But, you see, I shall never benefit by their frequency,' said Maud, rising to her feet with a stifled sigh. 'I don't suppose that I shall ever see India again, although I was born there. Papa lived there for about twelve years, and he thinks no place equal to it.'

'Oh!' began the captain eagerly, 'strange things have happened there your living in India.'

'Maud,' said the voice of Sybil just behind her at this juncture of affairs, 'it is getting very late. Half the people have left already, and I think we ought to follow suit.'

'Stay until the end,' pleaded an eager voice in her ear. 'Please, please don't go yet.'

But, very reluctantly, Maud rose to her feet and obeyed the summons.

Sybil was quite right, she knew. It would not be quite good taste to remain until the very tag-end, seeing that their parents were both absent.

The next ten minutes all was confusion and hurry.

Mrs. Montague suddenly pounced down on Captain Despard and dragged him off to attend to several ladies, who looked as if they felt themselves neglected.

'Give them tea—coffee—soup—anything!' she whispered, 'only banish that aggravated look from their faces. Let them go away with a pleasant send-off, even if they have been a bit dull during the evening.'

And having a guilty feeling that for the last two hours he had done nothing but study his own enjoyment, Reginald threw himself so heartily into the breach that each individual member of the six neglected maidens went away with a fixed impression on her mind that Captain Despard was the most utterly charming man on the face of the earth, and that if only Fate had been kind enough to throw them together at the beginning, instead of the close of the evening, everything would have been very different, and perhaps ended in marriage bells.

And so the famous ball was over at last all too soon, as it seemed to everyone concerned, except the tired hostess, who was only too thankful there had been no fiasco.

Maud went to bed to dream of the handsome son of Mars who had so suddenly jumped into her life, as it were, never to be banished again—at last she had fallen in love, and in the privacy of her own room frankly confessed it to herself.

And Captain Despard paced his room all night, intoxicated with the rapture of a first grande passion, and determined to put his fate to the test without further delay.

CHAPTER III.

'A telegram for you, miss,' said the servant, putting her head in at the door on the door on the morning following the ball and the boy's waiting for an answer.'

'From Montone! What can have happened? Oh, Sybil! be quick! be quick!'

'Your mother down with influenza,' ran the telegram. 'Better come and nurse her. I am all right—A. Browne.'

'I am sure she must be very ill to have us telegraphed for,' said Sybil, pale with agitation. 'Just send off a reply, Maud, saying we will catch next train—where is a time-table?—I am trembling too much to write a line.'

'I've filled up the form, and the boy says it will go at once,' said Maud, who, in moments of emergency, seemed to keep calmer than her sister, 'and now I'll just pack her portmanteaux. There is a train at eleven; we can catch that. I suppose mother caught the influenza before leaving home. I noticed how worn and ill she looked, but hoped the change would do her good. No doubt

she has been worried' and anxious about papa. How pale your are, dear!'

'I cannot be more destitute of color than you,' replied Sybil, 'for you are more like a ghost than a creature of flesh and blood.'

Then for half-an-hour all was wild confusion. A hastily summoned cab conveyed them to the station, and, to their relief they succeeded in catching the up-express, and plunged into the first vacant carriage.

Ere it was out of the station, they discovered that, by some strange trick of fate Lucy and Mary Brown were their vis-a-vis and ere long they entered into conversation together and exchanged confidences.

'I do sympathize so much with you, dear,' said Mary, in her low, sweet sad voice. 'Life seems very sad and dreary when we leave childhood behind; joy and sorrow seem to tread so swiftly on each other's heels. Only last night we were all so happy and merry together, and now a cloud has fallen on you which makes the former gaiety seem distasteful even to remember.'

'That is just what I feel,' cried Maud eagerly. 'I—I was so happy last night that I felt it could not continue. It seemed unnatural, unreal. Have you ever felt like that?'

'Often in the past,' replied Mary softly, 'before my parents died, and before real sorrow clouded my life. Ecstatic happiness only belongs to extreme youth; every year after twenty is past bring its share of regret.'

'Mary is a perfect wet blanket,' said Lucy half-indignantly, 'and I'm sure no one could have had a more enjoyable evening than fell to her share at the ball. Not one vacant place on her programme, a bouquet for a queen to carry, and the pick of the room so far as partners were concerned. To hear her talk today one would almost think she had been amongst the wall-flowers, and was suffering under a sense of neglect.'

'Not so,' said Maud, with a grateful glance at the other sister; 'only, seeing how unhappy we are, she sinks her own triumphs in our trouble. I quite understand and appreciate her sympathy. But isn't it a strange coincidence that we are all leaving Somerville to-day—by the same train, in the same carriage. Martin Square must feel quite deserted. I hope sincerely though, that the cause of your absence is a pleasant one—that which summoned us away so suddenly.'

'Fortunately, yes,' replied Lucy, with a smile. 'I am going to visit some friends at Chislehurst, and Mary, after breaking her journey in town for a couple of days, is going on to some relatives at Tunbridge Wells.'

'We should have started a week ago, but remained expressly for the ball,' explained Mary.

And then they continued chatting together until the train reached Faddington, when they separated, feeling that, in the space occupied by that short journey, they had grown to know and understand each other far better than during all the two years they had resided side by side as neighbors in Martin Square.

'How pretty and how sweet the eldest one is!' cried Maud, when they had made their adieux, and each pair had started on their respective ways, 'and how stupid it does seem when you come to think of it, for people, at the end of the nineteenth century, to live next door to each other, and most seem daily for two years, and pretend not to even know who they are when they do meet; yet that is what everyone does pretend in Somerville.'

'And in nine out of ten of all provincial towns; Somerville does not stand alone in its foolishness,' retorted Sybil, 'and even that is not quite so absurd as at some of the stations papa was at—don't you remember?—places where the cavalry looked down on infantry officers, and both were inclined to patronize the surgeon and the chaplain. What we want is another Thackeray to give us a new and up-to-date edition of the book of snobs.'

'Yes; and the funniest part of all is that the very people who most appreciate that book never see that it applies to them at all,' agreed Maud. 'Everyone who looks down on them is a snob, but it is quite a different matter when they look down on anyone else.'

Then anxiety about their mother occupied their attention, and, during the rest of their long journey, they spoke of little else than their hopes and fears regarding her.

'I tried not to alarm you my dears,' said the major, when he met them at the station, 'but she is really very ill—temperature fearfully high, and the pulse has been alarming. But the doctor says the fever is abating, and all we can do is to give her every care and attention, and hope for the best.'

Many times during the anxious days which followed did Maud reflect on Mary Brown's words, 'Joy and sorrow tread swiftly on each other's heels.'

How true it had proved in her own case! The night of the ball was the happiest time of her life, and the day which succeeded it the saddest.

'He will have left Somerville or forgotten me before we return,' she thought; yet never once did a selfish regret pass her lips.

Hers was a nature so sweet and true-hearted that both joys and sorrows only

pointed silently upwards; and young as she was in years and experience, she had already grasped the great lesson of life.

CHAPTER IV.

'Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day,' exclaimed Captain Despard gaily, as he descended the staircase on his way to breakfast the morning following the ball. 'Wish I had acted on that rule last night, and then I should not be on thorns to-day—of doubt, anyhow—for my case would have been settled one way or the other, and I should either be in Paradise or in Hades. How I hate suspense! And she was so sweet and kind at the ball, I really don't think she would have refused me on any account.'

'But I'll strike while the iron is hot, and propose to day. My first call at Martin Square and possibly my last.'

'If she rejects my offer I shall leave Somerville to-night; if she accepts I shall be the happiest man in Christendom.'

'They'll all know what it means directly I am announced. I shouldn't call during their parents' absence unless it was to lay myself at someone's feet.'

'The sisters seem nice girls. I wonder whether they will clear out and give me the opportunity I desire, or whether they'll hang on, and thus defer the critical moment for another long day. Never mind. Was it a bone fide excuse, or—' but no, that would be too absurd.

'I will leave my card,' he said slowly. 'By the by, are they all away?'

'Yes, sir; no one at home. Would have started before only waited for the ball,' replied the servant, suppressing a grin at the evident disappointment on the face of Miss Mary's beau, as they called him, having long ago discovered him to be the sender of the exquisite flowers which occasionally came to that young lady.

'I wished to see one of them very much,' he said, lamely, after a pause, 'or if that is impossible, I should like their address. Oh, I—I conclude that there is only one Miss—Miss M. Brown—flashing deeply as he spoke, and becoming so confused that the servant giggled audibly, as he replied—'

'Only one, sir, and all letters is to be forwarded on from here. We were not to give their address to anyone without permission; but I'll take good care, sir, as she gets it, if so be you choose to write.'

'Ah! thank you,' he said, slipping a sovereign into her willing hand. 'It is a matter of great importance, and I will write tonight.'

A vague feeling of depression seized his mind, engendered of disappointment, as he returned to his hotel.

He had been wrought up to fever heat only for this—more delay, more suspense. Possibly she had never thought seriously of him for a moment, and it was a case of 'out of sight out of mind.'

'Strange that she made no allusion whatever to their intention of leaving Somerville, he mused; 'yet the servant distinctly said that they had only waited for the ball, or would have left some time back.'

Was it only an oversight—a forgetfulness on her part—or intentional? Love is ever very critical and jealous in all points touching itself, and ere long poor Reginald felt hopes fall to zero, and was just as confident now of being refused as he had been hopeful before of being accepted.

It seemed so very unlikely that she would go right away, without a word, if she really cared or thought seriously about him, and when he tried to calmly review his acquaintance with her, he grew pale at the ridiculous small grounds he had for his pretensions to her hand.

A chance meeting at Mrs. Montague's—a few bows and smiles in the street on coming out of church, a few handshakes, and the grand climax of the ball—how foolish, how trivial it all seemed when dragged out for serious consideration.

'But love is not measured by days, or words, or ordinary standards,' he cried resolutely, 'and at any rate I'll let her see what my intentions are, and end this wretched suspense. Why, another week of it would turn my hair grey, and add ten years to my age. So here goes.'

Saying which he drew forth pen, ink, and paper, and set down to what was decidedly the most difficult task he had ever attempted.

'DEAR MISS BROWN,—Having failed in my attempt to obtain a private interview with you, and learning that you have left Somerville for an indefinite period, I hope you will pardon the apparent liberty I take in presuming to write to you, which I should not dream of doing unless I could offer as my excuse that my whole happiness depends upon it, and that in your hands lies my destiny, my entire future life.'

'I love you deeply, truly, sincerely! The instant my eyes saw your face I realized that for me the world only held one woman—yourself; and hurried as my wooing has hitherto been, yet surely something in my tone and manner must have given you an inkling of what was passing in my heart.'

'I came to Somerville on a flying visit, light of heart and fancy free. I met you, and in an instant the whole current of my life was altered.'

'I could not tear myself away, so I took up my station at the hotel, and earnestly tried to see more of you, to gain an entrance into your home, and show you what my feelings were.'

'As you know, I signally failed. I met you nowhere: I inquired to think you did not desire my acquaintance, when sudden-

ly the ball changed the aspect of affairs, and gave me some opportunity for pressing my attentions upon you.'

'You did not entirely discourage me, and so I felt full of confidence and hope. I called at Martin Square today to ask you to be my wife, and I cannot describe to you the bitter disappointment I experienced upon learning that you had left home.'

'I decided to write, to tell my love, and throw myself upon your compassion. Even if you do not care for me now, yet if you care for no other man more than myself, will you not trust to my great love to win a return in time? Until I receive your reply, I shall be in an agony of suspense; so pray take pity on me, and send me a speedy answer.'

'Believe me to be
'Ever yours devotedly,
'REGINALD DESPARD.'

Then he duly sealed and directed it to 'Miss M. Brown, Martin Square,' carried it with his own hand, and slipped it into the letter box at No. 15, then tried to prepare himself for the worst.

What the worst would be he half dreaded to contemplate.

It was two days before he received the reply, which ran as follows:

'Montague Square, London.
'Dear Captain Despard,—Your letter was forwarded to me from Martin Square, Somerville, and I only received it this morning, which will account for your not receiving an immediate reply to your very kind and unexpected proposal, for which I really assure you I was totally unprepared, and to which I scarcely know how to answer.'

'This will not surprise you, seeing how little we really know of one another. I think we have hardly met, certainly not spoken together, more than half a dozen times in our lives. Marriage is such a serious affair, that in my opinion, it is sacred, and ought not to be discussed lightly or entered upon without grave consideration.'

'Are you sure of your own feelings sure that when you say I am the only woman in the world for you, in years to come some other face may not be fairer and dearer to you than mine? Think well before you take the final step. To remain unwooed, unwed, is no disgrace; but to be sought, then thrown aside, to a woman is anguish indeed.'

'To conclude, I admit that I have always enjoyed your society, and if, as you say in your letter—after seriously considering every word I have written—you still think it would add to your happiness to marry me, I promise you that I will become your wife whenever you wish me to do so.'

'I leave London tomorrow, and proceed to Tunbridge Wells to stay with the uncle whose address I enclose.'

'Remember that you are as free as air, that I shall not consider you in any way bound to me, unless I hear from you again.'

'If you come to my uncle's house, I shall know that you still desire to marry me, and shall be very pleased to receive you on that understanding.'

'With kindest regards,
'Believe me to be
'Yours very truly,
'M. BROWN.'

'What a sweet, womanly letter!' cried Reginald, in the highest state of rapture, as he kissed it in passionate affection.

'How free from all vanity and undue conceit, surprised that her attractions are sufficient to win any man's notice, more anxious on my account than her own. Willing to yield if I really continue my courtship, but reluctant to display any undue haste to enter into a marriage engagement.'

'Sweet one! I will speedily convince you that my love is steadfast, sincere, enduring and yours only.'

So he wrote a second letter, more passionate and ardent than the first, eagerly reiterating his offer, accepting the terms she proposed, namely, that, if he still desired to marry her, he was to follow her down to Tunbridge Wells, and be introduced to her relatives as her fiance.

He told her to expect him on the following day; then, having duly signed, sealed, and posted the letter, he proceeded up to town, to make his own preparations for the interview.

First and foremost, of course, came the choosing of the engagement ring—a magnificent half-hoop diamond circle, of almost fabulous price—which he immediately forwarded to her, and some few other trifles he longed to give her, for Reginald Despard was the soul of generosity, and fortunately rich enough to indulge his fancy.

Never had he felt so dissatisfied with his own appearance, or taken more time over his toilet: but he finally arranged everything just in time to catch the train to Tunbridge, to which place he set off in pleased, eager anticipation of what was about to happen.

He little foresaw what would happen. If he had had but an inkling of the truth he would not have proceeded a step farther than he would have taken the next train back.

On arriving, he sent his valet on to the hotel with his luggage, and proceeded himself straight to the residence of Miss Brown's uncle, and sent in his name to her.

How impatiently he awaited her appearance!

PACKARD'S
SPECIAL COMBINATION
SHOE DRESSING
FOR
LADIES' and GENT'S
FINE SHOES
In rain or shine the shoe remains bright and comfortable.
PACKARD'S
Dressings
can be purchased at all shoe stores.
25c. AND 15c. SIZES.
L.H. Packard & Co., Montreal

ance!
He was shown into a cosy little room, and presently the door opened softly to admit someone.

He made one eager step forward, and uttered a half exclamation of delight before he realized that it was not his darling—not Maud, for a sight of whose face his eyes were hungrily craving—but the person he had always believed to be her elder sister.

Hiding his disappointment, which was considerable, he inquired politely after her health, remarked upon the weather, and, trying not to look embarrassed, asked if her sister was quite well?

'Quite well, thank you,' replied Miss Brown. 'At present she is staying with some friends in Manchester, and was so surprised to hear of my engagement. But I have not yet thanked you for the beautiful ring you sent me; it is a perfect fit.'

So saying, she held up her hand for his inspection, on which Reginald saw, to his bewildered horror, the ring he had meant for Maud.

He could only gaze, and gaze, utterly unable to say a word.

'I am so glad you were able to come,' Miss Brown went on, 'my aunt and cousins are quite curious about you, and I have been perfectly overwhelmed with questions. But you look very tired; won't you come into the dining room, and join us at dinner?—the gong has just sounded.'

'No, thank you,' muttered Reginald, sick with misery; 'I don't feel quite up to the mark, and must ask to be excused this evening. I—I will call to-morrow without fail, I promise you.'

'I hope that you are not going to be ill!' said Miss Brown in a half alarmed tone; 'you look like a corpse. Do let me ring for some brandy.'

'No, don't trouble, don't disturb anyone, I shall be all right presently. I will go to my hotel now, if you don't mind, backing out of the room as he spoke, and quite forgetting to shake hands. 'Good-night.'

'Good night, Captain Despard,' replied Miss Brown, thoroughly puzzled and alarmed. 'If you are not better to-morrow you must see a doctor.'

'I will, if there should really be any need to do so,' he assured her. And then he was gone.

Mary looked still more perplexed. 'I had no idea he was so delicate,' she said to herself when he had disappeared. 'How disappointed they will all be not to see him tonight. I really should not like to marry an invalid but then he is so handsome. When I entered the room he looked splendid; but he's the funniest lover I ever heard of. Why, he did not even shake hands with me, let alone anything else.'

Meanwhile, the unhappy subject of these remarks returned to his hotel, almost in a state of frenzy.

'Heaven help me!' he cried in agony. 'What can I do? Oh, Maud, my darling, if you only knew what I am suffering! How on earth have I got in such a mess, and how can I ever get out of it? I feel I shall become demented if this goes on.'

Night brought no relief to his mind, but by morning he decided that, for the present anyhow, things would have to remain as they were.

There was really nothing else that he could, as a gentleman, do, under the very distressing circumstances.

He was far too honorable to expose Miss Brown to ridicule, as she clearly was in no fault, and he acknowledged to himself, with a bitter groan, that the entire mistake arose from his own stupidity, and that he only was to blame.

'Something may turn up yet,' he said to himself, as he walked up the Rectory steps the next day. 'I'm afraid I shall prove a sorry lover; but I can't sham an affection I don't feel, and, thank the gods, the lady doesn't seem demonstrative.'

Nevertheless, in spite of his thus trying to comfort himself, he was feeling supremely miserable.

Upon entering the house he was shown into the drawing room, where Miss Brown and her aunt were awaiting him with considerable curiosity.

After the first awkwardness was over, he

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One pack, 5c.; large 25c. can
Full particulars how
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For pain. For Cancer testimonials & 20-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

Christ on the Heart's Throne.

Two rival kings cannot reign together in the same palace. Self and the Saviour cannot control the same heart.

At certain rocky cliffs on the ocean side curious mollusks may be seen sticking closely to the rocks. Each mollusk clings so tenaciously that the dash of the waves cannot tear it away.

This is the battle which our people have to fight every day in the week—the endless conflict between self in some form and the claims of Jesus to the hearts throne.

The world has been witnessing lately a magnificent object lesson in the career of Gladstone. The genius, the eloquence, the scholarship, the executive ability of that wonderful man, owed their moral splendor entirely to the fact that Jesus Christ was enthroned in his capacious soul.

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—Is this measure right? How can I best serve the cause of humanity? What would my Master have me do? Through all his long and illustrious career Gladstone marched by the "air line."

"To finally the Man who, lifted high, Conscious object in a nation's eye, Plays in the many games of life that one Where what he most doth value must be won; And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause; This is the happy Warrior! this is he Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

Transforming Power. The test of the truth of Christ's religion is personal experience. Men who have

never sought knowledge of Jesus by the way of faith may truthfully declare themselves agnostics. But they are such from deliberate choice, and their non-faith is met by the personal experience of millions who have realized in their lives that Jesus is the Christ.

Who Will Pay? A young Russian, the son of a very wealthy father was a reckless spendthrift. By the time he reached his majority he had 'run through' a sum of money equal to a comfortable fortune.

But habit proved stronger than duty, and after a fast career of a few months, the young officer found himself in serious trouble. The laws of Russia are very rigid regarding the payment of debts, and he was owing more money than he could raise.

That night he sat alone in his room in the barracks. For the first time he slowly reviewed his wild career, and a great disgust took possession of him.

He knew that he could expect no more help from his father. His heart sank with shame, and he broke down and wept bitterly. Blinded by his misery, he wrote under the long column, 'Who will pay?'

That night the emperor, well disguised, was making one of his many rounds among his soldiers. He saw the midnight light burning, against the regulation, and softly opened the door. Seeing the paper, he took it up and scanned its contents.

Among the queer experiences of fishermen the following should have a place: A man was fishing for perch in one of lakes of Maine. He stood near the dam, and was fishing below.

On examination he found that it was an old molasses barrel, lying so that he could see the bung hole. Out of curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole.

In Japan hiccoughing and noisy eruptions are regarded as signs of good manners; but at the Austrian court, where a rigorous etiquette rules, such physical exhibitions are shocking.

Perceiving that her majesty showed signs of embarrassment,—for even empresses are human,—a young Austrian nobleman stepped forward, and with a most clever assumption of intense mortification and humility, craved her majesty's pardon for his gross breach of manners.

The empress received his apology not only graciously, but gratefully, and from that time the young man's fortune was

how much I have left!" Then the arms stiffened, and the fingers drew up like claws, and the jaw grew rigid till it would have been impossible for her to eat but that her front teeth were extracted to permit the introduction of food.

Then for years she lay huddled up in a wheeled chair, a helpless, suffering woman. She could see a little; she could move her arms a little, and that was all.

Somehow people did not pity her. They would have done so, but she seemed not to need pity; so they simply loved her. Her deformities never made her repulsive—her life was so beautiful.

So for a dozen years lived this shut in, suffering Christian woman, and every year her life broadened and sweetened. "It makes you believe in God," said one. "No life ever seemed to me so truly Christian," said another.

When at length she passed away, hundreds remembered her little gratitude, and the little water-colors in many homes now remind those who knew her of the Christian sweetness and unselfishness of a life made strong in weakness.

A Boer Library. A trooper of the Dublin Hunt contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was taken prisoner with many others at Lindley, writes a letter from Nooitgedacht, which was recently published in a Dublin newspaper.

The Rural New Yorker says that hens have a wonderfully keen ear, and gives this story in proof of it: At a certain town in Indiana, dining-cars are run on a side track and swept out. The hens ranging in the vicinity gather around these cars for their dinner with clock-like regularity.

These Wabash hens, so acute is their sense of hearing, can distinguish the whistles of the dining-car trains from those of the local passenger and freight-trains, or even from that of a locomotive running wild, and they sit placidly on their nests or scratch gravel in a nonchalant way upon the approach of all locomotives save those pulling the dining-cars.

It is asserted, moreover, that neighbors of a mathematical turn of mind have an easy system of setting their clocks and watches to railroad time by the movements of these sharp hearing hens.

In the vicinity of Montreal no regatta programme is complete without a hurrysturry race. Of course, writes a contributor to Association Men, such races are not omitted from our Y. M. C. A. camp sports.

Each canoe is anchored from twenty-five to fifty feet away from the starting-place. At the crack of the pistol contestants dive into the water and swim to their canoes, get in, cast loose, and paddle for dear life for the turning buoy, one hundred yards away.

In the midst of their struggle the pistol barks. Every man throws his paddle overboard and follows suit himself, then re turns to his canoe and continues paddling until the next shot, when the same per



"Appetite comes with eating." And the hankering for Pearlline comes from trying it. If you're sceptical about Pearlline's washing, try it on coarse clothes, etc., first—things that you can't hurt much, and see how it saves work.

made, and before the empress died he had been promoted not only to the rank of count, but also to that of prince, besides being generously endowed by his imperial benefactress with means to support his titles.

It is related in Austria—although I cannot vouch for the fact that a Hungarian baron, having noticed the tokens of imperial good-will that followed this ready piece of loyalty on the part of the handsome young Austrian, determined to emulate it on the first opportunity that presented itself.

Accordingly, the next time that her majesty happened to hiccough, he quickly rose, and addressing the astonished courtiers, loudly exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, the hiccough that the empress just hiccoughed was hiccoughed by me!"

The story adds that he was incontinently thrown out of the imperial presence and banished from court.

The Diamond Dyes. Produce All The New Shades. A Rich and Marvellous Variety of Fashionable Colors for Autumn and Winter Wear.

The great majority of wise and prudent women collect and examine their old dresses, skirts, capes, jackets, shawls, husband's and children's suits this month with the view of having them cleaned and dyed so as to fit them for autumn and winter wear.

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formance is repeated. The first man home is the winner. The novice swamps his craft on the first attempt, but the expert will often finish the race with but two or three gallons of water in his canoe.

The event is made much more difficult by compelling the men at the second shot to upset their canoes and right them again. A Montrealeer has succeeded in doing this in three and three-fourths seconds, turning his canoe completely over and shipping only a few quarts of water in doing it.

Even when there is an undercurrent of reality the stream of Irish humor flows smoothly. A man walking along a country road, says Michael Macdonagh in the Nineteenth Century, met a peasant driving a wretched looking donkey, with a load of turf that seemed to tax the strength of the unfortunate animal to its utmost.

'Why,' said the man, 'you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals for loading the ass so heavily as that?' 'Begorra, sir,' said the peasant, who was on his way to the market town to sell the turf, 'begorra, if I didn't do that I'd be took up for cruelty to a wife and six children!'

The village of Brackel in Belgium enjoys the fame of having originated one of the most celebrated races of domestic fowls. The Belgians do not hesitate to assert that the Brackel hens are unequalled for the excellence and number of their eggs, while the roosters have developed, thanks to generations of cultivation and the influence of 'crowing tournaments,' a power and rhythm of voice equally unrivaled.

To the confirmed pessimist there is no good or pleasure in life that has not its corresponding evil or unhappiness. 'Your house looks much better since you had it painted,' remarked a cheerful citizen, stopping on his way down-town to speak to a neighbor.

The neighbor was standing in front of his premises, looking with lowering brow at the newly painted front of his mansion. 'Yes,' he replied, gloomily. 'It looks some better, but we have to wash the windows twice as often as we did before, to dress up to it.'

is compounded of the best concentrated extracts of barks, roots and gums in the world. It is a safe and reliable medicine, pleasant to the taste, and cures coughs, colds, asthma and croup. You can find it at all drug stores. 25c. All Druggists.

The sage has had his say against marrying in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier coloring: A solemn and awe-inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls, and asked: 'What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?' 'A little courtin, me lord!' was the unexpected reply of one of the number, whose nationality may be guessed.

Of Aversion and Pity. Cure Your Catarrh, Purify Your Breath and Stop the Offensive Discharge.

Rev. Dr. Bochner, of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application." 50 cents.

Packard's Special Combination Shoe Dressing. Ladies' and Gent's Fine Shoes. In rain or shine the shoe remains bright and comfortable. Packard's Dressings can be purchased at all shoe stores. 25c. AND 15c. SIZES. Packard & Co., Montreal.

As shown into a cosy little room, presently the door opened softly to someone. He made one eager step forward, and a half exclamation of delight realized that it was not his darling land, for a sight of whose face his hungry heart craved—but the person always believed to be her elder brother. His disappointment, which was so, he inquired politely after her remarked upon the weather, and, not to look embarrassed, asked if she was quite well? "Well, thank you," replied Miss Reginald. "At present she is staying with her friends in Manchester, and was so glad to hear of my engagement. But do not thank you for the beautiful ring you sent me; it is a perfect fit." "Oh, how kind of you!" she held up her hand for his inspection, on which Reginald saw, to his horror, the ring he had meant to give to her. "I could only gaze, and gaze, utterly speechless, at that ring." "So glad you were able to come," she said, "my aunt and I were quite curious about you, and I am perfectly overwhelmed with pleasure. But you look very tired; won't you go into the dining room, and join us?—the gong has just sounded." "Thank you," muttered Reginald, miserably; "I don't feel quite up to it, and must ask to be excused this time." "I will call to-morrow without fail," he said. "That you are not going to be ill!" Brown in a half alarmed tone, "like a corpse. Do let me ring the bell." "Don't trouble, don't disturb anybody, all is right presently. I will be here, if you don't mind," he said, and he spoke, and getting to shake hands. "Good-night, Captain Despard," replied Reginald, thoroughly puzzled. "If you are not better to-morrow see a doctor." "If there should really be any to do," he assured her. "When he was gone, Reginald looked still more perplexed. No idea he was so delicate," she said, "when he had disappeared. I appointed they will all be not to-night. I really should not like to be an invalid but then he is so kind. When I entered the room he looked at me; but he's the funniest lover I ever had. Why, he did not even look at me, let alone anything else." "What a help me!" he cried in agony. "I do? Oh, Mand, my darling, I really knew what I am suffering! I really have I got in such a mess, and I ever get out of it? I feel I am demerited if this goes on." "I thought no relief to his mind, but he decided that, for the present, he would have to remain as he was." "I was really nothing else that a gentleman, do, under the very best circumstances." "It is far too honorable to expose you to ridicule, as she clearly was, and he acknowledged to himself a bitter groan, that the entire cause from his own stupidity, and he was to blame." "I may turn up, yet," he said to himself, "but I am afraid I shall prove a failure; but I can't sham an affection for a lady, and, thank the gods, the lady is demonstrative." 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MASSACRED BY COSSACKS.

Thousands of Chinese Slain by the Russians—Scenes at the Beginning of the War in Manchuria.

When, two weeks ago, we had fairly escaped from Manchuria and were under the full protection of Russia, in her own territory, we thought our perils ended. But this was far from being the case. To our astonishment and that of every one else we have run into the very centre of the Chinese war on the borders of far-off Siberia. The general confidence prevailing was indicated by the fact that a week ago to day, while coming up the Amoor on a steamer from Rivaorsk, we met six steamers with nine barges loaded with troops and their equipment, who were hurrying from this place to Harbin, on the Sungari river, for the protection of the new railway. These had left Blagovestchenk Saturday July 14.

No sooner were these troops well away than the Chinese on the opposite side of the river began firing upon Blagovestchenk, while from their forts at Aigun, twenty miles below, they fired upon passing steamers and sent soldiers over to destroy the Russian villages along the bank. All unconscious of these events we left our steamer, which was hopelessly obstructed by a sandbar eighty miles below, and drove on by tarantasses. But after having covered a little more than half the distance in the regular way we reached the village of Gulvena about sundown to find the people alarmed, though not panic-stricken, by the news which was just reaching them. There was nothing for us to do but camp down in the common room of the posthouse and await developments. The excitement continued to increase, especially upon the arrival of refugees from the up river villages, which had been set afire.

Gulvena is a settlement of religious dissenters called Molokites (Milk Eaters) who drink no spirits and eat no meat. As we entered the village, large droves of cattle, which has been herded during the day in the luxurious green fields of this vicinity, came leisurely into the broad street and were distributed to the various households to which they belonged. Nothing could be more peaceful and idyllic. The village contained about 1,000 people, and trim, well-painted log houses gave evidence of the thrift accompanying such a settlement.

But at midnight everything was in confusion. Hundreds of carts loaded with the most necessary household utensils and covered with excited women and sleeping babies filled the street or stood at the gateways ready to join the procession. A few armed Cossacks remained to direct the company to places of greater security in the interior, while the most of them were stationed nearer the river for general defence of their homes. We remained in our quarters until morning.

The danger was principally from a night attack on the Chinese. With the appearance of daylight the fleeing inhabitants all came back to their houses. They did not, however, unpack their carriages, but kept them in readiness for instantaneous movement upon further approach of danger. Their fears as well as ours were deepened by frequent reports of cannon in the direction of the Chinese fort at Aigun on the opposite side of the river about ten miles away. The puffs of smoke from these guns could be clearly seen as they rose in the still air, some time in advance of the sound. Vague rumors were afloat that Blagovestchenk was besieged by the Chinese. Still we thought it possible to reach the city by a roundabout road through the back country to a station seventeen miles on our way. For a large sum (\$600) we were able to persuade three teamsters to carry us.

Our party consisted of five, Capt. Harford, the English Consul at Manila, with his travelling companion, Capt. Smith Dorrien, commander of the English gunboat Bonaventura; Mr. Wettkind, a member of the great mercantile firm of Runtz & Albert, from Vladivostok; my son and myself. Capt. Harford had seen service in the English Army in many places, having been at the siege of Sebastopol, and had lived many years in the Crimea, was very fond of the Russians and had a great confidence in their management of a campaign. Capt. Dorrien was younger and more deliberate in his calculations, and with me hesitated about running the risk. But the impetuosity of Capt. Harford and of our German companion prevailed.

We set out with two tarantasses and a droika to carry our luggage. The two Englishmen were in the rear and the rest of us in the fore. We soon found ourselves driving along at a breakneck speed over

the low rolling prairie which constitutes the country back from the flood regions of the great river. Our attention was at once attracted by columns of smoke from the vicinity of the river half way around the horizon. We could count as many as twenty of these at a time, and afterwards heard that two or three distinct fires were blended in the distance. We occasionally met small companies of mounted Cossacks, from whom we learned that the road was clear. The settlements were few and our road did not lead through any for several miles. At length, however, we reached a small hamlet which had been burned the day before. It had been inhabited by Chinese. We learned there that a plan for the wholesale destruction of the Chinese villages was in process of execution.

The horror of the situation first dawned upon us just before reaching this village, when our attention was attracted by two unarmed Chinamen hurrying along in the tall grass a few hundred feet from us. They were evidently endeavoring to escape. But our driver, without any ceremony, stopped the horses, passed his reins into the hand of our German companion, rose in his seat, took his rifle out, aimed at the nearest one and fired. The Chinaman fell and we saw him no more. Whether he killed or wounded, or only hiding himself, we did not stop to ascertain, but hurried on through charred and deserted villages and hamlets until we reached our post station. This was in a lonely place beside a small circular lake or pond, but was well guarded by Cossacks and our delight had a supply of horses, so that without delay, except for lunch, we were sent on our way soon after noon, while our former drivers hurried back to bear their part in the protection of the villages we had left in the morning.

Some miles in front of us one of the largest columns of smoke was rolling angrily up to the heavens. As we approached it we discerned what is rare on the prairie, an extensive grove of trees. The land also showed signs of high cultivation. Fields of poppies were brilliant with their flowers in full bloom. Wheat and peas and beans and potatoes had all been carefully cleared of weeds. In short, there was everywhere apparent the thrift attendant upon the careful Chinese cultivation. We were in a vast Chinese garden.

But behind the grove of trees the smoke rose fiercer and fiercer, and soon we could see sheets of flame flashing through it all. A flourishing Chinese city of 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants was in flames. Half the houses were already in ruins, while Cossacks were busy in every direction with kerosene oil and torches setting the remaining portions on fire. The inhabitants were all gone; where, no one could tell. We were twelve miles southeast of Blagovestchenk.

The burning city was on both sides of a small stream and covered a large area. Everything there bore the appearance of great thrift. The houses were large with newly thatched roofs. Temples and shrines were numerous. Large stacks of straw betokened at once abundant harvests the previous year and the frugal habits of the people. Numerous dogs and pigs, and an occasional flock of geese, looked forlorn enough as they wandered about homeless amid the ruins. The houses had been nearly burned away from the street through which our only practical road lay, but flames were leaping from several large buildings near by and cinders were flying in every direction. Besides, a little ahead of us the way was encumbered by burning timbers and a small wooden culvert was beginning to blaze. Our only hope was to get astely through this narrow passage as soon as possible.

The burning timbers were removed and the culvert found to be yet safe. The horses attached to the tarantass on which I was sitting were steadier than the others, though driven by a boy. It was resolved, therefore, that he should lead the way. Our team dashed past the others and under the stimulus of much exhortation and free use of the whip we made the charge through the narrow passage, the others following in close succession. The heated air was stifling. The cinders rained like hail, but this danger was safely passed and we breathed freely for a little while, only to learn that another similar gauntlet was before us on the other side of the stream.

But then, the burning street though longer was broader, and the burning houses nearest the road were blazing in the rear, with only occasional tongues of flames darting

out from the side next to the road. This danger passed, we had no further trouble.

The backs of the Zoya River were reached late in the afternoon and we found a small steamer engaged in transferring soldiers from one side to the other, which gave us passage to the city. The anxiety to get news from us was only equalled by ours to learn what was happening there. We were the first to come down from the river in two days and therefore the first who could tell what the smoke of the burning villages meant, and give assurance of the safety of the Russian settlements beyond.

Blagovestchenk is a city of something over 30,000 inhabitants, spread out with broad streets over an extensive delta terrace, between the Zoya and the Amoor rivers. The street through which we drove to reach the Amoor front was fully three miles long and lined on both sides by pretty low log houses set well apart from one another. But we could not help observing that the blinds were all closed and that the streets had a deserted look. Our drivers also seemed to delight in back streets and alleys as we approached the hotel, and landed us at a side door.

While our luggage was being unloaded we ventured into the main street to take a look. We heard frequent rifle reports, but thought it was soldiers practising. And so it was, but they were Chinese soldiers on the other side of the river practising on us, for we soon heard the ping, ping of their bullets as they whizzed by our heads. We noticed also that everybody else stood around the corner of the cross street. These discoveries led us to join the street looters around the corner as quick as we could. We found that the city had been in a state of siege for five days, that the Chinese had five cannon and an unknown number of troops on the opposite side of the river, that the city was defended by only 2,000 hastily recruited troops, with no cannon and a scanty supply of small arms.

At first the people were panic stricken, but trenches were speedily dug along the whole front, and occasional volleys were fired by the whole line to warn the enemy that the city was not without defenders. At the same time the troops were expected to come down the river. All this had the desired effect and the Chinese did not attempt to cross the river. Moreover, their marksmanship was so poor that their firing was ineffective. No buildings were set on fire and only a few persons were killed by bursting shells. Several bullets, however, hit the hotel while we were in it, though it was on the second street back from the river, and the river is about 2,000 feet wide. Only yesterday a shell burst a few rods away, killed one man and wounded another.

The appalling thing of all was the fate of the Chinese on the Russian side of the river, though we were prepared for it by what we had seen of the burning villages on the way. No sooner had hostilities begun than a war of extermination was declared against the Chinese. As near as we could learn, between 3,000 and 4,000 living in the city or its immediate vicinity were forced to abandon their homes and told that unless they were out of Russian territory within a set time—far too short for adequate preparation—their lives would be forfeited.

Then began a great and hideous rush for the few boats on the river. Men, women and children scrambled and struggled for the clumsy craft, and as each one put out, fearfully overloaded, shrieking refugees clung to the gunwales, only to be beaten back by those inside. Brief was the career of most of these boats. They filled and sank, the shrieks of the drowning mingling with the howls of those who had been left behind.

Still the banks were lined with the Chinese. There was but one thing to be done; build rafts. Materials were hastily collected and jumbled together. Men fought for the boards and logs which were to be the means of life. It was a mad scene of terror and ineffectual effort. Raft after raft put out, as overcrowded as the boats had been, and disintegrated before the eyes of those on shore. To add to the horrors of the situation the Chinese from the forts on the opposite side opened fire on the miserable wretches, probably thinking them Russian invaders in disguise. How many escaped out of that double slaughter no one knows, they must have been terribly few. The bodies of the dead fairly blackened the stream. Even when we arrived we could count from a single point one hundred bodies in the water.

Such war upon non-combatants probably is not countenanced by those high in authority, but is due to the fact that the Cossacks are temporarily thrown off their balance from the rage and fear naturally arising from the situation. Every Chinaman is regarded as an enemy. The color of his skin, the slant of his eyes and the cut of his hair are evidence enough, and so, as

with our frontiersmen in their dealings with the Indians, the Cossacks act on the theory that "there is no good Chinaman but a dead Chinaman." This is the more startling from the fact that heretofore the Russians and the Chinese have lived together in great peace and cordiality. But now this has suddenly changed. The evil results can scarcely be overestimated. These two peoples, thrown so close together by the extension of Russian colonies along the Amoor and by the railroad through Manchuria to Port Arthur, must now be in a state of eternal enmity to one another and both are so virile and numerous that one cannot absorb or exterminate the other.

Chinese Match Labels.

Americans who pride themselves in their stamp collections might perhaps, if they lived in China or Japan, take an equal interest in gathering match box labels. There are thousands of varieties of the labels, most of them printed in high colors, and from the Oriental point of view, veritable works of art. Mr. C. J. H. Halcombe's book on China gives some particulars of the little pictures and the people who collect them.

One gentleman, who made a trip round the world, made a splendid collection of these match labels of all kinds and sizes. He had written a little history beneath each specimen—the day he had found it, where found, under what circumstances, and in some cases to what the design alluded. So that altogether they formed an interesting and remarkably artistic volume.

He was very enthusiastic about it, and was quite charmed with the magnificent assortment he had gathered in various parts of Japan, especially in Osaka, where the best can be got; and in China, chiefly in Hongkong. One or two somewhat rare specimens come from Chifu and Fuchau.

Another gentleman, a German consul, declared that match-label collecting was more interesting and far more exciting than the collecting of postage stamps. He has a large scrap album filled with match labels, each carefully pasted in, with a short inscription below. He could show thousands to my hundreds.

It is a wonder that match-label collecting has not become more popular among globe-trotters. I have known a resident in the 'Celestial Empire' to make a trip across to the 'Land of the Rising Sun' for the express purpose of procuring a few old or rare or exceptionally attractive specimens.

To hear him relate where and how he found them, in all manner of unlikely and inaccessible places, was really very amusing. I myself have spent many a very pleasant afternoon and evening label hunting in various parts of Hongkong.

The box of matches usually costs three cash,—forty cash to a penny,—but the European collector is always let in for more than three times that amount, the wily Chinese easily distinguishing between the consumer, who really requires the matches, and the collector, who buys the matches only for the sake of the picture.

Indeed, an enterprising match seller in Hongkong has placed a notice in his window reading as follows:

'Collectors can buy numpa one match picture this side. Come look see.'

The designs generally represent some incident in Chinese or Japanese history or legend.

Like Each Other's Dogs.

The likeness of certain human types to familiar animals is a matter of common observation. Caricaturists, from the days of the Greeks and Romans down, have made use of its suggestions. A notable instance in comparatively recent years was that of Louis Napoleon, whose brooding, aquiline countenance was readily converted into a bird of prey—the French eagle sometimes, at other times, and even more strikingly, a vulture preying upon France.

In our daily speech we naturally describe men as rat-faced, hoggish or foxy in appearance, or say of a noble-looking old man that he possesses a leonine head. Still other persons we pronounce simian in their physiognomy, and although few of us would care to merit a personal application of that adjective, it need not be so uncomplimentary as one would imagine.

The dignified and venerable Charles Darwin accepted it as applied to himself with no resentment, and with a gently humorous perception of its pat coincidence with his favorite theories; while among distinguished living men, the resemblance of Oom Paul Kruger to an ancient and exceedingly sagacious gorilla has been more than once remarked.

An amusing discovery of unhuman likeness has been recently related by a friend of Sir Henry M. Stanley. When Stanley visited the Karagusa, an African tribe rather above the average in intelligence, he had with him a fine bulldog whose pug-nose and pugnacious countenance possessed

all the unlovely characteristics of the breed.

The Karagusa bestowed much attention upon this beast, and their chief before parting with the white men, ingeniously pointed out an odd fact which he had observed. The Karagusa men, flat-faced, snub-nosed and thick-lipped, looked, he thought, much like the English dog; while the half-wild Karagusa dogs, clean-cut, keen-eyed and long-nosed, looked much more than their masters did, like the Englishmen.

Whether Stanley, who had every right to think well of his own personal appearance, relished this comparison or not, he could not do otherwise than take it in good part; and he had sense of humor enough to pass it on for the amusement of others after he got home.

His Amendment.

Years ago a bill entitled 'An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and Other Game' was introduced into the New York House of Assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, 'An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen and Other Game.'

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state, who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians, rose to his feet.

'I should like to move an amendment to the bill,' he said, mildly, by adding the words 'except Indians.'

True to the Name.

The group on the front porch was discussing the merits and demerits of the house dog, a magnificent animal that lay basking in the sun.

'Have you any idea,' asked one of the guests, 'why he is called a "Great Dane?"'

'Yes,' slowly replied the owner of the dog. 'It has always seemed to me that it must be because it is such a great "deign" for him to notice any smaller animal.'

A young woman with a pug nose turned it up slightly at this explanation, but there were no other signs of dissent.

Don't experiment—buy Magneto Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty-five years. Price 10 cents for any color.

'Won't you give a veteran something to eat, mum?' said Tired Thompson to Mrs. Whiffet. 'You a veteran,' replied Mrs. Whiffet, unbelievably. 'You were never a soldier, I'll be bound.' 'Madam,' added the tramp, 'you do me a grievous injustice. I have done nothing but soldier all my life.'

Teacher—'What do we learn from the story of Samson?' Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest)—'That it doesn't pay to have women folk cut a feller's hair.'

Put Iron in the Blood

It Makes the Blood Red, the Cheeks Rosy, and Restores Vigor and Vitality to Every Organ of the Body.

In Other Words, Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is composed of certain elements of nature which are supplied in the food we eat. During the winter season the food is an artificial nature and not sufficiently varied to properly sustain the quality of the blood. Consequently very many people suffer in the spring from the results of this blood.

A pale face, and more especially paleness of the lips, gums and the inside of the eyelids, tells of weak, watery blood. There are languid, worn out, despondent feelings, lack of energy and appetite weakness and irregularities, and frequently stomach disorder, headaches and nervous troubles.

To say that the blood is thin, weak and watery is to mean that it lacks iron and other elements, which are found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Put iron in the blood and you will help nature to overcome the ills of spring. Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will supply to the blood not only iron, but all the most effective elements of nature which go to make the blood rich and red.

Through the medium of the circulation of the blood, and the nervous system, re-constructs the wasted tissues, creates new nerve force, and prevents and cures diseases caused by weak blood and exhausted nerves.

Are you pale and weak? Put iron in the blood by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Do you mean a spring restorative? There is no preparation to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a blood builder and blood restorer; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates, & Co., Toronto.

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Put iron in the blood by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Do you mean a spring restorative?

One department of fashion in which we can have absolute confidence for one entire...

Chat of the Boudoir.

The latest sleeve model is quite close and plain for the entire length, except at the...

As for skirts, the reports that they were to be shorter have not been verified as yet.

Women have come to value natural lines as never before, and just at the moment...

Clots in the pale delicate tints have renewed their popularity this season, and...

Long coats of black satin with fine stitched down tucks, from the Empire...

Some of the new winter hats look like the summer models reversed. They come...

The variety in neckware has increased astonishingly with the impetus which gold...

Transparent stocks are made of guipure lace striped around in various ways with...

Long gold chains are heavier than they were, and interspersed with links of enamel.

Imitation jewels are in great demand

main in style until the garments have to be replaced by new ones, and there is a satisfaction...

Black, white and gold braid, tiny gold buttons and narrow velvet ribbons are the prevailing trimmings for little girls' gowns...

For materials for small children's wear the colors are bright or else very delicate in tint, and cashmere, lansdown and thin silks...

The Zouave jacket is a feature of the small gowns, but it is made of velvet in the plain round cut or finished with a...

Pretty little coats for very young girls are made of light cloth, in the double-breasted sacque style with large turndown...

Long coats of black satin with fine stitched down tucks, from the Empire yoke to a little way above the hem, are...

Some of the new winter hats look like the summer models reversed. They come down low and flat over the forehead with...

The variety in neckware has increased astonishingly with the impetus which gold has given to this special branch of fashion.

Transparent stocks are made of guipure lace striped around in various ways with narrow bands of velvet ribbon either...

Long gold chains are heavier than they were, and interspersed with links of enamel.

Imitation jewels are in great demand

now that a single string for the neck can be bought for something less than \$2.

Shaded suede belts studded with steel, gold, or enamel, and fastened with handsome buckles to match are very much worn.

French batiste in black and trimmed with lace makes a fashionable corset.

Frosted gauze in new material called givrine is used for evening gowns, which are also made of embroidered tulle.

Very frivolous and perishable neck ruffles or boas are made of chiffon, edged with chenille, and of white taffeta silk in a series of points edged with tiny black and white silk fringe.

WOMAN DEMANDS EQUAL CHANCE.

As a Competitor With Man in Industrial Pursuits She has Rights.

At the next session of the Georgia General Assembly a bill will be introduced, the purpose is to open the doors of the [textile department of the Georgia School of Technology to women more than 18 years old.

She asks for no favors, no handicap. If when they have been educated their capacity is not shown to rank with that of men, she is willing that they should lag behind.

Holding this view, she argues that a free field for all demands in justice equal opportunities for all, and she urges the right of women to be educated in the State textile school equally with men.

Here is a story that the ladies should appreciate. A young married woman who has many acquaintances in Cleveland, took...

An Accurate Description.

Father Tom, an old-fashioned Irish priest, was visited by Lady C. lately arrived from England, whose husband owned...

There they waited and waited for the trunk which never came. Finally the husband proceeded to the railway station...

The husband asked them to wait a moment while he sent a messenger for his wife. She would know the contents to the...

"Tell these gentlemen what is in your trunk, my dear," he said. "In our trunk," she echoed.

Some time afterward, Lady C. drove

actly what's in it because you packed it.' 'Of course I can,' she cried. 'Let me see. Why, there's—there's her face brightened, 'there's my best hat!'

THE AND FEATHERS NO JOKE.

A Case That Took Five Days to Relieve the Man of his Coat.

Several hotel guests were sitting in the cosy corner of the lobby the other day, reading the papers and exchanging desultory comments.

'Did you ever see anybody tarred and feathered?' asked the red bearded man in the next chair. 'No?' Well, let me assure you it's a pretty serious thing.

'The question before the house was how to get the stuff off, and a more difficult problem I never tackled. He had ridden over 100 miles in the cars, and the tar had become perfectly dry.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholas...

'I never heard of but one perfect boy,' said Johnnie pensively, as he sat in the corner doing penance.

'Tommy,' said his mamma one day, 'slip upstairs quietly and see if papa is asleep.'

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work.

down to the village to delight her eyes with the beauty of the cottage gardens. A scene of desolation spread before her.

'Mrs. O'Flaherty' Mrs. O'Flaherty appeared at the door, making a low courtesy.

'Mrs. O'Flaherty, what has become of the flowers I sent you? I see none.'

And so on. Another had his fencing completely smashed, and explained the matter by saying, 'The boys had a bit of a scrimmage, an' runnin' short of black-thorn sticks, bruk th' pain' for weppin, th' blackguards!'

They consider it a pleasure to scour the country for watercress and mushrooms 'for a relish for th' good cratcher.'

A CERTAIN METHOD for curing cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery is by using Pain-Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years.

Too Rich to Spell.

'I wish,' said Mrs. Parvenu to her daughter's teacher, 'that you drop spelling from the list of Janet's studies.'

'Then I sent for a doctor, who had to admit himself puzzled. He said he had had very few cases of tarring and feathering in his practice; but something had to be done quick, so he tried soaking in warm turpentine.

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NO BAR ON SUICIDE.

Insurance Companies Will Pay if a Man Has Waited a Year— They Regard Suicide as a Disease.

When Robert McCurdy Lord, ex-banker, having run through a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars, committed suicide in elaborate fashion in a house in Mount Vernon a fortnight ago and it was asserted without contradiction that he had killed himself to provide a handsome competence for his wife and children, having taken the precaution a year before to insure his life for \$50,000, the question was generally asked: "What protection have the insurance companies against suicide deliberately undertaken for the benefit of a ruined capitalist's family at the expense of the company unfortunate enough to insure him?" The answer is that if a person contemplating suicide is cold blooded enough to prepare for it a year in advance by insuring for his family's benefit the company has practically no protection. If the suicide should be so remarkable a person as to insure two years in advance of his act the company binds itself to pay and can't do anything else. More than that, one of the three biggest insurance companies seeks no protection at all against loss by suicide and wants none. A man meditating suicide may take out a policy in this particular company one day, and blow his brains out the next. If the company, unsuspecting his intention, has rashly issued the policy the claim will be paid.

"That has been the policy of this company ever since 1851," one of the vice-presidents declared to a Sun reporter who asked some questions on this point. "And we have no desire to change it. Our late president laid it down and he was one of wisest insurance men who ever lived. He used to say: 'I don't believe that any man commits suicide unless he is suffering from a disease called suicide; and we insure against disease.' That is our view to day. We are not concerned with the man. If he is fool enough to destroy himself that's his lookout. It is his family whose interests we consider. For a stipulated sum we engage to provide for a man's family after his death. Wouldn't it be hard lines then if because he is foolish enough to kill himself his family should suffer?"

This is a way of looking at the question which stirs up some of the insurance men who don't look at it in that way, to violent indignation. In fact, it has made suicide a burning question among insurance men in the last few years and experts in the insurance business are divided into two camps on the subject. One side demands that a law be enacted for the protection of policy holders who won't kill themselves in the face of a little trouble against those who will by preventing the latter being able to bleed an insurance corporation for the benefit of the helpless ones they leave behind. The other side views the question philosophically like the vice-president quoted or like the statistician of another company who took the same view, but put it to the reporter in another way.

"This thing," said he, "is all a question of figures. The companies are competing for business. In the cases from which men die, suicide ranks ninth. Consumption heart disease, pneumonia, apoplexy, Bright's disease, cancer, typhoid and disease of the brain outrank it in the order named. They together account for nearly 60 per cent of the deaths on which we pay claims. After them comes suicide, accident, senility, liver disease, lockjaw and all the host of less frequent causes of death. Now it stands to reason that if a company should announce, 'We will not insure you against accident or we will not insure against old age or against liver complaint or any other minor troubles' that company would soon go out of business. Yet the number of deaths and consequently the loss from any one of these causes is less than from suicide. Why, then, should the suicide's family alone be singled out for deprivation of the benefits of life insurance?"

Competition is in part at the root of the companies' present toleration of suicide claims and the extensive losses which in recent years some of them have sustained in consequence. An equally strong cause is public sentiment. Fifteen years ago in every insurance policy there was a clause which said in effect: "Void in case of suicide." But while this protected the other policy holders to some extent it produced a vast amount of litigation. In many cases, while there was a strong suspicion that death was premeditated, it was hard to prove that it was not due to accident, that the pistol had not gone off while being cleaned or the policy holder hadn't taken the poison in mistake for cough mixture. And wherever, a company in the interest of its other policy holders did resist a claim

for insurance under such circumstances it went into court again the widow and the orphan with a sympathetic jury dead against it. Usually it came out with an adverse verdict, a heavy bill of costs and a reputation for meanness that told in the next year's business. So usually it was better policy to pay than to fight, and the company paid rather than give a rival the chance to get ahead in next year's business.

Such a case was found in the Dwight claims of 1878, a cause celebre among the insurance men. In November, 1878, Col. Walton Dwight of Binghamton died after having taken out \$240,000 worth of insurance policies within a year. Each of the policies contained a suicide clause. Col. Dwight had had a remarkable career. He had served in the Civil War and had been wounded eighteen times. Afterward he had speculated, had made a fortune and lost it. He had a wife and son to provide for and he feared that his health was failing.

"I am smart enough to make money enough to pay the first premiums on these policies," he told a friend. "If I recover my health I can go to work with a will and I'll regain my fortune in a few years. If I don't live long enough for that I'll leave my family comfortable."

In taking out the policies he insisted that the premiums should be paid quarterly and in no place did he pay more than a single quarter. After his death it was discovered that he had suffered for years from hemorrhages of the lungs, and the companies alleged that since taking out the insurance policies he had acted as though he were bent on destroying his health and terminating his life before the three months were ended. It was asserted that on one raw day just before his death he stripped off his clothing and swam several times across the Susquehanna River. It was charged that he had even hastened his end with poison but an autopsy disproved this and demonstrated that the cause of death was gastric fever following a chill. More than twenty insurance companies were interested in the case. They contended that Col. Dwight in his family interest had deliberately planned to defraud them. After mature deliberation, however, more than half of the companies paid the claims. One company, however, which had something like \$50,000 at stake, fought the claim from court to court. It earned an unenviable reputation, lost the case and had in addition to bear the cost of a protracted and expensive litigation.

The Dwight case has had a far-reaching effect upon the methods of the insurance companies. Most of the experts consider that it proved conclusively the worthlessness of a comprehensive suicide clause in policies. It is certain that the companies which paid the Dwight claims without question profited in an increase of business. Partly as a result the big insurance companies to day at the most confine their efforts to protect themselves against being bled by intended suicide to the insertion of two clauses in their contracts. A clause in the policy declares that it shall be considered incontestable only after two years from the date of issue. The other and principal protective clause is in the application filled out by the person seeking insurance. This says:

"I also warrant and agree that I will not die by my own act, whether sane or insane, during the period of one year next following date of issue."

Few men, like Robert McCurdy Lord, will carry a suicide project in their heads for a year without thinking better of it. In this fact lies the companies' security against wholesale robbery. Those insurance men who don't believe that suicide is a disease to be insured against without restriction believe that the provision is sufficient for practical working purposes. They only want to have it universally adopted but, as has been said, some of their brethren don't see it in that way.

The present limited clause in its policies saved one big company from a single loss of \$100,000 within the last year. Last October Frank M. Brady, a Wall street broker, shot himself in his office. Six weeks previously, though in straightened circumstances, he had taken out a life policy for \$100,000, paying \$8,000 for the first year's premium. The application contained the suicide clause, and his widow failed to recover.

The elimination of the provision on the other hand cost several of the companies a heavy loss six years ago when Frederick Baker, after joining with Samuel C. Seely,

the bookkeeper of the Shoe and Leather Bank in robbing the bank of \$350,000, drowned himself in the sound. About a month before his death Baker went to an insurance agent who had known him for more than twenty years and announced his intention of taking out a policy \$20,000. He already had a smaller policy in the agent's company.

"I want a policy which shall be incontestable from the date of issue," said Baker in the course of negotiation. "You know me. Make a special agreement in my case."

The agent consulted with his office and the result was that an incontestable policy was issued, Baker paying \$100 extra for the striking out of the suicide clause. The policy was made out in favor of Baker's wife. Under similar conditions Baker secured \$25,000 in other companies. One Connecticut company hesitated when asked to strike out the protective clause and the delay saved it \$10,000. The rest had to pay.

ULCERS.

How These Painful Sores are Treated—What Causes Them.

An ulcer is a sore on the skin or mucous membrane, in which the healing process is very slow or wholly at a standstill. It may be due to a number of causes, some constitutional, others local; but even when a local cause seems most evident, there is almost always some constitutional taint present as well. This may be consumption, diabetes, gout, and so forth, or merely a little impurity of the blood resulting from constipation or indigestion. Ulcers in the mouth, on the tongue, or at the union of the cheeks and gums, are very common and exceedingly annoying. They should be treated by frequent rinsing of the mouth with a solution of boric acid or borax, and can usually be prevented in great measure by reducing the sweets and starchy food, such as bread, that enter into the diet.

A common seat of ulcers is the shin. Sores occur here especially in the aged or those past middle life, and are commonly due to the presence of varicose veins. These are caused by pressure from tight garters, by congestive disorders of the liver and other abdominal organs, and by any occupation which requires standing for many hours a day.

Ulcers of this kind are found more frequently on the left leg than on the right. They sometimes give little trouble, but they may be exquisitely painful, and are often most rebellious to treatment, which must be both local and general, corresponding to the constitutional causes.

All disorders of digestion must be corrected as far as possible, and the diet regulated. The food should be nourishing, but not stimulating, and all forms of alcoholic beverages are to be forgone. The patient should keep perfectly quiet, either in bed or with the leg supported on a chair.

The local treatment must be varied according to the necessities of each case. The sore must be kept clean by pouring over it twice a day a stream of boiled (not boiling) water, and in the intervals of washing it should be protected from the air. The leg must be kept snugly bandaged or encased in an elastic stocking, so as to prevent stagnation of the blood and distention of the veins.

A piece of silver foil smoothly applied over the surface of the ulcer and for a little distance beyond its edges, and kept in place by a bandage, often does good. Sometimes, when the extent of ulcerated surface is very large, skin-grafting is necessary in order to start the healing process.

Puzzles in Chinese Names.

The Jew of a Studious Citizen Over the Way They Are Pronounced.

"When I went to school I was always at the head of the class in geography," said the Studious Citizen. "I could 'bound' anything and name the nearest route to almost any place. I've always kept up my interest in geography, but lately the pursuit is almost too much for me. The world is growing, I suppose, and I'm getting old."

"The Spanish American War put a heavy strain on me; had to learn a lot of new places, you know. Well, that soon ended. I was getting pretty well acquainted with the Philippines, when the South African War came along."

"I wouldn't like to say, on the spur of the moment, which are the harder to spell, pronounce and remember, Philippine names or South African names. But neither can compare with the Chinese names that we have to keep track of now."

The Studious Citizen spread out his reference books and invited the guest to look on. "Why, sir," he added, testily, "if you'll believe me, the geographers and statisticians don't know how to spell 'em themselves!"

"Take the 'royal province' of China, the province that contains the capital city of Peking. (Call it 'Peking,' if you want to;

you'll find books to back you up.) The 'Statesman's Year-Book' names that province 'Chih' and 'Chihli.' 'Rand & McNally's Atlas' calls it 'Chihli.' 'Cram's Atlas' adds some decorative frills and brings forth 'Pe-Chi-Li.' And Lippincott's Gazetteer gives you three guesses, 'Pe-Chee-Lee,' 'Chee-Lee' and 'Chi-Li.'

"Suppose we look up that city from which the allies started for Peking. 'Tientsin,' the 'Statesman's Year-Book' calls it on one page; on another page it prints the name as one word, without any hyphen. 'Cram' declares it is 'Tien-sin,' the 'Rand Atlas' prefers 'Tientsin,' and 'Lippincott' drops in an extra capital and gives us 'Tien-Tsin.'

"But the time the map makers really got into the worst tangle is when they come to name the northern terminus of the Imperial Railway, a city at the head of the Gulf of Liao-Tung—or Liao Tong, or Liautung. The 'Year Book' calls it 'Chen-Chou'; 'Cram' says 'Kinchow'; the 'Rand Atlas' pronounces for 'Kinchau,' and 'Lippincott's Gazetteer,' which is nothing if not generous, suggests 'Kin-Choo,' 'Kin-Tchoo' and 'Kin-Tchou.'

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Well, these are all authorities, and probably it would be as safe to follow one as another. But he will be a clever man who, when writing about Chinese matters, doesn't sometime spell a name in two or three different ways. I shall have a great deal of sympathy for editors while this trouble lasts."

"I wonder they don't all print in their papers some such notice as that which was hung over the dance hall piano in the Western mining camp. You remember it? 'Please don't shoot at the pianoplayer,' it said. 'He is doing the best he can.'"

GROWING GIRLS

SHOULD BE BRIGHT CHEERFUL, ACTIVE AND STRONG.

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers at this Period as it Involves Their Daughter's Future Happiness or Misery—Some Useful Hints.

Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elastic step, and a good appetite, are the bright light of every girl. These are the conditions that make for perfect health. But unfortunately this is not the condition of thousands of growing girls. On every side may be seen girls with pale or sallow complexion, languid, stoop shouldered, and listless. Doctors will tell them that they are anemic, or in other words that their blood is poor, thin and watery. If further questioned they will tell them that this condition leads to decline, consumption and the grave. What is needed is a medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus restore the vigor, brightness and hopefulness of youth. For this purpose no other discovery in the annals of medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thousands of once hopeless girls have been made bright, active and strong through their use. Among those who have been brought back almost from the grave by the use of this medicine is Miss M. C. Marceau, of St. Lambert de Lewis, Que. Miss Marceau says: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak of the benefits I have experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years I resided in Wisconsin with a relative, where I devoted my time studying English and music, intending to make the teaching of the latter my profession. I was never very strong, and my studies fatigued me much. When about fourteen I became very pale, suffered from severe headaches, and weakness. I consulted a doctor, and acting on his advice, returned to Canada. The fatigue of the journey, however, made me worse, and finally I got so weak that I could not walk without help. I was extremely pale my eye-lids were swollen, I had continuous headaches, and was so nervous that the least noise would set my heart beating violently. I almost loathed food and my weight was reduced to ninety five pounds. Neither doctor's medicine nor anything else that I had taken up to that time seemed of the slightest benefit. I was confined to bed for nearly a year and I thought that nothing but death could end my sufferings. Happily an acquaintance of my father's one day brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I did so, and I thought they helped me some and my father got more. After I had used a few boxes all my friends could see they were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was enjoying better health than I had ever had in my life before, and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I tell you this out of gratitude so that other young girls who may be weak and sickly may know the way to regain their health."

Girls who are just entering womanhood are at the most critical period of their lives. Upon the care they receive depends their future happiness. Neglect may mean either an early grave or a life of misery. If mothers would insist that their growing daughters use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally, rich blood, strong nerves, and good health would follow. If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Old Gentleman—So I've caught you kissing my daughter, have I?
Young Man—Yes; at last.

Johnny—What kind of music do they play in the concert of the powers, paw?
Paw—Chin music, my son.

It is chiefly by trampling a man's heart under her feet that a woman stamps her picture indelibly on the same.

"Studying Latin, eh? You should take up Greek, too."
"Huh! Latin's Greek to me."

"What a beautiful volume of Emerson's Essays you have, Miss Mudge."
"Yes, isn't it lovely? It's a candy box."

"My boy," counseled Uncle Allen Sparks, "always strive to be at the top of the heap. Especially if you are in a game of foot ball."

"What's over-confidence?" asked the Pert Clerk.
"It's getting married," piped up the hen-pecked Boarder.

The girl heard the mistress and master quarreling behind closed doors.
Stooping to the keyhole, she said: "This must be locked into."

"I don't like to make calls with my wife."
"Does she pick you up afterward on your grammar?"
"No, but she makes me give her 10 cents for every lie I tell."

Snarley—Who's dead today that we know?
Yow—Dead?
Snarley—Yes. Mixers said he gave a cigar away this morning.

"Give me a penny, oh, sir," said the mendicant, "and you will give me joy."
"While I cannot give you joy," said the millionaire, "I may, perhaps, give you meritment, for I will give you the laugh."

"No," she said. "I couldn't refuse him."
"Why not?" they asked.
"Why, he said my face was engraved on his heart, and I never could let slip a chance to get a good engraving."

"It has always been my rule," said Mr. Borem, "to spend as I go."
"Indeed," exclaimed Miss Sharpe, glancing significantly at the clock. "In that way I suppose you have saved considerable money."

Hottentot Maiden—What luge that Senegambian girl is putting on.
Kaffir Maiden—Yes, ever since the missionary's wife gave her that old shirt waist she hasn't done a thing but try to look like a Gibson girl.

"Whom do you consider the greatest hero in this town?" asked a stranger.
"Oh, Ed Summers, of course."
"In what does his heroism consist?"
"He jilted a girl who has two brothers, both prize fighters."

Daughter—Oh, mamma, I do wish I were pretty!
Mother—You needn't dear; sensible men think very little about beauty.

Daughter—But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about mamma; it's Charlie.
"She used to dandle in the giddy whirl of society, you know."
"Yes."
"Well, yesterday, I saw her on a merry-go-round with her little boy, and blamed if she didn't seem to be having the time of her life."

"Isn't it time you had your stockings on, Ethel?" asked the mother when her little daughter was dressing in the morning.
"I don't know, mamma; I'll look at the clock," said the bright child as she held a stocking up and gazed at it.

Biggs—Didn't you tell me Mrs. Limestone was a grass widow?
Diggs—Yes.
Biggs—She told me that her husband was dead.
Diggs—"Oh, the colonel? Of course, he is. She's a Blue Grass widow."

He—One can stand almost anything after getting used to it.
She—Well, I don't know about that. I thought at first that I wouldn't mind it after I got used to it, but really you must get shamed on Sundays or I shall have to quit letting you press your cheek against mine.

Mrs. Newlywed (to cook, whom she has just engaged at registry office)—"You see, my husband is so very particular about his food."
Cook (sympathetically)—"Them' all alike, mem. My old man was just the same. I never cooked, nothink to please him in my life."

"William, dis is ter invite you ter come down to a big 'possum supper ez soon ez you kin git beat. Take the fast train ter my house, en fetch wid you some flour en some lard, en some spice, en some pickles, ez some coffee, en some fresh fish, en whatsoever else you kin tote convenient. I got de 'possum!"

"Sammy (who is never allowed to stay out of school)—"Howdle Hurlbut didn't come to school all day?"
Mamma—"Why not?"
Sammy—"Cause his mother died."
"When you die may I stay home all day?"
Mamma—"Yes darling; you may stay out a while week." Sammy (suspiciously)—"Oh, I know; you mean to die in vacation."

"Don't you take any interest in the presidential campaign?" asked the visitor at Crimmon Gulch.
"No," answered Broncho Bob. "I was a great deal excited at first an' rode 40 miles twice to git the news. But I've got wise. Them fellers is talkin' mighty assy, but they ain't goin' to do no shootin'!"

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
managed things pretty well, although he
was conscious of a stiffness and coldness
of manner about himself that he had never
possessed before.
He made his escape as soon as he pos-
sibly could do so, but he was obliged to pre-
mise to return to dinner.
The days glided on in like manner for
some time; he made no pretence of play-
ing the lover, and every day found him
more depressed and despondent than he
had been on the preceding one.
Not that he disliked his fiancée; indeed,
quite the contrary, and he acknowledged
to himself, as he came to know her better,
that things might have been much worse
for him than they were.
Mary was in every way a charming
woman.
She was hardly thirty, very amiable,
rich and handsome, and certainly did not
bother him at all.
What then, had he to complain of?
She appeared to be quite contented with
his manner towards her, and always ad-
dressed him as Captain Despard.
Her aunt, however, did not like him,
nor was she at any pains to conceal her
dislike for Mary.
'No, my dear,' she said to her niece, 'I
don't like him at all, and I don't think he'll
make a good husband. As far as appear-
ance and position go he's all right, but no
farther. He's as cold as marble, and cares
no more for you than he does for me. It's
my belief he's after your money.'
'You must be mistaken, then, dear aunt,'
returned Miss Brown. 'He is said to be
extremely wealthy, and certainly is very
generous. He has given me some splendid
jewellery, and if I only admire anything
when I am with him, he invariably gets it
for me. I know that his manner towards
me is rather cold; but I think that his
nature is reserved and shy. His letters
were quite different.'
'Well, I hope everything may turn out
well, Mary; but your sixty thousand
pounds would tempt many men, especially
if they were in debt. I think he must be
in monetary difficulties, because he
always looks so worried. He is a thorough
aristocrat, cold, distant, haughty and
supercilious; very different from the man I
once thought you would marry. What
do you think of Harry Langham, Mary?
Have you heard from him lately?' asked
her aunt, turning suddenly round and fix-
ing her eyes on her niece's face.
It was rather a disconcerting question.
'I—I don't know what has become of
him,' Mary replied, stammering and look-
ing very distressed. 'I have not heard
anything about him for years.'
Her aunt frowned.
She was silent for a moment or two.
Then he said abruptly—
'How was it that he went away so sud-
denly?'
'We quarrelled about some trifling thing
and he rushed off to America,' cried Mary,
with a sob; 'but don't talk of him any
more, aunt; he has forgotten me long ago.'
'Do you know this hand writing, Mary?'
said her aunt, drawing a letter from her
pocket and holding it up. 'I received it
this morning.'
'Harry's writing! Oh, my dear, my dear,
if I had only known! What shall I do?
Aunt, help me. Is he coming home at
last? Does he ask after me? Oh! tell me
quickly.'
'He is on his way home now, and this
letter is to ask for your address. He says
he has long repented his foolish quarrel,
and wants your forgiveness.'
'If it had only come a month ago!' she
cried, between her tears; 'but now he is
worse than dead to me.'
'Nonsense, Mary! I am sure Captain
Despard would release you if he under-
stood the case. Let me explain it to him,
and everything will end well yet.'
'No, aunt, no,' replied Mary firmly. 'I
have made my bed, and must lie on it.
Captain Despard deserves better treatment at my
hands than to be thrown over in a week. I
was very foolish just now, but thinking of
Harry unnerwed me. I was very fond of
him once, but really I like Captain Des-
pard very much, and in time, no doubt,
shall love him. You must help me to keep
out of Harry's way, please, dear, other-
wise I may find my position very mis-
erable.'
'I shall do nothing of the sort, Mary,'
answered her aunt angrily. 'In my opinion
you would be treating both men very un-
fairly by acting in such a manner, and if I
can prevent it I will.'
A ring at the bell interrupted the con-
versation, and a few minutes later Captain
Despard entered the room.
He had changed very much in appear-
ance since his engagement, and certainly
justified Mrs. Brown's opinion of him.
To-night he looked very pale and grave
almost like a statue, and very unlike a
favoured lover.
He had expressly come this evening to
arrange preliminaries for the wedding.
The thing being inevitable, he thought it
better to get it over—besides, there was
no reason for any delay.
Both parties were wealthy, their relatives
agreeable, and his leave nearly expired.
Miss Brown was also anxious for the
ceremony to take place soon.
She was horribly afraid of meeting her
old lover, for she felt that in his presence
all other claims would be disregarded, so
it was arranged that the marriage should
take place very quietly in a month's time
at Somerville.
Two days later they started on their
homeward journey.
A letter from Harry Langham, full of
reproaches and threats, did not tend to re-
concile Miss Brown to her position.
He refused to acknowledge her engage-
ment with any other than himself, and
vowed that he would come to Somerville
and forbid the bans, if nothing else would
stop the wedding, and also threatened to
forward all her old letters to her present
lover.
'It is nothing less than a crime,' he
wrote, 'to marry a man you care nothing
about; and, darling, you do care for me,

so I shan't give you up to anyone.'
This was too true for her to deny, and
as she walked with Captain Despard in
the evening, after receiving this letter, she
determined to throw herself on his gener-
osity and confess all.
Screwing her courage up to the requi-
site point, she commenced to say—
'Captain Despard, I have something of
importance,' when she was interrupted by
the appearance of a wagonette and pair of
horses rushing madly towards them.
A glance sufficed to show that the oc-
cupants were Maud Browne and a tall,
grey-haired, military-looking man, who
was evidently her father.
Maud, with a face as white as death,
was pulling frantically at the reins.
Their danger was imminent, as all pre-
sents knew.
A very little further on, lying directly
across their path, was the river.
The bridge that should have spanned it
had been swept away by an extraordinary
flood two days before, and, unless some-
thing stopped them soon, they would be
precipitated into the raging torrent.
A hoarse cry broke from Captain Des-
pard's lips, and, without an instant's hesita-
tion, he sprang into the middle of the road
and grasped the reins.
The sudden jerk, added to the plunging
of the horses, almost overturned the vehicle
but the steady hand at the head never re-
laxed its hold until all danger was past,
when he motioned to a rustic who was
standing near to come and take his place.
On turning his head towards the car-
riage, he was horrified to see both Major
Browne and his daughter had fainter
away.
Utterly forgetful of the presence of his
betrotthed, he clasped towards them, and
clasping the unconscious form of the girl
in his arms, cried aloud in his fear—
'My own darling, speak to me! Tell
me you are unhurt. Oh, Heaven! what
shall I do? I cannot live without you.'
'Here is some water, let me sprinkle her
face with it,' said a cheerful voice at her
elbow.
The major is recovering and
seems none the worse for his adventure.'
'Miss Brown,' assumed Reginald, feeling
utterly conscious-stricken and guilty. 'I
—I was—'
'Yes, yes, I see but it is all right—I don't
mind at all. Just help me to bring back
her senses, and then we'll talk,' interrupt-
ed Miss Brown, 'and be sure,' she added
impressively, 'that no one learns from you
what idiots we have been. I have been
asleep until now, and I thank heaven for
the timely awakening.'
By the time Mary had finished speaking,
Maud had revived from her faint and both
she and her father overwhelmed Captain
Despard with thanks.
'We owe to you, sir,' said the major,
grasping his hand like a vice, 'if not our
lives, at least our perfect immunity from
injury; and if ever I have an opportunity
of proving my gratitude, you may depend
upon my seizing it. Will you come and
dine with me this evening and allow me to
introduce you to my family?'
'I accept your invitation to dinner with
great pleasure, sir,' replied Reginald;
'the more readily as I am not an entire
stranger to Mrs. Browne and your daugh-
ters, although until to day I have not had
the pleasure of seeing as much of them as
I should have desired.'
'Well, good-bye for the present,' re-
turned the major. We dine at six, re-
member, and shall expect you by that
time.'
Saying these words, the major start-
ed to walk towards home, while Reginald
stood like one in a trance, and watched
them disappear in the distance.
A hand laid gently upon his arm recalled
him to himself.
'Have you entirely forgotten my exist-
ence, Captain Despard?' laughed a soft
voice in his ear.
Overwhelmed with confusion at the re-
membrance of his engagement, commenced
to stammer an apology, but some inexplic-
able change in his companion's appearance
made him pause after he had uttered a few
words.
Miss Mary Brown seemed to have sud-
denly grown into a girl again.
A joyous light was in her eyes, a pretty
color in her cheeks, a smile hovered about
her mouth, and so far from being offend-
ed with him, her manner had never been so
charming.
'Stop, Reginald,' she cried, calling him
for the first time by his Christian name, 'I
have something to say to you. Before
that carriage came in sight I was screwing
up my courage to tell you something of
my past life. I am now very glad of an
interruption, for it has made my task a
much easier one.'
'Six years ago I was engaged to marry
a gentleman named Harry Langham, to
whom I was much attached; indeed he is
the only man I ever loved. One day we
quarrelled over some trivial affair, and he
left the country in a fit of passion.
'All these years I been hoping against
hope for his return, and have remained
single for his sake. The morning that I
received your proposal I determined to
give him up and try to put you in his place.
In time I might have succeeded, had not
returned to England when I least expected
it, and insisted upon renewing our old en-
gagement.
'For the past few days I have been so
utterly wretched that life has been a bur-
den to me; but now, thank God! every
thing appears to coming right, and, in the
time to come, no doubt, we shall have
many a hearty laugh over our blunders.'
'My dear Mary,' cried Reginald, radiant
with happiness, seizing her hands and kiss-
ing them, 'can you ever forgive me for my
stupidity? All our troubles have
arisen from my atrocious carelessness, and
I might have easily spoiled at least three
lives by it.'
'I thank you may say four, she returned
significantly; 'and, as far as forgiveness
goes, I fancy I need it even more than you
do. I must have been absolute-
ly blinded by conceit to have imagin-
ed for an instant that you were
in love with me. But, you foolish fellow,

when you found out your mistake that day
at Tunbridge, why did you not explain
everything at once, and say that the simi-
larity of names had confused you?'
'Oh because I was an idiot, I suppose,'
he answered gaily, 'and I was afraid of
placing you in an awkward position with
those friends to whom you had mentioned
the business.'
'Well, good-bye for the present,' she
said, holding out her hand, 'and, believe
me, Captain Despard, that, although you
meant well, every true woman would have
preferred to bear a little ridicule from her
friends than to marry a husband who was
in love with another girl.'
'Good-bye!' he replied, again kissing her
hand, and silently wondering why he liked
her so very much better since he had dis-
covered her love for another man than be-
fore.
Six o'clock found him on Major Browne's
threshold, and from that instant everything
preparatory was done.
He was a man, after the major's own
heart, and, ere long, Maud was brought
to confess that she, too, had fallen in love
at first sight one morning in church,
months and months ago, though she had
been apparently too absorbed in her
Prayer-book to even see him at all.
Three months later, on their wedding-
day, they received an exquisite diamond
bracelet, far exceeding in value any other
present, from Harry and Mary Langham.'
Much puzzled by the splendour of it,
Maud turned to Reginald for an explana-
tion of his great friendship with the Lang-
hams, and he replied by telling her all that
has been narrated here.
THE TERRIBLE SIRDAR.
Lord Kitchener, Big and Grim as He Ap-
peared to a Canadian Volunteer.
Writing from Bellast, South Africa,
Lieut. Morrison of Ottawa, who is serving
with the Second Contingent, gives an
interesting pen picture of Roberts and
Kitchener. After describing the fight at
Bellast, he says:
'When we came to the station here,
amid the hurry of detrainng, my attention
was attracted by a pathetic figure of an old
man seated on a bench. He had a long
beard and was so much better dressed than
the average burgher as to attract attention
in these times when every one in khaki or
out of it, is travel-worn and dirty. The
old man appeared bowed down with grief.
With his hands clenched in his beard and
his elbows resting on his knees, he sat
leaning forward gazing at nothing, and
quite oblivious to the cannonade and
barracking shells. He was Gen. Snyman of
Mafeking fame. Under an assumed name
he had tried to get a certificate as a non-
combatant from the British, but was bet-
rayed by a Kafir and made a prisoner
and was then awaiting transport to
Pretoria.
'I began this letter on the 5th, but it is
now the 10th of September. This morn-
ing divine service was held and General
Roberts and Lord Kitchener were both
there, so I had a good look at them for
nearly an hour, as they stood out in the
middle of the hollow square. 'Bobs' is
certainly a wonderful little man for his
years. It was very close and hot, but he
stood up during the whole service, though
any number of the men dropped in the
ranks.
'Kitchener, gives one the impression of
not feeling very much at home as a mem-
ber of the staff. It may be a mistaken
impression, however, and due only to his
manner in public, for 'the terrible Sirdar'
looks the part in a most satisfactory way.
Big, grim and unapproachable-looking, he
takes his place, always with scrupulous
exactitude, on the right rear of the Field
Marshal, but well out to the front of the
staff. I have never seen him chatting with
anyone, even when the staff is standing
easy.
'He has nothing of the heavy tragedy
air, but you instinctively think of some-
thing powerful and calmly ferocious under
restraint. To his strong handsome face,
the overshot forehead gives a lowering
appearance and, underneath his deep
brows the eyes look dull and apathetic
until they undecieve you with a momentary
leoline flash. Though so tall, he is rather
heavily built and moves with a delibera-
tiveness that would be sluggish were it not for
the impression of a tremendous physical
strength, capable of being aroused into
irresistible activity.
'He is the sort of man who would ly-
dite 16,000 of the enemy, light a fresh
cigar and lyddite 16,000 more without a
thought of anything but military exigency
and the welfare of the state. He is, in a
word, the very antithesis of his small,
alert, cheerfully benevolent-looking chief.
The preacher's text this morning included
the words: Are there not enough graves
in Egypt that ye have brought us into this
land? And somehow as I listened I could
not keep my eyes off of the inscrutable
face of Kitchener.'
On His Dignity.
I get queer answers sometimes, said an
old advertiser, when I ask my customers,
as I frequently do, what publication they
saw my advertisement in.
As a rule they reply courteously, but
once in a while a man takes the question
as an affront. One pompous old fellow
told me it was none of my business. An-
other advised me to 'hire a checking
clerk.' A languid young man referred me

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
is selected from the very highest grades
grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its
fragrance proclaims its excellence.
ALL GOOD GROCERS.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

PAIN'S CELERY
COMPOUND
Is Now Being Used by the Wise
and Prudent.
It Saves Sleepless, Nervous
and Despondant People
From Insanity.
BUILDS UP THE DEBILITATED
AND BROKEN DOWN.

to his valet. But I was worst taken aback
by a roughly dressed customer once to
whom I put the usual question:
'What magazine, may I ask, did you see
my 'ad' in?'
'In all of them, sir,' he replied, indig-
nantly. 'Did you think, sir, from my
appearance, that I read only one?'
Harvard's Great Electric Plant.
Prof. John Trowbridge has recently had
installed at Harvard University the most
powerful apparatus in the world for the
production of electromotive force. The
plant comprises 20,000 storage cells giving
40,000 electrical units of pressure, and
this can be increased to 3,000,000 volts.
But in order to obtain the full effect of so
enormous a pressure, Professor Trow-
bridge says it would be necessary to re-
move the apparatus into the center of an
open field and elevate it at least 30 feet
from the ground in order to avoid loss
from the inductive action of floors and
walls. With this great battery the highest
degree of instantaneous temperature yet
attained can be produced. Professor
Trowbridge hopes with its aid to obtain
some clue to the temperature at which
hydrogen exists in the stars. This plant
furnishes, he adds, an ideal method of pro-
ducing the X-rays.

The Fire Bells
Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This
is to notify you that base substitution is
practiced when the great sure-pop corn
cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn
Extractor never fails to take corns off. It
makes no sore spots and gives no pain.
Be sure and get 'Putnam's.'
Sea Currents and Migrations.
The French scientific journal, La Nature,
calls attention to a recent report of the
French consul at Hawaii which, it thinks,
throws light on some problems of ethno-
graphy. Not long ago a little schooner,
dismantled and with its rudder gone as
the result of a tempest, was drifted by winds
and ocean currents from Tahiti to Hawaii,
after 81 days of helpless wandering. Ha-
waiian traditions declare that in ancient
days people came from Tahiti, drifting with
the currents, and settled Hawaii. The ad-
venture of the dismantled schooner seems
to prove the possibility of such a migration,
and it is suggested that the currents of the
Pacific, which have not yet been sufficient-
ly studied, may throw much light on the
distribution of the native races among the
island groups.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Very small and so easy
to take as sugar.
FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR TRUMP LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLETE
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The White Horse Ghost.

A strange-looking little Arizona newspaper, in a way worn wrapper, came with my mail a few mornings ago, and when I opened it, wondering why it had been sent to me and by whom, my eye presently fell on a blue penciled paragraph:

Probably Arizona understood that paragraph aright at first sight, and it estimated even to a slow New Englander that "Dive Tranchard" had been sternly punished.

"Dive Tranchard" something in the name set the cords of memory vaguely vibrating all day, and when I awoke next morning, the full, familiar name had come to me out of the past—Dives Tranchard!

I was then only eighteen years old, and the school agent who hired me and the good minister-member of the school board who gave me my certificate said that I might "pull through" if I could manage Dives Tranchard.

In the schoolroom, Dives did not appear formidable at first view, but I was not long in discovering the fertility of his mischievous ingenuity. The wits of the average schoolmaster could not possibly keep pace with the swift trickiness in which he indulged himself.

He was a somewhat sedate and distinguished looking youngster, with a clear-cut, refined face, and the inconsistency between his countenance and his conduct was such that I never was able to feel, during the whole time he was my pupil, that I quite understood him.

Dives was an orphan, who, while still very young, had been adopted by the storekeeper of the place, Mr. Mulhall.

His father had been a very intemperate and blasphemous man, whose dearest delight had been to rail at the Scriptures. In profane bravado he had named his three sons Judas, Tophet and Dives. The two former had died of croup while very young and Dives, or 'Dive,' as he was generally called, was the sole survivor of the family.

Naturally, a teacher only eighteen years old could not hope to assume the role of moral adviser to a youth of seventeen with entire success.

When I attempted it with Dives, he grinned in my face, and the effort ended in a rough-and-tumble fight over the school-floor. In this conflict I established a kind of doubtful suzerainty over him, and afterward maintained it with a bold front, but the issue was always in some little doubt.

What the outcome would have been is far from certain. I have a feeling that Dives would have been too much for me, in time, had our relations as pupil and pedagogue continued long. But they lasted only three weeks. On the first day of January he ran away, in consequence of a curious prank.

District Number Eleven was the only place where I ever saw what was believed to be a ghost. The people there were not superstitious, but I found that many of them had seen an apparition that they could not account for. It had been seen three times the previous winter, and once late in November, a few days before I arrived.

More than twenty persons admitted that they had seen it during snow-storms, but all made light of it; the people were not ignorant, and the apparition puzzled them much more than it frightened them.

The mysterious thing, whatever it was, had always been seen at night, and seemed to be a kind of phantom on horseback, an equestrian ghost, so to speak.

It had been discerned passing at great speed, but the hoofs made no noise, and it looked thin, or white, and was hardly distinguishable in outline amidst the falling snowflakes. That was about all I could learn regarding the phantom; and as the representative of education, I set myself to discountenance belief in the spectre. My theories were received with respect; the only difficulty in the way of their entire acceptance was that numbers of those who listened to me had really seen the ghost.

It was a place where the people retained many of the old customs of ancestral Britain. England, among others that of "watch night," or watching the old year out and the new year in, on the night of December 31st. It was announced at the meeting-house the previous Sunday that there would be a watch night meeting the following Saturday evening, to last until half past twelve, New Year's morning. There would be singing and prayers, but it was not to be an exclusively religious ceremony. Conversation and even story-telling would be allowed.

At the watch-night meeting there were thirty or thirty-five people, old and young, including the Methodist minister Mr. Reeves, who had been settled there but a few months, a very young man, with whom I had already become intimate.

He was companionable, robust and jolly, a youth who still enjoyed snowballing, for instance. After school, when I passed the house where he lived, he usually dashed out, fresh from his theological studies, and we would go at a brisk trot for a mile together along the road to the post-office and back.

The early hours of the watch-meeting passed agreeably. We had all gathered about the meeting-house stove, for the night was cloudy, and bleak, and after the usual hymn and opening exercises, we amused ourselves by relating our 'good resolves' for the New Year.

Many of these were admirable and some very humorous. Mr. Smith, the little shoemaker of the place, whose wife was very large and strong and active, rose to say with a twinkle in his eye, that he had sadly neglected his duty for the past twelve months, but had now firmly resolved to beat Mrs. Smith more frequently during the year to come, to which Mrs. Smith responded with a breezy laugh, 'I'd like to see you begin!'

At about eleven o'clock one of the boys, who had been to the door, returned to say that it was snowing fast and thick, and indeed, we could faintly hear the icy flakes driving against the window-panes. One of the young ladies was playing on the organ the accompaniment to a hymn which many of the older people were singing.

Young Mr. Reeves sat near me, with a quiet smile on his face, pondering, as I fancied, something which he meant to say after the music. Suddenly I felt him start, and glanced at his face. His eyes were bent on some object, but he turned at once.

"Don't look!" he whispered to me. 'I have seen that ghost. It is outside, looking in at the opposite window. Wait a bit, then cast your eye in that direction.'

I did so, and saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything, a long, white, awful face looking in! Much to my consternation, it moved and appeared to nod several times.

"Don't say a word," Mr. Reeves whispered. 'Sit quiet a moment. When the people move back from the organ, we will steal out and see what we can discover.'

Recovering myself in a moment, I stepped quietly to the door, and a few moments later was joined by Mr. Reeves in the dark entry.

We took our hats, and without waiting to put on our overcoats, opened the door carefully. Snow was falling fast and drove in our faces; several inches had fallen; but we dashed out, doubled the corner of the house and hurried toward the window.

A great, dim, indistinct object was standing there, which appeared to melt away suddenly, with but the softest possible sound. It disappeared round the other corner of the house. Without speaking, we ran after it.

We could hardly see anything on account of the driving snow and darkness, yet we again discerned, dimly, the great, indistinct object moving toward the highway.

I confess I felt a shivery sensation, for the spectral appearance made hardly an audible sound; but I dashed on side by side with Mr. Reeves.

We were good runners, and made a dash to catch the thing. In the road a few hundred feet from the church, we came so near at one time that I reached out my hand in hope to lay hold of the apparition, but it glided away only the faster and I did not succeed.

And now we both heard a kind of regular muffled noise, as of great feet falling softly; and these audible evidences of physical substance stimulated us to continue the chase.

"Run it down!" Mr. Reeves said, in a low voice, and I settled myself to keep pace with him.

The snow hindered us little, but notwithstanding our efforts, the elfy drew away from us. We had lost sight of it when we ran past the house of Mr. Mulhall, the storekeeper, but in the very moment of passing, we heard the large door of his stable creaking. This, at that hour of the night, seemed so strange that we both stopped short and turned back.

Entering the yard, we approached the stable door, but found it closed. There were slight noises inside, however, and soon a match gleamed through the crack of the door, and a lantern was lighted.

To our astonishment, we now perceived that the person inside was Dives Tranchard, clad in a white garment and white cap and that he was untying what looked like snowy bags from the feet of Mulhall's old white mare. Having taken off these mufflers, Dives next proceeded to withdraw a large, white, bonnet-like structure from the mare's head.

When these singular trappings were removed, he put the beast in her stall, stripped off his own white garment and cap, and made the whole outfit into a bundle. Then he extinguished the lantern, left the stable by a side door, and went to the house, which he entered cautiously by a door in the rear.

My first impulse had been to seize him when he came out and compel him to confess to the prank; but as he emerged from the stable, Mr. Reeves whispered, 'Wait! Don't say anything to him. Don't let him know yet we have caught him.'

We therefore stood aside in the darkness and allowed him to go to the house unmolested, and then, hastening back to the meeting-house, joined the people there. Our absence had been hardly noticed.

At eight o'clock the next morning, after Dives had gone to the schoolhouse, we called at Mulhall's store and told the astonished storekeeper what we had seen. He did not at first believe us, and was inclined to resent the charge against his foster son.

At last, when Mr. Reeves said that he might perhaps be convinced by being allowed to examine the room where Dives slept, Mulhall led the way upstairs.

It was a large open room, with many old chests, boxes and caddies, and a very brief search disclosed the bundle which we had seen Dives bring from the stable the previous evening. It contained not only his white shirt and cap and the gunny-bags with which he muffled the mare's hoofs, but a curious padded contrivance of white cloth and wire to tie on her head.

The front of it was drawn to represent a human face, with holes for the horse's eyes. It was this nodding white face which we had seen at the window.

Further search in the chamber revealed other things; plunder of many kinds; goods and trinkets from the store; not less than fifty letters, apparently stolen from the post-office; four bridles; fifteen silver spoons; a bunch of eighteen odd keys, and a great many other articles which Dives could not have come by honestly.

By this time Mulhall, a rather simple man, was abusing his foster-son vigorously as a thief, and wished to go at once with us to the school-house and denounce him.

Mr. Reeves persuaded him to say nothing till evening, and we arranged to call at the house that night and endeavor to get truth of the matter from Dives himself.

But before noon that day the youth had in some way, learned or guessed that his thefts were discovered. He did not return to the schoolhouse in the afternoon.

He had run away, and I never heard of him afterward until I saw his name in the Arizona newspaper.—Youth's Companion.

He Stood the Test.

That is a unique way in which Mr. Smith, a merchant of an Eastern city in want of a boy, is said to have tested the young applicants who came to him. He put a sign in his window: "Wanted, a boy; wages four dollars, six dollars to the right one."

As each applicant appeared, the merchant asked, "Can you read?" Then he took the boy into a quiet room, gave him an open book and bade him read without a break until told to stop.

When the reading had been going on for a few minutes Mr. Smith dropped a book to the floor, and then rose and moved certain articles about the room. This was sufficient to pique the curiosity of some of the candidates; they looked up, lost their place on the page, blundered, and the merchant said:

"You may stop. I shall not need you at present. I want a boy who is master of himself."

If the reader was undisturbed by Mr. Smith's movements, a lot of roguish puppies were tumbled out of a basket and encouraged to frolic about the floor. This proved too much for most of the boys; they looked, hesitated in their reading, and were dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment until over thirty had been tried, and had failed to control their curiosity. At length, one morning, a boy read steadily on without manifesting any desire to look at the puppies.

"Stop!" said the merchant, finally. "Did you see those puppies?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "I could not see them and read, too."

"You knew they were there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you fond of dog?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I think you will suit me," said the merchant. "Come to my row. Your wages will start at four dollars; and if you prove master of yourself, as I think you will, you shall have six perhaps more."

It was not many weeks before the wages were six dollars, and promotions followed. Now the young man fills a high position in the store.

Turkey, Pepper and a Bear. A writer in Fireside says that he and several friends went out one evening, some forty years ago, on a hunt for wild turkeys in a part of Texas where the birds were numerous. He had heard that powdered red pepper, set floating in a stiff breeze at night under the tree in which turkeys were at roost, would cause them to drop; sneezing, and leave them staggering at the hunter's feet.

The trees selected by the birds proved to be evergreen live-oaks. The foliage was thick, and it was thought best to wait until the moon rose. The writer selected a promising tree, and on going under it, saw three turkeys on one limb not more than ten feet from his head. There were others above.

As he must not shoot till the signal was given, it occurred to him that now was a favorable opportunity to try the red pepper. He unwrapped the box and went cautiously to the limb on which the three turkeys were sitting. Lifting the box, he gave it a shake to throw the pepper into the breeze, at the same time starting it upward by a vigorous puff. Then followed a surprise.

The hunter stopped hastily back a few feet to avoid a dose of his own medicine, and saw something approaching him in an upright posture. Supposing it to be one of his friends, he stood gazing at it until it was to near for him to retreat. Then he saw that it was a full-grown bear. It was at this juncture that the pepper proved its usefulness. Of its efficacy the writer says:

"As the bear was proceeding very affectionately to embrace his new acquaintance, snuffing as it delighted to meet me, with his mouth partly open and his tongue lolling from one side to the other, I emptied the contents of the box in his face. At the same moment I jumped back and made for my gun, about ten steps away."

"The moon had by this time risen, and I could plainly see the antics of the bear. The turkeys, too, had inhaled enough of the pepper to make them restless, and were coughing and sneezing incessantly."

"The scene was the most ludicrous I ever witnessed. I saw that I had the bear as good as chained, as he was almost rubbing his eyes out, and was so prostrated

from his exertions as to be beyond doing any mischief. The turkeys were by this time getting into an equally bad case, and in a few minutes nine of them had fallen out of the tree and were flopping on the ground.

"I raised my rifle and gave the bear a shot under the left shoulder, and he tumbled over on the grass without a groan. Then I called the boys and we soon caught the turkeys."

One Against the Other. One of the duties of a private secretary is to protect his employer from people who would waste his time. Sometimes a door-keeper serves this purpose. At the Republican national headquarters a valuable 'fender,' says the New York Commercial Advertiser, is the man at the door of Senator Hanna's room.

The officer has been guarding the doors at political headquarters for a long time, and is able to discriminate between those who should be let in and those who should be kept out. Last week one of the objectionable class arrived, and asked to see the senator.

"Busy now," said the doorkeeper. "Take a seat in the anteroom, please."

Presently another visitor arrived. He was a poet who had campaign verses to sell. The doorkeeper "sized him up" at once, and took him to the door of the anteroom. "See that gentleman sitting there?" he said, pointing to the first unwelcome visitor. "Well, just sit down and say your poetry to him."

In about five minutes the first visitor left the building. When the poet again asked for Mr. Hanna it was found that he had gone for the day.

BORN.

Parraboro, Oct 12, to the wife of T C Chisnet, a son. Truro, Oct 5, to the wife of Claude Erville, a daughter. Halifax, Oct 18, to the wife of M Roche, a daughter.

Boston, Sept 21, to the wife of Theo Edwards, a son. Shelburne, Sept 20, to the wife of John Wheeler, a son.

Dartmouth, Oct 20, to the wife of W T Crook, a son. Clarence, Oct 16, to the wife of Everett Sprawl, a son.

Middleton, Oct 14, to the wife of Isaiah Pictou, a son. California, Sept 29, to the wife of Sydney Pelton, a son.

Liverpool, Oct 5, to the wife of Joseph Winters, a son. North Sydney, Oct 15, to the wife of John McLeod, a daughter.

Centerville, Oct 10, to the wife of S A Spurr, a daughter. Wolfville, Oct 14, to the wife of Chas Faine, a daughter.

Sydney, Sept 25, to the wife of Capt A McPhail, a daughter. Arcadia, Oct 4, to the wife of Israel G Pitman, a daughter.

Chelsea, Mass., Oct 2, to the wife of W A Cann, a daughter. Hants, Oct 11, to the wife of E A O'Brien, a daughter.

West Head, Oct 13, to the wife of Enos Smith, a daughter. Lunenburg, Oct 9, to the wife of Charles Wyle, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Oct 13, to the wife of Uriah Wile, a daughter. Leashville, Oct 14, to the wife of P J Hartnett, a daughter.

Liverpool, Oct 5, to the wife of Robert Waiters, a daughter. Middleburg, Oct 7, to the wife of W H Gladwin, a son.

Meagher's Grant, Oct 5, to the wife of Richard Lubrack, a son. Fort-à-Verdebury, Oct 16, to the wife of Capt John Emree, a daughter.

Brooklyn, Queens, Oct 9, to the wife of Linwood Starratt, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Oct 5, to the wife of Freeman Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Annapolis, Oct 5, Wm Ord to Annie Warner. Rosedale, Pierson Crane, to Katie McLean. Colchester, Oct 19, Fred. Reop to Clara Soley.

Halifax, Oct 14, William Meyer to Mary Grier. Fictou, Sept 7, J Richard Smith to Alice Dewar.

St Stephen, Oct 11, Walter Brown to Mary Trimble. Eastville, Oct 8, Walter Fulton to Laura Crockett.

Boston, Oct 9, George Hayes to Maggie Roswell. Napan, Oct 17, William G Godfrey, to Jante Dick.

Glace Bay, Oct 18, John E Keady to Ella B Phillips. Milton, Oct 16, John B Waterman, to Beate F Morrison.

North Sydney, Oct 12, John Faysse to Harriet Bullard. Yarmouth, Oct 19, Max White Allan to Agnes M Jolly.

Colchester, Oct 17, James K Creelman to Jennie E Norris. Halifax, Oct 18, Lewis E Thompson to Effie Barkhouse.

Newellton, Oct 16, Thomas Smith to Zpporah Neel. West Pabnico, Oct 16, Frank D'Eon, to Boss D'Eaton.

Yarmouth, Oct 17, Lindsay C Gardes to Eudora Lawrenceton, Oct 16, Johnston Corbett to Mrs Jane Dalton.

Brook Village, Oct 9, Angus A McDougall to Maggie Hillis. Upper Newport, Oct 10, B D Howard Creed, to Helen McKay. Manchester, Oct 4, Edgar B McAllister to Mrs Amy Odell Post.

Logville, Oct 17, Peter L Manderson, Jr. to Nellie J Loggie. Dorchester, Mass, Sept 27, George B Doane to Julian M Jones.

Upper Marsdenobol, Oct 17, William A Rhind to Anella Stewart.

DIED.

Digby, Oct 12, Alice Ellis, 23. Fictou, Oct 7, Chas Osborne, 67. Calais, Oct 8, Dennis Conley, 74.

Milltown, N B, Jacob Halsey, 74. Annapolis, Oct 7, Chas Osborn 67. Halifax, Oct 22, Bernard Hunt, 4.

Truro, Oct 14, Nancy Faulkner, 68. Truro, Oct 14, Nancy Faulkner, 68. Moncton, Oct 20, Ebel Hayes, 11.

Moncton, Oct 21, Nellie Fogarty, 18. Milltown, Mr, Oct 14, Geo Scott, 29. Fictou, Sept 20, Robert Douglas, 80.

Yarmouth, Oct 18, Thos Ferry, 77. Yarmouth, Oct 13, John Pitman, 71. North Sydney, Oct 12, Wm Jeans, 81.

Fictou, Sept 22, Mrs Geo McKay, 77. New York, Oct 13, Catharine Munro. Windsor, Oct 16, Frank Marsters, 32.

Fictou, Oct 5, Mrs Geo. McKenzie, 80. Fictou, Oct 1, Margaret McLeish, 85. Milltown, Me, Oct 10, Mary Hill, 85.

Yarmouth, Oct 9, Marion Churchill, 14. Sydney, Oct 12, John Livingstone, 46. Halifax Co, Oct 5, Emma Murphy, 23.

Halifax, Oct 16, Mrs George Robinson. Truro, Oct 15, Isabelle MacKinnon, 85. Milltown, Me, Oct 6, Marjory Bellis, 1.

Halifax, Oct 19, Edward Desjardins, 66. Milltown, Me, Oct 11, Ellen Bailey, 69. Yarmouth, Oct 14, Capt M D Peters, 76.

Yarmouth, Oct 13, Capt Thos Ferry, 77. Stellarton, Oct 20, Hector McKinnon, 61. Bridgetown, Oct 11, Michael Martin, 60.

Cumberland, Oct 18, Rachel Atkinson 76. Yarmouth, Oct 7, Adelbert Chetwynd, 4. Let's Mountain, Oct 22, Peter Wilson, 65.

Halifax, Oct 22, Marie M Cowan, 69. George's River C B' Oct 7, Thomas Young. Winnipeg, Manitoba, Oct 11, Gilbert Fowler.

St Andrews, Oct 15, Mrs John Campbell, 85. Westchester, Camb, Oct 11, Robert MacDonald, 80. Bay Side, Charlote Co, Oct 14, Andrew McAdam, 60.

Fictou Oct 18, infant son of Mr and Mrs Daniel Utherland. Clark's Harbor, Sept 20, Emery, Sept 9, Bessie Nickerson, 6 v.

Halifax, Oct 14, Eric infant of Mr and Mrs George Burgoyne, 11 wks. South Boston, Oct 12, Herbert, infant of Mr and Mrs H Nickerson, 4 mos.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, lacerations & ulceration of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials and endorser for FREE list of prominent physicians BOOK, sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

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Thanksgiving Day. Excursion Tickets ONE FARE for the Round Trip. Going October 17th and 18th, good to return October 22nd, 1900.

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Superb Palace Sleepers. Magnificent First-Class Coaches. Unexcelled Dining Cars. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N.B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Suburban for Hampton..... 6.20 Express for Campbellton..... 6.30 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7.10 Express for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 7.45 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 11.00 Express for St-John..... 11.45 Express for Hampton..... 11.45 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.45 Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 12.45