

THEIR WAY OF DEFENCE.

SOME OF THE WAYS ANIMALS DEFEND THEMSELVES.

The Remarkable Gilt, which Nature has bestowed upon some of the creatures of the ocean—how the Octopus does its work of defence.

'If I was going to undertake to prove the existence of mind in nature,' said a naturalist, 'I would take the methods of protection exhibited by various animals. As an example, look at these Pacific Coast octopuses, indicating a small tank in which were seven or eight sprawling animals reaching out in every direction for some flying mackerel; they have two remarkable methods of escape. Watch this one when I drop it into the tank.'

The speaker took from a can an octopus so large that it covered his hands with its slimy folds, winding about them like so many snakes. He held it over the water for a moment, then the animal released its myriads of suckers. As it darted away it left a wave of ink behind that was so dense that pursuit was out of the question.

'That,' continued the naturalist, 'is one of the most remarkable methods of protection in the animal kingdom, and is to an extent complete, as the animal is perfectly concealed from its enemies. Yesterday I was fortunate in being able to notice the attitude of a squid about six feet long. It was placed in a tank eight by fifteen and the moment it was released it sent a volume of ink into the water and in five minutes an extent of 820 cubic feet was almost black. An examination of the squid showed that the ink bag was long, lying along the lower part of the intestine, the larger portion being three and a half inches in length, the entrance opening into the siphon. Later I took out this ink bag and found it full of ink—the sepia of commerce—and diluting some of it wrote with it. So a squid can be written up with its own ink.

This faculty of throwing off a protecting barrier is not confined to the cuttle fishes and squids. I have a remarkable aplusion or sea slug, that is nearly eighteen inches in length. It is a perfect slug, capable of moving by creeping along on its foot in a slow manner. Irritate it or make it think that it is going to be disturbed and it throws out a beautiful violet ink that will fill in a few seconds a tank containing forty or fifty cubic feet of water. The ink is not so dense as in the case of the octopus, but it is almost as effective as I have found it impossible to follow a fish with success as it was continually disappearing in the artificial gloom. The sea snail—Lanthina—throws out a beautiful purple ink that stains linen almost indelibly. A small shell has a similar power and from the vast numbers found in Italy in shell heaps it is supposed to be the original of the Tyrian dye or purple of the ancient Romans. Search through the various branches of the animal kingdom doubtless produce similar and equally interesting instances. In the search for remarkable methods of defence one is struck by the statement of Semper that a sea slug in the South Pacific throws out a discharge of minute barbs or javelins that are actually shot clear of the animal; are minute yet of sufficient size, force and virulence to constitute a protection.

Among the insects we find a remarkable method of protection. The Peripatus is a seemingly helpless creature, but it is some animal acceptable to his palate approaches it draws back its head and ejects from its mouth and special glands a curious secretion that has the singular faculty or crystallizing in the air, freezing it, so that a mass of darts or cords resembling ice or glass are sent about the victim that is thus completely bound and held, all its struggles being futile. In a word, Peripatus, a very low form, seems to be able to create a web and encompass its prey in a second so that it can devour it leisurely. Such methods are wonderful, but many of the animals I have mentioned have other resources, among which the adaptation of color to their surroundings is the most interesting. Imagine a man running along over the country; when he came to a dusty road a flash of gray overcame his face and body so that he was almost invisible. Now he reaches a rocky shore and the grey of a moment before deepens and increases until he is almost black. Such a change would be deemed marvellous, yet this is exactly what scores of animals do all the time. The same octopuses which I have watched throw out their ink to the confusion of their enemies are adepts at this change of color. I had the bottom of the tank arranged so that it was of different colors, and it was interesting to note the changes which were often almost instantaneous. On the white rocks the animals are of a very light color; those on the black bottom very dark and so on. Change them about and they soon become adapted to the new condition of things. When disturbed the color changes flashed over their surfaces like blushes over sensitive person's face;

and when enraged patches of black appeared, the animal having the aspect of a tiger.

'The power of squids is remarkable. I had one that, including the long tentacles, was six or seven feet in length, and it was almost impossible to wrench away a stick or anything it had embraced with its tentacles, showing the power a large squid must possess. This creature gave a fine exhibition of its color changing, the tail portion flashing and paling constantly, reminding one of the play of heat lightning. This is true of the flat fishes, as the sand dab, California sole and others. They lie upon the bottom and assume almost the exact color and tint of their surroundings, and their enemies the sharks, that are armed with rows of ferocious teeth and cannot change color, fail to distinguish them from advantage of this to escape sharks and other predatory fishes, and assume marvellous tints while their strange shapes add to the deception.

'Among the reptiles we find the same protection. I have kept a number of the very defenceless horned toads, a spiny and harmless lizard, in an enclosure, the floor of which was like a checkerboard of different colors, and it was interesting to see them adapt themselves to it. On a white ground they would be very pale or a light gray; on a very dark one a rich red or brown, all finding protection or concealment in the change of color. The little Florida anolis is a remarkable example of this, while the chameleon of the East is known all over the world for this faculty.

I once visited a key on the outer Florida reef for the special purpose of watching the methods of protection of the various animals, and I saw a remarkable instance of an animal's power of rendering itself invisible to an enemy. The key while covered with bay cedar was cut up into byways and lanes just wide enough for a person to

push through. In following up one of these lanes I came upon a spider's web that bridged the pathway. It was a flimsy affair, the most interesting feature being the remarkable length of the cables that held it to the bushes on either side. These were as large as a large thread and strong enough to be used as thread. Indeed they have been put to such use in the Bahamas. The web proper was in the centre—a comparatively small affair—and upon it clung a large spider with bars of black and white on its enormous abdomen, the white patches giving it great prominence. When I first observed the spider it was hanging motionless on the web, but the moment it caught a gnat of me it began to swing the web. Gradually the motion increased and I now could see only the long guy ropes. The motion was rapidly increased, the big spider began to disappear from view and in a moment was gone. I stood perfectly still until slowly the spider came into sight again and presently rested almost motionless in its web, starting the swinging again when I moved. The swinging movement was this gnaty spider's protection, as no bird could have seen it, and its disappearance was complete, owing to the rapid motion, just as a boy whirls a stone about his head so rapidly that it disappears from view. Do some of these peculiar dissolving views of spiders appeared and disappeared as I moved up the little avenue in search of gnat's eggs that lined it in vast numbers each egg an unconscious mimic of its surroundings, and thus finding almost perfect protection, as it was difficult to see them from a short distance. They were speckled with spots and splashes and resembled the curled yellow and brown leaves of the bay cedar.

HANDY WITH A SHOTGUN.

So They Thought Him, Though It Was the First Time He Had Ever Fired One.

'I've often wondered,' said a jolly-looking man, 'if anybody ever got the credit of being a good shot as easily as I did. I was visiting at a house in the country and one day the host says: "Let's go out

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of these imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to our "Actual Business System." None of them, like it, provides for a business education where the students perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter school. All of them use the same old bookkeeping sets of the text-book, designed with a little so-called "business practice" or "office practice" which consists merely in making up a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is no actual business about them, as any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Currie Business University,

117 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

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and try the shooting.' There were two or three other guests there besides myself. The host led the way into the hall, where there were standing three or four shot-guns. He handed a gun to me, though though really I didn't want it, supplied one or two others of the guests, who did shoot with guns, and took the remaining gun himself, and we started out.

'It was a delightful tramp, and a novel experience for me, going gunning, for I had never fired a shotgun in my life. I enjoyed it all very much, but I sort of joggled along in the rear, a little behind the rest to give the others a chance at the game, with the hope that I would not be called upon to shoot. I thought I should only make a ridiculous exhibition of myself; but, as it happened, I fired the only shot fired that day, and it was a bull-eye.

Right in the centre of a field that we were crossing there was a big dead tree, sixty or seventy feet high, and on the top-most branch of it sat a solitary pigeon. The quick-eyed host, a keen sportsman himself, turning around to see if I were coming alright—he was walking just ahead with the others—spied that pigeon.

'There is a chance for you,' he said to

me, enthusiastically, as he looked up at the bird, and I couldn't do less than make a bluff at it. I swung the old shotgun up and fired, all in one moment, and dropped the bird just as near as you please. The host was delighted; it would have been a good fair shot for anybody to make, and he was especially that it should have been made by one of his guests. The rest had turned in time to see the pigeon fall. I had protested that I was no shot and they all thought now that I was far too modest. And so by that single chance shot I got the reputation, at least for the moment, of being very handy with a shotgun.

Admiral Dewey Homeward Bound.

The cruiser Olympia, with Admiral Dewey on board, left Manila May 30th, on her homeward journey to the United States. She has stopped at Hongkong to change her drab war-paint for white, and will come by the way of the Suez Canal, reaching New York, probably, not far from the first of August. The Olympia left Manila to the noise of saluting batteries and the music of brass bands, with the men on the other war-ships cheering and the merchant vessels dipping their flags. She will be cordially received at foreign ports, and preparations are being made for a great demonstration when she reaches New York.



IDLE MOMENTS.

be Deceived.

now adopting various false schemes of our 'Adapted'...

LOGUE FREE.

Business University, St. John, N. B.

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Music and The Drama

The Floor Walker Ward and Vuka's new piece has scored a hit.

Gustave Kerker is said to be composing the lyrics for an English musical comedy.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has secured a new opera by Harry Sylvester Krouse of Sousa's band, and Arthur Trevelyan.

Samuel of Posen Curtis' negro company, which includes Ernest Hogan, author of "All Coons look alike to me," went to pieces at Sydney, Australia.

Engene Fongere, Tortajada Spanish singer and dancer; Marie Lloyd, Vesta Victoria, and Marie Lottus, are to appear in a New York music hall this season.

Minnie Methos a new comic opera prima donna, will shortly make her debut in a new comic opera written for her by Julian Edwards, the book by Kirk La Shelle, and lyrics by Frederick Rankin.

The French opera company will leave Paris about the middle of September coming to Canada direct. The tour will open in Montreal during the first week in October, and will be under the direction of Charles Nicotias.

William Shakespeare, the famous English singing teacher, is coming to New York this winter to give lectures on his art, in the fashion contemplated a few years ago by Mme. Marchesi.

Viola Allen comes with 'The Christian' on November 13.

Sydney Rosenfeld has finished a comedy called 'An Idle Journey.'

Harry Woodruff is to support Anna Held in 'Papa's Wife.'

Charles Wyndham has adopted the King-sbury of 'Cyrano' used by Mansfield.

Jerome H. Eddy has written a new comedy called 'The Country Judge.'

Dixey has a new farce by William Gill, in which he will appear as a necromancer.

Jacob Litt has asked Mrs. John Wood to come to America for 'The Great Ruby.'

Eden Philpots has completed a new play 'A Credit to Human Nature,' for Charles Frohman.

'The Ghetto' received its first American presentation on Friday evening at the Broadway Theatre.

A burlesque on 'The Children of the Ghetto,' called 'The Children of the Sillotto,' is on the market.

One scene in 'The Man in the Moon, Jr.,' will show the home coming of our naval forces from Manila.

Begina, Mich., critic was enthusiastic last week over the work of Harry Austrim Jr., in a half a dozen plays.

Alfred Klein announces that he will star next season in a play by Joseph Adelman called 'My Lord the Butler.'

Paul Heise has written a new play, 'Mary of Magdala' in which Judas Iscariot is represented as her husband.

An enterprising electrician has taken contracts to keep several New York theatres cool this season with liquid air.

When Olga Nethersole returns to America next season, she will have an exclusively American company to support her.

'Mr. Plaster, of Paris,' a farce comedy in three acts, by Charles N. Fraser, had its first performance at Peekskill last week.

Louise Hopper has returned from Australia, where she has been appearing as the Salvation Army lassie in 'The Belle.'

Henry Irving, the Kendals' and N. A. Goodwin will play engagements at the Knickerbocker theatre in New York next season.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree will act in London, but not at her husband's theatre, in Mme. de Vallette which Rejane played first in Paris.

Ernest Matto, a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, has written a volume of essays on social evils, entitled 'Shadows and Glimpses of Society.'

Dan Daly and Mabel Gilman go to London with the "The Rounders," and Tom Seahrooke and Virginia Earle will be seen in the American production.

It is stated that a leading Japanese actor and actress are coming, with their company, to make a tour of the States. They will open in San Francisco.

FALL AND WINTER Millinery

Ladies visiting the Exhibition are cordially invited to call and inspect our stock of Fall and Winter Millinery, including the latest French, English and American styles in

Trimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets. Also Sailor and Walking Hats, Trimmings and Untrimmed.

Corsets a specialty.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

Rumor has it that she is provided with a joy for herself.

In 'The Whirligig' Lillian Russell will be a Queen of Bohemia and Peter Dailey will be a fake hotel proprietor.

Mason Mitchell has just closed a contract with Major James B. Pond to begin a war lecture tour in October.

Robert Mantell produced at Tranton last week W. S. Tremayne's dramatization of Joseph Hatton's novel, 'The Darger and Cross.'

'Kidnaped in New York,' Howard Hall's melodrama, founded on the Marion Clark case, had its first production in Pittsfield, Mass.

Between the third and fourth acts of 'The Tyranny of Tears,' at the Empire Theatre, New York, last week William Furst played for the first time in America the overture to and selections from Massenet's new opera, 'Cendrillon.'

Annie Russell thinks the naturalistic school of acting is in the ascendant. She says: 'We are returning to the drama of the home and of the heart. We are abandoning our idols and seeking simplicity. We are just coming home again to the effusions, to sanity, to the real and the beautiful. The drama of romance, of true love, is here with us more and more frequently.'

H. D. Miller, an old resident of Baton Rouge, when in Washington recently, stated that the original Uncle Tom's Cabin was still standing on the estate of Joseph Henry, in Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana.

Adelaide Ristori, the actress, has become so much of a mere faint memory of other days that it seems quite surprising to find her still living, hale and hearty, and celebrating at her age of nearly 80 the fiftieth birthday of her only son, the Marquis Capranica del Grillo, the favorite gentleman-in-writing to Queen Marguerite of Italy.

As Doctor Hall was inspecting the large statue of Sir Francis, erected by the citizens of Halifax, he said to a boy, who also was looking at it, "Who's that?" "It's Frank Crossley," answered the boy.

"He'll be cold out there all night!" playfully remarked the clergyman, whomupon the lithe muddled boy replied, "He ain't wick! it's nobbet shaps on 'im! [He is not alive! it's only his shape.]

The man must not only have been naturally noble, but profoundly religious and very human, of whom his workmen and the town boys could speak as "Frank Crossley," although he was very rich and a baronet.

Even an old sore will give its owner a twinge if it is roughly handled. Two elderly men met at a reception one evening and after they had been introduced to each other, one of them said:

"I beg pardon, Mr. Yarty, but are you related to the family of that name who lived in Patteeon about fifty years ago?"

"Yes."

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NOT A SNOB.

His Great Wealth and Honors Made the Baronet Very Humble.

A snob has been defined as a man who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than he is.

This species of snob is apparently increasing in our republic; at least that seems to be the inference fairly to be drawn from the numerous advertisements of professors or heralds, who to provide coats of arms and registers of genealogies for the 'new men' who having recently become somebodies, would ignore the shirt-sleeves and leather aprons which formerly distinguished them.

Fifty years ago there lived in New York City a rich man who had risen from a cobble's bench. He was not ashamed of was no' a hamed of his origin, but his daughters were. They longed to move in fashionable society, and exclaimed with the here of an old play, 'Oh for a coach ye gods!' Their indulgent father gratified them; then they teased him to have a coat of arms painted on the panels of the carriage.

'Yes,' said the old man, 'you must have a coat of arms on the coach doors but I must design it.'

'Why, papa you don't know anything about heraldry,' replied the daughters.

'I know enough to design a coat of arms for my carriage. It will be a lapstone on which shall rest a bit of shoemaker's wax; on one side of a hammer. That's the only coat of arms which shall be painted on my carriage!'

Sir Francis Crossley, the rich carpet manufacturer of Halifax, England, was proud of the fact that his father had been a hand-worker at the loom, and his mother a domestic servant with yearly wages of ten-pounds (fifty dollars). He built a palatial residence, and allowed his widowed mother the best apartment therein. She declined to move out of the old family house attached to the mill, preferring to dwell in the home of her husband and her earlier life.

Frank Crossley became Mayor of Halifax and a member of Parliament, and was honored with a baronetcy. Neither he nor his brother forgot the poor, or the people from whose ranks they had risen. They built and endowed a large orphanage school, erected a row of comfortable almshouses, and gave the town an extensive "People's Park."

To the workmen and to the townsmen he was "Frank," rather than "Sir Francis." D. Newman Hall mentions in his "Autobiography" that, being present at a great meeting at which Sir Francis was speaking, he heard a workman shout, "Spakoot, Frank, lad!"

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The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery.

Faintly but exquisitely aromatic. Beware of imitations.

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And the grudge of fifty years ago resumed business, so to speak, at the old stand.

THE PINEAPPLE CURE

Is not only the Pleasante but the Surest Means of Cure in all Stomach Troubles.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are an unailing and delicious remedy for dyspepsia and all the distressing consequences of impaired digestion.

International Track Athletics. Oxford and Cambridge Universities have challenged the universities of Yale and Harvard to an athletic contest to take place in London in the last week of July.

The programme includes a 100-yard dash, a 120 yard hurdle race, a quarter mile run, a half-mile run, a three mile run, hammer-throwing, high jump and long jump.

Itch! Itch! Itch! Awful Itching of Eczema Dreadful Scaling of Psoriasis

CURED BY CUTICURA

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool the blood, make the most complete and speedy cure treatment for torturing, disfiguring humors, rashes, and irritations, with loss of hair, which have defied the skill of the best physicians and all other remedies.

THE SET \$1.25

On Soap, 25c; Ointment, 50c; Resolvent, 50c. Sent everywhere. Forthcoming burlesque, "The Whirligig."

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BAKING POWDER PURE delicious and wholesome

miner. With the money thus accumulated he started speculating and gradually acquired a competence. Mr. Ross is a bachelor.

LETTERS TO MAIL

The Absent-Minded Man Discovers a New Way of Forgetting Them. The folks at home, with a blind trustfulness that I cannot understand, said the absent minded man 'still give me letters to mail, though they know it will be days before I get 'em to the postoffice. Time and again, carrying a letter in my hand as not to forget it I have walked right past lamp post letter boxes, and toted the letter up to the ticket fill in of an elevated station, forgetting that I was carrying it until I wanted to reach for money to buy a ticket with. Then I'd put the letter in my pocket and that was good-by letter, perhaps for days.

But this morning I did something different; I started out before breakfast with a letter that I was to mail, and two cents with which to buy a stamp for it, the letter in one hand and the money in the other. I reached a sub-station of the post-office that is in our neighbourhood in safety and bought the stamp all right and stuck it on the letter, looking as I did so, at a curious and yet familiar looking tall red box with rounded top, that stood there by the desk. Still holding the letter in my hand so as not to forget it, I carried it into a store where I had an errand, to buy something for the house, and there I set the letter down on the counter where I couldn't fall to see it while I reached in my pocket for money. When I walked up the steps of my house a little later with my appetite improved, if anything, by the breath of fresh air, it suddenly came to me that I had left that letter in the store, and I turned of course, and went back for it. When I came to the corner nearest the store I found the young man who had waited on me, just dropping my letter in the letter box there.

Now, in this case, my forgetfulness resulted in the prompt mailing of the letter; but while I am, of course, pleased over this, I am at the same time disturbed by the thought that I may now develop my forgetfulness in some other new form that may not work out so happily.

Stood his Ground. "Can you hollow grind this razor?" asked a customer who had stepped into a razor-grinding establishment presided over by a hard-headed man with bristling hair and an aggressive look on his face.

"You want me to hollow grind it, I suppose?" he said.

"No, sir," rejoined the other. "I want you to hollow grind it."

"If it's ground hollow ain't it hollow-ground, sir?"

"If you grind it hollow don't you hollow grind it, sir?"

"Do you think you can come in here and teach me anything about my business? I've been hollow grinding razors for twenty-five years."

"No, you haven't. You've been hollow grinding them."

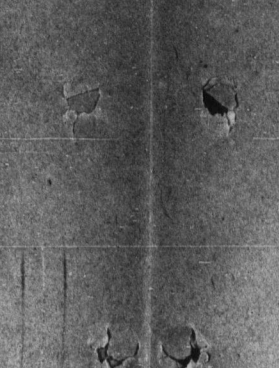
"Do you reckon I don't know what I do or a living?"

"I don't care whether you do or not. Will you hollow grind this razor?"

"No, sir, I won't. I'll hollow grind it or won't touch it."

The customer reflected a moment. "See here, my friend," he said. "Can I have it ground hollow here?"

"Certainly."



LETTERS TO MAIL

The exhibition has been the all absorbing interest of the week, and has brought numerous visitors to the city. The opening of the fair had its social side, the presence of two Governors—Lt. Governor Duff of Nova Scotia, besides a goodly number of leading society people, giving the fair a desirable social, and it being made the occasion of an extension of hospitality to visitors. Of course the visiting governor was feted during his stay in the city as the guest of W. H. Thorne, Mecklenburg Terrace, and the most successful of the functions was the dinner given in his honor by Lieut. Governor Mecklenburg at the Union Club on Monday evening and for which thirty covers were laid. The table was artistically decorated with sweet peas and altogether presented a most charming appearance. The usual toasts were drunk and honored by the guests, among whom were the following:

- Judge Ritchie, Recorder Skinner, D. J. McLaughlin, Hon. Albert Duns, J. D. Hays, M. P.; Lt. Col. McLean, Lt. Col. Markham, Major Edwards, Capt. Whelan, Dr. Dunlop, Mayor Sears, Dr. James Hannay, Dr. B. B. Emerson, James McAvity, Mr. Barker, the governor's private secretary, Mr. Simpson Jones of this city, and Mr. David Landale Wilson of London, England, took place this week, and though the event was extremely quiet it created a great deal of interest in society, as the bride has always been a great favorite with those who compose the smart set. The ceremony which was performed by Rev. J. A. Richardson, Trinity's new rector, was solemnized in that church at four o'clock on Monday afternoon and the only persons who witnessed the ceremony were the near relatives of the bride. Mrs. Usher and Mr. Fred C. Jones, sister and brother of the bride were in attendance upon the bride and groom. The bride was handsomely crowned in a tailor made gown of lawn covered with white tulle to perfection. Her beautiful figure, and her hair to match. After the customary lavatories were served at Carver's hall and later Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left for Montreal and from thence will go to New York and will sail from there next Wednesday for their future home in London, England.

An interesting event that took place in Rochester, N. Y., on September 10th, is thus chronicled in the "Rochester Democrat": "Yesterday morning, at the residence of the bride's father, occurred the marriage of Miss Anne May Currie, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Dean F. Currie of Albion, and Edmund Little of St. John, N. W. Brunswick. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Francis G. Dunham of Christ church. Miss Little passed through St. John on Monday, and was met at the station by Wesley Brown, best man. Owing to the recent illness of both Mr. and Mrs. Currie the wedding was a very quiet one attended by only a few friends. The bride and groom started immediately for their residence in St. John, going by way of Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal and other Canadian cities. Mr. and Mrs. Little passed through St. John last Friday on their way to Yarmouth to visit the groom's home. They returned this week and have taken up their residence at 156 Germain street, where the bride will receive her friends on Monday, the 25th inst.

Lt. Governor Daly who was here to assist in the opening of the exhibition, on Monday, was the guest of W. H. Thorne during his stay in the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. mes A. Lesman were here this week on route to Halifax, from a trip through Maine.

Mr. G. V. Deig was at home on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, and many friends called upon the popular and charming bride. Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. DeWolfe of Halifax were in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. R. Allan returned last week from their trip to Toronto.

Lt. Col. Drury has been the guest of Mr. J. Douglas Hays during the week. Mrs. R. Harrison and family and Miss O'Neil Driscoll returned last Saturday from Round Hill, Kings Co., where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Dimond of Bolton made a short stay in St. John recently. Capt. A. W. Atkinson, formerly of this city, but now of Chicago, is visiting St. John, accompanied by Mrs. Masters and two children.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Payne this week entertained Mrs. Fred S. Osmond of Halifax in a most hospitable way.

The quiet of Charlton Dock Cove was broken this week by the matrimonial which is inseparable from a wedding. The partners assembled in force to witness the nuptials of one of their number. Miss Madeline Francis who with her mother has been spending the summer at the Cove, and Mr. John A. Reid of Fredericton. Rev. John Prince of Moncton, uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony in the presence of many friends. The bride, who was attended by a most becoming blue and cloth travelling suit, with pretty hat to match, and carried a handsome bouquet. Mr. and Mrs. Reid are enjoying a short wedding trip after which they return to their future home in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robertson returned this week from a delightful visit of several weeks to California. Rev. C. W. D. Orrill, Rev. Dockrill and child, who have been spending a little while in the city left yesterday for their home in Massachusetts.

Mrs. F. S. Ball and Master Allen of New York arrived this week on a visit to Miss McAllister of Paradise Row. Mrs. Costigan, wife of the Hon. John Costigan, arrived in the city this week on a visit to her nephew, Mr. John I. Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly. Mr. R. D. H. Purves, her two children and Mrs. A. Bruce Sullivan of Norwich, Conn., were here this week on their way to Georgetown to visit friends. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. of Canterbury church, have had as their guests this week Judge and Mrs. V. J. Reid of Fredericton.

Miss Alice Barton left this week on a visit to friends in Nashua, N. H. Miss Lena Layton is spending a little while in the city as the guest of Mrs. John Ring of Pitt street.

Mr. H. E. Colner left this week on a trip to Detroit where he will attend the Supreme Grand Lodge of Oddfellows, now in session in that city. The Misses Whitehead and Miss Jean Hall of Fredericton are spending a few days with Mrs. A. J. Armstrong. Miss Clarke has returned in Newcastles after a pleasant stay of some weeks with friends here. Mr. and Mrs. John Devereux and Mrs. George Fawcett, who spent part of last week here, have returned to Newcastle. Senator and Mrs. King of Chipman and their daughter, Mrs. Richardson, were here this week on route to Kingston to attend the marriage of the Senator's son, Mr. Malcolm King to Miss Grace Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Fisher came down from Woodstock for a day or two this week. Miss Bertha E. Bennett of Cambridge street, New York, and Miss Helen Good of Woodstock, are guests of Mrs. W. R. Merritt, Golding street, for a few weeks. His Lordship Bishop Peterkin, Mrs. Peterkin and child of West Virginia, were in the city for a day or two in the early part of the week. Mrs. David Bennett of Cambridge street left this week on a visit to relatives in Springfield, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Short of Digby were among the week's visitors to this city. Miss Ada Troop has just returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Branda Troop of Bridgetown, N. S. F. H. Hale, M. P., and Mrs. Hale of Woodstock, spent a day or two here during the week. Miss Annie E. Evans and Miss Hattie J. Gordon of Bridgetown, N. S., are spending a week or two with friends in this city. The Premier and Mrs. Emerson and Master Emerson came down from Dochester on Wednesday to visit the exhibition. They remained in the city for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. White of Woodstock were in the city this week. Mr. White is the editor of the "Woodstock Sentinel" and was a warmly welcomed visitor to the press room of the exhibition, during his stay.

One of the prettiest weddings of this month of pretty wedding was that of Miss Grace Florence Carter, youngest daughter of the late Wm. A. Carter and Mrs. Malcolm B. King of Chipman, son of Senator G. G. King, which took place at Trinity church, Kingston, at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. H. S. Walworth officiated, and the church which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, contained a large number of spectators. The invited guests included only near relatives of the contracting parties and among them were friends from St. John, St. Stephen and Chipman. The bride who entered the church with her mother, Mr. W. S. Carter, was dressed in a very stylish and becoming travelling gown of grey cloth with hat to match and carried a superb bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. A pretty scene of the wedding was the entrance of the bride and groom. Miss Alice the Misses Edith, Evelyn, Elizabeth and Mary Carter, all of whom were guests of the nuptials, de solo, and carried bouquets of white roses and Master George Carter, a little nephew, who led the interesting procession in a dignified manner. After the ceremony a luncheon was served at the home of the bride's mother and later Mr. and Mrs. King left on a wedding trip to the Upper Canadian cities. Many beautiful gifts were showered upon the bride from friends all over the province. Mr. and Mrs. John L. Fisher of Ellsboro were in the city on Wednesday of this week. Miss E. G. Gove of Parrsboro is spending a little while with Miss E. G. of Germain street. Mr. George H. Robertson of Houlton was warmly welcomed to the city last week by his many friends who requested his brief stay of one day among them. Mr. Robertson left on Saturday for Boston to visit his sister Mrs. A. H. Vaughan. Miss Roberts and other relatives here this summer. Miss Robertson and Miss Agnes L. Robertson who have been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vaughan, sailed from New York for England last Saturday. Miss Beattie Dunn arrived from Fredericton this week for a stay of a week or two with friends. Miss Gertrude Cornell returned last Saturday from Belvidere, Mass., where she has been spending the summer with her sister Mrs. A. H. Vaughan. Miss Emma Crookshank is the guest of city friends. Mrs. Char as O'Dell of the capital is also here for a brief visit.



LETTERS TO MAIL

Miss Georgia Soumell was the guest of Miss Elsie Travers, Hampton, over last Sunday. Mrs. David Hat of the capital is visiting city friends. Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Scott spent last Sunday with Professor Tremblay of Hamlet. Miss Edith Gregory of Fredericton is being entertained by city friends. Miss Alice Nowan and her little niece, Miss Beatrice Powell of Halifax, are guests of friends on the West Side. Mr. A. L. Goodwin and her children left Wednesday for Boston, where they intend spending the winter. Mr. and Mrs. William Pitt of Halifax are spending the week here and taking in the exhibition daily. Miss Helen Lunney left this week for Montreal to resume her duties at the Sacred Heart convent. The same day Mrs. Thomas Lunney returned to McGill college to resume work. Mrs. Charles Ramsay and Miss Edith left this week for Montreal where the latter will pursue her studies at a convent. Mrs. Ramsay and her little daughter Madeline still reside for some time in Montreal. Miss Murphy and Miss Jessie McKinley left Wednesday for a visit to friends in New York. Mr. Arthur Cogswell who paid a week's visit to friends here, returned Monday to his home in Lunenburg. Mr. L. P. Harris of Grand Lake made a short stay in the city in the early part of the week. The many friends of Mrs. L. F. Hatfield, "Princess street," will be glad to know that she is recovering from her recent accident. Miss Aggie Foley of Mecklenburg street left on Wednesday morning for Boston on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Thos. E. Larsen. Mrs. Herb Trives of Petticoat, Miss A. M. Keith of Harvey, Miss Grace Perkins, Springfield, Miss Delia D. Fowler, are guests of Miss Rose Hatfield, Princess street. Mrs. Frank McEneaney of the west end is staying with Fredericton friends for a few weeks. Mrs. J. D. Landry entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Wednesday evening at her residence, Leinster street. Waist and other garments were provided for the amusement of the guests and delicious refreshments were served. Among those present were Miss Ferguson, Miss Sherrill, Miss Hayes, Mrs. D. F. Chisholm, Miss McGourry, Miss Zita Millican, Mr. John Kelly, Dr. Harry Travers, Mr. Ned Sears, Mr. Harold Sears, Mr. Edmund Ritchie and others.

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

obliged to leave suddenly for home, he having been summoned by telegraph to be in charge of a critical case. Miss Emma Crookbank is visiting relatives in St. John. Miss Nellie Burden of Southampton is the guest of her friend Miss Corrie Tibbitts. Mrs. Chas. O'Neil is in St. John for a few days. Mrs. Swift of Montreal who has been visiting her at the Mrs. Cass, O'Neil has returned home. At Mabel Br. it is in home from South Franchingham visiting her parents. Mrs. Hink returned last week from her summer vacation in Ontario and has now reopened the kindergarten with an unusually large number of pupils. Mrs. Frank McPeck of St. John, west end, is waiting friends in the city. Mrs. James Estrope of Montreal is visiting her sister Mrs. Ritchie, Church street. Miss Smith of Toronto is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Altherton. The Misses Whitehead and Miss Jean Nell are in St. John the guests of Mrs. A. J. Armstrong. Miss Jennie Payson and Miss Bertha Thomas have returned to St. John to take a course of instruction at the Normal school. Misses Kenneth Osmant, Guy Randolph and Douglas Bush have gone to Toronto to attend Upper Canada college. Mrs. John Black has returned from her visit to St. Andrew after a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Moore. Miss Nellie Morris returned home on Monday accompanied by her friend Miss Winifred Moore. Miss Lancelotti is visiting her sister Mrs. A. S. Murray. CHURCH

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Parsonage is for sale in Hampton Village at A. W. Hicks.] Sept. 14.—Dr. Taylor of Moncton spent Sunday with Mrs. E. J. Fowler. Miss Isabel McKee of Fredericton, is visiting Miss Isabel Flewelling. Captain H. E. Frenno and Mrs. Frenno of Boston are the guests of Mrs. G. Frenno. Mrs. A. and Miss Porter of St. John, are the guests of Mrs. Percy Bourne. Miss Marion B. Barnes of Boston, is visiting Mrs. Allan W. Hicks. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knowlton of St. John, who have been residing at Hampton during the summer leaves for St. John T.uesday. Rev. B. S. Glover of Kouchibouguac, N. B. will spend Sunday with Mrs. G. Flewelling. Messrs. Leonard E. Wetmore and Albert Senneburgh of Boston, who have been spending their vacation with friends here left for home on Tuesday. Mr. H. G. Fenety and Mrs. Fenety of St. John, spent Tuesday with friends here. Miss O'Neil and Miss Marie, et. John, spent last Sunday with Mrs. William O'Neil. Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. McAndrews entertained a few of their friends very pleasantly Tuesday evening with music and whist. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Warnerford, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hicks, Miss Marion Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Smith, Mrs. Goff and Miss G. H. of Boston. Miss Fred J. G. Knowlton leaves on Friday for Montreal where she will remain a few weeks the guest of her sister Miss Louie Stewart. Dr. Parker and Mrs. Parker of Halifax, are visiting Mrs. P. H. Warnerford. Mr. S. D. Scott of St. John, spent Sunday with Prof. Tweedie. Miss Hattie Barnes is visiting friends in New York City. Miss Hattie Turnbull of Digby, spent a few days with Miss Edith C. Humphrey. A.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Parsonage is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. B. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. P. Treat's.] Sept. 15.—Mrs. Robt. M. Dow and Miss Alice Yezzo are visiting Boston. Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. George Loring, Mrs. E. B. Wade of Eastport and Miss Cora Lee of Jamaica Plain, were in town for a brief visit during the past week. Halk Whitlock has gone to Bonny River for a short visit with relatives. The Misses Whitlock have decided to close their cottage at the LeGee and return to town the last of this week to enable Miss Jennie Whitlock to resume her musical classes early next week at her home over the St. Stephen's bank. Rev. Mr. Crosswell of Springfield preached two eloquent and instructive sermons in Christ church on Sunday. Miss Jennie Moore who is preparing herself for a trained nurse, arrived home on Saturday for a few days vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. DeWolfe and family have returned from the Lodge, where they have spent the summer months. Mrs. W. B. Ganong who has spent the summer at the Cedars, St. John river, arrived home on Saturday as it is most cordially welcomed by her friends. Mrs. John Ryder and Mrs. Spring have arrived home from St. Andrew where they spent a week. A party of aces drove from town on Saturday to Oak Bay and took tea at Orchard Cliff. Miss Louisa A. Boardman of Tacoma, Wash., arrived in Calais on Tuesday and will make an extended visit with her grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Boardman. Miss Beulah Todd leaves on Monday for Wellesley college. The marriage of Jas. E. Bestettey of the Shore Line and a young lady of Carleton occurs this month. Messrs. Alice and Eva Love have returned from Boothby, Maine, where they spent several weeks. Mrs. Wm. Stalfeld of Lynn, Mass., and her son Arthur Hattifer, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ganong. Mr. and Mrs. James McCullough will leave for Hampton on Friday. Misses Rose and Emma Coughlin left yesterday for St. John, where they intend to spend a few weeks visiting friends. Miss Bella McFarlane, Miss Rose Coughlin and Miss Bella McCormick have returned home, after spending a very pleasant week with Mrs. Boggs and family of Machias. Mrs. John Ryder is in receipt of a letter from her sister, Mrs. E. A. Jackson, who is making a tour of the British Isles and Europe. Mrs. Jackson writes interestingly of a visit to Blarney castle, Ireland, the ancestral home of her kinsfolks. Mrs. Jackson is a daughter of Mrs. James McBride formerly Miss Binney, and was a visitor to St. Stephen two years ago. Miss Cassiana Chipman left by train on Tuesday evening for Toronto where she will attend school. Miss Winifred Todd left on Tuesday for Andover, Mass., to resume her studies at Abbot academy. Mrs. M. J. Kane, Mrs. W. Peck and baby of Newcourt, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Jerry Casey of Main street. Mrs. King was a former resident of St. Stephen.

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Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier. Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in about three weeks I was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brentford, Ont. Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 623 1/2 Treasury Street, Toronto, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

hen, but left here seventeen years ago. She is much pleased with the improvements in the town. Mrs. Helen Kelly leaves this week for Boston. Mrs. F. F. M. Nichol is in town this week. Mrs. E. K. Ross is in St. Andrew visiting Mrs. Henry Todd at her summer cottage. Mrs. Harriet Clarke and Mrs. Mary Ann are among the St. Stephen people visiting St. John this week. Frank McKee's is at home for a short visit after an absence of some months. Mr. McKee has been in charge of the shipping department in a shoe factory at Ansbury, Me. Fred Herbert Grant who has been spending the summer at a resort in the province of Quebec, left here for New York on Tuesday morning. Capt. N. M. Clarks, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Marjorie Clark of New York spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Stancilife is visiting Mrs. John Black. Mrs. Theo. McCrea, Mrs. Horton Dutch, Miss Jean Hill and Miss Anna McLain are occupying the Christie cottage at the Lodge this week. Miss Beas who has been visiting friends in Calais has returned to Bangor. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Oakes and Miss Helen Carson are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd. Mrs. Esther Black left today for Windsor, N. S., to continue her studies at the Edgchill school for young ladies. Miss Edith Hilyard's friends in St. Stephen regret to hear that she has been very ill with typhoid fever at her home in Fredericton. Miss George Stevenson of St. Andrew has been the guest during the past week of Mrs. W. W. Inches. Mrs. Gertrude Moore who has been visiting her parents at Moore's Mills, has returned to Har. rd. Conn. Miss Dora Round has returned home, after several weeks of travel in Europe and Great Britain. Miss Beulah Blair of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. James Mitchell. Mrs. Harry W. Broad of Montreal is visiting Mr. C. O. Barker. Rev. C. G. McCully leaves the first of next month for Japan where he will visit his sister and enjoy a stay of three months or more. Mrs. Wetmore and Miss Beulah Wetmore have returned from a pleasant visit at Riverside with Governor and Mrs. McClean. The marriage of Mrs. Andrew Stevens and their family left on Monday for their home in Andover, Minn. Mrs. William Harper is recovering from her illness. Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Black were summoned to Eastport on Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Brown who died at Farraboro, N. S., and whose remains were interred in the cemetery at Eastport. Miss Beulah McClean has gone to St. John for a short visit. Mrs. G. H. Raymond was in town for a day or two the guest of Mrs. Hazen Grimmer. Miss Nettie Thompson is visiting in Woodstock. Mrs. Mason M. Henry, who has been spending the summer on the St. Croix, left on Friday for her home in Cambridge, Mass. She was accompanied by Miss Gertrude Henry who will spend two weeks in that city. Mrs. Julius T. Whitlock and Miss May Carter went to Kingston on Friday to attend the marriage of Miss Grace Carter to the bride's mother. The marriage of Mrs. Annie Estlin Gregory to Mr. John Tempert Turner is announced to take place Wednesday morning, September 20th, at Trinity church, St. John, N. B. Miss Winifred Dick has returned to her home in St. George after a pleasant visit with Miss Jessie Wall. Mr. Sarah Wall of Westmorland county is the guest of Mrs. G. S. Wall. Mrs. Dick, Miss Blanche Gillmor and Dawes Gillmor were in town on Saturday enroute to Montreal. Miss Maud Maxwell is visiting Miss Mary McCannell in Miramichi. Miss Ada Penn who is a guest of the guest of Miss Roberta Marcell, has returned to her home in Carleton. Miss Margaret Murray of St. George has returned to Boston to resume her work as professional nurse in that city. Mrs. Esther Besch left on Tuesday for Windsor, N. S. to visit her sister at the ladies college there. Mr. Black accompanied her as far as St. John. The following is from the Charlottetown Guardian: Rev. S. H. Rice, Mrs. Rice and family of Milltown, N. B. arrived here Friday evening and left here Saturday afternoon for Bonny where Mr. Rice accepts the pastorate of the Methodist church. While here he was the guest of W. F. Clark. Miss Sue Ganong left on Monday for Halifax to take a position on the staff of teachers in the ladies' college in that city. Mrs. C. F. Beard is in Charlottetown, P. E. I. visiting Mrs. J. T. Byron at St. Paul's rectory. Miss Mary Abbott was a guest of the Misses Whitlock at their summer cottage at the Lodge for two days during this week. Miss Beulah Porter is in Carleton visiting Mrs. A. W. Reed. Misses Annie and Fannie Webber are in St. John visiting friends.

ST. ANDREWS.

W. D. Forster and Miss Emily Marie Ketchum were married at St. John's chapel, Chatham, on Sept. 15, 1899. Chas. Beaudet, Capt. Parferson, Duval, 27 Waterline. Wednesday morning by Rev. Canon Ketchum, assisted by Rev. E. W. Simonsen. Lucy Cully returned to St. John on Thursday. Mrs. Robert and Miss Margaret Kane and Miss Jane Hartigan returned on Monday from a visit to Ireland. Rev. Alex. Bowser and family returned on Wednesday to their home in Wilmington, Del. Edward Malloy is enroute to make a visit to British Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Malloy will visit him in St. John this week. Mr. Innes and family will vacate their summer home here on Friday. J. F. Hestery, manager of the Algonquin, with a number of guests and employes left on Friday last. Mrs. Ryan and Miss Mary Ellen Rooney were married on Monday morning. Local amusements are preparing for a concert soon to be given in aid of the Methodist church. HARBOUR. Sept. 15.—Mr. E. B. Beckwith left on Monday for New York where he sells for the "Oceanic" for Liverpool, G. B. Mrs. David D. Johnston accompanied by her sister, Miss Annie Hutchinson, went to St. John on Saturday to attend the exhibition. Miss Leslie Morton left on Monday for Halifax. She was accompanied by her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morton. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell returned to E. E. Island on Monday. Mr. Robert Brown of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. E. B. Beckwith. Miss Nellie McKinnon and Miss Emma Jardine spent Sunday in Harcourt. Miss Sylvia Blais of Richlinco was visiting her sister Mrs. Keith this week. BICOBUO. Sept. 15.—Mrs. Campbell of Ottawa and her sister Miss Edith James of Boston, spent Sunday in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McLeod. Mr. T. N. V. Neat of St. John, was in town on Saturday. Miss Peters left on Monday for Chatham where she will visit friends. Mrs. Abram Thompson went to St. John yesterday. Misses Sylvia Black and Florrie Gale are visiting in Moncton this week. Mr. and Mrs. Duhamel and family left on Saturday for their home in Baltimore after spending the past three months with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Davis. Mrs. Davis accompanied them to St. John where she will remain a short time among friends. Mrs. W. C. Rogers is spending his vacation at his home in St. John. Mr. Andrew Loggie of Dalhousie is in town today. Mr. Frank Farlee of St. John was in town yesterday. Messrs. Fred O'Leary and Harry McInerney went to St. Joseph's College, Memorocook last week to resume their studies of the district court. Miss Gallant of Grand Anse is in town the guest of Miss Alice Vantour. Mr. A. W. McKay of St. John was in town last week. AURORA. How Expert Ten Testers Test Ten. The expert ten tester carefully weighs the ten, puts a cork in the water on the top, and then it is drawn for a few minutes, then tastes. It is a sign of the water's purity. The water which is drawn from the right way of making tea. Mand and the Judge Again. Mand Muller jumped on her time worn bike for a evening bit at the dusty pike. An old drop frame of a "razz down gear" with a rattle the sleeping dead could hear! The Judge came pouncing along behind, Outrigger his great judicial mind. He noted the figure neat and trim And graceful motion of hidden inn. And he said to himself in his grave delight: "What a man with a man! He's all right!" He drew beside her and asked her flat: "Why did you come out to cart as that?" And she said sally that could ill support Such words as the judge of the district court. He told her she could on a chainless ride With a diamond frame, if she'd be his bride. Or if she would bust up his sole He'd would tap them together as man and wife. Mand bit at the bait like a hungry trout And the old judge smiled as he pushed her out! They ride on a tandem now, of course. But Mand has to work like a treadmill horse! For the judge has learned how to sit and shirk And let his darling do all the work. He weighs two hundred and fifty one! But the poor girl thinks it an even ton! And she often says with a pain rent heart: "I wish I was back on my old ice cart!" Summer Dusk. From the sky the coldest fad, And star, snow white, Hangs o'er the lonely glade The day has fled. Slow crumbles and disappears The hill in the gloaming sea, And with the blue he veers Round the sunset tree. The twilight spark The blue he veers Round the sunset tree. The twilight spark The blue he veers Round the sunset tree. The twilight spark The blue he veers Round the sunset tree. A Trivial Clock. A singular case has just been decided in Germany after occupying nearly a year in trial. When Prince Bismarck died, two Hamburg photographers bribed a watchman in the room to allow them to take a flashlight picture of the dead chancellor. They tried to sell the photograph, but the Bismarck family interposed. The photograph itself furnished the evidence which convicted the persons concerned. The men who took the picture did not notice a clock on the wall, which was reproduced in the photograph and recorded the exact moment when the view was taken. It was known who was on watch at that moment, and the faithful watchman gave the name of the photographers. The pictures have been suppressed, and the photographers sentenced to jail.

THOUGH A FORMER CONVICT.

How a Chicago Chief of Police Won One Man's Firm Allegiance. Major R. W. McClaughey, who recently resigned the wardenship of the Joliet penitentiary to accept a like position at Leavenworth, Kan., had one champion on the Chicago police force who, up to his death, a few years ago, would fight for him at any time. This police officer was an ex convict and served his sentence of one year for larceny at Joliet during McClaughey's first administration as warden. Upon his release from prison the young man returned to Chicago, where he had many friends who were willing to give a helping hand. The offense for which he was sent to prison was done more in the spirit of a boyish prank than with any criminal intent, but he was in the company of an ex convict at the time, and but for that fact he might have escaped with a short jail sentence. Soon after his return to Chicago he got a position in a wholesale house, and he applied himself to the work with more than ordinary energy. He attended church regularly, something he did not do before going to prison, and his every act proved him worthy of the confidence placed in him by his friends. Time went on, and he made application for a position on the police force. According to the rules of the department no man who has ever been convicted of a felony can become a policeman, and in order to properly fill out the application blank he had to perjure himself. The signers of his application were men of prominence in ward politics, and he had no difficulty in securing his appointment. He was stationed at a downtown crossing when Major McClaughey was appointed Chief of Police under Mayor Washburn in 1891. One day the policeman was recognized by an ex convict. They had worked together in the same shop in prison, and the policeman had once whipped the other fellow for abusing a crippled convict. The opportunity to get even with the blue coat for the chastisement given years before presented itself, and in less than an hour a commanding officer was told of the policeman's imprisonment at Joliet. Major McClaughey sent for the officer, and when the latter reached the chief's office, ignorant of why he was called there, Major McClaughey immediately recognized him. The officer did not give his identity. He looked his chief straight in the face and said: "Chief, it is true I was once a convict in the Joliet penitentiary. I was sent there some years ago for a crime for which the severest punishment was meted to me. I have been more than thirty days in jail. I was a victim of circumstances, and I have never complained. I served seven long months for my youthful folly, and it is unnecessary for me to tell you my prison behavior. Friends indeed me to go on the police force, and I have performed my duties faithfully as an officer of the law. I am married and the father of three children. It is for my wife and little ones that I plead. You have the power to discharge me from the police force and perhaps send me back to Joliet for committing perjury. I am an ex-convict; treat me as you think you should be treated; yourself in our positions were reversed. Tears were in the Major's eyes. He



Don't take Substitutes. Don't be misled— "SURPRISE" Soap has no equal. It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, which makes a quick, heavy lather, but lasts a long time. It cleans clothes cleaner, sooner and with less work or injury than any other soap. Only 5 cents a large cake. Remember the name "Surprise."

THE DOVINGTON ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

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Fall Excursion!

Boston and Return. \$6.00.

The DOVINGTON ATLANTIC RAILWAY will issue an excursion return ticket at above rate.

S. S. "PRINCE EDWARD"

Sept. 11th to Oct. 11th.

Good for one month from date of issue. Full information at 114 Prince William street, and at new pier, Bead's Point.

Newspaper Plant FOR SALE.

Tenders will be received up to Wednesday, Sept. 20th, for the purchase of the Daily Record Newspaper Plant.

The tenders will be for the plant en bloc or in part, as follows:

- 1st—One English Improved Wharfedale (Double Feeder) Press, in perfect order; capacity 4,000 per hour. 2nd—One Dexter Folder, speed 3,500 per hour. 3rd—One New Outfit of Type (Miller & Richards). 4th—Stands Cases, Stones, Furniture, Galleys, etc., etc., complete and in perfect order.

HARRIS G. FENETY, 29 and 31 Casterbury St., ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

Don't take
Substitutes

Don't be misled—
"SURPRISE" Soap
has no equal.

It's a pure, hard,
harmless soap, which
makes a quick, heavy
lather, but lasts a long
time.

It cleans clothes clean-
er, sooner and with less
work or injury than
any other soap.

Only 5 cents
a large cake.

Remember the name
"Surprise."

FOR THE BIG PARIS SHOW

**BUILDINGS OF THE EXPOSITION
SHOWS ARE FAR ADVANCED.**

Main Gateway Planned to Admit 50,000
Persons an Hour—Immense Telescope on One
of the Main Pavilions—Many Foreigners Al-
ready Occupying Rooms in Paris.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 is assuming
form. Exhibitors are beginning to get their
margins under roofs. For the first time in
history an international show will open
on time. The growth of the great white
buildings brings to mind the mushroom ris-
ing of boyhood's circus tents. The great
and little art palaces are almost complete,
and the only buildings which hid them from
the eye passing through the Champs Elysees
have been torn down. The beautiful
bridges across the Seine, which was, in a
moment of hysteria, named after the Czar
of Russia, and which will, of course, have
to be renamed in case the Russian bear
arrives at France, is nearly finished. The
builders are changing their attention from
the framework to the decorations of build-
ings, and the railway lines are beginning
to feel the great rush of freight business
which will cling to their lines from now until
after the exposition opens. Almost every
hotel in Paris has rented away, it is not
of its best rooms for the first weeks of the
exposition. The greatest rush will, of
course, be during the first weeks, because
intending visitors realize that after those
first weeks are over the fuzz will be off the
peach to some extent. It would scarcely
be fair to say that the exposition will "wear
out" so quickly, but the French show is not
being prepared on the scale of broad and
brilliant beauty, that was the characteristic
of our own World's Fair in Chicago. The
buildings, with two exceptions only, are of
even a more temporary type of construction
than were our finest structures, and their
plans include much work which architects
characterize as "gingerbread." This will
be affected by the lapse of time, and the
brilliant points which are everywhere to be
used are likely to grow dim.

Only two buildings—the great
little art palaces—are being built of the
famous French sandstone, is a temporary
blessing to all Paris. The dust from this
sandstone is so white and so penetrating
that it becomes a public nuisance. It has
actually changed the color of the roadway
in the Champs Elysees. From the ordinary
brown of the average macadam road, the
pavement has become a dirty gray from
the white dust blown and tracked into it
from the neighborhood of the art palaces.
This has also had its effect on the health
of the trees which have helped to make
this famous avenue one of the most beau-
tiful in the world. The stone of which these
buildings are being constructed is taken
from the very bowels of Paris, from the
same stratum of underground France in
which the catacombs were dug. It is soft
and very easily worked when first taken
out, but it hardens after exposure to the
air. One of the early wonders of the
show is the famous diamond saw, which is
now continually at work on the exposition
grounds, and which cuts this rock as a
sharp knife might cut white cheese—there-
by adding to the dust which pervades Paris
and blows and blows and blows, until your
eyes and your ears and your mouth are
full of it. No such machine was ever made
before. It is about seven feet in diameter,
and its swing edge is studded with Braz-
ilian diamonds or "boorts." It has cut stones
two feet thick and twelve or fourteen feet
long in a quarter of an hour. The same
work would take three or four days of a
competent man's time.

Paris believes the show will be a great
success. There is no likelihood that she
will be mistaken if she succeeds in keeping
her temper long enough and fails to have
a revolution. "The Dreyfus case," said a
very important Frenchman the other day,
"would have caused a real revolution long
before this had it not been for the ap-
proaching exposition." This is probably
true. Mere principle would scarcely keep
the mercurial French people cool-headed
through such a crisis; but the hope of gain
will make a Frenchman do anything—even
keep quiet. The middle class—and that
is the governing element—is thrifty almost
to the point of meanness, and has been
thoroughly trained in the gentle art of
plucking foreigners. Its people will spare
no effort to preserve and make perfect as
fine a chance as the exposition will offer.
Napoleon said a dozen times that that fact
alone would save it. It makes the propo-

sition of non-property holders—those who
have little or nothing to save or lose—com-
paratively small. Half a dozen mobs have
been roused through the Paris streets dur-
ing recent months, any one of which would,
in an ordinary year, have gathered
strength and numbers enough to do great
harm. But, with the exposition in view,
the efforts to prevent such a catastrophe—
to save the life of a goose that lays the
golden egg—were not only earnest. They
were desperate. And so far they have
succeeded. How completely the Govern-
ment realizes the danger is shown by the
almost continuous press censorship exer-
cised on telegraphic dispatches going out
of Paris. President Louber and his Cab-
inet know that to frighten the foreigners at
this stage of the game would be fatal to the
show. Fond mammae have no desire to
take their darlings on streets likely to be
molested; nor have exhibitors any yearning
to place their treasures in buildings
which may be looted.

The most interesting of the scientific ex-
hibits will be the great telescope built on an
entirely new plan. The distance between
240,000 miles and forty two is said, by its
projectors to be what this great instrument
will bring about when the anxious Ameri-
can looks at the moon through it. It will
magnify the moon 10,000 times. The high-
est magnifying power obtained through
any other telescope so far has been about
4,000 times. An object on the surface of
the moon 700 feet long will be visible to
the eye, at the telescope's big reflector as
an object one-hundredth of an inch in length.
The very largest ocean steamer that sails
earthly seas would look, if transported and
set afloat on a moon lake, somewhat small-
er than this when gazed at by the aid of
the big telescope.

This machine will cost completed more
than \$300,000. Its object glasses will
weigh 500 pounds and cost not less than
\$129,000.

Its plan of construction is distinctly
novel. The tube will remain stationary on
the earth's surface. Before the object
glasses or lenses will be a great mirror,
which may be so moved as to throw the re-
flected image of any part of the heavens
into the object glass. From the other
end of the telescope (where the human
eye would ordinarily be applied), the mag-
nified image will be projected on a screen
after the fashion of a magic lantern. This
wonderful instrument is already nearing
construction in the 'Palace of Optics,' near
the bottom of the Eiffel tower. The big
tube will be made of 24 enormous castings,
each 7 1/2 feet long and 4 1/2 feet in diameter.
It is being built by M. Gauthier, the most
celebrated optical instrument maker in
France.

Of course the crank has and is still having
his day in connection with the Paris show.
A list of the wild schemes which have been
submitted to the managers of the exposition
would fill all the columns of this paper.
The Eiffel tower and the great wheel
already stand on the exposition grounds.
Another plan which will probably be car-
ried out consists of an immense umbrella
with its stem or handle planted firmly in
the earth. To the end of each of its ribs
will be attached a car somewhat smaller
than the Ferris wheel. When the steam
engine opens the umbrellas, these cars will,
of course, be carried up into the air by
ribs. Just where the fun of being slowly
raised to a height of sixty or seventy feet
at the end of a big umbrella will come in,
I leave for the gentle reader to figure out
alone.

The 'Bottom of the Sea Aquarium and
Panorama' will be really beautiful and
highly educational. In its enormous glass
sided tanks there will be, in the first place,
the finest collection of strange fish and
submarine animals ever gathered in one
place. Sections will also be devoted to
rare marine plants. By clever planning it
has been arranged to give visitors a perfect
view of what really goes on at the bottom
of the sea. There will be divers at work
on the wrecks of ships, which will show the
plain effects of long sojourn beneath the
sea. A submarine volcano will be in ac-
tive eruption, and the method of laying
and repairing an ocean cable will be illus-
trated. One plan in connection with this
part of the show failed. There are certain
fish which can live only in the deepest
depths, where the pressure of the water
from above is great. These fish have, of
course, never been put on show, and an-
 effort was made to arrange a tank for them
by means of hydraulic pressure. The

scheme was found to be impracticable.

Not least among the show will be the
gathering of notables. Royalty will be in
Paris during 1900 as it has rarely been
anywhere except in London at the time of
the Queen's Jubilee. The government long
ago set aside the Pavillon de Flore as an
abiding place for the chosen ones during
the show, and is now well along in its pre-
parations for their reception there. It is
not a particularly beautiful building, al-
though the great architect, Ketsch, de-
signed it for the Prince Imperial. It was
occupied by the State Department for the
Colonies, and its alterations and repairs
have been in charge of the architect of the
Louvre.

No one seems to know what will take
the place of Chicago's Midway Plaisance
at the Paris Exposition. Many mysterious
concessions have been given out for the
neighborhood of the Eiffel tower, and an
'amuse' has been arranged for in the Wood
of Vincennes. Inasmuch as this is to be
largely devoted to athletic games, it
seems likely that it will draw the crowds
which would be amused by the sort of thing
which went on on Chicago's Midway.

Nothing, however, is being said, and little
can be found out on this subject. It is fair
to suppose that Paris, the gayest of cities,
will quite outstrip any previous efforts
made by more staid municipalities.

The biggest room in the world will also
be a feature in the Paris show. There are
larger buildings than Machinery Hall will
be, but according to the claims made by
the Parisian promoters, none has ever had
so great a single floor space—12,544
metres. The amphitheatre has been plan-
ned to seat 15,000 spectators, daylight
being admitted through an immense cupola
of glass.

Two interesting railway features are
under way. One is an American railway
train consisting of ordinary coaches palace
car and express car, which will run fre-
quently between the main grounds of the
exposition and the annex at Vincennes.
The other railway novelty will be an im-
mense panorama of the barbaric scenery
along the Czar's famous Trans-Siberian
railway.

The management is preparing to handle
enormous crowds. The main gateway will
be known as "L'Entree Monumentale," or
Monumental Entrance. The show will be
open sixteen hours a day, and this entrance
is arranged to give passage to 60,000 persons
an hour. This great gate will be a tri-
umphal arch, decorated over its front with
the arms of the city of Paris. This will be
surmounted by a statue of Liberty heroic
in size. Including the two great iron
on the sides representing workmen carry-
ing their products to the exposition, the
gate will cost \$12,400.

Cityman's Letters.

It is more than fifty years since Victor
Hugo wrote his letters from the Pyrenees,
and some of the things mentioned in them
seem to belong to a remote age; but the
world moves slowly among the ancient
races of that mountain region. It is pos-
sible that what he wrote of the business
ways of that time might be found true of
the same people to-day.

A tall, strapping Basque, who told me
his name was Obardie, offered to carry
my belongings. He lifted them.

"They are heavy."

"How much do you want?"

"A peseta."

"Very well."

He loaded everything upon his head, and
seemed ready to groan beneath the weight.
We met a woman, a poor old creature,
barefoot, and already laden. He went up
to her and said something in Basque which
I did not understand; the woman stopped.
He transferred his whole burden into the
basket which she already carried half-full
upon her head, and then came back to me.
The woman went on before us.

Oyabide, with his hands behind his back,
walked beside me and made conversation.
He had a horse; he offered it to me for an
excursion to Fuenterrabia; it would be
eight pesetas for the day. We arrived.
The old woman set down the luggage at
the feet of Oyabide, and made him an
obsequious bow. I gave Oyabide his peseta.
"Are you not going to give the poor
woman anything?" he asked.

Horace and His.

Study of the relation between the total
length of life and the time required to
reach maturity has brought out an inter-
esting comparison between men and horses.
A horse at five years is said to be, com-
paratively as old as a man at 20, and may
be expected to behave, according to equine
standards, after the manner of the average
college student following human standards.
A ten-year old horse resembles, so far as
age and experience go, a man of 40, while
a horse which has attained the ripe age of
35 is comparable with a man of 90.

ON A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

**DISASTROUS RESULT OF FIRST TEST
LOCOMOTIVE OUT OF BOSTON.**

Freight Car Full of Merchandise Made
up the Grade—The Truck a Dowry Grade
and Never Stopped Until the Round
House was Demolished.

It was a proud day for Ruben Finch
when he was selected as engineer of the
big eight-wheeled freighter, Massachusetts.
Back in the forties, says the Boston Trans-
cript, when railroading was young and in-
novations were regarded with an interest
not joined with the many inventions and
contrivances of modern science, the news
that the Western Railroad, which now
forms a part of the Boston & Albany sys-
tem, had put on a mammoth freight en-
gine, larger than any yet tried, excited a
widespread curiosity, not limited to the
circle of railroad men, which was then
much smaller than it is now. Among the
engineers and firemen, however, the curi-
osity had something of excitement mingled
with it, born of the desire to be put in
charge of the great engine. And so Finch
was an envied man the day his appoint-
ment was made known. Not less fortunate
than Finch, in the estimation of his broth-
erhood, was James Marcey, who was se-
lected to run with him as fireman on the
Massachusetts. It was something to be
placed in charge of a mighty monster,
which made all the other engines on the
road look like children's toys.

Early in December the Massachusetts
was brought up from the shops at Lowell,
and was sent up and down the road, while
Finch adjusted every little part till she was
in good working trim. The test of the
engine was awaited with great interest as
fabulous tales were told of the number of
cars she could haul. The test was to be a
severe one, but there was one thing that
interfered: there were not cars enough
around to make it interesting. In those
days the freight traffic was very limited.
Each road kept its own cars on its own
road, as the railroad men say, and the
variety from every road in the country
could not be seen on each track, as it is to
day. So, to get enough cars, a tribute
was levied on each passing freight train.
It delayed the traffic a few days, but goods
sent by freight in the forties were not
perishable.

The test was to be made over the track
from Worcester to Springfield, and on
Dec. 18, 1840, thirty five cars had been
collected, enough, it was thought, to give
the engine a most thorough test, for thirty-
five cars made a tremendous load, as loads
were then. In the afternoon Finch and
Marcey oiled up the parts anew and made
everything ready for the triumphal trip to
Springfield.

A couple of toots on the whistle, a clang-
ing of the bell and Finch, opening the
throttle, felt the great engine roll out on
the main track with scarcely a little
effort as though there were not a string of
freight cars behind her nearly a quarter of
a mile long. There were two or three men
in the cab with Finch and Marcey, among
them Wilson Eddy, known the country
over in later years as the veteran master
mechanic of the Boston & Albany Railroad.
Majestically the Massachusetts swung
along and there was nothing to mar the
smoothness of the machinery's motion. It
was brisk winter day and the rails were
covered with frost, but the great wheels
did not slip. Railroad accidents were new
things then and it was as yet an undiscover-
ed fact that an engine could run away,
with his engineer powerless to control it.
There were but two brakes on the train,
but this caused no uneasiness, particularly
as there was that great engine to be de-
pendent upon.

In those days the railroad had not yet
been extended across the Connecticut
River at Springfield, but the abutments for
a bridge were being built. Before the
handsome Boston & Albany station was
built at Springfield there was a steep grade
which swept down into the city from the
east.

Beginning about a mile back from the
city the track dropped quickly down past
the station and came to an end at the river
bank, three hundred yards below. This
was the jumping off place, for the tracks
had not been built on the bridge. To the
right, diverging slightly from the main
track, a spur led to the roundhouse, which
stood on the riverbank, not far away.
It was here that the engines were faced
about for the return trips.

As the Massachusetts, coming in trium-

phantly from its fifty-mile run, approached
the brink of the hill a mile back from the
river, Finch began to slow down and as
he did so he began to realize that the
heavy train had considerable impetus. He
was afraid to risk going down the grade
with so few brakes and decided to stop and
block the wheels, seeing that the track was
very slippery. So he shut off the steam
and applied the brakes. To his surprise
they seemed to have no effect on the heavy
train.

"Watch out, Finch," said Marcey, "or
you'll have us on the grade. It's pretty
slippery."

Finch made no reply, but nervously re-
versed the throttle, sending the wheels spin-
ning backwards over the greasy rails in
spite of the weight of the engine, but not
staying in the least the movement of the
train. The dip in the grade came nearer
and nearer, and at last Finch cried:

"My God, boys, I don't believe I can
stop her!"

Then suddenly the engine leaped for-
ward as it felt the steeper grade, and the
speed increased each second in spite of
Finch's efforts as car after car swept over
the brink and pushed forward with a force
that was not to be resisted. The occu-
pants of the cab could do nothing but cling
to the engine with a helplessness which
became despair, as they saw that the big
engine was entirely beyond control. But
as the Massachusetts came rushing down
toward the depot the full horror of the
situation burst upon her occupants, for
there seemed to be no way to escape
plunging straight into the abutments of
the new bridge.

There was a scramble for the side of the
cab. Eddy made the first jump
and he rolled off the tracks just at the
station, unhurt. Moore, the conductor, and
Nichols, a fireman who was riding in the
cab, jumped next and were not seriously
injured, while back of them the trainhands
were jumping to the right and left for their
lives. Finch bravely stuck to the Massa-
chusetts, doing all he could to stop the
headlong rush and planning to jump
at the last moment at the river bank, and
Marcey stayed with him.

A few seconds more and the whole train
would be piled up in the river, but just
then a curious thing occurred. As the
Massachusetts reached the point where the
spur track led off to the roundhouse, Finch
felt a sudden jerk sideways that told him
the engine had taken the switch, and realiz-
ing that it must plunge into the round-
house instead of the river he jumped
without an instant's hesitation and without
seeing what his landing place was going to
be. He luckily struck a clear spot just in
front of the roundhouse and went rolling
yards away from the track, while the mighty
engine with its long train of cars went
rushing at full speed through the double
doors. Marcey had delayed his jump too
long and was buried in the debris into
which the roundhouse engine and cars were
resolved.

Abel Willard, the master mechanic of
the road, had heard the engine coming
down the grade, and supposing that it was
some engine wanting to come in there,
had thrown the switch. The force with
which the Massachusetts, pushed by the
heavy train, struck the roundhouse was
tremendous. The old engine, Hampden,
which was standing on the track inside,
was driven through the brick wall on the
further side and brought up standing, after
climbing a woodpile which stood on the
very brink of the river. But for this the
Massachusetts would have gone into the
river after all, despite the trifling obstacle
of a brick roundhouse.

The cars piling into the house after the
engine filled it to the roof with wreckage,
and the frightful confusion gave a new
idea of the possibilities of railroading.
The debut of the Massachusetts had
caused the loss of four lives as well as the
demolition of the train and the round-
house. Marcey was buried deep in the
wreckage; Willard and a helper were
crushed while endeavoring to get the
double doors open and a brakeman was
killed in jumping, but Finch came off
nearly unscathed.

American Rubies.

At a recent meeting of the Mineralogical
Society in London the existence of rubies
at Cowie Creek, North Carolina, was dis-
cussed, and the opinion of experts was
quoted to the effect that these American
rubies are comparable in color and brilli-
ance with the finest gems from Burma.
The Cowie Creek rubies were first found
about 15 years ago.

rose from his chair, and grasping the poli-
ceman by the hand, said:
"Go back to your crossing, officer, and
so long as you behave yourself you need
have no fear of losing your position while
I am chief."

Forecasting Disease.

In a recent lecture on electricity Prof.
Thompson related how Boston physicians
had been able, with an X-ray tube, to de-
tect the presence of the microbes of pneu-
monia in the lungs before any symptoms of
that disease were felt by the patient, or
were even perceptible by ordinary patho-
logical examination.

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The DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY will
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Furniture, Gallies, etc., etc.,
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ST. JOHN.

A PERILOUS CHASE.

Jack Hazen was spending the summer with his father, a railway contractor, who worked a large force of men and teams along an extension of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, in the days when the buffalo had not been exterminated on the plains of Dakota and Wyoming.

Hazen's outfit, a long line of teams dragging heavily-laden wagons and big wheel-scrappers, was moving across a rough country from the completed Black Hills Branch to the main line on the Running Water. Jack and the 'right hander,' Lon Bean, were riding a mile or more in advance of the head of the train, seated in a light buckboard drawn by a 'leggy' span of half-breed Indian ponies.

Mr. Hazen always remained, riding a pony, near his outfit when on the move. He chose to be at hand if wagons broke down, teams gave out, or any serious thing happened. So it happened that Jack and Lon had the buckboard to themselves.

The trail they were following was an old Black Hills stage route to the Union Pacific Railroad. It led across one of the finest catlingers in the West. Literally, there were 'cattle on a thousand hills,' here. They were to be seen as far as the eye could reach and in every direction, their thousands covering the hill-slopes, where they were cropping the succulent feed of early June.

There were occasional bands of antelope, too—fleet, timid creatures, that scurried over the tops of distant ridges with a fleeting glimmer of white 'flaps.' And there were Jack-rabbits and prairie-dogs innumerable.

Jack had no gun; he was not deemed old enough to manage a breech-loader. 'Lon was, indeed, the only man of the outfit who carried a weapon, and he had but a six shooter at his belt. He had worked as cowboy and 'line-riider' at different ranches, and the pistol in his holster was simply a part of his dress. He was no hunter, few cowboys are—and so the game along the route was little disturbed.

But this day, just as the buckboard and its riders had reached the summit of a high ridge, they came face to face with a straggling band of buffalo 'moggies' quietly along the old stage road. The humps of the animals were seen first over the rise. Then the occupants of the buckboard and the buffalo came face to face with not fifty yards of road between them. There Jack saw his first bison—a big bull and two cows.

The beasts raised their big shaggy horns, stared a moment in alarm, then turned and fled at a lumbering gallop along the ridge, a little yellow calf near the flank of the hindmost cow.

As the buffalo turned their broad sides, 'Lon, who had pulled up the team, drew his revolver, aimed at the bull and fired. A spurt of dust from the animal's flank showed where the bullet struck, but the night-herder might as well have used a popgun for the monster's rough, full coat was covered with a cement of baked mud, the effect of a recent roll in a 'wallow.'

As for Jack, he was greatly excited, 'Look at the calf! Look at the calf, the little buffalo, 'Lon!' he shouted. 'We must catch him!'

The thing seemed possible enough, and 'Lon, who was quite dexterous with a rope, was not unwilling to give an exhibition of his skill.

'All right, son,' he cried, and gave the whip to the fleet ponies. Almost instantly the buckboard was bowling along in the wake of the buffalo.

The big beasts were a hundred yards or so in advance. Alarmed at the pistol-shot, they were running, in their heavy fashion, at a tremendous pace. Nevertheless it soon became evident that the ponies were gaining, and Jack and 'Lon whooped with delight.

As the buffalo kept to the ridge, which stretched away into a flat table-land in the near distance, the ground became smooth and the wheeling clear, except for occasional patches of sage-brush. When the buckboard bumped over the roots of these, its occupants had to clutch hard at the seat to keep from being flung out.

Away they went, slowly gaining on the buffalo. The little calf presently began to lag and show signs of fatigue. Range cattle along their track hurried out of the way or stood with tails up, snorting at the team as they dashed by. The ridge melted into the plain. Nearer and nearer the pursurers drew to their quarry. The calf was twenty yards or more behind the mother cow, and but little more in advance of the ponies, when 'Lon surrendered the reins to Jack, got a picket-rope from under the buckboard seat, swiftly made a running noose, and collected the rope for a throw.

A few minutes later they were running in the midst of the big herd of long horned steers—a herd which broke way for them and ran, bellowing and plunging, on either side. Now the yellow mite of a calf was

almost under the ponies' noses. 'Lon yelled to Jack to 'pull to the left a little. As the boy responded the night-herder flung his noose and coil of rope. The calf missed. The calf bobbed along at the ponies' heads.

'Lon started to draw in his rope for another throw, when suddenly they emerged from the dense throng of cattle and found themselves plunging down an incline into the narrow valley of a creek.

The descent was not only sudden but so steep, rough and stony, that the lines were jerked from Jack's hands, and the boy was flung upon the dashboard, as the vehicle bounced over a boulder.

'Lon gripped the seat, hanging to it by his arms around the herder's legs and clinging to them.

Then those half-Indian range ponies showed their training, on their instincts, for the chase. They never for an instant lost their heads or their footing, but lunged with stiff-legged jumps directly at the heels of the fleeing buffalo. The calf was now behind.

Down that dangerous incline the buckboard rolled for a quarter of a mile, in a cloud of dust and stones, until the bottom was reached without accident. Then, as the pony team, still at the tails of the buffalo, ran through a thick cluster of sage-brush, one of the front wheels—no doubt splintered upon the rocks above—went to pieces. Jack and 'Lon were pitched out, sprawling among the bushes, while ponies and buffalo tore away toward the creek.

The boys picked themselves up, bruised and scratched, but not seriously injured. Almost the first object which met their eyes on getting to their feet was the buffalo calf they had been chasing so hotly. The little creature stood among the bushes only a few steps distant, its legs wide apart, its sides heaving, its tongue hanging out, and staring at them with protruding eyes.

Seeing it was nearly exhausted with its long run, and in such a state of excitement that it had lost the sense of fear. The picket-rope, which Lon had clung to until pitched out of the buckboard, lay across the tops of the low bushes close at hand. He cautiously drew it toward him, coiling and running a noose. Jack, forgetting bruise, team and broken buckboard watched eagerly while the loop, circled in careful gyrations, then shot out a line like that of a snake, and dropped neatly over the head of the panting calf.

The rope, jerked taut as the startled calf turned to run, caught the little fellow just behind his jaws and ears. Alpraised jerk threw the tired creature upon its side, and Jack, with a whoop of delight, ran forward and pounced upon it. But the calf had good lungs, and was not yet too tired to use them. Its doleful bleatings could have been heard a mile away. For a minute or two Jack sat in triumph upon the yawning ponies. He saw them presently, minus the buckboard, climbing the opposite bank of the creek, some forty rods distant. The buffalo had already crossed and were making off up the valley. Free from drivers and vehicle, the ponies had lost interest in the chase. Free, also from checkreins, they now took to cropping grass.

Suddenly an uproar came from the slope above. Lon looked up with a cowboy's instinct of what was coming. The great herd of cattle above, disturbed and made curious by the wild chase through their midst, had crowded along and over the edge of the bluff. That bawling of the buffalo calf had started a wild stampede down the hill—a great mob of crazily bellowing creatures plunging in a cloud of dust down the steep incline.

'Get off that calf and come here, quick!' yelled 'Lon to Jack.

But the uproar was so great that the boy, still sitting upon his prize, though now looking more in wonder than fear at the roaring stampede above, could not hear. 'Lon ran to him, seized him by the coat collar, and jerked him to his feet. 'Let that calf go!' he yelled again. 'Get behind me—here—so—and stay there. No use to run!'

The buffalo calf struggled to his feet and ran off, dragging the rope. On came the crazy herd.

As the foremost reared the flat, which they did in a few moments, 'Lon drew his self-acting revolver and began firing above his head, but the cattle, attracted by the strange sight of men on foot, and furiously excited by the din of their own or their own bawling, paid no heed to the shots—if indeed they heard them at all. They only slackened their speed to surge in a tumultuous throng around the standing figures.

Those which ran past in the rush whirled into the midst of the bellowing mob. The nearest ones lowered their horns, pawed the ground, and bleated in a hoarse, crazy roar of cattle thronging about some dead creature. This sound heard, even in the safety one's bed at night, sets the nerves a tingle.

Frightened and nervous the herder quite as much as Jack—the two young fellows stood close together, encircled at a few yards distance by wild-eyed, threatening steers. Many of the foremost cattle fell upon their knees, hooking the earth in mad and crazy fashion. Those behind—and there were hundreds in the throng—crowded them slowly forward. On all sides the space was narrowing.

Even if none of the steers should attack the boys, their chance of being trampled under foot, or smothered like oats in a sack, was imminent. For the moment the ex-cowboy 'lost sand.' He had reloaded the chamber of his revolver mechanically, and he now stood helplessly beside Jack, the weapon dangling limply in his hand.

A choking cloud of dust tore over the surging mob. It grew instantly thicker—the fine, smothering dust of 'gumbo' soil. The two boys found themselves gasping for breath, suddenly cut off from view of even the nearest threatening horns.

'Grab my belt behind with both hands,'

yelled 'Lon in Jack's ear. 'We'll shoot our way through. Come on!'

Jack closed his eyes, hung on and followed. His hand, above the top of the steering of the outfit, the crack of 'Lon's revolver, and felt himself jerked over the carcass of a kicking steer. Crack! went the revolver again, and there was another struggle across a kicking body. Then they were jammed in between two animals, for an instant the life was nearly squeezed out of both.

Again a report, muffled, drowned by close contact. Again a brief gap, with obstructions underfoot.

Two more shots were fired—one without effect—another crowding steer went down. Then, for a few moments, 'Lon dealt heavy blows right and left with the butt of his big pistol. There was breathless crowding and jussing; then, bruised and half-smothered, they reached open ground and ran for the bluff.

'Saved by the best!' said 'Lon, as they threw themselves, panting, among some bushes. 'Never saw a worse mob—dead crazy, all of them; and if we hadn't been hid by that dust for a minute, you and I'd been piked out as ornaments on some of those branching horns.'

'They got that way occasionally especially if they got to stampeding down hill, just as they got to this, and they are not used to seeing men on foot.'

In the meantime the excited herd, which now had some dead steers to roar over, kept up their frightful din in a fog of dust below. This lasted for a half-hour or more. Then, fired out, the herd rolled on up the creek.

'Lon and Jack secured their ponies, but the buckboard had been strung out in useless pieces across the valley. They mounded the ponies and hunted for a time after the buffalo calf. But the creature had evidently regained its wind and speed, for it had escaped a tramping under the stampede, and had gone on. They found the rope, which had loosened and dropped from its neck.

There were four dead steers on the scene of the recent crash, quite trampled out of the semblance of living creatures. Jack proposed that the owners should be found, and then his father should pay them for the loss. This was attempted later, but the ranchmen, after listening to the story of their killing, only laughed, saying they guessed that on the whole 'the steers had about an even thing,' and the affair might be considered a 'stand-off.'

It was these men, also, who informed Jack that their sitting ground, where they kept rock salt thrown out, was about a mile above where he had met with his adventure. There were several bands of buffalo in the habit of 'licking' there.

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RAILWAY RISKS IN CHINA.

They Come Mostly Upon the Foreign Employees.

The most amusing and painful experiences that attend 'railroading' in China fall, not upon the promoters or the passengers, but upon the foreign employees. An engineer's life in north China, for instance, is generally an exciting one. Besides natural and routine difficulties, he has to cope, says the London News, with mandarin intrigues, village opposition, mutinous railway coolies and turbulent soldiery.

A somewhat typical incident was that of 1880, when, during floods, a mob led by soldiery cut the railway embankment and destroyed seven miles of line near Tientsin. The cause alleged was that the embankment prevented the flood water from running off—which, as there were

TIME TELLS THE STORY.

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES do Good Work DURING A LIFETIME.

There is a big difference between the cost of making a first-class sewing-machine, embodying the best of materials and workmanship, and one which is made in the cheapest manner. The buyer of the cheap machine soon pays the difference of price in the constant cost for repairs, to say nothing of its annoying inefficiency.

Results Make Reputation.

Singer Machines are the successful result of long experience and constant improvements in the endeavor to make nothing but the best sewing-machines for family use. The accomplishment of this result requires six of the largest, best-equipped factories in the world, and the best inventive talent of the age.

The Value of Reputation.

A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its offices are in every city of the Dominion, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.

Canadian Factory: MONTREAL, P. Q.

frequent outlets, was utter nonsense. Previous to that attempt had been made to wreck trains, and the foreign employees were constantly threatened.

The life, too, of a foreign guard on a train is not always a happy one. Mandarins' servants without tickets frequently take possession of first-class carriages, and in the most comprehensive sense make themselves at home. Perhaps, if the weather is cold, they undertake to get warm by lighting pans of charcoal.

Charcoal has certain asphyxiating effects; the other passengers complain, and the servants have to be ejected. Too much violence might lead to a general attack on foreigners and another Tien-Tsin massacre while too little would not be effective. The unhappy guard has to follow the 'happy' man between a hard push and a knock-down blow.

There have been many ludicrous as well as dangerous incidents on the North China line. When it was first opened, Chinese would come to the booking office and try to bargain for tickets. When told the fare they would offer half, and gradually raise their bid, much disgusted that they should not, in a business spirit, be met half-way.

One day a country gentleman, on his first ride in a train, seeing his house midway between two stations flying past, deliberately opened the door and stepped out into space. At the pace the train was going a European would certainly have been killed, but the supple Celestial, after a prolonged period of somersaults, was seen to pick himself up, dust his clothes, and set off home across the fields—much pleased with his short cut and the convenience of the 'fire-wheel carriage.'

An unfortunate railway coolie, equally ignorant of the laws of mechanics, did not get off so well. Seeing two trucks coming at a snail's pace down a siding, he placed his foot on the rail to stop them. To his astonishment it was cut off, and he learned, like Stevenson's cow, that momentum is made up of mass as well as of velocity. But in spite of everything, railways are bound to prosper in a country where travelling is otherwise so slow and so difficult.

OURCH COURTS.

May Differ and Split Hair on Doctrinal Points, but may Join Hands for Humanity in Proclaiming the Virtues of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Catarrh, that dread menace to humanity, attacks the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned and the illiterate, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the sovereign cure and needs no more reliable testimony of its efficacy to cope with and cure this disease than that such eminent divines as Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist; Rev. Mungo Fraser, Presbyterian; Bishop Sweatman, and other prominent leaders in the Church optur, who have over their own signatures testified to its virtues. What better evidence for you that it will cure you. Sold by E. C. Brown.

THECKERY.

Thackeray, anxious to enter parliament, stood for Oxford, thinking he might win the seat from Lord Monk, who then represented it. Mrs. Ritchie, in her biographical preface to 'The Virginians,' tells a pleasant story on the subject, one that exhibits the amenities of politics when gentlemen are opponents.

My father, meeting Lord Monk in the street, shook hands with him, had a little talk over the situation, and took leave of him with the quotation, 'May the best man win.' 'I hope not,' said Lord Monk very cordially, with a kind little bow.

From the same source we learn that, during his second American tour, 1866-67, Thackeray was peculiarly affected by our climate. He writes: 'In both visits to America I have found the effects of the air the same. I have a difficulty in forming the letters as I write them down on the page in answering questions, in finding the most simple words to

form the answers. A gentleman asked me how long I had been in New York I hesitated, and then said a week. I had arrived the day before. 'I hardly know what it said. Am thinking of something else, nothing definite, with an irrepressible longing to be in England. I sleep three hours less than in England making up, however, with a heavy long sleep every fourth night or so. 'There is some electric influence in the sun and air here which we don't experience on our side of the globe: people can't sit still, people can't remain over their dinner, dawdle in their studies; they must keep moving. I want to dash into the street now.'

WAR ON TORMENTORS. 15 Years of Irritation, Torment and Pain, Relieved and Cured With one box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, for Skin Diseases and Itches.

A. Darrell, of Hayden, Neb., writes: 'For 15 years I was tormented with itching piles, the agony at times was almost beyond bearing. I tried a dozen or more so-called pile remedies without any lasting benefit. One box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured me.' This remedy cures eczema when all else fails. Sold by E. C. Brown.

All They Could Hope For. Dean Rodding was a man of a remarkably cheerful and hopeful turn of mind. His wife, on the other hand, took things very seriously, and had no small difficulty in accommodating herself to the peculiarities of her neighbors when, as not unfrequently happened, they differed from her own. Life cites an anecdote illustrating these opposite traits of character in the husband and wife.

Shortly after the dean had moved to a new parish in the Woking district, the worthy woman had been out calling among the poor parishioners. 'John,' she cried, returning home in a state of mental agitation, 'what do you think they say of Mrs. R. Riley, the butcher's wife?'

'I'm sure I do not know,' responded the sagacious husband, too discreet to hazard a rash opinion. 'I'm sure I don't know. What? Nothing serious, I hope?'

'They say they can tell when she's going to have company by her washing the children's faces! Now, you're a pretty magazine man, John, but what on earth can you hope for of a woman like that?'

'Well,' he answered, with something like a sigh, to hide the humor which no wise husband cares to show in considering the difficulties of his wife, 'I suppose all we can hope for is that she entertains a good deal.'

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.

- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., John, N. B. W. C. B. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 527 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clark, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawkes, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. E. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 108 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Stone, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Pullets EGGS Wanted NOW.

For the next four months the demand will be large. Get your pullets to lay, by October. A well-filled egg basket now is what makes poultry pay. You can obtain these much desired results by good care, proper food, and the use as directed in the morning mash of

Sheridan's Powder.

It causes perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs in the winter. If you can't get the Powder sent to us. One sack, 25 lbs. Price, \$1.00. Exp. paid. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MACHINES do Good Work
G A LIFETIME.

on the cost of making a first-class sewing
t of materials and workmanship, and one
t manner. The buyer of the cheap machine
rice in the constant cost for repairs, to say
iciency.

Make Reputation.

ful result of long experience and constant
or to make nothing but the best sewing
The accomplishment of this result requires
ed factories in the world, and the best in-

ue of Reputation.

entury's experience, dealing directly with
ver the world, is unique, and stimulates
ER MANUFACTURING COMPANY aims to
tation for fair dealing during all time. It
n every city of the Dominion, and parts, and
a always be easily obtained.

Manufacturing Co.

actory: MONTREAL, P. Q.

lorin the answers. A gentleman asked me
ow long I had been in New York I
hesitated, and then said a week. I had
arrived the day before.

"I hardly know what it said. Am think-
g of something else, nothing definite,
with an irrepressible longing to be in
motion. I sleep three hours less than in Eng-
land making up, however, with a heavy
long sleep every fourth night or so.

"There is some electric influence in the
sun and air here which we don't experience
on our side of the globe: people can't sit
still, people can't remain over their din-
ners, dawdle in their studies; they must
keep moving. I want to dash into the
street now."

WAR OF TORMENTORS.

19 Years of Irritation, Torment and Pain,
Relieved and Cured With one box of Dr.
Agnew's Ointment, for Skin Diseases and
Piles.

A. Darnell, of Hayden, Neb., writes:
"For 19 years I was tormented with itching
piles, the agony at times was almost be-
yond bearing. I tried a dozen or more so-
called pile remedies without any lasting
benefit. One box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment
cured me." This remedy cures eczema
when all else fails. Sold by E. C. Brown.

All They Could Hope For.

Dean Rodding was a man of a remark-
ably cheerful and hopeful turn of mind.
His wife, on the other hand, took things
very seriously, and had no small difficulty
in accommodating herself to the peculiar-
ities of her neighbors when, as not un-
frequently happened, they differed from her
own. Life cites an anecdote illustrating
these opposite traits of character in the
husband and wife.

Shortly after the dean had moved to a
new parish in the Working district, the
worthy woman had been out calling among
the poor parishioners.

"John," she cried, returning home in a
state of mental agitation, "what do you
think they say of Mrs. R. Riley, the butcher's
wife?"

"I'm sure I do not know," responded
the sagacious husband, too discreet to
hazard a rash opinion. "I'm sure I don't
know. What? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"They say they can tell when she's going
to have company by her washing the chil-
dren's faces! Now, you're a pretty sangui-
ne man, John, but what on earth can you
hope for of a woman like that?"

"Well," he answered, with something
like a sigh, to hide the humor which no
wise husband cares to show in considering
the difficulties of his wife, "I suppose all
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ache. We also warrant that four bottles
will permanently cure the most obstinate
case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no
pay when Will's English Pills are used.
A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists,
Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince
William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte
St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. B. Allan, Druggist, King St., St.
John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St.
John, N. B.
G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 357 Main St., St.
John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West,
N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union &
Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St.
John, N. B.
S. H. Hawkins, Druggist, Mill St., St.
John, N. B.
N. E. Smith, Druggist, 24 Deak St., St.
John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St.,
St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St.,
St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Bisco, Druggists, 63 Charlotte
St., St. John, N. B.

MEMORIES OF
Henry Ward Beecher.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

I first met Henry Ward Beecher on
my own side of the Atlantic. I had met
his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stone,
long before that—in the zenith of her fame
after the publication of 'Uncle Tom's
Cabin,' when she came over to Liverpool,
to be welcomed as a favored guest everywhere
in English society. I was present, among
the many people who stood to receive her
—I being, of course, an unknown young
man in the crowd—as she stepped on to
the landing stage at Liverpool out of one
of the ocean steamers of those far-distant
days.

I will remember that among those who
came to welcome her were Nathaniel Haw-
thorne, then American consul in Liverpool,
and Mr. Justice Haliburton, the author of
'Sam Slick.' Nathaniel Hawthorne I had
the happiness to meet now and then in
Liverpool. I was then beginning my
English career, and was connected with
the first daily paper started in the north of
England. Hawthorne was one of the
handsomest men I ever have seen. In his
deep, dark, dreamy eyes there was a burn-
ing light which carried a positive fascina-
tion with it.

Gladstone's Report.

Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick,' is,
I suppose, long forgotten by most people,
and yet he had a curious streak of origi-
nality and even of genius in him. I do not
quite know why Sam Slick should not be
remembered as well as Sam Weller, and
yet you see how it is! Haliburton got a
seat in the House of Commons, and I can
remember hearing him speak there more
than once. I will remember that on one
occasion he charged Mr. Gladstone with
having caricatured some statement by some-
body, and I very well indeed remember
Mr. Gladstone's good-humoredly scornful
reply to 'a charge of caricature coming
from the author of 'Sam Slick.'"

I first met Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in
the office of the Morning Star newspaper
in London. The Morning star, long since
dead, was the organ of John Bright, and
was devoted to the cause of the Federal
government during the great American
Civil War. Henry Ward Beecher came
over to England to advocate the cause of
the Northern States, and he naturally pre-
sented himself on his arrival in London at
the offices of the Morning Star. It was
arranged that he should address a great
meeting in the famous Exeter Hall, in the
Strand, London.

At that time public opinion was curious-
ly divided in London on the subject of the
American Civil War. What is called
'society' went, on the whole, for the South;
the English democracy in London and out
of it, unlettered and well-lettered, went for
the North.

Exeter Hall, when Mr. Beecher entered
it, was crowded to overflowing; in fact, a
great overflow meeting had to be held in
some other hall, while the general throng
in the Strand had to be appeased by the
addresses of various speakers from the
steps of Exeter Hall.

But inside Exeter Hall the great differ-
ence of opinion which existed in England
was curiously represented in the audience.
A large number of those who had obtained
seats were devoted advocates of the South-
ern cause.

I do not think Mr. Beecher had been
quite prepared for this. I fancy he was
at first under the impression that he was
about to address an entirely sympathetic
audience. A very few seconds satisfied
him that he had a much more difficult task
to deal with, and I never saw any man
brace himself up more readily and more
vigorously for an unexpected struggle.

Great Speech in Exeter Hall.

I noticed a curious twinkle in his eye
that seemed to mean business as he pulled
himself together for the work. He threw
off, to begin with, some magnificent sen-
tences, as if to let the whole of his audi-
ence, unfriendly as well as friendly, know
that he was a speaker worth listening to,
whom it would be as well not to lose the
chance of hearing, whether you agreed
with him or whether you did not. His
voice rang thrillingly through the great
hall, and he accomplished his first pur-
pose—he made his audience anxious to
hear what he might have to say.

Then he began to show his gift of reply
and of repartee. There are some great
speakers who are utterly put out by inter-
ruption; there are other great speakers
who are lifted and inspired to their very
greatest by interruption. Mr. Beecher
soon proved himself to be one of the latter
class.

Every interrupting sentence brought
back a reply, keen, sarcastic, rhetorical,
crushing. In the course of his speech he
said something about the religious feeling
of the North. 'Religious feeling,' some
one cried out, 'and war?' The meaning
was obvious—you Northerners call your-
selves religious and yet you carry on war.
The reply came as the explosion of the
gun powder follows the touch of fire.

'Religion and war?' Mr. Beecher called
out; 'and what is the device on the nation-
al flag of England? Is it not the cross
upon the field of blood?'

Before long Beecher had his audience
with him. He did not, indeed, convert
his opponents, but he reduced them to
silence. They really wanted to catch all
he said, and they knew that they could
gain nothing by interruption. Therefore
they let him alone and listened.

'I hope you were satisfied,' I said to him
after the meeting.

'I should be very hard to please if I was
not,' was his smiling reply.

Time went on and the war was over,
and I next met Mr. Beecher in the United
States. I took out some letters of intro-
duction to him, and I went, very naturally
to hear him preach in his church at Brook-
lyn.

I thought him then, and still think him
one of the greatest popular preachers that
I ever heard, although I did not become
reconciled to the way in which he occasion-
ally dealt with sacred subjects in the pulpit.

A Distinguished Company.

I met him from time to time in New
York, but he was not then very much given
to making visits to New York, except to
preach from some pulpit or speak from
some platform. I have one very clear, one
quite ineffaceable memory of his eloquence
as an after-dinner speaker. There was a
banquet given by the late Cyrus W. Field
of New York to the commissioners sent
out from England to make arrangements for
the Alabama arbitration. The commis-
sioners who came from England were
Lord Ripon, a member of Mr. Gladstone's
government; the late Lord Idelaleigh,
then Sir Stafford Northcote; and the late
Prof. Montague Bernard, a great authority
on international law. The dinner took
place at Delmonica's, the up-town estab-
lishment, and was very long. Cyrus Field
endeavored to get it condensed, but the
chief cook, in the true spirit of an artist,
declared that he could not have the har-
mony of his banquet spoiled. So there
was nothing for it but to sit out the courses
—to 'fight the course,' as Macbeth would
say.

Then came the speeches. My recollection
of them is that they were solid and serious
rather than lively or electric. I remember
William Cullen Bryant, the poet making a
very charming literary speech, but most
of the orators discussed international busi-
ness rather than international pleasure. Far
down on the list of speakers came Henry
Ward Beecher, who was to reply to some
kindly sentiment about England and Amer-
ica.

The audience was pretty well wearied out.
The English commissioners had never heard
Mr. Beecher, and were, I believe, under
the impression that he was sure to make a
very long speech, and just then they would
hardly have enjoyed a very long speech
from Demosthenes.

Up rose the great preacher and enoban-
ted the audience during ten resplendent min-
utes. Never did I hear more eloquence,
more humor, more pathos, more common
sense, more impassioned philanthropy put
into an address, and all in ten minutes.
So meadow it did not seem to be short, there
was so much in it. The audience held their
breath, fearing to lose a word of it. When
the speaker broke the spell and set down
there was a positive reverberation of ap-
plause. Sir Stafford Northcote told me
afterward that he had never known such a
feat accomplished by an orator in so short
a time before.

After a while I returned to London and
remained there for many years. Later on
I went to the United States once more, this
time with a particular mission, and if I may
say so, carrying a flag.

My purpose was the advocacy of Home
Rule. At a meeting held in Brooklyn I
saw Henry Ward Beecher for the last time.
He had consented to speak at this meeting
and to advocate the cause of Home Rule
for Ireland.

We dined at the house of a friend in
Brooklyn and Mr. Beecher was in high
spirits and in capital talk. He told me many
amusing anecdotes, and compelled some of

us to forget for the moment that we should
have to make public speeches later.

The meeting took place, and Mr. Beech-
er delivered a most powerful and convinc-
ing speech, a very short speech, too. Then
we parted, and I never saw him again.

Beecher's Theories of Public Speaking.

Mr. Beecher had many theories about
the art of public speaking and the way of
managing an audience. He used to advise
less experienced orators to begin in rather
a low tone, so as to catch hold of the
watchful attention of the meeting, and
then, when that attention was secured, to
let the voice go as far as it would.

I have heard other orators advise a man
about to address a great meeting to begin
with the full strength and clearness of his
voice, so as to give the audience the con-
fidence of knowing from the very first sentence
that they would have no difficulty in fol-
lowing all he was likely to say. I do not
know whether there are any theories really
valuable in the art of oratory—really val-
uable, I mean, as applicable to all sorts of
men.

I remember Mr. Beecher giving me
some suggestions once as to this manage-
ment of a great American public meeting,
and I remember, too, that I felt constrained
to reply: 'I am sure that it is quite
right and quite practical, if you could
only endow me with your voice and your
electric power and your superb control
over masses of men.'

I take it that Beecher's method was the
outgrowth and not the inspiration of Beech-
er's eloquence. I have heard speakers who
on the whole fascinated me more than Mr.
Beecher did.

I have heard speakers with whom I was
more in what I may call artistic sympathy.
John Bright was one of these, and Mr.
Gladstone, and so also was Wendell Phil-
lips. But I hold it among my most treas-
ured experiences to have listened to some
of Henry Ward Beecher's popular speeches.

THEIR BELIEF IN CHRISTIANITY.

The Great Men of the Day Have a Firm Be-
lief in it.

Two young men sat disputing one eve-
ning last June on the steps of their col-
lege dormitory. They were seniors, on
the eve of graduation, and both were filled
with the importance of their own views.

'I, for one,' said the younger, 'have no
use for Christianity. It might do for sav-
ages, or even for the better class of Filipin-
os. If you believe in the trolley-car, you
have outlived the tenets of Christ. Modern
science has gone beyond them.'

His companion, the son of a clergyman,
had almost lost his father's faith during his
college career; yet he was not absolutely
convinced of their worthlessness. 'A few
great men still believe in Christ,' he ven-
tured, mildly. 'His teachings have been
the foundation of modern civilization.'

'Pooh!' sneered the younger man.
'Bud dha paved the way for Christ, and
Christ has built the foundation for a higher
creed. I tell you, the men of the best in-
telligence in this country don't believe in
Christianity.'

Is this a true statement? At any rate,
it is not a new one, and it demands to be
answered with facts, which are the most
effective arguments. The Christian Her-
ald recently addressed letters to the lead-
ing men of the nation, asking them if they
were believers in Christ. Senators, am-
bassadors, sailors, soldiers and business
men, eminent in their respective stations
have responded. The following were some
of the first to reply.

President McKinley wrote, 'My belief
embraces the divinity of Christ and a re-
cognition of Christianity as the mightiest
factor in the world's civilization.'

Six cabinet ministers affirmed that they
were firm believers in the transcendent
value of Christianity. Three justices of
the United States Supreme Court announ-
ced their belief in the Christian faith,
Chief Justice Fuller being among the num-
ber. Every naval officer who was inter-
rogated responded affirmatively. Admiral
Sampson said, 'I claim to be a friend of
Christianity. I was thus brought up and
taught to believe. I have never had oc-
casion to change my belief.' In fact, all
the heroes of Santiago and Manila ac-
knowledge allegiance to Christianity.

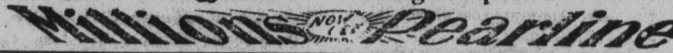
The army makes a remarkable showing.
Miles, Shafter, Brooks, Flieger, Corbin,
Storberg, Breckinridge, Howard, and a
host of other high officers explicitly declare
their faith. The chief of engineers writes,
'I fully believe in the divinity of the
Saviour and the surpassing potency of
Christianity.'

The majority of the United States Senate
uphold Christianity. The same may be
said of the House. Senator Tillman of
South Carolina thinks 'he would be a fool
who should deny the beneficent influence
of the Christian religion.' Senator Jones
of Arkansas says, 'I am a firm believer in
the Christian religion, in the immortality
of the soul and in the beneficence and
wisdom of an all-wise God, and but for



"Take it back

go to some grocer who will give you Pear-
line." That's the only way to do
when they send you an imitation.
The popularity of Pearline be-
gets the habit of calling anything
that's washing powder, "Pear-
line." Those who notice the difference
in name, think perhaps "it's about the
same thing." It isn't. Nothing else
equals Pearline the original and
standard washing compound.



this belief this life, in my opinion, would
not be worth living.

Marshall Field of Chicago and Mr.
Wanamaker of Philadelphia are typical
of the leading business men who believe in
God. Nearly every university and college
president is a representative for Christian-
ity. The Chinese minister and the Russian
ambassador recognize the 'potency of
the Christian religion as a civilizing in-
fluence.'

When all the answers are in, it is
thought that ninety-nine hundredths of
those who represent the highest intelli-
gence and success in this country will have
declared their professed belief in Christ
and in the principles taught by Him.

Such testimony ought not to be overlook-
ed by the young men who think it
a sign of cleverness to boast of un-
belief. It is rather the sign of a men-
tal condition less acceptable to conceit.
Science to-day, in common with the emi-
nent men whose names have been given, ac-
cepts as the strongest force in the moral
development of the race, the influence of
the marvellous life by which the fatherhood
of God has been declared to men. Here
science is not agnostic. In its own delib-
erate way it accepts the facts of Christian-
ity and acknowledges its renovating power
and its domination in modern civilization.

A Pioneer's Story.

WILLIAM HEMSTREET'S HEALTH
RENEWED AT SEVENTY.

He was Afflicted With Illness for a Long
Period, and Thought his Days of Usefulness
was Past—He is Again as Healthy and
Robust as he was Twenty Years ago.

From the Free Press, Acton Ont.

No man is better known to the people
of the counties of Halton and Wellington
than William Hemstreet, a pioneer and
much esteemed resident of Acton. Mr.
Hemstreet is a native of this county, hav-
ing been born in Talsiger township in
1817. In his younger days Mr. Hemstreet
conducted a tanning business. He subse-
quently engaged in the droving and but-
chering business, and some twenty-five
years ago, owing to his superior knowledge
of the value of live stock, he took out a
license as an auctioneer. In this calling he
became at once popular and he was con-
stantly on the road, driving in all kinds
of weather, holding auction sales several
days a week. Although possessing a strong,
healthy constitution, the continued ex-
posure and hard work of selling some days
for six or eight hours at a stretch, he grad-
ually lost his strength and vigor, and about
three years ago found himself a collapsed
and worn out man. In conversation with a
reporter of the Free Press he said: "I
felt that my days of usefulness were over.
My strength had departed, my voice was
gone. I was too weak to do work of any
kind, and I was undeniably useless to my-
self or anyone else. My symptoms were
peculiar and baffled several of the best
local physicians, who differed very much
in their diagnosis. I took their medicines
faithfully but no improvement resulted. I
did not suffer much pain but was a very
sick man. Had no appetite, no strength,
could not sleep, and both myself and my
friends concluded that my days on earth
were numbered and that my worn out sys-
tem would in a very short time lie
down in eternal rest. I had to give up all
my business interests." When Mr. Hem-
street's condition was most serious his
attention was attracted by the published
testimonial of Rev. Mr. Freeman, a minis-
ter with whom he was personally acquaint-
ed, relating to his restoration to health
after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He
was particularly impressed with the testi-
monial and concluded that these pills must
possess singular merit and healing power
or Rev. Mr. Freeman would not lend his
name to their approbation. Mr. Hemstreet
then decided to give them a trial; he first
got one box, then three, then half a dozen,
and took them regularly. No very marked
effects, he says, were noticeable but with
characteristic persistence he purchased a
further supply. By the time twelve or
thirteen boxes had been taken, he felt that
new blood was coursing through his veins;
that he possessed renewed vigor and was
able to perform all the duties his business
calls demanded. "For a year I continued
to take the pills" he said. "I knew I was
regaining my old strength and good health
and I was determined the cure should be
complete and permanent, and I give them
the credit for making me the new man I
feel myself to be today. As evidence that
my recovery is complete I have only to
state that this spring I have conducted a
number of auction sales in the open air
with perfect ease and with entire satis-
faction to my clients.

"I am as much averse to making person-

al matters public as any one could possi-
bly be, but my long continued illness
was so widely known and my recovery has
been marked and satisfactory that I feel
that I owe a debt of gratitude to the sim-
ple but effective remedy which cured me,
and this why I thus acknowledge it, as well
as to show to those who are up in years
and ill health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going
to the root of the disease. They renew
and build up the blood, and strengthen the
nerves, thus driving the nerves from the
system. Avoid imitations by insisting that
that every box you purchased is enclosed
in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark,
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

FIGHT WITH A DEVIL FISH.

It was Fierce for a Time But the Diver Fin-
ally Won.

Captain Conrad, a Canadian diver, was
at work on the wreck of the fruit-ship Oteri,
which had gone ashore on a coral reef near
Rustan, Honduras. A new leak had devel-
oped, and it was necessary to stop it at
once, although the hour was four in the
afternoon. Captain Conrad called his as-
sistants, and they anchored the diver's boat
with the apparatus. On his way down,
Conrad noticed the rare beauty of the tran-
slucent tropical waters, and the lovely color
of the coral and the thousands of fish swim-
ing about.

As he was getting near the point where
the work was to be done, a long, dark arm
shot across the face-glass of his helmet. He
had been in tropical waters before, and
knew the sign. It was the octopus—the
real devil-fish, feared by all divers. He
gave the danger-signal, and was pulled up.

At the surface he considered the situa-
tion. The ship was leaking badly, and
could not be left safely thus all night. He
called for a heavy harpoon, and cut the
handle, making a weapon about three feet
long. Armed with this, he went down
again to fight the octopus and stop the
leak.

This time he did not notice the beauty of
the translucent tropical water. Slowly he
approached the spot where the octopus was
hidden under the bilge of the vessel. As
he approached, the creature moved from
under the side of the vessel, gathering it-
self for the attack.

There were but four or five feet between
the coral reef on which the vessel had
grounded and her side at this point, and
Conrad settled himself here for the battle.
It was not slow in coming. The snake
like creature extended one of its long arms
Conrad gave a quick thrust with his har-
poon, but the devil-fish was quicker than
he, and snatched away the arm.

Again the creature struck, this time
touching Conrad on the hip; but on the
instant it lost its arm, severed by a blow
from the harpoon.

Then the fight began in earnest. The
devil-fish tried to envelop the man in his
several tentacles, and the diver kept slash-
ing with the harpoon. He inflicted wounds
enough to disconcert the creature and pre-
vent it from enveloping him, but for some
time none of the wounds were serious.

At last, just as the creature had come to
alarming close quarters, he managed to
drive the harpoon into a vital spot. When
badly injured in the body, the cuttle-fish
discharges a great quantity of dye, which
colors the water a jet black. Instantly
Conrad found himself in a mass of ink.

He gave the signal, and was pulled up.
It took some time for the dye to clear
away so that anything could be seen in the
water. Then Conrad went down again.
He did not have to renew the battle. The
octopus was dead.

A CONVERTED PHYSICIAN.

With the Aid of South American Kidney
Cure, Nurses His "Hopeless" Case back
to Health.

A prominent physician writes this of dis-
betes: "Personally until very recently I
have never known an absolute cure." But
this same physician says further that he has
noted the wonderful work accomplished in
patients of his by South American Kid-
ney Cure; patients whom he has ceased to
treat because in his estimation there was
no cure and no hope. What a tribute
this is to be the medical genius in the com-
pounding of this great remedy—this Kid-
ney specific. It cures, heals and cures
the diseased parts. Does it quickly and
permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

"Their married life seems to be perfect-
ly happy."

"Yes. He told her his mother never
made anything fit to eat."—Philadelphia
Bulletin.

PAUL KRUGER AT HOME.

THE INTERESTING PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.

His Personal History and His Life as Governor—His Story of the Boer's Development of the Transvaal—His Feeling Toward Cecil Rhodes—The Republic's Defence.

Stephans Johannes Paulus Kruger, President of the Transvaal, is an interesting public character. Upon being introduced you first conclude that he has been greatly overestimated. He seems nothing more than a shrewd old hunter, who, by constant contact with wild animals and savage Kaffirs, has developed a wariness that makes him suspicious of everything and everybody.

His legs are so short, and slender that you wonder how they bear the weight of a heavy thick and solid body. His head is big and his neck is concealed by beard, hair and coat collar, so that you cannot determine whether or not he indulges in neckwear. At home he is usually puffing a short briar pipe, and as he handles this you notice that the thumb of his left hand is missing. There is a story connected with this that Kruger will tell you between puffs if he is in the mood. It gives an idea of the grit which is a characteristic of the old Boers.

When Kruger was a young man, he was out hunting one day with a rifle which had not been used for a long time. While he was tinkering with a charge the gun exploded, tearing his left thumb to shreds. Kruger's companions wanted to give up the hunt and hurry to the nearest surgeon, but the intrepid young Boer refused. Taking out his hunting knife, he placed the lacerated thumb on the stock of the rifle, and amputated it himself. By tying about the stump a piece of rawhide he stopped the flow of blood, and winding around it his red handkerchief he continued the sport. Physical robustness and courage have contributed greatly to Kruger's success as the leader of a nation. He is absolutely fearless, though not reckless, and since boyhood has known how to act quickly in an emergency.

When only 14 years old, he and a little sister strayed away from the Jaager town in Cape Colony, where the elder Kruger had settled on emigrating from Germany, and while playing were suddenly attacked by a leopard. Young Kruger's only weapon was a jackknife, but shielding his sister with one arm, he met the vicious spring of the leopard with the other, and after a struggle succeeded in stabbing it to death.

One is hardly warranted either in speaking slightly of Oom Paul's legs, for they once ran a race that made him famous all through the native tribes in South Africa. A Kaffir chief had become celebrated for his running ability, and had never been beaten until challenged by a number of young Boers who chose Kruger to represent them. It was decided that the two would run for twelve hours, and the man leading at the end of that time was to have some sort of a prize. At the end of eleven hours the Kaffir dropped in his tracks unconscious, while Kruger kept on to the finish, and according to one of his companions, was so fresh then that he took part in a hunting trip.

It is the appearance of rough hardihood and the unkempt personal attire that first impresses one on meeting Oom Paul, but when the man begins to talk you forget all else but Kruger the diplomat and careful statesman. He gave the writer a short interview recently for publication with the understanding that the Boer side should be represented from his own view point, first inquiring if I were a spy from Cecil Rhodes. On being assured to the contrary by a number of Volksraad members, who were present, he followed it up by another customary question, asking: 'What is your religion?'

These two inquiries give an insight into Kruger's life. His first duty, he believes, is to God, and his second to guard against Rhodes, whom he detests like a poisonous reptile. But for Rhodes, Mr Kruger says, all would be peace and quietness in the Transvaal. So long as this man is in South Africa there is no rest for the Boers, and their secret service agents may be found on every street in Johannesburg, on the lookout for Uitlander conspiracies.

From all outward appearances, Oom Paul is intensely pious, and though some insist that it is all hypocrisy, there is no proof that Kruger does not live in strict accordance to his preaching. He was confirmed in 1842 by the Rev. Daniel Lindlay, an

Constipation, Headache, Bilioussness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

American missionary, and from that day to this has led a severely Christian life after the precepts laid down by John Calvin. He can quote nearly the whole Bible, and this has served him well in a secular way, for he has learned from it to speak in parables, terse epigrams that are readily interpreted by his followers, and have more force than the most brilliant rhetorical flights.

Kruger, in addition to his other accomplishments, is by far the best preacher in the Transvaal, and the Dutch Reformed Church boasts of some capable men there. He occupied the pulpit in a modern brick edifice across the street from his home at about once a month, and always takes to standing room only. He uses no notes, and does not hesitate to sprinkle a little humor in the discourse. In his speeches before the Raad he quoted Scripture generously, and even more so in conversation.

As for his private life, that seems to be exemplary. After rising, he prays for a long time in his room, and talks over with the Lord the questions of the day. When he develops a conviction in this way he proceeds to act on it. Kruger's piety once nearly cost him his life, according to a current story. A good many years ago he suddenly disappeared, and when he failed to show up, a searching party was made up to hunt for him. At the end of three days they found the future President, who was then a field cornet, lying face down on the open veldt. He had been praying three days and nights steadily, without food or water, and was nearly dead. When carried back and revived, he explained that he had done it as a chastisement for his sins.

Two stories the Uitlanders relate to offset Kruger's reputation for piety. One was recently printed in a Natal paper. It accused Oom Paul of punishing one of his Kaffir boys once by tying him under his wagon, spreading out legs and arms and making them fast to the axles. The boy was hauled for two days in this position, declared the writer. On another occasion Kruger, when he was trekking, lost an ox and could not find another to take its place so he hitched up a Kaffir in the team and completed the journey. This Kaffir is still living near Dreikopjes, in the Orange Free State, at a ripe old age, so the experience does not seem to have injured him. In fact, he seems rather proud of the distinction.

The first question put to Oom Paul was why he did not give the Uitlanders the right to vote, which the English put forth as the chief cause for complaint. Kruger smoked hard for a moment, then laid down his pipe, and placing his hands on his knees, said:

'A man cannot serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and cling to the other, or despise the one and love the other. Now, the Englishman wants to do this. He demands the franchise from me, desires to become a burgher, and yet when it comes to trouble, he would forsake us in a moment and claim the protection of the Queen. How can I give such men the chance? They do not take any interest in our country. They have not come here to settle. They wish us no good. I want to live and when he has proved that he is a good citizen and has come to help us, I want him to vote. But we have a law for bigamy in the Transvaal, and it is necessary for a man to put off his old love before taking on a new one.'

Kruger related graphically and briefly the history of the Boers from the time they settled in Cape Colony, from which they were driven by the English, until they settled in the Transvaal. Of this great trek they killed 6,000 lions, out of which number Kruger himself killed 250. They fought their way step by step until they finally receded, the long ridge known as the Witwaters and where they settled, all unconscious of the hidden wealth.

'It seemed so poor,' said Kruger, 'that even the English did not begrudge it. So we established a government, developed a constitution, and laid the foundation for a nation. We built towns, cultivated the soil, and were making a great progress and living peacefully when gold was discovered. Then new and perplexing questions arose, and England immediately became avaricious, and we were not willing to give up the country which we had

developed by the sweat of our brow, and so there was Majuba Hill. You know about that? Here Kruger blinked stily and a laugh went around among the Boers. 'So, now,' continued Oom Paul, taking up his pipe and dropping into parables, 'the gold fields are like a beautiful rich young woman. Everybody wants her, and when they cannot get her they do not want any one else to possess her.'

'Can the English starve you out?' 'If the Lord wills it, yes,' he replied. 'If not, the English can build a wall around us as high as Jericho and we will live and prosper.'

Kruger has provided against a siege by building storehouses and granaries, where meat and grain are kept in great quantities. The great drawback to the Transvaal is that it lacks a seaport. The most convenient one is D. Jago's Bay, owned by the Portuguese. As Portugal is mortgaged to England, the latter's country controls it.

Towering over Johannesburg is a big fort, and working in subterranean passages the Boers, it is said, undermined the whole town, even to Commissioner street, where the pride of Johannesburg's buildings are located. The Boers can muster 30,000 men, all well armed and good marksmen. They have warehouses full of ammunition, and there present defenses and power to wreck Johannesburg and the mines are a sufficient menace to Great Britain to make her hesitate.

Kruger is now 70 years old, and has been elected to the Presidency four times. His salary is \$35,000 a year, with \$1,500 for coffee. His life has certainly been a remarkably one, and at different stages he has been a farmer, herdman, hunter, soldier, clergyman, ambassador, financier, and a name of prominence in South Africa. Kruger's first wife was an aunt of Miss Du Plessis, and bore him one son who died. Sixteen children were the fruit of his second marriage, and of those seven are living. The girls are comfortably married to burghers in and about Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One son-in-law Capt. Eloff, made himself famous by building the most expensive mansion in South Africa. He has made a fortune in real estate operations and is supposed to be worth \$2,000,000. One of Kruger's sons acts as his secretary, and another is Captain of an infantry company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger live in a little two story cottage painted white and covered in front with morning glory vines. Their mutual ambition is to see their native land independent of Great Britain, and then spend their last days peacefully and quietly in this little home.

As he closed the interview Kruger went across the hall into a low ceilinged, white-washed room and spoke to a motherly little woman, who was seated in a rocking chair, darned stockings. This was Mrs. Kruger. She got Mr. Kruger's hat, escorted him to the door and then went back to her knitting. It was difficult to think of her as the first lady of the land. Yet she has been Mr. Kruger's constant helpmate through all the years of his public life, and their affection for each other seems to have grown with each succeeding year. She is Mrs. Kruger's second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a name of prominence in South Africa. Kruger's first wife was an aunt of Miss Du Plessis, and bore him one son who died. Sixteen children were the fruit of his second marriage, and of those seven are living. The girls are comfortably married to burghers in and about Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One son-in-law Capt. Eloff, made himself famous by building the most expensive mansion in South Africa. He has made a fortune in real estate operations and is supposed to be worth \$2,000,000. One of Kruger's sons acts as his secretary, and another is Captain of an infantry company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger live in a little two story cottage painted white and covered in front with morning glory vines. Their mutual ambition is to see their native land independent of Great Britain, and then spend their last days peacefully and quietly in this little home.

Asked for some characteristics of the Samoans Chief Justice Chambers of the United States said recently 'I found the language an easy one to learn. There but fourteen letters in the alphabet, and of the natives a majority have learned to read and write in their own language. You see, you can hardly look upon the natives as savages, or uncultured people, because the missionaries have been at work among them for the last fifty or sixty years, and have made excellent progress teaching them Christianity and the social customs and usages of civilized nations. When I first went to the islands, I found them improved by the influences of the missionaries to an extent

which had removed many of the vices and peculiarities which are usually to be expected among uncivilized islanders. There is one thing, though, that no amount of civilization will destroy in the islanders, and that is an excess of politeness. They are the most polite people in all the world. They are oppressively polite. One of the novelties I had to become accustomed to as the Chief Justice of the islands, was that of having a prisoner give a most elaborate salutation after I had sentenced him to five or ten years at hard labor and have him say in his own tongue, 'I thank you, sir.'

'The people are not only polite but they are most affectionate and once you attach one of them to your love, he or she is forever your friend. This was most forcibly exemplified after hostilities broke out and the fighting was going on in the island. We had three native girls and three native boys in our household who were very much attached to our family. This was particularly true of one of the girls who was passionately fond of Mrs. Chambers. Every night there were skirmishes on the island and very frequently firing was heard near our house. The girl in question would not leave our apartments but would rest on a rug at the foot of our bed. When the skirmishing fire approached our home the girl would go out and reconnoitre. The natives never fire on their women, no matter what their connections are and often women walked down between the firing lines, from one side to the other, carrying water or caring for the injured. Our young girl took us under her protection and seemed confident that she could ward off harm from us. When we got ready to leave the islands, all of the chiefs began to bring presents to our home. At first I felt very much complimented and some of the old clubs and war implements and decorated mats and other bric-a-brac made by the natives was really quite interesting and of value. However, I soon had to refuse to receive anything more, because I had no way of carrying the stuff away from the island. At the rate things were coming from all parts of the island, I would soon have had a shipload. As it is, I have several large cases of the most valuable presents I received with me.

'I know of no people in the world who are as ceremonious as are these people, and who have more rigid ideas of the advantages which rank conferred upon one of their number gives. Fortunately, I had my rank all fixed up before I realized the importance it would prove to me afterward. The Chief Justiceship was a new thing to them and their more intelligent class, who were sufficiently versed in English to understand the terms of the treaty under which my appointment was made, explained as best they could what were my duties. One thing that worried the natives was the fact that they had no name to apply to my position. They had chiefs of their own and leaders of various kinds, but nothing that came exactly in my line. Finally they thought the matter all over and named me 'Faamasioo siki.' This was a combination of words, which meant in the native tongue, 'man of one word,' which was their way of expressing the fact that decisions made by the Chief Justice were final.

'I do not think that the people of Samoa are greater eaters than the people of other nations, in spite of the reputation which they have established because of their extensive feasts. Perhaps they do eat more at the feasts than the people do who attend banquets in civilized countries, but at the same time there is always an abundance of food. It was decreed when the Chief Justice first came to the island that he should be second in rank to the King. Mrs. Chambers was honored as the first lady of the island in consequence, I was given many fetes by the great chiefs in consequence of my position, upon my arrival. It was a bit embarrassing to me, too, when I wished to return the excessively polite attentions that were shown me. The people are most jealous of their rank, and I made some blunders that kept the interpreters busy for hours explaining to the satisfaction of the natives. The first bit of meat at the feast was given to the king, if he were present; the next came to me, and then on down the line until the person of least rank was fed. It was the same way when it came to serving the drinks and the cigarettes. People arose and sat in the order of their rank.

'People walked along the highway in the same way. Unless a man was of a superior rank he was not allowed to pass another man going in the same direction on the highway. That is the reason that I was led to the discovery shortly after I reached the island that I was keeping every one on the highway at a slow walk and behind me, because I outranked everyone and they would not pass me. After the feast is over, the singers begin to chant songs which mention the people at the feast and tell of their virtues. In the songs the people are

mentioned in the order of their rank, and I as a foreigner, found it a bit tiresome to see a song recital of the good people around me and find myself included in the eulogy of the singer. Failure to observe the preference which rank gives one man over another, is met at once by open hostility, and I have seen some very hard-fought battles because some man of inferior rank was asked to eat or drink in advance of another man of superior rank. The favorite method of preparation for the big feasts is to roast a number of whole pigs of good size and fatness. I have attended feasts where there were as many as 400 pigs roasted. At these, there were hardly more than that number of guests present, but after the feast what is left is sent to the homes of the invited guests in consequence of the rank the natives gave me, it was not uncommon for me to find great baskets of fruit and two or three whole roast pigs at my house.

'Many of the people are skilled in oratory. They are specially trained, and have a peculiar adaption to the business. The people are divided into tribes, and over each tribe there is a chief. His 'tabalali' does his talking, he being the skilled orator of the tribe. It is not at all remarkable that these skilled orators often acquire importance and weigh with the people, such as not possessed by their chiefs. One of the most influential and powerful of the men in the rebel party was a 'tabalali.'

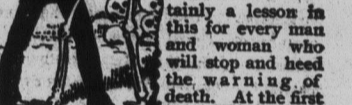
THE GRIM MONSTER.

'All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.' Of the multitudes that yearly join the multitudes already gone, one-seventh are the victims of that dread destroyer—consumption. There is cer-

tainly a lesson in this for every man and woman who will stop and heed the warning of death. At the first approach of the grim monster—consumption—the threatened victim should take refuge in the use of the only known cure for that disease. Many doctors say that consumption is incurable. They are mistaken and those who have been rescued from the brink of death, after they were given up by the doctors, and all hope was gone, have testified to the fact over their written signatures. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, spitting of blood, throat troubles, chronic nasal catarrh, and all diseases of the air passages. It acts directly through the blood, on the affected membrane and tissues, destroying all disease germs, allaying inflammation and building healthy tissues. It makes the appetite keen and the digestion perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder.

Honest druggists won't insult your intelligence by endeavoring to persuade you to take an inferior substitute for the little asked profit it may afford. 'I have been troubled with bronchitis for several years,' writes Mrs. Olin O'Hara, of Box 114, Pergus Falls, Ottertail Co., Minn. 'In the first place I had sore throat; doctored with different doctors and took various medicines, but got no lasting relief. We had had Dr. Pierce's book, the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," for a long time but had got careless about reading it up. One day we saw a new advertisement in the paper in regard to this medicine, and as I was suffering and had been raising a good deal from my throat, a sticky substance like the white of an egg, and could not sleep, and had about made up my mind that I would hardly live through the winter, we made up our minds to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Pellets." After I had taken one bottle we thought we could see a little change. We sent and got another bottle of the "Golden Medical Discovery" and also one of "Favorite Prescription." I took them alternately, and in a few days I began to see that I was better for certain. I took eight bottles of "Golden Medical Discovery" and two of "Favorite Prescription," and really, I have not felt as well in years. I sleep better than I have in twenty years, and am confident that if others have any such troubles they will be more than pleased if they try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am not in favor of patent medicines as a rule. Have tried too many of them and found them a failure, but I do know that Dr. Pierce's medicines will do what is claimed for them if taken as directed and continued long enough.'

'I took a severe cold with sore throat,' writes Mrs. S. A. Everhart, of Oard Spring, Scott Co., Ind. 'Soon I began to cough, my right side was so sore that when I coughed it seemed as though my side would burst. I summoned the physician and he said that I had pleurisy. I took his medicine for some time and got some better, but it seemed I could get no far and no farther. All the spring and summer I used mustard plasters and dry blisters on my side and lungs. Finally my right shoulder and between my shoulders began to ache, so badly that I could hardly endure it and at times I would feel almost smothered. My breath would be so short that I could scarcely talk. It was a miserable feeling indeed. I read of ———'s Wonderful Discovery, so I concluded to try it. I got two bottles of it and when I had taken the medicine I was no better. I was becoming discouraged; several of my near relatives had died with consumption and I thought I was about to go the same way. I thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles of the "Discovery" and two bottles of the "Pleasant Pellets." By the time I had taken half a bottle I began to improve, and when I had finished the two bottles of the "Discovery" and two of the "Pellets" I felt like a new person. That weak smothered feeling was all gone. I thought I ought to take more of the medicine but I felt so well I did not take any more. I would not take fifty dollars for the benefit I received from taking your medicine.'



Three tucks keep them relief to the soldier on a sloping reason, application, and dilution are in net, and the scalds are are often Here they are Our grain with rich feeding scars were country will hope, we shall are adopting and collar makes them they are nee It is a gra that they tular hand stitched plain through a le throat and stah. It look ing suits.

BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia C. Richard's BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. Write this edition lasts a copy will be sent, postage in sealed envelope to lady who applies for it. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 995, Montreal.

APRIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl Cochin, Purgatives, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B.C. or Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Frills of Fashion.

One Woman's Chat.

The few autumn hats and bonnets shown in the milliners are very picturesque, and while some are not very different from those of last autumn the slight changes made for beauty and "becomingness."

A rather pretty new style in toques has a low crown, a rolling brim, and while coming further over the forehead than last year's variety, it is dented directly in the center of the front, making place for a big bow of panne or satin, or for a breast of grobe and a soft spray.

Some of the bonnets are made of ribbon velvet, gathered slightly and placed row upon row like those petals; the brims are faced with rows of velvet pipings over satin or lace.

We have heard little and seen less of 'pearl powder' since the advent of athletics and cold showers to the land of steam-heated complexions.

It would seem that, as a rule, the priest's robes of Japan are made in pieces stitched together, the number of pieces denoted the priestly rank, but this particular robe has the particularity of being woven entire, thus strangely resembling the ancient Gobelin tapestry of Europe.

The action expressed in the flight of the birds, the running water, and in the clouds, at once arrests the attention, while the harmonious blending of the various shades of green, blue, pink, and brown, subdued by age, could not fail to appeal to the severest modern art critic.

Almost equally interesting in this collection are the pieces of imperial Japanese porcelain, procured by Mrs. Townsend with the greatest difficulty, as it is an offence of lese majeste to possess the same without permission, far more to offer any for sale.

This imperial porcelain, a delicate blue and white ware of extremely hard substance, yet taking on the softest of enamel finish, is manufactured in the Arida district, near Nagasaki, under the direction of a chief, whose duty it is to examine each piece as it comes from the kiln with a magnifying glass.

Every cup and bowl of this porcelain bears the imperial crest, a 16-petaled chrysanthemum, which is a high crime for any subject to make use of in Japan, that is to say, exactly the same design as that of the Emperor.

It is true that a chrysanthemum of 16 petals may occasionally be met with upon a piece of china even in a Japanese curio store in New York, and perhaps offered for sale to the uninitiated as Japanese porcelain; but on close examination it will be observed that there is some slight difference in the design, sufficient to escape the effect of the automatic law of the Orient; for either there will be fewer or more petals, the interior circle will be shaded instead of open or the outer rim will be a complete circle instead of the little curves which in this royal flower are noticeable.

It is a great mistake to have them so that they turn down in wear. A novel collar band emanating from Paris is a stitched plain band of ribbon, passing through a large dull gold buckle at the throat and finished off in a pointed short tab. It looks well for travelling and morning suits.

One likes, usually, the sort of cookery to which she has been accustomed.

when the fox comes to them, events may take the course they did on the Denton farm at East Somerset, New York.

For a time the bucks refused to allow him to enter the fold, but presently they calmed down, and he went in. There lay a fox, recently killed and bleeding from numerous wounds.

For a time the bucks refused to allow him to enter the fold, but presently they calmed down, and he went in. There lay a fox, recently killed and bleeding from numerous wounds.

SAM JENKINS' LAST HOUR.

He Killed Six Men and was Hanged While the Train Waited.

'Did you ever hear the story of how Sam Jenkins met his end?' asked like Barnett, one of the pioneers of rail-roading in the West, but now settled down to spend the remainder of his days in peace in Ohio.

'It is a remarkable story from the fact that Jenkins put up the fight of his life and finished the careers of six men before he himself was captured and finally strung up to a telegraph pole, and it all happened while our train was waiting for dinner.

'Well, the town we stopped at that day was Raton, just south of the Colorado State line, and, at that time, one of the toughest towns in the west, made up of the usual collection of saloons, dance-houses, gambling-hells and shanties.

'The fugitive was Sam Jenkins, a well-known desperado and card sharper. He had reached Raton that morning, but had not been recognized. He had finally noticed one of the miners into a game of cards, and won heavily.

'A posse was organized at once and surrounded the train. Every car was carefully searched, but no trace of the fugitive was discovered until they came to the tender, where Jenkins was found crouched on one of the trucks.

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ing of that kind and fell back in considerable confusion.

'Jenkins saw his chance and waving his revolver over his head, he darted from the cover and ran toward the Raton mountains about a mile and a half away.

'The cowboys rode up to him, took his weapons and threw a lariat around his neck. They told him to hold on to it with his hands if he didn't want to be hanged a few minutes before his time, and brought him back to the depot at a gallop.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

suspended while the white man went out and drove his horses to a place of shelter. Then the combatant went at it again.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of deafness and noise in the head by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Pink Pills may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 100, West Avenue, New York.

RESCUE OF A TENDERFOOT.

The Silver City Sheriff and the Amoscar Red Man.

I wonder if Harvey Whitehill is on earth... if he still lives at Silver City, and holds his old office of sheriff of Grant county, N. M. It needed a man of sand and sagacity to hold the place down when I was there.

The town was a rushing one from the first, but by good luck it was peopled mostly by Americans, and the good element held the upper hand and put Harvey Whitehill in as Sheriff. He was a bluff, good-tempered man, who had sand enough for two when sand was needed, and with it the tact and management to carry through a great many unpleasant affairs without difficulty or bloodshed.

It was at the Spread Eagle saloon one night that I saw Harvey Whitehill pull a foolish tenderfoot out of a scrap when many an officer, good ones, too, would have killed him. And he saved the kid's life.

It began with what is an old story in the West—a wild young fellow from the East who had fallen into bad company. Where the youngster had got in with the gang that he was with is neither here nor there, but they were working him for all he was worth, and it was nobody's business except his and theirs, so long as they conformed to the ordinances of the town.

There were three of them with him, fellows from no one knew where, but there looks and behavior told the story as they splurged it that night at the Spread Eagle, he paying everything. They were hoisting in red liquor at no slow pace, but there was no campaign or gambling in the programme; the three fellows with the kid saw to it that there was no extravagance of that kind, having other plans concerning his money.

But as the liquor boiled in him they couldn't keep his tongue from running, and so it became known to all that cared to listen that he was from Connecticut, just a year out of college, and that he had made the acquaintance of his companions at Silver City and was waiting only for the next day to get a draft cashed at Porter & Crawford's. Then they were to start for the Chiricahua Mountains on a prospecting trip.

None of the old timers that heard him thought his prospects good of ever getting so far as the Chiricahua or turning up again anywhere, with his money at least, once he started away with that gang—but they stood on etiquette and did not offer advice or ask questions, particularly as the three men, who looked tough and desperate distinctly discouraged any conversation tending that way. So the four were let alone and the kid might have made himself blind drunk and drawn his draft next day and gone off with his crowd and been left for the coyotes, with no one objecting, if it hadn't been for a fool gunplay that he made.

There was a city ordinance, of course, against the carrying of weapons, but, like most others in the saloon, he had sneaked his gun in under his coat and, when he had got just drunk enough to daub on the war-paint, nothing would do but he must take it out and flourish it and talk of shooting out the lights. That sort of thing was no part of his companions' game, and they tried to discourage it, but he was beyond their control then, and Harvey Whitehill, dropping into the saloon about that time, took a hand. He put no official frills, but sauntered smilingly up to the young fellow, jollied him a bit, and suggested that he give the gun to him to keep until he got ready to go home. At this the tenderfoot reared in the breeching.

down, or he may have been printing his courage for weeks and months for just such an occasion and may be ready to shoot slap dash at the first sign of trouble or for no cause at all. More than one sheriff or marshal has told me that he would rather have the job of arresting a professional 'bad man' than a greenhorn who was aiming to be thought bad, with liquor in him and the desire of showing off before his comrades. Harvey Whitehill knew all that as well as any man. If he had wished to kill the boy, his course would have been a straight one, but, having no such intention, he only laughed at his talk.

'Don't be foolish and get yourself into trouble when there is no need, my boy,' he said in a good-humored way. 'I am an officer of the law and you are breaking the law in carrying that pistol in the town. Give it to the bar-tender if you don't want to give it to me. He will let you have it when you are ready to go home. No? Well, put it in your pocket then, and don't flourish it any more.'

'Here was where the tenderfoot foolishness came in. The boys companions knew that their game was up if he got into trouble in this way, and they were calling to him to put up his shooter, but for once he paid no attention to what they said, and commanded them to stand back, swearing he would shoot them if they interfered. The Sheriff said, persuasively: 'Come now give it to me,' at the same extending his hand as if to take the weapon. For an answer the young fellow raised his gun. It may have been through nervousness, it may with intention, but the pistol went off so it seemed, full in the Sheriff's face. The boys arm may have wavered or his eye been out of plumb through the whiskey he had taken—anyway the shot missed but it came so close that a bit of Whitehill's sidewhisker was cut by the bullet and fell on his shoulder. The smoke hadn't fairly puffed from the muzzle before the Sheriff had the pistol, and the boy was on his back on the floor lying half stunned from the suddenness with which he had been downed. His companions started to bluster and crowd forward, but a dozen pistols came out in a second all around the room, where Whitehill's friends were numerous, and they weakened and fell back. Most of us thought that the Sheriff would shoot the young fool then and there, and half of us hoped he would in our disgust at his murderous foolishness. The boy thought so and turned as white as a plaster when he lifted his head and took in the situation. Whitehill let him look into the muzzle of the gun long enough to get a realizing sense of how it seemed to be at that end of it, and then told them, in a voice very short and stern, to get up. The youngster shy pale and completely sobered, got up on his feet.

'Come with me, I want to talk to you,' said Whitehill, and he marched the young fellow into a back room. 'You stay clear, and don't interrupt us—or you'll find yourself worse off,' he added, and shut the door in the faces of the toughs who had started to follow them. What talk passed between the two I never knew, except in a general way, but when they came out half an hour later the boys eyes showed that he had been crying and he looked humble. But he had made up his mind what to do, and he went straight from the saloon to the Exchange Hotel where he had been staying, Whitehill going with him.

'The three men had made themselves scarce, seeing how things were going, and they did not show up around the town that night. They were a wandering lot and the chance with them in the saloons and taking them for a genuine frontier article, was for joining his fortune with theirs. He had arranged to go to their camp that night, and they were to make their start

next day. Instead of this he staid at the hotel where his baggage still was, on his parole to the sheriff that so one should be allowed to see him before morning on any pretence.

Next morning Whitehill was at the hotel by daylight. He had routed out Chasley Crawford of Porter and Crawford, who cashed the boy's draft long before the opening hour as a favor to the Sheriff. An hour later he had took the morning train with his money and a ticket for New York in his pocket. Whitehill went with him as far as the junction and saw him safely aboard the east-bound train.

'Go back to your own people and stay with them till you learn sense,' he said in a kindly way to the young fellow, as they shook hands in parting.

'Harvey Whitehill came back to Silver City with a new Winchester rifle which the boy made him accept. In remembrance of my gratitude,' he said in giving it.

Judge Meyers, of Mississippi, has a circuit that includes twenty-seven counties, nineteen of which are off the railroad; there fore he sometimes hears things worth recounting. He told some at Brandon, says the Toledo Blade, while exchanging experiences one day with Doctor Hart and the minister.

It chanced that Doctor Hart's attention was attracted by Judge Meyer's feet. There was something peculiar about them, to tell the truth. They were long and wide, and the judge made no attempt to conceal the fact. Doctor Hart had very small feet and was proud of them. He had his boots made to order, kept them nicely polished, and otherwise sought to direct attention to his dainty little feet.

This particular day, while the group was sitting out under the tree at Brandon, Dr. Hart said: 'Judge, that's a pretty fair understanding you have there, isn't it?'

The judge looked at his foot rather admiringly, and said: 'Yes that is a pretty big foot. That was remarked to me by a horseman that rode down from Nashville with me a month ago. He said I had a big foot, and I said 'don't you always find that good horses—blooded horses, you know—always have big feet?'

'He says, 'Oh yes, that's the rule.' 'Well,' I say, 'isn't it true that jack-asses always have small feet?'

After that Doctor Hart changed the subject to the prospects for a good cotton crop.

When any article or garment is dyed with the Diamond Dyes no amount of washing with soapsuds can in the slightest degree weaken the color.

No other dyes in the world are so strong brilliant and unfading as the Diamond Dyes. Plain directions on each package tell how each dye is used, and the whole work is so simple that even a child can use them with profit and success. As there are vile imitations of Diamond Dyes, see that your dealer gives you exactly what you ask for.

Some time ago the faculty of a theological seminary received a request for a minister, from a little Western parish. The salary offered was so meagre, and the virtues demanded were so many, that the heads of the theological professors shook with perplexity.

One of them suggested writing that the only man they had ever known who might have filled the requirements of the parish was a late lamented clergyman who had accustomed himself to living almost entirely upon spiritual food in one poor, stony parish—but this suggestion was discarded. At last the most energetic member of the faculty composed a letter which he was deputized to copy and send off. He wrote as follows:

'While we fully understand that the lack of money in a parish does not lessen its desire to have a fine preacher and devoted pastor, we are compelled to say that we know of no man who can fill your requirements. We are living in the days of the Apostle Paul, he would doubtless have preached for you—but we ask you to bear in mind that he could have resorted to sailing on week-days in case of necessity.'

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N. B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.—'I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

'I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Montreal, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable. 'Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

'I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of. 'If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

'I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

'Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere. 'The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time.

G. O. ARCHIBALD. Hopewell Cape, N. B.



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G. O. ARCHIBALD. Hopewell Cape, N. B.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Fastboy—'Under arrest! What am I charged with doing?' Constable—'Everybody, and the evidence is conclusive. Come along now.'

Hoax—'This banjo was my grand-father's. It's made of over 700 pieces of wood. Jox—'You ought to get quite a number of cords out of it.'

Passenger—'What time do these cars leave this corner?' Conductor—'Quarter after, half after, quarter to, and at.'

Cholly—'Ma fawther served in the army, you know. Ida—'You don't say! Did he serve crackers, drinks or newspapers?'

Bobby—'Maw, is that the last piece of pie?' Mamma—'No, my child. Why?'

Robby (who has eaten two pieces)—'Well, I thought if it was I'd try to worry it down.'

Mrs. Winn—'Wouldn't you like to see my new hat John?' Mr. Winn (surprised)—'Um—why—yes.'

Mrs. W.—'So would I, dear. Give me \$14 and I'll show you one. No equity about it—'Fate doesn't order these things with any degree of equity,' said the young man with the up-and-down collar.

'Why not?' said the girl. 'Why instance,' said the youth, 'the oyster notice for four months, but ice cream has an open season all the year round.'

'Poor Dawson; he's been jilted.' 'Jilted? Dawson?' 'Yes, jilted. He went fishing with Miss Higgins, his fiancée, and when he baited her hook, she called him a bruta for having no sympathy for the poor worm; and when, the next day, he refused to bait her hook, she said he didn't love her.'

'Did Mr. Filkins press his suit when he called last evening?' asked the sister of the tailor-made girl. 'Most energetically,' answered the tailor-made girl.

'Aw, g'wan!' broke in the incorrigible brother. 'When I looked into the parlor he was pressing yours.'—Chicago Post.

Wigg—'These seashore trips are awfully expensive. Wagg—'That's right. It cost one fellow I know \$200 just to pick 'shells on the beach.'

Wigg—'O, come now. It's not as bad as that. Wagg—'Fact. He ran up against a thimble-tigger and always picked the wrong shell.'

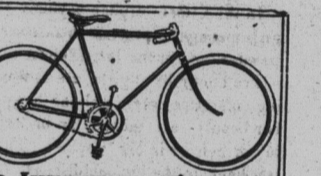
'Leonidas!' exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife, on his return from a journey. 'I am at a loss to understand your conduct when we parted. I said good-bye to you.'

'Yes, Henrietta. I was just about to do so, Henrietta, but I checked myself. I was afraid you would accuse me of trying to have the last word again.'

'I tell you what let's do,' said Cracker Jim to some of his fellow soldiers in the

Philippines. 'Let's stop the war.' 'How'll we do it?'

'Let's get the consent of the general to go after Aguinaldo as the all round tough citizen that he is. Et we can quit calling ourse's an army an organize ourse's as a posse. I'll guarantee that we'll have Aguinaldo lynched all good and proper inside of 36 hours.'—Washington Star. ETC.



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INTRODUCTION PRICES FLYER—1/2 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$3.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$2.50; fitted with Darlington Tires, \$3.00; Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$3.00 to \$5.00. Price List Free. Security Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

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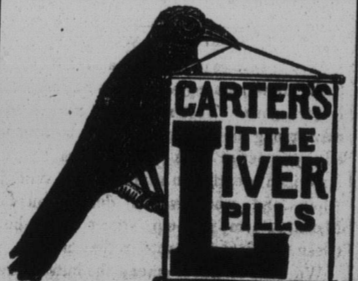
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unequaled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Itch Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Eczema, Rheumatic and Rheumatic Pains, Thrush, Cold, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pot, 12 1/2 Cts. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Galvert's Carbolic Ointment sent free on application.

P. C. GALVERT & CO. Manchester



THE BORDEN PATENT SWITCH NO WIRE NO STEMS Nothing like this will outwear 2 ordinary switches. Price from \$3 up. J. PALMER & SON, 125 Main St., Boston, Mass.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

They tell of an absent-minded professor in a college town who is so wrapped up in his calling and in his studies as to pay little attention to what is going on about him.

Meeting a friend one day on the street, he said to him: 'This deplorable war with Spain is dragging along interminably, is it not?'

'War with Spain?' replied the other. 'Why, professor, you surely know it ended months ago?'

'Is it possible? I had not heard of it.'

'Where in the world did you get the impression that the war was still in progress?'

'From the magazines,' replied the professor, relating into his customary absent-mindedness.

The Gipsy Fortune Teller.

It was a silver wedding, and the dry remnants of the first wedding cake disposed of with much merriment...

One day, when no visitors were present, she was engaged in writing home a glowing account of her happiness...

Amherst, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert...

MARRIED.

Digby, Aug. 29, Capt. J. McKay, to Laura Dana...

DIED.

Chicago, William K. Kiparick, Silver Falls, Sept. 4, Nellie Kerr...

BORN.

Halifax, Sept. 4, to the wife of W. E. Hobb, a son...

Just Paint THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. Nothing more... nothing less. Just what is needed to make the best paint...

F. A. YOUNG 736 Main St., North CANADIAN PACIFIC FALL EXCURSIONS FROM St. John, N.B. \$10.50 TO Boston, Mass., \$8.50 to Portland, Me., and return.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, July 24, 1899, the Steamship of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert, ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE...

S.S. Prince George. S.S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the most and latest steamship plying out of Boston...

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 (trains will run daily, Sunday excepted) TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN...

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers on this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Red's Point), November 16th, 1899...