

Colonial Railway.

On Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the train of this railway will run as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Destinations include Campbellton, Peggibay, Ficton, etc.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Origin and Time. Origins include Sydney, Halifax, and other locations.

The International Railway are housed in the locomotive, and those between Montreal, via Lévis, are lighted by gas.

ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

PORT LINE

TO ALL

ts West.

will leave St. John N. B., at 7:30 a.m. For Sherbrooke, Montreal, Toronto, and all points on the Pacific Coast.

Atlantic R'y.

July, 1897, the Steamship and Railway will be as follows:

S.S. Prince Rupert,

will leave St. John N. B., at 7:30 a.m. For Halifax, Sydney, and other points.

SS TRAINS

will leave St. John N. B., at 7:30 a.m. For various destinations.

Express Co's

Orders

REMITTANCES.

Office Money

on Presentation

EXPRESS CO.

Forwarders, Shipping

House Brokers.

Money and Packages

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Forwarders, Shipping

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on Presentation

EXPRESS CO.

Forwarders, Shipping

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 482.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HE WASN'T LIKE ELIJAH.

WHY MR. POLLOCK LET THE GENERAL DOWN EAST.

The Fight Between an Evangelist and The Commander of the British Forces in America Causes Comment—The Evangelist vacates Rather than Make Trouble.

HALIFAX, August 12.—General Montgomery Moore, so those say who are in the inside circle and who have a chance to know, is a most unhappy man these days. The military hate notoriety of a certain kind. They like laudation as do other people but they are particularly sensitive to censuring criticism. Consequently, according to this rule, General Montgomery Moore must be very unhappy for he has been the subject of a lot of unenviable notoriety during the past ten days. It is known, however, apart from this that the newspapers for a week or so have been to him a source of positive pain.

The general is not a man easily convinced. When once he makes up his mind he turns not to the right nor the left but goes right ahead. He makes up his mind easily and quickly, in far less time than a ten of argument, if it were possible thus to measure logic, could change it. This has been exemplified more than once in the career of the general officer commanding since he arrived on this station.

General Montgomery Moore is not a man who has distinguished himself on the field of battle. Though he occupies a lofty position in the army he has never so it is stated, smelt powder burned in active service. This may or may not be the case, but no warlike deeds in his record have become known to Halifax people.

But as a compensation he has fought some bloodless battles and won some bloodless victories. One of these will be remembered was, when he practically expelled from the Sunday school, an officer who was laboring as a teacher in the garrison church. The general was informed that this officer was not adhering to the lessons for the children as laid down by the church; was not confining his footsteps strictly to the lessons of the day, etc., but was wandering off into the fields trodden by those teachers who use the topics and subjects enjoined by the inter-annual Sunday school association and used by the great majority of the churches. A visit was paid to the garrison one Sunday afternoon by the general and there true enough, was the officer hard at work trying to impress the young minds about him with the truths of the gospel as drawn from other immediate sources than called for by the day. There could be no mercy for such a miserable sinner and without delay the superintendent of the school was directed to ask for the resignation of the offender. The officer's departure was accordingly called for, but it made trouble and with him also went out several of the best teachers in the school. What was the garrison's loss, in this case, was gain for St. Paul's church, for in Rev. Mr. Hague's school he readily found a place. Yet so far as the general himself was concerned the victory was complete.

At the present time General Montgomery Moore finds himself embroiled in a more sanguinary conflict, for he has arrayed himself against a poor evangelist who would fain preach in a tent on the common and the authorities of this good city of Halifax gave consent for the erection of a gospel tent perched on the general's banners. What caused the general to take the side he did is the subject of some questioning, but the inside history of it is this.

A Mr. Brown, merchant of Halifax on behalf of Algernon J. Pollock, evangelist and tent preacher, waited on Mayor Stephen during the queen's jubilee festivities asking permission to erect a tent on the common where services might be conducted. The mayor was very busy with pressing duties and partly to get clear of the petitioner he said he was at liberty to erect a tent but that he had better see the military. Harvey wandered round from one office to the other till at last he found himself face to face with General Montgomery Moore, and what was worse he was confronted with a refusal to allow the canvas to be spread. Therefore the tent was not put up just then. Evangelist and agents waited a couple of weeks partly that the general might conveniently forget that he had been approached in the matter, and partly that Mayor Stephen might again be interviewed. His wish was seen and he repeated the permission

formerly granted to erect the tent. The Mayor argued in effect that circus tents were spread on the common with the general's consent; why not this gospel tent without it if needs be. He held that the joint ownership of the common by military and city did not forbid the placing on it of such a structure as a small tent capable, perhaps, of seating a couple of hundred people. What it would be illegal for either party to put up would only be a permanent structure. There was nothing "permanent" about a canvas tent that could be removed in an hour. So with the Mayor's new permission in his hands and despite the general's former refusal Algernon J. Pollock and his friend Mr. Brown raised the tent, sang in it their first hymn of praise and preached their first sermon beneath its folds.

General Montgomery Moore was not blind that he could not see this, nor angelic that he could meekly endure it, so he caused a letter to be written to the mayor asking him if he was aware that a tent was on the common, permission to erect which (the general) had refused. Of course Mayor Stephen was aware of the fact, but he replied that according to his way of thinking there was no law to prevent Algernon J. Pollock with the civic permission, from doing as he had done. The letters from the military waxed warm and these from the mayor determined.

Last Saturday the evangelist realized that matters were becoming too warm for him and he determined that on Monday he would strike stakes and take the canvas down. But with this determination there was another—a resolve to give the general a parting shot that he would remember for a long time, so that the battle might in a sense be called a draw and not as otherwise might appear an unqualified victory for General Montgomery Moore. His method of reprisal was the publication of an open letter in one of the morning papers on Monday. The meek evangelist remarked to someone that he would have published the letter on Saturday only that he was afraid it would so anger the general that he would take the law into his own hands and cut down the canvas by an armed force. This contingency he did not wish, for it was his desire to hold farewell services on Sunday. Accordingly the letter appeared on Monday morning and the general read it just about the time that Pollock was taking down his hated canvas.

Sarcasm and denunciation were the features of this letter, but the chief point of it was where the evangelist said he would not cultivate the spirit of Elijah who called down fire from heaven upon the heads of his enemies, but he would remind General Montgomery Moore that he would one day be called before his Creator to answer for the sin of having forbidden the proceedings of the gospel on the common in a tent, whilst granting ample permission to all kinds of circus shows to spread all the canvas they liked on the common.

The tent was taken down about noon. The same afternoon Mayor Stephen received a letter which showed that the general had abandoned controversy in the matter, so far as the military were concerned, but had handed the matter over to the lawyers at five o'clock on the afternoon of the day when the tent was removed. The Mayor opened a letter from the law firm of Harris, Henry & Cahon informing him that they had looked into the matter carefully and found that it was illegal for the tent to be on the grounds. It was a violation of "the agreement of Dec. 3rd, 1860," and was as well contrary to the provisions of city charter. The tent would have to go or proceedings would be taken to make it go. This letter, as has been said, dated Monday, was received several hours after the obnoxious tent had been removed by the evangelist.

In connection with law it may be stated that Recorder MacCoy holds that he was just as much in favor of the city side of the question as was the general on behalf of the military.

This matter stands at present with Mayor Stephen holding the fort theoretically and with the general a practical winner and the evangelist in the Y. M. C. A. hall.

This common controversy in one sense is an old one, of which the present is but a new phase. Some 27 years ago General Trollope was in command as General Montgomery Moore is now. The city fathers concluding that it would be a wise thing to fence in the common and thus keep

it in better order did so. There was a controversy but this was too slow for General Trollope. One fine morning he marched his red coats out to the common and after addressing to his forces a few words of encouragement said to them pointing to the fence: "There is your enemy, advance and captured him!" In a twinkling the soldiers charged; with one mad rush they reached the fence which moved not an inch but the force was close upon it. Then it disappeared in good order every man with a prisoner in his grasp in the form of a picket. The enemy was effectually dislodged.

Then the city brought suit against the general for damages. William Young, afterwards Sir William, was counsel for the city and Dr. Johnstone for the militia. The case was tried and the jury disagreed. It is probable that the "agreement" referred to by Harris, Henry and Cahon was some arrangement came to after this trial.

Since then, however, gospel tents have frequently been in use in the common, and no objection was raised, but other generals seem to have been of different calibre from the hero of the present affair who is now commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America.

This narrative would not be complete without the statement of the fact that on Monday night, when the evangelist held his first meeting in the Y. M. C. A., hall that fervent prayers were offered that the General's heart might be touched and softened.

A OUT RATE IN BALLAST.

Why Was a Dollar Paid Them and Now Only 75 Cents?

A couple of weeks ago PROGRESS made mention of the fact that unnecessarily exorbitant rates were being paid by the city authorities for the common stone ballast used in connection with the Sand Point works. The references to these unbusiness like transactions were not made without research as later developments have shown. When the first consignments of stone were received ninety cents was the price paid per yard, and later on as the demand became more brisk for some unaccountable reason those having to do with the buying ballast raised the price to one dollar. No claims were put in by the contractors for a higher rate, and consequently those acquainted with the facts of the case wondered very much at this new "economy."

All of a sudden a flotilla of scows and schooners started into the ballast business, one craft owner clearing over two hundred and fifty dollars by the Klondyke rate being paid for wharf-sinking material. Others made lesser amounts and were continuing to stow away sound city dollars with much celerity until the thought of cut rates in ballast struck a few council members apparently simultaneously. The board met, an axe on prices was used and now seventy-five cents is the topmost figure being laid out for a square yard of the once "valuable" material.

HE WAS SEVERELY LECTURED.

It was not a Very Pleasant Ending to a Pleasant Evening.

A few evenings ago a happy laddie lover escorted his pretty miss to her Sewall street home and after a pleasant chat at the door for a minute or two he bowed a sweet bow and tripped merrily up the street again. He had not gone far however before two pair of many arms held him prisoner and bore him back to the domicile of his sweetheart where the girl's mother in assumed anger lectured the very much mortified and not a little frightened boy, on the virtues of the curfew bell and other equally good things. He answered "yes mam" and "no am" to her battery of questions and it was not until all the boarders in the house had secured a good square look at the laddie's prospective son-in-law that the chagrined young fellow was released. He acted very manly and gentlemanly throughout the ordeal, no doubt thinking discretion the better part of valor, in this particular case at any rate.

The Grocers Picnic.

The Grocers picnic which will take place on Tuesday next at Watter's Landing promises to be an event of much enjoyment. The City Cornet Band will furnish music for dancing and every effort will be made to make the day very pleasant for those who attend. Lilly Sons & Aldous will furnish refreshments, dinner being 35 and tea 25 cents. Watter's Landing is an ideal place to spend a day and every one who can should make a special effort to attend the picnic. Time of sailing and prices to be found elsewhere. The proceeds are to go towards the park fund.

IN MR. CUISACK'S FAVOR.

TESTIMONY PROVING THAT HE HEARD TOO MUCH NOISE.

It May be That He was not so far Wrong in His Action of That Eventful Sunday Evening—What Some Witnesses Have to Say in the Interesting Matter.

MONCTON, Aug. 9.—The excitement of the hour in Moncton is the Cuisack investigation, and thought it is a mild one, it is better than nothing in these dull times.

It would seem as if Officer Cuisack—who by the way continues to wear his uniform, and discharge his duties as usual, in spite of the decision of the city council that he should be suspended—was making out rather a good case against his accusers. He is giving evidence in his own defence just now, and while some of his statements throw an interesting sidelight on the peculiarities of Mr. Cuisack's personal character, and opinions, at the same time they materially alter the appearance of some of the circumstances which have seemed most against him. For instance, he says that instead of accosting Mr. Peters' son on his own grounds and ordering him to go in, as the evidence of the complainants would lead one to suppose, he first heard young Peters and two companions shouting and singing on the street and in endeavoring to locate the noise which seemed to come from the direction of Alma street, he turned up that street the three young men, of whose identity he was ignorant at the time, running up the sidewalk before him. When he reached Mr. Peters' residence the young men were on the veranda, and as it was then half past eleven o'clock, he stopped and admonished the hilarious youths, advising them to behave themselves and go in as it was late. One of the party responded that they were on their own property and could do as they liked. Cuisack answered that he had seen them running up the sidewalk and hollering as they ran, but they with one accord denied the soft impeachment, and the officer departed after informing the party that he was going to lay an information against them.

The young fellows themselves have given testimony on oath, and while they acknowledge having warbled such songs as "The Swanee River" on the night in question, while sitting in the swing in Mr. Peters' grounds facing Alma street, they say that the hour was a quarter to, instead of half past eleven, and swear positively that neither of them either "screoched" or whooped on the street that night. The other youths, besides Brooks, Peters, are Messrs. Lee Dickson, and Graham Jardine, both very quiet, and gentlemanly lads whose word most people would take quite as readily as that of Officer Cuisack, to say the least. But at the same time there are decided discrepancies between the two accounts, and it remains for the members of the city council to decide which is most worthy of credence.

As for Mr. Hanington's charge, today's evidence for the defence makes it appear that there must have been a good deal of noise somewhere in the vicinity of School, or Botsford street, on that otherwise peaceful Sunday evening from which all the trouble dates. Cuisack has produced the reputable witnesses, Messrs. Samuel Anderson and Fred H. Kinnear both of whom have stated that they did hear a considerable amount of noise proceeding from the direction of Mr. Hanington's house, on the night in question. The former gentleman was coming down Botsford street that night when his attention was attracted by some noise, especially singing, which seemed to come from School street. The night was very calm, and in the words of the witness there was fun and merriment going on to such an extent that he intended going across that street to see what it was, but concluded on hearing some one say good night, that it was a party-breaking up, and he continued on his way, but heard the noise as far down as St. George street. On being pressed, Mr. Anderson admitted that at first he did consider the noise objectionable, and "thought there was trouble over there" but on stopping to light his pipe the noise changed to laughter, and he came to the conclusion, after a couple of minutes that it was merely a merry party.

Mr. Kinnear stated that he was near his own house at the end of School street on the night referred to, returning home, and heard some noise which appeared to come from School street. It was sufficient to attract attention and he made a remark to someone about the amount of noise proceeding from that vicinity, but he did not remember hearing any "hollering." Mr. Kinnear admitted that he thought the noise unusually loud. It might have come from Botsford street, but his impression was that it proceeded from School street. He did not hear it after entering his own house which is some twenty-five or thirty feet north of School street.

The investigation was brought to a close this evening the last witnesses for the defence being Messrs. George C. Allen, and G. W. Maddison. The former testified to hearing sounds of talking and laughing from the direction of School Street, and which he thought a little unusual for Sunday evening. Mr. Allen resides on Botsford Street about fifty yards from School Street. Mr. Maddison who is a member of the staff of the "Daily Times" was sitting in the office of that paper on Botsford Street on the Sunday evening in question, and remembered hearing a noise about half past ten o'clock which sounded like a screech, or whoop, but which proceeded from Main Street, the very opposite direction from School street. Cuisack came into the office about eleven o'clock, and told Mr. Maddison about his evening call on Mr. Hanington remarking that he had kicked himself twenty times since, because he had not arrested that gentleman, and taken him to the lockup. Mr. Howe, who is conducting the defence, wished to call officer Cuisack in rebuttal, but stipendiary Kaye refused to allow any recalling on either side, and the case was accordingly closed, the evidence to be submitted to the city council, who will probably deal with the matter at their next meeting.

The evidence of Marshal Wadman would seem to dispose of the complaint that Cuisack left his beat without orders, as he stated that an officer's beat is any part of the entire city of Moncton where he may be required, but when they leave their beats they are required to report to the marshal, which Cuisack did, on the night of July 18th, saying that a stranger had requested him to go up School street on account of the noise in that direction.

One of the most interesting and instructive features of the investigation was the insight gained by the public into officer Cuisack's ideas of his own duties, and the degree of authority vested in him as a representative of the law. In defending the action he took in accosting Mr. Hanington and his guests, Cuisack remarked that he considered it too loud for a Sunday night party, and thought he had a right to break it up. He insisted that he heard the noise on Main street nearly a quarter of a mile away, and expressed surprise that Mr. Thomson's family could have avoided hearing it even hazarding the opinion that they had been singing in the house themselves and so failed to hear the noise next door.

When asked why he had gone into the "Times" office on his way down the street, this two-careful guardian of the public weal, responded that he went in because he saw a light there, and did not consider that the "Times" people had any right to have a light in their office. If things have come to such a pass in the city of Moncton that what officer Cuisack "considers" or does not "consider" right is to be law even to the publishers of a morning paper being called to account for having a light in their office at any hour on Sunday night, or their right to burn a lamp all night and every night if they wish to do so, questioned, we may expect, should he remain loose much longer, to have him entering the houses of private citizens where he discovers a light at what he considers an unseemly hour, extinguishing the lamps, and ordering the inmates off to bed. While functions of a social nature will become impossible owing to the danger of having that too meddling official "consider" that it is time the party broke up, and take upon himself to ring the bell, clear the house, and save the owner the trouble of looking up by por-forming that office himself, not only for the object, or make any protest.

It really looks as if the citizens would soon have to vacate the City of Moncton altogether and leave Officer Cuisack to reign alone, first changing the name of the city to Cuisackville.

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A Philanthropic Merchant.

The system of a King square merchant in granting a vacation season to his employes is a very simple as well as unusual one. Instead of allowing his clerks to have their holidays one at a time, he has closed month, all hands being released from labor during that time and enjoying this the ideal season of the year, in a body. There must be a big bump of philanthropy about the head of the merchant in question.

SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

The Brave Act of a Little Girl in Rescuing a Companion from Drowning—The Trials of the Base-Ball season and other Sparkling Little Every-day Incidents.

The daily papers noted the fact one day during the week that an anti-tobacco enthusiast had reported a number of ladies for smoking cigarettes while in attendance upon one of his private lectures on the evils of the popular weed.

In speaking of anti-tobaccoists it reminds us of the time, a few years ago, when the Anti-Tobacco Association was in full force in this city.

We of the sterner sex are naturally apt to think that bravery and fortitude alone belongs to the harder type of humanity—man. Not so; we are frequently and very forcibly reminded of woman's stout-heartedness, the incident at Drury Cove a short time ago demonstrating with particular clearness that even in young girls we find bravery and firmness worthy of the bravest.

Each baseball season seems to have attendant upon it those irritating little stories about unfair treatment, "roastings" from umpires and hard usage at the hands, yea and the vocal organs too, of the crowd.

Perhaps the prize kickers in the journalistic line in this part of the country are the papers of Fredericton. In their columns you can find any word you wish in the vernacular of a professional mule; and many idioms, quite novel as well as original along the same lines also appear in them.

Halifax is more English and as a consequence the papers of the garrison city are decidedly conservative in the matter of sporting criticism, even more so than St. John journals, although in hockey times some very warm lines have been set up, but when it comes down to whole-hearted hospitality and welcome, it takes the American towns to extend it.

lary exemplified. The St. John club players cannot speak too highly of the manner in which they were treated by their victorious hosts, while at Eastport the Quoddy's spared neither money, time nor trouble to make the visit of the boys from North End a memorable one.

Such expressions of good fellowship and cordiality, overshadowing sporting wrangles and differences, cannot but promote that seemingly unknown quantity and quality among our field sports and their followers.

Have you noticed the linen hats of various hues being worn by the sporting fraternity? They just struck the city about two weeks ago and are said to be the last hot weather craze in the States and Upper Canada.

I'll venture there has been more self-inflicted kicking done this week than for some time past. In the first place a second issue of jubilee stamps has reached our city including all the popular denominations such as "halves," "eights," "tens," etc.

Again these baseball enthusiasts who placed their good money on the St. Johns against the Roses—they lost too.

Anent Sunday funerals over, which there is, and has been, considerable discussion in the past, I note the absence of them, practically, in Toronto. The law there prohibits Sunday funerals except when deaths are caused by contagious diseases in which cases more speedy burials are necessary.

Toronto's first step against dead-burying on Sunday was taken by the clergymen of the city who found the custom growing to such universal proportions that their day of labor was growing even more and more laborious. Preaching in the morning, conducting perhaps more than one funeral in the afternoon, sermon again in the evening, besides after-meetings, Sunday school attendance etc.

Now that the bicycle has taken such a prominent place in the lives of many world inhabitants an observant person can almost delineate the character of riders by the manner in which the silent steed is managed. Bicycle sitting posture, styles, handles, and color all seem to serve as indices whereby the characteristic traits of the wheelman or woman can be singled out.

People need not go to the Klondyke for a real cold bath, Bay Shore is much nearer and cheaper.

The person who originated the idea of rainy days for Torryburn picnics has died a natural death.

A party of Americans went up river on the steam yacht "Dream" on Tuesday flying nothing but the Stars and Stripes. Its well proprietor McCormick of the Victoria, or one of our Grand Lake men-of-war did not come across the pleasuring

DEAR SIR—Some five years ago my father gave me a three mo's course at your college. Today I am an equal partner in the firm of Loring & Baird of this city. I can trace my success directly to your college, and wish to convey my sincere thanks for your very kind personal attention to me.

Business and shorthand circulars mailed to any address. No vacation. B. KERR & SON.

crow. We do not want a repetition of those jubilee "atrocities."

While the American Bank Note Co. doubtless executed a work of art in the jubilee stamp, there is one fault about it which will in no wise justify their getting "stuck up" about it, and that is lack of musculage.

THOUGHT HE WAS A HERO.

One of the most ridiculous situations which at the time bring the coldest sweat out of a man's brow, and ever after remain with him as a constant source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel, when suddenly the top hoop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor.

At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do as it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought, and in a moment he did the only thing possible, threw himself down beside the tub and, clasping his arms around it held the already fast swelling staves together.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position, until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then to cap the climax, when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she, after a long fit of uncontrollable laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sink room and pour out the water.

An Exposure of Hideous Practices.

The Newspaper Nedelja describes the discovery of hideous practices among the beggars of South Russia who mutilate children for the object of rendering their appearance such as will excite pity and thus draw money from the charitable.

Nothing will make a man's throat feel better so quick as to find he has been sucking a suspender button for fifteen minutes instead of a cough troche.

The Clerk pegging away for small wages should make himself worth more so as to be ready for a better position. The position will not wait while he gets ready. Learn shorthand, first, to save time; by mail. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELOUS Transforming Sign, nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 26, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the American cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Four Places in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Felt. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

Down



.....GO..... HIGH PRICES.

OWING to the lateness of the season I will offer SERVICELY HIGH-GRADE BICYCLES, guaranteed for two years, manufactured by the Victor Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, at the following Net Prices.....

Washington Special

Former Price \$100.00, NET PRICE \$44.50.

E. & B. Special

Former Price \$85.00, Net Price \$39.90.

New England Roadster

Former Price \$75.00, Net Price \$34.60;

I can also sell you a wheel manufactured and guaranteed by the Chicago Scale Co., at \$29.90, wheels are all up to date, (1897 models) finely finished and decorated, a guarantee as Good as Gold with each wheel. Second Hand Bicycles \$5.00 to \$15.00

The Latest Out Bicycle Electric Light, Retail \$4.00.

ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, TYPEWRITERS at Rook Bottom Prices

Organs \$40.00 up Sewing Machines \$19.50 up.

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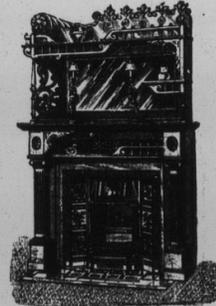
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A large number of music lovers attended at the Cathedral on Sunday in anticipation of a musical treat. This special magnet of attraction was the singing of a solo by Miss Frances Travers of this city.

Another rumor of unusual interest that has reached me is that during the first week of December next the great American tenor Mr. Evan Williams will be heard in concert here.

Tones and Undertones.

"Sainte Godolive" is the title of a sacred music drama by Edgar Tinel which will shortly be performed for the first time in oratorio style, instead of upon the operatic stage, at the Brussels International exhibition.

It is said that Anton Seidl has been engaged by Director Lohse of Breslau, to conduct a series of Wagner performances in Russia during the coming season.

Miss Mary Louise Clary sang recently at the Eighth Annual Musical festival at Round Lake, New York, and, says a writer "met with the same overwhelming success to which she has grown accustomed in her work during the last season or more. She sings from the soul."

Mrs. S. T. Carnes, is the name of a lady who is meeting with great success in the Southern states, in song recitals. She is the wife of General S. T. Carnes of Memphis, Tenn., and a pupil of Madame D'Arona the well-known singing teacher in New York.

Preparations for the due observance of the forthcoming fortieth annual musical festival at Worcester, Mass., are being rapidly and thoroughly made.

In a recent issue of the Musical Courier, the editor commenting on the "noiseless piano," says that "Rafael Joseffy, always practices with the top of his piano closed only playing forte at intervals."

A new trio in F sharp minor for piano, violin and cello recently finished by Constantine von Stenberg was rehearsed in Steinway Hall, New York, before a number of musicians and was received with much enthusiasm.

A chance for the right man is offered in Toronto Ca. where an organist choirmaster is wanted and a good salary will be paid.

Pergolesi's opera "La Serva Padrona" has been revived as a parlor entertainment in London. This work is said to have been the model for all subsequent French and Italian light operas to Rossini's time.

Christine Nilsson is sojourning at Gotherberg for a few weeks.

Victor Herbert and his famous twenty-second regiment band have gone to Nashville Tenn., and are playing at the Tennessee Centennial until 17th. September. They go thence to St. Louis until the 23rd. October and afterwards will be on tour.

It will please every music lover to know that Madame Nordica the prima donna, is rapidly making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

The Boston Mass. Symphony Orchestra is said to be the only organization of the kind in the United States.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The dramatic event of last week and in fact for a long time past in this city was the appearance of Miss Anglin and her supporting company at Mechanics Institute on the evening of the 6th inst. The desire to see this young lady in her first St. John appearance in her chosen profession, was so universal that the occasion was a society event of rare brilliancy, so rare that it is doubtful if the old Institute ever before contained such a distinguished assemblage—certainly the famous old building has not had within its walls for many years past an audience that in point of literary taste, culture and social distinction equalled that which greeted Miss Anglin. The bill for the evening contained three pieces viz "The Salt Cellar," "Comedy and Tragedy," and "The Rough Diamond."

The first piece was presented by Mr. Thos. A. Wise, Miss Gertrude Whitty, and Mr. Albert Brown and provoked much laughter. It was a happy introduction to the more important features of the programme. In the second play "Comedy and Tragedy" Miss Anglin was first seen, and as she made her appearance at the top of a short stair in a very tastefully arranged scene her own graceful figure adding to the beauty of the picture, she received a perfect ovation.

In "Comedy and Tragedy" Miss Anglin's role of Clarice the actress, is one of marked responsibility and it is but expressing it mildly to say that this talented young lady sustained her trying part in a manner that delighted and more than satisfied everyone. Her gifts are varied and evidently she can play a light comedy part with nice, dainty touch as well as she does the heavier and emotional. In her Clarice there was variety, power, comedy, intensity and in every instance Miss Anglin was equal to every demand made upon her by her part, reaching a surprising strength in the scene where she appeals to the doctor to let her join D'Aulnay; the whole impersonation compelling the entire sympathy of her audience and locally at least establishing a very high standard for possible future comparison. Her adaptability and versatility were exemplified by her acting in "The Rough Diamond" which provoked almost continuous merriment, a fitting close to a very delightful evening and one that will be recalled with pleasure for many a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiss (Miss Gertrude Whitty) Mr. Farrell and the other members of the company all gave their best work, being, as it seemed, inspired by the occasion.

The costuming of the parts was in keeping with the general excellence of the performance, Miss Anglin's artistic gowns being greatly admired. The stage settings left nothing to be desired, Mr. Wise proving himself as good a stage manager as he is an actor, which is saying a great deal.

This afternoon Miss Anglin gives a matinee at the Mechanics' Institute, which will be her last appearance in this city for some years, as I believe the young lady goes to Europe in the early autumn. There will be a double bill at the matinee, the first piece being a pretty Spanish play, written especially for Miss Anglin and never before produced, and "Fygion and Galateia" a play not unknown to theatre patrons, and in which I believe the famous stage beauty Lily Langtry was seen here some years ago. There is no doubt the Institute will be filled again to its capacity this afternoon.

The Opera house this week has been occupied by the Emery-Crowell company producing several plays new to St. John and having in its membership Mr. James Macy whose musical specialties between the acts are a popular and taking feature. The company opened on Monday with a piece called "A Fatal Likeness" giving it to a very large audience. During the week the business has been comparatively light with the exception of Wednesday afternoon. The shadowgraphs are interesting to children, perhaps, but even children I fancy would weary of them soon. So far as this city is concerned these shadowgraphs have been a back number for years past. Some one ought to have advised the management of the company of this feature. The opening piece is credited to David Belasco and is being "tried" through the provinces before it is given even a Boston production. Miss Crowell's work in the piece, was very good and consistent as a rule.

The many friends and admirers of Miss Ethel Knight Mollison are pleased to learn that she has returned to St. John and will spend her vacation here. Miss Mollison has had a very successful season in "The Cherry Pickers."

Jessie Bonstelle will star next season. Camille D'Arville will star in "Peg Woffington."

Chevalier has made a hit in the "Land of Nod."

"Secret Service" will be produced in Paris next month.

"Jim the Penman" was a Boston attraction last week.

The author of "Orange Blossoms" died last week in Paris.

"Regina, B. A." is the title of a new opera produced in England last week.

Maurice Barrymore has been engaged to play the role of Lafitte in "A Ward of France."

A Berlin editor, who denounced and "calumniated" Lona Harrison has been fined 4000 marks.

Corinne will play the title role in "An American Beauty," the opera used by Lillian Russell last season.

A Paris press agent has been imprisoned for circulating a baseless story that a ballet dancer had been threatened with death.

Cissy Fitzgerald with her wink, three horses, three carriages, two dogs, a thrush a maid, and eight trunks, has returned to New York.

Henry Irving engaged Ethel Barrymore without consulting Charles Frohman. The latter talks of starring Ellen Terry in this country next season.

Charles Warner, one of the greatest actors of the present generation in England, is seriously considering the advisability of making a professional tour of the United States.

Netherese released the Frohmans without asking a dollar as compensation for her lacerated feelings, frankly giving as cause for her change in method that a serious dispute with the Frohmans would interfere with her projected season in America. Thus through his refusal to affiliate with the Theatrical Syndicate, Mr. Daly lost \$7500, and by their connection with it Daniel and Charles have saved a similar amount. Furthermore, Mr. Daly and Miss Netherese at present meet as strangers, while the Frohmans and the Basser of Birmingham remain on affectionate, not to say osculatory terms.

Mr. Richard Mansfield will begin his season of 1897-98 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. The first play to be presented is a dramatization of Jessie Fothergill's novel, "The First Violin," to be followed by "The Master of Ceremonies," dramatized from George Manville Fenn's novel by Miss Mary Edwina Booth. Following "The Master of the Ceremonies" Mr. Mansfield will present George Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Devil's Disciple," and, if the length of the New York season permits, a grand production of "Timon of Athens" will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber (Julia Marlowe) are resting at the quaint old village of Garvigny in France. Mrs. Taber will return early in September to begin her tour.

It is said now that twenty-five local stock companies will be employed in the United States next winter. This is a larger number than in any season since the days of the regular stock companies. But as they are to play in theatres of the second grade as a rule, there is nothing reactionary in the movement.

Ermete Zacconi, the eminent Italian tragedian, has signed a two years contract with the Rosenfeld brothers. He will bring his own Italian company to this country for a tour of the large cities.

Maudie Adams will play next season J. M. Barrie's dramatization of his own novel, "The Little Minister," and "Phroso," dramatized by Edward Rose and H. V. Esmond, from the story by Anthony Hope. Miss Adams' first tour as a star will begin at Washington on Sept. 13.

Horace McVicker has made a play out of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and next season it will be acted by Corona Riccardo.

Julius Steger has been engaged for Augustin Daly's musical setting of "Madame Sans Gene."

The Broadway theatre, New York, will reopen on Sept. 20 with Francis Wilson in "Half a King."

Grace Atwell is Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Castle Square this week.

M. W. Hanley will present H. A. Du Souche's comedy, "My Wife's Step-Husband," for the first time in Philadelphia on Sept. 27. On the same date Mr.

There are thousands of sickly school-girls all over this broad land that are dragging their way through school-life who might enjoy that abundant life which belongs to youth by simple attention to hygienic laws and a proper course of treatment with Scott's Emulsion. This would make the blood rich, the heart-beat strong; check that tendency to exhaustion and quicken the appetite by strengthening the digestion. Our book tells more about it. Sent free.

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Hanley will give a copyright performance in London.

Ethel Barrymore, who made a hit in London at Miss Kittridge in "Secret Service," has been engaged by Sir Henry Irving for his London Lyceum company next season.

Cora Tanner has been engaged for "A Ward of France."

"The Little Minister," "Phroso" and "Change Alley," all plays of English origin, will be acted in this country under Charles Frohman's management before they are seen in London.

Mrs. Fiske is in the Adirondacks, where she will spend several weeks before beginning rehearsals for her tour in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which will begin in October.

Richard Golden and William Gill have written "Down home," a companion play to "Old Jed Prouty," for production in the autumn. This type of play generally pleases.

Fanny Davenport is said to contemplate the production of a drama in which she will appear as Brunhilde.

"A Puritan Romance" will be the new production which Isabelle Evesson and Estelle Clayton will make this season. These talented women expect great things from this production on which thousands of dollars will be lavishly spent. The tour opens in Philadelphia week of Oct. 4. The company will be seen in Boston in November and will include Emily Rigi, Henry St. Maur, David Murray and Virginia Buchanan.

Eleanora Duse has recently written to the United States that she is unwilling to come here again until she is able to find an actor who can replace Flavio Ando in her company. Until she does there is no likelihood of her appearance in the United States, as she will play only a limited number of roles. It is her great desire when she comes back here to act in "Romeo and Juliet," and her searches for a leading actor were made with the idea of finding one who would be a satisfactory Romeo. But she did not discover him, and concluded not to return here until she could bring with her an actor who could meet her rather exacting demands.

Bettina Girard, once a beautiful, courted and feted society queen, and subsequently a comic opera singer and actress of note, is in New York in severe financial straits. She has made application to the managers of a number of theatres here for work, saying that she was in such need of money as to make it necessary for her to apply for anything she could get to do, even in the chorus. When Miss Girard was Mrs. Padedford, the wife of one of the wealthiest and most highly connected men in Baltimore, she was considered the most beautiful and accomplished member of society in that city.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, who is shortly to stand for parliament in his native town of Italy, has written for Sarah Bernhardt a play called "The Dead City," which she will produce in Paris in French. After she has first acted in the drama Eleanora Duse will give it in Rome with Tina di Lorenzo, a famous Italian actress, and Flavio Ando. Duse's receipts in Paris amounted to \$21,200 in spite of her illness and the warm weather.

Arthur Etherington, who made the American stage production of "The Geisha" for Mr. Augustin Daly, and who is also engaged to stage the new De Koven-Smith opera, "The Highwayman," will make a new production of "The Walking Delegate," which is to be done at the Tremont theatre early in September. Mr. Cook, the librettist and manager of the opera, has been in New York making special engagements for the coming season.

The influx of new men into the strait field is as noticeable as the absence of old-timers in the Klunkike. Where are the floods, the MacKays and the Stanfords of the golden days of the American theatre? Gone and almost forgotten. These prosperous Argonauts who once ruled the theatrical world, Haverly, Mapleson, Ellmer. McAnley, have passed into history or the poor-house, as the case may be. Abbey was the latest and greatest to join the majority. Palmer has passed his prime, and some whisper that Daly's days are numbered.

Bernhardt was once infatuated with Jean Richepin, who recently eloped with the wife of a composer. He wrote a play for her and made a hit in the leading part, the actor engaged for the role having been unable to appear on the opening night. It was his first appearance on any stage.

"That settled it with Sarah," says Leander Richardson. "She could no longer resist the poet, and there was a first-class Parisian scandal. The reporters went to see Mme Richepin about it, and asked her what she was going to do. She replied, without the

lightest show of emotion that she wasn't going to do anything. 'Jean will grow tired of her in due time,' she said, and then he will come back to me.' One day, Victorien Sardou called upon Mme. Bernhardt on a business matter and found her lying on the floor of her boudoir, moaning and shrieking, and trying to bite pieces out of a Polar bear-skin rug. It turned out when she became calmer that Richepin had given her what vulgarians call "the marble heart." That was Sarah's first experience in being turned down by an admirer, and it took her quite a time to recover her equanimity."

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Sheriff's Sale

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next,

at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of the CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of the Southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the intersection of the County of Kings and the City and County of Saint John, at or near about McPhee Station (so called) on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martins, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martins, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and of one hundred feet, and being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right-of-way, Rails, Ties, Sidings, Turstables, Telephone lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges and other rights and appurtenances, in and to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution out of the Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Sabia W. Colton, Junior, and Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton.

Dated this first day of June, A. D., 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.

R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day, all the right title and interest of Thomas Youngblood in and to the leasehold premises described as follows: All the certain lot of land situated lying and being in the Parish of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, on the Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Main Street thence southerly at right angles to said Main Street thence southerly parallel to Mill Street thence easterly sixty feet to the right angle of Main Street thence along the said Western line of Mill Street Northwesterly sixty feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot number two as shown on plan number five of the sub-division of the Estate of Robert F. Hansen, standing and being.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngblood at the suit of Catherine McIntyre.

Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B. R. A. McKeown, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Advertisement for bicycles and machines. Includes an image of a bicycle and text: 'Special Price \$44.50', 'Roadster Price \$34.60', 'guaranteed by the all up to date, (1897 guarantee as Good as cycles \$5.00 to \$15.00 bicycles taken in Exchange Machines.', 'Price \$19.50 up.', 'Twenty-Five Years. Tone-Six Sets Reeds—Stops—Magnificent Case Price \$175.00. Price, \$69.90.', 'MACHINE, former Price \$75.00.', 'TER \$12.00.', 'of \$2 per month.', 'exclusive control St. John, to whom', 'West New Annan, Colchester Co., Nova Scotia. provinces.', 'ing?', 'planning a change in see our magnificent', 'tles..', 'logs etc., If you do, and we will meet your require-', 'FISHER.', 'B.', 'Ruel & Blair,', 'MISTERS, ETC.,', 'ury Street, St. John, N. B.'

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 14.

IS IT INHERITABLE?

Some English writer has recently put forth in the Progressive Review the doctrine that "kleptomania is transmitted to women by fathers imbued with a criminal taste for money-getting." The gist and purport of his argument is to make men who have amassed riches, especially by the processes of unscrupulous commercial enterprise, by labor exploitation or by deception and speculation, responsible for the magpie thievery of certain women. The writer carefully notes (and this may be construed as demolishing his reasoning) "that this disease, while observed only in individuals far removed by their position from the necessities which induce the poor to steal, does not afflict individuals who have themselves amassed riches, but, rather, those who have inherited riches amassed by others."

It is a transmitted malady, he thinks, or, rather, what was purposive and vicious conduct in the ancestor becomes a motiveless disease in a daughter. Our English essayist does not consider it, apparently, as a masculine probability. If we have sex limitations, that fact puts an end to any theory of heredity. Why is it that the ancestry which predisposes a woman to larceny should leave her brothers exempt? And yet it is true that we scarcely ever hear of the theory of kleptomania being advanced to extenuate a man's theft!

It is also necessary that the victim of the disease shall be rich. The plea of necessity must be removed from her so as to make what is a crime in the poor, a motiveless offense in her. This is what makes kleptomania so unsatisfactory an explanation of conditions and not of character. But what right have we to suppose that the pillerings and thefts of the humble have a different physical or moral origin than those of these superior in wealth? There may be such a mental aberration as kleptomania; but, if there be, it is passing strange that it should only appear in rich women!

Furthermore, if kleptomania be an outcome of heredity, that fact could be made more probable by an investigation of the history of a given case. If any study of this malady has been made by a reputable alienist, we do not know where to lay hands on it. It is probable that an examination would prove that neither sex nor station is an necessary element in a propensity to steal, and that the term "kleptomania" is merely a euphemism for conduct in high life which in low life society calls criminal. This may be a distressing view for the friends of its so-called victims to take.

Light would be thrown on the problem could it be known that kleptomaniacs had been cured of their proclivity by being subjected to the same penalties provided for the larcenies of other people, if the victim of this affliction should be held responsible, either in a prison or in an asylum, it is probable that they would disappear from society, and the word "kleptomania" from our dictionaries.

Djevad Pasha, the commissioner recently sent to Crete by the Porte with the instructions to wreck the autonomy project, has been an involuntary instrument in the achievement of the very object which he had been instructed to frustrate. The hillmen of Crete are unfamiliar with the meaning of words employed in the political terminology of Europe, and as autonomy was offered to them by the Powers, who seemed to be in alliance with the Porte, the untutored Cretans conceived the idea that autonomy was another name for the restoration of Turkish rule over them. They have not apparently been convinced

by the machinations of Djevad against autonomy that the scheme would be inimical to the interests of the Porte; and since in their minds everything that seems disadvantageous to the Sultan is conceived to be correspondingly advantageous to Crete, the Cretan Deputies have unanimously declared themselves in favor of the project of the Powers. Djevad's chicanery has thus accomplished what all the eloquence of the Admirals of Europe had failed to secure.

The assassination of Premier CANOVAS on Sunday last recalls the fact that both President CARNOT of France and CZAR ALEXANDER II. of Russia were slain upon the same day of the week, the former on Sunday, June 24, 1894, and the latter on Sunday, March 13, 1881. Bomb knife and pistol were the three weapons of death. It was on Sunday, June 13 last, that the attack (serious or farcical) was made on President FAURE. Many attempts on the lives of the rulers of the Old World have been made on Sunday, probably because it is the great European festival day and permits the greatest freedom of action and the least special observance of the would-be assassins.

Says Law notes: After an animated trial consuming ten days the police judge of Omaha decided that it was not criminal libel to accuse a man falsely of being an A. P. A. man. One BENNET was accused of branding State Senator HOWELL as a member of that order, to which charge HOWELL attributes his defeat for election as mayor of Omaha. Most persons will regard this as a strange decision, and one that will have a tendency to encourage slanderers in their nefarious work. A more deliberate attempt to blacken the reputation of an honorable man, than the accusation referred to, can hardly be imagined.

Twenty-five cents a pound is the price which the Indian packers ask for transporting goods through Chilkoot Pass, or at the rate of \$500 a ton. The redskins may not have made a scientific study of economics, but they have grasped the law of supply and demand, and their rule as to freight rates is plainly "all that traffic will bear." The packers do well to make hay while the sun shines; for the sun gets small chance to shine in Alaska. One auspicious result of their stiff tariff will be to hasten the establishment of swifter lines of transportation to the gold-paved Valley of the Yukon.

The German army will probably continue to grow every year, but France has already practically every sound man in her territory enlisted for military service, and how can she keep up with Germany in the size of her army if her population does not increase? This suggests the main point of France's weakness. Her population is practically stationary. In five years it has increased less than one-half of one per cent., and the birth rate is steadily decreasing.

In one of his dialogues PLATO makes SOCRATES say that although no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, every man in Athens thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, government. It took those old philosophers to say a really good thing after all. Things have evidently not changed much since those days.

One of the piles of silver in the United States Treasury toppled over the other day, and nearly crushed six men who were in the vault at the time. Not even the United States Treasury can boost up silver once it begins to slump.

It takes SIR DONALD SMITH much longer to choose a suitable name to go with his jubilee title, than it would the majority of men.

If telegraphy without wires should come into vogue, how empty the streets would be without the huge telegraph poles.

The showers of this week were a pleasant relief after the many scorching hot days that have fallen to our lot lately.

The Klondyke crazz has struck St. John in real earnest.—Klondyke ice cream being served at a social gathering this week.

Telegraphing without wires may be accomplished fact, but no substitute has been found for political wires.

The Convention gathering in this city this week has been both meat and drink for the soda water trade.

The Good Roads talk still continues, but what is needed is some definite move in that direction.

"The unemployed" will find the novel advertisement of the Earle Publishing House on the eighth page interesting.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sea-weed Rock.
Sea-weed rock and a cloud of spray,
A century old pine tree;
A light cool breeze on the briny bay,
And a hammock just swinging me.
Biverned surf on the kelp green shore,
Pink heads thrown afar;
While gull circling the cliff once more,
Under the twilight star.
Sea-weed rock and the waters wide,
Billows that laughing call—
"Behold the summer-sock, here comes the tide,
Summer will bring the fall,
Winds of the ocean will swing you love,
To the boom of our mighty drum;
Blowing with cooche to the skies above,
Love is the poet's sum."
Sing on a sea and spray wreath wild,
On mountains of crested foam;
Poetry, virgin and died,
Loves with me there to roam.
Mysteries ever we understand,
Told in an undertone,
O tea we wander along the sand,
Happiest when a'one.
Beautiful dreams of all things fair
The father in love has made;
The sea, the sky, the earth, the air,
We have in the sea side shade.
Fragrant: filling the balmy pine,
The perfume of leaf and flower—
Tell me ever their thoughts are mine,
Charm me with mystic power.
But still in my soul I hear a song,
And my thoughts fly far away;
To a faithful friend for those is long,
And I wish you were here today.
A face to see, and a hand to press,
With the story we love to tell;
For with bliss like this I must still confess,
I long for you Oramel.
O would old friend you were here with me,
Where my hammock idly swings;
O faithful heart, o'er the purple sea—
The twilight a sadness brings.
I sleep and dream I see you dear,
And the waves that ebb and die,
Sing with a sigh and a parting tear,
But only sing good bye—
My love good bye.
C. F. GOLDIE.
Sea-weed Rocks, Aug. 1897.

Forgetting.
When'er I look back my heart is sad
With the thought of the things undone;
I think, "How can I be glad
At the setting of the sun?"
For O! these were words I might have said
To cheer, to uplift the heart,
When grief-laden—but the hour is fled
Of those bright days when we were part.
To brighten the world for them. Too late
I yearn for the "might have been."
Must I carry through life this terrible weight
Of regret, and its anguish keen?
Could I out return along life's road,
What a joy I would surely gain
In striving to lighten each burdensome load,
In comforting woe and pain!
Too late to grieve o'er the "might have been,"
God never gives back the past,
And brooding is useless—a wrong, a waste.
Time lost that speeds by, so fast,
Foregoing the wasted past, my soul,
Look thou to the heights above,
Press on with vigor toward the goal
Upheld by the hand of Love.
Something, even yet, thou mayest find each day
That shall gladden some mourning one;
Then look back no more, but press on thy way—
Tarry not till the day is done.
Let us not look back—let us run the race,
With patience, if we may attain,
Looking ever to Jesus, through whose rich grace,
The immortal crown we may gain.
Advocate.

"I"
If trouble were a feather
A breath might blow away,
And only sunny weather
Came to us, day by day,
We'd laugh away the wrinkles
And all of life's cares,
If trouble were a feather
A breath might blow away.
I'maids would set the fashion
Never to answer "nay";
When love, the tender passion,
Spoke in its pleading way;
Then I'd be the lady byways
In lover's mood we'd stray,
If maids would set the fashion
Never to answer "nay."
If fame were worth the striving
And all were in the race,
And each of us were driving
A horse well backed for place;
Then round life's race course speeding
We'd set a merry pace,
If fame were worth the striving,
And all were in the race.
—James King Duff, in The Puritan.

The Wind in the Grass.
The song of the wind in the grass!
Come lie on the ground and listen
When the white clouds drift and pass
And the dewdrops cease to glisten.
It comes with the perfume of flowers,
It chases the cares that harass,
And fraught with magic power
Is the song of the wind in the grass.
Come lie with your heart to the clover,
And listen the orchard trees
A chime with the lay of the bees.
The tiny brain a-throb and a quiver,
Waxes quiet and clear as a glass,
Till cool thoughts flow like a river,
To the song of the wind in the grass.
A rest that is sweeter than mirth
Through the soul is soothing stealing,
For the touch of the dear brown earth
Hath a balm of heavenly healing;
As soft as a whispered melody,
Or a dreamland lullaby,
Is the song of the wind in the grass.
—Samuel M. Peck in Youth's Companion.

"Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."
If any little word of ours
Can make a life the brighter;
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word
And take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.
If any little love of ours
May make a life the sweeter;
If any little care of ours
May make another's better;
God give us love and care and strength
To help along each other.

To the Ideal.
Bend not for me, Thy stature is so high,
This small weed life of mine seems very far;
And if I be a weed, as others are,
It were most fitting that for such as I
Thou shouldst not lose a breath of yonder sky,
Northernly gas; from yonder white-winged star.
Stoop not for me; since, if I be a vine,
I may climb up and leave the weeds below;
The loving years will lift me, striving so,
Until my life shall reach the height of thine.
Stoop not; thy strength in standing aids mine,
And vine-like up to thee, Life, shall I grow.
Josephine Preston Feabody.

AS OTHERS SEE HER.

What Real Critics Think of Miss Anglin and Her Work.

Miss Anglin's decision to give a matinee performance of Pygmalion and Galatea at the Institute this afternoon, has given much satisfaction to those who are interested in the bright young artist, and her clever work in her chosen profession. It therefore gives PROGRESS a corresponding pleasure to be in a position to say that the prospects for an entertainment, passing in brilliancy and finish anything that has been seen here in years, are indeed excellent. Such at least was the unanimous conclusion of those who braved the torrent of rain last Wednesday evening in response to an invitation to witness a rehearsal of the piece mentioned above. The occasion was one of rare enjoyment, and from the moment when the marble Galatea, over which the sculptor Pygmalion poured forth such ardent prayers, became a living breathing woman, until her sad farewell of the man, whose invocation to the Gods had given her life, the deep interest of the few who were privileged to be present, never abated.

In Pygmalion and Galatea Miss Anglin will have a splendid opportunity of displaying her emotional powers, and substantiating all that has been said of her by the best critics in Canada and the United States.

In connection with Miss Anglin's appearance here, it might not be out of place to remark that she did not come to St. John with the intention of posing as a Bernhardt, a Duse or a Rhea, nor did her friends claim for her any such high standard, as a comparison with these stars would entail. She came simply as Margaret Anglin, an unassuming young girl, singularly sweet and charming in manner and appearance, —an artiste whose work has received the flattering approval of the highest dramatic authorities on the continent.

While there may have been some unevenness in the production of last Friday night, that might be observed by the severely critical in the audience, yet when Miss Anglin's youth is considered, and when is taken into account her short experience on the stage, it is clearly the fact that the excellence of her work, her strength throughout, was so consistent and admirable, as to disarm criticism. Her performance ranks among the strongest ever seen here as it places herself conspicuously among the brightest of her profession.

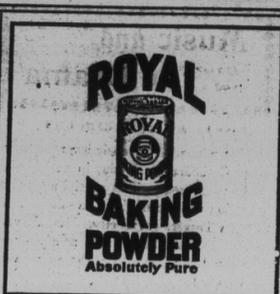
Pygmalion and Galatea will undoubtedly draw a crowded house this afternoon, as it is one of Miss Anglin's favorite roles, and one which calls for the best work of which she is capable.

The following opinions of well known critics will interest Miss Anglin's numerous admirers in this city.

Lyman B. Glover, the dramatic man of the Chicago Times-Herald, who is universally acknowledged to be the best of his kind in America writes thus of Miss Anglin's work:

"Mr. O'Neill brought forth last night a leading lady new to Chicago, in the lovely person of Miss Margaret Anglin. The appearance she presents as Virginia is one of the rarest girlish charm. Miss Anglin in face and figure and temperament is naturally adapted to the sweetly clinging tenderness of this character. There may have been more finished Virginia's but not in recent years has there been one that approached this in natural witchery; in the first act in the terrible anguish of the succeeding scenes. Its rarest feature perhaps was its lack of art. There was the ring of genuineness about it that marks the girls of Julia Marlowe's creation; but there was also the added power to sway the emotions as well as charm the senses to which Miss Marlowe almost entirely appeal. Mr. O'Neill's leading lady is possessed of a natural force and power of emotional expression that will make her a joy also as Juliet. Her speaking eyes and mobile features, and adequate expressive voice found for Virginia last night the ready sympathy of the audience. Even the most critically disposed must have found her work a revelation."

The New York Sun, than which there is no more conservative paper in these matters published, refers to the young lady as "one whose charming personality and youthful grace are backed by a rare volume of ripened talent. What has already been said of her exquisite diction in these columns understates it anything the value of this attribute of her acting. Her speaking voice is one of the finest on the stage today and it is impossible to recall an actress who handles it more gracefully." Jean Blewett, the well known writer, bears testimony to Miss Anglin's ability, and in an article following the young actress's first appearance in Chicago says: "The Chicago theatre going public accorded a warm welcome to a Canadian girl this week to wit, Miss Margaret Anglin. The critics for once agree that her talent is beyond



doubt, and while she may not be perfect—indeed she is quite too youthful to have mastered all that pertains to her profession—but one thing I know she makes a charming and altogether lovely Virginia. Every Canadian present, and there were many in that crowded house, I venture to say, felt a thrill of pride at the thought that this clever actress, with the perfect form and beautiful voice belonged to the land of the Maple Leaf. She played her part with a grace and naturalness that would have won for her the approval of the most critical audience. Her conception of the character was just what it should have been."

Speaking of her "Ophelia", the Jersey City World has the following: Miss Anglin, as Ophelia, had only one act in which she had any real chance to show her ability. That was where Ophelia lost her reason after the death of her father Polonius by mistake at the hands of Hamlet. The wild grief, the rapid utterances, the simple tenderness, and the pathetic efforts of the poor girl to recall the past from her shattered reason Miss Anglin depicted with a rare ability, and a keen appreciation of the requirements of her role. She threw her whole soul into her work and made a splendid impression. She is a wonderfully clever young girl and the best critics agree that her future promises to be a most brilliant one.

WHEN CARE IS NECESSARY.

Conditions Under Which Food is Served, not Always Pleasant.

In every city of any pretension special care is bestowed upon its sanitary condition and the appliances that tend to preserve and promote good health for the inhabitants.

In the exercise of this tendency much regard is paid to the remark that "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It is esteemed as a principle and cannot be questioned. In instances where any contagious disease is discovered the victim is isolated and every effort made to prevent its spread. This idea of separation for a period, and the fundamental principle of cleanliness is accepted on all sides as tending materially to the general health. It extends or ought to extend everywhere, into the fashionable restaurant or dining saloon and the house of the poor man as well. The table linen in places such as restaurants and coffee rooms, should be preserved immaculate and when soiled should be at once replaced with fresh linen. No one wants to use a soiled napkin and nothing is much more unpleasant than to sit at a table where the cloth is stained or untidy. Neatness should also be a characteristic of those who wait upon the tables in these places. For instance if a girl otherwise neat in person, undertakes to serve a customer while she is compelled, from an accidental injury to bear a poultice on her thumb or finger, she certainly leaves no comfortable impression upon the mind of the customer. Again is the case more important should the girl or man be suffering temporarily from some disease which does not prevent movement but which may be contagious although the patient be ignorant that his or her illness partakes of that nature. If the persons affected do not realize the risk involved to all parties, then should the management or employer see to it that the duties of that particular employee be suspended until there is an absolute cure. There is an institution of this kind in the city now where a waitress is actually suffering from a slight attack of erysipilas and yet handles dishes and articles of food daily.

Saturday Suburban Excursions.

The Canadian Pacific Ry will during August sell Suburban Excursion tickets on Saturday, good to return same day or following Monday at following low rates: to South Bay 25cts, Sutton 30cts, Grand Bay 35cts, Ingleside 40cts, Riverbank 45cts, Westfield and Lingley 50cts, Nerepis 60cts, Eagle Rock 70cts, Welsford 75cts. Suburban trains leave St. John 8.30, a. m., S. 12.45, 4.45, and 7.00 p. m. Returning leave Welsford 7.19, 8.45 a. m., S. 2.30, 3.40, 8.00 p. m.; Westfield 7.43, 9.06, a. m. S. 2.53, 4.39, 8.25, p. m. Arriving at St. John 8.20, 9.40 a. m. S. 3.30, 6.20 S. 9.00 p. m. S. meals on Saturdays only.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is or sails... Halifax by the newboat and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEFEVER, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LAMB & CONNOLLY, George street
POWERS, DAVIS STONE, Opp. C. E. Dept
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KELLY, Guttenberg street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

Mrs. James Morrow and her children have been staying in Cow Bay for an outing. She returned to the city on Monday, and the children remain at Mrs. William Mosher's for a time.

Among the others at Cow Bay are Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Frank Phelan, and Miss Daisy Farrell. Miss Henry returned from her visit to the beach with Mrs. Morrow.

Mrs. Montgomery Moore had her annual Friday at home last week, when a large number of guests and visitors were received. General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore have made many friends among our people by their generous hospitality and profound interest in everything affecting the social and moral questions of the time.

The sudden thunder storm Friday afternoon was rather a cold surprise to various parties of bicyclists out of town on their wheels. Mrs. Frank West and her friends were across the Arm and were caught in the showers.

Mrs. James C. Mackintosh gave a tennis party last Friday, and the grounds were looking their best. Tea was served on the verandah, whence there is a beautiful view over the Basin and vicinity.

The dance at Admiralty House last week was a most delightful affair. A crowd of happy people tested the pleasures of the 'free sma' hours'. A few of our summer visitors were scattered about enjoying the novelty of it all. The old proverb about the jollity of a sailor, his abandon, his genuine good nature, is never better illustrated than on such occasions. It is because his life is monotonous at sea, or because 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.'

Hon. Miss Colborne returned to Bellevue last week, and her many friends will welcome her back. She was in Dartmouth enjoying the review on horseback the other day.

Any person with taste must find pleasure in such a spectacle as the troops presented at the Dartmouth mimic combat. Of course the number of the men in the operation was small, and the result of no consequence, but it is suggestive of larger things, and marvellous and heroic deeds have been done by even smaller bodies of warriors. The fate of Greece was decided for ever by three hundred men.

In America, in Indian wars of the last century, and even in the beginning of this that number would be counted as a powerful force in the defence of frontier settlements and stockades.

It is quite amusing and gratifying to notice how many wheels are now provided with lamps and bells. When a wheelman knows that a dark form in blue, and representing the majesty of the law, lurks behind the approaching corner to spring out and grab his bike without mercy, he prefers to fit out with a light. The police are doing well, and we hope they will enforce the law without respect of persons.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

Aug. 11.—On Thursday afternoon Mrs. R. C. Fuller gave a large tea at her home on Havelock street which was a very smart and pleasant gathering single and married ladies were present and the day was exceptionally fine, so there were lots of lovely gowns in evidence. A number of the young ladies remained after tea and enjoyed a game of tennis several of our popular young gentlemen being present.

Mrs. Fuller's tea for elderly ladies on Friday was scarcely as successful as the first; the weather was simply outrageous and only those quite near could brave the rain which came in torrents until after the hour named there were quite a number present however and the tea was very enjoyable.

Mrs. C. T. Hillson also gave a large tea on Thursday afternoon for married ladies which was in every way most enjoyable. Among the guests were Mrs. Hill, San Francisco, Mrs. A. Hodson, Fort William Hill, and Mrs. Foreman London-derry. Mrs. Hillson was assisted by Miss Hillson and Miss Maggie Christie. Miss Hillson's whee-ling party which was to have come off on Saturday was set aside on account of the death of her cousin, young Mr. Watson of Blackville who was killed by lightning in Friday's storm.

Rev. Dr. Steele went to Parrboro on Thursday to visit Dr. Rand of Toronto.

Miss Alice McKinnon leaves the last of this week to visit friends in Baddeck, C. B.

Dr. and Mrs. Bliss have gone to Tindish for a short outing.

Mrs. J. M. T. Washland and son Kenneth have gone to Parrboro. Miss Chapman who has been her guest for a few weeks, left on Tuesday for her home in Kentville via St. John and Annapolis.

Mrs. V. E. Harris and the Misses Harris have returned from Bate Verte. Rev. Mr. Harris is still at his home in Annapolis where his sister Miss Blanche Harris is very ill. Her numerous acquaintances in Amherst will regret that there is no hope of her recovery.

Mrs. Foreman of Londonderry is the guest of her sister Mrs. W. D. Main, Holm cottage.

Mrs. Robert Sharpe is in Pugwash enjoying the sea air.

Mrs. William Fullerton of Halifax is paying a visit to Mrs. A. P. McKinnon, Church street.

Mr. Robert Fugley and Misses Mabel and Gwendale Fugley have returned from visiting Dr. and Mrs. Love, Springhill.

Miss Jennie Fenn who has been visiting her aunt for the past month went to her home in Halifax on Tuesday.

Mrs. James Brown left on Tuesday morning to spend a couple of months at Glace Bay, C. B., with Mr. Brown.

Cocoa is the ideal breakfast drink for invalids. Healthful-nutritious without overstimulating the digestive organs.

Fry's Cocoa

Has taken over 200 medals for its purity, strength, delicacy of flavor and easy solubility. Best grocers sell it.

'He who greases his wheels helps his oxen,' is an old saying, but true.

We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers. An importer overstocked offered us

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's

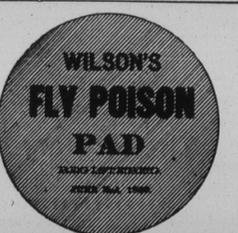
STRAW AND CHIP HATS

Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c.

All Hats and materials purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

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Miss Brown went to Bathurst on Wednesday to visit her friend Miss Rogers for a few weeks, when she will join her mother at Glace Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. King of Annapolis were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ross for a few days, they left on Tuesday for Pictou.

Miss Grace Steele is visiting her friend Miss Kathleen Cates at her home in Buctouche.

Miss Winnie Black of Halifax, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Amos Eder; needless to remark that her friends are delighted to meet her again in Amherst.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hickman have returned from their trip to Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ross went to Southampton on Wednesday.

Mr. A. Hodson of Fort William arrived in town on Friday evening where he proposed spending a fortnight at Mrs. Hodson's home before returning but on account of illness of some of the officials he had to return next day which brought Mrs. Hodson's visit to a most abrupt ending and was very disappointing all round.

Miss Lillian Church and Miss Page who have been visiting in town went to Fort Greville on Monday. Miss Helen Miles is among our welcome visitors at present; she returned last week from Boston where she has been studying voice culture.

Another promenade concert is announced for Monday evening which means a musical treat by the Amherst orchestra.

Mrs. D. B. Cumming and daughter Gertrude are the guests of Mrs. J. W. Baker.

Mrs. B. C. Murray has returned from a visit to Bear river friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Calhoun who have been guests of Mr. William Calhoun at the Terrace left on Friday for their home in Middleton.

Miss Coleman and Miss Freeman are visiting friends at the Joggins.

PARRBORO.

Aug. 12.—On Wednesday evening Rev. Robert Johnson was inducted to the rectorship of St. George's church by Rev. Charles Wilson of Springhill. Mr. Wilson and his little son were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Townshend while here.

Two Islands was the place selected for the Presbyterian Sunday school outing on Thursday. It is an easy drive from town and a delightful place.

There is a Church of England excursion from Windsor today. It is as usual most of the people are picnicking at the island.

Rev. H. McLean is taking a vacation in Cape Breton. Mrs. McLean is with him. Rev. Mr. Footle fills Mr. McLean's place during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Dove and Miss Smith lately came from Cornwallis and are boarding at Mr. F. L. Jones.

Miss Alice Howard has returned from a visit in Boston accompanied by Miss Lizzie Falmere.

Mrs. Tweedie, Mrs. Costes and Mrs. James Howard sisters of Mrs. D. S. Howard who have been paying has a visit have taken their departure.

Miss B. rtha Cameron is spending the holidays with friends in Windsor and Halifax.

Mr. F. Leitch is visiting at Amherst.

Mrs. Wall of New York is staying at the Queen.

Miss Alice White of Sussex is visiting Miss Mand Corbett.

Mrs. John Pettis and Miss Fierence Pettis of Boston are Mrs. P. ice's guests.

Dr. Smith has returned from Westchester. Messrs Frank and Sterling Hatfield of Amherst were in town last week.

Mrs. Wayland and Mrs. McGuirk of New York are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. Duran.

Miss Nettie Jones who went a year ago to reside in Boston is here for a few weeks.

Prof. Max Sterne of Amherst was in town recently. Mr. Robert Cowans who has been at Partridge Island for a while, left on Tuesday last for Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Eville and the Misses Smith returned to Windsor with the excursionists today.

Mrs. Johnson is making a lengthy visit with her parents Dr. and Mrs. Burgess of Cheverie.

Miss Elsie Townshend returned home to Amherst on Saturday. Mrs. Townshend and Master Kenneth are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend.

Hon. A. R. Dickey arrived in town tonight. Miss Alice Bowman was one of the visitors at Windsor today.

Mrs. Chambers went to Dorchester on Saturday to join her children who are there with relatives.

Mrs. Lansdown of Carleton is the guest of Mrs. D. M. Pettis.

Mr. Anderson of P. E. I. is spending the college vacation at the Queen with his friend Mr. Balrd.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

Aug. 11.—The Misses Smallie are visiting in St. John.

Mrs. Dakin and Mr. Arthur Woodrow are guests of Miss Bent.

Mrs. Bower and child who have been spending some weeks here returned to Ottawa last week.

A committee of gentlemen gave a pleasant dance in Oldfield's hall Wednesday evening of last week. About thirty couples were present. The chaparrons were, Mrs. Merkel, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Bonnell, and Mrs. Viets.

Miss McCormick of Bridgetown and Miss Boak of Halifax are guests of Mrs. W. B. Stewart.

Mr. Geo. Dixon of St. John is spending his vacation here for a few weeks.

Miss Lottie Corbett of Annapolis is visiting her cousin Miss Madge Stewart.

YOUR BABY'S SKIN NEEDS

'BABY'S OWN SOAP'

NONE BETTER FOR DELICATE SKINS

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

Rev. D. Somers of Annapolis has been passing a few days in town.

Miss Lottie Gilpin gave a pleasant dance to about thirty of her friends on Monday evening.

Miss Edith Robinson has returned from St. John.

Mrs. Botswick and daughter of St. John have been guests of Mrs. Handford.

The boys of the St. John orphan asylum, St. John came to Digby on Wednesday of last week in charge of the Rev. Mr. Wiggins. They had dinner on the pretty grounds of 'Acacia Villa' the residence of Mrs. Meeble, and returned the same day to St. John.

Miss Maggie Burnham is visiting in Shelburne.

Miss Belle Cann of Yarmouth is visiting her aunt Mrs. Peters.

The Misses Calkin of Kentville are guest at the Evangeline house.

Mrs. J. C. Wade has gone to Ottawa to reside.

Mrs. Williams and little son are visiting her mother Mrs. Jones.

GREENWICH.

Aug. 10.—Mrs. Charles Whelpley has returned to her home in Fredericton after spending some weeks with her parents here.

Miss Edith Belyea leaves this week for Lomsdod where she has engaged a school for the coming term.

Miss Daisy Hanson spent last Sunday with her friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Demerara, South America and Mrs. Butterfield of Bermuda are spending the summer at Mrs. J. Jones.

Mrs. Henrietta Marley spent last week with her friend Mrs. A. L. Peatman.

Miss Jessie and Master Mont Belyea are visiting friends in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Vanwart spent Sunday in Jerusalem.

Dr. and Mrs. Magee and child of St. John are guests at Elmwood.

Mr. Fred Pickett, St. John, spent Sunday here.

Mr. Howard, St. John, spent Sunday here.

Capt. A. L. Peatman and Mr. Harry Peatman spent Sunday at home.

Miss Ethel Dalton spent a few days with her sister here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Colwell and the Misses Colwell are spending the summer at Willow point.

Miss Maggie Smith has returned from a visit to Kingston.

Quite a number of gentlemen went to Fredericton this week in their yachts including Messrs. Geo. and Nero Whelpley, Dural Whelpley, Fred Whelpley, J. B. Gaoong, Dr. J. B. Gilchrist and others.

Mr. Arthur Belyea St. John, spent Sunday at his home here.

A large number are eagerly looking forward to the grocer's picnic which is to take place on the Isle of Pine on the 18th.

A merry party of young ladies are camping at Oak Point.

Mr. Alfred Steeves of Pictou, N. S., is visiting at Mr. C. J. Sayre's.

Misses Gladys and Hazel Hudson entertained a number of their small friends at Tea last Friday in honor of their guest Miss Gracie Atkinson of Kouchibouguac.

Mr. John G. Miller of the Postal service is spending a few days at his home here.

Miss Belle Cole left on Monday for Charlotte Co., where she has gone to take a school.

ST. GEORGE.

Aug. 11.—The marriage of Miss Nellie Austin to Mr. Fred McVicar took place on Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Austin. Promptly at the hour announced for the ceremony the bridal party made their appearance to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Ackery. The nuptial knot was soon tied by Rev. B. E. Smith. The bride was attired in a very becoming gown of cream crepon trimmed with cream chiffon, and wore a tulle veil fastened with a spray of flowers and carried a bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor Miss Jordan of Boston, the tiny niece of the bride wore a dainty toilette of cream silk. After the ceremony a reception was held, Mr. and Mrs. McVicar receiving the congratulations of their large number of guests, an elaborate supper was served. The wedding gifts were very handsome. Excursions and picnics are still the prevailing fashion. On Wednesday the steamer Viking took quite a large number to Eastport. On the same afternoon the Arbatus brought a number from North Lubec and on Thursday one came from St. Stephen spending two or three hours in town. The excursionists were accompanied by Ryder's band. Miss Annie McVicar of Boston, is visiting her father Mr. Peter McVicar at Le'Fang. Mrs. McKinnle and children, St. Stephen, are visiting Mrs. McKinnle's parents Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien. Mrs. Daniel Gilmor is spending a short time in Montreal. Miss Jean Seely is visiting St. John friends. Miss Winifred Dick is the guest of Mrs. Robinson, St. Stephen.

Mrs. Archie Campbell of Maine is visiting relatives in town. Miss T. O'Brien left last week to visit friends at Barre, Minn. Mr. McIntyre met with quite a serious accident last week having his ankle crushed with a heavy stone. Rev. Mr. Lavers returned on Saturday from a trip to Boston and vicinity. The beard usually turns gray first, and should be colored in correspond with the color of the hair of the head. Buckingham's Dye color a natural brown or black.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

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OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES

For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products

Competition open to the World.

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The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsoiled, thus carrying Exhibits practically free.

A splendid new Poultry Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of HAND & CO.'S Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Efforts will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advertised.

Arrange now to come to St. John

Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.

12 STEARN'S BICYCLES AND 27 GOLD WATCHES

Given Away EVERY MONTH TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER BROS., Limited TORONTO.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed ...PURE WOOL.

Angostora Bitters.

10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's. FOR SALE LOW.

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TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

PLEASANT TO USE - HARMLESS ARRESTS DECAY - AT ALL DRUGGISTS - 25 CENTS A BOX ZEPHRA CHEMICAL COY. TORONTO.

Coleman's SALT

CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mr. W. R. Spooner of Plymouth Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cole. Mrs. and Mrs. Hildens Frisbe have been registered at the American House for a few days.

Mr. Hugh Balkam C. E. arrived here from Rumford Falls Maine for a few days visit. Miss Abbie Vessey who has been engaged for the past five years in missionary work in Tokio Japan has returned home for a visit of a year, and is warmly welcomed by her friends.

Miss Helena Gillespie of Moore's Mills has been spending a few days at the "Mountain Retreat" Chamcook.

Mrs. Wetmore, Miss Beaulieu Wetmore and Miss Reta Ross are at home again after a two weeks sojourn at the Porter cottage at the Lodge.

Miss Ethel Quinn has returned to St. John. She was accompanied by Miss Ethel Sullivan, whose guest she has been during her stay here.

Miss Mary Stuart is spending some time in Cape Breton with her friend Mrs. E. R. Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasan Grimmer are this week visiting Halifax.

Miss Constance Vall has returned to St. John after a pleasant visit of two weeks with her friend Miss Grimmer.

Miss Dean who has been Mrs. Henry S. Murchie's guest has returned to her home in Quincy, Illinois.

Miss Edith Johnson is visiting friends in Gardiner, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Treat are preparing to go to Port Arthur, Texas, where they will in the future reside.

Mrs. F. G. Bartholomew, Mrs. J. D. MacGaughey and Miss Juliet D. MacGaughey of Wallingford Connecticut, are visitors in Calais this week and are registered at the American House.

Picnics and water parties seem to engross the attention of every one that is free to attend them. I heard of an outdoor or lawn party to be given on Friday evening by a young lady in the east end of the town. I hope to be able to tell something in regard to it in my letter next week.

Mayor Julius T. Whitlock spent Sunday in St. John.

Mrs. C. E. Clarke and Mrs. V. A. Waterbury and the party of young ladies who have spent the past week at the summer cottage of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, returned home on Monday afternoon, after a most delightful week of enjoyment.

The young ladies who were of this merry party are: Misses Whitford Todd, Bertie Todd, Birdie Grimmer, Estelle Grimmer, Ethel Sullivan, Agnes Quinn, Bremer Ross, Ethel Waterbury and Mildred Todd.

Mr. Harry Fethick of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has returned from a holiday spent in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Christ Church Sunday School, made an excursion to Cleland Beach yesterday, and Trinity church to Campobello. The day was most unavailing to picnics, and neither excursion was largely attended.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Aug. 11 - We are having quite an outbreak of gaiety for the time of year, and are of course prepared to enjoy the good things that fall to our share in the quiet season with a zest which would be impossible in the winter when parties are of frequent occurrence.

Mrs. Baxter entertained a number of her friends both married and single at a most enjoyable progressive whist party last Wednesday evening at her handsome residence on Botsford street.

Her function was in honor of Mrs. Baxter's sister Mrs. E. M. Estey who is spending the summer at her home in Moncton.

The guests numbered about thirty five and as Mrs. Baxter is a perfect hostess and Mrs. Estey's charming personality is well known among her numerous friends it is needless to say that a delightful evening was spent and the time for going home came all too soon.

Mrs. F. S. Archibald has cards out for an at home on Friday afternoon, and also for a very large dance on Tuesday evening. The latter function is given for the purpose of formally introducing Miss Archibald into society in other words it is her coming out party as it would have been called during the last generation, and it will be decidedly the event of the season.

Mrs. Archibald's parties are past in size and brilliancy any she has yet given as the coming out of an only daughter is naturally an event of unusual importance.

The benefit performance given by the Ethel Tucker company and a number of amateurs at the Opera house last Wednesday evening for the Knights of Pythias was a most unqualified success, and fully realized all the pleasant anticipations indulged in concerning it.

Miss Tucker was of course the star, and shone with especial lustre in the part she took, that of charming Fanny Hadden ward of Mr. Seston. The scene where Fanny makes futile efforts to escape from Captain Litton and at the same time conceal the fact that she is a hopeless prisoner on account of her dress being firmly caught in the door and the handle of the same door broken off; is especially fine, the acting of Miss Tucker, as especially in "Captains Letterhead" being nature itself.

Mrs. George C. Allen has already won a warm place in the hearts of Moncton audiences on the several occasions upon which she has already appeared before them. As "Folly" the lively little niece of Dean Ambrose she made a charming sourette, rivaling many professional actresses in the verve and dash with which she took her part.

Indeed so perfect was the impression produced that had her friends not been aware of the presence amongst the audience of personal property of Mrs. Allen's in the shape of a husband and small daughter, it would have been impossible to believe her other than a midcap of sweet sixteen, very much in love with her uncle's fascinating secretary, Percival Plinckin.

Miss Nellie Crossdale another favorite amongst Moncton's amateur actresses, took the different part of Folly's maiden aunt Eysachild with precision and ease, and grace making decidedly the hit of the evening when she walked gravely on the stage and amazes Dean Ambrose with a sounding kist. Taking the amateurs in the order of merit the first place amongst the gentlemen belongs decidedly to Mr. John Corcoran, of the I. C. B. whose interpretation of Mr. Seston, the lawyer left nothing to be desired.

Indeed it was almost impossible to realize that Mr. Corcoran had ever engaged in any other profession than that of an actor, so thoroughly at home was he in his part, in short he was not Mr. Corcoran at all, he was the clever shrewd, hard headed lawyer throughout.

Mr. W. C. Faver is always sure of a warm reception from a Moncton audience, and he made a most dignified and impressive debut, but the fact is we are accustomed to have Mr. Faver make an debut, and he is so inimitable in comic parts, that we are disappointed when he appears in a serious role.

Mr. Hugh Hamilton made so realistic a villain as Hugh Marcella, that the audience paid the high compliment to his interpretation of the part, of executing him heartily, throughout the play.

Mr. E. J. McLaughlin, as Jorkins, Captain Letterblair's servant furnished the greater part of the fun, and took his part in a manner of which a professional actor might have been proud.

Mr. W. C. McLaughlin, as Smithy, clerk to Mr. Seston, took the difficult and thankless part of the clown of the piece, and so well did he carry it out that his mere appearance was the signal for shouts of laughter.

Mr. Richards of the Ethel Tucker company played the part of Percival Plinckin, as he plays all his roles, in a manner which left nothing to be desired and his love scenes with Folly were most amusing.

Leaving the hero of the play to the last on the principal that the first shall be last, it would be hard to praise Mr. Meldon's rendering of the title role too highly, this gentleman has frequently appeared before Moncton audiences and has always been most cordially received but as one who has had the pleasure of seeing him in various roles, I consider that I am speaking with some little authority when I say that Captain Letterblair in his part par excellence, and he plays it as if he loved it, appearing to greater advantage as the rattle brained but noble and lovable Irishman, than in any of his numerous other roles, and also seeming more thoroughly at home in it. It is scarcely gracious to pick out the one flaw in a performance otherwise nearly perfect, but one could have wished that an actor of Mr. Meldon's ability and wide reputation had not fallen into the common error of failing to distinguish between the accent of an Irish gentleman and that of an Irish cook heaver. It was positive torture to an ear accustomed to the charming accent of the refined Irish tongue, to hear a captain in one of the crack regiments of the service, in the Royal Irish Fusiliers,—"The Queen's own Irish," as their nick name is in the service—saying "spooche" for presch, "yis" for yes and "wras" for sweet.

The fault probably lies largely with the playwright, but it should be Mr. Meldon's care to correct, instead of perpetuating such errors. Mr. Sam Anderson who delighted the audience by singing some very taking ballads between acts, was given the most enthusiastic reception, and a double encore, to receive the part of the performance was the programme rendered during the entire act, by Barker's orchestra. The Citizens' band kindly played for some time in front of the opera house, before the performance. A special feature of the entertainment was the representation of two tableaux by the Knights of Pythias, during an intermission with ex-Plinckin's remarks by Mr. Meldon who is himself a Knight. "Damon before the Senate" and "Pythias at the Block" were the subjects chosen, and they were most effectively and beautifully represented.

The entertainment was doubtless as successful from a financial, as from an artistic point of view as the audience was one of the largest ever seen in Moncton.

Mrs. Blair Botsford and Miss Nickerson left town on Saturday to spend a month with friends in Halifax.

Mrs. E. W. Givan returned home this morning from a month's visit to her parents at Riviere du Loup.

Mr. F. H. Blair, organist of St. John's Presbyterian church, left town on Monday for a two week's holiday trip in Cape Breton.

The numerous Moncton friends of Mr. C. F. Hamilton, C. E. will be pleased to hear that he has received the important position of assistant engineer on the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway. Mr. Hamilton left last week for the Nova West.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCully left town on Monday for a week's driving tour through Albert county.

Mrs. E. W. Dornier and Miss Jennie Dornier accompanied by their visitors, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henderson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Norfolk and Master Jack Norfolk left town yesterday for a trip to E. P. Island.

Mrs. K. Bogannon and Miss Jessie Wallace are spending a few days at Shediac.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Floyd and Mr. and Mrs. Baley of Chloopee Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henderson of Maccoche have been spending the past few days in Moncton, the guests of Mrs. H. W. Dornier at Botsford street.

Miss May Keating of Chatham, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton, of Bonaccord street.

Mrs. Bliss Ward, and Miss Tinsley, left town on Saturday morning for Boston, the former to spend a month with her parents in Worcester Mass., and the latter to visit friends in Boston for a few days before proceeding to her home in Toronto, to spend a fortnight's vacation.

Mrs. E. C. Benton, and children of Waverly Mass., are spending a few weeks in town, the guests of Mrs. Benton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Rogers of Dominion street.

Mr. Harry Bayfield of the I. C. B. drafting office left town last week, to spend ten days at his home in Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Rev. R. S. Chip, pastor of Wesley Memorial Church, is spending a short vacation in Halifax.

ANAGANUE. AUG. 10 - Mrs. C. W. Price, with her children Miss Margarette and Master Jack is visiting her sister, Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

Mr. John L. Wathan went to Kingston yesterday to take in the picnic of the season.

The musical entertainment in the Town hall last evening under the auspices of St. Matthews Episcopal church was a decided success. Rev. F. G. Snow of Newcastle and Mr. Everett Thompson of New Haven, Conn., who is spending his holidays hereabouts, took part in the programme and acquitted themselves quite creditably.

Mrs. M. J. Wilson and her daughter Eva who have been visiting in St. John for some time returned home on Sunday morning.

Rev. P. G. Snow of Newcastle who has been visiting at the rectory for the past ten days occupied the pulpit of St. Matthews Episcopal church on Sunday evening.

Rev. G. L. Freeborn returned from Newcastle on Monday, having exchanged pulpits the Sunday previous with Rev. Mr. Snow.

Mrs. John Beattie is visiting at Richibucto, the guest of Mrs. W. F. Brown.

Rev. Joseph McCoy of Chatham preached in the Presbyterian church here on Sunday afternoon, having exchanged with Rev. J. K. McClure who returned home on Monday.

Among the clergymen who were in town on Monday attending a meeting of the presbytery of Miramichi were Revs. Dr. McKay and Joseph McCoy of Chatham; W. Aitken of Newcastle, T. G. Johnston of Beekville, and J. D. Murray of Red Bank.

Mr. Alphonse Ingram who has been acting as assistant agent at Harcourt station for the past two weeks went to Chatham Junction today.

Mr. George A. Noble of St. John has been here since yesterday.

Miss L. Bertha Welling of Shediac has been engaged as teacher in the upper district of Harcourt as successor to Miss Ella F. Smith.

A Stylish Dresser. Priestley's Dress Fabrics. Must have a Mohair gown. Priestley's are the best. Prove their quality yourself by the lustrous effects—richness and softness—graceful draping qualities.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent, 62 Union Street.

Mr. N. W. M. McLaughlin and two children of St. John are visiting Mrs. McLaughlin at the home of John W. Patterson crown land surveyor of Salisbury in visiting friends in town today.

Mrs. John L. Murray of the Murray hotel, Docktown Miramichi, was visiting Mrs. Geo. Davidson last week and Mrs. A. E. Killam of Moncton and Mrs. Emmerson of Dorchester spent Saturday with Mrs. Davidson.

Mrs. Kate Boyle has returned from South Berwick Maine where she was visiting her sister S. H. Miller.

Mrs. Norman Sinclair and her daughter Miss Edith of Moncton were visiting at Portage.

Mrs. E. W. Givan returned home this morning from a month's visit to her parents at Riviere du Loup.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills which flesh is heir to—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—that would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other.

Denmark's foreign egg trade has grown to tremendous size, mainly with England. Twenty years ago the annual Danish export of eggs was 600,000, now it is reckoned at 1,100,000.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. A cure is a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickie's Anti-Consumption Syrup, and cure yourself.

How came you here? said the visitor to a prisoner in the penitentiary. "I was brought here by my own convictions," was the firmly spoken reply.

New Cloths. FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR. Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots.

...left last week to visit friends at ... with quite a serious accident ... his axle crashed with a heavy ... returned on Saturday from a ...

...A'S... INTERNATIONAL... BITION... John, N. B.

...4th Sept, 1897... 2,000 IN PRIZES... and Farm and Dairy Products... open to the World.

...Rates on all Railways... and Dates announced later... will carry Exhibits from New at regular rates and refund all ...

...Industrial, Agricultural and ... stay in the cleanest and healthiest ... of Special High Class Dramatic ...

...to come to St. John... be forwarded to every one who ... by letter to.

HEARN'S CYCLES. AND OLD WATCHES. In A way. SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF. FLIGHT SOAP. APPERS.

...Mill Goods. Guaranteed. PURE WOOL.

...Bitters. Dr. Sigert's. SALE LOW. L. BOURKE. STREET.

BERRY TEETH. To use - HARMLESS. 25 CENTS A BOX. KAN. CO. TORONTO.

A BAD BREATH Is Horrid. Addict, Heartburn Flatulency, and other forms of Indigestion make life miserable. Dr. D. C. and E. D. G. Pills sweeten the breath they cure indigestion and all other stomach troubles, and make life worth living.

HAVE YOU TO FOOT IT? Foot Elm. If you will find your feet often get tired, sore, swollen or aching. Maybe a corn or an ingrowing toenail makes walking misery. In the summer time especially will your feet get sweaty, hot, smelly or scalded. To free you from all these miseries there is a simple preparation called Foot Elm.

A PORTRAIT BY STUART.
Story of a Painting that was Rescued From a Garret.

This is the story of one of the last portraits painted by Gilbert Stuart. It is the portrait of a Boston beau, a Frenchman by birth and a cosmopolitan by adoption. For some time he made his home with his sister in Boston. She was the wife of Thomas Walley, whose sister was the mother of Wendell Phillips. The picture for many years lay among the lumber in Mrs. Walley's attic. It was rescued by the mother of its present owner, who carried it to her Southern home.

While valued as a work of art, it was never hung upon the walls or framed because of traditions as to the scapegrace character of the original. It is, moreover, not in itself a pleasing picture. Although the face of a man said to be most fascinating, it is as Gilbert Stuart has painted it, dark, unsmiling, and sinister, and conveys no idea of beauty. It is the face of a cool, polished, and graceful Mephistopheles. It hangs now in the library of Dr. James Robie Wood, in Seventy-fourth street, this city.

The man whose face after the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century again sees the light was Montrop de Lalung de Ferrol. He was born in the island of Martinique, of which his family was one of the wealthy landholders. Near the estate of the Lalungs was that of their relative, Mme. de Renaudin, with whom her niece, the young Mlle. Taschir de la Pagerie, afterward the Empress Josephine, made her home. One of Montrop de Lalung's brothers was one of Napoleon's officers, and through the interest of Josephine married the daughter of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. In the early part of the century there was a great deal of intercourse between the West Indies and Boston.

Boston bought many raw products from the West India planters. The planters, most of them emigrants, younger sons from the noble houses of Europe, dwelt in seigniorial style on their large estates. Their sons were educated abroad, their daughters in the convents or schools of France and America. Early in the present century two of the daughters of the Lalungs were sent to Boston for education. One of them remained in the United States as the wife of Thomas Walley son of a rich merchant and one of the selectmen of Boston.

With this sister Montrop de Lalung later made his home. He first travelled, but ere long had squandered the greater portion of his patrimonial fortune. In Boston he could lead the life of elegant leisure at less expenditure than elsewhere. His sister and her husband were hospitable souls, and by dint of borrowing and going into debt he managed to exist very agreeably.

The people of America were not so far removed from their struggle for liberty as to forget the debt of gratitude which they owed to the French even were the ladies inclined to forget the traditions of an Old World aristocracy and resist the attractions of rank when represented by a connection of an empress even a disposed one. The men of Boston were as rule too absorbed in business pursuits to have time to acquire that courtliness and polish, a part of European education and polite life. Therefore, the young Frenchman's vanity, never of the mildest, threw a space in an atmosphere of adulation. Montrop de Lalung de Ferrol was considered a very handsome man. Lalung thought so himself. When he walked down State street of a pleasant afternoon or across the Boston Common, he was the envy of the ladies. His clothing always represented the latest European mode, for when he did not go abroad himself, his correspondents kept him informed.

It was in 1805 that Gilbert Stuart came to Boston. He had returned from Europe in 1793 with the avowed purpose of painting Gen. Washington, whom he considered the greatest man of the age. In London Stuart had been the protégé and friend of Benjamin West. When he came to America he was, as a matter of course, overrun with orders from wealth and beauty. Stuart had one fad, however. He did not care to paint some faces. This he said was because so many countenances were characterless and so many others of a quality which did not please him.

'No woman,' said Gilbert Stuart to a friend, 'has any character or any real beauty in her face until she is over 30 years of age. I do not like to paint young girls.'

It was believed, too, that Stuart exercised some subtle influence over the minds of his sitters. For the pictured faces to a remarkable degree embodied the ruling passion of the subject's life. When a grasping moneylender sat for him, Stuart talked to him of his gold, and on the painted features shone the light of avarice and greed; to the beauty he talked of her conquests and her proud position, and she grew beneath his brush the embodiment of

the coquette; to the patriot he spoke of his country, and on the canvas shone patriotism. This quiet little artist was a juggler with the hidden depths of consciousness the secrets that perhaps unknown to their owners were the mainsprings of their lives. To these the artist gave immortality on his canvas. Some persons said he was an uncertain artist, and that his work, at times, was bad.

'I paint what I see,' Stuart was wont to reply laconically. It was true; he did paint what he saw, but he saw more than any one else saw. He was a psychologist and a philosopher in his work.

Now Gilbert Stuart has long known Montrop de Lalung de Ferrol, the Boston Beau Brummel. He had met him at stately tea drinkings or at evening parties, where Lalung was at his best among a throng of fair damsels or breathing with stately grace the mazes of the minuet. Lalung often wondered that the shrewd-faced little artist, whom at times he caught eyeing him intently, did not ask for the privilege of painting his handsome face. Stuart never did, and at last Lalung finding it was the desirable thing to do approached the old man. He was surprised to find a very decided unwillingness on his part to undertake the commission. But the dandy was determined. Stuart was the most famous portrait painter of the day, and Lalung therefore pocketed his pride. Just before Lalung was about to take a trip to England, Stuart was at last persuaded, as he was more than usually hard up. In two days the picture was completed and sent home to Lalung at the Walley mansion.

Much elated, Lalung carried it to the drawing room, where his sister and the other members of the family gathered to admire it. The last wrapping was thrown aside, and the group stood face to face with an Apollo? An Antinous? Alas, no! The face that looked out from the dismal canvas was that of a cold eyed unsmiling Mephistopheles. Running in and out of the sombre coloring was a taint of warmth of blood-red, the only hint of warmth about it, for the face was that of a man who had been reit by some strange freak of fate of the power to love, to suffer, to fear, or to hate; it was the artist's expression of atrophy of the heart and he expressed it well.

'It is not like me, not like me! A gross libel!' exclaimed in anger the original of the portrait who scanned it in vain for that semblance of grace and beauty which he felt himself entitled to call his own.

'And yet it is like you,' mused his sister, who looked deeper than lines and coloring.

'Not at all, not at all!' protested the indignant man; but in spite of what he said there were the same faultless features, the same fine eyes; but into the face the artist had infused - was it some touch of his own dark mood or a glimpse into the inner life of his sister?

Stuart had never been known to change at the request of unsatisfied patrons so much as a line of his work. The fee of \$100 was in his pocket, and he had spent it doubtless chuckling over his quaint revenge over the vain and egotistical West Indian beau.

In disgust Lalung despatched a servant to the attic with the picture. There it lay among the rubbish for many years, until discovered by the mother of the present owner. With many other things it was transferred to her home in Georgia, and years after that rediscovered by her son to whom she told its history. He brought it to his home in New York when the Georgia home was broken up through war and death, and it now hangs, still dark and sinister, over the mantel shelf of his library.

Hot Drinking, Echinadas, and a Surprise by the Sheriff at the End.

'Five minutes after leaving the house in company with my host, E. A. Van Patten, Sheriff of Dona Ana county, came the first exciting experience of the night,' said a man from New Mexico in telling of some happenings in that Territory when the railroads there were new. 'We had crossed an open lot and turned up the sandy

street leading to the principal street of Las Cruces when, bang-bang-bang! from somewhere in the darkness ahead came the report of a repeating rifle or heavy revolver, mingled with the whizzing screech of bullets coming straight down the road with us in the direct line of their course. At the first shot Van Patten and I stood still, and a man walking along at a little distance behind us jumped to the roadside and went flat to the ground in the ditch.

He wasn't hit, and didn't mean to be. The second bullet passed between Van Patten and me, the wind of it flapping the Sheriff's hat brim. The third - well, I wasn't there any more, but was making three jumps to the second to get behind the corner of an adobe wall that fenced an orchard from the road. The Sheriff stood his ground and laughed at me for running then went back to the house for his away; revolver. When we got up to the main street we learned that the firing had been done by a Mexican taking shots at another Mexican in a quarrel over a girl. No one was hit, so the matter passed.

'The city's principal street was ablaze with the lights of saloons, all open in front on this hot September night and crowded with customers. Miners, ranchmen, soldiers, lawyers, tourists, and Spanish-Americans, rich and poor, passed in and out or lounged about the doorways. The Sheriff, a candidate for reelection, talked with everybody in English or Spanish, as the occasion demanded, and set up the drinks often for the crowd as we cruised from place to place. At about 10 o'clock a messenger with a telegram came hunting for him, and soon a new excitement spread through the town, and men gathered in groups to listen to such details as had reached the city of an attempt at train robbery that had occurred on the Atchison road that night a few miles above Las Cruces. The robbers had tried to ditch the southward-bound passenger train, but had succeeded only in stopping it, and after attacking the express car had been beaten off. A mile from the place the same men, it was supposed, had held up a rich ranchman and robbed him of his money, pistol, and watch. Messages had at once been sent by the division superintendent of the road to the sheriffs of Dona Ana, Lincoln, Sierra and Socorro counties notifying them of the occurrence. Two railroad detectives had arrived in Las Cruces on a special locomotive and were in consultation with Van Patten by 11 o'clock that night.

'Van Patten hunted up all of his deputies that were in town, and sent two with a posse up to the scene of the attempted robbery to trail the bandits from that point. He also set enquiries on foot as to whether certain untrustworthy characters living at Las Cruces were in town at the time the train was stopped. Having done everything apparently that could be done that night toward detecting and capturing the outlaws, Van Patten said to me:

'Let's go up to Juana's and eat some echinadas before we go home.'

'We left the main street and its revelries and went up the hill to the east, among the flat roofed adobe houses of the poorer Mexican residents of the town. As we passed these humble homes through the doorways left open for coolness the forms of the inmates asleep upon the floor of the one room within could indistinctly be seen. Juana's was a sort of Mexican restaurant, and here, at midnight we ordered the echinadas, which were brought to us on a platter by the dark-skinned comely hostess. Echinadas are tortillas - thin cakes of unleavened bread resembling an ordinary buckwheat cake in size and shape - on which is spread a mixture of onions and red chili peppers chopped up together. With a bottle of beer to accompany them. I found the echinadas not half bad to eat. As we sat at the table a pretty Mexican girl in a white muslin gown, and bareheaded, came in, whom the Sheriff greeted as Josefa and invited to a glass of beer. They chatted together in the spanish tongue as we ate

SKINS ON FIRE

Skins on fire with torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Cuticura

It will cure Eczema, Scald Head, Ringworm, Itch, and all other skin diseases. It is the only medicine that will cure them.

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He wasn't hit, and didn't mean to be. The second bullet passed between Van Patten and me, the wind of it flapping the Sheriff's hat brim. The third - well, I wasn't there any more, but was making three jumps to the second to get behind the corner of an adobe wall that fenced an orchard from the road. The Sheriff stood his ground and laughed at me for running then went back to the house for his away; revolver. When we got up to the main street we learned that the firing had been done by a Mexican taking shots at another Mexican in a quarrel over a girl. No one was hit, so the matter passed.

'The city's principal street was ablaze with the lights of saloons, all open in front on this hot September night and crowded with customers. Miners, ranchmen, soldiers, lawyers, tourists, and Spanish-Americans, rich and poor, passed in and out or lounged about the doorways. The Sheriff, a candidate for reelection, talked with everybody in English or Spanish, as the occasion demanded, and set up the drinks often for the crowd as we cruised from place to place. At about 10 o'clock a messenger with a telegram came hunting for him, and soon a new excitement spread through the town, and men gathered in groups to listen to such details as had reached the city of an attempt at train robbery that had occurred on the Atchison road that night a few miles above Las Cruces. The robbers had tried to ditch the southward-bound passenger train, but had succeeded only in stopping it, and after attacking the express car had been beaten off. A mile from the place the same men, it was supposed, had held up a rich ranchman and robbed him of his money, pistol, and watch. Messages had at once been sent by the division superintendent of the road to the sheriffs of Dona Ana, Lincoln, Sierra and Socorro counties notifying them of the occurrence. Two railroad detectives had arrived in Las Cruces on a special locomotive and were in consultation with Van Patten by 11 o'clock that night.

'Van Patten hunted up all of his deputies that were in town, and sent two with a posse up to the scene of the attempted robbery to trail the bandits from that point. He also set enquiries on foot as to whether certain untrustworthy characters living at Las Cruces were in town at the time the train was stopped. Having done everything apparently that could be done that night toward detecting and capturing the outlaws, Van Patten said to me:

'Let's go up to Juana's and eat some echinadas before we go home.'

'We left the main street and its revelries and went up the hill to the east, among the flat roofed adobe houses of the poorer Mexican residents of the town. As we passed these humble homes through the doorways left open for coolness the forms of the inmates asleep upon the floor of the one room within could indistinctly be seen. Juana's was a sort of Mexican restaurant, and here, at midnight we ordered the echinadas, which were brought to us on a platter by the dark-skinned comely hostess. Echinadas are tortillas - thin cakes of unleavened bread resembling an ordinary buckwheat cake in size and shape - on which is spread a mixture of onions and red chili peppers chopped up together. With a bottle of beer to accompany them. I found the echinadas not half bad to eat. As we sat at the table a pretty Mexican girl in a white muslin gown, and bareheaded, came in, whom the Sheriff greeted as Josefa and invited to a glass of beer. They chatted together in the spanish tongue as we ate

our enchiladas, and he joked her about some person whom he called Shifty Bill. Our meal finished, we paid the hostess, said good night to her and Josefa, and went out into the darkness. We did not go back the way we had come, but taking another route, passed an adobe house in which a light was burning, while the door was closed.

'That is Josefa's house,' the Sheriff said to me. We walked on as far as the next house, a few steps beyond. Van Patten pulled me into its shadows and stopped.

'We'll wait here a bit. Don't speak or make a noise,' he cautioned me.

'A minute later I found myself standing alone, the Sheriff having left me so silently that I had not noticed his going. As I stood in the shadow wondering what all this mystery was about, the door of Juana's house, up the hillside, opened, and the white-robed form of Josefa came through the darkness toward her house. Arriving, she went into the house, leaving the door partly open. Then came the sound of footsteps of some one walking softly toward the house, and in the light that streamed through the doorway I saw a man in dark clothes and wearing a sombrero, on the point of entering the house.

'His foot was at the threshold when click, came the sound of a pistol hammer suddenly cocked, and the Sheriff's voice said sternly: 'Hands up! You're my prisoner!'

'The man at the threshold started back as if he had been stung and turned, but his hands went up above his head as quickly when he saw Van Patten, who had stepped behind him from round the corner of the house, covering him with his revolver. He recovered himself in a moment enough to curse vigorously. Van Patten took no chances with his prisoner. Josefa in the doorway was screaming for a rescue and calling for a knife that she might kill the sheriff. She would have attacked him tooth and nail, but he declared that he would shoot the prisoner with the first interference from any one.

'It's no use, Bill; you'd better come along peacefully,' he said. 'I'll show you my warrant when we get to the calaboose. This gun'll do for warrant till we get there. You know what'll happen if you drop your hands. Right about! March!'

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'Down the hill into the main street of the town we went, where at past one o'clock in the morning the saloons were in full blast, with a trade almost as good as in the beginning of the evening. A crowd gathered and followed as the Sheriff took his prisoner to the lock up. There had been no chance since the arrest was made for the man to get rid of anything he had concealed about him, and there were found in his possession besides the pair of revolvers and knife at his belt a black mask and a gold watch and pocketbook with money, which afterward led to his conviction for the crime of attempted train wreckage, and for the robbery of the ranch man. The arrest of Shifty Bill - such was the prisoner's title, his real name being Philip Hulakamp - was followed by the capture of his two accomplices within the next twenty-four hours so that this episode was quickly closed.

'I suspected from the first that Shifty Bill had a hand in the business up the road said the Sheriff, as we walked home together in the early morning. Why? Instinct, I suppose. I found out that he had not been in town through the afternoon and evening. When his girl Josefa, came for enchiladas and frijoles to take her home that was her errand at Juana's. I made up my mind that the expected him to arrive late and hungry. Did you see her face when I joked her about Bill? She was anxious for him, and showed it. So when he came to her house I took the risk of arresting him and I made no mistake.'

NOTED KEY OWNED BY AMERICA.
Lafayette Sent it to Washington When the Bastille was Destroyed.

In Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, is preserved an important relic of the Bastille, nothing more nor less than the key of that old fortress of tyranny.

One hundred and six years ago the old state prison of Paris was demolished by an angry mob, on the eve of the great French revolution. This date is often accepted as the breaking out of the revolution. When the mob broke into the stronghold of despotism, they cut off the heads of the officers and paraded the streets with them upon pikes, and also carrying aloft the great key of the Bastille, says the Philadelphia Record.

The key was placed in the hands of the Marquis de Lafayette. Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of France. In March of the next year Lafayette forwarded it to Thomas Paine in London, to be sent as a present to General Washington, together with the neat drawing representing the destruction of the Bastille.

Lafayette's letter to Washington concluded with the words, 'Give me leave, my dear general, to present you with a picture of the Bastille just as it looked a few days after I ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe

you as a son to my adopted father, as an aide-de-camp to my general, as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch.'

Not less felicitous was the comment of Paine in forwarding the packet: 'That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key comes to this right place.'

The key of the Bastille is preserved in a glass case. It hangs in the main hall at Mount Vernon, in the same position where it was placed by Washington. Opposite to it hung the spy-glass which Washington used throughout the Revolutionary War.

HADN'T MISSED THE TRAIN.
But Wanted to Say Good-bye to a Departing Girl Friend.

These women, will they ever get over that love for osculatory exercises, whether among themselves or in infinitive relations? If the new woman is going to have this characteristic missing please let her come without further delay; do not try and keep the inevitable down.

Another one of those myriad-occurrences when women kiss is found following.

As the Sussex express was being hauled out of the Union depot one evening last week a couple of breathless young ladies dashed past gate-keeper Stevens and after the moving train. Another of the gentler sex stood hysterically motioning them from the rear platform of the last car.

The conductor thinking the young ladies belated passengers stopped the train. First one maiden mounted the steps and throwing her arms around her friend planted a resounding smack on her cheek; young lady No. 2 followed, the conductor having by this time disgustedly started the train again. A flurry of good-byes any "don't forget to write" and the city girls found themselves all alone on the depot platform, except a little group of highly amused "cruel men" in the further corner.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.
Hallux Reporters Ask for Admission to Meetings but Fail to Attend.

HALIFAX, Aug. 12. - Ex. Ald. Hamilton and Mayor Stephen had a bitter fight at a meeting of the exhibition commission on Monday. Mr. Hamilton came to the meeting with blood in his eyes and when the opportunity arrived he hit out in a vigorous fashion. The mayor was quite equal to the occasion. A funny thing about the affair was the absence of the newspaper reporters. For six months they fought for admission to the commission meetings and then, when a grand chance came for columns of spicy reading they were absent - had just gone out, as it were. Stay till the end next time boys and get what's going.

That was a cold-blooded remark of Ald. O'Donnell regarding Dr. Trenaman at the last meeting of the board of health. The alderman was finding fault with the doctor's conduct of sanitary affairs in the police station, and when he became a little chagrined at the doctor's attitude he said he wished the doctor had to endure the bad ventilation and if he were to die from it he'd gladly take a day off to go to the funeral.

Too Much Reallism.
Crumpet (to Muffin, upon whom he has called at chambers). 'Good heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Your arm in a sling, your nose in a state of pulp, and both your eyes under shades. Have you been at the seat of war?' Muffin (leebly). 'No, old chappie; but I thought it would be a good joke to go the Devonshire ball made up as Kruger and the mob in Piccadilly imagined that it was the real article!' - Punch.

The old man's eyes blazed as he told the story.

'There we were,' he said, 'with the shells falling all around us.'

'I didn't know you were in the war,' broke in a bystander.

'I wasn't,' replied the old man promptly. 'I was at the circus and these were peanut shells.' - Chicago Post.

BORN.
ASHE - At Malone, N. Y., July 15, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ashe, a son.

The Picnic of the Season
Grocers' Annual

...PICNIC...

will be held at WATTERS' LANDING, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17th

Accompanied by the CITY CORNET BAND.

Sports of all kinds, including Base Ball Game between St. John's and Roses.

Steamer leaves Indian town at 8, 10.30, 4, 7, and 1.30, and 5 p. m. Return, leave the grounds 6, 6.50, 8 and 8.30, p. m.

Proceeds for the Park Fund.

CANVASSERS "GOLD FIELDS of the Kingdom," our latest book; 600 pages fully illustrated from photographs taken on the spot, complete book with large map 18234, in 6 colors, \$1.50. Big commissions. Send with 10c. Now for Prospectus and Order Terms mailed.

The world clamors for Authentic Information. If you want your share of the dust from this gold mine, write: Burt's Publishing House, St. John, N. B., or write.

Sleep

Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. They undermine health and shatter the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition - often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla does not perhaps come as quickly, but it comes more surely and more permanently through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel - purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life - the blood - pure, rich, red blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

It cures liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Hood's Pills

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 14 1897.

FINISHING JOE FOWLER.

THE LAST JOB OF THE SOCORRO VIGILANTES.

He was a Bad Man, but a Good Philosopher and He Approached His End at the Cottonwood Tree With Dignity and Resignation—Story of a Man Who Helped.

PITTSBURG, July 31.—The frequency with which lynchings occur at present reminds me of the stirring times when I myself took a prominent part in such affairs said C. A. Purvis of Las Vegas, N. M. at the Henry a few nights ago. 'In fact I never hear of a lynching without recalling the last one in which I took part—the lynching of Joe Fowler in Socorro, N. M. in March, 1884. It was the last job done by the Socorro Vigilantes, of which I had the honor to be an active member. It was our eight within a short space of time, and though we remained together long after Fowler's case had been settled, we found it unnecessary to do any more.

'I doubt if the history of the great West where the gun and rope were law for so long, can show a lynching surrounded with more sensational details than that of Fowler. Joe was swung from the big cottonwood tree on McCutchen street for one cold blooded, cowardly murder—the killing of Johnny Cole in the Monarch saloon—but after he was gone we found eight corpses buried on his ranch at Bear Springs, thirty miles out. He had no doubt enticed the persons there and killed them for what little money they had. We also traced to him the stealing of many cattle and horses within the year which he had lived at the Bear Springs ranch.

'Fowler had a history which we were never able to trace. He dropped into Santa Fe one night, went against a fair game which a black-eyed girl named Belle was dealing. He took a fancy to her, won a few hundred from her dealing, and married her that night. They next turned up at Bear Springs, which he bought. I need to get glimpses of Joe and Belle Fowler as they came dashing into town about once every two weeks. Belle rode astride her mustang and could put many of the old-time crack cowboys to shame by the way she handled her horse.

'At this time I was office boy on the Sun the only paper of which Socorro could boast. I was just out of my teens, and it is needless to add, was the youngest member of the vigilantes. One day at the end of April Fowler came dashing up to the office about noon. He was ugly drunk, I saw at a glance. He walked in, and throwing down a gold piece ordered me to insert in the paper an advertisement saying that all persons having bills against him should present them at the bank within one week, as he intended jumping out at at the expiration of that time. He had sold his ranch for \$50,000 and wanted to square up with every one. He was a nervous, quick little fellow, weighed about 145 pounds, and seldom talked without his hand on his gun. His alertness alone would create suspicion that all was not right with him. His conversation told that he was educated.

'Fowler evidently had come to Socorro for trouble that day. He walked out of our office and almost fell over the Rev. J. M. Robinson, pastor of the Baptist church. Joe pulled his gun and ordered the minister to dance a jig, firing a shot at his feet just to start him right. The minister danced, Joe shooting under his feet occasionally just to make him go higher. When both Joe and the minister got tired of this Joe started down the street leading his empty guns.

'Joe led the gang into the Monarch saloon, which was kept by young Ed Cutler, who had just come out from New York. Fowler ordered drinks for the crowd. 'Give them all whiskey, and show me the man who renege; this is Joe Fowler's treat,' he shouted, as he sent a shot through the big mirror. Cutler gave a shout of dismay, but Joe had him covered with his gun. 'Maybe you don't like that,' he said. 'Well, let's see how you can dance. Just climb up on that bar and see how fast you can go. Come, quick!'

'There was no room for argument. Cutler had to climb up on the rough bar, where in abject terror he performed a highland fling. While Fowler was enjoying the show, keeping his man covered, City Marshal Bob Munroe came in and sided by 'Squire Dougherty and Cale Demming, had Fowler on the floor and his guns taken away in a moment. Joe submitted,

meek as a lamb, when he saw he was up against it and we thought it was all over. Johnny Cole, who knew Fowler better than any one there, interceded for him, saying he was drunk and asked to take him home. This privilege was granted Cole by Munroe who had started with Fowler to lock him up. They hadn't gone three steps in the crowd when Joe pulled himself loose and like a flash threw himself on his friend, I saw the flash of steel as Fowler ripped his friend wide open with an upward swing. Cole fell over with an agonizing cry as Fowler again sank his knife into his breast.

'To this day, I cannot understand why Fowler was not shot down in his tracks. Bob Munroe dropped his gun and came to the floor on top of Fowler. Poor Cole died in my arms. Of course, there was no hope for Fowler; he must swing, and at once. Some one brought a rope, but at the sight of it Joe sobered up and began a plea which won time for him. He said: 'Boys, give me a little time. I killed him, and I deserve to die, but I'm not ready. I was dead drunk. Give me a little time to get ready. I can't get away, Don't throw me before my Maker this way. It ain't right.'

'Of course there were those who thought he hadn't given poor Cole much chance, but owing to Col. Eaton, who was the recognized leader of the Vigilantes, the rope was taken off his neck. Col. Eaton made Joe promise that if he got a trial by jury and was convicted he should make no appeal, but would submit to the death penalty. This Joe promised. He was tried the next day, and after an hour's work he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to die in thirty days. The look of satisfaction which Joe gave as he was led from the court room made some of us uneasy. It was plain that Joe didn't intend to be hanged, so to make things secure the Vigilantes decided to stand guard over him until the day of the hanging. The honor of our organization was at stake. We had turned over a re-handled murderer to the law and didn't propose to see him escape, as we were confident he intended to do.

'We had a heavy chain forged around Fowler's body and chained him to a big rock in the cellar of the lock-up. We drew lots for turns at standing watch, and I got second trick. Loaded down with my rifle, I was pacing up and down in front of the little lock-up when Belle Fowler arrived. She had just heard of the tragedy and Joe's conviction. She wanted to see him, but I refused to permit her to come near the lock-up. Her ravings were something awful, but she finally rode away, vowing vengeance on the whole town and asserting that Joe would never hang. For twenty nine days she rode that thirty miles each morning and was turned away from the little jail just as regularly by the boys on guard. She would then ride back to her ranch. On the afternoon of the twentieth day the whole town was paralyzed by the announcement that Fowler had broken his word and had applied for a new trial. It was also soon known that Ben Thompson, Curly Bill, some of the Earp boys and other well-known killers were heading toward Socorro and would arrive that night. The whole scheme was now clear. Belle Fowler had secretly sent for Joe's friends intending to make a rush and a rescue. We were never able to figure out just whether it was intended to attempt to rescue that night or to start a race that night or to start a gun play at the hanging was to occur the next morning. The train by which Ben Thompson and the rest of the thugs were to come arrived a little after midnight. As Thompson stepped off the train, followed by a gang, he walked right into the range of about twenty guns. The Vigilantes were on hand ready to make trouble for anybody. From behind his gun Col. Eaton told our visitors that they weren't wanted in the town, and then, to save trouble and undertaker's fees, they had better pile on the train and get out. This they did, and the crew was ordered not to stop inside of sixty miles.

'As the train pulled out not a word was spoken. All by common consent turned toward the jail. Joe Fowler had broken faith, and he must die. I was one of the first to reach Fowler, who was chained to the rock. He greeted us cheerily. 'Well, boys, do you want me?' he said. 'Yes, Joe, we'll have to attend to your case, I guess; you broke faith with us, you know, said Col. Eaton. 'Yes, I guess that's right. But you ought to give a fellow a chance. 'Giving you the same chance you gave poor Cole,' said Eaton curtly, as he motioned to his men to set to work on the chain. 'Seeing there was no chance of arbitra-

tion, Joe shrugged his shoulders and watched the chain cutting. Catching sight of me, he said: 'Hullo, kid; you going to my funeral, too? Pretty cold night to do a truck like this on a fellow, ain't it?' 'Joe was thinly clad and the night was bitterly cold. As we started out I slipped off my heavy overcoat and threw it round his shoulders. 'Thank you, my boy; I won't need it long,' he said. As we reached the open air he drew a lungful of that biting air and said with a laugh: 'Short prayers tonight, boys, eh? Let's hurry it up so you can get home. Don't keep me waiting long in this cold, or you'll miss your fun. 'The big cottonwood tree on McCutchen street was reached by the time a flash of the rope was around the murderer's neck and the end thrown over the limb. 'Anything to say, Joe?' asked Col. Eaton. 'Nothing, only that I wish you fellows would let me do this job myself. I don't like being snuffed out like common horse-thief. It's a disgrace. Let me climb up there and tie the rope fast and then jump off and pop my neck.'

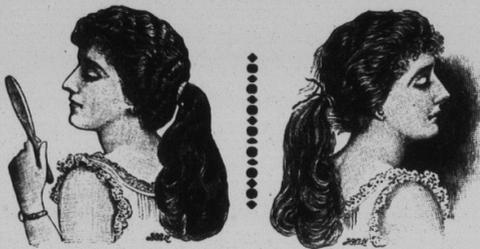
'This request was not granted; the vigilantes wanted to do the job themselves and they did it. A few moments later Joe's body was dangling from the tree. Next morning Bell Fowler rode into Socorro on her mule at a furious rate. Before she reached the jail she had heard the news of Joe's death. She quickly turned her animal and rode rapidly away. She never appeared in Socorro from that day to this I have never heard of her.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure"
Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc.
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After a few months' use the hair will grow sufficiently long to be taken up by the fastener, with this result.



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The result of "tying strings" and elastic, which breaks the hair.

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SAVES TIME.

NO KNOTS.

NO FRICTION.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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A DOCTOR FULL OF NERVE.

He Tackled Creede at Its Worth and now has 'done to the Klondike.

There was a young doctor chap from our camp went up to the Klondike country a little over a year ago, said Szeley Q. Itman, a Creede mining man to a Rocky Mountain party of other miners here the other night, 'and although none of us had heard anything from or of him since he struck St. Michael, I guess he's taking care of himself all right. That's what he did in Creede, any how; and a young tenderfoot who could make himself felt and respected in Creede, when Creede was bad for a fact, four days after he arrived there, and not only do that, but hold his grip and made about all the money that was made in his profession in the camp, is not liable to go very much up against it in the Klondike country or anywhere else.

'This young doctor man struck Creede from one of the New Jersey towns—I think it was Trenton—about three months after the find and the rush, with hardly more than \$20 to his name, as he afterward told me. He had had a shingle tacked to the front door of a boarding house in his Jersey town for a year or so, barely scraping up a living, and so he packed his duds and started for Creede at a venture. He wasn't more than 27 at the most, but he had one of those long-pointed beards and a quiet way of talking, and so seemed a good deal older. More over, he was very neat and well dressed when he got in, which excited prejudice against him. The first day he arrived he scoured around and got a room at Carney Medwin's boarding house and nobody knew but what he was a tin-horn or a short-card player until he tacked out his sign on one of the weather boards of Carney's shack.

'He put in his first three days strolling around with his hands in his pockets, wondering, I suppose, how he was going to pay his board when it fell due. On the night of his fourth day in camp—a Saturday night it was, he was standing at the entrance to Ned Roloff's dance tent watching the girls

do the fling for the end-of-the-week spenders, when he saw a big man heavily armed, and with 'bully' stuck out all over him, stride over to one of the girls who had been dancing and deliberately smash her in the face with all his might, knocking her flat to the floor of the tent. The other men there were either too busy or too drunk to notice this play but this young doctor man was neither busy nor drunk, and he was as game as the devil in the bargain. If he hadn't been game he would not an unarmed man, have jumped with two bounds at Pete Moxie, the woman hater, and one of the worst men in the camp; and if there had been any yellow in him, he wouldn't have thrown his left arm around Moxie's bull neck, thrown Moxie's head back with a twist fit to break his neck, grabbed one of Moxie's big guns from his belt with his right hand and basted Moxie one hard knock just above the ear with it that laid him flat not three feet from the unconscious woman.

'Well, gentlemen, that was the suddenest the nerviest and the most successful play ever made by a tender foot. It first stupefied then amazed and then filled with admiration every man in the tent. The next they saw this tall young chap do was to bend over the woman and order—order wind your—Frank Dillingham the night marshal, who had stepped in, to bring some water for the unconscious girl. Frank looked at the doctor man for a minute. Then he turned to the gang.

'Who is he? he inquired. 'A pill-guy, new in the camp,' one of them answered.

'Well, by God, whoever he is,' says Frank, 'he's going to win here,' and he walked up to the bar, got the water, and handed it to the young doctor without a word. I don't suppose Dillingham had done anything any man had ordered him to do since he was a boy.

'The tenderfoot doctor got the girl around all right in a minute, and she began to whimper for fear of her life at Moxie's hands. Just then Moxie came to of his own accord, looked around him with a scowl, and seeing the young doctor man bending over the girl, he scrambled to his feet with:

'You damned pup, it's your life or mine,' and started to unlash his knife.

'Yours, then, Pete,' said Dillingham's voice, and Pete wheeled around to see himself doubly covered by an unerring a shot as ever made trouble or preserved peace. Moxie's hands went up for he was yellow all through at sight of the inside of a barrel.

'But I'll have his damned life yet,' he growled.

'Not in this camp, you won't,' said Dillingham, 'for you're going to take the night coach, and I'm going to stay right along with you to see you pack.'

'And Moxie did get out of the camp that night, too, you can gamble. Well, sirs, there wasn't anything too good in Creede for this young doctor man from that time on. There was only one other medical man in the camp then—though slews of them came along later—and he was a rather rummy old chap who knew more of the gin mills than he did of his office, and the young fellow got all the work. There was a lot of it, too—chiefly in the d. t. line, and later, when the camp became crowded, cuts and bullets more than enough to keep the tenderfoot doctor busy. He made some corking big fees, too, and sent the most of it to some girl he knew back here in the east to keep for him until the proper day arrived. When things began to slump a little in Creede last year and the tip got to the camp from fellows up in the Klondike how well they were doing there, the young physician decided to go to the new field to do a little prospecting, instead of man-patching, and I'll bet he comes back with one of the heaviest sacks of the lot in a year or so.'

Paris Fashion in Dogs.

A Paris correspondent writes: 'The fashion in dogs in Paris is as changing as any other. The canine exhibition which is now open on the Quai de l'Orangerie reflects the latest tastes in the matter. The vogue of the poodle is at an end, and for the moment no dog can aspire to the epithet of chic unless he be large or most diminutive. Danes are most in favor of the former class, and Scotch terriers and toy bulldogs of the latter. German bassets are also highly esteemed, and among the finest is the capital are those owned by Miss Maud Canne, the indefatigable champion of the Irish cause in France. Some parisian dogs enjoy a wide celebrity. Such is the case, for instance, of Ali, a blue Dane belonging to the Duchess d'Uzes, of Miss, the Comtesse de Burghes' Pommeranian, and of Flic and Flac, Mms. Bernhardt's Russian dogs.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

to my adopted father, as an... to my general, as a mis... felicitous was the comment of... forwarding the packet: 'That... of America opened the Bas... to be doubted, and therefore the... to the right place.'... of the Bastille is preserved in a... It hangs in the main hall at... rnoon, in the same position where... ed by Washington. Opposite... the spy-glass which Washington... hroughout the Revolutionary War.

'T MISSED THE TRAIN.

to Say Good-bye to a Depart... ing Girl Friend.

men, will they ever get over... oculatory exercise, whether... selves or in effusive relations?... woman is going to have this... ic missing please let her come... ber delay; do not try and keep... le down.

one of those myriad-occurenc... kiss is found following.

sex express was being hauled... ion depot one evening last... ple of breathless young... past gate-keeper Stevens... moving train. Another of the... hood hysterically motioning... rear platform of the last car... ctor thinking the young... passengers stopped the... one maiden mounted the... wing her arms around her... a resounding smack on her... lady No. 2 followed, the... ing by this time disgustedly... in again. A flurry of good-... 't forget to write' and the... themselves all alone on the... , except a little group of... 'cruel men' in the further.

OPPORTUNITY.

ers Ask for Admission to... but Fall to Attend.

g. 12.—Ex. Ald. Hamil... Stephen had a bitter fight... his exhibition commission... Hamilton came to the... ood in h's eye and when... arrived he hit out in a... . The mayor was quite... sion. A funny thing about... e absence of the news-... s. For six months they... sion to the commission... n, when a grand chanco... s of spicy reading they... t just gone out, as it were... next time boys and get

l-blooded remark of Ald... ing Dr. Trenaman at the... the board of health... s finding fault with the... of sanitary affairs... n, and when he became... at the doctor's attitude he... doctor had to endure... and if he were to die... take a day off to go to

ch Realism.

ffin, upon whom he has... . 'Good heavens! my... the matter with you?... g, your nose in a state... our eyes under shades... be seat of war?'

'No, old chappie;... lld be a good joke to go... made up as Kruger... dly imagined that I... 'Funch.

blazed as he told the... he said, 'with the shells... ou were in the war,'... the old man promptly... and these were peanut... st.

ERN.

Y., July 16, to Mr. and... .

of the Season

Annual

NIC...

ERS' LANDING, on... AUGUST 17th... CITY CORNET BAND.

ing Base Ball Game... er.

own at 8, 10.30, a. m... rn, leave the grounds...

Park Fund.

HOLD FIELDS of the... onds,' our latest... ated from photographs... book with large map... sig commissions. Send... Out. Terms mailed... le of Johnson's Flood... entic information. If... ut from this gold mine... e, St. John, N. B.,

THE TWO LOVERS.

'You have no right to talk to me like that,' said Mabel Courthope, indignantly. 'Just because we have known each other so long is not the least reason in the world why you should presume to dictate to me as to my friendship. It's mean of you.'

'I'm sorry, Mabel,' replied Jim Todd, humbly, 'but I was only thinking of you, and I don't like Reginald Bulwer, and—'

'She cut him short with a scornful little laugh. 'I am sorry I cannot be guided by your likes and your dislikes, but it papa does not object to my knowing Mr. Bulwer, I don't see why you should take me to task.'

'No,' replied Jim wearily, 'I don't know why I should; only not so very long ago you never used to snub me when I ventured an opinion upon any subject, even upon your acquaintances. It seems things have altered.'

Mabel Courthope made no reply to the remark, and after glancing once into her face, Jim bade her good night, and refusing the half-hearted invitation to him to 'come in for half an hour, as papa would be so glad to see you,' made his way to his solitary lodging.

Things had changed considerably, he reflected, in the past six months—how much he had scarcely realized until this very evening. And it was all owing to an individual of whose existence he had been entirely unaware until some time after Christmas.

He had been happy in the love that had grown up within him from the day when he had first met Mabel Courthope. He could have sworn that it had been reciprocal until Reginald Bulwer appeared on the scene. Then things changed. Unfor-

unately, he admitted there was only too much reason for the change. Bulwer was everything he was not. Bulwer was rich, handsome and an aristocrat. Jim was poor, plain and a plebeian, and when he reckoned up the advantages which lay in his rival, Jim Todd groaned in spirit, but it was not until the week before Henley that they were finally shattered.

Presently he broke the silence again. 'You will find the people we are staying with very different from the Brixtonians, Mabel,' he said. 'It will be quite a new experience of life for you.'

'What things?' demanded the girl. 'Things generally, you know,' replied Bulwer, vaguely. Mabel began to wonder a little. She wondered still more during the next two or three days she spent on board the house boat Irene, and something very much like distrust began to take possession of her.

In two days her experience of the manners and customs of the society to which Bulwer had introduced her led her to some very curious conclusions. She decided that the ladies consumed more champagne than was good for their health, and she found that a brandy and soda was invariably considered the thing to drink in the early morning.

She learned that it was correct to address the most casual male acquaintance as 'dear boy' and to refer to a lord otherwise than by his Christian name was to confess oneself outside the pale of civilization. She learned, too, that the only subjects upon which a society lady could converse with any degree of fluency was upon matters theatrical or sporting, and when deeply interested in either of these questions her language had an adjectival facility which was somewhat alarming to a mere Brixtonian.

Still Reginald was very attentive, and laughed away Mabel's scruples. She had very little time to think, either. Each day was full of incident, and in one continual whirl of light and life, seemed to end before it had well begun. Before breakfast was finished it was time to take the punt and make their way to a point of vantage on the course. Scarcely an hour seemed to pass and it was time to return to lunch.

Then the punt again, tea at another hour-boat, and finally a drift down the river and a reposeful half-hour in the backwater before Hamledon Lock before dinner. After dinner, gossip and music, without and within, filled the evening, until eyes refused to remain open longer. That was the order of things until the last day of the regatta.

Meanwhile Jim Todd had been going disconsolately about his business in town. At first he had determined to remain away from Henley altogether; but, as each day passed, he repented of his intention, and at last, on the morning of the last day, he donned his flannels and followed the rest of the pleasure-seekers. At least he would be able to get a glimpse of the girl who had thrown him over. He did not bear her any ill-will; there was not a particle of malice in the whole of his body. If she seemed unhappy, well, he would bear it as best he might, and take up loyally the position of friend, if he were allowed to do so.

He made him look over his shoulder. He had been working off his anger by strenuous exertion and driving his light outrigger fast against the current. He was going straight back to Henley and the Irene to confront Bulwer and to take Mabel home. In one glance he saw a punt narrowly escape being run down by a big launch only to be caught in the swirl of the water and ignominiously capsized.

Half a dozen vigorous strokes took Jim to the spot. Brief though the time had been, he recognized the occupants. One of them, the man, intent only upon his own preservation, was striking out for the bank. The girl was not to be seen. Jim hesitated not a moment, but, balancing himself carefully in his light craft, dived into the river. It seemed an age, but was a very few seconds in reality, before he caught sight of the object of his search, and then the matter was easy. Another boat had arrived on the scene, and the launch, too, had slowed down; so that within a minute both Jim and the object of his rescue, had been safely hauled out of the water, and were making for Henley as fast as the launch could take them, needless of the dripping figure on the bank.

Mabel Courthope did not return to the Irene; neither did Reginald Bulwer ever venture to call at her home again. Nor did the girl desire to see him. Mr. and Mrs. Todd are quite happy in their little home at Brixton.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Marvelous Discovery
A LIFE SAVED.
INVESTIGATION INVITED.

One of the most valuable medical discoveries of this age of wonder is the method in use now by Dr. C. H. Mason, the Cancer Specialist. The system used is entirely different from the old plan of treatment by plasters or cutting out the afflicted part.

The patients can now be treated at their own homes, and the treatment is pleasant and entirely without pain. Stott & Jury of Bowmanville, Ont., will send full particulars on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps if this paper is mentioned.

Read the following:—
DEAR SIRS,—Impelled by a sense of duty which I owe to you and the public, I would offer my testimony to the mild and effective nature of your wonderful medicine. About three years ago I had a severe pain in my left side. After a time I discovered a lump on the ovary that caused me great trouble. I had dizzy and fainting spells, and I became so bad that I could not do any work. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I consulted four different physicians, but they did me no good, as I kept getting worse all the time.

Hearing of your V. C. C. I concluded to try it. After taking one bottle I began to get some relief, and now, after taking four bottles, the tumor and pain is gone and I am well. I do my own work, wash, milk eight cows, churn, and help on the farm, and I feel as well and able to attend to my duties as I ever have been. To any and every one afflicted in the same way, I would heartily recommend your treatment, for it saved my life.
Yours thankfully,
MRS. CAROLINE MATLOCK,
Hope, N. J.



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE
Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.
SURPRISE SOAP
is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.
It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name, **SURPRISE.**

but he is quicker than I, and I feel his breath and foam on my neck, while on the lower side of the tree, which is on the side of a steep hill, he just catches me on the ribs with his horn, and I am hurled into space to land twenty feet up in the air in thicket of dead bamboos, where I lie transfixed by thorns like spears, really thinking my last moment has come. But no; the side of the steep hill is too greasy for him to stop when he has got the pace on, and he disappears, while I climb out of the bamboos, get hold of my rifle, load it, and count up the casualties.

Chippani is lying on the ground with his thigh nearly ground to powder, but Ande comes up smiling and enjoying the fun immensely. Leaving Chippani behind a fallen tree with the brandy flask, Ande and I run along the ridge to see where the beast had gone. We can just make out his back as he walks slowly down the valley, but as I am beginning to feel faint and sick I return to Chippani, and we lie there for an hour, my chief sensation being as if some one had given me an elaborate thrashing.—Badminton Magazine.

NO USE OF HIS LEGS.
Doctors Could not Help Him, but two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease.—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.
Kidney disease can be cured. Mr. John Snell, a retired farmer of Wingham, Ont., says: 'For two years I suffered untold misery, and at times could not walk, and any standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, which alarmed family and friends. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp at anything. Result—before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me.' To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand-like particles in the blood.

GAMING IN THE YUKON REGION.
Little of it Where the Miners Are, But Pleasant Far Away.
It is not necessary for everybody to feed on dog meat on the Upper Yukon River and in the vicinity of the Klondike gold field in winter, as a member of a party which was up there said several of the members did. He refused the dish, but at the same time he acknowledged that more than once after food had been thrown to the dogs, literally speaking, he had snatched it away from them before they could eat it. Fish which small worms had appropriated to themselves he did not hesitate to eat, he said, and was glad to get it.

That is one of the great troubles which will be encountered by persons visiting the gold field. The further up the Yukon one travels the scarcer becomes the food supply, until in the Klondike region and thereabouts it ceases almost entirely. There is practically no large game, with the exception of one or two moose and reindeer, which have become separated from the rest of the herd and wandered out there. So that prospectors who intend visiting the field should not rely in the least on the resources of the country to feed them. There may be a few rabbits, ducks, and geese in the spring, which disappear very quickly. These are not sufficient to supply even the wants of the few natives who wander nomadically about the region.

Lower down the Yukon, at certain seasons of the year, there is abundance of game, probably from 400 to 500 miles from the Klondike River. The moose is about the largest of the mammals, while the reindeer is fairly plentiful. As the population has increased the game has correspondingly decreased, and in the winter the Indians there have a hard time securing food, as they are very improvident. During the season when it is abundant they never think of laying by a supply. There are beavers on the streams and various kinds of deer, bear, and caribou. In the winter months these go south and disappear almost entirely. The polar bear is found several degrees further north, never appearing in that vicinity.

In the mountain stream which feed the Yukon River, up toward its head, near the Kethul Mountain, there are mountain trout

of good size and flavor. Many of these streams dry up in this winter, as they are fed by glaciers, which, of course in cold weather are frozen entirely. The salmon is found in the Yukon, but only lower down, toward St. Michael. Occasionally they are caught high up on the Yukon, but the water is rather cold for them. There is a sort of fish known as the white fish which is found near the Klondike River, and is said to be excellent eating. It ranges in size about the same as our black bass, and is one of the chief mainstays of the Indians. In winter, it is not too cold, holes are cut in the ice and the fish pulled out by bone hooks. They are more plentiful than any other kind and the ice cold water appears to be their natural habitat.

Early in the spring water fowl, such as ducks, geese, and swan, put in an appearance, but they do not tarry long, and when their way after a stay of only a few days, they are very plentiful when they do appear, and the natives kill them by hundreds. The trouble is, however, that things of the kind do not last as they do in warm climates.

Reindeer formerly were seen in very large numbers on the Yukon, some two or three hundred miles from where the Klondike flows into it, and a gentleman who spent two or three winters there several years ago started to the reporter that he had seen a herd of at least 5,000 cross the river on the ice in one day. He also saw moose and caribou in herds of large number, but such an occurrence is an unusual rather than a common one. Klondike would-be prospectors should bear in mind the fact that in that region, where game is scarce, the appetite is something wonderful. All kinds of food is eaten with relish, particularly anything that has fat or grease about it. The sharp air increases hunger nearly a hundred fold, and it is necessary to have plenty of provisions in order to withstand the temperature of sometimes as much as 68° degrees below zero. Persons who have passed the winter there state that it is much better not to touch alcoholic liquors, as the after effect from indulgence in them are much worse than any benefit from which they may be derived from temporary stimulation.

Tea is considered one of the best things which can be taken, and it is drunk in quantities, strong and as hot as possible. This seems to keep the heat in and the cold out better than anything else. All kinds of canned goods are excellent, and dried fruits or lime juice should be included in every bill of fare, as scurvy is prevented by making use of them. It is necessary to use large quantities of salt meats, which produce the disease.

It is believed by travellers up the Yukon River that vegetables which grow rapidly could be raised profitably in the summer months. Potatoes, it is thought, could be brought to fruition without trouble, and turnips also. The latter have been raised successfully by missionaries 400 or 500 miles or so from the source of the river. The sun there is said to have very strong power in the three or four months of summer, and in hothouse lettuce and other vegetables could be raised easily. It is believed by many who do not understand the situation thoroughly that it is not allowed to any one to take provisions into that country, the syndicate furnishing them for \$400. This is a mistake. The syndicates merely does not allow any one to transport them up the Yukon River, reserving that right for itself. If they can be taken to Juneau or either the Chilkat or Chilkoot pass they can be transported over the mountain on muleback, and this is much the easier way. The cost of transportation, however is considered expensive.

FREE FROM DISEASE.

THE DOCTOR SAYS SO.
MR. FISHER SWEARS SO.
KOOTENAY DID IT.
Mr. Jacob Fisher, who is employed by the Niagara Falls Paper Co., of Niagara Falls, N.Y., suffered for a long time from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. He took Kootenay Cure, and now is perfectly free from disease. He has been examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland, who declares him in "a perfect state of health, and free from any disease." Mr. Fisher himself made a sworn declaration as follows: "I am the same person examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland. For over a year I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. I commenced taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and now I am free from all blood disorder, Rheumatism, Scrofula and skin diseases, and my cure was effected solely by the use of the above named remedy." Chart Book mailed free on application to The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

B B B
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Strong Points
ABOUT B. B. B.
1. Its Purity.
2. Its Thousands of Cures.
3. Its Economy, 1c. a dose.
B. B. B.
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and
CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.
B B B

Sunday Reading.

HER GOOD LIFE.

London, as every reader knows, has recently witnessed one of the greatest aggregations of human beings that the world has ever seen.

When, along the line of the vast procession, her subjects saw her, very many of them wept tears of joy. The salvo of artillery at Spithead, when the greatest naval review in all history was being held, did not reverberate by a thousand times as far as the murmured prayer, 'God bless our queen!'

Now, what's the reason of this? A mere sixty years' reign is not enough in itself to arouse the whole world's eager recognition.

When a mere girl, this eminent woman was informed of her accession to the British throne. The first remark she then made has been the keynote of a long life that has brought the world to her feet.

To refuse audience to a titled subject because he had led a questionable life; to surround herself with the purest court in Christendom; to be high-minded in all public concerns; to be judicious and wise in the affairs of state—these have indicated her character as ruler and empress.

The virtues and graces that Christ declares show obedience to Divine authority are far more compelling to the hearts and minds of men than rank or genius, and the glory of this queen rests upon the fact that she herself is subject to a higher sovereignty than her own.

A HOME AT LAST.

Little Deeds of Heroism That Brighten Many Lives.

The New Century Journal, a little paper published as the organ of a guild of work-women in Philadelphia, which numbers over a thousand members, gives a column to the record of little deeds of heroism or kindness which have actually occurred.

Among these was the story of a poor boy, an incurable invalid, whose name many years ago was entered for admission to an institution in which invalids of all classes, both rich and poor, are taken, and where he would have a comfortable home for life.

Last winter he received notice that at length a place in the institution was ready and waiting for him. He was friendless and penniless. He started alone at night on a railway journey of many miles, and was set down at dawn at the gate of the great establishment, cold and tired, his heart sick with apprehension.

The gate rolled back at his feeble ring, and the night porter appeared. He looked at the forlorn figure standing there with his shabby bundle, and by a question learned at once that he was an expected applicant. The poverty of the weary, homeless cripple was too apparent to be over-looked.

'Glad to see you, sir! You've come to stay with us? You're heartily welcome home!'

The matron was summoned, who gave the newcomer as cordial a welcome.

While he was being warmed and fed, the pleasant room which was to be his for life was made ready for him. The matron was busy in the storeroom and presently filled his drawers with suits of underclothing, linen and other necessaries.

BILLY'S PROTEST.

A Goat Resisted Temptation and Upheld his Principles.

An English paper cites an incident wherein a goat not only resisted his human tempter, but emphatically vindicated his own principles. 'Billy' belonged to a regiment, and never was a goat more attentive to public duty than was he.

Finally the large earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was placed upon the floor, and Billy was directed to help himself, which he proceeded to do with hearty good-will that he become helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

The next morning he was absent from roll call, and no one could tempt him to leave his stable during the entire day. When the second evening's mess began without him, the Colonel was requested to bring the deserter before a court martial of those who had witnessed his tipping.

It was with difficulty that Billy dragged into the room, which he evidently remembered as the scene of his disgrace. His appearance was greeted with a cheer, but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance, while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

'Come, Billy, take a drink!' said the sergeant, at the head of the table.

The words seemed to rouse the animal he lifted his head, his eyes lit up, his fore hoof beat the floor. With the snort a rush and a bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into a thousand pieces. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked proudly out of the room.

'And, really,' said the corporal who told the incident, 'Billy' was the best blue-ribbon lecture I ever listened to!'

ALL FROM RUM.

The Victim Tried to Resist but Failed Right Through.

One beautiful afternoon in August, said Wendell Phillips, there came to me the heartbroken wife of a State prison convict. We tried to plan for his pardon and restoration to home and the world. It was a very sad case. He was the only surviving son of a very noble man, one who lived only to serve criminals.

Bred under such a roof, the son started in life with a generous heart, noble dreams and high purpose. Ten years of prosperity, fairly earned by energy, industry, and character, ended in bankruptcy, as is so often the case in our risky and changing trade; then came a struggle for business, for bread—temptation, despair, intemperance. He could not safely pass the open doors that tempted him to indulgence, and then to shield him from exposure!

Manfully did the young man struggle to resist the appetite. Again and again did he promise, and kept his promise a month, then fall. He could not walk the streets and earn his bread soberly while so many open doors—opened by men who sought to coin gold out of their neighbors' vices—lured him to indulgence.

'Glad to see you, sir! You've come to stay with us? You're heartily welcome home!'

The matron was summoned, who gave the newcomer as cordial a welcome.

'If I only was sure that is right!' whispered Sam to himself, after he had finished his sum and was about to take it up to the teacher.

'Poo! I whispered Dick over his shoulder; 'take it up. She's too busy to look at it closely, and won't know whether it is right or not.'

'What did you tell me that for?' Sam demanded of Dick when they went out to recess.

'That's the way to get along easy,' answered Dick.

'But it isn't getting along easy that I'm after; it's being doing right. If my work isn't done right, it won't do me any good to have it passed by the teacher. I want to be sure I'm right.'

A great man once said 'I would rather be right than president.' A small man—I mean in spirit—would have said, 'I would rather get along easy than be right.'

There is an old eastern legend of a powerful genii, who promised a beautiful maiden a gift of rare value if she would pass through a field of corn, and without pausing, going forward, or wandering thither, select the ripest and largest ear—the value of the gift to be in proportion of the size and perfection of the ear she should chose.

It has a habit of turning on its side and swimming like a flounder, and it comes often to the top, and it may become very tame. In Bermuda the angel fish is a favorite to keep in the private ponds which are numerous on that island.

THE ANGEL FISH.

A Sub-Tropical Fish of Beautiful Color and with Wing-Shaped Fins.

The angel fish is so called on account of its beautiful colors and long, wing-shaped fins. Its body is thin and deep. In shape the angel fish resembles the well-known three-tailed porgy, called also spadefish and triple-tail, of these waters, though it is not quite so thick.

The angel fish has a small mouth. Its tail is moderately long. The dorsal and anal fins are both long, their ends extending beyond the tail. The eye is not very large, but beautifully colored. The greater part of the fish's body is on a brownish color, with a shade of olive green.

While these are the usual colors of the angel fish, its colors vary more or less, according to its condition and the circumstances under which the fish is seen. Sometimes its body appears to be purple, sometimes yellow, or the upper half may be purple and the lower half yellow.

A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Not a Financial, But Worse, a Physical Wreck—Past Doctors' Skill, But Cured by South American Nervine.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: 'I tried everything in the way of doctors' skill and proprietary medicines, but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nervine, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects.'

AT SEA IN A COFFIN.

A Convict's Attempt to Escape—He Paddles His Sepulchral Canoe.

Some curious details of the life of the French convicts at Cayenne, Guyane, and the Safety Islands are given by M. Paul Mimaude in a volume which he has just published in Paris, entitled 'Forcats et Proscrits.'

Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is that of the assassin Lupi, who went to sea in a coffin. He managed to get some nails, tar, and cotton, and one dark night he got into the coffin shed.

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



times it appears to be of a pale yellow on the sides at the centre, shading darker towards the edges, and sometimes in its prevailing color the fish is of a bluish, occasionally a greenish tint.

When the angel fish is young its body color is brown, and it then, like many other fishes of its kind, is branded. In the case of the angel fish these bands are of a mingled blue and yellow.

It is everywhere admired for its beauty. It has a habit of turning on its side and swimming like a flounder, and it comes often to the top, and it may become very tame.

It is a delicious food fish. The angel fish is found in the waters of Bermuda and of the West Indies, and in the Gulf of Mexico. It attains a weight of about four pounds, and reaches fifteen inches in length.

Unseaworthy boats are sometimes called coffins, but Lupi is perhaps the only man who ever went to sea in a genuine coffin.

with great precaution. Without much difficulty he reached the water's edge. There he launched his bark and crawled on board. Assisted by the tide he paddled his sepulchral craft. Silently and slowly he proceeded in the hope of reaching either Venezuela or British Guiana.

Now, 150 nautical miles in a coffin did not constitute a very tempting enterprise, but Lupi was full of confidence. At the penitentiary it was soon discovered that he was missing. No boat had been taken away. The boats are always well guarded and nobody ever dreamed for a moment that any man would go to sea in a coffin.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, for Lupi, the steamer Abeille, returning from the Antilles, off Paramaribo, came close to him.

The captain noticed an object that looked like a piece of wreckage around which a flock of seagulls were circling and screaming. Naturally that excited his attention.

When the boat approached the coffin the birds continued to hover about, but the sharks went down. The men in the boat looked into the box, and what was their astonishment to find a man in it half drowned and almost in a fainting condition.

Unseaworthy boats are sometimes called coffins, but Lupi is perhaps the only man who ever went to sea in a genuine coffin.

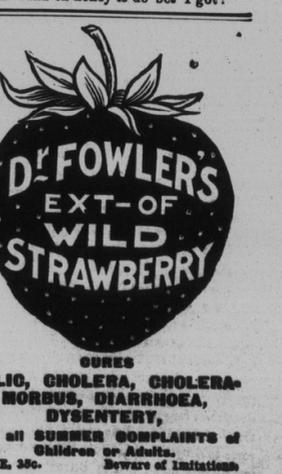
COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Terrible Suffering of an Elora Lady From Rheumatism—Fifteen Years a Sufferer, But Cured by Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure.

No pen can describe the intensity of suffering that may come from an attack of rheumatism. 'For fifteen years,' says Mrs. John Beaumont of Elora, Ont., 'I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pains in my back, often confining me to my bed, and rendering me part of the time wholly unfit for my duties.'

Lasarus and Dives—Southern Revision.

A colored exhorter, enlarging on the impossibility of rich men getting into heaven said: 'Look at Latherus: When he wuz on de air he ax Dives fer de crumbs dat fall from his table. En what did Dives do ter him? He call his dog, Morcover, en suck him on Latherus. Latherus put up a purty good fight, but de dog licked him! Den Dives wuz so mad dat he took a fit en died, en when he wake up he fin' himself in hell-fire, en he look troo de skylight en see Latherus en Father Abraham in a huggin' match; en he call ter Latherus ter turn on de water en he'd pay de bill. En what did Latherus say? He des leaned over de banister en holler out; 'Go 'long, man, en shet yo' mou'. De water wuz cut off on de tenth. Milk en honey is de bee' I got!'



day with good soap that's half done. Use Soap daily for washes they clean sweet, with this and every surprise.

Many of these in the winter, as they are cold, of course in cold weather. The salmon on the Yukon, but only lower than Michael. Occasionally high up on the Yukon, but they are cold for them. There known as the white fish near the Klondike River, by excellent eating. It about the same as our black of the chief mainstays of in winter, it is not too out in the ice and the fish one hooks. They are more any other kind and the ice appears to be their natural spring water fowl, such as and swan, put in an appearance not tarry long, and wand a stay of only a few days, plentiful when they do appetites kill them by hun- rous is, however, that and do not last as they do in

merly were seen in very on the Yukon, some two or miles from where the into it, and a gentleman o or three winters there go started to the reporter a herd of at least 5,000 in the ice on one day. He and caribou in herds of but such an occurrence is her than a common one. old-be prospectors should be fact that in that region, scarce, the appetite is ferful. All kinds of food fish, particularly anything press about it. The sharp- ger nearly a hundred fold, try to have plenty of pro- to withstand the tempera- as much as 68° degrees rous who have passed the e that it is much better not liquors, as the after e- nence in them are much benefit from which they from temporary stimula-

considered one of the which can be taken, drunk in quantities, hot as possible. This heat in and the cold out- ing else. All kinds of are excellent, and dried e should be included in e, as scurvy is prevented e. It is necessary to e of salt meats, which e.

travellers up the Yukon ables which grow rapidly profitably in the summer e, it is thought, could be on without trouble, and e latte: have been raised missionaries 400 or 500 e the source of the river. said to have very strong e or four months of sum- e houses lettuce and other e raised easily.

many who do not under- throughly that it is not e to take provisions into e syndicate furnishing them e a mistake. The syndi- not allow any one to e the Yukon River, re- for itself. If they can be u or either the Chilkat they can be transported e on muleback, and this e way. The cost of trans- is considered expensive.

OM DISEASE. TOR SAYS SO. HER SWEARS SO. AY DID IT. her, who is employed by a Paper Co., of Niagara proved for a long time from scrofula and blood dis- Kootenay Cure, and now from disease. He was by Dr. J. H. Sutherland, in 'a perfect state of from any disease.' Mr. made a sworn declaration in the same person ex- J. H. Sutherland. For a sufferer from Rheu- and blood disorder, I g Ryckman's Kootenay am free from all blood- atism, Scrofula and skin cure was effected solely above named remedy. iled free of application yckman Medicine Co., n, Ont.

Notches on The Stick

Dr. Ross still continues to advance his labors, and we have recently,—beside the title-page of "Bonnie Jean; A Garland of Poetry and Prose in honor of the wife of Robert Burns," in press with the Reburn Book Company,—the sixth volume of "Burnsiana," from the press of Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London. The book is somewhat belated, being due last January, but it is one of the things that can afford to wait, having always a claim on futurity. The volume is not inferior to its predecessors, unless it be the second in the series, which contained the tributes of Beecher and Curtis. This issue however is enriched with the tributes of Wallace Bruce, (to whom the volume is dedicated "Robert Burns, Poet Laureate of Lodge Canongate Kilwinning; An Address Delivered before the Members of the Lodge Jan. 31, 1893," and Lord Roseberry's famous Addresses, "Delivered at Dumfries and Glasgow on the Centenary of the Poet's Death, 21st. of July 1896." Among the most attractive to us we find Richard Henry Stoddard's paper on "The Bradlings of Burns," and Henry Kerr's "Personal Recollections" of Robert the Second, "eldest son of the Poet." This man who lived to a venerable age and was buried at his death beside his father and mother in the Mausoleum in St. Michael's churchyard, was himself a literary lover and a writer of songs, some of which have survived the stress of time. We have often wished Burns might have lived to know and enjoy Scott, and it is interesting to find out what this son thought of him: Mr. Kerr writes: "When I first became acquainted with Robert, the eldest son of the Bard, in 1846 he had for some years been retired on a pension, an ex-Government official. He was then infirm and in poor health, yet his face, and the contour of his head, strongly reminded me, and I was only a boy then, of the well-known engravings from Nasmyth's portrait of the poet, painted in the hey-day of his popularity. Though I have frequently seen the two other sons of the poet, on their annual visit to Mr. McDiarmid in Dumfries, yet I was often brought into intimate relations with the eldest son, Robert who was an almost nightly visitor, when he was able to move about, at Mr. Mac's house, and when unwell, which was frequently the case, I had often to see him at his lodgings with messages, books, newspapers, etc., sent up to him by his old and thoughtful friends, or his family! Being, then only a boy Robert was always kind and indulgent to me, and took much interest in the books I should read. He had a fine edition of the Waverley novels in his library, as I well remember, and he told me by all means to study thoroughly the writings of Scott. He kindly lent me each volume, and introduced me to a new world as I had hitherto never seen any of the great Wizard's matchless creations. Robert's favorite tale of Scott's was the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Ever since, I have never tired of Scott, and I cannot even to this day, say which is my favorite work the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" or "Ivanhoe." During my frequent visits to Robert's lodgings I received from him several valuable presents of books, and a copy of one of his own poetical pieces, entitled "A Song," a pastoral ballad. It is dated, "Dumfries, Jan. 1848." Those who had the best knowledge of the eldest son, Robert, used to say he was a most accomplished man, an excellent linguist, the tenderest of friends, and, though most diffident where his own productions were concerned, a poet of no mean calibre. . . I am not aware that Robert Secundus' poetical efforts have even appeared in a collected form. Two of his songs are printed in Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song." The first, beginning, "Ha'e ye seen in the calm, dewy morning," is most beautiful and felicitous; the second is the "Highland Piper." Mr. Kerr goes on with an account 'of a visit' to the farm of Ellisland, where Burns and Jean set up housekeeping, in the company of the three sons of Burns and Mr. McDiarmid: "I recollect there were not a few reminiscences of the poet at Ellisland, especially some of the existing furniture in the kitchen; the farmyard where the poet was found by his anxious wife mourning over "Mary in Heaven," and the kitchen table, or a very similar article of furniture, on which the poet wrote out, "in the wind," so to speak, the pathetic piece after he had returned to the kitchen. A little north of the farmhouse and commanding a fine glimpse of the wooded reach of the river, was a kind of summer house—a dormitory for gaberlunzie men and "vagrom men" of that ilk. This rustic house, as we were told by the tenant of Ellisland farm, was often requisitioned in Burns' time, and

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

It was used for the same purpose up to the time of our visit in 1847. The poet, we are told often spent hours in this romantically surrounded summer house—a frail structure in the year 1847. Some of the poet's best pieces, as is well known, were written here, and within the sound of the murmuring waters of the Nith—a stream always dear to him." Here is a bit of verse by Robby Burns' boy. It was composed to an air by Neil Gow, and is dated "Dumfries, Jan. 1848.

"As I gae'd up the side o' Nith
As slender morning early,
The golden locks and dewy less,
The broom was wavin' fairly,
Aloft, unscen, in cloudless sky,
The lark was singin' clearly,
When, wadin' thro' the broom I spied
My pretty Meg, my dearie.
Like dawn's light frae stormy night
To sailors was and weary,
Sae sweet to me the sight to see
O' pretty Meg, my dearie:—
"Her lips were like a half-seen rose,
When day is breakin' haly;
Her eyes beneath her smoky brow,
Like raindrops frae a lily;
Like two young snawdrops fill'd wi' dew,
They gleamed both bright and clear;
Abune them shone o' Meg, my dearie,
O' a' the flow'rs in sunny bowers,
That bloom'd that morn sae cheery,
The fairest flow'r that happy hour,
Was pretty Meg, my dearie.
"I took her by the sma' white hand,
My heart sprang in her bosom,
Upon her face sat madd'ning grace
Like sunshine on a blossom;
How lovely seem'd the morning hymn
O' lika birdie near me,
But sweeter far the angel voice
O' pretty Meg, my dearie;
While summer light shall bless my sight,
An' bonnie broom shall cheer me,
I'll ne'er forget the morn I met
My pretty Meg, my dearie."

In Mr. Stoddard's article we get some straight forward sensible comment, and therein is a quotation from Samuel Egerton Brydges, which gives us insight to Burns' home and the poet's sometime manner there when he received a stranger as guest. Brydges was an English poet of his day, who visited the Bard of Ellisland, in the autumn of 1790, bearing a letter of introduction:

"About 2 miles from his residence, on a bench under a tree, I passed a figure which, from the engraved portraits of him, I did not doubt was the poet, but I did not venture to address him. Arriving at his humble cottage Mrs. Burns opened the door; she was the plain sort of humble woman she had been described. She ushered me into a neat apartment, and said that she would send for Burns, who had gone for a walk. In about half an hour he came, and my conjecture proved right; he was the person I had seen on the bench by the roadside. At first I was not entirely pleased with his countenance. I thought it had a sort of capricious jealousy, as if he was half inclined to treat me as an intruder. I resolved to bear it, and try if I could humor him. I let him choose his turn of conversation, but said a word about the friend whose letter I had brought him. It was now about four in the afternoon of an autumn day. While we were talking, Mrs. Burns, as if accustomed to entertain visitors in this way, brought in a bottle of Scotch whiskey, and set the table. I accepted this hospitality. I could not help the curious glance with which he watched me at the entrance of this sequel of homely entertainment. He was satisfied; he filled our glasses. 'Here's a health to auld Caledonia!' The fire sparkled in his eyes, and mine sympathetically met his. He shook my hands, and we were friends at once. Then he drank, 'Erin forever!' and the tear of delight burst from his eyes. The fountain of his heart and his mind opened at once and flowed with abundant force almost till midnight. He had amazing acuteness of intellect as well as glow of sentiment. I do not deny that he said some absurd things, and many coarse ones, and that his knowledge was very irregular, and sometimes too presumptuous, and that he did not endure contradiction with sufficient patience. His pride, and perhaps his vanity was even morbid. I carefully avoided topics in which he could not take an active part. Of literary gossip he knew nothing, and, therefore I kept aloof from it; in the technical parts of literature, his opinions were crude and unformed, but whenever he spoke of a great writer whom he had read, his taste was generally sound. To a few minor writers he gave more credit than

they deserved. His grand beauty was his manly strength and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. He had always a full mind and all flowed from a genuine spring. I never conversed with a man who appeared to be more warmly impressed with the beauties of nature, and visions of female beauty and tenderness seemed to transport him. He did not merely appear to be a poet at casual intervals, but at every moment a poetical enthusiasm seemed to beat in his veins, and he lived all his days the inward if not the outward life of a poet. I thought I perceived in Burns' cheek the symptoms of an energy which had been pushed too far, and he had this feeling himself. Every now and then he spoke of the grave so soon about to close over him. His dark eye had at first a character of sternness, but as he became warm, though this did not entirely melt away, it was mingled with changes of extreme softness."

All this is exceedingly apt and interesting, as proceeding from a candid, cultivated man of poetical feeling. Of his characterization, Mr. Stoddard says: "This delineation of Burns in his thirty-second year is not only a notable example of intellectual portraiture, but to those who have studied his writings is an acute analysis of his genius, which accomplished what it did through its own intensity, and not through the adventitious aid of books. . . His familiarity with great writers was not extensive enough to instruct him; he was misinstructed by minor writers, with whom his acquaintance was sufficiently large. He read without judgment and admired without taste. This circumstance explains the mediocrity which characterizes all his English writings."

Other articles of some interest in this volume are: "Hon. John W. Goff, on Burns," "Burns' Relics in Brooklyn, N. Y., Valuable Manuscripts etc., at the Home of Wallace Bruce," by John D. Ross "Burns in an English Dress," "Burns in America," by John G. Dow; "The Kilmarlock 'Burns' Centenary of Publication," "Burns and Byron," and "Hawthorne's Fantasy of Burns the aged," by Rev. A. T. Lockhart; "Tam O' Shanter," by C. H. Govan; "The Religion of Burns," Walter Walsh; "Gen. Isaac S. Catlin, on Burns"; "The Jacobite ancestry of Rome," by John Muir, F. S. A. Scot; "Burns as a Mason"; "My Nannie O," by Andrew Robertson Girvan; "Burns as a newspaper man," Hunter MacCulloch; "Burns as a lover of birds," by Arthur Grant, "Scotland's new patron saint"; George Gillilan's answer to the question, "Why Burns is more popular than Scott with the masses"; "The memory of Burns—a brief tribute from his countrymen and admirers in Belfast"; "A poet of the people" by Rev. Dr. Court; "Alex Tait, the Tarbolton poet"; "Bibliographical notes on Burns" by John Muir; and "Burns' attitude toward the clergy of his day," by Rev. John Brown; an address delivered at Fall river. The poetry of the volume embraces the work of Holmes, and Lowell Carleton. "A Robert Burns reverie" is from "The Leeds Mercury," and "Lines on the centenary of Burns, Jan., 25th, 1859," are from the book of our Acadian poetess, Mary I. Katzman Lawson late of Halifax.

We have sent you two issues of Mr. Mosher's delicately printed and choice literary booklets, containing a prose-gem of William Morris the English poet entitled "The Hollow Land," prefaced with some fine lines by our New Brunswick poet, Francis Sherman taken from his "In Memorabile Mortis."

A little while before the Fall was done I dwell'd (it seem'd), to watch a pageant pass,— Young Queens, with rellow hair bound wonderfully, For love's sake, and because of love's decree, Most went, I knew; and so the flowers and grass Knew my steps also: Yet I went alas, Deeming the garden, surely lost to me. But as the days went over, and still our feet Trod the warm, even places, I knew well

That here had Beauty built her citadel. An excellent thing is "The Bibelot," and we should fancy book lovers, and followers of the old and new that is also strange, would all be after it. We have also a jubilee poem of Mr. Sherman, of which we may speak more in particular.

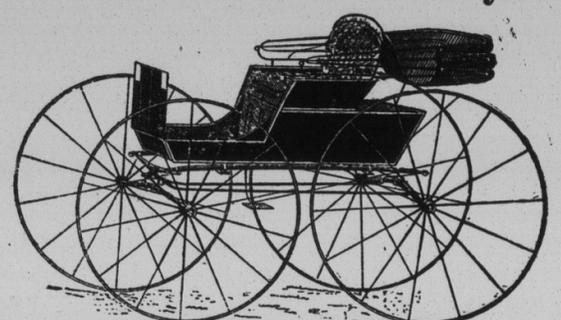
BERMUDA BLACKS.

Form a Most Commendable Portion of the Island Population. How people live so thriftily in Bermuda, and with so little exertion, is a standing enigma. Nobody is in haste and few have anything special to do. For a considerable time after the dinner hour it appears to be immaterial whether business houses are open or closed, 'steamer days' excepted, and there is plenty of time for entertainments, regattas and music in the public

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square by the imperial band. Common laborers get about \$1 a day, and the best mechanics, such as carpenters and masons, not over 9 shillings, or \$1.50. Beef costs nearly as much as in New York, and strange to say, vegetables are but little cheaper, while buildings used as tenements are divided into such small apartments as to return large rents. For all this, people of every class and color dress well and seem to lack no substantial comfort. The public schools are wholly surrendered to the colored population, whites preferring to patronize private institutions. Therefore, while there is no class antagonism, there is little direct communication beyond the necessities of business intercourse. Colored men as a rule drive the coaches, sail the boats, and make the laboring force in all lines of industry, whether in mechanics or agriculture. On the local steamboats all hands are colored—captain, crew and engineers. Even the pilots to conduct the big steamers into port are all colored, and of acknowledged competency. Colored people have their own church edifices, but have a regular place assigned them at other houses of worship. Evidently, so far as color is concerned, all controversy has ceased in Bermuda, each race treating the other with respectful consideration. In no community are the ordinary courtesies observed with a more scrupulous regard, especially in the intercourse with visitors from abroad. The almost total disappearance of the strictly negro type of physiognomy is at once noticeable. Already all of the colored population are Europeanizing to some extent, not only in features but in complexion, language and dress. In fact, not a few of the best looking, most genteel and prosperous among them are hardly distinguishable from the Caucasian race. It is also to be set down in their favor that they are uniformly polite, always excepting the 'Barbadoes nigger,' who is prone to be insufferably insolent.

There are few, if any, low-down and disreputable blacks. They are sometimes called lazy, but I think this is said by people who contrast them with workers in the northern states of America, which is unfair. Nobody works in Bermuda as real workmen do in the States or in Europe. Compared with the negro of our northern States the black Bermudians as a whole are at least two generations ahead. They live in clean and nice houses, they dress neatly, their churches and schools are well attended and interesting, they are not loungers and idlers and drunkards; and most of the hard work of the islands in sawing out blocks of limestone building houses, driving horses and asses, loading and unloading vessels, piloting and sailing all sorts of craft into and about the harbor, cultivating the onions, potatoes and lilies boxing and barreling and shipping the same and acting as servants on all occasions and everywhere except at the tables of a few hotels, is done by intelligent, handy, respectful and competent blacks. Bermuda in the whitest and cleanest place that I have seen in any part of the world its streets are better swept, its houses are better garnished, its every detail is white and bright and pure as soap and lime and water and work can make it, and the credit of this whiteness and light is due, in a large degree to the industry and honest labor of the black population, whom some writers call 'improvident and lazy.' It is a Yankee libel upon a race that have much to be proud of in the position which they have gained in two generations since they were emancipated from slavery.—New York Observer.

A Centenarian Cyclist. James Lane, of Chicago, who celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary last March, is one of the enthusiastic bicycle riders on the North Side. He asserts he is the oldest wheelman in the world, and every pleasant afternoon, says a correspondent, he can be seen 'soaring' along the North Side boulevards.

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if any, low-down and... They are sometimes... think this is said by peo-... them with workers in the... of America, which is un-... works in Bermuda as real... the States or in Europe... the negro of our northern... Bermudians as a whole... generations ahead. They... nice houses, they dress... churches and schools are... and interesting, they are... idlers and drunks;... hard work of the is-... ing out blocks of lime-... houses, driving horses... ing and unloading ves-... and sailing all sorts of... about the harbor, culti-... ns, potatoes and lilies... reling and shipping the... servants on all occas-... is done by intelligent... and competent blacks... whitest and cleanest place... in any part of the world... ter swept, its houses are... its every detail is white... re as soap and lime and... n make it, and the cred-... and light is due, in a... the industry and honest... population, whom some... ovident and lazy. It is... on a race that have much... the position which they... o generation since they... from slavery.—New

arian Cyclist.

Chicago, who celebrated... birthday anniversary last... the enthusiastic bicycle... h Side. He asserts he... man in the world, and... arnoon, says a corres-... seen 'scorching' along... lewards.

Woman and Her Work

Most of us have heard of Lady Isabel Burton, the wonderful modern Griselda who worshipped her husband, the wayward erratic globe trotter Mr. Richard Burton whose fortunes she followed so faithfully all his life, with an adoration which seemed almost a religion in itself. The enthusiastic explorer, traveller, writer and diplomat was accompanied throughout his varied career by his devoted wife who, talented above the average of her sex, as she herself was content, to find her highest happiness in acting as his amanuensis and secretary, making a home for him in a tent in the desert and spending her life in smoothing away as far as possible all obstacles and cares from his path.

The "Romance of Lady Isabel Burton" has been very generally read, but those who have not had the privilege of perusing it, will no doubt be as deeply interested as I have been myself, in reading her "Rules for a Wife," which are the actual rules by which she ordered her daily life, having made them, written them out, and laid them down for her own guidance in the management of her headstrong husband. I doubt if they will meet with a very cordial reception from the emancipated woman of today, sounding, as they do, too much like the entire subjection of woman, and I am quite certain that if Sir Richard Burton was not utterly ruined, and made a selfish, irresponsible tyrant by such a course of treatment he was a most exceptional man, since any but a human angel would be ruined by such persistent fostering of all his whims, and having every selfish impulse stifled. But still Lady Burton believed that her plan was successful, and was happy in the belief, as none of us can judge for her; we can only read her extraordinary "Rules" and wonder.

"1. Let your husband find in you a companion, friend and adviser and confidante, that he may miss nothing at home; and let him find in the wife what he and many other men fancy is only to be found in a mistress, that he may seek nothing out of his home.

2. Make his home snug. If it be ever so small and poor, there can always be a certain chic about it. Men are always ashamed of a poverty-stricken home and therefore prefer the club. Attend much to his creature comforts; allow smoking or anything else; for if you do not somebody else will. Make it yourself cheerful and attractive, and draw relations and intimates about him, and the style of variety-literature—that suits him.

4. Improve and educate yourself in every way, that you may enter into his pursuits, and keep pace with the times.

5. Be prepared at any moment to follow him at an hour's notice, and rough it like a man.

6. Do not hide your affection for him, but let him see and feel it in every action. Never refuse him anything he asks. Observe a certain delicacy before him. Keep up the honeymoon romance whether at home or in the desert. At the same time do not make prudish bothers which only disgust and are not true modesty. Do not make the mistake of neglecting your personal appearance, but try to look well, and dress well to please his eye.

7. Perpetually work up his interest with the world, whether for publishing or for appointments. Let him feel, when he has to go away that he leaves a second self in charge of his affairs at home; so that if sometimes he is obliged to leave you behind, he may have nothing of anxiety on his mind. Take an interest in everything that interests him. To be companionable a woman must learn what interests her husband; and if it is only planting turnips, she must try to understand turnips.

8. Never confide your domestic affairs to your female friends.

9. Hide his faults from everyone, and back him up through every difficulty and trouble.

10. Never permit anyone to speak disrespectfully of him before you; and if anyone does, no matter how difficult, leave the room.

11. Never permit anyone to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct to other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he finds fault; and never reproach him when he tells you of it, nor take advantage of it when you are angry; and always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

11. Keep all disagreements for your own room and never let others find them out.

12. Never ask him not to do anything—for instance, with regard to visiting other women, or anyone you particularly dislike; trust him and tell him everything, except another person's secret.

Do not bother him with religious talk; be religious yourself and give good example, take life seriously and earnestly; pray for and secure prayers for him without his knowing it, and let all your life be something that will win mercy from God for him. You might try to say a little prayer with him every night before laying down to sleep, and gently draw him to be good to the poor and more gentle and forbearing to others.

14. Cultivate your own good health, spirits, and nerves to enable you to carry out your mission.

15. Never open his letters, nor appear inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell you.

16. Never interfere between him and his family; encourage their being with him and forward everything he wishes to do for them, and treat them in every respect—as far as they will let you—as if they were your own.

Keep everything going, and let nothing ever be at a standstill.

Verily the life of the late lamented Sir Richard Burton must have been one prolonged picnic, and he must have really regretted what he was leaving behind when he came to die! Never to be bothered or crossed in any way, never to be even asked to do anything he did not like, never to be found fault with or worried about religious matters, never disappointed of in any way, and last, and greatest of all, never to be reproached about anything even flirting with other women; but to have every burden lifted from his shoulders, and all the thorns picked off the roses of life before he was permitted to handle them. His was indeed an ideal life, and Lady Burton must have possessed ample means and ample leisure to enable her to carry out half of her rules. It is a blessed thing she had no children for someone must have been neglected in that case.

But all the same I say in all seriousness that Lady Burton was wise beyond most of her sex in some things, and if the women of today would have rules 1, 8, 9, 11, 16, the first and last clause of rule 10, and nearly all of rules 3, 6, and 7, written in letters of gold, read them over every day, learn them by heart and practice them, there would be fewer unhappy marriages in this world.

Two things about these rules rather puzzle me—the first is what was Sir Richard's part in the domestic contract, what he gave in return for all his wife's devotion. And the second is now Lady Isabel, who made almost a religion of approving of her husband's every action while he was alive, came to ruthlessly destroy the M. S. of his "Scented Garden" after he was dead, in spite of the fact that his publishers had offered the large sum of six thousand guineas for the work. True, "The Scented Garden" was very naughty indeed I believe, but still it was a cherished work of Sir Richard's and it seems strange that his widow should have burned it with her own hands. Love is a strange thing, and perhaps the broken hearted woman could not bear to have the memory of her idolized husband associated with a work which she considered unworthy of him. She burned it 'for his soul's good' she said and we must take her at her word now. She was a wonderful woman and is entitled to the respect and admiration of all who can appreciate unselfishness, singleness of purpose and that rare power of self effacement which enabled her a singularly gifted woman, to sink her own individuality absolutely in that of her husband and be content to shine merely in the reflected glory from a god of her own setting up.

If you have a habit, like some women, of putting away a dress now and then when it has become a little old fashioned, until you have time to see about having it made over, you are very fortunate this summer, because the chances are ten to one that the dress has been neglected and almost forgotten, and when you take it out to see what can be done with it, you will be surprised to find that a few touches will serve to transform the rejected garment into a gown of '97. If it was made three years ago, it will show the same tight sleeve with three little ruffles at the shoulder, the same full skirt trimmed with narrow lace edged frills and the same blue bodice attached to a round or square yoke. The frills are

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probably set quite a distance apart, and will need to be massed together; the top of the skirt may be shirred into close puffs around the hips, and either a wide belt, or bolero of lace added to the bodice with shoulder straps, and corset of narrow velvet, and a ribbon collar and the dress is in the height of the fashion.

The skirt cut into deep points which fall over a Spanish flounce, is another boon to those whose pockets are not very full, the whirl-gig of fashion is a wonderful thing, and often very convenient for those who know how to take advantage of it and to these, it is a very simple matter. Cut a skirt which is either too short, or else frayed and worn around the foot, into deep points, edge the points with lace insertion or a double ruche, arrange a Spanish flounce beneath them, and have a skirt of the latest fashion. Sometimes a handsome skirt of embroidered Swiss muslin will shrink so much in the washing that it is practically useless, but if the owner will make a deep yoke of fine tucks fitting closely around the hips and then use her embroidered skirt as a very deep Spanish flounce, she will make it even better than new.

A feature of this summer's dresses seems to be the amount of needlework lavished upon them, and the greater part of this work such as the shirring and puffing must be done by hand.

Figured lawns and other nice cotton dresses are trimmed with ruffles edged with lace, and as these ruffles overlap slightly, and frequently reach the knee, they represent a great deal of work. One model in plain pink lawn has the skirt tucked perpendicularly for some inches below the waist, and trimmed at the foot with ruffles cut straight instead of bias.

Last year the fine ecru lawns and linens were spread smoothly and plainly over silk linings, the effect of transparency being all that was desired, but this season greater elaboration is desired, and the lawn is tucked, ruffled, and set with lace insertion until the original material is scarcely to be seen at all, and the idea of transparency has taken a very secondary place. A good example of this elaboration has the entire skirt arranged in vertical tucks to within thirteen inches of the foot, below this the material falls in a deep flounce which is in its turn ornamented with tucks and insertion running around. The blouse is entirely composed of vertical tucks to match the skirt, and the sleeves have tucks and insertion running around like the flounce. Another model, a dress of pale blue lawn has the entire blouse and skirt latticed over with valenciennes insertion so as to look as if the material was woven in a design of large plaids of lace and lawn.

Aprons are the newest fad in the fashionable world of London—another revival—and the old fashioned silk fringes for dress trimmings, are also in evidence and steadily gaining in favor. The aprons are not by any means intended for use, and the good ladies of a couple of generations ago, who wore cotton aprons when they went about their work in the morning and replaced them in the afternoons with sombre and serviceable affairs of black silk for best, and black alpaca for everyday wear, would find it hard to believe that the exquisite frivolities of today really were aprons at all. An English woman of fashion recently ordered an apron that cost five hundred dollars. It was made of Brussels rose point in an exquisite floral scroll design, and has a border of roses. It is worn when serving afternoon tea, or doing dainty fancy work.

It is said that men like aprons, and therefore the fashion is likely to take on this, as well as the other side of the water. Some of the first class shops are already importing them in anticipation of the autumn days when chopping dish suppers are once more in evidence and the clever girl who knows the charmingly domestic look a pretty apron imparts to the most frivolous

wearer, will hasten to avail herself of the opportunity to look fetching, and invest largely in dainty muslin and lace aprons.

Invitations to a "bloomer lawn party" from a church society of women in St. Louis recently stirred up great excitement and criticism, but the demand for tickets was tremendous. One of the conditions of the invitations was that all the women should wear bloomers, and those who were not properly equipped in that respect were to be provided with the articles on their arrival. When the crowd arrived on the night of the bloomer party it discovered all the women adorned with immense sun-flowers, which were the bloomers that had invited so much criticism.

Mrs. Daniel Whalen is a St. Louis woman introduced to fame through her original method of preserving the harmony of her home. Her husband, coming home intoxicated, tried to strike her. When he had gone to sleep Mrs. Whalen sewed him up in the sheet and gave him a sound thrashing.

WANTED THE REAL THING.
Prof. Seneca Jones's Search; for an Evil Purpose.

They were out in the pasture lot—Farmer Silas Jones and his learned brother Prof. Jones. The Professor had a knowing smile on his face and a curious little instrument in his hand.

'Now Sen,' said Silas, I wish to goodness you'd tell me what you're goin' to do.'

'Very well, Silas. This little machine I have here photographs pardoes, motives thoughts—'

'Go 'long, Sen! You're jokin'!'

'Indeed no Silas. Every action of the brain every pulsation of the nerves, affects the atmosphere and makes itself felt upon the sensitive plate of the camera. For instance—' and here the professor drew a number of fine, even circles one within another—'a pleasant thought or purpose, will be reproduced thus. And a thought of extreme anger or a purpose of destruction will be pictured with the lines of the circle jagged, uneven and the reverse of symmetrical, thus.'

'Well, that beats all! But what did you come 'way out here, for?'

'You see, Silas, I wish to secure a picture of the maddest most evil purpose on record for my forthcoming work, "The Psychology of Purpose." To this end I have come out here, and if you will kindly take this red handkerchief and flag that bull down there until he charges into focus you'll oblige me and confer an everlasting boon upon literature.'

Silas turned pale.
'Reckon you don't know that bull, Sen. He's a regular man-ester.'

'That's just what I went,' cried the pro-

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essor, delightedly; 'flag him on—be quick, Silas.'

'He won't need much flaggin,' I guess,' muttered Silas, casting a vague look at his brother; 'the flies have worked his dander up pretty well already. Keep your eye on the fence, Sen, and don't lose any time gettin' over it after you catch his purpose, 'cause he'll be about the maddest bull in Michigan. Watch your eye, now—I'm goin.'

Silas thereupon approached and made a few preliminary passes with the red flag. The animal stamped his forefoot, whirled around and made a beline for Farmer Jones, who put for the fence.

'Don't wait till he gets in focus,' cried Silas as he rushed past the professor; 'take it now!'

But, like the elder Pliny, Prof. Jones was made of sterner stuff. He waited calmly, pressed the button not a moment too soon and started after his brother. The bull, however, had charged into focus altogether too late for the professor's well being. Seneca Jones had barely time to toss his instrument to Silas when-whiz rip-o-w-ker thud! the learned man was tossed over the fence and landed in a heap by his brother's side.

'I told ye, Sen,' cried Silas; 'ain't hurt he ye?'

'Hurt! In an instant Seneca Jones had risen in all his wrath.

'Where is that four-footed whirlwind of iniquity? Show him to me! I'll—'

Just then Silas inadvertently pressed the button of the instrument he was holding. It happened that it pointed straight at the professor who was, moreover, in exact focus. From these causes resulted a deplorable loss to science for—the plate broke!—Detroit Free Press.

A Rare Dog From China.

A real blooded Chinese dog, such as, it is said, has never before been without the walls of the palace of the Emperor of China, arrived at Tacoma (Wash.) on the steamer Pelican from Tien-tsin, China. The dog is of the species known as the Pekin pug, which is kept exclusively within the Emperor's harem at Peking. It was bought at Tien-tsin several weeks ago from a Chinese servant, who stole it from the royal gardens. The dog is a natural pet and an ideal house canine. Its body is long in proportion to its legs. The legs appear to be double jointed at the knees. It is said that were it known where the dog has gone the man who stole it would surely lose his head.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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TRACES OF A LOST RACE.
Discoveries Made in the Mounds of Louisiana.

Prof. George E. Beyer of Tulane University New Orleans has just returned from his explorations of the so-called Indian mounds along Red River and between that stream and the Mississippi, in Franklin, Natchitoches, and other neighboring parishes, which he investigated for Tulane University and the Louisiana Historical Society. He was engaged in the work for more than five weeks, and he might have stayed ten times as long, for he found the mounds far more common than he expected; so common, in fact, as to indicate that the alluvial lands of the Red River and the country between that stream and the Mississippi must have been far more densely populated at the time the mounds were built than when the white man pushed his way into the country.

Prof. Beyer was chosen for this work because of his recent great success in exploring the Catahoula mounds, also in the swamp. The latter he examined far more thoroughly than any previous explorer, and he was able to show that each mound was not a single body erected at one time, but like Schliemann's Ilium, a succession of mounds or settlements built one on top of the other. He was able to distinguish the several layers of earth, shell, and clay deposited at different times, and to demonstrate a greater antiquity for the Mounds than had been supposed—an antiquity of at least 1000 years. The skeletons and implements discovered proved further that the inhabitants of these mounds were not of the race of the ordinary red Indians who were found there by the French and Spanish explorers, but a race akin to the Aztecs or Toltecs, of a more peaceful disposition than the neighboring Indians and originally more civilized. They had apparently been forced into the great swamp by the surrounding Indian tribes, and their civilization had deteriorated under the unfavorable conditions in which they lived.

Prof. Beyer's later explorations confirmed his former ones, or rather showed that there were two varieties of mounds in the country he explored, one variety, on the higher land, apparently erected by Indians and used mainly for burial purposes; the other built by a more ancient race, containing skulls of the same kind as those found in Catahoula. The Indian mounds contained a large number of skeletons with heads distinctively Indian, arrows, tomakawks, &c. The other mounds were in the swamps or lakes, like those of Mexico. Such lakes were once abundant along the Red River, but nearly all have been drained dry today by the removal of the Red River raft. The number of these mounds fairly staggered Prof. Beyer. On Brown's Bayou, in Natchitoches, he found no fewer than fifty clustered together, and extending a distance of two miles from Brown's Bayou to Little Deer Creek. They were so close together—only 50 feet apart—as to make what must have been in old days a settlement or town. There were beyond that a number of scattering mounds in the swamp, but these fifty were built with something like geometrical precision and regularity. A large mound, known as the Brannin Mound, and the only rectangular one west of the Mississippi, seemed to have been a temple or point of observation. It was much higher than the others, and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. There were evidences that a fire had been kept lighted on it, either for religious purposes or to give warning to the neighboring settlements. At the time these mounds were erected all the surrounding country was subject to overflow, or rather must have been under water all the time, so that the settlement was originally an American Venice, with canals between the several islands. The mounds had been built at different times, the original material used being shells, and subsequently clay and mud. Unlike the Indian mounds, there were no skeletons in them, and few relics of any kind. The mounds were evidently erected for purposes of refuge from the water, and simply to live on, and, except the central one, were not for burial or religious purposes.

Other similar clusters of mounds were found in the surrounding country. At Clear Lake was a large round signal mound and around it fifty mounds, all living in the bed of Clear Lake and under the direct control of the big mound. The latter commanded a range of from twenty to thirty miles of circumjacent country. Some handsome vases were found there, and pottery identical in character and design with that found among the aborigines of the Lesser Antilles. Only a few skulls, however, were obtained, but these showed the mound people to have been of the same race as those in Catahoula parish in Lake Larto, and of the Indian type found in the country by the first white explorers.

At Cemo a mound 800 feet long was explored; but like most of those in the swamp it yielded very little as the result of excavation into it.

The more modern Prof. Beyer, examined

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the more were brought to his attention, and it became evident that it would take months to make even a hasty examination of all of them. The country was originally, and even in historical times, a great swamp, owing to floods of the Mississippi and the Red rivers which were dammed up by the rafts formed by the trees and trunks carried down by these streams. Through this swamp were scattered hundreds of lakes, some of which, like lakes Catahoula, Iat, Black and Clear, still survive, but most of which have been drained and brought under cultivation. It is in these lakes that the mound settlements are found clustered together very much like those of the aborigines of Mexico.

The explorations have not yet determined exactly how these lake dwellers lived, but only that they lived on these mounds, at least a thousand years ago, and probably died out or were killed off before De Soto's day. Whether further explorations will bring to light the story of their origin and fate remains to be determined, but there is little doubt that they fell victims to the fiercer Indian tribes around them. The recent explorations of Tulane University and the Louisiana Historical Society have aroused an interest in archeology in Louisiana, and there is scarcely a planter in the alluvial district who has not some mounds on his place which he wants to have examined or which he has undertaken to examine himself.

CAUSES OF ASTHMA.

Various Causes that Lead to this Distressing Disease.

In a recent article concerning the treatment of asthma a prominent authority on diseases of the chest enumerates as follows the principal causes of the obstruction in the bronchial tubes to which the paroxysmal difficulty in breathing is due:

1. A previous diseased condition of the lungs, which renders them susceptible to attack. Not infrequently cases of asthma resist treatment simply from the physician's failure to recognize the existence of an antecedent trouble. Weak lungs are always open to the influence of the various excitants to asthmatical paroxysms.

2. Direct irritation of the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes may establish the disease by exciting the lungs to successive paroxysms. The inhalation of various dusts and powders, like those arising from flowers, marble and coals, and irritating fumes of metals are often the starting point or occasion of a severe attack of asthma, which in fact, usually lasts as long as there is any additional source of irritation. Experience must teach the sufferer what kinds of irritants are especially to be avoided in his individual case. Feather bed, animals, kerosene lamps and arsenical wall-paper are among the more common of direct irritants.

3. In indirect irritation of the lungs the source of the trouble may be located at some distance from the lungs, as is the case in digestive derangements. Attacks of asthma may be provoked by the pressure of tumors or enlarged glands upon the nerves which control the process of breathing. Since the extension of special surgery many cases of asthma arising from irritations and obstructions in the nose have been discovered and cured. Enlarged tonsils may also be a source of irritation.

4. Not the least frequent among the agents concerned in the production of paroxysms of asthma are what are called toxic causes, that is to say, causes which produce systemic poisoning. The more common of these are of gouty or malarial origin. Signs of lead and arsenical poisoning should be searched for.

In looking for the cause of a given case of asthma, we should take into consideration the fact that the disease may be due to one condition alone, or to several combined.

Whatever means are taken for the immediate relief of the paroxysm, it is obvious that a cure of the disease itself cannot be expected until the underlying trouble has been remedied.

They Knew Their Passengers.

The students of sociology will find a great many of the old New England ways still enough to travel on rural trolleys. On one line in Boston suburbs the conductors and motormen know their passengers. The other day a conductor excused his hurry in making change by saying he had to 'look after Mrs. Blank,' cause she's lame.' Having helped that lady to reach terra firma, the conductor resumed the collection of fares, beginning with a little girl, of whom he asked: 'How's father's cold today, Annie?' Needless to say that the conductors are 'Johns' and 'Henrys' to many of the patrons. The line is well operated, for the old New England democracy always knew how to get there on schedule time.

Can Rheumatism be Cured?

The application of Nerviline—nerve pain cure which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, goes greatly to prove that it can. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out, and in this way gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

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'My typewriter complains that in this hot weather her hand sticks to the paper and her back sticks to the chair.' 'Yes?' 'But you ought to see her get up and fly when the clock strikes six.'—Chicago Record.



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THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

An Unusual Experience Even for a Man Used to Surprise.

The man who was talking to the Washington Star man was a burglar, and not one of the reformed kind either. He was not prosecuting his profession just at that particular time, owing to the fact that as the result of a prosecution by the state he was making himself more useful than he had been in a long time.

In other words, he was doing time in a penitentiary, and his dress suit was a continuous reminder to the reporter that a sebra must have been skinned somewhere in that neighborhood.

'Well,' he said in the language of a man who had seen better days and in response to a suggestion from the reporter, 'I suppose I might tell you a story if there was going to be anything in it to me.'

What a heartless wretch he was! Trying in this calculating manner to rob the struggling reporter out of a part of his hard earned stipend. However, the reporter wasn't mean, and after a brief bargaining the inactive burglar proceeded.

'I'll commence at the beginning,' he said, 'and tell you how I got my start—all great men get their start some way or other, you know, and I'm no exception. When I was 12 years old, I ran away from home in the country, where I lived with my uncle, a school-teacher, and if I do say it myself, I was one of his brightest and sharpest scholars. I got to New York as the usual runaway boy does and, unlike most of them I succeeded in eluding pursuit and settled down to business as a newsboy. It was congenial work, and I used to go to night school and soon was a leader among the boys. By the time I was 17 I had a position in a restaurant as a cashier, and the handling of the money was too much for me, and one day I shipped out with \$100 and went to San Francisco. For the next four years I kept getting a little worse but never fell into the hands of the police.'

'Then I got sick and they put me in the city hospital, and one night I died. I mean,' explained the burglar, 'that as far as they knew I was dead. I didn't have any friends, and as the young doctor who attended especially to me didn't get any pay for his trouble the authorities, to recompense him somewhat and to save funeral expenses, turned my body over to him, and he took it to his office for the usual purpose. He laid me out on a table in a back room about 1 o'clock one morning and left me there in the cold while he adjourned to some other part of the house and went to bed, I suppose. In fact I know, as you will see presently.

'I don't know what time in the night it was or what was going on around me, but after awhile I began to come to, and in a few minutes I knew that I was not in the narrow little bed at the hospital, and in a few more minutes I began to be scared nearly to death, for I knew right away that I was in the hands of the doctors and in a fair way to be chopped up. The fright gave me strength, and I got up from the table and was about to break away, anywhere, so long as I got away, when the absence of clothes suggested that I get some, and I began to look around a bit. I soon got into the doctor's wardrobe, and it wasn't long until I had dressed myself very well for ready made things, and wasn't half as bad scared as I had been, owing to a good drink of brandy I got out of a bottle I came across.

'I don't know why the burglar instinct should have showed up at such a time, but the sense of safety that I felt in knowing how easily I could account for my presence in the house seemed to urge me on to getting as much value as I could out of the doctor's house before my departure and, thanks to his carelessness and wealth, when I finally made my exit I had \$1,000 or more worth of jewelry, watches and that sort, to say nothing about \$100 or so I got in cash. In fact,' concluded the burglar, with a heartless sigh, 'I don't think, in all the after years of my work, improved as it should have been by experience, study and practice, I ever did a more pleasant and profitable job than my first one, to which of course, was added the keen pleasure of the joke I had played on the doctor.'

Let Your Charity be Bright and Attractive.

The inmates of charitable institutions and our deserving town and city poor are with us at all times. Many of us yearly send the poor our cast off and half worn garments, such as dresses, jackets, capes, skirts, coats, vests and pants. By this work hundreds of half-clad people are made warm and comfortable, and are enabled to appear on the streets. In this work of charity, many donors are making their gifts bright and attractive by the use of the Diamond Dyes. The old garments are dyed some suitable color and look quite as well as new ones. New and fresh colors add to the joys and pleasures of the poor, and the garments do not have the appearance of cold charity. This work of brightening up old and faded clothes is done at a trifling cost with the Diamond Dyes. Think of this special work, dear ladies, when your bundle of clothing is being prepared for the poor. One packet of Diamond Dye, costing ten cents, will add wonderfully to the value of your donation.

...ence Even for a Man to Surprise.

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...and they put me in the one night I died. I the burglar, 'that as far as dead. I didn't have the young doctor who to me didn't get any to the authorities, to re- what and to save funeral y body over to him, and ice for the usual purpose a table in a back room e morning and left me while he adjourned to the house and went to fact I know, as you

...at that time in the night it going on around me, but n to come to, and in a that I was not in the to the hospital, and in a I began to be scared I knew right away and of the doctors and hopped up. The fright and I got up from the to break away, any- got away, when the ab- got that I get some, around a bit. I soon wardrobe, and it was dressed myself very e things, and wasn't as I had been, owing to a brandy I got out of a

...up by the burglar instinct up at such a time, but that I felt in knowing account for my presence to urge me on to value as I could out of before my departure carelessness and wealth, my exit I had \$1,000 wery, watches and that about \$100 or so I got concluded the burglar. 'I don't think, in all work, improved as it experience, study and a more pleasant and, my first one, to which d the keen pleasure of id on the doctor.'

...Bright and Attractive. suitable institutions and city poor are with ly send the poor our rns, skirts, coats, vests works hundreds of half- e warm and comfort- led to appear on the

...arity, many donors are right and attractive by mond Dye. The old come suitable color and new ones. lers add to the joys e poor, and the gar- e appearance of cold

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TILLIE'S STRIKE

Tillie Slater often said she was working her fingers to the bone, but nobody seemed to care. Tillie's sister Alice was the 'fashionable' dressmaker in Roseberry row, and Tillie was her assistant. She cut buttonholes, sewed straight seams on the machine, pulled out basting threads, helped to cook the meals, washed dishes, swept floors and read the news to her brother Geoffrey. There had been a time when the Slater girls had looked upon Geoffrey as a helper and a protector in the struggle with poverty, which was the only legacy their parents had left them. But that was before the accident on the new schoolhouse, where he was working. After that his arms were limp and lifeless, his back was bent and his eyes were bad, and the poor boy, with the hopeful strength of his seventeen years all blighted, became nothing but a burden to his faithful sisters.

There were a good many times when Tillie worked herself into the belief that she was a martyr. Then she secretly rebelled against the hardness of her lot; but, with the exception of the finger tips, she considerably restrained from complaining in Alice's presence. But when they took the baby to raise she felt that she was justified in open rebellion.

'It's downright shame,' she cried out, bitterly, when Alice brought the little fellow home with her from the funeral and announced her intention of keeping him. 'I declare, I won't put up with it. Just as if we haven't had a hard enough time already without this happening. It's been nothing but work, work, work, all my life. I've never had the time nor the money to go places and do things like other girls. I've never said anything about how I felt for I supposed you and Geoffrey were suffering just as much as I did. But when it comes to saddling ourselves with other people's children, I won't stand it.'

'But he's our own nephew,' persisted Alice, gently. 'Our own sister's child. Just before Cara went she called me in and asked me to take him and bring him up and I've got to do it. Remember, he is an orphan as well as ourselves, Tillie. We don't care for him, who will?'

'I don't know,' said Tillie, stiffly. 'I suppose you can put him in an asylum or an institute. That is where other babies go when their fathers and mothers die, and he's no better than the rest of them. There's one thing sure, we can't have him. One more mouth to feed and one more body to clothe means a good deal to poor folks like us. And we need so many things, now, too. Besides, who's going to take care of him? A two-year-old baby can't very well shift for himself.'

'Yes, I know,' returned Alice. 'I thought you could take him out for an airing sometimes and look after him a little nights and mornings. Geoffrey and I can manage to get along some way during the day. Then vacation will soon be here and you will have lots of time to give him.' 'Take care of his nights and mornings and haul him around during vacation! Yes, indeed, I see myself doing it. I'll strike, that's what I'll do Alice Slater. I won't turn my hand over to help about one solitary thing. If you're going to burden yourself with troublesome babies you'll have to get along the best way you can. I shan't help.'

Alice sighed and commenced to pare the potatoes for supper. Tillie took up her Latin reader and tried to study, but somehow she could not concentrate her thoughts on the lesson. Through the open door she could see the baby sitting by the sewing room window in the midst of some flowering plants that Tillie had carefully nursed throughout the winter. He was a bonnie child, and he looked so sweet and pretty in his pink dress and white ruffled apron that even Tillie's hardened heart was touched, and the thought was borne in on her mind as she watched him that of all the flowers blooming there the daintest and fairest was her little nephew.

'Why don't you kiss the baby, dear?' said Alice, as she began to set the table. 'Don't act that way. Poor little thing, he has been so lonesome yesterday and to-day without his mother. Clara always spoiled him, I guess. He'll get over it soon, but it's pitiful now to see how his heart is grieved for her.'

Alice lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes, but Tillie turned her attention to the Latin reader once more and refused to welcome the addition to their family. She did not refer to the subject again, but her actions gave positive proof that the strike was on.

'Tillie's still sulking,' Alice said to Geoffrey one morning, after her sister had gone to school without heeding the boy who held out his chubby hands and asked in his baby way, to be taken, too. There's been an awful change in her, too. She never does anything unless I ask her to, and she seems to hate little Hiram. I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do about it, and the 19 old-bread-winner sighed.

'Don't worry, Alice,' said patient Geoff rey. 'Don't pay any attention to her and her bad humor will wear off after while any body'd have to love this child. Its contrary to human nature to hold unkind feelings toward him.'

But Tillie's bad humor did not wear off. The strike was continued through April and May, and when vacation began her dislike for the little boy who had, by common consent, been consigned to her care was at fever heat. Tillie herself often wondered how she could treat him so badly.

'Hiram Stewart, Hiram Stewart I hate you, she said one day in a low tense voice that fairly frightened her when she realized what a terrible state of mind such a tone must express. She had taken him out to the park that afternoon for an airing in compliance with Alice's request. She placed him in one corner of a wooden bench and knelt before him that she might look him squarely in the face when telling him what she thought of him. Even in the midst of her anger

Tillie involuntarily pronounced him the prettiest baby in the whole world, with his soft brown hair, long dark lashes and beautifully molded face, but the thought did not cause her to relent.

'Do you know what you have done to me, Hiram Stewart?' she went on. 'You've made me work my fingers to the bone.' Tillie could not forbear using her favorite expression. In spite of the fact that she had been doing comparatively little since his coming, 'You keep me from having any fun. I can't go visiting with the girls, but have to lug you around every bright day instead.'

Great tears were coursing down the baby's cheeks, and his breast heaved with a storm of sobs that was about to break. Tillie saw his grief, but she went on mercilessly.

'I had completed plans for having a little pleasure this summer for the first time in my life, and you had to come in and knock them all in the head. Hiram Stewart, you're the pest of my existence. I'm not going to put up with you any longer. I'm—going—to—lose—you.'

It seems, as though the child understood the import of the words, for he set up a cry that echoed through that part of the park and attracted the attention of everybody who chanced to be lounging near there.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' lamented Tillie. 'I've done it now. I ought to have known better than to get him scared. I must try to quiet him somehow. There, there, baby, and she assumed a coaxing tone, 'don't cry, Tillie didn't mean it. Come on, darling, and go to sleep. Tillie'll sing for you.'

She took him in her arms and sat down in his corner of the bench. Then, swaying herself gently backward and forward, she murmured a lullaby with which her own heart had often been soothed when heavy with infantile woes. The afternoon sun was sinking low, and its last rays fell athwart the fair face nestled against her shoulder, when Tillie ceased singing and assured herself that the baby was sound asleep. One little hand was clasped over the end of the lace scarf at her throat, but she dettly loosed his grasp, and with a dexterity of a settled determination she slipped him from her arm to the bench.

Then she stood up and looked round. That corner of the park was momentarily deserted. The only persons in sight were three boys in a boat, quite a distance out on the lake, and a fisherman, who was just returning from the end of the pier. She watched the fisherman until he struck into a pathway leading south, then turned to the baby once. One tiny hand was doubled up under his head and the other nestled beneath his chin. There were tear stains on his cheeks, and even in his breathing was convulsed now and then, as though dreaming of the sorrow he had just borne.

Tillie gave one more quick, frightened glance at the child on the bench, and turned and ran, with the swiftness of a young gazelle, through a deeply shaded path that branched off from the wide carriage-way. Twilight had already settled down in the treasured walk, and there was no one to watch her flight. She had almost reached the street where the cable cars were running two and fro, before anyone crossed her path. Then she slackened her speed and walked out into the wide drive with apparent unconcern.

The clock in the tower of the railroad depot at the head of Roseberry row was striking seven when Tillie walked into the kitchen—alone. Supper had been standing for half an hour, and Alice already had grown nervous and anxious.

'Where's Hiram?' she asked, when she perceived that Tillie did not have the baby. 'O-oh,' moaned Tillie over and over again. Her grief was not feigned for her alarm had by that time become genuine in realization of her offense.

'What's the matter?' repeated Alice. 'Where's Hiram?' 'He's lost, or stolen or something,' said Tillie. 'I had him on a bench close to the lake, and I just went down to the edge of the water for a few minutes, and when I went back he was gone. O-oh!'

'Somebody's stolen him,' said Geoffrey. Alice was weeping piteously. 'Did you speak to a policeman, Tillie?' she asked. 'N-o-o,' faltered Tillie. 'I didn't think about it.'

Within an hour's time a description of the lost child had been sent to every police station in town. That was a proceeding Tillie had not counted on, and she wondered what the outcome would be. It practically resulted in nothing, for in spite of the

berry row that Hiram would be restored by assurances of the officer who patrolled Roseberry row, the next day dawned without bringing any news of the pretty boy. Tillie passed a miserable night. She begged to be allowed to sit up with Alice and the neighbors who had come in, but they bade her go to bed.

'It isn't your fault, child,' they said, kindly. 'Nobody blames you. You look like you'd been sick for a week. Go to bed and try to rest a little.'

Their tender solicitude increased her feeling of guilt. Along toward morning she fell asleep, but she was tormented by such awful dreams that she was glad when they told her it was time to get up.

A week passed, and in spite of the efforts of her relatives, and every day she still missing Tillie had accomplished her object. She had rid herself of her troublesome little relative, but somehow his absence did not bring the sense of freedom she had expected. The strike had been called off, and she again helped Alice of her own accord. But there wasn't much to be done. Sewing was slack just then, and all the duties pertaining to the baby were no longer needed. She had plenty of time to go visiting with the girls, but she had no inclination to im-

port the latest spot. Her head was bent, and she did not raise her eyes from the ground till near the familiar bench. Then she stopped short with a cry of alarm and rubbed her eyes to make sure she was awake. Yes, she was right; she had lost her mind indeed, for there on that self-same bench, dressed in the same pink frock and lying in the same attitude, in the same corner, was the despised baby.

Her heart gave a mighty bound as though it would jump clear out of her mouth. 'He's dead, and that's his ghost,' she cried, faintly; but 'I'm going to look at his pretty face once more, anyway. I'll go to it.'

A moment later she stood beside him, and in another instant Hiram Stewart, in flesh and blood not in spirit, was clasped in her strong young arms.

'My darling, darling baby,' she sobbed. 'I love you; indeed I do.' There was a note pinned to his dress. It was addressed to her. She opened it and read as follows:

'On the afternoon of June 25 an old man who was resting in the shadow of a clump of bushes in Lincoln park heard a little girl saying some very cruel things to a baby among other things she threatened to 'lose' him. The old man was sorely grieved at that, and after the little girl had run away he went over and sat on the bench beside, the sleeping boy. It was dark when the baby awoke and sat up and looked around him. He was chilled and hungry, and frightened at the lonesome stillness, and if the little girl could have heard his pitiful crying she would have vowed never to 'lose' him again, but to love him dearly.'

'The old man took him home. He soon learned, through the newspapers, to whom the child belonged. He made a trip to Roseberry row and told the little girl's brother and sister a few things, and they decided it would be well to bring the little girl to her senses. The old man has given the child the best of care. He would like to keep him always, but there are others who have a better claim. He is yours henceforward.'

There was no name signed to the letter. Tillie looked all around for the old man, who, she thought, must be near, but he had disappeared so mysteriously as he had come the day she 'lost' the baby.

Tillie clasped Hiram's chubby arms round her neck and pressed him close to her heart. She went straight to Roseberry row.

'I've found him, Alice,' she said, simply. 'You know all about it. I'm sorry. The strike is over, Alice, and if you don't let me work my fingers to the bone now, I'll never forgive you.'—Chicago Record.

A PROULAR TRAIN

The Spook That Makes An Annual Trip on an Abandoned Track.

'Speaking of things,' remarked a Philadelphia drummer, 'I had a strange thing happen to me about a month ago in Georgia. I didn't exactly happen to me either, but it was in my hearing. I had attempted to drive across the country to catch a train at a station which I could not have reached otherwise except by a long and tiresome detour over a miserable piece of road—and when a railroad in Georgia is bad it is bad with any sort of an adjective for emphasis you choose. It was 12 miles and through a mountain gap, and as it was nearly dark when I started I wound up by getting lost and going the Lord knows where till I struck a very fair two story house that looked as if it might have been a summer hotel once upon a time.

'I asked the man who responded to my call how far it was to the railroad, and he told me ten miles, and I had better 'light' and stay all night. I 'lighted,' and after a bite of cold bread and meat and a drink of 'moonshine' I went to bed, tired enough to have slept on a picket fence. It was then 11 o'clock, and about two hours later I was awakened from my slumbers by hearing a train whistle apparently a mile or less away and then the rumble along, coming nearer and nearer and nearer until suddenly it

stopped, and I heard no more. I was too sleepy to give it much thought, and, rolling over, I went to sleep again wondering why my host had told me it was ten miles to the railroad, unless it was to deceive me out of the price of a night's lodging.

'In the morning at breakfast I mentioned the fact to him, and he laughed in an uneasy kind of way and assured me that it was ten miles to the railroad, and I would think it was three times that far after I had driven over it. The noise I had heard, he said, was probably the wind blowing down the chimney and banging around the house, which was old and open in many places. I hadn't any more to say and went on my way to the railroad, reaching there in three hours and noticing all the way that an old road bed with the ties and rails still on it in places lay near the wagon road all the way to the station.

'At the station, while waiting for my train, I got to talking with the station agent, who was a bright, sharp chap, and incidentally I asked him about that railroad train. He looked at me quick as a wink and asked me the particulars, which I told him.

'It's a han't,' he said. 'Last night was the night it always comes. When the road was first built here, there was a branch that ran back up in that country to a place about two or three miles beyond that house to a kind of a summer resort up there—mineral springs and a waterfall. Excursions for a day used to go up there from towns down the road from here and up the other way. Ten years ago tonight an excursion was coming back from there, and just about the neighborhood of that house the engineer saw an obstruction on the track that was going to throw the whole shebang over the bank, and whistling down brakes and cutting his engine loose, he went straight for it and knocked it off the track. Of course he and his engine went with it, and neither of them was ever any more use after that racket, but the train was saved, and that was enough for a man to die for, because there were 200 women and children in the excursion.

'It was shown that some of the people in the neighborhood had attempted to wreck the train, and it spoiled the excursion business. There was coal on the branch that kept the last nine or ten miles of it in operation for a few years longer, but there never was another passenger train to go over the place where the engineer was killed—that is to say, never another train that anybody ever saw, but there has been go over the spot or, rather, go to it and one stop one night in every year for the past ten years. I have heard it, and so have the men in that house and you, but no more that I know of because his nearest neighborhood is three miles away, and nobody ever gets in that neighborhood is three miles away, and nobody ever gets in that neighborhood to stay all night. I suppose I would not have been there if he had not asked me as a friend to come up on one of the anniversary nights and hear it, so he could talk to me about it and advise with me whether to move away or stick it out. I advised him to stay and had very nearly forgotten all about it, for really the subject hasn't come to my notice in four or five years, and you can wager money I won't want back to listen to it any more. I'll be blamed if I couldn't see that engineer and his engine whirling to destruction the night I staid there because I knew what to expect and sat up to wait for it with every nerve at its highest tension. Darn queer kind of a ghost, isn't it?'

'I told him I thought it was,' concluded the drummer, 'and when I suggested to him that I might perhaps tell the story to some one else and it might get into the newspapers he laughed and said that it was just the same as keeping it a dead secret, for nobody in that neighborhood took a newspaper or could read one if he did.'—Washington Star.

WHAT DID THE MAN MEAN?

'I am well enough now that I have consented to be always ill,' said Gustave Flaubert.

That seems a very silly thing to say. It sounds like a contradiction. Yet there may be a meaning in it not only, but a reason for many of us. Two persons will first speak on the same subject, and help us to understand Mr. Flaubert's words.

'In the spring of 1884,' says one, 'I began to feel weak and ailing. I was tired languid and low spirited. I had no ambition or energy. My appetite was poor, and even a morsel of food distressed me. I had so much pain and tightness around the chest that I unloosed my clothing. My mouth was dry and parched, and I felt hot and feverish. I was often faint, and always had a sense of sinking. I got but little sleep—often not more than an hour at night.

'As time went on I got weaker and weaker—not eating enough to feed a child. Thus I continued year after year. No medicine or treatment availed anything. In October, 1889, I heard of and used your remedy. Half a bottle benefited me; and, continuing to take it I was fully restored to health. Last summer Mr. Sage the Evangelist minister, of London, was at our village, and when I told him how ill I had been, and the remedy that cured me he said, 'Why, that is the medicine that cured my mother after all the doctors at the hospital proved unable to help her.' Yours, &c., (signed) Mrs. Jane Milton Thurston, Bury St. Edmunds, February 16th 1894.'

'For over 20 years,' says another, 'I suffered more or less from an intractable malady. I had a bad taste in the mouth, belching up a disgusting sour fluid; and although I often had a sense of sickness I seldom threw up the contents of my stomach. After meals I had pain and weight at the chest, and a nauseous gas was forced into my throat until I could hardly get my breath.

'Often, as I came from work, these attacks would take me, and I was compelled to sit down and rest. At night my sleep was much disturbed, and as time went on, through lack of eating, my strength failed more and more until I was very weak and miserable. From time to time I consulted doctors and got medicines from the chemists, but no good came of it—that is, none that had power to abide.

'This was the manner of my life until February, 1892, when I first heard of the remedy to which I owe the best of all things—my good health. And how good indeed it seems after I had been without it so long! Five bottles in all did the work. Since that day I keep it in the house, and when I feel a bit out of sorts from any cause, a dose or two sets me right. (Signed) James Whitting, coal dealer, Dunham Green, near Green Man Inn, Hoxne, Suffolk, February 14th, 1894.'

These are the facts. One moment now for thinking. I have a dear friend who lost his right arm in battle. 'How have you ever contrived to get on without it?' I asked him one day. 'Well enough,' he answered, 'after I had reconciled myself to its loss.' But it was a loss—a heavy loss bitter hard to bear. Ah, yes! Nobody can gainsay that.

You see, don't you? That was what Mr. Flaubert meant. He was a chronic dyspeptic. He had gone the rounds of doctors and drugs—a weary, wasteful round, and ah, dear! was not a jot the better. Then he said what we have quoted.

That would have been the fate of Mrs. Melton and Mr. Whiting if they had not happily, fallen in with Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. That cured them, as it cures all cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, and the complaints that arise from inflamed stomach and liver.

Nothing can replace a lost right arm, but health may replace disease. If Mr. Flaubert had known of Mother Seigel's Syrup his words never have uttered those despairing words.

HOW TO BREATHE.

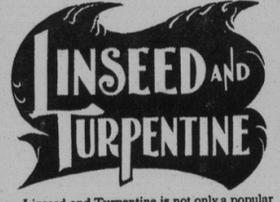
Few Women Know how to Perform the Function.

As a matter of fact, not one woman in a hundred breathes normally, says an average change. The respiration of the average woman varies with every change of mental state or physical condition, and it is a rare thing for a woman to use her lungs to the best possible advantage without a previous knowledge of physiology and an appreciation of the merits of physical culture. Desirable is a thorough exercise in breathing, it is not safe to experiment in the matter. A very little instruction on the subject will enable any woman to comprehend the precise art of filling and emptying the lungs on scientific principles. After this has been acquired the chief thing is to breathe in as much sunshine as possible and to believe in the efficacy of oxygen as a remedy for nearly all the ills that are fashionable.

The following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition: Stand at an open window or recline on a couch, with the waist and chest unconfined; hold the chest walls high and inhale in slow, long breaths; exhale as slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased, and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day at least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired result.

"The Railroad Kidney."

Railroad employees, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with pain across the small of the back. This indicates the "Railroad Kidney," an insidious precursor of serious illness. On to slightest symptoms of backache take one Chase's Kidney-Liver Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c. per box.



Inseed and Turpentine is not only a popular remedy, but the best known to medical science for the treatment of nervous membranes of respiratory organs.

DR. CHASE compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of the turpentine and inseed. It was the Doctor's last and greatest remedy, and more of it is sold in Canada than all other cough medicines combined.

A Banker's Experience

HEREAFTER HE INTENDS TO BE HIS OWN FAMILY DOCTOR

'I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Inseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat,' writes Manager Thomas Dawson of the Standard Bank, now of 15 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. 'It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor.'

THE GEMMERS OF THE DIAMOND.

A Review of the Posthumous Publication of Prof. Lewis's Lectures.

There has been published recently a volume of small size, but of especial interest and importance, in regard to the origin of diamonds.

This is none other than the posthumous issue of the full papers of the late Prof. H. Carvill Lewis, edited by his friend, Prof. T. G. Bonney of London. It will be remembered that Prof. Lewis was the first to present a clear and definite theory of the origin of the South African diamonds as resulting from the intrusion of igneous rocks into and through carbonaceous shales and the crystallization of the carbon throughout the rock as it cooled, from hydrocarbons distilled from the shale that had been broken through. These views, now for the most part accepted, and subsequently confirmed by other and very interesting parallel discoveries he presented in two papers read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its meetings held in 1886, at Birmingham, and in 1887, at Manchester. Before he was able, however, to prepare them for publication and carry them to the greater completeness that he desired, Prof. Lewis succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever, which he removed one of the most brilliant and capable of the rising scientists of this country. Agreeably to his expressed wishes, his material was intrusted to his friend and co-laborer, Prof. George H. Williams of John Hopkins University; but by a strange fatality before the latter had time to arrange and edit these papers, he, too, fell a victim to the same disease, in 1894. The work was then committed to Prof. Bonney and at last is given to the scientific world.

The book consists of an introductory note by Mrs. Lewis; a preface by Prof. Bonney; the two papers of Prof. Lewis himself, with some later notes and references by the editor; a brief account of similar material from other localities, belonging to Prof. Lewis also by the editor; a closing note on some MSS. of Prof. Lewis, and a full index. There are also two plates and a number of smaller illustrations, the latter from Prof. Lewis's own drawings.

The first paper, 'On a Diamond-Bearing Peridotite and on the History of the Diamond' (1886), is brief, dealing with the character and occurrence of the diamondiferous rock at kimberly and outlining Prof. Lewis's theory.

The second paper, 'The Matrix of the Diamond' (1887), is more extended and goes into an exhaustive discussion and comparison of the various aspects, contents, and alterations of the rock, which he finds to be different from any previously described, and therefore proposes for it the name of Kimberlite. Its main character is that of a highly basic prophyritic peridotite, filled with olivine crystals and grains, more or less altered, and various other minerals—serpentine, tremolite, &c., with bronxite, rutile, perovskite, pyrope garnets, micaceous minerals, and other forms, and at times brecciated in structure, filled with fragments of carbonaceous shale brought up from below. The shales are of Triassic age, the "Karoo beds" of that region, and the intrusion of the peridotite in the great "pipes" or chimneys that constitute the mines is therefore proved to be of a later, though not exactly determined period.

The question has been raised sometimes whether the diamonds themselves may not have been carried up from a deeper source in rock below instead of originating in the peridotite, and the occurrence of broken crystals has been cited in support of this view. Prof. Lewis, however, disposes very completely of this idea in two ways; he refers to the well-known fact that each of the great mines or 'pipes' fields diamonds that have, in some respects a type or character peculiar to that one, and different from the others; so that African experts and even those who have never been there can recognize from which mine any diamond has come. Further, as to the broken crystals, he shows that breakage not infrequently occurs after the diamonds are removed from the rock, and points out that this is a result of strain in their formation, as indicated by microscopical and optical examination and that such a condition is known to produce ruptures and explosions in other minerals. It may be added here, although Prof. Lewis does not speak of it, that many crystals must be broken in the blasting of the rock, the shovelling and carting of the loosened material, and the various mechanical processes employed at the mines, and that pieces of such broken crystals would be separated and scattered to various parts of the immense dumping and weathering floors, never to be recognized as fragments of the same one, when finally recovered, perhaps at very different times.

The rock itself is a dark green, compact material, resembling serpentine, and containing a large proportion of olivine, in grains and crystals; several green minerals that are not conspicuous, from the resemblance of their color, from the ground mass (enstatite, chrome-diopside, smaragdite, and basite); a mica, probably biotite, more conspicuous and quite abundant, and frequent grains of pyrope garnet, some-

times of gem quality and great beauty, and miscolored 'Cape rubies.' Or smaller disseminated minerals are to be noted perovskite, ilmenite, and magnetite, chromite, hematite, and picotite, less so, though common. Rare and minute occurrences are apatite, epidote, orthite, tremolite, tourmaline, rutile, sphene and leucocyanite. As decomposition products there are serpentine and calcite abundant, and zolites, chalcodony, and talc; also cyanite. These, with the diamonds and the included fragments of carbonaceous shale, make up the contents of this remarkable rock.

A HAPPY GIRL.

Miss Anna Kelly Tells of Her Illness and Subsequent Cure—A Statement That Should be Read by Every Girl in Canada.

Miss Anna Kelly, a well known and much esteemed young lady living at Maplewood, N. B., writes:—'I consider it my duty to let you know what your wonderful medicine has done for me. In April, 1896 I began to lose flesh and color; my appetite failed and on going up stairs I would be so tired I would not have to rest. I continued in this condition for three months when I was taken suddenly ill and not able to go about. Our family doctor was called in and he pronounced my illness chlorosis (poverty of the blood.) At first his treatment appeared to do me good, but only for a time, and I then began to grow worse. I continued taking his medicine for three months, when I was so discouraged at not regaining my health that I declined taking it any longer. I then tried a liquid medicine advertised to cure cases like mine, but did not obtain the slightest benefit. I had become terribly emaciated and weak. There was a constant terrible roaring noise in my head; my feet and ankles were swollen and I was as pale as a corpse. One day while in this condition my father brought home a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and asked me to try them. In less than a week I could sit up, and in a couple of weeks I could walk quite a distance without being tired. My appetite returned, the roaring in my head ceased, I began to gain flesh and color, and before I had used a half dozen boxes I was as healthy as I had ever been in my life. My friends did not expect me to recover and are now rejoicing at the wonderful change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought in me. If my statement will be the means of helping some other discouraged sufferer you are at perfect liberty to publish it.'

The above statement was sworn before me at Maplewood, York Co., N. B., this 14th day of May, 1897.

TIMOTHY W. SMITH, J. P.

To ensure getting the genuine ask always for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all substitutes and nostrums alleged to be just as good.

The Largest Fountain.

The greatest fountain in the world was turned on recently at Indianapolis, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, and permitted to now for an hour. It is one of the cascades now in the course of construction at the base of the soldiers' monument. The flow of water measures fully up to the contract, which calls for 7000 gallons a minute at each of the two cascades as a regular thing, with a capacity under high pressure. Lower, that is much greater. The combined capacity of the world famous fountains at Versailles, hitherto the largest in the world, is 80,000 gallons an hour. They would make but feeble streams in comparison with the monument cascades, and yet the cost of running the French fountains is so great that the water is only turned on on gala days.

'Her as Has, Gets.'

Von Moltke was an early riser and loved early risers. Once, while roaming around his Silesian estate at daybreak, he found a peasant woman bearing on her back a sack of potatoes which she had just dug, making a load heavy enough for a mule. 'Here's a thaler for you,' said the great field marshal; 'you see the early bird catches the worm.' Afterward he found out that she was a night thief who had ravaged his fields persistently, but whom his steward had never got up early enough to catch.—London Spectator.

BORN.

- Diaby, July 15, to the wife of E. Dakin, a son.
Diaby, Aug 5, to the wife of George Baxter, a son.
Diaby, July 22, to the wife of William Bacon, a son.
Aryle, July 20, to the wife of George Frost a son.
Diaby, July 21, to the wife of Thomas O'Neill, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 6, to the wife of C. R. MacLaren, a son.
Truro, Aug. 1, to the wife of Newton Hopper, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 6, to the wife of C. R. MacLaren, a son.
Wallace, N. S. July 19, to the wife of Dr. Flinn, a son.
Sydney, July 27, to the wife of Neil MacMillan, a son.
Woodstock, July 4, to the wife of A. E. Jones, twin boys.
Carrville, A. Co. July 26, to the wife of Mr. Frank a son.
Clementsville, July 31, to the wife of James Banks, a son.
Diaby, July 31, to the wife of D. F. Young, a daughter.
Granville, July 20, to the wife of John Middleton, a daughter.
Canning, July 29, to the wife of A. V. Pinceo, a daughter.
Tidish River, July 22, to the wife of Elias Wells, a daughter.
Hilthoro, July 27, to the wife of Hanson Fenton, a daughter.
Alma, July 30, to the wife of Leonard Marton, a daughter.

- Yarmouth, July 29, to the wife of Willard Moore, a daughter.
Rosedale, July 21, to the wife of John Kam say, a daughter.
Centerville, Aug. 1, to the wife of John Brooks, a daughter.
Middleton, July 20, to the wife of Wm. Taylor, a daughter.
Joggin, Digby, July 31, to the wife of Wm. DeLong a daughter.
Northampton, Aug. 4, to the wife of C. W. Connell, a daughter.
Clarence, Aug. 1, to the wife of Herbert Williams, a daughter.
North Sydney, Aug. 2, to the wife of Dr. R. C. McLeod, a son.
Winstlow, P. E. I. July 26, to the wife of A. D. McLeod, a son.
Rosevale, A. Co. July 24, to the wife of Benjamin Bray, a son.
Dawson Settlement, July 18, to the wife of Michael Steeves, a son.
Kingston, N. B. July 31, to the wife of Albert Robichaud, a son.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 1, to the wife of Zachary Pothier, a son.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 1, to the wife of Michael Doucette, a son.
New Glasgow, Aug. 2, to the wife of Rev. G. P. Raymond, a son.
Granville Ferry, July 22, to the wife of John Wagstaff, a daughter.
Newport, N. S. July 27, to the wife of Rev. A. Daniel, a daughter.
South Farmington, July 29, to the wife of Albert Lodge, a daughter.
Tidish Bridge, July 19, to the wife of Charles Northampton, R. B. Aug. 4, to the wife of C. W. Connell, a daughter.
Darling Lake, Aug. 3, to the wife of Ervine Churchill, a daughter.
Sydney, C. I., July 30, to the wife of John L. McDougall, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Spencer's Island, July 21 Charles E. Houstis to Gertrude Spicer.
Roxbury, Mass, July 24, Arthur Horsfall, M. D. to Etta L. Chisham.
Moncton, Aug. by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Daniel J. Murray to Appeton.
Sackville, N. B. by Rev. C. C. Burger, Wilton Cole to Cate M. Ayer.
Amherst, Aug. 7, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Douglas McCabe to Laura Slack.
Amherst, Aug. 2, by D. A. Steele, James S. Corandall to Emma Hastings.
Oak Bay, July 28, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Sargent J. Kay to Mary Fraser.
Harcourt, July 28, by Rev. J. McClure, H. A. Ward to Mina McPherson.
Pico, Aug. 8, by Rev. G. S. Carson, G. W. McDonald to Anna Ferguson.
Kempville, Aug. 3, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Allen M. Gates to Winifred Hamilton.
Richibucto, Aug. 2, by Rev. Fr. Eudon, John McNeill to Marcia Arsenau.
Yarmouth, Aug. 7, by Rev. E. D. Miles, Capt. John Ross to Mary E. Layton.
West Bay, July 21, by Rev. A. McMillan, Colin J. McDonald to Christy Morrison.
New Glasgow, July 31, by Rev. A. Brownman, Daniel S. Ross to Mary McMillan.
North Sydney, July 27, by Rev. Mr. Lane, George McDonald to Margaret Boutlier.
Boston, July 4, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Joseph Smith to John D. O'Neil.
West Roxford, Mass, July 15, by Rev. C. Hubbard Neale L. Morton to Mary Hucman.
St. Stephen, July 24, by Rev. Tho. Marshall, Bruce N. S. Aug. 2, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Charles A. Carson to Agnes McJannet.
Nash's Creek, N. B., July 18, by Rev. J. M. McLeod, Agnes McMillan to Maggie Harvie.
Port Maitland, Aug. 6, by Rev. John Calder, Daniel H. Cameron to Maggie B. McIntosh.

DIED.

- Harmony, Aug. 1, Edward Gilchrist.
Springhill, July 24, John Herrett, 62.
Brenon, July 29, William Deane, 88.
New Glasgow, Aug. 3, John Betts, 88.
Richibucto, Aug. 1, James L. Bell, 24.
Halifax, July 4, Rev. David Watters, 70.
Lawrencetown, July 28, John Morgan, 84.
Chatham, Aug. 5, John Fotheringham, 61.
Middlefield, July 27, Mary Jane Hocking, 82.
St. Joan, Aug. 5, Jane, widow of W. T. Gay, 62.
Halifax, Aug. 4, John A. son of William James, 14.
Rossland, B. C. July 19, Ed. Worth of Mabon, C. B. 27.
Halifax, Aug. 6, Ann, widow of Thomas M. Braire 82.
Liverpool, Aug. 2, Ellen, wife of Jacob Publicover 70.
Caledonia, July 29, Mary, widow of John McGinty 69.
Greenfield, Aug. 2, Sophia, wife of Joseph Wynot, 75.
Yarmouth, Aug. 1, Susan, widow of L. G. Swain, 80.
Moncton, Aug. 7, Walter J. child of James Melanson.
Fredericton, July 22, Emma R. wife of James S. Deek 69.
Springhill, N. S., Aug. 8, James William Hennessey 36.
West Glassville, July 28, Sarah C. wife of Staten Milton 33.
Stellation July 30, Catherine F. widow of John Quinn, 75.
Alma, N. B. Aug. 2, Sarah C. wife of Capt. Hugh Buleids, 75.
Kingston, Kent Co., July 30, Jane, widow of James Gilroy, 89.
Nicol River, July 31, Mary, wife of Alexander Hunsay 82.
Springhill, Aug. 10, Minnie, wife of Robert Archibald, 24.
St. Stephen, July 30, Rachel A. wife of Whitney Geo. McKay 3 months.
Maitland, July 27, Sarah Cotter, wife of Capt. Jas. Campbell, 80.
Fredericton, July 27, Victor A. son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Fergus, 4.
Oakfield, C. B. July 27, Maggie, daughter of the late D. McNeil.
Sussex, Aug. 1, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Proctor.
Bayer Mountain, N. S. July 14, Mary, widow of Alex. Fraser, 24.
Lawrencetown, July 29, Victor V. son of Mr. A. L. Foster 18 months.
Pictou July 21, Christy McLeod, widow of Malcolm Macdonald 77.
Chatham, Aug. 5, Laura, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Woods 19 months.
Calais, July 28, Mildred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McKay 3 months.
Halifax, Aug. 8, May Edna, child of Mr. and Mrs. F. Hawes, 10 months.
Somerville, Mass., July 24, Sophia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Crowe, 2.
West Glassville, July 30, Ella E. N. daughter of the late Geo. Brew 24.
Stewart, Ont. July 31, Helen J. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson of Grand Lake, N. B. 75.

STEAMBOATS. 1897. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston. 4-Trips a Week-4 THE STEEL STEAMERS BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and intermediate ports, connecting with steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John, Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p.m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

Steamer Alpha, Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning, returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p.m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

International S. S. Co. 18 1/2 HOURS TO BOSTON The Steamship 'St. Croix' will sail from St. John direct to Boston every TUESDAY and SATURDAY at 4:30 p.m. Standard. Fast Express to Boston. Steamers 'Cumberland' and 'State of Maine' will sail from St. John, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, Standard, one in Boston about 4 p.m. next day. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS For Fredericton (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivelette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a.m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7:30 a.m. for St. John. A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 8:30 p.m. for Wickham and return leaving Wickham at 5 a.m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a.m., until further notice one fare. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 40c. GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Thursday, July 8th, The Steamer Clifton will leave Hampton for Indiantown..... MONDAY at 5:30 a.m. TUESDAY at 3:30 p.m. WEDNESDAY at 2 p.m. THURSDAY at 3:30 p.m. SATURDAY at 5:30 a.m. Will leave Indiantown for Hampton Tuesday at 9 a.m., Wednesday at 8 a.m., Thursday at 9 a.m., and Saturday at 4 p.m. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the house, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within 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. LEBOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIME, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fegwast, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....12.35 Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Springhill Junction.....12.40 Express for Sussex.....16.25 Express for Robesay.....21.30 Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney.....23.30 Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 23.30 o'clock, and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....6.00 Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted).....7.15 Express from Sussex.....8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene.....11.40 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....11.50 Express from Robesay.....11.50 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and these heat Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th June, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE SHORT LINE TO ALL Points West. Fast week will leave St. John N. B. at 4.10 P. M. real, Ottawa, Toronto, and all points West, North West and on the Pacific Coast. Canadian Pacific Sleeper, First and second class Coaches through to Montreal; Dining Car to Brownville Junction. For Tickets, Sleeping Car accommodations and all other information apply at Company's offices, Clubs corner, or at station. D. MCNICOLL, Montreal, A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted). Lve. St. John at 7.00 a.m., arr. Digby 9.30 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 3.30 p.m. S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Farnborough, making connection at Kingsport with express. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 5.50 a.m., arr. in Digby 11.55 a.m. Lve. Digby 12.05 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 2.40 p.m. Lve. Halifax 4.00 p.m., arr. Digby 12.46 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.56 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a.m., arr. Halifax 4.50 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.30 a.m., arr. Digby 10.20 p.m. Lve. Digby 10.25 a.m., arr. Halifax 4.40 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a.m., arr. Digby 8.20 a.m. Lve. Digby 4.45 p.m., arr. Annapolis 6.05 p.m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each day on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Halifax and Annapolis. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom name-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be..... Cashed on Presentation CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Quebec, Napanea, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding services of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt. J. B. STONE.

Baby's Own Tablets FOR BABY'S SAKE. A Mild and Effective Purgative—Regulates the Stomach and Bowels—Reduces Fever—Breaks Colds—Expels Worms—Check Diarrhoea—Good While Teething—Sugar—Absolutely Pure—Mother's Help and Baby's Friend—Sample and Paper Doll if you send us Baby's Name. USE BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery. THE DR. HOWARD MEDICINE COMPANY, BROCKVILLE, ONT.