

# PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8may98

VOL. XI., NO. 537.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CASEY MADE A BAD MISS

HIS MARKER ON THE RIFLE RANGE WAS TO BLAME.

The Halifax Riflemen Took Prompt Action When They Suspected They Were Being Done and Casey, the Regular, Lost His Big Prize.

HALIFAX, Aug. 23.—The provincial rifle men of Nova Scotia have just brought to a close their annual shooting competitions on Bedford range. Those events are always well contested and the riflemen take great interest there from the opening to the close. The meeting this year was a far greater success than those of previous years, but one regrettable feature occurred which is deplored by all of the militiamen who took part. The associations, competitions, and in fact all of its dealings have been above board and everything possible has always been done to keep matters straight, and make the affair as pleasant and satisfactory as could be. The cause of the trouble was the falsifying of the scores by a register keeper on the third day of the competitions when the "All comers match" was being shot. The like of this affair never before occurred on the range and to think that such a thing should come before their notice, at the most important meeting of the year, makes the marksmen one and all feel very indignant. The men who were keeping the registers were from the Leinster regiment and it was thought that they were above reproach. The regulars have always been employed to do this duty, and they always did it well. Among the competitors in the competition mentioned was Sergeant Casey of the Leinster regiment, and one of his men kept the register for him. While he was shooting there were several riflemen watching his shots, and when he had finished he had the fine score of 84 points to his credit out of a possible 85. Of course notice of this was taken at the time, and later on when the scores were posted up, it was found that Casey was the winner. This set the others thinking, and they well remembered that he had made a miss, so it was impossible for him to make the score he was credited with. Their suspicions at once became aroused, and they came to the conclusion that everything was not going as it should be, so a protest was at once drawn up, and handed in to the secretary against the awarding of the prize to Casey. This was a very serious matter in military etiquette, and one which required the most careful consideration from all concerned. The protest was placed before the executive body which has the power to deal with all matters of this kind, and a thorough investigation was held. The evidence of Sergeant Carter and of two members of the Royal Engineers was taken and it was to the effect that Casey did not make the score that was credited to him. Casey was then called in and informed of the finding of the executive officers. He protested ignorance on his part of anything wrong but as the evidence was overwhelming, he could not explain it away. The executive here let the matter drop, as it did not wish to have the trouble made public, because if it did Casey might be reduced when it was brought to the notice of the commanding officer, for being a party to such a mean affair. The register keeper, of course, vowed that his marking was correct but there were a dozen to one against him. One rifleman whispered it to another on the range, and soon everyone of them were made aware of what had taken place. All regretted that anything of the kind should have happened as they are honest sports, and go in to win by fair, and not by foul means every time. The prizes were presented the following day, and Casey stepped up to the front and got his like a little man. Since then affairs have taken another turn, and it is now stated that Casey intends bringing an action against his accusers for slander.

## HALIFAX SPORTS IN COURT.

They Appealed to the Magistrate to Settle a Little Bet.

HALIFAX, Aug. 24.—A case that has caused more than unusual interest was brought to trial before Stipendiary Fielding in the city civil court last week. The principals in it were George Hartlin, O. St. Kidston, and J. P. Hyde, better known as "Jud" the sport. All three are business men and are particularly well known throughout the city. The trouble all arose over a bet, and as they could not settle the affair mutually, it was decided to take it

into court, and give it an air of publicity. Kidston and Hyde are rival shop keepers, and it was while discussing the use of Trading stamps that the difference of opinion arose. Kidston made the statement that Hyde could be compelled to give his customers stamps whenever they made a purchase. Hyde argued to the contrary, and after debating the point for some time, Kidston said he would bet \$10 that his contention was right. Hyde asked to have the amount raised to \$20, and Kidston agreed to raise it for another \$20. They made arrangements to meet next day, and at the hour appointed both were on hand. Kidston did not have the money with him, so he put up his watch and chain against Hyde's \$20. George Hartlin was appointed referee and stakeholder, and the money and watch were placed in his hands. Kidston was to call the following day and redeem the watch by putting up the \$20 in cash. He put in an appearance on the day mentioned all right, but he did not have the money. Hyde here grasped the opportunity and made a bet of \$1 that Kidston could not get the money, and as he did not return again Hyde won the \$1 bet. An agreement, binding the bet was drawn up by Hyde but this document Kidston refused to sign without first obtaining the opinion of a lawyer as to its legality. The wager was made in May last and after some weeks elapsed, the stakeholder Hartlin, paid the money over to Hyde, as he considered that he had won it. He gave him \$40 in cash and kept the watch and chain himself, as Hyde did not want the jewellery. Since then Kidston called on Hartlin, and demanded the return of the watch, but he told Kidston that Hyde had won the bet and had given him the money in lieu of the watch and chain and kept the latter himself. Kidston threatened to take the matter to court, but Hartlin still refused to hand it over. Finally Kidston sued Hartlin for the amount of the watch and chain. The case has been tried and judgment reserved. While the evidence was being taken, there were large numbers in court principally sporting individuals, who are very much interested in the outcome.

## FISHWAYS MUST BE BUILT.

The Fishermen are Bound to see That the Mispec Stream is Protected.

If it is true that H. H. McLean has refused to sign the petition of the people against the construction of dams across the Mispec stream without fish ways, then the voters of Simonds and hundreds of anglers in this city will make it warm for the present representative for the county at the next election.

Messrs Mooney and Pulp Company they organized are building a pulp mill at the mouth of the Mispec. They want water



Theodule Poirer.

The first man tried for his life on the charge of murder at New Carlisle, Bonaventure Co. He fought about a girl and stabbed his rival in the neck, killing him almost instantly. Poirer is popular and the People don't want to see him hang.

power and they propose to build a dam on the same principle as that which was their before and which held the water which furnished the power for the Mispec woollen mills that went to ruin there some years ago. The men however who bought the property, the dam and the water privilege were told by the department of marine that they would have to put in a fish way or tear the dam down. They tore a portion of the dam down so the fish from the sea could obtain access to the great chain of lakes that the Mispec drained. The department carried out its plan and

placed large quantities of salmon spawn in the lakes and to day fish known as salmon trout can readily be caught in the Loch Lomond lakes and the Mispec drains.

Now however the pulp company wish to deprive these fish of their exit to the sea. They do not want to build fish ways a those in every part of the other province have to and they have had fishery inspectors and Prof. Prince out there to try and prove that the Mispec is not a stream that fish frequent. What nonsense! Let Prof. Prince go out to Loch Lomond and catch one of those four or five pound trout that the writer has

## HE FISHED ON SUNDAY.

BUT NOW HE'S RIGHT AFTER THE SUNDAY DESecRATORS.

Judge Forbes, When a Lawyer, Went to the Miramichi and Fished on Sunday—The Joke His Compatriots Played on Him—A Presbyterian Elder.

If his honor Judge Forbes had been upon the Steamer Victoria last Sunday, he would have enjoyed it exceedingly. True the morning was full of fog, so full in fact, that very many of the good people who look forward with delight to this mode



James Gordon Forbes, County Court Judge.

Who does not want St. John to have a continental Sabbath, but fished on the North Shore on Sunday himself.

seen and he will say at once that there are fish in those waters. The Mispec stream abounds with them and would make one of the great fishing centers in the province if properly provided with fishery.

So impressed were the Messrs. McGuire with this that when they sold their property to the pulp company they reserved the fishing rights. They reserved them under the law of the land which said that fish-ways must be built and which had made the former owners tear the dam down in order to provide the fish with exit to and entrance from the sea.

There are many land owners and hotel men along the lakes who will not see the fishing sport destroyed without an effort. Mr. Ellis will learn that there are fish in the Mispec stream, it is not protected by fishways, when he asks the electors to send him to Ottawa next time.

## TOOK THE JAG WITH THEM.

A Happening at a Recent Ball—Why They Were Ejected.

A disgraceful scene occurred at a select dance held here in the early part of the week in which two promising youths played a very unenviable part. They were among the invited guests and abused the hospitality they were enjoying by getting drunk. It wasn't an ordinary every day jag they got up, but a noisy, hilarious, one that made them a little difficult to deal with.

After playing what havoc they could in the gentlemen's dressing room, destroying hats etc., they made themselves conspicuous in the ball room. There however the chaperons acted with great promptness, and ordered the offending guests out. The latter couldn't see any reason why they should do so and just as promptly declined. Other aid was called and the young men were ejected but not before they had succeeded in frightening many of the ladies, and making a disgusting exhibition of themselves.

## Accidental Invitation Extended.

There are a good many of PROGRESS subscribers who are forgetful. Some of them have lost their memories for some time, so far as payment of their subscriptions go. Now this may be convenient for them but it is quite inconvenient for the publishers, who beg to extend the most cordial invitation to them to send in the subscription remittances.

of rest and nature worship decided that the steamer would not go. But thick fog in the south end often becomes thin mist at Indiantown and the two or three hundred who boarded the Victoria had the pleasure of seeing even this dispelled and vanish as the good steamer cleared the Narrows. The day was beautiful and the broad expanse of the river at Grand Bay almost as placid as the surface of a mirror. Freedom of the boat was given to all, and this excursion was as pleasant as could be imagined. Bellisle Bay was visited, a broad tributary of the St. John with which most of the people on board were unacquainted. It was new even to the captain, but a compe-



Professor Hesse.

The Providence organist who was injured so badly in the street railway accident—He was 36 years of age this month and promised to be one of the greatest musicians of the century.

tent man, acquainted with the channel, had charge of the wheel in his stead and the passage was made with ease and rapidity. The landing was made at Earle's wharf and the excursionists hurried on shore, not to find a place of any size but one of great attractiveness from a scenic point. Those who ascended the mountainous hill were well repaid when they reached the summit for the view for miles was one of the unequalled grandeur.

Going to church or staying at home may have been better than watching the beautiful and suggestive rainbows that seem to follow the Victoria as she steamed rapidly homeward, but those who gazed upon these

beauties of nature and promises of God could not keep being better men and women.

The Judge, however, will be interested in knowing that these Sabbath desecrators did not fish. Such gentlemen as James Manchester, J. deWolfe Spurr, Joseph Lively and Alderman Hamm when they go upon a Sunday excursion do not carry their fishing rods with them. Instead of that they enjoyed what was before them and did not think of disturbing the serenity of the finny tribe. There is where they differed from the judge, when, some years ago, he happened to be upon the North shore with some other gentlemen on a fishing excursion. Sunday proved to be among the days of their trip and the judge—he was not a judge then—was so much infatuated with the sport that he began to whip the stream. Now his friends, who were of a jocular turn of mind, thought what a good thing it would be if they could improvise some wardens and have Mr. Forbes taken into custody. They carried out their joke to perfection and the bogus game wardens catching the judge in the act of fishing on Sunday promptly arrested him. His distress was undoubted and the full enormity of his offence dawned upon him at once. To have the fact made public that he, a staunch and uncompromising presbyterian and an elder of the church, was discovered fishing on Sunday was certainly not to his taste. But all of his arguments proved futile. He was a prisoner for some time and preparations were being made to take him to some place of greater security when some one exploded the joke and the laugh passed around.

But is it any greater harm to sell soda water or cigars on Sunday than it is to fish. Here is a nice point of law.

## "DAVE" WAS ORDERED OUT.

And Had to Walk Two Miles With His Best Girl to the City.

"Dave" Macintyre, a bright young colored waiter in William Clark's restaurant, had an unpleasant experience last Sunday afternoon. After starting on a pleasant drive, the expense of which took no doubt a great part of his weeks wages, he and his companion, a girl friend—were ordered out of the wagon a little beyond the cemetery and had to walk back to town. According to Macintyre's story he hired the team from Walter B. Campbell's livery stable about half past two in the afternoon and paid two dollars in advance for it. Then he drove to the funeral of Fred Digge, and after that started to take his girl out the Marsh road for a drive. When just beyond the cemetery the occupants of a team coming in the Marsh Road stopped them. One of them proved to be Walter Campbell, the livery man who had hired the team to Macintyre. He ordered them out of the rig and gave it in charge of his companion who drove it into town. Before this was done, Macintyre offered to give him another dollar to be permitted to complete his drive or, if not, to turn the team around and drive back to the stable. But Campbell would not listen to these offers and turned them out. This was about half past five in the afternoon. Macintyre says that he had not taken a drink, that he was driving along slowly and quietly—much more so than the team which had stopped him—and that he had just passed his employer, who can prove what he says, when he met Campbell.

## Help The Boys Along.

There are a few places where PROGRESS is not sold. We want bright hustling boy agents to handle the paper on Saturday morning in these sections. They want require any capital to make a start outside of some brains and energy. This may not meet the eyes of the boys in the places where we want them but it will be read by subscribers in those towns and if any of them want to help a bright boy along refer him to us. We will make the terms right and give him a chance to earn enough to make him happier.

## Looking for Novelties.

Mr. H. G. Marr of the Parisian, this city, has Miss Kearns of his Moncton Millinery house now in New York looking carefully through the stores for the latest novelties and newest ideas in millinery. Mr. Marr is always up to the season's styles, and he finds that bringing a first-class New York milliner to the provinces meets with the success his enterprise merits. His milliner returns from New York the 1st. of September and his patrons may rely on something novel, pretty, and stylish from the fashion centre of America.

THEY RISE WITH THE SUN

WORKERS AND CHILDREN ARE AT WORK BEFORE SEVEN O'CLOCK.

The Place Where They Work and What it is Like—the Hours are Long and the Work Wearing—the Place Graphically Described by a Visitor.

If you are planning a journey, or a pleasure trip, my dear loving lady, you generally manage to arrange it so that you won't have to get up before your usual hour for rising, don't you? You don't like turning out at six o'clock, or earlier perhaps, even on a summer's morning, when the air is clear, pure and cool; before the rush, noise and hurry of the day begins; before a jostling throng of humanity fills the streets. You would rather push your way later through the great army of workers and bread winners even at a personal inconvenience than lose one hour of your morning's sleep. Sometimes though, just for the fun of it you get up at six o'clock—on a bright sunny morning of course—take a tramp while the air is still fresh and balmy, before every breeze is freighted with the thoughts, hopes and fears of the work-day world; or you take an invigorating spin on the latest high priced wheel, and you enjoy the novelty of it too; but as for getting up at that unearthly hour every morning, or even half a dozen mornings in succession, it is simply out of the question.

And yet there are women and little girls—hundreds of them—in this city who are hard at work long before the earliest riser has thought of getting up. Throughout the year in melting heat of summer or blinding storms of winter. They are right at their post ready for work when half past six o'clock comes round. All the forenoon they work, work on; no stops for friendly little chats or exchange of confidences are permitted; these must take place during the three quarters of an hour allowed for lunch, between twelve and one o'clock, noon. Then back to the long hours of toil again with never a pause till after six o'clock.

In one cotton factory in this city a very large number of women and children are employed, whose ages range from nine or ten years up to fifty years perhaps. Progress had a fancy to see this army of breadwinners begin its daily toil, and a few mornings ago was at the gates of the big building half an hour before they were opened. It was a pretty early hour too, but the place was beginning to show signs of life. The great chimneys sent forth volumes of thick black smoke. A window was opened here, and a door there; a watchman, or other employee, tucked his lunch can under his arm, gave a last glance around to see that he was leaving everything in proper order for the man that would take his place and went away to well earned rest; a woman moved to and fro in the offices setting things in order for the staff of clerks who would begin their labors in two or three hours; and a few workmen straggled up at intervals and seated themselves on the steps for a smoke and chat over the happenings in their own especial world. Pretty soon the gates were unlocked, the hoarse throated whistles sounded their first call, and the men, women, and children who eke out a living in the factory began to appear on the scene. They came singly and in groups of two and three. Among them women who had left youth behind. Prematurely old women with harrassed, care hardened faces and a weary indifference to everything but the hard fact of trying to keep body and soul together, and perhaps supply others dear to them with the barest needs of life, out of their small earnings. There were others, younger women, whose faces wore a defiant reckless expression; there was in some cases an utter indifference to personal appearance, though of course their work is not the cleanest in the world. There were little girls of possibly not more than nine or ten years old who walked quietly along beside their grown up companions. On the little faces there was no trace of soft childish coloring or expression, and no happy light beamed in the restless roving eyes. Life is opening sadly indeed for these little ones, and already its shadows are falling thickly along their way, hushing sweet laughter and bending little shoulders to the earth. The mite they earn, small as it is, is an absolute necessity in some home though, and the children face the inevitable with a courage that is pathetic in the extreme.

Many of the female employees walk a long distance, some coming two or three miles, which means getting up between four and five o'clock, but as a rule they are on hand when the day's work begins. In all kinds of weather they trudge back and forth, the severest snow storms hardly ever keeping them at home. There is no system of docking practised on the hands, most of them doing piece work, but no lost moments can

be made up. There are between one hundred and fifty and two hundred men and boys employed around the factory, among them many sturdy little chaps, neat in appearance and with bright intelligent faces.

To the visitor there is a great deal of interest in a visit to the different parts of the establishment and in watching the big and intricate machinery at work. The great bins of raw cotton stand ready to be put through the various processes, great downy rolls are wound smoothly around numerous cylinders, and in the looms webs of shaker flannel are nearing completion. Busy hands move back and forth and everybody gives his or her work the attention it requires. Fingers fly with almost lightning rapidity in their work of counting a seemingly countless number of threads. Absolute care is necessary in knotting ends. It would hardly seem as if the way one little knot was tied would make much difference to the gigantic machinery, but it does. It has the power to disarrange things generally and then the mistake is traced back to the worker who made it. In one long room the men and boy discard their boots because, in their paces they cover miles in the course of a day, and the feet are more rested by being left bare.

The different departments are beautifully clean and orderly, and the work moves along with the regularity of clock work. The noise of the machinery fills the building and at the close of a tour the visitor usually emerges with tired eyes and aching head, the effect of the glitter, and the deafening whirr and buzz. The factory hands work through it all day long until after six o'clock in the evening, when they leave it for the outer world and the limited recreations their sphere affords.

IT'S ODD ABOUT GEESSE.

They Can't Stand a Rainstorm When Thrifty, Says an Old Poultryman. 'Geese are peculiar,' said an old poultry salesman in Manhattan Market. 'Put them out in a rainstorm when they have a good thirst on, and they are liable to die. About ten years ago I was engaged by a firm to go out through the West to buy live geese and chickens. I bought about ten carloads, put them in crates, and started East. The geese were in the crates nearest the floor of the open car—that's the regular way to ship them—and on top of them were piled the chicken crates.

'We got about ten miles from St. Joseph, Mo., when the load on one of the cars sagged, and the whole pile of crates was spilled on the track. In piling the crates on again the geese were placed on top. I knew I was taking chances, because a rainstorm meant death to the geese, but there didn't seem to be any storm in sight, and I thought we could make St. Joseph and shift the load there. The train had only gone a short distance when a storm came up so suddenly that the rain was falling almost as soon as the clouds were noticed. The geese had been without water for some hours, and the moment they felt the rain they were stretching their necks through the openings between the slates and holding their bills open to catch the drops. Well, I got an old coat and laid it over as many of the crates as I would cover, so as to save as many as possible. Then I got a switch and tried to force the others to keep their heads inside the crates. They didn't mind the switch very much, and I had to give each one four or five good hits before it would pull in its head, and when I started on a new head the old one would pop up again. When we got into St. Joseph it was still raining, and every goose in the top crates, with the exception of those under the coat, was dead. Whether they died from drinking too much or from drinking while their necks were in an unnatural position I do not know, but every man who has handled live geese knows that a thirsty goose in a rainstorm in a crate is as good as dead. I've never told of this peculiarity about geese without being doubted, but you just ask any poultryman if it isn't true.

THE INDULGENT FATHER.

An Account of one That Col. Calliper Knew in Stormville Centre, Vt. 'Speaking of indulgent fathers,' said Col. Calliper, reminds me of an old friend of mine named Sils Zingtock who formerly lived in Stormville Centre Vt. Once when his little son Rufus wanted very much to fly a kite, at a time when he was not well enough to be permitted to go out, Mr. Zingtock rigged up a contrivance whereby the youngster's desire could be gratified in the house. He set up a blower in the back parlor, belted it to an engine in the cellar below, and when everything was all ready he started the fan and produced a current of air that was ample to float a kite.

'It was great fun for young Rufus to sit in the back parlor and fly his kite in the front, and for a time everything went all right, but on an unfortunate day Rufus not satisfied with the amount of wind the fan was blowing, undertook to make it blow harder, which is something that Mr. Zingtock had expressly forbidden. It seems that the blower and the

boiler and machinery were all much larger than were needed to produce a breeze sufficient to float a kite here, but Mr. Zingtock, who, though rich, was also thrifty, had had a chance to buy this plant of smaller size would have cost, and so he took it and had it set up, and every morning he used to adjust it so that it would not go above a certain speed and several times he had cautioned his son never to touch it. 'About one minute after Rufus did touch it on this morning when he wanted it to blow harder, the big fan was going at a gait that set up a hurricane in the parlors. It blew the kite against one of the windows and broke that the first thing, and within a minute the pictures were off the walls and their frames smashed, tables were upset, bric-a-brac was knocked into finders, and the whole parlor was a wreck, with the big blower going at top speed, and churning everything there into fragments and blowing the debris out of the windows.

That ended the father's indulgence.

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.

A Father who Seeks to Enlighten his Son on a Small Point. There is a certain man who by the sweat of his brow—in summer time—earns his bread as a Government official with an office in the big State, War and Navy building. He also earns bread for a wife and three lively children and a servant, who manages to carry a slice of pie along home with her bread about three evenings in the week. But that is the cook's privilege always.

This official has a son aged 18, who is very nearly as sharp as the father thinks himself to be, especially in those things that everybody ought to know and not one person in a dozen does know. About three times a week the father comes to the office loaded with some new information which he seeks to impart to his fellow clerks by the inductive method. That is, he induces them to show how little they know, then he springs it on them. His strong point is words and their pronunciation, and he thinks he is an authority.

The other evening while he was entertaining three or four of his office friends at a small supper the eldest boy spoke up from the far end of the table: 'Say, pop,' he inquired 'how do you pronounce N-e-w-o-n-e?' and the youth spelled it slowly.

'I presume,' replied the father, with the courage of his convictions, 'that it is an Indian name, and by the rule I would pronounce it Ne-wo-ny.'

But that isn't the way,' dissented the boy. 'The father was never more surprised in his life.

'I don't quite see how it would be up-omous any other way,' he said, with a mild air of offended intelligence.

'What's the matter of pronouncing it new one?' inquired the boy, with a loud irreverent ha ha, and the blow almost killed his father.—Washington Star.

A Beautiful Sight.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama. Where they come from or whither they go no one knows, and though many distinguished naturalists have attempted to solve the problem, it is still as strange a mystery as it was to the first European traveller who observed it. Toward the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered fluttering out to sea, and as the days go by the number increases, until about July 14 or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 85 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cent extra for every additional line.

BICYCLE THIS YEAR'S "MASSEY-HARRIS," FOR SALE. A 1908 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the cover having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$70.00. Will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 28 inch frame and handomely enameled and nickle-plated. Address communication to "Bicycle" Progress Office.

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**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A musical treat is in store for St. John in the near future. I am informed that on October 18 and 14 local music lovers will have the pleasure of hearing Gwyn Miles, a baritone of note who is to be one of the leading soloists at the Worcester Musical festival. Mr. Miles is a cousin of Evan Williams and has won much fame for himself in the United States.

Tones and Undertones.

Sombrich is in Dresden.

Melba earned \$250,000 1st season There was a time when she was paid 62 cents a night in Australia.

A new tenor has appeared in Paris, Hans by name. He took first prize at the Conservatoire in 1897, has made a successful debut at the Opera as Rhodamein in 'Aida.' He is the son of a French General of artillery, and was himself destined for the army.

The cast of 'Cendrillon,' M. Massenet's new opera, to be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, is as follows: Pandolphe, M. Fugere; Le Roi, M. Dubosc; Cendrillon, M. J. Guiraudon; Madam de la Haltiere, Madam Deschamps-Jehin; La Fiancee, Madam Brejean Gravier; Le Prince Charmant, M. Mlle, Emelin, and Noemie, M. Mlle, Tiphaine.

James Davis ('Owen Hall'), author of 'A Gaiety Girl,' 'An Artist's Model,' 'The Geisha,' and 'A Greek Slave,' has severed his connection with George Edwardes and with Daley's Theatre, London differences having arisen between the librettist and some of the leading artists in the company.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie will write the incidental music for 'Richard II.' for Sir Henry Irving's production. Sir Alexander has also decided to set a new opera libretto on the subject of 'The Cricket on the Hearth.'

Learnmont Drysdale's new romantic comic opera 'Red Spider' has begun its career with every prospect of success. The libretto by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, is a clever adaptation of his own novel of the same name. The music, throughout full of charming and catchy melody, in some places rises in dramatic intensity to the heights of grand opera.

Lottie Collins has appeared in London in a new musical comedy, 'The White Blackbird.' There is a troupe of seaside minstrels known as the 'The White Blackbirds,' and the hero is one of these, while as Nelly Catchpole, the frisky Collins represents a circus queen.

London novelties are a musical play, 'Black and White,' a romantic military drama, 'The Gordon Highlanders,' George R. Sims' comic opera, 'The Dandy Fifth,' a musical farce, 'Bilberry of Tilbury, or the Lady Detective,' and a farce, 'Naughty Rosina.'

The new musical comedy by Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter is entitled 'Orlando Dando,' and concerns a busy barber, Orlando is a nineteenth century edition of Beaumarchais' Figaro, and manages an intrigue or armour as neatly as he dresses a toupee, Sir Gregory Gargoyle and his two misadventurous sisters, Marie and Betty, keep an 'unconventional convent school' for the protection of eligible young ladies against the fortune-hunter, but the inevitable Yankee millionaire and the real live English lord both turn up.

Plunkett Green will go to Germany in October to appear at one of Mr. Nikisch's Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig and at an orchestral concert with the Dresden Hofkapelle.

A speaking likeness of Wilhelm Gericke, the new conductor at the Symphony orchestra, adorns the cover page of the current issue of the Musical Courier.

Miss Blanche Marchesi, daughter of the

**MOTHERS**

Read What CUTICURA REMEDIES Have Done for Skin-Tortured Babies.

My little sister had cow-pox. She suffered terribly. Tried everything, no good. Scabs came off with her clothes, she was raw all over. CUTICURA SOAP cured her in three weeks. Mrs. ELIZA ROYE, 1219 4th St., Wash., D. C. Our little boy had Eczema in the most horrible state. His face was full of scabs, and parts of the flesh were raw. We used CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA (ointment), and in one week he was as good as ever. Mrs. J. C. FRESSE, 360 So. 1st St., Brooklyn. I noticed a very red roughness on my boy's face. Doctors did no good. After using one box and a half of CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, he is entirely cured. Mrs. W. G. LOVE, 1912 Wilder St., Phila., Pa.

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world famous vocal teacher, has been engaged for an American tour beginning with the new year.

Emil Sauer will be the first sensation of the season proper. He will introduce himself to the American public in New York with the Beethoven "Emperor" concert.

The report that Jean de Reszke would not sing in any of the Wagner roles during the coming season of opera in this country is contradicted. He will not devote himself to the Wagnerian repertoire exclusively but will be heard in 'Lohengrin,' 'Meister-singer,' 'Gotterdammerung' and probably 'Tristan and Isolde.'

Mme. Nordica has promised Frau Wagner to sing Eva in the 'Meistersinger,' at Bayreuth next year.

Mme. Emma Eames has been specially commended for her tasteful dresses in her recent London operatic impersonations. They were designed, it is said, by her husband, the sculptor, Julia Story.

M. B'zet, the son of the composer of 'Carmen,' was the involuntary cause of a serious accident at Trouville the other day, writes the London correspondent of the Musical Courier. 'While driving a motor car along a hilly and winding road, on turning a sharp corner he came suddenly upon a private carriage. Though he managed to turn his machine aside to avoid a collision, the horse shied violently, upsetting the carriage and its occupants, one of whom, a lady, sustained concussion of the brain and died shortly afterward.'

The name of the opera in which Jeff De Angelis is to appear has been changed from 'The Musketeers,' to 'The Jolly Musketeer.' The season opens at Springfield Sept 26.

De Wolf Hopper opens his season Aug 29 at Montreal with his new Sousa Klein opera, 'The Charlatan.' The scene is laid in Russia in the 18th century.

Rudolph Aronson has just completed arrangements with Charles A.E. Harris, manager of Dan Godfrey's British Guards Band, for an American tour of that famous organization during the coming season. The coming tour, which will be in the nature of a farewell for Mr. Godfrey, will open in New York the latter part of October, thence to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Boston. In the latter city the band will participate in a peace festival which will recall in a measure the triumphs of Mr. Godfrey and his Grenadier Guards Band in that city in 1872, where they were such a prominent feature in the World's Peace Jubilee, which the late P. S. Gilmore conducted at that time. After this engagement the principal cities will be visited West to San Francisco, no return visits booked for any city, and the American tour will close on the Pacific coast, after which the band sails for Australia and other portions of the British Empire in the Far East.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The Opera House has been occupied by the Joseph Greene Company, and very good audiences have been the rule. The organization is a strong one and a varied repertoire presented with Nick of the Wood. A matinee performance of My Wife's Friend will be given this afternoon and the engagement will close this evening with Nick of the Woods.

The Miles Stock Company spent Wednesday evening in the city, and the various members were warmly greeted by friends.

They are playing in Woodstock this week and next week they go to Frederickton, after which engagement they return here, opening with a Labor Day matinee. The members of the company are all looking well and report an especially pleasant and successful tour of Nova Scotia.

Negotiations are pending which may result in Lewis Morrison and his spectacular production of Faust being one of the prominent attractions in Paris during the World's Exposition in 1900, so says New York dramatic papers.

Rome has a Duse theatre. Mansfield was a dry good's clerk. Alice Atherton's daughter is on the stage.

Louis Parker is engaged on a new romantic play.

John Oliver Hobbes has written a new one-act piece entitled "A Repentance."

Belle Archer is going to star this season in the title role of Hoyt's farce, "A Contented Woman."

Theophile Gautier's "Captain Fracasse" is to be made into a play by Justin Huntley McCarthy.

Mr. John Hare will begin his new season at the London Globe Theatre with Mr. Pinero's latest whimsical comedy.

"On Land and Sea," one of the new spectacular dramas, contains a ship-wreck and a thrilling machine sensation.

George Sims' new melodrama Gypsy Earl, will be produced in London next

week. The scenes are the Frambourne Arms, the edge of the wood, the King's hedges, the gardiner's cottage, the ruins of Frambourne Abbey, a riverside cottage, and near Hampton Court.

Charles Wyndham will be seen first at the Criterion next season in a play of mediæval life by Henry Arthur Jones.

"Daughters of the Poor" is the catchy title of a new comedy drama of the various phases of life in Greater New York.

Julia Arthur's repertoire for the coming season will comprise "As You Like It," "Ingomar," and "A Lady of Quality." She will open her season at Detroit on October 1.

Cora Tanner and Isabelle Evesson will play parts of equal value in 'Devil's Island,' which James H. Wallick is to present in. The piece is founded on the case of Captain Dreyfus.

The 'Belle of the West,' an American drama by Colonel Bruce, better known as 'Arizona Joe,' was recently produced at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin.

Sarah Bernhardt is soon to produce the three-act tragedy entitled "Medee," which has been written specially for her by M. Catulle Mendes. She is said to be quite enthusiastic about the play since the poet read it to her, and delighted with the grand role he has prepared for her. The only Sarah has also secured M. Richepin's new piece, "Cascarillo." Ever since "Lorenzaccio," Sarah fancies men's roles. In 'L'Aiglon' she will appear in the white tunic of the Duc de Reichstadt. She is now tempted by the buff leather doublet of the young adventurer, Cascarillo.

The new London Prince of Wales' piece is entitled "Miss Violet," and it deals with the fortunes of a man who marries an actress against the wishes of his friends. Willie Edwin will impersonate an actor of the old school.

The full cast of "The Termagant," to be produced in London next week has now been settled. The chief parts will fall to Murray Barron, who will play Rodrigo of Triana, the hero, and Miss Nethersole, who will be Beatrix of Moya.

Annie Russell has been the guest of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett at Surrey, Eng. since the close of her London season. She sailed for America Wednesday on the Teutonic and her season under Charles Frohman's management begins in October.

Marie Wainwright will continue under Jacob Litt's management this season, and will tour the South in 'Shall We Forgive Her?' and 'East Lynne.'

Julia Auther's season opens October in Detroit and she goes to Wallace's theatre New York, Oct. 31. Her repertoire this season will include 'As You Like It,' 'A Lady of Quality' and 'Ingomar.'

Jessie Millward will make her debut in New York as leading lady of the Empire Stock company in the title role of 'Phroso' late in the autumn. She will tour with the company in 'The Conquerors.'

**NEW YORK'S NEW BRIDGE.**

To Be the World's Most Remarkable Piece of Engineering.

Mr. J. S. Clarkson, formerly of Iowa and now of New York, is in Washington arranging with the chief of engineers and the secretary of war the final details of the regulations for the construction of the new bridge across the Hudson river at the City of New York. This bridge is to be the most remarkable work of engineering ever undertaken, and will cost about \$18,000,000. The main arch will have a span of 2,800 feet. According to the original plans it was to have been 3,200 feet, but the span was shortened by the order of the chief of engineers and caused a reduction of \$7,000,000 in the cost of the bridge.

The largest bridge built up to date is across the Frith of Forth in Scotland, which cost about \$17,000,000, but although the Hudson river bridge will be very much larger, the expense of such work has been materially lessened within the last few years by the reductions in the price of materials and labor and by the invention of methods which multiply the productive capacity of men. A single man with a dredging machine or a hoisting apparatus can now do as much with the aid of one engineer and a fireman as could have been done by 250 ordinary workmen a few years ago. This economy of construction has been experienced on the sanitary canal in Chicago in a degree equally remarkable. The Hudson river bridge would undoubtedly have cost \$80,000,000 if it had been built five years ago.

The bridge company has bought a tract of real estate in the heart of New York city, just above Forty-second street, for the passenger terminus of the bridge, and there will be a gradual rise in the approach from that point to the main structure, which will cross the river near Fifty-ninth street, at a height sufficient to clear the top-mast of an ordinary ship. The freight traffic will be handled upon an elevated

road, which will follow the river line and touch all of the docks down West street from Forty-first street to the Battery, so that every wharf on the Hudson river side of New York will be reached directly by the terminal line, and loaded cars can be hoisted to the elevated tracks and lowered by machinery. There has been a great deal of alarm of late because New York is losing its export trade, which is going to Baltimore, Newport News, Brunswick, Ga., Hoboken and other points on the Atlantic coast where better and cheaper facilities are offered. But the new bridge, with the conveniences and economy it will offer, is expected to redeem the reputation of the metropolis in the export trade. All of the railways coming into New York and others that may be constructed are to enjoy equal facilities on the bridge. It will be built by an independent corporation, and by its charter is required to haul the cars of all roads at the same rates.—N. Y. Sun.

**WHAT IS IN LAUNDRY SOAP.**

Sunlight Soap is Tested and the Result Stated.

Writing in the American Journal of Health Dr. S. J. Martin speaks as follows regarding the manufacture and adulteration of laundry soaps.

If any people cling to the idea that the question of purity in laundry soap is of minor importance the sooner they think otherwise the better. And if [the] person who is careless about laundry soap happens to be a housekeeper, then so much the worse for others, as well as for herself. Indeed, this journal hesitates not for one instant to assert that neglect in the selection of soap for the laundry is productive of some of the most serious evils against which the hygienic and sanitary press is ever waging an uncompromising and remorseless warfare.

Laundry soap is variously adulterated with such ingredients as starch, silex and chalk, in order that certain effects may be produced which deceive the housekeeper and give the appearance of merit where none exists, is a fact very familiar to the analytical chemist. But what the consumer most needs is advice as to the soaps which are not adulterated and so can be trusted to give the best results. To supply such information the American Journal of Health is constantly examining laundry soaps and sifting the good from the bad. One of our latest chemical tests was undertaken in the case of "Sunlight Soap," offered by Lever Bros., Limited, of New York city. We find that this soap is composed of first-class ingredients, that it does not contain the smallest percentage of adulterative admixture, and that in practical use it will conduce to economy and the saving of labor, as it possesses cleansing properties in the highest possible degree.

It is a mistake to suppose that the skin is affected only by toilet soap; inferior laundry soaps also induce cutaneous diseases, their impure and deleterious qualities being communicated to the skin through the clothing and other articles of linen wear, etc. No one is safe from the possibility of attack by cutaneous disease if his clothing, his handkerchiefs, his table napkins are washed with adulterated soap, or that which is composed of lowgrade materials. The substance of a laundry soap fit to use must be pure as "Sunlight Soap" has proved, upon our analysis of it, to be. We made our tests upon ordinary samples offered in the markets for general sale to all comers, and were, and are now, completely independent in our judgement, and in no degree whatever biased or influenced by any purpose other than the elicitation of the facts. It is because the facts warrant it that we bestow our endorsement upon "Sunlight Soap" as an article which will secure to housekeeper absolute immunity from the deadly perils inevitably accompanying the use of any soap which is not the best.

**The Deacon's Ante-Nuptial Compact.**

A curious document was filed in the Hampshire county registry of deeds at Northampton, being an agreement between Fordyce Whitmarsh of Easthampton and A. Minerva Cleveland of Plainfield, which records some premarriage arrangements concerning the rights of ownership of property after marriage. The conditions of the instrument are as follows:

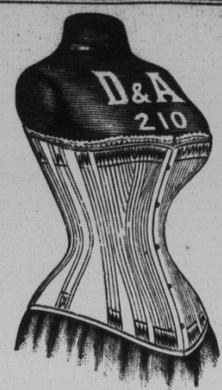
"All real and personal estate shall remain the separate property of the party owning the same, to the same extent as when married.

"Property acquired by either party shall remain the property of the person acquiring the same.

"Each party can manage or dispose of the property without consulting the other.

"The said Whitmarsh will pay the said Cleveland during the first five years of their marriage fifty cents per week for her personal use.

"Five years from the date of their marriage he will pay to his wife the sum of \$500, or, in case of the death of either party, it will be payable from or to the estate of the deceased.



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"After five years the husband is to pay his wife \$1,500 per week."  
Mr. Whitmarsh is an old resident of Easthampton. He is seventy years old and has always lived a quiet life. He is deacon of the First Church and a man of considerable property, owing to frugal habits and long years of economy. He has been twice married, his second wife having been dead about two years.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

**So They Escape.**

"If I were taking a house having a side entrance to it, I should take particular care to find out who lived close handy."

The assertion was made by a detective, and he proceeded to explain his meaning. 'Evil-doers who rent a house,' said he, 'very commonly look out for one that offers a good chance of escape, irrespective of the front door. A favourite position is in the middle of a long block, with a garden backing upon another having a side entrance. You can quite see that, supposing a raid is made upon the house from the front, the inmates may escape by running down the garden, scaling the wall, and getting away by the side entrance of the other garden.'

'Side doors, as you know, very seldom have locks. They are usually provided with catches and bolts, easily undone from the inside.'

**The Dean's Restriction.**

If the English Ecclesiastical Gazette reports correctly, eminent English divines are not above a little fooling, of a scriptural tenor, of course.

The dean of the Chapel Royal was one day seated in the Synod Hall, at Dublin, when a scent-bottle, falling from the strangers' gallery, happened to alight upon his somewhat bald cranium. Rising from his chair, he asked permission to make a personal explanation.

'My lord primate,' he said, 'I am always glad to see strangers at our debates, and I feel especially honored by the presence of women. But—here he held up the scent-bottle—'let not their precious balms break my head.'

**A Royal Flask.**

George Boniface, jr., of "What Happened to Jones," has a flask given to an actor by the Duke of Clarence who died a few years ago and who was the affianced husband of Princess May of Teck, who is now the wife of Clarence's brother, the Duke of York and the future queen of England. The Princess May had the flask made for her fiance and he in turn, gave it to a well known English actor, since dead. Through the son of this actor, Boniface obtained the flask. The flask is particularly handsome being engraved and chased and bearing the royal arms of England.

'Pennywiggle tells me that his wife helped him to get out his last volume of verses. I didn't know she was literary.' 'She's not. All she did was to persuade her father to stand the expenses of the publication.'

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Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUG 27th.

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OUR CONTINENTAL SABBATH.

The subject of Sabbath desecration was touched upon by his honor, Judge FORBES at the opening of the county court this week. He told the twenty four citizens who compose the grand jury that it was a part of their duty to indict any official whom they did not consider was carrying out his duty, but at the same time he took occasion to compliment the chief of police and those under him upon their activity in reporting cases of Sabbath desecration. In this connection it is worth noting that the police have noticed a few people selling cigars on Sunday and one unfortunate druggist selling soda water. Upon their reports of these violations the compliment of his honor depends. If Judge FORBES was as unprejudiced and fair minded in this Sabbath desecration business as he is in most matters that come before him he would not contend that the reporting of cigar dealers and soda water sales was the entire duty of the chief of police. It is his fear for this good city is that its Sabbath may become continental in character then why should he not advocate the stoppage of the street cars. If everything but "works of necessity and mercy" is to be prohibited, then there is no need for the ferry boat to ply between the East and West side so long as the suspension bridge spans the river. It is very nice to have fruit for dessert on Sunday but because the boat arrived too late on Saturday night the necessity of delivering it on Sunday morning is not apparent! It is a crime to sell a glass of soda water on Sunday it is equally wrong to drink it. Who will say that drug stores must keep open on the Sabbath to fill prescriptions alone? They are not compelled to do so and the inconvenience and danger of their closing can be readily imagined if they combine to resent this needless prosecution.

That this is a quiet, moral, well conducted city on the Sabbath is apparent to every one who lives in it. Its habits are not "continental" and his honor the judge knows they are not, nor are they in danger of becoming so. Amusement resorts are unknown in St. John on Sunday. Even lectures, concerts—rarely given though—are always of a sacred character. To attend church and Sunday school, to walk to the park or cemetery, to enjoy the fresh air in an open street car—while, perhaps, smoking a desecration cigar—to view the noble St. John and the natural beauty that God has endowed it with, are the principal pursuits of St. John people on Sunday. Surely there is nothing wrong in them.

PHASES OF QUARRELING.

When the stress and pain of quarreling come in it is when the argument ranges round a subjective matter. If your friend's mode of life does not please you, or you think there is something lacking in his bearing towards you, then is the opportunity for a quarrel which leaves traces behind it. Take the case of your fellow-companion—the man you have known for the best part of your life, and with whom you are, let us say, sharing rooms. You will be model personsages if you do not now and again break out into disputes which, for the moment, seem as if they would create a real breach in your friendship. Your friend seems, as you will express it, to be growing "casual." He appears to be much more mindful of his interests than of yours—an unpardonable sin. He exhibits boredom when you wish to discuss a most important matter in your own affairs. He will not allow his plans to fall in with yours, but, whatever your proposal, he seems ready to thwart it by counter-proposals. You feel in a mood for a walk; he refuses to be taken out. You particularly wish to have an evening in for the purpose of a chat; he insists that he has an engagement to which he must at-

tend. In short, you feel that you are out of harmony, and that the fault is his. It invariably is. You meet the situation by saying nothing. It would be merely playing into his hands to show that his mood disturbed you, since you are well assured that he has it in mind to annoy you. So you assume—oh, puerile assumption!—"don't-care-a-little-bit" air, and meet his refusals, his counter-plans, and his assertions with a studied politeness which you imagine bears the stamp of indifference. Your words are words of calmness, of absolute carelessness, but your fixity of features shows to the most superficial observer that you are on the simmer. If you separate shortly, the storm remains pent up, and when you next meet you barely speak, or speak only with a forced cold civility which betrays a sullen mind. If, on the other hand, you continue for some little time in each other's society, the chances are that the storm breaks. Human nature proves too strong for you, and you work yourself up to a sufficiently strong pitch to hurl at your friend's head a piece of choice sarcasm which you imagine will be a knock-down blow, from which he will arise humble and apologetic, acknowledging his faults and begging you to overlook them. Fool that you are, if he has anything like the same spirit as yourself, you might as well try to subdue a bull by flaunting a red rag in its face! Sarcasm, unworthy as it is, is a fine stimulant to the one against whom it is leveled, and is sure to produce a very elegant sparring match—in polite terms, no doubt, as befits your up-bringing, but with good hard hits which would knock down an unequal antagonist.

A hot dispute between two men of education and polish affords as fine a display of art as a prize-fight. Either has its disgusting side, but it has also its brilliant side. You must be as fully in condition for a battle of words as for a battle of fists. Your mind has to be fully alive, for the battle is over when you are no longer ready with a happy retort. The tu quoque blow is altogether discredited in polite quarreling. It is devoid of imagination, and it must be remembered that you are pitting your imagination against another's. Some of the blows fall feebly. It is true, but most of them are well directed, and would sting if they got home. When you descend to "You're another!" and "So do you!" you are merely on a level of vulgar dispute, which is a simple trial of lungs and is often a prelude to the final arbitration of fists. But an angered mind well-trained and always on the alert, shows some pretty bits of work in its bout with another mind of equal calibre. Blow for blow is the form of defence; and it is a sign of waning power when one of the disputants begins to hark back to his original moves, and, as it were, tries to play the game over again.

The effect of these word-contests on different temperaments is remarkable. Some will abandon the delicate weapons of sarcasm at an early point and take up the cudgels of solid abuse. Some will be easily provoked to consider the matter not to be settled except by a trial of physical strength; while others will remain calm throughout, and administer blows more telling in proportion to the calmness. There are those who will exhibit the most violent passion, and ten minutes afterwards will be as serene and forgetful of what has happened as though their mind had never been ruffled. Others will let the offence sink deep into their heart, and be unable to rid themselves of the poison, which they carry about in their minds for days. Indeed some will carry it for ever—not actively, but as a cumulative poison, which is added to that engendered by the next offence on the part of the same person.

In any circumstances however the open quarrel is the best. It is equally desirable to live at peace with all men, and not to allow one's harmony to be disturbed by trivial occurrences over which any third person could laugh. Yet, when we feel our pride or dignity assailed human nature makes most of us hit out in one form or another. Here and there are those who seem absolutely to be possessed of the secret of the soft answer which turneth away wrath, though in many cases a soft answer absolutely jars on the nerves of one who is spoiling for a fight. If however nature has given us something of a disputative nature, we need not think we are doing great things if we allow our quarrel to take the form of sullen estrangement instead of a face-to-face encounter. There is in a good quarrel that which clears the air. If the air does not need clearing, so much the better. But those are rare lives into which no storms come; and when it is hovering about and rendering itself oppressive we do not care how soon it breaks. It may pass over; but, if one has not the art to brush it away, but nurse it instead, it is better far that it should be fought out sharp and short. It is like the

good old fashioned surgical remedy of blood-letting. It leaves you a bit weak immediately afterwards, but you feel all the fresher later on.

With a grant of \$5,000 from the local government and a small amount from the city of St. John the exhibition this year should not be associated with the word "deficit." We note however that new buildings are being erected, the necessity for which must have been very marked else the directors would not have gone to such expense. It is quite true that the provincial grant is associated with conditions which indicate in what direction a portion of the prize money shall be placed, but all of it will be spent in some way on the exhibition. There has been fault finding and a great deal of criticism with the management in the past and a great deal, if not all of it, was deserved, but to day Mr. EVERETT is still in charge and we understand the directorate have signified their approval of his past management by a substantial increase in salary. No one will pretend to say that the present manager of the exhibition has not had a fair chance to show his ability in that direction, and it only seems reasonable to assume that his future in this particular will depend quite largely upon the failure or success of the show this year.

The prohibition campaign is going along quietly. No one seems to be unduly excited. There is not much doubt that all the provinces will vote in its favor except probably Quebec. Many a man who takes three drinks a day will vote for prohibition not because he believes it can be enforced, for he will have his three drinks just the same, but in order that he may not stand in the way of a possible restriction upon the man who cannot stop at three drinks a day.

A Lady Speaks Her Mind.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: "The manager of the Opera House wishes to thank those ladies who are considerate enough to remove their hats during the performance, thus caring for the comfort of those occupying seats behind them. The above notice has been appearing on the opera house programmes lately, and to me as well as to hundreds of others who attend the theatre it has a decidedly fresh sound. I don't mean the word in a slang sense at all, but there is something so generally unique and funny about it, when one thinks of the many discomforts to which lady patrons of the house are subjected. To my way of thinking the high hat nuisance is the least of them. As a rule ladies wear small hats to the theatre now; though I sat behind one not long ago of immense proportions, it wasn't half so annoying as being obliged to rise up half a dozen times during the evening to allow three or four men to pass in and out whenever the lady asked them. The other night I attended a performance of "Jed by The Enemy" and it seemed to me I never saw so much confusion, so much running in and out before. It wasn't a particularly hot night either, but it was one of the few dry ones we have had lately and in that may be found a possible explanation. The two rows in front of where I sat had seven or eight men and only two ladies in each row, near the aisle, and yet all those ladies evening these ladies had to rise to let all those men go out or in. It was much the same all over the house I presume, but I was only interested in that particular section. It is not that a lady objects to rising at all, but when it comes to having her skirts trampled, her hat pushed to one side and a possibility of having her back bare either knocked off altogether or pushed helplessly out of place, its nearly time she began to look for some of the comfort about which the manager of the theatre is boasting on the programmes. It would be preferable to have a man bring his favorite drink to the theatre, and take it quietly in his seat, rather than disturb and inconvenience a row of ladies, by chattering out after it between the acts. It is quite time for the opera house management to put a stop to this nuisance, and to show some consideration for their lady patrons.

The Sale of the Ship Charles.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I was glad to see your expose of the matter of selling the ship Charles at Chubb's corner last week. We have had all together too much of this sort of thing in this port of St. John. Shipowners have no idea where they will land if managing owners, portwardens and repair men are going to work together in this manner. I happen to know, without doubt, that the ship Charles was not paid for as Mr. Lockhart said it had to be. A SHIP OWNER. St. John, Aug. 24th, 1898.

What About That Police Fund?

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Surely we can get some information regarding the police fund that you have written about. It is now over four years since I have heard anything from the fund which must amount to about \$300, if not more. Are 300 policemen, who worked so hard to raise this fund, entitled to some information about it? A POLICEMAN. St. John, August 23, 1898.

At His New Restaurant.

David Mitchell, the well-known restaurant keeper is now so near the North End that the people of that section need never want for a good meal so long as he keeps open. Mr. Mitchell's reputation as a caterer is so well known that PROGRESS need not enlarge upon it. His ice cream cannot be surpassed, as those who have tried it know. His new place of business is 125 Mill street.

For The Latest in Millinery.

Miss Birle, milliner, of Charlotte street, went to Boston and New York this week to obtain the newest and most attractive designs on the American market. She expects to return in about ten days when her customers will have the advantage of the ideas she obtains.

VERSUS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Coming in the Gate. I cannot tell how many times, When all the work is done, And twilight brings the evening chimes, Along the hall I run. One darling then another rocks, And all things seem to wait; I see the one who never knocks, Coming in the gate. He always smiles and waves his hand, As if the window pane; Their very selves could understand, What greeting still remains. He knows he cannot pass the door, Or in the hall be free; From half a dozen hugs or more, But none of course from me. Then with our angels in his arms, He chafes us,—"I'll be bound; No other orchard has such charms, As cherries all year round." And faith I verily declare, He thinks the same is true, He would not want so full a share, Unless they tasted new. His "little world," he calls his home, And "dearer too by far," Than all beneath the azure dome, With only one sweet star. "A star that gives us such cheerful light, He never need be late." And he it is that keeps it bright, Coming in the gate. And surely if his star I am, He is my summer sun, For 'en our little cradle lamb, To know him has begun. And little Elsie turning three, Expectant and elate; Will dance his welcome form to see, Coming in the gate. Ah me how dark must be the sky, How lone the saddened heart; The home that hears the last good-bye, And death has done his part? What grief about the dear place clings, What we it must create; When never more that one it brings, Coming in the gate. Yet there are heroes all who live To bless another's days; They are the best the world can give, Great men in all their ways. God ever loves the brave and true, Who fear no passing fate, His glory is the good they do, Until He shuts it gate. The Ferns, Aug. 1898. CYRUS GOLDEN.

The Absent Boy.

They miss him in the orchard where the fruit is running over, And in the meadow where the air is sweet with new mown hay. And all about the old farm which knew him for a lover, From the early seedtime onward till the crops were piled away. They miss him in the village where nothing went without him, Where today the young folks' parties are dull and incomplete. They cannot explain it, there was such a charm about him, The drop of cheer he always brought made common daylight sweet. And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting for the nation, He's charging with the others, a lad in army blue, His name is little known yet, but at the upland station They all are sure you'll hear it before the war is through. And when you talk of battles, and scan the printed column, His regiment's the one they seek, his neighbors think and care; They do not speak of it their look grows grave and solemn, For somewhere in the thick of strife they know their boy is there. —From Collier's Weekly.

The Poet's Dream.

In midnight sleep I wandered far, Having her skirts trampled, and stream; And glowing bright, in fancy's light, Appeared each smiling scene. The forest rang with gladdened strains, In echoes wild and free; While distant hills and rippling rills Replied in tones of glee. It seemed a type of heavenly life, A gleam of glory here; A meteor's ray to light our way Beyond the reach of fear. Who would I not love to wander thus, Atar from grief or care; Since nature's strife, or malice rife, Can have a being there? From whence do these bright dreams arise, And where that fancied shore, Whose quiet rest doth calm the breast, And teach the poet's lore? 'Tis not of earth—it savours not With slight connected here; But hark to cheer our upward flight, Would claim a brighter sphere.

The Women Who Wait.

He went to the war in the morning— The drums of glory here; For a kiss and a comforting word, He was full of dreams and ambitions And proud of the clank of his sabre. And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve. He came from the war in the evening— The meadows were sprinkled with snow, The drums and the bugles were silent, And the steps of the soldiers were slow. He was wrapped in the flag of his country, When they laid him away in the mould, With the glittering stars of a captain Replacing the chevrons of gold.

In Love's Net.

Oh bid me not forget the hour, When first love's opening buds were swelling; Nor crumb the perfume from the flower, That blooms within my heart's fair dwelling; For love is life, and hope is sweet, While roses blossom round our feet, And all that's fair, alas! is fleet, While Time his dirge is knelling. Oh, tell me not those dreams were vain; That linked thy heart with mine forever; I dream them over and over again, Like moons that wax but never wane, In all the agony and pain. Of love's long-suffering endeavour; And still they roll across my soul, Sweet phantoms, to leave me never. Oh, say thou not, "It might have been"; Oh, never say, "It cannot be"; For thou hast so enthralled me, That I would not be free again, In all the agony and pain, Or covet say, "Ah, no—not yet!" Nay, love, thou hast me in love's net, And I would not, in faith, be free!

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. More convenient, Makes the food lighter and more healthful. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

An Excellent School for Boys. Principal T. M. Palmer of the Mount Allison Academy for boys calls the attention of the people once more through the columns of PROGRESS to the excellence and advantages of the institution over which he presides. Some of the brightest men in the country retain kindly recollections of the academy for boys, where they spent many of their happiest days starting upon the road to knowledge and experiencing the benefits of discipline. The academy is an excellent preparatory school and every parent thinking of sending his sons to such a school cannot do better than inquire into its methods.

Excellent Reading Matter. It is something to know what to get to read if you are going off on a holiday trip, or merely for a little outing. Douglas McArthur has one of the largest stock of books in the city to select from and can please you, whether your tastes run towards the deepest and most profound works, or revel in bright sparkling romances. One of the nicest things about McArthur's establishment is the courteous way in which attendants look after visitors to the store. If you merely want to look around every facility is afforded you to do so.

Good Business for the Yarmouth Line. The Yarmouth S. S. Line must be adding to its popularity all the time for two hundred and ninety three passengers sailed by the Yarmouth last Saturday night for Boston. Travel this year from a tourist standpoint has not been equal to that of previous seasons and yet the business of the Yarmouth S. S. route is all that can be desired and the accommodations are such as please the most exacting traveler.

Again Upon The Market. Those who like sausages—and who does not?—will be pleased to know that Mr. Thomas Dean will place his upon the market Saturday. Mr. Dean's reputation for the manufacture of sausages is so good that he has much difficulty in keeping the demand supplied. Do not fail to ask for them Saturday.

Unfortunate. The little town of Yuste, in the north-western corner of Spain, has in its more splendid past an attraction for travellers. It was recently visited by an American who sought rest under discouragements, after a ride on mule-back over miles of dusty road. While the hostess of the inn was preparing his dinner, he proposed to himself to rest upon the bed in the public room. He says "Nothing could have seemed more tempting than the cool white bed, after the laborious trip, and without saying a word to the Senora Parej, I threw myself at full length upon it. Scarcely had I done so when a shriek arose, and the little woman flew at me like a wild creature. She seized me and dragged me off the bed with the strength of two men. I was too much dazed to resist, but retreated before her. "Oh, Dios mio, Dios mio!" she shrieked. "They are ruined—ruined!" She tore back the cover of the bed, and to my amazement disclosed row after row of biscuits! Small, round biscuits! They had been placed there to rise. To rise! Down the centre of the rows my weight had flattened them beyond recognition; only at the farthest edge had a few escaped.

Restoring Spotted Pens. When a pen has been used until it appears to be spoiled, place it over a flame (a gaslight for instance) for a quarter of a minute, then dip it into water and it will be again fit for work. A new pen which is found to hard to write with will become softer by being thus heated.

We Are Giving Them. What? The McLean stamps. No other laundry has them. This is another inducement free. Ungars Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 54.



The dance mentioned last week took place at Grand Mason on Tuesday evening of this week and proved a most charming function. The evening was perfect, and the prettily lighted grounds was a favorite resort of the youthful guests. The airy, dainty gowns of the young ladies brightened up the place wonderfully and as the promenaders moved back and forth under the Chinese lanterns, the scene was extremely pretty. Excellent music was furnished during the evening, and an elaborate supper, was served. On the bountifully supplied table were sandwiches, biscuits, creams and coffee. The table was beautifully decorated with many large jars of sweet peas and tall ferns.

The order of dances was as follows, with three supper dancers and several extras. 1, Valse; 2, Polka; 3, Valse; 4, Lancers; 5, Valse; 6, Two Step; 7, Valse; 8, Barn Dance; 9, Valse; 10, Valse; 11, Lancers; 12, Valse; 13, Barn Dance; 14, Valse; 15, Two Step; 16, Valse; 17, Galop; 18, Valse.

Mrs. E. T. Sturdee and Mrs. George Jones were ideal companions and looked after the pleasure of the young people with much zeal. They were aided in their efforts to promote the success of the affair by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Furlong.

Mrs. Sturdee looked very nice in a black satin with blue silk bodice beautifully trimmed with jet and chiffon. Mrs. Jones had on a very handsome and becoming pink brocade satin, the bodice of which was trimmed with white lace chiton and flowers.

Several young ladies made their first appearance in society at this dance and from all accounts enjoyed themselves immensely, never wanting for partners at any time. These youthful debutantes all wore white and it is unnecessary to say they all looked bright and charming. Among the many pretty gowns worn the following were noticed particularly:

Miss Johnson of Fredericton a very becoming gown of pale blue silk and crimson roses.

Miss Hazel Rennie looked particularly graceful in a flowered muslin, with lavender satin ribbon trimmings.

Miss Maize Titus wore white muslin trimmed with lace and blue ribbons.

Miss Emma Titus had on a pretty white gown with white satin ribbons.

Miss Beattie Armstrong was in white muslin trimmed with chiffon and wore a corsage bouquet of carnations.

Miss Bertie Armstrong white muslin, with blue silk and chiffon trimmings.

Miss Pheasant had on a dainty white muslin with pink ribbons and flowers.

Miss Lily Adams looked very charming in white silk, chiffon and flowers, and Miss Amy Adams looked equally dainty in white muslin and pink ribbons.

Miss Hovey wore a striking gown of pink and black muslin.

Miss Lora Patton wore a pretty yellow gown the corsage of which was prettily trimmed with muslin.

The Misses Myers and Helen Frink were among the debutantes of the occasion and both were very fair and graceful in their coming out gowns of white muslin which were trimmed with lace and roses.

Miss Winnie Hall had on a lovely gown of pink silk with chiffon trimmings, and Miss Avis Hall wore a pretty white dotted muslin and blue ribbons.

Miss Bertie Hegan wore a prettily made white muslin trimmed with lace.

Miss Louise Chesley was in blue crepon and white lace.

Miss Kathleen McCullough, white muslin with soft lace trimmings.

Miss Sterling of Fredericton had on white mousseline de soie over white silk and the trimmings were of white chiffon.

Miss Owen-Jones was in white muslin, lace and ribbons.

Misses Amy and Constance Smith were in blue and pink muslin respectively and their gowns were trimmed with lace and ribbons.

Miss Nellie McAvity was in white muslin trimmed with blue ribbons, and Miss Gladys Campbell was another who looked particularly sweet in white muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Miss May Harrison and Miss Christie both wore white muslin trimmed with lace, ribbons, and flowers.

Miss Nellie Magee had on a pretty pink silk with white overdress.

Miss Ella Faye was an altogether dainty and lovely little figure in white muslin with carnations.

Miss Rogers was another charming debutante who looked pretty in white muslin, with corsage bouquet of roses.

Miss Blair wore a pretty spotted muslin over pale blue, and the Misses Johnston and Alice Hegan wore white gowns, the former having crepe ribbon trimmings on her dress and the latter pink ribbons.

Miss Schofield was in pink crepon with chiffon trimmings.

Miss Elsie Holden wore a very becoming blue silk gown with lace and ribbon trimmings.

Miss Naa Barnaby had on a pretty blue muslin; Miss Muriel Thomson wore a dainty white muslin with pink ribbons and Miss Winnie Barnaby was also in white muslin.

Miss Dick wore a pale mauve colored muslin, with mauve satin ribbons, that was most becoming.

Miss Lou Robertson was in white muslin with white satin ribbons, and Valenciennes lace.

Miss Fowler wore a pretty figured muslin, and the Misses Fanjoy had on crisp white muslin gowns, on the bodices of which were arranged carnations.

Miss Edith Johnston had on a black satin skirt, and a very pretty blue chiffon bodice trimmed profusely with violets.

Miss Lou McMillan white muslin with lace and ribbons.

Among the invited guests were:

Miss H. Allen, Miss Winnie Barnaby, Miss Muriel Thomson, Miss Amy Smith, Miss G. McLaughlan, Miss M. Titus, Miss Marie Furlong, Miss Bertie Hegan, Miss B. Schofield, Miss M. Allen, Miss Naa Barnaby, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Nellie McAvity, Miss Ella Faye, Miss Emma Titus, Miss M. Frink, Miss Edith Hegan, Miss Mary Hovey.

Miss Lou Kimball, Miss Lily Adams, Miss Elsie Holden, Misses Whitehead, Miss Gladys Campbell, Miss Robertson, Miss Naa McDonald, Miss E. Rodgers, Miss Grace Dick, Miss Mary Incheb, Miss Violet Gillis, Miss Nellie Magee, Miss E. McAvity, Miss Kitty Pheasant, Miss Sterling, Miss Lou Crabbe, Miss Hazel Rennie, Miss Lora Patton, Miss Beattie Armstrong, Miss Barker, Miss Emma Rankine, Miss Louise Chesley, Miss Molly Peters, Miss May McIntyre, Miss Madeline Becker, Miss Ethel Fanjoy, Miss Aviee Hall, Mr. Frank C. McGee, Mr. Harold Sturdee, Mr. Walter Harrison, Mr. Aubrey Schofield, Mr. Harry Godsoe, Mr. Weldon McLean, Mr. Stanley Emmerson, Mr. Roy Skinner, Mr. Harry Harrison, Mr. Harold Robinson, Mr. Sydney Techer, Mr. Maurice Ford, Mr. Charles McDonald, Mr. John Muir, Mr. George Shannon, Mr. R. McLeod, Mr. A. Clarke, Mr. Willy Beer, Mr. Harry Brown, Mr. Harold Sears, Mr. George Robertson, Mr. Alf. Clarke, Mr. Harry Clarke, Mr. E. Fairweather, Mr. Blanchard Fowler, Mr. Harry Patton, Mr. George Adams, Mr. Percy Howard, Mr. D. McLaughlan, Mr. Harry Frink, Mr. Charles McMichael, Mr. Harry Schofield, Mr. Edmund Ritchie, Mr. Horace Porter, Mr. Elmo Hoban, Miss May Harrison, Miss Louise Lewin, Miss Amy Adams, Miss Gertrude Pesety, Miss Kathleen Robertson, Miss Nellie Johnston, Miss N. Rodgers, Miss L. McMillan, Miss Lou Girvan, Miss Mary Incheb, Miss E. Owen-Jones, Miss Roby McAvity, Miss Grace Fairweather, Miss E. Fleming, Miss E. Fairall, Miss Pauline Johnston, Miss Hazel Bridges, Miss Allie Christie, Miss Bertie Armstrong, Miss Marion Belyea, Miss Nellie Irvine, Miss Fanny deForest, Miss Constance deBury, Miss Helen Frink, Miss Mary McCullough, Miss May Fanjoy, Miss Winnie Hall, Mr. Guy M. Botwick, Mr. Alexander Fowler, Mr. Bertie Harrison, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. Andrew Frith, Mr. Homer Forbes, Mr. Sydney Emmerson, Mr. Roy Thompson, Mr. Guy Robinson, Mr. Kenneth Inches, Mr. R. E. Allison, Mr. Andy Reimold, Mr. Nicholas Johnston, Mr. Charles Gregory, Mr. Guy McLeod, Mr. Geo. Blizard, Mr. Waldo Stone, Mr. Walker Bell, Mr. Ned Sears, Mr. Alf. Sears, Mr. Andrew Jones, Mr. Lance Campbell, Mr. Harold Robinson, Mr. Arthur Dick, Mr. Harry Rankine, Mr. Arthur Irvine, Mr. Guy Johnston, Mr. Leonard D. Shaw, Mr. Bally Sharp, John Kimball, Mr. Ralph Clarke, Mr. Gordon Sanction, Mr. Cuthbert Lee, Mr. Harrison Mathew, Mr. Lucien DeBury, Mr. H. McCullough, Pollard Lewin.

A number of friends spent the time most pleasantly at a birthday party given by Miss Emma Goddard and Miss Grace Smith in honor of their guest, Miss Mabelle Slipp of Boston, last Monday evening, at their residence on Richmond street. The hours were whiled quickly in what music and until midnight when dainty refreshments were served; before the close of the evening the guest of honor was presented by Mr. Jack Cochrane on behalf of the company with a number of useful souvenirs. Among those present were the following: Miss Ethel Staw, Miss Annie Wilson, Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Genevieve Landry, Miss Daisy Wilson, Miss Bertie Barbour, Mr. D. V. Kennedy, Mr. Albert Shaw, Mr. Walter Goddard, Mr. Jack Cochrane, Mr. Will Barbour, Mr. George Shaw, and Mr. Will Bowden.

Miss May and Miss Grace Carter returned to St. Stephen today to resume their school duties after the summer holidays.

Miss Annie Wilson of Halifax is in the city the guest of Mrs. Henry Dushack of Pitt street.

Amherst invalids have again claimed the services of Miss Minnie Melaney who left the city a few days ago for that Nova Scotia town. Miss Lillian Melaney has gone to New York to make a brief visit.

Misses Kelly and Buckley gave an enjoyable outing at Bay Shore on Monday. An excellent supper was served at the Ocean Spray house to the guest, among whom were, Misses A. Kelly, S. Kelly, M. McMahon, T. Doody, A. McDermid, G. McDermid, L. Yourke, M. Collins, A. Hogan, S. Wheaton, J. Quinn, L. Harrington, T. Quinn, A. Harrington, A. Murphy, M. Nash, L. McCarthy, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. T. Kym, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. J. Kym, Messrs. W. Broderick, J. McMahon, T. Finnegan, F. Dickie, J. Melliday, O. Coll, H. Brennan, T. Bradley, L. Bradley, H. O'Regan, W. Fitzgerald, J. McCarthy, F. Lunney, G. McCarthy, F. McCarthy, W. Nash, F. Hogan, J. Lloyd, F. Collins.

Miss Alma Gregory of this city is the guest of Mrs. Charles C. Grant at "Morningside" Mr. and Mrs. Grant's summer home near Calais.

United States Consul Myers and Mrs. Myers spent Monday in St. Andrews.

Mr. A. C. Fairweather is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Crosby of Boston.

Misses Jennie Hunt and Fannie Jackson of Lewiston Me. spent Sunday in St. John.

Miss Smith of Sydney street returned this week from a visit to Charlotte Co. friends. She was accompanied by Miss Alice O'Shaughnessy of St. Stephen.

Mrs. S. E. Logan's friends will be pleased to hear that she is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness.

Miss Costello, Pontney St., is the guest of Miss Coughlan, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Suedden were here from Toronto for a short time this week.

Mr. B. H. Dean and Mrs. Dean left the first of the week for a few weeks stay in the Annapolis valley.

Alderman McArthur and Mrs. McArthur returned recently from a delightful trip to Truro, Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia.

Messrs. John I. Robinson and Roland Frith returned this week from a stay in West-Id.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Orison Underwood were here from Boston for a short time this week.

Mrs. J. Mahon of Quebec who spent the summer very pleasantly with relatives returned last week to her home in Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beaton of Halifax were in the city during the early part of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. McDonald of Chicago were among the week's visitors to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry and Miss Genevieve Landry entertained a few friends at their charming and hospitable home, Leinster street on Tuesday evening of this week. While made the early hours of the evening pass quickly and pleasantly and the same was hotly contested. Miss Mabelle Slipp carried off the ladies prize a pretty and unique china vase and Mr. Will Barbour won the gentlemen's prize, a handsome silver mirror. During the evening delicious refreshments were served, and a little dance was indulged in. Those present were, Miss Emma Godard, Miss Cotter, Miss Reynolds, Miss Mabelle Slipp, Miss Grace Smith, Miss Bertie Barbour, Mr. Will Bowden, Mr. Walter Goddard, Mr. Will Barbour and Dr. Crawford.

The marriage of Miss Jennie Reed and Rev. Donald Macrae, D. D. principal of Morin college Quebec, was solemnized on Wednesday at Ringwood the residence of Mrs. James Reed, Rev. T. Fotheringham performing the ceremony in the presence of near relatives only. In the evening Dr. and Mrs. Macrae left for their home in Quebec. They have the good wishes of hosts of friends here for future happiness. They were the recipients of many elegant remembrances from their friends.

Miss Fairall is in Fredericton the guest of Miss Beattie Murray.

Miss Thompson is at the Capital with her aunt Mrs. Lemont.

Miss Alice Hea and Miss Magee are spending a little while with Fredericton friends.

Mrs. Robert Smith of the city is visiting the Misses Block at Fredericton.

Mrs. Hatch, a niece of Mr. Neil Hoyt of this city accompanied by her friend Mrs. Cooper of Boston and Mr. James Hoyt of Le Tete, Charlotte Co. was in the city Saturday and Sunday. This was their first visit to St. John and on Sunday they enjoyed the trip on the Victoria to Bellisle. They returned to Le Tete Monday morning and will proceed to Boston in a few days.

The Misses Furlong were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Manchester on the Victoria excursion on Sunday.

Mrs. J. E. B. McCready and little daughter returned this week to Charlottetown.

Mr. H. J. Logan M. P. for Cumberland N. S. was in the city for a short time this week.

The Misses Marsh who have been spending the summer at their home on Elliot row and at Duck Cove leave today for New York to resume their duties as professional nurses.

Mr. Peter Clinch entertained the Board of Fire underwriters at his summer camp at Robesay very pleasantly one evening this week.

The marriage took place at Trinity church on Wednesday evening of Miss Julia Blanche Vanwart daughter of Mr. Robert G. Vanwart and Mr. Sydney Strand. Rev. Mr. Estough performed the ceremony. The wedding was a very quiet one owing to recent bereavement in the families of the contracting parties. The bride was daintily gowned in white cashmere with pearl and real lace trimmings and carried a large bouquet of Marchal Niel roses. Her sister Miss Nettie Vanwart acted as bridesmaid and wore lavender muslin with lace trimmings. She carried a very pretty bouquet; Mr. Walter Kirkpatrick supported the groom. The bride received many elegant gifts from her friends and from the groom a gold watch and a handsome link bracelet.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Nevins are in Moncton the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wotton.

Miss Minnie McCann has returned home after a most pleasant visit of three months with friends in P. E. Island. She was accompanied by her friend Miss Maggie Ready who is a guest at her home in the North End.

Miss Nellie Gallaher, who has been visiting her cousins the Misses McCann of North End, returned to her home in Dorchester the first of the week.

The death of Mrs. Kirkwood which occurred on Friday of last week came as a sudden shock to her numerous friends in this city, where as Miss Katie Baird she was prominent in social life. Mrs. Kirkwood was married only a few months ago, and her sudden demise caused universal sorrow. Much sympathy is extended to her husband and other relatives. The funeral which took place on Monday afternoon was very largely attended and the numerous and beautiful floral tributes testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held by her friends.

Mrs. (Dr.) W. F. Barbour returned to Fredericton this week after a visit to D'gby, Yarmouth and St. John. She was accompanied on her return by her sister Mrs. W. S. Blaine who will visit her for a couple of weeks.

The Misses Sterling of Fredericton, who have been spending some days with the family of Mayor Baird at the shore returned home on Monday last. Miss Sadie Sterling will enter Harvard this fall.

Mr. A. Francis and the Misses Francis of Cambridge, Mass., are visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Hedee of Melrose, Mass. are on a visit here, Mr. Alwood was formerly of St. John.

There was a very pleasant private picnic at Douglas lake on Wednesday last. Quite a party of ladies and gentlemen drove out in busses and the evening was passed most pleasantly at the camp owned by a number of young men there. Mr. Francis McKay was the moving spirit in organizing the picnic.

Mrs. Fred G. Spencer is spending a little while at Brown's Flats on the St. John river.

**WOLFVILLE.**

Aug. 24.—Mrs. McKenna and Master Horace are spending a few weeks at Ferrisboro.

Mrs. John O. Pines is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Rutten at Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. W. L. Sutherland and family of Kingston, Ont., are visiting Prot. and Mrs. Butler at Blomidon. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

**To See it is Inviting  
To Use it is Convincing**

We are sure that you agree with this if you have already used it. If not, try it at once. Do not delay longer and you will heartily endorse the above sentiment.

Most Effective for All Household Purposes.  
The Old Original and Reliable  
**Welcome Soap.**

TRADE MARK  
**WELCOME SOAP**

**A Quick, Nice, Dessert.**

If you are in a hurry and want a delicious table jelly for dessert without "stewing" over a hot stove, get one of those pure, fruit flavored Jelly Tablets made by E. Lazenby & Son in England—your grocer ought to sell 13 varieties of them.

You simply drop one into hot water—stir—then set away to cool.

The jelly hardens quickly and the flavor is fine in  
**Lazenbys' Jelly Tablets.**

**You Want a Piano**

But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it . . . .

Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free.

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**The "Robb" Hot Water Heater**

will burn either Hard or Soft Coal without cleaning, as all heating surfaces are exposed directly to the flames and the soot is burned off.

Vertical water circulation and clean heating surfaces make it a quick heater and highly economical.

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**PELLETS ISLAND WINES**  
BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—FRANCIS LIZARD.

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

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

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**Did You Try to Dye?**

Now and then a woman who dyes at home with those Dyes of highest quality—(Maypole Soap Dyes)—fails to follow the directions and blames the Soap.

If you are one of those women, write to the Wholesale Depot 8 Place Royale, Montreal, and get some excellent advice on successful Home Dying from practical Dyers. The advice is free and will be gladly furnished to you on

**Maypole Soap Dyes.**

10 cents for any color (5cets. for black) of box, druggists and grocers.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. B. DEFEVER, Brunswick street, HARRINGTON STREET, CLIFFORD STREET, 111 HOLLIS STREET, CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot, J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. St. Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

The bells of St. Pauls church rang out on Monday of this week for the marriage of Dr. Austin W. Hollis of New York and Miss Amy Josephine King of Port Arthur. Harry S. Hollis supported the groom and Miss Florence Sawden was the brides attendant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Leopold Williams of St. Pauls brother-in-law of the bride.

Mrs. Fred Jones of Boston spent part of last week in the city. Mrs. B. A. Weston, Mrs. B. Russel and Mrs. Simmonds gave an enjoyable picnic at Cow Bay on Wednesday last. The party was a large one and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

Miss Hill has been a guest at twin Oaks, Mr. Edgar camp. A number of Dartmouth gentlemen have been trying to arrange a drive to Cow Bay or Lawrence town but the weather has been propitious so far. Last year several pleasant ones were given by the ladies.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Gilpin daughter of Rev. Dean Gilpin, and Archdeacon Leitch of Yale, British Columbia, formerly a native of this province. Miss Gilpin recently went to British Columbia where she has two brothers.

Mrs. J. F. Rankine of Summerville, Mass., was in the city for a few days lately. Mrs. Frank S. West and family are spending a little while with Mrs. Lewis Hamilton of Middle Sackville, N. B.

Mr. J. A. Winfield, has returned from a pleasant trip along the Western shore. Miss Birdie Tremaine of Sackville, N. B. is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Gougeon, Willow Park.

Mrs. W. R. Cole and two children of Boston are visiting Mrs. Cole's father, Mr. John Thornton. Miss Katie Curran is visiting her aunt Mrs. Walden of South Boston.

Miss Janie Austin is in Waterville, staying with her aunt Mrs. E. Fulmer. The Misses Moore of Kentville spent a little while in the city lately.

the landscape, and I hope in future they will be the exception, not the rule in town. Mr. Cecil Townshend, Medical student at McGill, Montreal and second son of Dr. A. S. Townshend Park was in town this week as a guest of his uncle J. M. Townshend Victoria St.

Mrs. Sterne, and children, and her mother Mrs. Hibbard, and Mrs. Hewson have returned from a weeks outing at Farsboro. Hon. Senator Dickey, reached home on Saturday last from a trip of two or three months in England to visit his daughter Mrs. Milner at Farsboro, N. B., and was also present at the marriage of his eldest grandson Mr. Edward Milner on Aug. 4th.

On Thursday afternoon a marriage of much local interest was solemnized at St. Stephens Church, College-road in the presence of a large and fashionable assembly. The bridegroom was Mr. Edward Barry Milner, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Milner of "Woodlawn" Kingswood-road Dulwich and the bride was Miss Fanny Charlotte Atwater only daughter of the late Mr. C. H. Atwater of St. John's-road Britton. The bridegroom belongs to an old and well-known Norwood family, his father being director of the "Crystal Palace Co" a civil engineer, and landscape gardener, and his grandfather, who came to Norwood in 1857 was associated with Sir Joseph Paxton in laying out the Crystal Palace grounds.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Leopold Williams of St. Pauls brother-in-law of the bride. The bride was handsomely gowned in rich white satin, Court train and old Brussels lace. The bride carried a magnificent bouquet of white orchids, gold gifts of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Milner and Miss Dorothy Milner (sisters of the groom) Miss Pickman and Miss Gordon (cousins of the bride). They were prettily attired in white Indian muslin with Valenciennes lace, white hats with white ostrich feathers. They wore gold brooches with diamond initials, and carried shower bouquets of the gift of the groom.

The bridesmaids were Miss Milner and Miss Dorothy Milner (sisters of the groom) Miss Pickman and Miss Gordon (cousins of the bride). They were prettily attired in white Indian muslin with Valenciennes lace, white hats with white ostrich feathers. They wore gold brooches with diamond initials, and carried shower bouquets of the gift of the groom.

Mr. Edward Annand is home from Los Angeles, California, visiting his mother. Mr. Annand's large circle of friends are glad to welcome him back looking so well. Mrs. Atwater, house linen, piano, bangles, gold watch, dining room suite, and Chesterfield sofa. Bridegroom to bride, Diamond pendant. Bride to groom, diamond pin and dressing case.

Mr. Milner, cheque. Mr. Milner, seven pictures. Hon. Senator Dickey, Amberst, ch. case. Hon. A. R. Dickey, Amberst, brooch. Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Amberst, silver topped scent bottle. Mrs. M. W. Maynard, Ottawa, tab' cover American. Col. and Mrs. C. J. Stewart, Halifax, Venetian glass.

Mr. R. Milner, tea basket. Miss Milner, Colport china. Miss Ellen Bristowe, silver sweet dishes. Master Stanley Bristowe, silver mufflers. Rev. R. and Mrs. Milner, table cover. Mrs. E. Milner, silver and glass oil and vinegar bottles. The Misses Milner, travelling trunk. Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Robins, silver rose bowl. Mrs. Shadwell Clark, silver toast rack. Mrs. McKeen, wife of the manager of the bank of N. S. has returned from a three weeks visit in Tatamagouche, Col. Co.

Mr. Travers manager of the bank of Montreal has left for Europe on a two month trip. Mrs. Alloway of Springhill spent a few days in town with her friends Mrs. and Miss Brown, Eddy street. Mr. Stuart Jenks of Farsboro and his mother Mrs. Jenks are removing to Amberst and have taken the house on Victoria street lately vacated by Mrs. Jenks.

By L. S. Coates. A little bird whispers that a third occupant will soon join the others. F.M.Z.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. J. O. Fulton, Messrs D. B. Smith & Co.] Au c. 23—Miss Ethel Bligh left on Monday for Glace Bay, C. B., where she will be the guest of Mrs. Hiram Donkin. Mrs. (Dr.) McMillan and Miss McMillan who have been abroad since the early spring were in town last week guests of Mrs. J. F. McDonald, after a short stay here they proceeded to their home in Pictou.

Mrs. Henry Blair gave a charming dance last Thursday night to a large number of Miss Innes and Georgies friends, dancing of course was the amusement. The following were present, Misses Rae Smith, Bevels Turner, Lulu Archibald, Nellie Parker, St. John, Jennie Fleming, Leta Craig, Gerlie McIntosh, Gertrude Cummings, F. Johnson, London, Ont., Florence and Ruth O'Day, New York, Ida Snook, Kitty Butchart, Mary and Coral York.

The Misses Churchill entertained a number of their young friends last night to a bicycle party followed by a light supper and impromptu dance. Mrs. L. B. Archibald's cards were out on Monday last, for tomorrow evening a large at Home in honor of Miss Lulu and her young guest Miss Beattie Parker, St. John. Mrs. W. S. Casson is here from Moncton visiting her relatives at the Leamont. Mr. G. H. Williams of the Merchant's Bank, is to be transferred from here to another of the Bank's offices, at an early date. Mr. Williams removes will create a great blank in social circles, here.

FARSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.] Au. 24.—The C. M. B. A., and the R. C. Catholic Sunday school spent Thursday very delightfully picnicking at McLaughlins Point. A picnic for the junior Epworth league was held at Parkville island on Wednesday large teams being provided for the purpose. Bishop Courtney went to Port Greville on Thursday to induct Rev. C. R. Cummings rector of St. Luke's parish. His lordship who was a guest at the rectory while here left on Friday morning for Springhill.

The members of Victoria cycling club had a leisure run on Thursday evening, afterwards being entertained at the home of Miss McCabe. Mr. and Mrs. Forter and little son St. John, have lately been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gull. There is a feeling here of sincere regret that Mrs. Jenks and Mr. Stewart Jenks have gone to reside at Amberst. Mr. and Mrs. Braloy, New York are visiting friends. Misses Coleman, St. John are guests of Mrs. Hensley. Dr. and Mrs. McKenna and child, Wolfville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. McKenna. Mr. and Mrs. McKiever and child are guests of Mrs. Newton Fugley. A large contingent of Farsboro people including the band are off to Port Greville to attend a garden party this afternoon. The proceeds are for church purposes. Dr. Magee is spending some of his holidays at Rockland, Maine. Mrs. Snow, Kansas, is visiting her sister Mrs. A. E. McLeod. Mr. McLeod's brother Mr. Malcolm McLeod, P. E. I., has lately been here for a short time. Mrs. E. H. Howe was summoned to Amberst last week on account of the death of her brother. Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Erville and child are at Windsor at present, Mr. Erville's mother being seriously ill. Miss Theakston, Halifax, is the guest of Miss Cameron. Dr. and Mrs. Dearborn have returned from a week or two at Five Islands. Misses Elsie Townsend and Caro Ratchford returned home to Amberst on Saturday. Rev. J. C. M. Wade and his family left to return to Aylesford on Friday. Miss Maud Gillespie is back from a visit at Amberst. Mr. James Gillespie has gone to Quebec to attend the C. M. B. A. Grand Council.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Treedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.] Au. 24.—Still another wedding to record! There seem to have been an almost unbroken succession of these happy events in our city ever since last June, and we rumour whispers of two or three more next month. The latest wedding took place at Richmond Quebec but the groom was a Moncton man, and the newly married couple will make their future home here. The bride was Miss Anna E. Smith, youngest daughter of Mr. J. H. Smith of Richmond and the groom was Mr. W. H. Price, chief clerk of the general passenger agent's office I. C. R. The ceremony was at the home of the bride's parents, and was performed by Rev. A. Tanner of Windsor Mills, in the presence of a large number of guests. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion with ferns, palms, and cut flowers, the bridal party standing beneath an arch of flowers from the centre of which hung a marriage bell of bridal roses and sweet peas. The bride was given away by her father, and looked charming in a beautiful gown of ivory satin with court train trimmed with pearls and mousseline de soie, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Mina Smith sister of the bride, who wore a lovely dress of orange and was given away by her father, and carried a bouquet of crimson roses. As the bride entered the room she was greeted with the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March played by Mr.

J. A. Stewart of Montreal. The groomsmen was Mr. A. F. Gray, chief clerk in the I. C. R. office at New Glasgow. After the ceremonies an elegant luncheon was served, and Mr. and Mrs. Price left by the afternoon train for a bridal trip extending through the Thousand Islands, Ottawa and Montreal. The bride's travelling gown was of cadet blue broadcloth, trimmed with black silk braid, with hat to match. Amongst the many beautiful and valuable presents received by the bride, was a diamond pin the gift of the groom, several substantial checks and a cottage on Byblow Street in this city from the father of the groom. The bridesroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold chain bracelet. Mr. and Mrs. Price will have the best wishes of their Moncton friends in their journey through life. Miss May Simmons, now of Chelsea Mass. but formerly of the Moncton teaching staff, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Lodge. Miss Simmons is being warmly welcomed by her numerous friends in the city. Miss May Cooke is spending a few weeks in Dorchester visiting friends. Mrs. S. W. Irons and children, who have been spending the summer months at Grand Manan, returned home on Monday night. Miss Anna Crossdale of West Newton Mass arrived in town last week, to spend a six weeks vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crossdale, of Botsford Street. Mr. E. A. Rodd, of New York, son of Mr. E. J. Rodd of this city is spending a few days in town visiting his parents. Mr. Rodd is accompanied by Mrs. Rodd, and children. Mrs. C. W. Bradley and family who has been spending the warm weather with friends in Oxford, N. B. returned, home last week. The many friends of Mr. S. J. Plunkett account of the Bank of Montreal, heard with deep regret last week that he had received notice of his transfer to the bank's branch at Lindsay Ont. The move will be probably an advantageous one for Mr. Plunkett, and he is to be congratulated upon the change, but with Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett have numerous friends in Moncton, and their departure will be universally regretted. Miss Annie Gammon, of Pictou N. B. is visiting her sister Miss Cora Gammon at her residence on King Street. Mr. F. N. Blair, organist of St. John's Presbyterian Church left town on Friday to spend a week at home in Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Waldon, of New York, who have been spending a few days in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Waldon, returned home last week. Mrs. G. V. Forbes and the Misses Forbes left town last week, to spend a short time with friends at Upper Cape. Mr. J. McJannet left town on Thursday to spend a two week's holiday in Nova Scotia. Dr. J. D. Ross returned yesterday from Dartmouth N. S. where he has been visiting his sister. Mrs. G. J. Dobson, who has been spending a week with relatives at Bayfield, returned home on Monday. Miss Estelle Seaman, left last week to spend a short time with friends at Hopwell Cape. Mrs. Leavitt, and her daughter Mrs. J. S. Covert, formerly of this city, but now of Cleveland Ohio, are visiting friends in town, and being most warmly welcomed back to their former home. Two many friends of Mr. Lester Byers, of the I. C. R. electrician's office will be sorry to hear that he is seriously ill with fever. Miss Edith Mitchell, daughter of Mr. Robert Mitchell of the I. C. R. returned on Friday from Moncton where she has been visiting friends. She was accompanied by Miss Lillian Ellison, who will spend some weeks in town. Mrs. M. A. Woods of Boston, accompanied by her daughter Mrs. C. H. Lyman, also of that city, who have been spending some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paterson of St. George Street, returned home on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Lyman's numerous Moncton friends will regret her departure as she is always a most welcome guest in our city. Mrs. Wm. McLeod of Sussex, and daughter are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mrs. W. A. Davies, of Highfield St. Mrs. F. B. Ward, and children returned on Saturday from Macacas, N. S. where they have been spending some weeks with friends. Mrs. M. O. Trigon of California who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Sangster of Highfield street, left on Saturday, to visit friends in Sackville. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Nevins, of St. John are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wortman of Queen Street and are being warmly welcomed by their numerous Moncton friends. Dr. McManus of Kingston, Ont. spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Dr. Myers. I.V.X.

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

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining motionless on the part affected; the rest drives out. \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. WARD'S HORSE OUBREED of Gallop of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Stopped Cords, and Shoe Boils. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co. \$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials before Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B. Oct. 28th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blood," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article. I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

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Very Low Prices FOR THE BEST MILLINERY —IN— THE MARKET

will be the rule at our store during the balance of the summer season, THE ONLY INDUCEMENT we can offer the ladies of St. John at this season is the best quality of goods at the lowest prices. We think this is sufficient and will prove to the people for a few days at least that we mean what we say.

GIVE US A CHANCE to prove our assertion. If we fail, your money will be refunded. OUR LOW PRICES will prevail during the warm weather season. White Straw Sailors worth 50 cents for 25 cents Silk and Crepe work and Wedding Millinery made free of charge for the remainder of this month.

The Parisian 163 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE if you are weak and run down, use Puttner's Emulsion, which is food rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

BLACK RIVER DULSE. JUST RECEIVED 5 Bbls. Choice Dulse. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.



There is a world of romance in the picture of a young girl reading her sweetheart's love-letters. In multitude of cases, if her future could also be pictured, the picture would contain a world of pathos. To the healthy, robust woman, marriage means happiness, the supreme joy of motherhood and the promise of a long, happy life. To the woman who suffers from disease or weakness of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, wedlock means suffering and maternity death. Dr. R. V. Pierce is an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During that time, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for thousands of women. The institute of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He is regularly graduated physician and has practiced right in one place for thirty years. The esteem in which he is held by his neighbors is shown by the fact that they chose him for their representative in the National Congress. The regard in which he is held by those whom he has treated is shown by the thousands of letters printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, telling of the benefits derived from his treatment. Dr. Pierce is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine for women, known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones the nerves. Taken during the interesting period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest druggist won't advertise a substitute. The profit side of life is health. The balance is written in the rich, red, pure blood of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and make the blood rich and pure. They never gripe. By druggists.

NATIONAL... DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY Metric System Taught. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

DUPUIS thoroughly taught by mail how to cut and fit all kinds of dresses, costumes, garments, etc. by a new, simple method absolutely correct and reliable. No failures with this system. It is easily learned by any one in a very short time. Dupuis, recognized over the Dominion, granted for proficiency. Full particulars upon application.

NO DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

necessary to enable you to buy a cake of

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Be sure and get the genuine— wherever you can— and you will have the best soap made.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mr. Broome Kalish is visiting relatives in New York City. Mrs. George Phillips of Est Portage, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Frederic Grimmer, has returned to her home in Est Portage. A large excursion party from Hamilton, Maine, visited St. Andrews on Monday to enjoy a taste of Salt Sea air. A number of the excursionists came up river on the steamer Rose Standish spending the night in Calais and returning to Estport via the C. P. R. on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Ladd of Minneapolis is visiting her cousin Mrs. W. H. Foster. Mrs. Howard Black is at home again after a pleasant visit in Brooklyn, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mungall and family are still enjoying an outing at Oak Bay. Miss Agnes Clark left this week for Revelok, B. C. to make an extended visit with relatives in that town. Mr. John T. Whitlock went to St. John on Tuesday to attend the Masonic Grand lodge. Miss Alma Gregory of St. John is visiting Mrs. Charles C. Grant at Morningdale cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Grant's summer home some six miles below Calais on the river bank. It will be heard with regret that Miss Alice Stevens the esteemed sister of Judge Stevens is very ill at Hawthorn Hall the home of the judge. Miss Bessie Stevenson is spending several days with her friend, Miss Etta DeWolfe. Mrs. O. S. Newham and Mrs. J. M. Deacon have gone to Nova Scotia to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frederic S. Newham. Mrs. Lewis Dexter, Jr., issued cards of invitation to about fifty lady friends inviting them to enjoy luncheon with her at "Birch Craig" cottage tomorrow. Miss Sara Keating has gone to St. Andrews to spend a fortnight. Rev. W. C. Gouchers congregation and friends welcomed him home from Europe on Thursday. He returns much benefited in health. Mr. Edgar Robinson who was Mr. Gouchers, travelling companion is also at home and was most cordially greeted by his family and friends. Mr. Guy Murchie of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who was in the thickest of the fight at Santiago has arrived at Montserrat Point. He writes he is in perfect health and expects to soon arrive in Calais. Mr. Murchie is a great favorite in society and has numerous friends who will most thankfully welcome him among them again. Mrs. James N. Clarke and Miss Wright who were guests of Mr. Herbert Eaton last week at his villa Red Beach have returned home. Mrs. Clarke is much improved in health even from a short visit at the sea shore. Mrs. William Gillespie and her sister Mrs. Baldwin have returned from a pleasant visit in Aahlands, Maine. Mrs. Hazen Grimmer accompanied by her sister Mrs. G. H. Raymond, have gone to Digby Nova Scotia to spend a fortnight. Mrs. Chapman of Ellsworth Maine, is the guest of her friend Miss Mabel Clarke. Mrs. Campbell C. Whitlock and her family are spending a fortnight at Hotel DeMonts. Mr. and Mrs. John Prescott have been visiting Houlton for a day or two. Mrs. E. P. Boutelle arrived from Bangor on Saturday and will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowell who have recently returned from Bangor. Miss Linnie McKenzie has returned from a visit to relatives in St. George. Mrs. Arthur M. Hill and her son Upton are spending this month at Campobello. Mrs. M. V. McKeach, Miss Alice Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd and daughters Bordie and Mildred are visiting Grand Mannan. Mr. Leo D. Lammond of the law firm of Mac Nichol and Lammond, Estport, was united in marriage on Monday to Miss Fidelia A. Best of Campobello. The happy pair arrived in Calais on Monday afternoon and are registered at the American house. Mrs. Sarah Tarr arrived from Boston on Monday to attend the funeral services of her brother the late Mr. Ernest T. Lee. Mrs. William Hall of Montreal is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Frank Todd. A minstrel entertainment given by some young society ladies and gentlemen of Calais is a new feature of amusement at the St. Croix public will be invited to patronize at an early date. It is under the management of Miss Ella Estern, and is given for the benefit of one of the Calais churches to increase a repair fund. A very pleasant dance was enjoyed by a large party of young people in the grand army Hall, Calais last evening. On Sunday afternoon the friends of Mr. Ernest T. Lee were horrified to hear that he had been suddenly hurt at a fire while trying to extinguish the blaze with a chemical fire extinguisher. Mr. Lee was assistant fire engineer of the city of Calais, and was always most energetic at the time of fire, and when the alarm was sounded by some mismanagement, or defect in the extinguisher, it exploded, and fatally injured him in the head; he was conveyed home but only lived until four o'clock the next morning. Mr. Lee was one of the most prominent business and society men in Calais, he was popular with all classes and had held many positions of trust both in public and private affairs. He married Miss Annie Washburn whom he leaves with his mother Mrs. Lee to mourn his loss. The funeral services were held from his late residence on Swan street, yesterday afternoon at two o'clock and was largely attended, several secret societies of which he was a member walked in the procession. Rev. Dr. Paderfode of the baptist church conducted the funeral services. The floral tributes were beautiful and appropriate sent by sympathizing and grief-stricken friends, and to Mrs. Lee and his family there go out from all a most spontaneous and sincere feeling of sympathy in their sorrow. FREDERICTON. AUG 24.—Miss Maggie Dever has issued invitations for party a for Friday evening in honor of Miss Hudson of New York. Miss Burpee is visiting her cousin Miss Wark. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed have gone to Toronto on a two week trip. Mr. Creed has spent the past month visiting his old home in Nova Scotia. Senator and Mrs. King of Carleton Co. are visiting friends in the city. Mr. Percy Powys has returned from his trip to England and is receiving the congratulations of friends upon his recent accession to quite a large fortune left him by a relative in England. Miss Tootie Fairall, of St. John is visiting Miss Bessie Marras. Mr. Jasper Winslow is receiving many warm welcomes from his many friends; (every body is his friend), who are glad to see him home if only for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. T. Carleton Allen and family, Mayor and Mrs. T. G. Loggie and family and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Babbitt are camping at "Camp Comfort". Mrs. Henry Chesnut and family and some friends among whom are Miss Babbitt, Miss Ella Thorne and Mr. Ellis are rusticated at "Pine Bluff Camp." Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson of Baltimore Md. are visiting here. Miss Skinner of St. John is visiting Mrs. Merritt

Dr. and Mrs. Torrens are entertaining a large house party of friends from the domains of "Uncle Sam." Among whom are the doctors' sister, Mrs. Waggart, and son Dr. Waggart Jr. of Bangor, her daughter Mrs. Whitbread of Lawrence Mass. Miss Smith, of Boston, and Mr. Roland Sawyer of Bangor Me. Mr. and Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Blinn of New York have been spending several days here and are delighted with the scenic charms of the celestial. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. D. Fowler, are having a pleasant trip and visit to Leticiaapolis Ind. Miss Blanche Parker of Boston is enjoying a pleasant visit with Mrs. Fenton. Miss Thompson of St. John, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Lemont. Mrs. Chas. Hathway, is visiting Mrs. E. B. Winslow. Mr. S. Wood of Toronto is spending a few weeks among friends here. Miss Alice Hes and Miss Magee of St. John are visiting friends here. The Misses Bessie and Margaret Holstead, of Moncton have been spending a few days here. Mr. Mose Elmer of Boston is enjoying a weeks visit in the Celestial. Mrs. E. C. Coburn and children have returned from a month's visit to Mrs. Coburn's mother at Philadelphia. Miss Wilbur of Moncton is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Yerra. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts is enjoying a vacation and rest with his family here. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Reid of San Francisco, are visiting old friends in the city, Mrs. Reid will be remembered as Mrs. Isaac Tower formerly of Fredericton. The friends of Miss Jane Rainford will be pleased to know, though still very ill, she is so far improved as to be considered out of danger, her sister Miss Harriet Rainford, who has been recuperating at the seashore, returned home on Tuesday as to be with her. Mr. Harry Chestnut is being welcomed back to active life after his recent illness. Mrs. Thomas A. Sharkey of New York, formerly of this city is visiting friends here and is a guest at "The Queen." Miss Fannie Baird is the guest of Miss Fannie Richards. The Misses Grace and Emma Porter have returned from a pleasant vacation trip through Nova Scotia. Mrs. Stewart and son of Chelsea, Mass., is visiting Mrs. Stewart's sister, Mrs. Mason. Mrs. Robt Smith of St. John is visiting the Misses Block Shore street. After a pleasant vacation spent at her home here, Miss Daisy Hanson has returned to St. Stephen. Miss Louise Lingley of St. John is the guest of Miss Maxwell. Mr. A. Massie is visiting his home here. Miss Sadie Sterling is returning home from the vacation trip today. Miss Tompkins is visiting friends in the city. Mrs. Geo Hodge and children have returned from their outing at Campobello. Mr. R. L. Black has returned from a months vacation spent at St. Andrews and at Campobello. Mrs. Chas. Black of Buffalo, New York is visiting her mother Mrs. R. Thorne. Miss Nellie Lipsett returned home today from a pleasant visit to friends in Annapolis. Rev. and Mrs. Whiteside lately of Woodstock who have been spending the last two weeks here leave on Friday for Hampton to visit at Mrs. White's old home there. Mr. W. Jones of Woodstock is in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins of New York are visiting the city. Messrs. Drury, Thompson and Robertson of Halifax are doing the city. CHICAGO. AUG 24.—Mr. H. L. Russell who has been spending several months in town left on Wednesday via St. John for Onoko to join Mrs. Russell and daughter. The friends of Mrs. Samuel Johnston who has been seriously ill are glad to hear she is improving. Mrs. Fred Greason of East Barrie is visiting her mother Mrs. McAdam. Mrs. Charles Johnston and Mrs. Wymen spent last week in St. Stephen the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ladd. Mrs. Stewart wife of Rev. William Stewart was in town the first of the week calling on friends. Mr. Arthur Clark of Boston and Rev. Mr. Taylor of Brookline are the guests of their brother Dr. Taylor at Park's hotel. Mrs. Frank Hibbard left on Wednesday to visit friends in the United States. Miss Alexander is visiting her brother Dr. Alexander at the Arden. Miss Mary McCaw has returned to St. Stephen having spent a week very pleasantly with St. George friends. The Messrs. Gillespie's Sussex have been recent guests of their aunt Mrs. James McKay. Miss George Watson of Boston were among the arrivals on Tuesday. Miss Bessie O'Brien returned this week from a pleasant visit in Woodstock. MAX. ANAGANUS. AUG. 24.—Mrs. Davidson attended the musicale and dance in Sussex last Thursday evening. Mr. Jas. Dunfield left for St. John today whither he was called to his son George O. Dunfield who is seriously ill with throat trouble. Mrs. Sarah Davidson, Mrs. Helen Marshall, and Mr. Edgar Davidson spent last Friday in Havelock with relatives. M. B. Keith and daughter Miss Julia spent Monday with friends on Apple Hill. R. B. Colwell of St. John spent Sunday on Apple Hill with his wife and family who are spending the summer here. My German Maid. We crossed the seas from Fatherland, My German maid and I, Seeking to me a climate the vine, That grows beside our native Rhine. Her look was holy, pure, divine, As sought beneath the sky. For me she left her childhood's home, My gentle German bride, And her white Bertha's arm can stay The tide of sorrow from her way, Shall Hildegarde regret the day, That bore us o'er the tide. Right well I mind that happy day, When first her love I knew. We roamed to either hand in hand, The vine-clad hills of Fatherland, And while their purple summits stand, To her I will be true. Husband and friend, and lover too, The three in one am I, To her who claims my fondest care, Who all my burdens fair would share, For her is broken in my warmest prayer To Him who reigns on high. And when our days on earth are past, May we together rest Where love's undimmed by sorrow's tear, And hope can smile without a fear, Our vanished youth once more appear, In the City of the Blessed.

Economical Housekeepers Buy MONSIEUR INDO-CEYLON TEA

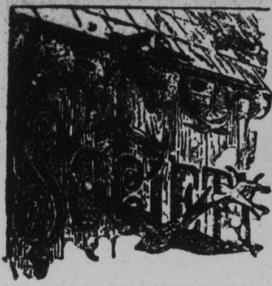
THINGS OF VALUE. Some of the new brooms that seem to sweep so clean are only throwing dust in your eyes. Indifference is the posthumous child of Love and Hate. Canada supplies one fourteenth of the imported food of Great Britain. There never was and never will be, a universal peace, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ailments. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, being stimulating, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making actively a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, judged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it. 1700 umbrellas were left in London cases in one year, according to a report recently issued. There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs. Airing other people's faults never made them small any sweeter. Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times was out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money." Man may love only once, but he's a great experimenter. The wings that riches have are nearly always used in going instead of coming. Marriage in Spain takes place by day or at night, according to the fortune of the young people or their station in life. If well-to-do, the ceremony is in the early part of the morning. Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the vessels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results. Smoking a pipe of medium size, says a statistician a man blows out of his mouth for every time he fills his pipe 700 smoke clouds. If he smokes four pipes a day for twenty years, he blows out 20,440,000 smoke clouds. The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Van Vorst, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmentier's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these pills act like a charm. Take in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body giving tone and vigor. A doctor has invented an electric helmet, inside of which is a small motor that vibrates strips of steel, the motor makes 600 turns per minute. This whirling is supposed to cure nervous headache and put the sufferer to sleep. The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most efficacious. On the banners of the various regiments which constitute the British Army are emblazoned the names of no fewer than 108 battles. But many actions of great importance, both as regards military results and the roll of killed and wounded, are not so commemorated.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor. Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. Mitchell's Cafe - AND - ICE CREAM PARLORS, 125 Mill Street. Good dinners from 25 cents up. Served promptly. FRESH OYSTERS, - - CLAM CHOWDERS PRICES REASONABLE. OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. Natural History Prizes - AT THE - INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, St. John, N. B. 13 to 23 September, 1898. Over \$150 is offered in prizes to Natural History Collections. Collectors and others who may have Specimen or Collections of ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS, FISH, PLANTS or MINERALS, are invited to send them to the Exhibition. Handsome glass show cases will be provided for all exhibits requiring protection. Competent caretaker will be constantly on hand. Exhibits will be received, placed and repacked for shipment without cost, if the exhibitor cannot be present. Large exhibits will be made by the Provincial Government, the University of New Brunswick, the St. John Natural History Society and the Department of Marine and Fisheries these are not eligible for prizes. For prize lists and all information, Address W. C. PITFIELD, CHAS. A. EVERETT, President, Mgr. and Secy.

Think of the Economy! Our Sheet Steel Pressed Brick Makes a Splendid Interior for Almost any Building. It is very easily and quickly applied—can be relied on for durability and the handsome appearance, and is warm and fire proof. You'll appreciate its serviceable qualities and smart cost. Send for our Catalogue for full information. Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

Fresh Pork, Corn and Tomatoes. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE



FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own household work. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degrasse Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Blanchard, Burtok, Dr. Murphy, Armstrong, Harry Smith.

Miss Alice Lawson wore yellow organdie over yellow silk and looked particularly well.

Miss Woodworth, wore a combination of pale blue silk and white chiffon.

Miss Dexter, looked chic in white muslin with crimson roses.

Miss Blanchard, was very becomingly dressed in a simple white muslin which added to her girlish charms.

Miss Wilson, pale blue muslin.

Miss May Haley, pink and white silk.

Miss Jean Smith's, dress was a handsome mauve brocade.

Miss Paulin, primrose satin.

Miss George Ouseley, Nile green silk.

Miss McKean, pale blue muslin.

Miss Evelyn Smith, pink organdie.

Miss Nora Shand, white silk.

Mrs. Walsh and Miss Cheatham returned to their home in New York Wednesday.

Mr. Mettler of Halifax spent a day here, his many friends made during his sojourn in Mr. Jameson's absence were glad to see him.

It is regretted that Mr. Martin who took the management of the Cotton Mills here about a year ago, is leaving to fill a similar position in the U.S.

Mr. George Howe of Annapolis has been the guest of his grandfather Canon Maynard.

Mrs. McKay of New York with her two children is visiting her sister Mrs. Norman Dimock.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Aug. 24.—Last Friday a very large picnic started for the "Bottle ground," which is five miles down the shore; they were obliged to turn back on account of the heavy rain and had tea at "Cole's Point" in the shelter of the bathing houses in spite of the rain everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. J. F. Allison of Sackville and her visitor Mrs. Lee of St. John, spent Friday in town the guests of Mrs. George W. Chandler at Maplehurst.

Dr. Somers of Moncton spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. D. L. Hanington Mrs. Somers returned to Moncton with him on Monday.

Mrs. D. L. Hanington entertained a few friends at high tea followed by a musical evening on Saturday. Her guests were: Rev. J. R. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Campbell St. John, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Foster, Miss L. Campbell and Miss Edna Lawton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Campbell returned to St. John on Monday.

Mrs. Green who has been visiting Mrs. Joshua Chandler went to Moncton on Monday.

Mrs. Dobson of Boston is visiting Mrs. D. L. Hanington.

Mrs. Outhouse and Miss Gilbert gave another ladies' party last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Purves many Dorchester friends were glad to welcome her back again.

Mrs. Purves is visiting Mrs. J. H. Dickinson. Judge and Mrs. Landry and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Frith went to Quebec last Saturday to attend the C. M. B. A. convention.

Miss McCarthy returned to Dorchester last week from Boston, where she has been spending the last few months.

The community was very much shocked on Tuesday by the tragedy which resulted in the death of two persons, Captain Alfred Bishop and Miss Stiles, both being killed on Palmer's railway crossing by the Halifax day express. Miss Stiles was a bright young girl just grown up and gave promise of a useful life. Captain Bishop was highly respected, and his loss will be much felt by the community. The double funeral takes place on Thursday. The sympathy of the people of Dorchester is extended to the bereaved families.

PERSONNE.

A STRANGE NERVOUS DISEASE. Mail-Mail, which affects the Natives of the Philippines.

Among the natives of the Philippines, according to a correspondent of the Medical News, New York, there is occasionally found a peculiar nervous disease called mail-mail, the victims of which seem to be impelled by an uncontrollable impulse to imitate the movements of any one they see before them. Sometimes the disease will lie dormant while the victim goes quietly about his work, but if frightened or excited in any way he will immediately begin to imitate every motion of any person who attracts his attention. If a person suffering from this disease becomes angry he shrieks and raves like a maniac, at the same time continuing his mimicking performances. Old women are the most common victims of mail-mail, though men are sometimes attacked. Some people believe that the imitation-mania, as it is sometimes called, is always assumed and that the pretended victims can control their antics if they try, as they are often attacked in the presence of Europeans from whom they hope to obtain aims; but there is no doubt that the symptoms of this disease are generally real, and that such a disease exists is certain.

NO MAN INDISPENSABLE.

A Limit to the Value of Even the Valuable Man's Services.

'It's a mistake for a man to think he's indispensable,' said Mr. Nozzleby, 'for no man is. Men are valuable, and they may easily make themselves very valuable, but when a man comes to think that the business can't get along without him, or can't get along so well as it does, which amounts to the same thing, why, he's wrong, that's all. More than one man has found that out when he has set his valuation too high. And it is very probable that when he began to dwell on his own value, his value in reality began to decline; it is certain that one of the things that contributed most to increase his value was his forgetfulness of himself.'

'As a matter of fact, a man's interests, if he is really a superior man, up to a certain point, and that a high point, too, will take of themselves, or rather other people will take care of them if he will supply the motive. There is a fixed low price for the run of people of average ability, but none for the man of really superior ability, that is, if he is a 100 per cent. man, which is to say not only of high ability, but of perfect forgetfulness of self and absolute devotion to business. Any break or flaw or lack in these qualities anywhere knocks a man's value down wonderfully. Nothing less than the whole thing will do, but that will command a price anywhere and every where.'

'Still no man is indispensable; it isn't in the nature of things that he should be. No matter who dies, the world keeps on turning just the same, and it would be just the same with the business if you should go out of it.'

The Little Brother was Urgent.

A Cleveland youth called the other evening on a young woman who resides not far from his home, and when he rang the bell her little brother came to the door relating the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

'Good evening,' said the youth. 'Is your sister at home, George?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the boy, 'she's home. Do you want to see her?'

'Yes,' said the youth. 'Please tell her I am here.'

'Won't you come in?' inquired the boy.

'No, thank you,' said the youth, 'I'll wait on the porch.'

'Better come in,' said the boy.

'No said the youth.'

'Better said the boy.'

'No,' said the youth.

'Well, maybe you know best,' said the boy.

'Yes, smiled the youth.

So the youth went in, and the youth sat down on the porch and propped himself against the post.

Pretty soon, with much rustling of skirts, Miss Alice appeared in the doorway.

'Mercy? Mr Skimpie, is that you? Didn't you notice the porch had just been painted?'

And then poor Skimpie remembered with a sickly smile how urgent her little brother had been.

But that wouldn't remove the paint.

No Stand.

'Where does Zeb Smith stand in his political views?' asked a citizen of Brambleville, referring to a late arrival in the town. Mr. Ozias Rankin had been deputed to find out the newcomer's politics, as was the custom of the place. Mr. Rankin was the mode for all Brambleville in tact and diplomacy.

'Well,' said the commissioner slowly, 'I call him consid'rate liberal in his ideas, and yet with a conservative bias, as you might say. His ideas on the tariff seem to be firm. He thinks labor ought to be protected, but says free trade would be a good thing if we could get it.'

'He thinks gold's the best money, but believes in bimetalism, and don't think we ought to ask anybody's lieft to coin silver if we want to. Then he's all for reform, I should judge, and yet he allows things in Washington go just about as he'd have 'em at this present time.'

'In fact,' concluded Mr. Rankin, 'I reckon'

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere else. You have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

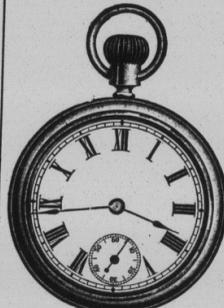
A GREAT REMEDY. Greatly Tested. Greatly Recommended.

The loss of the hair is one of the most serious losses a woman can undergo. Beautiful hair gives many a woman a claim to beauty which would be utterly wanting if the locks were short and scanty. It is almost as serious a loss when the natural hue of the hair begins to fade, and the shining tresses of chestnut and auburn are changed to gray or to a faded loss is no longer a necessity. There is one remedy which may well be called a great remedy by reason of the hair, success in stopping the falling of the hair, cleansing the scalp of dandruff, and restoring the hair to gray or faded tresses. Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a standard and reliable preparation, in use in thousands of homes, and recommended by everyone who has tested it and experienced the remarkable results that follow its use. It makes hair grow. It restores the original color to hair that has turned gray or faded out. It stops hair from falling, cleanses the scalp of dandruff, and gives the hair a thickness and gloss that no other preparation can produce.

Mrs. Herzmann, of 356 East 68th St., New York City, writes: "A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray and falling out, and although I tried ever so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle my hair was restored to its natural color, and ceased falling out."—Mrs. HARKMAN, 356 East 68th St., New York City.

"I have used Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor for fifteen years, and I do not know of a case where it did not give entire satisfaction. I have been, and am now using it myself for dandruff and gray hair, and am thoroughly convinced that it is the best on the market. Nothing that I ever tried can touch it. It affords me great pleasure to recommend it to the public."—FRANK M. GROVE, Fausdale, Ala.

There's more on this subject in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. A story of cures told by free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



FREE - NO MONEY REQUIRED.

We give free a nickel plated WATCH, stem winder and setter, American movement, warranted reliable time-keeper. A full size VIOLIN and BOW. A 10 keyed accordion, with 2 stops, double bellows, finely finished. A SOLID GOLD RING, plain or set, or a CASE COMMISSION, for disposing of 20 packages of our ELITE BOUQUET PERFUMES for us at 10 cents per package, among friends. Send us your full address on a post card stating you want to sell perfumes for us and we will send the 20 packages by mail post paid. When sold our money and we will send either of the above named premiums you select or you may keep one-half the money from what you sell, returning perfume unsold. Read what others say:—

GEN NOVELTY CO.—Sirs,—I received the watch you sent me in good condition. I thought I would wait a day or two to see if it kept good time. She's a dandy. Yours respectfully, CLARKE HARBOR, N. S., July 25, 1898. From Aug. 12, 1898.

GEN NOVELTY CO.—Dear Sirs,—Received your Violin safe, and I must say I am well pleased with it. I will try and sell some more goods. Yours truly, MATHER MARITORA, July 28, 1898. Address: 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

We have hundreds of testimonials from those who have received premiums from us.

GEN NOVELTY CO., Toronto, Ont.

on both sides have got a real fair open chance at that young man. But he don't stand anywhere. He'll keep on the run between the two parties, and if any one of you can trip him up, you'll do more'n I could!

Why Heads are Bald.

Discussing the causes of baldness, a medical man remarked—

'I have heard of baldness attributed to high breeding (generally by people who were themselves bald). But that, of course, is absurd, for hairlessness is not confined to the aristocracy.'

'While it is true that such conditions as bad health, excessive mental work, worry, hot rooms, and badly ventilated hats have much to do with baldness, I regard these as simple secondary causes. The primary cause is undoubtedly a microb, the growth of which is conceivably fostered by the unhealthy factors I have quoted.'

'Why, yes, it is unpleasant to think of one's head as a sort of preserve for microbes; but experiments show that they are the cause of baldness. These particular microbes are minute colourless bodies and are found in a sort of sac or cocoon in the upper parts of the hair follicles, just below the skin.'

'The cure? Well, that has yet to be found; but it is something to have discovered the cause.'

Idiomatic English.

Mrs. Fremont, in a sketch of her father, Senator Benton, tells the following story of the French bishop at St. Louis at the time of the purchase of Louisiana. She says:—

'It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English, but the bishop decided that it would be better to acquire it, especially for use from the pulpit.'

To force himself into the familiar practice of the language, he secluded himself for a while with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. The experiment proved very successful. Soon he had gained a sufficient fluency to deliver a sermon in English.

Senator Benton was present when it was to be given, and his feelings may be imagined as the bishop, a refined and polished gentleman, announced:—

'My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here to-day.'

A Million-Found Palace.

The Royal palace at Madrid is one of the most beautiful structures in the world, being built by an Italian architect in the early part of the last century at a cost of close upon £1,000,000, and intended to be a rival to the French palace at Versailles. The material is white marble. It is 470ft. each way, with a court 240ft. square, roofed with glass.

When a man's opinion has weight nowhere else, he gets up in prayer meeting and delivers it.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

The Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure hours; any families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toques, Gaudy Hats and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address: THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING Co., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given. address

C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick. P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.

Only First class Plated Ware

has ever been turned out bearing the trade mark W. ROGERS. To jewellers and to the trade it is the symbol of good lasting, honest, plate. Sole manufacturers.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. The Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Closing Out.

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

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!



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

We have taken the sole agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1898.

IN THE CITY OF SCHOOLS.

TORONTO A CITY OF UNIVERSITIES AS WELL AS CHURCHES.

What a Visitor to the Queen City of the North Thinks of it—Her Impressions of it Interestingly Described—Why Toronto People Are Proud.

The beautiful city of Toronto, the Queen City of Canada her darling and pride is frequently spoken of as the City of Churches, but a title which would describe it equally well would be the city of Schools and Universities. Wherever you go in Toronto an educational institution of some kind seems to form either the middle distance or the vanishing point of the picture. 'That is Toronto University' observes the Torontonians proudly, pointing to a magnificent pile of buildings situated near the parliament buildings in the western part of Queen's park. The architectural is Norman you will observe, and it has been called the Oxford of Canada, and pronounced the only collegiate building in Canada worthy of standing room in the streets of Oxford itself. You admire the beautiful structure duly, and perhaps in your great anxiety to fulfill his evident expectation of the impression his beloved city is making on you—slightly overdo it, for he seems to become suddenly convinced that you are especially interested in colleges and schools and expands accordingly. Here is a point on which Toronto is absolutely unapproachable, and he is in his element at once. 'Our University was founded under a Royal Charter in 1827, and has one million eight hundred thousand dollars endowment, its qualities include those of Theology, Medicine, Arts, Law, Science and it is in federation with Victoria University and University College. It has also provision for residence, and the University proper is a degree-conferring body—it—faculty—teaching—curriculum.' The last words trail disjointedly over his shoulder as the enthusiastic native of Toronto passes out of hearing and melts into the distance. That is what I like about the Upper Canadians they are so friendly to strangers, so ready to direct them to their destination to tell them which car is the right one, and which buildings and parks are the best worth seeing. A Toronto man will walk half a block out of his way in order to show a stranger which corner is the best for him to catch a certain car—and he will never seem to have the least idea that he is doing anything extraordinary, either. Why one of the waiters on board the boat coming through the Thousand Islands even unbent so far as to ask me if I was enjoying my trip, and to press me cordially to have some more ice cream. There was plenty of it, he assured me, and it would give him great pleasure to get it for me. I declined his offer with modest firmness, not feeling called upon to tell him that as my chum never ate ice cream I had already consumed both her share, and my own during an interval when his attention was temporarily engaged at the next table. The said chum cruelly observed that his attention had been attracted by my hungry appearance, and a certain indescribable air of never having been so far from home before, which clung to me like a garment; but I ascribed his solicitude for my comfort solely to the innate courtesy of the Upper Canadian. Why I have tosed at a street corner waiting for a certain car which only passed at rather long intervals, and had an elderly gentleman cross the street to ask if I was not waiting for it, tell me kindly that it had not passed a few minutes before, and explain that by walking to the next block I would be just in time for another, which would take me to my destination equally well.

But to return to my universities—before leaving Queen's Park, the inquiring stranger has actually encountered two more universities each sufficiently imposing to make them remarkable even if the city had possessed no others. The first, is the University of Trinity College which is situated on Queen street, and is a beautiful piece of architecture very ecclesiastical in appearance, and celebrated for its magnificent interior. Third university is Victoria which is decidedly smaller than either of the others, but which excels them in the beauty of its architecture; and just as we leave the park we see the stately turrets and many gabled roof of McMaster University solid and imposing in red brick and gray stone.

Surely enough colleges for one city? Just wait a moment! There is still Upper Canada College, The school of Practical

Science, and Knox College with its tall centre tower and handsome front, all built of fresh looking clean gray stone which looks just as if it were all scrubbed with soap and sand every Saturday morning.

I don't know whether Knox College is the especial pride of the Torontonians' heart, but if I had it pointed out to me once I certainly had my attention directed to it at least a score of times during my stay in the city, in fact, like the parliament buildings at Ottawa it seems impossible to get away from Knox College for it appears to be visible from nearly every point in the city. "See that big gray building over there?" says the small daughter of my hostess, whom I am taking out for an airing "That's Knox College" "You'll see the gray stone building over beyond ma'am" remarks the elderly hackman, pointing with his whip—"That'll be Knox College, an' a fine building it is too." "You have probably noticed the stately gray stone building to your right madam" ventures the polite citizen of whom you have asked your way, "That is Knox—" but by this time you are too thoroughly tired of "Knox" to wait for the conclusion of the sentence, and beat a hurried retreat. I declare that Knox College haunted me in my dreams long after I had left Toronto, and almost gave me nightmare, it seemed to me that I never turned a corner without finding that Knox College closed the point of view.

Of course no right minded person would think of leaving the Queen City without visiting the Canada Life building and climbing into the tower of that fine structure to get a view of the whole city and the Bay, which almost rivals the view of Montreal from Mount Royal, for grandeur; and having lingered up in the clear air as long as possible, of course every well regulated newspaper woman however humble her sphere, hies herself away to the tall and handsome building where the Toronto Mail and Empire lives, and has its being, and asks with hesitating eagerness if "Kit" is disengaged, and can be seen for just a moment.

But alas, the bright and talented woman who seems so large a part now of the Mail and Empire, is far away in the thick of the Spanish-American war, winning fresh laurels as the only woman war correspondent in the world, and sending her clever sketches of men and things at the front, back to headquarters with the same blithe regularity which characterized her World's Fair, and London jubilee letters. A wonderful woman is "Kit" and though it is a disappointment to leave Toronto without seeing her, and the "Mail" office bereft of "Kit" makes one think of Hamlet with the part of the moody and crack-brained Dane left out; still young Mr. Douglas, son of the manager of the paper is a host in himself, and dispenses the hospitalities of the office with a graceful courtesy that older men might envy. He takes us to see the splendid composing rooms, shows us the view from the upper stories as we decline to visit the roof after our recent climb in the Canada Life building. And then he takes us down into the lower regions where it is fully as hot as it can be in—"Well—places and corners where demons dwell, that well heated place with its sulphury smell"—and he makes a martyr of himself by explaining the wonderful new process of printing from plates of aluminium cast from asbestos moulds. Beads of perspiration are coursing down our faces as we ascend to the upper air, but Mr. Douglas heroically mops his brow and shows us into the mailing room as calmly as if the mercury was just above freezing instead of nearly up to the boiling point. It is a busy day in the mailing room, for large pictures of "Kit," "The only Woman War Correspondent in the World," are being sent out in hundreds all neatly done up in little cardboard cylinders, and after Mr. Douglas has presented each of us with one as a souvenir of our visit, we bid him farewell and step once more into the sunlit street.

Such beautiful streets as they are too; I think Toronto might almost challenge this continent and win the championship easily for the cleanliness, beauty and spaciousness of her streets, especially her residential streets. The sidewalks are not crowding the curbstone into the gutter as they have a way of doing in most cities where every inch of space seems to be valued at a fabulous price, the corporation of Toronto is evidently a wealthy body, and a few yards of ground do not count

where the beauty of the street is in consideration and consequently the sidewalks are set in bright green turf. On some streets there is fully ten feet of closely cut, well kept grass between the curb and the stone sidewalk, and almost as wide a strip again between the sidewalk and the houses. It seems extravagant but the effect is indescribably beautiful, and together with the trees which line the streets forms a picture long to be remembered.

It is hard for any woman who has the house keeping instinct at all developed in her make-up, to stroll through the lovely streets of Toronto without wanting to live in almost every house she sees! The rows on rows of charming little houses nearly all built of clean gray stone or bright red brick, all with some claims to architectural beauty, with little balconies on the second story, wide stone steps and tiny green lawns in front. Nearly all of them are half covered with a bright green creeper something like our own Virginia creeper only that the leaves are all in one, and rather ivy-shaped and every balcony and window is gay with vines potted plants even the doorsteps are bordered with potted plants, tall ferns and bright geraniums, while the trees which border the sidewalks, lend a sylvan look to each little home. Strange to say the plants are never brought in at night even the rarest ones being perfectly safe, as the plant thief who seems to be indigenous to New Brunswick soil, is apparently unknown in Upper Canada. The residences on such streets as Bloor, and Jarvis where the wealthy citizens have their homes, are simply palatial, and speak eloquently of prosperity and success. In fact the beauty of the lawns and the extent of the grounds surrounding many of these beautiful mansions, close as they are to the heart of the city, cannot fail to impress the writer, and this peculiarity is one of the things that strangers always refer to with surprise, when relating their best impressions of Toronto.

There seems to be such an effect of unlimited space, and a sort of dignified leisure, in spite of the business activity of the city. Bloor street, St. George street, and Spadina Avenue—which the natives will persist in pronouncing with the i as in dine, thus ruining the beautiful Italian name—are all streets of which any citizen may well be proud.

One of the most beautiful spots near Toronto, is the suburb of Rosedale where the scenery is wild and charming in the extreme. Deep ravines are closed by numerous high bridges, and looking down over the railing at the forest of greenery and the road like a winding thread so far below does it seem, the scene is one of unusual charm, especially by moonlight. Rosedale is a favorite spot for the wealthy Torontonians who prefer living out of town, and there are many country places nestled amongst the trees.

A marvellously cheap city is this Queen of Canada, and the visitor whose purse is not very heavy is inclined to carol forth its praises from an overflowing heart early in the morning, late at night. Why one may go into one of the best restaurants in the city and get a beefsteak of such tenderness and juiciness as only Upper Canadian beefsteaks seem to possess, delicious French fried potatoes, bread and butter and a large cup of excellent tea or coffee, all for the modest sum of twenty five cents. The best confectioners sell wedding cake with almond paste an inch deep, and all the regular decorations in the shape of icing, for the modest sum of forty cents a pound; while fruit is too cheap to be really accounted a luxury. But even the joys of Toronto cannot last forever, and so our stay draws to an end and one glorious summer morning we bid a reluctant adieu to our hostess and her charming home on Bloor street, and set forth on our travels once more.

Of course the car we catch is late, and though the conductor languidly assures us that he is timed to catch the morning train, and has never failed to do so yet the distance to be covered is so great, and the minutes seem to fly so much faster than the car that every stop makes one nervous, for one thing is very certain—the Montreal train will not wait for the car.

"Oh stop! I really must get out, conductor," shrieks a lady who has just stepped on the car. "No, I can't, I shall miss my train."

She cries in great distress 'Oh what shall I do?' She is a fine looking dark eyed woman dressed in black, and though the

morning is rather damp and chilly wears a grasscloth abirtwaist. On one arm which she extends helplessly hangs a neatly folded skirt of black serge, at which she is gazing with an expression of surprise and horror which seems quite disproportionate to their object. Naturally everyone in the car turns towards her sympathetically as she sinks into a seat and seems on the verge of tears. None of us have the least idea what is the matter but we are all bound to her by the strong cords of combined excitement and curiosity.

"I've stolen this skirt" she grasps half laughing, yet with a quivering lip.

"God bless my soul ma'am, you don't say so; when?" exclaims a stout gentleman in the next seat, edging close to her eagerly.

"Just now—from Eaton's. I was in the skirt department, and I picked it up by mistake."

"Ob," says the conductor in a disappointed tone, "Is that all? Well you can just telephone from the station madam, leave it in the parcel room and Eaton's will send for it."

"I don't care about the skirt," responds the lady shortly, "that is not what I am worrying about, its my wrap. I laid my wrap across a chair and when I heard my car coming I caught it up, as I thought, and ran out, and I picked up a skirt I had been looking at, in mistake. I don't want the skirt. I have just bought one like it, but I do want my wrap."

It will be all right, madam," say a sympathetic passenger, "They will find out the mistake and send on your wrap, you can leave the skirt at the station and explain by telephone, and they will send it down to you at once."

"But I tell you they can't" persists the lady fretfully. "I am going thirteen hundred miles away—out in British Columbia, my train starts in fifteen minutes, that was the only wrap of any kind I kept out to wear, and I need it at this moment!"

In the face of such a trouble as this even sympathy seemed useless to heal the wounded spirit, and as none of us had any further suggestion to offer we merely gazed eloquently at the sufferer, and said nothing.

Four minutes before the train leaves, more than half a block to go, and the conductor still in a state of unruffled serenity, so perhaps his calmness is only natural.—Can it be possible? Yes it can, and is not twenty feet from our front platform is one of those Eiffel tower structures used for repairing the wires, and the linemen are leisurely tinkering at one of the wires while our motor man applies the brakes with rather more animation than he has shown yet!

"All right ladies and gentlemen, plenty of time, get along in a minute or two," proclaims the conductor calm as ever—that man certainly must have some of the blood of the Vere de Veres in his veins, his manners have so much repose, but this time he is playing to nearly empty benches, for the bolder spirits grasp their satchels and take to their heels the moment the car comes to a stand-still. Talk about sprinting! perhaps my chum and I don't cover that block in good time; we look not to right or left but simply run with an energy born of despair, dash into the station flushed, perspiring and breathless and are confronted by a decorous crowd who do not seem to be in the least bit of a hurry and are obviously wondering what in the world we are running for.

The Montreal train is just a few minutes late this morning, and we might have taken our time—I wonder if that brute of a conductor knew about it all the time, and let us excite ourselves for nothing? How he must have enjoyed that free-for-all, amateur foot race!

As we pause at the gate to show our tickets the gatekeeper is talking to a little woman with curiously bright alert eyes, and an odd blank expression on her little dark face; she does not answer him, but watches eagerly as he takes her arm and points to the tracks explaining loudly

"Third track to the right ma'am she starts from." The gatekeeper turns to us glances at our tickets and suddenly makes a grasp at the arm of a passing boy.

"Sonny, run right after that little lady going down the steps, stop her and bring her back; she had a paper with her saying she was deaf and dumb, and I've told her the wrong train—hurry now!" The boy speeds on his errand and we pass the two

returning, the boy talking rapidly, and the little woman smiling intently as he leads her back.

That little soul was travelling all alone, making her way at strange railway stations in a world of perpetual silence, armed only with a little slip of paper telling of her infirmity; and she was doing it cheerfully, and with a smile. Thank heaven that people are always kind to such travellers and try to help them.

The train creeps out of the station, quickens its pace, and Toronto is left behind. Beautiful Queen City. I think of you so often, and never without a contraction of the heart, and a yearning after the unattainable—the knowledge of what became of the lady with the skirt and whether she ever got her wrap back, or not!

SPANISH SPY? NO, NO. Ninth Regiment's Bugaboo at Framingham Was a Joking Na'ive.

"To walk my post in a military manner, keeping constantly on the alert, observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing," is the first general order of the guard taught a recruit when he goes on duty.

The sentinel who paced the much trodden path forward and back before the magazine at Camp Dalton one night last week was an experienced militiaman. He had been given the post at the magazine because he was a man who had always done his duty well and could be trusted to guard the ton of powder said to be stored in the little building with the red roof. The post at the gate is much more to the fancy of the man on guard, for that is where there is the most to be seen and where all the Framingham girls pass. But duty is imperative and when the old militiaman fixed his rifle on his shoulder, the corporal of the guard had no fears for the safety of the powder in the magazine.

The sentinel knew that he ought to keep constantly on the alert and observe everything that took place within sight or hearing.

But he was tired from a long march of the day before and anyway there wouldn't be any Spanish spies now that the war was almost over, he reasoned. Then, too the gate was the post he wanted—there was no fun at the lonesome old magazine. Thinking of these things, he turned at the end of his post and was somewhat started to see a man coolly sitting on the steps at the powder door.

Neither sentinel nor man said anything for a few seconds. The sentinel approached at charge bayonet. The man puffed his pipe.

"Howdy, sentry?" the intruder drawled. "What are you doing here? Don't you know this is the powder magazine?" "Ought to. Lived about half a mile from it all my life."

There was another period of silence and smoking, during which the sentinel glanced several times toward the guard tent to see if the corporal was approaching. Then he said:

"I shall have to put you under arrest."

"But you won't?" This last was from a second stranger who had approached quietly from the bushes. Keeping at a safe distance from the guard's naked bayonet, he explained:

"You see, if you call the guard for us, we will run into the bushes. You haven't any cartridges and couldn't leave your post to chase us. When the corporal comes, what would you say? That you let two men in right up to the door of the magazine? And then be court-martialed? No, you keep quiet and we'll go away. We wanted to see if the Fifth was any better than the Ninth. What do I mean? Well, do you remember Tracy and his Spanish spy? Yes, of course you do. Spy tried to blow up the powder, stab Tracy and all that. Well, this man here is the Spanish spy. Want to arrest him and give away Tracy of the Ninth? But how about yourself? I'll put you out of the game, for you wouldn't dare to give us away. It all came from a bet my friend here and I made, that he could talk to the guard, get one of the buttons off his coat as a souvenir and get away. He didn't get the button because Tracy made a holler when my friend grabbed him. That's how his coat was cut. So that's all there was to Tracy and his spy that the papers made such a yarn about. Good night, sentry; here's a pint to brace you up. So long."—Boston Times.

In His Case. "Don't you think," said the young man "that literature is in a state of decline?" "Unquestionably," replied the other. "It is in a chronic state of decline—with thanks."

## \* A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. \*

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

CONTINUED.

'He is a most excellent landlord,' continued Lady Ruth placidly. 'His business in London is entirely connected with his estate. He spares neither trouble nor expense to ensure the comfort of his tenants. I wish there were more land owners like him.'

The faint shadow passed away from Miss Delisle's face. She drew a long, low breath of relief, as though some weight had been lifted from her mind.

The old sunny look came back to her brow; her lips, as she bent over her pupil, wore a sweet, bright smile. Lady Ruth had quite a number of calls to make; and at each cottage she stopped at she had so many questions to ask and so much council to bestow, that it was nearly noon when the little pony phaeton again approached the Court.

'I have one more call to make,' she remarked, 'though this time I have nothing to take with me. It is a rather remarkable person I am going to visit, Miss Delisle. The people say here she is a foreigner and a gipsy. I daresay she is. However, she is a very independent old soul, and quite comfortably off; and I know I should only offend her if I were to offer her so much as a packet of tea. Some of these people have ridiculously high notions you know.'

The phaeton stopped in front of a delightful little cottage; its white-washed walls without a spot or stain; its little garden gay with roses.

The window was open; its broad sill was filled with scarlet geraniums, and behind them appeared the face of a handsome old woman, with piercing black eyes, and snow white hair.

'Come with me, Miss Delisle,' said Lady Ruth, 'and let Sylvia come too, please. She will like to see the old lady's Persian cat.'

Madge rose with dignified courtesy to receive her visitors.

Indeed, she had a far grander manner than Lady Ruth, who was the daughter of an earl.

'I have called to ask you how you are, Madge, and I have brought Miss Sylvia to see you; also her governess, Miss Delisle.'

Lilian had been standing a little behind her ladyship, and in the shadow of the doorway; but at this mention of herself, she stepped forward with a smile and a pleasantly-uttered word of greeting.

Madge raised her head and looked at her and, as she looked, a startling change came over her face.

Her clear brown skin grew pale, her lips twitched, and her black eyes dilated as though with an astonishment too great for words.

Lady Ruth and Lilian must both have noticed this had not their attention been diverted, just at that moment, by the appearance of the magnificent Persian cat which was the pride of the village.

Little Sylvia begged to be allowed to hold it in her arms.

Her aunt and governess were engaged in instructing her how to hold it properly, and, by the time they turned to Madge again, she had composed her features, though she was still quite pale.

She put out chairs for her visitors. The cottage was exquisitely neat and clean, and Lady Ruth was not disinclined to stay awhile.

She was rather proud of the good order which prevailed in the cottages on the Vere estate, and took a pleasure in pointing it out to Lilian.

Madge resumed her seat in the window, and prepared to reply, with fitting civilities, to the many questions put by Lady Ruth; but, whether she spoke, or whether she listened, her eyes never once wandered from the face of Lilian Delisle.

How beautiful Lilian looked, sitting in that humble cottage, no words can tell.

Sir Gerald had said that Nature had intended her to be a queen, and certainly there was something imperial in the character of her beauty.

Her snowy throat was carried with such a swan-like grace; the head above it was so grandly poised.

There was such a look of power in the velvet depths of her eyes, and in the broad, white brow, that one felt as though an imperial crown should, of right, be worn above them.

Beautiful as a poet's dream she was; but she was something more.

She had a power greater than even the power of beauty—a subtle magnetism which dominated the wills of those who came into contact with her.

One could imagine a Joan of Arc possessing just such power—compelling all men to follow where she led.

She did not seem to notice Madge's intent and earnest gaze.

Perhaps she was accustomed to be looked at. With such a face, she could not expect to pass as one of the ordinary throng.

She talked very kindly to the old woman—with gentle words, and in soft, sweet accents; and as she talked, Madge's eyes were fixed upon her more and more intently, while the paleness grew and deepened on her olive complexioned face.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### IN THE CHURCH.

Madge Rivers—for that was the old woman's full name—had the reputation of being reserved, and even taciturn.

She never invited a visitor to her house; she never set her foot inside anybody else's.

But after that day when Lady Ruth took Lilian Delisle to her cottage, the old woman grew suddenly sociable, and

might often have been seen in her garden, chatting quite gaily with some neighbour across the gate.

'The poor old soul is breaking up!' some people said, observing this. 'She feels her end drawing near. That's why she doesn't care to be so much alone.'

If this was so, there was no sign of it in Madge's outward appearance.

The person whom she was fondest of talking to at this time was a woman who lived only a few doors away—a highly-respectable widow, with one daughter, a neat modest girl, who had rather taken the fancy of Lady Ruth.

Indeed, her ladyship kept her at the Court as a sort of personal attendant, and was training her to take a really good situation as lady's maid.

'And so Miss Sylvia has got a governess,' said Madge, to this neighbour of hers, one day, as she leaned over the privet hedge, which separated her cottage from the road.

'Yes. Have you seen her, Dame Rivers?'

'Yes. Her ladyship brought her into the cottage the other day. She is a rare one for beauty. Who is she? Do you happen to know?'

The neighbour came and leaned over the hedge like one ready for a chat.

'She was a clean industrious woman, but wonderfully fond of retelling a bit of news.'

'Why, my Jane was telling me a good bit about her the other day. It appears she's quite a lady by birth, but has no money so she's forced to go out governing.'

'She's been educated in France—at one of them convent-places they're so fond of over there. I'm sure I don't know why, but we're getting quite like the papists ourselves. I declare we are! Did you see them candles as were stuck on the table in church last Sunday, dame?'

'I don't often go to church,' said Madge, briefly.

'You didn't want the conversation to be diverted from Lilian Delisle to the High Church practices of the new rector?'

'And so the young lady was educated in France?' she said. 'Did you say she'd got neither father nor mother, Mrs. Shaw?'

'Not a relation in the world, my girl says; and she heard it from Lady Ruth herself. I say, dame, you wouldn't think her ladyship would feel easy to have such a beautiful young lady about the house, seeing as Sir Gerald is a bachelor?'

'You wouldn't think so. But you may depend the gentleman know how to manage their own affairs,' said Madge; then, having assured herself that she knew all that her neighbour could tell concerning Lilian Delisle, she said good-morning, and retreated into her own cottage, where she drew forth some secret depository an old book, wherein some dates and names were recorded.

These she pored over with a heavily-knitted brow, and a look in her black eyes which seemed to say she was face to face with a mystery which all her acuteness could not unravel.

Finally, she rose, carefully looked away the book in his hiding place, donned her scarlet cloak and set out for a walk.

A very long walk for a woman of her years, for she never halted until she reached that little churchyard on the hillside, where stood the grey headstone which bore the name of Madeline Winter.

### CHAPTER VII.

The churchyard was nearly two miles from Madge's cottage; but she was wonderfully hale and agile, and, assisted by her trusty stick, she made the journey without showing any signs of fatigue.

Entering the churchyard, she went straight towards the grave in which Madeline Winter was supposed to be sleeping her last long sleep, and stood leaning upon her stick, while she read the brief inscription on the headstone over and over again, as though it had some nameless fascination for her—just such a fascination as it had exercised on John Morewood.

'Madeline Winter, Aged 26,' she kept muttering to herself. 'And to think I should be living, hearty and well, while she lies here! Ah! they little knew what my thoughts were then as I watched that coffin lowered into the grave. They took no heed of old Madge, the gipsy, being there. Perhaps they thought I'd come to get a charm out of a new made grave. Oh! I know they believe in some rubbish! And I let 'em. It suits me well.'

While she thus muttered to herself, she saw an approaching form, and recognized it in a moment as that of Lilian Delisle.

'Ah! is she coming here?' muttered the old woman. 'Who is she? What does she know? If it were not madness I should say—no, that is impossible, and yet—'

She paused, then added— 'Whoever she is, better she should not see me here. I'll hide me in the church, and watch.'

To the church she went. The door was open, and she stationed herself at a window which commanded a view of that grave with the grey stone at its head.

Evidently she was quite certain it was to visit that Lilian had come. And she was right.

Straight to the isolated grave came the girl, looking neither to the right-hand nor to the left, and stood quite motionless at its foot, gazing at the marble headstone.

For several minutes she stood thus, and the silent watcher inside the church scanned her countenance with a sort of devouring eagerness.

She noted her very feature; the wonderful eyes, the perfect skin, the sunny golden hair.

'Heavens! How like she is!' she muttered. 'I will know the truth. There is a way if only I could get the chance to use it.'

She considered a moment or two, then took up her place nearer the window, and cast a still more intent and searching look on the girl outside.

Upon the grave, just in front of the headstone, a root of forget-me-nots was blooming—set by whose hand no one knew.

The villagers said it was a strange chance which had caused the grave of a murderer to be brightened by that sweet and lovely flower.

However, there the forget-me-nots were; and Lilian Delisle was stopping to gather a spray or two, which she placed with care, almost with tenderness, inside the bosom of her dress.

'Ah!' muttered Madge. 'She baffles me. This is stranger than all. I cannot understand it. Why not make sure now? There may never be a better time.'

Eagerly watching, she saw a look of irresolution pass over Lilian's face. She stood looking round her in a hesitating fashion, as though uncertain which way to go, then moved slowly, but steadily, towards the entrance of the church.

With a look of exultant joy, Madge hid herself behind the curtain which hung in front of the vestry.

Lilian, meanwhile, entered the church, and came slowly up to the chancel.

Her eyes were opened very widely, but they had a strange, unseeing, look—the look of one who walks in sleep.

She seemed as though she would have lifted the vestry curtain and passed behind it; but no sooner did she raise her hand for this purpose, than it fell heavily by her side, and she herself sank on to a chair, and closing her eyes, remained like one deprived of sense and motion.

As soon as this had happened, Madge emerged from her hiding-place, and, going down the aisle, locked the church door so as to secure herself from interruption, while she did what she had to do.

Then, hastening to the unconscious Lilian, she leaned over her, and placed her hand, first on the pulse, then on her heart.

'It is well,' she muttered, 'it is very well. Ah! who says the old woman has lost her power?'

Standing a little back, she contemplated, with a sort of admiring wonder, the beauty of the face before her.

The exquisite color was gone, but the beautiful crimson still dyed the perfect lips, and the long dark lashes rested softly on the delicate cheeks.

That pure paleness seemed, if possible, to add to and emphasize Lilian's beauty.

'Now for the proof,' muttered Madge. 'If it is as I think, the proof is here.'

With wonderful quickness she removed the shoe from one of the feet of the unconscious girl, then the stocking, revealing a naked foot, white as a lily, and soft as satin.

It was a foot which a sculptor might have rejoiced to copy, so perfect was its symmetry.

But Madge's bending close, saw on a blemish on the soft, white flesh. At the side of the ankle was a mark—a streak of vivid red.

Such a mark as persons are sometimes born with, and which they carry to their dying day.

'Hah!' exclaimed Madge, with a long drawn sigh, and a look which seemed curiously made up of the mingled emotions of love and hate, joy and dread. 'It is the birthmark! Who should know it if not I? Now to unearth the rest of the mystery. How comes she here, and why did she pluck the flower from off that grave?'

Even while she thus reflected, she was busily at work, replacing the stocking and shoe on Lilian's foot.

Having done this, she left her, sitting pale and motionless in the old chair, and, unlocking the church door, quietly made her way to her own home.

In a few minutes Lilian stirred—uneasily as one stirs in sleep. A minute or so more, and she opened



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her eyes, then gazed about her with a bewildered and frightened look.

'What am I doing here—inside the church?' she murmured, passing her hand over her brow as she tried to collect her thoughts.

She rose, and looked about her.

The sacred edifice was wrapped in solemn stillness.

She was alone—quite alone, and yet she had a curious fancy that someone had been bending over her while she sat in the chancel chair.

'I remember,' she mused, 'thinking I should like to see inside the church. I remember coming as far as here, and then I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more. What made me faint, I wonder? The day is hot, but I don't think it was that. Beside I don't feel ill. Has anyone been with me? I seem to think so. Perhaps someone came, and has gone away to fetch water or something. I will wait and see.'

She did wait—waited nearly a quarter of an hour in the old church porch, but no one came; then, slowly, and in deep thought, she took her way homewards.

As she entered the Court gates, old Madge was sitting at her window.

She watched the graceful figure till it was out of sight, strained her eyes to catch the last gleam of the muslin gown and golden hair, then she muttered, perplexed—

'I cannot feel quite sure even now. There is one more test. Would it be possible?—ay, it shall be!'

### CHAPTER VII.

WHAT FRIENDSHIP DEMANDED OF JOHN MOREWOOD.

Sylvia's education was not of a very exacting sort, Lady Ruth wisely deciding that, while the child was so young, she should not give more than four hours a day to lessons.

A very great portion of the rest of her day was spent in going out walks with her governess.

It happened, therefore, that Lilian Delisle was very frequently to be seen, not only in the park glades, but also in the pretty Hampshire lanes around the Court.

John Morewood, walking through one of these lanes one morning, met her and her pupil, and could not deny himself the pleasure of lingering a little to look into that rarely-beautiful face.

He did linger—he walked with the governess on one side of him and the child on the other; but although it was to the child he chiefly spoke, it was not at the child he looked.

At a turn in the path they met Sir Gerald.

Morewood, glancing at Lilian, saw her face flush ever so slightly—he noticed, too, that something like a cloud passed over the face of his friend.

Sylvia ran forward to take her brother's hand, and chatter to him, with childish volubility.

He affected to laugh and to listen, but the cloud did not vanish from his brow.

'You here, Morewood?' he said, as he came up, Sylvia still clinging to his hand. 'I thought you had gone over to Marlow.'

'I did go, but came back last night.'

'Oh!'

Sir Gerald did not seem himself.

He was neither so genial nor so bright as usual.

Morewood wondered if anything had worried him, and then, swift as lightning, a vague suspicion crossed his mind.

Could it be that Sir Gerald was vexed to see him with Lilian Delisle?

All four walked on together a few yards, then Miss Delisle said, addressing Morewood but looking at Sir Gerald—

'Sylvia and I must be going home. Good morning, Mr. Morewood.'

Sir Gerald looked up quickly, opened his mouth to speak, then suddenly checked himself.

Morewood fancied he had been about to say he would turn and go back to the Court with them.

Whether this had been in his mind or not he did not say.

Instead, he quietly raised his hat to Lilian said "Good-by" to his little sister, and walked on with his friend.

'Are you coming over to dine with us tonight?' he asked a little abruptly. 'Lady Ruth said she had asked you.'

'Yes, she did. Do you want me to come old man?'

'Of course I do. I'm going to give you a regular drubbing at chess.'

'You're welcome to do it if you can,' laughed Morewood. But even while he laughed he was still thinking about Lilian Delisle—wondering whether she would be in the Court drawing room to night.

He had a feeling that to listen to her singing, and to look on her peerless beauty would be a more fascinating occupation than all the chess-playing in the world.

Evening came. Morewood drove over to the Court, according to promise; but when after dinner, he and Sir Gerald repaired to the drawing-room, no Miss Delisle awaited them there.

Lady Ruth, gowned in slate-coloured silk sat by the window alone.

No white-robed form, with a flower like face crowned by gleaming golden hair, sat beside her.

The chess-table was drawn out and the two young men began to play.

Both were excellent players, and passionately fond of the game; but to-night they seemed not to put forth their usual skill.

Sir Gerald, in particular, was abstracted and restless.

At length, after suffering a checkmate, he swept his very white chessmen on.

'I'm tired of this,' he said. 'I'll not move any more, but I'll see you can't say a bit tonight. Let's go out and smoke a cigar on the lawn, shall we?'

They went out.

It was a glorious moonlight night. The oaks and elms were silvered with the moon's pure rays.

It shone full upon the house, making all around it seem almost as light as day.

The two men crossed the lawn, and passed into an avenue of limes.

They had not taken many steps down this when Sir Gerald suddenly uttered an exclamation, and drew his companion back.

'Hush! Don't let her see us,' he said; 'keep in the shadow of the trees.'

Morewood followed the direction of his glance, and saw, on one of the terraces, barely a dozen yards away, the graceful form of Lilian Delisle.

She was dressed all in white, and the moonlight fell full upon her, etherealizing her beauty.

The dark velvety eyes were upturned to the silent heavens.

A white lace scarf rested lightly on her gleaming golden hair.

It would be impossible to conceive a more beautiful picture than she made standing thus.

Sir Gerald leaned against a tree, well back in the shadow; and gazed and gazed as though his whole soul was in his eyes.

Morewood, silently watching him, could doubt no longer that he had lost his heart to the girl whose sweetly serious eyes were fixed on the dark blue heavens.

It ever love showed itself plainly on the face of mortal man, it showed itself that night on the face of Gerald Vere.

After a minute or two, Lilian left the terrace, and entered the house by an open window.

Sir Gerald, as he last sight of her, gave vent to a passionate, deep-breathed sigh.

His friend caught him by the arm, and said—the words rising to his lips on the spur of the moment—

'Gerald, you love her?'

'God knows I do!' was Sir Gerald's answer, given with unmistakable sincerity and fervour.

After a moment or two, he added—

'How could I help it? You see how beautiful she is. Heavens! I think woman so beautiful never walked God's earth before! And yet her beauty is almost the least of her charms. She is so sweet, so pure, so gifted. Seeing her every day as I have done, how could I help but love her?'

'And what do you mean to do?' asked Morewood, conscious of a curious pang of disappointment at his heart—disappointment which he would not stop to analyse at present.

'Do I intend to marry her if she will have me?'

'Oh! you have made up your mind to that?'

'Made up my mind—yes. Good heavens. Morewood! You surely do not imagine I could have any other thought?'

'No, no! Don't think that, old fellow. I know you are the soul of honor. All I meant by the question was, are you quite sure your affection for Miss Delisle is deep enough, and durable enough, to make you feel willing to overlook the—well, the disadvantages of a marriage with her? That she herself is a perfect lady, anyone may see; but she is only a governess, and I daresay you know very little of her connections.'

Even as Morewood said this, he had a guilty consciousness of being something like a hypocrite; for deep down in his heart he knew that he himself had felt that very day that, if Lilian Delisle could be won to love him, he would, in spite of her dependent position and the dubiousness of her connections, make her his wife before all the world.

No wonder the cold pang of disappointment filled his heart, as he heard the confession of his friend.

I know nothing of her connections,' declared Sir Gerald, with generous ardour. 'If she were a queen or an empress, I could not love her more. If she were a beggar, and the child of a beggar, I could not love her less.'

'And does she know of this—of your love for her, I mean?' asked Morewood, a little awkwardly.

It was hard not to be more or less constrained, with the chill disappointment still gripping at his heart.

'No; I have never breathed a word of it to her. I am afraid of startling her if I speak too soon. She is pure and delicate-minded. Yes, and she is proud, too, for all her sweetness. In my heart, I know there is only one way of winning her to be my wife.'

'And that is?' said Morewood, as he paused.

'To win her love.'

Sir Gerald spoke with thrilling earnestness—nay, almost with solemnity.

They had emerged from the shady avenue now, and were standing on the lawn, in the full moonlight.

His friend looked at him, and was struck with the expression on his face.

It was literally light with love—a tender, chastened, holy love, such as purifies and exalts a man's whole moral being.

Morewood thought how handsome he looked with his pale, clear skin, his intellectual brow, and his dark brilliant eyes—eyes from which love had chased away that curious look of melancholy they so often wore.

Sunday Reading

ESAU'S BIRTHRIGHT.

Outside, the glow and brightness of a July noon. The foliage on the trees was unstirred by even the faintest breeze, and only an occasional fleecy cloud drifted across the sky of deepest blue.

Within, was the dreary interior of a country church. The walls low and time-stained, the floors bare, and the pews unoccupied.

Amy Graham gave a quick sigh as she walked up the aisle to her Sabbath-school class. Not a sign of sorrow, doubt or disappointment, but one of longing. Could she tell to that class of boys all the lessons meant to her?

The faces ranged before her were those of average boys; they were much like the lads you teach. Twelve eager, restless boys. Twelve men. Perhaps honest-hearted men whose lives would do much to make the world a brighter and a better place; perhaps men whose feet would learn to walk in the paths of sin and crime. Twelve souls to stand one day in the presence of heaven's King where the lessons learned, the examples set them, shall rise up in review.

It was not difficult to interest the class in the lesson of that day. Amy told, in simple, forceful words, the story of the transfer of the birthright from Esau, 'the cunning hunter,' to Jacob, 'the plain man.'

'What a foolish fellow Esau was,' said Miss Graham, 'said Roy Graves, a sunny-haired boy of fourteen, "to sell his birthright for pottage, just to satisfy his hunger for one day!"

'I think he was more than foolish,' the young girl replied, gravely. 'Wicked is the more fitting word, in my estimation.' 'I don't see,' and Roy's blue eyes opened a trifle wider. 'The birthright was his—'

'His because God gave it to him,' Amy interrupted, quickly. 'Just as he gave you and me our lives and responsibilities. They are ours to use, to make the most of. But it is not folly it is sin for us to cast them aside or barter them for dross.'

A look of thoughtfulness came into the boyish face. His eyes wandered from the Bible in his hand to the landscape outside. Was it wrong instead of silly to refuse to make the most of life?

'But, Miss Graham,' said Floyd Merrill, 'was there not danger of Esau's suffering for the want of food?'

'Possibly,' the teacher replied, after a moment's pause. 'God often lets us see the danger that threatens us so that we may fully trust him. Esau did not trust, you see.'

'What does it matter to us?' suddenly asked Hugh Latimer. 'I don't see, Miss Graham, how this story can be expected to influence anyone now. Certainly the birthright of one American boy is as good as another.'

'That is the very point I want to emphasize, Hugh,' and from the heart of the girl-teacher rose a quick prayer for help. 'Do you not think when a young man barter his honesty, his purity of life and thought, his real manhood, for naught, that we may say that he has sold his birthright?'

'I think it would be as well to say that he threw it away,' Hugh replied, laughingly, his face darkening.

Amy shook her head. 'No, he expects something in return; something that proves to be pottage. When he reaches out his hand he calls it pleasure or worldly honors. But as the years go by it proves to be a curse. A curse that may be partly

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are! The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale.

To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news.

It brings rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, and sound digestion. It is growth and prosperity to them.

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hidden from the world, yet is known to God and surely says from the life all happiness, all soul-growth.'

The bell rang then, and again Amy sighed. Had she sown in vain?

Two decades have passed since that summer day. Under the shadow of the little country church lies the grass-grown grave of Amy Graham. Hers was a brief existence, one of those quiet, uneventful lives that seem to leave no mark on the busy world.

'Seem,' we say. Ah, when will humanity learn that man's ways are not God's?'

Do you believe that to every individual comes a testing time? That he deliberately chooses right or wrong? Sometimes the upward or downward steps are almost imperceptible, but in the case of Roy Graves there came a day when he must either accept or reject the pottage offered.

Jacob, in this instance, was a man whose outward life was stainless. The mess of pottage took the form of an easy position at a good salary, and the future held the promise of a partnership. The birthright, too, was such a little thing—just his honesty that was all.

'I understand your scruples,' his tempter said. 'I entertained such ideas once, but I learned, as you will that it is only folly to stand in one's own light.'

Back to Roy came the memory of a day when he was taught that so-called folly might be sin. It was only a moment that he hesitated, then he said:

'Thank you, but I must decline your offer.'

That crucial moment decided his life. He encountered and defeated poverty, and today is a man 'after God's own heart.'

Far away in the heart of a great city a grave-faced man is freely giving his life to uplift the fallen. His days are not spent in theorizing about poverty and crime. But denying himself a home among those endeared to him by association, he has gone down to live with those who need his help.

'They are my brethren,' he says gently, 'Christ died for them.'

Think you it was an easy thing to do? Floyd Merrill often knew what it was to fear failure. So often that he was tempted to sell his God-given birthright—a call to the ministry. It was not so much that he feared the hunger of defeat. He trusted, and to his aid came the helper unfeeling. Now his birthday is his joy.

Hugh Latimer died in a hospital near the scene of Floyd's labors. He was a man young in years, yet his face was furrowed by sin and dissipation. Wine—beautiful, deadly wine—was the pottage for which he bartered his birthright. Not deliberately did he plan for this. Ah, no! Not so does Jacob tempt those whom he desires to make disciples of Bacoohus.

Hugh often boasted that he could take care of himself. Drink was his servant, not his master.

Why linger over the details? Their very commonness marks one more shade of paths in the sad picture. As is always the case, Hugh sank lower until he lay in the hospital, dying a drunkard's death.

'What is that you say?' he asked deliriously. 'No, I did not throw my life away. I sold it, sold it, for pottage. Yes, and my soul, too. Sold for drink. Yet were it mine again, I'd give it all to quench this burning thirst. But teach my boy to shun the cup, teach him not to sell his birthright,' and the head dropped feebly back, one convulsive shudder, and all was over. Thus again did Esau 'despise his birthright.'—Epworth Herald.

SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Maxims for Guidance in Our Daily Lives and Actions.

Remember that happiness, when it comes at all, usually comes to those who do not go in search of it.

Remember that in the struggle of life it is always possible to turn one kind of defeat into another kind of victory. Try it and see!

Remember that if you cannot realize the ends of your being in one way you can in another. Realize something!

Remember there is nothing noble in being superior to your previous self.

Remember that, as you grow older, nature's tendencies are laying their grip upon you. Nature may be on your side when you are young, but against you later on.

Remember that you can get the better of tendencies if you fight hard enough, although you can never get the better of nature's laws.

Remember not to talk too much about yourself.

Remember that having fine sentiments is a poor substitute for being a man. Thoughts are gifts; but your life and your acts speak for you.

Remember to judge people by what they do, not by their sentiments—especially yourself.

Remember you may have your best friends among those who disagree with you. Men can disagree with their heads and agree in their hearts.

Remember that the easiest person in the world to deceive is yourself. You can make yourself believe almost anything about yourself if you try it.

Remember that the self of the selves is never deceived. It keeps a record of what you are, and puts down everything. An act can never be undone. It has to stay.

Remember that the true way to conquer prejudice is to live it down. Do not talk about it with others; do not talk about yourself.

Remember that prejudice hurts the one who cherishes it much more than the one against whom it is aimed.

Remember that to give up the struggle when it is in part over, because you can not get the chance you want, may show that you deserved no chance at all. Take what chance you can get and fight it through.

Remember that to keep chafing because fortune favors others more than you, is the way to get even less out of fortune. Be a man!

Remember that great yearnings and noble ambitions usually die away just about the time they are most wanted. Act on them now.

Remember that it is brave to be in the minority. That is where the strong usually are. Weak natures like to hide behind a majority.

THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

Some Beautiful Ideas that May Help Us Along Life's Way.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can with only a single thread.

It is the unscrupulous and slippery man who suspects roguery in every quarter and ridicules the very idea of disinterestedness.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each to decide for himself and do that which may happen to be the easier.

Sincere and earnest lives, seeking realities and spurning shams, bear within them the elements of true success, while those who waste their powers in seeking shadows where no substance is will fail even in their own poor aim.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do with shaping or influencing our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.

St. James the Less is said to have resembled Christ so closely that it was scarcely possible to tell them apart. For this reason Judas saluted his Master with a kiss, in order that the Roman soldiers should make no mistake as to which was Christ.

By striving to obtain and to cherish clear and true ideas of right, by emphasizing them in our conduct, and diffusing them through our influence, we strike the strongest and most effective blows at every form of wrong-doing.

Every one who values his or her happiness and peace of mind in this world would do well to cultivate patience. Without it man is like a ship minus a rudder, at the mercy of his impulses, which, if he obeys, may lead him into all sorts of difficulties and disasters that may even take a lifetime to undo.

The moral nature has its active and its passive side and cannot be fully developed unless both are nourished. Glorious labor for truth, for right, for duty, for the good of others, should be united with that tranquil frame of mind which leans confidently on established principles and

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thus strengthens the whole nature for further action.

No man, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer, can well afford to surrender totally his individuality to dictation. He who unites to bind others is himself bound as well. Sensible, courteous and manly assertion of right, looking to agreement rather than rude controversy and resistance—to reason rather than to coercion—offers the only method of safe and lasting adjustment of jarring claims and interest.

In our talk about persons, it is their merits that we should hasten to disclose, their good deeds that we should gladly unfold. In all discussion on character, the good should come into prominence. In all our uttered hopes for the future, our highest ideas should receive the emphasis. Truth, and not error, light and not darkness, love, and not hate, should be our themes. So may we increase and perpetuate all that is good by frank utterance, while evil will decrease and disappear under the thick drapery of silence.

To be too independent, with those we love is a mistake to be carefully avoided, for excessive independence is a barrier that checks sympathy as effectually as a rugged boulder stops the even flow of a limpid stream. To yield a little, taking and giving trifling services, not only affords mutual pleasure, but serves to draw closer the silken threads of love, the tension of which, even with our most intimate ones, is apt sometimes to slacken, needing careful watching lest the threads snap entirely.

Everybody has encountered the people who take to themselves what they suppose to be the credit of being unconventional, who offer a statement of that fact as the sufficient excuse for all sorts of violations of good breeding and social rules, and who assume the license to do as they please as if they had the power to lift themselves above the authority of ordinary canons of behaviour. It is a pity that these foolishly self-blinded and, for the most part, decidedly unpleasant people cannot be made to see their conduct in its true aspect. It should not be forgotten that society is, in a sense, an artificial state. Whatever general natural principles underlie it, its formulated rules are purely arbitrary, and it is, in effect, a conventional arrangement. It follows that one who wishes to take part in its social life must accept its conditions. To attempt to be unconventional in society is an anomaly and a contradiction of terms.

Dollars in Diamond Dyes.

In scores of small country towns and villages in Canada enterprising men and women are adding to their yearly income by the work of dyeing for friends and neighbors around them who have not the time to do the work themselves.

These town and village dyers without exception use the Diamond Dyes in preference to all others, because they give the most brilliant, pure and unfading colors to all varieties of materials.

Hundreds of orders from the country dyers are filled every week by the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes. There are great possibilities for such work in all small parishes, and the statements just made may influence many who are seeking for a plan to increase their revenue. There are good dollars in Diamond Dyes.

Mushroom Neck.

'Mushroom neck' is what they are calling the latest disease attributed to mushroomers. When a person is seen walking the streets with his face painfully turned to the right or the left, his eyes glued to the ground and moving in fitful glances from one stump to the next, and with a general look of expectance on his face, as though supreme happiness were distant about eight feet and had consistently remained so,

it may be inferred that he is a victim of 'mycologitis.' His friends pass him and he sees them not; it he keeps out from under the bicycles and trolley cars it is by some such miracle as preserves somnambulists. For all the time he is wondering whether the little brown specks in the grass are the veritable marisimus oreades, in which case he is in for a toothsome dainty for dinner, or only its hateful poisonous counterpart, the false champignon.

A DREADED DISEASE.

More People are Tortured by the Pangs of Rheumatism Than by Any Other Cause—There is a Cure For it.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

Mr. Richard Dixon of Lower Brighton, is one of the most prosperous and best known farmers of Carleton county, N. B. In June 1897, Mr. Dixon was seized with an attack of rheumatism, and for six weeks lay abed suffering all the tortures of this terrible disease. He grew so weak that he was unable to turn in bed, and his friends almost despaired of his recovery. At this stage one of his friends, who had been cured of the same disease by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged Mr. Dixon to give them a trial, which advice was followed. Almost from the day Mr. Dixon began the use of the pills an improvement was noted. Previously his appetite had almost completely failed and the first sign of returning health was a frequent feeling of hunger. Then the pains began to leave him, and his strength gradually returned and after using about a dozen boxes Mr. Dixon was as well as ever he had been. To a reporter of the Hartland advertiser, Mr. Dixon said that he had no doubt his present health was due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since his recovery occasionally uses a box to ward off a possible recurrence of the trouble.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by making new blood and invigorating the nerves, but you must get the genuine, always put up in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people. Do not be persuaded to take any of the numerous pink colored imitations which some unscrupulous dealers say are 'just the same.' In case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Remarkable Early Marriages.

The farther south one goes, the earlier one finds marriages take place. A census was taken lately in Algeria, and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was twelve years old, and that there were very many boys who were married at thirteen and fourteen, while some at fifteen years of age had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widower of fifteen, and a divorced husband of the same age. Girls are still more precocious and are sometimes married when only eleven years old, though twelve is the more usual age. There are 189 widows of fifteen, and 1,176 divorcees of the same age.

Making Way for Improvements.

It is said that no fewer than four London theatres—the Gaiety, the Globe, the Olympic and the Opera Comique—are to be pulled down in the course of street improvements now contemplated. The Gaiety is historic, and will have to be paid for at a very high figure, but the others will be no loss to the public or their owners. John Haro's season at the Globe was not a financial success, but he always does well on tour, and looks to succeed when he returns to London in the winter, with a new play by Pinero.

A French chemist, more as a scientific experiment than a commercial enterprise, has made a shoe out of paper which can scarcely be distinguished from a patent leather. It has a high gloss, is waterproof, and, considering the material, quite durable. It is so thin that it makes the wearer's foot seem one or two sizes smaller than an ordinary shoe. The maker says that it could be worn in doors, but is not strong enough for street wear.



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## Notches on The Stick

To review the pages of Victor Hugo we are never reluctant. He has gained our suffrage and sympathy to a greater extent than any modern author; and to no Frenchman of his times, as it appears to us, do the terms of greatness more evidently apply. Of supreme rank as a writer, he is also one of the skalds of freedom—a prophet of humanity, whose life was dedicated and whose eyes were directed to the future. He reminds us of a mountain which rises through all the zones of magnificence and splendor, broadly and luxuriantly based; while its summit surpasses the cloud and reaches the snow, its living and fiery root is at the world's centre. He is of the race of giants, great in hatred and scorn, greater in love, in sympathy and pity.

The world's latest heritage from this princely giver is the Letters, recently published. Of these the second exceeds the first in interest and significance, as belonging to the maturity of his powers, the storm and stress of his life. He was at all times a generous praiser, but was at the earliest period of his literary history addicted to indiscriminate compliment, as appears in the first volume of his correspondence. But here in this second series Hugo is seen in his epical and heroic development, the foe of tyrants, the assailant of thrones and autocracies, the genius of poetry and romance, the champion of the trodden and miserable, the prophet of the people, the ardent patriot and lover of France, the embodiment of conscience united to great intellect,—poet, novelist, dramatist, pamphleteer, as the spirit might move him; "ready to write or fight, to starve or rot, to go to banishment or the barricade, for the sake of his high ideas and deep convictions; the Frenchman most loved by the liberty-loving young men of France, and most hated by the malefactor whom he pilloried in history as Napoleon the Little."

Some fragments of these letters may serve to indicate the range of his subjects and interests, as well as the vivid style of his epistolary expression. Language breathed through a trumpet, or belched in smoke and flame, when his heart was stirred, and, whatever its form, it did not lack vigor or picturesqueness. But it was not till Napoleon III perpetrated the crime by which the liberties of France were strangled that the Etna-like spirit of the patriot-poet shook and was shaken, and he uttered such indignant sentiments as, with sixty-seven representatives of the people, sent him into banishment. It is not to a usurper we must look for disinterested motives, or glorious rewards; he is for himself. "Formerly," says one writer, "when Louis Napoleon was an exile from France, Victor Hugo had procured him permission to return. His gratitude was like his patriotism—worthy of a bandit." Following his expulsion from his native country come accounts of his residence at Brussels, and of his authorship while there. He, "sat down to write the history of the crime by which brute force and perfidy had seized the government. In a white heat of splendid wrath he began to write his remorseless record." He says: "I shall treat the Bonaparte in proper fashion. I will see to the fellow's historical future. I will hand him down to posterity by the ears." He has fulfilled his promise. We have a glimpse of his privation at Brussels: "I have a tiny bed, two straw-bottomed chairs and no fire in winter. I work all day, make my own bed, and live on three francs a day for all my expenses." This is the life of an exile, but of an exile who can make himself feared. So the first Napoleon banished and dreaded the author of living words that were a menace to him—the contumacious, impracticable De Stael.

For a season Hugo became a sojourner, pitching his tent, but soon bidden by the watchmen of a tyrant to move on. Napoleon procured his expulsion from Brussels and from Belgium. So he left the mainland and erected his conning-tower of liberty on one of the islands of the sea. Jersey, in the English Channel was his

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first refuge, and when driven thence, he found a resting-place in Guernsey, where he spent the last of his eighteen years of exile. The country-folk of the islands revered and loved him; and how deeply and sympathetically he entered into their estate his "Joilers of the Sea" reveals. Literature was his pursuit and consolation.

But his heart yearned for his native land, and burned with indignation toward his oppressor. "Napoleon the Little," he says, "has driven me out. Who knows if I shall not be one of those who will drive him out of Paris." When the object of his wrath had been well roasted in the fiery furnace of his poetic prose he was not content. "I will turn the wretch over on the gridiron," he says; and so he did;—"and grilled him on the other side," in the scorching verse of his "Châtiments." The world went hardly with him, but he never dreamed of retracting his powerful words. He expected to suffer. He wrote from Brussels, at the close of the year 1851: "The year closes on a great ordeal for us—all our two sons in prison and I in exile. That is hard, but good. A little frost improves the crop. As for me, I thank God." A few days after his mood is brighter still: I have never felt more light-hearted. The events in Paris suit me. They reach an ideal point in atrocity as well as in grotesqueness. There are creatures like Troplong, like Dupin, whom I cannot help admiring. I like complete men. These wretches are perfect specimens. They attain the climax of infamy. Bonaparte is well surrounded. . . . I have done my duty; I am vanquished but happy. A conscience at rest is like a clear sky within one's self."

Thus did he forego home and country, thus did he face nature in her wildest, rudest forms, yet did he not bewail his fortune. "The sea howls among the rocks," he wrote from Jersey, during an equinoctial storm; "the wind roars like a wild beast; the trees writhe on the hills; nature rages round me. I look her full in the face and say to her,—'What right have you to complain, Nature, you that are in your abode; while I who have been driven from my country and my home, I smile!' That is my dialogue with the north wind and the rain." He contrasts his lot with that of his friend, while writing to Emile Deschanel: "All is rosy for you, somber for me. You are married to success, to happiness, to an enamored public, to applause, to smiles; I have wedded the sea, that hurricane, a vast sandy shore, sadness, and the starry canopy to heaven." And to another friend, Villemain, he writes, deploring the absence of his books: "You refresh your mind at the sacred limpid springs from which human thought filters and falls throughout the ages. I am in the wilderness, alone with the sea and with grief, drinking from the hollow of my hand." The prophets like Elijah at Horeb must utter a cry of woe; but the note of hope and of joy are not lost in his despondency. He finds his resources in Man and God, in reflection and beneficence. "In my life on this rock," he writes from Guernsey, "my hand has gradually become detached from everything except the great manifestations of the conscience and the intellect." And again "Every Tuesday I give a dinner to fifteen little children, chosen from among the most poverty-stricken of the island, and my family and I wait on them. I try by this means to give this feudal country an idea of equality and fraternity." But tolerable as his days in Guernsey might have been made, no heart in Europe was happier than his when the tyrant had fallen and he was free to hasten to France and to Paris again.

There were men in Europe of like spirit with himself who sustained each other with sympathetic, cheering words. Mazzini, Kosuth, Garibaldi, stood for popular liberty at the time when Napoleon seized the reins of power in France. The latter patriot writing in 1863 "from his island farm on Caprera," joins hand with Hugo: "With you I should like to see the universal agreement which would make war useless. Like you I await with confidence the regeneration of peoples. But to realize truth without suffering, and to tread the triumphal path of justice without besprinkling it with human blood, is an ideal that has hitherto been sought in vain. It is for you who are the torch-bearer, to point out a less cruel way; it is for us to follow you."

Hugo foresaw the destiny of the cause of popular liberty in America, and the abolition of that criminal anachronism, negro slavery. "It is impossible," he writes, more than twenty years before the great event, "that the United States shall not before long give up slavery. Slavery in such a country! Was there ever such a monstrous contradiction? It is barbarism installed in the very heart of a society which is the affirmation of civilization. Liberty in chains; blasphemy proceeding from the altar; the negro's fetters riveted to the pedestal of Washington's statue! It is unheard of. I go further—it is impossible. It is a phenomenon which will disappear of itself. The light of the nineteenth century is sufficient to dissolve it. . . . The United States must either give up slavery or give up liberty! They will not give up liberty! They must either give up slavery or the Gospel! They will not give up the Gospel!" And when John Brown had perished on the Scaffold in Virginia he wrote to George Sand from Guernsey: "I am overwhelmed with grief. They have killed John Brown. And it is a republic which has done this! What sinister folly it is to be an owner of men; and see what it leads to! Here is a free nation putting to death a liberator! The crimes of kings one can understand, but crimes committed by a people are intolerable to a thinker." And again, he writes: "There is but one God. With but one father we are all brothers. It was for this truth that John Brown died. . . . Slavery will disappear. What the Southern States have just killed is not John Brown, but Slavery. Henceforth the American Union may be looked on as broken up. I deeply regret it, but it is a foregone conclusion."

Hugo—brotherly soul that he!—was in could yet stand on his dignity. When a certain Bishop de Segur descended to poor satire, the intended victim addressed him in the words which follow: "I was not aware of your existence. I am informed today that you do exist, and even that you are a Bishop. . . . In Les Misérables there is a bishop who is good, sincere, humble, brotherly, endowed with wit as well as kindness, and who unites every virtue to his sacred office. I suppose that is why Les Misérables seems to you an infamous book. From which it must be inferred that the book would be to you an admirable one if the bishop [it] were a malignant slanderer, an insulter, a tasteless and vulgar writer, a scribbler of the basest kind, a circulator of police court scandal, a croziered and mitered liar. Would the second bishop be more true to life than the first?"

"The question concerns you, sir. You are a better judge of Bishops than I am." One wonders if his reverence continued silent.

Faith in the immortal life has inspired some of his loftiest words, and he has expressed the chastening, elevating power of sorrow in great haris. Smitten by many afflictions he endured in hope; Hear him: "I no longer live; I suffer; my eyes are fixed on heaven; I wait. Alas! What an angel I have lost! . . . Death has its revelations. Light comes, so us with our grief. I have faith; I believe in a future life. How could I do otherwise? My daughter was a soul; I saw this soul; I touched it. It was with me for eighteen years; my eyes are still full of its radiance. Even in this world she visibly belonged to the life above. . . . Misfortune brings understanding. How many things have I seen in myself and outside myself since my sorrow! The highest hopes spring from the deepest griefs. Let us thank God for having given us the right to suffer, since it brings with it the right to hope. . . . All that God does is good; but when he works through man the tool sometimes goes wrong and plays tricks in spite of the

## 52 BOILS

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had FIFTY-TWO BOILS in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**



TIRED?  
OH, NO.  
This soap

**SURPRISE**

greatly lessens the work  
It's pure soap, lathers freely,  
rubbing easy does the work.  
The clothes come out sweet  
and white without injury to the fabrics  
**SURPRISE** is economical, it wears well.

workman. . . God does not hurry. He has no lack of time. I am therefore in no hurry. It pains me to wait, but I wait, and I find that waiting is good." And again: "I believe in God because I believe in man. The acorn proves to me the oak, the ray the star."

His exile life on the Channel Islands is reflected in these letters as in his romance. There he saw the grandeur and glory of nature, and God enshrined there: "Perched here as it were on the summit of a rock, with the grandeur of waves and sky before me, I dwell in the immense dream of the ocean. I am gradually becoming a somnambulist of the sea; and in the face of all these stupendous phenomena I end by being only a sort of witness of God." Great thoughts are native to him, and a look at the universes inspires them. To him God is the self-evident: "Whoever despairs of man despairs of God—that is to say, does not believe in him. . . . I believe in God more than in myself. I am more certain of the existence of God than of my own. . . . A few minds in our day obtain notoriety by means of negation; affirmation is left to the great souls!"

Hugo grew beautifully old; his white head was in the eyes of men a crown of glory. He lived to become one of the most venerable figures of his time, revered among the wisest and greatest of his countrymen. He writes, in one of his latest letters: "Old age is the age of adding up, for thoughts as well as for years, for the mind as well as for life. Only the total of years is overwhelming, the total of thoughts is sustaining. Hence the result that while the body decays the mind expands. There is a sort of dawn within it. This mysterious rejuvenation, this doubling of the moral and intellectual forces while the material force is sinking, this growth in decay, what a magnificent proof it is of the soul! The mind creates up to the last moment—sublime promise of the great unknown life which it is about to enter. Its span augments. The process resembles and unfolds of the wings. His sense of spiritual nature and eternal destiny of man is, among modern poets, equalled only by that of Browning.

The New Brunswick Magazine sustains the reputation it has acquired by an array of articles in the August number quite equal to that in the foregoing issue. It is opened by Rev. W. O. Rymond's second article, entitled, "At Portland Point." Dr. George Stewart gives an account of "An Early New Brunswick Magazine," entitled "The Guardian." W. R. Reynolds, the editor, reprints his account of "The Loss of the Royal Tar," originally printed in the St. John Telegraph, Oct. 26, 1896. James Hannay disputes with Dr. W. F. Ganong, "The Site of Fort La Tour," and gives excellent reasons for his opinion "that it was at the mouth of the River St. John and not at James where former writers had placed it." "The story of 'Brook Watson'" is given by Clarence Ward. These articles, together with "In the Editor's chair," "Provincial Bibliography," "Notes and Queries," etc., make up a valuable and readable number.

PASTOR FELIX

Review of the Medical Record.

The article of greatest general interest in the Medical Record for 20th August is that on the control of Tuberculosis by Dr. H. H. Spiers. The theory is put forward that the "suspension of atmospheric influence" is the chief factor in producing consumption, and that if we all possessed sound lungs to start with, and could then continually supply them with plenty of pure air, through air passages of normal capacity, tuberculosis would not require control, for it could not exist. Unfortunately, we are still very far from this ideal condition. Education has accomplished much, and step by step we rise in civilization, but much remains to be learned. By and by we will understand that he who asks in marriage must have a clean family and personal health register, and should require the same of his partner. Now many puny children are born of sickly parents. With little vital capacity, defective lung tissues,

enlarged tonsils, malformations of the upper air passage, or catarrhal nasal membranes they are unable to absorb sufficient oxygen for their needs or to resist the influence of the impure atmosphere of our cities, or the impoverished air of our badly ventilated and overheated rooms, and so fall easy victims to the ubiquitous microbe of consumption. Many children who are born perfectly healthy acquire one or more of these conditions as the result of measles, whooping cough or other infantile diseases. This should be carefully guarded against. The duty of the hour is to teach the people that all the conditions out of which consumption grows are preventable, and that therefore consumption itself is preventable. It should be education today with a view to legislation tomorrow.

In the news of the week it is stated that the loss of the American navy during the 142 days of war were 2 officers and 18 men killed, and 3 officers and 40 men wounded; in the army 23 officers and 231 men were killed, and 8 officers and 1,356 men wounded; total 25 officers and 249 men killed, and 90 officers and 1,356 wounded; that Behring has patented his diphtheria anti-toxin and warns American and Canadian manufacturers of it to go out of business or be sued. (The Record say "the efrontery of the man is beyond belief); that 200 quacks are practicing medicine in Dawson City; that the plague is again epidemic in Bombay; that several deaths and many cases serious of illness have lately occurred among children in London from eating "hockey-pokey," and that the daily papers demand the extinction of the itinerant ice-cream man.

Under the heading Reviews and Notices no less than 38 new works on medical subjects are submitted to the scalpel of the critic, and each in turn, after being duly "opened up," is gravely declared to be good. Surely this Reviewer is the prince of optimists.

The recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Edinburgh is being dealt with in the Society reports. A fellow with a statistical craze calculated that 739,513 cups of tea and coffee, and 453,219 ices were consumed at the various social functions held in connection with his meeting, but it is not recorded that he made any attempt to estimate the number of "wee drappies o'" that were forever destroyed by the visiting medics and their friends during the same week in the old Scotch town. He evidently knew where to stop.

Published weekly by William Wood & Company, New York.

**Pronounced Incurable by Doctors, But Made Strong and Well by Paine's Celsa Compound.**

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—Having been given up to die some time ago by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had lost all hope. Suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Paine's Celsa Compound. I gave it a trial as recommended, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had used seven bottles, when I found myself perfectly cured; indeed, I never felt better in all my life than at present.

I use every possible means to tell others of Paine's Celsa Compound, and will always recommend it to those troubled with rheumatism.

Animals That Don't Drink.

There are some animals which never drink; for instance, the lamas of Patagonia and certain gazelles of the Far East. A number of snakes, lizards, and other reptiles live in places devoid of water. A bat of Western America inhabits waterless plains. In parts of Loosere, France, there are herds of cows and goats which hardly ever drink, and yet produce the milk for Roquefort cheese.

Uncertain.

The Father: "What are your prospects, young man?"  
The Suitor: "A—er—that's what I'm trying to find out."

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine cures colds, Price 25 cents per bottle.

### Woman and Her Work

After laboriously cultivating her front hair so that she can wave it back from her forehead and even train it over her ears a la Cleo de Merode, if she pleases, woman has suddenly turned and cut it off again in order that she may be able to let it hang down in fetching tendrils and cover her brow. Of course this means that the curly bang is with us once more, and apparently it has come to stay for a while at least. It is called the "cherub fringe," now, and though it differs very little from that of past years, it is also spoken of as the new bang. It is worn rather luxuriant, runs in a row of coquettish little curls from one side of the forehead to the other, but does not extend to the sides, and is as often as not parted in the centre just as it was last year.

The cherub fringe is really only an accompaniment to the cherub knot which is the latest mode of arranging the back hair, and consists of a loose graceful coil and twist, very low on the nape of the neck and most becoming alike to thin, or full faces. The hair is parted and then crimped in large waves, and the fringe must by no means be tightly curled for a frizzled appearance ruins the effect. One of the advantages of this fashion is said to be that it looks just as well for evening, as for day wear, and another is the expression of almost infantile innocence it gives to most faces.

Another new mode of wearing the hair is one that will find favor with women who are not so fortunate as to possess naturally curly hair. The hair itself is kept dry and fluffy by an occasional shampoo in borax and water and the locks are then parted, brushed plainly back and caught up in a fluffy coil just off the neck. Two dropping curls for all the world like those worn twenty years ago only much shorter, depend from each side of the back below the knot and are supposed to give a sort of Madonna-like expression to the face of the wearer. With this coiffure is worn a straight fringe which further enhances the softness of expression aimed at. It is a style supposed to be particularly adapted to women with very dark hair which does not curl or curl easily and it will certainly appeal to that very large class amongst us who find the task of keeping their hair in curl during the hot weather too much for their time and temper. But whether one's hair be curly or straight it is one of the canons of fashion that every woman must wear a fringe of some sort if she should not expose herself to the awful penalty of being called a back number.

By the way there is a remedy known to a select few, which is said to keep the curl in the most hopelessly straight hair. But as it involves a return to the curl paper of the dark ages, there may be some women who will consider straight hair the lesser evil and cling to the deadly and ineffectual curling tongs. First of all the head must be thoroughly shampooed, and at bedtime the portion of hair which is to be curled or waved, is wet in a solution of borax and water, and then rolled up in paper. Care must be taken that the hair is not too wet, and next morning the woman who had the courage to go back to curl papers will be able to rejoice in a natural looking light, dry, and fluffy crop of curls which will defy even the close sticky atmosphere of August and will not change from curls into strings until it is time to put them up in paper again, provided they are not exposed to actual rain or fog. It may be as well to remark in this connection that the hair should not be shampooed, or washed too often, once in three weeks is quite often enough even in summer; and too frequent washing not only makes the hair unmanageable, but actually injures it.

The first harbinger of Autumn has already made its appearance in the shape of the tailor made gown, and as woman always wants to know what kind of material she is going to wear during the approaching season, even before she learns how it is to be made up, it may be as well to say at once that the fashion authorities of London and Paris announce a particularly fine over come into general wear. Imagine sit-

quality of broadcloth as the most prominent material for autumn and winter costumes, while mixed meltons and venetians will come next in favor for what are called severe gowns. What are called piece goods, that is to say goods which come in dress lengths, will be greatly worn though not for entire dresses. They will be used in combination with plain materials, the frill of the skirt, or else its apron over-skirt, the sleeves, and bodice trimmings will be made of the fancy material, while the rest of the costume is plain.

For dressy gowns light gray will be a favorite color, and for street and general wear the conventional colors such as dark blue, brown and red will hold their own with all practical minded people who hesitate to indulge in new shades which they are not sure will be becoming. Blue in any shade but navy, is always a cold color and therefore it will not be used in all its shades as it has been ever since the early spring.

One of the most marked features of the new materials is their lightness of weight. The manufacturers seem to have mastered the secret of combining lightness with the closeness of texture and amount of body which is essential to the success of any fabric which is to be made up into tailor gowns. The skirts of the introductory tailor-made gowns are unlined, and authorities assert that it is impossible to give them the proper set with even the thinnest of silk lining, as they must cling with glove-like closeness at the hips and end in a fan-like flare at the bottom. Therefore most of them are faced up a few inches with silk, and then worn over an elaborately trimmed silk petticoat.

A gown designed for very smart wear is made of pearl gray broadcloth and has a skirt especially adapted to a tall, slender figure clinging as closely as possible to the hips and flaring out into voluminous fullness at the foot. The open front coat is very swell indeed, being elaborately trimmed with mauve corded silk, which is braided in rich silvery white cord. In shape it is cut with a high collar which flares and rolls over something in the Medici style extending as far as the ears in front. The revers are slashed twice, and the front of the coat shows the same braided slashes. When people first heard of the lace coat a short time ago, it was looked upon as a pretty, and stylish, but rather useless garment, but it seems to have not only proved its value as an accessory of dress but even became almost a necessity. One form of this coat rounds down to the under-arm seam like a bolero, and is close in the back, extending to the hem of the skirt and giving a piacces effect. The most popular design however rounds away from the front to a very decided basque, which resembles nothing so much as a man's dress coat. The coats are said to be straws which indicate which way the wind of fashion will blow later in the season, since many of the sailor made bodices are cut on the same lines as the lace coat. They fit closely and have tails which come half way over the hips.

To return to the lace coat for a moment—the woman whose purse is not long will find one of them an excellent investment, as one will do duty for half a dozen different skirts, if it is made of good lace, and separate from the waistcoat. Fine Chantilly, Irish, or Maltese laces, are all used, and a half worn evening or dinner dress is wonderfully smartened by a lace coat. Amongst the new colors which are promised for winter, mulberry is to take a leading place. It will be a warm, bright color with very little of the blue shade which so often makes any tint of purple seem cold. A soft yellow brown is also to be worn, and copper color will be used for trimming black gowns. Copper colored velvet richly embroidered in gold thread will be a new feature in trimming for handsome dresses.

The newest and most picturesque sleeve which has yet appeared has been christened by some genius with a vivid imagination the Charles IX sleeve. It clings to the arm without a wrinkle from the small cuff that nearly covers the knuckles right up to the armpit. Here, very much in the shape of a smoothly drawn glove, the sleeve opens bell shape around a small puff which is shaped something like a marsh melon. If the sleeve is of silk or cloth the puff is usually made of gathered or plaited silk muslin. A very modest epaulet finishes the shoulder, and extends over the puff. A bit of braided cloth, two wedge shaped pieces of material or scraps of rich embroidery usually form the epaulet which is invariably finished with a narrow quilting of the same material as the puff.

The garterless stocking is the very latest thing in the shape of hosiery, and a marvelous garment it is! It is made with eyelet holes on each side of the front and laced up exactly like a shoe. These stockings are said to keep up admirably and to look very pretty, but I do not imagine they will

ing down to deliberately lace up a stocking reaching far above the knee, on a cold winter morning, or when one was in a hurry getting ready for church! Of course the eyelet holes would have to be set quite closely together to prevent wrinkling and the laces would require to be very long; so I fancy that in this age of hurry most of us will cling to the old style of stocking in spite of its attendant disadvantage in the shape of a garter.

#### Matters Feminine.

As a change from belts of burnished metal or those covered with jewels, some ladies are now adopting simple bands of black kid, ornamented in fancy patterns with jet sequins.

The Indian Government have appointed two lady doctors—Doctor Alice M. Cortborn, M. B., and Doctor Margaret Traill Christie, M. B.—to superintend the Hospital for Native Women at Bombay, particularly in connection with the plague.

For presentation purposes there has, in fashionable circles, for some months past, been a steady run on ladies' cigarette cases. Men's cases were formerly used by women-smokers, but when some one brought out a lady's dainty little receptacle they could hardly be made fast enough.

In Dresden is to be found a widowers' Association. In the case of a newly-made widower the association arranges the wife's funeral, looks after the children, if any, and engages nurses, governesses, and servants generally. The association is also a club wherein the bereaved husband can find welcome hospitality and congenial society.

Instead of being dissatisfied with their lot, women with red hair should study how to use it becomingly and be proud of the distinction of having it. There appears to be an impression among women with red hair and fair, delicate complexions that almost any shade of blue can be worn by them. But, as a matter of fact, blue is the one colour above all others they should avoid. The shades most suitable to be worn with red hair are bright, sunny brown and all autumn-leaf tints. After these pale or very dark green may be selected.

When attending at Windsor Castle to dine with the Queen, the guests assemble in a spacious drawing-room, and are looked after by the Master of the Household. Punctual to the minute the Queen arrives and greets her guests, the ladies responding with curtsies, the gentlemen with low bows. Her Majesty then proceeds to the dining-hall, followed at a little distance by the company invited. After dinner the Queen adjourns to another commodious apartment and converses for a short time with her guests in turn, all remaining standing, and general conversation being conducted in low tones. When the demands of etiquette have been complied with her Majesty again acknowledges her guests and retires to her own apartments.

#### Hints for Painting.

It is very seldom that an amateur painter is thoroughly satisfied with a job of painting after it is finished. The best way, of course, is to employ a practical painter, but where this is impossible and for touches about the house which it would not pay a painter to call and do and a few hints may be given. First see that the surface is thoroughly prepared, that it is dry, clean and free from grease; if there are any rough spots sandpaper them, and then brush off the dust. On new work shellac the knots and putty nail holes. Keep the paint well mixed or stirred while the work is being done; lay the paint on evenly and brush it out well, following the direction of the grain of the wood. Never apply a second coat till the first is perfectly dry and hard. Do not overcharge your brush with paint, or replenish before it is exhausted. Begin with the higher part of the work and proceed downward. Then see that you have the right paint. The Sherwin-Williams Company prepares a special paint for each class of work and this paint will be found best for that work. For painting houses one kind is prepared, for floors another kind, for small articles about the home still another kind, and in selecting the right kind of paint lies the great secret of a successful job. It stands

### Weak Kidneys.

Always Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. I. Patterson, Croft St., Amherst, N.S., makes the following statement: "Having been troubled for some time with distressing backaches and weak kidneys, I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They acted promptly and effectively in removing the trouble with which I was afflicted, and restored me to my old-time form. It is a pleasure for me to recommend them to others."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the most effective remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all kinds of Kidney and Urinary Troubles. Price 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Remember the name, "Doan's," and refuse all others.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

### MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE, OWENS' ART INSTITUTION AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The Fall term of the 45th Year Begins Sept. 1st, 1898.

Courses of study are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree of B. A. The staff consists of 18 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate. Physical Culture, Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and Commercial courses are all taught after the latest and most improved methods. The Owens' Art Institution with its magnificent gallery is in charge of Prof. Hammond, R. C. A. The Conservatory of music employs an able staff of instructors all of whom have received their musical education in Europe. For Calendar apply to

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Sackville, N. B., July 30th.

### Mount Allison Academy

—AND—  
Commercial College,  
Sackville, N. B.

The first term of the 56th year of this well known educational institution will begin Sept 1st, 1898.

Parents desiring to give their sons a good English education, or to prepare them for Business Life or Matriculation into Colleges of Arts, Medicine or Dentistry should avail themselves of this Home School for Boys. For Calendar apply to

Jas M. Palmer, M. A.,  
Principal

to reason that a house paint will not look well on a buggy and that a buggy paint would not do for a barn. All the purchaser has to do is to tell the dealer what use the paint is for and get the can labeled for that purpose. When the house painter is called it is a safe rule to specify that he shall use the Sherwin Williams paints. The name is a guarantee that the painting will last a long time and look well. All the paints bearing this well-known name are mixed by machinery and the highest skill is employed in selecting the ingredients and in seeing that they are exactly right. These proportions are the result of twenty-nine years of successful paint making. A postal card addressed to The Sherwin Williams Company, 21 Antoine Street, Montreal will secure a useful book on painting.

#### SHE ROUNDS UP HOBOES.

A Woman Who is an Expert in Persuading Tramps to Work on a Railroad.

Mrs. S. J. Atwood calls herself the "Hobo Hustler of the West," and there is possibly no other woman in the world who holds a similar position.

Her business is to gather up all the idle laborers she can find and put them to work on the union Pacific Railroad in Colorado, Wyoming and other Western sections. She has been employed by the union Pacific in this capacity for the past twelve years, and the company find her services indispensable.

Mrs. Atwood arrived in Kansas City on Friday, and Saturday she left with fifty men for Wyoming. Most of the men were negroes. Several of them had the appearance of typical hoboes. Mrs. Atwood has been in the business so long that she says she can tell by looking at a man whether or not he will make a good hand. When she sees one who suits her taste she approaches him without hesitation and asks how he would like the position she has to offer. It only requires the work of about a minute for the terms to be arranged and the man is escorted to some corner where others she has engaged have congregated.

Mrs. Atwood has no place she calls her home, but she usually makes Denver her headquarters. Most of her time is spent between Denver and Portland, Or. She says she does not exactly like the style of the men she recruited in Kansas City, as they do not look sufficiently hardy, but that labor is very scarce in the far West just now and she could do no better. The "hobo hustler" is a little woman about 30 years of age. She has short curly hair that is as black as night. She walks with an agile step and always has a pleasing smile for even the toughest hobo.

#### To Become Beautiful.

"There are two natural aids to beauty of which ladies seem quite ignorant," said a doctor to the writer, and they are lemons and bananas.

"I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that the lemon is the greatest of all beauty's aids. It is at once the finest skin beautifier, manure liquid and tooth wash in the world. A little lemon juice in water, applied to the skin every night removes all redness and roughness, and makes it exquisitely soft and youthful. In warm water it will remove stains from the skin and nails, and used as a tooth wash

it is a most excellent dentifrice. Taken internally it will do more than any medicine I know to keep the body in health which is the twin sister of beauty." "Bananas, too, are admirable helps to health. They make angular figures soft and rounded, bring color to pale cheeks, and sparkle to dull eyes. At the same time they tone the nerves and strengthen the brain as no other single food does."

#### Writing To Go.

The Judge (sternly)—The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court room.  
The prisoner (enthusiastically)—Hoory,





## "Chic" Gowns

are easily modeled from Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics because the firmness of the texture and exquisite weave yield ideal draping qualities.

Combined with this is the originality of the designs in Black Wool Figures—in Matalasse effects, Armures, Pebble Cloths and Wool Canvas Cloths.

For the street, for calling or for the house, Fashion dictates from across the water as eminently correct this season

"Priestley" stamped on the selvedge.

### Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses everywhere.

#### DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

Some Pen Pictures by a Correspondent who Saw the Fight at Santiago.

"This was Saturday, the day after the big fight, and the road was busy both ways. From the front the heavy, jolting, six-mule ammunition waggons were returning empty after dropping their boxes of cartridges at the firing line.

"But not quite empty, for as they came nearer you saw that awnings of big palm leaves were lightly spread from side to side. And then, when, with a 'Whee hooyah!' and a crack of the long whip and a 'Git in thar, durn yer,' from the Texan teamster, the mules swung round from the road up the steep bank into the hospital field, you saw as the wagon jilted that under the palm leaves pale, bandaged men were lying. They groaned in agony as the heavy springless waggons rocked and jolted.

"For God's sake kill me out of this," screamed a man as he clutched in agony at the palm leaves between him and the sun. It seemed awful that wounded men should be carried back in such fashion, but then, as some one exclaimed, 'Guess there's a considerable shortage of ambulance traction.' And then there was a certain grim appropriateness to the proceedings of yesterday.

"Our men had been fired as ammunition against intrenchments and positions that should have been taken by artillery. It was quite in keeping that the poor, battered, spent bullets should be carted back in the ammunition waggons.

"But besides the waggons there came along from the front men borne on hard litters, some lying face downward, writhing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hats placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them afoot, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.

"How much further to the hospital, neighbor?" they would despairingly ask.

"Only a quarter of a mile or so, neighbor," I would answer, and, with a smile of hope at the thought that after all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"But the ammunition waggons and the few ambulance waggons did not carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could get from the jumble of mules and waggons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced—to walk it. They were the men whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simple flesh wounds, or only one injured leg or foot, walk it. Siboney was only eight miles away.

"True, it was a fearful bad road, but then the plain fact was that there was not enough waggons for all, and that it was better for these men to be at the base hospital and better that they should room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot.

"There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of a rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree, which he padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was pad-

ding briskly along when I overtook him.

"Where did they get you neighbor?" I asked him.

"Oh, durn their skins," he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile. "they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot and a bullet through the calf of the same leg when I was being carried back from the firing line."

"A sharpshooter?"

"The fellow was up in a tree."

"And you were walking back to Siboney, wasn't there room for you to ride?" I expected an angry outburst of indignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken.

In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said: "Guess not. They wanted all the riding room for worse cases 'n mine. Thank God, my two wounds are both in the same leg, so I can walk quite good and sry. They told me I'd be better off down at the landing yonder, so I got these crutches and made a break."

"And how are you getting along I asked.

"Good and well," he said, as cheerfully as might be, 'just good and easy.' And with his one sound leg and his two sticks he went cheerfully paddling along.

"It was just the same with other walking wounded men. They were all beautifully cheerful. And not merely cheerful. They were all absolutely unconscious that they were undergoing any unnecessary hardships or sufferings. They knew now that war was no picnic, and they were not complaining at the absence of picnic fare. Some of them had lain out all night, with the dew falling on them where the bullets had dropped them, before their turn came with the overworked field surgeons.

"There was only sixty doctors with the outfit," they explained, "and, naturally, they couldn't tend everybody at once."

"That seemed to them a quite sufficient explanation. It did not occur to them that there ought to have been more doctors, more ambulances. Some of them seemed to have a faint glimmering of a notion that there might perhaps have been fewer wounded; but then that is obvious to everybody. The conditions subsequent to the battle they accepted as the conditions proper and natural to the circumstances. The cheerful fellow with the improvised crutches was so filled with thankfulness at the possession of his tree-branch that it never occurred to him that he had reason to complain of the absence of proper crutches. I happened by chance to know that packed away in the hold of one of the transports lying out in Siboney Bay there were cases full of crutches, and I was on the point of blurtng out an indignant statement of the fact when I remembered that the knowledge would not make his walk easier. So I said nothing about it.

"I had to make the journey to Siboney myself. There was nothing more than a desultory firing going on at the front, and I had telegrams to try and get away. So I passed a good many of the walking wounded, and heard a good many groans from palm-awned waggons. The men were, all the same, bravely and uncomplainingly plodding along through the mud. As they themselves put it, they were up against it," and that was all about it.

"And down at Siboney? Well, thank God, the hospital tents had been unloaded. They were short of cots, short of blankets, short of surgeons, short of supplies, short of nurses, short of everything. But, thank goodness, by squeezing and crowding and economizing space there was shelter for the men as they came in. And thank goodness, too, for the Red Cross Society."

#### That Flag Means Feeding.

The fleet of fishing vessels always to be found in the North Sea, remain out weeks at a time and then rest at home for one week.

When out on the deep, fresh meat is

seldom to be had. The smackmen, however, are the loyallest of comrades, and when there is anything to share, all comers are welcome who can get over the troubled waters and on board the provisioned boat. A shipper who has secured fresh meat—and it is usually mutton—promptly hoists what is known as the 'mutton flag,' as a notice to other boats that a feed is ready. The little fleet generally takes place on a Sunday morning, and those who sit down to it pay nothing for the meal. The skipper, who is also host, well knows that next Sunday will probably see him in turn figuring as a guest.

A man's failure to accumulate a fortune is seldom due to his liberality.

## Can't Sleep.



The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of natural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

#### MISS EMMA TEMPLE.

HERE IS WHAT SHE SAYS:

At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest,—during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future hopefully. I have to thank your great cure for nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength.

Yours truly,  
Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.



## YOUNG WOMEN LOVE

The D & A Corset,

it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL:

YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET. (R)

#### A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

How One of the Rough Riders Found His Mother.

That truth is stranger than fiction is again proven by the curious story of how a trooper in Torrey's wild riders regiment found his mother after forty years, says a Jacksonville (Fla.) special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The trooper, Tom Williams, Troop K, left last night for Fort Meade to see a mother whom he had thought dead for many years. She is now 84 years of age and she will see a boy she has mourned for many years.

Many years ago the family lived on the border. Indians made a raid and killed Williams' father. The mother, with heroic spirit, bravely fought off the Indians, killing several, when she was knocked down by the merciless blows of a tomahawk wielded by a red demon. Tom, then a youngster of 7 or 8, was taken with the band. He lived with them and was for a year or two subjected to the worst kind of treatment. He bears scars where slits were made and skin torn off by the inhuman redskins in their efforts to "harden" him. He also forgot the English language.

One day the band he was with met defeat and he was rescued by the whites. It took several years to win him back to civilization. He was then a strong, healthy youth of 18 or 20. He took up the cowboy's pursuit, and lived in Wyoming. He enlisted under Colonel Torrey and came here.

In some manner his strange story leaked out, and in some way his old mother, now living at Fort Meade, South Florida, 200 miles south of here, was informed of it. She communicated with friends here. Williams was informed of the fact that his mother still lived. In less than twenty hours he secured a furlough, and last night he left to see his old mother. It was a queer story and his comrades crowded to the depot to see him off and wish him all manner of good luck and good wishes. Williams is one of the best men in the troop, and Colonel Torrey speaks highly of him, saying that he was a very quiet man, but with a courage and spirit that carried him through everything.

Another strange case came up this morning, when a private in the Forty-ninth Iowa met his father here who had been missing for over ten years. The father left his Western home suddenly, and this spring came to Jacksonville, purchasing a small business here. The soldier entered the store last night. The recognition was mutual. It was a strange meeting and an affecting one.

#### ANOTHER KING IN SPAIN.

He Rules the Gypsies and His Home is Granada.

There is one king in Spain who dotes on Americans, who is pining for them this summer, and who does not hesitate to say so plainly. This is the king of the gypsies at Granada, says the Boston Evening Transcript. He had long depended upon Americans and English for the prosperity of his people, who live in caves across the Darro from Alhambra Hill, where he comes ever day as to his office or his throne. He sells to travellers photographs of his own tall picturesque self, romantically rigged and very operatic-looking. He directs the financial operations of the gypsy singers and dancers and fortune-tellers who haunt the avenue of the Alhambra or appear before the tourist in the Alamedas or other pleasant gardens of Granada.

There have not been as many English people as usual in Granada this year, on account of the lack of love shown in the peninsula to all Anglo-Saxons, but one who was there interviewed the old gitano king sitting in the shade of Charles V.'s ugly and intrusive palace next door to the Alhambra palace within the great inclosure of the fortress. And the king said his people were getting so hard up that he didn't know but that he might be obliged to consent to their making a descent in numbers upon the bakershops of Granada.

When the tide turns and the Americans are more numerous than ever before in Granada they will be welcomed by the gypsy king. But he will not display any affability. He will take all the dollars he can get as his rightful tribute. And it will not be prudent for adventurous Yankees to go through the gypsy towns afoot and alone. Those cave-dwellers are fierce and would not hesitate to throw stones at a descendant of the Puritans; and tales are told of robberies across the Darro which induce prudent travelers to make their walking tours of observation through the domain of the king of the gypsies only accompanied by a local official guide. The hungrier they get the more need there will be of police protection.

#### An Immense Plough.

The largest plough in the world, perhaps is owned by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino County, California. This immense sod-turner stands 18 ft. high, and weighs 36,000 lb. It runs by steam, is provided with twelve 12-inch plough-shares, and is capable of ploughing fifty acres of land per day. It consumes from one to one and a half tons of coal per day, and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.

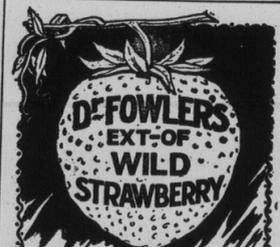


Look them over carefully, you will find every kernel perfect.

This famous coffee is carefully selected from private plantations having established world-fame reputations for producing the choicest berries. Is it a wonder, therefore, that

### Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

never fails to give the most absolute satisfaction? Their seal and signature on each pound and two-pound can in which it comes is a guarantee of perfection.



Is the most reliable and effective remedy known for the relief and cure of DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA and SUMMER COMPLAINT. It settles the stomach, stimulates the heart, soothes and heals the irritated bowel.

#### NEVER FAILS.

"For several seasons we have relied on Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all summer complaints. A few doses always give relief and it never fails to cure. We think it a very valuable medicine—as precious as gold." MRS. F. C. WARD, Fort Hill, Ont.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

BEWARE SUBSTITUTES. THEY ARE DANGEROUS.

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Sick Headache  
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Purifies the Blood  
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## PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using

**CALVERT'S  
CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER**  
6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 5s. Tins, or

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Memorials,  
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**CASTLE & SON,**  
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Write for catalogue.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

And now those new-dawning hopes must be given up—must be fought against, and sternly repressed for friendship's sake.

Yes; it must be done. These first soft thrills of love in his own breast were as nothing to the mighty passion which had revealed itself so plainly on the face of Sir Gerald.

He must quietly stand aside, and leave her free for him to win.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY RUTH IS TROUBLED.

'Gerald,' said Lady Ruth, 'when are you going up to Scotland?'

It was a week or two after that night when Sir Gerald told his friend of his love for Lillian Delisle.

The day was intensely hot. Lady Ruth was slowly waving a fan to and fro as she spoke, for the heat made itself felt even in the shady drawing-room; she looked not quite so placidly calm as usual as she repeated her question.

Her nephew was lying on a sofa with closed eyes, and he had either not heard, or had affected not to hear it, when she asked it first.

'To Scotland! Oh, I don't know,' he said, indifferently. 'What makes you ask?'

'What makes me ask? Why, isn't it very usual for you to stay so long at the Court as you have done this summer? Other years you have always grumbled about it being so dull.'

'Ah! but, you see, I've got Morewood now. A faint flush tinged the clear paleness of Sir Gerald's complexion.

He looked as though he knew he was putting forth a poor and feeble plea. 'Oh!' said Lady Ruth, and there was a shade of gentle satire in her tone.

After a moment or two, she added—'Then, aren't you going to Scotland at all this year?'

'I really don't know—perhaps not,' said Sir Gerald, speaking a little impatiently, and moving about the sofa as though he were ill at ease. 'Why should I go?'

'Why should you stay? There is nothing to amuse you at the Court. You have always said that to stay on your estate for more than two months at a time would be intolerably dull—and you have been here nearly three months now.'

Lady Ruth spoke very dryly. Clearly her words were intended to imply more than they said.

'Morewood doesn't get dull. I believe he'd be as happy as a ploughboy if he lived in the country all the year round.'

'Morewood is altogether different from you. He takes an active interest in his estate, looks to everything himself, and, of course, that keeps him from being dull. You, on the contrary, have always been so eager to get away to Scotland when the shooting season came. I can only say I am surprised—very much surprised.'

Again Lady Ruth's words seemed intended to imply a great deal more than they actually said.

Her nephew made no answer, only turned impatiently on the couch, but again his cheek flushed.

Lady Ruth was worried and anxious; but there was no one at the Court to whom she could breathe a word of her worries and anxieties.

She was forced to lock them up in her bosom and bear them all alone.

Presently, however, a confidante came to her relief—the very one whom she would herself have chosen.

Quite unexpectedly she received word that her niece, Lady Hamlyn, was passing through Hampshire, with her husband, on the way to the Isle of Wight, and would spend a couple of days at the Court, if quite convenient to Lady Ruth and Sir Gerald.

Sir Gerald acquiesced with cordial pleasure. Lady Ruth was at all times welcome to invite whomever she chose and, moreover, he really liked his cousin Emilia and her husband; they were excellent company, both of them.

So the Hamlyns came, and, as soon as ever she could seize upon a favorable opportunity, Lady Ruth unburdened her mind to her niece.

It was the morning after their arrival. Sir Robert and Sir Gerald had gone out together, and the aunt and niece were left to indulge in that sort of confidential chat which women so dearly love.

Lady Hamlyn was a brisk black-eyed woman of about forty—a clever, notable, lively woman, whose advice on most subjects was well worth having.

Her husband was a rising statesman, and he himself would have been the first to admit that he owed no little of his success to the influence of his wife.

Quite a leader of society was Emilia Lady Hamlyn.

Poor Lady Ruth felt comforted as she looked at her sitting opposite.

'Pretty? She's beautiful—the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life!'

Lady Hamlyn's shapely brow knitted itself into a slight frown.

'Beautiful! and a girl! My dear aunt, however came you to engage such a governess?'

'She was so highly recommended to me by Lady Agnes—Lady Agnes Dunbar, you know,' said the aunt, with a deprecating look. 'I knew I'd made a mistake as soon as I saw her, but it was too late then. I couldn't send her away after I'd engaged her, and she'd come all the way from France.'

'It was dreadfully imprudent. However, it's no use crying over spilt milk. You must simply get rid of her now as quickly as you can. What makes you think Gerald cares for her?'

'I can see it in his look. You have only to see him with her, and you would be sure of it. Oh! my dear, you can't think how wretched I have been since I found it out. I blame myself so for having her, you know.'

'Of course she encourages him?'

'No; that is the strangest part of it, and the only thing that gives me hope. I have watched her very attentively, and she doesn't encourage him at all—rather otherwise.'

'Oh! I daresay that's a bit of craft on her part. She does the encouraging when you're out of the way, you may depend.'

'I don't know, I'm sure. She certainly behaves very nicely; and, indeed, is a perfect lady. I am sure you will say so, Emilia. And her beauty is really beyond all words. I don't wonder the boy loves her.'

'Who is she?' questioned Lady Hamlyn.

'Do you know anything of her connections? Her father was an officer in the army; her mother was either a Frenchwoman or an Italian—I am not sure which. They both died when she was quite young, and she was their only child. She has been educated in France, and has a little money of her own.'

'I'm! it sounds all right; but, of course she is no match for Gerald. That must be prevented at all hazards.'

'Oh, I wish it could be!' cried Lady Ruth, clasping her delicate white hands together in her fervour. 'I don't say a word to him about it; but I thought, perhaps, you or Sir Robert—'

'Not a bit of good,' said Lady Hamlyn decisively. 'That sort of thing inevitably makes mischief, and often precipitates the very thing you are anxious to avoid. The only way is to separate them.'

'He won't go—not even to Scotland for the shooting. That was what first opened my eyes. You know, Emilia, he isn't in the habit of staying at the court like this.'

'Very well, then she must go. The question is, how to arrange it without unnecessary fuss?'

Lady Hamlyn considered deeply for a minute or two, tapping the floor with her foot to aid her reflections.

Her aunt watched her with admiring wonder.

'She was quite sure Emilia would think of something.'

'I have it!' cried Lady Hamlyn, her black eyes bright with satisfaction. 'Sylvia must go home with me. Miss Monk can teach her with Irene and Laura. The child certainly does look a little delicate, and that will serve well enough for an excuse. We can say we think change of air will do her good, and that she is to be educated for the next few months with her cousins. That of course, will dispense with the necessity for a governess here. You will be able to get rid of Miss Delisle at once.'

'Yes; that is certainly an excellent idea, if you don't mind the trouble, Emilia.'

'I don't mind at all. Sylvia is such a good little thing, she will be very little trouble. And you may rely on her getting on well under Miss Monk. She is the best of good creatures. I assure you—exactly what a governess should be, neither young nor pretty, but altogether useful and to be relied upon. And now, aunt just for curiosity's sake, I should like to see this young person. Where is she to be found?'

'She is in the schoolroom now. You could go there to speak to Sylvia, and you would be sure to see her.'

'That will do. I'll go alone. I think that will be best.'

In a little more than five minutes Lady Hamlyn came back looking not quite so self-confident, as when she went away.

'Well,' asked Lady Ruth, 'what do you think of her?'

'She is certainly extremely beautiful—well-bred, too, and has quite a grand manner of her own. If only her position had been different, Gerald could not have found a more perfect wife.'

'I told you so. And she is really very sweet and charming. I must confess I like her very much indeed.'

'But as her position is what it is, of course a marriage is not to be thought of. Now I have seen her, I am more than ever sure it is very necessary to get her out of Gerald's way as soon as possible. I really must confess I never saw a more perfect beauty in my life. What a sensation she would make in a London drawing-room!'

CHAPTER IX.

SIR GERALD SPEAKS.

The next day, Lady Hamlyn and her husband left the Court.

They did not take Sylvia with them, as had been at first suggested.

On consideration, Lady Hamlyn judged it might be better not to take this step with two such abruptness.

The matter must first be broached to Sir Gerald, and the objectionable governess got away without indecent haste.

'I can send my maid for Sylvia, you know aunt. On the whole, I really think that will be best.'

To Lady Ruth was committed the task of mentioning the all important subject to Sir Gerald; and this she did the very day after Lady Hamlyn had taken her departure.

The aunt and nephew were alone to-

gether after breakfast, and she, deeming it a favorable opportunity, commenced, in rather a nervous voice—

'Gerald! do you notice how delicate Sylvia is looking?'

Sir Gerald looked up in surprise.

'Delicate! Sylvia! No, I've never noticed it.'

'Oh! but she is. Emilia saw it as soon as she got here. I expect the hot weather tries the child. I spoke to Dr. Baker about her yesterday, and he says change of air would probably do her good.'

'Then by all means let her have the change of air.'

'That is just what I am thinking of,' said Lady Ruth, trying to speak quite easily, though she was secretly trembling.

'I spoke to Emilia about it and she was very good. She has actually offered to have Sylvia at Hamlyn Hall for a few months.'

'Very kind of her, I'm sure. Yes, I should think that would do Sylvia good; though, really, I must confess I haven't noticed anything amiss with her.'

'Perhaps not. Men never do notice such things. I have seen the child looking pale for some time past. Of course when she goes to Emilia, Miss Delisle's services won't be required here any longer. But Emilia says she knows of another situation for her—a really excellent one—and I should pay her a quarter's salary, so it will be no loss to her.'

So far Lady Ruth had proceeded quite glibly, apparently, though her inward trepidation was very great; but now Sir Gerald looked up with a peculiar flash in his eye.

'You needn't say any more, aunt. I quite understand what you mean. You wish to send Miss Delisle away from the Court, and you, acting under Emilia's instructions—are making Sylvia the excuse. But I decline to allow any such thing.'

'I'm not sorry you have mentioned the subject, because it gives me an opportunity of saying what I've been meaning to say for several days past. I love Lillian Delisle, and intend to ask her to be my wife.'

Lady Ruth raised her delicate white hands in horror, and with a very good imitation of incredulous amazement.

'You love Miss Delisle?' she cried, just as though the bare idea of such a possibility had never faintly crossed her mind.

'I do,' replied Sir Gerald, coolly, and with decision. 'I know all you would say, Aunt Ruth—all the objections you would bring forward. Let me beg you to consider them as spoken. I know them all so well. When a man reaches thirty years of age he is usually his own master; and I intend to be my own master over this.'

'Then you have quite made up your mind?' faltered Lady Ruth.

'Quite. If Miss Delisle will accept me, I shall make her my wife. At present I have not breathed a word on such a subject to her. Although you may think differently, I am by no means certain she will accept me. She has hitherto given me no encouragement to hope so.'

'Then isn't Sylvia to go to Emilia?' asked Lady Ruth, feebly, feeling herself quite helpless to strive against her nephew, when he spoke in such a tone as that.

He would be master of his own actions when he chose, as she very well knew.

Whether her energetic niece Emilia could oppose him or not, it was beyond her power to do so.

'Just as you please. If change of air will do the child good, by all means let her have it. But whether Sylvia goes or not, Miss Delisle must stay here. She would make a charming companion for you; she could stay in that capacity. Of course that is if you choose. I have no desire to force your inclinations; but if you cannot oblige me in this, I have only one alternative.'

'Is to make Miss Delisle an offer of my hand, and, if she accepts it, make her Lady Vere at once. That would settle her.'

WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN

Suffering from palpitation of the heart, dizzy or faint spells, watery blood, etc., can be readily cured.

A Manitoba Lady Tells About Her Case.

There is no need whatever for so many women to be the subject of faint spells, heart and nerve weakness, anaemia, or any of those health destroying ailments peculiar to her sex.

Mrs. Alexander Setter, of Pigeon Bluff, Man., writes an account of her case as follows: "I have great pleasure in giving my experience of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. For about ten years I was troubled with throbbing and fluttering of the heart. I tried five doctors and several remedies but none of them did me much good. Lately I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes. Before I started using them I could not do my house work and gave myself up to die, as I thought I would never be cured. Now I feel really splendid since taking the pills, do my work, enjoy my meals and feel as if there was something in life worth living for."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxative Pills cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia. Every Pill Perfect. Price 25c.

There was something marvellously touching about a passion such as this.

And she, that beautiful girl, was touched by it.

position in this household. But understand Aunt Ruth,' he added, in a soft and pleasant tone. 'I don't want to be precipitate. I should prefer to feel more sure of Lillian's affection before speaking to her. If you wish to oblige me, you will simply send Sylvia to Hamlyn Hall, and keep Lillian with you. You always have been good to me; I hope you'll be good to me now.'

What could poor Lady Ruth say to this, especially as she loved her nephew, and was really quite attached to the beautiful girl he wished to marry?

She got up and kissed him on the brow, without speaking, then went away to report the conversation by letter to Lady Hamlyn.

'We may as well make the best of it, my dear Emilia,' she wrote in conclusion. 'He has quite made up his mind; and you know what that means with Gerald. After all, the girl is as good and charming as she is beautiful. If only she had money, and was of higher rank, everyone would be applauding his choice. Even as it is, many men will envy him. It might have been much worse. Write soon and comfort me by telling me you think so.'

Sir Gerald had told his aunt he had never breathed a word of love to Lillian—and he had told her the strict truth.

He had told her the truth, too when he said he could feel no confidence that the girl would accept his hand if he were to offer it to her.

That he loved her, she must have known. He himself felt certain of so much, at all events.

The passion in his dark eyes had been such that often her snowy lids had drooped before it.

It was impossible that she should not know how deeply she was loved.

A few days after Sir Gerald had made the declaration of his intentions to Lady Ruth, he was sauntering through a glade in the park, was roused from a deep love-dream to hear the voice which was to him the sweetest music on earth, raised in a frightened cry for help.

The furious barking of a dog indicated the nature of the danger.

Dashing aside the intervening boughs, Sir Gerald was on the scene, swift as lightning.

A savage brute of a dog, belonging to one of the keepers, had got loose; and it was its barking which had so terrified Lillian.

A word from Sir Gerald cowed the animal, and sent it sulking away; but it was not so easy a matter to recover Lillian from the shock her nerves had undergone.

She had been very brave—wonderfully brave for a woman.

She had faced the savage brute with an undaunted front, and with an eye which had almost quelled it.

But now the danger was over, the reaction came, and she leaned against the tree, white and trembling, vainly trying to articulate her thanks to her deliverer.

To Sir Gerald she seemed more lovely in her woman's weakness than ever she had done before.

His heart thrilled with irresistible tenderness as he noted the paleness of the exquisite cheek, and the slight tremor of the lip, the downward glance of the dark eye.

Almost before he knew what he was doing, his love leaped to his lips in tender impassioned words.

He had got her soft, white hand in his, and though it trembled and fluttered, it did not struggle to release itself; the touch of that soft hand sent an electric thrill through his veins.

If his life had been at stake, he could not at that moment have resisted speaking to her of his love.

What he said he knew not.

The words poured forth in a torrent—he felt no lack of them; for some minutes he went on passionately pleading, until suddenly he realized, with a swift, heart-sickening pang, that he had no power to call the soft flush of maiden love to her cheek, that she was still as pale marble, and that in her eyes there was a look which seemed akin to pain.

'I have been too abrupt—I have startled you! Oh, forgive me!' he cried, with swift penitence, and as humbly as though their positions had been reversed—as though he had been the paid dependant, and she the mistress of that beautiful ancestral home.

'You are unnerved,' he continued. 'It was cruel of me to distress you now. What a brute you must think me—'

'No, no!' she said, forcing herself to speak, though the effort was plainly discernible. 'No, no, you are always too good to me, Sir Gerald! Too good—too considerate and kind.'

He drew nearer to her.

He took her other hand, and thus holding them both, gazed into her face with eyes of imploring, devouring love.

'And may I hope to win you? Oh, my love, my heart's best treasure, if only you could care for me just a little—if only you would bid me hope!'

A shade of sadness passed over her expressive features—of sadness mingled with pity, and with some other emotion not so easy to define.

She drew her hands away from him gently—ever so gently—and her voice faltered a little as she said—

'Sir Gerald, I wish you had not spoken to me like this.'

A look of dread, of dawning despair, terrible to witness, stamped itself on his handsome face.

'Lillian, think a little,' he said hoarsely. 'Don't say there is no hope; don't say you could never care for me. I could wait—I would be very patient. Oh, my love, try me!'

'I know how generous you are—how truly generous and kind,' said the girl, softly; 'but, indeed—indeed, I must say again that it would have been better if you had not spoken to me as you have just now.'

'Lillian, couldn't you care for me?' he demanded, passionately.

'I cannot tell you that,' she answered, gently. 'I am not sure of it, even in my own heart. I will not deceive you. You shall know the truth, exactly as I understand it myself. At the present moment, while respecting and esteeming you most highly, I do not love you with that love of which you speak. Whether I ever could so care for you, I cannot say. But, remembering how far our positions lie apart—how much there is to raise a barrier between us, I feel it would have been better—for your sake at any rate—if those generous words of love had not been said.'

She was still very pale; and when she spoke of how much there was to raise a barrier between them, she had turned even paler.

It was as though some painful image had obtruded itself before her inner mind.

But Sir Gerald caught her hand again. He saw, in all this, some glimmering of hope.

'Dearest!—forgive me, I must call you so—my heart's dearest, my one beloved, tell me one thing. Is your heart free to be won? Ah, tell me there is no one else!'

Something like a shadow flitted over the lovely face; but it went almost as it came. And she answered, in a soft, low voice, with perfect frankness—

'No, there is no one else.'

'Then you must let me hope,' he cried, with passionate exultation. 'I will hope. You cannot forbid me, Lillian.'

'Sir Gerald, if only you would listen to the counsel of your friends, or to the dictates of your own reason, when you are in a more sober mood—they would all tell you to forget me.'

'Never!'

'Think,' she continued, gently, 'how far I am beneath you—your sister's governess. People would say—'

'Let them say what they would of my wife,' he answered, proudly. 'You yourself, my peerless love, would be an answer to all!'

'At any rate, take time to think.'

'Then you will give me hope!' he exclaimed, rapturously.

'Oh, Sir Gerald, if only you knew how distressed I am—how anxious to act rightly, and how uncertain how to do it! Indeed—indeed, I don't know what to say to you.'

'Say you will be my wife; that is all I ask.'

'No,' she said, with gentle firmness; 'I cannot do that. Whether I could ever learn to love you or not, I tell you, frankly, I do not do so now.'

'Dearest, I would wait. Try me, and see whether I would not be content.'

'Yes; but while you wait there must be no bond between us. Things must be just as they are now. I give no promise. I exact none from you. We will simply go on as we are. I, Lady Ruth's companion, now Sylvia has gone away, and you remaining my employer. If your love bears the test of time, it may, perhaps, win answering love from me. But, for your own sake, quite as much as for mine, I refuse to take it now.'

From this she could not move her.

She was very sweet, very gentle; but she was firm—firm as adamant.

And so, at length, he submitted, very reluctantly, to her conditions, which, after all, made her all the nobler in his eyes.

When he left her, it was without so much as one pressure of her lips; but, in his heart, he vowed he would win her love—and that soon.

To be continued.

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And you are really going to fall into that trap, Dick? said Hettie Morgan indignantly. Mr. Richard Carisforde looked calmly at his watchful little cousin. 'I don't exactly phrase it in those terms, Hettie,' said he, quietly. 'If you mean to question whether I am intending to offer myself to Miss Deerhaven, I can only answer you yes. 'It's a trap, and I insist upon it, that it is,' said Hettie, vehemently. 'Oh, dear, why will men be so wise on all other subjects, and so idiotically blind when women are concerned? Julia Deerhaven is an ill-tempered, scheming—' 'Hettie!

kitchen lounge, in no very picturesque disguise, her feet thrust into loose slippers, her yellow hair pushed back, and a novel in her hands, while the six younger Deerhavens were playing about the floor, and their mother, flushed and weary with her long day's work which was not yet approaching its end, bent over the cooking stove when a knock sounded on the outer door. Miss Deerhaven started to her feet. 'If it should be anybody!' she exclaimed sotto voce, 'and I such a figure!' 'Oh, pahaw!' said Joseph, the eldest boy. 'Julie's visitors all go to the front door, and old Carisforde has gone to New York, 'cause Miss Hettie told me so when I took a pair of blackberries up there to sell this mornin'!' 'Will you stop your noise,' said Miss Julia, imperiously, 'or I'll give you something that will make you! Mother, why don't you go to the door?' 'I thought perhaps you were going, my dear,' said the farmer's wife, humbly. 'Well, I'm not,' said Julia, petulantly. 'I should think you might know enough for that, and me in this dress! Hurry up, why don't you?' Mrs. Deerhaven obeyed her pretty daughter's not very dutiful injunction, and found herself confronting a tall, slouching-looking fellow, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and both hands in his pockets. 'Heard as how Farmer Deerhaven wanted a hand to help along with his hayin', was the explanation of the errand that had brought him, 'and, bein' as I was out of work—

blue crab. The shell of this snail is opaline, and almost as transparent as glass. Its shape is odd and handsome. This snail is edible and not unlike those found on the coast of France and which are so much in demand in the markets of Paris. In some places they are so abundant that a shake of a tree will bring down a bushel of them. A Fine Fellow He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, see signature on each bottle of Poison & Co. Get 'Putnam's.' The Bravest Are the Tenderest. That the 'bravest are the tenderest' was once more demonstrated in the fight at Santiago Bay. Captain Philip of the Texas made a dash for the Spanish ships the moment they put their noses out of the harbor. When the yellow and red flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo, the commander of the Texas gave the order to his men: 'Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying.' The direction was as chivalrous as it was characteristic. Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED. HALLIFAX, AUG. 17, to the wife of W. J. Acker, a son. WOLFSON, AUG. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McDonald a son. WINDSOR, AUG. 15, to the wife of Geo. Crawford, a son. OXFORD, AUG. 7, to the wife of C. O. Black, a daughter. HALIFAX, AUG. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McDonald a son. WINDSOR, AUG. 15, to the wife of Geo. Crawford, a son. LUNenburg, AUG. 11, to the wife of Dean Wagner, a daughter. TRURO, JULY 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Stevenson, a daughter. TRURO, AUG. 13, to the wife of Mr. David Youid, a daughter. BERWICK, AUG. 15, to Dr. J. R. and Mrs. March, a daughter. OAKHILL, AUG. 9, to the wife of Archie Rhodenizer, a son. LUNenburg, AUG. 17, to the wife of W. J. Acker, a son. WINDSOR, AUG. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Palmer a daughter. PROSPECT, AUG. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Darling a daughter. BILLOW, AUG. 6, to Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Vincent a daughter. TRURO, AUG. 7, to the wife of Thos. Hennessy, a daughter. LUNenburg, AUG. 6, to the wife of E. A. Bachman, a daughter. HALIFAX, AUG. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murray a son. THREE MILES PLAINS, AUG. 13 to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaw, a son. VICTORIA, B. C., AUG. 7, to the wife of Chas. A. Walsford, a daughter. WOLFSON, AUG. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormack, a daughter. YARMOUTH, AUG. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Murray Goodwin, a son. YARMOUTH, AUG. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald W. Perry, a daughter. LAHAVE BRANCH, AUG. 9, to the wife of Reuben Mallman, a daughter. RICHMOND, N. B., AUG. 14 to Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary, a daughter. BRIDGEWATER, AUG. 10, to the wife of Chas. W. Thomson, a daughter. CENTRAL ECONOMY, AUG. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Richibon, a daughter. RICHIBON VILLAGE, AUG. 7, to the wife of Alphe Thibodeau, a daughter. THREE MILES PLAINS, AUG. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dill, twins, son and daughter. MARRIED. Hilo, July 12 by Rev. Mr. Babbiste, Fred E. Halsey to Jessie Crews. Barrington, Aug 10 by Rev. Edwin Crowell, W. F. Page to Jessie Crews. Bear Island Aug 3 by Rev. Mr. Sykes, Geo. H. Jones to Alice A. Brown. Millford, Aug. 17 by Rev. B. Dickie, Burton Cook to Sadie S. Gaston. Port Morien, Aug. 9 by Rev. William Grant, Hugh Matheson to Maggie Brann. Port Hood, Aug. 11 by Rev. E. S. Bayne, Milton Smith to Lottie May Smith. Doaktown, Aug. 10 by Rev. A. F. Robb, Adam Everett to Mary E. Parker. Halls Bay, by Rev. Charles M. Hall, Harry S. Jacobs to Carrie M. Burris. Dorchester, by Rev. Percy B. Davis, George B. McDougall to Laura Kobson. Halifax, Aug. 18 by Rev. J. McMillan, Jas. F. Morash to Angela M. Devlin. Brooklyn, Aug. 11 by Rev. A. W. Currie, Henry D. Pittman to Ada B. Brittain. Moncton, Aug. 3 by Rev. W. W. Love, Charles S. Caird to Sarah Fort Ferris. Ottawa, July 30 by Rev. J. M. Snowden, Sydney C. D. Roper to Ella Maud Smith. Truro, Aug. 10 by Rev. Wm. DeWare, Malory Watson to Ada Parley. Blackville, Aug. 18 by Rev. Thos. Corbett, Ransey McCarty to Mary Ann Porter. West Lelcester, Aug. 16 by Rev. D. Daniel, W. S. Stephen to Zella Blair. St. Stephen, Aug. 14 by Rev. Thos. Marshall John S. Scott to Kathleen M. O'Brien. Middleton, Aug. 11 by Rev. H. S. Baker Jos. S. Kays to Barney Thompson. Oxford, Aug. 10 by Rev. P. D. Nowlas, Eostford McHunt to May Rita Burns. Broad Cove Banks, July 19 by Rev. D. McDonald, John W. Kays to Maggie Cameron. South Unalaska, Aug. 18 by Rev. Dr. Hearty, Richard Conroy to Lucy Wilkox. Fort Lorne, Aug. 18 by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Lorimer Sabean to Maude Wishart.

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