

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 474.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROADS.
National Railway.

LEAVE ST. JOHN
St. John for Quebec and Montreal
Sleeping Car at Moncton at

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
St. John and Quebec (Monday)
St. John (daily)
St. John and Camp
St. John and Moncton

International Railway are heated
locomotive, and those between
St. John and Moncton, are lighted
by electricity.

PAKE THE
CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.

GOLD
FIELDS.
enay
FIELDS.

Atlantic R'y.

S.S. Prince Rupert,
St. John, N. B.

ESS TRAINS
St. John, N. B.

COMMENCING May 31st,
the Steamers of the
Company will leave St. John for
Eastport, Lubec, Portland and
Boston every

Monday,
Wednesday
and Friday

ATIONAL S. S. Co.
TRIPS A WEEK
FOR
OSTON.

COMMENCING May 31st,
the Steamers of the
Company will leave St. John for
Eastport, Lubec, Portland and
Boston every

Monday,
Wednesday
and Friday

LINE STEAMERS
FOR
ICTON AND WOODSTOCK

fter Saturday, April 24,
Steamer Clifton

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

CAPT. R. G. HABLE,
Manager.

HONORING OUR QUEEN.

A GLIMPSE AT THE REIGN OF VICTORIA REGINA.

How St. John Celebrated Her Ascension
and How She Will Honor the Sexagenary
Anniversary of Her Reign—The Visit of
Prince of Wales Many Years Ago.

It is indeed a noteworthy occasion when an empire, the greatest the world has ever known, overshadowing that of the great rulers Caesar, Frederick, Alexander, and Napoleon vibrates with splendid unanimity of the truest loyalty variously expressed in every walk of life, in every occupation, the prince and peasant alike throughout one fifth of the earth, and among three hundred and fifty millions of people. Events in world's history are celebrated, demonstrations of renown have marked monarchical and military events heretofore but a great if not greater demonstration will Britons give their noble Queen upon the anniversary of her sixty years of righteous reign over a loving people. No earthly sovereign ever sat upon a throne claiming more justly the plaudits of the nation than the woman, mother, widow, and Queen, Victoria, who like her humblest subjects has tasted of the sweets and bitter of life, has borne a mother's griefs, the pangs of a bereaved heart, delights in the welfare of her world-scattered people.

The life of Queen Victoria has made a lasting impression upon the moral environment, social customs and character of the people of the British Empire. Her personal influence during hers, the longest of reigns, has in no small degree changed the nature of the government under monarchical regime, has brought about a much better form of constitutional law through out the realm, has added liberality in its fullest sense, marking indelibly an expansion of territory, extension of commerce, development of thought, closer imperial relations; all of which have never before been equalled in the world's history. True it is that the Victorian era has been the greatest for national advance, the freest in the parliamentary history of the world and indeed is a striking example of the excellence of sovereignty. Society has been revolutionized, so great a freedom has been afforded that despite the socialistic taints occasionally springing up in cosmopolitan districts, the hearts of England's sons and daughters still cherish that inborn love of monarch and country which has characterized Britons ever since Providence destined their country to be the mistress of the world. Another historic burst of patriotism promises to illustrate this natural feeling of loyalty upon the days of the jubilee now at hand when the vast domains bowing under the gracious sway of Her Majesty's sceptre will be ablaze with festivities. Canada will be in the van tendering her homage; and nearer home, St. John, the city of loyalists, will do honor to her Sovereign such as she has never before done.

Sixty years has wrought wonderful changes in this city by the sea. When the Queen ascended the throne St. John was but fifty-four years old, a comparatively small town and almost entirely different from its present condition, viz— in street plans, harbor situations etc. The buildings with few exceptions were of wood only, and in and around the principal wharf properties of today, ponds and bogs predominated. The sight of the union depot and freight sheds was a large pond with a mill upon one of its banks, Lower Cove was as nature had made it—a forest and the rocks now mostly removed or hidden under buildings, stuck out at every turn as far as the eye could reach. Upon the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation the militia stationed here celebrated the event most royally. An ox was roasted upon Queen Square and was partaken of by our forefathers as only John Bull can. Not only in St. John but throughout Canada generally the influence of the Queen's personality and name has been a very great factor in the upbuilding of the Dominion. In earlier years, before confederation it gave the people an impetus toward united effort and development, the feeling of loyalty to the sovereign and a desire to maintain the institutions of the nation. A sort of mutual protection was also afforded in this bond of unity from the mass of population of the nation to the south—United States.

When the Prince of Wales visited our city, parents of today were mere children, no doubt many of them taking part in the

school-children's welcoming festivities upon that occasion. His reception was most loyal and was especially marked by an able sermon preached by the late Metropolitan, Bishop Medley. In one of his speeches here the Queen's son said, "Every visitor to your shores, but more especially the son of your Queen, must earnestly pray that your peaceful avocations may never be disturbed; but in case such a misfortune should await the Empire, I rejoice to observe the self-relying spirit of patriotism which prevails; and I see in the discipline of your volunteers the determination to protect the national honor which is manifested in every corner of the Queen's domains." Tremendous applause followed these words of the youthful member of the royal household. If the Prince should find a brilliant example of Canadian enterprise and success under the gracious influence of his mother's reign.

The decorations in this city this year are of a most strikingly loyal character. Proprietors have spared no expense in the adornment of their places of business, notably among the different displays being the electrical effect in front of Manchester Robertson and Allison's big establishment, "Canada Rejoices." Similar mottoes are to be found in different parts of the city, while the St. John Railway Co., have fitted out a "special" with an illuminated emblem. To the thoughtful observer the comparison of the present up-to-date celebration with that upon the occasion of Her Majesty's ascension, is quite interesting as well as inspiring.

This evening the sexagenary anniversary exercises will be commenced, as far as St. John is concerned, by a large meeting of the general public in St. Andrew's rink. The Governor will preside and St. John's ablest speakers will take part. At midnight royal salutes will be fired from Queen Square. Tomorrow will be a day of parades. In the morning the Oddfellows of the city will attend divine service in Brussels street baptist church. The pastor Rev. Dr. Carey will preach taking for his text part of the 23rd. verse of the 49th chapter of Isaiah,—"and Queens thy nursing mothers." Dr. Wilson's subjects for his morning sermon and address to the Temples of Honor in the evening will be "Patriotism or My Country's Claims Upon Me," and "the Queen's claims to the love and loyalty of her subjects."

"The Divine Philanthropy" will be the subject of Rev. J. A. Gordon's address to the Forester's in the afternoon and Patriotism and Piety as complementary in the evening. Archdeacon Brigstocke will preach to the mayor and common council in the morning and Rev. W. O. Raymond to the Sons of Bishop Sweeney in the afternoon. His Lordship Bishop Sweeney will preach specially to the catholic societies of St. John in the afternoon also. At the park the soldiers parade at three o'clock when the chaplain, Rev. Father Davenport will preach, extolling the virtues of the Queen taking lessons from her remarkable examples of good in domestic and political life.

At the Unitarian church tomorrow morning Ednah Dow Cheney the talented American lady heard in this city some time ago, will speak; subject "What do we ask of Religion?" In the evening the same speaker will address an audience in Mechanic's Institute, subject, "Looking Forward."

Monday the school children celebrate with special exercises in their respective rooms. In the high schools essays appropriately written will be read, those of the Grammar school to be read by Messrs. Thos. Lunney, Wm. Raymond, W. McNeill, and Thompson. They will deal with the literature, advance of science, progress of Canada and growth of St. John during the Victorian era.

Tuesday, the official holiday, and the big day, will see the great parades of the poly-morphians, and the militia and the firemen to say nothing of that amusing and original festival the Beef Eaters Barbecue at the Shamrock grounds in the afternoon. The route of procession has been given again and again and there is no need to print it again but if many of the boys are not weary when they are done marching they must be in great training.

The city is full of strangers already and still there's more to follow. Today's boats and trains will no doubt bring hundreds more to the scene of celebration while Monday's influx is estimated in advance to reach the ten thousand mark all right.

AFTER MR. BANKS AGAIN.

THE ALDERMEN GROW SUSPICIOUS ABOUT SOME MONEY.

But the Inspector of Licenses had Quietly Paid it in to the Treasurer Some Time Before—Why the ex-Mayor Refused to Receive Mr. Banks Money.

HALIFAX, June 17.—Many have been the attacks made upon H. H. Banks, inspector of licenses for the city of Halifax. Many of these onslaughts were deserved by this official and sometimes he was the innocent victim of attack. He had a serious time last year with Mayor McPherson over six licenses which he issued and for which he received \$100 each. The radical defect in those licenses was that the mayor's signature had not been attached to them and that he repudiated them altogether. Mayor McPherson went so far as to order City Treasurer Brown not to receive the cash. The money, therefore, had to lie in Mr. Bank's possession for many a long day. The inspector got clear of it as soon as he could, though, and the opportunity came a day or two after the election of Alexander Stephen as mayor. In the interregnum between the election of a new mayor and his inauguration there are a few days when no chief magisterial authority is noticeably exercised. During one of those days, despite the order of Mayor McPherson to the treasurer not to receive the cash Mr. Banks took it into the office of the treasurer who accepted it. This was a safe thing to do seeing that the son of Mayor McPherson's authority had set, and Mayor Stephen's had not fully risen.

At the last meeting of the council, Alderman Hubley and some of the other city fathers seemed not to know of this transaction and they asked many suspicious questions about the \$600. Ald. Hubley said the inspector would never pay the money over if he were not ordered to do so. Ald. Lane questioned if it would be legal for him to pay the money. Ald. Mosher wanted the interest as well as the principal paid in to the city. Ald. Ryan thought perhaps the money was deposited somewhere on call. A resolution finally passed, notwithstanding Ex-Mayor McPherson's veto, ordering Inspector Banks to pay the \$600 into the city's treasurer's office.

This action was a little amusing to the one or two who knew the facts, who were aware of how Mr. Banks had gone down immediately after Mr. Stephen's election and had put the \$600 of what Mayor McPherson called illegal license money into the city treasury.

WANTED TO GO TO LONDON.

He Wasn't Quite Clear About the Expenses Though.

HALIFAX, June 17.—"General James Jackson" is a colored man of this city whom everybody knows. He comes of a highly respectable family, one of the oldest. None of the self-styled aristocratic families of Halifax can go much further back than he with their family lineage, and he has just as high a sense of honor as most of them. Mr. Jackson is a prominent free-mason, is a tory of the old school in politics and, so far as the ability to string together big words, occasionally mispronounced, is concerned he is an orator. At the last meeting of the city council Mr. Jackson put in a strong document which showed how high a sense of honor he has. He asked the city council to allow him to go to the Jubilee celebration in London where he would take a place in the grand procession and bear aloft the standard of Nova Scotia. Not a word did he say of the expense; he was too honorable for that. The only hint in this direction was when he said that he wished to go to London in a way that would do honor to Halifax and be a credit to himself. This was the nearest approach to a request for the payment of his expenses on this Jubilee trip. The aldermen unbit from their accustomed stiffness and invited Mr. Jackson to the rail to make a personal explanation of his desires. In his address he got no nearer the financial point so the city fathers laughed the old gentleman off.

Mr. Jackson had seen some of the aldermen privately before the meeting of the council and in those interviews or one of them, he expressed himself more freely than he did publicly. In one of these interviews he showed, too, what he thought of alderman's pretentiousness. He was asked how much he thought it would take to enable him to go to London with honor to Halifax

and credit to himself, and the reply was that \$500 would suffice. If, however, there was anything left of this amount so much the better for then the balance could be quietly spent among the aldermen. They would have a good time on anything that remained of the \$500. This reveals what this representative of the "old families of Halifax" thinks of the ordinary city father. Mr. Jackson miscalculated his men, though, and he found they were not ready to vote him his expenses to London even with the prospect before them of spending among themselves what was left of the grant. The integrity of the Halifax alderman is great, and it is, in the opinion of this gentleman becoming more decided yet.

IT WAS HIS OWN COW.

He Put it in Pound and Paid to Get it Out Again.

The other day when Mr. Thompson who owns a farm on Adelaide Road went to hunt up the six cows of which he is the owner, he noticed a strange "critter" quietly grazing in his green pasture. He took a good look to make sure it wasn't one of his own sleek, well fed animals that was masquerading in a muddy faded hide, and having convinced himself that it was not his own property he promptly hustled it out of his field and with a view to teaching the cow and its owner that such trespassers could not be allowed to enter his fields at will, he drove it to a pound in his district. It gave him satisfaction to do this for he had a great deal of trouble heretofore and he was bound to make somebody share it with him.

Every time the animal showed a disposition to turn around or branch off in another direction Mr. Thompson promptly prodded it up till it walked peacefully once again in the path, of right. Arrived at the pound keeper's he gave the animal in charge and then went back to his farm, with the contented feeling that comes of a duty well done.

He began again his search for his cows and after a little three of them were found; a fourth and fifth were hunted out at last but search as he would Mr. Thompson was still minus a cow. The five were driven home and then after another long hard hunt it began to dawn upon the stalwart farmer that perhaps he had been a trifle hasty in driving that cow to the pound. He waited a day or two in the hope that the missing animal would turn up, but she didn't, and then Mr. Thompson paid another visit to pound keeper, and this time he recognized his cow. He asked to be allowed to take it home, but the pound keeper wasn't keeping open house just then, so he informed his visitor that he was perfectly welcome to his own property if the usual fee was paid. Mr. Thompson paid it and went home a back way with his cow.

TURNED OUT IN THE RAIN.

A Traveller Received Scant Courtesy From The Depot Officials.

Last Sunday morning there arrived on the eleven o'clock train from Moncton, a young man who had come to spend the day with city friends. His new light spring suit, gray felt hat, and tan shoes gave him a very stylish appearance, but were hardly in keeping with the down pour of rain, particularly as the young man had not even an umbrella to protect himself. It happened that when he left Moncton the sun was shining brightly and there was every indication that the day was going to be exceptionally fine. When he reached this city, however the rain was coming down at a pretty lively rate, but thinking that perhaps it was only a shower the stylishly dressed passenger decided to wait in the depot for a few moments. He had scarcely seated himself in the waiting room when an individual employed around the station entered, and wanted to know what the traveller meant by loitering around in that fashion. The explanation did not have the effect of making them say any less impertinent, for he ordered the young man to leave the waiting room at once as he wished to lock up. After a useless remonstrance the gentleman left the depot and proceeded to his friend's residence, where he arrived not quite so spick and span as when he left Moncton. Complaints of the treatment accorded travellers from men employed around the depot are very frequently heard and it might not be a bad idea for those in authority to insist upon their employes ex-

tending all possible courtesy and attention to the travelling public.

HOW THE BABY WAS QUIETED.

It was Done at the Cost of a Shock to the Balcony Occupants.

As occasionally the western hunter comes across a solitary representative of the practically extinct buffalo race so do the people of St. John once and a while come in contact with that class of individual who believes in converting play-houses, churches and other places of public assembly into temporary nurseries, family apartments, etc., caring little or nothing for those of finer feelings, believing only that in paying admission and receiving seating room that he or she has a full mortgage upon all they survey. This class of people would be lacking their usual characteristic if they did not bring with them a squalling baby in arms, a nursing bottle, and other cradle accessories while if the personage happened to be a man, the ecceteras would include a bag of taffey candy, cakes, no doubt some drinkables and perhaps toys.

Last Monday evening in the Opera house what a student of humanity might term "a good specimen" of this genus of the race, was ushered to her front-row seat in the balcony. As soon as she became comfortably seated she drew from underneath her cloak a baby, dressed in the regulation cloak, kid "booties" and top-heavy cap. The little one in recognition of the brilliancy of the scene set up an applauding whine which was returned from every corner of the house, more especially from the disgusted gods. The mother unabashed produced a number of rattles which the infant dextrously handled in obligato to the Wagnerian overture being played by the orchestra. This source of amusement was soon exhausted however, and the heroes of a half thousand nursery Waterloos were discarded.

"L'enfant terrible" became peevish; he, or she, became restless and was intent only upon committing the most awful of suicides by climbing over the balcony rail and falling upon the upturned hat pins in the pit below. Harrison's music had no charms for it; the continued plaudits of the "top heavy" end of the house were unappreciated, and finally in clarion notes the youthful theatre goer burst forth in one grand melody of song. Matters grew worse; the occupants of the pit and dress circles with upturned faces, looked imploringly at the unaffected mother, the balcony crowd was upon the verge of revolution, while among the gallery "gods," an immediate course of action was being decided upon.

Once again a mother's ingenuity and human nature won the day, for just as the lights were turned down prior to the rising of the curtain, a gurgling sound from the baby proclaimed that it had at last found peace. It was feeding, and in the good old fashioned way too!

A DIFFERENCE IN PRICES.

The Druggist Made a Big Charge but Returned the Money.

That there are tricks in all trades, even among druggists was well illustrated this week in the case of a certain King street drug clerk, who when the matter was ended did not feel heaps as if he had accomplished anything to be so very proud of. A young man called at the drug store in question one evening recently and inquired the price of a certain drug much used in medicine and was told it was fifty cents an ounce and that the price was going up all the time. He bought an ounce and paid for it but was still a little mystified as to why it had suddenly become so expensive; later in the evening happening to be passing a well known Charlotte street drug store he dropped in and enquired the price of the same article, when he was told it was thirty five cents an ounce, the price having fallen.

He hid himself at once to the King Street store at which he had made his purchase, and after expressing his opinion as to their style of doing business, demanded fifteen cents which was finally handed him together with an apology. In future the clerk will perhaps make sure of the exact price of any article or preparation before he takes the money for it.

Low Rate Excursions to the Northwest.

Second class return tickets to points in Manitoba, Assinibois, Saskatchewan and Alberta at extremely low rates will be sold by the C. P. R. and I. C. R. to start on June 28 July 5 and July 19 only, good for return within 60 days. Full particulars will be furnished on application to A. H. Notman, St. John N. B.

IN ENGLAND'S CAPITAL.

WHAT SOCIETY IS DOING IN THE GREAT CITY.

Jubilee Preparations Changing the Face of the Metropolis—Many Brilliant Gatherings Recorded—Visiting Princesses and Envoys—A Budget of News.

LONDON, June 2.—If you had never seen London and come on a first visit at the present moment you would think it a city entirely built of wood—the principal streets present long vistas of timber; huge stands are being erected everywhere for jubilee day, while many of the noblest mansions have their architectural features completely concealed by huge timber frame-works, extending from basement to roof.

A more brilliant gathering than that at the Foreign Office on Wednesday night to do honor to the Queen's birthday has seldom been seen. This year the decree has gone forth that levee dress must be worn in honor of the Diamond Jubilee; consequently the staircase and corridor, banked up as usual with masses of flowers, presented even a gayer appearance than usual, uniforms of every description combining with the many colored dresses of the ladies to make the tout ensemble as effective as possible. The scene was at its brightest when the royalties arrived and were received (in the absence of Lady Salisbury) by Lady Cranborne and Lady Guendolen Cecil. The Princess of Wales, beautifully dressed in gray tulle, occupied the central place on the balcony reserved for distinguished guests, near her being the Duchess of Cornwall in a light brocade gown, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, in pale yellow. Close by were the Duchess of Marlborough, with an enormous pointed tiara; Lady Londonderry, Lady Cadogan and Mrs. George Curzon.

The Duchesses of Portland, Buccleuch and Roxburghe were all in black, and blazed with jewels. The Duchess of Cleveland wore black and white, with a tiara, necklace, and earrings of immense diamonds, and among a host of men were Lord Cork, Lord Selborne, Lord Arran, Lord de Montal, Lord Suffield, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord Stratheden, Lord Cecil Manners, Mr. George Curzon and Dr. Augustus Hare, besides any number of distinguished foreigners.

Last week was very gay, commencing with Mr. Charrington's theatricals in Port street. The cast included Lady Winitride Cary-Elwes, Miss Amiee Lowther, Sir William Young and Mr. Elliot, while among the audience were Lady Bristol, Lady Cottenham, Lady Denbigh, Lady Fingall, Lady Herries, Lady Churston, Lady Newton and Lady Howard, of Glos-

son. The same night Lady Leitrim had her ball in Portman Square, but it was somewhat overshadowed by other entertainments; its distinction was somewhat of a family nature, there having been present Lady Leitrim's five sisters, all of them married to peers. Mrs. Arthur James' ball was perfection—there was plenty of room for dancing, and all the prettiest women and girls were there and all the smartest and nicest men, including no fewer than four dukes. Mrs. James is a capital hostess, and looked charming in white and silver—altogether her ball was one of the nicest I have been to this season. Everyone went on to Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck's, and I must say, in spite of her misfortune (the electric light going out just as the cotillon began) that it was a delightful dance. The house is beautifully arranged and there were heaps of presents for the cotillon. It was really very funny dancing in that long room by the light of a dozen candles and the gray dawn breaking through the open window. It was very weird and mysterious, and the chaperones who sat on the landing peered into the darkness to try and discover how their girls were getting on. People came late from the state concert and there was an astonishing array of diamonds. The Duchess of Buccleuch was blazing, and wore her diamond eourette. Countess Deym, Lady Londonderry, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Yarrowburgh, the Duchess of Devonshire were a sort of glittering coruscation of jewels. The Duchess of Montrose's eldest girl and Lady Gosford's daughter were about the youngest girls there, but it was in reality a married women's dance, and there were not many young people. Prince Victor Du-leep Singh was a wonderful sight in his old 'Royal' uniform. The young Duke of Manchester came on from the concert in uniform; he is not much to look at, but I hear he is such a nice boy. His poor mother the Duchess, has broken the small bone of her leg, and is laid up for six weeks. She fell getting out of her carriage going to dinner, and, though in great pain, she sat through all the evening. When she got

home and the doctor came the leg was so swollen he could hardly set it, but she is doing very well now.

We are all for 'Victoria and Merrie England' today (whether we spell it 'y' or 'ie') with the exception of the Clerk of the Weather, who is making himself highly objectionable in the matter. London is gay with the garbs of 'all nations that on earth do dwell' waiting to do Victoria homage, but

WHERE WOMEN IS EXALTED. Man Treats Her as Though She Were an Angel and She Appreciates It.

All plantation life is to a considerable extent patriarchal, except that, instead of the women being subordinated to masculine pleasure and aggrandizement, as with the patriarchs of old, they are set on a pedestal and practically worshipped. It makes little difference to this modern patriarch of the cotton belt if his cuffs are frayed and his coat rusty, so long as his wife and daughters wear suits to church that are as stylish as his corps can pay for and their village dressmaker can advise. It is a feature of the day in the South as well as elsewhere that are being better educated than men. In the Northern States of the union this higher culture is tending manifestly to celibacy, but in rural localities through the South the girls come back from academies and colleges and accept the young men who stayed at home to work the plantations, the same ones they would have married had they not gone away for the education the parents sacrificed so much to bestow. They know what material these men are made of, and in the attraction between the eternal womanly and the eternal manly the question of learning counts for little.

To lead a patriarchal life without a patriarch would be dull indeed, and it must be said that it requires courage of a superior order to remain single in a situation which would offer little aim and stimulus outside of wifehood and maternity after youth has waned. For this reason youth is considered the high prize, the valuable capital and stock in trade. The women fade no earlier than their Northern sisters, but, owing to an inherited habit of thought, the label of decay is respectfully fastened on them by the popular mind while they are still in their prime, and in the Northern and Eastern States would be accounted capable of all things, even of marrying well.

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On Thursday I went to a most dainty and interesting fan exhibition, held in the beautiful room of the Drapers' Hall. It was arranged by the worshipful Company of Fanmakers, and opened by Princess Louise on Wednesday. It would be impossible to do anything like justice to a description of the exquisite beauty of design and workmanship of many, almost all, of the designs sent up for competition. Of those sent up by the royal family most belong to the period of Louis XIV, with Watteau designs painted on chicken skin; the sticks of mother-of-pearl or ivory being for the most part exquisitely embossed in gold. One sent by her Majesty the Queen has a melancholy interest attached to it, having once belonged to the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. It is very small and dainty, painted on ivory, and depicts a group of Graces in the centre, with various little scenes and figures scattered over the fan.

Rarely, if ever, have so many perfect teams been seen at a meet of the two driving clubs as in Hyde Park on Friday and Saturday, when the Four-in-Hand Club mustered 27 coaches, and the Coaching Club turned out 96 strong; Lord William Berosford, with Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, beside him, attracted most notice, because of the brilliant attire of Sir Pertab Singh and Kunward Bholal Singh, whose Indian garments struck a refreshing note of color; but it was a great pity that the weather did not behave better. The coaches started on both days with a commendable punctuality, but on each occasion the delusive sunshine suddenly vanished, and before Hyde Park Corner was reached down came a pelting shower, which brought every wrap into requisition. The plucky way in which ladies on the box seats forebore to raise umbrellas was most admirable and no less than 11 husbands had their wives beside them—an example of gallantry which marks reversion to more chivalric ideas.

Fanny D., who you will remember, you met when you were staying with me, paid me a visit yesterday with a budget of news from Paris, where she has been staying for the last two months. She was very full of

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a 'fete' given by the Papal Nuncio at his residence at the Park Monceau, to which she had been invited; you know Fanny is of the old faith. This is the first time that a Roman Catholic dignitary has ever entertained ladies at a reception. Almost all the ladies were dressed after the portraits of Louis Treize, the most striking costumes being that worn by the Duchesse de Noailles, who wore a costume copied from the dress of Anne d'Antriche, after the well-known portrait, which hangs in the Louvre.

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Six Weeks' Course \$10, including outfit of books and instructions 6 weeks. Get a good start in life now: lessons in shorthand by mail. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED APRENTICE GIRLS wanted to learn dress making. Apply to MISS DALY, 55 City Road.

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

AGENTS QUEBEC. "VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A POPULAR PRICE. Prospectus free to workers. Write quickly for particulars. G. M. ROSS & SONS, Toronto.

A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO OUTFIT, for making Photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class. A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business, to the latter we can give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography, by our methods; easy and simple for any one. Address the ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 84 Germain St., St. John, N. S.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and reliable men to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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Good Words From Old Students

No. 12. The young man who is fortunate enough to spend six months at the Saint John Business College can be in a position, at the end of that time, to be a most desirable person for any business firm to take into its employ.

HERBERT C. TILLEY, Accountant Imperial Trust Co. of Canada. Catalogues of the best Business Course obtainable in Canada; also of the Isaac Pitman Short-hand, mailed to any address. No summer vacation. Students can enter at any time. S. KERR & SON.

Royal Gordon... 10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky. Royal Gordon Perfection... 15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Cheap Stoves We have in stock a number of SECOND HAND COOK STOVES some for burning wood, others for coal—all in good condition. Those for burning wood are just what is needed for summer use in the country. EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince William Street. P. S.—Have you seen our full line of REFRIGERATORS? If not, and you are interested, it will pay you to come in. They are excellent value.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION St. John, N. B. 14th to 24th Sept, 1897 OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products. Competition open to the World.

New Cloths FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots. By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

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Buctouche Oysters. Received This Week: 20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters At 10 and 25 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned over brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

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

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

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

Arrange now to come to St. John. Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to.

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

SHERIFF'S SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngclaus in and to the household premises described as: All the certain lot of land situated lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street aforesaid twenty six feet, thence at right angle Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street No. thirty nine feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot number two as shown on plan number five of the sub-division of the Estate of Robert F. Hasen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being. The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff, on and under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngclaus at the suit of Catherine MacIntyre. Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDEWANT, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B. H. A. McKeown, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There is little in the way of the musical to deal with this week, save and except the closing exercises of the St. John School of Music at the Mechanics Institute on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last, and the concert given by the pupils of Miss Annie L. Lagrin, in the rooms occupied by the Oratorio society. In each case not a little interest attached, and in respect to the first, every stage from the kindergarten period to the more advanced, each illustration was full of evidence of the progress made in that institution in which by the way physical drill is not omitted.

Of the entertainment given by Miss Lagrin's pupils unstinted praise is due in the main. There are of course many undeveloped instances but at the same time much to commend. Of the teachers efficiency there is no doubt, and many of the pupils not only do themselves justice but reflect much credit on the skill of their teacher. In this connection I desire to correct an accidental error that crept into this department recently when in referring to Miss Bertha Lake who is one of the most promising of Miss Lagrin's pupils. It was stated that she was in the choir of a North End Church. The fact is that Miss Lake is engaged as a member of St. Stephen's Church Choir.

Tones and Undertones.

Massenet denies that he is working on a new opera but says he is putting the finishing touches to the orchestration of the lyric drama "Sappho."

Madame Emma Calve has been engaged to play the role of the heroine in "Sappho" which will be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, next season.

George Lowell Tracey, who wrote "Excelsior Jr.," "Simple Simon" etc., is working on the orchestration of a new opera to be called "The Royal Twins." The music of this opera is said to be the best he has yet written.

Gemma Bellincioni has announced her retirement from the stage because of the death of Alberto Stagno. She was about the most famous of Italian prima donnas and was the original Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The late Albert Stagno is said to have been a very rich man when he died. His earnings and his investments are said to have aggregated \$2,000,000. Stagno's real name was Andreoli.

The "Pops" at Music Hall, Boston, continued to be as attractive as ever. Leo Schultz is the conductor at present.

An oratorio which was written toward the end of the 18th century by Grison was sung in Paris recently at a concert given under the auspices of the "Publicistes Chretiens." In the work the Marseillaise "appears in the present form, tending to show that Grison and not Rouget de Lisle is the composer of that well known air.

Tamagno has been singing through Germany in "The Prophet" "William Tell" and "Othello." The latter is his best impersonation and in it he scores a just success. A writer describes him "a time-worn, high-baritone pitched screamer."

"La Fiancée du Timbalier," a ballad of Victor Hugo to a setting by Saint Saens, was recently sung in London by Blanche Marchesi, and the London critics are enthusiastic over the music.

As in dramatic so also in musical compositions it is not always the prize winning work that meets with public success and favor. The prize winning opera "Thenerdank" was withdrawn after its third performance though its initial was received very favorably.

There is a rumor that Madame Marchesi the famous Parisian teacher has been invited to give a season of eight months teaching in New York. In view of the alleged fact that the Madame stipulates for the payment of the trifling sum of \$60,000, and the expenses of herself and suite of three persons during that time, it may be considered highly improbable that the invitation will materialize.

The music for an opera entitled "Sarastra" has just been completed by Charles Goepfert. Some portions of it have been played at Weimar with much success. The book is based on Goethe's second part of "The Magic Flute."

It is stated that the oldest piece of music in the world is called "The Blessing of the Priests." The piece, it is also said, has been sung in the temple at Jerusalem, and may still be heard in the synagogues of Spain and Portugal.

A new musical instrument, which is called a dragon horn-trumpet, has been invented by a Mr. C. W. Morris of Berlin. It

is described as being oval-shaped, and terminates in a horn representing a dragon's head, with its jaws wide open, and a curved tongue in the middle. The cup-shaped mouth-piece is bent like that of the bass-clarinnet. The dragon horn-trumpet possesses three valves and an apparatus for the regulation of the sounds, which allows the player to pass, without ceasing to blow from the loudest forte to the softest piano. The timbre is described as partaking of that of the corno di caccia and that of the trumpet—whence the name.

The following list of the artists engaged to appear at Covent Garden, London, this season, shows by the nationalities of the singers that most of the leading singers hail from the United States and France:—Sopranos—Calve and Pacary (French); Saville, Eames, Reid, Engle, Palliser and Susan Strong (American); Van Couteran (German); Macintire (English); Contraltos—Brazzi de Lussan (American); Brema (English); Schumann, Heink and Meislinger (German); De Vigne (French); Tenors—Van Dyck, Simon, Scaramberg and Lieban (German); J. de Reszke (Polish); Paz Rommy, Dupeyron and Bonnard (French); Ceppi (Italian); Baritone—Renaud, Note, Meux, Dutriche, Gillibert and Bars (French); Bispham (American); Ancona (Italian); Basses—Plancon, Lempriere (French); Journet (Belgian) and E. de Reszke (Polish).

Sophia Zele died in Boston last week. Before her marriage to Edgar O. Achorn, she was well and favorably known as a singer in northern Europe. She was born in Christiania, and was only thirty-six years of age. King Oscar was much interested in her career as a vocalist, she having won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm. It is said of her, "She was a charming woman and an excellent artist."

A fiddler in the orchestra at Savoy Hotel London, was discharged because he could not "crescendo" enough to suit the ear of the conductor, and he accordingly sued the latter for a weeks wages, in lieu of notice. The defendant informed the judge: "When I told him to bhlav van vay he bhlav zee oder, and when I told him to play zee oder vay he bhlavs zee vun. Ach Himmel! He could have bhlaved if he had of choosed; but he poots his back up, and I put mein foot down, and here we are." The plaintiff, on the other hand contended that the fault lay with the conductor: "I vos not used to dat sort of muzeek," he explained, "and so when he showed me vot I vos to do I toldt him I could not do it. I vos foot used to such hard tings. I vos unable to 'crescendo' just when he wanted me to. I vos not used to see tick marks on zee muzeek, for, you see sometime it would be up here and sometime down dere. I could not follow him so rapid as he wanted me to." His honor ultimately gave judgment for the defendant.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A crowded house greeted Miss Ethel Tucker when the curtain at the Opera House went up upon "A Broken Life" last Monday evening. Miss Tucker is supported by Mr. H. P. Meldon and his Company which this season contains many new faces. John E. Brennan again is the comedian and like Miss Tucker and Mr. Meldon received the heartiest of welcomes. The ladies of the company in the opening piece had but little opportunity for work but what chance they had gave the audience a favorable impression. Miss Russel, a tall and handsome young lady, played a somewhat thankless role in a consistently dignified manner, and Miss Vivian the soubrette of the company evidently pleased all with her topical songs; I almost forgot the little Yvonne who is a wonder and who delights every spectator, with her bright songs and clever dancing. The opening play gave great opportunity for Mr. Meldon who acted his part with all the force and earnestness that is characteristic of that gentleman's work and which is so appreciated generally. The new leading man Mr. Dennythorne. I was not so much impressed with. This has reference only at present to his work in "A Broken Life," and I have not up to this writing seen him in anything else. The particular surprise to me of the evening was the great improvement shown in the work of Mr. Richards. He played a light comedy part so well that it seemed as though he had never done anything else. Certainly his work on Monday indicated that this is his true line. It was more than creditable. Of Miss Tucker's interpretation it is hardly necessary

to write, as so many thousands have witnessed her performances here and her good talent is so well known. She does every role in such a manner as to prove herself one of the best emotional actresses that visits this city. Matinees are given daily and the prospects are that a very successful season will be enjoyed by the company, which has some new plays to offer during the season. The engagement continues throughout next week.

W. A. Whitecar, the well known actor, is now at work on a sparkling comedy which he has named "8834, Broadway". He is translating it from the French of Bissor expressly for Nichols and Howard's summer stock company. It will shortly be produced at Binghampton Mass.

Arthur Bouchier, the husband of Violet Vanbrugh will shortly play the role of Lord Byron on the English stage and will hereafter devote himself entirely to character work.

Folliot Paget has been engaged as understudy for Rose Coghlan for the leading role in "The Sporting Duchess."

"Sweethearts" a one act piece and the three act comedy "Confusion" comprise the bill at the Castle Square, theatre, Boston, next week. "The Lost Paradise" has been given there all the current week.

Joseph Haworth is appearing with marked success in a new play written by his brother William Haworth and entitled "The Peoples' King." He was in Pittsburg last week.

Adrienne Dattrolles is playing at the Haymarket, London, in Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Dumas peres "Marriage Sous Louis XV." Miss Dattrolles was in the "Fatal Card" at the Boston Museum theatre a couple of seasons ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly accompanied by Miss Ada Rehan have gone to England. Miss Rehan has a summer home in Cumberland where she will stay with her animal pets for the summer, while Mr. and Mrs. Daly will travel to Paris after the Queen's jubilee.

Frederic Wardle the erstwhile tragedian during next season will devote himself to romantic business.

Elita Proctor Otis has been engaged to play an important role in a new play called "A ward of France." The piece will be put on at Wallack's in New York next season.

Henry L. Southwick, Mrs. Lola Furman Tripp and Miss Ethel A. Hornick will be members of Augustin Daly's New York theatre company next season.

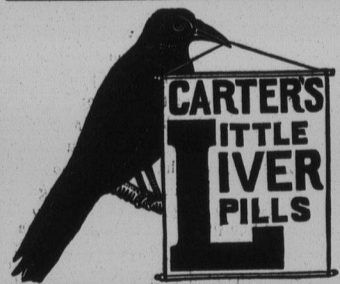
In his new play which he will produce at Her Majesty's theatre London, Mr. Beerbohm Tree's role is "a sort of a South African diamond swindler, a flashy and clever, plausible creature common enough in Kimberly." The play is an adaptation of Grant Allan's novel "An African millionaire."

Marie Studholm, the English actress who was last year (or Harvard) favorite last year and who is very beautiful, will visit the United States next season with Juliette Neville. They will appear in a burlesque entitled "In Town."

Marie Shotwell, "large and luminous-eyed," will be leading lady for Fanny Davenport next season.

Georgia Cayvan will star again next season. She says she is well pleased with her venture of last season which covered a period of thirty six weeks.

The wearing of high hats in the theatre



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WELL-KNOWN MEN. They are Rarely Found in American Households.

How is it that the sterner sex has been allowed to drop into little habits of slipshod living which should never have been tolerated? Though a husband myself, I cannot understand how it is that we men fail to realize our want of respect to the opposite sex and our lack of good manners by the general habit of reading the newspapers at the breakfast table.

There are, I am glad to say, many notable exceptions, but it is to the men who have got into lax habits with regard to the newspaper that I am addressing these words.

The wives object to the practice, and I maintain that they are eminently justified in their dislike of a custom which practically robs them of the society of their husbands, while at the same time casting a slight upon them which mere absence would never do.

The average man only eats two meals in his own house, and these meals are the opportunities for social and domestic talk; delightful to the wife, who has no such opportunity as her husband of rubbing against other minds all day, and important to the children in widening their horizon, their view of life.

At the first meal of the day most women like to talk to their husbands about the plans of the day; but the woman who has once received the distrust, self-absorbed growl, which emanates from a male disturbed in the reading of his newspaper does not attempt to ask her husband this or that on a subject of domestic interest. The back of a newspaper is not a pleasant thing to contemplate across the breakfast table.

Think of this, husbands, when you look around for the castors or other suitable prop for the back of your paper, and for the sake of good manners, for the sake of your wife's feelings and the example to your children, remove your newspaper, reserving it for the train, omnibus or tram-car.

Of course, there are occasions when matters of absorbing interest must be looked to at once—telegrams of thrilling import.

Why not glance at the paper five minutes before the breakfast bell rings if it is really essential that such news should be seen at once? special occasions sometimes justify special behavior, but of your mercy let the newspaper be banished from the breakfast table on ordinary occasions.—St. Louis Republic.

No. 10

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 19,

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Just now the thoughts of the world are turned toward England as they were sixty years ago, and centred now as then, upon the figure of a woman. Then the central object of a nations admiration was an untried girl with the world before her; now it is the aged form of a woman bowed with all the experience, weight and care of a long life—an eminent useful life that will leave an indelible mark upon that of every subject a British sovereign may call his own. As wife, mother and Queen, VICTORIA'S has been a noble example to the womanhood of the world, and the purity of her court has had a wonderful effect upon social life every where.

The numberless stories that are told of her tact and generosity have endeared her to all hearts, and today loving admiration goes forth from every quarter of the globe to the aged sovereign whose reign has been longer than the average length of life. The great monarchs who have conquered world have not escaped sorrow and suffering; and neither has this gracious Lady been exempt. A husband and children have been taken from her by the relentless hand of death, and she, like others of exalted rank, looks forward to an eternal reunion with those of her kin who have gone before. That the twilight of her life may be calm and peaceful, and that every blessing may rest upon Her Most Gracious Majesty will be the heartfelt prayer of millions of hearts, not only in the lands she calls her own, but everywhere throughout the civilized world, where truth, sincerity and nobility of soul are recognized and appreciated.

The umbrella has always held a peculiar place in the category of personal property in common practice, and a wide latitude has generally been accorded mankind in the handling of this very necessary adjunct of a rainy day. This has been carried to such an extreme that the right to claim sole possession of an umbrella has frequently been seriously disputed; racial instinct is to seize and hold all umbrellas found detached from a human hand or a strong lock. In the face of this almost universal concession, made to what may be termed the umbrella habit, it is somewhat surprising to find that in Delaware, lately, two people have been severely punished for taking one umbrella. And they acknowledged the offence besides. A man and a woman were in the case, the former being sentenced to three months and the woman to one days imprisonment. This extensive amount of imprisonment due to one little umbrella, inevitably raises the question that there are places where umbrellas are held as sacred as any other property. This will not be wholly bad news to many people who have acquired the custom of buying umbrellas, and have endured complacently their almost immediate disappearance. Perhaps the Delaware idea will spread until in time umbrellas will regain their normal property rights and cease to exercise such an unwholesome influence on mans' moral nature.

Sir HENRY IRVING dedicated on Paddington Green, London, a day or two ago a classical statue of Mrs. SARAH SIDGONS. The tragic muse of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS immortal canvas could little have dreamed, that great as her fame would be in this lingering day, a monument to her memory would be unveiled sixty six years after her death, by a titled actor, the legitimate follower of DAVID GARRICK. This queen of the footlights was herself born in a public house, while her parents were with a troupe of strolling players; and she made her debut on the stage as a mere child. Her parents were so averse to her adoption of the theatrical profession that they urged her to

wed a squire and on her refusal, hired her out in despair as a lady's maid, and the experience thus gained was doubtless valuable to her in her career. It was as Lady MACBETH that she endeared herself to the world, and won undying fame in the role to which she was peculiarly fitted and in which she thrilled her auditors with the dignified grandeur of her portrayal of the terrible passions.

A New York paper has sounded a generous appeal for aid for one of America's worthiest men of letters. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS has made an international fame for himself, and there can be little doubt that his work will long be remembered. It would be wrong to judge "MARK TWAIN" simply as a humorist, although his masterpieces in that genre take rank among the best of their type. Of certain phrases of life he will endure as the only adequate describer. Throughout a long career he has remained a tireless worker, and his present misfortunes have arisen through no fault of his own. In one respect his burden has come as did Sir WALTER SCOTT'S to the romancer of Abbotsford. In his uncompromising struggle against adverse fate "MARK TWAIN" will have the sympathy of not only his own countrymen, but that of other nationalities as well. Even a mite from all those who have been made happier by his gift of humor and his keen insight into human nature, and the man of letters would not know want in his old age.

Border warfare is part of the routine of army life in India, and most of the conflicts remain unrecorded except in the regular reports to the Commander-in-Chief because in ninety nine cases out of one hundred the hill tribes of the Indian frontier are thrashed. The recent fight on the African frontier in which three English officers and twenty five Sikh and Panjab soldiers were killed differs from unnumbered similar conflicts only in that the tribesmen whipped the troops instead of vice versa as usual. MULLAH POWINDAH, a notorious fanatic, who was recently expelled from India for attempting to foment rebellion is supposed to be at the bottom of the present trouble. It is likely that MULLAH will receive, if he has not already done so, a pressing invitation to accept the hospitality of Great Britain and spend the rest of his life in confinement during which he will have ample opportunity to repent of his fanaticism.

A unique and curiously interesting World's Congress will be the International Leprosy Congress to be held in Berlin in October next, when the greatest bacteriological experts of the modern scientific world will discuss the disease in all its phases. Professor VIRCHOW will thoroughly elucidate its pathology; Professor KOCH will consider the question of its infectiveness; and other experts—all the way from DURING of Constantinople, to KITASATO of Tokyo, Japan—will hold a symposium of opinion. The bacillus of leprosy has already been well determined but no remedy has been discovered. The loathsome malady is strangely confined to man, and does not communicate itself to brutes. Among men it has been prevalent, however, in all parts of the world.

Sir PHILIP CURRIE, British Ambassador at Constantinople, is said to have communicated to the Porte the determination of the government not to consent to the reincorporation of Thessaly into the Ottoman Empire in terms amounting practically to an ultimatum. Since the delivery of this "practical ultimatum," a great deal of water has flowed under the bridges, and a large number of redits have been mustered into the Turkish army. Turkey's answer to all recent threats of the powers has been continued and persistent mobilization. The Turks are not going to be talked out of Thessaly, and Sir PHILIP CURRIE'S ultimatum would have been a waste of breath unless the government he represents disclose a purpose to back up his brave words with brave deeds.

Happy M. FAURE, President of France escaped without injury in the attempt against his life on the way to Long Champs last Sunday. Nevertheless a shock bolted in the wake of all such incidents. Three years ago, next Thursday, June 24th President CARNOT was assassinated; and his successor President FERIEUX is said to have greatly dreaded a similar fate. M. FAURE will have congratulations of the world upon his escape, while his senseless assailant will have his maledictions.

The success of the Jubilee celebration now depends upon the weather. Other difficulties may be arranged satisfactorily, and the rough places made smooth, so that nothing may interfere with the event, but who will be responsible for the weather or undertake to keep it in order?

Usually the wave of summer crime that happens along in June is blamed on the Solar influence. This year there has been

no solar influence to speak of and yet in the United States the lynching spirit is on the rampage all the same.

Rain has been plentiful but rainbows are scarce so far this season, perhaps for the reason [that the ladies hats have got a corner on the colors.

Its all very well to warble about waiting "till the clouds roll by," but it requires a little patience, all the same this, spring.

Loyalty is not all bottled up in those who organize and engineer "interdenominational" meetings. There are others.

This was Premier LAURIER'S week in England. The next will belong to the Queen.

They are going to pay PATTI \$5,000 for three songs at the Queen's Jubilee—that's all.

Suburban hotels, boarding houses and cottages are rapidly filling up.

Bicyclists have seen better days than they are experiencing this summer.

The number of June weddings has been below the average thus far.

God save the Queen.

LEFT THE CREW.

Because he Wasn't Treated Right by the Others.

HALIFAX, June 17.—The wanderers A. A. C. hose crew are in training for the Jubilee, regatta. One of the men they were trying, Ernest Rhuder, some days ago resigned from the four oared crew. The reasons for his action will be a surprise to some. A reporter who called at Mr. Rhuder's residence was told that he had left the crew and would not return to it. It was stated that Rhuder thought he had been treated shabbily by the other members of the crew and under the circumstances he could do nothing but resign. Mr. Rhuder is a very respectable young man. The reason he left the wanderer's crew, so it is alleged, is because he was snubbed by the other three. Rhuder was disgusted with the treatment he received at the hands of the others. They did not consider him in their "set" and it is claimed did not treat him with much due respect. He was seldom spoken to by the other members and when they conversed with him it was while the crew were out rowing. Their friendship ceased when land was reached. Mr. Rhuder did not like such treatment. He considered himself as respectable as any one in the crew and rather than submit to the treatment extended to him he left.

AQUATIC.

AFFLOATED WITH FLOWERS.

A Plague Which has Clogged up Navigation in a Florida River.

Florida is afflicted with a pest of water hyacinths which threatens to block up all her rivers. This particular species is so luxuriant that a single plant would in a few years spread over the entire Atlantic Ocean if that were a body of still, fresh water. The St. John's River is particularly infested with the plant. A blockade has been formed by an accumulation of the hyacinths and extending clear across the river at Palatka. The steamboats can with difficulty force their way through it, and before long will be unable to do so. The paddle wheels are fouled and almost stopped by the vegetable boom.

The plant is very beautiful, and when in flower presents a superb effect, mile after mile of water being transformed into a continuous bed of exquisite blossoms. Oddly enough, it floats, having no hold on the bottom, and drifts about with wind and current. While it can be propagated from seed, its chief method of spreading itself is by runners like those of the strawberry.

This species of hyacinth is native to Venezuela. From that country some of the seeds were obtained five years ago by W. F. Fuller of Edgewater, Fla., who planted them in a pond. In a very short time they choked up the pond so as to make it unfit for any other purpose. Then the owner raked the plants off the pond, and to get rid of them, threw them into the St. John's River, where they grew out of all control. That was the origin of the present trouble in the St. John's River.

The hyacinths have done great damage to fishing, logging and other industries. Cattle are extremely fond of the hyacinth, so that the cattlemen are rather inclined to encourage it.

Meanwhile the pest threatens to spread into other waters of the State, and Congress has been asked to appropriate money with which to fight it.

The climate conditions in Florida evidently are extremely favorable to the plant, and the sluggish flow of the streams helps it. A rapid river would soon carry the hyacinths out to sea en masse. One plan suggested for dealing with the plague is to gather them in bulk from the surface of the water with dredges and crush them to pulp with heavy rollers. Another idea is to construct booms across the river to collect the plants, at which places there should be mills or crematories for their destruction.—New York Journal.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

A HYMN FOR THE PEOPLE.

Blessings of the Lord Almighty, Fill our Jubilee of praise; Early on this great thanksgiving, Lord our hearts of joy we raise. Hark, a thousand times ten thousand, Voices of all people known; Making one grand alleluia, Greet old England's peaceful throne.

CHORUS Singing, sing all hearts as one, Glory thy splendid scene; Praise and honor virtue noble, God be with thee, Royal Queen. One vast multitude of singers, In one grand rejoicing cry; One great orchestra united, Roll their sweetest chords on high. Harpers with their harps and choirs, Blowing trumpet, bugle call; Crowns in every land attending, Give our Queen the honors all.

CHORUS Golden hours, sing with power, She has honored all her line; Raise the chorus, swelling o'er us, Faithful Queen all love be thine. Down the mighty generations, Meeting all the round world o'er Sing the sixty years of triumph, Closing on the Briton's shore.

CHORUS Sixty years of wisdom's guiding, Deep affections trust tone; Mercy in her heart abiding, Love the rainbow round her throne. Hark! the music of all nations, Blending all their colors—see, Right is might and truth immortal, Peace preserved is victory.

CHORUS Singing, sing all hearts as one, All the earth in memory green; Keep her name for ages noble, God be with our Royal Queen. CYRUS GOLDS, Libric Room, June, 1897.

THE LONG HARD HILL.

They were standing in the sunlight Of the summer time of life; She was still without a husband. He was waiting for a wife. And her cheeks were rich and rosy And her lips were luscious red, So pressed her dimpled fingers As he looked at her and said, As they stood there in the heather Where the road had crossed the rill: "May we not fare together? Up this long, hard hill?"

Now her hand began to tremble And her eyes were full of tears As she trained them on the road that Wound away among the years; But she had no voice to answer Him; she could not understand.

For the future lay before her Like a far off fairy land. There was sunlight on the heather, There was music in the rill, As they went away together Up the long hard hill.

Oftentimes the way was sunny, Other times 'twas full of lures, But the love that has come to them Was the true love that endures. Though the bonny brow is wrinkled, Though the raven lock be gray, Yet the road might have been rougher Had she gone the other way. Now the frost is on the heather And the snow is on the rill, And they're coasting down the short side Of the long, hard hill.

MARCH OF THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATES. They are coming, men and brethren, Many hundreds thousand strong; They are pouring forth an army Exceeding wide and long. They are smiling, they are nodding, And their plumes are waving high, As each maiden lifts her banner To the glorious shining sky. They are full of mighty wisdom, And the world their oyster is; They have but kied on the armor, And are ready now for biz. They are ready for the battle, And their war-cry fairly thrills; Some will sprout as full-fledged lawyers, Some as mixers up of pill. Man, poor, craven man, before them Flees afar and hides his head. For the ground is charmed completely By the beautiful army's tread. Mark the second soldier saying Sadly on a single strand, In the face of such an army Swarming wildly o'er the land. They'll be filling all the places Filled by poor prosaic man; They'll be claiming all the options, Boasting o'er 'ry scheme and plan. And the one nice way to stop them In their stalwart, onward stride, Is to woo them and to win them. And to make each one a bride!

THE MINUTE-MEN.

How a Great Land Mark was Placed in Its Position.

Readers of the "Lady of the Lake" will recall the signal to arms given by the "fiery cross," carried from clansman to clansman, till the country-side was aroused. No less imperative was the summons which was handed on amongst the "minute-men" of Massachusetts, stirred by Paul Revere on his midnight ride.

In one house the call came just as the family were sitting down to dinner. Instantly the farmer started up and with the words, in reply to his wife's remonstrance, "Stop for dinner? All I want for dinner is powder and ball!" was on his way to join the patriots.

Captain Worcester of Hollis was standing at his looking-glass, shaving. When the summons came, with his face still lathered, and only one side shaved, he hurried to the stable, mounted his horse, and assisted in spreading the alarm.

Early in the morning of the nineteenth of April, two brothers were at work in Hollis with their crowbars, digging stone for a wall. They had partially raised from its place a huge boulder, when they perceived the messenger spurring toward them. One of the brothers put a stone beneath the boulder to keep it in position, and both went forward to meet the horseman.

Leaving the boulder where it was, propelled by the smaller rock, the brothers hastened to the house, seized their guns and equipments and hurried to the common to join the company.

Neither of them returned from the ensuing engagement, and for upward of a hundred years the boulder remained in the position into which it had been hurriedly propped on that memorable nineteenth of April.

(Signed) A. BORD.



SIBERIA'S RAILWAY.

One-third of the Line has Been Completed and Trains are Running.

Since the beginning of the regular service between the Tu heljabinak and the bridge over the Obi, Oct. 16, 1896, trains run only thrice a week, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday. These trains accomplish the distance of 930 miles in fifty-one hours. The tickets cost: First class, \$39; second class, \$23.25, and third class \$15.75. Each of the three classes is provided with sleeping arrangements; yet as often happens in Russia, the travellers bring their own beds and samovars, or tea urns, with them, besides other articles. But one must not think that the cars on the Siberian railway are fitted up with all the comfort of European or American 'trains de luxe.' Even the ordinary station accommodation is only just being gradually completed; for example the lack of refreshment rooms has been in many places and is still supplied by the peasants of the neighbouring region, who come down to the stations with bread, cheese, butter, meat and baked fish. These small defects in the management will naturally soon vanish. For, although for the present it is but a single line of rails, yet the line is destined for considerable traffic in the future, as can be seen from the fact that as a start 2,000 locomotives, 3,000 employes and 35,000 freight cars were decided upon. This staff and rolling stock will allow, on completion of the whole line, of a train composed of one engine, one or two employes and eighteen freight cars for each mile.

As one-third part of this gigantic railway is now ready, it can be conceived that already \$150,000,000 out of the estimated general cost of \$345,000,000 have been spent. The line has, moreover, in this brief space, shown its influence on the colonization of Siberia, as the Western portions of it have been brought, piece by piece, into working order. The colonization has greatly increased along the line since 1895, and the hope of the Russian Government is being rapidly fulfilled, that the cultivation of the swampy Taiga district on both sides of the line will proceed at a quicker rate than hitherto; the swarms of flies make the district terrible in summer. Up to the present there is no data as to the influence of the construction of the line upon trade; there can however, be no doubt that this influence does exist to a considerable degree, as also an influence for good in regards the administrative system in Siberia. The Russian officials and soldiers, who were often hitherto month after month on the journey ere they reached their destination in Siberia, will, at all events, joyfully greet this connection by railway; its importance from the point of view of transporting troops is clearly seen from the fact that Russia at this moment has in Eastern Siberia alone an army of 60,000 men.—New York Tribune.

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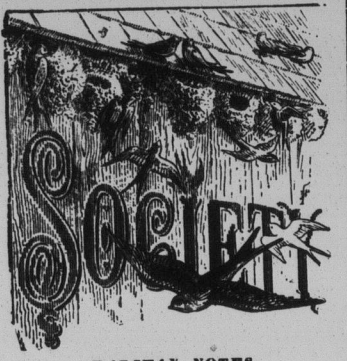
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(Signed) A. BORD.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DE FREITAS, Branswick street...

Mrs. F. Roberts had a very pleasant evening party on Monday last, and two small dinners were also given. But there was nothing large enough to explain the small audiences on Wednesday and Thursday when Sonns's band played at the academy...

On Wednesday evening there was a smart little supper after the performance. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. F. Phelan had a very pleasant little tea, for Miss Shea, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. W. Tobin.

On Thursday there was a cricket match on the Garrison ground, at which there were a good many spectators, chiefly garrison people, and the usual tea.

This week Mrs. Charles Archibald has a reception for the members of the Woman's Council, to whom the week has been practically devoted. Mrs. Montgomery Moore and party arrived just in time for the reception of this evening.

Mrs. Hartley has arrived from Barbados and will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Slayter, to the very great pleasure of her many friends.

Mrs. Wood is shortly expected from England, and will make a long visit to her mother, Mrs. James Duffin.

Mrs. Leach, who has been spending a short time in the country, has returned to Halifax.

Mrs. Evans Gordon and Miss Henry have also returned to Halifax, the latter to take up the onerous duties of secretary to the Woman's Council, which will be heavy indeed this week.

Prince Victor Dupleigh Singh, who was for some time a familiar figure in Halifax society, is to have a prominent place in the Queen's jubilee procession. He is the highest in rank of the princes representing India, and his carriage will precede all those of his fellow countrymen and come next to the Maharajah, who will be accompanied by his brother, Prince Frederick.

The Princess of Wales' fund for the entertainment of the poor has prospered better than ours, which grows very slowly. The Indian Famine fund seems to have exhausted Halifax purses, with a few exceptions; it is curious how much more popular are extraneous charities than local ones.

Captain and Mrs. Humphreys have taken Mr. A. Wiswell's house for the summer. Mrs. Humphreys is a sister of Mrs. Frothero, who was so very much liked here last year, and is quite as charming.

Mrs. Nelson, wife of Lieut. Nelson of the Pallias, is established at the Grosvenor.

The vital craze this summer in society will be golf, as last year it was bicycling. This is cheerful news for such people as do not care for wheeling and are gifted with infinite patience, since one may say, for the benefit of the ignorant, that golf has been described lately as "chasing a pill round a pasture." The only links here are those belonging to the Studley Golf club, and it is very hard to find others; the common would be an excellent place but is of course unavailable, as golf balls are dangerous missiles. A golf outfit, by the way, is a very expensive thing, unless one is contented with ordinary golf sticks.

Invitations are out for a garden party at Admiralty house on Saturday next, which will be the first such gathering of the season. There will be tennis, as usual, and the first appearance also of many smart summer toilettes, provided that the rain does not arrive and necessitate tweeds and sailor hats.

The reception given in the provincial building on Monday evening was a very brilliant affair. The invitations were issued in the name of the Countess of Aberdeen, and the event was in honor of the delegates to the annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada. The building was brilliantly lighted and decorated with palms and plants. On the throne on the west side of the room Lord and Lady Aberdeen supported by their aide camp and Governor Daly received the guests who were announced by Colonel Curran. The countess was attired in a handsome black satin gown, with trimmings of cherry satin and wore ornaments of diamonds and pearls. She wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds and large ear rings and necklace of the same precious stones, the whole making a very dazzling effect. Her large bouquet was of lilies of the valley. The governor general wore the vice regal distinctive one. The evening was a delightfully pleasant one and it was after eleven before the leave takings began. Many beautiful gowns were worn among them being the following:

Mrs. Charles Archibald, president of the Local Council, looked particularly well in a magnificent dress of silver gray brocaded silk with pink trimmings.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis Ind., wore a handsome dress of cream silk, elaborately embroidered.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, corresponding secretary of the National Council, was in black satin, trimmed with jet.

Mrs. J. C. Mackintosh, black grenadine over yellow silk.

Mrs. Col. Anstruther-Duncan, pale blue brocaded silk with blue chiffon.

Mrs. E. M. Tilley London, Ont. black satin and white lace.

Mrs. Crawford, black satin with trimmings of cream satin and jet.

Mrs. H. H. Fuller, black and heliotrope satin.

Another Cup Please! That is the usual request. Once used, the name "Fry's Cocoa" is not easily forgotten. Pure—rich—delicious. Strengthening—very. Over 100 medals awarded to the house of Fry for superiority of the product; a record to well be proud of, for the makers of Fry's Cocoa. OF BEST GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Spring Possibilities AT... The Parisian Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London. Such a display of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts. Oven Right! Fire right, chimney drawing well. Flour all wrong! Get the right flour of your grocer—"Tilson's Pride." THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tilsonburg, Ont.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT C. C. RICHARDS & Co. DEAR SIR.—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and I was left entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair. Springfield. Wm. DANIELS.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Mrs. Hector McInnes, black silk and crimson roses. Mrs. David McPherson, black silk with bolero of pale blue satin and ecru lace. Mrs. B. Ross, Dresden silk white, heliotrope and green. Mrs. James Morrow, black skirt with bodice of orange velvet and heliotrope chiffon. Mrs. John F. Stairs, buttercup brocaded satin. Mrs. Anstee, (St. John) black silk with white satin trimming. Mrs. McKeen, (St. John) purple silk and velvet. Mrs. Palmer, St. John, black silk and white lace. Mrs. L. G. Power, white brocaded silk with chiffon. Mrs. W. B. Wallace, pale blue silk and chiffon with pink roses. Mrs. C. F. Fraser, grey silk and lace. Mrs. Beneke Regina, shot heliotrope silk. Mrs. Coad, Toronto, black silk and lace. Miss Agnes Mantle Macchar, Kingston, Ont., choco. olive brown silk and lace. Mrs. Ashley Carus Wilson, Montreal, terra cotta silk and cream lace. Mrs. Dr. Walker, St. John, black silk and lace. Mrs. Sanderson, Yarmouth, black silk and jet. Mrs. E. J. Miller, cream silk crepon, with pink carnations. Mrs. J. M. Davison, cream satin. Miss Grant, heliotrope challie. Miss Gertrude Mackintosh, yellow silk. Miss Lucie Macdonald, yellow silk with cream lace. Miss Frame, black satin with cream satin and jet. Miss Beta Stairs, pink silk. Miss Ethel Stairs, pale green silk. Mrs. James McPherson, black silk and jet. Mrs. Mary McPherson, black silk and jet. Mrs. McPherson, pale green silk and pink chiffon. Mrs. Wm. Dennis, pale blue silk and lace. Mrs. S. Holmes, black and heliotrope striped silk. Miss Seaton, cream satin. Miss Walabe, black grenadine over green silk. Mrs. Holmes, white silk with pink and heliotrope chiffon. Miss Graham, pink muslin. Miss Archibald, white brocaded silk and roses. Miss Murray, white muslin over pale green. Miss Laura Graham, yellow silk and black lace. Miss Parsons, black lace and cream roses. Miss Maggie McPherson, white organdie. Miss Evans, pale green organdie with black lace and heliotrope ribbon. Miss Lalla Graham, yellow silk. Miss Mary McPherson, black, and bodice of green Dresden silk with heliotrope chiffon. Mrs. Watters, cream silk and crimson roses. Miss Kate Mackintosh, pale green organdie and black lace. Miss Peters, pale blue muslin. Mrs. J. S. Black, pearl gray satin with heliotrope trimming. Miss Carrie M. Derick, B. A. (Montreal) black silk and lace. Miss Farrell, yellow satin and cream lace. Miss Murray, St. John, black and mauve silk. Miss Agnes Carr St. John, cream brocaded silk. Mrs. Merritt St. John, black silk and cream brocade. Mrs. J. M. Owen, Annapolis, black silk and white chiffon. Mrs. F. B. Wade, Bridgewater, cream silk and yellow velvet. Mrs. Dr. Jones, black silk with cerise trimmings. Mrs. Harry Troop, black silk with bodice of black lace over yellow. Mrs. C. S. Harrington, black silk with lace over cream. Miss Mando Harrington, cream silk and lace. Miss Mollie Harrington, cream silk and lace. Mrs. W. H. Harrington, black silk and pink trimmings. Miss Lucy Harrington, black silk with pale green trimming. Miss Daisy Oliver, cream satin and lace. Mrs. Henry Wood, black and pink silk. Mrs. Harridge, Ottawa, black silk and jet. Mrs. J. Tremaine Twining, black silk and white lace. Mrs. Andrew Wood, black silk and lace. Miss Wood, black satin and white lace. Miss Jennie Wood, fawn and blue crepon. Mrs. S. E. Whiston, black silk and jet. Mrs. A. G. Johnson, cream silk and lace. Mrs. W. R. McCurdy, gray silk and lace. Mrs. C. H. Cahau, fawn silk grenadine. Miss Fowler, black silk and jet. Mrs. Walker, St. John; heliotrope silk and velvet. Mrs. Alex. Stephen, black and pink silk with lace. Mrs. Phelan, black and gold satin and black lace. Mrs. Geo. E. Boak, black silk with heliotrope trimming. Mrs. H. H. Read, black velvet. Miss L. Fletcher, pale blue silk. Mrs. H. H. MacPherson, brown silk. Dr. Maria L. Angwin, brown silk and cream lace. Mrs. Geo. Mitchell, yellow brocaded silk. Mrs. Erskine was exquisitely dressed in cream colored satin with a short square bolero of deep orange velvet made with a box plait in the back and trimmed with glittering sequins. It was a gown both lovely and smart. Mrs. Montgomery Moore wore a handsome dress of pale blue brocade, trimmed with old lace; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Mrs. and Miss Daly were not present owing to their being in recent mourning. Miss Burton who accompanied the Lieut-Governor in their stead, wore a charming dress, the silk of pale pink and green in narrow stripes, the bodice covered completely with black tulle and trimmed with a profusion of pink roses.

Mrs. Leach was in black trimmed with pale green velvet. Mrs. Borden wore a charming gown of pale pink and green brocade trimmed with very handsome passementerie of iridescent pearls. Mrs. Farrell had a very handsome dress of black trimmed with green sequins. Miss Scott of Ottawa, looked very well in white. Mrs. Hodgson looked well in pink brocade. Miss Harvey wore a very pretty gown of black and gold gauze over black. Mrs. Crichton, a charming gown of blue and white striped silk with diamond and ruby ornaments. Mrs. MacKeen, wore a handsome and becoming dress of black brocade with a berthe of white chiffon embroidered with black. Mrs. Townshend was in black also and had with her Miss Townshend in pale blue. Mrs. Wickwire, was all in black, and looked very well as did Miss Farris in white and pale pink. Miss Cameron wore another pretty pink frock. Mrs. G. Duffus and Miss Stubbing both looked well in heliotrope satin and brocade. Mrs. Scott of Montreal was in black velvet with beautiful old lace. Mrs. J. Stairs looked very well in the same lovely material. Mrs. Kiele, looked very well in white. Miss Johnston wore a very pretty pink toilette. Miss Cady also looked well in black. Mrs. J. W. Stairs wore a handsome dress of black with a bodice of sequins. Mrs. Brookfield wore black with violets. A very pretty pale blue gown of satin and chiffon was worn by Mrs. G. Hart. Mrs. Curran looked particularly well in white satin trimmed with turquoise velvet and violets. Mrs. Charles J. Townshend, Miss Townshend, Miss Agnes Carr, Miss McLatchy, Miss Hill, Mrs. W. B. Wallace, Mrs. F. B. Wade, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Helen Tilley, Mrs. G. J. Troop, Miss H. Murray, Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mrs. E. Gilpin, Mrs. Tilley, Miss McArthur, Mrs. Charles C. Starr, Miss Graham, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Miss Rose M. Pash, Mrs. Boomer, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Donald Keith, Miss A. L. Keith, Mrs. A. H. McKay, Mrs. Dyson Hague, Miss Baldwin, Miss Eleanor M. Stairs, Mrs. J. Tremaine Twining, Mrs. H. P. Burton, Mrs. F. A. Hamilton, Miss Vizard, Mrs. J. W. Stairs, Mrs. Leo, Miss Brown, Miss Florence A. Peters, Mrs. John Hoodless, Miss Seaton (Mrs. Allison Smith), Miss Parsons, Mrs. N. LeMoine, Mrs. W. T. Herdige, Mrs. Geo. E. Boak, Miss James, Mrs. W. T. Kennedy, Mrs. Graham, Miss Graham, Miss Jennie Wood, Miss Jean Waters, Mrs. Matthew H. Richey, Mrs. Alex. Stephen, Mrs. Edwin J. Miller, Mrs. W. H. Wiswell, Mrs. W. C. Rowe, Miss M. Wood, Miss Susie Murray, Mrs. A. J. Wood, Mrs. B. Wade, Mrs. J. Pupper, Mrs. Glendinning, Mrs. C. F. Fraser, Mrs. James McPherson, Miss McPherson, Mrs. H. S. Colwell, Mrs. Forrest, Mrs. Humphreys, Miss Alice Egan, Mrs. Robert P. O'Mullin, Mrs. F. J. Krabbe, Miss Kerr, Mrs. B. Russell, Mrs. H. H. MacPherson, Miss Murray, Mrs. G. M. Clark, Mrs. McKeen, Mrs. C. E. Macdonald, Mrs. L. Coad, Miss Hood, Mrs. E. E. Whiston, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Norton-Taylor, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Carlston Jones, Mrs. H. Crichton, Mrs. Farrell, Miss Kate Mackintosh, Mrs. James Morrow, Miss Agnes Carr, Mrs. A. N. Archibald, Miss L. Fletcher, Dr. Maria Angwin, Miss Robinson, Miss Berryman, Mrs. Wood, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Willis, Mrs. Wm. Dennis, Mrs. R. R. McLeod, Mrs. Robert Bax, Mrs. H. H. Harrington, Mrs. Guy Hart, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. G. B. Dunning, Mrs. H. A. Austin, Mrs. J. M. Davison, Miss Constance Crosskill, Miss Helen N. Bell, Mrs. B. W. Harris, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Geo. Mitchell, Mrs. J. G. MacGregor, Mrs. W. R. McCurdy, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss M. K. Lewis, Miss Laura Graham, Miss Fowler, Miss Frame, Miss Lydia Hunter, Mrs. A. G. Johnson, Mrs. Wright Sewall, Miss Mary MacPherson, Mrs. Maynard Bowman, Mrs. J. F. Richardson, Miss L. C. Bell, Miss Burmaster, Miss MacNab, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Black, Mrs. Stairs Duffus, Mrs. J. M. Owen, Mrs. C. E. Smith, Mrs. Charles Archibald, Miss Archibald, Miss Macdonald, Miss Abbott, Miss Cady, Miss Wickwire, Mrs. Cameron, Miss Cameron, Miss Oliver, Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. C. H. Cahau, Miss Grant, Mrs. M. Bowman, Mrs. William B. Ross, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Arthur Curran, Mrs. Alex. Anderson, Miss Boak, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Mabel Peters, Miss May Wood, Miss Wood, Mrs. Edward J. Davys, Mrs. J. C. Mackintosh, Mrs. L. G. Power, Mrs. H. H. Read, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Hood, Mrs. D. McPherson, Miss McPherson, Mrs. May Archibald, Miss Blanche Stubbing, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Montgomery Moore, Miss Daisy Oliver, Mrs. James Webster, Mrs. Fitch, Miss Fitch, Miss McLean, Mrs. Geo. S. Campbell, Mrs. Hector McInnes, General Montgomery Moore, Admiral Erskine, Lieut. Gov. Daly, Premier Murray, Mayor Stephen Attorney General Longley, Hon. H. E. Fuller, Dr. McKay, Dr. Gilpin, G. J. Troop, George Mitchell M. P. F. W. Wallace M. P. F. David McPherson M. P. F., Rev. Thos. Fowler, Dr. Dodge, B. Major Menger, Colonel Curran, H. B. Burton, T. D. Archibald, S. A. Morton, Rev. Dr. Saunders, Rev. F. Wilkinson, H. S. Tremaine, Lt. Col. A. W. Anstruther Duncanson, E. Gilpin Jr., Rev. H. H. McPherson, Charles C. Starr, Louis P. Fairbanks, B. E. Harris, Q. C. Harold Oxley, Mr. Tuck.

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We hear a great deal about purifying the blood. The way to purify it is to enrich it. Blood is not a simple fluid like water. It is made up of minute bodies and when these are deficient, the blood lacks the life-giving principle. Scott's Emulsion is not a mere blood purifier. It actually increases the number of the red corpuscles in the blood and changes unhealthy action into health. If you want to learn more of it we have a book, which tells the story in simple words. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from First Page.)
Messrs. C. Crawford, W. Corbett, W. Wetmore, F. Dingle and A. Gale spent Sunday at Hampton. Miss Mabce of Hampton spent this week in the city.

FREDERICTON.

H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.
June 16.—Christ church was today the scene of a very pretty wedding, the marriage of Miss Louise Campbell (Browne) Barter to Mr. Robert Pollock Glasgow, Toronto, Ont. The church had been very tastefully decorated by the girl friends of the bride with white lilacs, lilies and ferns.

The bride, who was unattended was gowned in a pretty traveling costume of fawn covert cloth with facings of green silk and hat to match and carried a large shower bouquet of roses, valley lilies and maiden hair fern. Rev. Canon Roberts officiated. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Glasgow took the afternoon express for Montreal. They will spend a month in Montreal and Ottawa before proceeding to Toronto where they will make their future home.

The bride who has always been a great favorite in social circles, was the recipient of hosts of beautiful presents, among which was a magnificent white marble clock with gold mountings, from the Crown Lards department staff, and a solid silver tea set from Surveyor General Dunn, in whose department Miss Barter has until recently, been one of the staff.

Mr. John G. Bauld of Halifax who is to be married to Miss George tomorrow evening is in the city and is a guest at the Queen.

Mr. George H. Clarke of the firm of Tennant, Davis & Clarke of this city was married today in St. Luke's church, Woodstock, to Miss Alice Bull, daughter of Mrs. Birdsell Bull of Woodstock and a relative of Mrs. Brad. Winslow of this city.

Mr. Harry Chesnut went to Woodstock with Mr. Clarke to officiate in the capacity of best man. Arthur Harrison, son of Chancellor Harrison of the University is home on a visit from Edmonton, N. W. T. He will remain until July.

Mrs. William Johnstone and daughter, Miss Laura Johnstone of Nashwaakias leave this week for Ottawa, where they will in future reside, with Mrs. Johnstone's son Mr. Edwin Johnstone, who is in the civil service there.

The marriage took place today at St. John, of Mr. George W. Babbitt son of Alderman Geo. N. Babbitt of this city, to Miss Annie May McLaughlin, sister of Mrs. L. E. Babbitt of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Babbitt, Miss Bessie and Nellie Babbitt and Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt all went to St. John to be present at the wedding.

Mrs. Thomas Morrison of New York who has been the guest of her aunt Mrs. Julius L. Inch for the past four weeks left for her home in N. Y. yesterday morning.

A cablegram has been received announcing the safe arrival in England of the Rev. Willard McDonald and Mr. H. H. Pitts, M. P. P.

Miss Agnes Thompson leaves tomorrow for her home in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe are spending a few days in St. John.

Mr. H. Harvey of Montreal is in town. Hon. F. P. Thompson left Saturday on a pleasure trip to Ottawa.

Miss Nettie McGee who has been visiting Mrs. Thomas Knowles returns home on Saturday.

The Rev. Father McDevitt of Silver Falls, St. John is here, the guest of Rev. Father Ryan B. M. M. M.

Mrs. W. Jardine Robertson of Montreal is again in the city.

Miss Bessie Jack of St. Andrews, is here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford Wetmore.

Mr. S. Hanford McKee is home from McGill for the vacation.

Miss Aggie Todd has returned from visiting friends at St. John.

Mr. W. W. Turnbull and family of St. John are at Elmeroff, the Ketchum residence for the summer.

Rev. Canon Roberts has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Armstrong at Netherwood, the Rothery school for girls.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Spurden have returned from a pleasant visit of three weeks spent at Wolfville and in Halifax.

Mr. Jack Black of Boston, is home on a vacation. Prof. A. Belliveau French instructor in the Normal school, and family have gone for a six weeks vacation to Grande Digue, Shediac and other points of interest.

Mr. Allan T. Hoben M. A. of Gibson is home from Princeton for the holidays.

After a delightful visit of several weeks spent in

RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, moist skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure.

Cuticura

It sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

ITCHING HUMORS

Philadelphia Dr. and Mrs. Clowes Vanwart returned home on Friday.

Mr. Frank Paine who has just finished his second year at a medical college in Philadelphia has had the high honor of leading his class of 250 students.

A very happy gathering was held at the beautiful rooms of the Bicycling Club house on Wednesday evening of last week, when a number of the young ladies of the city, presented the B. and B. club with a handsome ensign. The presentation was made by Miss Barter, on behalf of the young ladies and was responded to by Mr. N. S. Barker after which the orchestra played some fine selections and dancing was the order of the day, or rather evening, and later a dainty supper was served.

Mrs. Barbour, is in St. John to attend the marriage of her sister Miss McFarlane to Mr. Wm. Ramsay of St. John.

Mr. R. L. Black, on Monday evening received word by telephone of the death of his mother. He left yesterday morning for Quebec's Co. to attend the funeral. CHUCKET.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.]

June 16.—A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Holbrooke gave them a very pleasant surprise party on Monday evening, the occasion being the fourth anniversary of their marriage, a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mrs. James McGivers and little daughter Annie returned to St. John last week.

Mr. A. O. Holyoke spent part of last week in Fredericton, whether she went, to be present at the wedding of her friend Miss Johnson.

Mr. Harry Chesnut of Fredericton spent part of this week in Woodstock.

A number of very little girls of St. Luke's Sunday school held a bazaar on the grounds of W. F. Dibblee on Saturday afternoon, in aid of the library fund and raised \$25 00. They were Jean Gardner, Maud Smith, Nan Diboite, Florence Ferguson and Maud Buckingham.

The marriage of Miss Alice Bull daughter of Mrs. A. B. Bull and Mr. George H. Clark of Fredericton took place in St. Luke's church on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Ven. Archdeacon Neales. The choir sang "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" as the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her uncle Mr. Julius T. Garden. She wore a stylish and becoming travelling costume of brown and green with hat to match and carried a beautiful bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by her sister Miss Lizzie Bull who wore a dress of green and mauve with hat to match and carried a bouquet of pink roses; little Louise Neales niece of the bride was maid of honor and looked very sweet in pale pink silk with large hat, carrying a basket of flowers.

The groom was supported by Mr. Harry Chesnut of Fredericton. The ushers were Mr. Frank B. MacKay and Mr. LeBaron Dibblee. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers by the chancel guild and flower mission of which Miss Bull was a member; white and lilac were the prevailing colors, a profusion of lilacs being used in the decorations. The chancel rail and prayer desk were massed with flowers, brilliant leucanthemums and other flowering plants were placed in mass at the foot of the pulpit, while white and purple lilacs were everywhere used with artistic skill presenting a very charming appearance. The reserved for the guests were decorated with bunches of flowers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the brides mother. Mr. and Mrs. Clark took the C. P. express for St. John en route to Halifax. They will reside in Fredericton. Mrs. Clark will be greatly missed in social circles in Woodstock. Congratulations and best wishes of many friends accompany her to her new home. The bride was the recipient of many lovely presents. The invited guests were Mrs. Clark, Miss May Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Carr, Rev. Scovell and Mrs. Neales, Andover, Mr. and Mrs. Julius T. Garden, Miss Nan Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Balloch, Centerville, Archdeacon and Mrs. Neales, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Dappa Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. Harry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. Woodford Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. Gray Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Smith, Miss Rose Neales, Miss Julia Neales, Miss Bertha Peabody, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Annie Smith, Messrs. H. Chestnut, Fredericton, LeB Dibblee, F. B. MacKay, Charles Peabody, Guy Balloch, H. Garden and others.

ELAIN.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

June 16.—Mr. Gordon McLeod of St. John is in town the guest of his brother Mr. Wm. McLeod.

Rev. Donald Fraser of Hampton occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening last, while in this vicinity Mr. Fraser was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Carson Kingston.

Dr. Toyer of Newcastle was in town for a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. J. Emmerson of Boston spent part of last week in town the guest of Mr. Richard O'Leary.

Mr. G. A. Smith of Shediac is here this week inspecting the schools.

Mr. Wm. O'Leary returned from Boston on Friday last will spend his vacation at home.

Special jubilee services will be held next Sunday in the morning in St. Mary's church of England and in the Methodist church in the evening.

Mr. Fred Ferguson left on Saturday morning for Dorchester called there by the sudden death of her grandmother, Mrs. John Hickman sr., and since her arrival there she has had to sustain the loss of her grandmother who had been ill for some weeks. This aged couple were well known in Kent in former days Mrs. Hickman being a native of Kingston and

sister to Miss Jane McAlmon who is now the only surviving member of that family.

Mr. Henry O'Leary accompanied by his son Louis and his nephew Master Harry McLeary left on Tuesday for Moncton.

Miss Sylvia returned last Wednesday from a pleasant visit to Sackville.

A number of gentlemen from Dorchester and Moncton passed through town on Monday afternoon on their way to the fishing ground at Kouchibouguac.

Mr. Geo. A. Noble of St. John spent Monday in town.

The Richibucto brass band gave an open air concert last Thursday evening. AMHERST.

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

June 16.—Mrs. J. A. Dickey and daughter Grace who wear Windsor on Saturday to attend the closings at Edgill, returned today accompanied by Miss Mollie Dickey, who has been very successful in her studies, securing the history prize and receiving much praise for proficiency in music.

Miss Theo. Morse also returned today and secured a very warm welcome from her young friends.

Miss Mabel Pugsley was awarded the prize for vocal culture, and is expected home the last of the week with Mrs. Pugsley and Miss Helen Parly who attended the closings.

Mrs. J. McKee and Miss Marion have gone to visit friends in Halifax.

Mrs. D. W. Douglas and Master A. Beckwith were in town on Monday enroute for Sheet Harbor where they will spend the summer.

Among our recent arrivals is Mr. Charlie McNea who has been studying in Baltimore.

Miss Kathleen Coates has gone to spend her vacation at her home in Buctouche.

Rev. James L. Satty went to Liverpool on Monday to attend the Methodist conference.

Mrs. Fred Bent of Cincinnati is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Fred Christie.

Mrs. Tresey of Port Hood C. C., is visiting relatives in Cumberland Co. at present she is the guest of her mother Mrs. R. E. Smith, Lawrence street.

Mrs. Milner daughter of Hon Senator Dickey arrived in Montreal from England the first of the week accompanied by her four children. After visiting her sister Mrs. Maynard in Ottawa they will visit Amherst to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dickey Victoria street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sedgewick who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blein for the week went to Musquodibon Tuesday for a short stay, before leaving for Edinburg.

Mr. Rob. Goldsmith of Boston is the guest of his sister Mrs. A. D. Ross.

The flags on the academy fluted at half mast in token of respect for a former pupil, Miss Ethel Black, who died on Friday last.

FARRERO.

Progress is for sale at Farrero Book Store.

The first bicycle party of the season, Miss Laura and her friends on last Tuesday evening; those who participated were Misses Dickinson, Daniels, Isabel and Alice Alkman, Blanche Wotton, Marlow Mackenzie, Gertrude and Vida Howard McCabe, Mamie and Elvira Corbett, Gussie Holmes, Nellie and Alice Gillespie, May Jenks, Maggie Gillespie, Janie Cameron, Messrs Blair, Riddeman, Johnston, McMurray Townsend, Robert Alkman, Stuart, Jacks, Hugh Gillespie, Mosher, Walter Howard and Dr. Corbett. After wheeling for some time the guests returned to Mr. Tucker's and partook of refreshments.

Mrs. R. T. Smith gave a picnic at the island for the pleasure of her guests Misses Robb and Thompson.

The Misses Hatfield's invitations are out for a party this evening.

Mr. George Upham has gone to St. Stephen to attend his brother's wedding to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith and Miss Smith have come from Amherst to spend the summer here.

Dr. T. H. Rand and Mrs. Rud of Toronto arrived on Friday to spend the summer at Partridge Island.

Miss Tweedy of New Brunswick is the guest of Mrs. Stanley Smith.

Dr. McDougall and Mr. C. S. Muir went to Kingsport on Friday.

Rev. Mr. Harris of Mahone Bay was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth.

Rev. Mr. Gough is paying a visit to friends here. Miss Alice Alkman and Mr. Robert Alkman went to Windsor on Friday to attend the closing of Edgill. Miss Ada Alkman returned with them for the holidays.

Mr. Stephen Gavin is at home from Boston for a short visit to his relatives.

Mr. Norton C. E. of Truro will be here during the summer superintending the water works.

Mr. Alloway who has been the guest for a day or two of Mrs. Alkman returned to Springhill yesterday.

Dr. Johnston has been attending the Dental association at Truro.

Miss Mills of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Fowler.

Miss Upham and Miss Cook spent part of last week in St. John.

ANAGANNE.

June 16.—Messrs Fairweather of Rothery were in town for a day or so last week putting up at the Portage House.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Davidson spent part of Monday in Pettitodic.

Mr. B. Verly, J. McNaughton of Apohaqui spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. Flood of St. John is in town today on business.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colwell regret to hear of the serious illness of their little daughter Bertha.

Mr. Lester Stockton who was confined to the house for several days last week has sufficiently recovered to get out again.

Quite a number of Moncton and St. John gentlemen spent Saturday at the Portage fishing.

Geo. Davidson was in Sussex on Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. E. Smith spent Tuesday in Pettitodic with Mrs. E. Smith.

Rev. Thos. Stebbings of Pettitodic spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNaughton.

Mrs. C. M. Hunt is visiting her daughter Mrs. Chesley Dunfield for a few weeks. Mosquitto.

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

The Only Machine in Town

For doing up ladies' shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's laundry and dye works,

A Bright New Coat
of paint will entirely change a dingy room into a pleasant place to live. The cost is a trifle compared to the results. Floors, baseboards, and a thousand and one things about a home can be made to shine; buggies, boats, farm tools, fences and everything about the place will look better, and be better if touched up now and then with paint. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS are easy to use. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS WAGON AND IMPLEMENT PAINT is made for farm wagons and tools requiring rough usage. It gives a tough, glossy finish. It protects. It preserves. Our booklet, "Paint Points," is a practical, interesting talk on paints. It tells the differences between good paint and bad paint. Tell on to paint, and what to paint. It is interesting to any one interested in a home. It is free, send for it to-day. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

DIDN'T KNOW STRATTON.
at After the Colorado Millionaire Had Identified Himself He Got His Car.
Probably no town of its size has as many very rich men as Colorado Springs, Col. 'They have millionaires to burn,' said a gentleman who recently visited there. 'Colorado Springs is the home of W. S. Stratton, who a few years ago was at work with a jack-plane, earning a scanty living, but who is now the possessor of anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000,' said my friend. 'Stratton does not have the appearance of a man borne down with a weighty pocket book. Much of the time he goes about in clothes a tramp might object to. When he had, in a couple of years, cleaned up the paltry sum of \$4,000,000—or \$2,000,000 a year—himself and family thought they would like a vacation. They concluded to make a trip to California. The next day Stratton went to Denver on business. His banker notified him that he had made a mistake of a quarter of a million in his bank account. He had that much more in the bank than he thought he had. Upon investigation he discovered that he had sent the bank a check for that amount, just taken for the sale of his mine, which he had not noted. The matter cleared up, Mr. Stratton thought he would see about getting the tickets for the California trip. As usual, he had on rather a shabby suit. 'Have you got a bargain in tickets to California?' asked Stratton. 'The clerk looked him over carefully and concluded that a hobo had dropped in to get out of the sun. 'Not to day; we may have one tomorrow.' 'Well, you sell tickets to California, don't you?' 'Certainly; but we have no job lot at present.' 'How much is a ticket to San Francisco?' 'The clerk told him. 'I don't see. I shall have to take along several people, servants you know. Guess you had better give me nine tickets.' 'While the clerk was staring at him, Stratton was struck with a new idea. 'By the way, how much will a special car cost? I like to go as comfortably as possible when I travel. Yes—I guess I will have a special car—how much will it cost?' 'The man told him. It was a large sum. 'That's all right. Look here. I'm going to stay a month or six weeks, and I guess I'll sleep in the special. How much more will that cost?' He was told. 'All right, I'll take that car for six weeks. Got a blank check?' 'The clerk got him one. It was filled out and handed to the clerk, who said: 'I know all about Mr. Stratton, but I don't know that you are Mr. Stratton.' 'At this moment banker Moffett passed by—Stratton called out: 'Come in here Moffett.' He came in. 'Am I Stratton?' 'You are.' 'I thought so, but this clerk had his doubts. Thank you.—Chicago Times-Herald.'

preclude the slightest chance of injury. In the duel statistics these meetings are not reckoned, as they are far less perilous than even the German student duels. Of the serious duels, France can boast fully 1,000 from New Year's to New Year's. The majority of these are among army officers. More than half of these results in wounds; nearly 20 per cent in serious wounds. Italy has had 3,750 duels in the last ten years; and has lost fifty citizens by death on the field of honor. Some 2,400 of these meetings were consummated with sabres, 175 with pistols, 90 with rapiers, and one with revolvers. In 974 cases the insult was given in newspaper articles or in public letters regarding literary quarrels. More than 700 principals were insulted by word of mouth. Political discussions led to 569; religious discussions to 28. Women were the cause of 189. Quarrels at the gambling table were responsible for 189. A summary shows that, as regards numbers, the sequences of duelling countries is: Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Russia. As regards deadliness of duels Italy comes first. Then comes Germany, France, Russia and Austria in the order named. For the most serious duels the pistol is the favorite weapon in all five countries.

Take good care of the hair of the head, and when it begins to loosen and fall off or turn gray apply Hall's Hair Renewer, and the result will be pleasing.

Opera House
TWO COMMENCING WEEKS Monday, June 14
Return engagement of St. John's Favorite Actress, MISS ETHEL TUCKER.
Supported by.....
H. P. Meldon's Excellent Company
CHANGE OF BILL NIGHTLY.
Clever — SPECIALTIES — Catchy
The Wonder of the Nineteenth Century, The Cinephotograph
The greatest of all Motion Picture Machines.
PRICES — 10, 20, and 30 Cents.
MATINEES, 10 CENTS.
Notice of Sale.

To George A. Beckett and to all others whom it doth, shall or may concern.
THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Cabby's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday, the TWENTY-FOURTH day of JULY next,

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, under and by virtue of a power of sale in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, made the sixth day of October, A. D. 1890, between one William A. Beckett, of the one part, and the undersigned Annie Short, of the other part, and duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Kings County, by the No. 45, 485, in Book Y, No. 4, pages 263, 264, 265, 266 and 267 of Records, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1891, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage:
"ALL that parcel of land situate in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, on the north west side of the Long Beach (so called), bounded as follows: On the south east by the main highway road and by the water of the Mistake Cove; on the south west by the side line of the said lot and by lands owned by James L. Prewelling, thence north westerly by said line until it strikes the line of lands owned by Nancy Paisley, on the north west by lands owned by the said Nancy Paisley, thence north easterly by the said line until it strikes the north easterly line of the said lot and lands owned by James Paisley, and bounded on the north east by lands owned by the said James Paisley and George Inch, thence running south easterly by said line until it strikes the water of the before named Mistake Cove, with the exception of a certain lot located to the Trustees of Schools for the Parish of Greenwich and a certain other lot located to the Baptist Church for a burial place; together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights, members, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Dated at the City of Saint John aforesaid, this thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1897.

Witness: ANNIE SHORT, Mortgagor.
ARTHUR A. WELDON,
BUSTIN & FORTER, Solicitors,
Cabby's Corner, St. John, N. B.
GEORGE W. GIBSON, Auctioneer.

Merit Talks
"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 260.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 19. 1897.

RIDE ON THE SIDEWALK.

MONOTON CYCLISTS HAVE A MORTGAGE ON THE TOWN.

A Resident of the Railway City Complains of their Riding on the Sidewalk—Why Their Rights Should be Considered by the Ordinary Pedestrian.

MONOTON June 4, 1897.—Editor Times: For the last month, the sidewalks on the east side of Church street have been a bicycle thoroughfare; so much so that it is exceedingly dangerous for children to appear on the sidewalks at all.

Judging by the above communication which appeared in a recent issue of the "Daily Times," someone who resides on Church Street and who is evidently not a wheelman himself, seems to be seriously put out!

But the attractive subject of the police force in its summer uniform has lured me away from Church street, and its indignation resident, and I must return to my labor of convincing him that he cannot expect a "peeler" in full uniform to perform any such menial office as arresting a contumacious bicyclist who insists on using the sidewalk for his stamping ground, instead of keeping "in the middle of the road."

I must say that I sympathize with "Church street" to a certain extent! I don't ride a wheel myself, and therefore I am lacking in that broad-mindedness which never fails to distinguish the wheelman and convince him that the whole realm of nature in his alone, and the rest of humanity mere superfluous atoms, dotted about the face of nature for the purpose of filling in the landscape.

It was hard to be called upon to yield up even this modest coin of vanage and allow the lordly cyclist to claim the whole earth, but we did it uncomplainingly this year, partly because the worst, and most persistent offenders were always ladies, and knowing that we could scarcely either trip them up, or elbow them off the sidewalk, they rode us down in the most unblushing manner—and partly because the cyclists were stronger than the pedestrians, as far as numbers went, and we could not very well do anything else.

But as long as the rest of the downtrodden minority accepted their fate in silence and made no moan, I don't see why "Church

street" should suddenly burst out into such a chapter of lamentations just as if he was the only sufferer from this modern wheel of Ixion. It is really too absurd to suppose that children have any right on the sidewalks, they should be kept indoors, or strictly within the bounds of their own front yards, where they will not only be perfectly safe, but out of the cyclist's way, thus freeing him from even the small amount of anxiety he might feel on their account, and the inconvenience attendant upon a coroner's inquest in case he should be so unlucky as to kill one.

The absurdity of "Church Street's" threat of an action for damages in the event of any injury to his family, will be apparent to all right thinking people at once, and the colossal impertinence of such a suggestion cannot fail to cause a smile of gentle toleration for his ignorance to flit across the countenance of every wheelman who reads the outburst.

Seriously though there is really something to be said on the cyclist's side of the question too. The unprecedented rain of the present season has made it impossible to keep the streets in anything like order, and the only place where a wheel can really be used is the small part of Main street which is paved with blocks, the side streets are as absolutely impassable for a bicycle as a freshly ploughed field would be, and as the season is so short, for wheelman, it is really rather hard on those whose wheels are unable to use them because the only place where they are allowed to go, is not prepared for them, and the only place they can ride on at all, they are not allowed to use.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES. The Care not in Koch's Lymph or Other Specifics, Though.

There is hope for the consumptive. The thing to do nowadays is not to let one's self succumb to the tubercle bacilli, but to put them to rout. This takes a great deal of vital resistance; but the fact that the death rate from consumption is being lowered every year in the United States proves that the bacilli are not invincible.

After all the talk about the lymph, that specific, and the other advertised sure cure what new information has been secured about consumption and its cure? When this question was put to Dr. George F. Shady he said:

"The idea that consumption is incurable is absurd. True, no single medicine or combination of medicines yet known to science can be considered a specific; but

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HAMMOCKS



Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

great progress has been made in applying methods. Consumption is a complex disease, and has to be treated complexly. All most persons who have consumption are predisposed to it. It is merely a question of the seed's taking good root in the properly prepared soil.

There is no disease that has more transmitting power from one generation to another than phthisis. Cancer does not hold a light to it. Much more is known about the disease since the discovery of the tubercle bacillus, but it is not yet settled whether this is the cause or an associated condition of the disease, and we can't tell which comes first.

Tuberculosis does not affect anybody unless predisposed or in a very low state of health. With pulmonary consumption the dust of the dried expectorator on is believed to be the direct medium of infection. When we stop to consider the thousands and tens of thousands who breathe the bacilli everywhere they go—in street cars, theatres, churches, hotels, sleeping berths, even in their own homes—it would seem that the disease should be almost universal.

It is a satisfaction, however, to know that the chances of infection for a healthy person are so exceedingly small as not to deserve attention. But why do healthy persons, with no inherited tendency, often take the disease from nursing a consumptive? some one will ask. Because the health standard is lowered by anxiety and care and the soil is properly prepared for the seed which is being breathed every day.

"Tuberculous patients are very bright and intelligent as a rule. Great mental activity is associated with the disease, and often a sufferer reminds one of a diamond wearing out its setting. In some families the predisposition extends through five or six generations, and yet even this fact should not make the seventh hopeless.

- With one Spreader, 75c.; with two Spreaders, \$1.00. With Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.00. Canvas Weave, with one Spreader, \$1.25; with Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.35. Canvas Weave, with one Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.60 and \$1.80; with Valance, Pillow and one Spreader, \$2.75; with Valance, Pillow, Spreader, and two Wooden Bars, \$3.15; do., extra large, \$4.00. Child's Hammock, with two Curved Spreaders, 90c.

it is absurd to assume that it cannot be cured. Think what climate alone does in effecting cures—the Adirondacks, the Georgia Pines, and Colorado, for example. Patients go there or somewhere else, recommended by a physician, and live for years. Some attain old age. This only shows that when one's vital resistance is stimulated to the utmost it is possible to throw off the disease and to withstand another attack.

The death rate has been much lower in the last twenty years as the result of the disease being treated on broad lines. Long ago we had specifics, and consider that it was only a question of emptying the lung and destroying what was in it. The history of the disease, however, is one of elimination or destruction. One of two things happens when a person contracts consumption. The disease must be eliminated or it kills the patient.

Pulmonary consumption is essentially of such a chronic nature and attended with such radical organic changes that there does not appear to be much chance of altering the predisposed condition of the purely resisting tendencies of the blood itself as we do by means of the serum treatment in certain acute diseases. Suppose there is a special soil in the individual for every disease, if the person takes diphtheria by the use of antitoxin, all diphtheria soil seems to be used the diphtheria soil never has diphtheria up, and that person never has diphtheria again. There is no soil in which the germs of the disease can take root, and so he is said to be immune, or, in other words, is guaranteed against the poisonous influence of the disease. So it is in smallpox. We are made immune by vaccination. But there are acute diseases, particularly diphtheria, which acts very quickly along the line and kills quickly. Koch's lymph was expected at first to be to consumption what antitoxin is to diphtheria; but it is claimed that instead of mitigating the disease it appeared to scatter it over the whole body. In diphtheria the knowledge of its cause brings a promised means for its cure. In other words, the vital resistance of the blood itself keeps off phthisis, while in ac-

tion of the blood gives immunity. Patients who have phthisis are peculiarly susceptible to re-infection, but nobody now need fear who has the disease. In the adaptation of different climates to the cure of this disease and other chronic ailments, a new science of therapeutics has been created. The study of the temperature, range, barometric pressure and rainfall of different localities has been as faithfully carried on and with as careful reference to the needs of the invalid as the composition and strength of the various medicines coming his other prescriptions.

WOMEN LIVE LONGER.

More Centenarians Among Women Than Among Men—Why Is It So? A report from the office of the Registrar-General of England shows that there are more female than male centenarians. Out of a million people 225 women reach the age of 100 years, while only eighty two men round out the century. Now, the great conundrum which is proposed is: Why is this so? According to the popular superstition, it takes much longer for a woman to reach even the age of 50 than it takes for a man to reach that age. If this is true, it makes the showing all the more remarkable. It has even been asserted that association with women makes a man live longer, as shown by the fact that the average life of the married man is longer than the average life of a single man. The fact, however, is denied by the end of the minstrels, who says that the life of the married man is not really longer, but only seems so.

So far there is no satisfactory explanation of the original proposition why more women live to be a hundred. Some say it is because women are less addicted to tobacco and strong drink, others say that it is because it is more healthy to spend money than to earn it, and so on. It may be many of the men who would live to be a hundred are killed at an early age in casualties to which women are not exposed. It may be that tight lacing is a life preserver, and it may be not a fact, after all. Possibly the English Registrar-General may be mistaken. The situation is replete with possibilities.

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure"

Curse Dyspepsia, Headache, Bilelessness, etc. Sold and 91. From C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

ANNIE SHORT, Mortgagee. Solicitor, St. John, N. B. GEORGE W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

HELEN'S LOVERS.

Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed? Was he glad? Was he sorry?

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition, and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed.

The plain fact stared him ever in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

'Mother was never willing I should marry George,' Helen said, sadly, 'because he was poor, and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed.'

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he puts to the wind that soothing slave, 'I will win her love when she's my wife,' that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile as he could never win, and kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so, by proxy, wooed Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of twenty, whose heart had seemed crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could so often with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

In the 'long ago' the Raymonds had held wealth, too, but Helen's father, to use the expression of his brother, had 'muddled away two fortunes, somehow,' and had died a pauper. Helen was but a child then, and her mother was sufficiently wise to 'fit her for a teacher,' by a course of judicious education, for which her uncle paid.

And Helen, nervous, sensitive, quick in feeling, impulsive in speech, was about as unfit for a teacher as a girl could be. Still she trudged about in all weather to instruct such pupils in music and French as she could procure, and helped her mother should the thousand and one cares of a boarding house when she was at home.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive, brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worriers, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living in love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes dull and weary, her duties met with rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, a shadow of her joyous self.

And it made Will Spencer furious he could not break this icy calm. All in vain he brought her costly gifts, took her to every place of amusement where he could coax her to go, was her openly devoted slave. The few words she spoke were dull, her smile was on her lips only, and her eyes did not brighten. By no device could he call up one flash of her old joyousness. She sang for him, selecting difficult overtures that proved her proficiency, displayed a charming voice, nothing more. Never did she sing the old ballads that George Vanhorn had loved, when she threw her heart into every line, and made her eyes misty with her thrilling tones.

Yet she was grateful, and spoke often of her own regret that she so poorly repaid all Will's tenderness. She tried not to shrink from his caresses, to give back something of the warmth of his love, and then, in the privacy of her own room, wept scalding tears over her own selfishness.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had brought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpets, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listless indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he found his wife a faithful slave, instead of the happy companion he hoped to make her.

'If she never loves me!' he thought, bitterly. 'If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?' He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, he would rather beg her bread than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: 'I want you to go away for a month,' she said to him, 'and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June.'

It seemed to him good advice, and he had business in the West that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said, gently, yet with a shudder: 'I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains, Will. Write often, that I may know you are safe.'

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large Western city, when, sitting right, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him: 'George Vanhorn!'

'The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily. 'Let me go, Spencer!' the cripple pleaded. 'I did not recognize you! Don't you know I am dead?'

'I know you are coming in here with me,' Will said, gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches, and entering the hotel where he had a room. 'Steady, now!' and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great arm-chair in his room, and felt his heart stirred with deep compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping.

'See what a woman you make of me!' the poor fellow said. 'You thought I was dead?'

'Yes! All your friends think so.'

'It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let any one know for fear it would get to—Helen!'

'You want to hide from her?'

'Yes—yes! What would life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?'

'But you may recover.'

'No! I should be only a wreck if I could but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased, fatally.'

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

When he could speak again he led the conversation to Helen. He was very frank, telling George Vanhorn how truly he had been mourned, and saying nothing of his own hopes, and it was easy to see how George and loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering.

But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to be allowed to behold him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding-house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed. 'She will never marry me,' Will thought ruefully, as he folded a long, long letter, but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her.'

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding-house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen up stairs alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter, and quietly effacing himself.

It was far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

'Oh,' she would cry, 'what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me!'

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months, when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Such happiness as could be hers, she knew that she owed to Will Spencer, who showed his love only by his care of the invalid. He never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure, or friendship dictate. He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

'The old lady sir, is dead,' the servant told him, and Miss Helen's livid countenance. 'Maybe yees didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady, she's took this house, sir.'

'Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him. 'It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?'

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice; and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her voice faltered, with tenderness. He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended. The Ledger.

MOTHERS REJOICE

AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES MADE STRONG AND WELL BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

To mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Kootenay's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because Mothers gladly state under oath how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Simson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

Another, Mrs. Isabella Sullivan, of 65 Walnut Street South of the same city, has a little boy aged five, who was attacked with Rheumatism and pains in his back and kidneys so bad that he could not stand or get out of bed without assistance. Despite the skilled medical attendance he grew very weak, and at times would faint. Kootenay has gladdened the heart of Mrs. Sullivan by restoring her boy, so that now she says he can play hard all day, and is as healthy a child as one could wish for.

Instances like these are well worth the serious consideration of those having sick or suffering children.

The detailed sworn statements of the above cases, together with hundreds of others, sent free, by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. The New Ingredient works well. One bottle lasts over a month.

How Muskrats Breathe Under Ice.

W. Spoon, the naturalist, asserts that the muskrat when obliged to go beneath the ice from one side to the other of a pond has a curious mode of taking along his air supply. Instinct teaches him to take in a deep breath before starting, but even this he knows will be insufficient for the trip. Accordingly, he halts occasionally and exhales the exhausted air from his lungs.

This air, being confined by the ice in the shape of a bubble, and in full contact with the icy water, becomes almost instantly reoxygenated. When the transformation is completed the wise rat again takes in his old treat, which is now a fresh inspiration. Thus rejuvenated, he again dives out of sight and begins swimming for the other side, only coming up against the ice as often as it is necessary for him to refreshen that valuable little breath of air.

But few hunters and trappers are aware of the muskrat's odd plan of changing his poisonous breath into a fresh inspiration, but those who are take a mean advantage. By striking a heavy blow on the ice the air is dispersed, and the little animal dies of asphyxia.—Public Opinion.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

DARK CLOUDS ROLLED AWAY: One of Death's Agents Subdued. Paine's Celery Compound Brings New Life to a Roxton Pond Lady.

The medicine that can rescue and save a human being after the best efforts of medical men prove unavailing should merit the careful consideration of every sick and diseased man and woman. Such a medicine is a boon to the world, an anchor of hope, and protection and joy to those who have been told that they are in a hopeless condition and incurable. Up to the present, medical science has devised but one remedy that fully meets the wants and desires of all sufferers. This wonderful medicine is Paine's Celery Compound, to which thousands in Canada today owe life and good health. Here is a statement from a lady, Miss Marilla A. Bullock, of Roxton Pond, P. Q., a sufferer from liver trouble, that is in every way sufficiently strong to convince the despairing, despondent and doubtful. She says: 'I think it a duty and a pleasure to write and tell you what your Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, a sufferer from liver trouble. Two years ago I had a very bad attack of it, and called in a doctor who relieved me of the trouble, but I still remained weak and ailing, and had another and more severe attack. I was under the doctor's care for four months, and received very little relief. I was very weak, not able to sit up more than a few minutes at a time. A little milk taken at meals would distress me, and I was nervous and could get but little sleep. Hearing what Paine's Celery Compound had done for a friend, I gave up doctoring and used your medicine. I have taken six bottles and received much good. I am able to eat a good meal, I sleep well, seldom lie down during the day, and can drive six miles over rough roads without getting tired.'

CANARY CULTURE.

Training American Birds to Become Good Singers. Milwaukee supplies the United States with the bulk of the Hartz mountain canaries, and there is no great crime in the deception, for the Milwaukee bird is really an improvement on the imported article, having just as fine a voice and being much harder, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. Experience has shown that the imported singer loses the power of transmitting his voice to the young after passing through an American winter. This is the case also, it is said, with the Tyrolean singers who come to this country, their voices losing the peculiar Alpine yodling quality when they have been here a year. The native canary is harder than the imported one, and with the proper training is every bit as good a singer.

Before they are mated the hen birds are kept in separate cages in the music-room, carefully fed and made to listen to the music of the singers and the machine used in training their voices. In this way the hen is enabled to transmit the best musical quality to its offspring. The music-room is a large one with a south exposure, and is kept with the same scrupulous neatness as the breeding-room. In the corner of this room is the bird organ, and with it the little birds are given their vocal training. When the machine is started the notes emitted are wonderfully like the song of the untutored canary. These notes are known to bird trainers by the term psitticon. Gradually the whistle on to a different line. It is an improvement over the psitticon, and is called klingel, and a still higher step hohl klingel. Lastly comes what is called bohl rollen, and a bird whose voice has been developed up to that point is worth \$50 in the market any day.

There are innumerable small cages, made of wood and wire, in this room, and also two or three large cages, in which a number of the birds are placed together. Near the bird organ is what appears to be

an ordinary cupboard. The two front doors have an ornamental opening cut in them, quite similar to the openings in the body of a violin. Examination shows that the affair is really built on the principle of a violin, the front covers serving as sounding boards. When the birds are having their voices trained they are placed in this dark cupboard and also in some smaller ones, constructed so as to just take in one of the little wooden cages each. Kept thus in the dark they have nothing to distract their attention from the notes of the bird organ, and so long hours are spent by the little pupils in piping up their little voices to the lead of the mechanical teacher. When their education has been completed they are shipped in the little cages to New York, Cincinnati and Chicago market. Purchasers suppose that when they buy a bird in one of these little cages it is a guarantee that they have been imported. Not so, however. The cages are made in Milwaukee, even to the little earthenware drinking jug that is fastened within. And here a word of advice to buyers of canaries. The male birds are, of course the singers, and it is important to be able to tell the male from the female. The female has a white shade or shimmer across the feathers on the top of the head. The eye of the female is also surrounded by a little white rim of flesh, easily detected by the fancier.

Warned. A gentleman who spent last summer in the country with his family has two little boys, who one day wandered into a pasture in which a bull belonging to a neighboring farmer was grazing. Although no harm was done, the gentleman the next day received the following note from the owner of the bull: 'Sir.—You better not let your little boys go into the pasture with my bull creature for he is not a amiable bull creature and he might do considerable damage if he test them twenty or thirty feet into the air which I would not be responsible for him not doing if he took a notion to. So please take notice and beware of the bull hereafter.'

Canadian Women Consume Millions of Packets. Millions of packages of Diamond Dyes are used by the women of Canada every year. The sale of these household friends is increasing so fast that at times the manufacturers have difficulty in filling the orders that pour in from the wholesale and retail trade.

The enormous and fast increasing consumption of Diamond dyes indicates immense popularity, due of course to quality, strength brilliancy and fastness of colors. Diamond Dyes give colors that last till the materials are worn out. Every color is true to name; the results are always pleasing and satisfactory, and they are sold at the same price as the common imitation dyes.

When buying package dyes for home dyeing see that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes, the only guaranteed dyes in the world, the only colors that give you value for your money and time.

A Good Reason For Wonder. The country editor, so says the Cincinnati Enquirer, laid down with impatience the great city daily that he was reading in the bosom of his family, and exclaimed: 'Mighty funny!'

'What is funny, John?'

'Why, this here paper has this paragraph: "Eva Hollis-Whopper, the charmsourette, has just purchased a new bulldog."'

'Such items are quite common in the big papers, John.'

'Yes, I know it; but why do they laugh at me for publishing the information that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn?'

ITCHING, BURNING, CREEPING. Crawling, or Stinging Skin Diseases Relieved in a Few Moments by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Price 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures tetter, salt rheum, scald head, eczema, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all baby humors, irritation of the scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.

Papa, are we descended from monkeys? asked a small boy, who had heard someone expounding certain scientific opinions. 'No, my son, not on this side of the house,' was the father's very improper answer.—Exchange.

Weather-beaten—The Signal Service forecasts.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1786. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful, a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Sunday Reading.

A Grave by the Roadside. 'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour; The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

This part of Gray's Elegy, came to me with new force as I stood by the grave of General Edward Braddock. 'The Indians may frighten Continental troops, but they can make no impression on the King's regulars,' said Braddock, in reply to young Washington's timely warning. But the impression was made, not only on the troops, but on the leader as well.

His grave is about fifty feet from the left edge of the 'national Pike,' nine miles east of Uniontown, Pa. The sacred spot is enclosed by an oak board fence which is thirty feet square. There are ten trees within the inclosure, whose roots have formed a thick network which seems to protect the space that encloses the grave. While here, the sun sinking into the west, as it did on that memorable night many years ago, shortly before Washington read the funeral oration, let us learn to regard the advice of those who are stationed before us in life. It need be, let us gladly receive instruction from a child.

'What do they give you to do up there?' asked a careless father of his little daughter who had been induced to attend a Mission Sabbath-school.

'Then preacher told all the children who loved Jesus to come up front this afternoon,' answered the child.

'Then what did he say?' inquired her father.

'God bless the children! I wish their parents would take the same step, if they were not already done so! Won't you go with me next Sunday, papa? The preacher would be so glad to see you.'

'I will think about it, Ruth,' he said, kissing her.

The father did think about it and also talked it over with his wife. Through the child's instrumentality both father and mother were taken into the church.

'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.' The child nature is a susceptible nature, one that is easily impressed. In this respect, the Christian must be like the child, ready to receive truth, instruction or advice, no matter from what rank of life they come.

A competent general will receive instruction from a servant if it is likely to prove profitable. Colonel Bailey, acting engineer of the Sixteenth Army Corps, taught the graduates of West Point something about engineering when he raised the river so that Porter's gunboats could pass over the falls. They received the instruction gladly, and he was given the badge of a Brigadier General for saving the fleet.

'No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.' Braddock's courage has never been questioned. But he has been warmly criticised for disregarding the advice of those who were classed below him as far as military affairs were concerned. And so, I say, at this mound, which is raised up by the lonely road, it is becoming for us to learn to respect the opinions of those who may be classed below us.

THE WAY HEDGED UP.

It is Better always to Follow God's Rate Than our own.

Those who commit their lives to God to direct may always be sure of his hand to point the way. Sometimes, however, their own plans are all shattered before they find out God's plan for them. Fair ways which they had chosen are hedged up, and they learn the divine road after disappointment. Like Paul, who was hindered from Bithynia and Asia that he might hear the call to Macedonia, let hindered believers never lose confidence, but keep right on praying and trusting. The history of a distinguished manufacturer who is now dead shows plainly how much better God's ways are than our own.

When a boy, this man became an earnest Christian and was full of ambition to preach the gospel. He was poor, but resolutely set about earning money and studying, at the same time, to prepare for college. He was nearly ready to enter, when his two great labors spoiled his hopes. After working by day, he had used his eyes at night till he became nearly blind. It was only after long rest that he could work again; but he was obliged to dismiss all thought of further study.

It was a bitter disappointment to the young man, and it was only after some trying mental experiences that he resolved to bravely accept his discipline and serve God with all his might in some other way. He turned his attention to mechanics and

developed great skill as an inventor. A great need occurred at the time among manufacturers which he was able to supply. He now began to make money rapidly and resolved to devote his life to earning funds for Christian benevolence.

He built a small factory on a country stream, and his earnings began to bless needy causes, when a freshet came and swept away his dam and mill, swallowing up in its course all his earthly possessions. Here was the most liberally disposed man in the country left without a cent to give Christ and with no means to earn a cent! He wondered again, as he wondered when he had been hindered before, what God wanted of him.

As he stood by his ruined dam one day he saw that the site was capable of furnishing far more power than he had ever obtained from it. He interested moneyed men in his plans and built a new dam—the largest in the region—a structure that no freshet could destroy—and a factory capable of turning out ten times the work of the old mill. In fact the accident made this liberal man a millionaire. Now he could give indeed. And he did give. Thousands have been educated in the academy which he founded; generations of students have studied in the college hall which he built; missionary societies have blessed the farthest lands of the earth through his gifts; home and church knew him as the loving steward of Christ while he lived; and when he died a golden shower fell as his parting benediction on all the work for God around.

This man was a slow speaker, not attractive before an audience, and would undoubtedly have met poor returns for his life-work if he had been permitted to enter the pulpit.

HER UNSEEN FRUIT.

How a Girl's Discouragement was Turned into Hope.

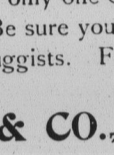
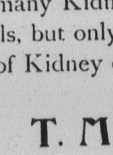
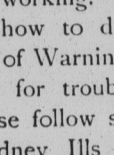
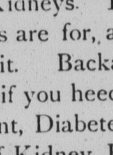
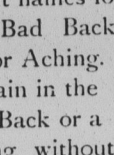
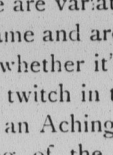
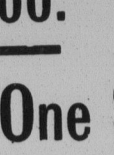
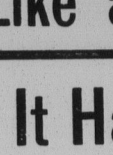
We must have faith for much that we cannot see. He who is conscious of doing God's will may be certain that the world is better for his efforts, though he himself may not see the fruit of his labor. A writer to the 'Sunday School Times' relates an incident full of inspiration to those workers who grow discouraged because they fail to see results.

'I can't keep that class any longer,' said a discouraged teacher one day to a friend. 'I don't believe I am doing those girls one bit of good. I spend much time in prayerful, careful preparation; I visit the girls, I pray for them; I've done everything I can think of to secure their attention and help them in every possible way, but all efforts seem utterly useless. If it were not for Mamie Harvey, there might be some hope for the others, but hers is the most hopeless case I've ever known. She is the personification of indifference, carelessness, deception, and ingratitude, and, with it all, has an unexplainable influence over the other girls that adds greatly to my perplexity. She is always promptly in her place, has not missed a Sunday this year, but why she comes is beyond my comprehension. Unless my thoughts are fairly riveted on something else, that class is continually in my mind day and night. I seemed to have reached the end of my resources with it, and now I feel the time has come to let someone else have my place.'

All the time Jessie Caswell was talking, there was a low tremor in the voice as if a mighty conflict were raging and a long pent up fountain were being suppressed. As the last word was uttered, the tears began trickling down her face. For a few moments, Miss Harris, the friend to whom these words were spoken, was silent. Five minutes, ten minutes, passed with no word spoken and no sound audible except a quiet sobbing. When Jessie looked up, trying to smile even through the tears, it was not a very successful effort, and then Miss Harris, who was principal of the day-school where Mamie Harvey went, said:

'But I have the other end of that line. Listen! Last Monday afternoon, Mamie Harvey was sent to my office for misbehavior. Before she went home, she said: 'Miss Harris, I am really trying to be a better girl. It's awful hard work, for I have no help at home. All I have anywhere is from you and Miss Caswell. If you'll try me a little longer, perhaps I'll succeed.' Yesterday, a man from a shoe-store came to me on an errand, and, seeing Mamie with a group of girls, said: 'Who is that girl?' 'Why do you ask?' I said. 'Oh!' he replied, 'she has annoyed us very much at the store this last year. We felt convinced of her dishonesty, but, having no positive proof, could make no complaints. Tuesday she came in bringing a pair of slippers, saying she had stolen them and was very sorry; said she was trying to be a better girl than in the past, and hoped people would not be too hard on her.' Here, you see, is the other end of your line.'

By this time, Jessie Caswell was alternating between smiles (real ones) and



It's Like a Cuckoo. It Has But One Song.

It's the same old song, sung in the same old way. Of course there are variations and different names for it, but they mean the same and are the same. A Bad Back is a Back that's Bad, whether it's Lame, Weak or Aching. A Stitch in the Back, a twitch in the Back, or a Pain in the Back is just the same as an Aching Back, a Weak Back or a Lame Back, it's the Song of the Kidneys, a Song without Words but Meaning. Every note is one of Warning, every Echo one of trouble. Kidneys filter the Blood. Filters become clogged, so do the Kidneys. Keep the Filters working. That's what Doan's Pills are for, and they know how to do it, they're made for it. Backache is a Note of Warning—a Kidney Warning—if you heed it not look out for trouble. Urinary derangement, Diabetes, Bright's disease follow swiftly in the footsteps of Kidney Failure. All Kidney Ills are an easy prey for Doan's Kidney Pills. Plenty of Home proof that this is so. Remember the name Doan's and take no other. There are many Kidney remedies, but only one Cure—Other Kidney Pills, but only one Doan's. Be sure you get the little conqueror of Kidney disease. All druggists. Fifty cents per box.

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tears. Perhaps you can guess whether her class was immediately given to another teacher or not.

THROUGH VARIOUS TRIALS.

How Missionaries are Sometimes Greatly Persecuted.

It is sometimes the case that the sting of an insect is harder to bear than a more severe pain, and that pretty, unceasing persecution is a more searching test of our principles than some one great trial would be. We can therefore appreciate the constancy and loyalty of many Chinese Christians who are put to this test of constant though petty persecution. Writing from Ing-hok, one of the workers says:

Our native Christians are subject to constant annoyances. Not long ago a church member from a little isolated village up among the mountains came down with a load of wood to sell, and to buy food. No one would buy of him, or sell him anything, simply because he was a Christian, and he was surrounded by a howling mob, who jostled him about and treated him very roughly. At another time, three Christian store-keepers were so threatened and persecuted by their heathen neighbors that they fled from the village and hid, but came back when I came to tell their story. That night a constable with twelve men visited the store of one of them, and on the pretense of wishing to look at goods, crowded into his store and then into his loft, stole his money and warned him to leave the village. He left that night, not knowing whither to go, and having no money, but still a faithful Christian. Despite four months of such persecution as this, only six or seven out of one hundred and for forty-three new church members have turned back.

A MAN AGAIN.

A Christian Way in Which We May Help Fellow Mortals.

To restore a sense of manhood and respect to those who have utterly lost it, and to give self-reliance in place of dependence upon others, is one of the noblest of the many ways in which we may help our fellow-men. This is one of the aims of the City Mission work which is carried on in most of our cities, and an aim that is often accomplished, we are thankful to know. An officer of the New York City Mission relates an interesting incident.

Two years ago, he says, I saw a man whose eyes were closed, and whose face

was horribly disfigured from cruel blows which he received in a drunken brawl the night before. The rent was long overdue, his wife and children were about to be turned into the street and the starving little ones were crying for food. By degrees we gained his interest, and at last persuaded him to come to the Mission. To-day this man is a volunteer care-taker in the infant class of one of our large city mission schools. He came to me just before the presidential election, his face beaming with honest pride and pleasure, as he said to me: Mr. D—, I have been nominated for assemblyman by the Prohibition party.'

He had been made a man again, and was eager to wage relentless war upon the enemy that had once robbed him of happiness, self-respect and manhood.

ALONG LIST!

This Whole Column Would not Contain the Names of the Many Prominent Ministers, Members of Parliament and Professional Men all over this Continent who Have Been Cured of Catarrh by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—It Gives Relief in 10 Minutes.

Volumes of testimony have been written of its curative powers. Catarrh is an aggravating malady, insignificant in its beginning—a little cold in the head—neglect it and soon you're in its thrall. Eighty in every hundred have the taint. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure the slightest cold in the head, and cure the most stubborn case of catarrh. 'Its action is instantaneous,' says one. 'I feel it my duty to recommend it to the public,' says another. 'Never got relief until I used it,' says another, and so on and on. Acts like magic and always cures.

Shirked the Trouble

An amusing view of matrimony is that presented in a story told of two Scotchmen.

A country laird at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live most contentedly together for many years. At last, however, one of them said to the other:

'Tam, we're getting to be auld men; you take a wife, and when I die, you'll get my share o' the land.'

'Na, na, Jeems,' said the other, 'you're the youngest and the maist lively; you take a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon.'

'That's always the way wi' you, Tam,' said the first brother, 'when there's any fash or trouble, I must take it all; you'll do naething.'

PIANO PRACTICE.

How Long May a Student Practice Instrumental Music With Safety?

Many earnest thinkers are at present querying whether the thousands of hours devoted to this practice are wisely expended. Moreover, it is repeatedly asked how far the demands of health and to what degree the nervousness, defective sight and stoop shoulders of the day are due to piano practice. In view of gaining light on the subject, the management of a prominent western newspaper recently addressed a circular to a number of noted medical men, inquiring how long a student, in average good health, might practice instrumental music with safety. The piano and our girls were doubtless the chief objects of consideration with the circular's author. They were evidently uppermost in the minds of the authorities who responded. A consensus of the opinions expressed in the replies is, therefore, fully in accord with the present theme.

The length of time to be employed with safety, it was stated, depended largely on the age, individual temperament and other occupations of a student. Girls were thought to have less endurance than boys. In commenting on the foregoing, the Etude says: It might well have been added that they are less likely to have other balancing occupations and are more frequently tempted to undue exertions through ambition for social display. One of the main difficulties was considered to arise from the fact that the piano frequently stands in the dark corner of a room filled with dead air, and either under or overheated. Bending forward and straining the eyes to read the notes, in an improper light and atmosphere, is almost sure to cause defective vision and other physical injuries. Another danger attracting attention was the continuous use of the same set of muscles from long sitting in one position, causing headache and permanent spinal exhaustion.

The danger was thought to be especially great to a young spine when the feet are without support, and it was advised that children, under 10 should not be permitted to practice more than two hours daily, broken into several periods, with plenty of outdoor exercise intervening. An adult might be allowed from three to six hours, interrupted in the same way. All our organs and faculties are improved and strengthened by habitual use, not overstepping the limits of endurance, but harm must inevitably result from excessive weariness. In ability to lay aside thoughts of work in rest periods wakefulness at night and lassitude in the morning should be promptly heeded.

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not let your little boys with my bull creature riable bull creature and siderable damage if he thirty feet into the air be responsible for him a notion to. So please ware of the bull here-

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ointment relieves instantly salt rheum, scald head, blotches and all eruptions soothing and quieting and all baby humors, irrita- or rashes during teething a box.

descended from monk- all boy, who had heard ding certain scientific opin- sion, not on this side of the father's very improper ans-

en—The Signal Service

Notches on The Stick

We give the concluding paragraphs of Dr. B. W. Lockhart's Address on Mary Lyon:

"From the day when some little Priscilla was sent home after her two brief hours at the Pilgrim's school, to the day of the Harvard annex, is only two hundred and fifty years in time. But no tale of years could mark the breadth of the gulf which yawns between the two ideals of female education.

"What has wrought this change? Undoubtedly it belongs to the genius of our religion. When Paul said, there is neither male nor female in Christ, he declared that there is no sex in soul; that there is only one way to God for man and woman. By implication whatever helps the soul upward, whatever promotes the development of spiritual character, should be as free to women as to men. In our day, when education and salvation are identical terms, the question whether a woman should be educated resolves itself into the question whether her soul is worth saving. We need not be surprised then that in times of gross superstition the fanatic and ascetic have debated as to whether women, being so far inferior to men, do actually inherit immortality. Granted then that the Christian conception of personality is the august and even divine thing we think, alone with God in an infinite universe, laden with its own duty and responsibility, capable of endless approach to deity by the growth of spiritual power, we naturally ask what has kept so splendid a truth hidden in its germ, waiting so many weary centuries to see the light? Mr. Lecky has answered that question in his History of the Rise of Rationalism in Europe. Superstition is not simply a condition of undeveloped reason; it is the condition in which reason as such is antagonized and disowned. The maxim of a 'persuasion is Credo quia impossibile. Its characteristic action is the crucifixion of intelligence. In an age therefore when it was a religious duty to crucify the intelligence, those fine and profound truths of Christianity, which are the very essence and soul of reason, had to wait. They had to wait till reason had come down from her cross and conquered a world of philosophy and a world of ethics and a world of science, and so provided an environment in which the Christian truths could live and grow. We live in this happy time. We perceive today that there are regions of soul and mind which transcend sex. As there is neither male nor female in Christ, so those distinctions do not exist for ethics or psychology. The same text books will do for men and women. There are not two kinds of reason, imagination, memory, will, any more than there are two kinds of holiness, truth and duty. Indeed Plato saw this long ago, and in his Republic he argued that women should receive the same education as men. It is significant to note in this connection that outside Christendom so far as I am aware, the status of woman remains unchanged. She does not sit side by side with man upon the skirts of time. Rather on this ship of life she is chained between decks by immemorial custom; her master alone has the freedom of the upper deck to feel the trade winds blow, and study the heavens and the stars. Equally significant is it to note that within Christendom, where the military holds the industrial in abeyance, and where absolutism in the state represses democracy by violence, as in Russia and Germany, female education is most neglected. It seems in regard to the education of woman, as if all her higher hopes were bound up in the ideals of peace, of industry of democracy and of that pure and simple religion of Christ which discloses itself in the atmosphere of intellectual freedom.

"Mary Lyon succeeded. She established a college for the higher education of women. But what was this great woman's conception of a higher education? Let us remember that broad as she made her curriculum, including science, language, history, it was depth she insisted on. Not the drilling of an intellectual faculty for advantage in the competition of life, but the training of the personality for the service of God, which is the service of man, was her ideal. The mind was great, but the soul greater. Probably she never dreamed of an education divorced from religion. What Thomas Arnold did at Rugby she did at Holyoke, and even more successfully; she revealed each student to herself in those ideal relations to Divinity, which, once perceived, flood the soul with a light and joy and spiritual power nowhere else to be found. She was literally a priestess of learning in whose hand knowledge became a sacrament. She sent forth a band of daughters of God into all sorts of fruitful work. Missionaries and teachers,

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

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and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

wives of missionaries, ministers and men of culture in many professions, they have helped to save their generation, from sinking into the sordid, the trivial, the base; from declining from the ideals of a Christian civilization to those unideal aims generated by materialism and great wealth. Mt. Holyoke college has continued to cherish this rich tradition, this great ideal of education. I believe that nothing in a half century of university education has been made more clear than the truth that there is no welfare for men or states in an education that does not bring the soul up with the mind, and recognize that God, spirit, duty eternal life, are the truths which make the foundation of a true human culture and life. There is no movement of anarchy or atheism that is not led by the educated man. There is truth in Henry Martyn's saying that 'Christ is crucified between two thieves, classics and mathematics.' The man of unchastened, predaceous instincts drills his mind, which is the sword of these instincts into terrible effectiveness, and comes forth to prey on society.

It would hardly be strange if sometime each candidate for college training should be compelled to submit to a searching moral test that would exclude a too pronounced egoism. Mary Lyon regarded the requirement of an hour's domestic work each day from each pupil as such a test. She did not care to educate girls who would not willingly submit to this rule. And there was wisdom in this; for an education which leads men to despise work, which makes them prefer to be agitators and parasites rather than to earn their bread by some sort of simple, honest work, it greater tasks do not present themselves, is as false, as unsound, as it can be. We can never go back to the policy of the past which led rulers to keep their subjects ignorant. Light we want; light we shall have. The era of education has arrived. It remains to make that education sound. The faculties repose on the breast of the Ego. The Ego reposes on the breast of God. A true education must must discover a moral regimen which takes cognizance of these three in due order,—the faculty, the person, the Godhead. It is the glory of Mary Lyon that she discovered and applied that regimen in such noble ways that time justifies more and more the work of her hands.

It would be a fitting consummation to so noble a life work if the people of New England should make Mt. Holyoke college at least equal in educational facilities with her four sister institutions. That beautiful valley watered by the Connecticut, guarded east and west by Mt. Holyoke, and Mt. Tom, will form a fitting background for the stately walls of a university which shall announce to coming time "the dignity and superiority of the spiritual life," which shall subject young women to such noble culture that they shall indeed become cornerstones in the temple of civilization polished after the similitude of a palace.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe's comments on N. P. Willis in the Bookman for May, have a certain tinge of bitter, and are somewhat slighting. "Willis," he says, "cannot be said to have any vital importance for our generation, yet he cut a prodigious figure in his own time. . . Now that Willis' fleet of books is fastened almost as securely to Leeth's wharf as the works of Daves himself, it is not without suggestion to recall and contrast the esteem in which he and Poe were held by the reading public of the thirties and forties." The writer is inclined to give, throughout his article, ungracious prominence to what he considers the foibles of Willis,—his dandyism, his shallow glitter, his parade of vanities, his superficiality of thought and character. He says: "His biographer declares that it (his personal unpopularity) was second only to that of Cooper among American writers," and this he attributes to "a deep-rooted element of dandyism." Those nearest to Willis' person, especially in his later, more painfully burdened years, believed him to be a good and generous man; and this Mr. DeWolfe admits: "Willis' heart was really of the kindest and most human. Furthermore, he was not only prompt with words of praise for promising beginners, but seems to have been almost without literary jealousies." We must confess that from Willis' we have derived much pleasure, and we owe him

respect. A kindly, cheerful, beauty-loving, brotherly man, not without pathos and heroism, we believe him to have been, and in his day a master of elegant journalism. That which was frivolous and flippant in his personal tone and manner may well be forgiven.

The Hants Journal speaks in favorable terms of Miss Jean L. Carre, a Nova Scotia lady who is winning artistic distinction in New York:

The New York World mentions that at a reception of its friends by the New York school of applied design for women, among the books covers a charmingly original selection by Miss Jean I. Carre was singled out for admiration. Miss Carre is a native of Pictou, and a niece of Senator Primrose. Having become possessed with the idea that she would succeed with designing, she went to New York a few years ago to study, and in her first year took first prize at the school of applied design over the heads of those who were in their second and third years. She has designed a cover for one of Professor Roberts' books, "The Forge in the Forest."—[The lady referred to is well known in Windsor, having been at one time in charge of the Western Union Telegraph Co.'s office, and during her residence here gave frequent evidence of her artistic ability.]

A list of sales of new books at various literary centres or America, between the first of May and the first of April, as given in The Bookman, indicates considerable popularity and a good run to "The Forge in the Forest," by Charles G. D. Roberts. The list for each city mentioned embraces six volumes, and in fifteen the new classic novel. Prof. Roberts' record is as follows: New York uptown, stands 4th in the list; Albany, N. Y., stands 3rd; Atlanta, Ga., stands 5th; Boston, Mass., stands 5th; Buffalo, N. Y., stands 3rd; Los Angeles, Cal., stands 4th; Montreal, Can., stands 6th; Pittsburg, Pa., stands 3rd; no mention of sales in Toronto, or any other Canadian city. Other authors whose sales are indicated are, Crockett, Mitchell, Steel, Parker, Mahan, Harraden, Harrison, D'Annunzio, Hope, Merrimen, Corelli, Fuller, Milford, Holland, Nansen, Prince, Whitely, Howells, Green, Taylor, Hardy, Barrie and Winter.

A new addition of Sidney Lanier's unique lectures on the "The English Novel. A Study in the development of Personality," originally delivered before the students in Johns Hopkins University, in 1881, has been published by the Scribners. For insight pungency and luminous poetic diction, these addresses are almost unequalled. His pure spirituality shrinks from Zola, as "defiling the whole earth and slandering, all humanity under the sacred names of 'naturalism' of 'science,' of 'physiology.'" He is the antipodes of Whitman, and enters his protest against his style of poetry,—"a poetry which has painted a great scrawling picture of the human body, and has written under it, 'This is the Son,' which shouts a profession of religion in every line, but of a religion that, when examined, reveals no tenet, no rubric, save that a man must be natural, must abandon himself to every passion; which constantly rears its belief in God, but with a camaraderie air as if it were patting the Deity on the back and bidding him cheer up and hope for further encouragement." "Whether Lanier misapprehended Whitman or not, he could never be at one with him.

The house at Bermuda in which the poet Moore lived during his brief residence on that island, in 1803, as Register of the Court of Vice Admiralty, still remains an object of attraction to many an admiring visitor. Beautiful as the climate and scenery may be the poet learned to look on them with weariness, and soon sought society where it might be found, beside the Schuykill or the St. Lawrence. The financial troubles in which he became involved made the memory of his Bermuda sojourn distasteful, and the placid seas about the summer island failed to inspire the most memorable of his verses.

The contemporaries of Burns now living must be few, but one is reported at the

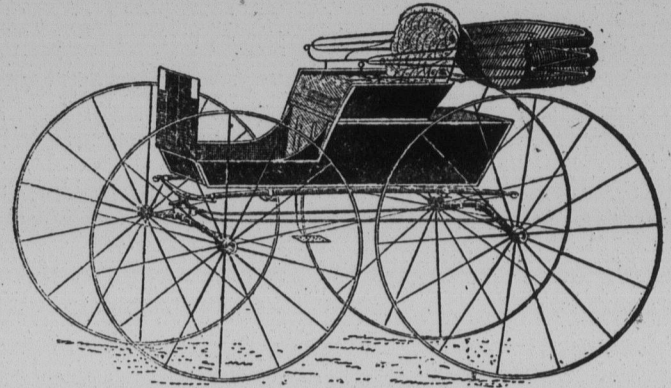
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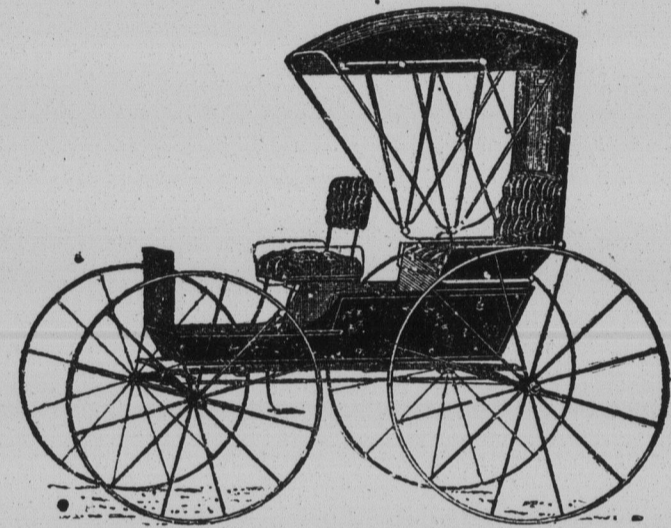
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age of 102, as living at Glasgow, Scotland. She was born in 1795, while Burns was perishing swan-like in Dumfries,—dying to the march of immortal music. She may almost remember when the third George was king and Fox and Pitt and Burke made an English parliament glorious. She has grown piously and painlessly old, and enjoys a certain distinction among the people of this time, as a living link connecting them with the past.

Miss Aimee Huntington, a lady of literary gifts in Windsor, N. S., for some time assistant editor of the Hants Journal has dissolved her connection with that paper to enter upon an enterprise elsewhere, of which as the Journal declares further mention will soon be made.

PASTOR FELIX.

Nice Girls.

Of Matthew Arnold as a school-examiner the author of 'Pages from a Private Diary' has this to say:

Arnold's reports are very good reading, but his methods of examination were sometimes highly poetical. I remember a tale told by a fellow-inspector of a class of girl pupil teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the 'excellent' mark.

"But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others."

"Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold, "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

It Saved Our Child.

"My little daughter, three and a half years old, suffered three years with Eczema. Her little body was covered with the itching rash, and doctors did no good. Four boxes of Chase's Ointment have entirely cured and saved our child. Her skin is clear and not a sign of rash is to be seen." Andrew Aiton, Hartland, N. B. Mr. Aiton is one of thousands benefited by this unflinching cure for piles and skin diseases.

—A cat and dog show in Harmony Hall is a raiging St. Louis paradox.

HAD INDIGESTION!

For a matter of Some Forty Years or More.

Joseph Gardner stove dealer, of Ba's, Ontario, is a great believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and kidney, liver and stomach troubles generally.

"I was troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation," he writes. "At intervals I suffered from severe headache. I spent dollars and dollars without result until Mr. Ball, our druggist, advised me to try Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so and must say they are the only remedy that gave me relief. I would not be without them for anything."

Many people suffer from rheumatism, bad blood and diseased kidneys bring it on. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will remedy all this and cure rheumatism, sciatica, and all kindred complaints. Here is a sample case:

"My boy was all crippled up and suffered awfully with rheumatism," writes Mrs. H. Willis, of Coesley, Ont. "He also had a touch of diabetes. The doctor could do him no good, but Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills completely cured him."

Sold by all dealers and E. Imanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, 25c.

When all other remedies fail Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine will cure the worst chronic cold. 25 cents.

Too Precious to Waste.

All the good things are not said by the professional humorists.

The "funny man" of a metropolitan newspaper turned one morning from the grind of his daily toil, and said to an exchange editor:

"I had a funny dream last night." "Don't tell it!" replied the exchange editor. "Use it. It will live up your column immensely."

A journal for women has been started in Constantinople, advocating the equality of the sexes. The meeting between the unrepentable Turk and the irrepressible new woman ought to be a fairly interesting one.—Baltimore American.

Woman and Her Work

The following excellent advice to wheel women is so valuable that, if it cannot exactly be pasted in the hat of every woman cyclist, it should at least find a place amongst the mixed collection of samples, postage stamps and newspaper cuttings that usually occupy most of the compartments of her purse, and better still, be given a permanent place in her memory.

The danger spoken of below is certainly a very strong argument in favor of bloomers, since their adoption would put an end to all such risks.

In directions to bicycle riders regarding the rule of the road it has frequently been pointed out that when overtaking and passing a vehicle on the left, which is the correct side, the cyclist must be extremely watchful against the possibility of colliding with a wagon approaching from the opposite direction.

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I am seriously thinking of giving my readers a whole chapter on cycling next week; it is decidedly the sport of the hour, and it seems as if one could scarcely devote too much time or space to it. I so often regret our old correspondence column, through which I could always get much closer to my readers and understand their wants so much better.

Fashionable women in London have gone back to the pretty, if sometimes rather extravagant fashion which originated in America, of wearing great bunches of natural flowers on the left shoulder. When flowers are plentiful, or one lives in the country, this is all very well, but in cities, and at times when a single rosebud costs twenty-five cents, it is apt to be expensive, especially as the flowers are apt to ruin the dress, no matter how carefully they are arranged.

Some of their arguments in favor of this new "Conduct of Life" are really amusing in the extreme. For instance—Dr. Doney the apostle in chief of the new theory, in explaining away the mistaken idea that we derive strength from what we eat, gives utterance to this unique opinion. "I believe that it is a mistaken idea that food gives strength. I regard it as a pure delusion that we derive our strength from our food. Food is used in building and repairing the body, just as the carpenter uses materials in building and repairing a house. There is no more reason to suppose that the force which builds the body is derived from food than that the skill and force used by the builder is derived from the materials used in building a house."

Some of their arguments in favor of this new "Conduct of Life" are really amusing in the extreme. For instance—Dr. Doney the apostle in chief of the new theory, in explaining away the mistaken idea that we derive strength from what we eat, gives utterance to this unique opinion.

terance to this unique opinion. "I believe that it is a mistaken idea that food gives strength. I regard it as a pure delusion that we derive our strength from our food. Food is used in building and repairing the body, just as the carpenter uses materials in building and repairing a house. There is no more reason to suppose that the force which builds the body is derived from food than that the skill and force used by the builder is derived from the materials used in building a house."

If anyone can beat that for a logical illustration I should like him to step forward and do so! This theory is certainly quite new, and opens up surprising possibilities. For example, if the less food we eat the more life we possess, what is to prevent us from going without food altogether, and having a perfectly unobtrusive time with money we have been wont to waste on the purchase of food? just think how it will simplify our household cares, and the amount of time we shall have upon our hands! no cooking, no marketing, no planning of meals but a perpetual carnival of aesthetic delights in no way connected with the gross pleasures of the table. It will be hard to convert the babies at first, I am afraid, but once we can give them an appearance of satisfying their hunger, with a bottle thoroughly equipped with everything but the useless, and indigestible milk the battle will be won. I suppose we will have to fill them with warm water at first, but the children will soon be able to dispense with that, and when they reach the age of reason they will doubtless thank their kind parents, for preserving their health at the expense of a trifling discomfort in the first months of their existence.

It is undoubtedly a great scheme from an economic point of view and though it may excite a momentary feeling of envy for those who can put it to practical use and thus effect such a saving of both trouble and cash, still the question will intrude itself as to whether the game is really worth the powder. Do those intellectual beings with clear heads and empty stomachs really enjoy life? Do they ever relax the rem of stern discipline and indulge in a social oyster stew, or a little ice cream party on a summer evening? And when they engage in social intercourse if they ever permit themselves such frivolity do they have any supper served or merely drink a glass of refreshing ice water, and separate, in a condition of inhospitable but health, and life giving emptiness? These are side issues on which the public want more light before they will consent to embrace the new faith, and strive to make the stomach subservient to the mind. Mental and spiritual pleasures are all very well in their way, but an empty stomach has an unpleasant manner of asserting its supremacy, and making the higher joys seem as dust and ashes until its wants are supplied, and the stomach is a part of the human structure which does not lend itself readily to the higher education.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Great Painter. The home and birthplace of J. F. Millet, the famous painter of the 'Angelus,' is about to be sold. It is called Gruchy. It is a poor but picturesque little hamlet, surrounded by orchards. Many of the buildings are in ruins. The old people are nearly all dead, and the young for the most part have left for the city. There remain, in fact, only the old and the very young, just as if the place were in a state of siege. All the able-bodied have gone to the front to fight in the battle of life. Close by the shores are washed by the sea. In the village the old people, seated at the doors, seem to be in a dream. They look as if they belonged to another age. Millet's brother is still alive. At Gruchy he keeps an inn, where pilgrim painters hang up little panels just as they do at Barbizon. 'Gruchy is becoming depopulated,' he said one day. The young people have gone to Paris to seek their fortunes, but many of them have been enlisted at Cherbourg.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. B. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

PEREMPTORY SALE OF Boots, Shoes and Slippers

At our Union Street Store, opposite the Opera House We succeeded in purchasing most of this large quantity of goods at about 50 Cents on the Dollar, and have placed the entire lot in our UNION STREET STORE for immediate sale at cash prices only.

We will make this sale the greatest opportunity to buy CHEAP SHOES that has been offered in St. John in a lifetime.

The goods will be marked in plain figures at about One Half the Usual Retail Prices now quoted in St. John and will be sold for CASH ONLY.

During this sale we expect this store to be crowded, so that no trying on of Shoes can be allowed, nor can boots be sent out on approval. Customers buying Shoes and finding them unsuitable will have their MONEY RETURNED as pleasantly as it was taken from them.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS NOW ON at our UNION STREET STORE, opposite the Opera House, and will continue until the entire lot is disposed of.

WATERBURY & RISING, 212 and 214 Union St.

dressers are amongst the novelties of the season, and very pretty they are. The newest model has a postilion back and Honiton, Cluny, and imitation venetian and valenciennes are the popular laces used, with Cluny rather in the lead, as it is the latest revival in lace and it is used on all kinds of gowns both of silk and wool, as well as lawn and muslin. Entire sleeves, full vests, yokes, jabots and epaulettes in fact every decoration to which lace can be applied is made of Cluny. Any broad effect across the shoulder which can be produced by the use of epaulettes or frills, seems to be greatly in favor as a substitute for the large sleeves to which the soul of womankind still clings affectionately, and lace is the material usually employed for these over-arm flounces.

It is inhabited by his sister, a strong, ruddy-faced peasant woman, who still has an amiable smile under her Norman cap. It is a modest looking habitation, with a long patched roof pierced by a large stone chimney. The entire building, consisted of a ground floor surmounted by a granary, is over-run by a vine. Near the stable stands the well, with its little round turret and pointed roof, and an opening about waist high consisting of a bay, through which the dripping buckets are passed. The old people never suspected while going there for water, as little Millet watched them with his hands in the pockets of his tattered trousers, that the image of that well would be scrambled for a couple of dollars on the other side of the ocean. Millet worked there as a farm hand until he was 20 years old. In the summer days, after the threshing hours, instead of going to sleep, like the others at noon, he observed. He felt in himself the growing genius of the painter. With the point of his knife he cut in the door of the granary a fancy sketch of a lot of devils with forks chasing a she devil. He was then 12 years old. The sketch was of surprising precision and firmness of execution. On the other door he carved a vessel with all sails set. Later on he painted upon the house proper a pot of flowers.

In this way, working in the fields and observing the beauties of nature, Millet passed his boyhood. Later on he studied the effects light in the evening, and noted it in the sketch books with which his pockets were stuffed. He went among the peasants, watching the groups of gleaners, the dogs minding the sheep, and the harvesters. He endeavored especially to seize the effects of the twilight, which he observed with smoked glasses, persuaded as he was that painting could never give the true coloration, and could only give their equivalents in a more sombre gamut. Millet is still well remembered in all the country of Caerbourg. The natives remember his tall stature, his fine head and careless aspect, and his solid and striking personality. In the opinion of his family, the best likeness of him is the water color by Lalauze. It represents him such as he was when he revisited the country with his friend Theophile Sylvestre in 1870 and when he was arrested, charged with being a Prussian spy taking sketches. At 21 years, Millet astonished Pop Mouchel of Cherbourg by a drawing that he had made in the granary before he had received

This accounts for the lonely appearance of the place. The ruins are already covered with ivy. As I said, the aspect is extremely picturesque, and, in more than one corner of Gruchy, we can recognize subjects of Millet's works. There is the old stone well with its pointed roof, the mouldering door of the stable, and the greenish stairway. A very short road separates into two rows the six or seven little houses of the hamlet, and a pathway leads to the stable. In the angle stands a little house with a signboard with this inscription painted in white letters: 'Hera Francis Millet was born October 4, 1814.'

It is inhabited by his sister, a strong, ruddy-faced peasant woman, who still has an amiable smile under her Norman cap. It is a modest looking habitation, with a long patched roof pierced by a large stone chimney. The entire building, consisted of a ground floor surmounted by a granary, is over-run by a vine. Near the stable stands the well, with its little round turret and pointed roof, and an opening about waist high consisting of a bay, through which the dripping buckets are passed. The old people never suspected while going there for water, as little Millet watched them with his hands in the pockets of his tattered trousers, that the image of that well would be scrambled for a couple of dollars on the other side of the ocean. Millet worked there as a farm hand until he was 20 years old. In the summer days, after the threshing hours, instead of going to sleep, like the others at noon, he observed. He felt in himself the growing genius of the painter. With the point of his knife he cut in the door of the granary a fancy sketch of a lot of devils with forks chasing a she devil. He was then 12 years old. The sketch was of surprising precision and firmness of execution. On the other door he carved a vessel with all sails set. Later on he painted upon the house proper a pot of flowers.

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any lessons. Old man Mouchel said to Millet's father: 'You will be damned for having kept him so long. He is made of the stuff of which great artists are formed.' This sketch still exists. It is a marvel. From that time forward Millet worked at Caerbourg. He painted a boat coiled around a palm tree for a druggist, and sketched a horse for the sign of a blacksmith. His present owner got it in exchange for a tobacco box. One day Millet made a display picture for a Hercules, a showman of the fairs, who gave him for it 11 cents and a free ticket to the show. Everybody knows how he got the money to go to Paris, where he was bound to meet with many vexations. The page that he wrote of his arrival in the great city is one of the most astonishing for its emotion, its melancholy and its foreboding. It was at Barbizon that he was destined to pass the remainder of life, in that house whose present proprietor refuses to allow anybody to enter, ignoring the ordinary courtesy that is always displayed by the possessors of historical treasures. In Barbizon Millet often thought of Gruchy its fields, its granary and its hamlet, where he lived unknown in peace and solitude, instead of being torn by the thorns along the road leading to fortune. Even glory was doled out stingily to that Michael Angelo of the peasants.

'How still they are,' remarked Mrs. Fogg, apropos of the young couple in the next room. 'Yes,' replied Mr. F., 'it reminds me of my army days. It was always wonderfully quiet just previous to an engagement.'—Boston Transcript.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands. DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers. FOUOLD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP Will give you All These. If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleah Worms, Eczema or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS and a cake of FOUOLD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world. Wafers by mail 50c, and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents.

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AGES! ctect and Styles. all purposes. comfortable car- dle. Sons, Union Sts. QUESTION! Forty Years or Dealer, of Ba'h, over in Dr. Chase's indigestion, consti- ght's disease, rheu- liver and stomach over forty years constipation," he suffered from severe and dollars with- all, our druggist, as's Kidney-Liver at say they are the us relief. I would anything." from rheumatism, I kidneys bring it sy-Liver Pills will rheumatism, scia- mplaints. Here is oled up and suffered morning from the and said to an ex- last night.' d the exchange ed- ill liven up your has been started coating the equality eting between the t the irrepressible a fairly interesting can.

WERE THEY COINCIDENCES?
How two Events Coincided in a Very Strange Manner.

When two events fall in together, they are said to coincide. The word implies an external meeting at a certain point, but indicates nothing as to the cause or purpose of the coming together. Not unfrequently the coincidence is so marvellous as to take our reason by surprise, and suggest that

There's a divinity that shows our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Two of these coincidences, which almost compel the thought, 'They that are above have ends in everything,' are related by an eminent Boston clergyman, the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, as occurring to himself. We abridge the narrative as published in his "Biography."

On opening his mail one morning, Doctor Gordon found an earnest appeal from a poor student, detailing the straits into which he had been brought by debts for boards and books. He was reluctant to ask aid, but he did ask Doctor Gordon to pray for his deliverance from burdens that discouraged him. It was only a little sum that he needed,—fifty dollars,—but it was a great sum for a poor student.

Having read the letter with hearty sympathy, Doctor Gordon continued opening his mail. The next letter whose seal he broke was from a wealthy gentleman, expressing thankfulness for a service the clergyman had rendered him a few days before, and inclosing a check for fifty dollars as a token of gratitude.

"Instantly," writes Doctor Gordon, "I perceived that the second letter contained the answer to the first; and endorsing the check, I sent it to the young man, with my congratulations for his speedy deliverance."

The noon mail of the same day brought a letter from a colored man, whose piety and scholarship had prompted Doctor Gordon to help him pursue his studies. He told a pathetic story of his struggles, of how sparingly he had lived,—an inclosed list of his expenditures demonstrated that,—and that he had not a cent to pay his debts.

Doctor Gordon went to the telegraph-office, and wrote a despatch to the poor student to say that he would be responsible for one-half the amount needed, provided he would raise the other half from Mr. W. But as he could not remember the student's street number, nor the amount of money needed, he went back to his house to find the letter.

On his way he called at a certain place to pay a bill—thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He handed his check for the sum to the bookkeeper, who, on turning to the account, said:

"This bill is paid, sir; you do not owe us anything."

"Who paid it?" asked Doctor Gordon. "I cannot say; only I know that it was settled several weeks ago," and the bookkeeper handed back the check.

Doctor Gordon, surprised to find himself so much better off than he expected, returned home, opened the student's letter, and found that his list of debts came to just thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He sent a check for the amount to the poor student.

The points at which these several events coincided should be noted. Doctor Gordon knew nothing of the necessities of the two poor students; the money by which he relieved them was not his money; in each instance the exact funds were provided. Does this external falling together of the events suggest an internal propelling cause? Doctor Gordon believed that it did.

WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW.

He Failed to Understand What the Odors Had Done.

One way to become a scholar is to ask questions. If you fail to understand a word that is addressed to you, inquire what it means, instead of attempting to conceal your ignorance by saying nothing or looking intelligent. This was the rule of a hotel-keeper of whom Harpers Bazar tells a story.

Mr. Johnson, who keeps a house in one of the large cities of Pennsylvania, is always anxious to learn what he does not know about taking care of the travelling public. There isn't really much for him to learn in that line, but nevertheless he is always in a learning mood.

Some days ago a man from New York registered, and was assigned to a room. Toward dinner-time the new arrival walked into the office and said to the proprietor:

"Mr. Johnson, you must give me another room immediately."

"Doesn't that one suit you, Mr. Riggs?" "No; it is too near the kitchen. The odor of the cooking permeate the atmosphere."

"Very well, sir," replied Johnson. "I'll let you have a different room."

The change was made, and the guest was no doubt satisfied, for he made no further complaint. The hotel proprietor was not satisfied, however. He thought he had a chance to learn something. Meeting the man from New York in the office next day, he asked:

"Mr. Riggs, does your new room suit you?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Johnson," replied the guest.

"If you don't mind," Mr. Johnson went on, "I'd like to ask you one more question about the room you objected to yesterday."

"The only trouble was that it was too near the kitchen."

"Yes, I know that; but what was it you said them odors done?"

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

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Home Dress Cutting and Making

The Abel Gauband System of Dress Cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons. This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable, and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions, etc. Changes very moderate. For full particulars Address Madame E. L. Ethier, 88 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

When Your Wife Has Callers

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA, in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

A MID-OCEAN ADVENTURE.

An Exciting Experience of Two Sailors in a Little Row-Boat.

On the afternoon of June 7, two Norwegians, George G. Harbo and Frank G. Samuelson, set out from New York for Havre in a rowboat. They were provisioned for sixty days, and though their scathing friends looked upon them as crazy, they believed that they had taken all necessary precautions, and should find themselves equal to the work they had undertaken. And so they did, as the event proved, for in March last they landed again in New York, having reached Europe and taken passage back in a steamer. Their experiences, which were sufficiently exciting and dangerous, are narrated at some length in the New York Herald, from which we quote a description of their worst adventure. It occurred on the tenth of July, the third day of a terrible westerly gale.

One of them had to be always at the oars, not rowing, but keeping the boat's head to the storm. It was terrible work. The oarlock man would shout, 'Here comes one!' and the oarsman would drop his oars and hug the seats while the breaker rolled over. And then would come the work of recovering the wash-over oars—no small labor in that tiny boat and that sea, notwithstanding that the oars were held by lines.

Imagine this battle continued for seventy-two consecutive hours! All day through July tenth they waged this struggle with the elements. But the worst was to come at night. It was a dry storm. The night was bright, and so, fortunately, the big waves were readily made out.

It was quite dark when Samuelson, who was on watch, cried out: 'O, here's a big one! Do you see that one?'

'We'll never clear it!' gasped Harbo, dropping his oars and clinging fast.

It was indeed an immense wave when seen from the tiny boat, whose sides were now scarcely above the water's edge. It towered black against the sky, shutting off the horizon, creaming at the apex, rushing with the speed of an express.

The wave struck them or the port bow, and upset the boat.

It was a frightful moment. And how well the men were repaid for all their precautions! Each man wore a life-belt made of reindeer hair, and was fastened to the gunwale of the boat by three isthmus of line. As a stern man and boat had tossed and rolled together in wild confusion in the waters, each man promptly got back to ship again by pulling himself hand over hand.

They found the boat upside down. Struggling together on one side they tried their best to right her, and for a while in vain. But even this emergency had not been neglected in the preparation, and not in the least such a contingency. Working together, they succeeded in laying hold of this, and then their combined efforts turned the boat.

One of them now swam to the opposite side, and together they climbed in, and set to bailing with all their might.

All that night the two bruised, famished and nearly exhausted men struggled with the sea. They prevailed, and towards morning the wind abated, and the next day was pleasant. In its noon sunshine each in turn stripped and wrung his clothes, and dresse again in the damp garments.

It was a narrow escape. They could not have held out much longer. Less hardy men could not have survived as it was. Both were nearly dead. That afternoon of June eleventh, beginning at one o'clock, Samuelson took a three hours' turn alone, while Harbo, nearly perishing, slept. When he waked up at four o'clock, he could not move. His body was considerably swollen, and his joints were stiff. Samuelson helped him to the oars, and himself crawled under the canvas.

For a time it was impossible for Harbo to move, but finally he was able to row a little, and then literally worked off his stiffness. Samuelson was similarly affected when he awoke.

Good weather followed, the men recovered their energies, and after seven weeks more of varied adventures they arrived at Havre.

Money to Spare.

In a mining country it is more than usually unsafe to judge of a man's financial condition by his outward appearance. Here, for instance, is a story from the Spokane Review:

A miner from the northern part of the state, having sold his claim for a round sum, came down to Spokane for a kind of celebration. In appearance he was rather rusty, and when he went into an up-town restaurant, the single waiter was in no haste to serve him. To and fro he went in an officious manner, waiting upon a party at the next table, but quite ignoring the presence of the newcomer.

'See here, kid!' called that worthy, when his patience gave out. 'Do I eat?'

'Sorry I can't wait on you now,' was the answer, 'but the gentleman there has just ordered a fifty dollar dinner.'

'Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged!' said the miner. 'Bring me a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it!'

And he was waited upon promptly.

As If By Magic.

This is always the case when Nerviline is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world, pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in the house to meet a sudden attack of illness.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1lb and 2lb TIN CANS FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

IT'S EASIER TO THREAD YOUR NEEDLE. With... CLAPPERTON'S THREAD. Than with many other kinds, the twist is so firm that it's not so apt to unravel as some,—and that's what gives it its extraordinary strength. HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

To Cure an Obstinate Cough. Leading doctors recommend "CAMPBELL'S Wine of Beech Tree Creosote." It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief. Ask your Druggist for it. K. CAMPBELL & Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

THAT PALE FACE... May be a sign that your blood is poor in quantity and deficient in quality. Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength and bloom to the cheek. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamlin's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. BOOK OF REGULATIONS FREE. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

A RAILWAY ON ICE.

Drawing Trains Over Frozen Rivers in Russia.

It has been reserved for Russia to undertake what will probably rank as the monumental railway enterprise of the nineteenth century—this being the completion of a belt of rails around the world—at least so far as terra firma is concerned. The Trans-Siberian Railway, which is now in course of construction, has reached as far as Krasnoyarsk, which is the exact centre of Asiatic Russia, and in four years' time it is expected that it will be completed to the Pacific Coast, and direct railway communication established between the most western point of Europe and the most eastern point of Asia. The most significant fact in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway is that it will make possible a journey round the world in less than forty days, and thus Jules Verne's romantic globe-trot will have been reduced to the tune of 50 per cent.

The work of construction has been pushed on with an energy not usually associated with things Russian. The manner in which the Government has gone slap bang in this work has been a surprise to the engineering world, but like most Muscovite undertakings, the whole line from Chelabinski, in the Urals, to its present termination, has suffered from bad management. The rails are miserably laid, and the road ballasted in a most precarious manner. Smashes are frequent, but as nobody outside Russia hears much of them the world is not worried. The pace, too, of the Siberian trains is wretched, the average speed not exceeding twenty versts (about thirteen miles) per hour.

But what the Russian engineers have lacked in constructional skill they have compensated for by novel experiments. Everybody knows that Siberia is a cold place. The rivers freeze to a considerable depth in winter, but still nobody would conceive that they would freeze sufficiently to bear a locomotive and a whole train of heavy wagons hurtling across from one side to the other. But such is the fact.

The experiment was first tried on the River Obi last year. At first a light train was drawn by horses over tracks frozen on to the icy surface of the river. Then a locomotive was steamed across, and, as it did not go through, it was satisfactorily established that Siberian ice was of a distinctly bearing quality. Once this fact was patent, the brow of the Russian engineer cleared, for, while it was easy to get along rapidly with the construction of the line on the ground itself, the building of bridges over the rivers was a longer job, and, as a matter of fact, the bridges over the Obi and the Achinsk are not yet half finished. 'Why not use nature's bridge—the ice?' thought the Russian; and so he did.

My first experience of the railway running on the ice was at the River Achinsk. This is a tolerably broad river, perhaps twice as wide as the Thames, and when on the February afternoon the train steamed up to its western shore, the surface presented one white mass of snow-covered ice. The railway line continued down the slope of the bank and across the ice to the other side.

The train stopped at the edge of the bank, and the conductor bade us get out and walk, humorously remarking that, if the train went through, only he and the driver would be drowned.

The whole motley crowd of befurred passengers therefore descended and trailed across the ice. At the centre of the river I paused to watch how the train would behave.

Slowly the heavy mass descended the bank and crept on to the ice. There was a distinct "scunch" as the locomotive left solid bottom. Once all the weight of the train was off the land, I clearly felt a sag in the ice, and as the cars passed me, crack! crack! crack! like a burst of small firework, notifying me that the ice felt it badly. But it bore bravely, and in about five minutes' slow journey the train was on firm land again.—London Answers.

A Good Reason For Wonder.

The country editor, so says the Cincinnati Enquirer, laid down with impatience the great city daily that he was reading in the bosom of his family and exclaimed: 'Mighty funny, John!'

'What is funny, John?'

'Why, this here paper has this paragraph: "Eva Hollis-Wopner, the charming southerner, has just purchased a new bulldog."'

'Such items are quite common in the big papers, John.'

'Yes, I know it; but why do they laugh at me for publishing the information that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn?'

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

DEAR SIRS,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and I was entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair. Sprague Hill. Wm. DANIEL.

A MORNING CALL.

'What's the matter, Viola?' 'I'm bothered to death!' 'Why?' 'With these horrid bills—it's quarter day or something—I believe every year has sixteen quarter days!'

ted me to write, and I grew cold with fright lest someone should read it. I hunted through the blotting book to burn it, and could not find it, so I thrust the book into the drawer and locked it—every thing was in such a hurry at the last, you know. Well, then we married and went to Paris and had a lovely time. He was wonderfully good to me, and I learned to love him so dearly that I could not imagine having ever thought I cared for anyone.

months; you have made her life miserable and mine a hell upon earth! You tried to make me believe that Captain Staunton was receiving from my wife the hundreds of pounds that you were compelling her to pay you as hush money. But all this villainy has come to an end. Your letter of this morning has led to a very different issue to what you anticipated. According to your advice I went home unexpectedly. I stood unseen in the conservatory behind the boudoir and lowered myself, through your stammering tongue, to spy—yes, to spy—upon my own wife! But I learned the truth—the whole truth. If you were a man, madame, I should horsewhip you. As it is, you will give me those two letters immediately. I advise you to give them up quietly.'



situation as under-manager at sheriff's Pit. The weakness increased upon me, and I began to fear there was no reason to hope I should ever recover. 'I consulted two doctors, but received no benefit from the medicines prescribed by them. 'In this miserable condition I lingered along until February of this year, when I heard from a friend of mine of the benefit he had derived from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I began taking this medicine, and was soon able to digest my food. Then I began to gain strength and in two months was back at my work as strong as ever, and walked 88 miles during one week. 'I may mention that for ten years I had a bad knee; I feared the bone was damaged, and expected to have to undergo an operation. But whilst taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, to my surprise and delight, all the trouble left my knee, and I can now walk without pain. Had I known earlier of this remedy I should have been spared great misery and expense. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my case.—Yours truly, (Signed) Henry Champion. Mr. Champion has told his own story so plainly that little is left to be said beyond expressing our own pleasure at his restoration to health. The jaundice with which his open and obvious illness began was the result of gastric disarrangements which existed some time before, although he probably did not greatly notice or heed them. Then came the sudden outbreak in his early life; then a long comparative suppression of the evil; and then the second outbreak in 1892. It was a slumbering volcano with two eruptions. The leg trouble was the result of uric acid poison in the joint, the same as in rheumatism and gout—all caused by the stomach fermentation. He will be wise to look out for it in future, and use the Syrup on the first sign of indigestion. In this way he may ward off the enemy and do his work unmolested. DECAPITATION IN BATTLE. Col. Parsons' Hard Stroke in the Civil War and His Remarkable Ride. It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Col. Mahmud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battle axes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare. They point triumphantly to the fact that there is no record of any such feat having been performed during the Franco-Prussian war, though cavalry charges and fierce hand-to-hand conflicts were frequent; and the Prussian has a reputation as a sabre swinger. Therefore they are inclined to be skeptical on the subject and speak of Mahmud Bey's feat as a marvellous example of strength and dexterity. History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, 'The Adventure of Jack the Giant Killer,' which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in 'The Talisman'; but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Capt. John Smith. The doughty Captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword. A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmud Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary sabre, and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was 'loaded' with quicksilver. A yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is held upright this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow. Such a weapon, it is claimed, was in Mahmud's hands when he dashed ahead of his troops and decapitated the Greek officer who was firing at him. The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of a hundred years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a 'loaded' yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army sabre. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Col. E. Bloss Parsons, died two weeks ago in Rochester, N. Y. Col. Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York State, and though he had never related the story, the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time. It was in 1864. Col. Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to Gen. Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under Gen. Davis, they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at Gen. Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his sabre above his head, and, dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full-arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 21. In comparison, Mahmud Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance. Col. Parsons was brevetted General for distinguished services during the war; but characteristic modesty forbade the use of title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought Gen. Meade had an important message to send to Gen. Harding, a hundred miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned Gen. Davis to headquarters. 'General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?' asked Meade. 'Col. Parsons, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'Send him to me at once.' It was 6 o'clock on Monday night when Gen. Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to Gen. Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer. The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country. Exactly at noon on the following day Col. Parsons entered Gen. Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths. 'Is this the way you obey orders?' he thundered. 'What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with Gen. Harding by this time.' 'I have just returned from Gen. Harding, sir,' 'You lie!' exclaimed the exasperated General. Parsons' face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. 'Gen. Meade,' he said, in a voice that ill concealed his anger, 'if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult.' Without the formality of a salute, he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterwards made an ample apology. Col. Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For eighteen hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago-Times Herald. Dropsy Cured with One Bottle. A great cure and a great testimony. 'For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells, made my life a torment. I was confined to my bed. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—One dose gave me great relief, one bottle cured the Dropsy and my heart.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y. 'I built my house on dotted veils,' a well known oculist is said to have remarked when somebody commented upon its expense. And as the ladies continue to wear spotted veils, he will probably be able to keep up his establishment.



Washing windows is another one of the things that Pearline (use with) does best. With that, the glass is never cloudy—is always clear and bright. Washing it is less trouble, of course—but that is the case with everything that is washed with Pearline. And about the sashes and the frames; remember that Pearline, when it takes the dirt off, leaves the paint on. Haven't you noticed that certain imitations are not so particular about this? Millions Pearline NOW USE

