

PROGRESS.

WHO WILL HE BE?

Next Month the Dominion Government Will Have to Decide Who Will be Governor of the Province.

Though the term of our present governor ends next month, the press and the public have discussed the question of the successor very little. It is quite likely that no change will be made at the exact time of the expiration of the five years, still it is quite certain that the Dominion government will take action within a short time.

The Roman Catholics have been putting forward the name of Judge Landry as the gentleman to succeed Gov. McClellan. There are many outside of the Catholics who would not object to the appointment of Judge Landry. Judging from his past record he would no doubt fill the governorship with credit to himself and the province. What the judge's feelings on the subject are, have not been learned. Progress believes with the great majority that no selection should be made on any religious grounds. Though this is true there is no doubt that Judge Landry's claims are being put forward on the ground that he is a Roman Catholic.

There are many Catholics, however, who do not favor the appointment of the judge on the ground that he would sooner see him remain in his present position. In conversation with a well known Catholic, the latter informed progress that he thought most of his denomination, though they would like to see one of their religion promoted to the highest position in the province yet they would not like to see it done at the sacrifice of an office already held. This gentleman further stated that he did not think that Judge Landry was very desirous for the position, but that no doubt if offered him, he would accept. He based this opinion on the fact that the judge is yet a comparatively young man and at the end of five years his employment would be gone and further he thought that the judge's chances for the governorship would be just as good five and ten years from now as at the present time and he would be quite willing to wait. Looking at it from a Catholic standpoint he believed that the judges appointment at the present time would be satisfactory to all that body provided the vacant seat on the bench was filled by a Catholic, but this probably would be too much to expect.

Another Catholic with whom conversation was held on the subject thinks that the Hon. John Costigan should be our next governor. "From a political view Mr. Costigan," he said had a far better claim of recognition from the liberal party than Judge Landry and that his appointment would be popular and pleasing to a large class of people. This would overcome a Catholic losing the judgeship and at the same time allow the selection of one of that body as the governor. This Catholic no doubt has many supporters among his co-religionists.

There are a number of other gentlemen whose friends would like to see occupying government house. Senator Ellis has a following that strongly urge the Senators appointment. They feel that Mr. Ellis never received his just right from the liberal party and that his selection would please some disappointed politicians. Col. Tucker is also mentioned as one who would not refuse the office and his friends claim that as the chief duty of the governor is to entertain, no better man could be found than the Colonel. The Colonel certainly would have the time and the money to devote to the job and those who delight in being entertained would probably be satisfied in this instance.

Then there is Judge Barker, a gentleman whose appointment would be popular with everybody. If his honor would make as good a governor as he has a judge there could be no fault found with such a choice. Senator King's name also comes up in connection with the office, and others are talked about. The government has a good field from which to choose and the selection of any of the above would be received with satisfaction.

The Wrong Man.

To be aroused from bed and taken to the police station is not a pleasant experience even to a guilty man but when it comes to the act being played on an innocent party, the disagreeableness is rather

great to say the least. One Geo. Martin of Camden street had an experience on Thursday evening that he will probably remember for sometime to come. Officer Smith took him from his bed and landed him in the lock up on a warrant sworn out by James Brennan. It turned out however that Mr. Martin was the wrong man and he was allowed gracefully to depart. Truly the ways of the world are various.

STRONG EVIDENCE AGAINST RILL.

The Accused is Committed for Trial for Kaplan's Murder. The charge of murder against young Rill at Clark's harbour N. S., excites more than usual interest here owing to the fact that a nephew of the murderer's man, K. plan, lives here and more than that he is a brother in law of the accused. The evidence against Rill was so strong that he was committed for trial. In addition to that given by Detective Power which showed that the bullet in Kaplan's brain corresponded with those in Rill's revolver and moreover furnished some motive for the crime. The following testimony was very damaging.

Mex Schuir Sohn, proprietor of a fruit store, testified that he passed Kaplan's shop on the evening of the murder. He was startled on finding the store door open, the light burning, and no one in the shop. Looking about the place he found Kaplan lying across a stairway on his back. His head was drooped, and a peculiar guttural sound could be heard. Thinking Kaplan was in a fit he ran for assistance. Meeting a young man named Smith he told him something was wrong with Kaplan. Together they hurried into the store, when Smith reached down and took hold of Kaplan's hand, calling his name, but there was no response. Raising the body slightly he said: "He's bleeding, can for a doctor." Schuir Sohn summoned Dr. Brown.

The fruit store is 200 yards from Kaplan's place, which Schuir Sohn reached about 8.32. Persons living nearby heard a loud report like a revolver shot. Sohn said:

"I was smoking in S. A. View Hotel, Julian Rill a Russian Jew, was in the room with others." Continuing, he said:

"Rill said to me in Jewish, 'I wonder what they are doing over there.' I said: 'I suppose they have got to examine.'"

Rill said: 'I am afraid they will find something.' I asked what are you afraid they will find?"

He answered: "Something to shoot with but it is useless."

I asked him: "Why is it useless?" and he replied, "Because the things to shoot with are not there."

Julian Rill was the last to see Kaplan alive, according to his own testimony. He passed through the store of the latter about 8.15 Monday evening, the store being wide open and the light burning inside. He noticed Kaplan standing at the counter writing a letter. Rill came up to the door but he did not enter. He told Kaplan he was going to get \$2 that he borrowed from him. Kaplan neither looked up or replied.

Rill then went to a house on the back street some distance away and remained there until he heard of the murder some 30 minutes later. Miss May Nickerson, daughter of the proprietor of the Sea View Hotel, testified that on Tuesday afternoon following the murder, she went into the room occupied by Rill, and in which he had been the previous evening, although he did not sleep there that night. She saw on the floor while in the room a small object lying near the bed. Picking it up she found it was a revolver cartridge.

During the inquest a box of cartridges was found in a trunk belonging to Rill which was in Kaplan's store. These cartridges were of the same calibre as was found on the floor by Miss Nickerson and the same as that taken from the head of

the dead man. Abbie Smith, at the Sea View Hotel, swore that on Monday evening at 6 o'clock she went with the chambermaid to Rill's room when they discovered a black mark on the sofa near the bed. They picked the mark up and handled it for some time and put it down where they found it.

The mark has not been seen since that time at the house, but, during the inquest by the coroner's jury, a mark of the same color which has been apparently torn and crumpled up in hands, was found behind a trunk in Kaplan's store when the inquest was being held. Rill had stayed all night in the store with the watchman the night Kaplan was murdered and part of the time had been lying down on the boxes behind which the mark was discovered.

GOOD TIMES FOR ST. ANDREWS.

How They Catch Sardines by the Hoghead in the Harbor.

The Beacon has a very interesting account, showing the prosperity of fishermen in St. Andrews. The Sardine industry is at the bottom of it all but quite naturally the abundance of herring had something to do with the great catch this season.

"Spudging" finds no place in the Standard Dictionary, but it does find a very important place in the lives of the sardine fishermen of St. Andrews, scores of whom have been dipping honest dollars out of the water every night by this process of fishing.

The term "spudging" is applied to the catching of fish by dip nets from the open water. The outfit of a spudger is not very elaborate. A boat, a large dip net to take the fish from the water, a smaller one to bale them into the buyer's cart, a pair of oars, and a pair of stout arms to pull them, embrace the tout ensemble of a spudger's outfit. Some of these dip nets are capable of entrapping a couple of hogheads of fish.

Spudging is done after the sun goes down. Then, the spudger rows out with his mate to the fishing ground. If the fish are schooling in any particular spot—as they have been in St. Andrews inner harbor for several weeks—the spudger is a little trouble in making a good catch. Grasping the long handle of his dip net, he sinks it deep in the water over the stern of the boat. Under the same conditions, the fish can be drawn into the net without much difficulty; at other times, the fishermen have to resort to pounding the gunwales of their boats in order to wake the fish to a state of activity. This pounding may be heard all over the harbor at night and even to daybreak.

There is quite a knack in "spudging" of these large dip nets out of the water, when it encloses two or more hogheads of fish, but the fishermen have become adepts at it and can "spud" tremendous catches into their boats.

Since the fish entered St. Andrews harbor a month ago, there must have been over two thousand hogheads of sardines taken out of the water by "spudgers." The price has ruled at about \$4 per hoghead, so that the fishermen have earned large sums of money. It is not unusual for a boat to earn from \$10 to \$15 per night, and some of them have gone even higher than this. Many, whose calling is not that of fishing, have been induced to take up "spudging" and they have realized good returns therefrom. A large fleet of buyers is constantly in the harbor, giving it an unusually animated appearance.

The fishermen say that fifteen years have elapsed since there was a similar run of sardines in St. Andrews harbor. At that time, their haunt is from the blockhouse to the centre of the harbor.

The New Theatre.

Robert Armstrong generally knows a good thing when he sees it and his acquisition of the Mechanics institute which he named the York theatre, while a venture some piece of enterprise will no doubt turn out well under the energetic management of the new owner. The first performance was on Wednesday evening and the excellence of the musical company, The Fadettes, that occupied the boards speaks well for the intentions of Mr. Armstrong in this respect. The house was not large but the satisfaction of the audience was there, though and is the best advertisement the York theatre could have. Robinson's opera company appears all of next week and the Fadettes give a matinee this afternoon.

WHAT WILL BE DONE

With the King Street Arch—The Grumbings of Others—Some Newsy Stories.

The citizens committee that had charge of the reception to the Duke and Duchess are getting in the bills and there is some surprise at the several amounts as well as the sum total. There is not much doubt but that the amount voted, \$5000, will be exceeded. What the council will do then remains to be seen. Probably the aldermen will decide to pay as usual, and there will be another precedent for over expenditure. The King street arch will have a chance to go to the Park if the gentlemen in charge there want it. It seems a shame that \$1000 should be spent to erect a structure that has to be torn down again at once. But it is said that it will cost some hundreds of dollars to move the arch, then something will be required to keep it in repair and there will have to be a solid foundation. A leading builder says, "tear it down, the arch has done its work" and his opinion will no doubt be agreed to by many.

CUT OF TASTE.

Remarks made by paper that grumble at the reception.

Some of the outside places are finding fault with the way several of the arrangements were carried out in St. John during the late reception. Many of the comments are made simply for the purpose of fault finding. Several journals speak about matters of which they are entirely ignorant. Others again blame the City concerning certain undertakings in connection with the visit, when as a matter of fact St. John had nothing whatever to do with these arrangements, but they devolved upon others. The Fredericton and St. Stephen papers have been particularly bitter in their remarks.

Most reasonable people cannot but consider the articles in very bad taste. That mistakes were made no one for a moment denies. It would have been impossible to have carried out such a vast undertaking without some flaws. Neither the city, nor the government nor the militia pertain to be blamed. They made mistakes but taken as a whole these bodies are to be congratulated for the manner in which they carried out the arrangements. In no place do we believe that everything passed off more successfully and though there were some who complain the great majority feel satisfied.

The praise of the American visitors show a much more kindly disposition than the grumbings of those near our own doors. Fredericton had recently a visit from Lord and Lady Minto and if there is any truth in some of the stories told in connection with that visit, the capital should not have too much to say about other places.

BELIEVES IN IT.

An Editor who thinks that the Sabbath should be well kept.

Editor McCready is a Lord day Abstinence man judging from his writing in the Guardian. He speaks of the working on the arch in St. John on Sunday and from this and other examples, he has become quite eloquent as an upholder of the Sabbath. In closing a lengthy article on the subject Mr. McCready says—

"It often suits the convenience of the rich owners of railways, of mines, of factories, that while they rest themselves their employees and servants shall go on working. Some of them would gladly set aside if they could, the proviso 'that thy servant may have rest as well as thou.' They have little or no regard for the Divine command as such, but they may be compelled to obey the law of the land.

Hence the importance to the workingman of the human law that protects him in his right to a day of rest. If our land had no such law on its statute books the time would speedily come when a heartless employer would discharge the man who might refuse to work seven days in the week and labor would become an intolerable bondage. Many lives are now worn out with labor on only six days out of seven. Tens of thousand feel the want of more, rather than fewer days of rest. What

would be the condition of these were the Sabbath abolished?

A Strange Circumstance.

For some months the newspapers have had long accounts of the arrest, and conviction and trial of one George McLoughlin, who was charged with the murder of Harris McLoughlin, a relative of his. All the parties lived in Charlotte county, the accused being an inmate of the house of the victim. There was a suspicion that his relatives with the wife of the murdered man were very friendly and this with the fact that Harris McLoughlin had been away from home for some time (in the Lunatic Asylum) and had met his death soon after his return caused a good deal of talk. At any rate the accused was acquitted when he was tried and he left the county promising to do better wherever he located. He changed his mind, however, after meeting Harris's widow. Instead of leaving the country, he determined upon staying in it and marrying the widow of the man he was alleged to have killed. The marriage of the couple was celebrated by City Clerk Morrell, of Calais, on Tuesday.

Irving Was Not Happy.

The suicide of Joseph Irving in Woodstock, has created a good deal of interest in this city, where he was well known and has near relatives living. The report that his death was due to melancholy, was probably true in one respect, but the cause of his despondent condition is not stated.

Irving was a moulder by trade and a good workman. He lived in Woodstock for many years and married there. A small family are growing up now, but for some years his domestic relations have not been happy.

Irving told the story himself when in this city, and used to regret the day when he permitted any one else but his wife and himself to live at his home.

He went to Boston he said to escape the torment of life at home, owing to this introduction into the family circle. His returned and worked in St. John and then went to Woodstock. It seems that his wife and children had moved. A Woodstock man who talked with PROGRESS was not surprised at the news of his suicide and said he took his troubles too much to heart.

He Trapped Himself.

A good story comes from Woodstock which shows how a man may trap himself. He was working for the deputy sheriff and amused himself examining a pair of hand cuffs.

He placed them on his wrists and closed them, and wondered how he would feel if he were really under arrest. When he attempted to remove them he found that they would not open, he had locked them on his wrists. He appealed to Mrs. Foster for the key and she had to tell him that Mr. Foster was miles away, up the Tobique, with the key in his pocket. She got another man to drive the self made prisoner to Woodstock where the High Sheriff, who had a duplicate key, released him. He is now willing to leave the use of hand cuffs to a man who understands them.

Let It Be Stopped.

The throwing of stones by small boys in the streets of St. John has become a nuisance, and several people have complained of having their windows broken. The sooner an example is made of some of these miscreants the better. Many boys going and coming to school think it great sport; and they should be taught better. The practice is not only injurious to property but is dangerous to pedestrians.

He May Be Mistaken.

The Charlotte County visitor who did the city during the visit of the Duke and Duchess tells the story at home that he left his pocket book in his room in a King street hotel and when he returned found the purse without the cash so: \$45. There is a different story about town but that does not matter, the visitor should know the fact though his mistakes have been made even in such cases as this before now.

Advertisement for "Muscles and Sleeplessness" medicine, listing various ailments and the benefits of the medicine. Includes contact information for Dr. Pottinger.

Advertisement for the Colonial Railway, listing train schedules and fares for various routes including St. John, Miramichi, and other locations.

Chat of the Boudoir.

The Parisian mills of fashion are still grinding out new models which are cautiously and tentatively launched on the wave of woman's approval. This approval is not so easy to secure in these days of arbitrary ruling in fashions when so much is expected of them as a means of enhancing the beauty and grace of a woman's figure.

If the powers could definitely decide the fate of their modes to the same extent that they did some years ago, the business of creating novelties would not be so precarious. But now there is no one guiding star, no special arbiter of taste and standards in dress, so while the fashion makers prescribe and dictate very convincingly, they are simply leading the horse to water and they cannot always make him drink.

Provide what they may, it is capricious woman who accepts and discards at her own sweet will. Persuasion and persistence often influence her decision, but it is usually later on when she has become quite accustomed to a new idea and learned how to modify it to her own favored lines.

Just now there seems to be a wide difference of opinion as to the general adoption of short walking skirts in Paris. Rumors to the effect that house gowns are to be shortened also may have made woman a little shy of the whole plan. That she has brought herself to accept the short skirt at all is indeed an innovation in her realm of froon and trailing garments.

But, in spite of rumors and contradictions, the short skirt is a feature of Parisian fashions, and we may rest assured that it will be idealized into something so attractive and becoming that we will find new beauties in this abbreviated garment. The French woman who is at all ambitious to be fashionably dressed thinks more of suiting her garments to her especial style, that she may look her very best, than she does of anything novel or odd in design. How she looks in the costume is a far more important side of the question than the costume itself, so there is great hope for the future of the short skirt in the French woman's hands. It certainly will be chic in some way.

The magic difference may be all in the coat that is worn with it, but it will be there just the same. The real tailor made severity which the English woman dotes on, has never found favor in Paris, and there is no prospect that it ever will since masculine features in woman's dress do not in any way appeal to the French woman's ideal of becoming attire.

It is said that the attempt to launch the short skirt into favor in Paris originated in the desire to make the tailor suit less suitable for receptions and other afternoon functions, and to bring in the costumes of silk or velvet. It was a sort of leading up to this idea when the tailors began to make silk gowns in the spring, and all the dressmakers tell you that silk and velvet gowns are to be very much worn.

It is no use to say that they will oust the cloth gowns from favor, for that is impossible just at present. Handsome cloth gowns with long skirts are quite as popular as ever, especially in the light tints. Every woman who desires to be fashionably dressed cannot afford a velvet costume, so the pretty soft cloths will suffice for her reception and calling gown.

However, the short skirted tailor-made gown is one of the fashionable necessities of a stylish outfit. But you must study the Parisian's elaboration of it if you would have the correct thing. She wears a Louis XV. coat or a modification of it, with her short skirt which is hung and fitted to give the best possible lines to the figure. The coat skirts extend well over the hips made with flat plaits at the back, and there are pocket flaps, small revers and buttons for a finish.

The sleeves are flowing, with turned-up cuffs and inside frills of silk and lace, and then there is an embroidered waistcoat falling loose and quite innocent of any curves. Her skirt just clears the ground nicely, but the coat is so jaunty and stylish that the skirt attracts very little attention.

Eton coats and short coats with basques are also worn, but they are not severe in style. One thing which is sure to militate against any great popularity of the short skirt in Paris is that the women walk very little in comparison with their English and American sisters.

It is astonishing how rapidly we are losing sight of the original idea of the tailor-made gown. Really the only remaining feature to hold its name is that it is made by the tailor. In order to keep his business at all he has had to branch out into the more decorative style of work, and

trespass on the dressmaker's province, so he makes every kind of gown for every kind of function. His art is not applied alone to the coat and skirt gown, for he makes the complete frock with a dressy bodice, and has been doing this sort of work for some time.

A great many of the models for tailor gowns originate in Vienna, and they are something between the English severity and the glorified Parisian costume. The Viennese tailor considers the work and finish of greater importance than much trimming, so he confines the decorations chiefly to stitchings and strappings and arabesque designs of cloth. Eton coats with rather long lap points seem to be a favorite model.

Gowns of zibeline are strapped with smooth faced cloth of the same color, but panne velvet and silk are both used for strapping. Combining velvet with smooth cloth for a dressy gown is one of the season's fancies. The cloth is in a light shade of brown with a darker zone of velvet which forms a panel in front, a border around the hem, the train and the coat. A scroll ornament of white silk cord confines the plaits at the back, and the fronts drape up in bolero form over a corselet belt of embroidery on cream cloth.

A band of the embroidery finishes the collar and forms the cuffs and wristbands. A frill of lace falls over the cloth undersleeve, but the upper sleeve is of velvet. One advantage of this mode of combining materials is the suggestion it offers for making over old gowns.

Velvet appears again on a cloth gown in a narrow band with a piping of white silk finishing all the edges. Another use of it, on the third gown of dark blue cloth, is in the vest, which makes a pretty contrast in the soft shade of pinkish red used so much this season. It is especially pretty with dark blue, and with gray, also combined with a narrow band of white cloth on which is a scroll design in narrow gold and white

braids. This shade of red velvet is extremely effective on the bodies of a blue cloth. Zibeline heavy and hairy as it is made up with very elaborate trimmings of velvet and heavy lace. Handmade lace is not too elegant for the heavy materials. Some of the cloth gowns made with a bodice show a little position of some sort at the back. These short bands of cloth stitched down on three box-plaits form one pretty model. The plaited portion is a whole piece, of course, the plaits widening like the bands towards the lower edge. The hemp lace made by the Italians, is another trimming for the cloth gown.

Rough materials in light, delicate blues and grays and biscuit tints make some very stunning gowns. One in pale blue, for example, has a double skirt effect, each edge trimmed with one of the fancy silk braids in white with black dots. By the way, it is well to remember the fancy braids this season, as they were never before so varied, never half so pretty as they are now. There are all sorts of mixtures, but nothing else is quite so fascinating as the black and white.

One very effective trimming in black is a silk serpentine braid in different widths, each scallop widening almost into a point. All the braids are flexible, soft and glossy, so they are easily arranged in any design. Something called the new art braid is so pliable that you can give it different shapes by stretching it in places.

Another feature of trimming shown in the shops is an embroidery on both black and white taffeta, which is cut out in different designs on one edge and embroidered by machine in imitation of hand work. White on black and black on white are the rule. The bands are not wide and the embroidery is around the edges with some very small pattern scattered through the centre, but this does not conceal the silk at all. These bands make a very pretty finish for the top of a circular flounce where it is sewed on to the upper skirt and

for the front edges of the bodice down either side of the vest.

Brown zibeline forms one costume, and trimmed with stitched brown glace silk bands. Irish lace and yellow chiffon form the vest, with an outer vest of brown velvet trimmed on the edge with a silk band. Two simple models are one trimmed with a band of embroidery on white cloth and the other laced across with spotted panne velvet.

Silk braid, matching the tan cloth in color, decorates the next costume, and the vest is of soft red velvet. The collar and a very narrow round chemisette below extending in a narrow line down the front are of black liberty satin. A pretty model for coat shows velvet bands down the back and the front rounds up in a bolero shape with small painted revers.

Black velvet ribbon is shown on a soft red cloth bolero, worn with a skirt of the same material, also trimmed around the hem with velvet ribbon. Gulloon trimming, which matches the color of the cloth, is the feature of another gown tucked around the hem and across the shoulders. The vest is of embroidered silk.

BABY'S ILLS.

Every Mother Should Be In a Position to Promptly Relieve the Minor Ailments of Her Little Ones.

The baby who is always plump always has a good appetite, always has a clear eye and a rosy cheek, and is always active and playful, is the choicest treasure this life affords. The medicine which keeps babies in such a condition or which restores them to it when they are ill is certainly a priceless boon to humanity. There are many medicines which produce sleep, but their action upon the child is similar to that which whisky or opium has upon a full grown man. They deaden and stupify the and a most injurious thing which can be given to

children.

The only safe course is to use nature's remedier. Nature has provided a vegetable cure for every ill, and her remedies for children's disorders are scientifically compounded in Baby's Own Tablets. For diarrhoea, constipation, colic, simple fever, croup, irritation when teething, indigestion and all the disorders of children so familiar to mothers, this remedy is conceded by the medical profession to be without an equal. Its effect is gentle, soothing, promptly curative and never failing. It will save pain, anxiety, doctor bills and perhaps a life. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones speak of them in terms of warmest praise. Mrs. Ben. Seward Forfar, Ont. says: 'I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can highly recommend them to all mothers. My baby was cutting his teeth, and was very cross when I first gave them to him. They acted like magic; he cut his teeth almost without my knowing it, and gave him such ease, that they proved a blessing both to the child and myself. He has not been sick since I gave them to him, and I would not be without them in the house.' Baby's Own Tablets can be procured at any druggist's or will be sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

Hall Caine has played a copyright version of The Eternal City at Douglas, Isle of Man. The American rights have been secured with the idea of producing the play in the United States before it is performed in London.

Sir Henry Irving will begin a three weeks' engagement in the Knickerbocker theatre on the 21st instant. In the first of these he will offer nothing new, but will place his reliance upon those of his most successful impersonations, King Charles I. Sh. Lock and Louis XI.



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Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Barnum's circus is in Holland. Philadelphia has five stock companies. Effie Ellsler is visiting her husband, Frank Weston, in Chicago. Grace Scott has been engaged for the ingenue role in New England Folks. The reports circulated of the illness of Mme. Christine Nilson are unfounded. Wilton Lackaye bought last week the residence, No. 65 West Ninety-second street, New York. George Kiddle began his season of Shakespearean recital this week at Yale university. Robert Edson, it is understood, is to star next season under the management of Henry B. Harris. D. H. Harkins returned to New York last week after a long absence in Europe. Henry E. Dixey has resigned from the London production of The Whirl of the Town. Sarah Cowell Le Moine did not appear in St. Louis Sunday night, as she was slightly indisposed. Frank Small, after several weeks in hospital, is about again as vigorous and goodnatured as ever. The Biblical spectacle Nazareth will be done in New York during the coming season by William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer. There were over 800 repertoire companies on the road last season, and indications seem to point to a decided decrease this season. Sol Smith Russell is reported to have suffered a relapse last week, and to be again seriously ill at his summer home, Edgartown, Mass. Christie MacDonald has resigned from Peter F. Dailey's company, claiming the advertising did not feature her as much as her contract demanded. Arrangements have been made whereby Cinquevall, the juggler, will begin a second engagement at Keith's Union Square theatre, beginning Oct. 28. Maude Adams, Annie Russell, Leslie Carter, Grace George and Virginia Harned will be in New York at different theatres during November. Mary Penfield celebrated her birthday on Oct. 9, and among other congratulations received letters from Arthur Wing Pinero and Sydney Grundy. William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer have the American rights of Major Andre which Clyde Fitch has sold to George Alexander for England. Lovelace is to give place to a new poet play for E. H. Sothern. If I Were King, by Justin Hantley McCarthy, deals with another poet, Fraucios Villon. The American rights to The Chinese Honeymoon, which was produced in London, on Oct. 5, last, have been placed with Frank W. Sanger for disposal. The first dramatization of Alice of Old Vincennes for Virginia Harned is said to have been unsatisfactory, and her starring tour is postponed to await revision. Carlotta Nilson, who has been playing the part of Princess Margaret in Joan of the Sword Hand, is reported to have made a distinct success in that character. Mr and Mrs Charles Walcott have been engaged for Amelia Bingham's company, in which they will make their first appearance, Jan 23, at the Bijou theatre. J. Sheldon Landon, who was business manager for William Collier last season will act in a similar capacity for Howard Gould, who will star on tour with Brother Officers. The number of unemployed actors that monopolize Broadway, New York, is unprecedented for this season of the year. And yet the dramatic schools continue to grind them out. Minnie Maddern Fiske has decided to make no fight against the unanimous verdict of failure of Miranda of the Balcony and will remove it from the Manhattan's stage. Delia Rogers, the noted American soprano, whose home has been in Paris for several years has been engaged to sing in German opera for a term of six months, at the Elberfeld theatre. Charles Wyndham will open his season in his London theatre at about the end of this month or the beginning of next with Isaac Henderson's new comedy, The Mummy and the Humming Bird. John Drew, the matinee idol for three decades, the enduring idol of the matinee girl's mother, and later of the main e-

girl herself, is actually growing fat, neither plump nor rotund, but simply fat. Emil Fischer, the veteran Hans Sachs of German opera, has established himself in New Rochelle, and will devote several hours each day to coaching singers of German lieder or of the operatic repertory. Robert Tabor is credited with a pronounced hit in Isaac Henderson's play, the Mummy and the Humming Bird, produced by Charles Wyndham in London, although the play is notably successful. After having witnessed E. H. Sothern's production of his play, If I Were King, at the Garden theatre, Justin Hantley McCarthy will sail for London on Wednesday to conduct the rehearsals of the production of the play there. Four Shakespearean festival negotiations are in progress with Stuart Robson, Kathryn Kidder, Louis James, Frederick Warde, Modjeska, Joseph Haworth, Charles B. Hanford, Marie Wainwright, and others equally prominent. Modjeska and Louis James will appear in the principal cities of the east and south to be followed by a tour of the Pacific coast. Their season will end with a four weeks engagement in New York, beginning early in April. Four hundred clergymen were invited by Kirke La Shelle to witness the performance of The Bonnie Brier Bush at the Republic theatre, New York. Nearly all of the 400 invitations were accepted. The clergymen were most appreciative of the play, and were generous in their plaudits. The novel Quo Vadis has inspired an Italian composer, Signor Sandrone, to write a series of what he calls 'symphonic impressions.' There are four numbers, headed by Lydia Orgia, Incendioli Roma and Morte di Nerone. A successful performance of this work has been given at the Grand theatre in Palermo. Carrie Nation, the star cow of William A. Brady's production of Way Down East, this season, is evidencing destructive tendencies altogether in keeping with her name. In Chicago last week the playful bovine broke from her box stall, strolled into the street, and had two plate glass windows to her credit when she was recaptured. The historical play written for E. S. Wil-

lard and Louis N. Parker, which the distinguished English actor will produce at the Tremont, Boston, has been given the title of The Cardinal. It is in four acts and has 19 characters, chief among whom is Giovanni di Medici, son of Lorenzo. He received the cardinal's hat at the age of 19, and subsequently became Pope Leo X. Almost every name applying to the theatre and its use is taken from the French. Commencing with the word theatre, and follow with its divisions, gallery, balcony, parquette, foyer, loge, circle and orchestra. Again, opera, drama, comedie, tragedie, pantomime and burlesque. Its people—comedienne, sourette, ingenue and tragedienne, also, program, loggette, coupon, art and ensemble.

Little George Cadieux, son of M. A. Cadieux, and the Dickey in the school scene of Tom Moore, Andrew Mack's play although but five and a half years old, has been a model for artists and is now playing his first speaking part. One day last week Master George called upon Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore and amused that prelate by going through his part in the play, being rewarded with a blessing. Playwriting would seem to be almost as profitable a pursuit in Germany as it is in England. Herr Hauptmann has received from fees for the performance in Germany of his three plays—The Weavers, The Sunken Bell and Carmen Hoenschel—a sum of £60,000, £9,000 of which have come from one theatre in Berlin. Herr Sudermann from Moriturus and Johannes has received £2,550. Klav & Erlenger will present The Bostonians in De Koven & Smith's opera, Maid Marian, a sequel to their famous success, Robin Hood, at the Chestnut street opera house, in Philadelphia, Nov. 4. A very strong cast has been engaged for this production, which will include many of the old Bostonians favorites, and several new artists of acknowledged ability. Adele Ratter will sing one of the most important roles in the new production. Carmen was sung in Bayonne, France, recently in an arena with a stage 100 feet wide by 35 feet deep. Two bulls were killed by Spanish torpederos in the bull-fighting scene. The late Robert Buchanan, is said to have left several finished plays, one of which, called The Good Old Times, may be reproduced in London this season.

PROBATE COURT.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of St. John or any Constable of the said City and County—GREETING:

WHEREAS William H. Moran of the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, Gentleman, and Mary E. Furlong, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County aforesaid, wife of Thomas Furlong, of the said City of Saint John, Executor and Executrix named in the last Will and Testament of Robert Ritchie, late of the said City of Saint John, Merchant, deceased, have by their petition, dated the Eleventh day of September, A. D. 1901, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in Solemn Form, and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with:

YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the following next of kin, devisees and legatees of the said Robert Ritchie, deceased, namely: Robert J. Ritchie, Grocer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Thomas Furlong, resident in the said City of Saint John; Mary E. Furlong, wife of the said Thomas Furlong, resident in the said City of Saint John; Edward Furlong, infant, aged one year and ten months, resident in the said City of Saint John; and all other next of kin of the said Robert Ritchie, deceased, if any, and all persons interested, as they may see fit, with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every one of them may deem right.

The Petitioners affirm the validity of the said Will and Testament, given under my (L. S.) hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this Eleventh day of September, A. D. 1901.

(Sgd.) ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Judge of Probate. (Sgd.) JOHN McMILLAN, Registrar of Probate. (Sgd.) E. A. MCKEOWN, Proctor for Petitioners.

Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliot made a hit in London with their play. When We Were Twenty-on. Stars and author, H. V. Esmond, were called before the curtain.

A new play by Stuart Ogilvie, who wrote The Masters, Henry Miller played has produced a new one. John Darnford, M. P. It is a "poor, irritating play," the Daily Telegraph says.

Notice to Mariners. No. 56 of 1901.

DOMINION OF CANADA, New Brunswick

I. Gannet Rock Light—Temporary Change in Character.

To permit of repairs to the revolving mechanism, the light on Gannet rock, in the Bay of Fundy, will show as a fixed white light, from and after 1st September, 1901, until repairs can be completed. It is expected that the flashing of the light will not be interrupted for more than three weeks. Notice will be given of the resumption of the fixed and flashing characteristic of the light. Lat. N. 44 deg. 30m. 38s. Long. W. 66 deg. 46m. 67s.

II. Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Two pole lights established by the government of Canada on the south beach at the entrance to Richibucto harbor, Strait of Northumberland east of New Brunswick, were put in operation on the 1st instant. The lights are fixed white, shown from pressed on lanterns hoisted on poles, and should be visible three miles from all points of approach. The front light is elevated 84 feet above high water mark. The mast is 26 feet high, and stands 112 feet back from the water, at a point 358 feet southeastwardly from the front light of the old Richibucto harbor range. Approximate position, from Admiralty chart No. 2650. Lat. N. 46 deg. 42m. 42s. Long. W. 64 deg. 45m. 6s.

The back light is elevated 37 feet above high water mark. The mast is 37 feet high and stands 286 feet S. 1/2 W. from the front one. The two lights in one, bearing S. 1/2 W., lead to the black can buoy in 4 1/2 fathoms that marks the southern limit of the anchorage outside the bar. They also lead between the buoys marking the channel over the bar which carries 13 feet of water, to the red can buoy which marks the sharp turn of the channel to the westward inside the bar. After passing the turning buoy the course up the shore between the north and south beaches is N. W. by W. 1/2 W. From this point up to the town the somewhat tortuous channel is marked by buoys. At the same time that these range lights were established the red back light of the old Richibucto harbor range, on the same south beach, was discontinued, as the alignment now gives only 2 feet water over the bar, but the front white light is yet maintained to guide up from the turn above described.

Variation approximately 24 deg. W. This notice affects Admiralty charts Nos. 2199, 2084 and 1861; St. Lawrence pilot, Vol. II., 1895 page 92; and Canadian list of lights, 1901, the two new lights being entered under the numbers, 529 and 530; the present No. 529 becoming No. 531, and the present No. 580 and the remarks opposite the two being struck out.

F. GOURDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 9th August, 1901.

All bearings, unless otherwise noted, are magnetic and are given from seaward, miles are nautical miles, heights are above high water, and all depths are at mean low water. Pilots, masters, or others interested are earnestly requested to send information of dangers, changes in aids to navigation, notices of new shoals or channels, errors in publications, or any other facts affecting the navigation of Canadian waters to the Chief Engineer, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada.

Mabella Baker is playing a character role in Sis Hopkins in support of Rose Melville. Maurice Hewlett is writing a play for Sarah Bernhardt on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots. Charles Dalton will be seen in The Helmet of Navarre, this season. Grace Elliston will be his leading woman. Augustus Thomas latest production is called Wisconsin, following his old role of naming plays after different states. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have successfully revived in London The Elder Miss Bloussom, in which they were seen in this country three years ago. M. Coquelin is studying the character of Falstaff, which he hopes to play in Paris, when The Merry Wives of Wind-



APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES: dispersing Bitter Apple, Fil Cocula, Pennyroyal, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmacal Co., 318 Southampt St. N. Y.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower from All Dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY OCT. 23.

IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

One of the most picturesque groups at the coronation of King Edward VII will be that of the peresses in their own right.

They will be present at the ceremony, however, not as a right but only by courtesy.

When, in February last, the king and queen made their first appearance in the House of Lords to open Parliament, the attendants of royalty and the peers, peeresses and officers of the realm who were admitted were so many that a few members only of the House of Commons could get in.

The difficulty led to the appointment of a parliamentary commission to consider the whole matter of precedent and privilege at the coronation, and whether some more commodious place than the House of Lords should not be chosen for the ceremony.

Among other interesting things which this commission discovered was the fact that the peresses have no established right to appear in the House of Lords, either on ordinary or special occasions.

But it was the opinion of the commissioner that the privilege should be extended to them, at least for the coronation, and the suggestion will undoubtedly be adopted.

There are but ten living women of English descent who hold titles inherited or created for them. The most venerable of these is the Baroness Purdey-Coutts, who is now in her eighty-seventh year.

Her title was given to her in recognition of her services to humanity in every known country. She has built and still supports churches, schools and hospitals, and supports and binds her efforts to lift the lower classes in England that she is fondly known among them as the Princess of the Poor.

On the day of the Queen's jubilee a vast procession of the lame and the blind, orphans and needy folk who lived on the bounty of the good barones marched up Piccadilly, and surrounding her house paid homage to her by music and cheer.

A CASE OF BRIGANDAGE.

The brigand still stalks across the stage in Melodrama, and figures in sensational fiction; but most of us have been in the habit of thinking that the brigand of real life, who descends from forests or mountain fastnesses with others of his kind, and compels unprotected travellers to deliver up their possessions, or hold them prisoners until their friends pay a ransom for them, is extinct.

So he is in most countries. He has given way before the railroad, the telegraph, the armed police and other forces of civilization. But here and there brigandage survives, a relic of earlier and less orderly days. Until recently possible encounters with brigands had always to be taken into account by travellers in Italy. Within the present year the exploits of one particular desperado MUSOLINO by name have terrified travellers and baffled the police.

The most startling recent case of brigandage is that of which Miss Stone, a missionary of the American Board in European Turkey was the victim. She was travelling with fifteen or twenty friends or attendants near the Bulgarian frontier, early in September, when a large body of brigands captured the whole party in a narrow valley and after detaining the others overnight, carried off Miss Stone and the wife of an Albanian pastor who was with her, into the mountains, holding them there for ransom. Later they boldly sent an agent to Constantinople to negotiate terms for Miss Stone's release.

At the time we write, strenuous exertions are making to raise, before a specified day the amount demanded as a ransom. This distressing incident is a re-

most brigandage is not yet dead. Even in this country we have had recent instances of a crime closely akin to it, that of kidnapping children and demanding money for their return. All crimes of this type are offences against humanity, and the common conscience of mankind calls for the severest punishment for those who commit them.

The Countess of TARDOROUGH now holds in her own right the barony of CONYERS, which has been in her family for nearly four centuries.

The title of Baroness BEAUMONT dates back to the beginning of the fourteenth century, and is now held by a child of seven.

One of the ten women of English descent who are peresses in their own right is, oddly enough, an American, the daughter of a New York merchant. She is the wife of Count VON WALDSEECK recently commander of the allied forces in China. The Emperor of Austria conferred on her the title of Princess DE POER. Her first husband was the uncle of the German Emperor.

A Frenchman has invented a sleep pro-ducer, consisting of bands of metal and other devices for the head, which is called the 'vibrating coronet.' Sovereigns on the other hand, suffer from insomnia at the moment they find their coronets shaky.

Only one ex-President survives, but there are four widows of Presidents still living, Mrs. GRANT, Mrs. GARFIELD, Mrs. HARRISON and Mrs. McKINLEY. The wives of several Presidents did not live until their husbands reached the White House. Human life reveals the same uncertainties in all walks of life.

SAADI, the poet, was once asked from whom he learned his good manners; his reply was, 'From the ill-mannered.' Although much may be learned from opposite caution from the reckless, thrift from the prodigal, and truthfulness from the untruthful, the supply of such teachers exceeds the demand.

Seton Thompson and Kipling Comparing his animal stories with those of Kipling, Ernest Seton-Thompson, in an interview in the 'Critic,' points out that the animals in the jungle tales are treated as type, personifications, of certain human qualities.

'It is from the imaginative point of view, I should say,' suggested the interviewer, 'that Kipling's jungle stories are written, rather than the scientific.'

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Seton-Thompson, 'he didn't pretend to write anything but fiction in doing them.'

'You are acquainted with him, are you not? I have seen it stated that you did him the story of 'Wauw' before it appeared in the 'Century' and that he urged you to write it, despite your objection that it was not worth doing. Is that true?'

'It is true that I told him the story, but I don't know that that had anything to do with my writing it, as at the time it was already partly on paper.'

'Well, that is pretty accurate for a newspaper story, at all events.'

'I recently received a letter from a man in Canada,' said my host, apropos of newspaper anecdotes about celebrities, 'saying that the writer knew my books and that he had read of my having been in Manitoba during a certain summer in the eighties, and inquiring whether it was not perhaps I from whom he had bought a rubber blanket for a dollar at that time. I wrote back that his supposition was probably correct, as I remembered having sold my blanket to a man in Manitoba. A few weeks later I received a clipping from a Canadian newspaper, headed 'Forced to Sell His Blanket' in which an account was given of the plight to which I had been reduced, having been compelled to sell a ten dollar blanket, said the article, for one dollar, and had thus had the use of it all that time for nothing. Moreover, I did not sell it because I was hard up, but solely to avoid the necessity of lugging it around with me.'

'The title you have chosen for your story does not seem exactly correct,' said the Astute Publisher.

'I don't see why,' replied the Ambitious Author.

'But don't you think 'The Knights of Other days' is rather ambiguous?'

'But they say,' remarked the patron, 'he has a good head for business.'

'Nonsense,' replied the barber, 'why, he's absolutely bald.'

'Am I the only girl you ever loved? he asked doubtfully.

'Am I the only man you ever encouraged?' he inquired.

'They looked long and soulfully into each other's eyes, and out of this gaze there med to come a tacit understanding that would be just as well to drop the subject.'

THE ORGANIST.

I wonder how the organist
Can do so many things;
He's rattling round long before
The choir stands up and sings;
He's pressing buttons, pushing stops;
He's pulling here and there,
He's setting all the working parts
White-hot and to the front.

He runs a mighty big machine,
It's full of funny things;
A mass of brass, pipes and tubes,
And sticks and levers and strings;
There's little whistles for a cent,
In rows and rows and rows;
It's but there's twenty miles of tubes
As large as an iron hose.

There's scores, as round as apples, and
There's lots no lig and wide,
And several little boys I know
Could play around inside;
From little bits of cocoons
And hardly makes a note,
There's every size up to the great
Big elevated chute.

The organist knows every one,
And how they ought to go;
He works with his hands, with a firm,
Or plays them sweet and low;
At times you think them very near;
At times they're out of sight,
Like angel voices, singing far
Off, somewhere in the sky.

For he can take this structure that
He built as 'twas hours,
And make it quaver, so fit as
A tiny little mouse;
And then he'll set it rattling with
A movement of the hand,
And make you think you're listening to
A mighty band.

He plays it with his fingers and
He plays it with his toes,
And if he really wanted to
He'd play it with his nose;
He'd sit up and nod, with the bench,
He'd work with his knees,
He'd dance round with both his feet
As lively as you please.

I always like to take a seat
Where I can see him go;
He's better than a sermon, and
He does me good I know;
I like the life and movement and
I like to hear him play,
He is the most exciting thing
In town on Sabbath day.

At the table.
The years have sped since first I led
You to the table, dear,
And you sat there all alone
And I sat sailing here.

A year or two flew past and you
No longer sat alone;
And you were in your arms,
Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so,
And some one else was there,
And while she sat in your arms,
While I sat claiming your care.

The years have sped since first I led
You to the table, dear,
And you sat there all alone
And I sat sailing here.

Today as I look down at you
On either side I see
A row of hungry little ones
All gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one,
And you were far away,
As, twice as far, my dear, as then
That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart—
You there and I up here—
Two rows of heads face my fond heart
Sweat down to you, my dear.

Thank God for every extra leaf
The table holds to-day,
And may I never know the grief
Of parting one away.

The Assassin.
Wilm's giant race,
Whom they embrace—
Whose black blood madras, ravening and blind,
Would make the assassin's code a law for all man-kind.

Now when the world, grown conscious of its
strenuous
Is sweeping from its shores,
The ivory of kings, and by the ark, at length,
their great Star humbly, noons,
shall this veiled terror shadowing Freedom's
ground.

Uplift his head and reign, a despot, though un-
known.
Nay, coward murder mites where it aims
And smites at its own cause;
The slain of tyrants leave their martyred names
Each new a star that drives
The sinner word clear, 'twas through the night,
On by broad highways slowly, up to Freedom's
light.

Bullion and I.
Bullion has a million dollars,
Fifty cents have I,
Bullion, sitting in his carriage
Swiftly travels by;
Bullion has a marble palace
Whose white walls are high;
As for appetite, he has none,
But he's well fed.

Bullion's going out to luncheon,
As well as I;
He will take a cruise and drop it
With a twenty-day;
I will munchly devour
At that I can buy—
Bullion's even eat a doughnut
Or a piece of pie.

Things are often badly managed
Here below the sky;
Bullion's 'ch's have a stomach,
Or, still better, I
Ought to have his wad of money—
See the poor old guy
All his wads is used for luncheon,
steak and onions I.

Sweet Closed Lips.
Her hands are soiled I ah, how sweet,
How sweet she speaks—how mild!
She seems to have the meekness of
A tender little child.

I do not hear her voice; I hear
No sweet, soft echoes of her laugh!
Her lips are closed—but not for long—
She's sitting for her photograph.

'See here, I found two pebbles in the
milk bowl yesterday.'
I am not surprised, ma'am. The water
is very low just now in the brook where
the cows drink.

If the statement proves true that Mr.
Carnegie's wholesale purchases of organs
for Scotch churches is likely to have the
effect of discouraging the use of bagpipes
it must be considered a most practical and
commendable piece of philanthropy.

Smooth Stranger—Beg Pardon for
trouble you, sir, but may I ask you if you
are carrying all the life insurance you
want?

Weddy (languidly to valet)—Williams,
am I cawing all the life insurance I
want?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

News of the Passing Week.

The tax on commercial traveller in Jamaica is to be abolished.

Traces of ancient gold mines, worked by the Pharaohs, have been discovered in Egypt between the Nile and the Red Sea.

The funeral of N. Flood Davin ex M.P. took place Monday in Ottawa.

Two American professional safe breakers were captured while at work in Ottawa Sunday night. They claim that they belong to San Francisco.

There is an unconfirmed rumor that the Boer general Dewet is dead. He has not been heard from for a considerable time. Some Boers say he is dead, some deny it.

A Victoria, B. C. despatch says big guns will be mounted at Esquimault, and that it will be made the most formidable port on the Pacific.

A serious shortage of cotton at Liverpool is reported, and it is feared some of the mills must shut down. A cotton famine is feared by the manufacturers as very small supplies are on the way.

Sir Thomas Lipton was given a great reception by the Chicago board of trade on Saturday. He addressed the board, and denied that he had any intention of disposing of his packing interests.

Excitement over the coming visit of the Duke and Duchess unbalanced the mind of Rev. Henry Black, chaplain of the cruiser Charybdis at St. John's, Nfld. and he shot himself. His body was found Sunday.

The British government has purchased 16,000 horses in South Russia, at 125 roubles per head. Several thousand of the horses have already arrived at Odessa.

A blow has been dealt the Canadian fast-line scheme by the news that the Mouchester Shipper is ashore off Sydney. The London Telegram says Lord Strathcona's scheme is not seriously considered.

Fire Saturday destroyed the New England building at the Pan American Exposition.

Fire Sunday in station 3 of the Waterville and Fairfield Railroad, Light and Power Company, of Waterville, Me., caused a loss to the machinery of \$2,000; insured.

The big boarding house at Redington's Mills, Phillips, Me., was burned Sunday; loss \$5,000. Cause, defective chimney.

Edward Capen, the first librarian of the Boston public library, died Sunday on the eightieth anniversary of his birth. He was for twenty-two and a half years at the head of the Boston library.

Angela De Forest, actress, who played leading roles with Salvini, Mc Colough and Booth, died at New York Sunday. She was 56 years old.

The tug Christian, supposed to be from Toledo, Ohio, with a crew of five men, Capt. Harlow, was run down and cut in two by the steamer J. J. Albright on Lake Michigan Saturday. Three of the five on the tug were drowned.

Mrs. E. Watson, a New York nurse has been arrested on suspicion on a charge of homicide. She gave a baby to her mother's medicine.

The court house at Paris, Ky.; was destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss \$130,000; insurance \$60,000.

The box making plant of Fred J. Derry and the surrounding buildings at Danvers, Mass.; were burned on Sunday, causing a loss of \$20,000.

A fierce fire burned for two hours Saturday in the furniture store of S. Baumann & Bros., New York; loss \$200,000; fully protected by insurance.

Yale University began Sunday the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College. The exercises were simple and yet imposing.

Geo. Armitage, the missing messenger of the Bank of New Amsterdam New York, walked into the tenderloin police station Saturday and gave himself up. He declined to make any statement.

The vessel that foundered in Saturday morning's gale off Long Point, Lake Erie, was the steamer Swallow, lumber laden, bound from Emerson, Lake Superior, to Buffalo.

The crew of ten men were taken off by her consort, the barge Manitou.

A landslide covering five hundred acres of land occurred lately in the district of Bacoel, Jamaica. Nearly a hundred houses were destroyed and the island's best plantations were ruined.

A statement of Ontario finances has been issued. Receipts are given as \$3,378,663, and the expenditures \$3,098,792 leaving a surplus of \$279,961.

The Grand Pacific Hotel, Montreal, was gutted by fire Saturday. The proprietor and family had a narrow escape from death. Loss \$15,000; insured.

Rumors of early elections are set at rest by the announcement that the Ontario legislature is to be called for the opening of business immediately after New Year's.

The British cruiser Plyades reports that she has annexed Ocean Island, west of the Gilbert Islands. The island, which has hitherto been a British protectorate, is rich in phosphates.

The shortage of cotton at Liverpool is becoming serious. There are only a few cargoes on the way and supplies for a fortnight on hand.

The British and Russian governments have come to a complete agreement regarding the Afghan situation. It is asserted that even should complications arise in Afghanistan these would not lead to concurrent intervention.

A force of Canadian scouts surprised a Boer laager near Balmoral The Boer fled after a short fight. The Canadians had two men killed and an officer and two men wounded.

Returns from the refugee camps for September show a total white population of 109,418; deaths among the white 2,411 of which 1,964 were children. The colored population is shown to be 38,619, among whom there were 391 deaths during the month.

The sudden death to-day of John Whalen, of Lowell, who expired at the supper table in his boarding house, led the police to arrest his companion, whose name they do not disclose, pending an investigation. Whalen was with the man in his room some little time before his supper.

The steamer Centennial, previously reported ashore near Teller City, arrived in quarantine Saturday at Port Townsend, Wash., bringing 450 passengers. The Centennial sailed from Nome Oct. 9th. Among her passengers were thirty who were destitute and were brought down by the steamer trees of charge. The Centennial's passengers report that at St. Michael's winter had practically set in.

Sir R-dvers Buller has been relieved of the command of the first army corps in consequence of the speech he made Oct. 10. He has been placed on half-pay and Gen. French has been appointed to succeed him on his return from South Africa. Gen. Hildyard will command in the meantime.

John Redmond, M. P., arrived at Cork Tuesday on his way to the United States. He was received by an immense crowd.

A sensational robbery which netted the perpetrators \$74,610 in stamps was discovered at Chicago Tuesday, when the wholesale department of the post office was opened for business.

The desire of M. C. Borden, of New

Continued on page Eight.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 40,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and injections are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$2 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. For No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1—and—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP. BEST FOR THE SKIN and COMPLEXION. Antiseptic. Emollient. Refreshing. Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Cocoa for its rich and... because "Best" for the but 25 sold

BAKING POWDER... and wholesome

The crew of ten men were taken by her consort, the barge Manitou.

landslide covering five hundred acres and occurred lately in the district of

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ALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP... FOR THE SKIN and COMPLEXION.



The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York was a most enjoyable event and St. John

The reception was a very pretty affair and in every way a remarkable success, both as regards

One of the prettiest weddings of the year was celebrated Wednesday afternoon at the residence

The wedding was at 2.30, and the guests were principally near relatives of the bride and groom.

The ceremony was at 11.30, and the guests were principally near relatives of the bride and groom.

Lucien was served to the guests, the dining room being beautifully decorated in green and pink.

Miss Cooke of Moncton is visiting the Misses Pagsley, C. Burg street.

Miss Annie Magee, of Mangerville, is visiting the Misses Spruce, of this city.

There was quiet a wedding, at 3.30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the residence of Mr C T Bailey.

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday morning at the home of the bride, Charles street.

gift was a pretty gold watch and chain. Jarvis C Hardy, son of D J Hardy, of North End,

Mr and Mrs J V Lawlor, of West End, returned from a visit to Upper Canada and a visit to the Pan

Miss Wislaw and Miss Marguerite Wislaw, of Fredericton, are visiting Miss Glad, a McLaughlin

Miss S E Anderson, of Fredericton, is visiting Miss Edmo, of King street east.

Mr and Mrs E H Lovitt, of Yarmouth, visited the city this week.

Mr and Mrs Robert Thomson left on Saturday night for the Pan-American.

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ds where she had been called on account of the death of her father.

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When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Win.

E. G. SCOVIL, Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic JOHN C. CLOWES

MANY A WOMAN who dresses in the height of style uses that famous Home Dye Maypole Soap to make her colors look like new.

ST. ANDREWS. Oct 24 - Miss Jennie K. Smith of St. Andrews

Oct 21 - Miss W. H. Brown of St. Andrews is visiting for the month in the house of Mrs. Meakin.

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Corticelli SPOOL SILK. Corticelli silk has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value - no light-weight, short-



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Intercolonial Railway. \$10 MONTREAL AND RETURN \$10

John W. Lyons, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

John W. Lyons, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.



HALIFAX HOTEL.

Progress is made in Halifax by the 'sway' and at the following news stands and central depot...

Oct. 24.—The reception held by Their Royal Highnesses on Saturday evening was attended by a great number of the residents of Halifax, as well as by a goodly proportion of the visitors to the garrison city...

Mr. and Mrs. J. Elliot Smith, of Wollville, and J. W. Wilkerson, King's Printer, St. John's, Nfld., are guests of Mrs. Edward Smith, 59 Spring Garden Road.

W. F. Cunningham, Mayor of Antigonish, and Mrs. Cunningham are in the city, and are guests of W. H. Johnson, Carlton street.

Mr. D. C. McNeill, Mayor of Liverpool is visiting the city. Mr. C. A. McCully, of New York, is at the Halifax...

The Misses Estelle and Allie Spurr of Melvern Square were in Halifax for the reception. Rev. W. L. Archibald, wife and child, came to Halifax from Lawrence town last evening.

Rev. W. G. Lane, who was chaplain in South Africa, will preach in Charles street church on Sunday evening.

W. L. Cotton, editor of Charlottetown Examiner is in the city. Surgeon Mayor Spangole of Middleton, is in the city. He is attached to the army medical service.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Macbeth of Charlottetown arrived in Halifax Sunday evening. Mrs. Hannah, Mrs. N. E. Chute, and Miss Dodge, all of Bridgetown arrived in Halifax Sunday evening and remained until Monday.

Dr. F. P. Taylor and wife arrived from Charlottetown last night to witness the reception. Mayor and Mrs. Young arrived from Kentville yesterday. They were registered at the Halifax.

James H. Beddin, barrister at law, Charlottetown is in the city. Capt. David Mahoney of the barque Finn, arrived here Sunday to take in the Royal visit.

Fred Mackerscher, town clerk of Pictou is in the city. C. E. Tanner, M. P. for Pictou and Mrs. Tanner are at the Lorne.

Mrs. H. G. Ives of Pictou, is in the city. W. A. Brennan, editor and proprietor of the Sun-merald, P. E. I. Journal, and wife are in the city.

Among the visitors to the city was Charles Sterling, known to his friends as "Gott". Mr. Sterling is an ex-Balgonian, and left here twenty years ago. He settled at Lynn, Mass., and is now prominently connected with the fire department. "Gott" was a well known Halifax boy, and when at home in Lynn is always on the look out for Balgonians visiting in that direction. Some of his many friends kept him busy seeing the city last week. He left for home Monday morning.

Sir Wilfred and Lady Laurier, who were guests at Government House remained in the city until Monday. Richard Supple and Miss Phoebe McDonald are to be married at St. Mary's Cathedral this morning.

A. G. Crowell, T. O'Brien, J. Venables, Wm. Schon, Mrs. M. Young and Mr. Rudolf left by the D. A. E. Monday morning for Boston. E. G. Russell, Moulton; J. M. Jarvis, and B. D. Lorimer registered at the Halifax today.

H. V. Jenkinson, barrister, New Glasgow, is in the city. Hon. Duff Miller, agent general at London of the Province of New Brunswick, and Mr. McPhee, a prominent London banker, have been guests at Attorney-General Longley the past few days, and have been taking a foremost part in the reception festivities.

Wm. McKenzie, Pictou, and A. C. MacIntyre, Ottawa, registered at the Queen this morning. Capt. Campbell, of H. M. S. Indefatigable, left today on a two weeks' trip.

Lieut.-Col. G. R. Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson sailed for Liverpool from Montreal Saturday morning on the Parthian. Miss Carrie Beck, after spending the summer with friends, left on the Oruro yesterday for her home in Bermuda.

Miss Estelle Boyce is visiting relatives in Halifax. Mr. Healy Richardson, Sydney, is in town for a short time.

Mrs. George Geldert left on Monday for Yarmouth where she will visit friends. Mr. W. M. Christie returned home on Tuesday from a trip to American cities.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry Dimock have returned home from the Buffalo Exposition. Mrs. Lawson went to Halifax last week to remain for two weeks a guest at "Elmwood."

Miss Isa Batherland returned from a three months visit to Sydney, on Monday of last week. Miss Lou McCallum was the guest of the Misses Gossip, Dartmouth, for a few days last week returning on Tuesday.

Miss Bert Stephens came from Truro last week to be present at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Laura Stephens. Mrs. Charles Wilson, Halifax, came to Windsor on Monday evening to remain for a short time with Mrs. Eville.

Miss Lizzie Smith and Miss Dorothy Smith returned last Wednesday from Boston where they have been visiting for four weeks. Miss Jessie Allison, Avondale, who is teaching at Burlington, is in town Friday on her way to Halifax, where she remained over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Burrows and two little sons Alex and Fred left here on Saturday and were to sail for Bermuda on Monday morning. Mr. Turnbull, wife of Dr. Turnbull, Yarmouth, remained in town over Sunday with Mrs. J. Arnold Smith after taking in the Royal reception Saturday evening at Halifax.

Miss Bret Black entertained a number of her lady friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week, and on the day previous Miss and Misses Bowman were at home to their friends.

Miss Isa Melvin, formerly of Windsor, but now of Chelsea, Mass., returned to that place on Friday, 11th inst., after spending some months here among relatives and friends.

Mrs. John M. Smith and little Miss Geraldine spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. MacDevogor Mitchell. Mr. J. M. Smith returned from Montreal on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Sarah Elms who has been visiting in town for the past four months, leaves this morning for Montreal accompanied by her niece Mrs. Chas. Smith, who will visit her daughter, Mrs. McArthur.

Mrs. White and children arrived here from Shelburne on Saturday on a visit of several months to Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCallum. Miss Grace McCallum who has been on an extended visit to Shelburne returned with them.

Dr. F. N. Burgess, Cheverie, was in town on Tuesday on his way to Parraboro from Canoe where he has been for the past three weeks. Mr. Burgess is at present visiting her old home in Woodstock, but will join her husband in Parraboro where they intend remaining for the winter.

YARMOUTH. Oct. 21.—One of those interesting events which stir the hearts of the fair sex took place in Providence church this morning when Miss Anabel Richardson, eldest daughter of the late Joseph B. Rogers, and William S. Cunningham, of the well known firm of Cunningham Bros., Halifax, were united in the holy bond of matrimony. The church, which contained a very large congregation, was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and ribbons. At half past five the organ struck up and the bride and groom entered in a very brilliant and becoming suit of royal blue, with a black picture hat and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses and chrysanthemums. Her bridesmaid was Miss Sadie Rogers, daughter of Benjamin Rogers. She was dressed in a very bright and becoming suit of royal blue, with a black picture hat and carried a magnificent bouquet. The groom was assisted by Frank E. Butler, of Halifax, who is a cousin of the bride. The ceremony which made the young couple one was performed by Rev. B. Hill, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Hart.

The residence of D. E. Wyman, at Milton, was the scene of a happy event last Friday morning at 8 o'clock, when Mr. Wyman's eldest daughter Jessie, was united in marriage to Reduel D. Swain, of Halifax, but at present employed in the cotton mill here. Mr. and Mrs. Swain left on the train for Halifax. They will return tomorrow evening and be "at home" at the residence of the bride's father after that date.

William Butler left for Georgia last evening. Among those who went to Halifax to see the Duke and Duchess were: Nelson Kinney, Roy Cean, Charles E. Cann, Alvin Spinary, Miss Jolly, M. A. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Raymond, Miss Beatrice Cann and Miss Goady.

Major Jolly and Lieut. Van Horn returned from Halifax last evening. W. J. McCordock, of the public works department, is at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Corning left for Boston on Saturday night where they will be joined by their daughter, Miss Jennie, and Miss Essie Baxter, who will accompany them to Buffalo.

ANNA POLIS. Oct. 24.—Miss Ada Barreux and her niece Miss Maggie Barreux, have returned from a visit to Mrs. Chas. K. Doane of Lynn, Mass. H. D. Ruggles, barrister, Annapolis, formerly of Windsor, was in Windsor last Thursday on business.

Miss Gertrude Hindson, who has been spending the summer months with her mother, has returned to Boston. Mrs. Howe, Kathleen and Tom returned home from Windsor on Wednesday. Miss Carrie Orde is visiting in St. John. Mrs. and Miss Lombard have returned from Boston.

A Handfield Whitman and son of Halifax spent Sunday in town. Miss Corbett has returned yesterday from New York. Mrs. Stolt, who delivered an address Tuesday evening in St. Luke's Sunday school house was a guest of Judge and Mrs. Savary.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Riorand and son of Halifax, who arrived to be present at the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. S. Riorand, returned home yesterday. George White and Richard H. Finn, of East Boston who have been visiting Charles Corbett returned home Saturday.

Mrs. J. H. Boechert was in town last week on her way to Boston, visiting friends and relatives. Donald McKay, who has been laid up with a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia ever since the day after the local elections, is out again. Geo. F. McLaughlin, of Truro, and Mrs. J. Arthur Rice, of Bear River, have been in town attending the marriage of their sister, Miss McLaughlin to S. Riorand.

TRURO. Oct. 22.—Mrs. Henry Blair has returned from Boston where she was visiting relatives. Mrs. Blair was accompanied home by her daughter, Miss Isa Blair, who has been visiting friends abroad for over a year.

SLEEP FOR BABY



Sleep for Skin Tired Babies and Rest for Tired Mothers, in a Warm Bath with

Cuticura SOAP

And a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, and pimply skin and scalp humors with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA Ointment, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers.

Dr. and Mrs. McKay and master Joe McKay were in Halifax during last week's gathering. Mrs. J. Taylor and her two small daughters were also visiting their relatives in the city last week. Mr. C. E. Bently is on an enforced visit to Sydney, C.B. relative to the late disaster by fire, by which his firm has suffered so severely.

Hosts of Truro were in Halifax last week during the Royal visit. Miss Ethel Bligh is home from a short visit with friends in Halifax. Miss Kate Murray, of Toronto, who has been at her aunt's, Mrs. C. M. Blandin's for some time is a guest just now of Halifax friends.

Miss Tina Gillies is visiting friends in Halifax. Mr. James Sullivan returned Saturday to Boston after a week's visit to town. N. D. Lister returned Saturday from visiting friends in Harvey, York Co. Mr. Lester Hill, who has been in British Columbia for the past two years, returned home last week.

How Sampson Played Mormon. In addition to his distinguished service as a commander of fleets, Admiral Sampson is a scientist of no mean ability and has won recognition in astronomy, physics and other branches of science. Furthermore, his technical and practical knowledge of mechanics is unusual. He is regarded as one of the most versatile officers in the United States Navy. Frequently at

sea he has personally superintended the repair of his battleship's heavy rifles, for he knows his guns from breech to muzzle.

On one occasion when an evening reception was to be held on his vessel, the electric lights an hour before the expected arrival of guests, began to grow dim, and suddenly went out altogether. To the further consternation of the officers it was discovered that the ship's electrician and chief engineer had both gone ashore. This unhappy state of things was communicated to the Admiral.

"Matters may not be so dark as you paint them," said he to his Lieutenants; and divesting himself of his glittering fall dress he donned a seaman's working-clothes and groped his way to the dynamo. Over this he worked patiently, gave a few orders, made some adjustments and within twenty minutes the lights gleamed again, and the Admiral, begrimed and dripping with oil, returned to his cabin. He washed himself resuming his full dress uniform, and was ready in time to receive his company.

It is difficult for students as astronomy to associate William T. Sampson, the scientist, with Admiral Sampson, the fighter of battles. In 1878 he made elaborate studies of the spectrum of the corona of the solar eclipse.

The Admiral is not given to exploiting his achievements at sea or in the heavens, but he is not averse to talking about his boyhood and what he might have become if a friendly Congressman had not secured him a cadetship at Annapolis. The Admiral was born on the celebrated Mormon Hill Farm near Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, so called because Joseph Smith, obedient to the 'revelations' of an angel which he claimed had appeared to him in a vision, went, so runs the legend, to the hill on the farm a few years later purchased by the Admiral's father, and there excavated the golden plates whereon were graven the creed and commandments of the Latter-Day Saints. Two transparent stones, rimmed with silver, and called by Smith the Urim and Thummim, were, it was claimed, found with these tablets. Through these stones the ancient records, written in forgotten hieroglyphics, became intelligible, according to the belief of that sect.

Admiral Sampson, in his boyhood, frequently explored the cave on Mormon Hill, in his father's pastures. The Admiral had more faith in the tradition of the golden plates in his early years than he has now. But the caves were there, and they exerted, he says, a great influence upon his credulous imagination. It was a favorite game among the boys of the neighborhood to follow the lad Sampson to the mysterious grotto. Being the son of the owner of their Mecca, he was un-animously regarded as their seer and leader. Carving cabalistic signs on the edge of their sacred cavern they would enter and set studidly to work, digging. With exclamations of joy the leader would presently pretend to unearth a latter-day deologie. Then bearing the venerated relic aloft (it was usually, the Admiral says, a big clod or a field stone) the boy would lead the faithful to the brow of the hill, and there, as their prophet, would read the revelation. It was all quite solemn, but the boys relished the rites and mysteries hugely. The Admiral has remarked jocularly that he might have become the founder of a religion had he not entered the Navy.

USE THE GENUINE... MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Out of Plumb.

When the wall is out of plumb the building is more or less unsafe, and the higher the wall is carried out of the perpendicular the greater the danger of collapse. It's about so with the health; it is out of plumb when the digestion is impaired, when there is a dull, sluggish feeling, with nervousness, irritability and sleeplessness. Every day that these symptoms are neglected increases the liability to physical collapse.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood and cures nervousness, irritability and sleeplessness by curing the diseases in which they originate.

"For three years I suffered untold agony," writes Mrs. H. R. White, of Stanstead, Stanstead Co., Quebec. "I would have spells of trembling and being sick at my stomach, pain in right side all the time; then it would work up into my stomach and such distress it is impossible to describe. I wrote to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, stating my case to them, and they very promptly answered and told me what to do. I took eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and five vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Thanks to Dr. Pierce and his medicine, I am a well woman today. Dr. Pierce's medicines also cured my mother of liver complaint from which she had been suffering for fifteen years. We highly recommend these medicines to all suffering people."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 pages, is given away. Send 31 one-cent stamps for expense of customs and mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Eugene Field's Poems: A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century, is a delectable volume of thirty-two of the world's greatest artists. Includes Eugene Field's Poems. Also a certificate of appreciation to subscribers to hand. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

News and Opinions OF National Importance The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 6c. a Copy. By Mail, \$2 a year. New York Sunday Sun.

Eats Clothes. If your washing medium does that, what matters its cheapness or its working power? Is it safe? That's the first thing. Some imitations of PEARLINE are not safe. They eat the clothes, slowly, but surely. Don't experiment. You are sure of PEARLINE; stick to it; it is standard, tested, proved, by years of use and millions of women.

Out of Plumb.

When the wall is out of plumb the danger is more or less unsafe, and the wall is carried out of the perpendicular the danger of collapse is about so with the health; it is out of plumb when the digestion is deranged, when the circulation is dull, when a feeling of nervousness, irritability and restlessness, when the symptoms are neglected in the liability of physical weakness, when the symptoms are neglected in the liability of physical weakness, when the symptoms are neglected in the liability of physical weakness.

Pierce's Common Sense Medical Discovery cures all the diseases of the blood and sleeplessness by which they are caused.

Send 31 one-cent stamps for catalogue and mailing only, for book in paper covers or 50 stamps volume bound in cloth. Address: V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Given Free
to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund. Book contains a selection of the best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

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If you also wish to send postage, enclose 50c.

News and Opinions
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The Sun
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CONTAINS BOTH.

By mail, \$6 a year
and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun
the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

By mail, \$2 a year.
York Sunday Sun.

Eats Clothes
If your washing medium does that, what matters its cheapness or its working power? Is it safe? That's the first thing. Some imitations of PEARLINE are not safe. They eat the clothes, slowly, but surely. Don't experiment. You are sure of PEARLINE: stick to it; it is standard, tested, proved, by years of use and millions of women.

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO: []

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith in full payment for shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS,

THE HACKING COUGH.

One of the meanest things to get rid of is a hacking cough. There is apparently no cause for it. No soreness, no irritation at first; but the involuntary effort of the muscles of the throat to get rid of something is almost constant. Of course, with many coughs is a habit, but it is a bad habit, and should be stopped. When you realize this and try to stop it, you find you can't, for by that time there is an actual irritation, which will never get better without treatment. It is a curious thing that nearly all treatment for cough actually makes the cough worse. Then, too, most medicines for cough have a bad effect on the stomach. This is especially true of so-called cough remedies that contain a narcotic. The true treatment for cough is one that heals the irritated surface. Thus is what Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm does. It protects the throat also while the healing process is going on. When this remedy was first compounded our old men were young boys, and all this time it has been doing a steady work of healing throats. The most obstinate hacking cough will quickly show the effect of the Balm. People who have been trying for years to break up the mean little cough, will find a new friend in this old-time soothing compound made from the barks and gums of trees. All druggists sell Adamson's Botanic Balm. 25 cents.

CAFÉ ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor
Retail dealer in.....
CHOCOLATES, WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. PISH and GAME in season.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

Victoria Hotel
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N.B.
Electric Passenger Elevator!
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

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

BRANDIES!
Landing "Corean."
100 Cts. Vireland XXX
100 " Tobalt & Co.
100 " Most Pure.
10 " Octaves "
For sale low in bond for duty paid.
Quarts or Pints
THOS. L. BOURKE
WATER STREET.
No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordia in their possession at change of water, cooking oil, etc. etc. frequently brings on summer complaints and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which often times saves from suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordia has gained for itself a wide spread reputation for having promptly relieved from all summer complaints.

PUBLIC OPINION is strong in favor of Pain Killer. For over sixty years the foremost household remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'Do you think that literature on the decline in this country?'
'I don't know,' answered Miss Cayenna. 'If half the book are so clever and convincing as the advertisements of them I should say that we have entered upon a remarkable era of genius.'

'Things are all wrong in this world,' growled the anarchist.
'If you think so,' I was the reply, 'you might try the next, and leave those of us who are reasonably well satisfied to enjoy this.'

Tender Corns.
Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless, and prompt. Beware of substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless. At all drug stores or sent by mail upon receipt of twenty-five cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effective every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves, Worm Exterminator, deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced. J. T. B. []

DEADLY STORMS.

Paths of Destruction Left by the Great Hurricanes.

We near the end of the season of the West Indian hurricane. No other atmospheric phenomenon takes so large a toll of human life and destroys so great an amount of property. The tornado is swift and terrible, and its passage is the path of slaughter, but it is a rare visitor; its range is soon spent, and the area of devastation is narrow. On the other hand, the hurricane is periodical; the swath it cuts is 1,500 to 2,000 miles wide; and at the height of its fury, as at Galveston, it slays its thousands where the tornado kills its tens. Finally, the tornado is often a by-blow of the hurricane. It rides on the wings of the greater wind, and attends it as famine or pestilence attends war.

A few years ago these vast storms were technically called cyclones, though that term was also and erroneously employed to designate the small, whirling storm born of the little black cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which is properly speaking the tornado. Why the name has been changed is not clear; perhaps because the word hurricane has a more terrifying sound than cyclone.

Originally the term hurricane was applied to storms of the West Indies, just as typhoon was associated with storms of the East Indies and the China Sea. It is purely a local designation. Now, it is used to designate all those wide spread atmospheric perturbations which move up from the region of the West Indies, involving part of the continent of North America and the Atlantic Ocean.

The hurricane season is from July to October inclusive. Extensive storms forming or moving over any part of North America in other seasons would be called cyclones or areas of low pressure, although they might be as severe as most hurricanes.

The West Indian hurricane originates or develops in the southern region of the zone of easterly trade winds, generally east of the Windward Islands, on the border of the Tropic Z near equatorial belt of calms, which range close to ten degrees north latitude.

The belt of calms, or doldrums, as they are frequently called, extends in August and September from three to eleven degrees north latitude on the Atlantic ocean, and from seven to ten degrees north latitude on the Pacific Ocean.

The formation of West Indian hurricane is not fully understood. The information at hand, which forms a summary of the study, would show that these storms may be days or even weeks forming; gathering to excessive moisture over a central region of excessive heat, thus gradually reducing the atmospheric pressure in the vicinity. As the centre the surface pressure lower, the air starts to move from all points and, being deflected, sets in rotation, spiral inward and upward motion, the movement being always from right to left.

Subsiding storms in the southern hemisphere rotate from left to right. The excessive moisture carried by the spiral flow of wind is condensed, the atmospheric pressure reduced, clouds are formed and heavy rain results, thus liberating a great amount of heat utilized in the process of evaporation.

The fall wind currents blow horizontally, with increasing force as they approach the centre, gradually changing to a vertical motion, and, when finally near the centre, to an upward spiral motion. With the increasing force or spiral upward motion at the centre the falling current at the surface becomes more marked until a vast region of air is brought under the influence of an embryo hurricane. There is an upper horizontal flow of air from these disturbances which carries with it cirrus clouds. These spread to the westward and are the forerunners of the approaching storm.

Several hours before these clouds reach the eye of the observer the sky here becomes very quiet and the sun almost a dead calm exists. The barometer begins to rise and all conventional signs of fair weather. The centre of the storm nearest to the observer is the unweary shipmaster. The clouds show a red fire of homes or signs that look as if warning from that bright, dead calm and rising barometer. The experienced mariner in the tropical and semi-tropical regions, however, keeps his weather eye on his compass needle to his glass and has ready for an emergency.

Soon the air becomes slightly foggy. Far above the fog, and the sun is obscured by a stream of white clouds. The sun is obscured by a stream of white clouds. The sun is obscured by a stream of white clouds.

case is in sight. It is not long after the rotary motion of the central column of warm air sets in that the storm moves from its place of formation in a westerly course, contrary to the movement of storms in a more northerly latitude. The westerly movement terminates when the storm centre reaches the neighborhood of twenty five or thirty degrees north latitude and comes within the influence of the prevailing south and west winds. It then recedes to the northeast.

The recurve may bring the centre in the neighborhood of the west Gulf, or possibly to the east of Florida in the Atlantic. The storm centre then follows a course nearly parallel with the Gulf Stream and continues that course northeastward until beyond the region of observation. It is now an enormous whirl pool of wind moving northward at express train speed, sometimes taking not more than twenty four hours in passing from the Gulf of Mexico into the North Atlantic.

In some cases these storms pass inland over the Gulf States to the Great Lakes, and then out the St. Lawrence Valley, losing force in travelling overland. It is seldom that they retain their power if the storm centre passes inland to the west of the Mississippi River. They display their worst elements of wind and rain on or near the coast. They apparently exhaust themselves before passing any great distance inland, and become mere atmospheric depressions until they reach the Lake Region, where they are supplied with moisture and retain some of their former energy and pass out the St. Lawrence Valley or over the New England States to the Atlantic coast with considerable force. There is no port on the Atlantic coast that has not its roster of missing ships, victims of these great disturbances.

Hurricanes are characterized by very heavy rainfall and great wind violence. Their greatest force is experienced before they recurve to the northeast. After this they increase in diameter and their force is accordingly diminished, but extends over a larger area. Their progressive motion is somewhat increased by their conformations, being broken in passing over the land. Over the ocean they retain their circular form, but their advance is slightly diminished by a greater rotary force.

Wind velocities in well defined hurricanes may range from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles an hour; the higher velocities generally occurring over the ocean. The diameter of these storms varies from a few hundred miles to fifteen hundred or two thousand miles.

The centre of disturbance or eye of the storm is marked by an extremely low atmospheric pressure. During the passing of the centre the barometer generally shows a slight rise, the atmosphere clears and there is a comparative calm. To all appearances the storm has passed. This condition may last an hour or two, when all of a sudden the wind which has been in this brief period idly shifting from one point to another blows a gale from a southerly quarter, then rapidly shifts to the west, and finally to the northwest.

The storm centre is passed, but the wind will probably blow with greater fury from the latter quarter than it did before the storm centre was reached. This gale from the northwest may last for hours, according to the rapidity with which the barometer rises. The faster it goes up the more severe will be the blow; but the sooner it will be over. Exceedingly heavy rainfall marks the passage of these storms and covers a very wide area of country. The major part of the fall is usually deposited in the Southern States or along the Atlantic Coast.

The time of the autumnal equinox (on or about Sept. 21) occurs in the season of these severe storms, and this has probably led to the belief which has been steadfastly adhered to by many that a storm always occurs at the time of the equinox. Such is not the case. There is no scientific reason that can be assigned for calling any storm an equinoctial storm; nor is there any reason that can be advanced why a storm should be sprung upon us when the sun crosses the imaginary line of the equator any more than when it crosses any other given point going north or south.

It is a scientific fact that storms have no movement over the equator, and nothing but heavy local rain is felt there; again they have never been known to cross the equator, going north or south, but rage with great fury to the north of the boundary line of the belt of calms in the northern hemisphere and to the south of that line in the southern hemisphere.

Besides the danger from the great wind attending the movement of hurricanes there is a secondary element which is especially disastrous along the line of the coast. The wind for some time before the storm centre approaches blows from the northeast for a great distance

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad food, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not like to eat, they sometimes wonder if they should eat at all.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter E. Gare, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.

They were completely cured, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

tailed over the ocean, banking the water up on the coast to considerable height above the normal, inundating and destroying property and endangering life. These high tides may occur when there is no storm in sight. They have frequently visited the coast, giving the only evidence of a severe storm at sea, too far from land to be detected by instruments.

The serpentine course and erratic movement of hurricanes make them very difficult, even for the most experienced and scientific forecasters, to predict. Accurate warnings to mariners and people living along the Gulf and Atlantic coast lines would be of incalculable value. Commanders of ocean craft cannot exercise too much care in navigating waters within the line of these sea monsters. E. B. DUNN

"77"
BREAKS UP
TENACIOUS
COLDS

If your COLD does not yield promptly to the use of "77," alternate with a few doses of Specific No. "One." The effect will be amazing.

The use of Dr. Humphreys' Specific restores the nasal vessels, starts the blood flowing, relieves the congested sinuses, loosens the sluggish liver, permits the system to cleanse itself, and "breaks up" the Cold.

At all drug stores, or mailed on receipt of 50 cents. Druggists' Stock Mail Order Form. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 155 West William and John streets, New York.

Send no money now. You will not regret it. I don't know. One cent for a trial. If you are not satisfied, we will refund you the money.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

York, to give the 3,000 mill operators at Fall River, Mass., another five per cent raise in wages, may bring about a strike in the other mills.

The board of directors of the Pan American Exposition have decided the final closing of the exposition will be on November 2.

Mrs. L. M. Serio was horribly murdered early Tuesday evening at Plymouth, Mass., her body being found in the road.

The money and securities returned to the Merchants' Bank, Lowell, Mass., by Albert G. Smith and Lewis H. Swift, through the latter's counsel, touched the million mark. The comptroller of currency at Washington has received a telegram from Alfred Ewer, national bank examiner, reporting that the bank's loss is about \$115,000 that the bank is fully solvent and that there was no run upon it.

John Brown of Toronto, has received word from the war office stating that his son was killed in action at Stiefelberg, Cape Colony, on Sept. 12.

Lord Strathcona, Canadian high commissioner, accompanied by Lady Strathcona, Dr. Howard and Hon. Mrs. Howard, will return to London in November.

Mayor Prefontaine of Montreal, refused the returned money of an Alder Clearhue's claim that an attempt had been made to bribe him in connection with the award to the electric light trust. The Mayor said Clearhue had neglected to make specific charges.

Lord Kitchener has wired to the war office for more mounted men.

The annual report of the Great Northern Railroad Company was given out Monday. The gross earnings for 1891 were \$28,350,689; operating expenses, \$15,843,431; net earnings, \$12,507,258; taxes, \$969,642; income from operation, \$11,537,626. These figures show a falling off in income for this year of \$1,504,786 from the figures of 1900.

The details for the execution of Czolgoz have been practically completed. It is believed the execution will take place before 6 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 28 or if everything cannot be ready on that day, at a similar hour on the 29th.

James D. Wood, who drew the capital prize in the Lawson land district at the El Reno lottery last August and settled a claim valued at nearly \$50,000 is dead of typhoid fever, after a brief illness.

Dr. A—Why do you always make such peculiar inquiries as to what your patients' diet is? Does that assist in your diagnosis?
Dr. B—Not much; but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.

SURPRISE SOAP



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is **SURPRISE SOAP**

It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.

You cannot do better than have **Surprise Soap** always in your house.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS

1847. **ROGERS BROS.** STAMPED AND GUARANTEED BY THE **MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**

THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Wood's Phosphatine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, all effects of Abuse of Food, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.00, 60c. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXCURSIONS

BUFFALO	GOING	Oct. 15, 17, 19
AND RETURN	RETURNS	Oct. 22, 24, 26
\$17.50	RETURNS	15 Days from Buffalo to Buffalo
Only one Night on Road to Buffalo by Canadian Pacific.		
MONTREAL	GOING	Oct. 21, 23, 25
AND RETURN	RETURNS	Nov. 8th, 1901
\$10.00		

See Ticket Agent or W. L. Heath, D. P., A. C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Sale of Unclaimed Goods.

There will be a sale of Unclaimed Goods at the Freight Shed at St. John Station on FRIDAY, the 1st November, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock. Catalogues can be seen at the Railway Stations.

D. FOITINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 11th Sept., 1901.

E. W. Grove

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

MOOSE MEAT
—AND—
VENISON.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

JOHN NOBLE
BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.
Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being goods supplied could not be better equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. —*Cantonian Magazine*.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat House Bodice with Velvet revers, pret and White, Faint

\$2.56 fully trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56. Price 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.25; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.
Made in Heavy Friere Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Length in iron, and Prices:

24	27	inches
49c.	61	cents
30	33	inches
78c.	80	cents
Postage 32 cents.		
36	39	inches
97c.	1.10	
42	45	inches
\$1.22	1.34	
Postage 45 cents		

PATTERNS of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free.

SPECIAL values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Underclothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to —

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.
BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

LIFE PARTNERS:

Woman, would you have a rich husband, or one not so wealthy, even poor, but handsome; or, rather than either, would you have a life partner of title, one from the old world?

Man, would you have in marriage a woman of beauty and poverty, or, if you be poor, a voluptuous widow, with half a million left by No. 1, or a spinster somewhat passé and drawn, but possessed of a heart and gold?

All over Philadelphia there are matrimonial agencies, and at the rate these shops are increasing they must be making money. However, the tying-up bureau has not the standing in this country that it has in Europe, where it has an established social status, and, though conducted with a show of privacy, is as well recognized as any other business. Of the merits of matrimonial agencies, here or anywhere, that is a matter that the people who step to give them thought must judge of themselves. But that there is a humorous as well as a serious side to the business has been proved by a visit of a reporter, who went in search of a husband.

Since the club idea has become so popular agencies are frequently advertised in the personal columns of some newspapers as matrimonial clubs, and in this way many people are attracted to the match-makers-for-revenue-only on serious business bent as well as out of curiosity. The woman reporter made her way to one of the most prominent of Philadelphia's agencies, one which boasts of a quarter-century record of uniting couples who might otherwise still be unpaired.

Arriving at a plain brick residence on an uptown street, running off Broad, the place advertised is found to be without any sign on the outside to indicate that the marriage or any sort of business is carried on inside. After looking carefully up and down the street, to see that she was unobserved, the visitor mounted the marble steps and timidly rang the bell.

The door was promptly opened by a pretty but somewhat untidy young lady with soulful brown eyes and a wealth of dark hair, presumably her own. She wore fancy slippers very much down at the heel and smiled encouragingly as she ushered the caller through a long hall into the back parlor. The door between this and the front room was partly ajar and the slippers one closed it hastily, but not before the visitor had heard a woman say in answer to a query in a deep-toned masculine voice:

We have just the lady to suit you. She is a beautiful young widow, whose kind husband died and left her with a brewery business worth over a half a million of dollars, and—

But the door closed, and the slippers young lady turned to the newcomer with a regretful look in her eyes, and said in the sweetest tone imaginable:

I am so sorry that Madame is engaged for a few minutes. But I am her private secretary. Won't you please tell what you wish and let me try to help you. I am sure you need not be afraid to trust me. And again the brown eyes did what was meant to be effective work.

The visitor stated that she had seen the Matrimonial club advertised and called to learn all about it.

Of course you wish to know more about the club? How very nice! Well let me tell you for I am sure you will want to join. You see, we have on our list over ten thousand very nice people who would like to get married. We are very particular indeed, and we never register any one who is not very nice, and of course, the object of the club is to promote matrimony by introducing two nice people to each other.

For instance, the private secretary continued, a lady like yourself has, of course, lots of chances, but you haven't met any one yet who exactly suits you. But in the club we have thousands of men we can introduce to you, and it is quite impossible that you do not find your ideal among them. When you belong to the club you don't have to take any one unless you are satisfied. If the first man we introduce does not please you we introduce another and another until you are perfectly suited. Now

a nice-looking lady like yourself, could easily marry a rich gentleman very soon. We have plenty of these. Or, perhaps you might like a title. So many ladies do.

As the visitor seemed to assent to the last sentence the secretary continued enthusiastically: Oh, I know we have just the gentleman for you. He is fine, grand, magnificent! No lady could help loving him. He is an Italian count, but he speaks all languages. He is a superb musician, and it is a delight to hear him converse. Oh, how I wish you could meet him!

But the foreign nobles always want rich wives.

Oh, no. All gentlemen with titles do not want money. Now we have a German prince, a perfectly charming man, but he quarrelled with the emperor, so he lives in this country now, though, of course, he will go back some day. He has no end of money, and he does not want a rich wife, only some good American girl who would love him. How would you like him?

At this juncture Madame appeared upon the scene, looking complacent over the ten dollars she had secured from the man interested in the widow with a half-million dollar bank account. She gave a broader smile of encouragement than her young assistant as she greeted the new comer.

Have you told the young lady about the gentleman from Germantown, Marie—the one who has the lovely home ready to take his wife to? He keeps his carriage. I think he just suits her.

I was telling her about the prince.

Yes; that is good. He is a very fine gentleman. You think you like the prince? Turning to her visitor.

Perhaps I should like an American better.

Well, we will see. Now, we have some photographs here. We do not show them to many people, but with a nice lady like you there can be no harm. Marie, get that gentleman that belongs to the Union and the one I was speaking of and the young millionaire from Chicago. Let her see his home; also the prince, and the count, and the rich young dentist, the sculptor from New York, and—

Madame paused for want of breath. Marie placed an armload of photographs before the visitor, several of them almost life size.

The count was in evening dress and wore his hair long. He had rather a lack of chin and correspondingly large amount of nose. He might belong to the Royal Italian Band.

His Royal Highness from Germany had rather an snarlistic cast of countenance and showed considerable 'lager beer flash,' while a man in the uniform of a United States admiral looked as though he had been accustomed to still stronger liquid refreshments.

The man with the palatial looking home, with the carriage standing in the driveway, looked as though he had begun life as a bricklayer, but on the whole the pictures made a very good showing.

Now that you have seen what kind of gentlemen we have, said Madame, at the conclusion of the exhibition, I am sure you will want to join our club. Now, we take nice ladies for five dollars, but gentlemen have to pay ten to belong, and, of course, after marriage we always expect a nice little present. Marie you take the lady's name.

But the lady was not quite ready to give this.

Oh, I see, you feel just a little bit afraid, said Madame. Ladies do sometimes, but that is all right. Why, I have some of the finest ladies in the city. Two of them now live on Walnut street. One is very rich.

But how do you know that gentlemen are to be trusted?

Madame laughed an assuring little laugh. Oh, my dear; that is what I make my business. Surely, you do not think I introduce a gentleman to a nice lady like you unless I know him to be all right. Oh! no. I keep one, two, three private detectives, and I always investigate all my gentlemen in a quiet way, so that even their friends do not know anything about it; but I always know. If you do not like

to be introduced by your own name, we will call you Miss Smith or Miss Jones, and then when you find the gentleman that suits you, you can yourself explain it to him. Many of our ladies do that. Now let us take your name, lady, for we have just the gentleman you want, and I take great happiness in introducing people who love each other. You just give your name and one little payment for the expenses of the club, and I will find you a gentleman who will make you very happy.

But, despite the persuasiveness of the Madame, the visitor decided to give the matter further consideration, and was finally ushered out through parlor and halls, which were evidently planned with a view to arranging as many secluded nooks for private interviews as possible. Screens and draperies were abundantly displayed and convenience rather than harmony of colors was the evident object.

The brown-eyed secretary accompanied the visitor to the front door, parting with the words:

Now, do come back real soon. Come tomorrow evening. There is a wealthy young manufacturer coming over from Brooklyn then, and I am sure you would just suit each other. Now, do come and let me introduce you.

The Roadless of Stevens.

A trait which has always distinguished Mr. Walter B. Stevens, who has been selected as Secretary of the coming St. Louis Exposition, is his trained power of observation, combined with a rare discernment of the philosophic bearings of every thing observed.

Mr. Stevens is now about fifty years old and has been a newspaper man for some thirty years, having begun as a reporter on a St. Louis paper. Since 1835 he has

been a newspaper correspondent in Washington, except for intermissions now and then during which he has gone to various parts of the country or to Cuba on important assignments. On one occasion the late Joseph B. McCullagh, editor of the Globe Democrat, was entertaining some visitors in his office, when the conversation turned upon the difference between men of equal intelligence in this very matter of seeing more than appeared on the surface of common things.

'Why, I have a man in this office,' Mr. McCullagh declared, 'who can beat the world at such a game. I'll show you what he can do.'

He called through a speaking-tube, and Mr. Stevens responded in person.

'Mr. Stevens,' said the editor, 'I have got to have something to fill about a column and a quarter in tomorrow's paper. I wish you would go out into the street and write up the first thing you come across. Don't stay more than thirty minutes. I need you for another assignment after you are through with this.'

At the stroke of the half hour in walked Stevens with a batch of copy in his hand.

'I haven't quite finished that article,' he remarked, 'but it will take me but a little while more.'

'Oh, very well,' said Mr. McCullagh, winking slyly at his guests; 'but be as quick as you can about it.'

It was not very long before Stevens returned, laid the finished manuscript on his chief's desk, took his further orders and retired, whereupon Mr. McCullagh and his friends examined what he had written.

Mr. Stevens, it seems, had walked as far as the nearest corner, where a new building was in progress of erection. Apparently there was nothing to be seen more than one

could see in any unfinished building. He was probably the only passer by who stepped and watched proceedings, and he talked with the contractor on the curbstone about the little dummy which was running up and down by steam, supplying the bricks and mortar to the masons on the upper floors. His article was a light, but thoughtful, essay on The Passing of the Hod Carrier.

Mr. Choate Didn't Know Her.

A very well known lawyer and his wife were in London this summer, and the wife had to be operated on for appendicitis as soon as she arrived. They were great friends of Mr. Choate, and the Ambassador sent at once to inquire of her condition and kept her room supplied with flowers.

The first day she was able to walk out husband and wife met the Ambassador on the street. Mr. Choate quickly jumped from hisansom and joined them with eager protestations of delight at meeting his friend again.

He warmly shook both the hands of his comrade and asked a dozen questions about his health, his address and his probable stay in London. The wife, who had been standing by waiting for her turn, finally said with a pout, Why, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me.

My dear madam, said Mr. Choate, I must confess that I did not recognize you with out your appendix.

M. Victorien Sardou was trained to be a doctor, but drifted into playwriting and had very hard early struggles. He is now however, a very rich man, and resides in a summer residence that cost him \$150,000.



BEST FRIEND
wash day every other day is **SURPRISE SOAP**
give the best service; is uniform in quality, always does not do better than have always in your home. **USE is a pure hard Soap.**

Plate that Wears."
FORKS AND SPOONS
STAMPED
W. ROGERS BROS.
ARE GUARANTEED
THE BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
PLATE MANUFACTURERS
THE WORLD.

Wood's Phosphatine
The Great English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all
ruggists in Canada. Only reliable
medicines discovered. Size
packages guaranteed to cure all
Weakness, all effects of abuse
Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco,
Stimulants. Mailed on receipt
of \$1.00. One trial please.
Wholesale and Retail Agents,
The Canadian Company, Windsor, Ont.

ADIAN PACIFIC
OUR JOURNS
GOING
T. 15, 17, 19
O. L. 22, 24, 26
RETURN
15 Days from
OCT 10 to 25.
To Read to Buffalo by Canadian Pacific.
GOING
O. T. 21, 23, 25
RETURN
NOV. 6th, 1901
E. H.

IAL RAILWAY.
Claimed Goods,
of Unclaimed Goods at the
Station on FRIDAY, the
commencing at 10 o'clock.
be seen at the Railway
D. POITINGER,
General Manager,
Sept., 1901.

Wholesale House intends
to be in New Brunswick and
Salary \$150 per month
applicant must furnish good
to \$4000 cash. Address
Box 1161, Philadelphia Pa.
Grove
every box of the genuine
10-Quinine Tablets
is a cold in one day.

E MEAT
ND—
SON.
City Market.

The Nabob's Valentine.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

Derzil Brooke was the victim of an unjust will, or, at any rate, of a very capricious one.

His great uncle from whom three years ago he had inherited the family estate, had saddled it with a tyrannical condition.

If Derzil remained unmarried after his twenty-fifth birthday, the estate would be forfeited to a distant cousin.

Matrimony is not usually distasteful to young men of five-and-twenty, especially when, like Derzil Brooke, they have a healthy body, a clean mind, and an affectionate heart.

But we all know how certain things, which in themselves are pleasant and desirable, become disagreeable the moment they are forced upon us.

This was the case with Derzil Brooke. If he had been left to his own free will, he would probably have married within a year of his succession to the inheritance; as it was, he was within a month of his twenty-fifth birthday, and was not even engaged.

It was early in February when he put himself and his traps into the express train which started from Paddington for the West of England.

He was about to pay a visit to a school friend near Taunton, a visit which he was forced to own to himself—which was likely to lead to events of the first importance.

He had spent the Christmas holidays at a country house where he met a young lady with whom he fell in love.

She was lovely, graceful, and charming; and he believed she would have no objection to become Mrs. Derzil Brooke.

She was not his ideal, but then, how few men ever meet their ideal; how still fewer marry them.

He admired Estelle Montfort very much; he believed he could teach himself to love her, and he owned that he had already paid her such attentions as might justify her in considering him with the tenderest wishes of her heart.

Derzil's home was within a few miles of Darlington; the house to which he was going. He knew he should meet her, and in his own mind he had not the slightest doubt that he should make an offer of his hand.

It was essential that he should marry somebody before the eleventh of March, and it seemed as if the ladies had withheld that somebody should be Estelle Montfort.

The weather was bitterly cold. It was snowing heavily, too.

Derzil Brooke put his personal belongings on the rack above his head, spread his rug over his knees, and leaning back in his corner seat, prepared to take a leisurely survey of his fellow passengers.

He himself was personable enough, a little over middle height, with broad shoulders, and a fine, frank, honest face.

His quick eyes soon took in the appearance of his fellow travellers.

There were two old ladies, nervous and fidgety; one old gentleman, stout and genial; and a young lady who occupied the corner seat opposite to Derzil Brooke, and whose face he could not wholly see; for she looked out of the window with an air of absorption, and so kept it turned away from him.

Her profile, however, was lovely, and he found a distinct enjoyment in regarding it.

For quite a quarter of an hour she sat looking pensively out upon the snowy landscape; then, with a little sigh, she turned round, and permitted Brooke a full view of her face.

It was a charming one, delicately tinted, and lighted up by a pair of lustrous eyes the colour of forget-me-nots.

They looked rather passive just now; but Brooke felt sure they could melt with tenderness or dance with joy.

She took a book out of her satchel, and began to read.

Brooke did not object to this arrangement; it permitted him to study her unobscured.

Once, in turning the leaves of her book, she dropped her gloves, which lay on her knees.

In a moment he had picked them up and restored them to her, to be rewarded by a grave little smile and a "Thank you, uttered in the sweetest of voices.

The train thundered on through the dreary greyness of the February evening. The snow still fell; the stout, genial gentleman made a remark every now and again but for the most part there was silence.

Derzil Brooke was getting heartily sick of it.

In his soul, he was anathematising the social prejudices which forbade him to enter into conversation with that lovely girl.

At the first stopping-place, the two elderly ladies departed; the train went on for another fifty miles, then stopped again, this time for nearly a quarter of an hour.

"I shall get out and stretch my legs a bit," remarked the stout gentleman.

He suited the action to the word, and thus Brooke and the young lady were left alone together.

"How I wish that old chap would get into another compartment," thought Brooke; "but, of course, he won't; there's no such luck."

But the Fates were kinder to him than his tears.

The minutes went slowly by, and the stout gentleman did not return.

The moment of departure came. "Take your seats—take your seats!" shouted the guard.

Doors were slammed to, the signal was given; then, at that critical moment, the stout gentleman dashed out of the waiting-room.

Brooke did a mean thing for which his conscience pricked him.

He kept the carriage door closed and himself out of sight.

The stout gentleman, in his bewilderment, rushed to the first door which friendly hands held open for him and sprang in.

The train started; and Derzil Brooke turned demurely round, and looked at the young lady with a flicker of laughter in his eyes.

Her color had deepened, and she looked very grave.

He longed to address her, but dared not; there was something in her look which repelled audacity.

"I haven't gained much by that move, he thought disconsolately. "And serve me right! It was a mean thing to make that old fellow lose his place."

On and on through the fast deepening night the train sped.

The young lady read her book with an assiduity which would have been highly gratifying to its author; Brooke leaned his head back on the cushion, and pretended to go to sleep.

Suddenly there came a terrible crash, followed by shrieks of alarm throughout the whole length of the train.

Brooke leapt to his feet; his companion turned pale.

The train came to a standstill. Brooke turned to the young lady.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "We are certainly safe, and I don't fancy the accident is a very serious one. Let me help you out; then you will know you are safe."

She held out her hand to him without speaking.

Here lovely eyes were dilated; her very lips were white. He saw she was about to faint.

Indeed, while he looked at her, her head drooped forward and she fainted away in his outstretched arms.

At that moment the guard came running along the side of the train.

"Is the lady hurt, sir?"

"Not at all. She has simply fainted. I can attend to her. Are we quite safe here? What's the damage?"

"No damage at all, sir—to the passengers. I'm afraid we've run into something; but luckily the engine driver and stoker jumped off in time and the two carriages behind the engine had nothing out of luggage in them. They're smashed, of course; but nobody's hurt."

And the guard hastened away to reassure the other passengers.

With a sigh of relief Brooke addressed himself to the highly congenial task of restoring his fair companion.

How lovely she looked, even in her pallor, and with fast-shut eyes.

The snowy lids, the long dark lashes resting on the velvet cheek, the sweet mouth, the exquisite profile; what a picture they made in the mellow lamplight.

He chafed the cold little hands, and poured a few drops of brandy between the pale lips, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing the colour steal faintly back to the white cheeks, and the sweet forget-me-not eyes unclose.

She gave a little shuddering sigh, and looked about her rather wildly.

"Was anyone killed? Oh, tell me!" was her faint ejaculation.

"No one was even hurt. It was not a very serious accident."

"Oh."

It was a long-drawn sigh of relief.

She drew herself away from his supporting arm, and a faint pink blush suffused her cheek.

"Yes. It was stupid of me to faint. I can't tell you how much obliged to you I am for being so good to me."

"Do take a little more of the brandy."

"No, thank you; I would rather not. I am quite better. Please tell me about the accident. What was it?"

He told her what the guard had said. Then a cunning thought came to him, and he acted on it.

"Of course there will be a delay. Perhaps your friends will be alarmed. Will you let me send a wire for you?"

"Thank you; but it isn't necessary. I don't think my friends will feel alarmed."

He bit his lip.

A rather mischievous smile dimpled the girl's mouth for a moment.

"He had wanted to discover her name and the address of her friends; she had not chosen that he should discover them."

In a short time the line was clear, and the train proceeded.

To Brooke's delight the stout gentleman did not trouble to return to his old quarters.

The young lady behaved charmingly, with the graceful reserve which one expects in well-bred girls, and yet with a gentle, grateful courtesy such as was due to her travelling companion after his attentions.

He was very attentive.

He insisted on her accepting a share of his rug; he regulated the blinds, the win-

dows, the ventilator exactly to her taste; he offered books and papers; he did, in short, everything which would give good breeding could suggest to make himself agreeable.

The time passed very pleasantly.

All too soon Taunton Station was announced, and the young lady gathered up her belongings and prepared to take her leave.

Brooke had to travel further.

"You will be met, of course?" he said, anxiously.

"Yes, I think so. Good bye, and thank you so much."

And she held out her prettily gloved hand.

He thrilled with pleasure as he took it and pressed it ever so slightly.

"I've done nothing to be thanked for. Good bye. I do hope you will be met."

She stepped lightly out, and walked down the platform.

A servant in livery spoke to her, and she passed out of the station with him.

CHAPTER II.

ESTELLE.

The next day, fairly early in the afternoon, Brooke got into the dog cart which his host placed at his disposal, and drove over to Danby Croft, where the Honourable Mrs. Montfort lived with her daughter Estelle.

During his drive he felt ill at ease, and not in the best of spirits.

He was sure it was his late to marry Estelle; but all the same he could not banish from his mind the lovely image of the girl he had met in the train.

As it was, Mrs. Montfort was accounted one of the loveliest girls in the county, and Brooke had certainly thought her the loveliest he had ever met—until last night.

"We are so pleased to see you, Mr. Brooke," she said, as she gave him her hand. "Mamma will be down directly."

But "Mamma" was not down directly. It was nearly half an hour before she made her appearance, during which time Estelle enjoyed the privilege of a tete-a-tete with her guest.

Her looks told him she was happy in his presence. Her eyelids drooped deliciously; her cheeks were now and again mantled by a conscious blush.

She was very lovely, and her manner towards Brooke was sweetly alluring.

He could not help feeling some touch of tenderness towards her as she sat by his side, in her silken robes—so close to him that her snowy shoulder all but touched his arm, and he inhaled the fragrance of her breath and of her perfumed hair.

"I may as well get it over," he thought. "This time is as good as any other. If I'm to be married in a month, there's no time for shilly-shallying."

He leaned towards her and took her hand.

He opened his lips to make his offer, but closed them again very quickly and started as if he had received an electric shock.

Mrs. Montfort had entered the drawing-room, and with her was the girl he had met in the train!

He could not believe his own eyes.

Mrs. Montfort saw his confusion, and ascribed it to the fact that she had interrupted some act of tenderness.

"Mr. Brooke, I can't tell you how de-lighted I am to see you, she said, as she smiled towards to meet him. "So good of you to come in such dreadful weather."

He murmured some unmeaning compliment and looked towards the young lady, who still hovered near him timidly near the door.

"Oh! I am forgetting that you don't know my young relative, Miss Annette Stanley, Mr. Derzil Brooke."

"I can scarcely claim the honor of Miss Stanley's acquaintance," said Brooke; "nevertheless we have met before. She was one of my fellow travellers in my journey from town."

Annette held out her hand.

As he did so, he saw in her lovely eyes a look which he interpreted as meaning that he was not to dilate on the incidents of their journey.

He wondered a little, but discreetly said no more on the subject, and the next moment the door opened to admit another person—a gentleman this time.

"Mr. Brooke—Mr. Derzil Brooke, I call you. You have heard of him, I know. Tell me isn't he the best of men, to drive over from Darlington to dine with us in such weather as this?"

"It depends upon the attraction which drew him," replied the major, with a dry little smile and a half-glance in the direction of Estelle.

Brooke flushed to the roots of his hair.

He saw it was an understood thing that he was in that house as Estelle's lover.

Major Hommersley looked about fifty

years of age; he was rather spare, and not very tall; his hair was thick and grizzled; his eyes were keen and twinkling.

He looked like a bachelor, and, as a matter of fact, he was one.

He was quickly followed into the room by the Honourable Estelle Montfort seldom appeared at his own table.

All health was the excuse usually urged by his wife and daughter; but the initiated declared that the truth was, the honourable gentleman was so addicted to the brandy-bottle as to be rarely in a fit condition to leave his room.

The dinner-bell rang.

Mrs. Montfort went to the dining room on the arm of Derzil Brooke.

Annette Stanley came last of all with the major.

Brooke was placed beside Estelle; but Annette sat opposite to him.

Ever and again he stole a glance at her; and with each glance he felt afresh the charm of her loveliness.

Major Hommersley appeared greatly charmed with her.

His intentions, indeed, verged on tenderness; and if he had been younger and less grizzled, Brooke would have felt seriously jealous of him.

After dinner, when the gentlemen went into the drawing-room, the major again monopolized Annette.

Brooke, vexed and ill at ease, was compelled to seat himself near Estelle, in response to the smiling invitation of her eyes.

However, the situation was not without its compensations.

He could, at any rate, get to know who Annette Stanley really was.

"I did not know you had a cousin, Estelle," he remarked, trying to speak carelessly. "Is the relationship on your father's side or your mother's?"

"There is not very much relationship; what there is, is on my father's side. Annette is a fourth or fifth cousin—I hardly know which. She is an orphan and quite penniless. We thought it would be a charity to have her here."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," murmured Brooke lamely.

Estelle seemed to consider for a moment or two; then she added, with an air of frankness: "Well, I'm not sure that the kindness was altogether spontaneous on our part. You have heard me speak of my uncle, the Nabob?"

"Yes."

As a matter of fact, the young man had heard of the Nabob almost too often.

He was Estelle's great-uncle—his name Matthew Montfort; and he had made an enormous fortune in India, where he had spent his life.

As he was a bachelor, Estelle had great hopes that he might make her his heiress.

To this end she, from time to time, wrote him affectionate letters, and sent him out enough embroidered slippers, cushions, rugs, and smoking caps to have served half-a-dozen nabobs of the first water.

Brooke was rich enough himself to dispense with any accession of fortune with a man who would have liked Estelle better if she had not talked of her expectations quite so persistently.

Annette is related to Uncle Matthew in about the same degree as she is to us," resumed Estelle. "When he heard she was self-penniless, he asked mamma to give her a home—for a time. I suppose he didn't like the idea of a relation of his coming to want. He said he would settle what was to be done with her when he came home. But he is very old, and I don't suppose he will ever come home at all. In the meantime, it looks as if Annette meant to settle something for herself; don't you think so?"

Brooke drew his brows involuntarily as he followed the glance of her eye.

"You don't mean the major?"

"Yes. They seem awfully comfummy together. And why not? It would be a good thing for her. He is very comfortably off."

"He is an old man."

"Oh, dear, no! Forty-seven, I believe."

"He looks older. I should have guessed him to be fifty-five."

"Ah, that is because you men are so malicious to each other. The major is de-lightful. I don't wonder Annette likes him."

"And she never saw him until last night? Their acquaintances has ripened rapidly?"

"Yes, hasn't it? But Annette has made herself wonderfully charming to him. You may depend upon it that she doesn't think him too old."

Brooke did not answer.

He was still looking across the room to where Annette, sweet and lovely in her white dress, sat on a couch, while the sun-urned, grizzled major leaned over her, with admiration lighting up his keen grey eyes.

It was midnight before Mrs. Montfort retired to her chamber.

Derzil Brooke had driven himself back to Darlington, and the loose-guests had all retired to their respective apartments.

The door opened, and Estelle, still in her flowing yellow robes, came swiftly in.

"Well! said her mother. "Do make haste and tell me."

"There's nothing to tell. It's no use looking at me like that; I mean what I say."

"He hasn't offered?"

"No."

"Didn't I interrupt something when I came into the drawing room?"

"Yes, you did," said Estelle bitterly, as she flung herself on a fauteuil, with anger sparkling in her eyes. "I do believe he meant to say something then; but you came blundering in and spoilt everything."

"But it is really meant to speak, he'll find another opportunity to-morrow."

"He won't!" cried Estelle, snapping her white teeth together viciously. "It's my belief he's in love with that chit of an Annette."

Mrs. Montfort looked very blank.

"Surely not, my dear."

"He is! He has hardly took his eyes off her and he looked fit to eat Major Hommersley because he kept beside her."

"Oh, my dear, it's only a passing fancy. He wouldn't have come down here if he hadn't meant to make you an offer. And you know he must make up his mind. He can't afford to shilly-shally. He loses the estate if he isn't married by the eleventh of March."

"Yes; and a nice thing it makes up his mind to marry that girl."

"I'll never believe it of him," cried Mrs. Montfort, in genuine distress. "He did pay you a great deal of attention at the railway. I'll never believe he means to throw you over."

"I don't know about throwing me over," said Estelle, gloomily. "He never said a word of love. I wouldn't let him throw me over if I'd got a ghost of a claim on him; but I haven't. What's the matter that makes it so exasperating?"

"Never mind, my dear," said the mother soothingly. "You are sure to do well with your beauty."

"I don't know about my beauty," retorted Estelle scornfully. "What I do know is that I'm twenty-five years old, and have been hawked up the country and down the country, looking for a settlement, for the last seven years. Beauty doesn't last for ever, and it doesn't seem to be worth much even now. I've had lots of admirers but I haven't had one really decent offer. And we can't go on much longer. Papa gets worse and worse, and if Uncle Mit-thew the doctor comes, it is likely enough he will tell people know we are not to get this money. If he was so bitter with papa thirty years ago, he's bitter with me still. We shall get nothing from him. He will, perhaps, leave it to that horrid Annette. Its all very well to talk about our uncle, the Nabob; but we know he dislikes us all. If I don't get settled before he comes home, I shan't have much chance afterwards."

"Well, my dear, you will get settled," said the good-natured mother, with another attempt at soothing. "If you don't get Mr. Brooke, you'll get someone else. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Very likely; but they went catching, and I'm sick and tired of trying to catch them. I'm not going to be balked at the last minute, and have all the work to do over again."

"Then what will you do?" questioned Mrs. Montfort anxiously.

"I shall marry Derzil Brooke!"

CHAPTER III.

AT THE BALL.

The next afternoon Brooke was tramping along a country road, alone.

He had been out with the guests, but had somehow got separated from his friends, and being new to the country, had lost his way.

He was glad to be alone, glad of the opportunity to look back squarely in the face, and to ask himself whether he were in honour bound to offer his hand to Estelle Montfort.

After tramping along for a couple of miles, he came to the sensible conclusion that he need do nothing of the kind.

"I believe she would have accepted me if I had offered; but I can't even be sure of that. Certainly I should be a conceited popinjay to fancy she is in love with me. I never said a word of love to her, and my attentions were no more marked than those of lots of other fellows. At any rate, it's quite clear to me I'm not called upon to make her an offer now that I know I don't care for her as a man ought to care for his wife, and that's there's another girl for whom I could go cars."

Thus far had he got in his ruminations when he pulled up with a start, for "the other girl" stood just before him.

He had turned a curve in the road, and had now to cross a stile.

At this stile Annette was standing, with her face turned to the setting sun.

He lifted his hat with his left hand, and held out his right to her with an unmistakable air of eager eyes.

"Miss Stanley! what an unexpected pleasure!"

She flushed a delightful pink, and the flush made her more lovelier than ever.

"Mr. Brooke," she said, looking very much surprised, and a little embarrassed. "Was she expecting to see the major?" thought Brooke, with a sudden pang of jealousy; but the next moment he chided himself for the thought.

"Yes, Miss Stanley," he said gaily. "I have lost my way. Are you in the same predicament? I know we are both strangers here."

"I know my way quite well, thank you," she answered. "This is only a mile from Danby Croft, and the road leads straight to it."

"Whew! That means I am a longish way from Darlington!"

"Are you going to Croft?" she asked, looking at him in surprise.

"Oh, dear no! That is to say, I was not; but I may have the pleasure of seeing you as far as the gates? It is growing dark, and—"

"It will not be really dark for an hour yet, and the road is not at all lonely. Thank you very much for your kindness; but I should so much rather return alone."

She spoke with a heightened colour, and very earnestly.

No gentleman could have persisted in offering his

(CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.)

not, my dear. He hardly took his eyes off her... He had gone a quarter-of-a mile, perhaps, when he met Major Hommersley, walking very fast.

He simply nodded to Brooke with a genial "Good afternoon," and hurried on. "Was she waiting for him?" thought the young man, and there was quite a sharp pain at his heart.

Danby Croft was lighted up from garret to basement. It was the Twelfth of February, the night on which Mrs. Montfort was giving her grand ball.

Brooke was among the earliest arrivals. He had now been a week in Somerset, and it was five days since he had seen Annette—on that afternoon when she had plainly shown him she would rather walk home alone than in his company.

The very next morning he had called at Danby Croft's; but Annet to was out walking with Major Hommersley. Estelle had told him, with a significant smile. The major was one of the first people he saw when he entered Mrs. Montfort's drawing-room to-night.

"Ah! Mr. Brooke, glad to meet you," was his genial greeting. "You've driven over, of course? A nasty drive in that sleazy wind; but Clarkson keeps good cattle, and you young fellows know how to make them step out."

"Yes, we came very well," assented Brooke, absently. He was 'taking stock' of the major, and trying to decide whether it was possible that a girl like Annette could care for him.

He came to the conclusion that it was. Whatever his age, John Hommersley was an attractive man, the very stamp of a man that a woman is prone to lean upon.

His alert, natty figure, his bright, dark eyes, his genial smile, and cheery air, more than atoned for his years, his grizzled locks and his sun-burned skin.

Then, he had served in Africa with distinction, and had received the Victoria Cross. "I can't fancy a girl like Annette falling in love with so old a man," mused Danzil Brooke. "But she certainly might care for him enough to marry him. I really couldn't blame her. He's a decent fellow—I'm quite sure of that."

Estelle glided towards him, a dream of beauty, in a gown the color of a pale pink rose leaf, and almost as delicate in texture. She had been quick to see there was a change in Brooke's manner.

He was very courteous, almost chivalrously so; but he was grave and gentle rather than playfully tender, as he had once—for a short period—been.

He was honestly grieved to think he might, in ever so slight a measure, have misled her, and would have done anything in his power to serve her, were such service possible.

O! course, he danced with her, and, equally of course, he put his name down for another dance later in the evening. He wouldn't have been content with two dances, if that horrid little wretch hadn't thrust herself in between us! Was he bitter thought. "But never mind; she hasn't got him yet."

It was some time before Brooke saw Annette. The rooms were crowded, and she kept herself in the background. When he did see her he told himself that Estelle's dark beauty, however it excited his admiration, could never have touched his heart.

Annette—and Annette only—could do that. He knew what love was now. The revelation came upon him with something of a shock. Even in that crowded ball room his pulses were thrilling and tingling, his heart beating madly at the bare sight of Annette.

V. C. But I never had. "Oh, I'd heard of him lots of times, but never met him," said Brooke carelessly. After a moment, he added— "A wonderfully gallant man for his age. It quite amuses me to watch his attentions to you."

Annette looked up with a sudden start. Sweet and gentle though the ordinarily was, there was a distinct look of displeasure in her eyes. "I scarcely understand you," she said very coldly. "Let us go back to the balcony if you please."

Hard To Bear. Mr Lark sat heavily down in his arm chair on the south porch and looked at his sister with an expression of patient but aggrieved endurance.

"I've got the window set into Jim Hommersley's shed," he remarked, mournfully, "and it's a mercy I didn't catch a sunstroke on that roof. I don't know what saved me I'm sure. I'm being spared for some other end, I guess."

"If you'd finished up the window yesterday, when it was so cool and cloudy, it would have been fun as well," said Miss Larkin, placidly rocking in a chair that stood well in the shadow.

"Now we won't have any more of that kind of talk!" said her brother, in the tone of one who has borne all and reached the limit of his endurance. "It seems as if you hadn't got any more of a conception of what I've undergone than Jim Hosmer himself."

Why, that little nephew of his, Bobby Ingalls, has been out close by me almost all the time these three days while I have been a-working on that window, and I have had to keep drawing him off into the shade somewhere all day to day for fear he'd take hurt from the power of the sun.

And last off I let him play with the putty little mite, and I was just sitting under a tree with him, and we had put the window over our heads balanced on two benches, and were saving how 'twould be if we were plants in one of those conservatoriums, when along came Miss Hosmer and Jim.

They took the boy off into the house; leastways she did, and he began to talk to me about how long I had been making a simple window, and so on, and how that Miss Hosmer was making complaints of the flies in the shed, going in through the window hole.

"I said nothing in reply," and Mr. Larkin had the look of a noble martyr, "but I climbed right up window and all, on to that roof and finished my work and came home. Thanks I, 'Justice is too lacking in some folk's it's no use to bandy words with 'em.' There was I paid by the job, making no charge for time all wore out entertaining that young one, drove up onto a blazing hot roof without a word of praise, just because a matter of half a dozen flies had worked in through a window hole, when I'd been outdoor with a swarm of 'em setting on me for the better part of three days!"

"Folks have different ideas of justice," said Miss Larkin with a curious smile. "This so, now ain't it?" said her uncles brother. "That's what kind of support me through the job. Thanks I, it's Jim Hosmer's ideas that's at fault, and I suppose he can't change the whole trend of 'em at his age."

Wit and Wisdom From New Books. "When the lights are out," he said; "when forever and a night the actor bids the stage farewell; when stripped of mask and tinsel, he goes home to that Auditor who set him his part; then perhaps he will be told what manner of man he is. The glass that now he dresses before tells him not; but he thinks a true glass would show a shrunken figure."—Audrey.

It is a miserable thing to linger on the threshold. The daring spirits pass across and close the door.—Sister Teresa. The devil possesses no one who does not desire him.—Sister Teresa.

Men are born to hardship. It is the alloy which gives firmness to their metal.— "When the Land was Young." The over-exercise of a critical faculty is always dangerous, and by too much judging of port Benjamin ruined his career.— "The Seal of Silence." Professional saints are very tiresome people. Amateur sinners are much more interesting.— "Casting of Nets."

To learn the worth of a man's religion, do business with him.— Aphorisms and Reflections. Rules of grammar cannot give us a mastery of language, rules of rhetoric cannot make us eloquent, rules of conduct cannot make us good.— Aphorisms and Reflections.

Overreached Himself. The outspoken and disagreeable traveler does not always have it his own way. The Railroad Gazette gives an instance in which the rudeness of such a man very quickly wrought his complete discomfiture. The man turned to another passenger, who was sitting by an open window, and

uneasily. "What if I should have pneumonia?" At last an old lady approached who has a reputation for uncompromising frankness.

Anthony Hope and His Mother. An American author who has recently returned from London, where he came much in contact with Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, tells this anecdote illustrating one of the most charming personal traits of the famous novelist.

Mr. Hawkins has private apartments in Buckingham street, next door to the house in which William Black lived for many years. This place is about a mile from the parish house occupied by the author's father, who is a rector of the Established Church. The constant coming and going of parishioners at the old home made it impossible for the novelist to enjoy the privacy and immunity from interruption necessary to the prosecution of his literary labors, and compelled him to find a working-place away from his parents house.

He had just entered into the full enjoyment of this arrangement when he discovered that his absence from the family room was a source of keen anxiety to his mother who could not bring herself to relinquish her motherly solicitude for the comfort of her son. She was in constant fear that he was not properly cared for, and spent many wakeful hours at night worrying over him.

Immediately on learning of her anxiety the son asked permission to spend his nights in his old room under the family roof, using his apartments in Buckingham street simply as a place in which to do his work. Every night, and often as great inconvenience, he returns to the parish house, solely to insure the peace of mind of his mother, who is now well advanced in years.

A Fox's Revenge. A gentleman on shooting one day came to a river, where he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese.

Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the geese on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in it the geese, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unbanded the geese, closed the hole and resolved to wait the issue. In about an hour the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the geese had been buried, and threw out the earth. The geese could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle the hunter shot them both.

Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying. "I'm sorry," said the other man cheerfully, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it. I wish you'd close it. I should like to accommodate you but I'm afraid I can't. Do you return to close that window, sir? I certainly do. If you don't close it, I will. "I bet you won't!" "I'll give over there I will!" "I'll give you odds you won't."

"I ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?" "No, sir, I will not!" The insistent passenger gets on his feet. He looks threatening. "I'd like to see you do it." He places his hands on the objectionable window. "I'll show you whether I will or not, sir! Then he bats at the window. "Why don't you close it?" The determined passenger gets red in the face.

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INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



W. KNAPP, M. D.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, loss of vitality, night losses, varicose veins, etc., and enlarge small weak veins to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. W. Knapp, 2001 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with all directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certain to a man's general health and the following extracts from his daily mail show what men think of his remedy.

"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough trial and I have been benefited beyond all calculation. It has completely traced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how weak I am."

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in giving up the receipt as directed and certainly your remedy is a boon to weak men. I am greatly benefited in size, strength and vigor."

All our operations are strictly confidential, and all prescriptions are sealed envelopes. The receipt is free for the patient and his name every man to have it.

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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Desperate Gamblers.

The group was sitting in the smoking room of an uptown hotel and the talk had turned upon a stiff game of poker played the night before.

"You may talk about your dead game sports and your nervy gamblers," he said in a quick, crackling voice that sounded like rifle fire.

Indian gambling isn't what it used to be. The Government has imposed restrictions that hold the vice within limits but the passion is there just the same.

They are good losers, Ill say that for them. I've seen them lose everything they owned in the world without making a sign.

Once upon North three Indians from a settlement twenty miles away came into our village and went up against three Hurons at platter. They played all night and half of the next day.

"Out among the Iroquois, one night, a young brave played hubbub until he lost four horses, all his money, his gun and knives and blankets and provisions and his two wives.

"What's hubbub," asked one of the listeners, as the Colonel stopped to nurse his cigar.

"Oh it's a dice game. The whites taught the Indians to use cards, and poker and monte are the great games now on the reservations but the whites didn't teach the Indians to gamble.

"Then he rode away. No one bore him a grudge. They were all ready to welcome him when he came again.

"You see, every Indian has unbounded belief in luck. He believes implicitly in his fetish. That is the reason he is not afraid to plunge.

"The Crees have a stick game that was always too much for my mathematics. They take an odd number of little sticks, say 51 or 101.

"Hubbub was a dice game, too, but the dice were thrown from hand, more in crap fashion, and everybody yelled 'Hub, hub, hub,' all the time.

"The women were great on hubbub too. The squaws were as daft over gambling as the men were, in many of the tribes, but they never had much money to lose, so they had to play a low limit.

"Ten-cent monte is the sq w's game in the Southwest, and penny ante poker suits the Northern squaws, but the braves are plungers.

Out in Oregon the Indians play with marked beaver teeth or muskrat teeth instead of bone dice, and the Dakotas used to use plum stones.

"The N's Percos were gamblers from way back. They wouldn't stop at anything. Family or group gambling was a specialty with them.

There are other bone games besides the dice games. The Chinooks and Chilkats favorite game was to take two small bones one marked and one unmarked, shufflings them in the bands, and then let the opponent guess under which finger and in which hand the marked bone was.

Almost all the tribes had some game of that sort and they'd play the foolish simple game by the day and go wild over it. They are just natural born gamblers.

They cheat like the devil, too. It isn't a disgrace. To be able to cheat successfully is a feather in an Indians cap, an honor. To be caught cheating isn't in the least disgraceful form a moral point of view, but an Indian's ashamed of it because it marks him as stupid and bungling.

"In my day an Indian was as proud of being a great gambler as of being a great warrior. Some of the Indians played on the square, though.

There was Qelqeph. His honesty was a proverb. There was a saying When one plays with Qelqeph, the game is honest and the limit is what one wills.

I knew him once, but I never played with him. He was still travelling ten years ago, but he may be dead now. There were a good many professional Indian gamblers in my day, but there are few now.

"Qelqeph used to travel with two other Indians as a body guard, villainous looking Apaches they were, with big scragging records. You see he made enemies and he coined money, so he did not care to travel alone.

"Then one day he would come riding in on a scrubby pony, down on his back on the ground, and he would sit it and take out his money bags. The Apaches sat, one on each side of him. All the Indians crowded around him, wild to play. He gave them all a chance. He never left until he had cleaned the village out thoroughly.

"You see, every Indian has unbounded belief in luck. He believes implicitly in his fetish. That is the reason he is not afraid to plunge.

"The Crees have a stick game that was always too much for my mathematics. They take an odd number of little sticks, say 51 or 101.

"Both these hymns are to be found in many hymnbooks. 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' in almost every hymnbook; and both are published in sheet music and in octavo form.

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culating and grunting, using every dramatic trick to hide where the bone really is. It's worth seeing.

"If one of the opposing side thinks he can place the bone or straw he tries it. The hand he points at is held out. If it holds the bone the guesser's side scores. It is empty, the guesser's side loses.

"Down on the Ute agency, years ago all the men of a village played that bone game, with a band of Navajos, and lost the whole village to the visitors; didn't save a scrap of anything. The Utes swept on a raid, though, and evened things up.

"Whenever any of the reservation lands are opened up and the Government pays the Indians for the land, there are high old times among the Indian gamblers. I remember when the Cherokee Strip was opened, the Indians known there held a regular gambling festival.

"Don't talk to me about your gamblers down here. The Indians are the real thing."

A Teacher's Worries.

FREQUENTLY RESULT IN A BREAKDOWN IN HEALTH.

Headaches, Backaches, Dizziness, Poor Appetite and Lassitude are Outcomes—How to Avert These Troubles.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Only those engaged in the teaching profession realize how much care, worry and perplexity is met with daily. It is therefore little wonder that there are so many health breakdowns, especially among young ladies who follow this calling.

Christine Pare, of Ojibway, Ont., is one who has suffered much in this respect. To a reporter of the Windsor Review, Miss Pare said: "For several years, while teaching school, I was continually troubled with headaches, dizziness and a weak back. I tried several doctors and medicines, but got no relief. I could scarcely run down that I thought possibly a change of employment would give me relief. I gave up my school and tried other duties, but the result was disappointing as the trouble seemed to have taken a firm hold upon me.

Young girls who are pale and weak, who suffer from backaches, headaches, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms that overcome so many in early womanhood, will find a certain and speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and give new life and vigor to the whole body.

MR. KINLEY'S HYMNS.

"Our sales of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' said the head of the wholesale department of a big music publishing house, were more than trebled as a result of the increased demand for it following President McKinley's death, and our sales of 'Lead Kindly Light,' increased in even greater proportion, this being due to some special causes.

"Both these hymns are to be found in many hymnbooks. 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' in almost every hymnbook; and both are published in sheet music and in octavo form.

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Easier Work. Pleasanter, quicker, healthier—with PEARLINE. What worse for throat and lungs than long working over heated steam from a bushy? Here is the simple, sensible, way: soak the clothes in Pearline; then wash them out. No heavy ironing, no scrubbing. Save time, save clothes, wear and tear. Enter Post Office Box 1000.

commonly, on the shelves, to be taken down when customers called for them, but on the counter where they were convenient of access.

Opie Read's Telephone Story.

Discussions and stories of a linguistic character have a peculiar charm for Mr. Opie Read. Recently he was surrounded by a group of newspaper men. One of these confessed that he had lately taken up the study of the Russian tongue, with very discouraging results.

War Humor.

One of the first fruits of the victory at Waterloo was to cover the lords of England with honors and the people with taxes. Great distress followed and riots were frequent. In the year of the reform bill a mob broke into Downing Street, 333 a writer in Temple Bar, and approached the entry stationed at the door of the Foreign Office, crying: Liberty or death!

BORN.

MARRIED.

DIED.

"Regular Practitioner—No Result." Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitey, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure charged the scum from "deaspar" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose." Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

A fellow confined in the goal. Once turned most exceedingly pool. What is it? They cried. And the fellow replied: I thought I had swallowed a whale.

"My Heart was Thumping my Life Out." is the way Mrs. K. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Why do you speak of him as inconsiderate, ungalant and disappointing? asked her dearest friend. He deliberately and persistently refrains from giving me opportunity to refuse him, answered the sweet young thing.

The Stomach's "Woe or Woel"—The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "woel or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres means good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nerve Wine makes and keeps the stomach right. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

You had a surprising nerve to come over that fence, cried the farmer's wife, angrily. Ah! exclaimed Weary Wrasples, lifting his tattered hat politely, but my spirit, madam! Was that not even more surprising?

Pill Dosed with nauseous, big purgers, prejudice people against pills generally. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are revolutionizing the pill demand—they're so pleasant and easy to take—the doses are small and so is the price, 10 cents for 40 doses. Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation dispelled. Works like a charm.—Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

If women could be got to show the same enthusiasm over the municipal problems that they do over military problems, reform politics would be easy.

Bright's Disease—Invidious! Deceptive! Relentless! has tolled hundred of trials by medical science to stem the tide of its ravages—and not until South American Kidney Cure proved beyond a doubt its power to turn back the tide, was there a gleam of anything but despair for the victim of this dread form of kidney disease. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Mistress—Another package, and a wedding present, too! However did you do it? Jane, smiling—They always break when I drop 'em.

Baby Humors.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes, quiets, and cures quick and effective cures in all skin eruptions common to baby during teething time. It is harmless to the hair in cases of Scald Head and cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and all Skin Diseases of old people. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

Little but Searching.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not big nauseous doses—they are the pure vegetable peppercorn—the medicinal extract from the luscious fruit, and the tablets are prepared in as palatable form as the fruit itself. They cure indigestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents. Sold by A Chipman Smith & Co.

One Short Puff Clears the Head.—Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is the breath off-niv? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvellously short time. If you've had Catarrh a week it's a sure cure. It's of fifty years' standing it is just as effective. 50 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.00 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and St. John.....12.15 Express for Sussex.....15.00 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.35

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Halifax and Sydney.....6.00 Express from Sussex.....8.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec.....12.40 Suburban express from Robbsey.....13.00 Express from Halifax and Ficton.....18.00 Express from Halifax.....19.15 Express for Montreal Saturday only.....23.00 Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Star and time Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A. 7, Ket St. John, N.B.

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