

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

REVERSED THE DECISION.

Judge Tuck Decides a Point Arising out of the Vail-Lynch Race in Halifax Last Fall.

Chief Justice Tuck's decision in the case of Ervin vs. Dalton last Tuesday closed a case of considerable interest, and one in which the principals are well known in St. John; especially in sporting circles. Last fall Harry Ervin, sporting editor of the Telegraph, and manager of Harry Vail, the well known oarsman, matched his man to row Mark Lynch of Halifax. The match created a good deal of interest, as Vail the year before had decisively beaten Lynch's brother over the same course in Halifax.

George Dalton is also well known among rowing men. He was an employee at Cushing's mill and can pull a pretty decent oar. The year before he had seen Vail trim Mike Lynch, and he was anxious to see the coming race. In fact he was so anxious that he came to Vail's backers and asked that they might use their influence with his employers so that he might get a few days off and go to Halifax. His request was granted, and further he was given his ticket to the Nova Scotia city.

The day before the race, just before the event was pulled off, Vail handed over to Dalton, who intended to stay on shore, twenty dollars to keep for him. Mr. Ervin had in his possession besides, considerable money belonging to St. John sports which he was betting for them, also a stake of \$40 which he was holding for a couple of sprinters in the city, who were intending to try conclusions on the cinder path.

This, following Vail's example, he handed over to Dalton for safe keeping, before going out on the stake-boat. Dalton was asked to either meet the boat after the race or be at the train in the morning with the deposit. Dalton did not show up at all.

Manager Ervin came home the day after the race and began to look for his man and money. He located him on the morning of the day on which the sprinters were going to run. The man was there, but the money, or at least half of it, had taken wings. Dalton handed over \$20 and promised faithfully to furnish the remainder by the middle of next week. The day set came quicker than the money and Mr. Ervin was put off again with renewed promises, which were broken as fast as they were made.

Things ran on this way until about the first of June when Dalton was sued for money loaned. The case came up before Justice Allingham on the 4th of June. John L. Carleton appeared for Dalton and Lucien deBury for Mr. Ervin. An hour's postponement was granted on the request of Dalton in order that he might get a witness. The witness was secured but no one knows to this day what he was for.

Mr. Ervin was put on the stand and his evidence concerning the transaction was taken. He was the first and only witness. Mr. Carleton arose and argued that the suit was wrongfully taken out for money loaned and Justice Allingham agreed with him, giving judgment against Mr. Ervin.

If the matter had ended there Dalton would never in his life have earned money easier. But it was taken before Chief Justice Tuck and after one postponement, came up last Tuesday, with the result that Mr. Ervin won his suit, and judgment with costs were given against Dalton. For trying to evade a debt of \$20, he will now have to pay about double the sum and no one knowing the ins and outs of the transaction, will feel very badly for him.

The "Coppers" Should Have Their Turn. The policemen of the city proper have come to a highly satisfactory arrangement whereby each member of the force takes his turn at preserving the peace at the Marsh Bridge baseball grounds whenever there is a game. They are being envied in the regard by their fellow coppers of the North End division. Over there Capt. Hastings is the sole defender of the law at every game on the Shamrock Grounds and besides enjoying the sport, for the Captain loves to watch a baseball match, an extra fee of \$1.65 goes with it. This is a captain's pay, but an ordinary policeman only gets \$1.45. So far this season there have been quite a number of games on the North End grounds, and the only policeman on duty has been the head of that division. Progress wonders why it is the ordinary policemen over in old Portland are not al-

lowed the same privilege as the city police men are now enjoying.

BEHINDS IN THE ALLEY.

Captain Hastings Tried to Catch "Joe" Walsh But Joe Was Not There.

Joseph Walsh who keeps a liquor saloon at the foot of Main street, North End, claims he is being persecuted by Captain Hastings of the northern police division

the prospective benedict. The young lady to whom he was engaged found this out and she made up her mind that this June might pass at least without her wedding. So the nuptials are off for the present.

What Her Father Says.

The somewhat sudden departure of a young married woman, who, before her marriage resided in Yarmouth, it is said in company with a young man of this city has occasioned a good deal of comment, some of which may be assumed is not quite correct. The father of the young woman arrived in the city from Rochester last week. She is his only child and he felt great anxiety respecting her whereabouts. The efforts of the police were exerted at his request and naturally a great deal of

An Eleven Year Old Hero.

Johnny Day of Fairville, the Featherweight Brave Boy of the Hour—He Should Get a Medal.

Fairville has a little hero, one who is entitled to just as much recognition by the authorities and humane societies as the various other life savers having distinguished themselves in the vicinity of late years. The boy's name is Johnny Day, and he has yet to attain his twelfth birthday. To be exact, he is four feet two inches tall and weighs shy of fifty pounds. This diminutive bundle of humanity and stout-hearted-

Soon the exhausted old man lay free from his burning clothes, badly frightened and shivering.

Johnny did not consider his task finished yet though, and with a final effort helped the man he had saved to one of the lorry sheds nearby, where he found him a comfortable seat until he ran back to Fairville for more clothing.

By this time a crowd had collected and Mr. Delaney with tears of gratitude and joy in his eyes was helped back to his little home and aged wife, without a burn. He said his clothes must have caught fire from the ashes in his pipe.

The people of Fairville and Milford, and doubtless there are many in the city proper claim that Master Day is worthy of some public distinction for his bravery and promptitude. Medals have been awarded Mortimer Day of Indiantown for saving a boy from drowning, also to the men who manned the life-boat in a wreck incident some time ago, as well as to Mr. Stewart Fairweather for life-saving at Robbersy. What Progress now claims is a medal for little eleven year old Johnny Day, for his noble act in tearing the burning clothing from a helpless old man unassisted, and to his own suffering and great risk. The S. P. C. A. will doubtless seek to have this tiny chap rewarded, for the sake of inculcating their ennobling principles in the youthful mind. If not his worship the mayor should see to it that a testimonial of some kind is accorded the brave boy.

A Dog Follower At Large.

Persons who claim to know it for a fact state that a man well known about town, in fact a professional gentleman, is assiduously distributing deadly poison around the squares and graveyard in a wild fancy that dogs will profit by the experiences of the victims of this inhuman method, and keep off the grass and flower beds. Such dastardly action on the part of anybody is unpardonable, especially a person aping refinement and a degree of christianity. Already two dogs have died from poisoning, the valuable hounds of the Wilson brothers but whether from the distributed poison is not known, although such might be the case. The people are justly indignant at the practices of the would-be benefactor and should be caught in the act of panning out his death-dealing mixture he will be summarily dealt with.

A Thrifty Wife for Somebody.

Wednesday's steamer "Star" brought to the city a lone box of wild strawberries, accompanied by an exceptionally robust rural maiden, who guarded the treasured small fruit as if it were a quart of diamonds. The boat's officers said the fair guardian of the berries had journeyed from the innermost recesses of the Washedemoak existing on the hope of receiving a princely sum for the result of her faithful search among the fields. Visions of the price of a new calico dress or some military marvel seemed to dance before her unsophisticated eyes, but when, after considerable bantering, she closed a deal with an Indian town grocer who had offered her seventeen cents for her stock, a look which might have been taken for that of disappointment o'erleaped her florid features.

Had His Check in His Pocket.

The lumberman has a hard time in winter but there are some compensations in the spring when he goes home after settling day with a check in his pocket representing the long hours of work and such profit as his ability and experience deserved. This was the case with Mr. Robert Moore of Loch Lomond last Friday when he came in from Mispeck with a check for \$18,000 in his pocket. He had cut with his sub contractors some 3,000,000 feet of pulp wood for the pulp mill and when his work was done got his cash. In all his operation amounted to nearly \$20,000. Mr. Stackhouse, supervisor of great roads, was one of Mr. Moore's sub contractors and he cut one and a quarter millions.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Sewed at Waterloo.



ON BOARD THE STEAMER LANSDOWNE.

Groups of gentlemen on board the steamer Lansdowne showing Premier Emery to the left talking to Col. Markham; Mr. John Stanton and Ald. Maxwell and Mr. M. F. Mooney (who is seated) chatting with two delegates. Mr. M. A. Finn is talking to Mr. Geo. Y. Dibble of Fredericton. (See article on Page 2.)

He further states that Captain Hastings has been "picking on" him for a long while, almost as if it were a delight to that official, or that he owed the proprietor of the bar some sort of a grudge. Last Saturday night Walsh asserts the Captain made himself particularly obnoxious in the alley adjoining his bar and home.

Somewhat after seven o'clock, the closing hour, he presented himself and did the most faithful kind of sentry duty in the store's alleyway. He is supposed to have been waiting for Walsh whom he thought to be in the bar, but at that time the proprietor of the saloon was away down the street with some friends.

Nevertheless the captain stuck bravely to his post, and after awhile Mrs. Walsh came down stairs from the rear entrance to go to the street. She was asked by the police official where her husband was.

Her answer was that she did not know. "You do know, he's in the bar for I saw him go in," (or words to that effect) gruffly answered the captain.

In a dark alley and meeting with such bluntness of speech Mrs. Walsh became greatly frightened and hurried back into the house. Fearing lest her husband would really be in the bar, although she was quite sure he was not there, she tore up one of the floor boards in order to warn him of the watchfulness of the police, but her strength failed her and she sank back exhausted, having been in frail health for some time.

However Captain Hastings did not find Mr. Walsh in the bar, for in the bar he was not. He locked that establishment at ten minutes past seven and did not enter it again until early Monday morning.

Mr. Walsh says this occasion is only another attempt on Captain Hastings' part to "land" his shop, while other bars all around it are just as liable to transgress and perhaps do.

Gives General Satisfaction.

The repairs on the Loch Lomond road are going on with excellent promptness and this week Mr. Stackhouse expected that the work would be completed to the slaughter house. This is an excellent showing and gives great satisfaction to the people who use the road a good deal. If the repairs are completed to Silver Falls this summer as is the intention there will be general approval. After that work will be resumed on the Red Head road.

The Nuptials Have Been Postponed.

A young man working in a store on King street was to have been married a few days ago, and his friends started in to wish him and his prospective bride the best wishes possible. To do this by shaking hands and with kindly words in one way and to do it by blinking glasses in another. The latter method prevailed and the result was a hilarious frame of mind on the part of

secretly has surrounded the affair. In conversation with Progress Mr. Currie gave the impression that his daughter was not in her right mind and did many things for which she was not responsible. This is certainly the most charitable way of looking at the regrettable affair and explains—if an explanation is possible—why she left her home under such circumstances.

A Comfortable Sum of Damages.

The arbitration proceedings that deprived Messrs J. S. Gibbon & Co. of their coal sheds and property at the Long wharf had an agreeable ending for him when he got through with the Exchequer court at Ottawa this week. His award was \$8,500, some thousands more than the arbitrators were willing to allow. Mr. A. P. Barnhill represented Mr. Gibbon and with Recorder Sainner went to Ottawa to finish the case which has begun in this city a week or two ago.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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JOHNNY DAY.

of the red scars the fiery tongues were licking on his hands and wrists, and then with a deft stroke pulled both outside shirt and undershirt off by grasping them in front, the backs being burned almost loose. But the young hero, experienced his greatest difficulty in removing the old man's lower garments, which had by this time caught the flames. There were no moments for reflection however, and summing up all his courage and limited supply of strength, the boy plied his smarting hands and arms with life saving rapidity.

Creek, May 28, Martha C. Miller, 48.
at, Hants Co., June 3, Leonard Davis, 21.
Bellevue, June 4, Clement Henry Eaton, 25.
r, June 4, Matthew M. Cunningham, 23.
phen, June 4, Sarah Crockett Maxwell, 18.
hn, June 4, Marion E. wife of E. F. Barnes
an, June 4, Alexander McGillivray
June 9, May M. wife of F. A. Simon, 21.
Fort Hastings, June 8, Angus G. Fraser, 87.
June 9, Elie, wife of Lorenzo Chapman, 20.
uth, June 10, Abby, widow of John K. Ryan,
2, 77.
June 3, Roderick A. McDonald, 3
June 3, Jean, widow of the late Robert
June 3, Josephine, daughter of Capt. Angus Mc-
June 1, Margaret, widow of the late An-
June 11, Dorothy C. B. wife of
June 4, Harold H. infant child of Mr.
June 4, Annie M., daughter of Mr. and
June 1, Ruth E. daughter of Mr. and
June 4, Frances, widow of the late
June 4, Jane E. widow of the late
June 9, Edward Gorman, 72.
June 4, Harold H. infant child of Mr.
June 4, Lydia, daughter of the
June 4, H. May 6, H. infant son of Mr.
June 4, H. May 6, H. infant son of Mr.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SUMMER TOURS
Commence June 1st.
Write for 1900 Tour Book.
The Famous Fast Train
Imperial Limited
the Pacific Coast will be put in service com-
mencing June 15th, 1900.
NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC
commencing June 5th, there will be a combina-
tion of first class and sleeping car leave St. John at
7 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P.
via Megantic.
A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A. C. P.
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.
and after Monday, Feb. 21, 1900, the
mainly and Train service of this station will
be as follows:
 Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.
ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.
St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Thursday and Sunday; Digby 10.00 a. m.,
arriving Digby every day at 12.45 p. m.,
departing at St. John, 2.35 p. m.
 EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Halifax 8.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.,
Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.,
Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m.,
Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halifax 4.50 p. m.,
Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 4.50 a. m.,
Digby 3.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday,
Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.45
p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.
 YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out
of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednes-
day, and Saturday immediately on arrival of
Express Trains from Halifax arriving in
Boston early next morning. Returning leaves
Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at
10 p. m. Unequaled outfit on Dominion At-
lantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express
trains.
Caterers can be obtained on application to
the Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby,
Halifax and St. John, N. B. Prince William
street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on
board, from whom time-tables and all informa-
tion can be obtained.
P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway
On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily
(Sundays excepted) as follows:—
 TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Suburban for Hampton..... 6.30
Express for Campbellton, Fergusville, Pictou
and Halifax..... 7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and
Pictou..... 11.10
accommodation for Moncton and Point du
Chene..... 11.30
Express for Moncton..... 11.45
Express for Hampton..... 12.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.45
Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 12.45
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leav-
ing St. John at 10.35 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-
cton. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train
leaving St. John at 12.45 o'clock for Halifax,
Yarmouth, Digby and sleeping cars on the
Quebec and Montreal express.
 TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sydney and Halifax..... 6.00
Suburban from Hampton..... 7.15
Express from Campbellton, Fergusville, Pictou
and Halifax..... 8.35
Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 11.50
accommodation from Moncton..... 12.15
Express from Halifax..... 12.45
Express from Hampton..... 12.45
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
Twenty-four hours notation.
D. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Monday, N. B., June 18, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

They Saw Our Harbor.

When the provincial government and the city arranged to wind up their conference on steamship matters with an excursion around the harbor and bay they were wise, inasmuch as it afforded the delegates an opportunity to obtain some practical information regarding one of the most important features of a steamship service—the port of arrival and departure. The steamer *Lansdowne* just placed in commission—was at the disposal of the committee and Capt. Bisset and his officers did the most they could to make it pleasant for the sightseers. The *Lansdowne* is large and for this reason was not as handy in turning in the harbor as a small vessel would have been but this gave her passengers more time to view the wharves, to inspect the new works at the Intercolonial terminus and to fully comprehend the extent of the improvements made by the city on the western side of the harbor.

The party was fairly representative. Had not the impression prevailed somewhat generally that it was by invitation no doubt more citizens interested in the trade of the port would have attended but it was open to all who put in an appearance at the conference and registered their names. The mayor and the aldermen and the local government were well represented and no doubt even to some of these gentlemen, who are supposed to be acquainted with all things connected with St. John as a port, the trip was full of instruction. In the first place the new I. C. R. elevator with its long conveyors have not been completed long enough for anyone to have but a faint idea of them and they were viewed with much interest. The chance of enlarging the trade of St. John is much increased by this addition to the government railway facilities. Then the active life of the harbor, the fishermen so busy and numerous that it was a task to escape their nets, the foreign and local steamers being loaded with deals, the boat loads of men crossing and recrossing to and from work at the evening hour, the ferry steamer crowded with people living in the West End but working in the East and vice versa; the arrival of the Prince Rupert from Nova Scotia; the departure of the *swif* Westport for the coast on the other side of Fundy's Bay; the preparations for the clearance of the big Norwegian steamer that later on passed us down the bay bound for the wide ocean; the joyous exercise of young men in their pleasure boats; the busy tugs bringing in bargues, and schooners just arrived from long voyages; all this combined to impress the stranger with the fact that St. John harbor is a place of life and activity.

When the steamer was headed down the bay which was mirror-like in its smoothness, the pleasure of the trip became the prominent feature and lovers of nature had plenty of time to enjoy the ever changing and beautiful scene before them. Partridge Island and the break water, the heights of Dufferin, Red Head in the distance and still further Mahogany Island formed a comprehensive view which stood out prominently before the colored horizon. Mispec and Pisarinoe between which the bay was dotted with fishermen with nets a mile long formed an interesting scene which was new to many. The tall chimneys of the new pulp mill at Mispec gave the delegates a practical idea of an industry that may be expected to contribute generously toward the cargoes of the summer service steamers.

The return trip was delightful made even more so, perhaps by the fact that sharpened appetites were satisfied. The committee in charge of the refreshment had done their part to perfection and there was no disinclination on the part of the guests to do full justice to what had been provided.

The City Cornet band helped to make the afternoon more pleasant and the graceful efforts of talented gentlemen afforded much additional amusement. The lovers of practical jokes, quick wits and happy raconteurs were all present and made the twilight hour pass quickly. Then of course there were speeches and good ones—after dinner speeches; free from the prudence of politics and the sting of party talk; good humor, good wishes and the best of good nature prevailed. "Every thing went" as the saying goes.

How could it be different with such a quick witted and graceful chairman as Secretary Tweedie and happy talkers like Recorder Skinner, Dr. Pugsley and Warden McGoldrick. Of course there were serious speeches and to these Premier Emerson, Mayor Daniel and Messrs. McKewen and Dunn contributed with so

much eloquence that silence and attention prevailed. It was even said that Councillor Graham made a serious speech but one might go on forever in writing upon such a subject.

The occasion was altogether a happy one and will be remembered with pleasure for a long time

FRONTIER FIREMAN AND ENGINEER— How a Russian Nobleman Climbed to the Top of His Profession.

The son of a wealthy manufacturer of woollens refused to begin where his father left off. That he might fit himself to manage the business, he began in the sorting-room, whose dirty work made him an expert judge of the grades of wool. From room to room he passed, until he sat down in the superintendent's chair, with a practical knowledge of all the details of the complicated business.

Leslie's Weekly informs us of a Russian prince who also began at the bottom of the ladder, and after being locomotive fireman, engineer, machinist and superintendent of rolling stock, rose to the position of Russian Minister of Public Works and Railways.

Prince Khilkoff comes of an old Russian family, and while visiting the United States was greatly impressed by our institutions. On his return home he found his fortune impaired by the emancipation of the serfs, and determined to cross the Atlantic again in search of the commercial success denied him in Russia.

He first secured work as a fireman on the Erie Railway, and rose to be assistant engineer. Hearing of the demand for locomotive hands in South America, he went to Peru, where he was promoted from the position of assistant engineer to that of chief engineer and finally to that of superintendent of rolling stock.

From Peru he went to Liverpool, where for a year he worked as an ordinary mechanic in a locomotive machine shop. The motive of this latter change was not so much the bettering of his finances as the learning about all parts of railway mechanics.

Meanwhile his Russian friends had not lost interest in him, and that interest was heightened by the story of his brave fight against adversity. When he returned to his native land, equipped with a practical knowledge of railways, he was almost immediately appointed superintendent of the Kist-Kurak system, a position which he filled with such distinction that he was transferred to the more important Moscow-Ryazan line.

Prince Khilkoff's greatest service to his country, however, has consisted in constructing a short railway from Michalovsk on the Caspian to Kistil-Arvat, a station of the Caspian railway. Since then his services in Bulgaria and in the Russian provinces in Asia have been valuable.

CLEANING UP.

The Great Work Undertaken by a Chicago Woman

Women have always been famous for house cleaning; now we have one who has become renowned for street cleaning. What the majority of her sisters do for their homes, Mrs. Paul is doing for the streets of Chicago. She has official charge of the downtown streets in the city's first ward, and they are cleaned and paved under her direction. "All nighters" in that part of Chicago have become accustomed to the sight of the stout, cheerful woman driving about the streets in a top buggy drawn by a patient, ambling horse.

The outfit is seen only at night. The horse never breaks into a trot, and the driver never hurries him. They simply keep going all the time. The woman driver has a shrewd and kindly face, with a pleasant gleam in her eyes. Policemen exercise a sort of fatherly care over the outfit. They watch it from crossing to crossing, and grow uneasy if it fails to appear at the proper time.

Zal for the welfare of the men, women and children of the city first drew Mrs. Paul to her somewhat unusual sphere of labor. A few years ago she lost her husband and only child, their deaths being caused as she believes, by the unsanitary condition of the streets. Since then having means at her command, she has made a special study of sanitation, street paving and kindred subjects. For two years she gave her service free of charge to this department of work in Chicago. Her energy and ability being recognized she was made superintendent of downtown streets.

The office is no sinecure. At seven o'clock every evening Mrs. Paul gets out from her hotel, for street inspection and cleaning are carried on between seven in the evening and six in the morning. Driving over to her little office in the city yard Mrs. Paul calls the roll of workmen. About seventy-five laborers are employed, and they crowd about the desk railing, chafing one another like a lot of school boys.

The laborers are for the most part Italians. To them Mrs. Paul is 'de boss,' or 'Meester Paula.' She is 'boss' in fact as well as in name, and the big fellows know it. They know, too, that no other woman occupies the place that their boss does, and they take an innocent pride in the fact. Yet, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, they are a little in doubt as to whether it is all gain to work under a woman.

"She no cuss, but she make work all the time," they say.

After roll call, sweepers, cartmen and street pavers scatter all over the ward and begin work. Mrs. Paul knows the streets as a housekeeper knows the rooms of her house. She now begins her all-night drive, and not a foot of street escapes her notice. About seven in the morning she drives back to her hotel, "just in time," she says, laughingly, "to see the grocers' clerks sweeping refuse slyly into the streets."

A WILD BREAKFAST.

American Speculators Propose to Establish One in the South.

The close of the Spanish War left the way open for the carrying out of a farming scheme that is somewhat novel in design. Its object is to raise wild animals in captivity, so that circus managers may not have to scout foreign lands to procure them. Wild animals in tropical countries are fast decreasing in number, and it is feared that hunting and the increase of population will soon exterminate them. The idea is to provide a regular farm for the raising of animals that hitherto have been procured only from hunters.

More than two years ago a thousand acres of land were purchased in southern Florida for the carrying out of the scheme, but the whole county round about was roused to indignation at the thought that ferocious wild beasts were to be turned loose in the neighborhood. The scheme was consequently abandoned, so far as that location was concerned, but negotiations were entered into for the purchase of

several small islands not far from the Florida coast.

The war with Spain delayed the completion of the purchase, but eventually three islands of about six thousand acres were secured. They are said to be ideally located for animal farms. There is no fear of the beasts crossing over to the mainland, and the inhabitants are far enough apart to deter the inhabitants to any one island from paying an unwelcome visit to another. It will thus be easy to divide the animals into three classes according to their ability to get along together, and to give each class an island to itself.

It is said that when the scheme is perfected the farms will be as homelike as it is possible to make them, and that experts will be in charge of each. The animals will be brought from Asia, Africa and South America, and turned loose in their new homes.

Portions of the islands are wooded, and in some there is a thick undergrowth that will make a fair imitation of a jungle. An animal hospital is part of the scheme. Already expeditions are being fitted out to search for the animals.

Wanted to Carve McKinley

Ireland's delegate to the Philadelphia convention spent a night in the West Thirtieth street police station because he made public declaration that he would kill President McKinley for allowing himself to be nominated for chief executive while Theodore Roosevelt was alive.

Besides this, too, he expressed a desire to shoot and carve everybody who had anything to do with the naming of the man from Ohio for re-election.

At the station house he said: "I'm the original old Born that helped lick the British a thousand years ago. I just ran over here from Ireland last week to nominate Roosevelt for president. After that I was going down and drive 'Bobs' out of the Transvaal."

After this information he confessed to the name of Ebenezer Young, but stuck to the story of his intentions.

"Brian Born" thrust himself into notice first, by a whoop and a harango, at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon at Twenty-ninth street and Broadway, in front of the Gilsey House. His wild gesticulations persuaded some of the bystanders that the work of extermination commence at once, and they called a policeman "Brian Born" saw him coming and hurried down the street. At Sixth Avenue and Twenty-first street he repeated his performance. At Twenty-ninth street he delivered another harango. He started, after it, toward the Hudson River. Detective Binning arrested him near Seventh Avenue.—N. Y. Telegraph.

The Prince of Wales

His uniforms are worth \$75,000.
He is colonel eight times over.
He has thirteen university degrees.
He loves to travel incognito in Paris.
He owns the deepest mine in England.
He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He is 57 years old and has four grand children.

When he was young he was very tender-hearted and cried for days when his tutor let him.

He started life with an income of \$55,000 a year.

He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

He sets the fashion in clothes for the whole world.

He was the first Christian to dine with the Sultan.

He is 5 feet tall and weighs 180 pounds.

He is said to be one of the best shots in England.

He receives 200 letters a day and answers most of them.

He is the chief horse owner, dog owner, and yachtsman in England.

He has friends in every station, and speaks German, French, Italian and Russian.

He has made more speeches than any man in this world, but mostly short ones.

His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost \$75,000 a year.

He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries, and a staff of clerks to assist him.

He visited Nova Scotia in 1860 and it is expected he will again visit this continent before the end of the year 1901.

A Watchmaker.

The late Aaron Dennison was called 'the father of American watchmaking.' He was interested in his work, because he hoped thereby to benefit his fellow man.

Often he worked late into the night, so late that his loving wife would go and beg him to 'wait until tomorrow.' One night she said to him: 'Are you not going to bed at all? What are you doing?'

"And he turned and slowly answered, 'I am trying to make it possible for every poor man to have a watch—a result which is very nearly accomplished.'



BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

Music and The Drama

TALK AND UNDERSTANDING.

The concert in the Mechanics Institute on Tuesday evening the proceeds of which will go towards rebuilding the catholic church recently destroyed by fire, in St. Martin's was very largely attended, and a good sum of money was realized. The programme was an excellent one, and very interestingly arranged.

The Robinson Opera Company due here later in the season is playing an indefinite engagement in Montreal.

Miss Frances Travers who has been singing in a church in Brooklyn for the last few months arrived this week to spend the summer at her home here.

Hans Ritohie will conduct the concerts for the festival at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels next season.

Giacomo Puccini is composing a new opera the libretto of which is taken from Daudet's "Tartarin Surles Alpes."

Henderson the American tenor robusto has been engaged for a Brussels season and will make his debut in William Tell.

Heinrich Conried has received from the German Emperor the Crown Order of the Third Class for furthering German art in America.

Bastien and Bastienne, a light comic opera composed by Mozart in 1768 when he was twelve years old is shortly to be produced in Paris.

During the American tour of Sara Bernhardt with Constant Coquelin, the Theatre of Sara Bernhardt will be accompanied by Jean de Reszke who will produce Wagnerian opera three times a week.

The young tenor Slesak, who made his debut with the Grau opera company in London has received an offer from Vienna to accept an engagement at the Hof opera at a salary of 34,000 marks a year.

The famous German vocalist Fredrick Grutzmacher has celebrated his fortieth year jubilee as a member of the Imperial band of Dresden. The King of Saxony presented him with a medal and made him a chevalier.

Emma Calve says that Aronida in which opera she is to originate the title role is the last opera in which she will appear. It is said she will retire as an opera singer and make her debut as an actress in Sappho, in Paris shortly.

Another scene of the Strauss family is gaining fame in Germany. He is Johann Strauss III. but is not the son of a Johann. His father is Edouard Strauss the present imperial music director of Vienna. Johann III is young but is said to display the talents of his great predecessors promising to become a musician and a conductor worthy to follow in the footsteps of his great father.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. Harkins, after an absence of three weeks opens a short engagement at the opera house on Monday, during which his company will present "The Magistrate" and "Dandy Dick" both pieces giving the members of the cast an excellent opportunity for good work. Mr. Harkins Nova Scotia engagement was particularly successful and every member of the company made a most favorable impression. Frederickson is to be congratulated upon the fact that Manager Harkins will visit that city next week.

The small boy was in his element this week, Lemen's circus was in town on Thursday.

George Osborne will play Simonides in Ben Hur next season.

Women and Wine is to have a run at the Boston theatre in the fall.

Frederick Ward will add a production of Hamlet to his repertoire next season.

Lionel Adams has been secured by

MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE CUTICURA SOAP FOR THE Hands Hair AND Skin. For beautifying the skin, for the stopping of falling hair, for softening and whitening rough hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for discolorations, for the many sensitive antiseptic purposes, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, it is incomparable.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists. Forster Co., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

Lieber & Company to play John Storm in the "Christian."

Katherine Rober is playing a successful summer engagement in Providence, E. I. Florence Rockwell's success has been an emphatic feature of the summer stock at the Tremont theatre, Boston.

The Shipman Lyceum company, here a few weeks ago, are in Cape Breton where they have become popular.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall are resting at their country seat in Yorkshire, England. Their tour will begin September 10th.

Jessie Bartlett Davis made her vaudeville debut in Chicago last Sunday for the benefit of the Actors Home. It is probable she will remain in vaudeville.

The Son of Carleycroft which had a successful run at the Tremont, Boston, has been replaced by "A Classical Cowboy" also by Theodore Burt Sayre.

Maude Adams went all the way to Paris to see Bernhardt play in L'Aiglon. She returned to America this week and is now enjoying a rest in the Catskills.

E. S. Willard's Boston engagement will be played at the Tremont. He will open his American tour there, and will produce a new drama by Elwyn Barron.

F. C. Whitney has signed a contract to star John E. Kellard for the next five years. Mr. Kellard will appear in "The Cypher Code" by Charles Klein opening in October.

Robert Mantell now in Europe will in two weeks begin rehearsals of "A Free Lance" in which he will star next season under the management of M. W. Hanley.

David Belasco has secured the dramatic rights to Agnes and Egerton Castle's latest novel "The Bath Comedy." Mr. Castle will collaborate with Belasco in the dramatization.

The title of Bert Lealie's farce comedy in which Ira La Motte will star Delmore and Wilson next season has been changed from "A Rough House" to "My Aunt's Nephew."

Priestly Morrison and Mary Horne, both here with a dramatic company two years ago are this season winning praise in their respective roles in "The Convict's Daughter."

Cissie Loftus collapsed on the stage of Grand Opera house, Philadelphia at a matinee performance last week and was carried off the stage. She did not appear again during the week.

James K. Hackett will continue to appear next season in "The Pride of Jennico" and probably will not be seen in "Richard Carvel" that dramatization being likely to fall to the lot of a special company.

Belle Archer's new play for next season written by Forbes Hoerrmans will be called "Jess of the Bar." It is a drama of western life and will have an elaborate production. Miss Archer's tour will again be conducted by Fred E. Wright.

Whiting and Willis have secured a new comedy by John Fowler for next season entitled "A Hindoo Hoodoo." Anna Boyd and George Larson will head the cast. Harry Byers and Alta Perry are some of the other engagements.

Reaping the Whirlwind by Owen Davis, has been recently given a trial and will go on the road next season. It will be an elaborate scenic production and will be played by a strong cast under the direction of John M. Cooke and William F. Callen.

The ancient suit of George B. McLellan against Nat Goodwin to recover \$25,000 for alleged breach of contract has come up again. Mr. Goodwin entered a counter protest, and the case has been dismissed with costs time, one decision in favor of each party.

The Valentine Stock Company is now in its seventh week in the west and playing to excellent business according to the dramatic papers. Louis Bresen has been engaged for the summer season. The company will continue playing until the end of September when they will go to Halifax for the opening of the winter season.

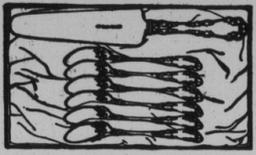
William Bonelli will star next season in a new tour melodrama "An American Gentleman" under management of W. S. Butterfield. Rose Stahl will be included in Mr. Bonelli's supporting company. The piece is said to be a powerful sensational melodrama full of startling dramatic situations of a novel character. The play was especially written for Mr. Bonelli, and it is said will give ample scope to his ability as a romantic actor.

The statement is made that Franklin McKay now in Beerholm Free's company, is the only actor of Canadian birth on the English stage. If this be true, then this land of ours has been far more generous in giving its players to the United States than to England. Many stage folk of prominence are found to call Canada their home; among them are Clara Morris, Julia Arthur, Margaret Mather, Margaret

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of the original and genuine "Rogers" Ketchup, Furks, Spoons, etc., in 1847, the year the brand was first made. Full trade mark.

"1847 Rogers Bros."



One of the latest designs in this brand is the "Berkshire." The Ice Cream set is only one of many combinations we sell in this popular design.

Anglin, May Irwin, Marie Dressler, Louise Hepper, Roselle Knott, Nellie Braggins, Ida Hawley, William Courtleigh, J. H. Gilmore, Eugene Cowles, Albert Hart, Arthur Cunningham, Herbert Ferrier and William J. Romain.

Maude Fealy will enjoy the distinction next season of being the youngest leading woman on the American stage, she having signed to occupy that position with William Gillette. In a long description of this reputed lovely and talented young girl the Mirror says: Off the stage Miss Fealy is a slender slip of a girl, almost childish in appearance; but in portraying character she departs herself with the naturalness and composure of a star of long experience. Possessing a beautiful, expressive face, a voice of musical timbre, well modulated and of fine carrying quality, with all the ambition of youth combined with intelligence of maturer years, with natural and charming methods, Miss Fealy is singularly blessed with everything to assure her a successful career. Many flattering offers have been made for her services for next season, among them being one from E. S. Willard, who wishes her to join him in London. She was also offered the leading female part in Mr. Litt's production of Caleb West, and Lydia in Quo Vadis. She will prove a valuable acquisition to Mr. Gillette's company.

The Earl of Yarmouth testifying in bankruptcy proceedings in England stated that Charles Frohman engaged him at a salary of \$250 a week and after eight weeks reduced the salary one half, and therefore he did not desire to re-engage with the same manager. Discussing the matter the Dramatic Mirror says "The Earl probably thought it was to act that Frohman wanted him last season. Evidently, he has not yet discovered that he is not an actor. Frohman would not have paid any player of established reputation \$250 a week to play the parts assigned to the Earl. But Frohman is a speculator—not a manager inspired with an artistic conscience or a regard for the dignity of the stage in its better aspects. Here was a real live Earl—slightly damaged, to be sure, but an Earl all the same—who could be exhibited at an outlay of \$250 a week. With the show, man's instinct, always vulgar and often mistaken, he saw money in it. Apparently the Earl proved a gold brick as a freak, for it was not long before he was relegated to half-pay. It must have dawned upon him then for what purpose he had been dealt in.

Ag to Nero.

Nero, fiddle in hand, sat upon his throne when a little band of captives was led before him.

Now, he roared in royal tones, 'you have your choice between hearing me play a study in cadenzas with the middle finger on the E string, or being burned alive at

the matinee at the Coliseum. 'Bring on your torches!' shouted the desperate captives.

Later on Nero fiddled and burned things and conducted himself in an outrageous manner.

'I hate to do this,' he explained, 'but they depend on me for some warm scenes in 'Quo Vadis.'

Sole at a Quilting-Party.

The Rockland (Maine) opinion tells the story of the way a quilting-party was recently broken up. The ladies were plying their needles and talking in the sitting-room of the house where the quilting bee was held. Meantime the husband and son of the hostess, who had been fishing for eels, returned home.

The two men repaired to the kitchen and dumped their heavy catch into the sink. Then, leaving the eels to thaw out in hot water, they repaired to the barn to attend to the cattle. Soon the eels, which had appeared to be frozen stiff and lifeless, began to feel the effect of the warmth and to writhe and twist in the full vigor of life. They flopped out upon the floor and, so to speak, prevailed the room.

The sitting-room about this time had become very warm, and someone opened the door leading into the kitchen. Suddenly a lady saw one of the eels, screamed, rose from her chair, and shrieked: "There's a snake!"

In an instant the wildest excitement prevailed. A glance into the kitchen, and there was a cry: "Oh, the kitchen is full of snakes!"

The quilters rushed out into the hall and up the stairs to the dressing-room.

At this juncture the men came in from the barn, and there was some lively work before the eels were slaughtered. The shock and the fright which the ladies had received effectually broke up the quilting-party.

Birds in Oom Paat's Hat.

The poetry of practical people is apt to be queerly mixed with prose, but it is original. All accounts of President Kruger's wife represent her as a very matter-of-fact woman, who would never sacrifice the useful to the beautiful. On one occasion however, she seems to have combined the two—owing to her love for dumb creatures. The story is told in Animal Friends.

Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their president and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best.

The pictures showed him in every day clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this she asked that the top of the crown of the hat should be made hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it.

This was done, and now whenever a welcome shower has fallen a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering around the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.

Walzing Mice.

The Japanese have a queer little domestic pet that is said to walk through the greater part of the walking hours of its life, never growing tired, even if its feet wear out in the process.

The animal belongs to a peculiar breed of mice—black and white with pink eyes. One of their peculiarities is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz.

If several mice are put in together they will often be seen walking in couples, and sometimes more than two will join in the mad whirl. So rapid is the movement that it is impossible to tell heads from tails.

When the floor of the cage is not smooth the mice actually wear out their feet, leaving only the stumps to whirl on.

Walzing seems to be as necessary for the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults are to the tumbling pigeon. An upright peg forms a convenient pivot round which the mice can whirl, but Natural Science is the authority for the statement that without any such guide they would not in several minutes cover an area larger than a dinner-plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler.

Mind Over Matter.

During the war in South Africa, says a London exchange, a volunteer regiment got under a fire so heavy that, after spreading out in skirmish line, the order was given to be down.

One unfortunate soldier flopped squarely into an anti-hill. Hundreds of the little pests swarmed angrily over him, biting him fiercely. The man jumped up, wild with pain.

"Lie down there, you fool!" shouted the captain.

"I can't!" protested the poor fellow.

"I'd rather be shot than—"

Just then a shower of bullets flew past him at all heights, from his shins to his head. It was marvellous that he was not

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hit in a dozen places. He changed his mind swiftly about the possibility of lying down, and dropped at once, regardless of ants, shouting to his commander: "Yes, I can, captain! I'm very comfortable now, sir!"

Western Excursions.

The Canadian Pacific is offering special low rates to the First National Baptist Convention at Winnipeg; tickets on sale June 26th to July 5th, good going until July 8th and will be honored for return until August 15th, 1900, also special low rate side trips to Kootenay and Pacific Coast points.

To the meeting of the Womens National Council at Victoria, B. C., in July the Canadian Pacific has named a rate of fare and one quarter for the round trip, tickets on sale July 10th, 11th, 13th, and 15th, via all rail or Lake route, good going until July 24th and good to stop over within that time; return trip to be completed before August 31st, 1900.

Fireproof Safes.

"For city in modern buildings," said a safe manufacturer, "safes are nowadays made thinner walled than formerly, thus giving them more room inside in proportion to the space the safe occupies. The modern building is fireproof, or substantially so, and in case of fire the safe does not fall down through the burned floors into a mass of burning debris in the cellar, but it stays where it has been placed, supported by the steel floor beams of the room, and with less around it to burn, subjected to comparatively less heat.

"Under such conditions the thin-walled safe is as fireproof as the thick-walled safe would be under the conditions in which it is used in the old-style buildings, for use in which the thick-walled safe is still commonly sold."

Suspicious Nature.

"What is your opinion about our prospects in this war?"

"I decline to answer," replied the Boer General. "This may be a treacherous ruse to take my mind off business and get my men to evolving abstract military theories instead of sticking close at the fighting."

Some Day.

"When," shouted the orator, "when will come that blessed day when every man shall get all he earns?"

"I'll come along about the time," fiercely back answered the man in the crowd, who was there for that purpose, "it will come when every man earns all he gets!"

Whole Thing.

He didn't go on the stage after all. I understand they wouldn't give him a chance.

"You've got it a little garbled. It was because they wouldn't give him a show. He wanted to be boss of that or nothing."

Poor Advice.

Ethel (to her younger brother, who had been whipped)—Don't mind, brother, don't mind.

Brother (between sobs)—That's just what I was licked for.

Biggs (to cabman)—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's Hotel?

Cabman—One dollar, sir.

Biggs—And how much for taking me alone?

Cabman—the same—one dollar.

Biggs (to his wife)—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.

Haughty lady (who has purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on myself?

Post office assistant (very politely)—Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplish more if you put it in the letter.

First boarder—I see that they have just burned a spiritualistic medium at the stake down in Georgia.

Second boarder—Yes; that is what you might call a stake-dome medium.

Your Doctor's Advice—Has not always been according to his conscience because for years he's been schooled in prejudice which forbids every proprietary remedy as "quackery"—today he knows better than that; practices better, and such worthy remedies as Dr. Von Sars' Plaster and Tablets are among his constant prescriptions in his daily practice because he has proved them so potent in stomach troubles—40 in a box, 25 cents. Sold by W. C. Brown.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30

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

THE PROPER SPIRIT.

What a pleasant and agreeable condition would exist if the representative men of the country could assemble from time to time and without political animus or bias discuss what is best for the country and agree upon such measures as they considered of benefit to all? If, for example, they would meet as the gentlemen representing boards of trade and municipal bodies did last week to talk over the summer steamship service. There was no reference to politics in that gathering but each and everyone seemed to be actuated by the best motives. Self interest was absent but the best interests of the community obtained great prominence. This must have been impressed upon all who took part in the discussion as well as upon the people who read the partial reports that were printed. The notes of discordance so familiar in a political assembly were not heard; the best of good feeling prevailed and the result was an increased hopefulness that something might result in the end from such a meeting. What a good thing it would be if all our public affairs could be considered in the same spirit!

COMPLIMENTARY EXCHANGE.

Some weeks ago the Editor of the Chatham Advance printed some pointed remarks about the editor of the Telegraph. They were not couched in diplomatic or complimentary language, and the season for them was probably the fact that the St. John morning paper in question had reprinted some rhymes from the Chatham World which, to say the least, did not flatter the editor of the Advance. The reply to the observations of Editor SMITH was delayed and did not appear until Monday of this week when Editor HANNAY indulged in some philosophical remarks, of which the following are a few extracts:

We observe by the published reports of the conference of an important religious body recently held in this province that a clergyman of that church who was suspended last year for indulging too freely in stimulants, has been restored to his position as a clergyman, after having repented of his folly and made due atonement. We congratulate the denomination in question on the good sense and spirit of justice which has dictated this action. However great the offense of a clergyman it cannot well be too great to be expiated if he sincerely repents of it. Ministers are but men and very frequently the qualities which make them great pulpits orators and able exponents of the doctrine of the gospel are those which render them subject to temptations to which colder natures are not liable. It is difficult for a human clod to enter into the feelings of a man with a large sympathetic nature, who has over-wrought his brain and weakened his ability to resist temptation by reason of his efforts in the cause which he has at heart. To say that a man of that kind should be destroyed forever for a single fault would be to set up a standard of action grossly unjust, and not only unjust but foolish, because if that standard had always been maintained some of the best men would have been lost to the church. We hope that similar results will follow in the case under consideration, and that a quarter of a century hence no low black guard, whether he stands in the pulpit or sits in an editorial chair will be able to drag down and humiliate him by publishing the follies of his youth. Fortunately the good sense and spirit of justice of the people place such malicious individuals in their proper category as the serpents of the human race.

The italics are ours.

The supposed nearness of elections make rumors plenty. Among what is said is that the minister of railways will run for York but then Mr. GIBSON, jr. is also spoken of; that Mr. FERRIS may contest Queens and that Mr. FRANK WOODS may oppose him. Mr. ELLIS is reported to wish to run again and as against that Mr. BLAIR's friends are crying his nomination. Mr. HAZEN was spoken of as an opponent of Col. FURKER but the leader of the local

opposition says he does not wish to retire from his present field. Mr. EMMERSON it is said will be requested to stump the province again before he gets his judgeship. What next?

The streets of the city must be attended to. What is the matter with the department anyway? The appearance of the King Square fountain is due to neglect for delay and neglect. It is all very well to make excuses but the people are tired of them.

Poor unlucky Harvard! To have victory in your grasp and then lose it was hard lines. But then you won two races and should be content.

The Circus has come and gone and the longing of the small boy is satisfied. By the way there wasn't a great deal to satisfy him this time.

Welcome home JOHNSTON. You did not come with any flourish of trumpets but you are none the less welcome for that.

A SPLENDID RECOGNITION.

Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., Donors One Hundred Guineas to the D. R. Association.

Appreciation of the action of Canada in sending volunteers to South Africa has come in an unexpected way from one old country friend that is well known all through this country. Progress refers to Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., the well known distillers of London and Glasgow who this week forwarded a check for 100 guineas to the Dominion rifle association through their maritime province agent, Mr. M. A. Finn. This generous gift was the result of a letter of introduction that Lieut. Col. McLean carried from Mr. Finn to Messrs. Buchanan as well as the fact that the latter gentleman was born in Canada and thus felt a greater motive to do something for Canadian riflemen.

The following correspondence is self explanatory.

Dear Col. McLean—With reference to the very generous offer by James Buchanan of London, England, through you, to contribute the sum of 100 guineas to the prize list of the Dominion Rifle Association, I am directed by its executive committee to state that it is with much pleasure they accept Mr. Buchanan's very handsome contribution.

The amount will be awarded as prizes in the grand aggregate match, which will this year be known as the "Buchanan Grand Aggregate Match," and the match is the most important of the aggregate matches on the programme.

You will kindly communicate this proposal to Mr. Buchanan and obtain his approval to the effect that at the same time assure him of the appreciation by the association of his generosity.

Will you kindly, when the amount of the contribution is received from Mr. Buchanan, forward the same to the treasurer of the D. R. A?

Yours truly,
(36) W. E. HODGINS, Lt. Col., Secy D. R. A.
St. John, N. B.

Dear Mr. Buchanan—Enclosed please find letter from the secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association. You will note that the association has decided to have the "Grand Aggregate" match called "The Buchanan Grand Aggregate Match," and that your contribution of 100 guineas will be awarded as prizes in that match. The match is as stated by the secretary, one of the most important matches on the programme. I was in Ottawa last week and the members of the Dominion Rifle Association fully appreciate your generosity in offering such a large sum. The offer is especially appropriate this time when rifle shooting has become of vital importance.

I remain, yours faithfully,
James Buchanan, Esq.
Springfield Changed Hands.

The steamer Springfield which runs between St. John and the head of the Bellefleur, has changed hands and the controlling interest has been purchased by Miss Beatrice E. Waring, who will act as managing owner in future. By desire of many citizens a change has been made in the time of this steamer's sailing on Saturday. Instead of leaving Indian town at 12 o'clock on that day she will in future leave her wharf at 2 o'clock. The Saturday trip is a single fare for return journey.

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With our present facilities, our work cannot be equalled. Duck shirts, shirt waists and all summer wearing apparel, done to look like new work, delivered when promised always. Ungar's Laundry and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

London Fog.

A London fog brings out hundreds of thieves, but it also brings out men who are wanted by the police. A detective told a representative of the press about two curious instances of thieves being caught in this way.

We had been on the lookout for an week for an American swindler who had stolen bonds in his possession. The inspector who had the warrant at last declared that the man must have got out of the country; but one densely foggy night the inspector happened to be in a quiet street not far from Bedford Square, when a stranger, against whom he nearly ran, said:

"Can you tell me precisely where I am?"

"I've got mixed up, somehow." "Follow me and I'll show you," said the officer, and he did show him—to the police station; for the man was the very one he had been looking for.

In another case a sergeant, in one of the thickest fogs ever known, politely helped a lady in distress near the Kennington road. The lady couldn't even recognize her own house among several all alike, and the sergeant, on her behalf, knocked at a door and was answered by a man.

The lady did not live there—but an hour or two afterward I arrested the man who had come to the door. He was a German baker, the head of a large firm, and we had been seeking him for months. A well-dressed gentleman, in a south-eastern suburb, was helped in a fearful fog by a poor man who, eventually with his charge, took temporary shelter at a police station.

The gentleman explained that he had just arrived from Canada, where he had been for thirty years, and that he was now looking in this, to him, strange locality for a brother. Explanations followed, and the man who had helped him turned out to be the brother for whom he was looking. I heard the story from the sergeant, who present when the examination took place.

The Senator's Reason.

According to the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, there is a man in the Senate who can write equally well with both hands. Sometimes he uses one and sometimes the other. One of his colleagues, after watching him awhile one day, said:

"Senator, I did not know that you were ambidextrous."

"Yes," retorted the senator, "I have to be in order to keep the run of this Senate."

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

"Yellow Journalist."

A couple of gentlemen went trout fishing on Wednesday but without much success.

More "Dough" for Sydney.

(Springfield Advertiser.) James Ross, baker, will shortly remove his business to Sydney, C. B. We wish him success in his new field.

A Misplaced Letter's Bad Break.

(Annapolis Spectator.) In a recent issue of a provincial paper containing the report of a political speech the speaker said: "The masses believed him. Through a typographical mistake it read: 'Them asses believed him.'"

Another Cape Breton Boom.

(Fort Hawkesbury Bulletin.) A Chinaman is opening a laundry in town. This is a good omen, as a Chinaman is seldom known to open up business where the prospects for success are not good.

That Chestnut Government Phrase.

(Wolville Acadian.) The weather during the past few weeks has been beautiful. This is Canada's "growing time."

Cheaper to Live Than Die.

(Chatham World.) With good luck at \$5 a barrel, as advertised by Mr. McLachlan and number at its present high price, no true economist will die of his own accord, because bread is cheaper than coffee.

Now for the Sea Serpents.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) The summer girl is coming, with the same engaging smile as of yore, the same old love light dancing in her eyes, the same old story of undying devotion on her ruby lips. But trust her not, young man, trust her not; she's fooling thee.

Wanted—A Miss Mary.

(Apple River Cor. Amherst Gazette.) There was a pie sold at Mr. Silas Lunn's on Saturday. The amount of the proceeds is not known at present. It is said there was a great confusion of voices which would be very natural to a community like New Salem where there was such an aversion to ministers and ministers' salaries. When will foolishness cease in a christian land. Is the laborer, not worthy of his hire?

Awfully Naughty Boys.

(Miramichi Advance.) The yacht club, on race days should have an officer at the finish post to prevent rude boys from saying such things as: "What excuse will you have Saturday?" "Do you know anything about the 'flying start'?" "There'll be nothing in tomorrow's Sun about this race." "Did you get any coffee?" "Where have you been all the afternoon?" "Put some 'grease paint' on her." "You was too fly on that 'flying start'."

Methodists in a Hot Place.

(Chatham World.) It is a curious coincidence that a hot wave reached Moncton with the Methodist conference. But then clergymen are at least accustomed to mention a hot place.—Transcript.

Not at all. They long since ceased to mention it in their sermons. It lives, like election and predestination, in the creeds, but, like them, it is rarely mentioned in the pulpit.

A "Robot" for the Select Classes.

(Campbellton Events.) In every town there are people who think themselves select. But there has a good many Dalhousie has her share and even cosmopolitan Campbellton harbors a few such. These good people are a most unwelcome leaven in such a community for the set the light headed aping them till in the end we have all the distinctions of a large city with nothing to offer as an excuse for such a state of affairs. Are we to base this uprightness on family? Few of the people with the best blood in their veins are often the very ones to keep it from the public. Are we to make money? Surely not when the best instincts of the race rebel against such a standard. Are we to make it learning and culture? If we should we don't, so that question is disposed of. The fact is that a select circle in every town set up arbitrary standards and run the social machine after their own freaks of fancy.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The June Bug.

Thou stupid blockhead, blundering in my face! Is not the great world wide enough, but thou must quit the dusty night where thou'rt at home To dazzle at my lamps and burn my wings; To blind thy goggle eyes with too much light And bang thy delish head 'gainst everything? Thou meddling fool! I don't ever get out of place. No meeting's free from thy dim-bling buzz; No child too timid for thy scolding hum; No lady's nerves too strung nor hair too fine For thee to tang; it with scratchy claws— These in my eye are all!

How like we art! This dizzying room to thee— Why that's the small world; and we poor men Do bang our heads 'gainst every wall of it. And wonder why they ache. Our blundering feet Tramp roughshod over nerves that twinge in pain; We meddle daily with the mysteries; We fret our little souls with buzzing talk Of laws of unknown things, and life and death; And many a page lies stained with thoughts in care.

Parlo's fellow blunderer! Mine's the fault, I'm a fool of the things I do myself. The fashion only altered, blundersers both! The one with open neck and braids 'd heart; The other with his broken wings and feet. He'll blow out the light; it troubles thee; A-d here's a bit of wood to dry thee on. Rest thee a moment till thy dazed head clears. Turn, there's the window open give peace— and may the gentle God who made us both, When next I blunder in His smug-y face, Do so with me.

Circumstance.

Where is thy power, O circumstance, That thy dread clutch a human soul, As destiny may cease? What chance Or might doth fix thy stern control?

May we not do, shall we not dare, If your command does say we may? Shall life be lost in aimless despair, When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Are you merciful? Far beyond Your menace rises dauntless will, Which dares to break your cruel bond, And nobler destiny fit.

A coward he who owns your thrall, And yields his life to your dictate, Who hears and heeds your dire call. He is the master of his fate!

The sea that bars us from the shore, The winds that bear us safely there, The winds that bear us to a haven fair, Wild waters to a haven fair.

And e'en from circumstances adverse, The earnest faith of soul may wrest, The earnest faith, and from her curse, Win patience that shall make him blest.

A Straight Tip.

Oh, young friend, in this hour of ease, If on this paper you should see And look for something to sipp Take our advice and now be yyy Turn thence to us your longing eye— Your feet, your hands, your ears, your nose, Your mind your heart,—from all your woe; You'll find our training of some use, Without it you have no exqq.

Attend at once, make no delay— An Eastman schooling always pass— A name that dies not nor dekkk. Shortland Journal.

The Bill-Board Artist.

There are many sons of genius in this city of the West. Versed in music, in the sciences and art; We are proud of their attainments, think they are the very best.

And e'en in our own city, which we'd care to past. In the great array of talent housed within our city walls.

None of the almost universal joys affords As the truly gifted artist in the daubed-up overalls, The man who paints the signs upon the boards.

As the trolley cars are rushing through the very busy street, What an eager crowd of rubbernecks they bear! At the unassuming fellow who is holding down a seat.

On an swaying platform they in wonder stare. How the eyes of all the ladies most approvingly expand.

As well as those of their bewhiskered lords, While gazing at the wonders from the deli, artistic hand.

Of the man who paints the signs upon the boards. He might never take a prize in the Parisian salon, Never figure in the high artistic swim, But in filling his vocation as a brush phenomenon He'll win the cash and that's enough for him.

He's content to be the idol of the many passers-by, To attract the notice of the staring hordes. As he swings the hairy brush and makes the gaudy colors fly, The man who paints the signs upon the boards.

There are many rare attractions in this peerless town of ours, Magnificent of eye that can't be beat, But in catching our attention none possess such a drawing power.

As the "colored" pictures on the street. We may point with admiration to attractions simply grand. We may revel in the pleasure each affords, But we bow to the creations of the free and easy hand.

Of the man who paints the signs upon the boards. Gentle Jane.

What she's pined for the reaping; Wake the wild rose from its sleeping; Touched the cornsilk fine and yellow; Kissed the apples, made them mellow; Lit a golden harvest moon. Gentle Jane.

A Message to Kruger.

To employ a district messenger-boy in the large cities costs thirty cents an hour and the boy's expenses. A sixteen year old Brooklyn lad named Smith sailed from New York in March bound on the longest, and therefore the most costly, journey that a district messenger ever undertook.

When he arrives in New York again the charge for his services will be several hundred dollars, and that sum does not include travelling expenses.

Smith went to Pretoria, South Africa, to convey to President Kruger a message of sympathy, signed by more than twenty thousand Philadelphia, New York and Boston school boys.

But suppose you get to Pretoria and find that Oom Paul has been sent to St. Helena? asked the superintendent of the district telegraph company. "What will you do?"

"Take the message to St. Helena," said Smith.

In fact, the boy delivered his message to President Kruger at Pretoria on May 29th. Tears are said to have stood in the old man's eyes as he received it.

Smith made what the telegraph dispatch calls "a manly little speech," to which Kruger replied in fitting terms, thanking the "Liberty Lads" for the sympathy they had shown. Then he shook hands with Smith in a fatherly manner, wishing him a safe return.

Several Americans, including United States Consul Hay, were present at the interview.

Many of us are acquainted with the time honored anecdote of the minister whose buckwheat cakes a bounteous parishioner flooded with molasses, till he ventured to protest. "Oh no," she answered, generously continuing to pour "there can't be too much molasses for the minister!"

The wife of a good Boston deacon (he was the founder of The Youth's Companion) was more considerate. She was a notable hostess, whose guest room, the "Prophet's Chamber," had been occupied by many famous clergymen.

There was nothing she delighted in more than piously petting these good men, who were supposed to be too intent on spiritual matters to take much earthly care of them selves. She tended them, she mended them, she gave them presents if they were poor, she knitted comforters for them if they were consumptive, she administered honey syrup if they were hoarse, she scolded and dried them if they wore their feet wet or forgot their umbrellas. she gave them such dinners!

But she learned that some things can be too good for the minister. It occurred to her once, shortly before dinner, to ask a distinguished divine if there were any special dish he fancied.

"Oh, no, Sister Willis," was the genial but disconcerting reply. "Anything will do for me—anything but ham and chicken. I have been travelling for the last week, and every family I have dined with has given me ham and chicken! Anything else would be acceptable—anything I am not particular."

Poor Sister Willis! Ham and chicken were the chief dishes of the coming dinner. A messenger was hastily dispatched for beefsteak, and the guest never knew of his narrow escape from one more meal of the loathed delicacies.

Indian Compositions.

New 'composition' stories are furnished by two young Indians, whose efforts in this difficult line are reported by the Southern workman.

The subject assigned to the first boy was the life of General Armstrong. Referring to the general's boyhood among the idolatrous, ancestor-worshipping natives of the Hawaiian Islands, he wrote as follows:

"The people of the Sandwich Islands worshipped the idols of their aunt's sisters. The second boy a member of the same class writing upon a different phase of the same subject, got the city of Washington confused with the men for whom the city was named. Referring to the retirement of General Armstrong from the service after the war, he said:

"When General Armstrong finished the war, he wrote to Washington and asked him if there was any more he could do for him."

"You seem to be very confident of the success of the novel you are about to publish," suggested the critic.

"Well, rather," replied the publisher. "You see, it's a purpose novel by a young girl and deals with subjects of which she really ought to know nothing. I don't see how it can fail."

He—I think you handle the mandolin, Miss Lillian, better than any other girl I ever saw.

She—Why, you never heard me try to play it. Mr. Wixley.

No. That's why I admire the way you handle it.

Magistrate—You are charged with talking back to an officer, sir; have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Dayvil a word yer honor. O've sed too much already.

BAKING POWDER... Pure and wholesome

that Oom Paul has been sent to St. Helena... "What will I do?"

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The absorbing question just now is what to do on Dominion Day, or at least that was the query a few days ago, but perhaps by this time pretty nearly everybody has his or her mind fully made up, as to where they shall spend Canada's birthday.

Among the attractions offered is the excursion to Digby on the "Prince Rupert" in connection with the interprovincial yacht race, the usual river trips, one fare rates to Fredericton where bicycle championships are slated, Gley Cornet band excursion to Patrige Island, Brussels street church outing at Westfield Beach, baseball between the Aces and Alerts on the B. and A. Grounds, Harkins Company at the Opera House, and one fare tickets to all C. E. points. Of course there are minor attractions.

The American baseball boys who have been almost a week in town are delighted with the way they are being received on all sides. They are in deed a well-behaved and gentlemanly lot of fellows and never lost sight of this even when the games were at their keenest. The college boys of the Tenth boys is beautifully situated at Medford Hillside, a few miles out of Boston, where the battle-scarred campus has been the scene of some memorable football and baseball contests. Tufts College is in reality a university as all the professions are taught there, and in point of scholarship ranks high. Its grounds are among the prettiest and healthiest in all America and the museum and symposium gems of architecture and modern.

Miss Daisy Sears, the pretty and bright little daughter of ex-mayor Sears has received Com. J. A. Johnson of Erie street, St. John's first returned Paardeberg hero, an interesting collection of war mementoes in recognition of the valuable service she has done in augmenting the soldier's relief fund by her recitations and solo-winning performances. Altogether Miss Daisy has collected over one hundred dollars. Hearing of what she has done for the soldiers, Private Johnston has presented her with a beautiful white ostrich feather, several buttons, a neat pocket edition of "The Absent Minded Beggar" that he bought in South Africa, also with a book entitled "Victory" published in London. The feather was worn by Miss Daisy at an entertainment in the Mission church school room on Tuesday evening.

Capit looked upon the culmination of another batch of his frolicsome plots this week, a brief record of which is given below:

There was a quiet but pretty wedding Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Buchanan, St. James street, their daughter, Miss Lillian Gray being united in marriage to Mr. Percy W. D. Campbell of the C. E. R. train department's office. Rev. W. W. Baines performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left by the morning train for Halifax, and will also visit Quebec and Montreal.

Henry J. Sullivan of the wholesale firm of R. Sullivan & Co. Dock street, was married Wednesday morning at Holy Trinity church to Miss Mary Carleton. It was a quiet event, only relatives of the family being present. Rev. J. J. Walsh officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan left by the Prince Rupert Thursday morning for a honeymoon tour through Nova Scotia.

At the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception Wednesday at 11.15 p. m. by the Rev. Father McMurray, Fred M., second son of the late Patrick

McDonald, was united in marriage to Josephine M., second daughter of the late John Carroll. The bride looked charming in white muslin, with chiffon hat to match, and carried a large bouquet of roses. She was attended by her sister, May, who was also dressed in muslin, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. The groom was supported by his brother Harry. The bride received many handsome and costly presents, among them being a beautiful carving set from the groom's employer, E. J. Armstrong, and from the groom's uncle, a handsome rocker. After the wedding, the bridal party returned to the residence of the bride's mother, where supper was served. The young couple, who are very popular, have the best wishes of their many friends for a very happy future. They will reside at 225 Brunson street. Mrs. McDonald will be at home to her friends on the 4th and 5th of July.

At St. Rose's church, Fairville, Monday Rev. Charles Collins united in marriage Mr. William Murphy and Miss Bridget Hanlon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hanlon of Milford. Miss Katie Hanlon was bridesmaid and Mr. Michael Garvey groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will live in Milford.

In spite of the early hour 5 o'clock, a large number of the leaders of Frank McParson and Miss Joe's Desmond were present in the Catholic chapel at Hampton the first day of this week's sea bath. The ceremony was performed at the rest of the bride's father by Rev. Geo. Steele. The bride received many handsome presents. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were serenaded by the Temple of Honor band, of which the groom is a member.

Warren Vincent an employe of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, and son of Mr. John Vincent of North End, was married Wednesday evening to Miss Lillian White, daughter of D. White, Main street. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father by Rev. Geo. Steele. The bride received many handsome presents. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were serenaded by the Temple of Honor band, of which the groom is a member.

At 4.45 o'clock Wednesday morning at the cathedral, Rev. F. J. McMurray united in marriage Mr. Richard James and Miss Bessie McGrath, adopted daughter of Mr. Bernard Lawrence, 140 S. Patrick street. Miss Nellie Lewis was bridesmaid and Mr. Joseph Lewis assisted the groom.

At 6.30 o'clock Tuesday morning Mr. W. L. Hogan of the Snowball employ, Chatham, and Miss Nellie H. Ryan, head milliner with Messrs Macaulay Bros. & Co. were married by Rev. F. J. McMurray. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary Ryan and the groomsmen Mr. James P. Owan. The bride wore a travelling costume of blue Terry cloth with hat to match. Among the presents was a case of solid silver pearl-handled knives and forks from the male employes of Messrs Macaulay Bros. & Co. and an ivory table and lamp from the military detachment. Mr. and Mrs. Hogan left on a trip to Prince Edward Island. Many friends were at the station to extend congratulations.

Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother the wedding took place of Mr. George A. Horton, head of the firm of Messrs H. Horton & Sons, and Miss Mahol Boyne, daughter of the late Mr. A. D. M. Boyne. The bride wore a travelling suit of lawn with hat to match, and carried a bridal bouquet. Rev. Dr. Ray of Coburg street Christian church, officiated. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. G. G. Boyne. The house was "brilliantly lit up with flowers." After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Horton left for Quebec and will visit Montreal, Toronto and New York. They will reside at 160 Germain street. They received many beautiful presents, among them being a valuable silver tea service from the clerks of Messrs H. Horton & Sons.

Mrs. M. A. Smith who has been visiting friends here returned to St. Mary's on Monday.

Miss Lou Wetmore is spending this week in Riverview.

Mrs. George E. and Miss Fenety of London Hall, Fredericton, who were visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Fenety on Leinster street, returned home on Friday last. Mrs. Chas. G. D. Roberts, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. S. Carter, returned to Fredericton the same day.

The Misses Rowan, Windsor, N. B. are spending a few weeks here.

Mrs. Hayes, Duke street, is visiting friends in Hillsboro.

Mrs. E. Foster of Kalamazoo, Mich., who has been in St. John for some weeks, leaves this afternoon for Berlin, N. H.

Mr. Harry Sprague went across the Bay this morning to spend the holiday at his home in Digby.

Miss Sutherland, Windsor, is in town for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith spent Sunday in Westfield.

Miss Hunter of the Ladies College, Halifax, is spending a few days in the city the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. G. Fenety, Leinster street.

Miss Mollie Cronin of King street (east) left for a two months visit to Boston on Wednesday morning's boat.

Mrs. Forbes, wife of Judge Forbes is seriously ill at her home Coburg street.

Mr. John Scott, of Glasgow is visiting his brother, Mr. James Scott.

Mrs. Geo. B. Castle of Brookline spent a few days with friends in the city this week before going to Kingston where she will remain a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Carter. She is accompanied by her brother, E. B. Carter, who is on his vacation.

Miss Marie Foley returned from Boston on Tuesday where she has been visiting friends for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Smith, Mrs. C. F. Tilley and Mrs. Gregory will sail from Liverpool on the S. S. Lake Megantic to-day for home after visiting the World's Fair.

Mrs. M. Scribner matron of the Old Ladies' Home, Yarmouth, returned Monday after a two weeks' visit to St. John.

MARRIED.

McPHERSON-DESMOND—On Monday the 29th inst. at Hampton by Rev. Father Moohan, Frank McParson to Josie Desmond.

Heart academy, Montreal, have returned to their home on Union Street. Dr. J. D. Maher and his bride returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. C. F. Hoban was at home at 35 Paddock St. Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mrs. J. H. Barton received on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at her home 9 Spruce Street. Mrs. Robt. McVittie, of Leinster street has returned from a trip to Boston.

Miss A. L. Jones, St. John, registered at the Bank of Montreal, London, during the week ending June 11.

Mrs. Robert Gray Murray received at the Clifton House on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.

Mrs. R. Foster and Miss F. Godfrey have just returned from a very pleasant fishing expedition at Stanley lake, bringing with them a number of fine trout many of them weighing one pound. During their stay they were the guests of Miss M. Wetmore, of Clifton.

Mr. C. F. McParson of the C. P. R. W. & V. Co., formerly of St. John, is visiting friends here.

Rev. J. M. Davenport has gone to Toronto in connection with the work he has received, to St. Thomas Episcopal church assistant rectorship.

Miss Josie Ritchie left Tuesday afternoon by C. P. R., on a visit of several weeks to Boston.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in great quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

FREDERICTON.

[Frooness is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and H. Hawthorne.

Jun 27.—This has been a week of farewells, teachers and pupils all over the city, many have clasped hands for the last time and some for the short summer vacation. Perhaps the most interesting of all the closing exercises was that held at the institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The large number of visitors who crowded the assembly room of that institution were exceedingly interested and amazed at the wonderful work done there. Many of the pupils received prizes for the excellence of their work. A happy occasion of the occasion was the presentation by the pupils of a handsome prize to their beloved physician Dr. McLearn. The presentation was made by the articulation class. Miss Beatrice McLean, Miss Evelyn Mary Wass and Miss Della M. Green acting for their classmates and was in these words:

Dr. McLearn:—As many of us have become the happy possessors of prizes today, we felt that you deserved one also and we have much pleasure in presenting this to you a long career of health, happiness and usefulness.

The prize was a beautiful set of Shakespeare. The doctor was evidently deeply affected and unable to reply and asked Prof. Woodbridge to thank the pupils for him. Different members of the articulation class recited verses of patriotic songs which were much applauded by the visitors, who were amazed at the possibility of the dumb being taught to speak.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Inches of St. Stephen with Mrs. Grimm have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Julius Inches, Mrs. Theo. Everett is also a guest of Mrs. Inches.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fenety have returned from their wedding journey and are the guests of Mrs. Fenety at "Linden Hall." Mrs. Walter Fenety will receive her bridal calls at the residence of her father Mr. City Crookshank on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Jones of St. John spent a few days in the city this week.

Mrs. J. W. Bridges left on Monday afternoon for a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe at Port Hope Ont.

Mrs. J. A. VanWart and son Don left to-day to visit relatives at St. John.

Five Blind Camp holds a very jolly party this week who keep the neighborhood in the vicinity awake with much merry making. The party is chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burns and includes:

Miss Carrie Winslow Ralph Clark
Miss Bigelow, Truro G. H. Allen
Miss McKenna J. J. Fenety
Miss Nellie Babbitt C. F. Randolph
Miss Gladys McLaughlin Lieut. Sumner
Miss Annie Tibbitts Harry Chesnut
Miss Grace Winslow Kenneth Allen
Miss Ethel Hart Harold Babbitt
Miss Edith Winslow Eddie Winslow.

Miss Mabel Smith has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Boston.

Miss Sara McKee left to-day for Europe and will visit the exposition at Paris, she will probably be absent three months.

Mr. Roy Morrison is home from Kingston Military College and Mr. Douglas Black has returned from Upper Canada College.

Miss Carrie Seely of St. John has been spending a few days with Mrs. Foster.

Mrs. W. C. Murray of Halifax is here visiting her sister Mrs. B. H. MacFarlane.

Miss Edith Beatty will spend her vacation with her sister Mrs. O'Keefe at Port Williams, Nova Scotia. Miss Simon Jones Esq. was among visitors to the city this week.

Mr. Bruce Scovil, C. T. has been a welcome guest at Mr. City Crookshank's for a few days.

Mrs. W. G. Clark with her children are summering at Red Head.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Sharp, formerly of this city but now of Sydney C. B. are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cudlip at Maryville.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burham of New York are spending a short vacation here.

Dear Economy

Some short-sighted people practice a kind of economy that is not economical. They save a penny on soap and lose a dollar on cloth. Sooner or later they learn that the cheap common soaps rot clothing by burning the thread with strong alkalis, then they wish they had used

Welcome Soap

which contains no impurities, nothing to injure the most delicate fabric. There is still greater economy in using WELCOME SOAP, Because it lasts longer than others.

White's Snowflake Chocolates



Imitations are out. Look out for them.



When You Want

a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL,—"Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL, 162 Union Street

DON'T PASS Allan's White Pharmacy,

87 Charlotte Street.

Stop and try one of those delicious Orange Phosphates, or Cream Sodas. You will find the best of everything in the Drug line at lowest prices. And the finest brands of Genuine Havana Cigars.

REMEMBER THE STORE. Allan's White Pharmacy 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

For Additional Society News, See Fifth and Seventh Pages.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- Newsboys Co. Barrington street
Newspaper Centre, Cox George & Grayville St
CANADA NEWS Co. Railway street
H. F. FIDELAY, Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. St
Green Bookstore, 100 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFries, 181 Brunswick St.

JUNE 27.—Major Stimson, of the R. C. regiment, has returned from Toronto. Mrs. Murray, mother of Mrs. (Mrs.) Schurman, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church in this city, dropped dead at her residence in Shelburne on Saturday, supposed of heart disease; she had been apparently in her usual health. Her husband (Rev. Mr. Murray) was absent attending Baptist Association at Aylesford, where Mr. and Mrs. Schurman also were, and there the distressing intelligence of the bereavement was received by the husband and daughter.

Word was received from Boston this morning of the death at that place (at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. McPhail), of Elizabeth, wife of Isaac Melvin of this city, aged 81. Mrs. Melvin has been ill for some time, but her death, although not unexpected, was a shock to relatives and friends in Halifax. Deceased was a most estimable lady, beloved by all who knew her, and the husband and family will have the sympathy of the community in their loss. She leaves three sons and one daughter.

Among the superannuated captains of the Royal Regiment of Artillery recently appointed captain was Captain E. J. Duffus, brother of J. Norwood Duffus of this city.

Rev. Father J. Sullivan of Weymouth came to the city last evening to pay his respects to the papal obsequies.

Capt. Robert Morley of the Clyde line steamer Onond, running between New York and Tampa, is home on a vacation. The captain has been away from the city five or six years.

F. H. Grosse assistant civil engineer at H. M. Deckyard, left by the Maritime Express Monday on a vacation trip to the upper provinces and Niagara Falls.

Douglas McIntosh, Ph. D. who has been engaged in scientific work in New York was in the city last night en route to his home at New Glasgow.

The residence of Mrs. William Morley 55 Campbell road, was the scene of a pretty home wedding at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, when Mr. William A. Case, engineer of the government steamer Annapolis, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary Jane Morley, daughter of the late William Morley. Only the immediate friends and relatives of the family were present, and the house was beautifully decorated with palms and cut flowers. Rev. N. LeMoine officiated; Mr. George Morton was best man, and Miss Ethel Robinson was bridesmaid. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Robert Morley of New York. The bride looked very pretty in a blue dress trimmed with white and gold. She wore a becoming white hat and carried a bouquet of white roses, her traveling attire was a tailor made suit of grey with hat to match. The bridesmaid was also becomingly costumed in a green and white organdie with white hat. The bouquet consisted of pink roses. At the conclusion of the ceremony a wedding repast was enjoyed after which Mr. and Mrs. Case left on a honeymoon trip through the provinces amid numerous congratulations from their friends. On their return they will reside at 55 Campbell road.

George Howley with J. A. Mahoney and Adolph Leckman, two other well known New Yorkers are in town. Mr. Howley is a Haligonian and his many acquaintances are delighted to see him. He has a splendid business in New York, and is a partner with Thos. Farrell, another Haligonian.

Walter Cleverdon, son of John F. Cleverdon of the electrician's office, Postal Telegraph company, and an old timer, graduated with high honors at New York university college, June 6th, and has secured a position as assistant engineer of Woodland cemetery. John F. Cleverdon is a son of the late Robert Cleverdon of this city, crockery ware merchant.

The many friends of George Gray, 125 Dresden Row, will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from a severe illness. Mrs. and Miss Jessie Mowbray are visiting Mrs. George Shearer, Wolfville.

News has been received of the death at Farnham, G. B., of Edward C. Willard, who was co-organizer of the Halifax with Rev. Mr. Grubb, of an Episcopal mission a couple of years ago. He died suddenly while riding a wheel.

Miss Emma Yetsman left Monday for St. John's, Newfoundland; her many friends in this city hope she will have an enjoyable time while away.

At the residence of Rev. J. D. MacKay, 29 Edward street, Halifax, Tuesday, Alexander A. L. MacDonald of Earlton was married to Wilena J. daughter of Mr. Charles Lynch of Earlton. The bride was dressed in blue, prettily trimmed with lace, and the bridesmaid, her sister, in white. Mr. C. D. Lynch supported the groom. The bride came from Boston to be married, and the happy couple proceeded to their home at Earlton today.

Mr. Frank E. Wilson of Neponset, Boston, Mass. is visiting his cousin, Mrs. James Lovett of 101 Gortland street, Halifax, for two weeks.

Prof. Russell, brother of Mr. J. A. Russell, agent of the Halifax Banking Co., Windsor, is at present in Pekin.

Mr. George Ackburn yesterday received a cable from his son, Harry W. Ackburn who went to South Africa with the first contingent as a sergeant in the Bearers corps. The cable states that he has arrived safely in London and is at St. Martin Hospital, Shorecliffe. By this it would seem that Ackburn has been invalided to England.

Dr. A. F. McAvenny of St. John, has been on a brief visit to the city, leaving to return this afternoon. In company with his friend, Col. McQuinn, the Dr. called on a number of friends, who were pleased exceedingly to meet again with such a gentleman.

TO OVERTAKE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Broom's Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

When a new star floats into the field of vision of some watchful astronomer, the world honors the discoverer, gives the new star a fitting name, and records the addition to the sum of human knowledge gained by this discovery.

Yet of what small profit to humanity at large is this discovery? What will those cold star rays do for the sleepless sufferer who coughs and burns the long night through? A far greater recovery for the sick is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy which has cured thousands of such sufferers. Obsolete and deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, weak and bleeding lungs and other conditions, which, if neglected, lead to consumption, are permanently cured by "Golden Medical Discovery." It contains no alcohol or other intoxicant, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic.

"I had a terrible cough over a year ago and could not stop it, or even to do a little work. I bought a bottle of Cameron, Scriven Co. Golden Medical Discovery. I took half a bottle and I was well."

Winter before this, my oldest boy (who is now nearly five years old) had a terrible cough. He had it the whole winter and all summer. Physicians did him no good, and nothing my wife and I could do did him any good. After your "Golden Medical Discovery" had cured me so quickly I brought my wife to bring my boy back from the country. He carried him there to see if the change would do him good. We were living in Savannah, Ga., at the time. She brought him back and after giving him your "Golden Medical Discovery" for a time he entirely recovered."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free, on receipt of stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper cover, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume.

and prominent citizen of our sister city. The wife of Dr. Walter Hamilton died at Montreal this morning of meningitis. This lady was formerly Mrs. Stan of Kinross of this city and a sister of Capt. John and Frank Campbell. Mr. Kinross died a number of years ago, and subsequently—about two years since—the widow was married to Dr. Hamilton. Her daughter, Miss Kinross, has been residing with her uncle here and left for Montreal last Thursday, her mother being ill. There is also a son young Kinross at Sydney. Many friends in Halifax will regret to hear of Mrs. Hamilton's death.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

YARMOUTH. June 27.—Miss Gladys Kilian's daughter of Chieftain, Kilian, of Manitoba, who has been attending Edgell, is visiting Miss L. G. Kilian.

Mr. George Parker has gone to St. John. Mr. Bradford Richards took home in all subjects of the third year in medicine at McGill University.

Professor G. E. Eager and bride who have spent part of their wedding trip in Yarmouth left on the Prince George Wednesday.

Misses Hilda Binney and Katherine Spinney are home from Edgell.

The death occurred about 7 o'clock Monday evening of Mrs. William Jones, wife of the proprietor of the Globe Hotel, Hawthorn street. The deceased was a Miss Goodwin of Farnham, a sister-in-law of Mr. Jeremiah Goodwin of the Goodwin hotel, Farnham, and a sister of Mrs. John Daley of Argyle Sound. She had been a great sufferer for a few days, or erysipelas, which attacked the brain, resulting in death. She was 68 years of age and leaves a husband and no children.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Kelley celebrated their silver wedding Monday evening at their home on Argyle street. A large company gathered to congratulate their genial host and hostess on the event. A pleasant evening was spent with music, games, etc., and bountiful refreshments were partaken of by Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, were the recipients of a large number of handsome presents commensurate of the occasion.

Messrs. G. Martin Brill of Philadelphia, Thomas Robertson, President of the Halifax and Yarmouth railway, W. B. Ross, vice-president, James Burrill and George A. Cox directors are in town. They made a trip of inspection over the road.

Hon. D. McPherson, C. C. Blackadar, Esq., and Capt. Harvey Doane, manager and directors of the Yarmouth S. Co., were in town Wednesday.

Miss Helen M. Shay and mother, and Miss Sarah A. Abbott, of Revere Beach, Mass., arrived per steamer Yarmouth Saturday morning en route to Caledonia, Queens Co., to spend the summer months.

June 27.—Mrs. J. M. Townshend spent a few days in Windsor last week. Mr. and Mrs. John Black of Fredericton and Miss Coster were in town on Wednesday and attended the marriage of Miss Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlop have returned from a long visit in California. Mrs. W. D. Malo, has returned from a weeks visit with her sister Mrs. Forman, in Londonderry. The pupils attending "Edgell" Windsor the Misses Mary, and Grace Dickey, and Elsie Townshend returned to town last week.

The Nova Scotia Medical Society will hold their annual meeting in the Parish Hall on July 4th and 5th. D. Mackintosh M. D. of Fagwah, will preside, Sir Charles Tupper will address the meeting.

Two brides were receiving this week, Mrs. Harry Black at her home Spring St. and Mrs. David Rowley at Mr. Jas. Currie's corner Spring and Havelock streets.

Mrs. David Parvis of Picton was a guest of Mrs. D. W. Douglas last week. Mrs. Dr. Ayer is in Woodstock, N. B. the guest of her mother, Mrs. Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison are spending a few weeks in Boston. Miss Carrie Terrio, of Leinster, who spent the winter in Boston has returned home.

Miss Amy Symms of Niagara Falls, Ont., was in town last week, the guest of Mrs. D. W. Douglas, Victoria St.

Mrs. Hennessey, of Bangor, and daughter, Miss Kathleen are visiting the former's parents Rev. D. and Mrs. Bliss, Westmorland. On Wednesday morning the pretty little church

of St. Mark's, Mount Whistler, Westmorland, was filled with the friends of Miss Francis E. M. youngest daughter of Rev. D. Bliss, rector of that church, to witness her marriage to Rev. Hugh Hooper rector of Prince William, York Co. N. B. At precisely this hour named 10.50, the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her brother Dr. G. C. W. Bliss, and was given away by him. She was attired in a travelling dress of blue lady's cloth with hat to match, and was attended by her niece Miss Betty McCrewey, who looked particularly sweet in white. The beautiful marriage service was solemnized by Rev. Bertram Hooper rector of St. George's, Moncton, brother of the groom, and at the close, the Holy Communion was celebrated by Rev. V. E. Harris, assisted by Rev. Cecil Wiggins, of which the officiating clergy and bride and groom partook. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and was made bright and beautiful for one, who had gained the love and esteem of not only the parishioners with whom she had so long identified herself in work for her church, but with all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Mr. and Mrs. Hooper drove to Sackville where they board at the O. F. B. en route for their future home.

Mr. Wm. Murray, of Toronto, formerly of the Bank of Nova Scotia staff, here, spent a short time in town last week on his way home to Halifax on a vacation.

Mr. W. L. Patterson, who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Patterson, left this week. He is attending school in New York where he will spend part of his vacation before returning to College at Acadia, Wolfville.

ANNAPOLIS. JUNE 27.—Mrs. C. W. Bowles and two sons arrived last Wednesday from Springfield, Mass., and will spend the summer at the Ferry with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mills. Her brother Surpuz Mills of Boston, is also spending a few weeks at his home.

Miss Della Barclay of Riverton, Picton, is spending the summer months with her sister, Mrs. Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Hall, of Halifax are visiting friends in town. Victor Gavasa of the Boston Post, son of John Gavasa, formerly of Annapolis is spending a few days in town the guest of his aunt, Mrs. G. A. Gavasa of the Clifton.

Thomas Savary eldest son of Judge Savary passed his examinations at the University of Toronto very satisfactory, obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and also obtained 1st class in the general course.

Miss Gertrude Whitman returned from Edgell on Wednesday. The Misses Arnaud are the guests of their aunt Mrs. E. D. Arnaud. Mrs. Rider is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lombard.

Miss McQuinn of St. John is visiting Miss Pauline Marshall.

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea. The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Tutley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which differs not from the right way of making tea.

TRURO. [Programme is for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]

June 27.—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Johnson, Halifax, who have been making a short visit with their friends at Stonycroft cottage have returned home.

Mrs. Perry and her small daughter, Edna from Carhage, N. Y. and Mrs. E. P. Rowe and her baby son, are guests of their sister Mrs. Learment at the Learment.

The concert in St. Andrew's church last night, by the choir from Matthew, Halifax, assisted by the best vocal talent of that city, was a huge success, the church being almost completely filled.

Mrs. O'Regan and her daughter Miss Nora, left for Dalhousie, N. B. yesterday after a long visit among Truro friends.

The closing exercises of the Normal school, which occurs to-morrow, promises to be of unusual interest. The class is unusually large, and there will be several visiting scholastic dignitaries from different parts of the Province. Mr. G. B. Calkin, the retiring principal, will be presented with an address and a handsome testimonial from the Normal staff and students.

DIGBY. JUNE 27.—Miss Edith Jones is visiting friends at Windsor. Miss Beattie McMullen has returned home from Boston. Mrs. Hannah Thomas left for Hudson this week. Mrs. J. H. King went to Middleton on Friday to attend the Baptist association.

Rev. T. Blackadar, B. A. and Mrs. Blackadar are guests at the Baptist parsonage for a few days. Pearl W. Darlow left for Dark harbor, Maine, where she will fill a position in a large hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Smithson and daughter, Mrs. Beattie, have arrived from Ottawa and will summer at Digby.

Mr. Wm. Beck with of Bridgetown was in Digby, Wednesday evening, returning home from Philadelphia where he has been attending the Pennsylvania dental college. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bran who are enjoying a bridal trip through Nova Scotia was in town this week. They are at present visiting the bride's former home at Bridgetown.

WOLFVILLE. JUNE 27.—Mrs. J. R. McDonald and Master Kenner spent a few weeks at the home of Mrs. McDonald's parents at Windsor.

Among those who received the M. D. degree at McGill University last week was C. H. Freeman of Milltown, Queen's County. Mr. Freeman was graduated from Acadia in the class of '96. Mr. Arthur E. Doull, formerly of this town, is also among the number capped.

Mr. Howard Schofield, son of Robt. Schofield, of Gasparrus, is home from Winnipeg on a short visit. He graduated from Acadia in 1882, and has been teaching in Winnipeg for seventeen years where he has seen the town grow from 15,000 to 60,000. He is now principal of the Winnipeg High School and an important factor in the educational work of that city.

Mr. Schofield leaves in a few days for London and Paris where he will take in the Exposition. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. (Dr.) Jones gave a reception to her friends. There was a large attendance of Wolfville ladies and a most enjoyable time was spent.

GAGSTOWN. JUNE 27.—Mr. G. DeVeber was in St. John last week. Mrs. E. H. Weston returned on Saturday from a visit to the city. Miss Eresh of St. John, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ebbott, during the past week, returned to the city on Monday. Miss Gertrude Cooper returned from St. John on Saturday.

Miss Robinson, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Peters. Mrs. R. T. Babbitt returned from St. John on Wednesday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Nell McLachlan, of Summersville, P. E. I., who will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt for some days. Rev. N. C. Hansen, of McGill College, Montreal, is visiting friends in Gagetown. Mrs. T. H. Gilbert is visiting friends at Dorchester, not Mr. Gilbert, as stated last week. Miss Ida Simpson of Boston, is spending her vacation at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. Wilber Taylor, of Florenceville, Carleton County, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Balyas. Hon. L. P. Farris of White's Cove, was in town last week.

Summer boarder—What is the maximum temperature here? Farmer Backwoods—I can't say exactly, but you can bet it's as maximum as it is anywhere!

SPECIALTIES —FOR— Ladies' and Gentleman. We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send 3c stamp for circular. THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1145, Montreal.

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

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up. Tenders for special privileges are being received. Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery. Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers. Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines. For prize lists, entry forms and other information, address CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B. President.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1s. 1d. and 1s. 6d. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots. They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. It is impossible, but perfect dyeing, at home too, is possible with Maypole Soap. WASHES AND DYES. Send for FREE book on home DYEING to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Free Cure For Men. A safe remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. KINGSLEY, 300 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

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

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARE, E. C. PELLETTO, HENRY M. CARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.



A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases. The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL, Makers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

Free Cure For Men. A safe remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. KINGSLEY, 300 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

from a pleasant visit to her home at St. John on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kimball of Missoula, Montana, are guests at the Queen this week.

Mrs. Wesley Vanwart and children have gone to Florenceville to spend the summer with her aunt Miss Hume.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Licenses for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. S. Wall and T. E. Atcheson.]

JUNE 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Verne Whitman were guests at the Windsor hotel on Thursday evening enroute to Norway, Mr., to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Henry F. Todd is quite ill with a slow fever. C. H. Clarke returned on Sunday from Boston.

Rev. Dr. McKenzie has returned from Halifax. Miss Lillie McMullen is recovering from her illness.

David Maxwell, C. E., arrived from Sydney on Saturday to spend a few days with his family.

Miss Carrie Murchie who attends school at Quincy, Mass., is home for the summer vacation.

Miss Mabel Murchie left yesterday to take passage for Europe.

Miss Isabel S. and Miss Jessie D. Henry left on Tuesday to attend the meeting of the Provincial teachers' institute which opened in Moncton yesterday.

Mrs. W. B. King left Seattle, Wash., on the 18th for the east and expects to arrive in Calais at an early date.

Miss Marion Rockwood is home from Houlton. Mrs. Alanson Beard of Boston is the guest of Charles F. Beard.

Collector Graham has returned from several days fishing in the vicinity of the Rolling Dam.

Miss Bremner Rose came up from St. Andrews for a brief visit during the week.

Mrs. S. E. Cook of Calais has been visiting friends at Red Beach.

Ralph Hayscock is home from Harvard college for the summer vacation.

Mrs. F. E. Rose is still suffering keenly from an abscess on her hand.

Miss Kate Washburn is suffering from the effects of a sprained ankle.

Lady Tilley has returned to St. John. Miss Edna Lane of Red Beach was recently the guest of Miss Flora Cook.

Miss Louise Pineo is home from Vassar college. Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Morris of New York are visiting Calais for the purpose of enjoying the sea salmon fishing the St. Croix sford.

Miss Mary Carter and Miss Daisy Hanson left on Monday for Moncton to attend the teacher's institute now in session in that city.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Emmett D. Bassett of Springfield, Mass., and Miss Addie M. Smith of Milltown, Me.

William Gage, of the street railway service, and Miss Henrietta Dismore of Calais, were married on Wednesday evening of last week.

Among the many valuable presents received was a fine marble clock from Mr. Gage's fellow employes.

Mrs. Margaret Stuart has been quite ill this week but is now much better.

Miss Wood of Sackville is the guest of Miss Berna Teed.

Mrs. Almon T. Teed gave a very delightful picnic at Murchie's basin on Friday afternoon which was greatly enjoyed by a number of young guests.

Fred B. Hill, who is a student at Ann Arbor college, has arrived home and will study law in the office of George J. Clark during the summer.

Mrs. F. T. Fote has been visiting Machias, Me. Miss Helen Newton sails for Europe on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd arrived from Boston on the W. C. R. E. on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. McKenzie are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Miss Esther Black who is a pupil at the Edgehill school for young ladies at Windsor, N. S. is at home for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Grace Woodcock is the guest of Miss Annie King, Calais.

Miss Jessie Main is the guest of Miss Berna Main.

Miss Everett has resigned her position as assistant teacher in the high school.

Captain Pratt of the Curlew was in town on Monday. His ship was at Oak Bay.

John F. Gregory prominently connected with the lumber industry in Alabama, is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos Gregory. This is the first visit of any considerable length that Mr. Gregory has made here for eighteen years and he is receiving a cordial welcome from old friends.

Verne Whitman has resigned his position as principal of the Calais High school. The resignation will be learned of with regret by his many friends on the St. Croix. As a teacher he took high rank, while his pleasing address won him many warm friends.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke, who is now convalescent, is

and Mrs. W. A. Murchie, Calais.

Mrs. W. T. King is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. Dickerman, in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

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

PARROBORO.

[Licenses for sale at Parroboro Book Store.]

A church wedding usually attracts a crowd and on Tuesday morning a large number wended their way to the Baptist church to witness the marriage of Miss Beattie Spencer to Mr. Huggles of Halifax.

Friends of the bride had decorated the church beautifully with flowers, a marriage bell of white lilies under which the happy couple stood being especially pretty. Bride and bridesmaid, Miss F. A. Price, both looked exceedingly well, the former gowned in white silk delicate in train with veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of white roses and white carnations, the latter in white silk organdie and bouquet of pink roses and pink carnations. Mr. Pemberion was best man. Mr. Chas. H. Hicott presided at the organ and Mr. P. F. Lawson and Mr. Laurence Hoke were the ushers. After the breakfast at Mr. Spencer's Mr. and Mrs. Huggles left by the train amidst much rice and

and many good wishes.

Miss Leaman of Muriel is the guest of Mrs. Pettit.

Mrs. Potter of Canning is visiting Mrs. Dods-worth. Miss J. Dods-worth is back from a visit in Halifax.

Mrs. Cove, Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Coates of Nappan spent Sunday with Mrs. Stanley Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Gillespie, Miss Mande and Mr. Leo Gillespie drove to Amherst and spent Sunday before last.

The Methodist conference closed on Tuesday evening. On Monday evening nearly all the conference accepted an invitation to go out in the Spring hill and spent the morning on the Basin going round to West bay and back.

A tourist party from Boston arrived today and are staying at the hotel.

Mr. Robert Aikman returned from Montreal on Wednesday accompanied by Miss Emma Ibbotson.

Mr. Herbert Archibald and little son, Bridgewater, are guests of Mrs. Archibald's parents.

Dr. Cecil Tox and wife who has just taken his medical degree at McGill, is at home to spend a month or two.

Mrs. Moore of Kentville, has been visiting her sister Mrs. Woodworth and returned home on Monday.

Mr. H. L. Dodge of Windsor, has been added to the staff of the Commercial Bank.

A picnic party numbering about eighty came down from Bass River by the Beaver on Saturday returning in the evening.

Mr. Henry Allen, New York, is paying a visit to his mother.

The Misses Bigney, Mt. Denson, came on Friday and remained until Tuesday with Dr. and Mrs. Jeffers.

The Colonel's Interpretation.

Col. Ebenezer Sproat, of Revolutionary fame, was born and bred in Middleborough, Massachusetts. He was always fond of a joke, and was quick to seize an

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal: whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful. The latter condition will be yours if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine,—there is nothing equal to it.

After a Cold—"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured." L. P. Verrot, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.



expected to arrive home on Sunday, accompanied by Miss Katherine Melick.

Miss Constance Chipman has arrived from Toronto, where she attended school, to spend the summer vacation.

Frank McKenzie has gone to Sackville where he has obtained a position in the shoe factory.

Mrs. A. E. Neill was the guest on Sunday of Mr

opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident, related by Doctor Hildreth, well illustrates. His father also a Colonel Sproat kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough, three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sproat set on the table some bread and cheese with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scant fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered. The young officer returned to the soldiers, and taking from the barroom till three shillings, and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one, and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sproat soon after came in, and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner.

work for a master for half a generation, and in the second half he will appear as his own master, at the head of a thriving business.

Thus, in the industries of the future, wherever there is work to be done, there will be found Chinese ready to sell strength, as working for hire is called in China; and they will sell more strength for the money than will men of any other nation.

Again, one dollar in the hands of a Chinese represents far greater purchasing power than it does in the hands of a European. In China one dollar will purchase fifteen hundred pieces of cash composed of copper and zinc. These, with a hole in the centre and strung on a cord, weigh seven pounds. A servant or common laborer in Peking is glad to give ten days of labor, and a carpenter or mason six days, to secure this amount of cash, which will give a comfortable support to an average family.

Three dollars a month, or thirty six dollars a year, cover the living income of a Chinese family of the working class. In short, the Chinese will survive and prosper under conditions of life which would dis-



A Contented WOMAN

isn't contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness.

It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

BRANDIES!

Lapding ex "Corean." 100 Cts. V. R. L. & Co. 100 " Morris, Freres. 10 " Octaves. For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

'Now take Bateson husband, continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better melodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I say to him:

'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again.'

Edie, but witty.

He was an idle Irish boy, but he had the Celtic wit. He had shipped on board of a man of war, where he annoyed the boatswain by his laziness.

Seeing him on the maintop one morning gazing idly out to sea, the boatswain called out to him:

'Come down out of that, ye rascal! Come down out of that, O'll give yez a dozen whacks wid we rope!'

'Faith, soz,' replied the boy, 'O'i wouldn't come if ye offered me two dozen!'

—Harper's Young People.

Edie's illustration. Ellen longed to see a pig killed. An older person suggested that such a desire on the part of a little girl was neither womanly nor nice.

'Yes, I know,' said Ellen, apologetically 'but mightn't we pretend that it was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots?'



PRIVATE JAMES JOHNSTON HOME.

Jas. Johnston of Erin street is back from the war incapacitated. He is one of our Paardeberg hero boys and was honored by the Mayor and Council at Mayoral House Tuesday evening. "Jim" tells of

some interesting incidents in Africa. The above illustration is from a photo taken on the field. Jas. Johnston is the centre figure of the front five and to his left is Joe Johnston of North End, killed. The others

are Ambrose Pelkey of City Road, badly wounded, Bugler Holland of N. B., McDermott of St. John, Sergt. Polkinghorn of the 62nd. Fusiliers and an Irish soldier.

and Mrs. W. A. Murchie, Calais.

Mrs. W. T. King is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. Dickerman, in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

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

PARROBORO.

[Licenses for sale at Parroboro Book Store.]

A church wedding usually attracts a crowd and on Tuesday morning a large number wended their way to the Baptist church to witness the marriage of Miss Beattie Spencer to Mr. Huggles of Halifax. Friends of the bride had decorated the church beautifully with flowers, a marriage bell of white lilies under which the happy couple stood being especially pretty. Bride and bridesmaid, Miss F. A. Price, both looked exceedingly well, the former gowned in white silk delicate in train with veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of white roses and white carnations, the latter in white silk organdie and bouquet of pink roses and pink carnations. Mr. Pemberion was best man. Mr. Chas. H. Hicott presided at the organ and Mr. P. F. Lawson and Mr. Laurence Hoke were the ushers. After the breakfast at Mr. Spencer's Mr. and Mrs. Huggles left by the train amidst much rice and many good wishes.

Miss Leaman of Muriel is the guest of Mrs. Pettit.

Mrs. Potter of Canning is visiting Mrs. Dods-worth. Miss J. Dods-worth is back from a visit in Halifax.

Mrs. Cove, Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Coates of Nappan spent Sunday with Mrs. Stanley Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Gillespie, Miss Mande and Mr. Leo Gillespie drove to Amherst and spent Sunday before last.

The Methodist conference closed on Tuesday evening. On Monday evening nearly all the conference accepted an invitation to go out in the Spring hill and spent the morning on the Basin going round to West bay and back.

A tourist party from Boston arrived today and are staying at the hotel.

Mr. Robert Aikman returned from Montreal on Wednesday accompanied by Miss Emma Ibbotson.

Mr. Herbert Archibald and little son, Bridgewater, are guests of Mrs. Archibald's parents.

Dr. Cecil Tox and wife who has just taken his medical degree at McGill, is at home to spend a month or two.

Mrs. Moore of Kentville, has been visiting her sister Mrs. Woodworth and returned home on Monday.

Mr. H. L. Dodge of Windsor, has been added to the staff of the Commercial Bank.

A picnic party numbering about eighty came down from Bass River by the Beaver on Saturday returning in the evening.

Mr. Henry Allen, New York, is paying a visit to his mother.

The Misses Bigney, Mt. Denson, came on Friday and remained until Tuesday with Dr. and Mrs. Jeffers.

The Colonel's Interpretation.

Col. Ebenezer Sproat, of Revolutionary fame, was born and bred in Middleborough, Massachusetts. He was always fond of a joke, and was quick to seize an

In apparent amazement he exclaimed, "money! Did I not ask what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare; and I handed the man the money from the till, and they are gone."

Mrs. Sproat could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this misinterpretation of her words, and then she, too, loved a joke; and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right.

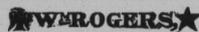
Chinese Thrift.

No race of men can surpass the Chinese in habits of industry and thrift, says D. Z. Sheffield in the Atlantic. With the introduction of Western civilization the vast resources of the country will be developed, the products of the soil and manufacture will definitely increase, and domestic and international trade will be multiplied in its proportions. Now, in all this material regeneration of China the natives will take part.

Not a dollar will be gathered from the soil, from trade from mines, from manufactures, without his securing a due proportion as a reward for his share in the enterprise. He will patiently and faithfully

Hotel Silver

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



The kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.



Women's Dainty Wear.

We make a special feature of careful laundering of women's wear.

We wash many pieces by hand—delicate Shirt Waists, Skirts with lace trimmings, etc.—and not a thread will be injured, not an atom of color lost.

If your clothes are specified as "hand work," there is no other place so safe to take them to.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

WODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Local Chinese and the 'Boxers'... The proprietors of Chinese laundries about town are just now engaged in a frantic struggle with the idioms of the English language...

Many of them do not know what the Boxers are, and seem to think the men who packed dried tea leaves in the tin...

Then when it was explained to the sanguine Celestial that his native land was in danger of being gliced up in choice bits...

The majority of the Chinamen in this city are [what are] known as the Cantonese or bourgeois Chinamen, rather of the common classes and as a general rule poorly educated and ignorant.

He was an idle Irish boy, but he had the Celtic wit. He had shipped on board of a man of war, where he annoyed the boat-swain by his laziness.

Several boys wanted to be soldiers, one wanted to be a fireman, another to make chairs.

Most of the girls implied the wish to be dressmakers, though their limited knowledge was very apparent.

Many of the children knew next to no English, and have to be taught the rudiments, but the greatest difficulty is that of the teacher.

she says, to get a word and an object together.

She has worked upon 'man' for a week, and then asked a small Jew what his father was, and the answer came 'a rabbi.'

The condition of some of the new scholars is quite helpless. They look up brightly in answer to their names, but when the teacher says, 'Write this,' 'say that,' or 'stand up,' the poor child is bewildered.

The case of a certain little fellow, a very fresh recruit, was truly pathetic. His name was Peter, and he sat near the back of the room.

The teacher wanted to see what an attractive child he was, and called him. 'Peter, Peter, come up here.' He knew something was wanted of him, but he could not tell what.

He rose, and walked very reluctantly, the tears falling one by one, and by the time he had reached the desk his state was grievous.

The teacher could not comfort him, though she patted his brown hair gently, and looked down kindly on his mournful face.

Then a boy volunteered to soothe his mate. The child came up gently, and put his outstretched hand on the little one's shoulder, while he lisped something that comforted.

The clouds lifted, and little Peter turned a smiling face to the teacher who caressed him, and then asked:

'How much is one apple, and another apple' and Peter answer, 'two.' Bravo, Peter.

Faddock's corner is fast becoming a first class 'rubbering' stand for those of elastic necks and aging orbs.

The band concerts on Heron Avenue have started this innovation, but of course no blame can be attached in that direction, for we're all only too delighted with the public-spiritedness of the City Cornet bandmen, let alone accuse them of bringing about undesirable circumstances.

As soon as 'God Save the Queen' is struck up a whole regiment of dudes golf-suited duds and mashers of every description make a grand rush for the foot of Coburg street hill, where they review in state the hundreds who wend their way slowly home.

ward from the scene of music. The sidewalkers have long since failed to accommodate all who stand by and feast their eyes on the crowd, so of late the middle of the street itself has been blockaded.

The colored population of a certain part of the city is evidently looking up in the matter of social form. A wedding anniversary invitation was received yesterday which shows the earmarks of careful preparation.

It reads: 'Dear Sir: You and yo' lady is hereby invite to a social wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. on Wednesday night weather permitten'. Admission, ladies 15 cents, gentlemen, 25; children, 10. There will be dancin'. Come one, come all.'

When Russell Sage made His Will.

It is not generally known that Russell Sage, the man who owns the Shore Line railway down here, made a will many years ago.

Mr. Sage guarded from his most intimate friends, and not even Jay Gould got an inkling of its contents. One day the old money lender, Mr. Gould and John T. Terry were sitting together in Mr. Gould's office and chatting about various subjects, when the subject of wills came up.

It transpired at that time that Mr. Sage was getting ready to put his affairs in shape, so that if anything happened to him his possessions would not be scattered.

Both Mr. Gould and Mr. Terry hinted playfully that they would be pleased to be remembered, and the latter went so far as to say: 'When you get ready to do anything, Mr. Sage, remember that my full name is John Taylor Terry.'

Mr. Sage screwed his mouth around and clamped his jaws, for want of some words with which to convey a suitable answer, and made no reply whatever.

His two associates turned the subject and concluded that no probing would bring out any facts as to the disposition which the astute financier intended to make of his millions.

This incident took place twenty years ago. Whether Mr. Sage has destroyed this will, and has made others since then is not known. One of Mr. Sage's most intimate brokers said recently:

'When Mr. Sage passes away I think the public will be greatly surprised at the disposition that he will make of his wealth.'

This man, however, admitted that he hadn't the slightest idea of Mr. Sage's intentions, and he was simply guessing. The venerable money lender is to-day estimated to be worth upward of \$50,000,000.

The importance of a Man's Necktie.

no little influence in setting male fashions about town said to a PROGRESS representative a few days ago: 'One of the best authorities on dress says that no matter how good a man's clothes may be, if he has not a good hat he will not look well dressed. In my opinion of all parts of the toilet the necktie is the sole one that appertains to the man and wherein his individuality is most expressed.'

'The credit or discredit for his hat, his coat, and his boots, may belong to the hatter, the tailor and the bootmaker. But for the necktie, a man has no one to blame, but is abandoned to his own resources.'

The character of the man is revealed in the cravat. It may be pretentious, insipid, egotistical, angular, careless or symmetrical. If there is the least taste of foppery in a man it must crop out in his cravat.

'Now that coats are being cut lower in the neck, cravats, scarfs and neckties become of additional importance and more attention will be paid to them than usual. This summer white four in hands are sure to be popular among the young swells.'

Monday's Big Race.

The first interprovincial yacht race ever sailed in maritime waters will take place at Digby the first week in July, commencing on Monday, Dominion Day.

The races will be the best two of three for a silver trophy [costing \$125, to be presented to the winning club by the D. Y. C. These races are open to boats belonging to any recognized or royal yacht club of the maritime provinces. The following yachts have already entered: Canada, of Royal Kennebecensis Yacht club of St. John; Viking, of the Yarmouth Yacht club, and Regina of the Digby Yacht club.

Although some correspondence has taken place with the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron of Halifax, no boats have entered from there this year, but it is generally understood that boats may come from there to defend the cup another season. Excursion rates will be granted via Dominion Atlantic railway, and on Monday the company's S. S. Prince Rupert from St. John will remain at Digby until 5 30 p. m., local time. Excursionists will also arrive at Digby Monday morning via.

S. S. Westport and tug Marina, the former from Westport and the latter from Annapolis. No doubt Digby will entertain her large number of guests in good style.

Is Fairville Unpatriotic?

pay our soldier boys while they were away risking their lives and limbs for them! It seems so. Contributions to the Contingent Fund are not coming in very speedily, although some hundreds of dollars are yet to be made up. As an instance of the lack of interest, or patriotism it might be said, the attendance at an amateur performance in Fairville the other evening can be quoted when an aggregation of city young people presented a really superior comedy sketch entitled 'Ici Parle En Francaise' and which they put on at a prior date in Mission Hall, Paradise Row with much success. When it was time to start the performance in the adjacent town there were only two people in the hall, so of course the idea of putting on the show was abandoned. The proceeds of the entertainment were to be allotted in full to the contingent fund. So much for Fairville's patriotism.

The Weather Was Fine, but—

'Say this is the most delightful weather I ever enjoyed!' exclaimed an American visitor to a citizen one evening this week in King Square, 'is it this way all the time?'

It really was perfect atmospherically, but the citizen spoken to was still bearing physical evidence of what the early spring fog and rain had done for him, and was quaking lest these elements should return but he belonged to the Tourist Association.

'Oh yes,' he answered, 'this is our regular, average weather in summer: clear, bright and delightfully cool.'

'Well, well,' again ejaculated the portly American, 'I've travelled a great deal, but it this is your regular weather, why this is Paradise!'

Just then the St. Johnite backed at the remnant of his spring cough, and thinking he heard the foghorn's dismal wail shrunk away to preserve his integrity.

The employees of the Opera house are still having the laugh on the stage electrician. It was when the Richards Stock Company was here one of the lady members of that dramatic aggregation came running out of the dressing rooms a few minutes before the curtain went up with her hair 'flying ten ways for Sunday.'

'Wheab's the electrician?', she demanded.

The man who makes the lightning and moonlight presented himself.

'See heah sir,' the actress continued with as much authority as Bernhardt or a Patti could muster, 'I want you to fill the lamp in our dressing room, we can't curl our hair.'

The electrician sent one of the supers into the robing department with the kerosene can and a match and soon the tongs were heated.

The correspondent replied: 'You can do so, but if you do you must credit the Herald with it.'

'This was agreed to, and the Times appeared next morning with a long account of the execution duly credited to the New York Herald. When Mr. Storey saw it he was furious and rushed into the office with an exclamation: 'What! The Chicago Times have to use a New York Herald dispatch for news occurring in its own territory?'

'The explosion which followed was felt about the Times office for weeks afterward. Accommodation. We asked the farmer his opinion of the rural tree delivery of mail.

'It is a good thing,' said the farmer, having first excused himself from speaking in dialect upon the plea that he had been ordered by his doctor to avoid great exertion. 'It is a great accommodation, in the busy season of the year, to get our green goods circulars uninterrupted. Under the old system, I have known the time when I didn't see a green goods circular for six weeks, during harvest and haying.'

'A woman really begins to grow old,' said the Corfield Philosopher, 'when her husband first sees some other woman that he thinks is better looking.'

PARSON DAVIES TALKS.

He Replies to Statements by Peter Jackson of American Pugilists.

The attention of 'Parson' Davies having been called recently to a statement made by Peter Jackson, on his arrival in Australia, to the effect that American pugilists are 'poor timers' and faulty in their footwork he replied as follows:

'The only deduction to be drawn from this statement is that Peter's recent illness has impaired his memory. Otherwise he would have no difficulty in recalling the fact that a number of star pugilists from Australia who sought fame and money in this country were defeated, ad seriatim, by our fighters. For instance, George Dixon had no difficulty in disposing of Abe Willis, who boasted the proud title of champion feather-weight of Australia, nor did Dixon experience much trouble in disappointing the championship aspirations of Young Griffo, who weighed twenty pounds more than Dixon, yet could not lower the colored champion's colors. Dan Creedon, Tom Tracy, Paddy German, Mick Dunn, Bob Fitzsimmons, Slado and Maori champion; Billy Murphy, Jimmy Marshall, Joe Goddard, even the great Peter himself, suffered defeat at the hands of American fighters.

Australia is a good stamping ground for aspirants for champion honors, but it no more classes with this country than Egypt classes with England. I am firmly convinced that if Australia ever offers superior financial inducements there will be an exodus of American fighters in that direction and I have no doubt they will achieve a full measure of victory, even if they are bad timers and a bit faulty in their foot work, as Peter says.'

Continuing on the subject of pugilism the 'Parson' added: 'Almost every week some fresh example crops up to prove the force of my argument in behalf of the formation of a sportsman's league. The history of pugilism is replete with injurious blunders and examples of animosity, and it is exasperating to think these might have been prevented had the proper remedies been applied. I have endeavored to impress the fighters, managers, and patrons of pugilism with the necessity for a radical change in manner of conducting ring events in this country. So far, however, the seed has not borne fruit. For the purpose of illustration I will call an incident from the recent past. Had my suggestion for a sportsman's league been put into execution before the Ryan McCoy fight the serious mistakes that marred that otherwise excellent ring battle could have been obviated.'

FAMOUS CHICAGO EDITOR.

Was Mad Concerning a Credit Being Given a New York Paper.

'Some stormy scenes were enacted about the office of the old Chicago Times office when Wilbur F. Storey was its guiding spirit,' said Col. Tom Gallagher.

'Mr. Storey was much like the elder Bennet in the opinion that he held of his own paper. A story illustrative of this is how he resented a use once made by a subordinate on the Times of a despatch to the New York Herald. One of the reporters of the Times had been sent to Utah to report the execution of the Mountain Meadow murderers. The Times made a feature of affairs of this kind and the reading public of those days appreciated this. The night of the execution came, and by some mischance the reporter in Utah failed to get his dispatch through.

'The telegraph editor of the Times was frantic. He had not a line of news from Utah, and it looked as if his paper was to be ingloriously left. He consulted with other members of the staff, and by chance learned that a despatch to the New York Herald fully covering the execution, was passing through Chicago. He made connections with the New York Herald correspondent here explained to him his dilemma and asked permission to use his dispatch.

First Citizen—The census man was on our block today. Second Citizen—Was your wife out of patience with the questions he asked? First Citizen—No; she asked him a few and we heard he had to go home and go to bed.

Advertisement for SURPRISE Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and a basket of soap.

Advertisement for BRANDIES! Lapping ex 'Corean.' Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

Advertisement for bicycles, mentioning 'Canadian mechanics' and 'Agents everywhere.' Includes the name 'Harris' and 'Motor Co., Ltd.'

Advertisement for bicycles, featuring a large illustration of a bicycle and the name 'Harris'.

Dearest.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

I was up on the downs, my heart tume-ful and light as the larks singing over my head, my life as sunny as the scene below me.

Far stretches of fields, the first faint tint of ripening upon them; wide meadows, dotted over with cows lazily chewing the cud, the river winding through them like a silver ribbon; the church tower peeping out from among the trees, down in the village; the chimneys of the Hermitage, my home, visible among the dark foliage of its surrounding grounds.

The wind swept down, where I sat, bathed in sunshine, were alive with bees, butterflies, grasshoppers, and hillside flowers, with the blue sky spanning all.

I fancy I see it now, like a living picture. In the foreground, a tall girl of seventeen, her tawny hair not yet bound up, in quaint, trailing white gown, blue ribbons, and wide sun-hat.

I had violet eyes, full of shimmer and laughter, yet with dark depths of passion under the shimmer, not yet sounded—depths of love and devotion, very like the depths of some well-nigh fathomless pool.

A motherless bairn was I, as Jeanne my Scotch nurse, would have said, and I was wearing one of my grandmother's quaintly cut gowns, which made me look very like an old-world maiden stepped down from one of the frames in the picture-gallery.

But it pleased my grandfather, who had loved his wee, blue eyed second wife with very much the same wild, passionate devotion as that with which I loved him, although she had lived but a year or two after her marriage.

I loved him, loved my beautiful home, loved my own happy life. We Marsdens were not given to doing things by halves, loving, hating, or any thing else, and we always liked to have our way; and I was a Marsden of the Marsdens my grandfather said, turning up my face to look into my eyes—eyes answering to eyes, but harder, sterner; frowning eyes they were, but not to me.

Very handsome, stern, and unbending were the men of the Marsden family. Beauty and as much self will as they dared to use were the inheritance of its feminine portion.

Unfortunate in love, too, were their hapless woman-kind, as a quaint old couplet, cut into the stone archway over the door leading into the Lady's Garden, testified:

When their hearts a-mating go,
Sap the Marsden maidens woe;
Very unhappy had many of their matings been, according to the old family annals, locked away in the library; my grandfather had told me scraps of these half legendary stories.

One Marsden maiden had climbed the wall of the Lady's Garden, on the eve of her marriage to a bridegroom, not of her own choice, and ended both love and life in the dark waters of the moat on the other side.

Well, love was nothing to me but a name, a mysterious something that might never come to me. For, as yet, as I chanted in childish carelessness, sitting up among the bluebells, wild thyme, and the like—

"Love has passed me by, ho-ho!
Love has passed me by"
"Why, little lady, that's a mournful ditty!" said a voice near me, which made me start to my feet and step upon my trailing gown.

My hat I had tossed off. This I replaced, and stood demurely shy blushing and confused as any little milk maid.

And no wonder, for I had been shut up with masters, governesses and Jeanne, never going from home, my grandfather seeing no one—save a few staid neighbors, who came to a state dinner or two in the course of the year—since the tragic death of my two uncles—one killed in the hunting field and carried home dead, the flush of youth not gone from his cheeks, as I had heard Jeanne say; the elder drowned, as was supposed, after a quarrel with his father for wilfully marrying the lady of his choice instead of one of his father's choosing.

My grandfather aged fast after this most unhappy passing away of my Uncle Lionel, and soon after followed the death of my grandmother.

She herself said it must have been poor daft David, as he was called—an imbecile, always abroad on stormy nights; but my grandfather persisted it was my Uncle Lionel's face, and no other.

No wonder his hair whitened so fast after that. He never mentioned Lionel's name to me; it was never spoken in the house in his hearing; my uncle's picture was taken from the gallery, and locked away in the room that was once his.

Not in malice, slight, or anything of the kind, the old lady assured me; but because as my grandfather expressed it, he could not bear the remorseful agony of looking at it.

So much for the skeleton in the cupboard of my grandfather's life; and now as to the stranger on the breezy downs.

He was tall, dark and handsome, with the bearing of one who had roamed much in foreign lands, as I decided later when I knew him better.

He stood bareheaded before me, smiling down at me with the most winsome eyes—dark grey, I believe they were—I had ever seen.

"I don't think it mournful at all," I made answer, my girlish tongue getting the better of my shyness.

"Ah! that's because you think it will never come true in your case."
"And why?" I asked, constrained, I knew not why, to answer him.

"Well, a young lady like you ought to be able to settle that question herself," was the response, the winsome dark eyes still smiling down at me.

I flushed like a schoolgirl.
"But come, we will let that knotty point be. Isn't it a perfect day?" said he.

To this I answered "Yes," wondering who and what he was.

"Now, could you tell me whose is that mansion, hidden away among the trees yonder?" he pointed with his finger.

"That's the Hermitage, my home," I told him, glancing away at its chimneys with loving pride.

"Is it worth seeing? There now, that isn't a fair question," he corrected himself.

"It's the dearest, the grandest old place in all the world to me," said I, tossing off my hat in my girlish enthusiasm, and letting the wind toy with my hair.

"Just so. You stay-at-home English people love your homes, as we wanderers never can."
I fancied a sigh followed his words.

"Are you a wanderer?" I asked, eyeing him over, and replacing my hat.

"Yes."
He did not put his on, but, tossing aside a tourist's knapsack, sat down on the turf, and I, like the guileless child I was, took my seat near him.

go roaming, and forming the acquaintance of wandering artists and the like, was my grandfather's answer, as he scanned the card with knitted brow.

"Where's the barn, grandfather? He's a perfect gentleman, and he's going to call on you to-morrow," said I undauntedly.

"Like his impediments?" he exclaimed.
"Oh! grandfather, don't!" I cried, going and clasping him round the neck from behind, and putting my hand over his mouth.

We were at dinner, and alone. I often ceased him to dine, we two by ourselves, I waiting upon him, instead of James, and Bond the old butler.

"Well, don't throttle me, child."
"And you will see him, won't you, and let him do the pictures? You know you said, the other day some of them wanted retouching."

And he does want to make his way in the world. He is poor, and his father is dead—think of that," I urged.

"Poor orphan!" and grandfather laughed grimly.

"Well, we will see—we will see," was the outcome of my pleading; and, on the morrow, I saw Mr. Maitland mounting the terrace steps as I wandered about in the rose garden.

I wondered how he had sped, as I watched him depart awhile after, but thought it not well to rush after him and inquire.

Nor did I go to grandfather, but he, to my joy, came to me soon after, as I sat on the terrace steps, humming my ditty of yesterday.

"Love has passed me by, ho-ho!
Love has passed me by,"
the words haunting me like a refrain.

"Well, Lettie," said he, "your swan hasn't turned out to be a duck, as so many of your swans do. Mr. Maitland seems a gentlemanly young fellow, alive to his art, and I've engaged him. He's gone now to fetch his belongings from the Marsden Arms, down in the village, where he's staying."

"Oh, thank you, grandfather!" I cried, and reached up and kissed him.

How was I to know—how was he to know what was to be the outcome of it all? Well, Mr. Maitland came to the Hermitage, had rooms assigned him, and painted in the gallery that looked out over the Lady's garden.

At my rate, the one window did where he encoined himself with his easel.

But he never looked my way when I roamed there among the sweet tangle of flowers and greenery I had coaxed the gardener to let it become—archways festooned and festooned again with flowering creepers; the green alleys dense, dark, and even chilly, for want of being trimmed.

Anyhow, it pleased me, this flowery wilderness all ablaze now with bloom.

And my grandfather never came there; it reminded him too sadly of my sweet, young grandmother.

He often sat on the steps leading down from my own suite of pretty rooms, singing and playing the guitar that had been my grandfather's doing this and that pretty make-belief of embroidery, and dreaming dreams never likely to become true.

Our guest—if I might call him so—dined with us, a sort of stately courtesy accorded him by grandfather; his other meals he took in his own rooms.

And this dinner was a constrained sort of meal, my grandfather and Mr. Maitland talking of art and other subjects not likely to interest me, a little white robed maiden, sitting so demurely at the head of the table an honour accorded me at the advent of this stranger, neither use ornament, as I told Jeanne, my nurse.

He rose and went to look at the ill-fated Marsden maiden, in her shady corner, and I followed him.

"I sent her to her death," I repeated.
"What did?" he questioned.

"Wanting to marry the man she loved, when her father bade her marry another."
"And what happened?"
"She threw herself into the moat."

"And then?"
"She was drowned, of course."
"Poor lady! Better if your ditty of the other day had overruled her life."

"Yes," returned I soberly. "The Marsden ladies are not happy in their love, and you may read something very like a warning carved over the doorway leading into the Lady's Garden."

"I don't know where the Lady's Garden is."
"Haven't you seen me walking there?"
"No, I can't say I have."
"How funny!" said I, like the veriest child, and yet with something of the pique of a girl at seeing I was of so small account to him, that he had failed to see me when I passed under his very nose, as Jeanne would have said.

"Where is it?" he asked, so serenely unconscious that he had been guilty of a slight to me that I laughed.

"I have half a mind not to tell you," I said.
"Yes, do; and I promise to be more obedient another time," he pleaded.

"Why, it's down there," said I, pointing below at the dripping bower of beauty, looking so desolate and disconsolate under the downpour of rain. "But I don't want you to peep after me like a cat after a mouse."

"You surely don't suppose we're to be no better friends than a cat and a mouse, which, in fact, are no friends at all?"
"Oh, I don't know!" returned I archly.

He glanced at me so quizzically that I looked saucily scornful in my turn.

"But I must be going," I remarked, and I tripped abruptly away downstairs to get ready for my music master.

Cat and mouse!
Certainly it was not like that we met and met again in the old picture gallery; for, after that wet day, I very soon began to wander across every morning to peep at his work.

But what I enjoyed most was to go, in the hush of the golden afternoon, when the old house—at least, up there—seemed asleep, and sit in the quaint old carved chair, always empty and waiting for me, like a girl in some old-world romance, and watch this clever-handed friend of mine.

Friend I scarce knew what he was to me; I gave him no designation, even in my thoughts.

I only knew that he had brought a charm, a glow, a something new and exceedingly sweet, into my life—that I had turned up my hair, or Jeanne had for me, without regret, and was a child no longer.

"Ah, little girl! blushing over the thought of what her own loveliness will be portrayed on canvas?" said grandfather, patting my hot cheeks, and laughing. Run away, dearest, and get ready.

Grandfather was the same imperious, impatient Marsden in his old age that he had been in youth, brooking no delay.

"But how must I get ready—how dress?" I asked, my heart in a tumult of emotions.

"Dress just as you are, just my bonny little girl in white, a rose in your bosom, and one of your grandmother's caps on your head. Jeanne knows where to find one for you. Just so I saw your dear grandmother for the first time."

"But, grandfather, so make me look like my own grandmother, for ever and ever, on canvas!"

I pouted, my lips taking a curve of laughter the while.

"Ay, child, you might do worse! Your grandmother was one of the sweetest-browed women I ever saw. Though you are a very Marsden of the Marsdens, I sometimes see a likeness to her in your young face—a sweet, ingenuous innocent, nothing concealed nor kept back. I do not think she ever had a secret from me during our short life together, and my darling grandchild is like her—open as the day, guileless as she was."

It was well my grandfather folded me in his arms and kissed me; I was all too conscious to look him in the face, for I had a secret from him, though never sweeter lay hid in maiden's soul than this one hid away in mine.

It came to me like a revelation, and, somehow, made my eyes smart with tears. I ran and gathered my roses—my only ornament, if I might call it so, besides my cap, which Jeanne set jauntily on my sunny, tawny hair, piled high on my head—a tangle of wilful rings and curls on my forehead; a Marsden maiden, about to make ready to range herself among her sisters in the gallery, grandfather told me, taking me for my first sitting himself, and remaining with us.

Would that he had always done so; would that many things had been different! Yet, it may be, that all these were in higher hands, working together for a lucky little maiden's good, viewed at the end of life instead of at the beginning.

Grandfather left us much alone together during the sittings that followed, on those breezy, yet intensely hot, glowing summer mornings—altogether cool, and hush, and quiet in the old shady gallery; we two sitting alone, listening to the coo of the doves the cry of the cuckoo, and later on, the hoarse, rasping note of the corncock coming from over the fields.

I never heard the cry of the corncock for years after without its bringing back to me a certain ever-to-be-remembered evening the outcome, so to speak, of all those swiftly flying golden mornings.

My grandfather, when he came with his newspaper to sit with us, was so often called away for this and that.

At such times, Mr. Maitland and I talked of little, and when we did speak, it was of poetry and art, never a word of love.

Still, I wondered at grandfather leaving us so much alone; but then, he fancied me the child I was not.

When Jeanne mounted guard, which she occasionally did in his place, she never vacated her post, but sat prosaically knitting the click-click of her needles ringing out through the stillness.

So the days and weeks passed on, and a bright, proud, eager face grew upon the canvas—stroke by stroke, dab by dab, as I sometimes laughingly expressed it, to Mr. Maitland's make-belief disgust at my poor appreciation of his art.

It truly was a lovely picture that was growing beneath his brush.

It was my face, yet transformed.
"Transformed with what?" I sometimes questioned, blushing over it, when I stole across to the easel, and drew aside the covering to take a look at it in the absence of Mr. Maitland.

"Child, you little guess for whom the picture is intended," said my grandfather, one day, when we had both been to take a stolen peep at it.

Mr. Maitland had given himself a half-holiday, and so was abroad sketching.

"For whom can it be, but for you, grandfather, to hang in the gallery?" I wonderingly replied.

"No, dear; not for me. I have the original," and he stroked my head. "But it's a secret, to be told some day to my darling—a sweet secret to most maidens' hearts."

A sweet secret!

What could be sweeter than the one which was thrilling and throbbing to make itself known to my shy, retiring heart?

Surely, surely—and a pang shot through my very being as the thought came—surely it was not to be given, this picture to Mr. Maitland, to remain him of the maiden he had seen, loved, and lost?

Nay, true love can never be lost; yet I felt my face growing pathetically wistful.

"What is it dear; does the picture puzzle trouble you?" asked the dear old man, noticing it.

"No; but tell me, grandfather, whose the picture is to be, if it is not for you?"

"Ah! little daughter of Eve, bide your time, and you shall know."

He held his fingers on my lips—those fond, caressing fingers, which were always smoothing over the ruffled rose-leaves in my life.

"Ah, Mr. Maitland!" said my grandfather, "we've been stealing a march upon you, and taking a peep at your work—the growth of beauty and success of art," added the flattering old tongue.

"Pray, sir, don't set us up on the stilts (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE)."

Sunday Reading.

A Shop-Girl Heroine.

A Story from Real Life.

I do not believe that, in her most exaggerated visions, she ever imagined herself any kind of a heroine; she simply did her duty in that station to which it had pleased God to call her, and lived out the sublimest tragedy of creation—Life.

So much has been said and written about the lax morals of shop girls, so much has been made of the temptations arising from their small wages—and Heavens knows these latter are small enough, and the former great enough to be out of all comparative proportion—that it seems only just and fitting to add this simple story to the evidence upon the other side; to tell how one girl kept pure on small wages, and did things that most of us would have declared impossible. At what cost to her stomach and her wardrobe—well, God only knows the entire extent of that side of the story.

Left fatherless when a child, and with a mother who is still living in an insane asylum in California, she grew up somehow, and finally drifted as a saleswoman, years ago, into one of the largest department stores. She started, a green hand, on \$3.00 or \$3.50 a week, and for a year, perhaps, or more, lived on that at the Training School for \$2.50 a week, and dressed herself, and paid her other expenses out of what was left, helped out occasionally by giving a music lesson or so to other girls nearly as poor as herself.

Demented as her mother was, she yet had one pleasure in life—books, and every six weeks the girl saved one dollar and sent it to the asylum matron that this pleasure might be supplied. Whether her own shoes were worn to paper thickness; whether she went without warm underwear; whether she was hungry or not, that dollar went westward on its appointed day. And she worked faithfully, and her salary was raised, a dollar or so at a time, until she had reached some six dollars, or a little more, a week. The years passed on, and with the better salary she looked ahead for sickness, and put by a little at a time. She wore shabby clothes, often, and allowed herself but few pleasures; one she accomplished as the price of her denial and that was a second-hand piano, that was meat and drink to her, and clothes, and everything else worth having, on many an occasion when life was full of worry and vexations.

Through all the years she cherished one dream and one desire, and she never let it fade—to go back to California and see her mother. And so, with persistent denial of herself, and the putting by of pennies and dimes, in thirteen years the fund had grown to about sixty or sixty five dollars. Think of it, sister women, who do have to live on four or six dollars a week, and who count the cost of a sacrificed opera ticket as something that weighs in the scales of denial—thirteen years to save the price of a visit to one's mother! Thirteen years of stomach emptiness and wardrobe scantiness, thirteen years of unremitting work and cheerful service to boot! Well, her dream became reality; a friend with a little influence secured her a roundtrip ticket for about half or less of her savings, and she spent a whole happy six weeks on the Golden Coast, seeing her mother every day, and storing up mental pleasures that had her lived a century would never have grown less in the recollection.

Then she came back to duty and the same old life again. After awhile she became ill, and for weeks was not able to work; half of her salary was given her by employer and forgotten long ago by him, and is doubtful if he ever made a better investment. Like all rich and successful men, he is called upon to give to many charities, but it is problematical if the thousands he has bestowed upon churches, schools and other organizations have appealed to Heaven any more impressively than the income of this one girl's gratitude, fresh from a reticent, patient heart.

When she had returned to work, nothing was too hard for her to do, no personal effort too arduous for her to make to secure and please a customer; and when ill once, before the holidays, she stood at her post through sheer endurance rather than give up, when her employer needed her experienced help more than at any other season of the year.

The rest of her life is the same simple, commonplace story of denial, work, and failing strength, and at last a hospital operation, albeit it came late and was but a part of the tragedy, for Love had entered and it she had lived she might have been happy enough to reap a full harvest for the good seed she had sown. But she had

never faltered in her course of sacrifice and brave self-reliance; the pride that had kept her silent in her need in life refused to harbor the thought of charity after death, and so it was found that she had kept up a small life insurance that would pay her obligations to the world and leave besides that, one dollar every six weeks for years to come, for the mother, who 'does not know and cannot understand' that, even from the other side of the grave, her girl is providing for her comfort.

It is not much of a life story; there are no great climaxes, no swelling tones of passion, precious little of the high key of laughter and, withal, not many tears, for these only went into the heartache, that Heaven only knew, and seldom reached the surface; but it is the very true story of what one working girl did with her opportunities and her life, and it should fail to give courage to some other one certainly, in the reverent awe and hush that Death brings, illuminates our own lives and shames us all for what we deem the sacrifices we have made.—The Mirror.

Behind The Veil.

There is no more curious study than the different ways in which the differing minds of men approach the dark veil hanging before each of them—the mystery which we call death. The great classical scholar, Forson, was chiefly terrified by the certainty that he could not carry with him the learning which had cost him so dear.

'Forty years I have given to the study of Greek,' he is reported to have said. 'And what if they do not speak Greek there beyond?'

A German writer says: 'To go through the portal of death is like a horse passing into a low barn door. All superfluous packages on his back are scraped off and left behind.'

'To die, to sleep,' says Hamlet. 'To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub!'

Among the philosophic Asiatics so great is the repugnance to this dread, unsolvable problem that it is never mentioned by name. No one says that his neighbor is dead, but that he 'has gone away—has journeyed to the world.'

Men of cheerful temperament have thrown the reflection of their pleasant thoughts even beyond the verge of the great darkness. Charles Lamb, to whom home and friends were dearer than to most men, asks wistfully: 'Sun and sky, and breeze . . . and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields . . . and friends and conversations, and innocent vanities and jests . . . do these go out with life? Can a ghost laugh . . . when you are pleasant with him?'

Hardly a man lives who is not afraid of death, yet every man once in each day falls without fear into a state of temporary death, the mystery of which no physician can adequately explain.

The same Power which guards the centres of life during sleep will guard them through that longer night.

And let us believe with David, who, after praying that he might be delivered from the evils that threatened his life, ends his supplications with an allusion to the last sleep that must come to him in common with all men, exclaiming with joyful certainty: 'As for me . . . I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.'

The Great Unknown.

A few months ago an old Kentucky mountaineer joined the people for miles around in going to a town where an electric car was to make its first trip. He was deeply impressed, and after much persuasion, was got aboard the car. The conductor laughingly told him it was off for Europe, and started. The old man tried to get off, but was restrained; then, thinking all he had heard was true, he pulled off his cap, and in the most serious voice, said: 'Good-by, these United States.'

The story recalls an anecdote related by the missionary explorer, David Livingstone. He led some natives of the interior of Africa on a toilsome march to the sea. When they came in sight of the ocean, the men fell on their faces to the ground. 'We were marching along with our father,' they afterward reported to their people, 'believing what the ancients has told us, that the world had no end. Then all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'

In unphilosophical yet lofty words like these, the mountaineer and the African alike expressed their conscious impotence before the unknown forces of God and man. We to whom the sea is but a feature in the landscape, the electric car but a convenience of the hour, smile at such fancies. We happen to know about these things. There are other things, however, that come to frighten us. If we understood them better, we should find them no more worthy of alarm than the trolley car or the land's end. And the names of mountains

these things are sorrow and death and pain.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS UNDER FIRE.

How He Stood in an Exposed Position and Had to Obey Orders.

William Van Zandt Cox, the gifted secretary of the National Museum at Washington, contributes a bit of hitherto unwritten history about Abraham Lincoln, to the July issue of 'Succos'. It happened that Lincoln was un'fir'd of the confederate sharpshooters on the twelfth day of July, 1864, while standing on the parapet of Fort Stevens during the only battle fought in the District of Columbia. A superb sketch of the scene is furnished by the celebrated sculptor, James Kelly.

'On one side of the battlefield, on an eminence, stood John C. Breckinridge, the candidate receiving the votes of the seceding states for president, expecting to enter the capital with the army of Northern Virginia.

'On the parapet of Fort Stevens, by the side of General Wright, amid the whizzing bullets, stood the successful candidate in that great political struggle,—Abraham Lincoln,—watching with that 'grave and pensive countenance,' the progress of the battle.

'Four years ago, in company with the old commander of the Sixth Corps and his daughter, Mrs. Ross Wright Smith, General D. S. Stanley, Captain Thomas Wilson, Dr. C. G. Stone, and James E. Kelly the well-known sculptor of American history, I stood upon that same parapet. After contemplating the surroundings, General Wright said: 'There near the pike were the woods that were so full of Early's men; along this slope is where our skirmishers deployed; there a house was burned, there another, and still another; over these trenches went the brave soldiers of the Sixth Corps. Where is the tree? I cannot find the tree from which a sharpshooter picked off my men. The old toll-gate has gone also.'

'He paced up and down the top of the crumbling earthworks for a while, as to satisfy himself of some fact, and then said: 'Here, on the top of this parapet, between this old embrasure and that is the place where President Lincoln stood, witnessing the fight; there, by his side, a surgeon was wounded by a minie ball.

'I entreated the President not to expose his life to the bullets of the enemy; but he seemed oblivious to his surroundings; finally, when I found that my entreaties failed to make any impression on him, I said: 'Mr. President, I know you are commander of the armies of the United States, but I am in command here, and, as you are not safe where you are standing, and I am responsible for your personal safety, I order you to come down. Mr. Lincoln looked at me, smiled, and then, more in consideration for my earnestness than from inclination, stepped down and took a position behind the parapet. Even then, he would permit in standing up and exposing his tall form.'

WONDERFUL RUSSIAN EGGS.

Easter Souvenirs of the Czarina and the Dowager Empress Shows at Paris.

Easter is celebrated in Russia with great ceremony, and the custom of giving elaborate easter eggs has been carried to extravagance by the wealthy and aristocratic people in St. Petersburg; but no other Russian women have such collections of easter eggs as the young Czarina and the Dowager Empress.

It has, for many generations, been a court custom for the reigning Czar to give his wife at easter time an egg containing some handsome gift, usually a souvenir of some particular event, and the present Czar and his father, Alexander III., have always observed the old custom. The two empresses have, with considerable misgivings it is said, allowed their easter egg collections to go to Paris and be placed on exhibition in the Russian section of the Exposition, and the French dramatic temperament is deeply stirred and moved by this testimony to the intimate and cordial relations between the two nations. From the easter eggs are being hatched fraternal sentiments and touching enthusiasm with regular incubator expedition and despatch. Many of the eggs are exceedingly interesting as objects of art.

The first received by the present Czarina was given to her in the year of her coronation. It is a large golden egg, enamelled in rose color, and contains a tiny and perfect model of the state carriage in which the young bride rode to Moscow cathedral on her wedding day. The coach is of gold, cushioned in red enamel and hung with tiny silver curtains which can be drawn on gold wires. The Imperial crown in beautiful diamonds ornaments panels.

The last easter egg added to the Czarina's collection was presented this year and in closes a splendid jewelled heart set in pearls, many colored gems and surrounded by twenty five miniatures, portraits of the members of the Russian Royal family.

Among the collection of the Dowager Empress is one egg that commemorates a family storm and a royal problem. Nicholas II., the present Czar, when a boy, had, as all the world knew, a most irrational and vehement love affair. Society was shocked, the heir apparent's fond parents were distressed, and altogether there was a very interesting exhibition of the tempest that Cupid can, upon occasion stir up in a royal family. Nicholas was hurriedly sent around the world to complete his education and, as usual, time and absence reduced the royal heart to its normal condition, but the Empress grieved greatly over the separation of her son, and on easter of that year the Czar gave her an egg, inside of which was a model of the ship in which her rebellious lad was sailing away from heart entanglement. A goldsmith of famous skill had spent ten months making the ship which was of solid gold, mounted on a beryl stone, and was complete and accurate in every detail, down to the smallest cable.

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CIRCUS WAGON PICTURES.

An Up-to-date Finish That is Necessary to Success.

Nobody who isn't in the circus business can appreciate the value in an advertising way of spectacular pictorial effects. Any circus which attempted to make the main round of cities nowadays with the parade outfits of a few years ago would last about two weeks at the outside, before going broke. People would judge it by its parade and seeing that the animal wagons and band chariots weren't up to the mark would infer that the entire show was inferior, in which inference they would probably be perfectly correct. So keen is competition now and to such a point of practical discernment has the public been educated that the big shows spend an amount of money on ornamentation alone that would make the ordinary business man gasp and denounce them as prodigally wasteful. There is one "chariot" now on the road that actually cost close to \$10,000 when it was new and it involves a large outlay every year to keep it brightened up with gold leaf and repairs of weather wear.

On the inside these vehicles are strictly and rigidly economical. Not a foot of space is wasted. Most of the wagons are full of paraphernalia marvellously packed by experts in that line. Nothing can be learned from the exterior of the vehicle regarding its interior. The magnificent blue and gold chariot, worthy of the royalties of Bengal tigers, carries the layout of the ticket seller, while the wagon which limns forth on its gay sides the likeness of the ferocious rhinoceros is probably the habitat of the wardrobe woman and her outfit. Other magnificent equipages of the wheeled procession carry apparatus, clothing, trappings and fodder for the animals.

Most of the animals themselves are left behind when the show goes out on parade, except those that march, such as the elephants and camels, and a few of the big felines, taken along to roar enticingly. There have been cases where haste and confusion on the part of the showmen in preparing the parade have resulted in the unmistakable roar of the king of beasts being heard from a wagon on whose panels coiled the mighty but comparatively voiceless bo constructor to the vast amusement of the gathered public.

Painting circus wagon panels is a distinct branch of art. Probably the academics would not so regard it, but nevertheless there is a certain breadth of treatment and dash required that are quite beyond the abilities of the ordinary practitioner of art. Nor are the pictured sides of the circus vans to be lightly regarded by any right thinking observer. Once they were in the chrome class, or somewhat lower, but now they represent some very good if rather hasty work. The most successful painter of this line of work in the country is an artist of high abilities and reputation in a large Western city. His reputation has been made as a portrait painter, and it would doubtless be a distinct detriment to his career were it known that he paints circus wagons, but paint them he does and what is more he delights in the work. This artist has always had a fancy that his real forte lay in landscape work with a sprinkling of animals. That the public and the critics have always insisted on differing with him has been a grief to him. However, as he could earn a considerable income by his portraits he felt able to spend his spare time in painting animal and woodland scenes which nobody would buy. Then he got into the circus painting business and not only was his ambition satisfied but his income was largely augmented.

How it came about that this artist was induced to get into this line of work nobody but he and the showman who got him into it knows. Every winter now,

when that show goes into winter quarters, the artist is summoned to the place, and for some weeks works away for dear life, designing and painting new wagon scenes. Among the show people he does not go under his own name, and he does not reveal at his home the business that takes him away every winter. In this line of work he has made all climates his own, and will as readily paint an Arctic icecap for the Siberian fox as an African oasis for the giraffe, or a Rocky Mountain fastness for the grizzly bear. At first he worked slowly, but the show people succeeded in impressing him with the necessity of haste, and now he makes many of his designs during the summer, and after talking them over with the manager of the show proceeds to paint them in.

For the envy of those orthodox painters who confine themselves within the constricted lines of regulation art it may be said that he averages about \$40 a day while working for the circus. To do this he has to paint a wagon a day. Of course it is impossible for him to do all the work of painting at this rate, so he merely looks out the pictures, explaining to his assistants as he works just how he wants the colors and the gold leaf laid on.

Gold leaf is an essential of circus art. It catches the sun and attracts the public eye. The amount of money laid out in this article alone by a big circus is astonishing. When the painting of the wagons is all done the artist goes over the whole lot in a final survey. Any crudities that there may be he touches up or smooths down until all is fit, and the wagons, glittering and gorgeous, are loaded on the train to meet the critical eyes of the metropolitan public when the show starts its tour.

RACED THE TRAIN AGAINST FIRE.

A Burning Car Failed Into Des Moines in Time to Be Saved.

William S. Night last night told a very strange story of a chair car in a Chicago Great Western Railroad train that was afire and full of passengers with the train at full speed. "It was one of the strangest things I ever experienced," said he, "and all the trainmen, including the superintendent of the road, were in a quandary to know the cause of the car's catching on fire. We were about seven miles from Des Moines when smoke was discovered curling out from under the middle of the first chair car. The fire was between the two floors or the car, and seemed to have spread toward both ends. It had not started near the wheels, for it was in the centre of the car, and that would do away with any theory of a hot box.

"Well, what to do was a little problem for the conductor of the train to solve. The fire could not be stopped without a hose and water power to throw the water back toward both ends of the car, and at that place in the fields there were no such conveniences. The fire had not yet eaten its way through the floor, so the passengers needed to have no fear. The engineer and conductor with a few passengers stood beside the car, undecided what to do. If the train remained there, the coach must have necessarily have burned up and would have 'laid out' the whole road.

"The conductor suddenly conceived a plan and immediately shouted: 'All aboard! Show her through to Des Moines at full speed. Tommy,' he yelled to the engineer and Tommy, the large chubby engineer, covered with grease and oil, waddled down to his engine as fast as his short legs would carry him. The conductor pulled the throttle wide open, and the train started such a wild ride as we did have. It was a race to see which was the faster, the fire or the locomotive. The locomotive won, and when we reached the yards at Des Moines the fire had almost eaten its way through the floor of the coach. It was quickly extinguished at the edge of the yards by means of a hose attached to a water main, and we drew into the depot on time."

Safe, Sure and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

Paint Propagates Prosperity.

How diversified the tests to determine the presence of genuine prosperity! The use of the paint-pot is a recent measure of good times applied with satisfactory results in a Western state, where it is said more paint will improve and adorn property this year than in the previous five years. Even corn-cobs and chicken coops will share in the history of a building may not only displease the public eye, but proclaim the slenderness of the owner's purse.

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China's Secret Societies.

The Chinese Empire furnishes an excellent illustration of Herbert Spencer's dictum that an autocratic government fosters secret societies. In a popular government where the national policy is shaped by public opinion, freedom of speech deprives the secret society of its very reason for being and where citizens of a republic form a secret association it must be from the pure love of secrecy. But in a government where the power of life and death and the pursuit of happiness is in the hands of one, and where opposition or even remonstrance is deemed treason, those who desire to effect reform or achieve revenge must resort to secrecy until the strength of numbers gives some assurance of safety and success.

The government of China is paternal, but not of necessity despotic, the theory being that it is the pleasure of the Emperor to take care of his people as a father for his children, and that he will give patient heed to all complaints from his subjects, which according to the Emperor Wouti of the Han dynasty, is one of the most valuable sources of a sovereign's information. But Chinese theory and practice are widely separated. The officers with whom the people really come in contact have generally, in spite of the civil service examinations, bought their way to place like the Roman pro-consul, and, like Caesar, have three fortunes to make before they return from their government; and as their tenure of power is extremely insecure these farmers of the public revenue make all the hay they can while the sun continues to shine. The imperial government is paternal, but the rule of the mandarins is rather that of a stepfather. And so from the earliest times China has been, as it is now, honeycombed by secret societies. Indeed, popular plottings in secret serve the same purpose in China as does the ballot box in our own country; they answer

the people's will in framing the national policy and changing the national head. Not that such societies are always revolutionary or even political, for they are often social or religious; and yet, like the society for Gazing on the moon, than which nothing could appear more innocuous, organizations originally social are sometimes used to accomplish the most momentous political revolutions.

The first of these associations of which we have record is the 'Crimson Eyebrows.' Immediately before the beginning of the christian era the great Han dynasty which had ruled China for 200 years, and was to rule for 200 more, was temporarily under a cloud, formed by a too powerful minister named Wang Mang, who made and deposed emperors at his will and permitted each monarch to retain the crown only so long as it served the ambition of the minister; until having by long practice become proficient in the art of creating Sons of Heaven, he brought forth his masterpiece, A. D. 6, by himself assuming the purple, or more accurately the yellow. In no country has loyalty to a fallen house been shown more devotedly than in China in the many dynastic changes which have occurred during her history of 5,000 years.

The new Emperor had to meet rebellion on all sides, but was able to do so successfully, and executions followed his victorious arms until it seemed that to oppose the usurper was to court death. Here was a legitimate opportunity for the Chinaman's genius for conspiracy. Fan Chong, an adherent of the Hans, organized a band in the Province of Shantung which quickly grew into an army, said to number 200,000 men. Each member of the band had his eyebrows painted crimson to signify that he dedicated the last drop of his blood to the cause; and it was, without doubt, this symbolism, so effective upon the childish

mind of half civilized man, which determined the issue of the conquest. The 400,000 fiery eyes struck terror into the soldiers of Wang Mang and brought inspiration to the forces of Han, and the usurper was defeated and slain.

The curse of China has been the indolence of its Emperors, who have too often resigned all power into the hands of ministers or the Empress. Lingti (A. D. 168-190) of the Hans left the country to the misgovernment of eunuchs of the palace. Then was formed the association of the "Yellow Bonnets," who incited a revolt; but the head dress of imperial yellow did not command the success which attended the Dragon's Crimson Eye, and after a few initial victories the Yellow Bonnets met defeat and extinction at the hands of Lingti's generals.

In 1279, after a desperate struggle of nearly half a century, China passed under the rule of the Mongols, and Kublai Kahn, the successor of the great Genghis, founded the Yuen dynasty. The Chinese were most unwilling subjects, and after a rule of ninety years the foreigners were driven back across the northern border whence they had come. Strange to say, the leader of the patriots was a Buddhist monk, and one most powerful factor in accomplishing the happy result was the Society for Gazing on the Moon. The ostensible purpose of this association was to promote the worship of the Queen of Heaven, and whether anything more inimical to the reigning house than this most innocent diversion was intended by the founders of the society is not known. The Chinese dignity the most trivial affairs of life with sentiments borrowed from the ancients, and cover the most dangerous conspiracies with the moral precepts of Confucius. Whatever its original purpose, the society became a potent ally to the political plotters who were striving to restore a native rule to the Empire. The annual festival for the worship of the moon became a gathering of conspirators, and the cakes which it was the custom to eat in honor of the lunar goddess were made to do duty as envoys most extraordinary. A summons to rise against the Mongols on a set day was inclosed in the cakes, which were sent from place to place throughout the Empire.

We hear nothing of such societies dur-

ing the succeeding Ming dynasty, but with the Manchu conquest in 1644 the secret conclave was revived with increased vigor. The Manchus and Chinese have never amalgamated, and have hardly mingled; the conquered still regard the conquerors as an inferior race of barbarians. Every large town has its Manchu city and its Chinese city, and in every town there is a Manchu garrison. The native brotherhood which has, under various names, religiously set itself to the task of ousting the Manchu or Te'ing dynasty was attended in its origin by a miracle. The Emperor Yung Ching (1722-1735) directed or allowed severe persecution against both Christianity and Buddhism, and in one of the religious outbreaks the Shaolin Buddhist monastery was sacked and burned, and many of the monks were killed. A few escaped, breathing vengeance against the house of Te'ing, and in their flight came to a stream where they stopped to quench their thirst. Having cooled their throats, but not, it would seem, their imaginations, they saw floating on the water a china censer, which being recovered was found to bear this legend: "Overthrow the Te'ing and restore the Ming!" They straightway determined to obey the command thus miraculously conveyed, and mixing their blood with wine they drank to the destruction of the Manchus. Thus was formed the Water Lily Sect, which has been the mother of all the secret societies, except that of the Boxers, which have threatened the rule of the Manchus and endangered the very existence of the Empire during the present century.

The long reign of Kien Lung, the wisest of the Manchu rulers, gave little cause and no opportunity for aggressive action on the part of the new brotherhood, but in the reign of his successor, Kia King, outbreaks occurred in Shantung province under the direction of the White Water Lilies, and in 1808 the assassination of the Emperor was openly attempted in the streets of Peking. The outrage was rightly or wrongly charged to the White Water Lilies, and an edict was published making death the penalty for membership. This penalty was to some extent avoided by changing the name of the association as often as the necessity arose. It was called the T'hsen te hwy, 'The Celesto-Ter-

restrial Society, or the Society That Unites Heaven and Earth,' and later the San ho hwei, 'The Society of the Three United,' from which comes from the name 'Triads,' by which the society has been most commonly known. The 'three united' are heaven, earth and man. Another name was Hung Kia, or 'Flood Family,' signifying that its membership should overflow the land. A new society also arose in the reign of Kia King known as the Green Water Lilies.

Under various names and sometimes under none the operations of the society were carried on with remarkable vigor and daring. Insurrections continued during the reign of Kia King and in 1813 another unsuccessful attempt was made upon the life of the Emperor. There was little open activity during the next reign, that of Taikwang (1820-50), but the Triads were quietly fomenting the great Taiping Rebellion, which in 1850 plunged China into a civil war lasting fifteen years, which was finally quelled with the help of Gen. 'Chinese' Gordon. The Triads have since been dormant, it is not dead; yet their spirit was reincarnated for a time in the Koloa Hwei, a society formed of veterans of the imperial troops who had been engaged against the Taipings. Unlike their predecessors, however, they attacked not the Manchus, but the white foreigners and occasioned the rising against the whites in 1889.

The avowed purpose of the Triads was the dethronement of the Te'ings, but the membership was drawn mainly from the dregs of society and their practical activity lay largely along the line of burglary robbery and murder, and in all the vicissitudes of their dangerous calling they were faithful to each other and to their oath. Their motto was:

The blessing reciprocally share,
The woe reciprocally bear.

The impressive ceremonies attending their initiation were conducive to fidelity. In the dead of night the novice was brought before the assembly, often gathered in the depths of a forest, and as a preliminary ceremony was obliged to prick his finger with a silver needle, allowing the blood to drip into a bowl of wine, which he then drank. The written oath, consisting of

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN.



A PARISIAN FLOWER GIRL.

Chat of the Boudoir.

THE SUMMER'S PRETTY HAIR. Greater Variety in Millinery Never Given to Women Than this Season.

If there is any one special weakness more pronounced than another, in a woman's traditional love of dress, it is instinctively and unmistakably revealed through her supreme affection for pretty hats.

She can indulge her pet fancy to the utmost this season, as there never was greater variety in kind or shape. Hats of finest crinoline trimmed with white marabout features and the new gauze roses with glittering centres of imitation diamonds, are one of the special novelties to wear with thin gowns.

Then there are hats made entirely of Irish lace or Venetian guipure, some with wide brims lined with chiffon and trimmed with either black or white ostrich feathers. A particularly fascinating hat is the Charlotte Corday, made with soft mob cap crowns and a brim widening at the sides set in downward ripples and flat to the outline of the head at the back.

The very finest horse hair is used in making both black and white straw. All white hats are very much worn especially by young women with thin gowns, and it may be worth while to remember that two or three fine lines of black underneath the brim make them much more becoming.

The Louis Seize hat with a high crown, brim drooping slightly over the face in front and down quite close to the hair in the back, is very popular as well as generally becoming. Hats made entirely of shirred white silk muslin, one large silk poppy and leaves for trimming, are pretty with muslin gowns.

Three-sided effects are carried out in some of the new shapes, but they are lower and wider than those of last season. The brims do not turn so closely to the round crowns. Three rosettes of black silk muslin with small gold buckles in the centre are the trimmings on one tricorne shape of coarse white straw. Black velvet buckles are one of the pretty novelties in millinery, very effective in white and cream straw hats.

THE BRIDE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A Performance That is Enjoyed by all Save the Artist.

'I would rather photograph a two-month-old baby than a June bride,' said the fashionable photographer. 'It is very difficult to get a good picture of a bride. Somehow a girl never looks her best on her wedding day. She is apt to be nervous and pale and the white costume is trying. But there is a new fad for these bride photographs and this month is the time we have our rush.'

'They usually come in the day before the ceremony and bring a host of relatives, bridesmaids and sometimes the bride-groom-to-be and the best man to worry the photographer by suggesting all sorts of impossible things. Sometimes they all sweep in on their way to the church and they are more nervous to handle than a fox terrier.'

'The bride is always anxious to look timid and shrinking and modest and the bridegroom wants her to roll up her eyes like a Madonna. Between the two and the conflict as to whether she shall carry a prayer book or a bouquet it is impossible to get a bright, happy expression on the face. Nearly all our photographed brides have a sad, far away expression; a "mother-I-am going-to-leave-you-forever" look.'

'At times the idea of getting the bride photographed occurs during the festivities following the ceremony, and the entire bridal party descends upon the studio scattering rice and flowers everywhere. They take possession of the place and all other business must be suspended while they turn the gallery into a wedding annex. Do I think it a good idea? No, candidly, I don't. I always advise mothers not to have their babies photographed on a fur rug without any clothing on, and I don't think the bride pictures are as successful as others. A tranquil, happy state of mind is necessary for a good photograph and there is always a great deal of anxiety and nervousness about a wedding day.'

A picturesque spot in New York for

Headache

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summer dining is the new Fifth avenue terrace restaurant with its blooming hydrangeas screening it from the street, the music from the band just sufficiently distant to be entrancing. Then the pretty women in their filmy gowns and rose-trimmed hats and the summer men in the permissible unconventional attire of the season gives a delightful touch to the picture, and we realize what a charming place New York is when the steamboats carry away the extra population from the town.

Not the least pleasant feature of the terrace dinner is the presence of the East India chief Jo, who was long a feature of a London hotel which he made famous by his excellent curries. Joe is small, quick, delf, quiet, perfect in demeanor as he serves personally from a silver chafing dish the delicate curries he prepares with rice, cooked as it is nowhere else in town. His costume is of spotless white linen and on his head he wears a closely bound turban, white by day and azure blue at evening. With each he serves a Chinese sauce of his own composition and of an excellence that cannot be described in words.

It was the Marquis de Logerot who astonished a party of his men friends a great many seasons ago by inviting them to a dinner at the close of a sweltering day.

The dinner was served in the court of his hotel, but the surprising part of it was that each course was cold. It proved a success and the idea has been repeated many times since at the famous hotels of the town. Clams, consommé, a delicious salmon with mayonnaise dressing, tiny soft shell crabs, chicken, salads and berries all were food to a turn.

The idea in moderation is an excellent one for home dinners during the warm weeks. A great deal of the heat and discomfort and illness attributed to the weather is really traceable to the heavy roasts, soups, and salads that some housewives insist on serving all the year round. This department of the home could be simplified in summer to the advantage of all concerned. The late Thomas J. Murrey, who could perform magical feats with a chafing dish, was a great advocate of that form of cooking during the summer time.

The days of the convenient gas range are comparatively recent. The processes of cooking before its introduction necessitated coal stoves that made the lot of the cook an unhappy one. And Mr. Murrey declared that an unhappy cook was worse than none. His chafing dish recipes were remarkable for their simplicity, a virtue beyond price in cooking methods. Murrey's cooking system was a judicious mixture of the French and American schools; but he knew the culinary art in every language. He said that the so-called American abhorrence of the onion was an affection, and declared that no perfect sauce was ever made without one or more of the onion family as an ingredient.

Here is one of his original recipes, exceedingly simple, but famous with its authors admirers. To prepare corned-beef hash a la Murrey select a good cut of beef of about three pounds; boil it half an hour in hot water, then take it out throw the water away and cover the meat with tepid water. Let it simmer on the back of the range two and a half hours. Remove the pot from the range and allow the meat to cool in the water. Skim off the fat and remove the meat, placing it in the ice box until the next day. Cut into small pieces two pounds of the beef; peel, slice and cut into dice a quantity of potatoes—cold cooked potatoes will spoil the dish—which when cut up, will equal the bulk of the meat. Peel and cut up fine one large sour apple. Chop these ingredients together in a chopping bowl. Cut up fine two medium sized onions; also cut into pieces a large sweet Spanish pepper, not one of the hot variety. Now put into a large frying pan a scant tablespoonful of beef dripping; butter will not do. When hot add the onion and fry to a delicate brown. Next add the pepper; toss it about for a few moments; then add a gill of strong beef stock, alter which the other chopped ingredients, with a pint of beef stock or strong broth; mix well, cover and let simmer thirty minutes. Should the moisture evaporate too quickly add more of the broth; stir to prevent it sticking to

to the pan and also to assist in evaporating the moisture finally. Taste for seasoning and put away until the next day when it should be warmed in the chafing dish with the hot water pan beneath it.

'I wish,' said the woman reporter who had been to the convention, 'that I could write about anything in the world but news! If I were only a poet I could tell you of something I saw as our train stopped opposite a grimy tenement court in the outskirts of Newark. It was one of those old time, tumble down, rickety structures; its open windows like barred human souls evidencing the life of its occupants. Children, barefooted and tumbled and dirty, played on the steps; women with arms red and wet from the washtubs leaned on the sills stolidly. Workmen home for their midday meal passed through the doorways.'

'But in the very centre of the court on a little space of earth grew a rose bush fairly covered with bloom. Its pink blossoms made a glorious bit of color in the grimy court. The women leaning out of the windows gazed hungrily at it and their faces softened and grew tender with the memory of youth. The children paused in their play to count its blossoms reverently, but not one finger desecrated the boughs. A woman with a sick baby on one arm and a beer can on the other passed through the court and stopping by the bush she held the wan little face close to the roses, so that it took color from their bloom and over the blue baby lips passed the very ghost of a smile. It was like a wonderful benediction from above—this beautiful, rose in the gloomy tenement yard.'

It is quite possible that the twentieth century bridegroom will not boast so much of the biscuits as of the mint juleps that his mother used to make, if we are to judge from the many bar implements that have a place among the silver presented to up-to-date brides. Our grandmothers would be surprised at the array of strainers, shakers, flasks and corkscrews that are considered correct nowadays as offerings in place of the inevitable butter knives and pickle jars of yore. A few years ago May Irwin introduced as a feature of one of her plays the mixing of an actual gin fizz upon the stage and Clyde Fitch has his heroine in "The Cowboy and the Lady" compound a cocktail in view of the audience. The modern girl learns how to mix drinks with the accuracy and deftness of a professional. The Long Island summer colonies have some rare experts in this new feminine art and some of the sideboards are provided with ornate equipments made especially for women's handling.

SOME ROYAL PROPOSALS.

Scenes and Incidents of Popping the Question in the Highest of High Life.

The prince, like the peasant, has to take advantage of the most favorable opportunity that presents itself for telling the princess how much he loves her, and he finds a lonely moor or a quiet sequestered dell in a wide park as useful an adjunct to the process as does any factory girl of with "James William" for the afternoon.

How did the Prince Consort of England manage with the Queen? The story has often been told, and it is probably correct in its outline, that it was not he in this case who had to manage but she. For it appears to do the proposing in such a case. It is said that while at a dance with the prince at Windsor Castle in 1840 her Majesty took from her dress a spray of white lilac and gave it to him. He had no button-hole in his uniform as a soldier, but taking out his penknife he made a slit in his coat and placed the spray tenderly in it. What happened next during the quiet talk in one of the adjoining apartments we may leave to conjecture, but the fact of the engagement was soon made known by the Queen to her council.

The Prince of Wales had met his future wife at a continental town and had first set eyes on her while visiting a cathedral there some time before he went to Denmark to visit her parents and make his proposal. He was a case of love at first sight. He was so struck with the beauty and grace of the princely maiden whom he saw in that cathedral that he made many inquiries about her and sought an introduction. Then the later steps came in due course. It was at the castle of the Danish royal family at Rosenberg that the Prince of Wales had his private interview with the "daughter of the sea kings" and proposed gladly to find her an English home and happiness for the remainder of her life. And here she accepted him. This was in a private room which is one of the suite of rooms in the Rosenberg castle where the proposal was made. Either here or in an adjoining room his Royal Highness went through the same trembling few minutes that all "proposers" know so well and remember so vividly, often to their future discomfort. There never seems to have

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been any doubt of the answer to be given by Princess Alexandra, however, for she was as much in love with the fine-looking heir to the British throne as he was with her. And so, after this auspicious day, "all went merry as a marriage bell," and England welcomed the Danish conqueror once more to her domains with a welcome very different to that of Canute in 1040.

When in 1874 the Duke of Edinburgh took to England his Russian bride it was considered a good omen by the many Britons who still recollected the terrible days of the Crimean War. And the omen has so far indeed been good, there has been peace with that great nation for the past quarter of a century. No more splendid surroundings could possibly be imagined for "proposing" than the precincts and salons of the grand palace at St. Petersburg, where the imperial family resides. And here it was that the Russian Princess first received the proposal of the English Prince for her hand and heart. She accepted the "sailor prince", whether with or without hesitation we are not told. But probably, like even more lowly maidens, the daughter of a Czar would like being asked more than once, and would not be averse to a little pleading upon the part of her royal lover. And we know that the Romanoff princesses are not lightly won!

It was in 1857 that two lovers might have been seen on a Scotch moor in the district of Balmoral. They had gone out for the day with a party of friends, and, like many other lovers from time immemorial, they had managed very beautifully to lose the party and lose themselves and their nearest way. Nevertheless they walked gaily along back toward Balmoral over the springy turf, evidently anything but cast down at the loss. Suddenly the gentleman spied a piece of white heather growing close by. He gathered it and presented it to the girl beside him. For she was a true girl, barely 18 at the time! But she knew the meaning of such a gift from such a person, and she clearly whispered, "Yes," loud enough for the happy lover to hear. For when they reached home there had to be a telling to "papa" and "mamma" of something that had happened. And the next news heard was that the crown Prince of Germany was betrothed to the English Princess royal. White Lodge, Richmond Park, was the place where the Duke of York did his "courting" of the Princess May, and it is generally stated that it was in the small but well kept gardens round the pretty mansion that "he went through the ceremony which as the old man said long ago, comes to all of us who want to be married, sooner or later." Prince George meant business from the first, as every sailor does in all that he undertakes. The Prince went to stay for a few weeks with his sister, the Duchess of Fife, at Sheen House, not far from the park gates, and he could be seen each day strolling jauntily up the pretty road, Sheen Lane that led from that

residence to White Lodge. Sometimes he was not alone, for the lady of his choice accompanied him in his moonlight walks. But those journeys, whose object even the dullest observer seemed to guess beforehand, ended just as expected, and England learned true identity of her future Queen and saw with pleasure that it was to be an English maiden who was to be raised to that honor.

The Queen herself has, in her book, "Leaves From the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," told the story of the engagement of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll. She says under date of Oct. 3rd 1870:

"This was an eventful day. Our dear Louise was engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from the Glassalt Shiel to Loch Dhu. She had gone there with Jamie Ely, the Lord Chancellor and Lorne. I had driven to Pan-nanich Wells on the south side of the Dee with Beatrice and Mrs. Pansony.

"We got home by 7. Louise, who returned some time later, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and proposed to her and that she had accepted him, knowing that I should approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I gave my consent and could only pray that she would be happy."

The Czar proposed to the Princess Alix of Hesse during a family party at Copenhagen in 1894. He had made up his mind long before that if he married he would marry whom he pleased rather than one commended to him by his counsellors for State reasons. And his choice had fallen upon the Queen's grand-daughter from Hesse. Accordingly the party at the Rosenberg Palace, the scene of that former proposal in 1863, had been arranged on purpose to allow Nicholas to meet his lady-love under the happiest auspices. Some say that the Czar proposed during an evening party, others that he did so in the gardens around the palace while out for a walk with the Princess. Probably the latter story is the more nearly correct. In any case the scene of the betrothal of the Prince of Wales so many years previously to the Princess Alexandra must have been almost coincident with the scene of the engagement of the Czar and the present Czarina.

Sour Grapes.

Mrs. Hildy—Did the Swaggers invite you to their party?

Mrs. Snubd—Goodness, no! They wouldn't dare to. I must draw the line of my acquaintances somewhere, and the Swaggers know well enough which side of the line are on.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 790 Eighth Avenue, New York.



Passion Play Tourists.

It is naturally supposed that the World's Exposition at Paris is the mecca of all travelling Americans this summer. It is to this little village in the Bavarian Alps that the name more truly belongs. The agent of one of the great tourist companies has booked places for more than eleven thousand Americans for the summer's performances of the "Passion Play." These figures, compared with the total of only 3,000 English people upon the company's books, is a striking indication of the extraordinary attraction which the great religious spectacle has upon the American mind and imagination. And it is not to be wondered at. After witnessing yesterday's first performances of the great Biblical tragedy one can easily understand that audiences for such a drama may be drawn from the uttermost ends of the earth. The religious instinct and the force of education and tradition are quite unnecessary to make the event impressive beyond anything anywhere else to be seen in mimic portrayal. This was in 1834.

There is no need to do more than mention the history of this decennial event which marks the landmarks in the lives of these simple Bavarian peasants. As far back as the twelfth century a Passion play had been performed here, but the wars of the sixteenth century put an end to the performances. Following the wars came a pestilence, village after a village fell a prey to ravages. Oberammergau remained untouched. A vigorous quarantine against the outer world kept it safe until one Casper Schuchler, who had been working in a plague stricken village nearby returned to see his wife and little ones. In two days he was dead; before a month was over 84 of the villagers had perished. In their despair the inhabitants turned to God and vowed that if the plague would cease they would every ten years perform the "Passion Play." From that hour, says the local historian, the plague was checked.

In 1870 the war with France interrupted the performance; forty five of the villagers went to the front, seven of them doomed not to return. Joseph Mayer, who then played Christ for the first time, started with them, but the King of Bavaria ordered him to remain in Munich and did not even let him cut his flowing locks. The play was repeated in 1871.

The author of the present version was the parish priest Daisenburg, who died about twenty years ago at the age of 83. He stripped the play of everything ignoble or farcical, cutting out entirely the part of the devil, who, up till open, as in all miracle plays, played the comedy role, exciting much hilarity as he tore open the bowels of the suicide Judas and produced therefrom strings of sausages.

The play contains a well worked out plot, showing how Christ's entrance into Jerusalem in triumph offended the priests, how His cleansing of the temple incensed the merchants. The priests make use of the merchants through the chief, Dathan, to destroy Christ. Dathan approaches Judas and bribes him with priests' money to betray where Christ will pass the night. This leads up to the arrest, trial and crucifixion.

Until the last moment it seemed that the first performance in this year's series would be given amid cold rain and sleet and most wintry surroundings. Ten years ago these would have been almost impossible conditions for both performers and audience then assembled in a roofless theatre. The new partly covered theatre, built with the proceeds of the 1890 performances, does not look so much like an engine shed as one would suppose from the photograph. It holds nearly 4,000 spectators; there are 1,598 seats at \$2.50; 496 at \$2.544 at \$1.50, 668 at \$1 and 658 at 50 cents. This gives a total of \$175,000 for the twenty seven regular performances, while extra ones are to be given when two many visitors reach the village for the theatre to hold in one day. In 1890 the 700 performers received \$30,000; Mayer, the Christ, received \$500; the conductor of the orchestra \$250. Everything else was spent on the theatre and the village. Drains were built, a new hospital founded, drawing and carving schools established, waterworks built and the poor provided for. The stage is 150 feet broad and 86 feet deep. In the centre, twenty feet from the front, is a wide curtained proscenium, on each side of which is a balcony house, that of Annas on the left and that of Pilate on the right. These are separated from proscenium by ports or roads which lead to Jerusalem. The stage (except the proscenium) is uncovered, the

mountains, yesterday covered with snow, forming a background on one side.

The most impressive thing of all was the Schults-Geister or choyas of twenty women and sixteen men. They file on with solemn step and line the front of the stage. Their long robes form a brilliant and harmonious chord of color. The choragus or leader recites the prologue to each act, pointing out the lessons it enforces, the chorus sings and then withdraws for the scene or retires to each side for a tableau.

The play commenced yesterday with Christ's entry into Jerusalem. From the back of the stage the "folk" came slowly, waving branches, chanting a march chorale, one of the most successful pieces in the Passion-music. On, on they came, all looking backward toward Christ, till it seems as though an innumerable multitude of men, women, and children were streaming on to the stage. Then the Christ appeared, meek and sitting upon a colt, the foal of an ass. The proscenium represented the Temple filled with traders, sellers of doves and lambs, &c. Christ for all thought of Anton Lang the actor has disappeared from the mind—turns them out with blows, overthrowing their tables, the doves released from their wicker cages fly away into the blue air, and the scene closes with Nathansel, a leader of the priests, promising the traders their revenge.

It would take too long to tell of every one of the eighteen scenes, in addition to which there are twenty three tableaux taken from the Old Testament. These are used to illustrate the scenes. For example, a marvellous scene representing the falling of the manna in the wilderness, in which there must be over a hundred figures, precedes the Last Supper, a representation of the despair of Cain ushers in the act in which Judas returns the thirty pieces of silver and hangs himself.

The representation lasted from 8 A. M. till 12, and from 1.30 to 5 P. M. and the absorbing interest with which it was followed was shown by the fact that every one was surprised when 12 came. There was no applause at the end of a scene, though people stamped their feet to restore the circulation, for there was a little chill in the air.

Two questions most generally asked are "Does not the representation of Christ on the stage jar on the feelings?" and "Is not the Crucifixion scene too trying to look on?" To both queries the answer is no— to the first, unhesitatingly. This is because of the fact that the Christ takes little part in the action of the play except in cleansing the temple; for the rest the action takes place about him while he suffers in silence. The divinity of Christ plays a very small part in fact only appears in the healing of Malchus's ear and in the Resurrection, which is more a tableau than an act.

As regards the Crucifixion, it was one of the few scenes in which the spectator thinks of the actor rather than the act. The physical pain endured during the time the Christ is on the cross, about nineteen minutes, must be very great. The excellence of representation of the Crucifixion in sculpture and painting to which we are so accustomed tends to rob the scene of its effect. The means by which the body is fastened to the cross are invisible, but a strong glass showed marks round the wrist and doubtless some form of orseet is used, but it is all hidden, even during the taking down of the body, in which Buben's well-known picture is reproduced.

THE FUTURE OF BOER LAND.

Big Boom Expected in South Africa After the War is Ended.

Instead of desolation following the war, writes General Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith, in the July number of "Success," there will be a great boom at the Cape. This struggle has drawn the attention of all the world to South Africa, and people are beginning to realize some of the vast resources there which are only waiting to be developed. I confess that I was myself surprised when I went to the Cape and saw what wonderful progress has been made there in the past few years. Where there were formerly deserted wildernesses, there are now cultivated farms and bustling villages. Where there was not, formerly, even a farmhouse, there are now whole towns, and this wonderful change is sure to go on more rapidly now than ever before. There had been so much uncertainty for several years as to whether or not there would be any war, that men of wealth hesitated about making movements,

and then ensued a falling off in immigration.

Now that settled conditions are about to exist again, I prophesy that there will be a great rush of settlers to the Cape. That whole country is likely to be a good one for a young man to go to to make his fortune. There are whole districts which are practically unsettled and uncultivated, and there is certainly a wonderful opportunity awaiting men who have had experience in farming. There are stretches of land in the vicinity of Ladysmith which are very productive, and will make especially good locations for fruit orchards. I fully agree with Rudyard Kipling when he says there ought to be a chance for some of our British volunteers to remain in South Africa and become farmers. As the farms increase, there will be a demand for merchants, and prosperous villages are sure to spring up in time.

The Boers did not, apparently, have to work very hard to accumulate their wealth. If they have been successful, young Englishmen and Americans should be successful, and I think they will. I cannot see that there is much truth in the recent assertions that Americans do not make good colonizers, and can never settle to any great extent in the new colonies of Porto Rico and the Philippines. I am sure that, while I was stationed in India, I met a great many Americans who were living there and were very successful as colonists. I am certain that Americans will be abundantly able to take care of their islands, sending thousands to settle in the Philippines and Porto Rico. The United States possess enough people to spare some for South Africa, too, and I expect to see many more going there than are already resident in the various colonies at the Cape. As America came out of its Spanish war with flying colors and is meeting its problems successfully, so shall we meet ours.

Housewife and Burglar

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and they made some noise.

He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," she said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off.

He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went out into the night again, and the "pa" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said. "It reminds me of home."

"We are all in the Hands of God."

Many years ago, a New Hampshire physician was stunned by the premature discharge of a blast. He related afterward the fact that in the moment of the explosion he had time for the swift passage of three thoughts through his mind: "I am a dead man! What will become of my family? We are all in the hands of God!" Curiously enough, the Prince of Wales made use of this last impressive sentence on his first public appearance in England after the recent attempt at his assassination: "We are all in the hands of God!" What if the consciousness of helplessness which men feel in a crisis of extreme physical danger could become a habitual attitude of trust, and thus a fountain of joy?

Japanese Royal Wedding.

At the recent marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan immense multitudes in the streets watched and applauded the bridal procession, but not a person looked out of an upper window. To the American eye and mind this seemed strange. But the Japanese explanation of it was simple. It is contrary to etiquette—indeed, to loyalty for a Japanese to look down, either literally or figuratively,—upon a member of the royal family. One smiles at the quaint conceit that would interpret the visual angle as a slight. Yet there is much that is admirable and worthy of emulation in scrupulous regard for what are esteemed and honor.

American Army in Manila.

Bishop Potter pays a high tribute to the character and qualities of the rank and file of our army in Manila. He says, in effect, that no one who has seen our soldiers in the Philippines, and has noted their splendid physique, their attention to duty, and the high average of intelligence existing among them, can fail to have an increased pride in our army, and a profound faith in their capability to do whatever is required of them. He saw our soldiers in many

places, under all varieties of circumstances during his stay in Manila, but not one among them who reflected discredit upon himself or his country.

DEATH OF SAMORY.

A Man Who Once Landed It Over 500,000 People in West Africa.

The Emir Samory, who has cut a larger figure in the affairs of West Africa for the past twenty years than any other native, has just died, a prisoner in the hands of the French at Libreville, in the Gaboon region. His prestige and power had been waning for some years. About two years ago the French caught their old enemy near the northern border of Dahomey, carried him to the coast and kept him under guard, so that he might do no more mischief. They were very happy over the downfall of Samory, who had given them more trouble for many years than all the other natives' potentates in West Africa together.

Samory was a slave when he was a little boy. The chief who owned him gave him as a ransom to another chief, for a woman who had been taken captive. Samory's new owner was an important personage in West Africa, the Marabout Sory Idrahina, and as his little slave grew up he attracted much attention from the Marabout and from everybody else in the country who had anything to do with native politics; for Samory became a young man of great intelligence, courage and talent for intrigue. He was so bright that the Marabout made him his chief adviser. Samory always looked out for No. 1 in a very keen and able manner. One day he thought he saw a chance to better his fortunes, and so he deserted his old master and joined forces with a more powerful chief. It was a sorry bargain for the latter, for in a few years Samory turned against him, defeated him in battle and took the whole country into his own keeping. He was now a Prince on his individual account with a throne of his own, and he began to enlarge the borders of his dominion.

Samory's career of conquest was brilliantly triumphant. He compelled one petty thief or kingle after another to beg pardon for the resistance they offered and proclaim themselves the vassal of the great Samory. He set out to conquer about 160 little States in the interior of West Africa and carried out the job with great thoroughness. By the time he got through he was an absolute master of 150,000 people in the Western Soudan and lorded it over a country east of Liberia and Sierra Leone that is larger than most of the States of Europe.

But Samory was not satisfied with the empire he had carved out for himself. He wished to be master of the whole western Soudan, and on account of his ambition he got into hot water with the French. He would push into the territory they claimed on the upper Niger, and they would drive him back. Then the French would push up the Niger into Samory's realm, and he defeated many a French expedition; for it was long before the French sent a party against the powerful native that was adequate to cope with him. It was not until 1891 that they finally dealt him a series of blows that greatly damaged his prestige and stripped him of considerable territory. The conflict waged for years after that Samory gradually losing all that he had gained, until in the last stage of the struggle he was driven from pillar to post, a mere hunted fugitive. The French flag now floats over all the territory that Samory acquired, and the old Emir probably welcomed the end that has come at last. He had lost everything that made life desirable.

"Breathe Freely Now!"

Your friend exclaims when he has satisfactorily explained some alarming news. So we say when we hand you a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for any kind of trouble in the air passages. 25c. all Druggists.

Is it all Failure?

"One-fourth of the lawyers," said Governor Shaw, of Iowa, recently, "can try a case no better today than when they began." There are also women who can cook no better than on the day they were married, and are told so three times a day. What commencement oration could better set forth, in so educational terms the common principle of failure? Not to advance, as Lord Bacon insisted long ago, is simply to go back.

Yellow or brown cottons or silks, can be dyed black. Try Magnetic Dyes, black costs ten cents only.

A Burning Question.

Editorials and communications abounding in the daily press indicate that one unsettled problem which the nineteenth century will bequeath to the twentieth is presented in compact form as follows: What is the best way to make a strawberry short-cake?

FLASHES OF FUN.

"But the famous man you mention once drove a dirt wagon."
"All the better fitted for the haul of fame, isn't he?"

Pearl—How is the Parisian getting on with our language?
Baby—Nicely! He can understand our street car ads now.

Father (angrily)—What! All your money gone? Been betting on fast horses, I suppose.

Son (meekly)—No, father, you do me an injustice. All the horses I ever bet on were dead slow.

"So, there," said Mrs. Heapack, concluding her remarks. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Yes, my dear," replied Heapack, "and to the average married man a word in edgewise is sufficient."

"Oh! Mr. Rubintout, are you a true artist? Do you believe in art for art's sake; or do you paint your pictures to sell?"

"Well—e—I—I accept money. But not very much money."—Life.

McJigger—Poor Buschey. He's lost that great long beard he was so proud of.

Thingumbob—Yes, but haven't you heard? He found a diamond shirt stud, and to display it, of course, he had to shave off his beard.

McJigger—Certainly, I knew that, but he has since discovered that the diamond is nothing but a bit of glass.

"Perhaps you can tell me," remarked the exchange editor, making another vicious lunge with his shears at the helpless paper he was dissecting, "perhaps you can tell me how the water gets into the melon."

"Blamed vine know," replied the answers-to-correspondents man.

"Wrong," rejoined the exchange editor. "They plant the seeds in the spring."

And they didn't speak to each other again until one of them wanted to borrow a match.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does cleave mean?

Pa—It means to unite or stick together.

Little Willie—Then if the butcher cleaves a bone does he stick together, pa?

Pa—Why—er—I guess it does mean to separate, my son.

Little Willie—And when a man separates from his wife, does he cleave to her, pa?

Pa—Young man, it's time you were in bed.

"Why, its old Diogenes!" cried Skins, as the ancient philosopher, lighted lantern in hand, plodded slowly down the street. Hallo, Diog, cried Patroclus in bantering tones, "found that honest man yet?" The sage stared up at them.

"Honest man!" he grumbled. "I'm not looking for an honest man. I gave that up long ago."

And he turned to hobble away.

"Then what are you looking for?" cried young Herclius.

Diogenes passed.

"I'm looking for a hired girl," he growled "ours left yesterday."

Instructions.

Indignant Patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Doctor Quack—Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Indignant Patron—My son took your medicine for a year and then died.

Doctor Quack—My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years.

Might Still be Said.

"There was a time," exclaimed young Spenders, who had gone through a fortune, "when people used to say I had more money than brains. They can't say it now."

"No?" queried the canonic cad.

"No. I'm down to my last penny."

"Ah! but you have the penny."

Glamour Gone.

Officer Clancy—Faith, ye seem t' have locht yer bowld upon the Sweelblood's cook.

Officer Grogan—Oi have, bad luck tek me fur a blunderin' fool. Whin Oi got me new suit av citizens' clothes th' other day Oi wint 'round an' let her see me in it.

SUCCESS FOR SIXTY YEARS.

This is the record of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. A sure cure for diarrhoea, dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

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of vanity P the young artist exclaimed.
'Least Humpy-Dumpy should have a
great fall; is that what you fear?' laughed
grandfather who seemed to be in a merry
mood.
'Yes; for, so far as I am concerned, I
do not deserve such praise. As for Miss
Marsden—he always called me Miss Mars-
den to grandfather—it is impossible to
paint the rose, and so—'
He paused.
'And so the rose must be flattered to
the top of her head,' said grandfather.
'How can I be flattered if I am in the
superlative of beauty already?' said I
clinging to his arm and blushing over my
speech.
'Where no flattering tongue can reach
you,' he laughed.
'My grandfather has a secret about this
picture,' said I at my next sitting, when
the dear old man was called away.
It seemed so natural to make these little
confidences to the young artist.
I had not even mentioned this to Jeane
—would that I had!
She was very dumb, very unsatisfactory
in those days, eying me so narrowly that I
was even rude enough, once or twice, to
ask her—
'What are you staring at, Jeane?'
'Only taking a look back and forth,' I
remember she answered once, 'and—'
'And what?' I questioned.
'Nothing,' was the answer.
Well, July went its way, and August,
with its ripening grain, came in, fierce and
hot, its harvest nights dewy and moonlit,
the corncrike uttering its hoarse cry all
the night through, and the scent of the
gorgeous flowers drifting in at the open
windows like the breath of incense from the
grateful earth.
My eighteenth birthday was on the fifth.
How was I to know—how was anyone to
know, with the days passing by so swiftly,
how tragically it was to be ushered in?
My portrait was not yet finished.
There were so many touches, re-touches,
and erasings, so much dallying over this
and that, on the part of Mr. Maitland.
It was to be a masterpiece of art, he
said, and indeed it bade fair to be so.
I was fairly bewitched with my own
loveliness.
It was not my face, in its setting of
tangled curls under a little mob cap, which
looked at me from the easel.
My grandfather was more than satisfied
with it at this stage, and tried to hurry on
the artist.
But he would not be hurried. 'Slow
and steady wins the race,' my dear sir; so
it is with art. 'Art is long,' says the poet;
inspiration will not be hastened,' he re-
plied, again and again; and so my birth-
day came round, and the portrait was still
unfinished.
One little day, and I was to come out,
as it is expressed; no longer a child but a
maiden, to step into the arena of life—to
conquer or be conquered, as Mr. Maitland
expressed it, coming round in the golden
afternoon to sit with me on the steps lead-
ing down into the Lady's Garden, a sweet,
dewy tangle of bloom at our feet, the
drowsy blue sky over our heads.
'To-morrow—well, to-morrow was as
nothing to us.
Just the present was enough to be in
each other's society, to look into each
other's eyes. Not a word of love had
passed between us, not a hand pressure.
I give Herbert Maitland his due: he
was honorable save in seeking me here in
secret, to sit with me on the steps in the
cool, secluded garden; guiltless of evil as
a child, I sat beside him.
We were just sitting in silence—so
quiet to young hearts—when a stately
step came through the room behind, where
the glass door stood open.
'Lettie! Sir!'
It was my grandfather, in his most stern
imperious, unbending mood—a Marsden's
mood, a Marsden's hard, unrelenting ring
in his voice. I had never heard the like
in his tone before.
We were on our feet in an instant.
'Child, go to your chamber! And you
sir, leave my house!'
So the flats were hurled at us.
A white heat of wrath seemed to shine
on the dear old handsome face.
'Grandfather, grandfather!' I pleaded.
'I had no other word to say, in my be-
wildered alarm, shame and confusion; I
tried to clasp his hand, but he shook me
off.
'Go! do my bidding, you perfidious
child!' in that consecrated tone of his,
which he had never used to me before.
'Nay, sir, perfidy is not the word to
hurl at either of us. I own, on my part,
I overstepped the—'
So far spoke my lover, 'your unworthy
look,' as my grandfather termed him later
on, casting the words at me with contempt
and scorn.
So far he spoke, when the other hard,
imperious voice stopped him.
'Silence, sir, and leave my house!'
My grandfather drew out his purse.
I heard the clink of gold, the sound
made by the other casting it from him on
to the steps, and I hurried away.
Indeed, my grandfather pushed me, as
if he had not been a man of culture and
courtesy, and I had been but a milkmaid.
Aghast! How I wished I had been in
that room window, when I had looked myself
in, and seeing Alice Lee, our dairyman's
pretty daughter, meeting Jack Kay, her
lover, openly, in the sunny meadow, the
smile of conscious happy love on her face.
He that is down need fear no fall,
says a quaint writer.
Would that I were down, I mused,
watching them, it being down meant such
unfettered bliss as that.
Would that Alice were here at the Her-
mitage, and I—ah! but I loved the Her-
mitage, loved my grandfather; and indeed
high or low, I had done no harm.
There was no need of changing places
with anyone, I decided, and would not

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brentwood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and so easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

open the door when Jeane came to help
me dress for dinner.
CHAPTER IV.
The shadows were creeping here and
there outside.
'The after-glow lay on the hill-tops, a
hush falling upon the earth.
It was a warm, brooding evening, the
air fragrant with the scent of flowers, when
my grandfather himself came and knocked
at my door, as I still sat at my window,
musing.
'Letitia,' said he, a name I never re-
membered his calling me before, 'Letitia,
I insist upon your coming down to dinner,
and at once.'
These were his words in that new hard
tone, which, somehow, awed me.
I had never disobeyed him before—that
is, openly set aside a command of his;
there had indeed, been no temptation to do
so.
Our wills hitherto had been as one in
the close union of such love as ours.
I did not go against him now; I bathed
my eyes, smoothed my tangled hair
and descended, eluding Jeane's en-
folding arms and kiss as I passed her out-
side my room, for I was perverely de-
fiant.
I was a Marsden maiden, with a Mar-
sden temper.
The servants took off the covers from
the dishes and withdrew, as if knowing a
storm was brewing; but dinner was par-
taken in silence, I, pointing, and eating
almost nothing, at my end of the table;
grandfather, at his, erect, handsome—a
Marsden of the Marsdens, was, indeed,
that evening; but oh! how I loved him,
how I wanted to throw myself into his arms
and tell him all!
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almost nothing, at my end of the table;
grandfather, at his, erect, handsome—a
Marsden of the Marsdens, was, indeed,
that evening; but oh! how I loved him,
how I wanted to throw myself into his arms
and tell him all!
The servants took off the covers from
the dishes and withdrew, as if knowing a
storm was brewing; but dinner was par-
taken in silence, I, pointing, and eating
almost nothing, at my end of the table;
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M

Over the Cliff.

Peter McCall, sitting on the cedar rail fence, gazed reflectively at the mountain-side and spoke to his father, who was taking his after-breakfast smoke: 'Bob Turner told me last week he'd give me six bits and board to chop the late cuckie burs out of his cotton.'

'You've got a right to work if you want to. I can lend to things here.' A few minutes later Peter was following a dim path up the mountain, with a heavy hoe on his shoulder. The McCalls lived on a little farm in a valley of the Colorado River, in Texas.

On reaching the top of the mountain, Peter saw that his two dogs, Trap and Watch, knowing that he would scold them back if he saw them soon after starting, had sneaked away and were ahead of him. They were running back and forth among the cedar thickets, smelling and hunting busily, as if suspecting that he told them to do so. He laughed, and let them go unscolded.

A little later he heard the dogs barking, and soon he saw a young bear run across the open space but a few yards ahead, and disappear in the direction of the river.

The dogs had not yet seen the bear, but were on its trail. Shouting to them, Peter started after the cub, intending to use the hoe for a weapon. From time to time as he ran he caught glimpses of the bear through the cedars. He soon came close to the precipice that here overhangs the Colorado, and then he saw the little bear disappear over the edge of the cliff.

There he found a steep, narrow path leading down to a ledge some fifteen feet below. The bear had vanished. Shouting again to the dogs, Peter went cautiously down to the ledge, which was about a yard and a half wide, and about seventy-five feet above the Colorado River.

Peter walked along the ledge until he reached a part so overhung by the cliff that he could not stand upright. So he went on his hands and knees, pushing the hoe before him. Turning a corner he saw that the ledge came to an end not far beyond; but between the corner and the end it was ten or twelve feet wide and about thirty feet long, making a comfortable platform. Back of the wide place were three well-worn, oily holes, which told Peter he had discovered a bear's den.

At the end of the ledge was a large piece of rock. It had fallen from above, and stood on end against the wall. One of the holes was partly behind this rock. There Peter saw a young bear's nose come out, and quickly go back. Dropping to his hands and knees, he peered into the hole but saw only darkness. Then he pushed his hoe-handle into the hole, but could not feel the bear.

The dogs now came running along the ledge on the scent, and began to bark at the hole where the bear-cub's nose had appeared. Peter was encouraging them to crawl in and attack, when a full-grown bear, the dam of the young one, emerged from another opening.

In his eagerness to capture the cub, Peter had forgotten that cubs have parents. He now saw the angry she bear between him and the only way of escape. Raising the hoe, he stood on the defensive while the dogs, seeing the big bear advancing, rushed at her fiercely.

The old lady seemed to be an experienced and cool fighter. She sat down near the outer edge of the rocky floor, and suddenly reaching out her left paw, knocked Watch over the cliff. Poor Watch uttered despairing yelps as he plunged down, turning over and over.

Peter leaned over in time to see the dog strike the water and disappear. He quickly came up, however, and after swimming round and round, and finding no landing-place, turned and started for the east bank one hundred yards distant.

When the bear struck Watch, Trap rushed in, but a blow from her paw sent him rolling over the rocky floor toward the wall. He sprang up, and rushed at her again, recklessly. Then the same paw that had knocked Watch off struck him, and over the cliff he went whirling.

Peter heard the falling dog strike the water, but had no time to look, because the vicious bear was now advancing toward him. He retreated till his back was against the fallen rock at the end of the ledge where he stood on guard with uplifted hoe, meaning to hit the bear once, at least before jumping after the dog.

But he quickly changed his plan. The jump would be dangerous, and it could be taken as a last resort at any time. Putting one hand on the rock, which was five feet high, and the other on the end of his hoe handle, he leaped upon the rock. Now he was in a fair position for defence being above and nearly out of reach of the bear, on rock so smooth that she couldn't easily climb it.

On the same case, growing, and stood on her hind feet, with her paw against the barrier. Peter aimed a blow at her head, but she dodged back so quickly that the hoe missed her, and Peter was within an ace of falling into her clutch. Afterward he was more cautious, but whenever she came within reach he struck at her. He could not hurt her, but he forced her to keep off, although she persisted for an hour in her attempts to reach him. Then withdrawing a few feet, she sat down still watching him closely with her little eyes.

Peter, glad of the respite, lay down and fanned himself with his hat; for the sun high above the mountains, was shining hot against the cliff. While busy keeping the bear off, he had heard the dogs clamoring but had not time to glance toward them.

Now he saw them on the opposite bank running up and down along the edge of the water, and still barking. They could see the bear, and were frantic to get to her, but could see no way of ascending the ap-

parently endless wall of cliff on the west side.

After watching Peter awhile, the bear renewed her attempt to reach him. Again and again she tried to climb the rock, but his desperate hoe kept her back. Once when he aimed a blow and missed her, she struck the hoe with her paw, and nearly jerked him off the rock. When she squatted again, she had her mouth open, panting from the heat, and Peter hoped she would crawl back into her den for shade. But she went to the other end of the wide part of the ledge, and lay down in a little stream of spring water that trickled across the rocky floor. She lapped the water and rolled in it, but did not forget to keep an eye on Peter.

He stood sweltering against the cliff, wondering how he could escape, and very thirsty. The sight of the spring and of the river flowing below tantalized him almost beyond endurance.

While the old bear was lying in the water, a cub came out from behind the rock Peter was standing on and ambled to her. Raising herself, she gave the cub a slap that sent it rolling across the floor. Her act reminded Peter of an impatient woman slapping her child for bothering her when she has important matters on hand.

As the cub rolled over, it caught sight of Peter on his pedestal, and the haste with which the little fellow scrambled into a hole was so comical that the young man could not help laughing. Another cub soon moved out, but seeing Peter, quickly retreated.

The sun grew hotter and hotter, until the young man felt that he was in danger of being broiled against the cliff. He looked but there was no possibility of scaling that overhanging wall. Then he looked down longingly at the river. 'The jumping would be easy, but how about the stopping?' said Peter to himself, whimsically.

He could not entertain the thought. Although a plunge into the cool, clear water would have been delightful, the distance was too great to be ventured while any other hope should remain.

'You old beast, you!' he exclaimed angrily, shaking his fist at his enemy, while with the other sleeve he mopped his red, dripping face. The bear was lying comfortably in the water. 'If I could get good, square whack at you with this hoe, I'd fix you!'

At his voice the bear rose and looked a him in a peculiar way, as if she meant to reply: 'All right; come down and hit me. I won't run away.' But Peter declined the challenge.

At noon the shadow of the upper cliff had covered the ledge, and Peter's position was much improved. A cool breeze blew up-river, and but for his increasing thirst he would now have been comparatively comfortable.

The bear, however, soon came on with more vigor than ever. For a while Peter had all he could do to repel her advances. He succeeded in biting her twice with the hoe, but the only effect was to put her into a rage, and make her more eager to get him.

When she withdrew again, Peter was so tired that he sat down on his pedestal to rest. Then the bear, under the impression that he was now within her reach, promptly returned, and kept him busy for another hour or two. While this fight was going on, he heard the dogs barking and whining, and then he caught a glimpse of them swimming across the river; but as they could not climb the cliff, they had to swim back.

Again the she bear retired; and then Peter had a good, long rest, although he had to take it standing up, not daring to tempt his enemy again by sitting down.

The next attack was the most determined of all, and lasted till the shadow of the cliff reached beyond the river. When it was over, Peter could see nothing of the dogs, and supposed they had got tired and hungry and gone home. He would have been glad enough to go home, too, if that unreasonable old she bear would let him. As it was, he felt a little discouraged by the desertion of the dogs.

Perhaps when night came on hunger might drive the bear off into the mountains to find something to eat for herself and her cubs. That would give him an opportunity to escape. But, on the other hand, hunger might drive her to a more resolute effort to make a meal of him; and in the darkness she might succeed. One bad feature of the situation was that he could not be missed at home for several days.

'Not until she has digested me,' thought Peter.

The outlook appeared discouraging, but Peter did not despair. He could always jump to the river, and there was a chance in that. It would, at worst, save him from the bear. The thought of the cool water tempted him, but he still restrained himself.

The last rays of the sun were shining against the cedars on top of the mountain east of the river, when Peter heard a sharp bark. The next moment Trap and Watch came bounding round the corner in the ledge, and rushed at the bear. Tantalized by the sight of the animal beyond their reach, they had gone down the river until they could cross, and then had returned to the bear's den from above.

At the first bark the bear turned to meet them. When she rose on her haunches to use her paws, she sat only a few inches from the edge of the cliff. Possibly she had learned, from having lived here long, that the easiest way to get rid of her enemies was to knock them over the precipice.

The dogs had learned something, too, and kept out of her reach. Fearing that she might serve them as she had done before, Peter quickly sprang down from his perch. He was about to run up behind the bear, and try to cut her head open with the hoe.

He changed his plan suddenly. Lowering the hoe, he grasped the handle firmly with both hands, and moved round till he was but a few feet from the bear, and between her and the nearest wall. Then he rushed

at her, using the big hoe as a battering-ram. She was wholly occupied with the dogs at the moment.

The hoe struck her squarely, and her hind parts were knocked over the edge of the cliff; but she caught the rough rock with her front claws, growing fiercely, and doing her best to get back upon the ledge. Peter hammered her paws with the hoe until he broke her hold, and then she fell back and dropped down, down as the dogs had dropped.

He heard the great splash and looked over in time to see her come to the surface and strike out for the east bank. The dogs stood with their heads over the edge of the cliff, barking at her loudly.

On reaching the bank, the bear sat down and watched the cliff for a minute or two; then she rose and disappeared into the bushes. While Peter was quenching his thirst at the little spring, the dogs began to bark under the cliff at the cubs, but it was getting dark, and the old bear would doubtless return. So Peter shouldered his hoe, called off the dogs, and after making his way cautiously along the ledge and up the path, went home.

Early the next morning he and his father armed with guns, came to the den in the cliff, but the wise old bear had foreseen this visit.

'We're too late, it seems,' remarked Peter's father. 'Ma bear took her family last night, and left for parts unknown. You'll never set eyes on 'em any more.'

'Oh, well, let her go,' said Peter. 'Don't care much about killing an animal with young ones anyway. The old brute treated me and the dogs a little mean, but she got paid back for it. So I guess we'll call it square, seeing I've got to.'

A REALLY SICK MAN.

SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY DUE TO KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLE.

Medicines Apparently had no Effect. Until the Solicitation of a Friend He Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was Cured. From the Mail, Granby, Que.

Mr. Albert Fisher, accountant at Payne's cigar factory, Granby, Que., is known to almost every resident of the town, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. In conversation with the editor of the Mail recently, something was said concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, when Mr. Fisher remarked that he had found these pills a very valuable medicine. It was suggested that he should make his experience known, and to this he readily consented, handing to the Mail the following letter for publication:

Granby, March 16th, 1900. In Justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the many which have been in print. For some months I suffered most severely from pains up and down my back. It was thought these were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause, they kept me in terrible agony. The pains were not confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result, I could get little rest; my appetite was much impaired, and I was really a sick man. I tried many different remedies, without effect, and which disgusted me with medicine. A friend suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded, for I had given up the use of medicine, as nothing had helped me, but as he insisted, I finally concluded to give them a trial. I purchased one box, and was astonished to find that before it was entirely used, I was quite a bit relieved, and after using six more, was fully restored to my former good health. I take great pleasure in recommending this valuable remedy, that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer the tortures that I did.

Yours sincerely,

Albert Fisher. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHINA'S SECRET SOCIETIES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

twenty six parts, was next read to him and after he had sworn the oath was burned as an offering to the gods, who were supposed to visit the renegade with terrible vengeance. The novice was then made to 'cross the bridge,' which consisted in his standing underneath two naked swords held over his head by two brothers, while the presiding officer or elder brother heard him reaffirm his allegiance. The new member then rung off a cock's head, saying: 'Thus may I perish if the secret I divulge.'

Although the Chinese are noted for their untruthfulness, few have broken this oath. The penalty for treachery was, of course, death, inflicted by one or more members chosen for the mission, as is the custom with the Russian Nihilists. Like the Freemasons, the brethren were able to make themselves known to each other by secret signs and passwords, and could thus communicate among a crowd without exciting suspicion. One of their signs was the picking up of an object with three fingers, signifying the 'three united' of the Triads. Peaceful and timid subjects were

forced to join by means of letters threatening death as the penalty for refusal, and travellers were often kidnapped on the highway and initiated out of hand.

The Triads are no more, and this present breed of Boxers seems to be entirely different in origin and purpose.

'My Boston cousin is just crazy about puzzles.'

'She is?'

'I think so; every man that proposes to her has to present his offer in the form of rhus.'

BORN.

- Merrimack, June 8, to the wife of F. Porter, a son. Halifax, June 8, to the wife of John Massey, a son. Halifax, June 14, to the wife of Edwin Gibson a son. Westville, June 11, to the wife of Alex. Dickson, a son. Newport, June 10, to the wife of James Ross, a son. Dalhousie, June 17, to the wife of G. Gillis, a son. Woodstock, June 14, to the wife of Geo. Balmain, a son. Annapolis, June 20, to the wife of E. McClafferty, a son. Westworth, June 11, to the wife of M. Leighton, a daughter. Windsor, June 11, to the wife of Stephen Barron, a daughter. Falmouth, June 16, to the wife of Wm. Starratt, a daughter. Westville, June 10, to the wife of Thomas Baker, a daughter. Westville, June 7, to the wife of Phineas Woods, a daughter. Westville, June 3, to the wife of R. Munro, a daughter. Westville, June 12, to the wife of M. Dargie, a daughter. Annapolis, June 12, to the wife of W. Munro, a daughter. Gloucester, June 2, to the wife of Geo. Tretry, a daughter. Amherst, June 18, to the wife of Wm. Merritt, a daughter. Amherst, June 18, to the wife of Wm. Tuttle, a daughter. Paradise, June 15, to the wife of John Elliot, a daughter. Summerside, June 15, to the wife of Allan Parsons, a daughter. Long Island, June 14, to the wife of Edward Sculd a daughter. Shubenacadie, June 7, to the wife of John Christie, a daughter. New Glasgow, June 13, to the wife of Harry Austin a daughter. Hamford, May 8, to the wife of W. Johnson a son. Upper Stewieckie, June 15, to the wife of Frank Smith, a daughter. New Glasgow, June 14, to the wife of Arch. McDougall, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Moncton, June 14, F. C. Feder to Elsie Manning. Rockingham, by Rev. A. Dickie, E. C. DeWolf to Lena Woodroffe. Kar, Kings Co., May 24, by W. J. Gordon, Willist to Sarah Merritt. Fredericton, June 11, by Rev. F. Campbell, Asa Randall to Dora Boyd. St. Stephen, May 29, by Rev. W. Robertson, Ivan Smith to Olive Jellison. Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. E. Crowell, Jacob Boyd to Maggie Deanev. Woodstock, June 19, by Rev. J. Clarke, Archie Anderson to Oscar Parker. Boston, May 21, by Rev. Mr. Holden, Emma Green to Mr. C. E. Easter. West Point, June 9, by Rev. A. Chapman, Andrew Woodstock, June 15, by Rev. Toms. Todd, Samuel Smith to Louise Dickinson. Hillsburn, June 14, by E. der G. Sederquist, Mary Anderson to Edward Crossman. Amherst, June 12, by Rev. W. Bates, Robert Milner to Emma Knowlton. Yarmouth, June 5, by Rev. F. Foley, L. nis to Sarah McAllister. Milltown, N. B. June 15, by Rev. J. Kirby, E. W. Hill to Addie Turner. Calais, June 6, by Rev. Chas. McCully, Paul Sar- to Sarah McAllister. Millville, June 13, by Rev. A. Dickie, Rev. Alvin Campbell to Annie Wardrop. Dorchester, June 2, by Rev. C. Burgess, Almira D'Orville to Edward Crossman. St. Stephen, June 9, by Rev. W. Goucher, George Hanson to Fannie Williams. Hopewell, June 13, by Rev. Wm. McNicholl, A. B. Dean to Barbara McLean. Yarmouth, June 11, by Rev. A. McNistich, Benj. Cunningham to Ida Penney. Zonville, York Co., June 11, by Rev. A. Robb, David Sanson to Jennie Bell. Victoria, June 29, by Rev. J. M. Forbes, J. R. Brooks to Ethel B. Crossman. Digby, June 12, by Rev. E. Thomas, Walter Middleton to Georgia Small. Steadon, June 19, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Alex. Ferguson to Elizabeth Sealey. Delaps Cove, May 30, by Rev. W. N. States, John Brothers to Georgia Lawrence. Florenceville, June 18, by Rev. D. Fiske, Hatus Giberson to Miss Amy Giberson. Boston, June 6, by Rev. F. Dolan, Francis McCarrill to Miss Mary Mahoney. Tremblayville, June 11, by Rev. J. Robertson, Richard Phillips to Lottie Sealey. Springdale, Kings Co., June 29, by Rev. W. Campbell, Richard Green, to Zora Goodard. Keswick, June 19, by Rev. Raymond and Brock, Lee Raymond to Gertrude Brock. Halifax, June 17, by Rev. Dr. Hearn, Theophilus Gladwin Joseph to Virginia Ely. Providence, R. I., June 6, by Rev. Thos. Fenton, Henry Schraut to Jessie Denoon. Summerside, June 19, by Rev. N. McLaughlin, James Boren to Miss Laura Crozier. Charlottetown, June 19, by Rev. J. Fraser, Dr. O. H. Dewar to Miss Marion MacLeod. Highfield, June 20, by Rev. D. MacLean, Albert Farquharson, to Isabella MacKinnon. Weymouth Falls, June 2, by Rev. F. Langford, James Langford to Millie Langford. McAdam Junction, June 19, by the Rev. J. Flew-elling, Martin Allen to Louise Weeks. New Glasgow, June 13, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, James Curry to Mrs. Cornelia Carter. Middle Simonds, June 13, by Rev. A. Hayward, Allison Millard Shaw to Miss Edna Haley.

DIED.

- Horton, Leonard Fuller 89. Boston, Mrs. Mary H. Butler. Boston, Elizabeth Weatherlie 86. Milltown, June 9, James Darcas 46. Yarmouth, June 12, Paul Ricker 73. Durham, June 8, Wm. Matheson 76. Wawick, June 2, Mary Ann Bodd 75. Hillsburn, June 19, Abram Grant 44. Grandby, June 9, Elako Mitchell 17. Colborne, June 5, Edwin Mether 34. Windsor, June 14, Eliza Underwood 88. Newcastle, June 9, Peter McCernin 68. Newmark, Eng., May 1, Ellen M. Towell. Bloomfield, June 9, Sanford W. Cass 27. Kansas, Ill., May 30, Judge C. K. Starr. D'Ecoville, June 13, Mrs. Simon Joyce. Hodgenville, June 6, Cassie M. Holmes 74.

- St. George, June 11, Mary A. Stevens 21. Bridgetown, June 11, Hazel Rogers 51. Boston, June 13, Ronald C. Macdonald 18. Bear River, June 20, Norma McLellan 18. Jacksonville, May 15, George M. Slipp 39. Chipman, N. B., June 16, Wm. H. Lucks 45. Burton, June 11, Mrs. Rainsford Barker 43. Fort Jolite, June 12, John B. McDonald 73. Old Orchard, Me., June 17, Eva V. Luis 6. Concord, June 1, Mrs. Isabella Robertson 76. Elmville, June 6, D. Clarke Armstrong 18. South Boston, June 9, Edward F. Langley 37. New York, June 8, Marion R. Hogg 7 months. Bedford Row, June 18, Mrs. Elizabeth Norris. Pictou, June 18, Anabel, wife of John U. Ross. Halifax, June 18, Mrs. Alexandrina Bayley 86. Gay's River, June 16, Bessie Armstrong 20 months. Mount Dalhousie, June 9, George Adamson 96. Halifax, June 20, Henry St. George Twining 51. St. Mary's N. B., June 12, Mrs. Sarah McLean 81. Pictou, June 1, Allen B. child of Wm. S. Fraser. Upper Woodstock, May 31, Eva E. McCormac 28. Halifax, June 19, Margaret, wife of Alfred H. Fair. Halifax, June 17, Daniel, son of John McEhara 6. Halifax, June 15, Vincent, son of Thomas Somers 11. Montreal, June 7, Amy, wife of James Stephens 69. Jacksonville, N. B., June 18, Rev. Frederick W. Harrison. Halifax, June 16, Elizabeth J. daughter of Stephen Campbell 51. Barrington, June 8, Experience, widow of Thomas Burnaby 51. Newcastle, June 18, Caroline, daughter of the late Wm. Murray. Chatham, June 29, Mary, daughter of the late Robert Johnston. Halifax, June 24, Janie daughter of Patrick McGee. Tremanville, June 18, Eva, wife of Thompson Treman 51.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Dominion Day Excursions. One Fare for the Round Trip.

June 29th, 3rd, July 1st and 2nd, good to return until July 4th, between all stations in Canada on the Atlantic Division, and to all stations Montreal and east, also to and from C. P. R. D. A. S. and P. E. I. R. Y. points. On June 30th, July 1st and 2nd, to stations west of Montreal in Canada, good to return until July 3rd. To Commercial Travellers, on presentation of certificates, on June 29 to points west of Montreal in Canada, good to return until July 3rd.

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship at Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert, ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvo. St. John at 7.00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, daily arr. at Digby 10.00 a.m. Returning leaves Digby daily at 12.50 p.m. arr. at St. John, 3.35 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvo. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lvo. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.30 p.m. Lvo. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.45 a.m. Lvo. Digby 11.55 a.m., arr. Halifax 6.50 p.m. Lvo. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8.50 a.m. Lvo. Digby 3.20 p.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 4.00 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Street car on call at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIPKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes 'TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN' and 'TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN'.

Express from Sydney and Halifax, 6.00. Suburban from Hampton, 7.15. Express from Sydney, 8.45. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 11.50. Accommodation from Moncton, 14.15. Express from Halifax, 17.00. Express from Halifax, 18.45. Express from Hampton, 21.00. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. FOTTEGGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., June 16, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.