

# PROGRESS

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## WHO OWNED THE TICKET

A LOTTERY TICKET WORTH \$15,000  
GONE AWAY.

But the former holders of it have a good idea where it is. The man who is supposed to hold it is now in the States—she made a rich exchange.

The well defined rumor that a prize of \$15,000 from the Honduras lottery had come to St. John this month has occasioned more talk about town than even the visit of Lord Hershell and the incidents connected with his reception.

Strange as it may seem and contrary to the law as it is there is quite a sale of lottery tickets in this city every month. They are not sold openly but it is well known that they can be had and in whatever quantities they are required.

The curious part of this story is what followed after the winning numbers became known. It seems, according to the current story, that one man who was interested in the drawing found out the winning numbers sooner than the others and that he knew in some way that one of them was sold in St. John. He may have found it out from the local agent but however he did find it out he soon located the holder of the ticket and went to see him.

It turned out that the gentleman was busy in his store and when approached with an offer of \$1.50 each for the tickets he said he did not have time to discuss the matter but after telling his caller that he was only one of a company of five who bought the tickets he left them in his hand and waited on his customer. When he had time to attend to his caller he was returned as he supposed the same five tickets as he had handed him. He did not compare them with the list of numbers in his pocket but took it for granted that the same five tickets he handed him were returned. But now he maintains that they were not for a short time afterward when the list of winning members arrived and he began to compare the numbers with one of his "syndicates" he discovered a strange ticket in his lot and the absence of the winner.

That same night the man who called on him in the morning took the train for Boston or New York but before he went he told a few of his friends that he had the winning ticket and it is even asserted that he told them how he got it. This however may well be doubted for he would not likely be so foolish as that. It certainly appears strange, however, that he should offer to buy the tickets in the morning at a premium of fifty cents each and in the afternoon start for Boston with the winning number.

When the syndicate found out how they had been imposed upon their anger knew no bounds. But what could they do was the question. They telegraphed to Boston trying to head off the party who had duped them but they had little faith in being successful. The knowledge that even their purchase of the tickets was a crime in Canada may have prevented them from taking more active steps. Eph of them had a list of the numbers of the tickets they purchased and when they compared them with the tickets they had and found the one worth \$15,000 missing they felt pretty blue.

The Honduras lottery is the concern that formerly thrived in New Orleans under the name and style of the Louisiana State Lottery. It was driven out of the United States and the privileges of the mails and the express companies taken from them. In those days when the lottery was in full blast St. John men were liberal patrons of the fickle jade, Chance, and thousands of dollars found their way from this city to the south. Some good prizes came this way too. One of \$15,000 fell to the lot of a clerk in the Bank of New Brunswick named Foster. He wished two clerks who also had tickets to agree that they should divide the winnings of any ticket but they refused and each of them lost \$5,000 by their act. Quite different from this was the verbal contract made between a well known employe in the Royal hotel and a Charlotte street jeweller who agreed laughingly to "divvy" whoever won. The former won \$2,500 and when he got his money he walked into the shop of his friend and placed his half less the collection commission on the counter!

A representation of a safe manufacturing concern was once lucky enough to draw \$2,500 by the expenditure of \$1. and many people remember the big prizes drawn at different times by two newspaper

men, one of them living in St. John and the other in Halifax.

The other side of the story is not so pleasant. A gentleman talking to PROGRESS showed a cigar box full of old tickets that never drew a cent. "So much for nothing" he said.

G. Herbert Lee, who made such a sudden exit from St. John used to buy \$50 worth of tickets a month and he never drew more than \$25 altogether in prize money. "I have bought them for years" said another man "and never won a cent. Still I keep on buying them, I don't know for what reason but—in hopes I suppose," he said laughing.

## MR. O'LEARY KNOWS HARDING.

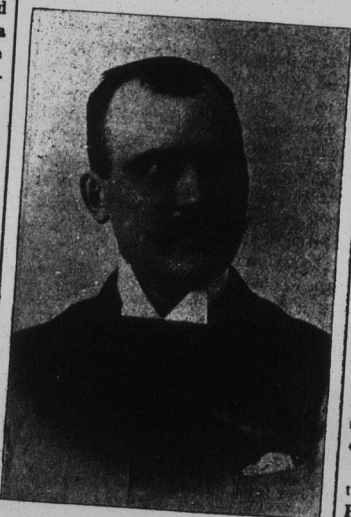
The Gettleless Young Man Still Causes Some trouble.

Mr. Wm. Harding, the young man that gave Officer Burchill such a job to arrest him who weighs 180 pounds and stands nearly six feet in his stockings, is at large again. The police magistrate sentenced him to 30 days, but he only kept him long enough in jail to give evidence against the four liquor dealers, who thought Harding was a man, and found out to their sorrow and to the extent of a \$10 fine each, that he will not be recognized as such until the spring of 1901. There are sixty or seventy other people in the business, and perhaps more, who would like to have a photograph of Harding in order to know him when he comes into their place. T. O'Leary found him out sooner than the others, for some time before the recent fines were imposed, Harding gave information to the police to the effect that he was a minor and had obtained liquor in O'Leary's saloon; but the facts of the case were such that the magistrate did not fine Mr. O'Leary, but it cost the latter \$10 for legal services just the same.

## WILL FIGHT IT TO THE END.

Mr. Bell Does Not Propose to Be Divorced At Once.

Mr. A. H. Bell, the defendant in the Bell vs. Bell divorce case, now before the court was in town this week. He does not propose to allow his wife to have her freedom without a fight and he is seeking now to bring forward evidence to show that her standard of conduct during married life was not what it should have been. For this purpose a commission will take the evidence of a former clerk of a hotel in Calais. The judge would rather have the witness before



MR. ADAM H. BELL.

him but as that did not appear to be possible representatives of the court will go to the witness.

This case comes up again in Fredericton on the 25th and the evidence of the principal parties will then be given. As the charges and the counter charges are not few in number the testimony will likely be interesting.

The portrait of the defendant that appears in this article shows him as he looked with a moustache. He has dispensed with that adornment to his face since the photograph was taken.

## They Are the Ministers Dinner.

Two newspaper men, who went up to Queen's County last week to report the speech of Hon. Mr. Blair, had rather a pleasant experience at the outset. They left on the early morning train from St. John and expected along with others that the special of the minister of railways would leave Norton for Cuddy's Station at the same time as the regular train. But the special did not arrive, and the representatives of the press pursued their way, satisfied at least that they were in good

time in advance of the minister and his delegates from this city. They were pretty hungry when they arrived at the station and their natural enquiry was for something to eat, and where to get it. The man they asked happened to be the ex-member of the county, Mr. Thos. Hetherington, who after stating where they might satisfy their appetites, thought they could not do better than to drive to his residence and take dinner with him. It happened that Mr. Hetherington had provided the best in the land for Mr.

## DEAD MAN IN THE HOUSE

THE CHIEF OF POLICE GETS A RUDE SURPRISE.

An Escaped Thief Gave the Information That led to the Warrant Being Issued Against Mrs. Melvin—She paid One Hundred Dollars.

No doubt if the chief of police had known that there was a dead man in the road house of Mrs. Melvin he would have postponed the visit he made to her one evening this week. But as it was he went and

of the child's coming and her inhumanity in not allowing the mother to remain with her little one, but the blame should not be placed on her shoulders alone as there are others who should share a portion of it. In the first place the chairman of the board should never have ordered the child to be removed there at 11 o'clock at night, and secondly, when he did he should have made some arrangements for the reception of the mother. The board of health however has been a source of worry and trouble since its inception some years ago, and many unsuccessful attempts have been made to abolish it but all to no avail. The members composing the board seem to have many influential friends who always stand to their back when any trouble arises; and this is mainly the reason that it in existence at the present time. For all the good that it accomplishes, it might just as well have been done away with long ago. In the present case both the chairman of the board and Dr. Trueman the city medical officer have been very delinquent in their duty, and the general expression of opinion is that some one has blundered. The matter was before the city council a week ago last Thursday and at that time some of the aldermen took up the defence of the keeper and matron, and strongly objected to their dismissal. The three objectors managed to stay judgement for the time being. Ald. Martin, one of the three, promised to open the eyes of his brother aldermen with some information that he said he possessed about the institution, but when the special meeting of the council was held on Monday afternoon for dealing with this special purpose he sat unconcerned in his seat, and did not even make the slightest effort to place his information before that body. Ald. O'Donnell was another objector but he did not help the cause any, as people pay very little attention to what he has to say on matters of such importance as this. The only one out of the trio who made a stand was Ald. Hawkins. Of course every one knew what he was working for. It was a personal matter with him. He wanted to get back at the board for that famous "smoke test" decision that was given against him, and it was a grand opening for him. He spread himself on the case when the opportunity offered. He sailed in for the board of health and laid particular stress on the actions of Doctors Jones and Trueman. He publicly charged that they were criminally responsible for the child's death and that proceedings should be taken against both of them. There appears from all accounts to be a good deal of truth in what he says, and before the affair is brought to a close he will no doubt throw some more light on the matter. The city medical officer appears to do pretty much as he pleases in all cases and no one seems to be able to bring him to account for his actions. The board has an inclination to hush the matter up, and dispose of it as quietly as possible. It wants to run the whole show, and not be interfered with in any way by the members of the city council or others.

## Park Managers After Partridge.



"All I Want is Ma Chickens, Ma Lovely Chickens."

Blair and his party, whom he had expected to arrive in time for dinner, but as they did not come he had the greatest pleasure in the world in entertaining the newspaper men. It is not necessary to state that they enjoyed the dinner and it may be imagined that they had a little merriment on the side at the idea that they were demolishing what had been prepared for the hero of the occasion.

## A SURPRISE PARTY TO THEM.

Ald. McGoldrick and Mr. John Connor Have Something to Say.

There were two surprised men in town last Tuesday morning, when the report of the liberal meeting appeared in the Sun, and emphasized the fact that Mr. John Connor and Alderman McGoldrick had a good deal more influence with the minister of railways than the leading members of the Young Liberal Club, or even the representatives of the city and country. The gentlemen in question, and more particularly the alderman from Stanley Ward, did not feel honoured at having such greatness so unexpectedly and so obtrusively thrust upon them. In fact, they did not appear to wish to shoulder the responsibility of the recommendations that have been made recently to the minister of railways.

Alderman McGoldrick told PROGRESS that, while he had been a supporter of Premier Blair in New Brunswick politics, he belonged to the conservative party, and did not pretend at the present time, either to advise that gentleman as to what appointments he should make, or to solicit favors from him in his capacity as a member of the administration and the head of a great spending department. In regard to his recommendations to Mr. Duncan, he stated emphatically that he had never asked Mr. Duncan to give any man a job since the liberals came in power nor had he asked such favors of the railway department.

Mr. Connor was quite as much surprised as his former aldermanic colleague from Stanley. He has only been in the city a few days and proposed to leave again in a short time for the west, and to have such accusations brought against him as being a supporter and adviser of the liberal party was not, to his mind, the most agreeable of the greetings he has received since he returned to the city. Mr. Connor, like Alderman McGoldrick, was a friend and supporter of Mr. Blair in local politics, but like many other supporters of the provincial government he is conservative in Dominion affairs. Prognoses had a talk with both gentlemen and they did not hesitate to express their views in a most emphatic way.

## THE FUZZ IN HALIFAX HOSPITAL.

Some Aldermen who are Eager for an Investigation.

HALIFAX, Oct. 20.—The death of the little girl Bertha Keating at the infectious diseases hospital, and the investigations that have been held by the board of health in connection therewith have aroused an endless amount of public feeling, and it is justly so. Gross carelessness and culpable negligence on the part of the board, and also the officials at the hospital has been established, and the end of the matter has not yet been brought about. Many blame the matron of the institution for her harsh treatment of Mrs. Keating on night

Some of Mayor Sears particular friend's or opponents made quite a little talk about a sentence that appeared upon a programme a "Trip to Coontown," which represented His Worship as giving very hearty and unstinted praise to the performance which he attended at Halifax recommending all his friends in this city to patronize it when it came to St. John. The Mayor was amused and yet annoyed when he saw what use had been made of a complimentary remark he had addressed to the manager of the company, and he not use the words attributed to him in the recommendation, but that he had no idea that his courteous reference made to the manager of the company would be exaggerated and represented as an endorsement from him in his official capacity.



KILLED THE WRONG COW.

A MONCTON BUTCHER GETS HIMSELF INTO TROUBLE.

He Killed a Valuable Beef Heifer Instead of His Own Inferior Bovine—It Was a Mistake But He Has Been Asked to Pay Damages for the Error.

A good story which, however had a tragic ending for one of the actors, and may have very unpleasant results for another, is being told at the expense of a well known city man. It is quite a common practice amongst those citizens of Moncton who are able to indulge their epicurean fancies, to keep a cow, and thus secure an unlimited supply of such country luxuries as cream and butter. Of course it is impossible for even the most thrifty disposed householder to pasture a cow on his front lawn, and it is equally impracticable to keep her cowship in the barn all summer without seriously imperilling not only her health, but more important still her milking capacity. Therefore it is customary either to board her with some reliable milk man in the outlying districts at whose home she will be sure to enjoy all the comforts to which she has been accustomed, and who will see that her owners receive a fair share of her milk each day. For those who prefer keeping their live stock under their own eye there are excellent pastures to be rented quite near the city where numbers of cows are grazed each summer and where they are supposed to be as safe as they would be in their own barns. Of course they are usually cows belonging to several different owners in the same pasture, but that does not matter presently. It mattered a great deal in the present case though, and that is what the story is about.

It so happened that one of the butchers in the city market purchased what is known to the trade I believe, as a beef heifer, and as she was not exactly in condition for market, he sent her out to the suburbs to pasture in a field where there were already a number of valuable milch cows grazing. Amongst these high toned boarders was a stately bovine dame with a pedigree who was the property of the city man mentioned above, and who must in some way have resembled the doomed heifer, because when the butcher considered that the latter was in fit condition to become beef, he sent his man out to bring her to town, and in due time to all appearances she went the way of all beef. The very next day the city man drove out to the pasture to bring his cow home for the winter, but after a prolonged and indignant search he failed to find her. Not a trace was there of the once valuable milker; even the body was not to be found, and the irate owner concluded she had been stolen and took vigorous measures to trace her. His efforts were finally crowned with success but alas, the clue led him to the city market, and the stall of a certain butcher! Some of the remains were still exposed for sale, and a post mortem examination convinced the owner that they were all that was left of his high grade cow. Quite naturally the butcher did not consider the identification complete, but a visit to the pasture proved a triumphant alibi for the heifer was calmly chewing her cud in the field.

At present the city man is demanding a price for his murdered favorite which will have a surprising effect on the beef market if he succeeds in collecting his bill, and the butcher is vigorously resisting the claim which would establish a ruinous precedent if it leaked out that he paid so high for certain grades of beef.

Meanwhile the pasture from which the tragedy occurred has gained in popularity to such an extent that its owners are besieged with applications for board from people who possess worn out cows that they are anxious to get rid of, in the hope that their aged bovines will be mistaken for young beef heifers, driven off, and killed, so they will be able to demand a substantial indemnity for the loss, and nothing but the approaching end of the grazing season can avert a panic in the pasture business. The ultimate fate of the heifer who caused all the trouble had not been learned up to the time of going to press.

Wounds That Should Have Been Fatal. It is inconceivable that men shot through the heart and brain should survive to tell the tale; and yet even the impossible has happened. In one case a man was shot in the left breast, the bullet taking an upward direction and shattering his shoulder-blade. In its course the bullet went clean through the heart; and according to all experience and expectation the man ought to have died. He is, however, as well as ever he was, and is proud of his remarkable achievement. It is assumed that the bullet struck the heart at the moment of its contraction, and to this fact the soldier owes his life. If the heart had been distended, as it was a

second earlier and later, it would have been so torn by the bullet that the man would have been inevitably killed. In several cases American soldiers survived after being shot through the brain, and in the cases where similar wounds were fatal the death was due to poisoning from foreign matter carried into the brain by the bullet. A very remarkable experience in the recent war was that in many cases where men were shot through the body it was almost impossible to find the places of entry and exit. In one case, in fact, a man was treated in hospital for a shattered legbone, and it was only by the purest accident that the doctors discovered that he had also been shot through the body from side to side. The only indications were two tiny red spots which marked the places where the bullet had entered and left the body.

PROBLEMS OF THE WOODS.

What Becomes of Beasts That Die a Natural Death.

'What becomes of wild animals that die in the woods?' said the naturalist. 'I mean wild animals that die a natural death. Age and disease must carry many of them regularly as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies? I have never heard of any one coming across a dead bear or deer or fox or wildcat in the woods that had died from natural causes. I have never heard of any one finding even the skeleton of a wild animal in the woods that did not show evidence somewhere that the beast had met its death through violence. But an uninjured skeleton or body of a wild animal without a wound, I have never heard of.'

I found once in the woods of McKean county, Pa., the skeletons of two enormous bucks with their antlers locked together. It was plain that the two animals had engaged in mortal combat, during which their horns had become entangled, and it being impossible to break the lock thus made, both bucks succumbed to exhaustion and starvation. Another time I found the body of a doe in the woods, and near by lay the mutilated remains of a big rattlesnake. The story of the two bodies was plain to me. The deer true to its nature, had attacked the snake, but the snake had succeeded in striking the deer with its fangs before the sharp hoofs of the animals had killed it. I have come upon many other dead bodies and skeletons of wild animals at different times in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence that the beast had died from violence of some kind. So the mystery as to what becomes of the wild animals that die from natural causes remains.

Then here is another mystery of the woods. Who ever killed a buck that had no horns, and whoever found a set of deer antlers in the woods—antlers that had been cast to make room for a new set? I have roamed for many years the woods where deer abound, and I have never either killed a hornless buck or found a pair of horns. And I have never heard of any one who did. Yet every woodsman knows or ought to know, that no buck has even the sign of a horn until he is two years old, and that every buck who has horns casts them off each spring and grows a new set. Now, where do all the bucks under two years old keep themselves. The cast-off antlers, as every woodsman knows, are eaten by field mice and wood mice; but that fact explains one of the mysteries of the forests.

I wish some one would tell me also why it is that a dog, even the smartest kind of a dog, don't seem to be able to let a hedgehog alone, although the dog may have had ever so many lessons. There are no hedgehogs in this locality and consequently, folks hereabout don't know much on the subject of this passion of dogs for tackling hedgehogs but up in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt, people know all about it and wonder at it correspondingly. Some folks would call the hemlock belt hedgehog a porcupine, but that would make no difference to the hemlock belt dog. He would let that habit of pitching into it get the better of him just the same. I have known the best trained deerhound to stop suddenly on a hot trail to have a fight with one of those porcupines, although he may have just got in shape from his last encounter with one. Of course, the dog usually kills his game, but it is always after more or less wear and tear to himself. He is bound to have his mouth and nose filled with the porcupine's quills, and it is this that seems to egg the dog on with renewed spirit. The pain they inflict maddens him, and he pitches in fiercer than ever, only to receive another quarterful of the sharp and penetrating little weapons. Many a valuable hunting dog has been ruined by these quills. Such numbers of them entering his nose and mouth as to destroy his scenting quality. The quills sink so deep into the flesh that it

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure time can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toys, Dolls and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING Co., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

is almost impossible to remove them with one's fingers, and the longer they are left in the deeper they insert themselves. Any part of a quill left in a dog's flesh will continue its journey into the flesh, and will in time result seriously if not fatally. Yet the dog seems to have an inborn predilection for fighting the hedgehog; in fact it is almost impossible in a region where that animal abounds to eradicate that singular inclination.

When Holidays Are Enforced.

Very few people know that there are a great and increasing number of firms in this country—banking firms especially—who make an inflexible rule that all employees, whether they be managerial heads or mere junior clerks, must take an annual holiday.

The speaker was one of the best known accountants in London, and he continued: The reason is that all great employers now realize that most long-continued cases of embezzlement and breach of trust are only as a rule, discovered through the offender being compelled, through illness or some other cause, to leave his books for a time.

Nearly all defaulting bank managers are trapped through their enforced absence, and thus it has begun to be the rule for employers to insist that servants who have the manipulation of books and money must go away. Hundreds of sets of books come into my hands and those of other accountants in this way, and I could tell you of many cases where two or more clerks, who could in their ordinary work play into each other's hands, are sent holiday-making at the same time.

Another fact of the same kind that is little known is that many employers make a rule of having their employees photographed very plainly in groups every year or two—on some occasion of festivity that is made the excuse—so that the firm always possess a valuable means of identification in case of any man absconding.

HOW A SORE HEALS.

WHEN THE BLOOD IS PURE AND RICH IT WILL HEAL RAPIDLY.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, who has been Troubled With a Running Sore for More Than a Year.

From the Times, Owen Sound. In the township of Sarawak, Grey county, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley, of East Linton P. O. Learning that his nephew, a young lad now about ten years of age, had been cured of a disease of his leg, which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the Times made inquiry, and we are convinced that the wonderful working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, 'Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong.' Asked for particulars, Mr. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reporter to his wife, who in telling the case said:—'In the month of September, 1897 my nephew, Chester Gawley who lives with his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one, but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued through the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitow, Manitoba, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the leg which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound. Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them 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.

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CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 2 five cent lines for every additional line. WANTED Old Postage stamps used before 1894, worth more than the envelopes. Good prices paid. Address W. A. KAIN 116 and 120 Gerrard St. St. John, N. B. BICYCLE THIS YEARS "MARSEY-BARRETT" FOR SALE. A 1898 model Marsey-Harris Bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75. Cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 22 inch frame and handlessly un-matched and nickel-plated. Address communication to "Cyclist," Progress Office. A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BRUSHWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass. WANTED By an Old Established House—High standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill. STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 358 St. John, N. B. RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent with good-paved lot for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property and which is a half mile from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsey Building. 34 6-11

THE Following Extract. A young man who wanted to enter the ranks of journalism applied to the editor of the Brandon Backsaw, who is now in Philadelphia, for a situation. When asked what he could do he assured the editor that his vast and varied knowledge qualified him for any position. Being offered a post requiring him to fill the 'Answers to correspondents' column he accepted the place gladly, asserting that, even without consulting reference books, he could answer all the questions that might be asked. The first question he received was on a postal addressed to the editor of the Backsaw. The question and the reply were as follows: 'Dear sir—Where can I obtain the vermouth appendix?' 'Apply to the secretary of the interior at Washington.'—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lecountsky" Method; also "System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of M. J. L. WHITE, C.E.



Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

This department went to press last week too early for any reference to the two concerts, in which Gwilyn Miles the Welsh baritone, was the stellar attraction.

Mr. Spencer's reputation for reliability in these matters is now so thoroughly established that when once his name is connected with the management of a concert, in which any singer is exploited, the musical public knows it is going to get something good.

An event of next week will be the concert in the Institute on Thursday evening Oct. 27, under the auspices of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.

AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

My little daughter's head and face broke out in bleeding sores. One of her ears was so affected we thought it would drop off.

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It will be Paul Vidal's "Hans," otherwise "Gauthier d'Aquitaine," besides a revival of "Sampson et Dalila" with Mlle. D'las; Mehli's "Joseph," with Mlle. Aokte, and Chabrier's "Brisels," with M. Chretien.

It would not be surprising to see Lillian Russell on the vaudeville stage after her return to the United States.

Mme. Sembrich has gone to Bayreuth for awhile, in order to study the role of Eva with the autocratic mistress Wabnir.

Mme. Johanna Gadski seems to be imbued with the spirit that impels to superior artistic achievements. She has been studying Italian and will take the parts of Valentine, in "The Huguenots," Aida, and the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The much anticipated Devil's Auction has come and gone, and nobody is any the worse of its four days stay in the city—except, perhaps, those who didn't see it.

As a spectacular show only, it is magnificent, rich in dazzling scenic effects, gorgeous costumes and shapely women. Halifax and Fredericton ministers to the contrary, the Devil's Auction is free from anything that savors in the slightest degree of vulgarity, and the audiences during the local engagement were most select.

The company has in one of its members, Miss Allen a beautiful contralto singer, and those who listened to her were charmed with her exquisitely rich voice. The show however was disappointingly in many ways.

The New York Despatch in trying to find a reason for so much naughtiness on the stage of that city says "The dressing of the stage used to be its success. Now stage dressing is a large measure of success in many theatres. Many tons of theatrical make-up is now required nightly to satisfy New York's taste, be it morbid or popular. Can it be the great bachelor population demands it? Certainly married men cannot. What is the great remedy, elevate public taste or marry the bachelors off and compel it by law?"

The only New York novelty on Monday night was Frohman's production of "On and Off," a farce already produced in Washington. The cast includes E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Amelia Bingham and Katherine Florence.

James K. Hackett will produce Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" in Philadelphia on November 21.

Gladys Wallis has joined William H. Crane's company, and will be in the cast of Eugene W. Pesbery's new play, which is entitled "Worth a Million," and is to be acted for the first time at Pittsburg on Saturday next.

Sol Smith Russell is making all haste to produce his new play by Charles Klein, Martha Marton's comedy, "Uncle Dick," was an unmistakable failure.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "The Voyagers" is a second frost for Roland Reed this season.

Joseph Jefferson and others prominent in the theatrical profession are arranging the preliminary details for a testimonial to be tendered to C. W. Coudcock, which it is expected will take place some time next month.

In "The Little Host," Della Fox appears as a well-to-do young woman in male attire, in gait costume, and in the raiment of her own sex. The company includes R. E. Graham, Eugene O'Rourke, John Slavin, Hugh Chivers, Miss Mabel Bouton and Miss Alice Johnson.

Messrs. W. Terriss and W. T. Terriss, the two sons of the late William Terriss, the English actor, are in New York.

Maud Haslam will replace Isabelle Eveson in the sketch, "That Overcoat," now being played in vaudeville. George Oser and Ollie Redpath are to go into vaudeville shortly in a sketch written by George H. Robinson, who will also play one of the parts. It is to be called "A Family Affair" and treats of a mixup of identity at the French Ball.

Daniel Frohman announces that before the end of Mr. Sothern's engagement in New York he will present "A Shilling's Worth," by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson and Grace Livingston Furniss. The play has been rechristened and will be known hereafter as the "The Old Love and the New." "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" will be continued a fortnight longer. Mr. Sothern will confine himself on his coming tour to the production of "The Old Love and the New" and the "King's Musketeer."

When "A Greek Slave" has exhausted its popularity the London Gaiety company will return to modern dress, with Marie Tempest in a boy's part. It will not have a libretto by James Davis, who has quarreled with George Edwards. He has been a lawyer and a journalist before he wrote "The Gaiety Girl," which was so discouraging to its promoters at its last rehearsal that its production was all but abandoned. But "An Artist Model" and "The Gaiety Girl" yielded him in one year \$35,000 another play \$45,000, and a third \$40,000. These figures were brought out in litigation.

Grace Filkins, now appearing in the new production, "The War Correspondent," will resume the role of Celia Fryse in Charles Coghlan's play, "The Royal Box." Katherine Grey, who has been playing this role since the opening of the season, will retire from the cast in order to carry out other plans which she has in view.

J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister," has written a new comedy, "Two Kinds of Women," which George Alexander will play.

Sam Bernard as a "star" has evidently sunk beneath the horizon. It is stated in the New York Telegraph that he will appear in the cast of "A Dangerous Maid." Others to play in this forthcoming Casino piece, adapted by Sidney Rosenfeld, are Julius Steger, Sidney Booth, Charles Plunkett, William Norris, William Sampson, James Peakes, Midge Lessing, Laura Burt, Marie George, and Helen Marvin. It will be a costume piece, and the plates indicate that the dresses will be brilliant and novel. The sensational feature of the presentation will be the reproduction of the well-known pictures, "The Dael" and "The Reconciliation," in which two young women, stripped to the waist, fight with rapiers, and then make it all up. These two young women will be played by Miss Lessing and Miss Burt, and while, of course, the revelations of the human chest will not be as frank as they are in the original pictures, it is said that they will still be rather daring.

The Bubb comedians were stranded in Pennsylvania last week, the manager decamping with the weeks receipts. A benefit enabled some of the company to get to their homes.

Mrs. James L. Carhart (Irene L. Carhart), has been ill at Gloucester, Mass., for the past four weeks from nervous prostration, verging on heart failure.

James W. Binkson has made a pronounced success as Montmorency with Charles Coghlan in The Royal Box.

Albert Gran, now at Bergen, Norway, expects to resume his work in America in a few months.

Florence St. John the well known actress is recovering from a very dangerous illness.

Henry E. Dixey will appear soon in a burlesque upon Cyrano de Bergerac under management of E. E. Rice.

George R. Sims in collaboration with Leonard Merrick is at work upon a new farce comedy called The Elixir of Life.

Paul Arthur will have a prominent role in the coming London production of the new play by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose.

Annie Sutherland has been engaged by David Belasco to originate a leading role in the American production of Zaza.

Mrs. E. H. Sothern (Virginia Harned) after the Brooklyn engagement of Mr. Sothern, will rest until later in the season when she may star. She may go abroad for a few months, Edith Crane replacing her in Sothern's company.

Grace Thorne has joined The White Heather, succeeding Amelia Bingham for an indefinite engagement in Boston.

Marie Dressler is suffering from a badly sprained ankle.

Madeline Buton is slowly recovering from a long illness, Miss Buton was T. D. Frawley's leading woman when she was stricken with illness in San Francisco.

Katherine Rober now includes The Great Diamond Robbery, and Bob in her extensive repertory.

Chauncey Olcott will produce Pitou's new play in January. The Comedy is as yet unnamed.

French, English and American Millinery.



We are showing an elegant stock of all the latest novelties in Trimmed and Untrimmed HATS, TOQUES AND BONNETS. Also Misses' and Children's HATS. Trimmed and Untrimmed, and walking HATS.

MORNING MILLINERY a specialty. Prices moderate. Inspection invited. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street. STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING.

Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.

Grand Concert!

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, Thursday, Oct. 27, AT 8 P. M.

W. EDGAR BUCK, Conductor. MISS GODDARD, Pianiste. TICKETS, 35 CENTS.

Duncan Preston will leave Lost in Siberia this week.

Addison Pitt and Arthur Sanders are recent additions to the My Sweetheart company.

George C. Boniface will join the Lyceum company on Nov. 22.

Della Fox appeared at the Empire Theatre, Albany, on Saturday night, in her new operatic comedy, The Little Host, written by Edgar Smith and Louis De Lange. The star appears in the role of a swell young man about town and also as a young woman. Her company includes R. E. Graham, Eugene O'Rourke, John Slavin, Hugh Chivers, Mabel Bouton, and Alice Johnson.

John Francis Palmer and Mrs. Percy West (Bertine Robison), both of Waiter's Comedy company, were married on Oct. 6 at Newburgh, N. Y.

Chant of The Gallery Gods. The heaven we inhabit is away above the stars— We mean the stars that glimmer on the stage; It smelt of beer and onions and of garlic and cigars. And the atmosphere would make an angel rage. It's called the fam'ly circle 'cause there are no fam'lies there. The seats are high but still the price is low; And here we sit from seven till a quarter to eleven— And we never miss a moment of the show. The melodrama suits us best—it's always worth the price. Though comedy is good enough at times. But for a steady diet, give us villainy and riot, And a carnival of accidents and crimes; A rough and ready hero, with a lusty, husky voice, Whose fist is ever ready for a blow; Then give us rain and thunder, when the villain steals the punter, And the gallery will guarantee a "go" And when you talk of "mother, and the little country home," And swear you'll pay the mortgage on the farm, There are some of us who pray, in a silent sort of way, That the villain may not do you any harm. We know what all these troubles are—we're in them all the time— That's why we love the melodrama so; And we do the best we can to be like the leading man. And as decent as the hero in the show.

Colgate's Goods

I have just opened a full line of COLGATE'S Celebrated - Perfumes, Toilet Water, Violet Powder, Toilet Soaps, Shaving Soap and Shampoo. SEE MY DISPLAY.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Chemist and Druggist. 35 King Street Telephone 239 Mail and Telephone orders promptly filled.

ASTHMA AFTER TWELVE YEARS CURED AND PERMANENTLY.

A well-known Toronto lady adds her testimony to the long list of those freed from the bondage of asthma.

CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND CURES

Toronto, Aug. 18, 1898. Messrs. Griffiths and MacPherson Co., Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen.—I have been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for twelve years, which gradually grew each year, in spite of the hundreds of dollars my husband has spent with several doctors, and almost every remedy we could procure, which only afforded temporary relief.

For the past two years I could not lie on my left side, and during the past year previous to taking Clarke's Kola Compound, the asthma became so severe that I had not had a full night's sleep, and during most of that time we had a doctor in attendance. We gave up several doctors, as I was coming no better, and the last doctor, after about two months' treatment, told me he could do nothing for me, and advised to go to Manitoba or some dry climate. We heard of Clarke's Kola Compound being a cure for asthma, and before taking this remedy made several inquiries from those who had taken it, and in each case found the result so satisfactory that we resolved to try it. After taking the first bottle I became much better, and began to sleep well at night; since taking the third bottle I have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. My appetite, which was formerly very poor, has returned.

I am gaining in flesh and feel perfectly healthy in every way. I feel that the benefit this remedy has in all asthmatic cases should be known, and I can assure you I will do all in my power to induce any sufferers from this terrible disease to try it.

(Signed) Mrs. MARGARET McLAUGHLIN, 50 Vanarsley Street.

Certified correct by FERRIS McLAUGHLIN, Professor of Toronto Dairy Co.

Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by all drug stores. Price \$3.00 per bottle or three for \$8.00. See that you get Clarke's Kola Compound. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Address, The Griffiths & MacPherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C.

Mention this paper.



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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 22nd

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

WILL THERE BE AN ELECTION?

The rumors of a provincial election are reviving, but the information that PROGRESS has indicated that there will be no contest before another session. The members of the government are not agreed upon the matter and so far as we can gather the member most eager to go to the country is Hon. Mr. TWEEDIE the provincial secretary. His boast may be an idle one but he claims, we understand that he can carry the four seats in Northumberland, three in Gloucester, three in Kent, two in Victoria, two in Restigouche and two in Madawaska counties for the government. That would mean sixteen seats and ten more in other parts of the province would give the administration a majority. Hon. Mr. WHITE also has this view of the case. He seems to agree with the opinion that the campaign of the opposition should be checked before the whole province becomes interested and too attentive to the charges brought against their government. The views of these two gentlemen would probably have prevailed but for the opinion of the former premier of the province, Mr. BLAIR, who yet, apparently, has more influence than any of his successors in office. The conference that took place during his recent hurried visit to this city overruled Mr. TWEEDIE's opinion and the chances are that unless something unexpected happens there will be a session before an election.

In the meantime the opposition have greater confidence in themselves and their position than ever before. The reception they are getting all over the province no doubt sustains them in their conviction.

INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY CLOTHES.

It is one of the joys and at the same time one of the misfortunes of youth that there are such things as Sunday clothes. Sunday clothes—cannot we all remember the time when they were at once our delight and our bugbear? Through six days of the week we were not wrapped up, so to speak, in lavender by a careful mother who, on Saturday night, laid them carefully out on the chair at the foot of the bed, to be donned in the morning along with other stiff-and-starched et-ceteras which were the unflinching harbingers of a day that did not win much of our childish affection? Sunday was a mitigated pleasure in those days. True it meant a cessation of school-work, when we had arrived at the age when school had a meaing for us, but it meant likewise the banishment from the play-room of many of our most cherished possessions. But above all, most insistently of all, it meant Sunday clothes. And in that phrase was wrapped up a deal of meaning.

Primarily we liked Sunday clothes. There was a sense of newness about them an air of unfamiliarity which captivated the youthful heart. We had not got so accustomed to them that we despised and were weary of them. There were no snags or tears about them, and they had not arrived at the stained worn stage which was the predominant feature of our workaday clothes.

Whether it was the result of training, or whether it was in a measure instinctive, it is hard to say, but it will not be denied that Sunday clothes did exercise a mental if not a moral influence over us. Our outlook was changed when we were garbed in our best array. We were good—or, to be exact, we were better than usual. We assumed a dignity which did not belong to us six days out of the seven, and we seemed to become seriously responsible individuals. It is of no use to argue that it was simply the day, with its church-going associations, that took possession of our ordinary

ly turbulent spirits, for did we not on occasion don our Sunday clothes on a weekday, and did we not then become possessed of the same spirit? No—it was not the day that primarily influenced us, but with our fine clothes we felt more like a man put on his parade. Like nobility, they imposed an obligation, and in our childish unreasoning way, we tried to act up to that obligation. If you doubt your memory of those days, experiment now with a child, and see if he or she is not more tractable when dressed up in his or her best than when in every-day costume.

Has it ever been your painful experience to know a man of parts who has come down in the world—come down, that is, to low grovelling wretchedness? There are many such about; they are not difficult to find if you know their ruses, and pitiful as they are, they are worth making objects of observant study. We are speaking of men of ability who, through drink or some other form of intemperance, have come down perhaps to a common lodging-house, from which, from time to time, they emerge into comparative gentility, when their slackened energies are not for a moment braced. You may see the influence of clothes in their case. One day they are in rags, and then they are careless and defiant of public opinion; they will slouch about in districts where they have been known in more fortunate times—ill-shod, unshaven, snuff-nosed, loose-limbed. But, on a sudden, a stroke of good fortune will give them a suit of new clothes, or of comparatively new clothes. At once some of their old bearing, some of the instincts of former times, will come back to them. Whereas yesterday, in their rags; they thought nothing of a beard of a week's growth, to-day they are ashamed of a two-days' beard, and they find means to rid themselves of it. Their snuffiness has given place to cleanliness, their amble and slouch have been exchanged for a walk. But, as the day comes round, as it soon will, when their last cent is gone and the second hand has claimed their clothes then—why, you will find they have put off their manner with their garments, that they have lost their gait with their appearance.

We shall not perhaps be going too far away from the subject of Sunday clothes—which is, after all, merely a figurative phrase—if we include within our survey the mental and moral influence of other surroundings, notably the home. Of the primary surroundings of town or country, of bricks or trees, we have often spoken, but the secondary surroundings of the house are hardly less important. If you can live up to a suit of clothes you can certainly live up to a house. And it is for this reason that we think there is no more wholesome form of philanthropy than to go about preaching the gospel of beauty in the home. It needs a certain amount of taste and education to rear up a beautiful home; but when once it is established it is a perpetual stimulant. We do not wish to deny the power of heredity in keeping some of our poorest classes in penury and hopelessness; but heredity is not all. Environment plays a by no means unimportant part, and the ugly, sordid, dirty home is a potent influence in encouraging brutality and all low forms of vice. First of all cleanliness, then beauty that should be the motto of every housewife. And, though subtle art will not appeal to the untutored mind, there are plenty of broad effects of beauty which can hardly fail to make an unconscious appeal to all but the lowest intellects.

Some time ago when New Westminster made an appeal to St. John to assist them in their distress, their city having been visited by a destructive fire, an inquiry was made at the council board respecting the funds in the hands of the relief and aid society. More than twenty years have passed since that money was subscribed to assist those who suffered by the St. John fire and there are many who think that the time has arrived when the affairs of the fund should be wound up and the balance applied to the benefit of all the people. The expenses of managing the fund are out of proportion to the sum that is distributed every year and the idea of winding it up should be carefully considered.

Our correspondent, "LYNX" whose letter appears in this issue, is mistaken if he thinks the resort that he complains of is an excuse for any such organization as a Law and Order League. We have a police force, and such matters as this come within their jurisdiction. And we have no doubt, that if "LYNX", or anyone else, makes complaint to the chief of police, proper attention will be paid to the matter.

Well, that fellow gets a new overcoat every winter. Oh, no he doesn't, he gets his old one dyed at Ungar's. They make the old new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Where I would love to be, Where red buds fall from the waving tree Is there I would love to be. Where moonlight carpets the sylvan aisles, Where the splendored silver shies; And Fairies gathered in merry rings, In their mystic dance are seen, Where the night bird calls them to revelry, It is there I would love to be. Where the solitudes of the forest old, Under the stately pines, Are decked with crimson and golden leaves, And the great sun smiling shines, And the twilight waits me silently It is there I would love to be. Where pyramid shadows slant afar, Down the ancient aisles of time, Over the waves of the vanished years, Telling of souls that rebelled, Over the infinite shoreless sea, It is there I would love to be. Where wings of the green palms far outspread, Arbour my lovely dreams, And fragrant fountains lull my soul, And the beautiful starlight gleams, Where the smiling skies look down to see, It is there I would love to be. Where one might stray I would pray to see In her robe of celestial light, My love for her lover, in silent tears, Seeking me day and night, Where hope would lead her astray to me, It is there I would love to be.

THE PRIMROSES, October 1898.

Old Novels and New. In all the novels of the past, This or that classic friend, Heroes and heroines find at last Their Eden at the end; Their lives may fall at first, yet no, You never feel dejected, By certain that the sorriest throw By Art will be corrected. You felt a confidence assured, Despite her mild alarm, That Orville soon will allured By Evelyn's charms; You knew Miss Austen's fertile brain A method would discover By which Anne Elliot might regain Her banished sailor lover. But now, egad! the hero wins The heroine half way through, And on the following page begins His triumph to undo; By quick degrees their fortunes fall By some malign conclusion, And to evensong, at all, In positive conclusion.

For either Angelin, tired Of Edwin's faithful heart, And by some never passion fired, Upsets the apple cart; Or Edwin, who had seemed a saint, To swell the general sadness Develops an ancestral talent Of drunkenness or madness. Or worse in this outpoken age My modern novel comes, Exaline from each crime scene page The savor of the stews; Where Billie and Arriette nag and shout, And die in master's arms; And various oaths are strewn about To make it realistic. Then, since I know that life itself Has grimness and to spare, I take "Fidelius" from the shelf And find my solace there; Or the hints with Ivanhoe I feel my blood a-tingle, Or else from stage to stage I go With Fickwick and with Jingle. Oh, ye who sell such dismal wares, Let be, good sirs, let be, Are there not sunlit sweet parterres, Whereof you hold the key; Where one may for a space perchance, Forget this world's disorder, And pluck bright blossoms of romance From each enchanted border?

To The Sirdar. I have the voice, the words, the phrases, I have the air (a tuneful thing), Gilt Schenker to sing thy praises, And yet I stick I cannot sing; Poor Dervishes, how didst thou trounce them! A thump for every poet's tongue; Yet till I know how to pronounce them, My song must stay unmade, unstrung. How could I break forth thus: "Hurrah! he Turns all the Mahodists' plans awry And routs the hordes of Abdullah!" When I should say "Abdullah!" Wouldst thou not utter in thy grief a Renowned and expressive "Ah!" To hear me cry, "Poor doomed Khalifa!" When thou mayst call him "Khalifa!" Thou'ldst preach at me a wrathful sermon, Should I sing how thy skilful plan Has brought thee down to Omdurman; When really 'tis to Omdurman; And 'tis an irksome task and dreary, More dreary than this sad song tells, To find how to accent Karer, Jebel, and various Wadels.

Hence, though no strain could well be sweeter Than mine will be, when mine is made, The all-exacting laws of metre, And also rhyme, must be obeyed; But cease thy bitter lamentation, I'll sing a song that's worthy thee When boudance accentuation Is not a mystery to me!

—From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Keep A-Gole. If you strike a thorn or rose, Keep a-gole! If it balls, or if it snows, Keep a-gole! 'Tain't no use to sit an' whine When the fish ain't on your line; Bait the hook an' keep a-tryin'— Keep a-gole! When the weather kills your crop, Keep a-gole! When you tumble from the top, Keep a-gole! 'Specially 'tween out o' every dime, Gittin' broke ain't any crime; Tell the world you're feelin' fine— Keep a-gole!

When it looks like all is up, Keep a-gole! Drain the sweetest from the cup Keep a-gole! See the wild birds on the wing, Hear the bells that sweetly ring, When you feel like aighn' sing— Keep a-gole!

To Her. Her mind's a garden, where do grow Sweet thoughts like posies in a row; Her soul is as some lucent star, That shines upon us from afar; Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep, Where swirling waves of passion sweep, Aye, deeper than the deepest sea, And wide as woman's mystery; O man, the mariner, beware— Yet will I chance a shipwreck there.

To Whom It May Concern.

To His Emory Or Prognosis: I notice by your issue of Oct 18, the query, "where is the Law and Order League?" Yes, where is it? There is work for it right on Prince William street, not one hundred miles from Reed's Point, a former denizen of Walker's wharf who many times figured in police circles is now located and I am told carries on the same old trade. Lawd persons of all descriptions gather in numbers in this little wooden shanty. Respectfully ask that your valuable journal call the attention of the Law and Order League to the circumstances and have the evil rectified. Your very able journal did good service in rooting out the notorious den then known as the Dominion Hotel 2 years ago. Hope that it will be again successful. LYXX, St. John, N. B. Oct. 19, 1898.

A Useful Bit of Advice.

The catalogue of the St. John Business College for 1898-1899 has just been issued from the press of Jas. Seaton, and is very neatly gotten up. It contains all the information necessary for those contemplating a business course, and is well worth a careful perusal by those who may or may not be familiar with the methods of instruction carried on in this up to date institution. One who knows would advise all who are seeking a thorough business training to communicate with Messrs. S. Kerr & Son who will furnish them with a copy of their catalogue and any other information they may desire with reference to such a course.

This is Good News Indeed.

There is a well defined rumor to the effect that the chief of police had a pleasant trip to Spruce Lake last week and that he succeeded, with the aid of the stalwart policeman who went with him in getting the boat house and boats into safe quarters for the winter. But still there is no word of the police fund.

Experience in Business.

Experience will broaden one's knowledge and ability and business, when one gets a place to stand in; but to obtain the place and hold it depends upon whether or not one has prepared himself to fill it. The Currie Business University is doing excellent work in preparing young people for business.

GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Greater Wealth Than in Alaska and South Africa Combined. Concerning the promise of extensive gold fields in the Philippines, where it is already known that gold exists, an exchange says the islands are a greater Klondike than Alaska, and even greater than Alaska and South Africa, could these two be combined as one country. The Philippine islands are rich in gold, rich in rubies and precious stones, and well supplied with coal and all useful minerals. So attractive have the Philippine Islands been to sailors that for years captains of sailing vessels and steamships have guarded against desertion when at the Philippines. Sailors would willingly buy their freedom and leave the ship, if only they might be allowed to remain in this beautiful and rich country.

Their experienced eyes can see the gold even in the sand, and they hear, as soon as they touch the shore, many stories of the minerals that have been brought from the interior. Every planter coming with his cargo to the vessels brings colored stones in his pockets, which were either precious or semi-precious stones. Rubies were plentiful among the precious stones, and hyacinths among the semi-precious stones. Either of these were valuable enough to make it worth while to collect them. Almost every kind of mining can be done in these charming islands. The mountains in the center give rise to many streams, which flow down almost to the coast. These frequently bring down heavy nuggets of gold, showing that there is a fine chance up above for hydraulic mining. Gold can be panned on the level along the shores of the streams, and there are few places where the sand does not pan the color of gold. In fact, the very ground has a reddish tinge, and there are tracts which plainly show color.

THE OLD BAILEY.

An old Land Mark of London is Shortly to be Removed. Almost every one has heard of the Gaol of Newgate and the Old Bailey Sessions House in London. Novelists have told of them and travelers have made a point of seeing them. And now the historic old buildings are to be pulled down to admit of the building of a grand new Sessions House on the ground they now occupy. The London Chronicle gives the following interesting particulars concerning them. Newgate marks the site of an entrance into a Roman city. The gate was made in the west side of the later City wall. In William the Conquerors time a gate known as Chamberlain, or the Chamberlain's Gate, stood across the street between Warwicklane and the present prison. That gate, rebuilt in the reign of Henry II., or his successor, was in the reign of Henry III. in common use as a prison. In the year 1400, Henry IV. committed it by charter to the care of the Corporation. Sir Richard Whittington, moved by the ruin-

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda.



More convenient, Makes the food lighter and more healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ous state of the fabric and the terrible state of the gaol, instructed his executors to rebuild the gate, which was done upon the customary plan. After undergoing an addition, repairs and refronting at various periods, the old building gave way to new ones designed by George Dance, R. A., the first stone of which was laid by Lord Mayor Beckford on the 6th and 7th, 1870, by the 'No Popery' rioters. Afterwards a sum of £80,000 was devoted to repairing and completing the fabric, which is considered by experts to be admirable in design and character. On the opening of Whitecross street prison in 1815, Newgate ceased to be used for debtors, and since 1882 it has only been used for prisoners awaiting trial during sessions and for those condemned to death. The present Sessions House, next to the gaol, consists of two courts—the old court and the new court. The first mentioned is for the more serious cases. It is lighted from the north, and has a gloomy and sinister aspect. The first Sessions House was that of Stowe's time, and, singular to say, the trial court was open to the street, the back looking northwards. It was succeeded by a court house, erected in 1773, and destroyed in the 'No Popery' riots above alluded to but rebuilt and enlarged in 1800 by the addition of the site of Surgeons' Hall, where the bodies of malefactors were taken for dissection immediately after execution. The new Sessions House will be rebuilt from plans prepared by Mr. Andrew Murray, the city surveyor, and will be carried out at an estimated cost of £120,000.

METALS THAT ARE PREVIOUS.

Compared With Them, Gold Belongs to Those of the Basest Kind.

The majority of people when asked to name the most precious metals usually mention gold at first, platinum as second and silver as third, said the proprietor of a large assay and refining establishment. If asked to name others some might add nickel and a few aluminum to the list. Now let us see how near the truth they would be. Gold is worth about \$250 per pound troy, platinum \$130 and silver about \$12. Nickel is worth about 60 cents and pure aluminum from 50 cents to \$2.

We will now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well known metals. To take them in alphabetical order, barium, the metal which Davy isolated from its ore baryte in 1808, sells for \$950 a pound, when it is sold at all and calcium is worth \$1,800 a pound. Cesium is a shade higher: its cost is \$160 an ounce, or \$1,920 per pound. Three begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point, chromium being \$200. Cobalt falls to about half the price of silver, while didymium, the metal isolated by Masander, is the same price as calcium. Then comes gallium, which is worth \$3,250 an ounce, with this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.

Gloium is worth \$250 per ounce, indium \$160, iridium \$658 a pound, janthanium \$175, and lithium \$160 per ounce. Nidium costs \$228 per ounce, osium, walladium, platinum, potassium and rhodium bring, respectively, \$640, \$400, \$130 \$32 and \$512 per pound. Strontium costs \$128 an ounce, tantalum, \$144, titanium \$9, thorium \$272, vanadium \$320, ytium \$144 and zirconium \$260 an ounce.

Thus we see that the commonly received opinion as to what are the most precious metals is quite erroneous. Barium is more than four times as valuable as gold, and gallium 102 times as costly, while many of the other metals mentioned are twice and thrice as valuable. Aluminum, which cost \$8 and \$9 a pound in 1890, is now produced as cheaply as our iron, zinc, lead and copper.

'How lucky for poor Dick's children that his relatives are all so wealthy.' 'Why, what have they done for them?' 'Got them all into orphan asylums.'





Mrs. L. A. Curry entertained several of her friends at an afternoon whist party last Friday.

Before leaving each guest was presented with a dainty souvenir of the occasion. The principal society event of the week will be the marriage of Miss Alys Tuck and Mr. Freeman Lake, which will take place in the Centenary church at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

The bride will be attended by her sister Miss Emma Tuck and Miss Annie Scammon, while Mr. Arthur Thorne will support the groom. The many presents received by the bride and groom testify to their popularity. Miss Tuck will be married in a gown of white satin.

Miss Winnie Hall returned Thursday from a most enjoyable visit to friends in Boston.

Mrs. Edge of London Ont., is spending a few weeks with her daughter Mrs. Sherwood Skinner of this city.

Mr. Douglas McLaughlin returned last Monday from a trip to Boston.

Miss Stevenson spent an hour or two in Sussex, on Monday returning to the city in the afternoon. Miss Stevenson has returned to Prince Edward Island, after a very pleasant visit at the home of Rev. Mr. Hargis, West Side.

Mrs. C. H. Borden of Wolfville, N. S., is spending a few weeks with friends in this city and Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. MacNutt were here from the capital for a day or two this week.

Mrs. Fred Seeley is paying a visit to Halifax and during her stay is being entertained by Mrs. G. H. Taylor, College street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Donovan of New Haven spent a part of this week in the city.

A party of St. Martin ladies who visited St. John this week were Mrs. J. Moran, Mrs. H. E. Gillmore and Mrs. W. Vaughan.

Miss Dorothy Cole who for some time has been leading soprano in Germain street church left this week for Boston where she will take up the study of music under a leading vocalist of that city. Miss Cole is a bright and very pretty young lady whose hosts of friends here will always be pleased to hear of her success.

Mr. P. Robinson left this week for Chicago to enter upon his duties in the Bank of Nova Scotia agency in that city.

Mrs. E. H. Root came from Boston this week for a short visit to St. John.

Senator Wood of Sackville spent Sunday in the city. He was accompanied by Mrs. Wood.

The Neptune Rowing club ball takes place at the assembly rooms on Wednesday evening next. A large number of invitations have been issued and the affair will be chaperoned by Mrs. Charles Holden, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mrs. George McAuliffe, Mrs. C. A. McDonald, Mrs. Alfred Porter, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. F. E. Sayre, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee and Mrs. W. E. Yrom.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Libby of Brookfield, N. S., were in the city for a short time the beginning of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hill spent Sunday in the city en route to Springhill, N. S., after a pleasant visit of four weeks to the United States.

Senator Snowball made a short stay in the city this week on his way home from a trip to Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Gurnsey and Mrs. C. O. Palmer of Dover, Me., were among the weeks visitors to the city.

Miss Gertrude Fenety who for several months has been the guest of city relatives returned this week to her home in Fredericton.

Miss Alice Blackhall of Campbellton spent a short time among city friends and relatives this week.

A pleasant surprise was given Rev. R. W. Weddell and Mrs. Weddell of Queen Square Methodist church, last Monday evening the 25th, anniversary of their marriage when a number of church officials and others called at their residences to offer congratulations and good wishes for continued happiness. The evening was very pleasantly spent in music and interesting conversation until ten o'clock.

At that hour Mr. A. B. Gillmore made the presentation on behalf of those assembled, of a silver silver and scallop dish. The gifts were accompanied by a felicitous speech which Mr. Weddell made an appropriate reply. A number of other gifts were received by Mr. and Mrs. Weddell from friends in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and many friends from the capital were present at the anniversary celebration on Monday evening.

Mayor MacDougall of Toronto was a visitor to the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. H. P. Timmerman returned last Saturday from a trip to Megantic.

Mr. H. A. Powell, M. P. for Westmorland, and Mr. Chapman of Dorchester paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. Isaac Stevens is enjoying his annual holiday at Wolford.

Miss Nellie Monjoy of Portland Me., spent the past week with relatives in the West side.

Mrs. Stewart, mother of the editor of the Chatham World returned to her home on Tuesday after spending three weeks in the city, the guest of Mrs. Fred Fowler, St. James street. Miss Stewart remains for a few days longer.

A large party of friends assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stammers on Wednesday evening the 19th anniversary of their marriage to tender them their good wishes, and give a tangible proof of their esteem by the presentation of a very handsome oxcar table and chair which Dr. Carey of Brussels street church presented in the name of the assembled friends. Various games and music made the evening pass pleasantly and at the close light refreshments were served.

Mrs. D. Farquharson and Miss Farquharson of Charlottetown were in the city this week on their way home to the Island from the United States.

Miss James Bourke and Miss Bourke of St. Martins spent Wednesday in the city.

An interesting event took place at the Cathedral at an early hour Wednesday morning, when the double wedding of Mr. John Condon, of this city, to Miss Theresa McCollough, and Mr. Richard Sutton of Charlottetown, to Miss Maggie McCollough, of this city, was celebrated. The double ceremony was performed at the Cathedral by the Rev. F. J. McMurray. Mr. Sutton and Miss Maggie McCollough were married first and were unattended. Immediately on the conclusion of this wedding, Mr. Con-

don and Miss Theresa McCollough were made man and wife. Miss McCollough was attended by Miss Mary McAuliffe and Mrs. Condon by Mr. John H. Finlay. Miss Theresa McCollough has been some time in the employ of Messrs. Emerson & Fisher's, which firm presented her with a handsome set of table cutlery. The office employees gave her a parlor clock. Miss McAuliffe's present to Mrs. Condon was a handsome brass parlor lamp and Mr. Finlay's a dinner set. Mr. Sutton's present to his wife was a pair of gold cuff links. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton left by the C. P. R. for their future home, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives and personal friends of the contracting parties being present. On Tuesday night Mr. Condon was dined by a number of his friends at Washington's cafe. A pleasant time was passed, and Mr. William Elmore on behalf of the assembled company, presented their guest of honor with a handsome oak sideboard. Mr. Condon replied in fitting terms, thanking the assembly for their gift. The party dispersed at an early hour after a very pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Allen returned this week from an extended trip through the United States.

Miss Nora Pipe of Clayville, Ind., is visiting her cousin the Misses Brown of Carleton.

The banquet given in honor of Lord Herschell at the Dufferin on Wednesday evening drew together a representative gathering of citizens composed wholly, of course, of the male sex. The dinner was served in the style for which the Dufferin is noted, the handsome dining room was handsomely decorated and Harrison's orchestra provided music during the evening. Among the guests who participated in the banquet were:

- J. D. Hazen, James Hanney, Senator Dever, S. D. Scott, Geo. Robertson, Judge McLeod, Lt. Col. Armstrong, J. A. Likely, Dr. Quigley, Geo. McAuliffe, James F. Robertson, A. A. Stockton, Venerable Archdeacon Brissetocke, W. S. Fisher, Wm. M. Jarvis, G. Sydney Smith, E. G. Kaye, C. M. Botwick, Dr. Hetherington, F. H. J. Ruel, W. H. T. Egan, D. Brown, Hon. Dr. Pugsley, Aid. Parry, G. G. Ruel, Hon. Charles Hall and little daughter of this city are visiting Mrs. Hall's parents at "Red Top" Fredericton.

Mrs. William Jeffrey has returned to the capital after a very pleasant visit here.

Mr. Charlie McDonald has been spending a brief holiday with his cousin Mr. Mont Wiley of Fredericton.

Mrs. W. G. Scovil and her son Guy of this city are visiting relatives in Fredericton.

Mr. D. Russel Jack and his sister Miss Louie Jack leave this week for a trip to Europe. Miss Jack will remain in Paris, while Mr. Jack makes a tour of the continent. They will be absent three months.

Miss Graham of this city is in Montreal visiting her uncle Mr. Courtney for a few weeks.

Mr. Malcolm MacKay and his brother Mr. Campbell MacKay are making a tour of the most prominent places of interest in the United States.

Miss Gertrude Carnall is spending the week in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin returned this week from a very enjoyable trip to Boston.

A Klondike social was the very unique form of entertainment given on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the senior mission band of Brussels street. The vestry was tastefully decorated—the centre of the room arranged to represent a miniature Alaskan forest in which were staked out claims. A claim consisted of a hidden box in which was a prize and as there were no blanks or barren claims everybody was made happy. Those who brought the social to a successful issue and aided in the pleasing programme provided were, Miss Goodard, Miss Cole, Mrs. Fred Kain, Mr. Alex. Baird, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Goodwin, Miss Grace Smith, Miss Betts, Miss Marsh, Miss McLean, Mrs. Howe, Misses Hopper, Smith, Belyea, Tina and Cowan.

Mrs. Duncan McNaughton has returned to Annapolis after a two weeks visit to her sister Mrs. George McLaughlin of this city.

Mr. H. H. Fairweather and Mr. Rupert Pratt spent Sunday with Richibucto relatives.

The Y. P. A. of St. Mary's church gave a very bright and interesting entertainment on Thursday evening which was well attended and at which the following interesting programme was rendered: Chorus, St. Mary's choir; reading, Mr. Edgar Ingram; cornet solo, Mr. Charles Brigidin; reading, Mr. John Salmon; chorus, "Red, White, and Blue," young ladies of Zion church; tableaux, duet, Miss Golding and Mr. Gill spole; reading, Miss Armstrong; solo, Mr. Tremaine Gard; dialogue, three young ladies; violin solo, Mr. Duplais; reading Miss Bertie Davis; solo, Master Willie Richardson; reading, Mr. Tong; solo, Rev. Mr. Dicker; chorus, St. Mary's choir.

Mr. D. A. G. Moore of Charlottetown is the guest of Mrs. Fred R. Butcher Duke Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod and the Misses Howard-Potter of New York were guests at the Royal hotel for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Eagles of Woodstock spent a little while in the city during the week.

Mrs. Byron G. Taylor has taken up her residence at the Clifton for the winter.

Dr. J. D. Maher who recently returned from a trip to Massachusetts had as his guest during the past week Dr. C. E. Hale the inventor of the Hale method for painless dentistry.

Mr. W. B. Ganong of St. Stephen looked in upon his friend in this city for a day or two this week.

Mr. Andrew Learmont of Truro spent a little while here on Wednesday en route to New York.

Mr. F. M. Lettney of Digby N. S. was a visitor to the city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKenzie were here from Fredericton for a day or two in the early part of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard of Fredericton spent at part of the week very agreeably in this city.

The concert under the auspices of the Yacht club promises to be an interesting event of next week. I take place at the Institute on Thursday evening and will doubtless be favored with good patronage. The programme contains an array of interesting numbers and the names of those who will assist are Misses Lawlor and Knight, soprano, Miss Brown, mezzo-soprano, Miss Forbes contralto, Messrs Sutherland and Kelly, tenors, Messrs. Ritchie and McSorley, basses, and Dr. Daniel, baritone, Mr. W. G. Stratton, clarinet, Mr. W. C. Bowden, violin, and Miss Goodard, pianist.

Alderman Douglas McArthur and Mrs. McArthur returned this week from a delightful trip which in-

cluded many points of interest in Canada and the United States. Mr. and Mrs. McArthur went from St. John by C. P. R. to Montreal where they spent two days, and were taken to see the leading churches and other institutions by friends who entertained them during their stay. At Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto they were also entertained in the most hospitable manner, and the trip made doubly pleasant by the numerous courtesies extended to them. They visited Niagara Falls, going from there to Buffalo, thence to New York and later making a stay of five days in Philadelphia. The genial city father and his bright wife are both looking the better for their pleasant outing but were glad to get back to St. John, and say that St. John is as good to live in as any of the cities they have visited during their absence.

The following is from the Somerville Mass Citizen of October 14th, and will doubtless be interesting to the friends of the groom who is well known in this province where he formerly resided. Mr. Beckwith is a grandson of Richard Whiteide of this city and of the late Hon. John A. Beckwith of Fredericton. "Mr. Adolphus John Beckwith for many years proprietor of Yoxra's branch grocery store on Perkins street, was married Tuesday to Miss Olive Priorose Gilbert of Brooklyn, N. Y., where the ceremony was performed. The bride was prettily attired in white organdie. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith left immediately after the ceremony for Niagara Falls, where they will make a short stay, afterwards journeying leisurely to Colorado, where Mr. Beckwith will engage in business. His integrity and excellent qualities have won him a host of friends in this city, and the best wishes of all go with him to his new home. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Beckwith, parents of the groom attended the wedding.

Mrs. F. McCafferty and Mr. Herbie McCafferty are visiting Mrs. James Greer, at the latter home in St. Stephen.

Mrs. Frank McAuliffe spent Sunday with friends at the Lodge, on the St. Croix.

A number of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Sharp on Thursday evening, whilst being the amusement provided for the guests among whom were the following:

- Mr. and Mrs. A. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. de Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence de Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Girvan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry de Forest, Mr. and Mrs. C. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fraser, Miss J. W. McLaughlin, Miss Scoville, Mr. Thos. Blair, Mr. Bruce Scoville, Mr. Leonard P. D. Tilley.

Oct. 19.—Mrs. Curry's many friends are glad to see her again even for a short visit, the guest of Mrs. Russell.

Mrs. Wm. Duffas and Miss Davis of Halifax spent a few days of this week with Mrs. Edward Dimock, Thornton.

Mrs. Dart, who has been the guest of Mrs. Vroom, left on Monday for her home in New West Minister B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Paulin returned on Thursday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. W. Smith have removed to their elegant new house on Plunkett St. This residence is the handsomest that has been rebuilt since the late fire the interior finishing being both handsome and tasteful and it is pleasant to see this hospitable door again opened.

Mr. Jack Duffas spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock en route to his home in Mexico.

Dr. Lawrence left on Monday to be absent for the winter which he will spend in Philadelphia at the Dental college there.

Mrs. Owen, who has been the guest of Mrs. Norman Dimock, left for her home on Monday.

On Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock Miss Belle Sutherland, daughter of Robert Sutherland and Mr. William Shaw of the firm of E. Jackson & Son, were married by the Rev. Henry Dickie in presbyterian hall. The bride wore a travelling dress of blue cloth with hat of same shade, and looked exceedingly stylish. The presents were very handsome and numerous.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw left on this evening train for Kenville, from thence they visit Boston, returning in about a fortnight when Mrs. Shaw will receive at her residence on Grey St.

Mrs. Moody returned on Tuesday from a visit in Digby.

Miss Ethel Payne of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Forsythe.

Mrs. J. Cotter White of Annapolis is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blanchard.

Miss Jettie Kilcup went to Amherst on Tuesday as delegate to the Epworth league convention.

Mr. Metzler of Halifax spent Sunday in town at the Victoria.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

When we shall have succeeded in eliminating the savagery from war, it will be quite in order for us to proceed to eliminate from night its darkness.

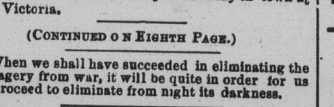
It's easy for men who drink to break themselves—but not of the habit.

make home dyeing a pleasant task — pleasant because they yield a brilliant color and a perfect shade without mess or trouble.

They wash and dye at one operation. The colors are as true as steel in their fastness.

No streaks—no crocking, easy to use — quick — safe, you take no chances whatever with them.

10 cents for any color (black 15) of best druggists and grocers.



### Maypole Soap Dyes

## A Comparison!



Common Soap is like horse-power, slow and irregular—Welcome Soap is suggestive of electricity, modern, clear and swift. How can you hesitate to choose between the old and the new—the plodding mule and the rapid motor-car?

## The Greatest Dirt Killer on Earth is WELCOME SOAP.

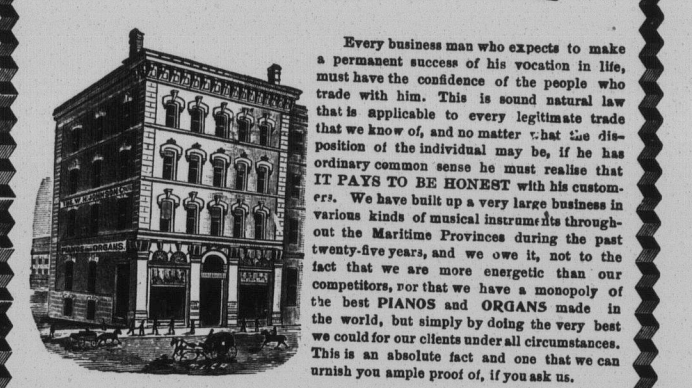
INSIST ON HAVING IT.

### 1 1/2 lbs Beef

Each one of those highest quality, handy little English Soup Squares contains the soluble parts of 1 1/2 pounds of the best beef, free from fat and bone. Each square makes 1 1/2 pints of rich, strong nutritious Soup—

### Lazenby's Soup Squares. Best Grocers Sell Them.

## Confidence



Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

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## Blue Flame Oil Stoves

SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners.



Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year. Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. Oil Tanks are placed where they will not heat and there are no perforated plates or braces surrounding the burners to retain any char or oil sootage, thus preventing odor.

### THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER

## When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES .....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

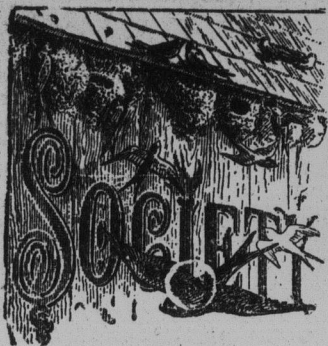
"Wine as a restorative, as a means of retrenchment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LEBLANC.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUBOIS.

### Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.



FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and all the following news stands and centres. C. S. DEFRAYNES, Brunswick street...

Society was very quiet last week as a great many people are either away or just going, and in consequence have not turned their thoughts to gaiety.

So far we have not had the customary round of autumn teas, but the fine weather has taken people out of doors and postponed tea to the dark days.

The Amateur dramatic club is to have a new lease of life this winter, and will be revived with new members, as well as all the old ones.

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic.

Major and Mrs. Commeline left Saturday for Bermuda, their house here having been taken by Major and Mrs. Fyrescue.

The place of Mr. Dunbar, R. E. will be taken by Mr. Blandy, who comes here from Bermuda.

Mrs. Brush, who was so popular here as Miss May Farrell has arrived from South Africa, to spend the winter with Dr. and Mrs. Farrell.

The very sad death of Miss May Wood was a great shock to the many friends of Captain and Mrs. Taylor Wood, who have always been so greatly liked in Halifax.

Quantities of most lovely flowers were sent to the house, and a very real and general sorrow was felt throughout society.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.] Oct. 19.—Mrs. C. W. Hewson made a most welcome break in the social monotony last week by giving a charming dance at her pretty home "Maple Terrace" on Friday evening in honor of her daughter Miss Florence, and of course it was confined principally to the unmarried. Mrs. Hewson's parties are always particularly pleasant, for both she and the doctor are uniting in looking after the pleasure of their guests and are ably assisted by Miss Hewson.

Among those I noticed in town last week attending the marriage of Miss Christie, were her cousin, Miss Emily Christie student at Wolfville, and Mrs. Harry Pride of Halifax her friend.

The many friends of Col. C. J. and Mrs. Stewart were pleased to see them in town this week and welcome them back to their native land, for after an absence of over two years they returned to Halifax a few weeks ago, with their daughter Miss Lillian, who has just completed her studies in London. They were the guests of Hon. A. R. and Mrs. Dickie while in town.

Mrs. A. Mackinnon has returned from a few weeks stay in the Infirmary, Halifax, much improved in health.

Miss Moffatt returned on Saturday from a visit to Halifax.

Mr. I. Inglis Moffatt of the Dead Letter Department, Halifax, spent Sunday and Monday in town a guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Bent "Hillside" Eddy street.

Mrs. J. M. Morrison has returned from Montreal. If you can place any reference in Old Dam's Gospel, then we may look for two or three more marriages quite soon.

Rev. Mr. Woodruff, of New Glasgow, will assist in the services next Sunday in Christ Church.

Cards are out for an "At Home" this evening by the Misses Pipes from 5 until 7 o'clock at their charming residence "Whitehouse Cottage" Victoria street. Do lots to send particulars this week.

Mrs. F. B. Robb is visiting friends in London O. A. and will remain away for some time, taking in several other cities.

Miss Beal of Sussex, is a guest of her friend Mrs. Rupert Black Victoria St.

THE WHEELS OF HEALTH.

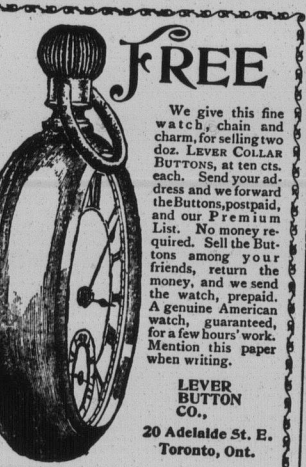
There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all, such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in.

It is the health of these delicate and important parts that "makes the wheels of general health go round." Their strength and vigor are as important to a woman as a mainspring to a watch, or a sprocket and chain to a bicycle.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for delicate women. It makes them strong where they most need strength.

"Favorite Prescription" and after taking several bottles, I made my husband a present of a fine girl. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic.



From latest advices received from Honolulu Sandwich Islands, we learn of the marriage of Miss Annie, daughter of W. J. Harvey of Newport, Hants Co., N. S. to Dr. Herbert Wood, government physician at Hakiper formerly of River Harbor, Cumberland.

The death of Miss Susan Chapman occurred at a quarter past twelve o'clock on Monday night at her home in Shediac, after more than eight weeks suffering aged 68 years. Miss Chapman leaves many friends in this town who will mourn her death.

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THE WHEELS OF HEALTH. We give this fine watch, chain and charm, for selling two for LIVES COLORED BUTTONS, at ten cents each. Send your address and we will forward the buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed, for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing. LEVER BUTTON CO. 20 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.

TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. J. O. Fulton, Messrs D. H. Smith & Co.] Oct. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy have returned from a charming outing at Oak Island, Wallace where they enjoyed splendid sport in the way of duck shooting.

Messrs. G. F. Nelson and C. M. Blanchard are away on a shooting expedition.

Mrs. G. B. Martelle, Mainland, who has been visiting friends here, has returned home.

Miss Randal is here from Bayfield, Antigonish, visiting at her brother's Dr. A. E. Randal's.

Mr. E. R. Stuart left on Monday for a holiday trip to New York and Boston.

Miss Whidden who has been making a long visit here, with friends at "High Elms" left this morning for her home in Portland, Me.

Mr. G. H. Williams has returned from Fredericton, N. B. and has resumed his duties in the Merchant's Bank.

Dr. McKay, and Mr. A. H. Learmont left yesterday morning, for a trip to New York and Boston.

Mrs. W. S. Casson is here from Boston, a guest of her relatives at the Learmonts.

Mr. Edward Anand who returned from California this summer to visit friends here has resumed his studies at Princeton college, abandoned over two years ago, because of ill-health. Fzo.

NEW GLASGOW. [Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by H. E. Henderson & Co.] Oct. 19.—A very pretty wedding took place at "Riverview" the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gray when their eldest daughter Minnie was in the presence of about thirty guests united in marriage to Mr. D. Roy Stewart of this town. The large parlor was tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers. At half past twelve the bride beautifully veiled in white, waded silk, with trimmings of chiffon and pearl pendants, and wearing a veil, entered leaning on the arm of her father and took her place under two large horse shoes composed entirely of roses and suspended in the bay window. She was attended by her sister Miss Ella Gray charmingly dressed in pale green silk with trim-

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 28

minge of black and green signals. The groom was supported by his business partner Mr. A. Johnson of Ontario. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Woodcock assisted by Rev. Mr. Carstairs, after which all partook of a dainty lunch.

There were many handsome and useful presents. The happy couple left on the afternoon train for a tour through the principal Canadian cities.

MONTON. [Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, 151 St. James Bookstore S. Melonson's and at Railway News Depot.

Oct. 19.—Moncton is a great place for conventions its central location, convenience of access and the unusual railway facilities it is popularly supposed by those who are unacquainted with the peculiarities of the time-table to enjoy; all combine to make it a favorite rendezvous for the different bodies both religious and secular who desire to meet for the interchange of ideas and the transaction of business.

Just at present the good citizens of the railway town are entertaining the delegates to the annual convention of Sunday school workers of the province held in the shape of Christian Wabash railway, in Springfield, Illinois.

The meetings of the convention are held in St. John's Presbyterian church beginning last evening and I understand they are of a very interesting nature.

The concert held in the assembly hall of Aberdeen High School last evening by members of the school was a most successful and frequent one. Not only was there a large attendance and frequent encore testified to the appreciation of the audience but the programme was an excellent one.

Mr. H. L. Britain presided with great acceptance and the various performers are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they acquitted themselves.

The young people were assisted by some of the best local talent, the Citizens' band, Miss Barber of St. John's church choir, and Messrs. J. H. Wetmore, John Baird, Davidson and Steeves. The programme consisted first of a selection by the High School orchestra, the Canadian boat song by the school, selection by Citizens' band, a duet by Messrs. Frank and Harold Dunn, twin brothers aged seven, which was enthusiastically encored, a recitation by Miss Lottie Weldon entitled "The Kyles Dan" a vocal solo by Miss Baker, music by Citizens' band, drill of boys in grade XI, a scene from the school for scandal, a quartet by Messrs. Baird, Wetmore, Steeves and Davidson, and a chorus by members of the High School. The concert results in fifty dollars towards the band for obtaining a piano and library for Aberdeen building.

Miss Catherine McQuarrie of Pictou, Nova Scotia is spending a few days in town the guest Mrs. McQuarrie of Highfield street. Miss McQuarrie is on her return from a visit to her brother, Rev. H. McQuarrie of Hill, Ont.

The numerous friends of Mr. Joseph H. Dickson, barrister of Hopewell Cape, Albert county, were glad to see him in town last week. Mr. Dickson's visits to the city are by no means so frequent as his friends could wish, and his welcome is always of the warmest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Logan of Amherst, paid a short visit to Moncton on Friday and visited the Opera house in the evening, to take in "The Devil's Auction," which play I understand was by no means so wicked as its name implied; and the four or five ladies who mustered up sufficient courage to attend it, found nothing that was in the slightest degree objectionable, while some of the spectacular effects were really wonderful and far exceeded anything seen in Moncton before.

Mr. W. C. Paver left town on Friday for his former home in Halifax, whether he had been summoned on account of the critical illness of his father.

Mrs. William Smith of Sussex, who has been spending a week in town visiting her daughter Mrs. E. A. Borden of Botouford street, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Vavasour of Fredericton, is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gross of Campbell street.

Miss Alice Wetmore left town on Thursday for St. John en route to Boston, where she intends continuing her musical studies during the coming winter. Miss Wetmore remained in St. John for a few days in order to take part in the Misses concert and fill an engagement to sing in the German street baptist church. I understand that she gave an excellent account of herself on both occasions.

Mrs. James Flanagan accompanied by Miss Flanagan, left town on Friday for New York on a short holiday trip.

Mr. H. C. Hamilton returned on Friday from Boston where she has been spending the past two weeks visiting friends.

Dr. Calkin of Sackville paid a short visit to Moncton on Friday.

The many friends of Mr. Brooks Peters, organist of St. George's church who was supposed to be the person with fever will be glad to hear of his rapid recovery.

Miss Bessie Hothead left town last week for Sackville having entered as a student at Mount Allison Ladies' College for the autumn term.

Rev. W. B. Binson and Mrs. Binson returned last week from Montreal where they have been visiting at Mrs. Binson's former home.

Miss Beer of Charlottetown is spending a few weeks in the city the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jones of Church street.

Mr. Harry Campbell formerly of the I. C. R. train dispatcher's office here but now of Norwich Connecticut is spending a short vacation with friends in the city.

Mr. George Ellis of St. John has been spending a week's holiday in town visiting friends.

Mrs. W. H. Bartlett returned last week from Fredericton where she has been spending a week or ten days.

Messrs G. F. Storey of Boston and H. E. Storey of New York are spending a short vacation in town the guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Storey of Church street.

Mrs. Thomas Robb left town on Monday for Truro to visit relatives for a few weeks.

Mr. Mills, and Mrs. Kent, of Boston, who have been the guests of Mrs. David Mills of this city for the past two weeks returned home last week.

In view of the unusual stagnation in society circles, which seems likely to continue throughout the coming winter, a number of ladies and gentlemen have resolved to provide a measure of amusement for themselves, and to this end they have formed a whist club, members of which will meet at each other's houses either every week, or every fortnight, to indulge in the scientific game. So far the organization of the club has been completed, I believe the list of membership stands as the present time something like this—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Weldon, Mr. and Mrs. George McSwamy Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wortman, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Sumner Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Chapman Dr. and Mrs. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCall and Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray. As will be seen by the list all the members are married, but in spite of that fact

there is little doubt that they will all manage to be happy, and to enjoy themselves thoroughly during the winter evenings. Moncton has always been celebrated for its whist players, and as some of the very best are numbered amongst the club members, there will doubtless be some hotly contested games.

The numerous friends of Miss Theal of Archibald Street are giving her a very cordial welcome home after her visit to the mother country. Miss Theal arrived in town on Wednesday afternoon having crossed to Halifax by the "New London." During her absence the greater part of her time was spent in London where she was the guest of her brother Dr. Theal of that city.

The Misses May, and Hattie Steeves of Worcester, Mass. who have been spending a few weeks in town the guest of Miss May English of Cameron Street, returned home on Saturday.

The many friends of Mr. J. J. Taylor, son of the late George Taylor general freight agent of the I. C. R. who has been engaged in temporary work in the I. C. R. engineering department for the past few weeks, will be pleased to hear that he has been offered, and accepted, an excellent position on the Wabash railway, in Springfield, Illinois.

Mr. Taylor is essentially an I. C. R. boy, having learned his profession in the general offices here, and he was a resident of Moncton for many years. Mrs. Taylor and family are at present in Truro, but they will doubtless join Mr. Taylor in the near future. A number of friends gathered at the station last evening to bid the departing voyager God-speed and to wish him every success in his new home.

Mrs. D. S. Harper of Shediac, and Mrs. W. E. Talbot of Bermuda, are spending a few days in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Bell of Church street.

Miss Cora Gammon returned on Monday from a two weeks visit to her home at Eglon, N. B.

The remains of Mrs. McEachern, formerly Miss Agnes Daley of this city, who died in Boston last week, were brought home for interment on Wednesday afternoon, the funeral taking place on Thursday morning from the residence of Mrs. Daley, member of the deceased on Robinson street.

Messrs. Cecil Fairweather, and Charles Dowling, returned on Saturday from a two weeks holiday trip to New York.

Mr. E. J. Rodd returned on Monday from Stanhope, P. E. Island whither he was called by the death of his father which occurred last week.

Mrs. Josiah Wood of Sackville, and Miss Hickman of Sussex, delegates to the Sunday school convention are the guests of Rev. John and Mrs. Prince of Church street, during their stay in town.

Miss Ella McNeil left town this afternoon for New Brunswick, where she intends entering on the four years course in the Newton hospital training school for nurses.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. W. Gibson, Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. French's.] Oct. 19.—The ladies of Trinity church gave a chicken supper in Trinity school room on Tuesday evening which was largely attended. The room was prettily decorated for the occasion. Beside the supper there was a sale of fancy articles, ice cream and candies, and the pretty sum of forty five dollars was realized.

The concert given by Miss Maloney in the Methodist church on Friday evening was most enjoyable. Miss Maloney was assisted by Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke, Miss Florence Sullivan, Miss Berrie, Miss Jean Sprague, Mrs. John Black, Miss Florence March, Messrs. Fred MacNichol and Bert Clinch. The singing was all excellent but many pleasant comments have been made on the two songs by Mrs. George Clarke, Miss Sprague and Miss Maloney at the close of the evening programme.

Mrs. Thomas A. Vaughan of Brooklyn arrives this week and will spend the winter with her cousin Miss Helen Graham.

Mrs. E. W. Grimmer and Mrs. William Grimmer left today for a visit in Boston and other cities.

Mrs. Howard B. McAllister is spending a few weeks in Winchester Mass with friends.

Mr. W. H. Edwards has gone to New York city to spend some time in visiting studios and art galleries.

Miss Mary Berrie of St. Andrews has been spending a few days in town.

Mrs. C. H. Newton is the guest of Mrs. W. B. King this week.

Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Ethel Waterbury are visiting Boston.

Mr. John F. Grand leaves on Tuesday for Vancouver British Columbia where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. William E. Vanahan.

Miss Eliza McBride left on Monday for Boston to spend a short time with friends in the South End.

Master Don Grimmer the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer has been quite ill for several days with the prevailing epidemic among the children, scarletina.

Miss George Stevenson of St. Andrews has been the guest of Mrs. W. W. Inches for a few days.

Mrs. Frank Ross and her young son Kenneth are visiting friends in Skowhegan, Maine.

Mr. George U. Hill of the Bank of Nova Scotia is at present visiting relatives in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. James Lewis of McAdam is the guest of her friend Mrs. Samuel Porter.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden is visiting Augusta this week.

Miss Alice Graham and Miss Berta Smith, are home again after a pleasant visit in Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Mr. G. S. Wall is spending a few days in Moncton the guest of Judge Wells.



THE HORSE CAN'T tell his doctor or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining under the part affected; the rest rides out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. Kinds, Colic, Cuts, Sprains, Contracted and Locked Joints, and Shoe Blisters. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5.00 Returned to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. E. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1897. Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blood," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. L. ROY WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

FREE "WALL PAPER" as an art as an industry as a necessity

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G. A. Holland & Son, MONTREAL

Our book on wall paper decorations free by dropping us a post card; also samples of wall paper to any address, without charge, by mentioning.

Limit price, color, wau- ed, size and style of room.

TREMIENDOUS ASSORTMENT OF WHOLESALE PRICES.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON, Canada's world wide importers of wall papers, Montreal. Established 1848.

Agents wanted.

ONLY A COUGH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

Puttner's Emulsion will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

"77" FOR COLDS Lassitude.

Lassitude, "that tired feeling," is the sign of approaching illness; it may be a Cold, La Grippe, or other malady. A few doses of "77" at this early stage may "break up" the disease, preventing a long illness.

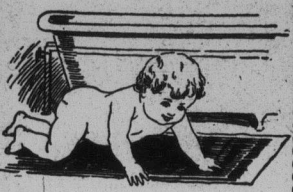
"77" cures Grip, Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough and Sore Throat.

At druggists or sent prepaid; price, 25c. and 50c; large packs \$1.00. Dr. Humphreys' Manual at druggists or sent prepaid. "Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS



Baby . . . KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke is expected to arrive home this week after a pleasant visit of several weeks with her sister Mrs. Melick in Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. and Mrs. Forbes Conant have returned to Boston having spent a month in Calais with Mrs. Archibald MacNicol.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rose of G and Lake are in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Rose.

Rev. Father Doyle has returned to his home in Milltown after a visit of several weeks in western cities.

Hon. A. H. Gilmore, is in town today the guest of Hon. George F. Hill at the Windsor hotel.

Mrs. Rosch and Miss MacNicol of Stonx are visiting their brother Mr. Melbourne MacMonagle.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Feisty and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Oct. 19.—The lady students of the university entertained the freshman class on Wednesday evening in the classic halls on of the spacious university. The library was tastefully decorated and illuminated.

The students were introduced by Mr. J. H. Sweet and received by Mrs. Harrison and the Misses McKee and Caldwell.

The members of the senior class introduced the freshmen to their fellow-students. The following literary and musical programme was rendered, during the evening and much enjoyed, nearly every number being enthusiastically received:

- Chorus—Our Alma Mater. . . . . Glee Club
Duett. . . . . Prof. Downing and Stockley
Reading. . . . . Miss Phoney
Solo. . . . . Mrs. Stephen Dixon
Violin Solo. . . . . Mr. R. H. Nichol
Violin Solo. . . . . Mr. Chauncey Coleman
Chorus—Capital Ship. . . . . Glee Club
And Lullaby and National Anthem.

Refreshments were served during the evening and a pleasant time spent in bright conversation. This very pleasant party broke up about midnight the class cries and college yells were given most vigorously.

A young son and heir has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Tennant.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe are also rejoicing over a similar event in their happy home.

Mrs. and Miss Cunningham of Brooklyn, New York, are spending a few days here.

Hon. A. G. Blair spent Sunday in the city. Capt. Eaton has returned from England where he has been taking a military course and is now a guest at "Frogmore."

Miss Annie Clawson, who has been visiting Mrs. Thos. Knowles, has returned home.

Mr. Hedley Bond of Toronto is in town for a few days.

Mr. Robt. Rossborough of the Bank of Nova Scotia, accompanied by Mrs. Rossborough, is spending a short vacation at Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. E. Byron Winlow and Mr. A. F. Street returned on Monday from a pleasant trip to New York.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster and Mr. J. Douglas Hazen are in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard and Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Artistic, Quickly Made Desserts.

None permits of greater variety in form or coloring, none is more palatable, none as nutritious as JUNKET, made with

Hansen's Junket Tablets

A quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring, one Junket Tablet, a trifle of heat, a few moulds or cups, 5 minutes time in all and you have Junket.

Hansen's Junket Tablets are sold by grocers and druggists in packets of ten tablets at 15 cents. 25 of Emma H. Crane's celebrated recipes accompany.

AGENTS FOR CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Macrutt have been spending a few days in St. John.

Miss Frankie Tibbels returned on Monday from a delightful visit of two weeks spent with friends in Boston.

Mrs. Chas. Hall of St. John and young daughter are visiting Mrs. Hall's parents at Red Top.

Mrs. Plant has gone to Michigan to spend the winter with friends there.

Miss Harriet Balesford and Miss May Stratton are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Stratton at Kingsclear. On Monday evening Mrs. Stratton gave a small company for the pleasure of her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Barry have returned from a pleasant visit of two weeks spent in New York.

Miss Bessie Clowson, who has been spending the summer with friends at Shediac, has returned and will spend the winter with the Misses Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Godsoe of St. John are in the city for a short visit.

Messrs Jack McFarlane, R. Edgcombe, W. McLean and Jean McDiarmid of St. John are in town.

Mr. Morrison and sister Miss Morrison of Hamilton Ont., who have been here for the past eight months leave in a few days for Truro N. S. where they will spend the winter.

Senator Snowball of Chatham, spent Sunday in the city the guest of Hon. F. P. Thompson.

Mrs. Percy Powys' is in Sackville the guest of Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Mrs. Wm. Jeffery has returned from a pleasant visit at St. John.

Mr. Archie Tibbels is spending his vacation in New York City.

Mrs. Daniel Richards and daughter, Miss Christie Richards returned home on Saturday from a pleasant visit of two weeks spent in Boston.

Mrs. Wm. Whitehead and daughter Miss Blanche left on Friday for Boston where they will visit friends.

Mr. Ernest Crowdon has gone to the Pacific coast, where he has accepted a lucrative position.

Mr. Charlie McDonald of St. John has been spending his vacation here with his cousin Mr. Mont Wiley.

Mr. David Watson of Montreal has been spending a few days in the city.

Mr. W. G. Scovill and son Guy of St. John is visiting her home in the city.

Mrs. Hamilton McKee left on Friday for Washington where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

Miss Florrie Boyce who has been visiting Mrs. David Crowe, has returned to her home in Greenwich, Kings Co. Mrs. Crowe returned with her.

Mr. A. Hastings, Mr. Fred White and E. Huchens of Montreal, are doing the Celestial.

Mr. Williams of Truro, N. S., who has been assisting at the Merchants' Bank for several weeks returned home at the end of the week. Mr. Williams, who made many friends during his stay in the city was cited by a number of his friends the evening before his departure. Among those who sat at the table were, Messrs. Frank Sherman, manager of the bank, Frank Shute, Mont Wiley, Morris Aklen and Fred Dever of the bank staff.

Roy Shaw of the bank of Nova Scotia, and J. J. Fraser Winslow. Some very complimentary speeches in honor of the guest of the evening were made.

Oct. 19.—Mr. Rupert Pratt of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Harry Hutchinson of Sackville is in town visiting his sister Mrs. John Stevenson.

Mrs. Richard O'Leary accompanied by Miss Kathleen O'Leary left last week for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. V. McInerney returned on Saturday afternoon from a trip to Woodstock and St. Stephen.

Mr. W. W. Short arrived home on Monday from St. John, where he has been visiting relatives the past two weeks.

Mrs. Hiram Thompson, having spent the past five months in Tracadie, returned home on Saturday last.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Cochrane were pleased to see him out last Friday after his illness of the past five weeks.

Mrs. Wm. Lawson is visiting friends in New York.

Mrs. Robert Beers who is seriously ill, has the sympathy of her friends in her illness and they hope soon to hear of her recovery.

Mr. E. H. Fairweather of St. John was in town on Sunday.

Mrs. A. O. Storer entertained a few of her lady friends at tea last Wednesday.

Mrs. C. H. Cowperthwaite arrived here last Thursday from Boston.

Miss Sylvia Black gave a party last week in honor of her niece Miss Blanche Keith celebrating her twelfth anniversary. The party consisted of twelve little girls and a most enjoyable afternoon and evening were spent.

Rev. Wm. Lawson and Mr. R. H. Davis went to Moncton on Monday.

The friends of Mrs. Miller are glad to know that she is recovering from her severe sickness.

Mr. W. D. Carter visited Newcastle last week. Rumor has it that an engagement will soon be publicly announced which means that very shortly one of our most popular young ladies will be residing in a neighboring village.

ANAGONS. Oct. 19.—Mrs. Davidson returned home on Thursday after a very pleasant visit in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrington and infant child are in Moncton for several weeks visiting relatives.

G. W. Stockton of Penobscot spent last Sabbath with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stockton at Corn Hill.

PHOTOGRAPHING IN COLORS.

An Important Discovery Which Preserves Nature's Gorgeous Hues.

If it is true that a practical process for photographing colors with an ordinary camera has been perfected in Chicago it will not only revolutionize an art that has made marvelous progress in two decades, but it will confer lasting distinction upon its discoverer.

From the time the collodion process of photography came into use in 1850 color photography has been the dream of those who have peered into the mysterious alchemy of the dark room. While the art of fixing images upon sensitized surfaces through the action of the sun's rays, has made great advances since Daguerre and Niepce, no one had up to this time got any nearer to color photography than the experiments of the first quarter of the first century. It is not an uncommon thing, however, for some one to announce through the scientific journals, that the problem of color photography has been solved. In every instance, however, the alleged discoveries have failed to stand the practical tests and have resulted in nothing of value to the art.

The process which was developed by the late James W. McDonough, of Chicago, however, differs from nearly all other attempts that have been made in this direction in that it is purely mechanical instead of chemical. Mr. McDonough used the ordinary camera and produced and developed his negatives by the ordinary process. His assumption was that the sun would reproduce nature as she was if the receiving plate were of the proper kind. He soon developed the fact by experiments that the principle of color photography is a mixture of colored lights on the retina. To photograph colors McDonough therefore placed a transparent medium ruled in fine red, blue and green lines—the fundamentals of the spectrum—in immediate contact with the sensitive surface of the dry plate and exposed the same as in ordinary photography. From these experiments he finally evolved the plate which it is now claimed will receive and preserve all the gorgeous hues of nature.

The value of such a discovery to art and industry is beyond human calculation. It will open the world of color to all mankind, bringing to palace and hotel the richest and most delicate hues of flower and sky and landscape.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE REVOLVER IN WAR.

Little Used in Cuba Though it Was the Rough Riders' Chief Arm.

This weapon may have been of little use in Cuba, though it was expected to be the chief arm of the Rough Riders. It might have been the most effective one had that regiment been handled as originally intended. The use that can be made of the revolver in warfare was demonstrated in the great struggle between the South and North, and by none so thoroughly as that famous body of Kentucky cavalymen led by General John Hunt Morgan. In their hands the "Colt" became a reliable and deadly weapon either on charges on foot or on horse.

General Basil Duke, whose is famous as a warrior is linked with Morgan's, says that time and again his men threw away their guns when approaching the enemy and relied solely upon their revolvers. Each soldier carried at least two, and sometimes as many as three or four. They were far more effective at short range than rifles, as each carried six shots and could be fired many times faster than even the modern magazine gun. In the hands of Morgan's troopers they were more deadly than sword or bayonet, as well as more convenient to handle.

While Morgan's men, perhaps, made better use of it than any other command in the army, the pistol was the favorite weapon of all the Western cavalry, and they were constantly drilled in its use. It was and is peculiarly adapted to cavalry or mounted infantry, and in the hands of men who know how to ride and how to shoot it is impossible to imagine a more effective arm. In Professor Shaler's 'History of Kentucky,' the author dwells at length upon this use of the revolver by Morgan's men, and credits them with a genuine innovation.

The sword and bayonet are almost obsolete weapons. Rarely, it ever, do modern troops engage in hand-to-hand struggles. General Sheridan's cavalry were drilled in the use of the sword, but found it almost useless in battle. A distinguished Confederate General says that only once during the last war in his experience did troops fight man to man. He served in the Mexican war, when such incidents were rather common, but among civilized soldiers the question of victory or defeat is settled before the ranks are intermingled. In ordinary battles the artillery and long-range magazine rifles make the minor arms almost useless appendages, but as long as mounted soldiers are found necessary for swift movements and desperate charges, the revolver in the hands of men who know how to use it can be made a weapon whose possibilities must be acknowledged by all.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When people buy Monsoon Tea its from choice—because Monsoon has the qualities which they prefer. But some dealers prefer to sell something else—not because its better—or even as good—but because they have something else in stock. People who have once tried Monsoon Tea have good reasons of their own for declining any other teas that the dealer may offer.



THINGS OF VALUE.

It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its waters and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods in the vacant spaces allowed by the evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one rem-dy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently tested diseases to seed in the system of the patient —what would relieve one ill in turn several aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undeteriorated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The human system can endure heat of 312 degrees the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and on account of the perspiration cooling the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes. It attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send it once for Dr. J. D. Killoch's Dr. Senterly Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest. Many and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have a ed this cholera medicine say that it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who lived 2,000 years ago.

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q. writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning sores and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Frosch's ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

The bones of an average male skeleton weigh 29 pounds. Those of a female are probably six pounds lighter.

NOT A NAUSEATING PILL.—The recipient of a pill in the substance which entails the ingredients and makes up the pill make that of Parmalee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without injuring the stomach. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot o' flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.—Parmalee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidney, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

In every mile of railway there are seven feet and four inches that are not covered by the rails—the space left between them for expansion.

The value of a golden opportunity depends upon the amount of gold there is in it.

Directions for Buying Silverware.

Ask your dealer for the best plate and examine the stamp on the back of spoons and forks. If it reads . . .

ROGERS'S rest content. No one ever bought better. If you cannot procure it from your dealer, write us, and we will see that you are supplied without delay.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

COOL BEVERAGES. Baston & Huesten { Clarets, Nathl. Johnston . { Three Champion . . . . { Grades.

Pommery & Mumm's Champagnes quarts and pints. For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Moose, Dear, Partridge, Dean's Sausages, Snipe.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

HOTELS.

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.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. In season MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in . . . CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Our Aim

is to do better work and to please our customers. We Try Hard.—with these intentions in mind We have the facilities. We have the experience that makes skill. And then we are not afraid to hustle—the determination to get work out promptly is not forgotten. Try us and see.

PROGRESS PRINT. Printers, St. John, N. B.

We send work to all parts of the Provinces. Write what you want. We will send samples.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

E. LAWTON & CO.

has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILLIPS.

CARD. E LAWTON

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 514 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of

Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. Choice Havana cigars a specialty.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 1898. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.



BOSTON OFFICE CO.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post.

WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 23 cents.

BUTTERFLY EGGS.

Their Marvellous Beauty as Shown by the Microscope.

The traveler in the far East, passing through stone doorways, scrolled and carved with arabesque fretwork, enters the eastern quarter of old Cairo. The streets are dingy and narrow, but here rise the wonderful domes of the famous mosques—'Tombs of the Mamelukes'—exquisite in all grace and fantasy of shape and color. The fretted sides, a fine and delicate lace-work of stone, the marvelous and shining play of light on beautiful tints, seem like a very dream of art.

We have so associated the getting of gold with hardships that it is difficult to believe that any country exists in which gold can be mined without serious privation. In Alaska there is loss of life, and each nugget that is brought stands for just so much suffering. But in the Philippines it is always pleasant, and, in spite of the heat of the summer, a man can live there the year round and enjoy himself.

But enter the woods that stretch all about and use the microscope that enlarges our vision, and lo, a most wonderful thing has come to pass! Winged beings, far more beautiful than the genii of the Arabian Nights, have been here, and on the under side of a common leaf, in size no larger than a pin's head, are structures that fairly rival the mosques of Cairo in wealth of decoration and loveliness of color—the butterfly eggs. They are, many of them, dome-shaped like the mosques, and covered with a rich network, so filmy that it glitters in the sun like a diamond dew, but each of the lines in a rib, buttressing the whole structure. Other eggs are shaped like tiaras or turbans, and others still are like sea-urchins. Some are shaped like pyramids and all lead up in their decorations to a minute rosette at the top, sometimes deeply indented, through whose openings life is received in the egg.

The patterns are often as regular as any circular rose-window of a Gothic cathedral, and the colors of the egg, beginning with a pale green—the safest of all colors in the green wood, or white like many tree-blossoms, change afterward, as the dweller inside develops, into all kinds of brilliant and shining hues, from salmon to orange. These eggs are sometimes found single, sometimes in regular rows one on top of the other, or strung together like a necklace of beads, or 'girdling a twig like a fairy ring.'

There are insects—not butterflies—that lay eggs in almost incredible numbers say a trillion in a season? These are soft and perishable, and of short life. Where an insect's eggs have to stand the winter's cold they are usually covered or packed in a kind of cement. If you look at these mere specks through a microscope you will see exquisite shells, clustered like gems or rolled in tubes, or convoluted in spirals and circles.

Many eggs are doubly protected, because they are so fragile, and are placed in still another shelter, as the eggs of the birds, pale blue, or speckled, or pearly white, in close woven nests, or the eggs of certain spiders in silky bells of golden yellow or pure white, hung among the blossoms. Yet it is more common to find insect eggs bare and exposed to view. One day I saw what had seemed dust grow under a microscope into crystal eggs, on which insect-forms appeared to be sharply etched as seen through the transparent case. Then out skipped some lively, black-eyed wood-folk, independent and alert, ready for a meal. They seemed fully grown at birth.—Philadelphia Times.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Boy—'Papa, where's Atoms?' Papa—'Atoms, you mean, my child.' Boy—'No, papa—Atoms, the place where people are blown to.'

Minnie—'At any rate, Mr. Shere is every inch a gentleman.' Mamie—'That's why it is such a pity there is not more of him.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Rich—'You ask my daughter in marriage—er—what may your income be?' Mr. Stoney Broke—'I will leave that entirely to you, sir.'—Tit-Bits.

'How do you manage to look so solemn when all these amusing things are happening?' asked the young man of the actor. 'I think of my salary,' said the Thespian.

Not a Poser.—'I can't understand how some people always have a good time wherever they go.' 'That's easy enough; they take it along with them.'

Maud—'When I get engaged I don't intend to have any mystery about it.' Marie—'I don't see how you can help it, dear.' Every one will regard it as a mystery.'—Brooklyn Life.

A Truthful.—'Did your sweetheart write to you while you were away?' 'Write to me? I had to give away my clothes so I could bring her letters home with me.'—Chicago Record.

Irate Parent.—'Tell that young Scuffleigh that he must cease his visits here. I forbid him the house.' Daughter—'But, papa, he doesn't want the house; it's me that he's after.'—Chicago News.

Professor.—'Too bad! One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me; and the worst of it is I can't remember his name!'

Peasant.—'Five dollars for entering this estate.' Tourist.—'But why is no warning sign put up, then?' Peasant.—'We had one but took it down again, for while it was up no one came in.'—Fliegende Blaetter.

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Eddy.—'Kwiverful, they say is going to be married again. That is the fourth wife.' Daddy.—'Kwiverful'd better be careful. He'll get caught some day. He'll marry a woman who will live.'—Boston Transcript.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A Georgia marble man says that if all the houses, not only in the United States, but on the American continent, were destroyed, so inexhaustible is the supply that they could every one, large and small, be rebuilt out of Georgia marble.

'You are the first one I ever heard mention Bradley's literary ability.' 'Well, I never heard of him writing any books, but I know he can borrow more of them than any other man I know.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The fat man in the pink blazer rose at once. 'Please take my seat,' he urged. The slender girl who carried her lurch in a music-rail was altogether overcome. 'This is too much!' she protested.—Detroit Journal.

Miss Pretty: 'I don't see how you whistle through your fingers that way. I could never do it in the world.' Mr. Goodheart (wishing to compliment her delicate hands): 'No Miss Pretty; if you should try it your whole hand would slip into your mouth.'

Mr. Burch: 'Where is your father?' Adult Son: 'He's at the office, editing his edition of "Society as I have found it." Mrs. Burch: 'What! A book?' Son: 'Yes; a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable accounts.'

Traveller (to an Irishman): 'Well, Mike I see you have a small garden.' 'Yes, sorr.' 'What are you going to set in it for next season?' 'Nothing, sorr. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up.' 'That's strange. How do you explain it?' 'Well, sorr, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions.'

'Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?' 'Yes, sorr. Bed, then onions was that strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering!'

SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY. A pure hard Soap. Last long—lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

A train in Arkansas having on board Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bradley and their bull pup, ran off the track, and when the wreck was cleared away it was discovered that Bill was a widower.

'Well, well,' he said, calmly. 'Hit might o'been wuss, by Jacks, fer hit might killed the pup, and hit's got the finest record of any bull pup in Arkansas. I've got lots to be thankful fer!'

His Earthly Effects. 'Well, uncle Jim,' said the lawyer, 'the doctor says there is no hope for you.' 'Yes, sub, dey tells me I gwine ter cross over.'

His Present Grievance. 'What are you making so much fuss about, Aguinaldo,' inquired the elderly native. 'What's worrying you?' 'I'm a rebel chief,' was the haughty answer.

Not an Exception to the Rule. Mr. A.—'So that's the girl he's engaged to; I thought these blonde men always chose brunettes.' Miss B.—'Ah, she was originally a brunette.'—Funch.

Squaring Household Accounts. 'William, you owe me twenty-one cents.' 'Yes; but I paid the gas-bill, and you owe me \$1.35.'

Graveyard Latin. Ignorance is never shown more effectively than in an attempt to conceal it. A countryman wandering about a cemetery, says Harper's Bazar, came upon a stone which bore the inscription, 'Sic Transit gloria mundi.'

Do as You Like. Perhaps the poorest opinion of music as a vocation is attributed to a builder in Glasgow. The man had sent his son to

college, where the young fellow excelled in musical accomplishments. In course of time he announced to his father his firm intention to become a musician. The father objected vehemently. The son urged, and was at last affected to tears, declaring that he would never be happy in any other calling. This melted the father's heart, and he exclaimed:

All right, do as you like; but don't even come round grinding your organ in front of my house!

Dogs of the Neolithic Period. Professors Rutimeyer and Woldrich have discovered that domestic dogs, resembling more or less the dogs of to-day, existed in Europe, not only during the age of iron and the age of bronze, but even in that exceedingly remote time known as the neolithic period, when man made his best tools of polished stone. In South America also, according to the opinion of Dr. Lydekker, man had cultivated the friendship of companionable dogs long before extinct mammals whose wonderful remains are now found in the pampas, had disappeared from among the living forms of the world.—Youth's Companion.

Corsets in Russia. Bogoljewow, the newly appointed Russian Minister of Public Instruction, has begun the duties of his office by issuing a drastic order to the effect that corsets must not be worn by the young women attending high schools, universities and music and art schools; they are to be encouraged to wear that the national costume. The Minister says that he has spent much time in visiting girls' schools and has made the discovery that the corset as an article of dress distinctly prejudicial to the health and physical development of the wearer.

Ivory is Very Durable. The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls, which for the sake of curiosity had been made of very well preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousand years old were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without it being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory.

A Geyser-Heated Greenhouse. In the Yellowstone Park geyser basin a small greenhouse has been erected over a geyser stream. A current of nearly boiling water constantly passes through it. Steam rises in profusion moistening the plants and the sun aids in the working, so that an extraordinary rapidity of growth is the result. Lettuce matures in two or three weeks, and other plants grow with proportional rapidity. The climate of the locality is very severe, which makes more striking the example of the utilization of nature's energy.

Two Hundred Miles an Hour. Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!

- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, \$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted, 2.15
Years, .90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years, .65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, .85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, .20
Alloy Frames, Note, .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, .05

We have taken the title Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

Given by a Minister. Preachers who practise it will preach better.

No class of people is so liable to throat trouble as the great class who make up the vocal organs by constant exercise; the sudden change from a heated building to the cool air when the vocal organs are in a state of complete relaxation; the fact that a minister feels impelled to use his voice when actors and lecturers would take the needed rest; these are among the reasons why "Clergymen's sore throat" is known as a special disease. The Rev. H. M. Bradley, D. D., District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes from Petersburg, Va., the account of an experience of his own which is probably reading to those afflicted with bronchial or other throat troubles. The substance of the letter is as follows: PETERSBURG, VA. DEAR GRAS: Three months ago I took of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very difficult to preach, and concluded to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms. To ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as a safe and reliable remedy. "Prevention is better than cure." A bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral kept in the house, will effectually prevent the rooting of a cold, and its consequent development into some dangerous malady. This remedy has no equal in Bronchial troubles. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its use. It is equally effective for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and every disease that attacks the throat or lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews. To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick, P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

THE COMMODORE'S VIEW.

WHAT MR. J. L. STEWART THINKS OF OUR RACES.

He Talks About Yachting in St. John now as Compared with Former Times and Gives Some Valuable Advice to the St. John Yacht Club.

Among the things the new St. John has reason to be proud of is the fact that it has risen to be an important factor in the yachting world. The old St. John though it loved aquatic sports, had no yacht club and very little racing among sailing crafts. It had a sailing race, once in four or five years, in which small boats and big ones raced against each other on equal terms, and nothing more.

I remember one of these events some years ago, when the little Alice, now one of the least of your yacht fleet under another name, outsailed all the harbor boats and then beat a big fishing sloop from Campbell, on board of which she could have been easily stowed, over the same course. But now you have a large and enthusiastic yacht club, dignified with the prefix of Royal, and a fine fleet of cruising and racing crafts.

And better still, you have a number of Corinthians who sail their own or their friends yachts, instead of having professional boatmen at the helm as was the custom in the early history of yacht racing in your waters. One who owns a racing craft and hires a professional to sail her for him, gets as little fun out of it as the Prince of Wales or the Earl of Dunraven out of their big yachts—yachts on which they are cabin passengers because they foot the bills. It is ideal yacht racing when amateurs handle tiller and sails. I would rather be beaten in every race of the season, with myself at the helm than to call in a professional helmsman, and I prefer amateurs to professionals before the mast every time. A handy youth from workshop or store, after he learns to attend strictly to the duties assigned him, is better than any sailor and usually refrains from giving unasked advice to the skipper. He is more watchful, more interested, and readier to obey orders. You will in a few years lessen the professional element in your yacht racing and the sport will be improved by so doing.

The Royal Kennebecasis has one old-fashioned rule that so progressive a club ought to change before next season, and that is the time start. It allows five minutes for yachts to cross the line without being handicapped, according to the system in vogue years ago, and the racers struggle over the line in a ragged way. It seemed to spectators of the exhibition races, this year, that the yachts were trying to see which could get over last, the start was deprived of all the interest that a race should have from start to finish. There was no hurry, and no need of hurry, because they had five long minutes, after the gun was fired, to get over the line. Any one who had seen a yacht race in Halifax, or anywhere else where a one-gun start is the rule, must have thought the start a very tame beginning for a race. This time start is out of date now. It is no longer practised in other live clubs. It is unnecessary. The preparatory signal gives the yachtsmen time to get ready and get up to the line, and then nothing is needed but the signal to go. The yacht that is not in a position to get over promptly should lose by her tardiness and not be credited by it. This rule develops a smartness of handling and an accuracy of judgment in balancing distance and time, that yachtsmen must be strangers to who use the time start. The Royal Kennebecasis will make a big step forward by changing this rule.

One of the drawbacks to the sport is the tendency of builders to look for victory by building larger boats than they are to sail against, or by building smaller ones with the idea that the time allowance to be received will be worth more to them than size. Ideal racing requires the contestants to be of the same racing measurement or rating, or that the first boat to cross the finishing line will be the winner, and the best clubs are striving earnestly to attain this ideal.

The Royal Kennebecasis, instead of making progress in this direction, has scarcely two boats that race on even terms, and it is time its leading sports began to make an effort to have this changed in the future. The club ought to legislate to this end. Very little can be done at once, of course, because vested interests must be

considered, but a foundation may be laid for improvement hereafter. The club might, for example, make a rule that boats to be built in future shall not be entitled to time allowance in club races, and the result would be that new yachts would be built to the top limit of one or other of the classes.

The Canada, the largest yacht in the fleet, is fully as large as the club ought to admit to its races, because the sport will be killed if made so expensive that only rich men can indulge in it. Take her measurement, say, for the first class, and then have two smaller classes, and builders would have no excuse for not getting at the top of one of them. Many of your present fleet, from trifling changes of sail and ballast, would be able to increase or decrease measurement in such a way as to get these alone, and allowances might be continued and to existing yachts that cannot be made to fit into a class without being handicapped by lack of size and sail. Without legislation to prevent it builders will go on producing misfits and odd sizes, without regard to class limits, and build bigger and bigger boats. The Canada is without anything near its size except the Maple Leaf, to sail against, and a still larger yacht will be built in a year or two by some one who want to beat her. The club should legislate in such a way that builders would have to look to better models, and not to increased size to beat her.

I respectfully commend these three improvements—the one-gun start, the encouragement of Corinthian handling, and legislation looking to the abolition of allowance in the future—to the consideration of the bright intellects and genial spirits of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.

J. L. STEWART.

CATTLE QUEEN OF MONTANA.

Mrs. Nat Collins Continues to Boss Her Ranch—Travelling With Cowboys.

The city of Minneapolis has within its gates to-day a notable guest, no less a personage than Mrs. Nat Collins, who is known throughout the Northwest as "the Cattle Queen of Montana."

Mrs. Collins presents a picturesque figure of the rare and perfect Western type which is fast giving way to another order of things. She is the product of the conditions which prevailed upon the Western plains many years ago, and a history of her eventful life is about as interesting as could possibly be painted by the greatest living novelist.

Mrs. Collins is en route to Chicago, and she came to this city with a trainload of cattle—thirty-two carloads—all her own property. She makes this trip each year and accompanies the stock from the point of shipment in Montana to this city, the last feeding point before reaching Chicago. From here she takes the regular passenger train and travels as befits, her condition as mistress of a great fortune. The cattle are directly in charge of six of the cowboys from her ranch, and they are with the stock from Montana to Chicago.

Mrs. Collins although a married woman, is master of various ranches in her name in Montana. This property is located in the vicinity of Choteau, a little town which lies north of Helena and is about sixty-five miles from Great Falls, which is the nearest large town, Choteau is about twenty-five miles from her ranches, and is also thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad. Thus it can be seen that the cattle queen is located remotely enough almost to rival Robinson Crusoe for isolation.

Mrs. Collins has had a romantic career, although not devoid of what would be considered greivous hardships by the average American woman. She is now about 55 years of age, and is just as lively and vigorous as any young woman in the twenties. She is an industrious worker, and is of that nervous temperament which must find employment to keep the mind at rest and the heart satisfied. She began her Western experience at the age of ten years and has lived upon the plains ever since. It is her boast that she went through Denver when that great city of to-day contained but one log cabin and a few tents. Long before she was 20 years old she had made ten trips across the plains between Omaha and Denver, acting in the capacity of cook in the wagon train of which her brother was wagonmaster.

Later on the spirit of adventure which had begun to dominate her disposition impelled her to remove to the new mining fields of Montana, at the time of their first opening. She visited Bannock and many other points, and was the first white woman in Virginia city. She was at Helena before there was such a place, and it was at Helena some time later that she wedded Nat Collins, a well-known and respected miner. The marriage occurred about thirty years ago, and shortly after the ceremony the young couple quit the mining camps and went into the northern part of Montana and established themselves in the stock-raising business, to which they

have clung persistently and with great success ever since. They have but one child, a daughter, 16 years old.

They began ranching with about 450 head of stock. The animals were turned loose upon the plains and allowed to increase and multiply as they would, and to day Mrs. Collins say it would be utterly impossible for her to give even an estimate of the number of head of cattle upon her various ranches. No effort is made to count them. Each year they round up as many as they care to ship, and the others are unmolested.

The cattle queen has well earned her reputation. Probably no one person in Montana has larger cattle interests than she. Her success has been due to her own interest and exertions, for her husband is one of those quiet individuals who prefer to take life with as little trouble as possible. When Mrs. Collins began to ship her stock to the Eastern market she found herself confronted by railway rules and regulations which expressly stated that no woman could ride in the cabooses attached to the stock trains. She immediately put in a protest, and as the agent could give her no satisfaction she carried the matter to the division superintendent. That official found himself powerless, and finally James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern, was appealed to. Mr. Hill reluctantly refused her the desired permission, and by so doing raised a storm of indignation about his luckless head. In a few days he was fairly smothered with letters from prominent ranchman and cattlemen of Montana, demanding that he accord the customary privileges of the road to Mrs. Collins. In a few days threats began coming in, the writers declaring that if he did not accede to Mrs. Collins request they, the principal cattlemen of the West, could refuse to ship another hoof over his road. Mrs. Collins got her pass and has had one each year since, and is to-day the only woman so favored.

One would suppose that with the management of several large ranches upon her shoulders Mrs. Collins would find plenty to keep her busy, but such is not the case. She declares that there is any quantity of time which she finds it almost impossible to dispose of, and she finds vent for her surplus energy in various ways. Recently she visited the new mining region near St. Mary's Lake, Mon., and while there invested in several fine copper claims, and located a town site upon the banks of the lake.

True Conscientiousness.

My second cousin, Jabez, remarked Enoch Sogback, in a reminiscent way, was a man who always believed in being truthful, to the very letter. If a neighbor met him and said that it looked like rain, Jabez

never answered 'yes' or 'no' till he had scanned the whole heavens carefully, to see exactly what the prospect was. When he took dinner at anybody's house, and the hostess pressed him to eat more, saying, as good housewives often do, that he had eaten hardly anything, he would gravely enumerate every item of victuals he had eaten. When his first wife died, he was inconsolable for a time, and went and had these words carved on her tombstone: 'The light of my life has gone out.' Well, about a year later he married again, and he promptly had this line cut on the tombstone, just below the previous announcement: 'But, fortunately, I since have struck another match.' That was the kind of a second cousin Cousin Jabez was.

A Literary Curiosity

It is not often that persons with a literary fever who are bent on writing can be turned from their purpose, no matter how hopeless the outlook may be for them. A London editor, however, records a case of an ambitious aspirant for literary honours who was induced to see the error of his ways and engage in an occupation better adapted to his natural gifts. He sent an atrociously poor story to the editor, and said in the letter accompanying it:

'I desire to engage in literator if you think I have talent enough to make it pay. Let me know your candid opinion, for I ain't got no time to fool away, an it literator ain't my fort I want to know it so I can ingege in what is.'

The editor wrote frankly to the would-be author that 'literator' was not his 'fort,' and earnestly advising him to 'ingege' in something else.

Three months later this reply came to the editor:—

'I thought I'd drop you a few lines to let you know that I took your advice and let literator go to thunder. So I have ingege in the saw-mill business and am making big money at it. There ain't no glory in it, but I reckon the returns are stidder and bigger than they are in literator, so I am much obliged to you for heading me off in the way you did, and if you should ever come out this way, drop it and see me, an' I'll treat you as best I know how.'

This is probably the only instance of a 'headed-off' writer who cheerfully or gratefully, as well as wisely, accepted the decision of an editor and profited by it.

Unexplored Territory.

Throughout the entire world there are about 20,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory. In Africa there are 6,500,000 square miles; arctic regions, 3,600,000; Antarctic regions, 5,800,000; America, 2,000,000; Australia, 2,000,000; Asia, 200,000, and various islands, 900,000.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.



# \* A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. \*

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED.

Harry Rolleston, young, frank-faced and fair, looked an ideal lover for pretty Vi, with her rosy complexion, her curling hair and bright, sparkling eyes.

And, certainly, Morewood seemed equally suitable for Kate Lisle.

She was slender and graceful, with refined features, and charmingly high bred manner.

And he, with his tall, stalwart form, and fine mouth and eyes, was just the man to please the taste of such a girl.

Her eyes might well hold a happy light behind their dark lashes; the soft color in her cheek might well deepen beneath his glance.

'Oh, the radiant god of love!—how beneficent he is!

How he sustains the spirit; vitalizing the pulses, and making warm the heart!

In these fin-de-siècle days it has become sadly too much the fashion to sneer at him, and to place above him the empty baubles of ambition, and wealth and fame.

But was to those, be they individuals or be they nations, who displace him from his proper throne.

Happy the people who, even in this sordid, money-getting age, have resolved that "Love shall still be lord of all!

When the shadows began to lengthen, and the autumnal sun to lose something of its warmth, the girls rose, saying it was time to go home; and, of course, their squires rose with them.

Harry Rolleston and Vi walked a little ahead of the others.

Kate seemed anxious to overtake them, for a sudden tremor had fallen upon her, disturbing her usual graceful self-possession.

'Haden't we better walk a little faster?' she said, in quite a nervous flutter. 'We shall never catch them up.'

'I don't think they will mind that. I'm sure Rolleston won't. He likes to be alone with Miss Vi.'

'Yes, I think he does,' murmured Kate still more tremulously.

Morewood turned fully towards her, his eye all aglow with love.

'And I like to be alone with you. I think you know that, Kate.

Her heart beat quick; the lovely soft colour deepened and deepened in her cheek. His face grew still more tender; his voice sank to a whisper.

'Kate, am I too bold? Are you vexed with me?'

'Vexed? Oh, no!'

'Then, dearest!—he had got her hands now and was standing quite still, with his face very near her own—may I go on being bold? May I be bold and bolder still? May I tell you how dear you are to me? Nay, I never could tell you that, darling! Words are so poor and weak. But if you'll be my wife, Kate, the devotion of my life shall show it!'

Vi and her lover were quite out of sight now.

There was no one to cast a prying eye on those two, as they stood together beneath the trees beside the shining river—he telling and she listening to the tale which has been the sweetest thing on earth since Adam and Eve stood in the Garden of Eden, and will be so until the last man and woman have ceased to live.

'Kate, darling, haven't you a single word to say to me?' pleaded Morewood, bending his handsome head still nearer hers.

'Yes, Mr. Morewood, if you'll tell me what word it is you want?' said Kate, blushing very much, but speaking with a sort of tremulous demureness.

'I'll ask a question on and then you'll know the word I want. Do you love me, Kate?'

Her answer was given in a single word—a word spoken in the softest of whispers—so low as only to be heard by the quick ears of love. Another moment, and his arm was thrown round her; she was pressed to his heart, and their lips met in a kiss of unutterable sweetness.

Then, of course, followed those tender nothings of which lovers never tire, but which the rest of the world has long voted a bore.

There were questions and confessions, gay and teasing on his part, sweetly tremulous on hers, as to when each had first learned to care for the other.

Morewood told her how he had fallen in love with her figure even before he had seen her face, and she in turn, confessed that she had liked him as soon as he had begun to speak to her.

The little purse, whose defective clasp had been the occasion of their acquaintance, was declared by the happy lover to be the dearest little purse in the world.

And Kate, listening to this sweet nonsense, with flushing cheeks and happy eyes, resolved within herself that the same purse should never be consigned to destruction as other purses were, but should be hoarded up among her choicest treasures for evermore.

And so they poured out their hearts to each other in the same old-fashioned way, while the willow trees stretched out their arms crossingly, and the river, which had seen so many happy lovers on its banks hurried down to the sea, to tell it that 'Love was still the lord of all!'

Poverty is a grievous obstacle in the path of love, sometimes; but it may be questioned whether wealth is not an even greater one.

Certainly, if pretty Vi Muggleton had been penniless, instead of heiress to a million, Harry Rolleston would long ago have put a betrothal ring on her finger, and they would have gone forth, bravely to face life's ills together.

But, as it was, that yellow mountain loomed up in front of them, and threatened to be a very serious bar to their happiness.

Yet, although it is said the course of true love never does run smooth, Fate sometimes shows a kindness to young, true-hearted lovers.

And, the very day after that walk beside the river, a circumstance befell, which promised to do a great deal for Harry Rolleston and Vi.

On that morning Mr. Muggleton went out alone, as he often did, to take a walk around his fields.

Later, he had taken an interest in agriculture, and had begun to farm some of his own land.

As he crossed a public road, he met young Rolleston, and greeted him with a genial word and nod—without stopping to enter into conversation with him, however.

'I like that young man,' he soliloquized; 'but I'm not at all sure I ought to encourage anything between him and Vi. Jane's dead against it; and I don't know that I care enough about it to put my foot down very firm. Perhaps she's right. It may be only the money he cares for, and not the girl herself. And she certainly might do better. A bright, pretty little lass, such as she is, with a million pounds at her back, might do a great deal better than marry the nephew of a ruined country squire.'

'I don't see why I should give a million pounds to a man, simply because he chooses to ask for it. One does expect something in return. Jane's right enough there. On the whole, I think I shall tell Vi there'd better be no more sweethearts between her and him. She's fond of him, I do believe—that's the worst of it. But somebody else's'll be coming forward, and that will make her forget!'

Having thus settled his daughter's affairs, the honest gentleman turned his thoughts to agricultural matters.

In a field hard by there was some property of his—a lordly bull, which he hoped would be a prize-winner at the next county show.

He bethought himself that he would go and take a look at the animal.

It was his boast that it knew him, and would never attempt to injure so much as a hair of his head.

Accordingly, he opened the gate, and walked boldly into the field, with no other weapon of defence than a stout walking-stick.

He came well-nigh paying a very severe penalty for his boldness; for, no sooner was he fairly in the field, than the bull began to show the most unequivocal signs of an unfriendly disposition.

It lowered its head, switched its tail, pawed the ground with its fore feet, emitted a truly fearful roar, and then, without any more ado, lowered its horns and rushed straight at its too confiding master.

The millionaire was a stout man, and not accustomed to violent exertion; nevertheless, he managed to skip about with an energy which would not have disgraced a much younger man.

Fear, it is very well known, lends wings; and, it fear did not absolutely do that for Mr. Muggleton, it at any rate imparted considerable agility to his legs.

He managed to evade those terrible horns; but, unfortunately, he could not, at the same time, keep in line with the gate; and the thick-set hedge was too high for him to hope to get out of the field by any other way.

He began to feel his strength exhausted; his knees shook under him, his breath came thick and fast, and he was just giving himself up for lost, when someone leaped over the gate, and unhesitatingly ran across the field to his assistance.

'Get to the gate, sir! Leave him to me. I'll tackle him!' shouted Harry Rolleston, for it was to him the kindly Fates had assigned the office of saving the father of his beloved.

Mr. Muggleton was too thoroughly exhausted to refuse to avail himself of the chance of escape so generously offered him.

He made the best of his way to the gate, leaving Rolleston to face the enemy.

The bull suffered him to depart without opposition; his rage was now wholly directed against Harry.

Harry danced about in front of the bull in the most exasperating manner.

A Spanish matador might almost have envied his agility.

How long he could have kept this up, it is impossible to say, and, fortunately, unnecessary, for the millionaire, having reached the gate, spent his little remaining breath in shouting so lustily for help, that he was heard by a couple of men in an adjoining field, who made their appearance, armed with pitchforks.

At the sight of these reinforcements,

the bull gave up the contest, and with a final roar of disgust, retreated to a corner of the field.

Mr. Muggleton, watching the proceedings with breathless interest, stood by the gate to receive his preserver as he came forth.

He grasped his hand warmly, but for a moment could not utter a word.

'I hope you're not hurt sir,' said Harry Rolleston.

The millionaire shook his head.

His breath had not yet come back to him.

He stood leaning against the gate, and mopped his crimson face with his handkerchief.

The two labourers came up, touching their hats to him, and grinning after the manner of their kind.

'I'm very much obliged to you? he gasped out at length. 'Here, my men; go and get something to do you good.'

And he drew forth a couple of sovereigns, and gave one to each of them.

They touched their hats again and departed devoutly wishing that the bulls would attack millionaires a little oftener.

Mr. Muggleton and Harry Rolleston were left alone.

'Young man,' said the millionaire, solemnly, 'you have saved my life!'

And he held out his hand again.

Harry shook it heartily, but disclaimed any special merit.

'Oh, no! he said, 'You've managed all right, even without me. Those fellows would have come up, you know.'

'Yes, in time to have carried my dead body home—not before. I tell you I owe my life to you, I hope you won't find me ungrateful.'

'I'm sure I shouldn't, if there were anything to be grateful for,' said Harry, lightly. 'But there isn't. I did nothing. Why, I haven't got so much as a scratch. The brute didn't really mean mischief. It was half in fun!'

'Fun! Good Heavens! It seemed a very curious sort of fun to me, cried the millionaire, agitated at the very remembrance of the position he had been in five minutes ago, and yet secretly admiring the cool pluck of this young squireling, who could treat the whole matter as a joke.

'If that's what good blood can do, it's worth something,' he owned, candidly, to himself. 'Lord! I could never have shown the pluck he did if I'd practised at it all my life!'

Aloud he said—

'Mr. Rolleston, you'll go home with me? I feel a bit shaken, and I'd rather have your company, if you don't mind.'

'Certainly, sir.'

They turned towards The Towers.

'Will you take my arm, sir?' asked Harry.

'Thank you.'

And so they walked on together.

Very little passed between them till they reached The Towers.

Then the millionaire led the way to his private room, and forthwith gave utterance to the thoughts which had been in his mind during the walk homewards.

'Rolleston,' he said, 'I'm not much of a hand at fine speeches. You've saved my life, and I'm as grateful to you as a man can be whose life is so pleasant to him, and a thing he wouldn't care to lose. I always liked you, and I like you more than ever now. What I want to say is this—if there's anything I can do for you, you've only got to mention it, and it's done.'

The millionaire spoke with significance.

Harry Rolleston knew quite well that what he meant was—

'If you care to ask me for my daughter, she is yours.'

'You are very good sir,' said the young man, flushing crimson, and stammering a little in his emotion. 'But—'

'But what?' demanded Mr. Muggleton. 'But the only thing of value, in my eyes, which you have to give, is what I am not bold enough to ask you for.'

'Oh hang it all!' cried the millionaire. 'Now look here, Rolleston. You're a young man, and I'm an old one; but that's no reason why we shouldn't understand each other. If I'm making a mistake, you'll please tell me, and there's no harm done; and if not, I think I see a way of doing something for you in return for what you've done for me this morning.'

'Oh, sir, you think too much of that!'

'No, I don't. Now look here. I'm going to ask you two questions; and, if you're the sort I take you to be, you'll not be above giving me a plain, honest answer to both of them. The first is—do you love my daughter, Vi?'

Rolleston's answer was plain and honest enough.

'Yes, sir, I do!' he said, stoutly, and again a flush mantled his face.

'I thought so. Well, now—don't be offended—if my girl were poor, if she hadn't a penny-piece, should you still be willing to marry her? I ask you on your honor, as a gentleman.'

'I would rather marry her than than now!' declared Rolleston. 'Dearest to me she couldn't be; but I can honestly assure you that if the money lay in my side instead of hers, I should be a happier man.'

'That's all I want to know,' said the millionaire, cordially. 'Well, my boy, if you can get her consent, you've got mine. We can talk about money later on. I promise you it shan't be wanting.'

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'Oh, sir, you think too much of that!'

'No, I don't. Now look here. I'm going to ask you two questions; and, if you're the sort I take you to be, you'll not be above giving me a plain, honest answer to both of them. The first is—do you love my daughter, Vi?'

Rolleston's answer was plain and honest enough.

'Yes, sir, I do!' he said, stoutly, and again a flush mantled his face.

'I thought so. Well, now—don't be offended—if my girl were poor, if she hadn't a penny-piece, should you still be willing to marry her? I ask you on your honor, as a gentleman.'

'I would rather marry her than than now!' declared Rolleston. 'Dearest to me she couldn't be; but I can honestly assure you that if the money lay in my side instead of hers, I should be a happier man.'

'That's all I want to know,' said the millionaire, cordially. 'Well, my boy, if you can get her consent, you've got mine. We can talk about money later on. I promise you it shan't be wanting.'

the bull gave up the contest, and with a final roar of disgust, retreated to a corner of the field.

Mr. Muggleton, watching the proceedings with breathless interest, stood by the gate to receive his preserver as he came forth.

He grasped his hand warmly, but for a moment could not utter a word.

'I hope you're not hurt sir,' said Harry Rolleston.

The millionaire shook his head.

His breath had not yet come back to him.

He stood leaning against the gate, and mopped his crimson face with his handkerchief.

The two labourers came up, touching their hats to him, and grinning after the manner of their kind.

'I'm very much obliged to you? he gasped out at length. 'Here, my men; go and get something to do you good.'

And he drew forth a couple of sovereigns, and gave one to each of them.

They touched their hats again and departed devoutly wishing that the bulls would attack millionaires a little oftener.

Mr. Muggleton and Harry Rolleston were left alone.

'Young man,' said the millionaire, solemnly, 'you have saved my life!'

And he held out his hand again.

Harry shook it heartily, but disclaimed any special merit.

'Oh, no! he said, 'You've managed all right, even without me. Those fellows would have come up, you know.'

'Yes, in time to have carried my dead body home—not before. I tell you I owe my life to you, I hope you won't find me ungrateful.'

'I'm sure I shouldn't, if there were anything to be grateful for,' said Harry, lightly. 'But there isn't. I did nothing. Why, I haven't got so much as a scratch. The brute didn't really mean mischief. It was half in fun!'

'Fun! Good Heavens! It seemed a very curious sort of fun to me, cried the millionaire, agitated at the very remembrance of the position he had been in five minutes ago, and yet secretly admiring the cool pluck of this young squireling, who could treat the whole matter as a joke.

'If that's what good blood can do, it's worth something,' he owned, candidly, to himself. 'Lord! I could never have shown the pluck he did if I'd practised at it all my life!'

Aloud he said—

'Mr. Rolleston, you'll go home with me? I feel a bit shaken, and I'd rather have your company, if you don't mind.'

'Certainly, sir.'

They turned towards The Towers.

'Will you take my arm, sir?' asked Harry.

'Thank you.'

And so they walked on together.

Very little passed between them till they reached The Towers.

Then the millionaire led the way to his private room, and forthwith gave utterance to the thoughts which had been in his mind during the walk homewards.

'Rolleston,' he said, 'I'm not much of a hand at fine speeches. You've saved my life, and I'm as grateful to you as a man can be whose life is so pleasant to him, and a thing he wouldn't care to lose. I always liked you, and I like you more than ever now. What I want to say is this—if there's anything I can do for you, you've only got to mention it, and it's done.'

The millionaire spoke with significance.

Harry Rolleston knew quite well that what he meant was—

'If you care to ask me for my daughter, she is yours.'

'You are very good sir,' said the young man, flushing crimson, and stammering a little in his emotion. 'But—'

'But what?' demanded Mr. Muggleton. 'But the only thing of value, in my eyes, which you have to give, is what I am not bold enough to ask you for.'

'Oh hang it all!' cried the millionaire. 'Now look here, Rolleston. You're a young man, and I'm an old one; but that's no reason why we shouldn't understand each other. If I'm making a mistake, you'll please tell me, and there's no harm done; and if not, I think I see a way of doing something for you in return for what you've done for me this morning.'

'Oh, sir, you think too much of that!'

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'I would rather marry her than than now!' declared Rolleston. 'Dearest to me she couldn't be; but I can honestly assure you that if the money lay in my side instead of hers, I should be a happier man.'

'That's all I want to know,' said the millionaire, cordially. 'Well, my boy, if you can get her consent, you've got mine. We can talk about money later on. I promise you it shan't be wanting.'

leaned back in his chair, and meditated as to what was to be done with the soap-maker's money.

## CHAPTER XXXIV. MR. TIFTA AS A WORKER.

A day or two after this, Mr. Muggleton was called upon to give away another of his daughters.

Sir Granville Grantly sought an interview with him, and asked for the hand of Miss Janetta.

The millionaire was too shrewd a man of the world to suppose that this fine gentleman would have wished to ally himself with the house of Muggleton if it had not been for those tempting millions; but he hoped the baronet had some sort of an attachment to Janetta, and would make her a tolerable husband.

That Janetta cared for Sir Granville, he knew; and like a wise man, did not expect to find too much of romantic disinterestedness.

He gave his consent for his daughter to become Lady Grantly, and Sir Granville departed from his presence a happy man.

He intended to build his ancestral home as soon as he should have got possession of his bride's fortune, to invite royalty to visit it, and altogether to show the world that the star of the Grantlys was in the ascendant.

Poor Marie was thus the only one of the Muggleton girls who was unappropriated. She had lost a little of her bright bloom, and a good deal of her gaiety of spirits.

The very mention of Sir Patrick's name had still power to thrill all her nerves with pain; and it did not help her nerves of mind to know that her mother and sisters regarded her as one who had been crossed in love and were good-naturedly anxious to sympathize with her in her grief.

She had heard that Sir Patrick had set out for Africa; and Mr. Tiptaft had taken care to supplement this piece of news with the assurance that, when he returned, he would immediately celebrate his nuptials with that young lady of high birth on whom his affections were set.

He had heard this from his uncle, the earl, he said, and poor Marie never dreamed of doubting information derived from such a source.

As soon as her sisters were formally engaged, she, as a natural consequence, was left very much to herself.

Janetta and Vi were, of course, claimed almost exclusively by Sir Granville and Harry Rolleston.

This was Mr. Tiptaft's opportunity.

Marie had resumed those charitable labours in his parish which Sir Patrick Donevan's arrival had so seriously interfered with, and he took care to superintend labour himself.

If Miss Muggleton visited a cottage, he visited it also.

Never before had the poor and sick of Little Cleve received such attention from their pastor.

He was found of stepping into the house with the opening words of the office for the visitation of the sick upon his lips.

He would stand on the threshold, his head bared, his imposing form drawn to its full height, and say, in a loud, unctuous voice—

'Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!'

And Marie sitting meekly beside the sick person, would think what a holy man he was, and how zealous in the discharge of his duties.

Very often he walked part of the way home with her, and then he would speak much of his high office, and his own worthiness.

He would ask her opinion—with well-feigned anxiety—upon disputed points of doctrine, and would appear so genuinely devout and humble-minded, that a much wiser girl than poor Marie Muggleton might have been excused for looking upon him as next door to a saint.

She was not in love with him—not at all.

Her heart had gone out too unreservedly to Sir Patrick for there to be room in it, as yet for any other image.

But she esteemed him greatly, and found a certain fascination in his society.

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

CHAPTER XXXII.  
HARRY ROLLESTON HAS AN ADVENTURE

It was a great pity that those two other lovers—Harry Rolleston and Vi—should not have been as happy as Kate and Morewood that September afternoon.

But between them stood a great barrier—a perfect mountain of gold.

**CANCER** And Tumors cured to stay cured at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 25c-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.



Sunday Reading

WHAT IS FAITH?

On no subject connected with received theology perhaps have so many, and such serious, mistakes been made, as in expounding and defining the term faith. It is a common occurrence for ministers and others when attempting to give inquirers the simplest definition possible, to say: 'It is just simply taking God at his word, accepting the Bible at just what it says.'

A more misleading definition, one fraught with more dangerous consequences to seekers, could hardly be given. It is calculated to lead inquiring souls to rest satisfied with a simple belief in the statements of revealed truth; or as it has been differently expressed, 'a bare belief in a bare truth,' without once realizing the true nature of faith that is 'energized by love,' and that brings the soul into justified relationship with God, and gives it peace.

No wonder the churches of today are carrying such a heavy percentage of unconverted members, and as a consequence losing their spirituality and drifting away from the old scriptural landmarks. When the very means by which the sinking soul is joined with God, are involved in such mists and darkness.

Faith is not simply a 'bare belief in a bare truth.' Or rather it is that, and a great deal more than that. Belief in the statements of revealed truth is the groundwork of faith, but it is not faith. It is simply the foundation on which faith rests, the source from which it springs; and though an essential element of faith may exist without it while faith cannot exist without a previous belief to support it.

It is a common error of the times to confound the terms belief and faith, and use them interchangeably as if they were synonymous. A more fatal mistake could not be made. The difference between them is as great as man's need of salvation. They are as wide apart as heaven and earth. The one, like the covenant of works, 'genders to bondage and ends in death;' the other, like the covenant of grace, 'brings life and immortality to light.' And yet, upon this confusion of terms, whole systems of theology have based, and denominations built up. It is upon this confusion, in a large part, that Campbellism depends; though by substituting belief for faith, they have been forced to invert the gospel order and put faith, as they understand it, before repentance. Belief does precede repentance, but faith does not and cannot, as will be seen further on.

One reason, perhaps, of the indiscriminate use of belief and faith as synonymous terms to be found in the fact that faith, among other peculiarities, has no verb of its own. Where we would express it in action, we are forced to borrow a verb; and because belief is the nearest akin to it, we borrow the verb of that word and so use 'believe' as the verb of both belief and faith. The constant use of the word 'believe' to express the exercise of faith, would naturally suggest the idea that the two words mean the same thing. The verb 'believe,' however, does not, and cannot, express the full meaning of the term faith, from the fact that, though a short simple word, it involves a compound idea. It embraces all that belief does, and, in addition, it includes the idea of trust and confidence. It also implies the concurrence of the affections, the approbation of the will, and has special reference to Christ, and Christ only, as its object. Faith begins in belief, which is to it what cause is to effect. There may be a cause without an effect, but there cannot be an effect without a cause. So there may be belief without faith, but there can be no faith without belief. Belief is purely an intellectual exercise. It is an act of the understanding and judgment, based upon sufficient evidence. It is altogether a creature of evidence, and is always controlled and determined by a preponderance of proof; and is, consequently, both transient and involuntary. Transient, because, being based upon and produced by evidence, it may be modified, changed, or entirely destroyed, by contradictory proof; and involuntary, because we cannot help believing when the proof is sufficient. A statement of propositions may be very unpleasant to us, it may be opposed to our interest, safety or happiness, but if the proof is complete and irrefutable, we cannot refuse belief without stultifying ourselves.

Faith, on the other hand, is a voluntary act. It is a permanent disposition of the mind, in which the heart is concerned. Our approbation and our affections always concur with our faith. We trust in Jesus for salvation because the heart approves of him, not because the intellect assents to truth concerning him which are indisputable.

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing.

When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

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able. We may have a firm belief that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners, from the statement made about him, we may not have a doubt of him being the Redeemer of the world; but until we trust him as our individual, personal Saviour, we have no faith in him.

Faith is more a great deal more, than the mere assent of the mind to the truth of the statements of revelation concerning Christ. If this were all that is necessary, then none would be so sure of salvation as the fallen angels, for none know better than they, nor more firmly believe the statement made concerning him; yet, it avails them nothing. Nor is it an objection to this argument that salvation was not provided for the fallen angels, because, as already seen in a former article, it is impossible for them to excuse faith for this very reason; while belief is demanded of every creature of God, as will be seen further on.

Belief never extends beyond the simple assent of the mind to the truth of a given proposition. Faith, on the other hand, impels the action. Belief may, or it may not, influence our conduct, but our conduct is always determined by our faith. In a gospel sense, revealed truth is the subject of our belief; while the Messiah is the object of our faith.

Wherever the word 'belief' occurs in the New Testament, in connection with Christ, it has reference to the statements made concerning him. Wherever the word 'faith' occurs, in connection with him, it has reference to Christ himself. We believe the statements, but we trust Christ. A man may believe all the statements of revelation concerning Christ, and yet be destitute of faith in him.

Satan doubtless believes every statement of scripture and trembles in believing, and yet has no true faith. We often have a firm belief in things we disapprove, but our approbation and our affections always go with our faith. We give our belief to the statements of any respectable man, but we honor and love the man, in whom we have faith.

Belief is an element of the primal law, under which man originally came into being, and springs from the very nature of our relation to God. Every son and daughter of Adam, whether saint or sinner, accepting or rejecting the gospel, is bound by the law of his creation to believe 'every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Hence, the exceeding sinfulness of unbelief.

Those who do not 'believe the record that God has given of his Son, have made him a liar;' by disputing his word. Belief in every statement of God's recorded will, is required of every one; and would still have been required if no plan of salvation had ever been devised, or a Savior provided for the lost.

More belief has nothing whatever to do with the scheme of redemption. It antedates that scheme, so to speak, and is obligatory upon all men, regardless of it.

Faith, on the other hand, is an outgrowth of Mediatorial redemption, founded upon the peculiar rights of the Mediator and Redeemer. It has no place nor function save in a Mediatorial govern-

ment. There it is the sole medium, or channel, through which the benefits of Mediatorial redemption are bestowed upon men, because the exercise of faith necessitates just that condition of heart and mind that makes reconciliation with God possible, and through it alone can salvation be "by grace," and man retain his freedom of will.

Our Creditors.

Many people when called upon to support Christian missions seem to feel that they are simply bestowing a gift on some one, and think of their missionary work as a matter of charity. Paul had a very different idea of it. Paul felt that the great blessings of forgiveness and Christian experience which he had received from God were not given him for himself only, but were bestowed upon him in trust, and that he was a steward to communicate them to others. Hence Paul felt that he was a debtor to every man, whether he was a Roman, or a Greek, or a Jew, or a barbarian who had not come to know Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. He went to people, not in a patronizing way, but with the earnestness and humility of an honest man who has come to pay a great debt. The missionary, whether it be in foreign lands or in home fields, who goes in that spirit is sure of a hearing. How it would fill up our missionary treasuries in all the churches if Christian men and women, everywhere appreciated keenly the debt which they owe to the dark-minded, enslaved multitudes of China and India and Africa, as well as to many sin-oppressed souls in our own land. We shall never capture the world to Christ except in Paul's spirit of honest debt paying.

The Protection of Courage.

It was noticeable that such men as Roosevelt and Chaffee who exposed themselves the most daringly at San Juan and Santiago should have come off safe from wounds. The old proverb that fortune favors the brave is often illustrated. The people who are always taking care of themselves, and take every step with timid caution, as they imagined the Lord had enemies waiting in ambush for them, are usually the first to fall. When Joshua and Caleb came back from the scouting expedition into Canaan they did everything they could to persuade Moses to invade the land of promise at once, and capture it from the giants. They urged that with God on their side all their enemies would easily be overthrown. But they were overruled by the cowards of the party. It is interesting to note that these men who turned cowards in the face of danger, and who took such precious care of themselves all died in the wilderness, while Joshua and Caleb, who were always willing to risk themselves for a good cause lived to enter the Promised Land. God has so made the world that the bravest thing a man can do in it is the safest.

Some Selected Thoughts.

There are ways in which even silent people can belong to God and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life.—J. R. Miller.

Lord Shaftesbury, at the age of twenty-seven, wrote in his diary: 'On my soul, I believe that I desire the welfare of mankind!' At eighty-four he exclaimed, in view of his approaching end, 'I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it!' And this was no mere effusive declamation, but the genuine utterance of a zeal which descended to the most minute and laborious forms of practical expression.

'Poor dear children!' he exclaimed to the superintendent of a ragged school, after hearing from some of the children their tale of cold and hunger. 'What can we do for them?'

'My God shall supply all their need,' replied the superintendent, with easy faith.

'Yes,' said Lord Shaftesbury, 'he will, but they must have some food directly.' He drove home, and instantly sent two churns of soup, enough to feed four-

MAN'S THOUGHTLESS INHUMANITY

To His Stomach, Causes Untold Suffering and Misery.

But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Restore the Health and Strength the Greater Way—They Cure all Stomach Diseases Except Cancer.

A tired, weak, worn-out stomach makes a man a crank, a woman a scold, and life a misery.

You should not know that you have a stomach. If it is healthy and strong you won't know it, for it will never trouble you. There is no wonder that the stomach so often wears out. From our earliest childhood we presistently abuse it, and overwork it.

We sicken it with "candies"; freeze it with ice cream; parboil it with scalding hot tea, or coffee; choke it up with tough half-masticated meat; and abuse it in a hundred other ways.

hundred. That winter ten thousand basins of soup, made in Grosvenor Square were distributed among the 'dear little hearts' of Whitechapel.

TURNED IN A BLANKET.

Pain Too Severe From Rheumatism to Have Even the Nurse's Trained Hand Touch Him—South American Rheumatic Cure Got Him Out of Bed in 34 Hours.

"Some time ago I was attacked with very severe rheumatic pains. My joints swelled and stiffened. I had to be turned in bed on a blanket. I had best doctors and best nurses, but could not get relief. Death would have been welcome. A friend called and recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. I procured it and in twenty-four hours after taking it there was a wonderful change. I was able to get out of my bed into a chair without assistance. I have continued using it, and although 88 years of age, I do not feel within 20 years of it. I am my natural self again, free from pain. I trust you will use testimony as you think best for suffering humanity's sake." Samuel Haight, Sparta, Ont.

Christian Illumination.

A woman in Korea who had been converted at one of the Christian missions sought with all the devotion of a new convert, and all the love and sympathy she had for her husband, to make her nearly deaf husband understand some of the New Testament stories. It was very slow, hard work, and in telling her troubles to the missionary she said: 'I wish I could make holes in his head so that the right understanding could get in.' It is a good deal easier to impart the Christian intelligence to the children while all the senses are keen, and the light falls upon a fresh young brain that can easily absorb it. These rich Christian nations ought to capture the childhood of heathen lands before they get so old and deaf as to need a surgical operation to get the truth to their intelligence.

The Good News We Carry.

A keen appreciation of the gladness and joy of salvation is necessary to develop the missionary spirit. If a man himself has no personal consciousness of salvation, you can not expect him to be very enthusiastic over the salvation of others. When we surrender our hearts completely to Christ, and the good news of divine mercy has become personal to us, then we are ready to carry it to others. How beautiful is the picture given in the 52d chapter of Isaiah, of him who brings this good news of divine mercy: 'How beautiful upon [the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that sayeth unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!'

Safe, Sure, and Painless

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you're looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations of substitutes.

Coal Statistics.

The coal area of the principal countries of the world is enormous. Japan and China have over 200,000 square miles of coal fields. The United States has nearly as much. India, 35,000 square miles; Russia, 27,000 square miles; Great Britain, 9,000 square miles; Germany, 3,600 square miles, with France, Belgium, Spain and other countries about 4,000 square miles. It is estimated that the coal districts of five of the largest European nations would yield something more than three and one-half billion tons of coal. Grumblers who sometimes worry lest by the prodigal waste of coal the supply should be exhausted may be reassured by the statement that there is coal enough in the world to last over a thousand years, at which time they probably will have a little interest in mundane affairs. Pennsylvania has the credit of mining fifty million tons of coal during the year 1895. This is the largest production given in the United States Reports of any coal produc-

'No wonder it breaks down. Why shouldn't it have a rest occasionally, as well as we do ourselves?'

If it had, we would never be tortured by indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Sick Headache, nor any other of the many complaints that result from abuse of the stomach.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets give the stomach a rest by doing its work for it. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest any and all kinds of wholesome foods rapidly and thoroughly. They are the most perfect digestives agents known to medical men. They contain the very same substances that a perfectly healthy stomach secretes to digest the food taken into it.

By ensuring perfect digestion, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure all stomach troubles except cancer.

By digesting the food they rest the stomach, allowing it to regain health strength and vigor.

ing state North Carolina furnishes 25,000 tons, which is the smallest amount reported for any state. During the year 1895 the value of the coal production was nearly 108 millions of dollars for bituminous coal, and anthracite about 78½ millions.

The Verdict.

The Atlanta Constitution tells of a curious verdict rendered by a Georgia jury in a case where the guilt of the prisoner was clearly established. It was not thought the jury would be ten minutes in recommending him for the penitentiary, but three hours elapsed before the twelve men filed into court again, when a verdict of 'Not guilty' was read, to the astonishment of all.

'How could you bring in such a verdict after the evidence?' asked the judge.

'Well, judge,' replied the foreman, 'he's a man of large family, and lost one leg and two sons in the war.'

Don't wait till your cough is bad enough to keep you in bed. Take Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine, as soon as you feel a cold coming it cures.

The simplest public railroad now operated is thought to be one between Atami and Odawara, in Japan. It is a narrow gauge road and is run by man power. The cars have seats for four persons each, who sit back to back. A train consists of two or three cars, and is drawn up hill by half a dozen coolies.

He was safe.—Needy Client: 'If I lose my case, I don't see how you are to be paid.'

Lawyer: 'Oh, don't worry about that, my dear sir. The lawyer on the other side is my partner.'

Balancing it.—Greene: 'You don't mean to say you tell your wife everything you do?'

Gray: 'Hardly that. But I tell her a great many things I don't do.'

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER CURED.

Mrs. Lydia A. Fowler, Electric Street, Amherst, N.S., testifies to the good effects of the new specific for all heart and nerve troubles: 'For some time past I have been troubled with a fluttering sensation in the region of my heart, followed by acute pains which gave me great distress and weakened me at times so that I could scarcely breathe. I was very much run down and felt nervous and irritable.

'I had taken a great many remedies without receiving any benefit, a friend induced me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I had only been taking them a short time when I felt that they were doing me great good; so I continued their use and now feel all right. I can heartily recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for nervous prostration.'

Mrs. Fowler adds: 'My daughter, now fifteen years of age, was pale, weak and run down, and she also took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and is now strong, healthy and vigorous.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, smothering sensation, dizziness and faint spells, nervousness, weakness, female troubles, etc. Price 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Melville Miller, Banafort, Ontario, says: 'Laxa-Liver Pills made a new man of me. I was troubled with indigestion and pains in the small of my back, and after taking Laxa-Liver Pills for about three weeks they completely cured me.' Price 25c., all druggists.

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Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.



### Notches on the Stick.

Mr. Herbin, in his recent book on Grand Pre, has taken the position respecting the character of the Acadiens and the circumstances of their deportation from the province, which, from his racial and poetical sympathies we should expect. And he gives events in such sequence, and presents such an array of evidence, as to make us feel more strongly than ever before, that argument and conclusion, with the merit thereof, cannot lie wholly with the opposite side. We have been told that the chronicle of the Abbe Raynal was more fanciful than true, and that the poem "Evangeline," drawing its conclusions therefrom, has erred, so that we have a sort of poetical Utopia instead of the veritable village of Grand Pre. Who shall certify, however, that the Abbe Raynal's account is untrue? But whether true or not, in the main features, the elements of humanity, of justice and of mercy remain, the same; and the world, instructed by the poets exquisite idyl, will continue to recognize at least the ethical and poetic truth of the pathetic narrative, and will not in its heart acquit the British authorities of the harshness, injustice, and cruelty which have been charged against them.

We have a History of Nova Scotia before us in which the Abbe Raynal's chronicle is quoted, with points of refutation. "The habitations were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as a substantial farmer's house in Europe." But Messrs. Beaucharnois and Hocquart writing from Quebec to the Count de Maurepas, declare "the Acadians have not extended their plantations since they have come under English dominion, their houses are wretched wooden boxes, without convenience and without ornament, and scarcely containing the necessary furniture." This the historian must set down as fact, to the absolute discredit of Raynal. But why? Could not this aristocratic Frenchman have erred in his estimate of what sufficed for comfort and content among a simple peasant people? Or must we suppose he had inspected in detail each village and intended his words to be descriptive of the whole? His aim seems to have been to show that the conditions of British rule had been discouraging to the Acadian farmers, and they had recently begun to show signs of slackness and poverty in the construction of their dwellings. We cannot be sure that Beaucharnois and Hocquart told the absolute truth, and that Raynal did not. Again, in respect of their community life, so attractively presented in the poem, and in the chronicle: "Whatever little difficulties arose were amicably adjusted by their elders."

"Thus dwell in love these simple Acadian farmers." This, in our mind, is no more than balanced by the counter statement of Governor Armstrong that "they are a litigious sort of people, and so ill-natured to one another, as to daily encroach on their neighbors' properties." Let him who will, having taken account of the racial and political situation, of man's liability to bias and prejudice in the work of making good his own cause, accept the later statement as unqualified truth to the discredit of an unfortunate people; but we refuse to do this. But on the side of kings and governments there is power, and often the assertion of righteousness; though it does not always follow that truth and justice are there.

Mr. Herbin writes with reference to the character of Governor Lawrence, and his policy toward the Acadiens: "The last, the most famous, the most infamous, of all the governors of Nova Scotia is now before us, who is to introduce the last act of the Acadian drama. This is Charles Lawrence, the man who will ever be remembered for his connection with the deportation of the Acadiens. He was a soldier, bold and active, keen and intelligent, but ambitious and unscrupulous to the highest degree. His antecedents were humble, but being endowed with more than ordinary ability, without the restraints of a refined or noble nature, he gave way when opportunity offered for the baser and more sordid impulses which seem to have ruled his life. He was, moreover, haughty and disdainful in manner. Without real friends, his acts received support from his agents and from those who were unable to resist him. Of low cunning, a consummate flatterer of the higher, an oppressor of the weak, with false promises and every effort to accomplish his own personal ends, Lawrence has the unenviable distinction of having caused the expatriation of the Acadiens, and of having done it with great cruelty. These facts have come to light only within a few years, through the researches of French writers."

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We can but wish that Mr. Herbin had cited some documents and authorities in detail, which perhaps he may do in a later edition. But with a man of such a character it can be readily perceived that the bolder Acadiens must have been goaded to such imprudent excesses as might easily be urged and used against them.

We confess to a foregone sympathy for the Acadian people, and a respect for them, which we believe is not without warrant in the facts of the case and in justice and reason as well. We appreciate the delicacy and difficulty of the political situation, and the necessity for a loyal and homogeneous population. We by no means approve of the acts of treachery and violence that parties or individuals among the French committed; though we think a more cordial attitude on the part of the English might have materially relieved the situation, had it been their aim to retain the Acadian settlers, and that they might ultimately have been brought to take the oath of allegiance. But we honor the sentiment of loyalty to their native king and country. That those dear ties of blood and birth cannot be easily broken bespeaks an essentially noble and upright people. We look upon these unfortunate as the victims of an unsettled and changeable political situation over which they had no control. We conceive of them as not all warriors, demagogues, or political spies. The majority were home-loving affectionate, and domestic, as poet and annalist represents them. Old France was a dear dream of the heart, and sacred as the unseen paradise; but their real concern, and the dearest spot on earth, was that which for eighty years they or their fathers had dwelt upon. "They had long ago learned the necessity of making use of the natural conditions of their surrounding, so that their habits and customs were characteristic of the country. It was all the harder for them when the conditions were changed by being driven away from their own country, to begin life in places entirely different from what they had known. Many of them had been born to the lives they were now living and, so to speak, they had become part of the soil. . . . Various amusements made the cold winter pleasant. Singing, dancing and open hospitality cheered their homes. They lived as one large family, bound by the ties of religion, race and kinship." That they were a people of intelligence, spirit and self-respect, with some faculty for dignified literary expression, is manifest by the memorial document addressed to Governor Lawrence and his council, which was previously constructed as impertinent. That the people, as regards the intercourse of the sexes, were prudent and virtuous, is alleged by the Abbe Raynal: "There never was an instance in this society of an unlawful commerce between the sexes." That pure, elevated, if not artistic and literary tastes, and a true poetical feeling, existed among them, there are not wanting the indications. Upon such a people, by the arbitrary decree of a Provincial Governor, and without the warrant of the King whose subjects they were, fell a pitiless doom. If they had perished by the

sword, and their ashes had been left to moulder with their households it might only sound severer. After all it is said this will remain in the mind of the poet at least, one of the political crimes detaching the Anglo-Saxon lurels.

Several months ago we clipped from a Canadian paper the following:

"In taking stock now and then of our Canadian lyrics one name not long since familiar in college circles in Toronto is too seldom heard. The thoughtful face and luminous eyes of Philips Stewart are affectionately and reverently held in memory by those who recognized in the young poet's work a promise of great things, unhappily unfulfilled in his early death. He was our Canadian Keats, and wrote with a not less vivid sense of beauty. In his slight book of poems published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, is to be found in a poem entitled "Corydon and Amaryllis" the following passage, which now in these long, warm days which he so exquisitely describes seems like a regretful echo from the tomb:—

"Will not the voice of spring,  
These cheerful signs of life and fragrant winds,  
That wander through the drooping willows,  
Thee back to glowing life again? And thou,  
O robin, with the mellow flute so full  
Of melody, 'twas almost to forget  
That this fair world of ours could know our pang  
Or tear, it was so beautiful, so full  
Of joy. How my young heart did wildly bound  
With thee in warbling greenness of glad spring!  
My youth hath been attuned to thy sweet song;  
We have together roamed by mossy streams,  
Whose gladness mingled with our own, through  
fields  
Where buds and berries ripened into bloom,  
And by the leafy greenness of cool woods.  
Our lives were like a merry dream, serene  
And shadowless; passion and apathy  
Were far away, when thou wert breathing forth  
Thine ecstasy."

This little book, with its simple title, "Poems, by Philips Stewart," and its brief greeting inscribed on a flyleaf, is among the choicest of our possessions. The poetry may be reckoned immature, but it has yet potency of beauty which prophesied a rare unfolding, had not the young poet been cut off so untimely. He may be forgotten, but some who knew him and who have his book, will prize him for what he was and for what he might have become. His sonnet on Keats, and his Lyric,—"In shadowy calm the boat," are worthy of a place in any collection of Canadian verse.

"Zion's Herald" of Boston, and the "Christian Advocate" of New York, have an immemorable dispute, reminding us of the positive man and his pertinacious wife concerning the identity of rat and mouse. Briefly to state the facts, as we have understood them,—the original "Zion's Herald," which, appearing in Jan. 1823, was the first religious and denominational weekly in the world but subsequently became by change of proprietorship consolidated with the "Christian Advocate and Journal." At a later period a religious paper was started at Boston, which finally bore, and has borne for many a year the appropriate and euphonious title of "Zion's Herald." Now the question of questions, which at uncertain periods recurs, with much ardor and amplitude of discussion, is this: Which paper is the oldest? It is on the tapis again, and Dr. Buckley has spread the matter categorically over a whole page of the "Advocate" for did not Dr. Parkhurst unwaveringly declare in his commemorative number, that "Zion's Herald" is the oldest Methodist newspaper in the world; unmindful of a foregone controversy, as long as that concerning the supralapsarians, in which each editor had settled it to his satisfaction. We should not be surprised if some of the constituency of both papers were slightly weary of the sight of this venerable chestnut, and would recommend a future reticence like that observed by the goodwife in the ballad of Goethe.

"Great interest attaches to these studies of negro character" ("Folks from Dixie," by Paul Lawrence Dunbar,) says "The London Critic"; "for the author is himself a young negro who has written verse of real distinction. Although the people of color have often been studied sympathetically by many authors, 'Folks from Dixie' is one of the first contributions which they have made to literature. One may heartily praise the book without going so far as Mr. Howells and hailing it as a work of genius. The stories are told in a naive style, and give one the impression of immense good heartedness. The kindly nature of the African is dwelt upon, and Paul Dunbar does a service to his race in making his readers realize it. There are both humor and pathos in the sketches, some of which are new in subject and treatment; others, like "A Family Feud," are but old world themes in a black mask."

We had not supposed that a work of importance by Thomas Carlyle, yet unknown to the general public, could be in existence; but such an unexpected treasure is announced

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ced as forthcoming during the autumn. "Historical Sketches of Noted Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I." is its title; and the reason of its long delay seems to be that after having written it the sage of Chelsea contemplated a more extensive work on the same subject, which, however he was diverted from executing by the greater interest he began to feel in the preparation of his "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," in which work he absorbed considerable of the material he had worked into the "Sketches." The manuscript has been discovered, among a number of the author's papers, by his nephew, Mr. Alexander Carlyle; and, as it is found to be in itself a complete and interesting work, it has been decided to publish it.

Joaquin Miller, or Cincinnatus Heine Miller, or "the wild Byron of the West," who drew our early thought to El Dorado, and made for us enchanted ground of Arizona and Nicaragua—though he has grown gray in the service, is still before us as a striking figure, dramatic and imposing as ever. He is just home from Klondike, with nuggets and gold-dust for California as well as dreams and fancies, and he avers: "The Klondike mines are certainly the richest ever found on the face of the globe, but the gold is ten fold harder to get than in any camp I have ever been in." Mr. Miller wears well and it is said that his "latest portrait shows him as having aged but little, though the snows of many winters are whitening his lengthening beard and shortening locks." Mr. Miller is not absorbed in poetry to the exclusion of interest in public affairs, but he has his peculiar opinions and sympathies. He leans toward the native and bohemian peoples, who live "near to nature's heart," rather than the more complex and strongly organized society. He is interested in the Eastern affairs, and the prospective American possessions there, and he has a warm side turned toward Hawaii and her native glories. On his return from his Pacific voyage he spoke in rapturous terms of Honolulu, and denounced the government of President Dole, declaring that "there had been nothing so monstrous since the Reign of Terror." He has seen some phases of northern life worthy of poetry, and it is expected that "the next book Mr. Miller gives the public will be inspired by a muse he found amid the snow-clad Alaska mountains."

The Cincinnati "Time's-Star," devotes a whole column to the vildest doggerel extant, and entitles his screed, "A Sucker State Poet." The "poet" is indeed a "sucker," and is in the most rudimentary tadpole state. It must be inferred that to win the recognition of a western editor an alleged "poet" must be sufficiently cheap. It will be the minimum and not the maximum of poetic inspiration that brings the bays. If the "Sucker State Poet" could by any possibility have done worse he might have had an editorial column and a half. What satisfaction must accrue to a vain and vulgar soul, hungry for just such notoriety, who without any title to praise for his work, desires promotion. The indulgent editor of a city daily knows what will meet his wishes.

The lovers of Ian Maclaren may anticipate a new volume of stories to be published during the autumn. PASTOR FELIX.

**Decline of Races.**  
Official statistics are quoted showing that the birth rate in France has fallen from 33 per 1,000 at the beginning of the century to 22 per 1,000, or less than the death rate. In some of the United States, however, this matter is even more serious, it would appear. Thus, the birth rate in Nevada is given at 16.30 per 1,000; Maine, 17.99; New Hampshire, 18.4, and Vermont, 18.5, while California strange to say, has a birth rate of 19.4 per 1,000, or nearly 12 per cent. less than that of France—a fact which, in view of the favorable climate, ample area, and diversity of interest and employment characteristic of the State, is most striking. Following California is Connecticut, which has a birth rate of 21.03 per 1,000, Massachusetts, 21.5 per, while Rhode Island has 23.5 or a somewhat higher rate than the French; then Wyoming, with its 21.5, comes between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and Oregon figures as 22.5. These data, it is asserted, show that within a period varying from 60 to 200 years, according to

circumstances, the Anglo-Saxon race of inhabitants of New England and the Pacific coast will be replaced by another.

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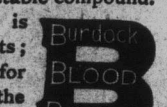
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Harvey—"George said he kissed you. Did he?" Flora (ambiguously)—"Not much."—Boston Transcript.

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Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

At this season of visiting and being visited, it may not be amiss for us to chat a few minutes upon what constitutes the welcome and agreeable guest for such we would all wish to be I am sure.

For one thing, she will be punctual at meals, this is a thought worth considering, yet a point upon which young people are very apt to be careless—let nothing but illness prevent you rising in time for breakfast with the family.

Do not begin to curl your hair or change your dress just as dinner is being carried in—this for my girls.

Boys wipe your feet before entering the house and thus earn for yourselves the title of gentlemen; nothing will please all the women kind in the house from mistress to servant more than your careful acquaintance with the door-mat and scraper.

Come to the table with hair smoothly brushed and hands fit to serve the ladies near you.

Be pleased with small attentions—appreciate kindness—eat, and at least appear to enjoy the food that is provided—“lend a hand” here and there when assistance is needed and help to amuse cheerfully, if by singing, reading, playing games, or in any other way you are competent to do so—these things help largely to make the attractive guest, whom you and I gladly welcome to our homes, and ask most heartily to come again.

Kitty would like to know what amusement she can propose for a “honor evening.”

A cob-web party is great fun, and the amusement will fully recompense one for the work required in its preparation. The cob-webs are made by unwinding spools of silk, thread or cord in every conceivable part of the house, from attic to cellar almost; winding upon pictures, ornaments, curtain poles and legs of chairs and tables. Each person is duly presented with an empty spool; and the object is to rewind the thread, silk or cord without tangling or breaking it. A prize is presented to the who first unwinds his or web, and a booby prize is given to the one who comes in last. To increase the confusion, the cords should be crossed and recrossed.

“Identification” is a most laughable game, and one which has furnished amusement for my young friends in the country many a time. It has this merit, that it requires very little preparation. Long paper funnels having each two holes for the eyes are placed upon the heads of those who are to be “identified.” When the funnels are adjusted the wearers kneel, and a shawl is pinned to the bottom of each funnel so as to entirely conceal the person of the wearer. Each guesser then takes a lighted candle in his hand and holding it to the eye holes in the paper cones or funnels, try to tell from the appearance of the eyes beneath who are the hidden players. When all have guessed the funnels are removed, and the person making the greatest number of successful guesses is of course the winner of the game.

“What is my thought like?” is a good rainy evening game, and one that requires considerable mental alertness to carry it on successfully. One person plays the part of leader and asks what is my thought like? after fixing some certain subject or object in his mind to think upon; and each person makes a guess as to the subject of his unknown thought. The leader writes down all the answers to his question in the order he received them and when all have answered he tells what he thought about. Then each player is obliged to give a reason why his answer is like the leader's thought.

For instance, he thinks of a song that has just been sung by one of the young ladies present and then asks, “what is my thought like?” One says, “like the book

he holds in his hand.” Another says, “like the carpet” and another replies “like the horse I drive” and so on. When no one is asked “why is my thought (that is Miss—song like the book?) he may answer. “because it is easy to be understood.” Why is the song like the carpet? “Because it is so bright” and why is the song like my horse; the answer may be, “because its movement is quick.” A good deal of ingenuity is required to give a sensible answer and quote any resemblance; but it is a good game for making one think quickly and sharpening up the wits.

Tableaux are a favourite amusement for dull evenings in the country. I remember last summer we had some very pretty impromptu living pictures; and one of the prettiest was called “The wood nymph.” It was a dear little girl, whose white frock was trimmed with a border of ferns, around whose fair hair we bound a wreath of bright rowan berries around whose waist we twined the glossy cranberry vines and in whose hand we placed a lovely autumn branch of crimson and gold maple leaves. But I will tell you more about our tableaux another time.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Fancy bows and neck fixings fill all the available space in the shops which is not occupied by silk waists, and it would seem from the number displayed as if they were to be purchased in dozens. But they are expensive little trifles, despite their innocent appearance. There are bows attached to collar bands, bows minus the band, as you choose, and bows made of lace in cascade and hourglass form. Kilted chiton bows are edged with narrow lace or ribbon, and others are made of thin silk in pale colors. Colored chiffons, as well as white and black, are used, and it is quite possible to get a collar band and bow that will harmonize with any bodice. Silk bows are hemmed, with a row of embroidered insertion above the hem, and stocks tied around with a sailor knot; are made of white silk with various colored polka dots.

If you want to have the latest thing, get a garnet cloth skirt, a black coat, and a red velvet toque in a rich, soft shade, a little lighter than the skirt.

All-over lace gowns in cream and ecru over white satin are worn for dressy occasions, and sleeveless coats of Irish guipure are one of the pretty accessories of evening dress.

The newest ribbons are a delight to the eye, with their pretty soft colors spotted with black satin and chenille dots, and striped with chenille and velvet. There is every kind of plaid ribbon, figured ribbon and ribbon with a fine silk fringe on the edge. Satin ribbons are especially soft in texture with almost a velvet finish, and some of them have a diagonal weave in the silk.

A new liberty material is called Orion satin. It comes in all the light colors, and is exquisitely soft in finish.

Barbaric-looking chains of colored beads are shown among the novelties. Fans and lognettes are supposed to be attached to these, and while they cannot supplant the more elegant jewelled chains of gold they are strong and within reach of the many, which means some measure of success.

Gun metal belts with steel ornamentation are very effective.

Chenille plays a very conspicuous part in both hat and dress trimmings this season. It is threaded into lace and mixed with embroidery in silver and gold threads on velvet and silk, and chenille fringes with satin-covered drops at the end of each strand are revived again. Light and pretty silk gimps of braid and cord twisted into every conceivable design, both beaded and plain, are also a decided feature of dress trimming. Picot-edged cords make very effective patterns, and then there is a new edging, made of strands of silk, which looks very much like feathers.

Fur in both wide and narrow bands will be very much used. Old-fashioned, deep silk fringes are coming to the front once more and there is simply no limit to the use of all kinds of imitations and real laces. Embroideries in a mixture of soft rich colors in white silk are used for yokes, vests and revers, and while the floral silk embroidery used in applique is not new, it shows some new designs with silk and gauze mixtures. Beaded and sequined trimmings are quite as popular as ever, and so are steel novelties with jet and gun metal combined.

Buttons of all kinds seem to be in vogue but the latest novelty is crystal or glass handsomely cut. Mother-of-pearl blended with glass is another variety.

Tulle ruches spotted with chenille in either black or white are wonderfully pretty and becoming.

Pretty trimmings for edging bows and fincences are made of thin narrow lute-string ribbon gathered in the middle. They are especially effective on chiffon frills.

Bows of all kinds are the fashion, which mean that feather bows are still popular.



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The new varieties are a mixture of three colors, such as black white and mauve in one. Short neck ruffs are also made of ostrich tips spotted with chenille, while others of soft kilted silk are edged with chenille.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

Their shortcomings as seen in a Paris Drawing Room.

“The longer I live in Paris,” writes Laurence Franklin in the Providence Journal, “the more I am convinced that our women have the largest share of beauty and the smallest amount of training among those one meets in the French capital. They have no conception of the value of that quality which the French call ‘tenue,’ and which embraces the idea of manners, bearing, and speech. Watch the American girl in a salon, on the beach at Dinard, or in the Casino at Ostende. She is invariably the prettiest, and often the best dressed; but here her superiority ends. She does not hold herself well; she has a way of throwing herself about which detracts from her grace and dignity, while, although she may not talk louder than her neighbors, her voice carries farther and draws the attention of the crowd upon her. She is, in a word, as nonchalant and indifferent to her surroundings as she might be in the privacy of her own room. Do not fancy, however, that this indifference means unconsciousness. No. As a race we are like the English, notably self-conscious. This may be remarked in any salon where a mixed company is gathered. A French girl gladly contributes her share toward the evening's entertainment, however modest it may be, knowing that her listeners will accept her

offerings in a sympathetic spirit, for nothing could be more kindly than a French informal gathering. The American girl, in her turn, ‘has not music with her,’ or ‘is not in voice,’ or ‘is afraid to play before people,’ and most often ends by refusing to do anything for the pleasure of her fellow-guests. The chances are, in fact, that she takes flight into an obscure corner and spends her evening with some chosen man friend. Yet the training received by the two nations would lead one to expect diametrically opposite results. The American girl is allowed to grow up without restraint, mingling with the world at every age, playing tennis, golf, riding, bicycling, developing, in short, like a child of nature. The French girl, on the contrary, is repressed and shaped from her infancy. She must always wear a veil to save her complexion; play in gloves to keep her hands white; and only take part in the games that are not boisterous. At every instant she is told to sit up straight, to take her elbows off the table, to walk with her head erect, to talk quietly and only when spoken to; in a word, her training for the drawing room begins before she leaves the nursery.”—Argonaut.

How She Broke the Ice.

The beautiful girl came into the room and pulled her chair so close up to her father's big arm-chair that he looked up from his newspaper to see what was the matter.

“Mr. Wilkins likes you father,” she said, as soon as she saw that she had his attention.

“Likes me?” he exclaimed.

“Yes. He thinks a good deal of you.”

“Well, I have been under the impression for some time that he liked someone here,” remarked the old gentleman, “but I've never seen any indication that I was the one.”

“Well, you will the very next time you see Mr. Wilkins,” said the beautiful girl, with conviction.

“What's he going to do?” demanded the old gentleman.

“He's going to ask you if you will consent to be his father-in-law,” explained the beautiful girl.

Cause of Headache.

Too little blood in the brain is a frequent cause of headache, and may be recognized by the ache being on top of the head, by constant dizziness and by noises in the

ears. The best cure is a slight stimulant, such as strong tea or coffee or hot soup—anything which will increase the circulation. People who suffer with these headaches should always sleep with their heads low.

BROKEN DOWN MAN.

Stomach Rebellious—Digestion Goes Wrong Nerves Shattered—But South American Nerve Made a New Man Out of a Broken Down Man.

When the system is all run down nature needs help to bring it back to a good healthy normal condition. Whether in spring-time, summertime, autumn or winter, South American Nerve is a power in restoring wasted nerve force; in toning up the digestive organs; dispelling the impurities from the blood which are accountable for so much disease and suffering. H. H. Darrock, of Mount Forest, Ont., says he was all run down, weak, languid, had no appetite, nerves shattered; he took South American Nerve, and to use his own words: “I am O. K. again; my appetite is big and hearty. I think it the best medicine in the world to make a new man out of a broken down one.”

Teeth Made of Paper.

The paper teeth made in Germany—that is artificial teeth for human use, manufactured from paper pulp instead of porcelain and other materials that are usually selected for making our imitation masticators—are said to be very satisfactory. It is distinctly durable, and not being brittle does not chip off. The moisture of the mouth has no effect upon it, it retains its color perfectly, and is lighter in weight than porcelain and cheaper, of course, to make.

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A GREAT SHOT.

The Mayor's Fine Work Paralyzed the Highwayman.

'I notice,' said Maj. Blazem, the other day, 'that the police officers of this city do some remarkably fine work with the revolver occasionally.'

The remark was made in a tone of voice loud enough to cause the loaders to look by and manifest some slight interest in life.

'Yes, sir,' he continued looking all around the lobby, 'they do very fair work. But I am somewhat of an adept myself at that business, as you will well own after having heard my story.'

'Several years ago—about fifteen, I think—I was riding from San Jose to San Francisco on my safety—'

'But, my dear Major,' I said, wishing to call his attention to the fact that safeties were unknown at that time, 'unless I err—'

'You do, sir; damme, you do,' he thundered. 'You are so young, sir, that you do not even know that it is unmanly to interrupt an older gentleman when he is talking.'

The Major grew very red in the face of a sudden. Then he cleared his voice violently and began again:

'As I was saying, I was riding from San Jose to San Francisco on my safety—here he glowered at me—when a footpad, or a wheelpad, I should say, held me up at the point of his pistol.'

'There was nobody in sight, and so I threw up my hands, just to show him how small they were.'

'He relieved me of \$200, a watch that has been in our family since 1827—'

'Before Christ, sir,' queried a mild-faced gentleman on an opposite chair.

'No, sir, after,' retorted the Major. 'The watch is the identical one by which in later years the captain of the Mayflower regulated his cabin time-piece, borrowing it from my ancestor for that purpose.'

'After going through all my pockets, the robber made me exchange wheels and then rode off.'

'In those days I always carried a Smith & Wesson long-barreled 38-caliber revolver with me, and it came in handy on this occasion.'

'I waited until the robber was about fifty yards ahead of me and then I fired, not at him, but at the tire of his wheel.'

'Of course I hit it. As the air began to ooze out the rider fell to the ground. Of a sudden I realized that I had damaged my own wheel, so I immediately fired another shot, aiming directly at the old mark. My aim was so sure that I hit it and completely soldered up the puncture.'

'I then captured the robber, who was stunned more by my prowess than by his fall, and delivered him over to the authorities.'

'But, Major,' I asked, 'how was it the robber overlooked your gun when he went through your pockets?'

'Sir,' he shouted, 'I carried it in my hat! Good-day, sir!—San Francisco Call.'

Imagination Lengthens Life.

'It is remarkable to what an extent the bodily health is benefited by the imagination,' said a medical man to the writer. I am not talking now merely of what are known as faith cures, where the patient gets well through an implicit belief in his medicine, I am thinking rather of cases in which patients are carried safely through dangerous disorders simply by their buoyancy of mind. People talk of the way in which imaginative people are attacked by various maladies. But in my experience it is the unimaginative folk who become confirmed invalids. The imagination carries a man out of himself, and that is just what these morbid and sickly people want. A mental specialist will tell you that the dull, phlegmatic mind is more liable to insanity than the quick volatile, and imaginative one. Poets are rarer visitors

The Delineator

is pre-eminently the Magazine of Fashion, Culture, Woman's Work and Recreation, the Canadian

edition being identical with that published by the Butterick Publishing Co. (Limited), New York and London. It contains upwards of 128 PAGES A MONTH, including a number of Colored and Lithographic Plates. Of all Family Magazines it is the Great Caterer to Domestic Needs, and can be recommended for its cheapness, usefulness, beauty, freshness and utility.

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The November Number is CALLED Early Winter Number

and comprises a variety of matter of unsurpassed freshness and charm. The present and prospective fashions are exhaustively described, and the Literary and Household features are of the usual high degree of merit. Made on Earth, a story by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, typifies the love that women cherish for a home they can call their own. The College Stories, by Nancy Vincent McClelland, the scenes of which are laid at Vassar, reveal much of the significance of college spirit and student ties. In the series on The Common Ills of Life, by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, appears a paper on Obesity that will prove of general as well as particular interest. The article in the popular series on Amateur Photography, by Shariot M. Hall, deals specifically with Toning. Eleanor Goopen contributes another scholarly chapter of practical exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice. A Floral Hunting Party, by the author of the delightful and delightful indoor entertainment. The Woman's Press Associations of the country furnish material for the regular article on Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow. In Girls' Interests and Occupations, by Loretta McLaws, will be found a number of attractive suggestions. An excellent group of Household Subjects is embodied in Rolis and Fancy Bread, A Thanksgiving Menu, Magic Salt, and Waste in the Kitchen; and the regular departments: Social Observances conducted by Mrs. Caldwell Jones, The Tea-table by Mrs. Witherspoon, Fancy Stitches and Embroidery by Emma Hayward, The Dressmaker, Millinery, Lace-Making, Crocheting, Knitting, Tatting, The Latest Books, etc., are as complete and varied as the most fastidious could desire.

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to lunatic asylums than plodding mechanic, improbable as the fact may seem. And it is the same with bodily maladies. I have met men whose mental vitality and complete absence of self-consciousness have kept them living very cheerfully in apparent defiance of physical laws. Some of these cases are simply enigmas to doctors.

A Popular Teacher Speaks About Paine's Celery Compound.

The Great Life Saver Cures even at the Eleventh Hour.

Mr. Belyea's Letter Should be Read by all Sufferers.

Gentlemen:—In the winter of 1884 I was taken with a severe attack of neuralgia in the head and shoulders. Since then it became seated, and I gave up the idea of ever being cured. Have taken medicine prescribed by different physicians, but all to no avail.

Some three months ago I was induced to try a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had taken half of it I began to feel better. Sleep, which in my early days appeared so refreshing, has in these years of affliction been made up of frightful dreams; but not so now, as the medicine began to have a telling effect on my nerves.

I have taken three bottles of this glorious medicine, and to-day I can say that it is the first time in eleven years that I have felt none of those piercing pains to which I had once been a victim. Let me say to any person who may read this testimonial, in this province or elsewhere, that if you discredit this statement, just write me and I will only be too glad to inform you of what has cured me of neuralgia and a shattered nervous system.

Yours respectfully, LEVERETT A. BELYEA, Hampstead, N. B.

Device to Record Speed.

An ingenious form of speed-recording apparatus, recently devised for use in some German railway experiments, while simple in design, proved exceedingly effective and showed, moreover, not only the speed at any particular moment, but the time in which stops were made, speed around curves, up grades, etc. Electrical connections were made on the shaft of the car in such a manner that a dash and a space were marked off at each revolution on a paper strip fed by clockwork. By marking the length of ribbon corresponding to one minute of time and counting the number of dashes contained therein the number of revolutions is given at once, and from the diameter of the wheels the speed can readily be computed. In the experiments referred to the paper ribbon was ruled so that one second of time was represented by one millimeter of space, and by a subsequent plotting of curves, a graphical record of speeds under various conditions was attained.

Not to be Caught. Waiters in Parisian restaurants always have an answer ready. Zola, the novelist had noticed this fact, and according to the London Figaro, made use of it in perpetrating a joke.

'Bring me a sphinx a la Marengo,' he said to a waiter. 'I am sorry to say they are out,' was the answer. 'What, no more sphinx?' said Zola, in a tone of indignant surprise.

The waiter stepped close to the chair and whispered. 'The truth is, we have some, monsieur, but I don't care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh.'

CATARRAHAL HEADACHES.

May be Your Experience as it Was Mr. Spooner's—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Will Positively Cure You.

'I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for severe catarrhal headaches frequently, and with every application the relief has been almost instantaneous. I believe it to be the very best remedy for catarrh that is on the market today, and take pleasure in saying these words in commending it to all catarrh sufferers.' C. Spooner, Editor King's County News, Hampton, N. B.

'Gentlemen I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye,' said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse he said, 'You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?'

'Yes, sir, there is; he is also blind in the other eye,' was the prompt reply.

Can't Sleep.



The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of natural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

MISS EMMA TEMPLE.

HERE IS WHAT SHE SAYS: At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest—during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future hopefully. I have to thank your great cure for nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength. Yours truly, Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont.

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At just this season it gets in its deadly work. In Lung and Chest Pains, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Pneumonia, no other external remedy affords prompt prevention and quicker cure than

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Indorsed by over 5,000 Physicians and Chemists. Be sure to get the genuine BENSON'S. All Druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Rivers (tanning himself): 'This weather is too hot to talk about.'

Brooks: 'Thanks, I was afraid you were going to talk about it.'

He: 'Will you be my wife?'

She: 'The idea! Don't be ridiculous.'

'Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous; but, then, I'm not so particular as some men are.'

Plunkington: 'I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you? Have you a smart lawyer?'

Bloomfield:—'You bet I have. He owns the property now.'

Mrs. Wickwire: 'The idea! Here is a story in the paper about a woman suing for £2,000 for the loss of only a thumb.'

Mr. Wickwire: 'Perhaps it was the thumb she kept her husband under.'

Old gentleman (dictating an indignant letter): 'Sir my stenographer being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.'

He: 'Reggy Fitzjames has become recklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it.'

She: 'With decency?'

He: 'Oh, yes; he merely has to go and ask their fathers' consent, and it's all over.'

Thompson: 'You look pale and thin Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night and day in such weather as this?'

Johnson: 'I'm trying to earn money enough to pay the expense of a week's rest in the country.'

Citizen (to farmer): 'How are things out your way, Mr. Hayseed?'

Mr. Hayseed (gloomily): 'They couldn't be much worse. My wife and three cows are down with pleuro-pneumonia. I returned twenty pounds apiece for 'em only last week.'

Brother Goodman: 'Ah, it grieves me to hear of Brother Hunker's death. We can ill afford to lose such men.'

Deacon Kinders: 'It is a great loss, but let us take it philosophically. His widow will now probably furnish the memorial window that we need complete to our set.'

She: 'When are you going to give me the money to buy that new dress?'

He: 'Next week.'

'That's what you said last week.'

'Yes, and that's what I say now and am going to say next week. I ain't the kind of a man to say one thing one week and another thing next week.'

'I would go with you to the end of the earth,' he asserted, passionately.

'Not with me you wouldn't,' she replied coldly.

'Why not?' he demanded.

'For two reasons. One is that I'm not going, and the other is that there isn't any end.'

Bride: 'I'm so afraid people will find out that we're just married, that I've made Will promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought for anyone but himself.'

Matron: 'I adopted that plan when I married, and my husband never got over it.'

An ill-paid minister went to his deacon to ask for an increase of salary. 'Salary!' said the deacon. 'I thought you worked for souls?'

'So I do,' replied the poor man; 'but I cannot eat souls; and, if I could, it would take a good many of your size to make a dish.'

'My daughter,' said the loving father, with perhaps a shade of harshness in his voice, 'what does that young man who calls on you every evening in a dress-suit do for a living?'

'He hasn't determined yet, father,' replied the fair girl, with a glad look in her eyes, 'but he is thinking something of getting a position as life companion to a young lady.'

Counsel appointed to defend an Irishman challenged several of the jury, who, his client said, had a prejudice against him.

'Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?' whispered the barrister.

'No, sir, the jury's awl roight; but Oi want you to challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times already, and loikely he's beginnin' to have a prejudice against me.'

A man strolled into a fashionable church before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and, tapping him on the shoulder and pointed to a small cur that followed him into the sacred edifice, said:—

'Dogs are not admitted.'

'That's not my dog,' replied the visitor.

'But he follows you.'

'Well, so do you.'

The sexton growled, and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

Old Lady (to driver of growler): 'Now, driver, I want you to go very carefully.'

'Certainly, mum.'

'And not go racing with other cabs.'

'No, mum.'

'And not go round the corners quickly.'

'No, mum.'

After the job, the old lady, handing him a shilling said: 'You have driven me very carefully and well, and here is a shilling for you. Have you driven a cab all your life?'

'No, mum; I used to drive a hearse, and blessed if I don't go back to it; it's a better gain than this. I hope I'll drive you again, mum.'

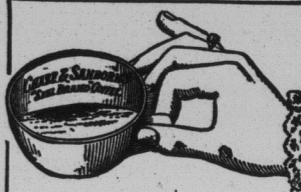
During the revolution, a little American privateer once stole up on a British line-

battle ship in a fog, mistaking her for an East India merchant, and ordered her to strike. When the seventy-four ran out her guns and threatened to blow her puny assailant out of the water, the Yankee skipper stepped to the gangway, and taking off his hat, said politely, 'Oh, very well, sir; if you won't surrender I will.'

'There's one thing I've noticed about the charity that begins at home,' sneered the crusty old bachelor.

'What's that?'

'It becomes so extremely domestic that it never calls on the neighbors.'



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The Chase & Sanborn seal guarantees that it is a perfect coffee. If you have failed to use this famous brand of the best blend of Java and Mocha, you have yet to experience tasting the most delicious coffee imported into or sold in any country.

A Martyr to Diarrhoea.

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There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont., sends the following letter: 'For the past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhoea. I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money trying to get cured but all failed until I happened to read of a lady who was cured by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me.'



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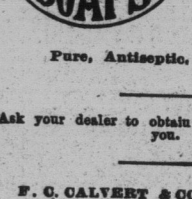
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Continued from Death Page.

A girl who has come to fancy herself slighted, always finds a pleasure in being deferred to; and nothing could exceed the defence which the Reverend Mr. Tiptaft showed to Miss Muggleton.

One morning he met her at the house of one of his sick parishioners, and afterwards walked home with her.

Harry Rolleston, riding on horseback, and looking very happy passed them.

He raised his hat to his future sister-in-law, called out a gay 'Good morning!' and galloped on.

He was going to The Towers, and was in a desperate hurry.

'A very fine young fellow!' remarked Mr. Tiptaft, with every appearance of sincerity, though at heart he disliked Harry, and knew that Harry disliked him.

'Yes, we all like him!' said Marie. And then she sighed—not because her sister Vi was happier than herself, but because she remembered how they had all liked Sir Patrick too.

What a universal favourite he had been! How proud she had been of his attractiveness!

She might well sigh at the thought of the bishop that once were hers.

'I trust your sister will be very happy with him!' said Mr. Tiptaft, softly.

'Thank you, Mr. Tiptaft. I feel sure she will be.'

'Mr. Rolleston is a fortunate man. Sir Granville too. You know I hold your sisters in very high esteem. Ah, if only I could think the happiness of marriage would ever be in store for me!'

Marie did not—as he had hoped she might—inquire why he could not think so.

She said not a word, and Mr. Tiptaft was forced to begin again.

'What a delightful hope it would be!' he said, with fervour. 'What a beacon-star, shedding light over my lonely path, if only I could think I might some day enjoy the bliss of union with the one being on earth whom I could ever truly love!'

His tone was now too full of meaning, his look too tender, for Marie to affect to misunderstand him.

think as well of me again? he said, still with that tenderly beseeching look.

'Indeed, Mr. Tiptaft, you must not think so,' said Marie, gently. 'I shall always esteem you—always.'

'How often,' he murmured; 'Oh, how often I have wished you had been poor! Then I might have won you!'

'Oh, please don't say that! Money wouldn't have made any difference!' cried Marie.

She had scarcely intended this as an encouragement for him to urge his suit; but he professed to so regard it.

It was exactly the opportunity he had been waiting for.

It was a moment—as though again overcome by his feeling he was telling her how he adored her, and humbly beseeching her to accept his hand.

Money he declared, was mere dross in my eyes.

If her father saw fit not to give her a farthing, he should be well content; nay he gave her to understand that this would rejoice his soul, inasmuch as it would enable him to prove the disinterestedness of his passion.

He hunted at his hopes of becoming a bishop, or even an archbishop, and concluded by reminding her that there were but two frail lives between him and an earldom—that of his uncle, Lord Gowan.

As a matter of fact his cousin, Lord Gowan's son, was as strong as a horse, and the proud father of a sturdy little boy; while his wife seemed likely to present him with an increase to his family every year.

Mr. Tiptaft's chance of succession, like his chances of a bishopric, were exceedingly remote.

Miss Muggleton, however, did not, in plain words, refuse his suit.

She listened—and hesitated.

To do her justice, it was neither the earl's coronet nor the bishop's mitre which tempted her.

She was a good, affectionate-natured, unselfish-minded girl, not at all ambitious, and very strongly disposed to think well of people who thought well of her.

Her heart, smarting under the neglect of Sir Patrick, found a kind of balm in the tender and respectful devotion of this son of the church.

She did not love him—of that she was quite certain; but then he loved her, and she found a pensive pleasure in the idea of devoting her life to making another's happiness.

And the happiness of so good a man—a man so devout, so holy, so worthy of all consideration and esteem.

dearest?' he asked, when his first raptures had in some measure subsided, and he and Marie were writing in the direction of the house.

'Oh, at once, I think! Papa hates anything like concealment. I am sure he will be better pleased if you speak to him now.'

'Very well, I will do so.'

But the reverend gentleman quaked a little, inwardly.

Mr. Muggleton was a plain-spoken man, and, on occasions, a passionately-tempered one.

The pleadings which had been so successful with his daughter were little likely to be of use with him.

As soon as they reached the house, Marie slipped away upstairs to her own room.

Her lover, left thus alone to face the enemy, shook himself together, put on a look of almost more than apostolical benevolence, and requested to be shown into the presence of Mr. Muggleton.

The millionaire was sitting in his library, a very grand apartment lined with books, which were resplendent in new bindings.

A splendid purple carpet covered the floor, and the ink-stand before which he sat was of solid gold.

Presumptuous Mr. Tiptaft, to come and ask for the daughter of such a house as this!

Mr. Muggleton did not get up to receive his visitor.

Instead, he dipped his pen in the ink, as if he meditated resuming his writing in a moment or two.

He didn't particularly like the Reverend Augustus.

He had a suspicion he was a bit of a humbug.

He did not doubt he had come for a subscription, and would go away as soon as he had got it.

Never for one moment did he dream that the man had come to ask him for his daughter.

The truth is, Mr. Tiptaft had been so very prudent in his wooing, meeting his beloved one in his parishioners' cottages, and in country lanes, rather than in the vicinity of The Towers, that, perhaps no single member of the family suspected his design.

Mr. Muggleton then sat, with his pen poised in the air, waiting for him to declare his business and be gone.

as though in holy horror at such base motives being imputed to him.

'I don't want to say anything uncivil,' resumed the millionaire, after a momentary pause. 'But I do want you to understand that your marriage with my daughter is quite out of the question. I have other views for her; and, in any case, I don't choose that she should marry a parson. You must have known I shouldn't consent to it.'

The descendant of the Gowans trembled with rage.

He had been called a beggarly parson, and generally vilified, by this bloated, purple-proud soap-maker, who, but for the fact of his having made a pile of money, would never have been permitted to so much as sit down in the same room with him.

It was almost too much for human endurance, but Mr. Tiptaft could be very meek where his own interests called for meekness.

He knew it would never do to too seriously offend his wished-for father-in-law.

'I am sorry you should take such a view of the matter,' he said, with gentle dignity; 'very sorry—more sorry than I can say. Your daughter has honoured me with her affection. She believes in my disinterestedness; and it shall be my care to show her that her faith is not misplaced.'

'Humbly!' exclaimed the irate Mr. Muggleton, feeling an indescribable itching to kick his clerical visitor out of the room.

'Sir!' exclaimed Mr. Tiptaft, and he looked majestically down on the angry red-faced man—without, however, disconcerting him in the least. 'Perhaps I had better wish you good morning!'

'I shall be much obliged, I'm sure.'

Acting on this very plain hint, the reverend gentleman bowed once more, and departed.

CHAPTER XXXVI. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

An hour later, as Marie sat alone in her chamber, her maid brought her a letter, with a great air of secrecy and importance.

It was from Mr. Tiptaft.

He wrote to tell her the ill result of his interview with her father and to assure her of his undying constancy and love.

'Far be it from me—on whom devolves the solemn charge of the cure of souls—to incite a daughter to disobey a father, wrote the reverend gentleman; 'but, oh! my Marie, if only you could come to me penitently, how delightful should I think it to have such an opportunity of showing you the disinterestedness of my love.'

'Would that your stern parent be content to give to your sisters the fortune which he intends to be yours, and then permit me to make you mine.'

'It is you—you only—that I covet. Your father thinks otherwise, and has not scrupled to say so. From any other man I could hardly have borne such gross imputations. They were of a nature to make me forget my priestly character. But he is your father. That is enough to entitle him to respect from me.'

Marie's cheek flushed; but she replied quite steadily.

'You may insult him as you please, papa; but I know him better than you do. I know he loves me—loves me—for my sake it I were poor.'

Mr. Muggleton twisted about in his chair in his irritation.

'You believe that?' he cried, incredulously. 'Heavens! what fools some women are!'

But he began to see that nothing was to be gained by harshness.

He softened his angry tone to one of expostulation and reproach.

'Marie, I am surprised at you. A girl of your good sense, to be so imposed upon! Of course the man is after you for your money. And what has he to give you in return?—absolutely nothing. Your mother and I have, naturally some ambition for our children. Is it likely I should want my money to go to enrich a man who has nothing—not even a title of any description—to offer in return for it?'

'Mr. Tiptaft has as much as Harry Rolleston and your letting Vi marry him.'

It was on Mr. Muggleton's lips to say Harry Rolleston was a thousand times better man than Mr. Tiptaft; but he recollected that he couldn't expect Marie to believe this, so he said, instead—

'There is no parallel between the cases. Harry's position is altogether superior.'

'Superior!' Mr. Tiptaft's uncle is an earl; Harry's is on a country squire!'

flushed out poor Marie, indignantly.

'I don't care for that. What good will Tiptaft's uncle ever do him? None at all. He will, probably, go grubbing along as a country parson to the end of his days. Harry, now, is different. Although there's no title, his uncle is a landowner, and stands high in the country. Harry will be squire after him, and Vi's fortune will make him a great man—able to ruffie it with dukes and earls as well as the best of them. Tiptaft's parson—that's all, and it's all he ever will be.'

Marie did not think it wise to name, in her father's ears, those suggestions as to a bishopric of the family earldom, which had sounded so plausible when they fell from Mr. Tiptaft's lips.


She stood, in silence, and her father, misunderstanding it, hoped he had convinced her.

Mistaken notion!

A girl of Marie's mature years is not so easily persuaded to give up her lover!

That saintly demeanour of his had had its full effect on her rather impressible mind.

**A HEALTHY WOMAN.**



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

**Doan's Kidney Pills**

Tone and regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system.

Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 900, Dresden, Ont., says: 'For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them as Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by doing this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any Kidney or Dropsical trouble.'

Price 50c a box, 3 for \$1.50, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

CHAPTER XXXV. WITH MR. MUGGLETON.

The reverend gentleman had done much; but there was still more to do.

The lady's consent was one thing, but her father's was another.

The millionaire must be interviewed without delay.

'When shall I speak to your father?' Marie could not but feel a little proud of him as a wooer.

To be Continued.

Please as a Caramel.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not a nauseous compound—but pleasant pellets that dissolve on the tongue like a lump of sugar, just as simple, just as harmless, but a potent aid to digestion and the prevention of all the ailments in the stomach's category of troubles. Act directly on the digestive organs. Believe in one day. 35 cents.



A Mexican's Revenge.

I have spent, in all, three years in Central America. I went there with a surveying party which was running the line of a projected railroad, one of those railroads which are built on paper alone. It has never yet materialized. While the line was being run I made the acquaintance of an American citizen who was the owner of a large coffee plantation, and he invited me to spend some time with him. I accepted, and in a little while a mutual friendship sprang up between us. The result was that before the time came for my departure he told me that it was necessary for him to pay a visit to his old home in Ohio with his wife, to settle up some legal business, and he had been trying to find some one who could take charge of his plantation during his absence. He urged me to take the position, and I accepted. Another week found me at the head of one of the finest plantations in Nicaragua.

My duties were light enough. Bland had a competent general manager, and about all I had to do was to act as the power behind the throne in the manager's absence. I had but one difficulty during this time. The manager, a Cuban named Carlinos, was popular with the laborers, and all went smoothly until one day a Mexican, Michael Ferrara, positively refused to obey some order that Carlinos had given him, and Carlinos appealed to me. Upon investigation I calmly told the Mexican either to obey orders or leave the place. With a sidelong glance at Carlinos and myself he did as I commanded, and the matter was at an end. The next morning I saw the manager being blown over, but I did not feel quite confident about it. The Mexican's look troubled me and I mentioned it to Carlinos, but he treated the matter lightly and was inclined to be scornful in regard to Ferrara. 'He is a coward,' he said, shrugging his shoulders, and so dismissed the matter. I let the subject drop, ashamed of seeming afraid of a man whom this slender Cuban regarded with such disdain, and yet I could have sworn that when I waked that night, startled at some slight noise on the terrace outside my window, it was Ferrara's dark face I saw in the moonlight peering in at me. In an instant it was gone, and I was out of the room, running along the terrace, searching here and there. But no, though I gave the terrace a thorough search and even went around to the end of the house and the grove of banana trees beyond, I saw nothing moving anywhere, save an owl that flitted out of the trees. I went back to my room, concluding that I had dreamed the whole affair.

The next morning I felt quite sure of it. I met Ferrara several times during the course of the day, and he was especially pleasant. He was better educated than the majority of his class, and his position on the plantation gave him a kind of precedence over the others. I was near him several times before the day was over, and I noticed that on each occasion he took pains to speak pleasantly and greet me with his most courteous smile. I thought he was sorry for the bad temper he had shown the day before. I didn't know him as well then as I do now.

The next day Carlinos and I had decided upon a hunt in the mountains that made a jagged outline against the sky off to the south. While we were getting the guns and cartridges into condition for use, Ferrara approached and said in his smoothest tones:

'If the seniors went to the valley, down below the Cantadino pass, they would find where a great painter roams, and has been seen many times. I myself saw it about two days ago, but I was unarmed, so I put spurs to my horse and galloped away.'

Carlinos turned to me with a look of interest. 'That's a good idea,' he said. 'We'll look for the painter first, and if we fail to find him we can try the mountains.' We were about to turn away when Ferrara stopped us, with many apologies. Beyond the Cantadino pass, he said, 'you will find a narrow trail leading eastward down the valley. Follow that trail half a mile, until you see a huge white cliff, a hundred yards to the right. At the foot of that cliff the panther has been seen again and again. Adios, seniors.'

And so Carlinos and I went walking off with swinging stride, toward the pass, glad of a day in the woods, and ready for any adventure that came along, except the one that actually did come. For within the next hour we passed through the most horrible experience that ever fell to the lot of mortals. I am sure.

We found the pass—a mere gap in the mountains, not used for travel as another pass, a few miles further south, furnished the nearest road to the town. The pass was strewn with rough boulders and jagged masses of rock, difficult to make one's way over, and for half an hour we had all the exercise we needed in climbing over and around these obstructions. At last, however, we were clear of them, and we shouldered our guns again after a brief rest, went on until we found the trail among the bushes. It was such a path as could be made by cows or sheep, going to and from a watering place, and I was going along, paying very little attention to it, when Carlinos, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and muttered: 'That is very strange.'

I looked over his shoulder, and there in the yellow sand was the barefoot track of a man. We easily traced it along the trail for several hundred yards, and then it suddenly disappeared, as though the owner of the track had turned off into the thicket undergrowth. We both followed it up to the point, and then missing it, looked at one another and said again: 'That is very strange.'

And then we both laughed, and Carlinos said: 'But it might have been some herdman looking for a stray cow or sheep. But I noticed that Carlinos looked after his cartridges a little more closely, and held his gun in a position to use, if necessary. And just then the cliff that Ferrara had described came into view, about a hundred yards away, and we turned off from the path toward this place in which the panther had been so often seen.

Scarcely had we started in that direction when we were startled by the long, fierce scream of the panther itself. As nearly as we could judge it was at that very moment at the base of the cliff. We stopped involuntarily at the sound, and then went stealing down the slope, with eyes watching and nerves stretched to the utmost. Yet we went on and on without seeing it, and suddenly found ourselves almost at the base of the cliff, which had been hidden by the thick and tangled brush through which we had passed.

Then we stopped and looked around, peering here and there through the bushes. It was easy to see the spot of ground on which we stood had been marked with life, and we stood for about us bones lay bleaching on the ground. But nothing was to be seen. The face of the cliff, up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, was covered with the matted tendrils of a dead vine, apparently. It suddenly occurred to me that the panther's den might be back under the cliff, hidden by the vine, and I was about to investigate when just behind us, not ten feet away, sounded the horrible scream of the panther.

Both of us whirled, and Carlinos stepped back a little. In a moment of confusion I failed to notice him, but in an instant he gave a heart-rending cry: 'Help! help! quick, the tree! The man eating tree! Never will I forget that cry, nor the sight that met my eyes. In stepping back he had stumbled against the dead vine, as I had thought it. And then in a moment every tendril had become instinct with life, and was twisting and writhing about him with the most horribly snake-like motions, matted around his body and legs, holding his arms tight, and drawn across his face and clasped about his throat. Already when I looked about he was helpless. During the single moment while I stood there looking at him motionless with horror, his face had begun to turn purple.

And then all at once I recovered myself a little, and snatching my hunting knife from my belt began cutting and slashing at the horrible, writhing tendrils in the effort to cut their victim loose. But before I made three strokes something caught my arm then something crawled swiftly about my neck, and then there were others around my hands, over my head, and held, while wherever the anky-monsters touched went fierce pains, as though my flesh were being torn from my body. I felt my consciousness slipping away; but as it was going suddenly, the dark face of Ferrara peered out from the bushes in front of me, and he cried out with mocking laughter:

'I hope you enjoy yourselves, seniors. The panther is not far away, believe me! Only wait for him until he comes. Adios! Adios!'

The shock of anger roused me a little in the midst of my racking torture, and I Ferrara then to go away, but all at once noticed that on each occasion he took pains to speak pleasantly and greet me with his most courteous smile. I thought he was sorry for the bad temper he had shown the day before. I didn't know him as well then as I do now.

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supper, and a dinner of three courses. Our bill for the day's catering will reach a total of £187,500,000, or thirty-one times as much as all the thrones of Europe cost annually. The same sum could meet our entire National expenditure for a year and three-quarters; would pay the entire cost of our Navy for the next eight years; or of our Army for the next ten years, allowing in each case for increased estimates. To meet our day's bill, we should require the weight in sovereigns of 25,470 average guineas; or, as much gold as 1,000 horses could draw. If six expert cashiers were to count these sovereigns, each at the rate of one a second, night and day, it would take them nearly a year to check the accuracy of our payment; and four days' interest on the amount would more than pay the aggregate salaries of all our Cabinet Ministers for a year. And yet it seems such a little thing to wish to do!

How Old.—He: 'How old should you say Miss Spinner was?' She: 'Old enough for people to begin telling her how young she is looking.'



- New York, Oct. 6, to the wife of A. E. Davidson, a son.
Truro, Oct. 8, to the wife of Alexander McNut, a son.
Amherst, Oct. 10, to the wife of Duncan Holland a son.
Campbellton, Oct. 11, to the wife of Chas. Gas, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 7, to the wife of Wm. Robertson, a son.
Farrboro, Oct. 5, to the wife of John Kendrick, a son.
St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of E. L. McLean, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 1, to the wife of G. K. MacKeon, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 11, to the wife of Addison LeCain, a son.
Walton, Sept. 25, to the wife of B. T. Freeman, a son.
Long Island, Oct. 5, to the wife of James Allen, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 12, to the wife of H. E. McFarlane, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 5, to the wife of Wm. Farcy, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 7, to the wife of H. H. Archibald, a son.
Conquerall Bank, Oct. 4, to the wife of Wm. Weagle, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 10, to the wife of Wm. Cuthbert, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 6, to the wife of Dr. Reid, a daughter.
Campbellton, Oct. 5, to the wife of St. Onge, a daughter.
Farrboro, Oct. 5, to the wife of Philip Bou drea, a daughter.
Farrboro, Oct. 9, to the wife of David Gabriel, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thomas Grace, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 2, to the wife of Geo. Wessell, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 5, to the wife of Mr. Brenton Wiles, a daughter.
Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of Chas. Reynolds, a daughter.
Windsor, Oct. 2, to the wife of Mr. Wiley Burns, a daughter.
Dorchester, Oct. 12, to the wife of Charles Eldson, a daughter.
Summer Hill, Oct. 1, to the wife of A. M. Corbett, a daughter.
Newcastle, Oct. 12, to the wife of Thomas J. Jeffrey, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 1, to the wife of Peter C. Fleming, a daughter.
New Edinburgh, Oct. 1, to the wife of Denis Doucet, a daughter.
Moncton, Oct. 5, to the wife of H. Rudyard Boulton, a daughter.
Falmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of Edward Davidson, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 23, to the wife of Wiley Davidson, a daughter.
Windsor Forks, Oct. 7, to the wife of Chas. Gornley, a daughter.
Hazel Hill, Oct. 7, to the wife of Arthur Sullivan, a daughter.
West LaHave, Sept. 25, to the wife of Alex. Norman, a son.
Sunny Brae, Oct. 12, to the wife of W. S. Woodworth, a son.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 5, to the wife of Rev. E. A. Allaby, a son.
Folly Village, Oct. 7, to the wife of Rev. Wm. Jackson, a son.
St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thomas J. Williamson, a daughter.
Millstream, Oct. 7, to the wife of Allen D. Rockwell, a daughter.
Woolville, Oct. 9, to the wife of Norman, E. Schofield, a daughter.
Chignecto Mines, Oct. 7, to the wife of Benford McDonald, twin boys.
Three Mile Plains, Oct. 7, to the wife of Andrew Upshaw, a daughter.

DIED.

- St. John, George Rankin, 7.
St. John, Mary Catherine Wood.
Halifax, James C. Wilkinson, 45.
Barrachois, Roland McDonald, 5.
St. John, Oct. 10, Jas. Dawson, 31.
Lockeport, Oct. 5, Jane A. Ringer.
Hopewell, Oct. 5, Naomi Farby, 48.
Halifax, Oct. 10, Maria Anderson, 65.
Overton, Oct. 2, M. H. Chapman, 70.
Aronport, Oct. 8, Aaron Forsyth, 74.
Hants Co., Oct. 2, Sarah J. Curry, 79.
Woodstock, Oct. 5, Joanna Miller, 33.
Colchester, Oct. 5, Wm. E. Wilson, 80.
Halifax, Oct. 14, Harry N. Holland, 46.
Richardsville, Oct. 5, Louis Nelson, 49.
Woolville, Oct. 1, Mrs. Anne Black, 91.
Black River, Oct. 10, James E. P. C. 74.
Truro, Oct. 8, Catherine Fraser Yutill, 8.
Little Branch, Oct. 14, Jane Fowle, 89.
Truro, Oct. 10, Ruby M. Goldick, 3 mos.
Hampton, Oct. 11, Isabella Crookshank.
Woolville, Oct. 1, Audrey Benjamin, 49.
Dorchester, Oct. 1, Margaret Hamilton, 71.
Overton, Oct. 9, Rev. Jacob Whitman, 85.
Shelburne, Sept. 30, Thomas N. Jones, 38.
Argyle, Oct. 12, Mrs. Margaret Baker, 68.
Forest Glen, Sept. 23, E. Ann Armstrong.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 3, Charles Nelson, 21.
Brookfield, Oct. 5, William E. Wilson, 80.
Chelsea Mass, Sept. 29, Francis F. Putnam.
Bridgewater, Oct. 8, Elizabeth Keating, 85.
Waterford, Sept. 30, Sarah J. H. Arnold, 1.
Yarmouth, Oct. 7, Marie Jeanne Potlior, 34.
Hampton, Oct. 12, Louisa Jacobina Betz, 75.
Albert, Oct. 11, Alice Winifred Eyles, 2 mos.
Chatham, Oct. 8, Mrs. Olive Mc Killoch, 89.
East Florenceville, Oct. 8, John E. Caste, 21.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 13, James McMillan.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 7, Josephine A. Ellis.
Upper Stewiacke, Oct. 4, William Bentley, 61.
Woodville, Oct. 13, Rev. Ingraham I. Hart, 28.
Weymouth Falls, Oct. 5, Mrs. Robert Langford.
Cosman Settlement, Oct. 12, Margaret Splan, 60.
Weymouth Falls, Oct. 11, Mrs. Maurice Barnes, 64.
Mechanic Settlement, Sept. 25, Percy Hayward, 14.
Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 7, Laurance J. O'Toole, 62.

MARRIED.

- Fredericton, Gilbert Ho mes to Mary McNut.
Woolville, Oct. 12, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, James White to Ida Crosier.
Halifax, Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Edmund P. Allison to Jean E. Bart.
Bridgewater, Oct. 6, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Maynard Oxner to Eva Hiltz.
Brookway, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Lister to Barbara Thomas.
Campbellton, Oct. 11, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Murray to Mary Jane Garrett.
Oxford, Oct. 5, by Rev. F. D. Nowlan, Robert C. Simpson to Ruby E. Rankin.
Fredericton, Oct. 7, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, James E. Briggs to Anna G. Collins.
Oxford, Sept. 28, by Rev. F. D. Nowlan, Nathan W. Wood to Isabel F. Foster.
Lower Millstream, Oct. 5, by Rev. Gideon Swain, Henry Green to Ida Keirwood.
Weymouth Falls, Sept. 30, by Rev. F. R. Langford, John Fennell to Abbie Nichols.

Paint. If there's any reason why you should use paint, there is every reason why you should use THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT. It's more economical, because it covers more than other paints. A dollar's worth of it will go further than a dollar's worth of any other. It wears longer—you won't require to paint so often if you use it. It looks best—you only have to see a job done with it to appreciate this. There's nothing else "just as good." Get our sample cards and booklet—they are free. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS. 100 Canal St., Cleveland. 2025 Stewart Ave., Chicago. 607 Washington St., New York. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

STEAMBOATS. Star Line Steamers - Fredericton. (Local Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John. Stmr. Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager. CHANGE OF SAILING. On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager. RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday. arr. Digby 12.45 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 5.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.50 a. m., arr. Halifax 4.45 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 5.35 a. m. Mon. and Thur. arr. Digby 10.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward. BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth N. S. every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. S. S. Franconia makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrabro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf corner, 1 and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFIN, Superintendent.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CHEAP FALL EXCURSION MONTREAL, & C. Excursion tickets will be sold from St. John to Montreal October 19th to 21st, and 23rd, good for return within fifteen days from date sold, at the low rate of \$3.00 and to the following points in Ontario at the rates named, on October 25th to 29th, good for return within twenty-one days from date sold; viz: to Cornwall \$10.15 Ottawa \$11.60 Freeport \$11.70 Brockville \$12.15 Kingston \$13.65 Belleville \$15.00 Peterboro \$15.15 Lindsay \$15.85 St. Catharines \$19.00 Niagara Falls \$19.40 Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph, Galt, Woodstock, London, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, North Guelph, Chatham, Windsor, and Sarnia. \$18 each. Further information from C. F. E. Ticket agents, Chubb's Corner and passenger station. A. E. NOBMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agt. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, a train of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Hampton..... 5.3 Express for Campbellton, Fugraves, Pico and Halifax..... 7.0 Express for Halifax..... 11.0 Express for Sussex..... 11.0 Express for Hampton..... 11.15 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.20 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Hampton..... 7.15 Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 17.00 Express from Hampton..... 17.00 Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 17.50 Accommodation from Ft. de Chene and Moncton..... 18.50 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

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