

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE JUDGE ON THE BENCH.

Three or Four-Cases in the Court and Some Remarks by His Honor on Current Topics.

Policemen as a general rule are not given to shedding tears over ordinary sad things, but it is safe to say the old members of our own peace preserving force were pained to behold their older comrade William Weatherhead on the prisoner's bench Tuesday. William has been in pretty severe contact with this stony hearted world for several years, in fact ever since he cast aside the helmet and baton ten years ago. In tones severe, but not genuinely so, his honor said: "Weatherhead, you're charged with assault again. These assaults of yours are getting too frequent and I don't know what to make of you. Are you guilty or not guilty?" The ex-policeman with a vacant look as if not realizing his position said "guilty". "Sit down then," said his honor. "I remand you for medical examination."

The further arguing of the top and pill-sener beer cases before Magistrate Ritchie on Tuesday proved very dry talk on an extremely juicy subject. Lawyers Macrae and Trueman in their most learned manner expounded the actual reading of the law on the case and the crowd of spectators, newspaper men and policemen almost fell to sleep and dreamed of "big high ones with low collars." The realm of chemistry was invaded by the men who were trying to prove the harmlessness of the so-called "soft drinks," and most terrible plunges made into decimal depths. Thirty four point four, liquid weight and juicy measurements in all kinds were quoted in schoolmaster fashion, and the only time the crowds raised their drooping heads was when either one of the lawyers said "beer," in other than the regulation voice.

The man up on King street (east) who gets well on to \$3,000 a year for granting vacations to many of his clients, and now then extracting their worldly goods, has no use for Carleton's crime-cranked clique. He said so one day early in the week. "There are a lot of you Carleton fellows," he said to the prisoners for assault, "who come over to the city and get drunk. Almost invariably on your return to the ferry you make trouble. Water street is your bring up, and here you fight, brawl and assault. It's 'Water street,' 'Water street,' every once and a while in the police reports, and I intend putting a stop to this making it a disreputable locality. The ferry boats seems the centre of drunken fracas, brought about by Carleton men. It's got to stop!" His honor was in earnest and was to be the next inebriate who gets into a scrap in the ferry locality.

Four coachmen faced the judge on Tuesday in answer to a summons for violating that stereotyped "I. C. R. regulations at the depot." Every man said he was guilty, but there were others. The judge wouldn't hear to the "others" part of it and said he was there to deal with cases in court, not cases out of court. "Still," ventured one cabby, "it's pretty hard on us fellers, yer honor. We've been singled out a good many times already, and the majority of hackmen are never brought up here. If we were to stick to the railing at the depot and let these other fellows walk away in to the train shed door we'd never haul a passenger. We know the rules and so do they, but if all don't obey none can obey and live." Despite this plain, commonsense plea the \$2 fine was imposed all round, and the judge looked worried as he thought of this seeming problem of disobedient coachmen, and how it might be solved. He advised them to seek the ear of some local politicians, which he thought would be an easy thing in view of the approaching elections, and see if some change could not be brought about in the I. C. R. rules. But the men only sighed and went their way.

Unnecessary Signs.
It's seldom that you see the civic authorities do a good job, but what they spoil it afterwards by some unnecessary addition. For instance take the King Square fountain. After many weeks this centrepiece was repaired and a not un-

graceful greenward circled about it. But as soon as the job was completed six of those homely signs "Keep Off The Grass" were stuck around the fountain, entirely spoiling the general good effect. Who in the name of goodness would trespass on this circle of lawn? If it were a field of it such a thing as trespassing might occur, but the only ones liable to enter the holy of holys might be a thirsty dog, and its a common idea that the canine is yet unable to distinguish between the letters of the alphabet. So the signs in a general way, are useless, only marring the fountains beauty.

BACK TO THE HOKERS LAND.

A Family of Chinese En Route for Their Country Pass Through St John.

A Chinese woman and a family of little celestials is a rare sight in St John, and those who happened to be at the Union depot Tuesday afternoon took a lively interest in just such a novel spectacle.

There was a woman apparently the mother and ten little ones, ranging in age from a babe in arms to a rather awkward looking youth of sixteen or thereabouts. They certainly looked an odd company as they sat near the woman chattering in true Mongolian style, or clambering over the seats.

Numbers of curious ones gathered in the waiting room, gazing at and making inquiries concerning the strange looking family. One woman from among the on-lookers stepped toward the Chinawoman and began cooing as only a woman can to the baby in her lap, at the same time drawing the mother out respecting its age, whether it was a boy or girl, etc. The advance was met in a friendly way, and the following facts were given in broken English interspersed with genial smiles and nods. A party of thirteen, her husband, herself and eight children, a Chinese friend and his two sons, were returning to Hong Kong, from Dutch Guiana, where the men had engaged in gold mining. She claimed to be of Dutch and Chinese parentage, (not of the Boer, Boer stamp however), and seemed greatly pleased at the idea of "going home to China." The woman was about thirty-five and wore a modish shirt waist and plumed hat. All the children from the bright eyed four months old girls with gold earrings and silver bracelets, to the quite grown up boys and girls, were decked out according to the Chinese idea of American dress.

THAT CASE OF "DU OH" ERVIN'S.

Some couple of months or so ago PROGRESS told the story of the case Dalton vs. Ervine, which Judge Tuck decided in favor of the plump little sporting writer of the Telegraph, the redoubtable "Dutch". Well another phase of the case transpired a few days ago, and at present it looks as if a whole lot more are to follow.

Failing to collect the bet stakes (\$20) which Ervin had given Dalton to hold in one of the Harry Vail races at Halifax a year or so ago, and which Judge Tuck said Dalton must pay, Lawyer deBary seized Dalton's racing shell, which for a whole cluster of moons had been gracefully reposing in Chas Damery's Church street bowling alley.

An auction sale of the race boat in Fitzpatrick's warehouse was announced and two parties bid briskly for it. One of the parties was Mr. Doherty of Fairville. It was knocked down to him for \$22, Constable Hennessy of Fairville acting as auctioneer.

But some clumsy person or persons let one end of the shell fall keramash on the floor just after it had been sold, and broke or almost broke it in the middle. Now here was a nice kettle of fish for some body.

Mr. Doherty refused to pay over the \$22 for the broken shell, and most people would hardly blame him under the circumstances but the constable thinks differently and as he is now responsible to Ervin's lawyer for the \$22, he is trying his best to collect from the man who bid the highest on the boat.

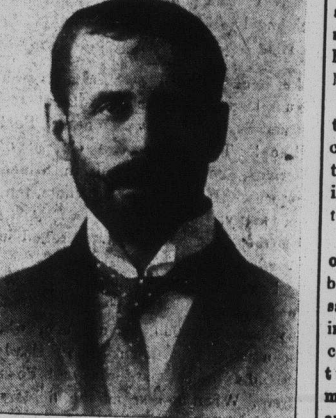
Mr. Doherty is being hounded by the constable and "Dutch" is still without those twenty and two plunks. When he gets them he is going to have a group photo of them taken.

ALLEGED ASYLUM NEGLECT.

A Carleton Boy Who Was Not Properly Attended to.

A case of neglect is reported in connection with the Provincial Lunatic Asylum or "Sanitarium," as the new asylum printed matter has it.

A Mrs. Price of Carleton placed her son of delicate health and feeble mind in the institution for treatment. He had to



CLARENCE FERGUSON, ESQ.
The New Clerk of the St. John County Court.

be put in a straightjacket. A week later when she called to see him she found him in a filthy state. The dribblings of the liquid food he had spooned into him had covered his shirt front, and it looked very much as if the poor young fellow had not been washed since he was put in there.

Naturally enough his mother's feeling were shocked and feeble-minded and all as he was she loved her son with all true motherly feeling. She was to have with drawn her boy from the institution a few days ago, but whether or not she did PROGRESS was unable to find out.

Treat All Alike.

Some of the coachmen complain to PROGRESS that they are not treated fairly at the railway station by the officers. They say that all of the coachmen go inside the rail to solicit passengers and that if any one is allowed in all should have the same privilege. Coachmen are not supposed to stand at the front door yet some do and in this way have an advantage over others. PROGRESS suggests that the only way to get over this difficulty is to make every hackman observe the regulations and to favor no one in particular.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—A whole page of bright and interesting matter. It's right before you.
- PAGE 2.—India's Direful Calamity—Another descriptive letter.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, Joy and Woes of Other Places, Local Matter and poetry.
- PAGE 5.—A couple of columns of bright social items of the town.
- PAGES 6, 7 and 8.—Social Items from all over the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: When the Red Velocipede Was King; Bad Smelling and Unwightly; Where to Find Stray Youngsters; A Cat With Religious Mania; Are Insertion Shirtsists Valuable? A Sign That Really Attracts; Patriotic Scribbles.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Conclusion of serial story, "Beautiful Jean."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading.
- PAGE 12.—On Board a Square Rigger. General miscellany.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boulevard—fashion Notes.
- PAGE 14.—One of Abe Cronkite's famous detective stories.
- PAGE 15.—"Manna the Miller—An odd fiction.

You Mustn't Expectorate.

Some Suggestions to Avoid the Difficulties That Will Surround the Mosted Bye Law.

The action of some ladies representing the Women's Council in starting a crusade against expectorating on the street has struck terror to the hearts of the Corner loafers and joy to the Countenance of maidens who delight in wearing an irreproachable white shirt.

The man who spit from habit must begin to cure himself. When the council grant this request of the ladies and forbid the citizens from using the public walks and streets as a huge cuspidor, then the man who chews tobacco or expectorates as he puffs his fragrant Havana will have to look out for himself.

The situation is most serious. They say that it is very necessary for a man who chews tobacco to spit. It is asserted that the juice formed by the tobacco and saliva is not very delightful and it would harm the system to swallow it.

Of course a remedy suggests itself at once—stop the hateful habit. This would be worse still to many men for strange to say even the most respectable, church going pious God fearing citizens take great comfort in masticating a small portion of the weed. They say it soothes the mind, makes the worries of life less exasperating and even prevents them at times from indulging in tipple.

A correspondent of PROGRESS has made a suggestion that might meet this difficulty and not conflict with the ideas of the ladies who are so earnest in their endeavors to abate this evil in our midst. He was thinking of patenting his idea and no doubt he has carried out his intention. His suggestion took the form of a waist cuspidor. A Rubber bag with a drawing string is the simple affair and yet such an article in a woman's hands might be made very pretty. Think of the handsome coverings that any young man's best girl might place about such an article. He would be sure to cherish such an article then in spite of the ridiculous use he would have to make of it. The thought of having to expectorate into a gift from one's best girl is rather revolting but what can the poor man do?

The question of street cleanliness is a very grave one and it is pleasant bending their energies to making the people more highly civilized. There will be difficulties though and the women's council must not expect that they will accomplish everything at the start. The writer saw a man's nose start to bleed right on King St. the other day. He had a handkerchief and he did the best he could to stop the flow but he couldn't and so he let the blood drop, drop, right into the gutter until the bleeding stopped. Now what could be done in a case like that. He would not be expectorating and yet the fault was in anything worse.

A few days ago a lot of fat cattle were being driven from Indian town to the slaughter houses. They walked along the nice pavement that covers Main street and some places after they passed looked like a barn yard. Now what is to be done in a case of that kind. True the cattle were punished in a short time by losing their lives, still the same thing is likely to happen again and it cannot be allowed in a city where you are not permitted to expectorate upon the street.

The grocers are thinking of beginning a crusade against the wandering and impolite dogs who pay so much attention to the goods placed outside their doors. They cannot agree that they shall be permitted to do as they please while their masters are refused the privilege of expectoration in the dust.

To give these questions due consideration requires time. The council should show no haste in the matter. Some of the older men chew tobacco and that also should be given some attention.

Returned From South Africa.

PROGRESS had a pleasant call from Messrs Miller and Simpson, two of the 1st Canadian Contingent who went out to South Africa. They looked bronzed and hearty now though invalidated home some time ago on account of fever. Both are admirable specimens of men but Miller is much heavier than Simpson. They had a pleasant time in St John and if they did arrive

somewhat unexpectedly the warmth of the greetings given to them wherever they went more than made up for the absence of a station reception. They do not talk about their experience unless pressed to do so and then in a very moderate manner. They were heading their energies to getting to Fredericton Thursday evening and it is hoped they succeeded.

A CHANCE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Describe How You Spent Your Vacation and Try and Win Five Dollars.

PROGRESS has received a brief but expressive description of a vacation in the country and prints it with pleasure. It is somewhat curious that it came just as the editor of this paper was about to make a proposition to its young readers with the idea of securing as many graphic descriptions of vacations as possible. As an encouragement to the boys and girls attending the public schools PROGRESS offers a prize of five dollars for the best short article upon the topic "How I spent my vacation." The descriptions should not contain more than 500 words. As many of them will be printed as possible. The last date for receiving the articles will be September 15 and the result will be announced on the following Saturday. A special prize will be given to the little folk—under twelve years of age. Of course they must have no assistance from older people.

The article that PROGRESS has received is as follows:

During my vacation this summer, I spent a short time at what is growing to be a popular resort about six miles from the city. The weather was all that could be desired, and the whole time was most enjoyably spent in bathing, driving and exploring the surrounding woods. One of the most pleasant incidents was a dance held in Bay View Hall on a Thursday evening. Between thirty and forty couples took part including some of St. John's fairest (a west end young lady being unanimously voted the belle of the ball).

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves the floor being continually crowded with dancers who also with the wall flowers kept time to the excellent music on kolanut, tutti frutti, or spruce gum.

Swinging your partner appeared to be one of the luxuries or privileges in a dance of this kind and was taken full advantage of by the young men present.

About midnight supper was served and the usual indigestibles were heartily partaken of the party breaking up in the wee small hours of the early morning, every one including your humble servant going home happy and thoroughly tired out.

VACATION.

A Fussy Schoolman.

There's a fussy schoolman in the Victoria building, who is causing the parents of her many pupils oceans of petty trouble. Since the schools opened a bare week ago she has been most of her time trying to have each and every one of her little girl scholars get exactly the same size, same make, same color, same everything in fact, in the way of school books, desk requisites etc. It's only a hobby, but it would be so nice to have a "uniformed" school so to speak. When the scholars arrived last Monday with a variety of new slates, scribbles, pencils, books, etc., the teacher nearly fainted with horror at such a jumble of things and at once started bringing order out of chaos as she thought. Books were sent back to parents for changing and even yet a lot of parents are being bothered to death almost by the complaints of their children, as to what the teacher said they must get. One mother set her foot right down and refused to satisfy the whim of the teacher, so her little girl is exempt from [changing her new school requisites. There are a whole lot of these fanciful school teachers in town, and the Board of Trustees should inquire into some of their arbitrary rulings. The schoolbook burden is already too heavy a one for parents, let alone backing and filling a whole term until the taddish ideas of a teacher are met.

India's Direful Calamity.

Heavy Rains Have Fallen But Still There Will be Thousands to Support.

Lord Curzon is happy. Rains are falling and now the famine district heretofore the abomination of desolation will again bloom like a garden. Still five and a half millions remain at the Government Relief Works earning three cents a day for nine hours hard work breaking stone, building tanks or making roads. When at last relief does come and these poor beggars are permitted to return home, many a vacant place in the family circle will bear witness to the terrible ravages of starvation, cholera, plague and smallpox. The crop is still two months off—and that it will prove totally inadequate is a foregone conclusion.

Ninety percent of the farming cattle having perished, many of the farms have not been plowed at all and only small portions of most of the others; for what can the Indian farmer do without his cattle? Were he in perfect health, robust and strong, he might possibly, with the aid of lighter plows, act as a substitute, but unfortunately in his enfeebled condition he can do little work at best and hence short rations await him for at least another year to come.

But even with short rations, life can be sustained provided he can get enough to carry him through until harvest time and it is this great work of keeping alive those who until now have survived, that engages the best efforts of the Christian Herald which has almost single-handedly undertaken the gigantic problem of life saving in a country that within its boundaries contains one fifth of the population of the entire world.

Only this week Dr Klopsch in behalf of The Christian Herald cabled another hundred thousand dollars, which means life to just that many people—for another month. Think of it; a hundred thousand men, women and children in India saved from starvation for a whole month, through a single remittance. Was there ever so unselfish a charity as this? For people we shall never see and whose very thanks in a language strange to us shall never reach our ears? Truly this is a Christlike charity, and unless every word of the bible be untrue, the people of our own country will not go without the blessing promised to those who consider the poor.

But famine's deplorable work still continues. Only last month a man at Thana, a relief station 25 miles from Bombay, was arrested for having buried alive his two children. His story was pitifully sad. He and his wife and two children went to the Relief Works. There his wife died. He himself caught the fever. He could not shake it off. At last driven to despair he took his children one night and left the station. His sufferings were fearfully intensified by those of his little ones. They finally reached a point where they could no longer walk. Death was staring him in the face. He did not get where help could be found, they must all perish. His children helpless, unable to continue the journey, blocked his progress. He dug a grave, threw them in and filled it up. The fever had made him irresponsible and Government will probably act leniently in his case, but the incident demonstrates the fearful deaths which the helpless famine victims have reached, during this terrible dispensation of Providence.

In a recent interview Dr. Klopsch said that he was under an everlasting obligation to the press of this country for their hearty co-operation in this great work; and that India could never repay the debt she owes to the journalists of the continent. During his stay in India he never missed an opportunity of expressing himself freely on this subject and many of the leading papers of India directed the attention of the people to the extent of their indebtedness to the newspapers for the tremendous assistance they had rendered in awaking public interest in the sufferings of India's starving millions. Indeed, nine-tenths of all the contributions were the result of newspaper work and never was the beneficent influence of the press more manifest than in this particular instance.

The great problem—indeed the greatest—that now confronts Christendom in connection with this most appalling tragedy of the century—is that of the orphans who must either be promptly cared for or perish. Statistics carefully gathered by missionaries fix the number now hopelessly destitute at 600,000. What to do with these boys and girls is the paramount question of the day in India. Throughout the famine stricken area little children are wandering about asking of any who will listen to their small, plaintive voices: 'Ma-

bab humone Khavanu Kahan mules', which, translated, means 'Where can we get something to eat.' The traveller in India sees this spectacle daily—little children reduce to skeletons by starvation asking their way to the nearest poorhouse. Orphan asylums are almost unknown among the Hindus. A few have been organized this year and their facilities are so limited that not half of one percent can be accommodated. The missionaries on the other hand have exercised intelligent forethought and have dotted the famine district with large commodious buildings for their accommodation.

But where are the means for their entertainment to come from? It costs \$15 a year to shelter, feed, clothe and educate a child. Were they to take 100,000 it would mean \$1,500,000 a year and who will give this vast sum? The Christian Herald has cabled its guarantee to support 5,000 with the prospect of taking another 5,000 before the end of the year. That leaves 90,000 still to be cared for.

Now it is proposed to afford Christian people the world over the opportunity to adopt these orphans, to name them, to designate in what denominational orphanage they are to be cared for to select either boys or girls and to receive quarterly reports concerning their progress. The plan is beginning to work and at the present time about 100 a day are being provided for.

But more must be taken and taken quickly or they will perish. These boys and girls will be the means of civilizing India and they must be looked after. Twenty thousand ought to be adopted after this plan immediately, and any reader who may feel inclined to save a boy or girl and will undertake the support for a single year, will do a work entitling him to recognition at the hands of Him who said "Inasmuch as ye do it to one of these little ones ye do it unto me" and will be included in the Divine Roll of Honor.

GILSON WILLETTS.

WILD WEST SCENES.

Episodes That Indicate That the Element of Danger Has Been Exaggerated.

It was midnight as a thundering knock came at the door of room No. 48, Ptoenix Hotel.

'What is wanted?' asked the occupant as he sat up in bed with furiously beating heart.

'We want you! Open this door!'

'Never!'

'Then take the consequences.'

The man sprang out of bed and hurriedly dressed himself. His face was pale and his hands trembled, but he shut his lips with a determination to sell his life dearly. He heard footsteps moving in the hall, and presently the door was burst from its hinges and a dozen men burst into the room. They found him standing with a revolver in each hand and the light of battle in his eyes.

'You may hang me,' he said in a low, tense voice, 'but twelve of you will go in to the other world before me.'

'Who said anything about hanging?'

'But you have come for that. Twelve years ago in this town I killed four men. You have recognized me and have come for revenge.'

'Not much stranger. We don't know anything about the four men and don't want to. You live in Missouri, don't you?'

'I do.'

'Well, what we wanted to ask was whether three of a kind beat a straight in your State?'

'They do not.'

'Then that's all, and you can go back to your noozes. Sorry to have disturbed you but we had a dispute and wanted to settle it.'

For fifty miles pursued and pursued had kept at about the same distance as they flew over the trackless prairie. Now and then one had gained or lost, but the race had become one of endurance instead of speed. At last, an hour before sunset the face of the pursued began to lose its hopeful expression as he felt his horse giving way under him. He pressed home the cruel spurs, and the beaten animal seemed infused with new life, but only for a few minutes.

'I am doomed!' he exclaimed in despairing accents, as his faithful horse staggered again.

From behind him came fiendish yells of rejoicing.

Another mile, and the horse of the pur-

sued sank down in his tracks, and his rider stood with folded arms and a defiant look on his face to wait the other's coming.

'So I've got you!' said the pursuer, as he rode up and dismounted.

'You have.'

'You know me to be the sheriff of Cold Chuck?'

'I do.'

'And that I never let a man escape me. This afternoon as you rode through our town I shouted to you.'

'Yes. You recognized me as Dandy Jim, the road agent, but I hoped to outrun you.'

'I did nothing of the kind. I asked you for a chew of tobacco, and you were so durned mean about it that I've follered you fifty miles to show you what sort of a man I am. Do you chew?'

'Of course I do.'

'And will you give me a chew?'

'With the greatest of pleasure. As my horse is dead I do not see how I can go back with you.'

'No one wants you to.'

'But didn't you follow on to arrest me?'

'Not by a blamed sight. I follered on to make you band over that chew I asked for and you jest let this be a warnin' to you. Next time you ride through Cold Chuck and I yell for a chew you want to come right down with half a plug.'

All at once two men each armed with two guns leaped into the middle of the street and began firing at each other. Pop! bang! pop! The street was cleared of pedestrians, and men looked from behind shelter with bated breath. Six shots, ten, fifteen, twenty.

'Are they both dead?' was asked in whispers.

Pop! bang! pop!

'But they must be dead now.'

Fifty shots, 100, 200. Then a man who had been asleep in a distant saloon slowly awoke and shambled outdoors and down the street. When he reached the fighters, the four guns were still blazing, but he closed in and took both men by the ear and led the pair around the corner and gave them the boot and said:

'How many times hev I got to warn ye that it's agin the ordinance to shoot off firecrackers?'

The Bear and the Berries.

'Talking about bears,' said a well known business man, 'I have just returned from a fishing trip in upper Michigan, and I tell you the bears were very many' up there. They are fond of blackberries, too, judging from the story the section boss's wife told. One day we had been wading and fishing up the river and saw the woman and her little boy running towards us for dear life. She said they had been picking berries in a patch, and that she had just started on a big bunch that looked as though the bushes had been tied together, they were so close and thick.

'Suddenly she heard a grunt, and thinking her little boy was trying to scare her, told him if he did it again she would spank him. Turning to continue her picking she heard another grunt, and discovered that it came from the other side of the bunch of blackberries. It came from a bear and the bear had gathered the high blackberry bushes together and was having his lunch and the woman had been picking them right out of his arms.'

'One of the men who heard the section boss's wife tell the bear story tried to repeat it for the rest of the party after he had been out fishing all day. He claimed to be caught 700 fish; and it was certainly true that his bait jug hadn't a drop in it. Perhaps this may account for the fact that he endeavored to explain that the bear picked the berries out of the black woman's arms and lunched on the bushes. Corrected in this he immediately asserted that the woman berried the pickings in the black bushes and lunched on the bear.'

'He tried it just once more and fixed it this way: 'The bear picked his black arms in the bushes and the woman berried the lunch.'

'He was then carefully led away by his sorrowing friends and held under the pump for a beneficial period. The next morning he had forgotten the entire combination.

'But it's a great country for bears.'

'The hostess is a lovely woman and she gave us a fine dinner. But why did she seem in such a nervous hurry? Really, it was the swiftest feed I ever sat down to.'

'Then you didn't know her before she married Bixby?'

'No.'

'She used to be a waitress in a quick service dairy lunch.'

Mr. Tyte-Poist (in the course of a casual conversation)—Well I am glad there's no small pox in town, anyway. Still, I am always afraid of it. By the way, doctor, what's the first thing to do in a case of smallpox?

Doctor—Well, you first catch your small pox, you know.

FLASHES OF FUN.

An Anomaly—Eva—"You can't make a bit of an impression on that young Marsh." May—"I know it. It's strange too, for he's so soft."

Touched—The Pastor—"Don't you think I touched them rather deeply this morning?" The Deacon—"I don't know. I haven't counted up yet."

You can tell a man nowadays by the button he wears.

Loafer—"I'd rather go in a bloomin' lunatic asylum than enlist in the army."

May—Yes, Jack taught me to ride the bicycle. He was so attentive.

Kate—Then I suppose that was it took you so long to learn.

She—I wonder why Cupid is always represented as a baby.

He—Because love so frequently dies in its infancy, I suppose.

Charitable Old Lady—Poor woman! And are you a widow?

Beggar—Worse than a widow, ma'am. Me husband's living, an' I have to support him.

New York has an undertaker named McCarthy, who wants to run for Vice President.

He evidently thinks he'd have a dead sure thing.

Young Hopeful (to his big sister—I say, Nell, pass me the butter!

Nell (in a tone of sisterly reproof)—If what, Johnny?

If you can reach it.

Uncle—And what are you going to be when you grow up, Johnny?

Johnny—I'm going to be a soldier, uncle, 'cause then I can fight as much as I want to without being censored for it.

Algy (who lives in London)—I think I'd like to be a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a morning and see the butterflies making butter and the grasshoppers making grass, and all that sort of thing, you know.

Artist—This is the portrait you ordered of your first ancestor, the Baron Dope-draem. Is it all right?

Mr. Gottin—Not quite. Just make that sword a better brand of cutlery and put on it 'Gottin Cutlery Company, New York City, U. S. A.; tel. 41144; cable, 'Gott.'

Mr. Flinnis is wonderfully devoted to his wife. When they are away from each other he writes her at least three letters a day.

'Yes,' answered Miss Coyenne. 'She requires him to do that so that she can look at the post-office marks and know exactly where he is.'

First Negro—Dis hyab game ob disfranchising us by constitutional amendments ain't no square deal.

Second Negro—Wal, I'd rudder be disfranchised wit a constitutional amendment dan wit a shotgun.

'How do you know she doesn't belong to the four hundred of Gotham?'

'I saw her kiss her own husband. Oh, you may be sure she is an imposter.'

'Swigby hasn't a particle of romance about him.'

'I never thought he had. Any new proof of it?'

'Yes. He was calling on Daisy Swinner ton. You know Daisy. Little thing, but full of poetry. Swigby said he wondered where they met the first time, and Daisy in her poetical way said she guessed it was in the gloaming. Swigby looked puzzled, and then what do you suppose he said?'

'Give it up.'

'Said he guessed she was mistaken, because he couldn't recall any apartment house by that name.'

The Escape of R. S.

When the United States Cruiser Rattlesnake was captured during the War of 1812 her crew was sent to Dartmoor Prison, situated in a lonely waste of Devonshire, England. The second officer, who concealed his identity under the initials R. S., succeeded in bribing one of the guards, and wrapped in a cloak, with an umbrella hanging beneath it, after the manner of a sword descender a rope hung from his window, and was almost clear of the prison when he was betrayed by the very guard he had bribed. He was taken before the warden of the prison and as he was remanded to his cell, he announced that he should make his escape that night. The boss gave the British much amusement. The author of "A History of American Privateers" tell what followed.

As the guards had not noticed the rope

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from the window, it seemed as if the daring prisoner might make good his threat, in spite of the warden's declaration that the sentries should be doubled and a special watch kept.

The guards were doubled, but that very circumstance seemed to favor the prisoner's attempt; for the unusual number of sentries caused some confusion at the gates when the relief came.

True to his word, R. S. made his second attempt to escape that night. Having bribed a sentinel for three guineas to give him the password, he descended the rope just at midnight, and wrapped in a great coat which he had managed to secure, and which bore some resemblance to a soldier's cloak, he passed through the gate with the other sentries, having given the counter-sign, 'Wells.'

He was challenged several times before leaving the yard, but on passing the outer barrier he made for the coast, where he arrived, almost famishing.

Finding an eighteen-foot boat on the beach, with only one oar in it, he put to sea with the intention of gaining the coast of France, using his oar as a rudder and his umbrella and greatcoat as sails.

When he had covered half the distance, a brig of war passed very close to him, but by taking in all his 'sails' and lying down in the bottom of the boat, he avoided detection. After a dangerous passage of thirty-six hours he reached the coast of France, where he was most hospitably received.

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F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

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Telephone 439 when the doctor calls, and I will send for your prescriptions and have them carefully dispensed and delivered at your residence with all possible despatch. Mail orders promptly filled.

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BOURKE

Music and
The Drama

TONES AND UNDERONES.

Musical interest of the week was centered in the recital given by Miss Frances Travers at the Opera house on Monday evening. A flattering reception was given the young singer and supporting talent, and the Opera house held an audience rarely seen within its doors in point of numbers culture and fashion. The programme was arranged with a view to the varying musical tastes of a large, mixed assemblage and the result was very pleasing.

Miss Travers' appearance was awaited with much interest and she fully justified all expectations regarding her work. Her voice is beautifully clear, sweet and sympathetic and her various numbers were enthusiastically encored. Her duet with Mr. Kelly received the major share of favorable comment, and was perhaps her best effort though indeed all were rendered with a power and expression, that speaks well for the young vocalist's future. Miss Nano Stone, heard for the first time since her return from Germany, played three or four piano numbers in a manner that left no doubt as to the good use she has made of the time spent in study abroad. She has a beautiful touch, and though she might perhaps have played selections that would have given more pleasure, yet what she did was well calculated to show her talents in this particular line.

The work of Miss White, cellist, of Halifax was such as to call forth most unqualified praise. It was not only a delight to listen to her but to look upon her as well, for in addition to her musical talents, Miss White has a beautiful stage presence. While varying opinions were expressed regarding the work of others whose names appeared on the programme there was nothing but unstinted praise showered upon the clever young cellist. Mr. Kelly never sang better, a fact testified to by the warm expressions of approval bestowed upon his work and the demand for an encore of his every number. Mrs. J. M. Barnes played accompaniments in her usual excellent manner.

Culbane, Chace and Weston's Minstrels occupied the Opera house on Tuesday and Wednesday evening drawing good audiences upon both occasions. The vocalists were not quite up to the mark and some of the jokes were told by Gortons' Minstrels—and they had been heard many times before that too but as a rule the work was good. There are several really good people in the organization among whom may be mentioned the Austin brothers and one or two others whose names have escaped me. There is no lack of variety in the show and taken all in all the audience gets the worth of its money.

Black Fetti is underlined for an early appearance at the opera house.

Madge Lessing has joined the Francis Wilson opera company replacing Minnie Ashley who recently withdrew from the organization.

Among the cast of the company that is to give the Rose of Persia at Daly's, (N. Y.) are the following: John Le Hay, Charles Angelo, Ruth Vincent, Hettice Lund, Isabella Dillon, Hattie Stephens, and Blanch La Tour. They come from the Savoy Theatre, London.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Clement Scott says that Rostands L'Aylen is a financial failure.

Vivian Bernard is to play the negro character of Sukey in Janice Meredith.

H. Price Webber went to St. Andrews on Tuesday where his annual tour opened on Thursday of this week.

Julia Stuart has been engaged by Lebler and Company to play Glory Quayle in their Western Christian Company.

"Willie" Collier by way of summer amusement has been editing a paper called the "Pan" at a summer resort in Long Island.

Boyd Carrol will tour next season in his new play, 'Round the Clock.' The title is not new; it was used a good while ago by Augustin Daly.

Roland Reed opened his annual Boston engagement at the Boston museum on Wednesday of this week in an entirely new comedy modern croose by Sydney Rosefield from the German.

Miss Gertrude Bennett who for some time has been playing Constance in support of James O'Neill in 'The Musketeers' is engaged to play Amy Faulkner in 'The Choir Invisible.'

The Morrison Comedy company featuring Allie Gerald and Eugene Powers, will play here for three days next week opening on Labor Day. The company made a most favorable impression during its stay

here last week, and theatre goers will be glad to welcome them back to the city.

Blanche Walsh will make her first appearance as an independent star at the Broadway theatre, New York, on Monday evening Oct. 8, in Marcello a new historical play by Eugene Presbrey.

Eugene Presbrey's new play in which Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern will star Blanche Walsh the coming season has not been named and there is much curiosity in these circles regarding the title.

The Morrison's will be followed by Where is Cobb P from the 6 to the 9th of Sept., and on the 11th the ever popular Devils Auction with a whole lot of new attractions will occupy the stage for six nights.

The tour of Mme. Modjeka will begin Oct. 15, at Montreal. 'The King John' revival will be made in a most elaborate scale. Modjeka will have the support of R. E. MacLean as King John and Odette Tyler as Prince Arthur.

Duse made her first bow to the public at the age of three years, and has been on the stage ever since. At the age of thirteen years she played Francesca da Rimini and at fourteen the famous performance of Juliet that gave her the breath of fame.

Martin Cody, who played Brother Paul in 'The Christian' last season in support of Effie Ellater will have an important character part in Janice Meredith in which Mary Mammery will star. Mr. Cody has been here with Mr. Herkins for several seasons.

The municipal authorities of Hoboken have placed themselves on record as opposed to all kinds and varieties of living pictures except those that appear in every dress, whether they be representative of Venus, Minerva, Diana or any other conception of ancient or modern sculpture.

Sir Henry Irving has made no important announcement of his managerial plans on August 1st, says a London paper. He referred to his often expressed wish to produce Lord Byron's Manfred but the desire is not likely to be realized. Sir Henry goes to the Lyceum in April with a new play of which at present the details are a secret.

F. C. Whitney has engaged Charles Abbott, husband of Maggie Mitchell as leading man for Minnie Seligman. Otis Thayer will play a character role. Edgar Davenport who last season played Horatio Drake in 'The Christian' supporting Viola Allen has been engaged for the role of the Cardinal Louis des Torres in her new play 'In the Palace of the King.'

The Great Silence, a new two act play by Captain Basil Hood is shortly to be seen in London. It tells of the love of a youth, son of a great chief, for a tusk maiden, and of his refusal, in order that he may remain with her, to go upon the war path, a refusal construed by his comrades into a confession of cowardice. It tells further of his trial and condemnation to death by the lastly summoned council of which his storical father is head.

Mrs. Langdon Mitchell wife of a Philadelphia playwright, and daughter-in-law of Dr. Weir Mitchell the novelist, will appear as Rene in her husband's dramatization of the Adventures of Francois, a novel written by Dr. Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell will resume her stage name of Marion Lee; she retired several years ago, after playing one season in America with the Kendals; her greatest successes as an actress were made in London and Paris.

Charles Frohman will reopen the Vaudeville theatre, London, early in September, with 'Sail and Lady' a version by an American author of a new French farce by M. Pierre Decourcelles, the author of Two Little Vagrants, M. Decourcelles play has not yet been produced and this is said to be the first time on record of a French play first seeing the light in London, in a translated form. The cast will include Elialine Terras, Seymour Hicks, Fanny Brough, Herbert Standing J. C. Buckstone, Agnes Miller, Jessie Moore and Cairns James.

Writing in the London World William Archer says in the course of an interesting article: 'Though the American stage of today is not an institution which the Pilgrim Fathers, could they have foreseen it would altogether have approved, it at least obeys in letter and spirit alike, this one Biblical injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it, with all thy might." Whatsoever the American comedian finds to do with hands, feet, arms, legs, voice, eyes, or even eyelashes, he (or she) does with an irrepressible energy which may almost be said to lash the audience into applause. America has added one little word to the vocabulary of esthetics—the magic monosyllable 'snap.' The quality thus designated is not entirely unknown in Europe—Offenbach, for example, had some glimmerings of it—but America has carried it to its ultimate limit, and, in so many other cases, has discovered how to turn it out

by machinery. 'Positive, 'brío'; comparative 'verve'; superlative 'snap'—to run the degree of comparison. And America is the continent of the superlative.'

The first public performance of a travesty on "Que Vadis" has been going on at Tony Pastor's New York this week. It occurs in a sketch called "The Bifurcated Girl," written by Claxton Wiltsch for Minnie Allen and W. H. Murphy. In this case the podium scene is burlesqued where Vinicus and Petronius view with horror the danger of Lygia in the arena. In the case the bull from Wall street, loose on Eighth avenue, spies Lisa's red automobile and, and is about to crash out her life against the billboard when the push comes to shove, comes to the rescue, grabbing the canned tongue and stretching the rubber neck of the bull until it breaks.

THE SURGEON'S THREAD.

Many Kinds of Needles and a Variety of Stitches Used in Operations.

Imagine a tailor who deliberately plans to have the stitches he so carefully sews give way at a certain time. Suppose he should use one kind of thread in a coat, warranted to break in one week, another kind in the trousers, guaranteed to fall apart in a month, and using permanent material only in making up a waistcoat. Yet this is exactly what the surgeon does every day. Sutures, as the surgeon's thread is called, are made from various materials according to the requirements. Catgut, silk thread, silkworm gut, silver wire, kangaroo tendons and horsehair are in common use.

Catgut was at one time obtained from members of the teline tribe. [As its use increased, the supply ran short. Experimenters showed that sheep furnished an acceptable substitute. So catgut used by surgeons, jewelers and makers of musical instruments comes now from the submucosa or middle layer of the intestine of a sheep. It is the most commonly used of all suturing material. Catgut stitches are absorbed in from five to seven days, depending on the individual upon whom they are used. In occasional instances catgut stitches have been known to be absorbed in thirty six hours. By treating it with chromic acid, such a suture will remain in position for many weeks. Because of its adaptability and the cheapness of the material catgut heads the list of surgical threads.

Silkworm gut can be more thoroughly sterilized than any other known suture material. In preparing sutures of all sorts the usual method is to boil the material in ether, allow it to soak for twenty-four hours, then place it in alcohol for a day or two and follow this with a bath of mercury solution. Notwithstanding this thorough cleansing, the microscope reveals germs still present in varying numbers in many instances. Silk worm sutures show fewer microorganisms than other materials treated in this way, hence it is highly recommended for surgical work. The material is extracted from a silkworm killed immediately before it begins to weave its cocoon. Unfortunately for surgeons, silkworm sutures are not absorbed, but remain permanently in place. For this reason its use is restricted to special work.

The short, tough tendons taken from the tail of a kangaroo furnish surgeons with a valuable thread. Kangaroo tendon stitches will hold fast for many days. The time of absorption is estimated from four weeks to two months.

Horsehair and silver wire sutures are non absorbable. The fluids of the body do not affect them in any way, and once in place the stitches will remain until forcibly removed. By some it is asserted that silver wire has distinct antiseptic properties. Nitrate of silver in solution is known to be a good germicide. Hence it is argued that a silver salt injurious to germ development is formed by the contact of body fluids with silver wire. Thus stitch abscesses are said to be of rare occurrence when silver wire is utilized.

Silk thread, such as is used by tailors, but of the finest quality and of larger caliber, is frequently used. The stitches are practically non-absorbable, though at times no trace of the thread has been found in tissue at the expiration of a year.

To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are naturally required. A surgeon's 'housewife' contains needles that would scarcely be recognized as such by the uninitiated. Besides the needles curved in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bobkins, terminating in a point like a miniature knife blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular, with the apices of the angles sharp-ned to a razor edge. Some few are torxed like ordinary sewing needles, but made of greater tensile strength.

Instead of a thimble, a surgeon uses an instrument called a needle holder. It is shaped like a pair of scissors, the points of which are blunt clamps. The needle is

held fast between the jaws of the clamps until released by opening the two blades as scissors are opened. Then a fresh hold is taken and the action repeated with every stitch.

A skilful surgeon has perfect command of the needle at all times. There are moments during an operation when a well placed stitch means saving the life of a patient. At such times the skilful surgeon's displays a clarity and dexterity not surpassed in embroidery.

The surgeon relies upon certain stitches for different needs just as the dressmaker picks and chooses among the various forms of stitching. The hemstitch, cat stitch, whalebone, herring bone, running stitch and backhand so dear to the feminine fingers have their counterparts in the surgeon's mattress suture, interrupted and continuous suture, subcuticular suture, purse string, and figure eight sutures, Lambert and Cserny sutures. As the seams man selects an appropriate stitch for a seam, a buttonhole or an edging, so the surgeon chooses in forming his life-saving stitches.

'Ah, yes I've sighed, 'the summer will soon be gone.'

She looked at the cloak and yawned.

Then she replied:—
'I wonder if that's why it is so easy to tell the difference between you and summer?'

'Can you trust me?' she whispered.
'Even with my life,' he responded, fervently.

'Then eat these mushrooms that I have picked and trust me that they are not toadstools.'

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WITH SHAMPOOS OF



And light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes hair grow when all else fails.

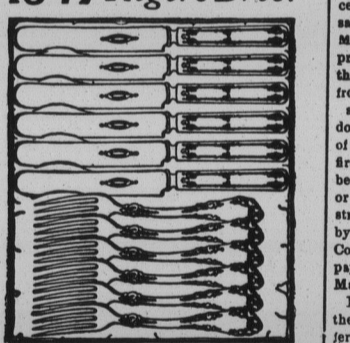
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Baby's Own Soap makes young-
sters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins
in good order.

Made entirely from vege-
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well as a cleanser, and is as
useful on a lady's toilet as in
the nursery.

Faintly but exquisitely ara-
matic.

Beware of imitations.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on SATUR-
DAY the THIRTIETH DAY of OCTOBER
A. D. 1900, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon,
at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City
of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a de-
cretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity,
made on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1900, in a
certain case or matter therein pending in the
master of the Estate of George L. Taylor, late
of the Parish of Hampton, in the County of
Kings, deceased, between Mary Jane Currie,
plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last
Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, de-
ceased, defendant; and by amendment between
Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of
George L. Taylor, deceased, Elias A. Taylor,
Louise P. Otty, Elizabeth L. Currie, A. Florence
Currie and Wendell H. Currie, defendants,
with the approval of the undersigned Re-
feree in Equity, the lands and premises in the
said decretal order, described as follows:—

"ALL that lot of land situate lying and being
on the south side of King Street, in the said
City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on
the map or plan of the said City, on file in the office
of the Common Clerk by the number four hundred
and fourteen (414), having a breadth of forty feet on
the said street and continuing back the same breadth
one hundred feet together with all and singular
the buildings heretofore privileges and appurten-
ances to the said lands and premises belonging or
in any wise appertaining which said lot of land and
premises is subject to a certain Indenture of Mo-
rtgage dated on or about the first day of November
A. D. 1886 and made between the Testator, George
L. Taylor of the one part, and Elias Horn, Emma
Elias Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executor
and Executrices of the last will and testament of
John Horn deceased for securing the payment to
the said Executor and Executrices of the sum of
eleven thousand dollars on the first day of Novem-
ber A. D. 1891 with interest thereon at five per
centum per annum payable quarterly, all of which
said interest has been paid up to the first day of
May A. D. 1900 and subject also to the store and
premises on the corner or eastern half or portion of
the said lot having the street number 86 to a lease
from year to year made by the said George L.
Taylor to J. Mc Murray Reid and Robert Reid,
doing business as Reid Brothers, at the annual rent
of seven hundred dollars payable quarterly on the
first days of February, May, August, and Novem-
ber; and as to the store or premises on the lower
or western half or portion of the said lot having the
street number 84 to a lease from year to year made
by the said George L. Taylor to the Gould Bicycle
Company at the annual rent of six hundred dollars
payable quarterly on the first days of February,
May, August, and November.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to
the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Re-
feree.

Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900.

E. H. McALPINE,
REFEREE.

W. A. TRUESMAN,
PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

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

SUNDAY DAY OBSERVANCE.

The Lord's Day Alliance is anxious that the people shall not have the impression that they are opposed to street cars running on Sunday and through the president, a somewhat lengthy statement has been sent to the city press defining their position. Mr. FOTHERINGHAM, the president of the Alliance, defends the Sunday law in a general way and thinks all good citizens will support its enforcement.

In one sense, Mr. FOTHERINGHAM is right. Law should be supported but he must admit that there are some laws that cannot be enforced. More than that they never were intended to be enforced. If necessary plenty of cases could be cited to prove this. Editor STEWART recalls one that is still on the statute book under which at one time a small boy was sentenced to be hung for stealing a loaf of bread.

The present Sunday law is inconsistent and some of its provisions are ridiculous. These will be best discovered if the Alliance President thinks by enforcing the law. Perhaps he is right but there is a danger that the disgust of the people may influence the legislators to strike out the good as well as the faulty section of the statute.

St. John is not a bad city Sundays and yet visitors must think that we need an iron hand to keep us down when they read the press of today. Probably there is no city of the same size in America where the Sabbath is better observed. The people are orderly and quiet; the police have practically nothing to do and yet the Alliance would make it appear that legislation was necessary to make us better. It is an offence now to sell soda water or cigars; it must be an offence, we presume to buy a cigar or glass of soda. These articles are not necessary to existence but they may be necessary to enjoyment on Sunday in the meaning of that term to many people. There is not too much pleasure in living and if smoking a cigar or drinking a glass of soda water will make Sunday pleasant for the people let them be able to smoke and drink without feeling that they are helping to break the laws of the country.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

The psychic Research company is the name of a somewhat benevolent corporation who is trying to grapple with the perils of premature burial. The editor of the Journal of Suggestive Therapeutics which appears to be the organ of this new society or company wished to awaken public interest to a grave danger threatening the community. Grave danger is a somewhat suggestive phrase to use but no doubt the jest was unintentional. Such solemn matters could not be considered in a spirit of levity. The fear of being buried alive has never troubled the people generally to any great extent and there does not appear to be any great opportunity for the company in question. Still with that willingness to give a helping hand to do anything that may benefit mankind we are glad to draw attention to the perils of premature burial, something which Dr. WILDER of Newark says "constitutes a real menace to the public welfare. The necessary precautions to be observed in guarding against this danger are pointed out, among which may be mentioned keeping the corpse in a warm bed for at least thirty six hours after the supposed death has taken place. Dr. WILDER places little reliance, apparently, upon physicians' certificates of death, and quotes several ghastly examples to support his position."

THE SCOTT ACT.

The interest in the Scott Act seems to have almost died out. In 1898 there were no applications to have it put in force and in 1899 there were but two, in Brome, Quebec and in Westmorland. It was defeated in the former and carried in the latter. The act has been submitted to the people in nine cities and 73 counties. It is in force in one city (Fredericton) and in 27 counties. It was submitted to the people four times in Fredericton, N. B., and carried on each occasion. Westmorland voted on it five times and carried it each time. Charlotte town voted on it six times, carried it three times, rejected it the fourth, adopted it on the fifth and rejected it on the sixth occasion. Lambton voted on it four times, carrying it the first time, defeating it the second, carrying it the third and defeating it the fourth. Halton carried it on the first and second voting but rejected it on the third. Stansted sandwiched a carry between two rejections. St. John City defeated it on the two occasions it has had the opportunity to vote on the Act.

The appointment of Mr. CLARENCE FERGUSON as clerk of the county court, to succeed the late Mr. MONT McDONALD will meet with general approval. Mr. FERGUSON is well adapted to perform the duties of the office moreover he deserves recognition from the party he has served so faithfully.

There are 275 electric light companies in Canada and the number of arc lights in use in 1898 were 10,889 which in 1899 increased to 10,962. In 1898 there were 463 615 incandescent lamps in use and in 1899 546,642. This shows an increase of about 20 per cent in incandescent lighting.

According to the Canadian year book there are 58 telephone companies in Canada and 38 have made returns to the department at Ottawa. There are 82,219 miles of wire and 19 out of the 38 companies report 114,953 381 messages sent.

In all Canada the increase of churches since the last census show the Baptists to have added 324, Roman Catholics 301, Church of England 415, Methodists 322, Presbyterians 411 and other denominations 55.

The year book gives the number of insane in all Canada as 11,224 of which 612 are in New Brunswick and 447 in Nova Scotia. Ontario has 5,733 and Quebec 3,411.

In the active militia of Canada there are 8 007 officers and 3,145 staff sergeants and sergeants, 30,485 in the rank and file and 3,786 horses.

ALMOST BLACKMAIL.

If That Indiantown Horse "Stealing Case" is True.

Magistrate Ritchie handed down a just decision on Tuesday in the case of the two North End boys, Johnston and White, whom police Officer Hamm, John Ferris and a man named Dunham tried hard to convict of stealing a horse and carriage. The magistrate said the boys were innocent of the crime and the strenuous efforts of the aforesaid men to claim financial remuneration for their loss of time and wear and tear of the horse and team were in vain.

Everybody in Indiantown knows how young Johnston and his chum White took the horse from Ferris' barn on Albert street about three Sundays ago to drive to Milkish, White's home, for some clothing. Ferris was up river at the time and Officer Sol Hamm, who lives nearby was caring for the horse. When the policeman found the equine and carriage missing he at once assumed that it was stolen and finally "landed" the miscreant lads coming home from Millidgeville way. They were at once arrested and locked up. White next morning was handcuffed to a common drunken tough and paraded to the city police court from the North End station.

When the boys appeared before His Honor young Johnston, a mere child, told he had been working all his holidays for teamster Ferris, helping him handle the river freight at the steamers and during its delivery. For this he was allowed the exceptional privilege of now and then driving the horse. He said Ferris had promised to lend him the horse and carriage on the Sunday in question and without fears of being discovered and wholly innocent of any wrong doing he took the horse from its stable and likewise the carriage.

To all the magistrate's questions the boy gave ready and straightforward answers, proving at least to those about his innocence of any crime.

However when John Ferris came home from up river he disclaimed any knowledge of promising to lend the horse to the boy who had been helping him freely so long. Then terms of settlement were mooted. It

is said Ferris wanted a big price for the misdeed or else he would push it in the courts. Then Officer Hamm put in a claim for \$25, which afterwards dwindled to \$10. Dunham, the man who drove Officer Hamm to Millidgeville, boasted that he was to get a \$5 out of it. This alleged wild attempt at securing funds from the poorly circumstantiated parents of the frightened boys, brought the father of young White to his senses, and he secured a lawyer to plead his son's case. Mr. G. H. V. Belyes was retained and had no difficulty in proving to the court his client's case.

A great many Indiantown people are ignorant to think that a money settlement was tried on the parents of the culprits, who were as innocent of theft as a babe. And many think this was tried because young Johnston's father was reported to have received the insurance of his son "Joe" who was killed at the battle of Paardeberg. Mr. Johnston himself is an invalid and the sight of a police officer and well to-do man pushing a bottomless case against a pair of innocent boys because their parents would hand over their prize, was not a very pleasing one.

Judge Forbes Dinner to Masons.

It was a happy idea of Grand Master Judge Forbes when he called the visiting masons together in the assembly rooms of the Mechanic's Institute and asked them to break bread with him. The gathering of about 120 persons was a very agreeable one and the speeches that followed the feast were enjoyable indeed. When such gentlemen as Judge Skinner, Mr. Hazen, Mr. Ellis, Chief Justice Tuck, Judge Ritchie, Past Grand Master Whitlock are at their best, the listeners can have a pleasant time. The chairman was his social self at all times and spared no effort to make the evening a memorable one. Recorder Skinner's response to his request to toast the legislature, was indeed a happy effort. Mr. Skinner evidently reads the "Births, Marriages and Deaths" in the news papers and had noted the announcement of an addition to the family of the leader of the opposition. It seems that Messrs. Humphrey and La Forest, followers of Mr. Hazen in the house, were guilty of a similar offence recently and this was the text for a very mirth provoking sentence or so from the humorous recorder. He did not spare the surveyor general either and this gentleman's reply invited such a rejoinder from Mr. Hazen that those present enjoyed heartily. All the speeches were good and the evening will be remembered with great pleasure during the year. Judge Forbes was re-elected grand master unanimously during the day and his speech of thanks was one of the efforts of the occasion.

The Klax at the Door. In the days of the lance and the spur, When the hero went forth to the fight, Oft he carried a token from her, And when he was worshipped as lover and knight. And when he came to the battle around, And when close pressed the mercenary foe, 'Twas that token that drove off despair, And gave victory's strength to his blow.

Not a hero of knightly olden time, But a warrior in industry's strife, When the lance that I wield is my pen, And the lady I serve is my wife, Yet a token I carry each day, Full as precious as any of yore, And it stoups my heart to the fray— 'Tis the love's morning kiss at the door.

For his faith will the martyr endure, By the sunset the artist's lamp is lit, At the blast of the bugle and fire, Is the soldier to rally and die, But whatever may others exalt, For myself I shall seek nothing more, And my motto be worthy deeds, Than the kiss that I get at the door.

When it's hot, mighty hot, Don't believe it if your neighbor says it's not Very hot, Always keep your old thermometer located at a spot Where you'll not Fall to notice that it's hot, And be sure your every thought Shall be centered on some subject that is hot, That is boiling, seething, hot— Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot! Take your coat off and your collar off and sweat Any man who tries to tell you that it's not Hot as hot Here as where the happy, Hottentot! And a lot Of your other fellow creatures have to squint In the shadow of the palms, where ice is never, never brought— Where a cold is never caught— Fan yourself and keep a-going on the trot— Keep complaining that it's hot, Keep declaring that it's not To imagine that it's not Beauty hot, Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, Always tunc and tret and bother when it's hot!

A Mother. It rained all day the day she died, And yet she thought it sweet and fair; She said the sunlight kissed her hair, And then she slept, all satisfied. It rained all day she was again, And yet she thought that the sky was blue; Ah, me! thank God, she never knew How cold and dreary fell the rain. So like her life! It rained all day, And yet she thought it all was bright; She loved and toiled her day and night, She never thought the skies were gray.

Mrs. Brown—I must be going back to the city at once. I've had three letters from my husband in two days. Mrs. Gray—Why, you poor dear! I know just how you feel. Two would be suspiciously attentive—but three I really am afraid he has been doing something very reprehensible. Newlywed—Does your wife ever threaten to go home to her mother? Oldboy—Why, my boy, I wouldn't consider that a threat.

Great Recuperative Ability, Like Fitz. [St. Croix Courier.] This time ex-President Steyn is reported dead from wounds received in battle. Judging from the number of times he has recovered from suicide, there's hope for him yet.

This Home is Near Halifax—Enough Said. [St. Andrews Beacon.] Poor Mrs. Dewey is severely "getting her foot in it." She is catching it from the American newspapers now because she coaxed the admiral into buying a summer home under the British flag. But Mrs. Dewey shows good judgment in seeking a climate where she can escape from a possible lynching and where anarchism has never succeeded in obtaining a foothold.

Coleman's Frog Outdone. [Newcastle Advocate.] John Connell who gave Fred Coleman, Fredericton, a frog, that made the genial Barker house proprietor famous, has a present a frog which is said to be the largest in Canada. Mr. Connell says the said enjoys his daily ride on the back of Barker's tame moose.

"Spooning" Alternative. [Arapahoe Spectator.] Some of the yonux women around town becoming tired of spooning without the presence of the much maligned males, started out the other evening for a night's sport. Nothing more serious happened than the manipulating of "tick-tacks" on the windows of peace living citizens. One of the latter is very wrathful over the affair, and threatens all sorts of disagreeable things.

The Telegraph has a Bival War Authority [Newcastle Advocate.] The question is: "Who started the story about the massacre of the ministers at Pekin? But, it is a question that will probably never be answered. They are safe and the world is satisfied. Another question naturally arises: "Would they have been massacred if their governments had not sent their dogs of war? We think not. This Chinese business seems to have been hyperbolized from first to

last. As far as we can learn, previous to the commencement of hostilities, the Pekin authorities barred nobody's exit or entrance. It seems to us that foreigners should be asked for an explanation as well as the Chinese.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Empress Dowager. In the turbulent Land of the Jasmine, Of the queen and the almond eye, A lady came and for her rules (1) And name it is just Tau Tai. Though she isn't the hub of a woman's club, Her name and all that came, She's an unadorn'd Feminine Autocrat, And she gets there (you bet!) just the same.

When she wants a finer dose in her happy realm, Be it murder or war or Joe, She never lacks friends to accomplish her ends, And it's easy to see who's boss; Though she's much like the queen who a thousand years back, Ruled the roost as imperial dame, She can give cards and spades to your up-to-date maid. And she gets there (y u bet!) just the same.

She isn't so much on the platform spiel, On ballot-box talks and all that, Nor does she appear in a masculine gear, In trousers and brother's stiff hat; She's too much engrossed with affairs of her own, (Some men like a trick I could name), To worry or vex with the woes of her sex— But she gets there (you bet!) just the same.

She doesn't talk much on her natural right, But she'll stand for a row in Pekin, And her wink on the quiet is good for a riot Among the ruffians of Hien-tsin; Debat' a noble who wears the blue plume Turan pale at the sound of her name, To worry or vex with the woes of her sex, She gets there (alas!) just the same.

For she is a relic of years gone by, Before women were ever "sew," When ladies like Kate in Slavonia ate Dictating what Peter should do, Or that naughtier Kats of the Medic line Brought nations to glory or shame, As well as the "howdy" with a flourish, And got there (you bet!) just the same.

Pilot, Lan' de Boat! De wif' blew soft from de heavenly sho, On 'er back soon carry de loads no mo', Pilot, lan' de boat. De boat's on deck an' dey all done gwine To hit de bank wif de long tow line De de ranson' chillun all rise and shine, Pilot, lan' de boat.

De roosters stan' 'n' 'rons' de long stage plank Pilot, lan' de boat. Secn ewine to launch 'er to de Zion bank, Pilot, lan' de boat. De bright sho' crowded with the angel han' Come down to de levee fo' to see us lan' Pilot, lan' de boat.

She's loaded down wif de poo' loo' sheep, Pilot, lan' de boat. De children's awil' an' de watehs deep Pilot, lan' de boat. De wheels poun' hard on de ferry's breast De sun gwine down in de watehs west, We'll tell 'n' 'howdy' wif a welcome han' Pilot, lan' de boat.

We's all dead weary, fo' de trip was long, Pilot, lan' de boat. De deck han' singing de landin' song, Pilot, lan' de boat. De toil and sorrow ob de trip sum past, De day done lowered from de latched mast, De climb de levee and we make her fast, Pilot, lan' de boat.

De steam's shut off an' she's roun' in' to Pilot, lan' de boat. De captain's awil' wif de coal black crew, Pilot, lan' de boat. We hea' de tinkle of de engine bell, An' we hea' de rattle 'n' rattle of 'er beat's swell, Fo' well, ol' riveh, bid you long a'well, Pilot, lan' de boat.

The Kiss at the Door. In the days of the lance and the spur, When the hero went forth to the fight, Oft he carried a token from her, And when he was worshipped as lover and knight. And when he came to the battle around, And when close pressed the mercenary foe, 'Twas that token that drove off despair, And gave victory's strength to his blow.

Not a hero of knightly olden time, But a warrior in industry's strife, When the lance that I wield is my pen, And the lady I serve is my wife, Yet a token I carry each day, Full as precious as any of yore, And it stoups my heart to the fray— 'Tis the love's morning kiss at the door.

For his faith will the martyr endure, By the sunset the artist's lamp is lit, At the blast of the bugle and fire, Is the soldier to rally and die, But whatever may others exalt, For myself I shall seek nothing more, And my motto be worthy deeds, Than the kiss that I get at the door.

When it's hot, mighty hot, Don't believe it if your neighbor says it's not Very hot, Always keep your old thermometer located at a spot Where you'll not Fall to notice that it's hot, And be sure your every thought Shall be centered on some subject that is hot, That is boiling, seething, hot— Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot! Take your coat off and your collar off and sweat Any man who tries to tell you that it's not Hot as hot Here as where the happy, Hottentot! And a lot Of your other fellow creatures have to squint In the shadow of the palms, where ice is never, never brought— Where a cold is never caught— Fan yourself and keep a-going on the trot— Keep complaining that it's hot, Keep declaring that it's not To imagine that it's not Beauty hot, Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, Always tunc and tret and bother when it's hot!

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THIS COLUMN FOR PLAIN TALK.

A City Court Case.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS, I was one of the audience at the city court, held on Thursday last. A case, the last one, on the docket, was tried. The plaintiff sued to recover the sum of \$25, and his testimony was that, he had given this sum to the defendant for the benefit of her son, some five years ago. The plaintive further stated that he had agreed to advance, altogether the sum of \$100, but owing to having heard as he was sitting in his room, a conversation in another room, in the house in which some members of the family, including the young man, who was assisted, that it was a fine thing to pull so much out of the old fellow, a general laugh following at the old fellow's expense, had such an effect on the old fellow, that this sum was all that he gave of the \$100, he had promised.

The \$25 was given to the defendant for the use and benefit of her son to be returned to the plaintiff in due course. The plaintiff did not take any written obligation from the defendant, at the time he gave her the money, trusting to her honor, that the sum would be returned. This promise of the defendant the court held, did not constitute a lawful contract and as there was no contract a nonsuit would be entered for the defendant.

This shows how necessary it is in dealing with people who have no sense of honor to secure a binding contract with them. Having obtained this judgment on a technicality defendant walked out of the court with an air of nobility all her own having done a pretty smart thing. A LISTENER.

A Dental From Ella Mitchell.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In reference to the letter published in last week's issue of PROGRESS, I wish to say that I can defy the policemen or any other person to say that I drank any strong drink during the last two years. About insulting people on the street, I never made a habit of doing so, if I did, I would not expect any more censure than others. I think if the Lower Cove Resident would sweep his own doorstep clean, and not "Rubber-neck" others there would not be so much unnecessary talk. Thanking you kindly for your valuable space. ELLA MITCHELL.

Other Reforms More Pressing.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS— I am not surprised Mr. Editor that the ladies of the Womens Council are disgusted with our dirty streets. We men agree with them and believe that improvement should begin at once. Let us accomplish something in this direction before we begin our crusade upon expectation. We have so many reforms more pressing than this that I think we might well table it for a time. CITIZEN.

Enjoying Life in St. John.

Thomas F. Hannan is one of the visitors from the Eastern States who is having a pleasant time in St. John. An old time friend of his, Mr. Keele of the Dufferin, is looking after him and making him acquainted with many people. Mr. Hannan is an expert on the Mergenthaler type machine and was called from an excellent position in the Boston Herald to look after an outfit in Pawtucket. He likes St. John and has found the weather cool enough to suit him perfectly.

Joseph Monamara who will be remembered as an old Shamrock base ball player and likewise interested in other sports is visiting his relative Jack Powers again this summer. Joe looks much the same as ever and it would seem that the labor in the City hall in Boston is not hard enough to worry him much. With him is Mr. John Leahy, secretary to Congressman Fitzgerald of Boston. Mr. Leahy does not know St. John as Mr. Monamara but he gives promise of getting quite thoroughly acquainted.

Mr. W. F. Harrison's Death.

The death of Mr. W. F. Harrison was a shock to those old friends of his who had seen him out on Friday and did not realize that the nature of his illness might call him from earth at any time. He has figured prominently in the last half century of St. John and was ever, popular with his large number of customers and the people generally. The death of his son Capt. Harrison in South Africa called forth a large measure of sympathy only a few months ago and now Mr. Harrison's death had added to the sorrow of those who held both of them as near and dear.

"Willie" she exclaimed severely, "why did you go to the jam jar while I was out?" But Willie had taken his lesson from Mahomet and the mountain. "Because the jam jar wouldn't come to me," he answered promptly.

Quite Recently, Spirit, Parlor, etc., Dorel, 27 Waterloo.

CITY COURT CASES.

THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am the editor of the Progress. I wish to say that I am not a politician...



We might say the summer is about gone, although the extreme heat of the early week would lead us to believe otherwise.

Miss Ella Rowe left for New York Wednesday morning to enter a nurse's training school. Miss Elms Rowe returned to New York at the same time to resume her course at the Metropolitan Hospital.

returned from a pleasant visit with Mrs. F. W. C. at Clifton. Mr. Slosson Thompson of Chicago and two daughters are here visiting Mr. Thompson's sisters.

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES

Advertisement for John Noble Costumes, featuring illustrations of various dress styles and text describing the quality and variety of the garments.

EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In referring to the letter published in last week's Progress, I wish to say that I am not a politician...

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Agate of the Queen Hotel, Hill street, will sympathize with them in the loss of their bright little son Charlie, which occurred on Monday last.

Miss Annie E. Rodgers left this morning to visit friends in Margerville and Fredericton for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Calhoun have returned home from Westfield where they have been spending a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Agate of the Queen Hotel, Hill street, will sympathize with them in the loss of their bright little son Charlie.

Advertisement for White's Confectionery, featuring illustrations of a box of caramels and a tin of snowflakes, with text promoting their products.

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Miss Mary Fay of St. John, spent last week visiting at Niagara Falls, and has returned to Toronto.

Mr. J. E. Thomson, St. John, registered at the high commissioner's office, London, Aug. 14.

Mr. Harry Sproule returned to Digby on Wednesday.

Mr. N. W. Brennan and family returned from Westfield this week.

Advertisement for Corticelli Sewing Silk, featuring an illustration of a hand holding a spool of silk and text describing the product's quality.

Mr. W. F. Harrison's Death. The death of Mr. W. F. Harrison was a great loss to the old friends of his who had known him since his boyhood.

Miss Gertrude Cleveland of Frighton, Mass., is visiting Mrs. J. S. Ford, Robesay.

Miss Annie L. Hamilton and Miss Laura G. Halston spent a few days last week in visiting friends on the Mill Road and vicinity.

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Advertisement for ST. AGUSTINE wine, featuring text describing it as a 'Real Tonic' and 'Pelee Wine'.

Mr. W. F. Harrison's Death. The death of Mr. W. F. Harrison was a great loss to the old friends of his who had known him since his boyhood.

Large advertisement for FRY'S PURE COCOA, featuring an illustration of a tin of cocoa and a cup of cocoa, with text describing its quality.

Latest styles of Wedding Invitations are announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices.

Advertisement for BRANDIES, featuring text describing the product and listing a dealer, THOS. L. BURKE.

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For Additional Foodstuffs, See Fifth and Sixth Pages.



HALIFAX NOTES.

News items from Halifax including arrivals, departures, and local events. Mentions names like Mrs. W. E. Roscoe, Mr. J. C. Macdonald, and various social gatherings.

News items from Annapolis, including mentions of Mrs. Margaret McFadden, Mr. J. G. Calkin, and other local figures.

News items from Truro, including mentions of Mrs. E. B. Elms, Mr. J. D. Leavitt, and other local news.

News items from Digby, including mentions of Mr. F. W. Anand, Mr. J. H. S. Taylor, and other local news.

News items from Woodstock, including mentions of Mr. E. J. Carr, Mr. J. H. S. Taylor, and other local news.

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Clerking

Looks more attractive than housework for a woman, but it is also even more exhausting. The work is often done under high pressure, and the brightness of the eyes and the flushed cheeks of the attentive clerk indicate nervousness rather than health.

Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES.

TENDERS will be received until SATURDAY, the EIGHTH day of SEPTEMBER, proximo, at the office of the secretary, Imperial Building, 61 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B., for supplying the Provincial Lunatic Asylum with the following articles for one year from the first day of November next, viz:

Beef and Mutton, Creamery Butter, Groceries, etc.

Drugs and Medicines, Flour and Meal, Hard Coal, Soft Coal.

DYEING SILKS nothing equals that wonderful English home dye MAYPOLE SOAP Brilliant fast colors.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OPENS SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up. Tenders for special privileges are being received.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose veins, hemorrhoids, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Buttache Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial), THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial), RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles, HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

THE PARIS EXPOSITION, FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration, "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES

THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists, PAVIS DE CHAVANNES, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PRIBETTO, HENRY MORTON, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and addresses.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B. SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Inducements for space in the Industrial should be sent in early as the best are being rapidly taken up.

Excursions for space in the Industrial should be sent in early as the best are being rapidly taken up.

Cure For Men. Dr. L. E. Everett, Manager and Secretary.

The Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels of 1 Buotouche Bar Oysters.

W. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) BARRIE'S "Tommy and (serial).

DODDRE ROOSEVELT'S "Cromwell" (serial).

HARD HARDING DAVIS'S and special articles.

BY NORMAN'S The Russia.

WALTER A. WY. author of "The Workers".

STORIES by Nelson Page, James van Dyke, Seton-Thompson, Wharton, Thanet, Allen White.

ARTICLES Paris Exposition.

IRLAND'S articles and exploration.

HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Sena.

ART FEATURES FROM ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN.

de Chavannes, JOHN LAFARGE, illustration color.

Illustrative schemes (in black and white) by APPLETON CLARK, HENRY MORSE, DWIGHT L. ELMEN.

Illustrated Prospectus to any address.

SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

BOSTON.

Aug 31.—Mr. R. Thompson Taylor, lately residing at Salisbury, has removed with his family to the city.

Mrs. Harding Bishop of Boston, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Moncton and Hillsboro has returned home accompanied by Miss Mabey McClure.

Sir L. H. Davies came down from Ottawa Monday and stopped over in Moncton for a few hours, crossing to the Island last evening.

Clyde E. Sands, son of Theo Sands of this city, who has been continuing his study of art in Boston the last two years, has just graduated at the head of his class and has been granted a three years diploma.

Mrs. W. J. Croadale is the guest of her daughter Mrs. T. B. Buxton, Bordeaux, for a few days.

Miss Rhoda Francis, who has been visiting in F. E. I for some weeks past, returned home on Monday.

Mrs. C. D. Thompson is the guest of Mrs. T. A. MacLean Charlottetown.

The many young friends of George E. Norton will learn with regret of his death, which occurred at his home Monday afternoon about 11 o'clock.

Deceased was clerk in the wholesale establishment of F. P. Reid & Co., wholesale merchants, and was well liked by his employers and held in the highest esteem by his hosts of young friends.

Deceased was a son of Mr. Chas. E. Norton, of the L. C. R. He was taken ill about two weeks ago with fever, but his condition was not considered serious until Sunday when he took a bad turn.

Mr. D. S. McMann of Moncton has been spending some time with her son, Mr. H. H. Hillcoat of Amherst.

Mr. Arthur Eastman, who is teaching at Shediac Cape, spent Saturday and Sunday in the city with his friends.

Mrs. F. S. Murchie and son of Edmundston, N. B., are visiting Mrs. Murchie's sister, Mrs. T. C. Burpee, Bonsecord street.

Mr. H. S. Crosskill of the Boston Herald staff, is on a visit to Moncton and is stopping with his mother, Mrs. J. C. Crosskill, Archibald street.

Miss Bailey of the Victoria school teaching staff has been spending the holidays in Maine and along the St. John river, visiting Boston, St. John and other places.

Rev. W. Camp and Mrs. Camp accompanied by E. E. Gross and Mrs. Gross and the Misses Minnie and Hattie Seaman, left Saturday for Halifax and Annapolis valley.

Miss Helen Harper formerly of Moncton, now of New Haven, Conn., is visiting in the city, a guest of Mr. W. H. Williams, Highfield street. She is accompanied by Miss Tooles, of New Haven.

Mr. Henry D. Chapman, a former Moncton merchant, now holding a good position in the upper provinces, is in the city enroute from a holiday trip to F. E. Island. He is accompanied by Mrs. Chapman.

Mr. C. G. Theal of Chicago, arrived in the city Saturday and leaves on Friday in company with his sister, Miss Theal, Archibald street, for Rimouski en route to the Old Country. Mr. and Miss Theal will visit the Paris Exposition and will spend several months in Great Britain.

Mr. H. McKellar of the immigration department in Manitoba, has been staying in town for a few days renewing old acquaintances. Mr. McKellar, it will be remembered, was located here for a while some years ago as the agent of the Manitoba government.

Mrs. McKellar, who was a Miss Sherrard, of Shediac, has been spending the summer here.

Winnipeg Free Press, Monday; Rev. Ralph Brecken, D. D. Mount Allison University, Saskatoon, N. B., is spending a few days in the city. He is accompanied by Mrs. Brecken. From Winnipeg they will continue their journey westward, making an extended tour.

ST. ANDREWS.

Aug. 30.—Dr. J. C. Cockburn of Minneapolis, is visiting his mother in St. Andrews.

Vera Whitman has gone to Canton, Me., where she will teach the current term, and also superintend the schools in that district.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holt are receiving congratulations on the advent of another little daughter in their household.

Mr. and Mrs. DuVernet of Toronto are guests of Dr. and Mrs. N. G. D. Fisher.

Mrs. Katie Lamb and son Bert, of Bangor who have been visiting Mrs. Small returned home on Saturday.

Miss Beaulieu Magee is spending a few days with her father in St. Andrews before returning to her nursing duties in Boston.

Mr. John Malloy of Jacksonville spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother in St. Andrews.

Mrs. J. W. Scovell and child of St. Stephen are at the Lansdowne.

Mr. H. H. McLean of Letete was in town last Friday.

Mr. Everett Denley has returned home from New York and will remain here, Canada is good enough for him now he thinks.

Mr. Chas. Wade and family of St. John have been spending a very enjoyable vacation in St. Andrews.

Dr. and Mrs. Holland of Calais visited St. Andrews friends last Friday and were warmly welcomed.

Mrs. Theodore Holmes has been suffering from an attack of congestion of the lungs.

Chas. Billings of Boston is in St. Andrews on his vacation.

Mrs. E. M. Wood of Winnipeg is visiting her parents.

Mr. J. W. Richardson barrister of St. Stephen was in town on Saturday.

Joseph Webber, who has been spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Webber, Minisipie Island has returned to Boston.

Mrs. Geo. M. Ryan of the P. O. department and Mr. E. M. Armstrong, Jr., of Ottawa were at Kennedy's on Monday on their way to the islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd of St. Stephen lunched at the Algonquin on Tuesday.

Mr. W. W. Clark, St. Stephen, was in St. Andrews on Tuesday and registered at Kennedy's hotel.

Mr. Nathan Treadwell has gone to the Ottawa rifle shoot. In the McDougall match Mr. Treadwell won 96, with 94 points, the top score being 97. In the bankers' match he took 94, score 23. He won 94, in the Dominion of Canada match.

Rev. Mr. Murray and Mrs. Murray of Milltown, were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhodell and Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Northdale, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bieby.

Capt. George Lowry has called from New York for Hong Kong to take command of the bark caracas.

NEWCASTLE.

Aug. 31.—Rev. T. W. Street, Bathurst, and Messrs. L. Lee Street, Boston, and A. F. Street, Fredericton, were here this week attending the funeral of E. Lee Street.

Miss Bell returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit to Amherst.

Miss Katie Troy one of Newcastle's most popular young ladies went to Harcourt, Kent Co., on Saturday to assume the duties of teacher at the Harcourt school.

Miss Carrie Tibbitt returned to her home in Fredericton on Saturday.

Miss Gertrude Fenety, Fredericton, was the guest of Miss Katie Troy for a few days last week.

Mrs. Chisholm, Dalhousie, was in Chatham last week.

Miss Tapley, Maryville, who has been the guest of Mrs. Osborne Nicholson for several weeks returned to her home on Friday.

Miss Ray Muirhead paid Newcastle a visit last week.

Miss Ida Haviland, Chatham, who had been visiting friends in Bolesworth, stopped over here on her return Friday. She was the guest of Miss Phelaney.

Miss Swanson, Douglastown, returned to New Glasgow on Saturday to resume her position as teacher in one of the town schools.

Miss Troy has returned from a pleasant trip to Jacques river.

Mrs. Osborne Nicholson entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening.

The many friends of Mr. M. H. McMillan will be pleased to hear that he is improving steadily.

Miss Louisa returns to Acadia Seminary, Wolfville next week to resume her studies.

Messrs. Allan McLennan, Moncton, and Robert McLellan, Fredericton, were here for the Military Ball, Wednesday night.

Mrs. Harley is rusticating at points down the river.

Mr. Warren Power of the Lowell Mill who has been sojourning on the Miramichi for the past few weeks returned to Lowell on Tuesday.

Mr. Donald McLean, returned from Campbellton on Saturday.

Miss Peters of St. John, is visiting Mrs. J. Sargent, Nelson.

Mrs. Robertson (Angley) has returned from a pleasant visit to Church Point.

Miss Egan, Shediac, is visiting friends in Newcastle.

Mrs. Dr. Bishop, Bathurst and Mrs. J. L. Bishop, Boston are the guests of Mrs. Park.

Miss Emma Reid, Boston is visiting her old home here.

Inspector Whitaker of St. John was in town this week.

Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantity and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

GREENWICH.

Aug. 30.—On Thursday last the steam tug Storm King touched here, having on board the following gentlemen who were inspecting the different wharves and looking at sites for new wharves.

Col. Downville, M. P. Commissioner White, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Surveyor General Dunn, G. G. Scovell, M. P. P. Councillor Thomas Gilliland and others.

The party proceeded to the Cedars, and spent the night at the Evansdale.

The Misses Mary and Queenie Richards of Edmundston are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Wm. McLeod.

Mr. Roy Richards spent Sunday here the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards.

Captain Freeman spent Sunday at home.

Mr. Dean of Keegan, N. H. is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wispley.

Miss George Byles has returned from a visit to Hampton.

Mrs. Dan Whelpley made a visit to friends in St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Whelpley made a visit to Fredericton this week.

Miss Colwell of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Geo. R. Vincent.

Miss Flewelling of St. John was the guest of Mrs. Harold C. Mo, recently at her summer home here.

Mrs. Winchester and her son-in-law, Mr. Dean of Keegan, were in St. John on Monday.

Rev. H. A. Cody was in St. John on Monday.

CHATHAM.

Aug. 30.—Miss Agnes Harrington is spending her vacation in Bathurst.

Dr. Cox and Mr. McIntosh have returned from their holiday sojourn.

Mr. Earl Johnston of the Bank of Montreal, has been transacted from Wallaceburg, Ont., to Winnipeg.

Mrs. E. E. Haviland has left for Chicago, where she will spend the winter with relatives.

Rev. L. V. Parker of Gagetown was here on Thursday, accompanied by his two daughters from Moncton.

Mrs. McKinnon of Truro, N. S., and her daughter Miss Annie, are visiting Mr. John McKinnon, Cunard street.

Miss Annie Johnston has left for her home in Cambridgeport after enjoying a very pleasant visit in her native town.

Mrs. A. A. Anderson has left for a visit to Toronto and Hamilton, and will go to North Bay before returning to Chatham.

Mr. Peter Gray of West Virginia is home again after an absence of 19 years to visit his mother, Mrs. Isabella Traser, Henderson street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Peterson left for Sydney on Thursday, with their children and furniture. Their new residence there is ready for them. A canoe was presented to Mr. Peterson, who retired from the position of Recording Steward of St. Luke's on removing to Sydney, by Mr. R. W. Snowball on behalf of the congregation.

HALIFAX.

Aug. 28.—Mrs. Wm. Callahan is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McLeod.

The Misses Hunter of Moncton spent Sunday and Monday in town, guests of Rev. W. and Mrs. Lodge at the Methodist parsonage.

Mr. James Lindsay of the village left for a trip to Detroit on Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph Howe whose husband is in South

Africa with the steershow horse, is spending a few weeks here the guest of Mrs. N. M. Barnes at Linden Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor and Mr. Fred Taylor of Rothesay were in town on Saturday to attend the cricket match at Lakeside in the afternoon.

Mr. A. McE. Travis and Miss Katy Travis have returned home after a pleasant outing of a few weeks at Pisarsino.

Among the visitors in town Thursday were Senator Wood, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, M. P., Mr. J. Douglas Hanna, M. P., Mr. H. A. Powell, M. P., and Mr. L. P. D. Tilley.

Miss Kyla Bartlett who has been visiting here returned to her home in St. John on Monday.

Miss Mary L. Wheeler of St. John was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McLeod at Ashold on Saturday.

Mr. Andrew Robertson of Philadelphia, formerly of St. John who had been spending a part of the summer at Lakeside left for home on Monday.

Miss Emma Whitaker of St. John is visiting her brother Mr. J. P. Frost Whitaker.

Mrs. Duncan who has been spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs. W. J. Scribner at the hotel here left for home last week, Mrs. Scribner accompanied her to make a short visit.

Rev. Mr. Scovell of St. John, West, was a visitor at Lakeside on Saturday.

The many friends of Mrs. Theo H. Carvell will regret to hear of her continued illness resulting from a severe attack of hemorrhage.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. G. Knowlton, who spent the summer at Lakeside left for home today.

Mrs. Clara of Boston is visiting her mother Mrs. Boston at the station.

Miss Horsemann, who spent her vacation in Boston has returned, accompanied by her sister, and resumed her duties as teacher in the school at the station.

Mr. Robertson of St. John North, is spending a week or two at Lakeside, guest of her aunt Mrs. J. Mowat.

Master Roy Baird, after spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Frost, returned to his home in the city last week.

Mr. Harry Travis of Boston is visiting with his parents at the station.

Mrs. Fred Whelpley of New York is visiting her sister Mrs. Noah M. Barnes.

Young Mr. Lodge of Moncton spent Sunday in town with his father Rev. W. W. Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Scott of St. John, spent Sunday in town, guests of Prof. W. Morley Tweedle.

Dr. Ryan of Paris, France, has arrived to join Mrs. Ryan and family who are summering at their beautiful residence, Lakeside.

Aug. 28.—Prof. Tapley and Mrs. Tapley and daughter, Marjorie of St. John are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White.

George Alfred Wilson, M. D., accompanied by Miss Ethel Pugsley has returned to the home of the latter, for a few weeks more outing.

Miss Fowler, daughter of the late G. O. Fowler of Fairville, is the guest of the Misses Gilchrist.

Mrs. Mary Byron and her daughter, Flossie, Mrs. Gertrude Macdonald and Master Fred, Mr. Will L. Macdonald and George Macdonald, who has been visiting relatives at Macdonald's Corner, returned to New today.

Miss Lena Sharp of Waterboro is the guest of her sister Pearl.

Frank Hamm, son of Officer Hamm, of St. John is visiting his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Wilson.

CAMBRIDGE.

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THINGS OF VALUE.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co., are the proprietors of Dr. F. T. ZACHAR'S VEGETABLE PILLS, which is the most valuable medicine ever known.

It is sold everywhere with enormous quantities throughout the Dominion. It is sold everywhere with enormous quantities throughout the Dominion.

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Income: \$ 58,890,077 21. Disbursements: 38,597,480 68. Assets: 304,844,637 52. Policy Reserves: 251,711,988 61. Guarantee Fund or Surplus: 50,132,648 91. Insurance and Annuities in Force: 1,052,665,211 64. Loans on Policies During the Year: 4,374,636 86.

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

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

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice. Progress Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING. 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. OYSTERS always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

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

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Rev. F. Allison Currier, M. A., who is stationed at Lowell, Maine, is making on his yearly visit. J.F. Currier, wife and daughter, who have been on a visit up river have returned. Morris Kirkpatrick of Gasperaux Station is visiting Wal or E Currier. Rev. L. Kirkpatrick preached his farewell sermon yesterday afternoon. G. I. Currier, Bradford and F. Allison Currier have gone on a shooting and fishing trip down the river in the yacht "Dawn."

PARRABOBO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parrabobo Postoffice. Mr and Mrs Frank Young, St. Margareta Pav arrived on Saturday evening staying until Tuesday at the Evansville hotel. Miss E. Keefe of Windsor is paying a visit to her brother, Mr. L. H. Hoke, N. S. C. A. The junior members of St. James' S. S. enjoyed a picnic on Friday at Bradford's beach. Mr. T. C. McKey former principal of the schools and now of Harvard is spending some of his holidays here. Mr. Andrew Wheaton and her children returned on Wednesday from a visit to relatives at Oxford. Miss Lawlor of Halifax has taken Mr. Bond's place as assistant in the high school. Miss M. J. Sprague resigned her position to Miss Messenger and is going to study at Harvard. Miss Shore is visiting the Misses Gillespie. Quite a large number went to Amherst on Friday to attend the political meeting. Mr. N. H. Davison who has been attending Belleville College is at home visiting his parents. He has obtained a position on the teaching staff on Mount Allison. Miss Aikman is at home from Montreal. Miss Carson and Mrs. Pippy, New York, are guests of Mrs. J. Corbett. Mr. Jennie, Mrs. Jennie and two daughters, Mrs. Warren and Miss Dodge, Boston, are staying at Mr. George Corbett's. Miss Bertha Day entertained her young friends at a garden party on Tuesday. Mrs. F. L. Jenks and her brother, Mr. Wm. Smith, have returned from a trip to Fort Arthur, Ont., where they have been visiting relatives. Mrs. Newton Pagsley went to Toronto on Friday to see in some time. Tea at the beach is a most popular function in these warm days. Miss E. E. H. Newport is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jeffers. Mrs. J. H. Cameron is on a visit to friends at Picton. Miss Holly Leitch has returned from Halifax. Rev. and Mrs. Gale of Acadia Mines were guests at the rectory. The marriage of Miss Lizzie Estlin and Rev. C. R. Cumming is announced to take place early in September. Dr. M. D. MacKenzie has returned from a visit to friends in Cape Breton. Mr. William Crane has lately been in town the guest of Mrs. Aikman. Mayor Day is off to Ottawa to attend the D. R. A. Compressed Air.

Our aim will be not to admit the outside air, but to keep it carefully out of our houses. With that view windows will be abolished, and light will be admitted through thick plate-glass, fixed permanently in the wall. Twice a day the servant will close the tight fitting doors of each room, and thoroughly exhaust the air with pump. Good sized pieces of solidified air will then be placed in the rooms and it will immediately be filled with air that is really pure.

There is, however, one danger in connection with solidified air to which the attention of the public has not yet been called. It is well known that all sorts of microbes that are found in water are preserved unharmed in ice, and that when the ice melts they are set free to do their deadly work. Now, sound is contained in air, and may it not very well happen that when the air is solidified whatever sounds may be contained in it may be preserved to be set free at some extremely inconvenient time? Thus solidified Swiss music may be full of yodelling, and a brick of it placed in a bedroom at night may suddenly give forth the unholly sounds in the middle of the night. Or air from Italy may contain compressed hand organ music, or the unprintable remarks of tourists who have received their hotel bills with extra charges for 'View of Vesuvius' or 'Association with the memory of Milor Byron'.

If these things are possible, and who shall say they are not possible, solidified air will be as dangerous as solidified water, and we shall find that the common air of the city, in spite of its sulphurous acid, and its assorted microbes of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and pneumonia, is preferable to imported air, contaminated with all sorts of sounds, musical commercial and profane.

The Census at Basswood Corners.

(From the Basswood Corners Hustler) —The result of the federal census of the town of Basswood Corners, which was taken in June, has just been announced from Washington. The Hustler is proud to inform its readers that our enterprising village contains the grand total of 637 inhabitants.

Think of it! Six hundred and thirty seven inhabitants! Ten years ago our population was but four hundred, the increase during the last decade being more than fifty per cent. If this ratio keeps up, and there is no reason to doubt that it will, it is plain to be seen that our bustling burg has a glorious future before it. At this rate of increase, as anyone can compute, by 1950 we will have a population of 4800; in the year 2000 we will have 86,000; and in the year 2050 Basswood Corners will roll

up the mighty total of 1 400 000 citizens, a population exceeded by that of but seven cities in the world today! Hurrah for Basswood Corners!

THE VALUE OF HIS FAOR.

Loan Effected by the Former Customer from the Retired Pawnbroker.

'This borrowing of nickels, dimes and quarters does not tend to mark a man,' said Hardup who, by the way, was universally known to be the greatest offender in the crowd. 'After a time one's friends are apt to cross the street when they see the toucher coming. I remember an amusing incident that happened to me some time ago, when I was utterly broke. Thank goodness I've got over that state now,' he added majestically. Hardup had just drawn his salary.

'One afternoon when I was at my wife's end how to raise the necessary dime, for I was wretchedly hungry, I happened to be in Harlem, and going up 125th street at the corner of Madison Avenue I suddenly came plump into a man whose face was familiar, but whom I could not for the life of me place. We shook hands warmly and passed the time of day agreeably for a few moments. Then there was a pause when I blurted out:

'It's very strange, but I have been talking to you for some time, but I really cannot remember your name, or where I met you before.'

'My friend smiled, and enlightened me. 'I used several years ago,' said he to be your pawnbroker.

'Then I remembered him. I gave a dubious sort of laugh, and saying that I had given up that sort of thing now, to which he slyly assented by a nod of his head, asked him if he still continued in the business. He replied that he had long since retired, and was living on his profits in a big house opposite Mount Morris Park.

'I fancy he knew what was in my mind, and was wondering how I was going to broach the subject. Presently, plucking up courage, I said, 'I used to be a good customer of yours?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'very good.'

'This encouraged me and I plunged in medias res. 'Well the fact of the matter is, I continued, 'I am quite broke at the moment. Would you lend me 10 cents on my face?'

'He again smiled, and looking me up and down, as if admiring my check, said to my relief, 'Why, certainly.'

The crowd laughed.

'Yes, I expected that laugh,' said Hardup, 'but let me finish. The man, as I mentioned, assented readily, but to my chagrin, after feeling in his pockets, said, 'I'll give it to you in a minute if you will wait while I go and change a quarter in a cigar store.' And I'm blessed, it he didn't go and charge a quarter, and give me a dime. It rather hurt my feelings, for it was the first time I had ever had the price of my face sized up. However, I suppose he knew his business and the risk he was taking.'

'Evidently,' said a small voice in the corner and Hardup subsided.

Stood by the Bargain.

'It's a hard life,' declared the old circus man, 'and I always say at the close of every season that I am through with it. But there is some thing in the life, the smell of the sawdust ring, the glitter and noise, the changing scene, that appeals to a man, who has once been in the business, and it is seldom that one leaves the life until death steps in. There is a good deal of humor in the business, too, as we are brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men.'

'I am reminded of a funny thing that happened to me a good many years ago when such a thing as moving a circus by rail was not thought of. It was part of my work at that time to drive our great \$10,000 chariot, not only in the parade, but between towns as well. What little sleep I got I had to catch here and there on my seat while we were on our way to another town. One night my doze turned into a sound sleep, and when I awoke I discovered that the team, left without a driver, had turned into a farm yard and come to a stop before a hay stack where they were quietly eating. While I was rubbing my eyes and trying to grasp the situation, the old man who owned the hay came out where I was and walked around the chariot and looked it over with a critical eye.

'Well,' said I, with a grin, 'what do you do of it?'

'Gosh,' said he, 'aint hit jes' a trifle bit gaudy?'

'Well, what do you expect?' said I, in dignantly, at this implied reflection upon the great moral show that I represented.

'Well, I suppose hit is all right,' answered the old man, doubtfully, as he looked it over once more. 'I ordered hit, and I'll stand by my bargain. Hit seems ter me that hit is jes' a bit loud. But I suppose I aint used to city ways.'

"Wilful Waste Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Bolls—"I was greatly troubled with boils and had blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured." M. L. Petit, Lyons, Ont.



'It was now my turn to be surprised, and I was about to ask him what he was driving at when he added that I might as well unitch as the funeral wouldn't be until two in the afternoon.

'Then there were explanations all around. It seems that the old man's wife had died and he had sent to the nearest city for a funeral car, and had mistaken our great \$10,000 chariot for it. There had been a good deal of rivalry in the neighborhood in regard to funerals, and the old man had made up his mind to outshine them all, and I think he was disappointed in the end when he discovered that he had been mistaken.

A Shrewd Little Girl.

A Portland, Me., lady who is living out of town this summer, sent her eight year old girl to a neighbor's to get a dozen eggs the other day. The little one went on the errand as directed, but she was gone an unusually long time. Finally she put in an appearance bringing the eggs all right.

Chided a little for the length of time she had been gone she solemnly assured her mother that she had taken no unnecessary time, and had not stopped to play on the way, and there was evidence of truth in the earnestness with which she said it, though the mother could not help realizing that she had withheld some sort of an explanation. It was forthcoming when the lady who furnished the eggs was seen.

She said that Ida came in due time for the eggs, they were put into her pail and she trotted off with them all right. A time had elapsed when there was a timid knock at the door. Answering the knock Mrs. Libby saw Ida standing with a most disconsolate and woebegone expression in her face. "Mrs. Libby," she faltered, "do you think you could exchange these eggs. I have an idea these are broken." Looking into the pail it was found that her idea was correct. Every egg of the dozen save one was crushed.

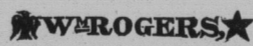
Ida had tripped and fallen with this unhappy result, and her first idea was that 'mamma' wanted the eggs, those she had were damaged goods, and she must get them exchanged. Her shrewdness saved her from a pretense of a scolding.

A Fussy Man.

'Which sex is the most fussy when having a photograph taken?' was asked of a prominent Baltimore photographer. The man smiled as he replied without a moment's hesitation: 'The male. When a man comes in here to be photographed all of us instantly begin to look out for squalls. We will pose him correctly, and are just about to snap the shutter when he suddenly remembers that his hair has become rumpled by his hat, and insists on brushing it, in spite of our frantic pretensions that it looks all right. Then when

Hotel Silver

can hardly be too good. The pattern must be tasty, the plating extra heavy, the metal extra good—in a word, hotel silver plated knives, forks and spoons should bear this stamp,



The kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

we have fixed him in the correct position again he will decide that it is not exactly what he wants, and proceeds therewith to arrange himself to his own satisfaction, with the inevitable consequences of bad laughing which he invariably blames on us when the picture is shown him.

'Ladies, as a general rule, take it for granted that we know more about it than they do, and the pictures are generally more successful. The happy family which comes in to be photographed together, and which often includes two or three squalling brats, give us endless trouble. All of our honeyed suggestions about little green birds which will fly out, if they are very good and look straight at the lens generally end in a flood of tears, as though they thought we were getting them within range of a six inch cannon.

'Then there is an omnipresent athlete, who wants his biceps to look three times their natural size, and who swells out his chest and contracts his muscles until his face looks like he were undergoing a horrible attack of cramp colic. A covert suggestion to him to try and look natural often brings a frown of contempt, as much as to say that his most unnatural and strained-looking appearance is perfectly normal. Perhaps the easiest class of customers to get along with are the glue clubs, baseball and football teams, who are to be photographed in group. They are generally easy to arrange, and the photographs of them turn out better than any we take. But in spite of the jeers of man at the gentler sex for the number of hours they take to dress, if you could see that same man in the throes of being photographed you would understand the sublime inconsistency of human nature as you never have before.'

"Fitzsimmons" in Jail Here.

Bob Fitzsimmons has a double in the county jail on King street (east). This discovery was made a few mornings ago by a couple of newspaper reporters from the guard room windows of the police court. The prototype of the freckle-faced Cornishman was having his string in the yard; and while his head and shoulders were unmistakably modelled after Fitzsimmons' his bandy of uncertain stability belonged to another species of mankind. It was the morning after the Sharkey-Fitz "go" at Coney Island and the jail boarder's familiar looking upper stories made him conspicuous at once. The sweater he had on, out of which shot his close shaved bullet head gave him the appearance of a prize fighter in training, while a tinge of grey supplied the "old man" element of the counterfeit. When one of the reporters shouted out the window "Hello Fitz!" the prisoner rubbed around and grinned a grin, such as the moving picture machines said Fitz grinned in the Carson City ring while waiting for Corbett to arrive. Then he took a seat and commenced whittling.

Canada Gets Gold Medal for Spool Silks.

The Corticelli Silk Co. has just received notice that at the Paris Exposition they were awarded the Gold Medal for Corticelli Spool Silks and Brainerd & Armstrong's Wash Silks in patent holders. These famous Canadian Silks have won Gold Medals and first prizes wherever presented.

You know Weightman, the big, stout clerk at our store?

'Yes. He must weigh over 200.' 'Well, he saw an advertisement in the paper:—Fat folks reduced—\$1, and answered it.' 'Didn't he hear from them?' 'Oh, yes. It was just as advertised.' 'That's good. How much has he been reduced?' 'Why, \$1.'

Miss Wunder—Oh, Mr. Bookmaker, do you consider it wrong for women to bet? Mr. Bookmaker—I do. Miss Wunder—And why, pray? Mr. Bookmaker—Because they want to win all the time, and when they lose they call one a horrid thing unless he gives the money back.

Artist—Here is the portrait of your wife which— Mr. Richman—An! it's very like her. Artist—She—er—h'm—she didn't pay for it. She said you'd do that.

Mr. Richman—Ah! Still more like her.

Isabel—Did you ever see a more devoted couple than Mr. and Mrs. Parker? Elizabeth—Devoted—? I should say so. Why she rolls his cigarettes, and I have seen him with his mouth full of her hair pins.

Visitor (at the park)—I thought this was to be a sacred concert, and here they are playing ragtime music!

Park Guardian (with some stiffness)—Ragtime is sacred music in D. homey, sir.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes an illustration of a man carrying a large box labeled 'SURPRISE SOAP' and text: 'SURPRISE SOAP is a pure hard soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.'

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps. Includes an illustration of a soap box and text: 'CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS ARE APPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.'

FARM HELP.

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



That Saw Edge

has no business on your collar; it's never found on the collars we "do up."

We want you to try our laundry work, so that you will know how well you can be served by a laundry that does things the way things ought to be done.

Where shall we call for your bundle?

AMERICAN LAUNDRY.

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

WODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers." Montreal.

Goodman Gonrong—Won't do matter dat guy wot give ye de big silver plank a minute ago!

Saymond Storey—I guess he's havin' a fit. I told 'im I wanted de money; 'g pay a laundry bill.—Chicago Tribune.

We have saved money enough for our coal next winter.'

McJigger—I see Mr. Barnpaws, the circus man, was married the other day. That was something of a com-down for him.

Thingumbot—Why so?

McJigger—The wedding was nothing but a one-r'n; performanc'e.

'Been doing without ice?'

'No; we charge each other a penny every time the subject of our cook comes up.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

A Cat With a Religious Mania.

Long Reach boasts, or at least boasted, a churchgoing cat. It was a pretty little Maltese gentleman bearing the popular nickname of England's conqueror in Africa, "Bobs."

The cat's family, or rather the family with which the cat lived, had no sooner gotten in their pew in White's meeting house, and their faces sanctimoniously set, when his tiny gray catship walked in the open door.

Just then a raw-boned bushman with as little fine feeling as he had religion, jumped up, and seizing the innocent cat, dashed it out into the night hurting it so badly that it had to be destroyed afterwards.

But the St. John Methodist clergyman officiating did not relish the countryman's cruel action and intimated so openly. The congregation broke loose after church.

However, "Bobs," the churchgoing cat of Long Reach made quite a little flurry of amusement for the good people around the William's wharf and Holderville districts, and his untimely is remembered.

The following sign has been reposing peacefully in a window on Metcalf street North End.

When the Red Velocipede was King. Nowadays the boys who are possessors of bicycles extol little, if any envy from the being of their less fortunate playmates or neighbourly small fry.

It is doubtful if there is at the present one of these old style velocipedes in workable shape about town. There were a few intact about two years ago, but the inflow of cheap iron velocipedes put the red wooden article completely out of existence.

The boy who owned a new velocipede ten years ago could have won his election hands down if such a thing should happen as kids voting for kids. And on the other hand he might lose favor by the same source.

One would be led to believe after deciphering the hominem's placard that within visages and facial reproductions might be increased some two, some ten, eye and some one hundredfold, should one so desire. Although the sign writer may not have intended it, many go away with the impression that distended heads may also

and the Tom Sawyering process commenced. The scale of distances, never exceeding a block, was seldom disregarded by the delighted boys privileged to buy a ride, lest their chances for another brief excursion into the land of boyish ecstasy would be jeopardized.

These days the lad with the pneumatic-tired, ball-bearing, safety, finds it labor enough to pedal about himself, let alone receive knick knacks from his pals for the "lend of it"

The Upper Canadian firms that make school scribbling and exercise books have got to keep abreast of the times, or lose money. The scholars of today insist on having interesting covers for their books in which they have to do so much drudgery.

Some of the patriotic titles covers, are: "Under the Old Flag", with pictures of all the Canadian constabularies' officers. "Our Bobs", with beautifully illustrated cover of Lord Roberts reviewing his troops.

"Maple Leaf Forever", Canadian officers, maple leaf and flags. "National"—colored cut of Parliament buildings, Ottawa.

"Sons of the Empire"—Imperial military and naval officers. "British Lion"—lion lying on draped Union Jack, "What we Have in Hoped"

"Army and Navy"—Soldiers and Jack Tar. "Lord Roberts"—Splendid portrait. "Monarch"—Maude Earle's "What We Have We'll Hold" picture.

"Soldiers of the Queen"—Representative uniforms in British Imperial forces. "Dominion"—Canadian coat of arms. There are many other designs being sold

by in the local bookstores, but these are the newest, and, the ones appealing directly to the patriotism of the school children, a quality ever present with them. Dealers announce a big run on the "war series" as they call them.

Peters old tannery ruins on Union street do not remind one of the perfume burdened saphyrs of the great Delaware peach belt, these hot days and there are a host of neighbors who will tell you so, too.

The old tanning vats are still there, although covered over, and the stagnant water that has laid in them since last November has taken on a variety of blends of odor in the intervening months.

When the north wind bloweth the Union Street people and Elliott Rowers are treated to the every-thing-else-but-roses, and should the south send forth a contingent of breezes the Brussels street denizens find fault, to say nothing of side winds and the St. Patrick street residents. What about these ruins anyway?

"If these women who harp incessantly about actresses and skirt dancers appearing in tights and other unconventional garments, would only don something a little less transparent than insertion shirtwaists, their perpetual whine would carry a lot more weight."

A prominent citizen unloaded his mind of this thoughtlet on Prince William street last Monday afternoon when the mercury was flirting mercilessly with the 90 mark, and as a ferryboat load of ethereally clad Carleton fair ones fitted by.

"This tendency to network apparel is growing greater each year it seems to me. At first the women used this insertion, which is nothing more than a coarse lace in narrow strips, but this summer I've seen it fully four inches wide, and only takes a few strips of it to make up a waist."

"It must certainly be cool and refreshing as a clothing material, although material seems a misnomer, but to expose one's low neck and arms in tight fitting lace sleeves is not just exactly what a great many think proper."

"If appearing in tights is bad taste, then the up-to-date bathing suit is not quite proper, and deeply-inserted shirt-

waists, likewise a little off."

"This is only my opinion of course, and I'm a man, but as long as I have to pay the dry goods bills for No—G—street there'll be no good cash squandered for this filmy netty stuff for summer waists, you can stack your dollars on that."

For years the hart or fr have been the ideal watering place of the incorrigible small boy, who will persist in running away from home and frightening his folks out of a year's growth.

Within the past few weeks no less than seven juvenile wanderers have been located dangling their stockingless feet over the last step at the foot of South Wharf, while a few others chose the various slips as resorts.

Tugboat men and schooner hands have gotten so now that they consider themselves next to responsible for the safety of the stray children who bring up at the harbor front. Every time the youngsters visit their haunts they warn them against going down the slimy steps or leaning over the wharf, and it necessitates a pretty close watch to keep them out of harm's way.

Only a week ago an American citizen, formerly a St. John painter but now of Boston, was visiting friends on Brussels street with his wife and two children. A six year old boy of a roving, inquisitive disposition was one of the children. About five o'clock the evening before leaving for home the boy was missed from about the door where he had been playing. A thorough search of all the neighborhoods in the district failed to reveal the missing little Yankee. At 7.30 the mother was frantic and the father pretty worried, for both knew of the child's eagerness to find out things and his ignorance of his whereabouts.

The Police Station was called at but no boy, so a description of him was left there. A friend met the father hurrying through King Square. The missing boy was told about.

"Does he like to be near the water?" asked the friend. The anxious parent said "yes" with an expression of added misery.

"Well then" assured the friend, "you'll find your chap sure down on the South Wharf steps, for that's where all water-crazy kids bring up."

And sure enough there he was found, all wet and dirty, without boots or stockings on, and throwing sticks into the tide for a big Newfoundland dog.

"I might have known enough to come here," afterwards mumbled the father with a wink, as he tried to be severe with his retracting offspring. "For I got a good licking myself for falling off those steps over thirty years ago."

Small screws. The smallest screws in the world are made in a watch factory, says the Analyst, describing the process of making these specimens of the wonderfully little.

They are cut from steel wire by a machine; but as the chips fall from the knife, it looks as if the operator were simply cutting up the wire for fun. One thing is certain; no screws can be seen, and yet a screw, is made every third operation.

The fourth jewel wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with two hundred and sixty threads to an inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen clearly.

These little screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It is estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold one hundred thousand of them. About a million are made in a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them.

In determining the number, one hundred of them are placed on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is calculated from the weight of this. All the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably fifty out of the one hundred and twenty.

After being cut, the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch instead of by sight, so that a blind man could do it as well as the owner of the sharpest eye. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, ten thousand at a time. The plate on which they are polished is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them very rapidly by a reversing motion, until they are perfectly polished.

VERY CLOSE TO A LYONING. How the Neck of a Reckless Struth was Saved by an Accident.

"An officer often has to risk his life to protect a prisoner, remarked an old railroad detective last evening, "but generally a little strategy will outwit a mob. The queerest case of that kind I ever heard of happened years ago, out in Colorado, at a place called Carbonville. It was a pretty tough mining camp, and one night, in a brawl, the town marshal was shot dead by a gambler named Connors. The murderer was a stranger in the place and managed to make his escape; but the marshal had been very popular, and the miners swore all kinds of vengeance.

About a week later a couple of deputy sheriffs captured Connors at a place some thirty miles away and decided to take him to the next county seat for safe keeping. The road ran through Carbondale, and as the news of the arrest had already reached that camp and stirred it to a fever pitch, they calculated, very correctly, that there was likely to be trouble when they showed up. At last one of the deputies, a reckless sort of chap named Jake Higgins, suggested a scheme "I look a good deal like Connors," he said, "and those folks over there hardly know him. Suppose I play prisoner, while we send an officer with our man through town by a back road; they ain't going to hang me right away sudden, and while they are pawing about it Connors will be through and gone. Then we can tell 'em who I am show 'em our badges and papers, have the laugh on the gang and follow on behind."

This brilliant idea, which would have occurred to nobody but a scatter-brained lunatic like Higgins, was promptly adopted. He was handcuffed put in a waggon be-

tween two deputies, and the real prisoner brought up the rear with another officer in a buggy.

"It was about dusk when the wagon reached Carbonville," continued the detective, "and, just as they had expected, a crowd of tough citizens were in waiting. They promptly held up the team and the spokesman told the officers that the good citizens of the camp had decided it wasn't worth while to waste any money giving Connors a regular trial. The only thing that was needed, he said, was a short piece of hemp and they brought me a section of shaft rope, all ready for the ceremony. The deputy began to expostulate to gain time, but they cut him short and started to drag Higgins out of the wagon, while some of the others threw the loose end of the rope over a near by limb. That looked critical and the deputy got rattled. 'Hold on, boys!' he yelled, 'this isn't the man!' And with that he blurted out the whole story as fast as his tongue could wag. As they might have anticipated, if they had had any sense, the explanation was received with jeers. You see, Connors had been in camp only a few hours before he got into the shooting scrape, and Higgins was himself a stranger in that locality; so it was easy to confuse them, especially as they really did look alike. A dozen men in the crowd declared positively that the deputy was the real murderer and they simply laughed at his papers and star. 'It's too thin!' said the leader; 'we'll give you a couple of minutes to say your prayers and then up you go.'

"At that stage, when Higgins' life wasn't worth an old button, a miner came rushing up with the news that two men had been badly hurt in a runaway on the edge of the camp and that one of them was

handcuffed. That started the crowd and they suspended proceedings to investigate. It seemed that the other officer with the bona-fide prisoner had attempted to cut around town at top speed and ran the buggy into a little gulch. He had his collarbone broken and Connors fractured his leg. When they carried them into a bar it was seen at once that there had been a mistake, and somehow or other, that they had come within an ace of stringing up the wrong man took all the lynching spirit out of the mob. Connors was allowed to go through, spent six months in jail, got a change of venue and was actually acquitted on trial. I don't know what became of him. Higgins died a year or so ago. That's a true story, boys, and the very closest call in my memory."

Considerate Listeners. Henri Weiniawski, the famous violinist whom some older readers may remember having heard in this country, while making a concert tour in Russia with his brother Josef, a noted piano-player, had some peculiar experiences. One of them is related by the Musical Enterprise:

The two brothers were to play in a large town in the interior, and wished to see the hall in which the concert would take place. They were conducted through mud and snow to a large plank hut, which had been used for a circus, and on entering found nothing but bare walls.

"And is this where we are to play?" asked the brothers. "There are neither benches nor seats." "Oh, that makes no difference," replied the marshal. "With us, every one brings his own seat."

"Yes," answered the musicians, "but what about lights? There is no lamp in the room."

"That's nothing, either," replied their companion. "With us, every one brings his own lantern."

Having learned the simple manners of the country, the musicians asked how the concert was to be advertised.

"Oh, that's easily arranged," answered the marshal. "It's true we have no printing press, but I will have a servant write the announcement in large letters on the door, and it will spread through the town fast enough."

A man soon appeared with a pound of chalk and began writing on the plank door. The brothers were somewhat dejected, but the marshal assured them that everything would be satisfactory.

Toward evening all the inhabitants were seen flocking to the place of performance, each carrying in one hand a seat and in the other a lantern. The house was crowded to overflowing. The mother of the performers was present, and seeing the rain and snow dropping through the roof on Henri while he played, she was greatly disturbed.

"My poor son! He will take his death of cold!" she murmured, half-aloud. "Is that your son, little mother?" asked a kindly old man sitting near her; and rising, he shouted to the young violinist: "Put your fur coat on!" Then, turning to the audience, he said: "His mother, who is sitting near me, fears he will take cold."

Other voices at once repeated the command: "Put on your fur coat! Put on your fur coat!"

Henri paused and thanked them for their permission, but added that he could not play in a fur coat. "That makes no difference!" cried the whole audience. "Put it on! Put it on!"

He did as he was bidden, and played as best he could, so encumbered.



SURPRISE SOAP. A pure hard soap. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

ARE APPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Antiseptic, Emollient.

For full particulars for you.

W. H. B. & Co., Manchester.

ARM HELP.

ARE IN NEED OF FARM help apply to Hon. A. T. J. John, as a number of who have lately arrived in Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give particulars of their education and any particular kind of work, and the period of employment desired, etc.



Law Edge

has no business on it's never found on the do up."

you to try our laundry that you will know how it can be served by a laundry things the way things done. Shall we call for your

CAN LAUNDRY. 102 Charlotte St. Proprietors. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal" Montreal.

Garoung—Won't de matter give ye de big silver plank a storey—I guess he's havin' a m I wanted de money; pay 1.—Chicago Tribune. saved money enough for our

I see Mr. Barnpaws, the was married the other day, nothing of a com-down for

g without ice? charge each other a penny subject of our cook comes

Beautiful Jean.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

To give her her due, it must be admitted that she was touched—that even her vain, worldly heart felt a little compunction when she saw how deep his wound had gone.

Probably he had never looked handsomer or nobler in his life than when he leaned towards her in the moonlight, his face pale but lighted up with a wonderful earnestness, his eyes aglow with love, his head bare, a light wind blowing the thick masses of hair from off his broad manly brow.

At that moment Clare Beverly wished one of the purest wishes of her life.

She wished it had been in her power to put her arm round that young man's neck, to pillow her head on his madly throbbing bosom, and to accept him as her husband.

Only one moment the softened mood lasted.

Then she was her worldly self again.

'Mr. Morton, I am so sorry,' she faltered, 'so very, very sorry.'

'You don't mean that you can't care for me?' cried Phil, in a very agony of fear.

'Oh, Clare—Clare, darling, don't—don't say that!'

'No, I don't say that. I like you very much, Mr. Morton, but it is only as a friend. I can never be anything else to you.'

'But if you like me even a little, you might get to love in time. I am certain I could teach you to love me; I would try so hard. Oh! don't—don't say I mustn't hope!'

'But, indeed, I must say it, Mr. Morton. What you wish can never be.' She paused a moment, then let the full blow fall upon his devoted head. 'I—I am engaged to Sir Joseph Hartley. We are to be married in September.'

Phil sprang to his feet, and stood as it turned to stone.

He was white to the lips now.

His heart seemed almost to have stopped its beating.

For a moment he could not get his breath.

'Why didn't you tell me this before?' he demanded, as soon as he could speak.

His manner was very stern; it almost frightened her.

She had never seen anyone look at her with such stern accusing eyes before.

'I—I thought you knew. Didn't my uncle tell you?'

Little liar!

She knew that she herself had begged her uncle never to name the engagement at Braeside.

Phil stood for several moments in silence his face growing whiter and whiter, his eyes gleaming, his every feature set and rigid.

For those first few moments he seemed simply stunned.

Then the avalanche of his wrath gathered force and fell.

He took a step towards her.

He looked full into her face in the moonlight, and his own was sternly and bitterly expressive of contempt.

'You knew I didn't know! You knew I never dreamed or suspected such a thing. If I had dreamed it, should I have spoken to you of love? I am an honest man, even if you are not an honest woman.'

'At that stern, blunt speech she rose to her feet, trembling, and even crying a little, protesting that she had never been so spoken to in her life before.

But he did not melt into pity.

His own wrongs maddened him.

He saw clearly now that she had deliberately led him on to love her because his love was in vogue to her vanity.

He could not forgive her.

He was wild with wounded love and pride.

'You are as false as you are fair,' he said in a low, passionate voice. 'You know you have led me on. You know you have led me on. You know you have done everything in your power to make me love you. And you have purposely concealed your engagement. You are a coquette—a being without a conscience and without a heart. I have done with you. I hope I shall never take your hand again.'

He strode away and left her—half mad with misery, reckless, despairing.

At five and twenty the passions are so strong and disappointments and disillusionments are so hard and bitter.

He wandered about the fields and lanes until nearly midnight, then went home, hoping to find everyone gone to bed.

Jean, however, was sitting up for him with one of the maids.

She came out into the hall to meet him, and when she saw his pale face haggard eyes she knew what had happened, it indeed she did not know it two hours earlier when Clare had come in, looking strangely subdued and a little paler than usual.

Jean knew nothing of Clare's engagement to Sir Joseph Hartley, but she was certain Phil had declared his love to night, and that he had been rejected.

'Aren't you well, Phil?' she asked gently, looking up into his face with such tender, loving sympathy in the depths of her clear hazel eyes.

'I have a wretched headache. I have been trying to walk it off, but nothing but a night's sleep will do it any good. Good night, Jean. I'm sorry to have kept you up so late.'

like one in pain.

She stood at the foot, and watched him with an aching heart; and her grief was for his pain, rather than for her own.

The next morning, after looking at his letters, Phil announced that he should be obliged to hurry back to town.

He drove to the railway station before Clare came down to breakfast, and so they did not meet again.

CHAPTER V.

PHIL HEARS SOME NEWS.

A little before Christmas, Phil sat in his chambers in London, smoking his pipe and He had never been down to the farm since he had left it so hurriedly in the summer.

It had too many painful associations; and, moreover, he felt he could not bear to meet the gaze of Jean's clear, steady eyes.

That she knew of his hopeless passion for Clare, he felt certain; it had been hidden from his father, but not from her.

Clare was Lady Hartley now.

He had read accounts of the wedding in fashionable journals, and had smiled bitterly at his own folly in dreaming that a girl who could become the wife of a baronet, would ever have stooped to mate with a plain farmer's son, a young, struggling doctor, who had still to make his name in the world.

Now, as he sat beside his fire, gazing somewhat moodily at the embers, he was thinking of Clare, and assuring himself that his love for her was dead at last.

He had fought it fiercely, perseveringly, and had conquered it.

This had not been done in a day.

Her witching beauty had dominated his senses even after he knew her to be all unworthy.

A man does not fall in love so madly as he had done, and pass from love into indifference either soon or easily.

It had taken him fully three months to accomplish it, and he had aged three years in the struggle.

But it was accomplished, and he could say, calmly and sincerely, in the words of Tennyson—

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a wounded string? I am ashamed that all my nature to have loved so slight a thing!

His musings were interrupted by a smart tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a friend.

'Hallo, Morton. Where do you think I've come from?' was the newcomer's greeting.

'Where?' asked Phil laconically.

'From Braeside Farm. Slept there last night.'

'You don't mean it Dick?'

Phil was full of interest now.

His old home was very dear to him, and he longed for news of it.

'I am was his correspondent usually, but of late her letters had been few and far between, as well as very brief.'

'True,' said Dick Edlin. 'I went down for three days' hunting, met your governor at the meet—what a splendid old fellow he is, Phil!—and he made me go and spend the night at the farm.'

'Then of course you saw my cousin?'

'Rather! My eye, Phil! she's grown into a lovely woman. I don't wonder she's making such a stunning match.'

'Match?' exclaimed Phil, starting to his feet in his excitement, and turning pale. 'What do you mean, Dick? You don't mean to say my cousin Jean is going to be married?'

'Why, I thought you knew. I beg your pardon if I've been putting my foot in it. I'm sure I thought you knew.'

'I haven't heard from Braeside lately,' said Phil, still looking strangely white.

'Tell me just what you heard, Dick, there's a good fellow!'

'Why, there's a gentleman paying your cousin attentions—he's there every day almost; and he is a gentleman, mind you, none of your half and half sort.'

'Do I know him?' broke forth Phil in petulance.

'I don't think so. He has gone into the neighbourhood recently; has taken a hunting-box a few miles away from the farm. His name is Templeton. Do you know him?'

Phil shook his head; somehow he could not speak just then.

'Well, he is paying Miss Emerson at tentions; and everybody says it will end in a match. I wonder your governor hasn't told you.'

'He never writes to me himself, said Phil lamely. 'I am going down, though, in a day or two, and then I suppose I shall hear all about it.'

When his friend had gone, he sat down again by the fire, and resumed his musing. Dick Edlin's news had come as a shock to him—a heavy blow.

Ever since he had cured himself of his love for Clare, his mind had dwelt fondly on the possibility of a renewal of his old sweet intercourse with Jean.

He remembered how truly he had loved her.

Her image was perpetually in his mind. It seemed to him that he should never know happiness again unless he could make a full confession of his folly to Jean, bear from her dear lips that she forgave him, and see in her sweet eyes a look that might embolden him to ask her to be his

wife. —a hunting man—exclaims in jovial tones. 'Well, Templeton, you'd a glorious run yesterday, and no mistake. The best of the season, I should say.'

Phil started as though he had been shot. Templeton! That was the name of Jean's supposed wooer.

Curious that Fate should throw him in his way.

He met the gentleman face to face, and was forced to admit, with a sickening sense of dread, that he was a man whom any girl might have found it easy to love.

Not very young, nearer forty than thirty apparently, for his dark hair was silencing at the temples, and there was more than such having been his frame of mind for some weeks past, it may be imagined how he felt under Dick Edlin's news.

He was determined to know the truth; he could not bear uncertainty; if Jean were forever lost to him, he would know it; and he would win her if such winning could be accomplished by the tender assiduity of mortal man.

He took the first train in the morning, and reached a railway junction some twenty miles from Braeside about noon.

He had to change trains there and as he waited on the platform he heard someone one line across his handsome brow.

His figure was erect and stately; his dark grey eyes held a kindly look such as women love, and his whole bearing was unmistakably that of a man of birth and breeding.

To make assurance doubly sure, Phil, as soon as the gentleman had passed out of hearing, asked a railway official if he knew who he was.

'Yes, sir, to be sure,' was the prompt reply. 'Mr. Templeton, of Heather Lodge.'

That was enough.

It was the Mr. Templeton.

It only remained now to be seen whether or not he was Jean's suitor, and whether, even if he was—Phil hoped against hope in his desperation—Jean might intend to refuse him.

He was feverishly anxious to reach the farm.

He told himself that he had but to see Jean alone for a single minute, and he should know the truth.

He knew so well every expression of her dear face.

Those clear, sweet hazel eyes would reveal her heart's secret in a moment.

But just as he was inwardly anathematizing the shocking slowness of their rate of travelling, the train came to a full stop with a bumping and a creaking which, even without the shriek of mingled pain and terror which rang out shrilly on the still wintry air, convinced him there had been an accident.

He was unburied—almost unshaken.

He pulled himself together, and was out of the train in a moment, cool and collected, and only anxious to be of use in alleviating the pains of the sufferers.

Fortunately there were no very serious injuries.

A few broken bones and some contusions were the sum total of them.

But even these called for prompt surgical aid, and Phil—who had as tender a heart as ever beat in a young man's bosom—thanked Heaven most devoutly that he had been in the train.

For fully a couple of hours he was kept so busy that the perspiration streamed down his face in spite of the wintry weather, and he had no time to think of Jean and Mr. Templeton; but when the last bandages were removed, he was eager enough to step into the train again and hasten onwards to Braeside Farm.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when he came into sight of it.

The sun had set; but there was still a fine red glow in the western heavens.

Phil had just entered the big, old-fashioned garden, and was about to take the nearest cut through the shrubbery, when the sound of voices quite close at hand—one of them the voice of a stranger—made him start and pause.

Looking past the intervening screen of a tall laurel tree, he saw Jean leaning on the arm of someone whom, even in that dim light, he at once recognized as Mr. Templeton.

She was speaking in low, earnest tones, and he was looking down into her face with tender interest; but when she ceased speaking, he gathered her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

Poor Phil! He waited to see and hear no more.

His heart felt like lead within his bosom; he knew that his lips were cold, and that he must be glibly pale.

Quietly he turned, and walked out of his father's grounds, and back to the railway station.

Not for all the world would he have gone into the house, and met Jean and her lover.

Since she was lost to him, it was better that he should see her no more.

Rapidly a scheme passed through his mind.

Yesterday he had been offered the post of surgeon on board a sailing vessel bound for Australia.

He would accept the appointment; the vessel sailed in less than a week.

It would carry him far away from England—a place which now held for him nothing but sad and bitter memories.

Not that he reproached Jean.

Towards her there was no scrap of bitterness.

He told himself over and over again that he was worthy of her, and that he deserved to lose her for having suffered his heart to be touched by such a one as Clare.

'I have been a fool!' he groaned as he tossed restlessly in bed that night. 'A mad, blind fool! But it she knew how I love her, she would pity me. She was always so sweet and noble. My bonny, bonny Jean!'

And, despite the fact that he was a

grown man of five and-twenty, his pillow was wet with his tears.

He adhered to his resolution.

He accepted the post on the ship bound for the Antipodes, wrote at the last moment to his father, explaining that his departure was so hurried that he had not time to go down to Braeside to bid them good-bye, and to Jean, telling her he had heard of her engagement, and wished her every happiness.

Then, with an aching heart, he left his native land.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOWED LADY HARTLEY.

Again the summer roses were blowing. In a pretty London drawing-room Lady Hartley was sitting by the open window, looking out upon Hyde Park.

She was as radiantly fair as she had been as Clare Beverly.

But her dress now was scarcely so much in harmony with her beauty; for she wore a robe of deepest black; without so much as one scrap of color, and with not a ribbon or a flower to lighten its sombreness.

Her dress betokened her condition. She was a widow.

Sir Joseph had died within three months of their marriage.

He had behaved very generously to his young bride; had left her an ample income and had not hampered it with restrictions as to her not marrying again.

This afternoon, in the seventh month of her widowhood, Clare was thinking of a second marriage with an earnestness such as she bestowed on few subjects, and yet with a soft, dreamy light in her lovely eyes which showed that her thoughts were entirely happy ones.

An hour ago she had been told that Philip Morton was back in England, that he had arrived yesterday, and that a medical friend of hers, who was also an intimate friend of his, had asked him to dine with him that evening.

It was Dr. Maberley's wife, who had told Clare this, and as Dr. Maberley's character to be one of her very dearest friends, it was easy enough to get herself invited to the dinner party that evening.

Her widowhood had never kept her in very strict seclusion; and, indeed, in these few delicate days, young widows are permitted to go anywhere when the sixth month of their widowhood is passed.

Now, as she sat in her own drawing-room, she was recalling those delicious weeks spent at Braeside Farm.

She recalled Phil's manly form, and pleasant, handsome face.

How well he had loved her!

How sweet it had been to see his blue eyes looking into her with such adoring love; how pleasant to know that his strong hand trembled whenever it touched hers—that his voice faltered with emotion when it breathed her name.

Such a love as that was indeed worth having.

It was worth sacrificing something for. She felt now as though it was the one great good of life, and as though all other things were of little worth beside it.

True, his love had seemed to turn into scorn; he had said he would never willingly take her hand again.

But that mood would pass; nay, no doubt it had passed already.

She could not believe that he would resist her overtures if she showed him she wished to be forgiven.

When the evening came, she dressed herself with even more than her usual care and very lovely she looked in her black robes with her neck and shoulders pearly white against them, and a jet ornament in her pale-golden hair.

She was in Dr. Maberley's drawing-room when Phil was announced.

She stole a glance at him from beneath her eyelids, and saw he looked older, and that he was deeply bronzed.

She was sitting in the shade, and he did not see her until his hostess said—

'I believe you know Lady Hartley, Doctor Morton?'

It was an anxious moment.

Clare drew her breath sharply.

Would he take her hand, or would he simply bow in cold disdain?

She sat quite still, her hands lying in her lap, her eyelids quivering.

Phil changed colour—a swift crimson overspread the brownness of his cheek, then retreated as suddenly as it had come, leaving him rather pale.

He held out his hand, however, saying in a voice of grave courtesy, and with perfect composure—



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LADIES' and GENT'S
FINE SHOES
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PACKARD'S
Dressings
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25c. AND 15c. SIZES.
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'How do you do, Lady Hartley? It is a long time since we met.'

'It is indeed,' breathed Clare, with a soft little sigh, a sigh which might have meant anything.

It might have related to the dead Sir Joseph or to the happy days spent a year ago at Braeside Farm.

The next moment, the footman came in to announce dinner, and she found herself being taken down by Phil.

Her finger tips thrilled with pleasure as they rested lightly on his arm.

During the dinner, he uttered the usual platitudes to her in a cool, grave manner, which made her wonder whether it was possible it was only a year ago since he had had all but knit at her feet in the orchard at Braeside, pouring out his love with boyish passion and trembling at the very touch of her hand.

There was nothing of resentment in his manner; but on the other hand, there was nothing to suggest that he was still in love.

She asked him about his journey to Australia, and he told her little items of interest; then she inquired after his father and cousin.

It was intended to go down to Braeside next day, he told her; he had a telegram from his father, briefly saying that both he and Jean were well.

'Someone told me your cousin was engaged to be married. Is it true?' asked Clare.

'I believe it is; I cannot speak with certainty, as I have had no letters from home since I went away,' he said.

He spoke with the faintest shade of sadness.

Evidently it was a subject he did not choose to be interrogated upon.

Clare, with feminine tact, made haste to change it.

After dinner to her unspeakable delight, Mrs. Maberley said—

'Doctor Morton, I want you to see my conservatory. Clare, dear, you will take him, won't you? You see how busy I am.'

'Will you come, Doctor Morton?' asked Clare, with a sweetly timid glance, and of course he had to go. How could he have refused?

As soon as she found herself alone with him, Clare said in a soft voice, and with her lovely eyes bent upon the ground—

'Doctor Morton, I wonder whether you have forgiven me?'

He could not pretend to misunderstand her; and indeed he was too honest and straightforward to even wish to do so.

'Perhaps it is I who ought to ask forgiveness rather than you, Lady Hartley,' he said in his simple direct fashion, but with marked coldness. 'If my memory serves me aright, I was rude to you at our last parting.'

'Oh, no, no!' cried Clare, with soft and almost tender eagerness. 'The fault was all mine; I deserved every hard word you said. I see it now, and I hope—oh! I do hope—you will forgive me.'

'I assure you I have nothing to forgive,' he said, and his voice was a little less cold.

'Yes, yes, you had,' she breathed in a tone scarce higher than a whisper. 'I had misled you; I see it now: But perhaps if you had known how truly I loved you, you would not have thought so very badly of me. I was so, and I didn't like to speak of my engagement at first, and—afterwards I felt afraid. I did mean to tell you, but I kept putting it off from day to day.'

'Please say no more about it,' interposed Phil. 'I assure you my only regret is that I was so foolish and unmanly.'

'And you will be friends?' whispered Clare, putting out her hand timidly, and looking up into his face with soft appealing eyes. 'I am so alone in the world now; I cannot afford to lose a friend.'

'Of course, we are friends,' said Phil, moved, in spite of himself, by the timidity of her appeal.

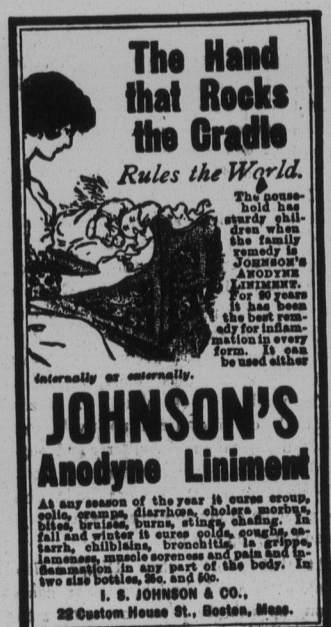
He took the little white hand that was held out to him, and pressed it with real kindness.

'Of course, we are friends,' he repeated, with grave cordiality, and Clare was satisfied.

Since she had conquered her resentment, she thought she might well trust to time and her own loveliness to do the rest.

She little dreamed that, even while he

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Rules the World.
The possession of this sturdy child, dear to the family, is the best recommendation in every form. It is used either internally or externally.
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At any season of the year it cures croup, whooping cough, influenza, colds, sore throat, measles, mumps, diphtheria, scarlet fever, erysipelas, burns, stings, chafing, itch, and various other eruptions of the skin. It is also used for rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, earache, and all other pains of the head, neck, and face. It is also used for the relief of the sufferer from the effects of the bite of a snake or insect. It is also used for the relief of the sufferer from the effects of the bite of a snake or insect. It is also used for the relief of the sufferer from the effects of the bite of a snake or insect.
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Cancer is a disease of the blood, and it is cured by the use

Sunday Reading.

Inhuman Treatment That Was Practiced During Slavery Days.

In the larger ships the space between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. To devote all that space to air was, in the mind of the thrifty slaver, sheer waste. So he built a shell of gallery six feet wide all the way around the ship's hold, between the deck and the slave floor that was laid on top of the cargo. On this shell was placed another layer of slaves, thus increasing the number carried by nearly fifty per cent.

The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave-deck was built across between these two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave-deck. There were ships where four layers or slaves were placed thus between permanent decks that were only eight feet apart, and there are records of cases where smaller ships—ships having but three feet or so of space between cargo and deck—were fitted with galleries, so that the slaves stretched on their backs had but a foot or less of air space between their faces and the deck or the next layer above them.

To increase the number carried, when stretched out on deck or shell, the slaves were sometimes placed on their sides, breast to back—'upon fashion,' as the slaves called it—and this made room for a considerable per cent. extra.

However, in the eighteenth century the usual practice was to place them on their backs, and to allow about two and a half feet of air space above the faces of the slaves, and in this way cargoes of over three hundred were carried.

Everyone knows how wearisome it is to lie for any great length of time in one position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when we are awakened in the night. But the slaves were chained down naked on the planks of the decks and shelves—planks that were rough just as they came from the saw, and had cracks between them. No one could turn from side to side to rest the weary body. They must lie there on their backs for eighteen hours at a stretch, even in pleasant weather in port.

Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the sails, so that those on the weather-side found their heels higher than their heads, and when the ship's angle increased under the weight of a smart breeze, the unfortunates sometimes sagged down to leeward, until they were stopped by the irons around ankle and wrist. They were literally suspended—crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heeled by the wind. She had to roll, and as she did so the slaves sometimes slid to and fro, with naked bodies on the rough and splintery decks. There was never a voyage even in the best of ships where the slaves did not suffer tortures from mere contact with the slave-deck.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy. For then it was necessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and the scant ventilation afforded by the hatchways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worst must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick more readily than white people even—they sometimes died in their convulsions. The heat and foul air quickly brought on more serious illness; but there the slaves were kept in their chains for days at a stretch, wholly helpless and wholly unattended.—From September Scribner's.

The Black Stone Woman.

Even false religions die hard, and there are reminders of all extinct faiths still existing in the world. One of the most curious relics of paganism which is still worshipped in a Christian country is the gigantic black stone figure of a woman, which is to be found in a forest of the district of Morbihan, in Brittany.

It is known as the 'Black Venus,' but probably dates far back of the time when the Greeks and Romans worshipped that goddess. Antiquarians assert that this ugly idol belongs to the age of the serpent-worshippers, one of whose subterranean temples is in the neighborhood. This would make the figure far older than the Christian era.

The statue is that of a huge, uncouth

woman, with a sullen, angry countenance, her form enveloped in a loose mantle.

The superstitious Bretons have always worshipped the figure, asserting that it has power over the weather and the crops. If the idol is neglected they declare that the grain dies out on the ear, and if the anger of the Black Woman is further roused, a tidal wave sweeps over Morbihan.

Twice the stone was cast into the sea by pious folk, who hoped thereby to put an end to this idolatry, and twice the peasants dragged it back and set up an altar before it.

About two centuries ago Count Fierre deLannion, on whose estate the figure stood, in order to save the statue from both friends and enemies, dragged it by forty yoke of oxen to his own chateau and set it up in the courtyard. He cut an inscription on the base of the pedestal, declaring the figure to be a Venus carved by Cæsar's soldiers.

The count and his chateau are both gone, but the huge Black Woman, overgrown with moss, still stands in the forest, and the peasants still beseech her to bless their crops.

It needs but a short time to bring an error into the world, but ages are sometimes insufficient to banish it.

Princess Victoria.

The one girl in a household of boys is many times spoiled by being too much petted and doted on. This is not the case with the little Princess Victoria, the daughter of the Emperor of Germany.

There were already six sons when this little daughter was born to the House of Hohenzollern, and the coming of a baby sister was a happy event.

The little princess, however, knows nothing of pomp, luxury or self-indulgence. She gets up at six in the morning, and until one o'clock, the hour when the imperial family dines, is busy with her tutors. She is being brought up in homely German fashion under her mother's own training.

Harper's Bazar, in speaking of the little princess, quotes a saying of the emperor: 'I could wish no better for the men of my nation than that the girls of Germany should follow the example of their empress and devote their lives to the cultivation of the three K's—Kirche, Kinder and Küche.'

It may well be conceived that a woman whose life is bounded by church, children and kitchen would train her daughter in every domestic virtue.

The empress carefully watches over both the mind and body of the little princess. Her play hours are as systematically arranged as her study hours. She has many simple pleasures. There is rowing on the lake with her brothers, riding on her pet pony, picnicing in the woods of the park, and long botanizing expeditions, with her mother as companion, through the beautiful grounds that surround the palace at Potsdam.

Princess Victoria has an intense love for animals. She has pets of many kinds,—dogs, a white cat, birds, fish, squirrels and rabbits—and it is her delight to feed them with her own hands. She is a quiet, amiable, affectionate little girl, with much of her mother's sweetness of nature.

An Unrewarded Hero.

Those who read the story, "Cupid of the Crew," in the first March number of the Youth's Companion, will be interested to know the name of the heroic youth whose almost most incredible strength and courage in rescuing persons from a wreck forty years ago, near Evanston, Ill., suggested the now well-known life-saving station at that place, with its student crew.

Edward W. Spencer was himself a student when the excursion steamer, Lady Elgin, disabled by a collision during a night storm on Lake Michigan, September 15, 1860, went down in sight of the shore. Hundreds of people thronged the beach, and among them were the young men of the Garrett Biblical Institute.

Several of these students did brave service in the saving of life, but no one else had the skill of Spencer in battling with storm-waves. He was only a boy, but practice had made him a strong swimmer, as much at home in the surf and in heavy seas as a Sandwich Islander.

With a rope fastened around him—by which his body could be recovered in case of accident—he swam back and forth for six hours, helping passengers through the terrible breakers until the vessel went to pieces. Of nearly four hundred souls, which is to be found in a forest of the district of Morbihan, in Brittany.

It is known as the 'Black Venus,' but probably dates far back of the time when the Greeks and Romans worshipped that goddess. Antiquarians assert that this ugly idol belongs to the age of the serpent-worshippers, one of whose subterranean temples is in the neighborhood. This would make the figure far older than the Christian era.

The statue is that of a huge, uncouth

saving service at Evanston, the example of Spencer and others in the same school decided the authorities to man the station with a student crew, the undergraduates of the Garrett Biblical Institute and the Northwestern University. During the years since then this crew has saved more than three hundred lives.

The Epworth Herald, which tells in detail the gallant story of Edward W. Spencer, mentions the award by Congress of gold medals to several of these students for extraordinary bravery and efficiency in rescue work, although the pioneer in this humane service has never been rewarded—nor publicly recognized. He has never asked for such recognition. He remains an unrewarded and uncomplaining hero.

WEDDINGS IN WAR TIMES.

Marriages in Besieged Towns on Battlefields and in Hospitals.

One of the most notable features in connection with the siege of Kimberley is the callous way in which the inhabitants treated the Boer bombardment, even finding time to celebrate three weddings during the progress of hostilities.

However unique this may seem, reference to past campaigns will reveal other cases of a similar nature. Even after the slaughter of Waterloo two weddings came off in the field, one being especially pathetic in detail. A young officer in a well known cavalry regiment sent direct from England was ordered to leave home a few days before he was to have been married, and his fiancée, disappointed and anxious at the turn things had taken, decided to follow him despite his protests. This she did unknown to her lover and was in the neighborhood when the great battle was fought.

After the victory she failed to gain any news of him, so, thinking he must have fallen, employed a peasant, and together they searched the field before the work of rescuing the wounded was begun. After some hours she came upon him, lying half buried beneath a bloody heap of his own comrades and dead horses in that part of the field where the conflict had raged fiercest. He was not dead, and at his request she sent the peasant for a priest and not long afterward they were mated, where he lay, only to be separated a little later by death.

A burly guardsman furnished the next case in point, which was a happier one, for beyond a wound in the right arm the bridegroom was in excellent health and spirits. The marriage was celebrated at daybreak on the morning after the battle and was conducted by the priest who had a moment before been reading mass over the slain.

Even the misery which existed in the trenches before Sebastopol during the dreary winter of 1854 was broken by a wedding celebrated in actual battle, the desultory firing from the city forts and the corresponding booming of our guns taking the place of the 'Wedding March.' The bride was connected with the nursing department, and had for some time previously been under Miss Florence Nightingale, until sent nearer the scene of hostilities, where she met and fell in love with a corporal in one of the regiments of foot. Furthermore, one of the first functions held in Sebastopol after its fall by our troops was a wedding ceremony between a Russian girl of noble birth, who had some time prior to the event turned against her country and came over to the British camp. She returned to England with her husband who eventually became a soldier of repute.

During the siege of Strasburg by the Germans in the war of 1870 no fewer than forty-two weddings were solemnized in the city, even while the enemy's shells were falling in the streets. All of these were safely carried out despite the perilous surroundings with the exception of one, and this case a shell fell near the happy couple on their way home from the church, killing the bridegroom among a number of others. In another instance a shell struck the church while the ceremony was in progress, bringing down a portion of the tower, but fortunately no one was injured.

Nursing sisters have frequently been wedded to their soldier lovers scarcely before the echoes of battle have died away. After the taking of Cabul in 1879 and the entry of our troops into the city a mosque was utilized for this purpose, the service of course being performed according to the rites of the English Church. The bridegroom was a young lieutenant, who had but just recovered from a wound received in one of the earlier engagements. During the time he was in the hospital he had fallen in love with the lady who nursed him, and finding his affections were reciprocated, took the first opportunity of leading her to the hymeneal altar. Many of the officers were present the remainder of the building being packed with the humbler members of the victorious army, and after the ceremony a regimental band accompanied the couple through the city to the



Twiddle your thumbs, if you've nothing better to do, in the time that's saved by washing with Pearline. Better be sitting in idleness than to spend unnecessary time washing with soap, doing unhealthy and wearying work. But almost every woman has something or other that she talks of doing "when I get time for it." Washing with Pearline will save time for it.



lively strains of the 'Wedding March.' Although such marriages have naturally been rather hasty affairs, and without the parental permission of the parties concerned, it is astonishing how few have proved unhappy.

She Saw It.

An English conductor of tours says that his profession gives him an excellent chance of seeing human nature, although he naturally is more fully prepared for 'fussy' temperaments and manners than are men of a less wearing occupation. At one time he was passing through Vienna with his party, and as there was but a short interval between the arrival of the train and the departure of the next express for London, it became a question as to how much of the city could be seen.

He was quite unprepared for the audacity of one lady in the company, who rushed up to him, her baby in her arms.

'Oh, my dear Mr. Muller,' said she, 'I am sure you will not object to holding my child for a few moments, while I do some shopping and see something of the place.'

Before the unhappy man could utter a word, he was left on the platform with the child in his arms. 'At first the baby looked smilingly up, as if to say:

'Well, you've been let in for a nice thing!'

Then it began to cry at the top of its voice. The more Mr. Muller soothed it, the more it cried, until presently he found himself surrounded by a crowd of reproachful ladies, who begged to know what he meant by being so cruel to the poor child. Gladly would he have transferred the unwelcome little bundle to them, but they, too, were going shopping, and would have none of it.

Meanwhile, his moments for arranging the journey were rapidly passing, and with the trait mother appeared he was almost wild with impatience and anxiety. He made a rush in her direction, but before he reached her, she was assuring him, with the utmost sweetness:

'Vienna is really the most interesting place I have seen since I left England!'

'Madam,' he began, wildly, 'your baby—'

'Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Muller! I do hope baby has been good! And if you think there is time to spare, I saw such a beautiful silk blouse in a shop outside the station! I'll be back in a few minutes.'

Before he could protest she had vanished again, to reappear presently with a beaming smile on her face and a parcel in her hand. The hungry conductor had only thirty minutes in which to eat his luncheon and arrange for the trip, but the well satisfied lady had seen Vienna.

Poor Coal.

Owing to the great demand for coal occasioned by the war in South Africa, many English coal-dealers have managed to clear their yards at remunerative rates. A London paper tells of an indignant woman, who stopped a coaldealer on the street one day and loudly complained of the quality of fuel supplied to her.

'I never saw such coal in my life,' she declared. 'Twenty-five shillings a ton you charged me for the stuff, and it won't burn.'

'Well, missus,' was the reply, 'coal is now at famine prices, and we have to be satisfied with what we can get. I gave twenty-two shillings a ton for that coal myself.'

'Then you've been robbed,' retorted the grumbler. 'Why, my husband can supply with the same stuff at half the price.'

'I didn't know your husband was in the coal trade, missus—'

'He ain't,' snapped the woman. 'He's a sister!'

Queer Request.

It had always been young Squallop's understanding that he would inherit 'some thing handsome' when his uncle, a staid and somewhat scholarly man, passed off the stage of action. The uncle died, and the will was opened.

Young Squallop was indeed remembered. The bulk of his relative's means was found to have been sunk in annuities, but the size of the package bequeathed to the young man surprised him. He opened it, examined the contents, and looked it away from prying eyes.

'I hear your uncle left you something,' said an acquaintance a week or two after

ward, meeting him on the street.

'Yes,' he replied. 'My uncle left me ten thousand.'

I congratulate you! With ten thousand dollars a young man may be considered to have at least a fair start in life.'

'I didn't say dollars. He left me ten thousand chess problems.'

It was even so. For many years the old gentleman had been making a collection of such problems, clipping them from the chess columns of various weekly papers, and as his most cherished possession he left it entire to his favorite nephew—a youth who did not know a pawn from a bishop.

Life is full of disappointments, and certainly young Squallop's deserves to be recorded among the bitter ones.

Lost His Hat.

The London Globe is responsible for the following improbable story:

A father and son were standing at the end of the old Chain Pier at Brighton when the little boy tumbled into the dancing waves.

A bystander, accosted as he was, plunged into the sea, and buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded in setting the dripping child at his father's feet.

'And what have ye done with his hat?' said the man.

First Citizen (of Lonelyville)—I think the cook we have now will stay with us for some time.

Second Citizen—How is that?

First Citizen—She doesn't get up in time to catch the 8.05 and she's intoxicated every afternoon before the 5.12.

She: 'Most people admire my mouth. Do you?'

He (absent-mindedly): 'I think it is simply immense!'

WHAT IS

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Is the question on the lips of many who are hearing of the wonderful Cures brought about by this great restorative.

For a comprehensive answer to this question you must ask the scores of thousands of cured ones in Canada and the United States who have tested and proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the famous blood-builder and nerve restorer.

Ask the pale, weak, nervous, irritable and despondent women who have found new health, new hope and new vitality by its use.

Ask the overworked and worn-out men, sufferers from brain lag, nervous dyspepsia and nervous headache, who have felt new energy and vigor return to their bodies while using this famous treatment.

Ask the puny, sickly children who have been made healthy and robust by using this principle of restorative.

Ask people of all ages how they were rescued from nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy. They may tell you of doctors failing, of medicines taken in vain, but one and all will point to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the only hope of persons with thin, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes: 'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind.'

'Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting, and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me.'

In appearance Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an oval, chocolate coated pill. It is easy to carry and easy to take. In this condensed form it contains all of nature's most strengthening and invigorating tonics and restoratives, and for this reason it is unsurpassed as a blood builder for spring.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures naturally and permanently by the building up process. It used regularly and persistently it cannot fail to make the blood rich and the sustaining, and to reconstruct the tissues of the body wasted by disease, overwork or worry. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Advertisement for GARD'S Dressing and Shoes, featuring an illustration of a shoe and text describing the product's benefits.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, including a testimonial from Mrs. Margaret Iron and a list of symptoms it treats.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, mentioning the product's availability at various dealers.

On Board a Square-Rigger.

Through the manner of handling a square rigged ship depends primarily, on the term in which the exigency presents itself, and upon the poise, skill and judgment of the officer in charge, yet there are various distinct evolutions which arise from the similarity of rig and conditions, and these have names. Familiarity with these evolutions is part of a seaman's education.

Tacking, going about, or going in stays (synonymous terms) is the most frequent of sea maneuvers—a simple operation in a schooner, but one requiring all hands and the cook in a square-rigged vessel. As it generally uses up a full hour, it is delayed, if possible, until the change of watches, so as not to break in too heavily on the sleep of the watch below.

Fifteen minutes before eight bells preparations are made by the watch on deck. Braces are flaked (arranged in overlapping coils) on the deck, and the mainsail and cro' jack are clewed up out of the way. The captain climbs to the top of the after house, the first mate goes forward, the second mate remains on the waist and when the watch appears the men go to stations—part of the port watch forward with the mate at the head sheets, the rest at the main braces to assist part of the starboard watch, the others of whom man the cro' jack braces.

The boys of the ship with the carpenter sailmaker and boatswain (or second mate) attend to the lee main, and weather cro' jack braces to let go at the right moment. The cook, night or day, must come out of his sanctum and let go the foresheet at the order, "Hard-a-lee." When all is ready the captain call this order, the mate answers, and jib sheets are slacked, the cook answers, lets go his rope and retires to his work or his bunk, the jib sheet men shift over to trim down the other side, and the ship slowly swings up into the wind. When the weather half of the main topsail is aback the moment has come to swing the after yards. At the order, "Main topsail haul," braces are cast off, and the men opposite round in the slack hurriedly, for the yards swing themselves by the pressure of the wind. All the sails are now aback and materially assist in throwing the ship around, but when it comes to swinging the fore yards, which is not done until the after sails fill, there is a long, hard pull for the men, for with the wind at a different angle, these yards will not swing themselves. All hands man the fore braces, and at the orders, "Fore bowline—let go and haul," slowly bowse the heavy yards around to the accompaniment of the untuned, but rhythmical shoutings peculiar to sailors when pulling ropes. When the sails have been filled the ship is about. Tacks and sheets are boarded, braces taunted anew, ropes coiled up, and the watch goes below. A failure of the operation is called missing stays, and happens often in light winds.

In a heavy sea a ship will not go about, and in this case, with sea room astern, an opposite manœuvre is performed—wearing ship. It is merely turning around the other way, and in light winds is often done to avoid calling the watch below, as the men on deck are competent, but in heavy weather, it is a job for all hands, as in tacking. The wheel is put up instead of down, and a ter yards are squared. When the ship is before the wind, the after yards are braced around, and the job is done.

Dropping down with the tide is a simple operation, but one requiring close attention from the captain or officer in charge. The ship is up a tortuous river or channel, and there is a scarcity of tugs, while the wind is ahead. The anchor is tripped, and as the ship swings broadside to the wind—as all craft will with canvas furled—the mizzen topsail, the second sail on the mizzen mast, is set, and men stand by the braces. She drifts down with the ebb, pointing her nose approximately across stream, and should she need to forge ahead to clear a point, or shoal spot on the quarter, the topsail is filled until she has passed the obstruction, then shivered. Shallow water on the bow is avoided by backing the topsail—i. e., bracing it so that the wind bears on the forward side—until the ship has gathered sufficient steamway. By skilful manipulation with this sail a ship may be taken down a snaky channel through which she could safely sail only on with a fair wind.

Lying to and heaving to are synonymous terms, and apply to two distinct operations. In general, either means stopping headway. Lying to, or heaving to for a pilot, or to communicate with another,

consists, no matter how the wind may be in luffing up until weather leeches tremble and backing the sails on one mast to counteract the forward push of the other. Usually the main yards are backed: but ships have their habits, and some will be steadier with the fore yard aback and the others left braced. The resultant force of wind is sideways, and the ship drifts to leeward.

Heaving to in a gale is merely putting ship under short canvas and steering by the wind, as in beating to windward. If she has been running before it, this is a seamanly manœuvre, and it must not be delayed too long, or disaster may follow. Sail is shortened, usually to topsails, spanker and fore topmast staysail—to less if the gale is fierce. Yards are braced sharp, and two men at the wheel take the command as the last of three heavy seas breaks on the quarter, and grind it down. Unlucky is the ship that loses steerage way before the bow is brought to the sea—she may roll her spars over the side. But, brought to successfully, heading six points off the wind (as near as she can lay) and with oil dribbling from drain pipes or floating bags, she may wallow up and down in the same hole, and drift to leeward with a fairly dry deck. If the wind increases, sail is taken off, little by little, until, as often the case a tarpaulin seized to the weather mizzen rigging is enough to keep the bow to the sea.

Though heaving to is a last resort with sea room, running before the gale is the position easiest on a ship's framework; the danger is that the following seas will broach her to in the trough, or, in boarding her, damage her deck fittings and disable the crew. Yet while under perfect control, a ship hove to and pounding into a head sea may start a butt (a plank end) from the violent stress and strain on her joints, and then—to the pumps. If the leak is a bad one, a sail may be thrummed, passed under the bottom and tentatively secured, while the pumps are sounded at intervals, until it is known by the lowering of the water that the leak is covered. But a leak close to the keel, or in the concave of the bow or quarter cannot be stopped in this manner, and the water gains until it is measured in feet. An ensign is hoisted union down, boats are made ready and provisioned and the horizon watched eagerly for a rescuing ship. Then should all hope of rescue disappear, the ship's people take to the boats, possibly to drown in the attempt at launching or to float and perhaps die of starvation or thirst before they are seen.

A troublesome factor in a captain's calculations is a lee shore. No good comes of successfully riding out a gale, if, in doing so the ship risks the embrace of jagged rocks and breakers. Better the deep sea than the devil. Every West India hurricane whirling up the Atlantic coast carries a front of easterly wind that is a serious menace to craft caught on soundings. The storm centre is coming and a lee shore threatens. It is an emergency which offers no alternative. The ship must be laid to the wind and driven to hold every inch possible. If close in, the tack that will drift slowest toward the shore is preferable regardless of the storm centre. If the wind hauls to the southward, and the vessel has escaped the beach by the time it reaches southwest, and she has spars and canvas left, she may take the tack nearest her course and sail as wind and sea will permit; for devil and deep sea have changed their character. The same if the wind has hauled to the northward—the storm centre is passing to seaward; and, confident that he cannot overtake it, the captain may safely wear ship and head away from the coast.

And if the wind does not change, but maintains a steady and increasing violence from seaward, while the barometer lowers rapidly, there is still a desperate chance or two left, even though a black coast or nest of breakers may be seen from the top of the sea. The storm centre, which is surely bearing down, may pass over and on before the ship strikes bottom, and in the few hours of respite in the light airs of the eye of the storm she may be prepared, if still a ship, to meet the wind in the following semicircle of the storm; for this wind will blow away from the coast.

Caught on a lee shore, many a good ship has been saved by clubhauling, a feat of seamanship which, in nautical history, has often been performed aboard men-of-war than aboard short-handed working craft. It is available only when the gale is not blowing directly toward the shore, but at

such an angle that the ship, if placed upon the other tack, could clear it. There is not room to wear however, and too much wind and sea to risk an attempt at going about with the ship's momentum alone. So, the lee anchor is made ready, a range of chain overhauled and the end cleared of a shackle disconnected, ready for slipping. A strong and long rope is coiled down on the lee quarter, the end taken forward outside the rail and all rigging and fastened to the ring of the anchor; or, if the rope is doubtfully short and the ship carries an old fashioned log windlass, the rope may be taken in through the hawse pipe and fastened to the chain just forward of the windlass.

Preparations are made for going about in the usual manner; but, as the ship luffs up, wavers, stops swinging and begins to drift sternward, the anchor is dropped and chain and rope payed out until the anchor bites. It may drag, but will probably straighten the ship head to wind before she has gone two lengths toward the shore. The after yards are swung at the usual time, and there will come a moment when the ship heads slightly toward the other tack. Now is the time to slip the chain and bring the strain on the rope leading to the quarter. If all goes smoothly, she will pay off, and if the foreyards can be swung before the ship is driving for the beach bow on, the line is cut and she sails on toward sea room and safety.

The anchor, chain and rope are not necessarily sacrificed; for a buoy may easily be attached to the rope on the quarter, and if the ship has time, they can be recovered.

THE LAZY BALL PLAYER.

Invented the Automoroller Skates That Proved His Own Destruction.

"It's odd," remarked the fat ex-mascot of the Lightfoot Lilies, "how all great inventive geniuses seem to be lazy men. I suppose it's because they're always trying to get next to some scheme for minimizing exertion. Now, there was old Dean Brayley, who did the twirling for the Lightfoots when they held the championship of Jones county. He was the laziest ball player I ever set my peepers on and no one can deny that he was the father of the automoroller skates.

"As a pitcher the Dean had no equal; ten strike-outs in a game on thirty balls pitched was considered nothing for him. And yet he knew right well that the only reason he took such pains to fan a batter out was that it only took three balls to do the trick, while if he should ever let a man walk to first it would require at least four efforts, and there'd be one more batter to dispose of. When it came to fielding he was all right there. Flies, lines, bounders—he froze on 'em all. Why? Just because he knew that if he dropped the ball he'd have to stoop to pick it up. Pure laziness. Why, would you believe it, he wouldn't even take the trouble to sit down on the players' bench between innings. 'What's the use?' he'd say. 'You only have to get up again when the other side comes to bat.

"The only thing that made us really peevish with the Dean, however, was his conduct at the bat. Rather than have to run to first he'd invariably strike wild at every ball, whether it came high, low, wide or over. Well, sir, you can imagine how he felt when one day the opposing pitcher hit him with the ball and forced him to amble down to first. That seemed bad enough to the Dean, but when Bull Thompson, the next man up, lined out a homer his anger knew no bounds. The Bull had to grab him by the shirt collar and trousers and push him all the way around the bases. By the time they'd crossed the plate the Dean broke loose and made a rush at Bull.

"That's a nice trick," he roared. 'Oh, no; I suppose you didn't knock that home run on purpose, did you? If I pitch too swift when you're trying to catch, why don't you come out and say so like a man instead of trying to envenom with your low down sneaking, underhand tricks?'

"That put us in a pretty fix—our pitcher so dead sore at the catcher that they wouldn't speak and the annual game with the Ringtail Roarers only ten days off. Soon after we reached home, however, Dean began to feel ashamed of his baby conduct and made it all up. For the next few days he kept pretty much to himself, but that didn't worry us, for he always took long sleeps when preparing for a great effort.

"The day of the big game came at last, and such a sight as the grounds were I never expect to see again. It seemed as if every man, woman and child in Jones county had come to town for the occasion. The Sheriff had previously torn down the fences in order to satisfy the demands of the dealer of chewing gum account against the management, and the crowds were spread out on the grass for a quarter of a mile.

"When Dean came to bat in the sec-

ond inning the Roarers were one run to the good and we all felt some anxiety as to how he would act.

"Buck up and hit the ball, old man," pleaded Capt. Slagger Burrows.

"The Dean simply smiled and began to undo a paper box which he had kept tucked under his arm. He took out what at first appeared to be a pair of roller skates. As he adjusted them to his feet, however, we noticed that they had a complicated series of stops and levers running up the sides with a steam whistle and bell attachment. He paid no attention to the astonishment of the crowd, but glided gracefully up to the plate. The first ball pitched he basted far out into left. For a moment or two he stood motionless. Then there was a sharp whizzing of steam and he suddenly shot forward toward first. At first base a simple turn of a lever switched him off in the direction of second. The Roarers' shortstop stood dumfounded in the middle of the base line. Clang! clang! clang! went the gong and the Dean sped on. By the time he had rounded third the people had partially recovered from their surprise and the reception they gave the Dean was deafening. Men were dancing on each other's toes and embracing other men's wives. And above the mighty shouts of joy could be heard the sweet strains of 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home' as distributed by the Lightfoot Lily Band. Dean's only comment, as he rolled up to the players' bench at half speed, was: I must get a fender, it's dangerous as it is.

"Well, sir, thrice more did the Dean tie the score, and thrice more did the crowd go wild with glee. When he came to bat in the eleventh inning with the score 17-17, Capt. Burrows could no longer control his curiosity.

"For Heaven's sake, what are they, Dean? How do they work?'

"They're automoroller skates," replied the Dean. 'I'll explain when I get home.' 'But he never did, poor chap. He hit the ball all right, and he started for first all right. But when he went to turn for second the steering lever snapped, and he couldn't change his course. On he went out into right field.

"Help, Help! Stop me!" he cried with a heart-rendering look of terror. But the people seemed in a trance and mechanical-ly sank back to make way for him. On he sped. Once he was lost to sight in some valley only to rise again on the crest of the hill beyond. Soon he became only a fly speck against the sinking sun. Then, after a farewell flicker or two he was absorbed entirely by the glaring ball of fire in the far West. The game was never finished.

"Where he is now I don't know. Several years later I heard he had a job as Rip Van Winkle in a wax-works tableau up State. The management fired him though, because he snored. Poor old Dean?'

Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back in one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Small test bottles only cost 10 cents. Why not try it today? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure—Nerviline.

Hemorrhage From the Lungs.

Bleeding from the lungs is one of the not uncommon symptoms of consumption, occurring at some time in the course of the disease in perhaps two thirds of the cases. It is often the first indication of lung trouble in a person who has been losing flesh and growing weak without any apparent cause, but it more often occurs in advanced stages of the disease.

There may be one hemorrhage only, or the trouble may occur frequently; and the amount of blood expectorated may be barely enough to tinge the phlegm, or the bleeding may be most profuse—a cupful or even a pint or more.

It very rarely happens that the quantity is so great as to endanger life, yet the blood may be poured into the bronchial tubes more rapidly than it can be coughed up, and so actually drown the sufferer.

The treatment of hemorrhage of the lungs consists first of all in absolute quiet. The patient should be in a cool room, lying down, but with shoulders raised, and should be forbidden to talk. Swallowing cracked ice may be serviceable, and also cold applications to the chest, but of course a physician must be called to administer suitable remedies for the control of the bleeding if it is at all profuse.

Quiet, deep breathing is useful, but the patient should avoid any attempt to keep back the blood, for when it has once escaped from the blood-vessels it is better coughed up than remaining in the air-tubes. Fear or excitement only makes the

bleeding worse, and patients should be taught that the hemorrhage is a usual occurrence in consumption, and that it seldom has any effect upon the course of the disease; especially that it does not at all preclude absolute recovery upon proper hygienic treatment.

Rome physicians tell consumptive patients that they must expect one or more attacks of hemorrhage, possibly quite severe ones, but that such hemorrhage is usually of no great moment.

In some cases, indeed, when the spitting of blood is due to congestion rather than to any actual tear of some of the blood-vessels, it may be beneficial, as tending to relieve the stagnation and to give the circulation a chance to reestablish itself.

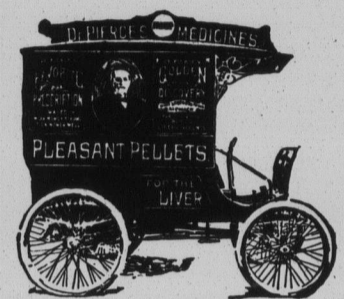
An important fact to remember, one which may tend to relieve the sufferer's anxiety, is that the blood which is expectorated is much more often from the throat or nose than from the lungs, and may have nothing to do with the fact that the parent is a consumptive.

Bess—They say Maud Goody kissed a man at the Jones' lawn party the other night.

That's true.

Bess—How do you know?

Jack—I had it from her own lips.



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs. Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1003 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

worse, and patients should be... at the hemorrhage is a usual... in consumption, and that it... as any effect upon the course of... especially that it does not at... absolute recovery upon proper... treatment.

Chat of the Boudoir.

One of the more serious Paris journals recently published a long interview with a famous customer of that city. The great man had much to do with the arrangement of the display in the Palais de Costumes, which is said to be one of the most interesting features of the Exposition; and his talk was of a historical, philosophical tone, which would be as Greek to the average maker of gowns. But certain points in the interview impress a reader mightily. For the last few seasons women have dressed more and more extravagantly, and murmurs of reprobation have been going up from conscientious critics. Now the Parisian customer wails aloud and waxes desperately indignant over the lack of extravagance shown by the women of today in the matter of clothes. Evidently, it all depends upon the point of view, and the standards of a husband and of a French dressmaker differ.

'The woman who spends as much as 100,000 francs a year on dress is a rarity,' says the Frenchman. Doubtless he is right. Very few women spend \$20,000 a year on clothes, and there is an excellent reason why most women do not do it; but the disconsolate artist complains that even the women who can afford such extravagance do not indulge in it, that the day of the great costume is gone and that it was only the woman of the old regime to whom dress was a religion, who considers a successful gown worth any price.

The tailor made gown especially rouses the wrath of this sartorial genius. It is an insidious monster. It has crept in, like a thief by night, and usurped the place belonging to better things. A tailor gown is an excellent thing in its place, but it doesn't know its place, and it has ruined the dressmaking business. 'It is cosmopolitan, universal,' says the customer sadly. 'It is practical, cheap'—another instance of the varying point of view. 'It is not devoid of grace, because it makes the most of a figure. Pretty women put up with it and ugly women adopt it because they think they are pretty. The only persons who suffer by it are the great dressmakers whose artistic instincts it thwarts.'

It is a lamentable thing that genius is being stifled in the folds of the ubiquitous tailor gown, but the greatest good of the greatest number reconciles one to the tragedy, and the tailor gown is, unquestionably, a friend to woman. It has changed its character gradually and adapted itself to more elaborate wear; but it pays for itself over and over again in the satisfaction it gives, and the wise woman will, this autumn, have a well made tailor gown if it is within the limit of possibility. A cheap tailor is an abomination, and particularly now, when the small touches on a tailor costume are the things that transform it from mere utility to real chic, an artist maker is needed. An ordinary dressmaker may achieve effective house frocks and ball gowns, but an ordinary tailor plays havoc with a woman's wardrobe.

DAINTINESS FROWNED ON.

English Women's Attitude Toward Lace and Fine Linen.

English underwear was spurned by American women before there was any Consular declaration on the subject and none of them ever thought of buying it under circumstances that left them any alternative. An American woman who has lived in England for some years was telling her experiences the other day and they suggested that there might not really be a demand in England for the American lingerie, superior as it is to the home-made article. Paris, where the most beautiful linen in the world is made and worn, is not far from the English shops; but there is little or no importation of the French work. The home-made article seems entirely satisfactory to the average English woman who has never seen or heard of anything else and has no appreciation of the delicate and dainty effects in which French and American women revel.

'English lingerie is made entirely for utility, the American woman said, and there is evidently no other idea in the minds of the manufacturers. Occasionally a tuck or a bit of embroidery may be added, but even that is considered unnecessary and is seldom allowed to interfere with the extreme plainness of these garments which horrify an American woman. They are made of coarse linen or cotton, they are roughly sewn, and the whole style of their making is objectionable to American women, who, next to the French, are able to buy the daintiest things of that kind in the world.'

'The English woman, reared to be satisfied with the kind of lingerie that she has always seen, imagines that exquisite linens

laces and ribbons are in some mysterious way improper. I shall never forget the day I showed an English friend a lot of lingerie that I had just got from Paris. She gasped when I opened the box. 'Oh, she said, as if she had just fallen into a tub of cold water. 'Do ladies in America wear things like those?' I told her that they did most assuredly, and that the prettier they were the better satisfied we always felt. If she hadn't known my family for years, I'm sure she would have thought that my morals were in danger, because I took to those combinations of delicate lace and diaphanous linen in place of cotton and tucks.

'You know I asked the question, she went on, 'because in England ladies do not wear such things. In fact, I never saw anything of the kind before except on the stage and I did not believe that anybody but actresses ever wore them anywhere. I took care to assure her that it was a national custom in the United States for women to wear the most attractive lingerie they could find, as I was afraid that her suspicions of might grow more decided if she thought that it was merely a personal feature.

'The English actresses in burlesque always wear such beautiful lingerie that I have wondered how they could find it in London. It is made by the theatrical costumers and not by the persons who supply the ordinary English woman, who could never be persuaded to wear it by whatever means it might reach her. The English work for women that is well done may almost be limited exclusively to the tailor made. Beyond that particular field, there is next to nothing that the seamstresses do well. Sewing is poorly done and unfinished, buttonholes are likely to be carelessly embroidered and the whole effect of articles of women's attire made in England is that they are made without sufficient care or delicacy. With cloth tailor-made jackets and gowns, there is no objection to this method. But in any garment requiring fineness or delicacy such a method of work is fatal. It is in their lingerie, however, that the English lack of daintiness is most noticeable. That is a highly characteristic of women's dress in England. It is strong and durable and neat. But beyond that, it has no beauty, smartness or daintiness.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

A new waistcoat has made its bow to the Parisian public, and seems to have hit feminine fancy. It is of white taffeta embroidered or painted in white colors with small roses, and is made like a man's waist coat, with a strap and buckle in the back. Being worn with a bolero of Eton, there is no pretence of hiding this buckle, which is of the most elaborate character and matches the handsome buttons which in front fasten the waistcoat over a jabot of costly lace.

Empire gowns are bringing in their train a host of empire accessories. The tiniest and most extravagant of fans belong to the model; and every day handsomer ones blossom out in the Paris shops. The jewelled girles and bandeaux are other costly strands showing the direction of the tide. Already the orthodox Empire coiffure is affected with evening toilet by some women and the traditional single ostrich plume waves over the knot. There is even talk of resuscitating the gilt hair net that properly belongs to this coiffure and is remarkably effective over very dark hair.

Soft crush folds of gauze or chiffon, held in broad dog collar shape by being passed through jewelled slides and finishing with a chon at the back, are being worn with the prevalent demi-decolletage as well as with full evening dress.

The benignant and popular white elephant and pig bangles have in Paris given place to new favorites; and every other woman one meets wears two tiny trinkets in honor of Rostand. One is bust of Cyrano de Bergerac. The other, an eagle holding Napoleon's hat is a tribute to 'L'Aiglon.'

Jewelled trinkets in Paris have often more significance in connection with public events than the casual observer realizes. It is not long ago that the feminine Royalists were sporting tiny gold hats crushed into hopeless shape and vividly recalling the insults to which the President of the French Republic had been subjected in a race-course row. Other women, not Royalists, which horrify an American woman. They are made of course linen or cotton, they are roughly sewn, and the whole style of their making is objectionable to American women, who, next to the French, are able to buy the daintiest things of that kind in the world.'

Possibly Cyrano and the eagle testify to woman's love of no velvety rather than their admiration for Rostand's genius.

The plain black velvet slippers may be, as authorities announce, the decreed mode

for winter wear, but shoemakers [are] certainly turning out shoes that are far from plain and are veritable works of art. Jewelled buckles are decidedly in evidence and jewelled embroidery also appears. A low white shoe with a deep instep flap has both flap and toe embroidered in gold and a gold and paste buckle joins the vamp sides. Some extravagant women have introduced the fashion of having low shoes and stockings embroidered to match, the pattern on the slipper being continued up the stocking front and almost invariably showing gold, silver, steel, iridescent beads. The plain empire skirt hems will have much to do with forwarding elaborate foot wear, for they display the feet infinitely more than the frou frou skirts do.

Huge artificial flowers of chiffon, wonderfully tinted, are among the new millinery novelties, and in many cases have jewelled centres. They will be remarkably effective on the lace, tulle and chiffon evening toques that are to be worn. These chiffon flowers, as well as the beautiful ones in velvet, are utilized by dressmakers who take them to pieces and applique them flatly to cloth or other material, making new centres, stems and leaves for them. Poppies are especially suited to such treatment, and one of the Broadway shops shows a striking gown of palest gray crepe applique with sprawling scarlet velvet poppies.

The earliest importations of autumn dress goods showed smooth finished surfaces, but now there is an incoming wave of zeline goods with very rough hairy surfaces. Many of these materials show pronounced white hairs on dark back grounds.

A new trimming just introduced in Paris consists of small gold or silver rings, sewed to the goods of the gown in two rows a few inches apart. The rings of the two rows alternate, so that velvet ribbon or cord run through them forms point, and the effect, particularly with black velvet ribbon or gold cord, is distinctly attractive and original. These small rings are also sewn on the edges of goods and ribbon or cord laced across to form an open work insertion over color.

Velvet capes are displayed in Paris and are pretty enough to win popularity, if favor goes by deserts. They are made in a succession of capes, sometimes as many as six, and each lined with white satin and bordered with a narrow band of gold and jewelled embroidery. The high collar turns down deeply with an edge of the embroidery and fastens at the throat with a large soft curl of chiffon embroidered all over in a cobwebby design of gold and colored silks.

HOBOKENITES IN A FLURRY.

Vow They Have a Girl's Suicide Club, Such Things Never Heard of.

A startling discovery has been made by the Hoboken police force. Since their vigilant sleuths have been working on a number of mysterious suicides they have calmly and carefully talked the matter over and at last have arrived at the conclusion that they have in their midst an organized girls' suicide club. The Hoboken police have never heard of such a thing before, and are almost dumfounded with astonishment. They can hardly believe the horrible fact, but one of the forces who had read the tales by Robert Louis Stevenson, assures them such cases have been known, though none has come within his own personal knowledge. The facts which led the Hawkshaws to believe an organized club has really appeared are these: Just a month ago Miss Katie Pittner had taken carbolic acid after deciding that life had no further charm for her. She was 18 years old and had lived with her parents. She was buried in Flower Hill Cemetery. A week later the body of Johanna Ross was found by her mother in a disused room of the house in which she lived. She had also taken carbolic acid, and after the usual period of mourning, was buried, and the city of Hoboken promptly forgot her.

About ten days after this occurrence the father of Agnes Katenschmidt detected an odor of gas, and upon entering his daughter's room perceived her dead upon the bed with a rubber tube in her mouth. No reason could be found for the girl's action more than that she was tired of life and took the shortest and quickest route for the border. She was interred with all the proper ceremonies, and for a week nothing more was thought of the matter. On Wednesday of last week Lydia Jensen, who was employed at a silk mill in the neighborhood, went home and informed her mother she was not feeling well and thought she would take a little trip to New York and call upon some friends. Apparently she went out of the house and took the boat.

At 10.30 that night she had not returned and her mother became anxious, but concluded her daughter had decided to stay with her friends in New York. At 9 the next morning Mrs. Jensen went into the attic of the house and found her daughter dead on the floor. She also had taken carbolic acid. She left a note in which she apologized for the annoyance caused her mother, and said she was disgusted with life. The police were notified and after exhaustive search and investigation formulated the theory that such a thing as a suicide club did exist in Hoboken. Just what they are going to do about the matter they will not say, though it has been intimated they have some dark and sinister design up their sleeves. Some of the detectives go about hinting that the next suicide will be severely dealt with, which is a vague and indefinite threat and should strike terror into the hearts of girls who are contemplating shaking off all mundane cares.

Sent to a Dame's School.

So many great men have been credited with extraordinary precocity in youth that it is refreshing to hear of a great man who was only an average boy. Such a man is Lord Kitchener. He showed no peculiar cleverness, and what is more surprising, in view of his present tireless activity, he has inclined to be lazy.

His father, Colonel Kitchener, who died within the last ten years, was a strict disciplinarian. The story goes that on one occasion, when his son Herbert was at a public school, and was working for a certain examination, it was reported to the colonel that he was idling.

The report did not please Colonel Kitchener, and he told the future conqueror of the Mahdi that unless he succeeded in passing that examination there would be no more public school for him for the present, for he would be taken away and sent to walk in the solemn procession of pupils of a dame's school. If he failed there, he should be apprenticed to a hatter.

In spite of these threats young Kitchener failed, and thereupon dropped out of his place in the public school, and was seen in the ranks that walked through the streets, two and two, escorted by the good lady of whom his father had spoken. When he again went in for his examination he passed. Possibly the world lost a good hatter by his success, but it gained a better general.

Dogs as Newspaper Carriers.

In Connecticut they are said to have news dogs, who regularly perform the service of carrying the newspapers from the trains. On all the Connecticut lines the trainmen throw newspapers off the cars at or near the houses of subscribers who live a long distance from the stations, and in many instances dogs have been trained to watch for the train and get the papers.

One dog goes a mile and a half every morning for his paper. It was formerly thrown by the brakeman from the last car and there the dog always watched for it. Lately the paper has been thrown from the baggage car. This change did not please the dog. For some time he would bark furiously and wait at the last car before going on his errand. Even now he is not reconciled.

Another place a dog has acted for several years as news agent for a number of families. The papers are thrown out while the cars are going at full speed, but whether one paper or a large bundle finds its way to the ground the dog never fails to bring it away, making good time back.

Another dog, who has become a veteran agent, has grown too old and rheumatic to perform his task. He cannot now get down to the cars, but the work does not suffer; for he has trained a younger dog to do it for him, and his papers are always delivered promptly.

A Backwoods Evolutionist.

A small town in the Tennessee mountains was the scene of a great revival of religion when a New Orleans drummer chanced to pass that way. He spent an evening at the camp meeting, and reports one incident to the Times Democrat. 'Just as I arrived,' he says, 'an itinerant evangelist was administering a terrific rebuke to scientific skeptics.

'And there's a fellow by the name of Darwin,' he shouted, 'that allows we all come down from monkeys, and Adam wa'n't nothin' but a big gorilla! I'd like to know if there's any person in the sound of my voice that's fool enough to believe such stuff as that? If there is, let him stand up! 'To my surprise a tall, lantern-jawed man on the bench adjoining mine promptly rose to his feet. I saw at a glance that he was one of those rustic walking encyclopedias who always lead off in debates at crossroad stores, and I looked to see some fun.

'He was perfectly self-possessed and was evidently loaded to floor the parson. For a moment there was a silence; then

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

the evangelist leaned forward and shaded his eyes with his hand.

'Will the brother move a leetle nearer the light?' he said in a gentle voice. The evolutionist folded his arms defiantly and stepped under a flaring pine torch.

'Thanky,' said the preacher, blandly. 'Now, do I understand y' to say that you really believe you're kin to monkey?'

'I do,' replied the skeptic. 'There was another moment of silence. 'Well, brethren and sisters,' said the evangelist, slowly, 'since I came to siz: the good brother up, I'm kinder inclined to believe he is keerect. We will now sing Hymn number 'leven.'

'That settled Mr. Darwin and squelched his rash disciple. He tried to say something, but he was drowned out. When I last saw him he was sneaking quietly home through the big pines.'

Pretty Rascals.

'Recently I visited a small town in the southern part of Kentuck,' says a correspondent of the Denver News, 'and called on the only merchant of the place. I found him opening a case of axle grease. He took off the lid of one of the small boxes of yellow grease and left it uncovered.

'Soon an old colored man came in, and noticing the axle-grease, said: 'Good morning, Massa Johnson! What am dem little cheeses wor?'

'About fifteen cents, I reckon, Sam, said the merchant.

'S'pose if I buys one you will frow in de crackers.'

'Yes, Sam.'

'Sam put his hand into his pocket and fished out fifteen cents, and Mr. Johnson took his scoop and dipped up some crackers.

'Sam picked up the uncovered box and the crackers and went to the back part of the store. Then he took out his knife and fell to eating.

'Another customer came in, and Mr. Johnson lost sight of his colored friend for a moment. Presently Mr. Johnson went to the back part of the store and said: 'Well, Sam, how goes it?'

'Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers is all right, but dat am de ransomest cheese ebbet eat!'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Niobolson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Man and Beast.

Nothing can be so terrible to an animal as a human being. There are times when the brute seems to recognize instinctively that man belongs to a higher order of creation, and is stricken with a feeling akin to awe in his presence.

In a small African village, some years ago, there was a scare about some leopardards which were said to have killed a number of goats. Accordingly two white men accompanied by several natives, set off to hunt them. Presently they found a place in the long grass where it was evident that one of the brutes had recently lain, for the ground was still warm.

The natives formed a ring round it, and the hunters got their guns ready. After a little while the leopard emerged from the long grass and was fired at and wounded, but not fatally. With a great bound, he sprang on the white man, and brought him to the ground. Holding his victim, he turned and growled savagely at the others.

The natives gave a wild yell of fear, and then, like a shot, the leopard sprang away. He had not been frightened by the guns but the yell terrified him.

The wounded hunter was ill for a long time, and finally had to go back to England, as one of his eyes was badly injured.

USE THE GENUINE... MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME! For the Headache, Colic, and Stomach Discomfort. SWEETENED ALUMINUM SALTS!

AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

Abe Cronkite Makes a Connection Between Things Seemingly Unrelated.

Abe Cronkite often thought of Donald the prison shoemaker, as he had last seen him, mounted on a box in the Bowery and extolling the merits of packages of soap, price a dime, into each one of which he apparently slipped a bright half dollar. He had no fears that the old rascal was engaged in an unprofitable business; that would be more preposterous than the eye of a cambric needle to a full sized camel. But the many half dollars were undoubtedly in his possession, however misleading their destination might be. Hence the question arose, was this money genuine or had the discharged convict once more entered upon the manufacture of the queer which had caused him to pass behind the bars fully half of the forty years of his wandering in the criminal desert, after leaving the slums of Manchester, England, for the good of that municipality. The former detective's interest was, in the main, a kindly one; he recognized Donald's faults, as indeed any one must, since without them the man would be devoid of substance as an echo; but the humor which was their inherent quality somehow appealed to him. For this reason he had determined to seek out the shoemaker and inquire into his calling, when an event occurred which at first drove the solution from his mind, only to bring it back again to be put into execution.

This event was nothing less than the sudden disappearance from home of the young and charming wife of Zenas Coombs the great iron founder. In the early days, of the septuagenarian's second marriage his friends had predicted that trouble would come from a second union. But the dignity, with which Mrs. Coombs maintained her position and the tranquil happiness of their domestic life had long since silenced such comments. Now, however, she was missing, though not without a note of explanation, and this her husband in his uncertainty and distress, bore straightway to his lawyer, Judge Josiah Marcellus, for advice and direction.

The note was singularly brief and peremptory, announcing that the writer had left her husband forever, and solemnly forbidding him to attempt to find her. There was, however, a chord of self-abnegation running through it, which the lawyer was swift to detect and interpret. 'She seems to be convinced that she is acting for your good,' he said, 'and doubtless she is. No woman would leave such a home without adequate cause which in your case must be extraneous to you. I shall not dwell on painful conclusions; my advice is, let well enough alone.'

'Never,' cried Mr. Coombs passionately. 'My Eleanor is a pure noble woman; she may have been deceived by circumstances, she may have lost her reason. I will spend every dollar I have to regain and protect her!'

The lawyer bowed submissively. 'In that event,' he went on, 'it is necessary for you to tell me all about your acquaintance with your wife and her manner of life when it began. Don't mind him,' he added reassuringly, as the merchant glanced dubiously toward the desk in the corner where Abe Cronkite sat, with back turned indeed, but clearly within earshot: 'don't mind him, he is close mouthed. And we must have some such agent you know.'

'Then let him listen with care and act with skill, and I will make his future secure,' returned the old man with trembling eagerness. 'I met my wife, then Miss Eleanor Calderwood, in Manchester, England, under somewhat romantic circumstances. She was a widow, acting as governess in a family I visited. One night the house took fire, and we should have all perished had it not been for her coolness and intrepidity. As soon as she perceived my interest in her, of her own volition she told me her story. Calderwood a small attorney of the place, it seems, suddenly became well supplied with money. This aroused his wife's suspicions and she soon learned that he had connected himself with a gang of coiners; whereupon she at once left him and undertook her own support. Six months later he was arrested and convicted and the following year was drowned while attempting to escape from prison, though his body was never recovered. These facts were vouched for by the good people with whom she lived, who both honored and loved her for her cheerful patience under suffering.'

'If you please, sir,' asked Abe Cronkite, swinging around. 'Did Mrs. Coombs have any particular plans for the day she disappeared?'

'Yes, she was under promise to go with

other ladies of the Dorcas Society on a distributing tour among the poor. I have, of course, kept her mysterious absence a secret, but it came naturally to my knowledge that she did go with them into the Bowery, where they separated, each one to make the calls on the list assigned to her. That is the last trace I have. But why do you ask?'

'For a definite starting place, to be sure,' replied Abe Cronkite, easily. 'In order to thread a maze you must first get into it. Our maze evidently begins in the Bowery, and with your permission I will enter it there at once, reporting this evening what I may have learned and before other suggestion or amendment could be offered he was out of the office, determined to put into operation that resolution, often recurring, to see Donald, the shoemaker, and inquire into the sources of his livelihood.

For to the former detective's practical mind accident should be ignored as a reason for the linking together of circumstances seemingly foreign to one another. A coincidence to him was but an excuse to sluggishness of thought. So, while there might not be any connection between Mrs. Coomb's disappearance and the likelihood that Donald, the shoemaker, saw her while passing through the Bowery, the fact that he was a Manchester man who returned frequently to his native city, and while there, as elsewhere, was a chronic counterfeiter, seemed to predict a relation which should be examined with care. Suppose Donald had been an associate of Calderwood; suppose, he had recognized his former pal's widow in the richly apparelled lady, engaged on a mission of mercy. What would be the first impulse to arise in his mind; what, but some working of his insatiable greed? Given such conditions, and the answer to the problem might well be a woman fleeing from a blackmail.

Abe Cronkite was, to wise to seek the shoemaker's confidence. He knew that he was far more wary on the defence than when urged to an attack by hope of gain; and so though he passed by Donald's stand he did so hurriedly, and as if anxious to avoid recognition. That was sufficient; in another moment there were rapid steps and oily salutations; and Donald, darting ahead, turned and confronted him.

'I'll not stand for it, Abe,' began the old shoemaker, all aglow with honest cordiality 'to have an old acquaintance pass me by as if but wan remove from a pie shop. Admittin' y'are a iminent legal character, with more cases to keep than a busted fard sharp, does that do away with the necessity of soc'al relaxatum? When travellin' in Sahary, don't you need to have your skin full, and what is the law but a disert with plenty of sand on all sides and a fresh, green thing only to be found be fits and starts? Come, thin, I have the price for a wet, and our frind beyant has the wet for the price. As the Zephyr said to the love sick shepherd, 'I'll blow yer.' And, jingling a handful of bright half dollars. Ronald led the way across the street, into the rear room of a Bowery saloon.

When a libation had been poured out to friendship, Donald, wiping his chops with the back of his hand and scanning his companion slyly through the corners of his little red eyes, began the fishing excursion, out of which he hoped he might have some possible profit for himself.

'It's lucky y'are, so p'are, Abe,' he said, 'to hev' business trippin' over your heels like hoboes hurryin' the day man? A misson' witness to a will or some divorce complicatum? If there's anythin' in the natur' of an affidavit I cud oblige you with, I stand ready and anx'us to sign at the bottom of a page to ont, and you kin fill in what you dum please at your conven'ence.

Abe Cronkite declined this handsome offer with thanks. There was really no way, he said, in which the shoemaker could assist him. The matter he had in hand was not a complicated one, though there was big money in it for the man who furnished the desired information. He had been instructed to get the record of a Manchester lawyer named Calderwood; a legacy depended upon whether he was alive or dead; and bearing that there was Englishman from those parts in a hotel on the next block, he was on his way to see him.

'A Manchester Englishman,' repeated Donald, with a high note of scorn, 'and isn't it meself that's Manchester born and bred, with cinnus of the entire popelatum in me nut? Calderwood, lyar Calderwood,

a wum-eaten little man, who was pinched for kinnin' in '92, I don't know him needer, I s'pose? Well, we sported the same bracelets for some consid'able time, and I don't see how two blades cud be more hand in hand than that. You needn't go no furd'er, Abe. Here all the straight goods of informatun your bosses kin require, with cash arter delivery. An' seein' it's you will have the fixin' of the reward, I don't mind advancin' a few soads, as evidence of my ginerous intintuns whin the long greens is paid over.' A d the shoemaker fairly forced a dozen of the bright half dollars into the detective's hand.

'Y'are all alike, Old Donald went on exultantly, 'from the Supe at Headquarters to the cop on the beat. Sure, if you don't git what you want, pay for it, is the three rule of livin'! Will, thin, the preliminaries bein' settled, and you plugged to the most loocorative drag-off the circumstances will permit, I'll g'wan with me story, as the mason said when he finished the last flare.

'It was in the fall of '92, Abe, so it was, I was jest arter finishin' a five-specker, whin I struck a fit of hum-sickness that clung to me like the lock-stip to an old lag. There was nothin' for it but I must revisit the purlieus of Manchester, even if I did run the risk of the pulice revitin' me at about the same time. So off I put in a cattle steamer well contint to eat the hunks that the steers f'run away, since I was returning to me fayer's house. In coorse, Abe, this last sintamint was largely hypobogographical, seein' as from all accounts I was born under a hedge; but all the same there was lashins of booze whin I showed me phiz in a certing shebang down near the statun, and if the fatted call wasn't trotted out, it was only because he had devilled into as foine a cut of roast beef as you'd find in the food kingdoms. There was a old pal of mine named Cassidy who set up it; and whin the udders had been swept out, overcame by their own and the landlord's flow of sperrata, him and me, arter a turn under the pinstock, set down to the consideratum of ways and means—the ways of makin' the queer and the means of gitun' it in succulatum.

'It was finally agreed that since me hand had lost none of its ancient cunning' for which I offers t'anks were due, I should cook up the mitals, while Cassidy polished off the moulds and that the most available distributin' agent for the output would be Calderwood, a lyar with even less practice than repperratum, which is about as clus a definitun of starvin' as I kin give. Wery good; we started off with flatterin' prospects, which the results fairly put into scrape. Niver did I do better work; why we need to rub a bit of muck over the shiners whin they kem out of moulds for fear list their spindor should give hum-gridge to the Ryal Mint. And Calderwood stuck to his graft with credit to bot' his head and his heart, stockin' up the retail dealers with the queer to such an ixtint that an inroine queina was as scarce in his neighborhood as it is in a collectun box. Yet trade was niver brisker, which goes to show the tru' of that old maxim of political economy that any kind of money is as good as the bist so long as it passes free and buys as much.

'But luck will turn: if it didn't, you know, it wud be succies. Calderwood got keelerless and wan day give a client for whom he had a bit of business four pund, nineteen shillin and sixpence, for a twenty-pund note. That was too much of a good thing or two little, by the mark; for of that whole kit of kine the sixpence was the only genuino piece. Now this man was of a savin' disoposition and soaked away whatever he did in his sock to bum, but allus store he did so he tried ivery soad with his teet'. Arter he had like to choke to deat' from a mout'ful of compositun he complained to the authorities. The bobbies kem down upon us, and at jest the wrong moment; for I was stirrin' in the antimony, and Cassidy he was a sandpaperin' dorins, and Calderwood, he was a castin' accounts and dividin' up the profits. What cud we do when ketched in the very act but put up a beef to the court for mussy, which the Big Wig seemed to understand jest the udder way. At anny rate, he give the full extinted don' his little all for us, and in a month's time we'ree was a makin' jumpin' jacks of ourselves in the treadmill at Maidston Prison, divarsified, ivery udder day, by tin hours in water waist high, a layin' docks and be dammed to thim.

'Ah, that's a terrible place, Abe; well may we boast of our free institootuns in comparision. Alore I'd been there a yap I felt older than M'at'udly wud if he'd done a life sintince in sackcloth knickerbockers, a slappin' on a board, with no tobacco, and with salt horse and a dab of melasse for the bist of the prog, and a wad of hall-baked sawdust for the wust. I swear, I'd hev croaked and t'ank'ed. If it hadn't been for wan thing, and that was Cassidy. He were a plausible cuss, he were, and it wasn't long afore he got on the soft side of

an old keeper, good-natured and rather stupid, who they put in charge of the hall at odd times whin only a few was locked. At such times he used to give Cassidy a chance so stritch his legs and chin a bit, and he so managed to slip the wad to me of what he had desolved to do. Christmas Eve kem, the wan fatal event of the year, me and Calderwood played sick and sulky whin all the odder men was unlocked and marched off to chapel, and Cassidy he set on a table at the end of the corridor givin a werbal song and dance to his frind the keeper. The hall was dark and lonely, with now and then the sound of the singin' of glee, and stompin' and slappin' comin' from the udder wing.

Cassidy, he did the job handily. Jest whin the bust of applause was the loudest, he give it to the keeper plum in the peepers with a handful of dried weed he had found out on the embankment which had an awnt smart. The keeper give wan yell, and struck out right and left; but quicker'n I kin tell you, Cassidy had a gag in his mout' and a slip-noose over his arms and legs; in a couple of moments that keeper was as helpless as a trussed turkey, and damn sight less comfortable. Up on the tires slipped Cassidy, with the masterkey; a turn here, a turn there, and me and Calderwood had jined him. We locked the poor turnkey up in a vacant cell, with a pile of blankets over him, and thin out into the yard in a jiffy! On the sout' side there was a moat, about twenty feet across, half-filled with slimy water, and we knowed if we cud git over this there was a fightin' chanct of escape t'roo some of the workin on the canal who had nuts nearby. So we mounted the wall by the guards' ladder and run along, lookin' for the safest spot. Blew me, but it was a fearsome sight, full t'irty feet sheer down, with that greenish gruel at the bottom; but what waited us inside was wuss, if we didn't get away. Cassidy leand over and spied a ledge about tin feet from the bottom, and t'roo the moat just there a streak of marsh grass that look ed as if it might hold. We had a rope just about long enough, and no time to waste, so there we made 'he attempit.

Calderwood went first, down the rope to the ledge and thin plump, out to the little clump of grass, well-nigh to the middle of the moat. But there he seemed to stick, and we cud hear him cussin' at fast and thin moanin' like a sick baby. 'He's in a blue funk, growled Cassidy, 'but he can't phase me.' And down the rope he slid, with so many a jerk and pull, that it gave way, coiling about him as he landed on the ledge, and there was I left high and dry, with a sound from within as if the performance was over.

'I leand over and looked down. It was a cur's sight, Abe, and wan hard to size. Cassidy had sprung out onto Calderwood's shoulders and was balancin' there for dear life. Calderwood had grown shorter for some reason, and had reached both hands up and grabbed Cassidy, eeder holdin' him on or tryin' to shake him off, I couldn't tell which. I looked back at the buildin'; there were lights here and there, and the sound of officers calling. Something must be done to ont it at all. I stood on the very edge. Twenty feet below were the two men, one on top of the udder, like acrobats in a snocus. Tin feet beyond thim was a clump of low trees and bushes on the furdur shore. If I cud leap so as to land in that clump I wud be saved and I felt that I cud make it if only, if only, I cud have the advantage of a spring whin half way over. Why not jump for Cassidy's shoulders, techin' thim lightly yet gitun' jest the impetus needed to send me over? There was no time to hesitate; the lights were out in the yard. I sprang out and down, spurnin' his shoulders with my teet and landin in the clump like a bird.

'It must have been the kick back that done it, Abe, upsettin' whatever stability there might have been to the quicksand, and sendin' thim down and down like a shot; for whin I looked for my frinds they was gone, only a bubble of muddy water markin' the spot where this fatal catastrophe ocured! They found Cassidy's body the next day I believe, his outstretched hands bein' about two feet below the surface; but Calderwood was niver heard of, perhaps he's still slippin' t'roo that slimy stuff in his way to bedrock or Chiny. And that's the story, Abe, and the man whose ligacy depends on his deat', ought to come down for it, especially whin he considers the provident'ial part I've played in his fortunes. There's Calderwood's widow, too, who might have a claim agin him. What if I kin lay me hand ober—Hold up there Abe, whatever are you doin'? Have you gone deat, man? The shoemaker's voice died away in a wail of terror, for Abe Cronkite, reaching over, had grasped him by the throat and swung down on the floor by his side.

'Where is she, you scoundrel? He demanded the detective.

'Old Donald shook himself free, and sat up scowling and impudent. 'Thin that

was your game, arter all,' he muttered; 'thin damme me for a loose jawed idjit, and damn you for bloody beak that betrays his frinds! I won't tell you, that's fat.'

'Not half so fat as this queer of yours, retorted Cronkite as he ground one of the half dollars under his beel.

'For the love of musy, Abe,' groaned the old cadger, 'don't give me graat away and I'll tell you iverything. Sure I only said to her that I knew where her husband was; and wasn't that Gospel tru? And it's tonight it is, she's to meet me, and free y'are to take me place. There's nothin' in the plant at best, except the pawnan' of her rings that she's to give me for tellin' her how to avide Calderwood. I'll take you to her and wilcome. Abe jest for the restan of thim half dollars.'

And so it came about that Abe Cronkite was able to bring tranquillity to the mind of a half-distraught woman; and to restore the happiness of the Coombs household. Old Donald was suffered to resume his slight-of-hand traffickin' unmolested; Judge Marcellus sagely remarking that it was idle to prosecute one who seemed so bent on convicting himself.

A WOMAN'S FACE

PLAINLY INDICATES THE CONDITION OF HER HEALTH.

Beauty Disappears When the Eyes are Dark, the Skin Sallow, and Wrinkles Begin to Appear. How One Woman Regained Health and Comeliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is nevertheless these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, fickle appetites, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure; a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Poirier, of Valleyfield, Que. Mrs. Poirier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years; she had taken treatment from several doctors, and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results. Mrs. Poirier says:—'Only women who suffer as I did can understand the misery I endured for years. As time went on and the doctors I consulted, and the medicines I used did not help me, I despaired of ever regaining health. There were very few days that I did not suffer from violent headaches, and the least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently. My stomach seemed disordered, and I almost loathed the food I ate. Before I met Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I frequently my limbs would swell so much that I feared that my trouble was developing into dropsy. I had almost constant pains in the back and loins. It was while I was in this sad condition that I read in La Presse of the cure of a woman whose symptoms were much like mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills! I told my husband and he urged me to try them, and at once got me three boxes. Before I had used them all I felt better, and I got another supply of the pills. At the end of the month I was strong enough to do my household work, and before another month had passed I had entirely recovered my health. I am sorry that I did not learn of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for I know that they would have saved me several years of sickness and misery, and I feel that I cannot too strongly urge other sick women to use them.'

The condition indicated in Mrs. Poirier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills the blood is enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and sallow cheeks. There would be less suffering if woman would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Little Janet noticed that all the others helped themselves to mustard, but none was given to her.

So, when no one was looking, she spread some on her bread and took a big mouthful. Her hand immediately went up to her burnt mouth, but too proud to cry out she only put the bread away, remarking in a voice that showed tears were near the surface:

'I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold.'

'Dad,' asked little Freddy, 'how is it the baby fish don't get drowned before they learn to swim?'

'But he is quiet, dear.'

'Yes, mummy, but every time I hit him on the head with dad's walking stick he screams; an' I must hit him, 'cause it's the game!'

held her was won thought h
Later in Dr Mabb theatre.
A gent with a la The la shawl the the gentle It was with him. She p disclosed 'She is heart gav ing his Jean can 'Oh I court, and man with 'Delig he said. won't you along' v like. 'Poor E offer. In hall riage. 'Now Jean said Major E 'Uncle Agan but this 'I—I he s'am in. 'Temp jor, with have be 'You Phil? 'No— 'No— I got th in. 'Then 'Not 'Plea the mi Morton, listen to Temples wonder truth sin found n dislike 'This out my her to c being r under a near Br ton, and 'Then ed the w was the lover in the mi Nobody of age. 'And make y We sh and she come.' 'The of tak sides, I side to at Jean eyes— go? 'We said Je uncl s 'The pres am had, I son's h He i show where bued re She beamin 'It is she shied but and lull She He —wate which torm 'Wh what round? And skin; a perfi How Clas He self-de 'Wh even p pretth Elm broke 'Je your people 'Ye 'Je gation ly on 'Di in yo tralia arth his le 'He estly 'Th 'Wen bye. see y

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

held her soft fingers within his own, he was wondering how it was he had ever thought he loved her.

CHAATER VII.

PHIL HAS A SURPRISE. Later in the evening, on his way from Dr. Maberley's Phil passed by a West End theatre.

A gentleman was coming down the steps with a lady on his arm. The lady was so muffled in a pink silk shawl that Phil could not see her face, but the gentleman he recognized in a moment. It was Mr. Templeton.

The next moment, he saw it was Jean with him. She pushed back her wrap, and thus disclosed her face.

'She is married!' thought Phil, and his heart gave a great throb of anguish.

He was about to move away without making his presence known, when suddenly Jean caught sight of him.

'Oh! there is Phil,' she said to her escort, and he held out his hand to the young man with a frank, pleasant smile.

'Delighted to see you, Doctor Morton,' he said. 'You'll jump into our carriage, won't you? Then we can chat as we drive along; we'll set you down wherever you like.'

Poor Phil muttered his acceptance of the offer. In half a minute he was inside the carriage.

'Now I must introduce you properly,' Jean said in her sweet voice. 'I daresay you guess who this is, Phil—my dear uncle Major Emerson.'

'Uncle?' Again Phil's heart gave a great throb, but this time it was with wonder and joy.

'I thought his name was Templeton,' he stammered.

'Templeton Emerson,' corrected the major, with a genial smile. 'I presume you have heard of me under the first name.'

'You got your father's letter didn't you, Phil?' asked Jean in some surprise.

'No—that is, it is sent any letter to Australia. I started back three days after I got there, and the mails had not come in.'

'Then you don't know about my uncle?' 'Not a word.'

'Please let me tell that story,' interposed the major, laughing. 'I warn you, Doctor Morton, that if you don't, you'll have to listen to a whole volume in praise of Uncle Templeton.'

Jean fancied she is under wonderful obligations to me, whereas the truth simply is that about a year ago I found myself a childless widow, with a dislike to the thought of marrying again.

'This being so, it occurred to me to find out my dead brother's child, and persuade her to come and brighten my lonely home. Being anxious to make her acquaintance under a sort of disguise, I took a place near Braside, under the name of Templeton, and so got to know my niece.'

'There was only one drawback,' concluded the major, laughing heartily, 'and that was that at first people took me to be Jean's lover instead of her uncle. That's one of the misfortunes of a juvenile appearance. Nobody believes I'm eight-and-forty years of age.'

'And now, Doctor Morton, will you make your home with us for a few weeks? We shall be in London until September, and shall be delighted to have you if you'll come.'

'Thanks,' said Phil, 'but I couldn't think of taking you by storm in that way; besides, I've promised to run down to Braside tomorrow. May I—' he was looking at Jean as he spoke, looking deep into her eyes—'may I come in and see you before I go?'

'We shall be so pleased if you will, said Jean in her full, sweet tones, and her uncle seconded her with genial heartiness.'

The next morning, as he could decently presume to make a call in such a neighborhood, Phil rang the bell of Mager Emerson's house in Cavendish Square.

He sent up his card, and was immediately shown into a big bow-windowed parlour, where Jean was arranging great creamy-hued roses in a china bowl.

She came forward to meet him with a beaming smile of pleasure.

'It is so good of you to come early, Phil, she said frankly. 'My uncle is out riding, but he will be in soon. You must stay and lunch with us.'

She went back to her flowers. He took a chair near, and watched her—watched her with longing, hungry eyes, which took in a very detail of her face and form.

What a noble figure she had! he thought, what swelling curves!—what a glorious roundness of outline!

And what other woman had such a satin skin; such a rich yet delicate bloom; such a perfect mouth, or such deep, clear eyes? How had he ever fancied he loved Clare?

He laughed now in bitter mockery and self-derision at the very thought.

Where had his taste been to prefer, even for a moment, Clare's pink-and-white prettiness to a grand beauty such as this? His heart burned within him, and he broke the silence with abruptness.

'Jean,' he said, 'you remember what your uncle said last night—I mean about people fancying he was your lover?'

'Yes?' Jean spoke with a faint shade of interrogation. The color deepened ever so slightly on her cheek.

'I thought that, Jean.'

'Did you? Then that was what you meant in your letter to me before you went to Australia. Your father wrote to explain everything; but, of course, if you don't get his letter, you wouldn't know.'

'No; I didn't know.'

He paused a moment, looked very earnestly at her, then added—

'That was why I went to Australia, Jean. Went without as much as bidding you good bye. I felt as though I couldn't bear to see you if you belonged to another man.'

Jean said no word in answer; but the flush on her cheek deepened, and her fingers trembled a little as they moved among the flowers.

The silence became almost oppressive. Phil broke it—broke it by uttering a single word.

'Jean!'

'That was all he said; but he said it in a tone of loving, humble entreaty such as thrilled her heart to its innermost core.'

She raised her eyes from the flowers and looked at him, and in that look he learned all that he yearned to know.

Jean loved him. He would not have to plead in vain.

'Darling! I've whispered, catching her in his arms, and holding her in a close embrace. 'Oh, my own darling! Is it possible you can really care for me?'

'I have cared for you always, Phil,' she answered softly, her lips trembling a little beneath the sense of her new great happiness.

'As a cousin, yes, I know you have; but now I want something deeper than any mere cousin's love. Oh, Jean! can you give me that?'

'Dear Phil, I can never love you better than I have always done, breathed Jean in her low sweet whisper; 'but if you want to know how I love you, I can only tell you this: It will make me very happy to be your wife.'

Of course their lips met after that; and to himself Phil registered a vow to be more worthy of this pure, noble heart.

Presently he said, very earnestly, and with almost a touch of sadness in his tone: 'I'm not worthy of you, Jean. And—'

and there's just one thing I ought to tell you, dear; it's a sort of confession I feel it's my duty to make.'

'Is it about Clare Beverly?' asked Jean, seeing and pitying his embarrassment.

'You needn't be afraid of speaking about her to me, Phil. Of course I saw you loved her.'

'Nay, Jean, never that. Now that I know what true love is, I cannot bear my feeling for her should be called by such a sacred name.'

'She fascinated me—bewitched me, if you will, but she never truly won my heart. I was a fool, Jean, but I have paid for my folly. I saw the price I had paid when I fancied it had cost me you.'

'I understand all about it,' said Jean softly. 'Nay, I think I understood even then. I knew she only meant to play with you, just to gratify her vanity, and it hurt me so that you should be hurt, my good tender-hearted Phil.'

And then, with almost maternal tenderness, Jean laid her shapely white hand on his brow, and pushed back his thick, clustering chestnut hair, while she looked into his eyes with a serene steady gaze which said her trust was equal to her love.

'Phil caught her other hand and pressed it to his lips, not so much with the ardour of a lover as with the reverence with which a repentant sinner might have touched the robe of a pardoning saint.'

'Some day I will try to make it up to you,' he whispered. 'I shall never forget your sweet forgiveness—never, never!'

'Dear Phil, I never felt as though I had anything to forgive,' she answered simply. 'In my heart I felt certain you would come back to me, and give me what I have given you—the best and truest love of your heart.'

What could Phil say to such a noble, generous faith in this? 'Phil could he do but fold her silently in his arms and lay his lips on hers, while he mutely called Heaven to witness that his life henceforward had for its supreme object the making himself more worthy of Jean's love?'

Lady Hartley was wondering a little how it would be if Phil had not called upon her. She had invited him to do so after that compact of friendship in Mrs. Maberley's conservatory and although he had made no promise, she felt quite certain he would come.

She was positively hungry for another sight of him.

He had taken a deeper hold on her heart than she had dreamed possible.

She was amazed to find that she who had lured so many men into a hopeless love, and had smiled at their pain, should now herself be in a very fever of restless expectancy because Phil Morton did not come.

She was quite resolved to marry him. She had ample means, and could afford to do as she liked.

She shrank from the bare thought of a second loveless marriage and she was quite certain that Philip Morton was the one man in the world whom she could love.

She wondered whether he had come back from Braside Farm.

She did not know that Jean had left it, and, of course, imagined he would meet her there.

This caused her little pang of jealousy; but she was sure someone had told her that Jean Emerson was engaged to be married; and so she stifled her jealous fears and gave herself up to sweet dreams which were never to be realized.

One evening she was at a musical 'At Home' at the house of a friend, when she heard a voice of thrilling sweetness raised in song; and, although she sat in a certain ed corner and could not see the singer, she knew the voice in a moment.

She had heard it at Braside Farm; and it was a voice that, once heard, could never be forgotten.

What was Jean Emerson doing in a fashionable London drawing-room? She rose from her seat and crossed the room to where Jean was standing beside the piano, a noble, beautiful figure, gowned in simple white silk, with a cluster of roses at her bosom.

'Can you tell me who that young lady is?' she whispered to some near her, at the close of her song.

'She thought Jean must be married. Was it possible she had married someone of rank and fashion, after all?'

The answer to the question assailed her. 'Yes; it is Miss Emerson, Major Emerson's niece. That is the major standing against the piano.'

'Indeed!' said Clare, looking puzzled. 'Miss Emerson has only recently come to London,' explained her friend. 'There was some romance about her birth; her father married without his friends' consent; and the major has only recently adopted her as his daughter and heiress. Is she not beautiful? and so perfectly refined and graceful! Everybody raves about her, wherever she goes.'

'Is she engaged to do you know?' asked Clare, a sickening pang of envy at her heart as she gazed at the peerless beauty of the girl she had once despised.

'Yes, she is—to a young doctor, a cousin of hers on her mother's side.'

'Not Doctor Morton?' asked Clare, with lips that had suddenly turned white.

'Yes, that is who I mean. It is not a great match for such a girl as Miss Emerson, who really is quite the beauty of the season; but I understand that he is tremendously clever, and certain to make his way. The major is charmingly generous, and the marriage is to be soon.'

'Clare had never fainted in her life, but she came very near to fainting then. This annihilation of all her hopes was almost more than she could bear.

She got out of the room without being seen by Jean, pleaded sudden indisposition to her hostess, and was driven home; and, once there, she shut up in her own room, away from prying eyes and ears, she gave way to a burst of grief, such as had never shaken her vain selfish nature in all her life before.

Dr. Philip Morton is one of the cleverest doctors in London to day.

He is implicitly believed in by his patients, warmly loved by his friends, and highly respected by the whole medical world.

It is said that he has the most beautiful wife in London.

Be that as it may, he loves her with a tender, reverential devotion which mere beauty alone is powerless to inspire.

A man owes much of his success to his wife, is one of his favorite maxims.

He is quite certain he owes all his—as well as his deep happiness—to his beautiful Jean.

Babel English.

Examp'es of the quaint English written by Hindoo and other Indian clerks have, from time to time, found their way into the press, and the following letter is about as amusing as anything we have seen in print.

We hardly supposed that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had spread so far among the not very pale inhabitants of the Indian Empire, but apparently their advertisements have penetrated sufficiently far to suggest to one enterprising native the desirability of entering the company's service. The judicious intimation that this gentleman's ailments especially amusing—

Calcutta, November 7th, 1899.

Honored Sir,—I can't help but to take it to your kind notice, that I am greatly suffering from a bad attack of fever to my system. Last fortnight I have been in a hospital, but I got no relief. Though somewhat cured, yet that's nothing. The doctors there told that I shall soon be 13 years old, the case would be very severe.

Don't leave me hopeless, do try kindly. If I don't get any relief from it. It is sure no doubt I shall commit suicide for I can't bear this horrible torture. By day I live alright, as an ordinary person. I do everything, but as night falls I get into my bed and keep up whole night in agony. I have nobody in this world neither have I a penny. If you kindly take me to you, and keep me under your treatment, I shall be so much benefited and so highly obliged to you for life as I can't speak out you shall be the savior of my life. I pray you heartily, kindly rescue me from this horrible pain. Do to me as you would do to were you my father and mother in this greatest danger, our case is fatal; we get nobody to say. Be kind enough and de stand by me and take me as father of my own. It is very, very simple thing for you. I promise you. I shall work in your office 8 or 9 hours a day, faithfully as I shall land for the trouble that you shall take for me. Have mercy on me as your own son. Save me, save me please. Reply me very kindly and soon.

I have the honor to be, your most affectionate and ever obedient,

How Mosquitoes Fester Canary Birds. Owners of canary birds will receive a valuable tip by reading this story.

A well known educator of youths has for years had as a pet, one or more of the songsters hung in cages about his house.

In the summer it is one of his chief delights to sit on his front porch and listen to them. Recently he noticed that two of his birds were becoming droopy, irritable and very restless and that little spots of blood mysteriously made their appearance on the bottom of the cage. He watched the canaries closely for the next few nights and made the astounding discovery that they were nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes.

In speaking of the affair he said: 'I watched one of the birds narrowly for a long while and wondered why it kept hopping from one foot to the other. I saw the mosquitoes in the cage, but it entered my mind that they were attacking the canary until I saw a tiny spot of blood on the bird's leg. I picked the bird up and saw

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Its Purity is its Strength Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

that it had just received a well developed mosquito bite.

'The only vulnerable part of the canary is the leg, where the skin is very thin and tender and almost unprotected by feathers.

The mosquitoes appear to know the tenderness of the skin and attack in such numbers that in the course of time they could seriously injure the health of the bird by draining it of blood. I blocked the game by draping each cage with mosquito netting. My canaries are now well protected and happy. I suffer so much myself from mosquitoes that it is astonishing I did not think of them in connection with the birds before.'

A COYOTE ROUND UP.

The Prairie Wolves Are Getting Trouble Some—How the Hunt is Managed.

Eastern Colorado ranchmen value an ordinary coyote at \$37.50. This extravagant price will result in another great hunt this fall, in which it is estimated thousands of little animals will fall victims to the forty four of the cowboys or the hounds of the sports of the East.

The citizens of the various stock towns in the coyote infested section are preparing to have a day fixed for one big 'round up' of the entire three counties representing the territory that has suffered so severely as a result of the depredations of the animal. If this is done the big hunt will present some interesting features. The three counties represent a territory something like eighty miles square. Yuma is the largest of the three counties and Yuma and Washington counties have suffered most from the ravages of the omnivorous beast.

The reader can picture in his mind a vast territory of sage brush and sand hills eighty miles across either way. Then he can imagine horsemen from all over the country arranged around the outer limits of this area. At the start the hunters may be some distance apart but as they move in at a certain hour toward one common centre they soon get closer together till they finally meet. Every two miles of horsemen around the square will have a captain who will direct all movements. If the start is made at 6 o'clock in the morning, the scene, if possible to compass it within the vision of one man, would represent more than a regiment of cavalry and more than one thousand hounds dashing nearly all day across the plains, forcing every living thing before them—a mixed mass—cowboys, tenderest, cattle barons, millionaires, eastern sports and withal a howling mob. If the start for the forty mile ride to the centre is made at 6 o'clock in the morning, the forces from all four sides ought to meet at the common centre before sunset and perhaps little past the middle of the afternoon.

According to the report of a nephew of the famous Kit Carson, who practically conducted the hunt during the 80's. The scenes during the last hours of the hunts are never to be forgotten. Coyotes frightened out of the tall grass at the approach of the oncoming hunters run like sheep in a circle in the hope that they may find a friendly outlet to freedom. As a result, by the time the horsemen and hunters get within two or three miles of each other at the close of the hunt, they represent a corral surrounding hundreds of coyotes circling in a mad mass like so many frightened sheep.

The hounds are unleashed and the slaughter begins. If there are 1,000 hounds they will all be slaughtering on the outside of the herd of coyotes, which will number nearly double what the hounds will. Imagine 2,000 wild, frightened, frenzied, maddened wolves, snapping, yelping and hurrying in nearly every direction after the circle is broken. The one that endeavors to pass the corral of cavalry is despatched by a Winchester or a forty-four. Those remaining inside the circle of hounds, human beings and horses, are panic-stricken—biting each other, falling and suffering death in the mad scramble. Excited hunters endeavor to use their Winchesters and hounds as well as wolves suffer. When the

fight is over few have escaped, but the battlefield is red with the blood of the hounds and the wolves. The battle on the occasion of the last hunt lasted for nearly two hours and scores of the best hounds in the country bit the dust.

The Correct Term.

Two clergymen crossing the ocean occupied the same stateroom. The ship pitched violently, and one of the divines was thrown unceremoniously out upon the floor.

'What kind of a curve did the ship describe then, brother,' asked the more fortunate, a parabolic curve?'

'No,' answered the luckless one as he clambered back; 'a diabolic curve.'

A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Our Restless Columns.

Farmer Yapp—I tell you they do wars up in a hurry these days. They don't let 'em draw along like they did a century ago.'

Farmer Yawp—'No; they didn't have these here big papers in New York then.'

'Society is getting fearful mixed; it is embarrassing to meet one's landlord at a garden party.'

'Yes; especially if you are behind with the rent.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Brewster.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Manas, the Miller.

There was a man from the mountain named Donal once married the daughter of a stingy old couple who lived on the lowlands.

He used to stay and work on his own wee patch of land all the week round till it came to Saturday, and on Saturday evening he went to his wife's father's to spend Sunday with them.

Coming and going he always passed the mill of Manas, the Miller, and Manas, who used to be watching him passing, always noticed and thought it strange, that while he jumped the millrace going to his wife's father's on a Saturday evening, he had always to wade through it coming back. For a little while he noticed this and wondered, and at last he stopped Donal one Monday morning and he asked him to tell him the meaning of it.

'Well, I'll tell you,' says Donal, says he. 'It's this. My old-father-in-law is such a very small eater, that he says grace and blesses himself when I've only got a few pieces out of my meal, so I'm always weak coming back on Monday morning.'

Manas, he thought over this to himself for awhile and then says he: 'Would you mind letting me go with you next Saturday evening? If you do, I promise you that you'll leap the millrace coming back.'

'No, but I'll be glad to have you, says Donal.

Very well and good. When Saturday evening came, Manas joined Donal and off they both trudged to Donal's father-in-law. The old man was not too well pleased at seeing Donal bringing a fresh hand, but Manas, he didn't pretend to see this, but made himself as welcome as the flowers in May, and when supper was laid down on Saturday night, Manas gave Donal the nudges, and both of them began to tie their shoes as if they had got loose, and they tied and tied away at their shoes, till the old man had eaten a couple of minutes, and then said grace and finished and got up from the table, thinking they wouldn't have the ill manners to sit down after the meal was over.

But down to the table my brave Manas and Do al sit and eat their hearty skintul. And when the old fellow saw this he was gruff and grumpy enough, and it's little they could get out of him between that and bedtime.

But Manas kept a lively chat going, and told good stories that passed away the night and when bedtime came, and they offered Manas a bed in the room, Manas said no, that there was no place he could sleep, only one, and that was along the fireside.

The old man and the old woman both objected to this, and said they couldn't think of allowing a stranger to sleep there, but all they could say or do wasn't any use and Manas said he couldn't nor wouldn't sleep in any other place, and insisted on lying down there, and lie down there he did in spite of them all, and they all went to their beds.

But when Manas lay down, he was very sure not to let himself go to sleep, and when he was near about two hours lying he hears the room door open easy, and the old woman puts her head out and listens, and Manas he snored as if he hadn't slept for ten days and ten nights before.

When the old woman heard this, she came up on the floor and looked at him, and saw him like as if he was dead asleep. Then she hastened to put a pot of water on the fire and began to make a pot of strab-out for herself and the old man, for this was the way, as Manas had had well suspected, that they used to cheat Donal.

But just in the middle of the cooking of the pot of strab-out doesn't Manas roll over and pretend to wake up. Up he sits and rubs his eyes and looks about him, and looks at the woman and at the pot on the fire.

'Ah,' says he, 'is it here ye are, or is it mornin' with ye?'

'Well no,' says she, 'it isn't mornin,' but we have a cow that's not well, and I had to put on a mash on the fire here for it. I'm sorry I wakened ye.'

'O no, no,' says he, 'you haven't wakened me at all. It's your ankle I have here,' says he, 'and it troubles me some times at night,' he says, 'and no matter how sound asleep I may be, it wakens me up, and I've got to sit up until I cure it.'

'There's nothing cures it but soot—till I rub plenty of soot out of the chimney to it.'

And Manas takes hold of the tongs, and he begins pulling the soot out of the chimney from above the pot, and for every one piece that fell on the fire, there were five pieces that fell into the pot. And when Manas thought he had the soot well enough spiced with the soot, he raised up a little of the soot from the fire and rubbed his ankle with it.

'And now, says he, 'that's all right, and I'll sleep sound and not waken again till mornin'.'

And he stretched himself out again and began to snore.

The old woman was pretty vexed that she had her night's work spoiled, and she went up to the room to the old man and told him what had happened to the strab-out. He got into a bad rage entirely and asked her was Manas asleep again, and she said he was. Then he ordered her to go down and make an oat scowder and put it on the ashes for him.

She went down and got the oatmeal and made a good scowder, and set it on the ashes and then sat by it for the short while it would be doing.

But she hadn't many minutes on the ashes when Manas let a cry out of him, as if it were in his sleep, and up he jumps and rubs his eyes and looks about him, and when he saw her he said: 'Och I is it there ye are, and I'm glad ye are,' says he, 'because I've a great trouble on me mind that's lying a load over me heart and

wouldn't let me sleep, and I want to relieve me mind to ye,' says Manas, 'an' then I'll sleep hearty and sound all the night after when I get rid of it. So I'll tell you the story,' says he.

So he catches hold of the tongs in his two hands, and as he told the story he would wave about with the points of them in the ashes.

'And,' says he, 'I want to tell you that my father afore he died was a very rich man and owned no end of land. He had three sons, myself, Teddy and Tom, and the three of us were three good hard workers. I always liked Teddy and Tom, but however, it came out Tom and Teddy hated me, and they never lost a chance of trying to damage me with my father and to turn him against me. He sent Teddy and Tom to school and gave them grand educations, but he only gave me the spade in my fist and sent me out to the fields. And when Teddy and Tom came back from school they were two gentlemen, and used to ride their horses and hunt with their hounds; and me they always made look after the horses and groom them and saddle them and bridle them, and to be there in the yard to meet them when they would come in from their riding and take charge of their horses give them a rubbing down and stable them for them.

'In my own mind I used to think that this wasn't exactly fair or brotherly treatment, but I said nothing, for I liked both Teddy and Tom. And prouder and prouder of them every day got my father, and more and more every day he disliked me, until at long and at last, when he came to die, he liked Teddy and Tom that much, and he liked poor Manas that little, that he drew up his will and divided his land into four parts and left it in this way:

'Now suppose' says Manas, says he, 'digging the point of the tongs into the scowder, 'supposin' says he 'there was my father's farm. He cut it across this way,' says he, drawing the tongs through the scowder in one way. Then he cuts across this way, says he, drawing the tongs through the scowder in the other direction, and that quarter,' says he, tossing away a quarter of the scowder with the point of the tongs, 'he gave to my mother. And that quarter there,' says he, tossing off the other quarter into the dirt, 'he gave to Teddy, and this quarter here, says he, tossing the third quarter, 'he gave to Tom. And this last quarter,' says Manas, says he, 'digging the point of the tongs right into the heart of the other quarter of the scowder, and lifting it up and looking at it 'that quarter,' says he, he gave to the priest, and he pitched it as far from him down the floor as he could. 'And there, says he, throwing down the tongs, 'he left poor Manas what he is today—a beggar and an outcast. That man,' says he, 'is my story, and now that I've relieved my mind, I'll sleep sound and well till morning.'

And down he stretches himself by the fireside and begins to snore again.

And the old woman started up to the room and she told the old man what had happened to the scowder and the old fellow got into a mighty rage entirely, and was for getting up and going down to have the life of Manas, for he was starting with the hounds.

But she tried to smooth him down as well as she could. And then he told her to go down to the kitchen and make some thing else for him.

'Oh, it's no use,' says she, 'a-tryin' to make anything on the fire, for there'll be some other ache coming on that fellow's ankle or some other trouble on his mind and he'll be getting up in the middle of it, all to tell me about it. But I'll tell you what I'll do,' says she, 'I'll go out and milk the cow, and give a good jug of sweet milk to drink and that will take the hunger off you till morning.'

He told her to get up quick and do, or she would find him dead of the hunger.

And off she went as quickly as she could and took a jug of the kitchen dresser, and slipped out, leaving Manas snoring loudly in the kitchen.

But when Manas thought she had time to have the jug nearly filled from the cow he slips out to the byre, and as it was dark he talked like the old man: 'And,' says he, 'I'll die with the hunger if you don't hurry with that.'

'So she filled out the jug and she reached it to him in the dark and he drank it off and gave her back the empty jug, and went in and lay down.

Then she milked off another jug for herself and drank it, and came slipping in and put the jug easy on the dresser, so as not to waken Manas and went up to the room.

When she came up the old fellow was raging there, says he: 'You might have milked all the cows in the county since, an' me dead with hunger here waitin' on it. Give me my jug of milk,' says he.

'And what do you mean,' says she. 'What do you mean, you old blather-skite?' says the old man, says he.

'Says she: 'Didn't you come out to the byrne and ask me for the jug of milk there, an' didn't I give it to you, an' didn't you drink it all?'

'Be this this and be that,' says he. 'But this is a nice how-do-you-do. It's that scowder,' says he, 'in the kitchen that's tricked ye again. An' be this an' be that,' says he, 'I'm goin' down now an' have his life.'

And when she heard how she had been tricked she was not a bit sorry to let him go and have Manas's life.

But Manas had been listening with his ear to the keyhole to hear what was going on, and when he heard this, and while the man was preparing to go down and take his life, he hauled in a calf and put it lying by the fireside where he had been lying and threw the cover over it.

When the old fellow and his woman got up in the morning early to go and bury the miller, they found the trick he had played on them, and they were in a pretty rage. But when breakfast was made this morning, and Donal and all of them sat down, I can tell you the old fellow was in no hurry saying grace, and Donal he got his hearty fill for once in his life anyhow, and so did he at night.

And when Donal was going back for home on Monday morning he leapt the mill race and Manas came out and gave him a cheer. He got Manas's both hands and he shook them right hearty.

And every Monday morning after, for the three years that the old fellow lived, Manas always saw Donal leap the mill-race as easy as a sparrow might hop over a rod. At the end of three years the old fellow died and Donal went to live on the farm altogether, and there was no friend ever came to see him that was more heartily welcomed than Manas the Miller.

A Town in the Air.

It would undoubtedly be a peculiar sensation to live on top of a mushroom. If the mushroom were of gigantic proportions and were planted so as to overhang the sea, the experience would be very similar to that of living in the town of Anconima, which is three miles south of the Mesa Encantada in Mexico.

The strange mushroom-like rock on which the town stands is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion, having overhanging sides nearly four hundred feet high. The top of the rock is comparatively level, and is about seventy acres in extent. It is indented with numerous great bays, and is notched with dizzy chasms. The greater portion of it overhangs the sea like an immense mushroom, and the strangest part of the affair is that it has a town on top.

The town belongs to a past civilization. It is one of the most perfect specimens of the pre-historic Puebloan architecture. With inconceivable labor this town in the air was built and fortified for the safety of its inhabitants. It was reached by a mere trail of toe-holes up the stem of the mushroom. The age of the town is not known, but it was already old in 1640, when the first explorers visited it and wrote an account of its wonders.

"Mighty Rich."

A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism.

Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I said: 'He is a man of means?' 'Well, sir,' the farmer replied, 'he hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich.'

'He has a great deal of land then?' I asked.

'No, sir, he hasn't got much land either but he's mighty rich.'

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained.

'You see, he hasn't got much money, and he hasn't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and isn't afraid of any body; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and every man's woman and child looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land, but he's a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants.'

Red Cheeks

and bright eyes are often, alas, signs of lung disease. Better secure the beauty of true health by using Adams's Botanic Cough Balsam for all lung troubles. 25c. all Druggists.

Did Not Belong To Me.

While Willie was sleeping his mother had curled his hair for the first time. As soon as he became awake she lifted him up before the looking glass.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed the little fellow quickly, 'let me get down and shake of the shavings.'

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Reggie—Mummy dear, this is Tommy Jones.

Mother (rather surprised)—Yes, dear, but I've seen Tommy before.

Reggie—But you said yesterday that I was the naughtiest boy you ever saw, so I brought Tommy.

BORN.

Digby, Aug. 20, to the wife of E. Bentley, a daughter.

Digby, Aug. 23, to the wife of Hallett Syds, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 14, to the wife of Geo DeMill, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 23, to the wife of Neil McKay, a son.

Cambridge, Aug. 16, to the wife of John Stewart, a son.

Sussex, Aug. 25, to the wife of James Hannah, a daughter.

Digby, Aug. 20, to the wife of B. W. Cousins, a daughter.

Kentville, Aug. 21, to the wife of Wm. Webster, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 20, to the wife of Hector Golden, a daughter.

North Sydney, Aug. 22, to the wife of Richard Dooley, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 18, to the wife of Capt. George Rodgers, a son.

North Sydney, Aug. 18, to the wife of Silvanus V. Whitely, a son.

Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 2, to the wife of William McLean, a daughter.

Mill brook, Maine, Aug. 5, to the wife of J. McMahon, a daughter.

Lanesburg, N. S., July 28, to the wife of Dr. R. H. Burrell, a daughter.

Fort Medway, Aug. 10, to the wife of Capt. Geo. S. Digby, a daughter.

Centerville, Kings, Aug. 19, to the wife of J. E. Kinsman, a daughter.

Clare Harbor, Aug. 1, to the wife of Thomas N. Nickerson, a daughter.

Mount Amos, Hants Co., to the wife of W. F. D. Bremner, of Chatham, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Cherry Brook, Aug. Aug. 21, by Rev. W. H. Wyo, York Co., N. S., by Rev. G. W. Foster, Dell Fugh to Laura Bart.

Fredericton, Aug. 18, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, A. Carr to Isabel Shanks.

Summerside, Aug. 18, by Rev. N. McLaughlin, W. Underhill to Jane Jack.

Georgetown, Aug. 14, by Rev. T. McJoull, A. Solter to Mary J. Lake.

Fredericton, Aug. 18, by Rev. F. D. Hartley, James Jones to Gussie Wilkins.

Clare, Aug. 16, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Colla Woodstock, Aug. 18, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Wm. Grass to Lizzie Redstone.

Pagwash, Aug. 22, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Miles Thompson to Mary Noble.

Mahone Bay, Aug. 18, by Rev. J. Feigins, C. A. Zwick to Margie B. S. Irver.

St. John, Aug. 29, by Rev. H. F. Waring, Henry Hallen to Sadie B. Milton.

North Sydney, Aug. 4, by Rev. Geo. F. Currie, Richard Burgess to Hannah Fenton.

Public Head, Aug. 13, by Rev. J. K. West, Ralph Brown to Leticia Hamilton.

Sydney, Aug. 9, by Rev. J. E. Forbes, Angus J. McLeod to Elsie E. Meach.

Fredericton, Aug. 18, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Robt. Dykmas to Rita Dykman.

New Glasgow, Aug. 18, by Rev. H. R. Grant, D. Austin to Lillian Stuart.

Campbellton, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Neil Smith to Margaret Hamilton.

White Bay, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. B. Daggett, Robert McLellan to Anna Acton.

Central Waterbury, Aug. 6, by Rev. Allan Stair, J. McFarlane to Mary D. Stair.

East Sydney, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, F. Nickerson to Sophia Anderson.

Summerside, Aug. 8, by Rev. N. McLaughlin, G. Thompson to Jennie Boyles.

Richmond, Aug. 9, by Rev. M. W. Brown, H. Hutch Crooby to Emma M. Durkee.

Baddeck, C. B., by Rev. D. McDougall, Robert McKenzie to Mary Nicholson.

Shag Harbour, Shelburne Co., July 24, Rev. Wm. Miller.
Guy bro Intervale, Aug. 1, Richard T. Hughes, 7 years.
Lakes Stream, Kent county, Aug. 18, Amanda F. Bragg 71.
New Germany, Lunenburg, Aug. 6, Alexander Hughes, 77.
Lorway Mines, Cape Breton, Aug. 18, Annie I. McLean, 27.
Mariboro, Maine, the only child of Fred and Clara Haines 8 mos.
North River, St. Ann's, Cape Breton, Aug. 8, Michael Bridgitt, 8.
St. John, N. B., Aug. 27th, of Paralysis of the glands, Charles E. son of William J. and Sadie G. Agate, 4 years.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, irregularities & ulcerations of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials and references to grateful women and endorse FOR FREE along with prominent physicians BOOK sent on application.

Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Short Line to Quebec

VIA MEGANTIC.

Lv. St. John 8.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Ar. Quebec 9.50 a. m. daily, except Monday.

IMPERIAL LIMITED

Ocean to Ocean in 116 Hours.

Knights of Pythias Meeting,

Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 27th to 1st. One fare for the round trip.

Summer Tours, 1900.

Send for booklet. Shall be glad to quote rates for special tours on application to

A. J. HEATH, D. F. A. C. P. R. St. John, N. B. or W. H. C. MACKAY, C. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert,

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lv. St. John at 7.00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby 9.45 a. m.
Returning leaves Digby daily at 2.00 p. m. ar. at St. John, 4.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lv. Halifax 6.25 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.25 p. m.
Lv. Digby 12.50 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.
Lv. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., ar. Digby 11.25 a. m.
Lv. Digby 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.20 p. m.
Lv. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 8.20 p. m.
Lv. Digby 8.40 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

FLYING BLUEHOSE.

Lv. Halifax 9.05 a. m., ar. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.
Lv. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at 4.00 p. m. Unseasoned cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Furber steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIPKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway!

On and after Friday 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton	6.30
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou	7.30
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	7.45
Express for Sussex	8.00
Express for Hampton	8.15
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11.45
Express for Halifax	12.25
Express for Halifax and Sydney	23.45

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sydney and Halifax	6.00
Suburban from Hampton	6.30
Express from Pictou	7.15
Express from Glasgow and New Glasgow	7.35
Express from Quebec and Montreal	11.50
Accommodation from Moncton	12.00
Express from Halifax	12.15
Express from Hampton	12.50

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B. June 18, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

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