



ING SUN POLISH... Each package contains...

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PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 383.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DEALERS DEFY THE LAW

WAYS IN WHICH THE LICENSE LAW IS NOT ENFORCED.

It is Violated in More Than One Particular Every day of the Week—Selling During Prohibited Hours and on Sunday—The Inspector's Duty is the Matter.

Between 7 o'clock on Saturday night and sunrise Monday morning hundreds of dollars worth of liquor is sold to all comers, practically under the nose of the police...

There is one thing the police will do. They will promptly follow up the trail of some unfortunate who is beginning to stagger and will promptly arrest him and make a record as zealous cop.

There are probably fifty places in St. John where liquor can be bought by the glass on Sunday. There are said to be as many as nineteen in Kings ward alone.

There is one species of evasion of the law which should not be tolerated. The provision is emphatic that the individual to whom a license is granted shall be "a fit and proper person."

This is an utter perversion of the law, and is calculated to encourage a general violation of it. A man may start in to do an illegal business and to make all he can out of it.

It simply puts him to a very little trouble and he continues to sell under the name of somebody who may not handle a dollar of the receipts from the bar.

notorious places, which cannot get a license on account of their character, are fined each year about enough to amount to a license fee.

There have been cases where men have kept open bars, without license, fully aware that they would be reported no more than enough to make the cost equivalent to a license fee.

It may be an easy matter for the inspector to plead that nobody makes a complaint on which he is obliged to proceed.

Pastor Henderson's reply was that the names were certainly those of colored people in St. John. Some of them went to his church, some went to other churches...

Mr. McAleer seems to have been making some forcible remarks about the pastor, of late, and the reverend gentlemen was informed of the fact. His reply breathed the spirit of peace and good will.

The law is a good one, and ought to be enforced better. The chief should try to earn his extra salary this year by doing something more than keep books and file papers to excite admiration in the mayor and other people who are easily pleased by appearances and don't make enquiry as to facts.

HALIFAX, Sept. 5.—The Wanderers' programme for their annual sports last Saturday was remarkable for two things—what it did not contain in strictly athletic events and what it did embrace in bicycle contests.

At the same time it is but fair to state that the Crescents, whose members have complained most loudly, are not themselves guileless in this respect. They have been known to act similarly themselves.

"HENDERSON, COME OUT"

UNTIMELY INTERRUPTION OF A SERVICE OF PRAISE.

Pastor Henderson Goes to Indiantown and Brother McAleer Makes His Appearance—The Cause of the Disturbance—No Arrests Considered Necessary.

"Come out here, Henderson, and take back what you said about me." The voice of Mr. Joseph McAleer rang out clear and defiant as he poked his head into the doorway of the African Methodist Episcopal meeting house in Indiantown, Thursday evening.

Pastor Henderson did not come out, and it might have been a cold evening for him if he had done so. Brother McAleer had blood in his eye, and had a lot of friends and sympathizers on hand to see fair play.

Some of the colored people in St. John did not want Pastor Henderson as their spiritual guide, as they alleged there were grave defects in his moral status, due to a scandal which had been wafted from his former pastorate in the United States.

Pastor Henderson's reply was that the names were certainly those of colored people in St. John. Some of them went to his church, some went to other churches, and some did not go to any kind of a church.

Mr. McAleer heard of this and was not a bit pleased. What he said or did not say is not on record. When he heard that the pastor was to have a meeting at Indiantown, Thursday night, he decided to be present.

Mr. McAleer's friends went into the meeting and made a good deal of confusion. He himself stood outside the door, and occasionally pronounced a query to the pastor, combined with an invitation to step outside and settle the matter.

Finally the dialogue got to be more animated and interesting and there seemed imminent danger of the place of prayer and praise being turned into the scene of a hand to hand fight. The pastor and McAleer continued to hold a hot dialogue, while the respective adherents of each raised their voices in a wild chorus which was not in the nature of a hymn or even a song.

The name of Mr. Charles D. Jones figured in Progress last week as a witness in a case where Mr. McLean and Mr. Mc-

Known had a war of words about a five dollar fee. It appears, however, that this Mr. Jones had nothing to do with the case, and that Mr. Edward Jones, of Weldon and McLean's office was the witness in question.

SOME TALK ABOUT HORSES.

The Recent Races and Some Things Connected With Them. This has been a racing week. There have been meetings at Calais and St. John and many other minor events in provincial towns as a feature of Labor Day.

Perhaps the surprise of the week was the defeat of Arlight at Moosepath by the fleet pacer Clayton. The time was a little better than 2.23 and the black stallion had shown trials as much faster than his friends and his owner would have backed to him heavily had they been able to find takers.

PROGRESS has scored Bell before for what it considered his bad judgment and cautiousness. It is all well enough for a driver to be cautious where it means the winning or losing of a race, but rightly or wrongly Bell is thought to be nervous and afraid of accidents upon a race track.

So Arlight appeared to lose his. Mr. Bell is getting along in years. He is heavier than the majority of drivers and it may be that race course accidents have given him a nervous feeling that he hopes to conquer, but as was stated above rightly or wrongly he does not get the credit of being a nervy or a good driver.

At any rate Arlight was beaten—beaten badly, but the reputation of the horse suffered less than that of the driver. And yet no one disputes the ability of Bell to handle horses, to gain them, to bring them along sure and safely—to drive them in a different matter.

Then there were some other surprises. Hamlet who was let go an eighth in 15 seconds in the morning began to do what he was never known to do before in a race, run, and it was soon discovered that he was striking so high on the hind ankle that there was not a boot on the track to shield him and yet his remarkable speed made his admirers wish that he had been fitted in every way for the race.

In Calais, Minots, an Amherst horse went away in the three minute class and got a mark of 2.26, a remarkable beast that showed the speed of a horse that has done nothing for two years. Then Endora, a Woodstock horse in the 2.45 class made the same mark and the distance flag caught a lot of the flies, but two St. John horses, Little Rocket and Almont Charter got the third and fourth place of it.

Had a Distinguished Escort. Right Eminent Sir Knight Samuel F. Matthews, past provincial prior of New Brunswick, and past constable of the Grand Priory of Canada, received the honors due to his exalted rank at the triennial convocation of Knight Templars in Boston.

SETS A PRISONER FREE.

HALIFAX ALDERMEN HAVE A WAY OF DOING THIS TRICK.

Very Little Formally Required to Get Out of Jail in a Hurry—An Alderman who Claims to Have One of the Tupper Family to Support His Proceedings.

HALIFAX, Sept. 5.—The city has been talking city prison to a certain extent, for the past few days, and no wonder. Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell has risen supreme to the courts of the country. Acting stipendiary Congdon, the other day sentenced Edward Smith to a term of thirty days in Rockhead prison for stealing four fowls from a henry in the city.

Perhaps the surprise of the week was the defeat of Arlight at Moosepath by the fleet pacer Clayton. The time was a little better than 2.23 and the black stallion had shown trials as much faster than his friends and his owner would have backed to him heavily had they been able to find takers.

The council, therefore, solemnly resolved that an inspector be appointed, and left the choice of the man to the board of works. There was no doubt as to who the man would be, for the matter was cut and dried and several of the men who had been elected on the citizens' ticket felt that they were doing a pretty clever thing in paying their election debts at the expense of the rate-payers.

Some of the advocates of the appointment of an inspector have been anxious to justify themselves, for the position they took at the first. At a meeting of the board last Thursday, the chairman, Ald. Christie, averred that the holes for the bolts were not being made true in respect to one piece of iron joining the other. He said there would be a difference of half an inch in the position of the holes in the places where they should exactly correspond.

It would be a convenience to the public if the post office authorities would give more definite information as to how far the published information as to the hours of collecting from the street boxes is astray from the truth.

This may not be true of all the boxes in the city, but it is true of those on Main street, from Indiantown to the foot of Portland. The contractor evidently does not want to be out late, for his team comes along at any time between 9.30 and 10 at the Indiantown end of the route and he reaches the box at the corner of Paradise row long before 10.30, the time marked on it for the last collection.

The box at Hoben's is an important one but for that matter all the others are important as well. It may suit the convenience of the contractor to get through his work early by starting ahead of time, but the public who rely upon the mails have some right to be considered. There is no more reason in having the boxes collected ahead of the advertised time than there is in despatching a mail from the post-office itself in advance of the hour.

NEWMAN'S BROOK BRIDGE.

It is Getting Along All Right Without the Aid of a Special Inspector.

Newman's Brook bridge is all right, and is likely to be finished by the first of October, instead of taking the time allowed by contract until the first of November. It is said, by those who are competent to judge, that it will be a good job, and the city engineer is among those who say it will be a very good one indeed.

It will be remembered that when the contract for the bridge was awarded by the council, some of the aldermen alleged that there was a vital necessity for the appointment of an inspector. There were two reasons for this, only one of which was advanced.

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Outside of a few individuals, nobody cares a straw whether the sale of a cigar on Sunday is servile labor or not in the opinion of the courts. The matter is essentially a private prosecution, and it is absurd to lather it upon the city. Those who started the ridiculous crusade should be the people to pay the costs.

TOBACCO... GANY... Advertisement for tobacco products.

HAD ENOUGH OF SPYING.

THE EXPERIENCE OF HALIFAX WITH INFORMERS.

How It Was Proposed to Carry Out the Liquor Law—The View the Court Took of the Position of the Splee—A Measure that Cost the County Some Money.

HALIFAX, Sept. 4.—All lovers of justice and fair play will endorse PROGRESS views in denouncing the spy system lately inaugurated by License Inspector Vincent in the municipality of St. John.

Halifax a few years ago experienced a scare from a visit of paid informers. The project was not insisted on by a licensed inspector as in the case at St. John, but by an organized body of women—the W. C. T. U. whose professed object is the elevation of the moral state of mankind.

The cause that prompted the W. C. T. U. to this extreme measure was the dissatisfaction of the workings, or rather the result of the license law, of which so much was expected. This law was the acknowledged production of the extreme temperance element of Nova Scotia, which law has never received the moral support of the moderate party or the public generally.

Such two were found in Pictou county. They assumed the role of sailors just paid off, and were spending their hard earned money freely. Being furnished with a list of suspected offenders and supplied with money to spend, they launched forth, and for a week or so had a high old time, drink and treating in shop or shanty.

In matters pertaining to license inspectors, Halifax manages things better than they do in St. John. Both city and county inspectors have fixed salaries, unlike Mr. Vincent who has to depend upon fees for his remuneration, which may account for the enervated manifests in bringing offenders to justice and the necessity of engaging the services of Mr. Riggs.

Mr. Reid, the Halifax county inspector, requires no such stimulus. He is imbued with the spirit of the law, and ready always to carry it out to the letter. No sooner is a breach reported than he drops the hammer, throws aside the blacksmiths apron and hies himself to the most distant parts of the county, carrying terror to the illicit seller. By such prompt action he has rid the county of many objectionable rendezvous, while at the same time it has developed another feature and that of concentrating the liquor trade in Halifax city.

the departure of Johnson with a well loaded wagon. Accompanied by constable Henry Wright they followed Johnson until noon when he halted for dinner at a hostelry on the St. Margarets Bay road. While Johnson was enjoying his dinner the two minions of the law were engaged going through his load. They found packages of gro series, which were carefully examined to see they contained no toothful samples of the obnoxious. There were also packages of dry goods, tinware, hardware, etc. At last they came to the hard stuff, the object of their search. Tras it was all in sealed or original packages—not one bottle which Johnson could give, sell or take a glass himself on the road. When Johnson was made aware of the inquest being held on his load, he protested against so high handed an act as searching a private wagon without a warrant. He also explained that the liquor was not to sell but to fill orders from private parties. "All to no use. "Too thin," they laughingly replied as they transferred the liquor to their own wagon to bring back to the city.

As might be expected, the county stipendiary justified the action of their inspector, but when the case was appealed to a higher court the stipendiary's decision was reversed. The confiscated liquor had to be returned with the exception of a quart drank in the court house and the county was mulcted for heavy costs. Councillors naturally kicked, particularly with a prospective suit for damages, in addition, that might, at any time be forthcoming.

Some councillors were for bouncing Mr. Reid, but they found they could not. He was a fixture as one councillor remarked. Mr. Reid was an incubus foisted on them by law. The only way to remove him was by reducing his salary—starve him out. To that end a resolution was introduced at last meeting of this council, but failed to carry. What will be the result at next meeting it may be premature to predict.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

How They Can be Manufactured at Home by Any Handy Young Lady.

The favorite candies illustrate the use of fondant both for the centre of candies and for the outside 'dipping' as candy makers call it. In the first place get everything in readiness. A fork, some sheets of oiled paper—paper rubbed with olive oil—or waxed paper, a large bowl, and three small saucepans or basins, your flavoring, the chocolate, and your mass of fondant are what you will need. Take a half pound of fondant and work into it half a teaspoonful of vanilla drop by drop. Then break off small bits and shape them into balls or pyramids. Stand them on the paper so they will not touch each other, and let them harden in a dry, cool place—not the refrigerator—for two or three hours. When the creams are ready to dip take half a pound of sweetened chocolate or cocoa and put it in the bowl, and place this in one of the basins or saucepans into which boiling water has been poured.

Never place the basin with the fondant in it directly on the stove. It will scorch and burn in a twinkling. In melting fondant for dipping you must never forget to stir it, because unless stirred it will go back into clear syrup. Be very careful no water splashes into it. If when the chocolate and fondant are mixed together they are too thick for a spoon covering add a few drops of hot water, drop by drop, until it is as desired. If you get the fondant too thick it is useless. When the mixture is ready bring it to the table, saucepan and all. Drop into it one of the balls, and take it up on a fork, and, shaking it a bit, turn it on the oiled paper. This must be rapidly done, as the hot mixture will melt the balls if they are in it too long. If the mixture for dipping gets too stiff take it to the stove and let the water in the under basin heat again, or replace the cold water with hot from the kettle, carefully stirring the fondant every moment. If the chocolate runs off too much and shows the white cream underneath, the dipping mixture was too hot. Take it out of its basin of hot water and stir it, letting it cool a little before beginning the dipping again. The method of dipping candies, whatever may be their centres or their flavors, is the same, so that once you can make chocolate creams, you can make any of the cream candies—Harper's.

Told of Mr. Blake.

It is strict court etiquette for a lawyer to wear a suit of solemn black, says an American writer. One victim of forgetfulness of this custom was the well-known Edward Blake, since member of Parliament for some county in Ireland and an active home ruler. It was the last day of the term in the Toronto court and the lawyers were sitting around the courtroom of the Chief Justice, each man awaiting his turn to make motions, etc. Blake, contrary to court etiquette, wore a white vest, and the

Chief Justice, who was a strict etirical disciplinarian, therefore skipped him when it came to his turn. Blake rose and made his motion, but the Chief Justice said: 'We hear a voice but we don't know where it comes from.' Blake looked amazed and indignant until a lawyer beside him pulled him by the skirts and said: "For heaven sake pull your gown together and hide your white vest, or you'll upset the whole machinery of justice and never have a client again in Toronto."

PRINTING IN JAPAN.

Every Compositor Has Half a Dozen Boys To Find Letters For Him.

There are keen journalists in Japan; but it must be allowed that the business is carried on under difficulties from which even the hardened Western newspaper man might be excused from shrinking. The Japanese written and printed characters consist of the Chinese ideographs, those complicated square figures, made up of an apparent jumble of zigzags and crosses and ticks and triangles and tails—the foot-prints of a drunken fly—and of the original Japanese syllabary called kana.

Of the former there are 20,000 in all, of which, perhaps, 14,000 constitute the scholar's vocabulary, and no fewer than 4,000 are in daily use, while the 47 simple characters of the kana are known to everybody. Therefore the Japanese compositor has to be prepared to place in his stick any one of over 4,000 different types—truly an appalling task.

From the nature of the problem several consequences follow. First, he must be somewhat of a scholar himself to recognize all these instantly and accurately. Secondly, his sight suffers fearfully, and he generally wears a large pair of magnifying goggles; and, thirdly, as it is physically impossible for any man to reach 4,000 types, a totally different method of arrangement has to be devised.

The compositor, therefore, of whom there are only three or four on a paper, sits at a table at one end of a large room, with a case containing his 47 kana syllables before him. From end to end of the room tall cases of types are arranged like the shelves in a crowded library, a passage three feet wide being left between each two.

The compositor receives his copy in large pieces, which he cuts into little "takes," and hands each of these to one of half a dozen boys who assist him. The boy takes this and proceeds to walk about among the cases till he has collected each of the ideographs, or square Chinese picture words, omitting all the kana syllables which connect them.

While the boys are thus running to and fro, snatching up the types and jostling each other, they keep up a continual chant, singing the name of the character they are looking for, as they cannot recognize it till they hear its sound, the ordinary lower class Japanese not understanding his daily paper unless he reads it aloud.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lady Versus Woman.

The question has often arisen of late as to when the word lady and when the term woman should be used. It is very evident that this is a knotty problem. Perhaps it is the higher education of recent years that has rendered the women who were, never accustomed to be called anything but ladies so broad-minded and unconventional as to definitions, and made them realize that the term woman is the more correct appellation of female humanity. On the other hand, education, too, has in some slight degree made the woman who were unaccustomed to the other terms wish for the delicacy of its sounding. The result is that the right or wrong of the definition remains undecided. In these days it is not too much to say that every woman, from the servant upwards, is a lady according to her own ideas, and if the name makes her happier it really seems unkind to den, it to her. However, if this disputed term is to be literally defined, the following seems a reasonable summing up: A lady is she who has a kind word to say all around, and puts a genteel interpretation, even on questionable actions, as her own natural refinement of disposition makes her reluctant to see evil in others. She is sincere without being blunt; she speaks truthfully, but carefully avoids tender points; she is always ready to give the "lead" to others and with a dignity, that has in it true of her rivals; her voice is low; her conversation, though brilliant, is never pedantic nor of a nature to exclude others. Thought for her acquaintances, consideration for her enemies always characterize her, and last but not least, she never allows herself to enter into that essentially female domain, the misery of being in a fuss; she is very near to being perfect indeed and let us add very uncommon.—The Housekeeper.

A Terrible Danger Altered.

The ominous number thirteen, which is still the cause of so much anxious perturbation from end to end of Christendom, has been "disenchanted by a happy Providence," says the Freie Rhetier, in a village of the Hinterberntal. The brave mother of a family of twelve children found herself about to become the mother of a thirteenth. The new baby, whether boy or girl, was destined beyond all doubt to a life of ill luck. The parents eagerly consulted all the wise persons in the neighborhood as to the possibility of averting the disasters o,

a "thirteenth child" from the expected new citizen of the world. They found miserable comforters in all their friends, so they were driven to the forlorn hope that the child might be still born, and thus escape this world, and go straight into limbo infanum, when the mother suddenly gave birth to—twins. The joy of the parents in the possession of fourteen children instead of the dreaded thirteen was exuberant; and the happy father invited all his neighbors to a generous christening feast, where the family and the commune were both congratulated on their deliverance from the misfortune of possessing "Eir Dreizehntes." —Westminster Gazette.

TO STEAL A PEEPERIFIED QUEEN.

The Bold Bad Scheme of a Speculative Pacific Coast Skipper.

A curious tale is told by passengers just arrived from Alaska on the steamer City of Topeka at Victoria, B. C., of the discovery made by one of their number, a Seattle man named Brennan on Prince of Wales Island. Brennan went north some time ago with a small sloop laden with a miscellaneous cargo, on which he realized a good profit, trading among the natives of the northern coast.

It was on this expedition he chanced to visit one of the least accessible villages of the isolated tribes on Prince of Wales Island, and, while there to see the mysterious divinity that is supposed to keep watch and ward over the tribe, a former priestess or queen, who, by some rare action of the peculiar soil in which her burial place was made, turned her not into dust, but into solid stone. Years later the rude grave was uncovered by chance, and the petrified body was found. The natives held it as an omen of good that the body should have been preserved and, carefully exhuming it, entombed it in a place of honor in the village, the idol so rescued being ever since more honored than the oldest totem.

Brennan claims to be the first, white man to see the statue, but so far from feeling awe or being moved to adoration he at once realized that if it could be safely transported to the United States it would be worth a mint of money for exhibition purposes. The petrified woman, according to his account, stands as though frozen into granite while in the act of directing some important movement of her subjects; the features, as well as the limbs, are clearly defined, as though life was still in the body, and the whole aspect of the strangely preserved body is almost regal, although the goddess was mistress only of a savage tribe.

So much did the commercial value of the image impress the shrewd trader that a few words incautiously dropped partially revealed his mind to the tribe, with the result that he was obliged to take to his sloop and sail out into a thickening storm in order to save his presence and frustrate his plan. The "stone queen" has, according to the tales of the tribe, watched silently over their declining fortunes for upward of four centuries.

According to present arrangements, he will buy his launch on Puget Sound and return as quickly as possible to Prince of Wales Island, waiting his opportunity to land, seize the idol, and escape before the natives can discover his presence and frustrate his plan. The "stone queen" has, according to the tales of the tribe, watched silently over their declining fortunes for upward of four centuries.

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That is silly work. Putting the famous Windsor Salt into bread, into meat, into all classes of food, is wisdom. Windsor Salt is pure; all salt; never cakes. Ask for it.

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They are prepared with the utmost care and skill from the choicest leaf grown, possessing a flavor and substance that make them dear to the heart of every Cigar and Cigarette smoker. Try them; you will agree with the many thousand discriminating smokers who use them exclusively and pronounce them much the best.

They are FORTIER'S "CREME DE LA CREME" (10c) and "LA FAYETTE" (5c) CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The parlor concert last week at the residence of Mr. A. O. Skinner was quite the success that was anticipated. Though Mrs. Fenderson who has a beautiful alto voice was the centre of interest on the occasion, the success of the affair was materially contributed to by the local talent participating in the programme. Failure to make special mention of the readings of Dr. Fenderson during the evening would be doing that gentleman serious injustice. His every selection was a delight and received with marked enthusiasm. As previously stated the concert was in aid of the Horticultural Association and the proceeds materially enlarged the funds of that very useful corporation.

A good story was told last week of which one of our best known musicians was the subject. This particular musician was one of a number engaged to furnish orchestral music during a moonlight excursion on the river. For the occasion this gentleman was to play the violin. Now it is a well known fact that at all times he is good natured and disposed to be accommodating especially so I might remark, on moonlight excursions. Violin case in hand he sauntered aboard the good steamer and was shortly afterwards approached by one of the committee of management who, not without becoming hesitation, requested a violin solo or two during the trip in the event of such a treat being deemed necessary in the entertainment of their guests—although it was not so stipulated in the contract. Full of the good nature referred to and with a face beaming with delight, the musician expressed his willingness to cheerfully comply with the request and said, "Certainly, certainly! I could play solos all night." All anxiety upon the part of the managing committee as to a sufficiency of music was thus entirely removed and preparations were made to start the steamer. Shortly after the boat was in mid stream the orchestra concluded they ought to get their instruments ready and begin work. But alas, and alack! The best laid plans o'mice and men gang at sixes. The violin case was opened and disclosed—Oh horrible fact! that while the violin was there all right, there was no bow in the case with it. This was a catastrophe indeed. A bow could not be procured there of course, and disappointed, disheartened and disgusted in a musical sense, the violinist simply "wasn't in it." The other instrumentalists did the best they could and not a little sympathy was expressed for the cornetist upon whom it may be said the burden rested. He was in good form though, as he had been playing the cornet at the laying of a corner stone in North End only a few days earlier in the same week.

The satirical comedy opera, "The Bathing Girl," which Fred C. Whitney produced at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York last Monday evening, is an attempt to satirize American foibles. It has bits at Anglomaniac, the bicycle craze, yachting and golf. Robert Coverly is the composer of the music and Rupert Hughes, author of the libretto. Miss Grace Golden sustains the principal female role.

The once-famous singer, Teresa Brambilla, died recently in Milan at the ripe old age of 82. She was one of a family in which five sisters achieved fame as singers of opera. She was born in 1813, was a pupil at the Milan Conservatory, and after a few years at smaller theatres obtained great success at Milan and Odessa. In 1837 she took part at Milan, March 17, in the cantata arranged on the death of Malibran by Donizetti, Pacini, Mercadanti, Vaccai and Coppola. In 1840 she created at La Scala "I Corsari" by Mazzucato, "Giovanni II" by Coccia, and "I Due Figaro" by Speranza. After a sojourn of two years in Spain she appeared at Paris in Verdi's "Nabuco," and on March 11, 1851, created Gilde in "Rigoletto." Her niece, Teresina Brambilla, also a remarkable singer, is alive, the widow of Amilcare Ponchielli, composer of "I Promessi Sposi" and "Gioconda."

Rumor has it now that the engagement between Sybil Sanderson, the prima donna and Mr. Terry is off. In fact it was so in another sense from the outset, owing to the circumstance that the fiance already had a wife from whom he could not obtain a divorce that would leave him free to marry the prima donna.

In becoming conductor of the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, Mr. Nikisch occupies the place once held by Mendelssohn who was appointed in 1835. His immediate predecessor was Dr. Rienseke who held the place for 35 years.

There will be no dearth of eminent violinists from Europe, during the coming musical season in the United States. The Belgian artist, Maresick, the Bohemian, Ondrick; the Frenchmen, Rivarde and Sauret, and the Italian, Tirindelli, are already announced. Of Maresick it is said he was an organist and choir master at 19 years of age and at 18 years was unanimously awarded as a violinist, the great gold medal of the Conservatory of Music, Paris.

vacancy there are 30 conservatory graduates who apply. The concert singers are still worse off. The result is that many talented artists turn to the cafes chantants, where they are better paid.

Madame Calve says she will retire from the stage in two years and devote herself to farming.

A Miss Courtenay Thomas of St. Louis, has been engaged by Mr. Carvalho for the Paris opera comique. Her debut will be as Dinorah in "Le Pardon de Ploermel."

Camille D. Arville and company will be at the Hollis theatre, Boston, on Sept. 9, with "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss."

On Monday next the Bostonians open season in Chicago and work thence to the Pacific coast. They will play an engagement in Boston next spring.

Next season's novelty at the Grand opera in Paris will be Madame Melba in a revival of "Hamlet" with Alvarez in the title role.

The opera at Wiesbaden is endowed by the German Emperor, and the prices charged for admission may well excite astonishment, in view of the tariff prevailing elsewhere. The cheapest reserved seats cost about 20 cents; good reserved seats can be had for 36 cents, and for the highest priced box seats only \$1.80 is charged, and these are usually vacant except on gala nights.

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is clear and true if not remarkably full. Her strength lies in her sincerity and naturalness."

Della Fox has presented her new opera "Fleur-de-Lys." A notice of the work says "The libretto is poor, the story good, and the music much worse than the libretto." It is also said the fair Della "has grown thinner."

Lillian Russell has given the opera "La Trigrane" which she tried towards the end of last season. Its quality has not been improved. It is pronounced "spectacularly a success, musically a failure."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Zera Semon, the well known ventriloquist etc. is at the Mechanics Institute doing good business. The gift feature of the entertainment is no longer a matter of chance; it is on a decidedly generous plan inasmuch as every purchaser of a ticket gets a prize. This is the second week of his present season and the interest continues unabated. His record here in the past shows that he has always done what he has promised in the matter of prizes and the last fortnight's observation proves that he has not departed from that record. Apart from the prize feature, his entertainment comprising as it does ventriloquism a light of hand, tricks with cards etc. is usually interesting in itself, and Mr. Semon unlike many others in, the business is not selfish as he is willing to show anyone "how it is done" by calling at the institute between one and two o'clock a. m.—"if he is there."

Mr. Semon will continue his exhibitions for the present.

Marks, the illusionist and prestidigitator, who is claimed by some to be now superior to Kellar is coming to the Opera House shortly. He will be there during the exhibition and the startling and mysterious character of many feats he performs will doubtless result in crowded houses.

The Variety Company procured for the Opera House on Labr day and two evenings since then, was as a whole much inferior to what was anticipated. The "Fire Queen" as the programme calls her, however, was the weakest feature, and "queered" the show at the start. Some of the acts were not without merit, particularly the sketch by Messrs. Culbert and Tucker and Miss Eva Williams—Hale does a good Irish jig too.

Sawtell's Company is coming to the Opera House on Monday next and will play during the next two weeks, afternoon and evening. They are billed to give "Rose-dale" and other good plays, during their engagement.

Adolph Jackson, who was a member of Harkin's Summer Company at the Opera House two seasons ago, is with Seabrook's new play by the Paultons entitled "A world of trouble."

"Sowing the Wind" with Mary Hampton in the cast, will be given in the same cities as last year. The play made a hit.

Marie Burroughs has obtained a divorce from her husband Louis Massen.

Miss Ida Lewis is the name of the lady known on the stage as Julia Arthur.

When Sardon, the dramatist made his first success he was on the verge of starvation and death stared him in the face.

The regular season of the Boston Museum will open Sept. 26 with "The Fatal Card."

"The Sporting Duchess" is getting roasted in the papers. For instance the Mail and Express says "that fathers and mothers ought not to permit their children to see 'The Sporting Duchess' now being presented at the Academy of Music in New York." The New York Sun says of the same play that "it is built on old lines without originality, and that it is a flagrant offence against common decency on the stage."

Start Robson will revive "Forbidden Fruit."

Mrs. Langtry, it is now positively announced, is not coming to America this season.

The title of Piper's new play is "The Benefit of the Doubt."

nificant of something. It is still an even chance that we see Dure in America this winter, although her ill health and the frequency with which these depressed and melancholy fits overtake her of late must make managers stagger a little. Still such managing is like gambling and the stock market, the chances are so big that some cannot withstand them.

It is rather interesting to read that Shakespeare is doing a big business in Bologna, Italy; that "Miss Helyett" is a drawing card at Leghorn, Italy; that Rosa's return to the stage is like a revival of his youth and mature successes, and that his performances of Goldoni comedies are meeting with great success, and that a revival of "The Corsican Brothers" at Rome drew a crowded house.

The military and dress making business is again doing duty as a theatrical advertising idea this season.

A "Samson" company stranded at Portsmouth N. H. last week after being on the road just a fortnight. That start cannot well be considered encouraging.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who made her debut at the Park Theatre, New York, July 16, 1846, as Amanthis, is to have a big testimonial in New York this winter on her completion of her half century of professional work. Mrs. Bowers whose maiden name was Crocker, was a daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, who died before she reached the age of 6. She was born at Stamford, Ct. March 30, 1830. She had a long career as a popular star; made a success in London at the Sadlers' Wells Theatre, where she appeared in September, 1861, as Julia in "The Hunchback"; she has been three times married, and is one of the few actresses of her school who have kept pace with the progress of their art, and play a modern part as well as she did a classic role, and that is saying a great deal. Moreover, she is one of the few, who do not harp on the "palm days," but frankly think art has advanced, and the theatre today is fully as interesting and the acting better than in the days of their youth.

Mr. Havila and his wife, Amy Coolidge, both of whom were former members of Irving's Company in the United States, are to make a tour of South America next season.

Miss Ida Phillips, the daughter of Marcelline B. Phillips, private secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, has taken the stage as her career, and it is a sign of the present estimation of the stage that the set in which her father moves, and in which she grew up, feels neither surprise nor displeasure. On the contrary.

Austin Melford, who was with Wilson Barrett in all his seasons in the United States previous to his last visit, has been engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for a new melodrama to be produced at the Drury Lane theatre on the 21st inst.

"The Boston Herald of last Sunday has the following: Edward Vroom's statement that he has the rights to Dumas play 'Le Route de Thebes' to be produced at the Comedie Francaise in November, has been challenged in New York, and the public is awaiting the presentation of Mr. Vroom's proof. There is but one chance that this statement may be true, and that is in the fact that Dumas' plays have never found a ready American market. They have not been profitable, if 'Camille' be excepted. 'Le Demi-Monde' waited nearly 40 years for an American hearing. 'Denise' had a few error manoes in New York, and got no further. 'Francillon' was not seen here for some years after its Paris production, and then it was not a great success, while a number of Dumas' most interesting plays have never been seen here. But to balance that in the fact that there is a lively interest in Dumas just now. 'The Demi-Monde' made money for John Stetson. Netherole is to do 'Denise.' Mrs. Potter's 'Francillon' excited interest; so the theatrical and managerial sentiment may have changed. But here are at least two people in New York who have the call on the French theatre that Mr. Vroom could not have. Late announcements in regard to Vroom's 'Independent theatre' scheme show him in the

same attitude that any theatrical manager is in—he is working to make money. But up to date nothing that he says or does has proved that he has any original action in view, or proposes to do anything for art more than make a success for himself if he can.

International Exhibition,

Sept. 24 to Oct. 4, 1895.

AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Entire Fair

Will be held on

The Same Grounds

The new horse and cattle stalls, sufficient to house 800 head of live stock, being close beside the Industrial Exhibition buildings.

Prizes Offered for Live Stock and Products amount to \$12,000.

Special attractions to be offered include a splendid display of fireworks on three nights. Trained Horses and Wild West Riding on the grounds every day. Children's and Society parades on special days. In the new amusement hall there will be daily and nightly entertainments, including Trained Dogs, Trapeze Acts, Wire Walking and Acrobatic Performances, Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, etc.

Admission to exhibition: Adults 25c; Children 15c. Special excursion rates by rail and steamer will be announced later.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

DR. WARNER'S

Abdominal Corsets.



THE above Celebrated Corsets are made with Elastic Steels, Elastic Gores and Side Lacing. It furnishes the necessary support without the discomfort of other Abdominal Corsets, and are highly recommended by the medical profession.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 17 King Street.

SHARPS BALSAM

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OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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STEAMER CLIFTON.

Excursions.

Commencing July 1st, the above steamer will make excursions every Tuesday and Thursday, leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m.; returning about 6.30 p. m. The regular trips will be as follows: Leave Hampton Monday mornings at 8 a. m.; not returning until Tuesday morning at 9 a. m. Wednesday mornings leave Indiantown at 8 a. m.; returning same day, leaving Hampton at 3 p. m. Saturday leave Hampton at 8 a. m.; returning leave Indiantown at 4 p. m.

Pineal Syrup.

BOTANICAL REMEDY

A Certain Cure for Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, &c.

For Sale by all Druggists. Manufactured by Mrs. Lauckner, 117 Sydney St.

DUFFERIN

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

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES

CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Tailors,

Domville Building, 68 PRINCE WM. ST. Telephone No. 748.

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads,

5 and 10c. A Package at

CROCKETT'S,

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Partnership Notice.

The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name of Crockett's Insect Powder Company, which will expire on the first day of July, 1896, continue the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1897. (One thousand eight hundred and ninety-six) and have severed the same as of that date.

J. F. HENNING, J. W. HENNING, W. W. HENNING.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP. THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

WHEN BUYING BUY THE BEST, Bissell's Carpet Sweeper. Sheraton & Whittaker.

MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS. Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy. Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N. S.

STOWER'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. A Delicious Beverage, Purifying to the Blood. THE QUEEN. IMPERIAL SHADES. Menzie, Turner & Co.

St. John. Just as predicted this has been an especially quiet week in social circles. About the only thing in the way of gaiety were parties, and of these I believe there were five—evidently the fine weather was made the most of while it lasted. The arrangements were so clear and warm that the walk home was not the least enjoyable part of the outing. As the days grow cooler the questioners are indulging in a causer, singly and in parties, through the city and the suburbs. I believe there are to be one or two riding parties shortly—weather permitting; it is always well to add that you know in St. John, and apropos of that I am reminded of the remark of a Halifax lady who was here for a day this week to the effect that before she alighted at the depot her baggage was almost perfectly straight and all her efforts to make them stiff out in the old accustomed way were unavailing. She assured me she would have thought St. John a charming city, but for the fact that she looked at it through a heavy mist—and straight bags. However I am straying from matters social though there is really so little to write that one feels like making the most of any subject that comes up. I have several weddings to take place next month, but until these really do take place we must be duly thankful for smaller pleasures.

This was really a picnic week and the one given by the Messrs. Tilly at Robbsey on Saturday last is spoken of as an exceedingly pleasant affair. The city folk went out in the afternoon and returned in the evening. Tea was served and the delicacies provided were very acceptable to the picnic party, among whom were Mrs. Charles Harrison, Miss Fellows, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Dever, Misses Furlong, Mr. and Mrs. Keator, Misses Bayard, Mr. Bob Hanington, Miss Drinkwater, Mr. Schyfeld, Mr. Gilch, Mr. Tammaman, Mr. Daniel O'Neil. Monday a party of young people went to Robbsey on a drive gotten up by Misses Bayard. The afternoon was spent in boating and other amusements; the party had supper there and returned to the city about nine o'clock. The party included Mrs. Charles Harrison, Miss Fellows, Mrs. George E. McNeil, Miss Furlong, Miss Burpee, Miss Dever, Miss Harrison, Miss Albro, Mr. Keator, Mr. George H. H. Kirkwood, Mr. Gerard Ruel, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Ted Jones, Mr. Hunsard.

Pakioik was the scene of the third picnic, which was held on Wednesday. It was given by Mr. W. Warner to a few of his friends, the party being up in a tug to the Giff, where a very pleasant afternoon was spent and a splendid supper served. Some of the party came back on the boat the others walked home, enjoying the bright moonlight stroll very much. Among those who enjoyed Mr. Warner's hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Coster, Miss Warner, Miss Bob Warner, Miss Keator, Miss Dever, Miss Burpee, Miss Furlong, Miss Bayard, Miss H. H. H. Riddel, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Keator, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Holden. Miss Dorothy Armstrong gave a picnic at Duck Cove on Thursday afternoon to a number of the younger members of society. The Messrs. Shinner gave a dance at Robbsey last Saturday evening. It is unlikely that there will be many more dances there as so many of the summer visitors have departed, and the remainder are getting ready for the homecoming. Mrs. Cushing gave quite a large reception this week, but as I have heard nothing definite about it, am unable to give any particulars regarding it. Wadsworth Harris was, I believe, honored by society during his stay in the city and his entertainment on Thursday afternoon, was very largely attended. No one was disappointed in the least and he swayed his listeners at will. He possesses, wonderful dramatic ability. Every number was a gem in its way, though I think the best were "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Portrait," "The Lost Spirit," the scenes from the Merchant of Venice, and Henry VIII; a funny little sketch entitled "Kitty Treadhunter's Comforter" and "My Mother's Doughnuts." Mr. Harris goes to New York this week to enter upon his third season with Modjeska's company, which opens in the Garrick theatre next month. Mrs. Morris Robinson spent a short time lately in Sackville, with Mrs. J. Fred Allison. Mrs. Frederick Toller spent the week with her sister, Lady Tilly, who has returned from Robbsey. Miss Drinkwater went home to Montreal this week, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Graham Drinkwater, who spent a couple of days here this week. Miss Annie Babitt has returned to Fredericton after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. J. V. Ellis. Mr. Riddel of Columbus, Ohio, has been the guest of General and Mr. Warner for a few days. Miss Beatrix Hatheway who has been travelling in Europe for the past three or four years arrived home last Tuesday. Mrs. Elias Alward and her two children and Mr. W. W. Turnbull go to Pensacola shortly to spend a couple of months with Mrs. and Miss Turnbull. Mrs. Turnbull's friends will be pleased to know that her health is improving. Mr. W. H. Thorne, formerly of Fredericton, and Miss L. R. Harrison with their guests Mr. and Mrs. Foster of St. Stephen spent a few days on the river this week on the "Dream." Judge and Mrs. McLellan of Truro, N. S., are staying in the city. Miss Mrs. Randolph of Fredericton who has been visiting here returned home last Tuesday. Mrs. Robert Randolph who has been spending the summer at the Bay Shore has also returned to Fredericton. Misses Osman and Osborne of Hillsboro are staying with friends here. Miss McRae is visiting "Woodlands" Pettoicote. Mrs. John Hatheway and Miss Seely are spending a short time with Fredericton friends. Quite a number of St. John people attended the opening of the new club house at Fredericton. Among the number were Mrs. John C. Hatheway, Misses Hall, S. MacFarlane, and G. McFarlane, Messrs. Fred Tippet, Ottoburn, W. S. Rainnie, A. Boyd, J. B. McPeake, W. A. Henderson, F. C. Jones, Ottoburn and W. G. MacFarlane, of the St. John Cycling club; C. Hall, H. G. Fenety, Heber Vroom and W. Rankins. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Valpey, Detroit, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. James Walker South Bay. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith spent last week in Ottawa at the "Russell." Miss Bessie Crookshank is visiting friends in Sussex. Dr. March and a party of friends had an outing at lake Utopia last week and enjoyed themselves immensely with the excellent fishing and boating. Mr. Gilbert Davidson spent Monday in Pettoicote with his friend Mr. Keith. Miss Alice Goodwin is visiting the Misses Kaze, who have recently returned from a three weeks' stay with Mrs. J. Kelly of Walsford. Miss Edna MacFarlane is visiting her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Barbour at Fredericton. Miss Hattie Scott of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. John Dunn, Princess street. Miss Scott, who formerly resided here, is in the customers service at Ottawa. Mr. Allen D. Ry spent part of the week visiting his Maine home. Miss Inch of Nebraska is here visiting her grand parents Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Mount Pleasant. News of the death of Mrs. Henry Bannay in a London hospital after having undergone an operation for appendicitis, was heard this week. Umbrellas Made, Repaired, Reproved. Despatch 27 Water to St.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, TO-NIGHT, ZERA SEMON! Next week, entire change in the Show. ADMISSION, 25c.

A NOBBY TURN OUT. One of the many styles made in the Edgcombe Carriage Factory. A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart.

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride. Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

HALIFAX NOTES.
Progress is for sale in Halifax at the following prices:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 24 George street
LAWSON & CO., 111 Hollis street
MORRIS & HAYDEN, Morris street
MORRISON'S BOOK STORE, George street
POWERS' DRESS STORE, Spring Garden Road

Last Tuesday afternoon was a busy day at the polo, and an unusually large number made way to the polo ground during the afternoon to watch the game.

Tuesday evening Mrs. J. Taylor Wood gave a small, but very pleasant dance at her residence on Morris street, which was kept up till quite a late hour.

Mrs. Borden's "at home" at Plover was a particularly pleasant one, in spite of a few showers which fell during the earlier part of the afternoon, just as the guests were beginning to arrive.

A return tennis match with Colgate, Bay was played on the courts here Saturday afternoon, the home team proving the winners.

Saturday evening Miss Furves gave an informal dance at which the guests were, Miss Henry, Miss Vooch, Miss Campbell, Miss M. E. McKeen, Miss Gladwin, Miss McMillan, Miss Salter, Messrs. Blakely, H. E. Robertson, Murray Purves, Harry Archibald, George Archibald, J. Kennedy, E. McKay, C. Ross and H. Ross.

Miss Troop's wedding on Thursday afternoon, was one of the prettiest of home weddings possible. The bride wore a very handsome gown of plain white satin, and had for bridesmaids her sister, Miss Bessie Troop, and her tiny niece, Miss Nicholson.

Mrs. R. L. Borden gave an "at home" at her residence, "Plover," N. W. Corn, on Wednesday afternoon. The weather was delightful, and she enabled the ladies to "appear out" in their handsomest dresses. The company were royally entertained, and the occasion has been described as one of the pleasantest of the season.

There was a nice little garden party on the beautiful grounds of E. Morrison, Esq., Bedford, on Saturday afternoon. Miss Morrison knows how to make her friends feel at home, and the ladies and gentlemen present enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

There are to be three weddings in St. John's during the month of September—one on the 10th, another on the 12th, and the date of the third has not yet been announced to me, but it is rumored on the 20th.

Ald. Mosher is to be married today (Wednesday) to Mrs. Lucy Wright, No. 27 East King street. The wedding will take place at the bride's residence at 4 o'clock.

On Thursday evening Mrs. D. L. Trives gave a dance in honor of Miss Trives' guests, Miss Helen Seely of St. John.

Messrs. A. C. and A. V. Smith spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Sackville.

Mrs. Patillo sr., Bridgewater, is in town, attending the nuptials of her son, Mr. T. S. Patillo of Patillo and Schurman and Miss Alice Rice, daughter of Mr. Joseph Rice of Bridport, Kings Co., and sister of Mr. Lewis Rice of this town.

Mrs. Chas. Herrick of Sackville is visiting her mother, Mrs. D. A. Jonah.

with Mrs. M. A. Fress, on their way from High to Halifax.

Messrs. Wm. Blakely and Horace Eastman left on Saturday for Fredericton where they will be attending at normal school.

Miss Flora Stevens of Sackville is the guest of her cousin, Miss Hattie Price.

Mr. W. Emerson who was one of the N. B. delegates of the I. O. F. has returned home.

Mrs. MacLean of St. John and Miss McDonald of Truro are visiting at the "Woodland."

LADY CLARE.

Miss Salter, who has been staying with Mrs. Bourne returned to Halifax on Tuesday.

Mr. Strickland of the Union Bank, Halifax, is in town for a few weeks.

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Messrs. A. C. and A. V. Smith spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Sackville.

Mrs. Patillo sr., Bridgewater, is in town, attending the nuptials of her son, Mr. T. S. Patillo of Patillo and Schurman and Miss Alice Rice, daughter of Mr. Joseph Rice of Bridport, Kings Co., and sister of Mr. Lewis Rice of this town.

Mrs. Chas. Herrick of Sackville is visiting her mother, Mrs. D. A. Jonah.

Mrs. MacLean of St. John and Miss McDonald of Truro are visiting at the "Woodland."

LADY CLARE.

Miss Salter, who has been staying with Mrs. Bourne returned to Halifax on Tuesday.

Mr. Strickland of the Union Bank, Halifax, is in town for a few weeks.

A return tennis match with Colgate, Bay was played on the courts here Saturday afternoon, the home team proving the winners.

Saturday evening Miss Furves gave an informal dance at which the guests were, Miss Henry, Miss Vooch, Miss Campbell, Miss M. E. McKeen, Miss Gladwin, Miss McMillan, Miss Salter, Messrs. Blakely, H. E. Robertson, Murray Purves, Harry Archibald, George Archibald, J. Kennedy, E. McKay, C. Ross and H. Ross.

Sackville was best man. The guests were few, and consisted of the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom.

Mrs. Drysdale gave a tennis tea on Saturday to a number of her friends from town and Bedford.

Mr. C. L. Weeks who at one time lived in Windsor was here last week.

Mr. E. W. Robinson of St. John was in Windsor on Tuesday on his way to Wolfville where he is to be the principal in a happy event which takes place on Wednesday.

Mrs. MacKenzie of New York, Mrs. Y. of Middlebury and Miss Culler of Halifax are visiting Mrs. Anslow.

Capt. and Mrs. Morris are spending a few days at Wolfville.

A number of young people were entertained at five o'clock tea and music by Miss Curry, Curry's corner on Tuesday afternoon.

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with Mrs. M. A. Fress, on their way from High to Halifax.

Messrs. Wm. Blakely and Horace Eastman left on Saturday for Fredericton where they will be attending at normal school.

Miss Flora Stevens of Sackville is the guest of her cousin, Miss Hattie Price.

Mr. W. Emerson who was one of the N. B. delegates of the I. O. F. has returned home.

Mrs. MacLean of St. John and Miss McDonald of Truro are visiting at the "Woodland."

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Miss Troop's wedding on Thursday afternoon, was one of the prettiest of home weddings possible.

Mrs. R. L. Borden gave an "at home" at her residence, "Plover," N. W. Corn, on Wednesday afternoon. The weather was delightful, and she enabled the ladies to "appear out" in their handsomest dresses.

There was a nice little garden party on the beautiful grounds of E. Morrison, Esq., Bedford, on Saturday afternoon. Miss Morrison knows how to make her friends feel at home, and the ladies and gentlemen present enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

There are to be three weddings in St. John's during the month of September—one on the 10th, another on the 12th, and the date of the third has not yet been announced to me, but it is rumored on the 20th.

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KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1841 ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDON BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

GUNS Double barrel, loader, 12 gauge, 28 gauge, 30 gauge, 410 gauge, 450 gauge, 470 gauge, 480 gauge, 510 gauge, 540 gauge, 570 gauge, 600 gauge, 630 gauge, 660 gauge, 690 gauge, 720 gauge, 750 gauge, 780 gauge, 810 gauge, 840 gauge, 870 gauge, 900 gauge, 930 gauge, 960 gauge, 990 gauge, 1000 gauge.

BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD. Spool and Skein Threads, &c. &c. EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE FOR Summer Needlework

WEDDING CAKES. We send them by Express... Safe arrival guaranteed. The largest Cakes, Establishment, Wedding Cakes, Confectionery in Canada.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. The best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is extensively used in all the great hospitals of the world.

COMFORT. When driving to have comfort your carriage must have easy springs and cushions and backs. You must feel that everything is safe and not likely to break, bolts must be tight and no unpleasant noise or rattle. These are all secured in our carriages.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B. Fresh Salmon, Mackerel, Haddock, Codfish. Smoked and Salt Fish of all kinds. King Square, J. D. TURNER.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted) between ST. JOHN AND BOSTON. COMMENCING July 15th the members of this company will leave St. John for Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings for Boston, and Friday mornings for Portland, and on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings for St. John.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Excursion ticket will be sold from ST. JOHN, N. B. for MAINE STATE FAIR AT LEWISTON. Aug. 31 to Sep. 4, good for return until Sep. 10, at \$7.00 each, and on Sep. 2 and 3 only, good for return until Sep. 7, at \$5.00 each, and for the Industrial Fair at Toronto, Sep. 2 to 8, good for return until Sep. 19, at \$20.50 each, and on Sep. 5 and 7 only, good for return until Sep. 19, at \$16.40 each.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. THE POPULAR AND SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN HALIFAX AND BOSTON. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.) On and after Wednesday, 8th July 1895, trains will run (Standard Time) as follows: STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT. Double Daily Service.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. The best proof that MINARD'S LINIMENT has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is that it is extensively used in all the great hospitals of the world.

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ARRANGEMENT, SERVICE... AND BOSTON.

COMMENCING July 1st... ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ADIAN PACIFIC RY... TICKET will be sold from JOHN, N. B. for MAINE FAIR NEWLTON.

00 each, 00 each, 00 each, 00 each, 00 each.

Atlantic R'y

AND SHOT LINE BE Halifax and Boston.

EXPRESS TRAINS: Monday, 8.00 a.m.; Tuesday, 8.00 a.m.

EXPRESS CO. Forwarders, Shipping, House Brokers.

NO MONEY REQUIRED IF YOU SUFFER FROM INDICATION. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE OF K. D. C. AND PILLS.

K.D.C. BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF AND POSITIVELY CURES INDICATION. K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Rothsay College FOR BOYS.

RESIDENT STAFF: PRINCIPAL - Rev. G. E. Lloyd, M. A., Wm. C. Wood, B. A., Honor Graduate University of Toronto.

Rothsay College FOR GIRLS.

The Rothsay Church School for girls has been removed to the new property purchased by J. F. Robertson, Esq., and Mrs. D. A. Robertson.

REV. GEORGE E. LLOYD, M. A., the College, Rothsay, N. B.

Church School for Girls, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

PATRONS - The Synods of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton. CHAIRMAN BOARD OF TRUSTEES - The Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Collegiate School FOR BOYS, Windsor, Nova Scotia, 107th Year.

H. M. Bradford, M. A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Eng. (1st Wrangler)... Head Master; with Two Resident Assistant Masters, both English University Graduates, and five non-resident Instructors.

Mt. Allison Ladies' College, Owen's Art Institution and Conservatory of Music.

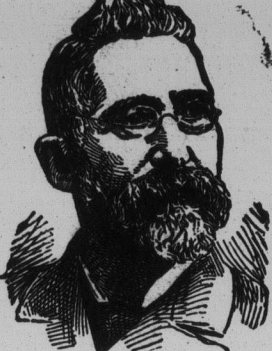
COURSES OF STUDY are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree B. A. The staff consists of 17 teachers in addition to the University Professors.

REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D. Mt. Allison Academy COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

The Faculty of the Academy is composed of Graduates in Arts who have been chosen from those having had experience and success as Teachers.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND EDUCATION



A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors pronounced me hopeless. A friend, however, procured for me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I immediately commenced its use. I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Highest Awards at World's Fair.

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Mr. R. A. Irving spent Saturday and Sunday at home this week.

Miss Laura Smith and Master Horatio Miller of Sackville are the guests of Mrs. Coates, this week.

Mr. Fred Brodie of St. John who has been visiting Mr. Neil Ross returned home on Monday.

Miss Ida Roberts came from Boston last week to see her sister, Miss Coates, who is still in hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Oulton with their daughter, Miss Alice, went to Moncton on Saturday, where Mr. Oulton will resume his new duties in the high school.

Mr. W. Morrison and children, Summerside, are visiting friends in town.

Mr. Doves, Memramook, the new principal of the public school, arrived in town on Saturday, and took charge of his department on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Campbell of St. John who have been the guests of Mrs. Campbell for the last week returned to the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson and her little daughter returned to their home in Moncton last Friday.

Miss Williamson of Fredericton arrived in town on Saturday and took charge of her department on Monday.

Miss Williamson, cream silk. Miss Mobb, white cashmere. Miss Nellie Wetmore, pink muslin.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

ONE OF THE GREAT FOUR.

HALIFAX A LEADING FORTRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Description of the Eight Forts of which this Fortress is Composed—The Armament is Not of the Most Approved Type of Modern Times—Some Opinions.

HALIFAX, Sept. 5.—The four fortresses is the official term used by the British war office in speaking of the fortified stations at Halifax, Bermuda, Gibraltar and Malta. Regarding the impregnability of Halifax opinions differ. The fortifications here are certainly not fitted out with an armament at all equal to that of the other three. The probability is that unguarded by a fleet off the harbor, Halifax would not long show herself equal to a formidable attack. The names of the eight ports that comprise the "fortress of Halifax," and their location, follow:

Fort Cambridge and Fort Ogilvie; are close to one another, on the edge of Point Pleasant Park, at the southern extremity of the peninsula on which the city of Halifax is built.

Fort Redoubt, on an eminence on the western shore and commanding the entrance to the harbor.

Fort Charlotte, built on George's island, in the centre of the harbor and facing the entrance.

Ive's point battery and Fort McNab, and McNab's island, the large tract at the entrance to the harbor, or Fort Clarence, on the eastern side of the harbor, near Dartmouth.

The Citadel, in the centre of the city, a star-shaped fort serves a useful purpose, but though formidable once as a fortification is now rather antiquated.

The armament of the forts is hardly up to date. The most of the guns are 10-inch and 9-inch rifled muzzle-loading. These guns are inferior to the type used at Gibraltar or Malta, for instance. The 10-inch 18-ton gun fires a projectile weighing 407 pounds, and requires a powder charge of 70 pounds to perforate 10-inches of iron at 1,000 yards range. The 9-inch 12-ton gun of course, weaker, firing a projectile of 254 pounds, and 8 inches of iron is all that the shot would penetrate. These guns are small compared with the breech-loading guns on modern men-of-war.

The heaviest guns on the United States Ship Texas, for instance, are two 12-inch 47-ton R. B. L. guns, throwing a projectile weighing 850 pounds, using a powder charge of 125 pounds, having a velocity of 2,050 feet per second, and able to penetrate 22 inches of steel at 1000 yards.

There is one better gun in the fortress of Halifax than those previously mentioned. It is mounted on Fort McNab, the fortification farthest seaward. This gun is a 32-ton B. B. L., can throw a 600-pound projectile, penetrating 20 inches of armor at 1000 yards. The war office originally intended to mount two guns of this class at Fort McNab.

This is the only gun that could make any defence in an artillery duel against a modern man-of-war.

General Montgomery-Moore, who commands the troops in British North America is said to have expressed himself as disappointed with the condition of the fortifications here on the occasion of his appointment two or three years ago.

During the past four years York Redoubt has been remodelled, and Fort McNab built, the former at a cost of \$150,000, and the latter at an expenditure of about \$75,000 exclusive of armament.

VOICE IN HIS STOMACH.

Doctors Say He is a Ventriquist and Negroes that He has a Devil.

A remarkable case of natural and unconscious ventriloquism—a phenomenon which scientific men believe was responsible for most of the cases in which persons once were supposed to be possessed of devils—has caused much consternation among the superstitious and great interest among the scientific in Orangeburg, S. C. The history of the case is told by William L. Rulley of Claflin University, Orangeburg, in the Appeal.

The phenomenon appears in a thirteen year-old colored boy, the son of poor and illiterate parents. He was taken ill about a month ago, with violent pains in his stomach. The doctor was called and treated him for a week or more, but the boy grew no better. After he had been ill about nine days his parents began to hear strange noises, apparently, in his stomach. They were inarticulate and faint at first, but daily grew stronger. They described them as like the crowing of a cock, the barking of a dog, and the lowing of a cow. In a few days intelligible sounds, expressions in human speech, were heard. A voice, sounding as from the boy's stomach, said: "Oh, Lord, I want to get out." "I'm so tired." "I'm hungry," and "You hurt me." The doctor was puzzled, and related the circumstances to other doctors.

The people in the village, especially the negroes, became much excited over the phenomenon, and the boy's home was thronged daily with curious visitors. The boy averred that he could not control the voice, and that it was, in effect, a thing apart from his own consciousness. The voice said its name was Josephine. The superstitions colored folks became terribly wrought up over the case, especially as they treated the voice as an oracle, and the voice seemed very willing to accept the part. All manner of questions on religious and personal topics were asked, and the answers were taken as having a supernatural importance.

The doctors thought it couldn't be a case of ventriloquism, because the boy seemed really unable to control the voice, and the sounds came without his volition. The boys parents asserted that the voice prophesied and foretold all manner of things that came to pass. More than one superstitious person went to bed and doctored himself because the uncanny voice had predicted directly or indirectly, his early death. Mr. Bulkley visited the boy, and gives this account of his experience with him.

"I visited the boy's home and I asked him to tell me his name. He did so [from his mouth]. I then said: 'Talk from your stomach.' He replied: 'I can't.' 'Well, then, make Josephine talk.' And he, to my great astonishment, said: 'Talk, Josephine.' The voice said: 'I won't do it.' 'Don't you want some candy?' 'No, I don't.' Thus I kept up a fusillade of questions to notice the effect. The response always came in a decidedly different voice from his, but the remarkable feature is that he makes so many absolutely distinct tones in his stomach, or bottom of his chest, without the least motion of the face or lips. His throat, however, moves, I put my hand there to make the test. His father claimed that Josephine could talk while George was eating, when he was sleeping, or simultaneously with him."

Medical men have gone from all parts of the state and surrounding states to study the case. One physician, Dr. J. S. Hydrick, thus sums the case:

"At first it was a case of unconscious ventriloquism; the boy did not know his gift. The noise surprised and frightened him. But now he knows his power and can speak or keep silent at will. You will notice that if anyone holds his ear to his stomach he will make the sounds; but if the investigator places his ear to the boy's throat or holds it he will refrain from speaking." The theory of evil spirits taking possession of men and women is very old, and common to practically every people. The old sorcerers and witch doctors used ventriloquism to carry out their impetuous and miraculous cures. But once in a while a case of natural and unconscious ventriloquism occurred and helped out the situation all around. Most of the people round Orangeburg are illiterate, and believe strongly that the boy is possessed of a devil. Not a few are expecting the end of the world very soon, while all are expecting something interesting.

A Clover Party.

A four-leaf clover party is a pretty entertainment for a summer gathering, especially if the hostess has a country home, or a clover field in her yard. The way to utilize the clover is to decorate the house with its blossoms, both red and white. The linen and china should also be ornamented with clover blossoms. In the hall there should be a little rattan table, festooned with vines and clover blossoms, and covered with a green mat formed of ivy leaves. On this should stand a large glass punch bowl filled with iced lemonade, and surrounded by small glasses. A young girl in a dainty gown—it might be one of the new white delaines showing a clover leaf—should preside over the tempting beverage as only a young girl can. At the close of the luncheon or tea the guests may be invited to hunt for four-leaf clovers, and those finding the largest number may be rewarded with pretty clover pins, while the unfortunate who finds the smallest number may be given a pair of eyeglasses to aid her in some future search.

Men Invented Corsets.

The much maligned corset was invented and first worn by men. The earliest mention in the history of this article is by Aristophanes, who lived in the fifth century, B. C. In one of his comedies he ridicules a brother poet, who, inordinately vain of his personal beauty, was dissatisfied with the shape of his figure, which was far removed from ideal symmetry, being much too thin for his height. He therefore hit upon the plan of improving his physique by encasing his body in an under-cuirass, made of little pieces of wood. The idea was imitated later on by another man, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who found great difficulties in persuading the Roman women to follow his example.

Among the Eumocracy.

Mrs. Brand-New—I would like to get a first-class book on etiquette, Mr. Brand-New—Any particular point you want to clear up? Mrs. Brand-New—Yes; how to treat one's inferiors. You know, dear, it is only recently that we have had inferiors.

IS A BAD KIND OF SNAKE

THE RATTLE IS DANGEROUS IN A GOOD MANY WAYS.

It Does Not Bite but It Gets There Just the Same—Some Errors in Regard to Its Ways of Attack and Defence—Tough Yarns About Its Sagacity.

"Nobody was ever bitten by a rattlesnake, and nobody ever will be," said a man who has studied them. "And the reason is the best that could possibly be. A rattlesnake can't live. It isn't likely that any creature that lives and is provided with teeth and jaws has less power of biting. The snake's jaws are not hinged. They are attached to each other by an elastic cartilage. Thus the snake has no leverage whatever in closing one jaw against the other, and if it attempted to injure by biting, it couldn't so much as pierce the skin. The fangs of a rattlesnake are driven into the flesh by a stroke, not a bite, as is well shown by the fact that punctures are made only by the armament of the upper jaw. The lower jaw has nothing to do with the act. A man striking a boat hook into a log is an exact representation of the manner in which the rattlesnake bites. So whenever any one tells you about some one else being bitten by a rattlesnake, bet him it isn't so. You'll win. It is an impossibility for a rattlesnake to bite.

"But, although the rattlesnake can't bite, if you're fooling around in a country where he is spending the summer, you want to keep your eye peeled. And there is one particular thing you don't want to forget. It is a common and widespread fallacy that the rattlesnake is entirely harmless so long as he is uncoupled. I believed that once, and found out by a startling personal experience that it wasn't so. It is true that when a rattlesnake is stretched at full length, with the muscles extended to the utmost, he could not strike an inch forward, but from that position he can strike backward his full length, and with lightning-like velocity. One day I dropped a big stone on the head of a big rattler that lay in this position, crushing the head, the stone lying partly on the head. After gazing for some time at the quivering reptile, so suddenly taken from life, I stooped down to remove his rattles. I had no sooner touched his tail than his mutilated head flew back, and almost grazing my cheek, struck the side of my coat just below the shoulder, where both fangs were turned, pulling out for the jaw and remaining in the sleeve as the snake fell back to the ground. They had not missed my cheek by more than a hair's breadth. With precaution I have made that test of a rattlesnake's capacity of striking in that way many times since then, and the snake always struck. The instinct is so strong in this reptile that I have known a rattler, two hours after its head was severed from its body, to strike back fiercely with its bleeding stump the instant its tail was touched.

"There is at least one case on record where this belief that a rattlesnake couldn't strike until it was in coil resulted fatally. The man was working in his garden, when he discovered a rattlesnake lying with only its rattles and two or three inches of its tail projecting from under the bottom rail of the fence on the side next to him, the rest of the snake being on the other side. The man, being unable to give the snake a blow that would kill it while it was in that position, thought he would seize its rattles, and pull it quickly out into full view and kill it with his hoe. He crept up and seized the rattles, but had no sooner touched them than the rattlesnake doubled back over the rail and sank its fangs in the hand that held its tail. The man killed the snake and hurried to the house, where he died in a short time.

"But the typical position of the rattlesnake when intent on deadly assault is the coil. This is not always a symmetrical spiral, but the body is massed in more or less regular folds, the muscles are contracted, and the reptile is literally an animate set spring. From this position the rattler can spring from one-half to two-thirds of its length. Before the stroke the mouth is opened wide, the fangs falling down from their sockets in the upper jaw and standing firmly in their position. The head is thrust forward, the half coils below it being straightened out to lengthen the neck and to give power to the strike. There is no preliminary motion. The stab is made with abrupt swiftness that defies escape of the victim. There is but one strike. The snake passes back into its coil again with the same swiftness that it threw itself out. As the fangs enter the flesh the venom is injected. If the thing struck at is beyond the rattler's reach, the snake has the power of squirting its venom in jets, which it can do to a distance of four feet or more. Dr. Weir Mitchell had a narrow escape once. An immense diamond-back rattler he had in his collection threw a teaspoonful of its venom in the way of this way in the Doctor's face, from a distance of four feet. It struck him on the forehead. If it had fallen an inch lower

First Fall

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it would have entered his eyes, certainly blinding him, and perhaps killing him.

"Sometimes a rattlesnake loses its fangs in the flesh of the object it strikes, but that does only temporary damage to its deadly armory. There are plenty of incipient fangs lying in the jaw, only waiting for a chance like that to come forward and be in line for business. They grow very fast, and in the course of two or three days a rattlesnake that has lost its fangs is refitted with a brand new pair. This is a good thing to remember, for it is the popular belief that a rattler is made harmless by extracting its venom fangs. The only way to render one of these reptiles harmless besides killing it, is to apply red-hot iron to the cavities left by the fangs. This will destroy all the vitality of these dangerous parts and new fangs will not come in.

"The rattlesnake never pursues his prey; he waits. He will not go out of his way to attack anything. He will invariably keep on his course if not cornered or teased. You may step within four inches of a rattlesnake and will not be disturbed by it if you keep right on your way. If you stop, the snake at once will take it for a challenge and hit you only too quick. It is said, as if by authority, that the rattlesnake never sounds his rattle until he has coiled. If that is so, rattlesnakes that I have seen must have been freaks, for they have rattled when lying at full length and even when moving, as well as in their coils. The rattler, when travelling, will cross lakes and streams, and he swims with his head and his rattles raised well above the water. The force with which a rattlesnake can strike is such that I once teased one into striking at a piece of bluing as least a quarter of an inch thick, and he sent his fangs clear through it.

"I don't know whether rattlesnakes have the power of scent or not, but from what I have heard, and especially from what I have seen, it would seem to me that they not only have that power but have it to a most remarkable degree. One summer in northern Pennsylvania I killed a fine specimen of a rattler, and carried it on a stick two miles to the place where I was stopping. A native of that locality on seeing the snake said:

"That's a she rattler and you folks around here want to watch out. Her mate will be along looking for her to-morrow or next day, sure!"

"I skinned the snake and took the carcass to the hog pen and gave it to the hogs and thought no more about it. Next forenoon I heard a loud scream from one of the women of the family, and she came running into the house declaring that she had seen a big rattlesnake on the front stoop.

"The first time," she said, "that a live rattlesnake has been around the house in twenty-five years."

"I hurried out, but could see nothing of the snake. It occurred to me then what the native had said about the mate of the dead snake following her. I walked toward the hog pen and there I discovered a rattlesnake moving to and fro on the ground in front of the sty, and acting as if it were looking for a place to get in. I watched the manoeuvres of the snake for a few minutes and then killed it. The snake was a male, and the native at once declared that it was the mate of the one I had killed the day before. The front stoop where this snake had just made its appearance at the house was the first place I had stopped with the dead snake and gone from there with it to the hog pen.

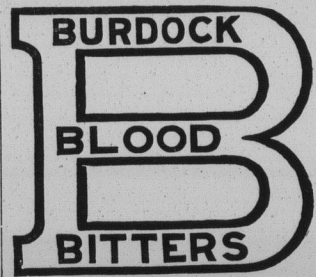
"I perhaps, in spite of the circumstantial evidence against it, would never have believed that this snake was anything else but one that had come casually to the premises, if a similar incident hadn't occurred a couple of days later. A man

who was working in haying on the place lived four miles distance and went home Saturday night to spend Sunday. On his way back Sunday afternoon he killed a rattlesnake in the road and brought it in. It happened to be a female, and warning was given that a lookout better be kept for its mate. As a matter of curiosity I took the dead snake from where it had been laid in the road near the house and took it to an old vacant house in a field half a mile down the road from the place where I was stopping. I left the snake there, and next day went back to the old house to see if any snake would follow it there, keeping watch along the road. Along in the middle of the forenoon I saw a big snake coming down the road and I got into a clump of bushes. The snake came into the field. It was a rattler and it made straight for the house. I followed it. It went in at the open door. The dead snake lay on the floor. The live one went up to it and around it several times, and then lay still as if thinking the matter over. I watched the snake for ten minutes and he never moved. Then I stepped inside the door. Like a flash the snake threw himself into a coil and faced me, glaring fiercely, and making his rattles sing. I didn't like his looks and shot him with my revolver. I no longer had any doubt that the snake of the week before was the mate to the one I had killed, and was satisfied that this one was the mate of the hired man's victim. But how had they followed the trails of their dead wives? That's what has always puzzled me."—N. Y. Sun.

of modern appliances for blowing forge fires has increased greatly in recent years, while the sale of bellows has not; but there are ship-smiths and boiler makers, wheelwrights, carriage and wagon makers, and others who still use bellows, and almost every horse-shoer uses a bellows, and prefers it to any other means of blowing his fire, so that there are still sold thousands of bellows annually.—N. Y. Sun.

Novel Instrument of Death.

According to tradition Kenith, the legendary king of Scotland, was allured to his death in a most novel manner. Kenith had slain a son and brother of Fennella, who, to be avenged, ordered Wiltus, a famous silversmith, to construct a death dealing statue of silver. In its right hand the statue held a basin and in the left an apple of pure gold, both set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch the apple was to defy death, it being so arranged that any one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled by poisoned arrows shot from openings in the body of the statue. Kenith was invited to inspect the wonder, and, as Fennella had hoped, he tried to pluck the precious imitation fruit. But as soon as his hand touched the golden apple he was wounded by the arrows which shot out from the statue, and died where he fell.—Scottish American.



BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common simple to the worst scurvy sore. BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING

of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGARS. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary, thus satisfying the public.

UNGARS LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

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has gone to place her son Master at Antigonish.

ADVOVER.

Leon Perry, Fort Fairfield, entered and Fort Fairfield friends to a book falls on Tuesday last. After the visitation of Miss Tibbitts, all drove of Sherid Tibbitts, where they danced.

Catherine returned to her home in a Frigate.

and Maggie Tibbitts spent a few days with their friend, Miss Sadler, at Antigonish.

entertained a number of her friends at party on Thursday evening.

ere, Miss Nellie Stewart, Annie Adams, Lilla Stewart, Louise Purley, Miss J. H. King, Mr. Edgar, deli. F. Howard and F. Ervin.

her left for her home in Boston to visit friends in Hartland.

is the guest of Mrs. G. T. ...

RS PRAY'S NAIL ENAMEL. PRAY'S ROSALINE.

M & ANQUINA. DE HONGROISE, RECEIVED BY JUDMAN ALLAN, T AND DRUGGIST, King Street, St. John.

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FORMATION

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A FEW TELEGRAMS.

Dan Seldon, author of "The Real Reason," etc., etc., was sitting in his den writing. Mrs. Seldon did not, as a rule, disturb him at his work. He was surprised, therefore, when she burst the door open, sat down stormily, and said: "Dan, I could cry!" There was an open telegram in her hand. She threw it onto his writing table. He read: "In town for one day. Coming to lunch with you. Jack, Garrick Club." "Is it—" "and that awful man is coming," said Mrs. Seldon, "we can't have him and Jack together. Jack would never forgive us." "You must wire Jack not to come, that's all, it's damnable but it can't be helped."

Garrick Club, and that the telegram had not been delivered. In her haste Mrs. Seldon had put Jack's name on the telegram intended for Travers and probably vice versa. Jack had nished with his nigger story and a pause was happening. "Bad news, I'm afraid," said one of the men—he never knew which. But he made a supreme effort to say: "Oh, nothing very bad, thanks, I—er—I must see to it. Go on with—er—everything. I'll be back in a moment—must send an answer, you know," and left the room. "Oh, no answer after all," he said outside the room, to the waiting servant, and when she was gone, he thrust the paper into his pocket, sank on a tall chair, and held his head in both hands. His mind was dead beat. He got up and went into the drawing room on tip-toe. He felt steeped in crime. "Madge," he said to his wife, "I give this thing up—right up, do you understand? I've done my best."

Western Dust Storms. The dust storms of the "Great American Desert" are not fully treated in the attractions of various new towns issued by speculators. The dust storms of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona—the whole desert section in whatever State—are important factors in the chances for comfort and success of the new settler. The signs of a coming dust storm are many. The air is electric, a feather will cling to the fingers, the sky is oftentimes gray and streaked, the children in the schools even the primaries, are nervous. Suddenly the bits of paper in the street begin to whirl; soon you will see the dust coming like a rolling storm cloud; the sky is obscured; everything out of doors is "on the fly;" the slim branches of the scant cotton-woods slash the air, and if you are unfortunate enough to be out of doors, your eyes, nose, and mouth will be filled with alkali dust, while you are striving to make headway against a whirlwind. If you are under cover, you will hasten to drop windows and shades; but the dust is so fine it will penetrate wherever air can. The pattern of the carpet may be obliterated, and in some of the worst ones in New Mexico an eye-witness has said that drifts have been formed on the floor from one to two inches in depth.

It is absurd to try to cure rheumatism with caraparillas, and the ordinary advertised compounds which are recommended for the cure of almost every disease to which the human flesh is heir. This disease, as all know, is caused by an acid poison in the blood, and can only be quickly and effectually removed by the use of an internal remedy, which will neutralize it, and thus destroy its irritating properties. The ingredients of Smith's American Rheumatic Cure have not been long known, but are recommended by some of the latest English medical works as being to rheumatism what quinine is to ague, an absolute specific. The first dose of the remedy gives prompt relief, and it at once begins the chemical process of neutralizing the acid of the blood. It usually cures in one to three days.

Always Ask for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. The D.C.L. brand is a very old special Scotch Whisky. It is a long time to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experience. He began by eating salt pork; that made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards; that made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture man-of-war, or who desire to go scouting and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate young Irving's example.—Harper's Round Table.

Just Take the Cake. You'll Always Have a Cake. The cake is a metaphor for success. It is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands. The cake is a metaphor for success. It is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands. The cake is a metaphor for success. It is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes a bottle illustration and text: 'Always Ask for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Proprietors: The Distillers Co. Ltd. Edinburgh, London & Dublin.'



For Sale by Street & Co. The illustration shows a man and a woman sitting at a table. The man is wearing a suit and the woman is wearing a long dress and a hat. They appear to be in a formal or semi-formal setting, possibly a cafe or a study. The man is looking towards the woman, and they both seem to be engaged in conversation. The table has some papers or books on it. The background is simple, suggesting an indoor setting.

Sunday Reading.

AS TO GOOD READING.

Some Sound Advice to Mothers as to Books Suitable for the Family.

To put one under the influence of a good book is to bless him." So says Henry Drummond. A very good index to a person's character is his literature.

As our boys and girls go out to earnestly toil for an honest living, temptations flout before, behind and on each side of them; if they fall have we any indifference or neglect on our part to regret? Are we actually playing a part in that tragedy? One parent may say, "I grew up without training and I guess my children can," and another says, "I had no home influence and I cannot comprehend its necessity."

Ah, but my dear brother and sister, in these days of literary advantages you have no excuse! With what books and papers, manners and influence are you surrounding your children?

Tell me what books a young person reads and I will tell you what sort of person he is. From good reading, we get a mental contact with the noblest minds of the universe, and nobleness, either oral, printed, acted or thought, has its influence; its atmosphere permeates every nook of your home; it smooths the wrinkles, hews the corners and softens the angles of individual life second only to personal contact.

Our little ones are scarcely out of babyhood when they clamor for pictures and stories. This is the time that tries tired motherhood! Shall the lisping little whiner be put by with his desire ungranted? Shall the hungry little mind go unfed? No certainly not, but what to give it is the query of motherhood. Shall we take the long-favored Mother Goose Tales and fill the minds of our future men and women with thoughts of killing, shooting, theft, and all improbable ideas? Let a mother or father take up those tales and look them thoughtfully over. How many can be found that are not savored with some death dealing blow, more for the rhyme than the sense? Read at random from the book for fifteen minutes a day six consecutive days to your boy and you can readily trace the direction in which you are developing his taste. He will clamor for the most exciting and thrilling ones, he will soon amuse himself by repeating them and fitting his actions by his words. In that innocent little mind you have laid the first foundation for a reckless life. What goes into the mind of childhood at so youthful a period helps to make a part of that child's tastes and character. Keep on feeding it and you are innocently turning a little spark to a flame.

On the other hand search for simple rhymes and stories of nature—flowers, rippling brooks and shady trees, of animal and child life and see how quickly your little one will begin to imitate the loving attitudes and kind attentions to those stories. Such child literature is hard to find. Like gold hidden in dark mountains, it lies submerged in the depths of piles and full counters of the first ancient style. At this stage of childhood you are beginning to develop or dwarf the nature.

Nor does the work stop till your children grow from your homes with tastes formed for either good or bad reading. My first impression of people in their own home or room is gathered from a glance of the literature lying about, and my guide seldom fails me. A person's nature is very like his diet. If one feeds on weak, light or trashy books, bear in mind that person has a character much of that stamp and style. I once went to look for board in a neatly furnished house and was shown a very pleasant room, the occupant of which desired a roommate. So did I. She was away, but the landlady told me many nice things about her, and how to decide I did not know. The surroundings were desirable but what was to be any society? How could I tell? What answer should I give without first meeting the young lady?

While these thoughts are in other similar ones were flashing through my mind my eyes fell on the sum total of all the literature the room contained—some unnamable story papers on the centre table. It took me but one instant more to decide.

All the years from babyhood to manhood and womanhood are the character of our children being strengthened or weakened. Put into their hands good books with pure thoughts and noble purposes and see how their lives will grow to meet them. If bad things tempt to evil so good things tempt to good. Watch one pure thought after another take room and grow in your child's mind. See his eyes brighten, his straightforward look, his honest countenance, his manly carriage, all grow from the root of pure thoughts. Give him impure ideals and see the nervous expression, the undecided shamble of actions that result.

Choose the books for your children as you would their friends. Said one of our noted men, "Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. A love of knowledge in a young man is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices."

Sir William Waller says, "In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools." Anthony Trollope said, "The habit of reading, I make bold to tell you, is your passport to the greatest, the purest and the most perfect pleasures that God has prepared for his creatures." From Bishop Potter we have, "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read." J. B. Braithwaite clinches the nail when he says, "The mind requires nourishing food. Trifling reading enfeebles it."

In once conversing with a young mother on the influence of frivolous reading, she said to me, "Oh, but the environments of your early life were so different from mine; the reading of my girlhood has poisoned my whole life." Another acquaintance who is too deaf to enjoy society comes from her books with such a wholesome, open-hearted air that someone ventured to question her for the reason, when she replied, "I have such lovely companions and society in my books; I meet such great and noble minds!"—Mary A. Whedon in the Housekeeper.

HEWISAS WE ARE. The Saviour, Though Divine, Had Above all Things Human Feelings. There was a changeable and an unchangeable side in the person of Christ. As to his deity He could say, "I and my Father are one." "Before Abraham was, I am." God was His Father, an expression which signifies equality with God. He had a glory with the Father before the world was. The Word was God, and the Word became flesh and "we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Ours is a wondrous Saviour, because He is divine. There are mysteries connected with the doctrine of the divinity of our Lord but there are mysteries in everything. I God can reveal himself through nature, through firmament, and star, and storm, and mountain, and valley, and modest flower, why should He not incarnate Himself in nobler human form, and speak through human lips, and answer definitely the questions of my wildly-beating heart, and settle the problems which gather around my anxious soul? If God is love, the incarnation is a necessity.

Men have speculated curiously as to when it was that Jesus became divine. Was it only at His baptism, when the Spirit descended on Him like a dove? Some have thought so; but this is not true. When he was at the temple, at the age of twelve years, He knew that his Father's business was His mission. And what man the angles' message and the guiding star, and the visits of Gabriel, the inspiration of Anna, and the song of Simeon, and the wonders in the sky, it from the very beginning He was not God manifest in the flesh, as divine as when He rested upon the bosom of Mary, as when He stilled the storm, or raised the dead, or hung upon the cross and said, "Finished, and dropped His head and died." He died as no other man died; He lived as no other man lived; He was born as no other man was born, because He was like no other man. From cradle to cross, from cross to crown, and yet at the right hand of power, as our Saviour and Mediator, He is the God man, the Saviour of the world.

Then there are the mutable, the changeable, the human side. Sia excepted, He was in all respects as we are. There was physical and mental and spiritual development; the blade, and the ear, and the full corn in the ear. And this does not argue any imperfection. An acorn may be perfect as it lies in the ground; the little tree, which grows from it, and which is six inches in height, may be perfect; the shrub which grows from this also may be perfect; the young tree from this may be perfect; and the giant oak of the forest may be perfect, too. Each in its degree; each in its place; each in the fullness of its measure. "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." As Mr. G. B. Boardman says, "He was a real babe, with a babe's dawning consciousness; a real child, with a child's feelings and thoughts and joys and sorrows; a real youth, with a youth's buoyancies and temptations and aspirations and opening vistas of vocation; a real man, with a man's full sense of mission of Christhood."

Do not Grumble. Some one tells the story of a well bucket that grumbled because it was kept going up and down the deep well, and could not see that it did any good. It did not empty the well, for whenever it went down there was just as much water there as ever. When it came up full, the water was carried away, and it never knew what became of it. A good deal of our work in this world seems as discouraging as that of the bucket. We dip away at the sin and misery around us, and yet cannot see that it is materially diminished. We try to do good, but often we cannot trace the results of our efforts. Yet our grumbling is as foolish as that of the bucket. If it could have known how many thirsty ones the water carried from it refreshed, how many faces it cleaned, how many stains it washed away, it would have rejoiced in its mission. Our business is to be faithful in our sphere and trust in God to use for His glory.

Gladstone's Sundays. The physical and moral benefits of Sunday are great, if it is divorced from the other days of the week. An illustration of these benefits is given in a letter, written by Lady Waterford to a friend, and published in Mr. Hare's "Story of Two Noble Lives." Lady Waterford writes: "Your remark about Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and his rapt expression in church has caused me to turn to a letter Mary Gladstone wrote long ago, a bit of which I must transcribe. "What I meant about Sunday was that yesterday father was saying he did not believe he would be alive now if he had not kept his Sundays quite apart from his ordinary and specially his political life; not only because of the pure refreshment it has always been to him to holler things on that day, but because it has enabled him to learn more on religious subjects than perhaps any other layman, and so has given him that firm and splendid ground which has ennobled, and hallowed all his actions through life."

things on that day, but because it has enabled him to learn more on religious subjects than perhaps any other layman, and so has given him that firm and splendid ground which has ennobled, and hallowed all his actions through life."

DUMAS' GOLDEN RULES.

A Noted Author's Prescription for Health, Wealth, and Wisdom.

Walk two hours every day; sleep seven hours every night; go to bed always alone, if you need to sleep; get up as soon as you wake; work as soon as you get up; eat only when you are hungry, and drink only when you are thirsty; and eat and drink always slowly.

Never speak except when it is necessary and never say more than half of what you think. Never write anything that you cannot sign, and never do anything that you cannot atone. Never forget that others will count upon you, and that you must never count upon them. Value money at its real worth, neither more nor less. It is a good servant, but a bad master.

Keep away from women until you are 20 and avoid them when you are 40. Never attempt to produce anything without a thorough understanding of what you undertake, and destroy as little as possible. Pardon everybody beforehand, to be on the safe side. Do not despise men, do not hate them, and do not laugh at them. Pity them.

Think of death every morning when you see the light, and every evening on the approach of darkness. When your sufferings are great look your grief in the face; it will console you itself and teach you something. Try to be simple, to become useful, to remain free, and before denying God wait until somebody proves to you that he does exist.

For a man and for a woman there is a succession of duties to be fulfilled which enables them to look always ahead, and to become accustomed to the absence of the objects of their most dear affections. The world would finish too quickly if the first child was not able to survive the death of the first mother.

Misfortune and trials attack noble souls without hurting them. They are like the rocks of granite that the sea covers in times of tempest with its furious waves, fancying that it is drowning them, while it is merely washing them, so that they reappear again in the sunlight more polished and more shining than ever. Adversity embelishes those that it cannot cast down. By the law of nature a man should have many children. He should raise them well, so that they may be useful; and he should love them, so that they may be happy. To get married when a man is young is healthy; to choose, in no matter what day, a good, honest girl; to love her with all his heart and soul, and to make her a reliable companion and a prolific mother; to work to raise his children, and to leave them when dying the example of his life—that is the true meaning and object of life; the rest is only error, crime, or folly.

The average man is only about half as good as he should be. He is only about half as virtuous, half as energetic, half as ambitious, half as brave, half as patient, half as generous, half as kind, half as honest, half as pure, half as noble, half as great. He is only about half as good as he should be. He is only about half as virtuous, half as energetic, half as ambitious, half as brave, half as patient, half as generous, half as kind, half as honest, half as pure, half as noble, half as great.

Church Cars in Siberia. The Russian Government has had constructed five church cars for use on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The road runs through territory in which there are scarcely any inhabitants. The length of Siberia is 3,600 miles; the breadth 2,000 miles. The area is 4,800,000 acres, and the total population 3,800,000. The average per acre is less, therefore, than one inhabitant. How sparse this population is may be judged from a comparison with the Tenth ward of New York city, which contains 110 acres and has 77,000 inhabitants, or 700 per acre. The church cars resemble movable chapels, and are embellished with all the accessories of an orthodox Greek church. Each church makes two stoppages, and thus it is possible to have religious services of the Greek church in seventy hamlets or settlements each week. Travel in Siberia is so difficult that in many parts of the country it has not been feasible, except in very mild weather, for the residents of the smaller places to reach those large centers in which church services are held. The church cars are expected to do away with this source of complaint.

Enustus And His Bibles. When Enustus had printed off, in 1460, a number of copies of the Bible, he undertook to sell them in Paris, where printing was then unknown. As he sold his copies for 60 crowns while the scribes demanded 500 for their manuscripts, he created universal astonishment; but when he produced the copies as fast as they wanted them, and lowered the price to 30 crowns, all Paris was in agitation. The uniformity of the copies greatly increased the wonder. Information was given to the police against him as a magician, his lodgings being subsequently searched, and a greater number of copies being found, they were seized. The red ink with which they were embellished was supposed to be his blood, and it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; and it is presumed that, if he had not fled, he would have shared the fate of those whom superstitious judges in those days condemned for witchcraft.—Jewish Messenger.

Great Aims Demanded. Men are to-day measuring themselves against more colossal material achievements than ever before in the history of the world, and they must have nobler spirits and larger aims if they are to deal successfully with the tremendous material growth of all sides. The supreme value of education lies in the standard of measurement which it furnishes and in the sense of right relation which it establishes between the spiritual and the material.—Catholic Register.

The All Wise Lord. No interior hand hathatched even so much as the minute parts of providence. It was all, for its Alpha to its Omega, from its divine preface to its solemn fins, marked out, designed, sketched and planned by the mind of the all-wise, all-knowing God. Hence, not even Christ's death

of these words grows in cumulative force. A help! A present help! A very present help in trouble! Here then we have this suggestion. Let us work on bravely, hopefully, not greatly concerned, and surely not distressed, for our failure is the bell that calls loudly for the divine help, the bell that will not ring in vain. Our failures often bring more glory to God and more real good to ourselves than our so-called successes. If the need of God's immediate divine help does come, let us often, and very midst of loss, and trouble, and weakness, we should never know what it is to have a God not far off, but near—"a very present help in trouble."

Dr. Parker on Moral Questions. At a recent service Dr. Parker said:—I trust that during the general election the christian pulpit will not be a party agent either on one side or the other. In the pulpit the christian minister should concern himself only with religious and moral questions. He should never touch the labor problem, but should never leave the laborer. When the laborer is right, labor will not be far wrong. I regard horse racing as a moral question. It is one of the chief occasions of gambling. It is worse than useless to talk of gambling as a separable accident. Theoretically it may be separable, but what is its practical effect? What is the moral history of horse-racing? Was any man ever made better by it? How many thousands of young men has it reduced from the path of rectitude? I cannot but feel that it would be a national disaster if the chief statesman of the country should be the leading patron of the turf. We may personally esteem and honor him, and politically we may believe in him, but looking at the broadest aspect of his position, his example cannot but be harmful in its effect upon many classes of society. Whilst it is not for me to judge the motives of any man, I cannot wonder that chronic gamblers will never again be horse-racing prize winners, and I cannot but further hope that any horse-racing statesman who may be called to high office will so far defer to the christian conscience of the country as to sacrifice tastes and practices which may have a disastrous effect upon the moral health of the nation.—The Christian.

The Bible in Chinese. Among the passengers who recently sailed for the Orient from Vancouver was the Rev. S. E. J. Schereschewsky, D. D., the retired protestant bishop of China, who long has been engaged in translating the bible into Chinese from the original tongue. In 1859 he went to China as a missionary, of the episcopal church, and subsequently was appointed Bishop of China, being the third incumbent of that office. In 1882 he suffered a stroke, which compelled him to resign his office, as it affected his speech. After leaving China he visited Europe, and there began the task in which he has been engaged ever since. The work now has been completed.

The Bishop has with him a translation of the whole bible in Roman characters. On his arrival in China he will begin reproducing the manuscript in Chinese characters, after which it will be printed and published. This will take about three years more.

In speaking of the recent riots, the bishop said the mandarins were, in his opinion, mainly responsible for the death of the chief opposer of foreigners and use every possible means to stir up the ignorant natives against the missionaries.

HOW DID THE THIEF GET IN? You wake up some morning and miss your watch, your purse, your best clothes, and other valuables. Yet neither you nor any member of your family heard a sound during the night. Neither is there a sign of how the thief got into the house nor by what road he decamped. You rush round and tell the police, and also decide to keep a dog and a shot gun. You will let the thieves know they mustn't come fooling around your premises after this. A sensible policeman in your line. Let us watch, your money, &c., are gone. Quite so.

Now suppose I should tell you that the thief who stole your property never entered your house at all; that he was born in it; had lived twenty years in it; never had been out of it till he went off with your things, albeit in a way you had never seen or heard him. What would you say to me? You would call me an idiot and threaten to have me sent back to the asylum. But don't be too sure.

Here is our very good friend Mr. Richard Heakin, of Pentruin, Salop, who expresses an opinion in his line. Let us have his exact words. He says, "Rheumatism struck into my system." Of course we understand that he speaks after the manner of men. You know we talk of being "attacked" by this, that, and the other complaint, as though diseases were like soldiers or wild beasts. "Doesn't make any odds," do you say? Beg pardon, but it does—heavy odds. For it teaches us to look in the wrong direction for danger. Do you see now?

Thirteen years ago, in the spring of 1880, whilst working in the Roman Gravel Lead Mines, Mr. Heakin took a bad cold. He got over the cold, but not over what followed. He was feeble, without appetite, and had a deal of pain in the chest and sides. His eyes and skin were tinted yellow, and his hands and feet were cold and clammy. Frequently he would break out into a cool perspiration, as a man does on receiving a nervous shock caused by something fearful or horrible. He was also troubled with pain at the heart and had spells of difficult breathing—what medical men call asthma.

"Later on," says Mr. Heakin, "rheumatism struck into my system and I had pains all over me. I was confined to my bed for three months with it and could not dress myself. In this general condition I continued for five years. One after another I was treated by fourteen doctors in that time, but their medicines did me little or no good. At one time I went to the Infirmary at Shrewsbury, where they treated me for heart disease, but I got worse and, feeling anxious, returned home."

How he was finally cured we will mention in a minute. First, however, about his rheumatism. Every intelligent person knows that rheumatism and gout (its twin brother) is virtually a universal ailment. It does its cruel and body-racking work in every country and climate. No other

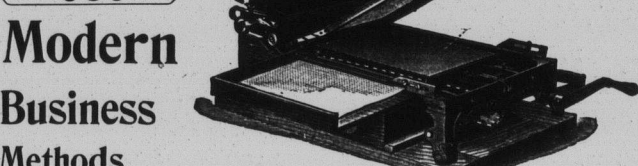
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was exempt from it. He that wings an angel and guides a sparrow, he that protects the hairs of our head from falling prematurely to the ground, was not likely, when he took notice of such little things, to omit in his solemn decrees the greatest wonder of earth's miracles, the death of Christ. No; the blood-stained page of that book, the page which makes both past and future glorious with golden words—that blood-stained page, I say, was as much written of Jehovah as any other.—C. H. Spurgeon.

malady causes so vast an aggregate of suffering and disability. Whatever will cure it is worth more money in England than a gold mine in every county. But does rheumatism "strike into" the system as a bullet or a knife might strike into it? No. Rheumatism is a thief who steals away our comfort and strength; but it is a thief, as I said, who is born on the premises. In other words, it is one—and only one—of the direct consequences of indigestion and dyspepsia. And this is the why and wherefore: Indigestion creates a poison called uric acid; this acid combined with the chloride of sodium to form a salt; this salt is urate of sodium, which are deposited in the form of sharp crystals in the muscles and joints. Then comes inflammation and agony, otherwise rheumatism. Thus you perceive that it doesn't come from the outside but from the inside—from the stomach. Our friend's cold, caught in the mind, didn't produce his rheumatism, it clogged his skin and so kept all the poison in his body instead of letting part of it out.

Mr. Heakin adds: "I was cured at last by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and without it I believe I should have been dead long ago." Very likely, very likely; for this thief, although he may wait long for his opportunity, isn't always satisfied to run away with our comfort and our money; he often takes his too.

Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third Arctic Expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,696ft., or about one mile and a quarter; and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles. Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea he could hear a person read distinctly of 140 feet, while on the land the same could only be heard at 76 feet. Professor Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol-shot no louder than a pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

Only One Hit. "Yes," said the inventor. "I can see millions in it, if I can think to work." "What have you in mind now?" "A scheme for confounding bicycles tires. See? This motor, at merely the cost of

DO NOT RELY ON SIGNS.

THEY ARE FREQUENT FAILURES AS TO THE WEATHER.

Merciless Science Shows that Some of the Most Cherished Omens Are Not Worthy of Consideration—Even the Animals Are Not as Wise as They Are Thought.

Sarcastic and proverbial lore about the weather were cruelly rent in the iconoclastic address on "Weather Fallacies" read to the Royal Meteorological Society at its recent annual meeting in London by the President, R. Inwards, and printed in the last number of the Quarterly Journal of the society. In early times, when the weather had to be studied from cloud, sky, and sea, and from the behavior of animals and plants, men were pardonable for doing what is still often a case of error, foretelling what they most wished for and putting down as a universal law what was only a coincidence of independent events.

One class of prophecies connect the weather with certain seasons of the year, particularly days in the week, or the days of certain saints, which was a convenient way of fixing a date, and even with particular times of the day. We often hear such sayings as "Fine on Friday, fine on Sunday," or "Friday is the best and the worst day of the week," and proverbs like "Rain at seven, fine at eleven." When these sayings come true they are faithfully remembered, when they fail they are forgotten.

Equally unfounded are the scientific superstitions, presented under the shield of astronomy, which base infallible rules for the weather on the relative position of the moon, sun, and planets. These appeal to analogy, to reason, and to common sense. The known action of sun and moon on ocean tides is generally the starting point of such theories, and it is clear to common sense that when the earth is nearer to the sun or the moon to the earth, or both sun and moon are pulling together, there ought to be a tide of atmosphere similar to the tide of ocean which these influences undoubtedly produce.

Some prophets have built their faith on cycles, predicting that weather changes would back into the same relative position, which they do in nineteen years, with an error of only an hour and a half. Others advocate a cycle of fifty-four years, but all the cycles systems have broken down when tested, and as far as we know, there is no period within which weather changes repeat themselves.

Even the halo round the moon is discredited; it has been found by observers that it is followed by fine weather as often as by rain. About the sun there are many fallacies, and ever since the discovery that the spots on its surface appear with greater or less frequency, theorists in shoals have tried to prove that they rule our weather.

Coming down to earth, we find a long list of statements of the behavior of animals and weather. E. J. Lowe has carefully

examined a number of well-known signs, and all seem to break down completely. He took the signs of bats flying about in the evening, many toads appearing at sunset, great quantities of snails, fish rising to the surface, bees busy, crowds of locusts, restless cattle, landrills clamorous, flies and gnats troublesome, many insects, crows flocking and noisy, spider webs thick on the grass, spiders hanging from their webs in the evening, and ducks and geese making more noise than usual. Calling a day fine when no rain was measured in the gauge, he found in 361 observations of such signs that they were followed 213 times by fine weather and only 148 by rain.

Plants are also used as weather indicators, and as they act in sympathy with the dampness, gloom, and chilliness of the air, and these are conditions that generally precede rain, their indications cannot be called altogether fallacious. The pimpernel and the marigold close their petals before rain, because the air is getting damper, and for the same reason, the poplar and the maple show the under surface of their leaves. An artificial leaf of paper will do the same.

In 1892 attention was directed to a plant the Abrus precatorius, a beautiful shrub of the mimosa kind, which has the property of being sensitive in a high degree, so that its pinnate leaflets go through many curious movements, and it was claimed that these form a guide of unerring certainty to forecast the coming weather. Even earthquakes were said to be predicted by this wonderful plant. If it closed its leaflets upward, after the manner of a butterfly about to settle, fair weather was shown; when the leaflets remained flat, changeable and gloomy weather was indicated; while thunder at various distances was to be foretold by the curling of the leaflets, and the nearer the thunder the greater the curl, until when the points of the leaflets crossed, the thunder storm was indicated as being overhead.

In the country a large crop of hips, haws and holly berries is held to be a sign that a severe winter is coming, and that nature thus provides winter food for the birds. But it is not so. Neither is it true, as green Christmas, makes a fat churchyard, as Mr. Dine's statistics have shown. It is often stated that the noise of a cannon will produce rain, and in Austrian Tyrol the churchbells are rung to avert thunder; but the notion is a fallacy. The experiments made in America to test whether rain could be produced by exploding a large quantity of gunpowder in the air resulted in nothing but smoke and noise.

Only a selection has here been made of the vast catalogue of fallacies that have grown up about the weather. There are still people, Mr. Inwards remarked in conclusion, who believe that the saints' days rule the weather, that the sun puts out fire, that warm water freezes sooner than cold.

The appearance of the musk ox. The appearance of the musk ox is so odd and striking that when once seen it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, 4 1/2 feet high by 6 1/2 feet long, supported upon wide hoofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There are also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward—and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that as the robe lies on the floor it is about as easy to walk over as a feather bed.

Over the loins you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddle-mark" of dirty white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat. Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool, so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, straight hair, often 12 inches in length, and sometimes 20, like the grass raiment of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks.—St. Nicholas.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

A YOUNG LADY IN ELGIN COUNTY TELLS HOW IT SAVED HER LIFE.

The Case Baffled the family Doctor and he Gave it up.—Relief Came When Hope Had Almost Gone.—Health Again Restored.

(From the Times Observer.)

Mr. J. W. Kennedy, who resides on the 8th concession of the township of Bayham, is one of the most respected farmers in the township. Recently an Observer representative visited his home for the purpose of learning the particulars of the recovery of his daughter, Miss Alice Kennedy, from a severe and trying illness, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after the medical assistance had failed. Miss Kennedy now presents the appearance of a healthy and active young woman of twenty and bears no indication of having passed through an illness that baffled the doctors' skill.

In the autumn of 1893 she was taken ill and a physician was called in. Despite all the doctor did for her she continued to grow worse. She suffered from severe headaches, became very pale, rapidly lost flesh, and her limbs were cold and swollen. She suffered great pain and it was with much difficulty she could move about, and sometimes lie for hours in a hall stupor. At last the doctor, seeing that he could do nothing more for her, she was asked his advice as to her using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said he was of the opinion that they would not help her. In spite of this adverse opinion, however, she determined to give them a trial, and before the first box was finished the wisdom of the decision was made manifest.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women old and young, a burden, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous worry, or resulting from overwork, mental worry, or excesses of any nature. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

HANDLING CONSTRICTORS.

The Trick by Which the Great Serpents Are Managed Without Danger.

Snake dealers in South Africa have a fine contempt for their squirming and venomous wares, though ship captains carry them as freight. The snake dealers handle the box constrictors with great dexterity. This serpent bites, but his bite is not venomous, so that the chief danger to the handler is from the serpent's enormously powerful muscles. The dealers have learned that the box, to be really dangerous must have a fulcrum in the shape of something around which he may coil his tail.

The box is, in fact, a lever in which the ordinary arrangement is power, weight, fulcrum. Knowing this, the dealers drop a soft hat over his head, that he may neither see nor bite, and then snatch him so suddenly from his resting place that he has no opportunity to brace himself by seizing a fixed object with his tail. After that the essential thing is to see that he is not brought within distance of any such object.

A snake dealer on board a Brazilian steamer the other day was occupied in transferring his box from one box to another. He opened the box for an instant, dropped the hat over the head of one of the creatures, snatched it from its fellows,

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and, rushing across the deck, dropped it into the other box. The thing looked so easy that a deck hand, waiting until the snake owner's back was turned, essayed to repeat the act. He neglected to use the hat, and with a yell yanked a great snake from the box with his fangs fixed in his fingers. Not daring to let go, yet fearing to hold on, he began whirling the snake about his head, meanwhile dancing madly over the deck. The snake man managed to capture the reptile and box in security. Then somebody expressed concern for the rash deck hand, to which the snake owner answered: "What, him? He's all right. But think of my snake! It's worth twenty of that mug!" New York Sun.

Feared He Had Foundered. Whatever may be the truth or falsity of the stories that are told of the scarcity of funds in a country editor's pocket or the scarcity of food in his stomach, the stories are always told, and neither the progress of education nor the growth and development of the press seem to have any effect upon the crop. One of the latest comes from Kentucky, where a mountain editor, at least, rarely develops into a Ceres or an Apiculus, and this one is concerning a mountain editor. A subscriber had remembered him very kindly, and a day or two later a visitor called at his office.

"Can I see the editor?" he inquired of the grimy little "devil" roosting on a high stool. "No sir," replied the youth on the stool. "He's sick." "What's the matter with him?" "Don't know," said the boy. "One of our subscribers give him a bag of flour and a bushel of potatoes 'other day, and reckon he's foundered."—Harper's Magazine.

Servants Who Will Not Take Tips. The servants in a well-ordered Japanese household are the most deferential beings alive. Every time they bring you a cup of tea or come to remove a dish at dinner or breakfast they will kneel and bow until their foreheads touch the floor. Nor will any of them accept a fee. The other night, as we left the residence of a Japanese gentleman where we had taken dinner, one of his servants piloted us through the grounds to the gate, where our carriage was waiting, and I attempted to give him a small coin. When I offered it, he clasped his hands together, and made a very low bow, keeping his head down until the carriage started.—Chicago Record.

The Plan Always Works. Old Friend—I was surprised to hear that you had married Mr. Saphrod. Mrs. Saphrod—Well, he persisted in hanging around me wherever I went, and there wasn't a night he didn't call and stay until I was most tired to death. So I married him to get rid of him. Old friend—Humph? Have you got rid of him? Mrs. H—O, yes; long ago; he has joined two clubs and six lodges.

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to save a few cents by using a poor interlining? Then you surely regretted the saving when the inferiority of the lining made your whole costume appear shabby after a few days wear. If you use Fibre Chamois and find the name on every yard to be sure of getting the genuine goods, you will understand its popularity with the most stylish dress makers and dress weavers. It gives a permanent support and stiffness to a garment and one trial will satisfy you that it is the best. Its weights: Light, No. 10; Medium, No. 20; Heavy, No. 30. In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors.



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WOMAN and HER WORK.

We have long appropriated a great many articles of attire which were considered only a few years ago distinctly masculine, and would have excited a good deal of unfavorable criticism had we presumed to wear them; but custom softens down first impressions wonderfully, and the woman of the period now speaks moves, and has her being in garments which might well have been borrowed from her husband or brother, without causing even a passing remark. From her yachting cap to her tan shoes—with the trifling exception of her skirt when she happens to be wearing one—she is a smaller copy of her brother, and those enthusiastic reformers who have so long been preaching rational dress for woman should surely be satisfied now; for if the woman in blazer and bloomers is not dressed in a rational manner according to their ideas I don't know what rationality means.

We are accustomed to the spectacle of a young woman arrayed from the waist up, in a garment which only differs from the masculine shirt in point of size; there is the standing collar, the stiffly starched bosom the cuffs, studs, sleeve links and four-in-hand tie! In fact the resemblance is so perfect that the observer is conscious of a curious feeling that there is something lacking and an inclination to suggest that the fair wearer has forgotten to put on her coat, the effect is so suggestive of a man in his shirt sleeves.

But we are accustomed to this, and we don't mind it now; we are even becoming gradually reconciled to the bloomer—on other people—and are not readily taken by surprise when the more enterprising of our sex take one step farther into the realm of the tyrant man. I must confess, however, that I did not expect ever to see the "sweater" that coarse unlovely garment with the hideous name, laid violent hands upon any of our sex; I thought we would be quite willing to let our male belongings keep that one article of attire intact, and the wearer thereof could breathe a sigh of absolute content, as he adjusted the rough turned over collar of his coarsely woven jersey, and feel himself every inch a man at last, standing firmly on his own ground, and arrayed in a garment there was no need for him to look up, since neither wife, nor sister would ever think of wanting to borrow it.

I fancy that the sweater would have been quite safe from imitation had it retained its original form; its name alone would have been enough to prejudice any self-respecting woman against it, and the garment itself fully justified all the unfavorable opinions its name suggested! shapeless, seamless and at first sleeveless, woven of very heavy, and coarse wool, with a collar formed by allowing the material to reach so high around the neck that it turned over of its own accord, and developed only in the most durable, and homely of colors, it was not a dress that Venus herself could afford to wear, unless she was willing to sacrifice a goodly share of her charms. Dark blue, or plain white were the colors most in vogue, but occasionally a very gilded youth would indulge in a red one. It was not intended to be an ornamental garment, but it was essentially useful, and comfortable, serving the purpose for which it was designed, admirably and probably saving the life of many a young athlete, through its properties of absorbing perspiration, affording free ventilation, and at the same time preventing by its warmth all danger of its wearer taking cold when exposed to sudden drafts.

But after a while lovely woman cast her eyes upon the unattractive sweater, and gaging with unerring precision, its capacity for imprisonment, she decided at once that it was too good a thing to be given up entirely to the other sex; so she made up her mind that she too would have a sweater of her own. And no sooner said than done. The sweater is abroad in the land, broadcast, as it were, but so changed as to be scarcely recognizable.

In all the ladies' furnishing shops may be seen a curious nondescript garment, once the plain unassuming sweater but now changed under the magic trick of the new woman, until it is merely a shadow of its former self. It is seamless as of yore, but now it boasts enormous sleeves, and displays every shade known in the chromatic scale. In the United States the new sweater displays all the colors of all the different colleges. The damsel who wears it is not satisfied with the rose and gray of Vassar, or the distinguishing colors of any other woman's college. She revels with the delightful irresponsibility of her sex in the crimson of Harvard, the white and cardinal of Cornell, the black and orange of Princeton, and the vivid blue of Yale. And not only in color, is the change apparent but also in shape. No longer are they pulled over the wearer's head in primitive fashion. There are sweaters opening at the neck and daintily laced with silk cords passing through eyelid holes; and sweaters showing revers of contrasting colors, even sweaters adorned with brettelles of white ribbon ending in bows just below the bust, and shoulder blades. A pink and gray

sweater would display ribbons of pink, an orange and black one, bows of orange etc. and the girl who likes to have the slenderness of her waist well emphasized will always wear a belt of some color which either harmonizes, or forms a contrast with, the prevailing color of her sweater. For the bicycle girl, or the golf, or tennis girl, I have no doubt that the sweater is both a comfortable, and convenient invention, but somehow I can scarcely imagine any young athlete of the male persuasion, going forth to conquest in the golf, football, or cricket field clad in a crimson and white sweater, with huge lap of mutton sleeves, revers of crimson silk crimson silk belt and lacings, and a crimson bow fluttering from his brawny breast. I don't believe he would feel comfortable, or appropriately dressed.

Not only has the sweater lost its essentially masculine character under the gentle influence of feminine caprice, but the skirt seems to be following in its footsteps, and from being the plainest most sensible of garments, it has taken on all manner of feminine frivolities this summer. When the skirt waist first appeared the summer girl made the collecting of studs and sleeve links to wear with it, one of her most absorbing occupations, and when she was not hunting up oddities in the shape of studs or collar buttons, she was in quest of ties to match her newest waist. But this summer she seems to have wearied of its plainness and now the links are often discarded for the stiff cuffs, and ribbon bows substituted. A soft crush collar of folded ribbon often finishes the neck of these waists instead of the high stiff collar that belongs by right to the skirt waist. The ribbon cuff is my favorite imitation of the English "chappies" who have been wearing them all summer, but the crush collar is an innovation I don't think he has adopted yet.

A stranger freak of fashion still, is the adding of stiff collars and cuffs to their clear bodices of dotted swiss muslins. Verily the ways of woman are passing strange.

Plaids are very fashionable just now, and will be, all the autumn; they are seen in all materials, not only wool and silk, but cotton, and even gauze shows every variety of plaid. Of course the silks are being developed into the most fetching blossoms, to be worn with tailor-made costumes. The coats and jackets of these suits all being cut now, so as to show as much of the blouse as possible. The most brilliant of Madras plaids is very much used for the blouses, and it is hard to realize without seeing them, how good the effect is when made up. The prettiest are made with plain red yokes, and the fancy silk is then shired in at the waist, and with a dark blue, or black skirt and jacket they look charming. They are equally popular when worn with a white or cream colored pique suit.

Another favorite fabric is French alpaca, which is very beautiful in texture, and so glossy and silky that it hangs in folds which delight the artistic eye, and also the dressmaker. In white, it is lovely, fully equal to silk in its effect. A beautiful gown of white alpaca, has a trimming of Turkish embroidery in copper and gold on each side of the blouse bodice which opens over a front of white chiffon. The full gigot sleeves are slashed with the embroidery, and the collar and waist-band are of white liberty satin. The brown straw hat worn with this lovely dress is trimmed with a large bow of moire ribbon in a light copper shade, and has quantities of yellow roses at the back. Another hat equally appropriate for the same gown, is of brown straw trimmed with a large butterfly of ecru lace, and innumerable panicles with variegated leaves.

In Paris, mohair, which I have already mentioned as one of the most satisfactory materials that can be selected for everyday wear, is the favored fabric for plain street gowns, and the favorite model is a plain dress and a jacket which has the back buttoned. The buttons are a feature of the costume being nearly as large as small butter plates, they are in smoked pearl, horn, fancy metal, and even Dresden china gaily flowered, strange as this last sounds. Another variety of the French mohair gown is guileless of buttons at all, the fronts of the single-breasted jackets fastening neatly under a stitched flap such as finishes a man's box coat. "Huckleberry" blue is one of the favorite tints for such a gown, and a soft woody brown another.

Buttons by the way, are steadily growing in favor, as well as increasing in size; they are becoming quite a feature of the new costumes and a serious increase of their expense as well.

The enormous, and apparently increasing width of the skirts, is something which cannot fail to impress even the most casual observer, and the question of how wide they will be when they have reached the length of their glory is becoming important. Some of the newest skirts actually measure ten yards around, and whether weak humanity of this

female persuasion will ever be able to support and manage a wider skirt, is a problem I hope we shall not be called upon to solve. Of course this over-voluminous skirt has been a new petticoat, which has become necessary in order to support them. These petticoats are lined at the foot to a depth of ten inches with haircloth, and two or three steels are placed in the hem. It would never do to call them crinolines, but that is what they really amount to. In the best shops they are in silk or broche satin, trimmed with lace and ribbon in the most elaborate, and un-serviceable manner, but with sensible people alpaca is greatly preferred on account of its wavy texture, which makes it much more useful than silk for holding out a heavy dress. A deep flounce at the foot of the petticoat has a stripe of haircloth in the hem instead of steels. As these skirts are quite as much needed with lawns, and muslins as with heavier gowns, they are frequently made of white alpaca, and an extra flounce of white lawn, edged with lace, is basted over the alpaca flounce. It can easily be removed and washed and it makes a capital foundation for a thin gown. For the benefit of home dressmakers I may say that the most fashionable skirts are cut with nine gores, and the wide ones are very bias, giving a glare that cannot be obtained when the cloth is perfectly straight even at one edge. It looks strange especially when the material is striped to see the meeting of two bias edges where the side gore joins the front breadth, but it is quite the correct thing. The silk lining is supposed to add very much to the swing of a full skirt, but the truth is that equally good results may be obtained by using a fairly good quality of alpaca.

Flower ruches are very much worn, and are either made of the same flowers used on the hat, or entirely of some one chosen variety. A ruche of pink roses tied under the chin with a large fluffy bow of pink chiffon, is a new and pretty fancy, the ruche itself does not meet under the chin by at least three inches the bow of chiffon or ribbon with which they are tied fitting up the space. The ruche of black chiffon is more popular than any other for unless the flowers are renewed often they get a faded look after being worn a few times.

A charming evening dress of white satin is effectively trimmed with silver spangled butterflies, and the white chiffon with which it is draped is similarly ornamented. The bodice of palest green has a bertha of more butterflies set on white chiffon, and very full chiffon sleeves.

September is a delightful month for picnics; the afternoons are warm, without being too hot for out of door enjoyments, and if the days are getting rather short, no one wants to stay too long at a picnic, so that is scarcely a drawback.

The getting up of a basket of lunch to take to one of these all fresco feasts, is by no means such a simple matter as some people seem to imagine it, and the picnic requires as much care and thought to be expended upon its preparation as the most elaborate meal; it may be a most attractive and inviting affair, or just the contrary, according to the amount of trouble taken by the person who prepares it. I think the following hints concerning the picnic lunch may be found of some use especially to young housekeepers.

The Picnic Basket.
When you have your next excursion go and get some Japanese napkins and wooden plates, which are light to carry and can be thrown away when used. Pack everything you can in boxes, and have plenty of paraffine paper and wrap each article up by itself. Provide thin, dainty slices of bread, buttered before it is cut from the loaf, and then wrapped up or made into sandwiches, of which there is an endless variety to choose from. Stuffed eggs, each one rolled in paper; some kind of salad which can be carried in a Mason jar, with a mouth large enough to admit a tablespoon; some toothsome little turnovers that are not filled with juice, and some small cakes or cookies that are easily packed and handled. Make your Russian tea or lemonade and put it into bottles. You will usually be able to procure all the ice you need on the picnic grounds. A few tumbler and forks will be about all you will be burdened with on the homeward journey. If you go by wagon into the woods and can have a fire, to the other things add a coffee pot, with coffee and egg ready mixed in it, a pal for heating water, and a saucepan. Have some potatoes sliced ready for stewing, or, better yet, have corned-beef hash chopped and ready to put over the fire, and if you are near fishing waters you may be able to have a catch for dinner. In that case remember to take some slices of salt pork to fry with the fish. Put some green corn into the bottom of the wagon, and when you arrive have a bed of coals to roast it. A picnic with such luncheon is a bright spot in one's life and always to be remembered.

Here are a few recipes for picnic dishes: For stuffed eggs take fresh eggs and boil twenty minutes; when cold remove the shell and cut in half, lengthwise; take out the yoke, and with a fork rub it to a paste with a little melted butter, some salt, a dash of mustard and cayenne pepper, and a cucumber pickle chopped very fine; fill the hollow whites with this paste and place

School Shoes.

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.

the two halves together and roll in paraffine paper. Chopped ham can be used in place of this pickle, with a little vinegar for wetting.

Egg Salad.
This salad is made with hard boiled eggs. Cut them in pieces, not too fine, and to three eggs use one boiled potato cut in cubes; put the potatoes with the eggs; mix with mayonnaise dressing, to which have been added some onion juice and a few capers.

Veal Loaf.
This is made with three pounds of veal, half a pound of salt pork, one small onion, and a few sprigs of parsley. Chop together very fine and mix with one-half cup of bread crumbs and the same of stock or milk and two table-spoonsful of melted butter; season with salt, pepper, and a very little mace and two eggs well beaten; put in a buttered pan and bake in a medium oven three hours, keeping it covered the first hour. When cold cut in thin slices.

Fruit Turnovers.
Take one cup of raisins and chop fine; add one lemon, juice and rind, one cup of granulated sugar, one generous teaspoon of flour, and one dessert spoon of brandy; heat until the sugar is dissolved; make a rich piecrust and roll thin and cut out with an extra large biscuit cutter; place some of the mixture on one side, turn over and press edges tight, put in a pan and prick each with a fork. Bake in a hot oven.

Picnic Cakes.
Take three-quarters of a cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar; stir to a cream, use three eggs, putting one in at a time and beating into the mixture, add one-half teaspoonful of baking powder sifted into two generous cups of flour; add a half cup of seeded raisins and a little citron cut very thin; bake in patty pans and frost when cool.


Delicious Jumbles.
Take one-half pound each of butter and sugar and stir to a cream, beat two eggs well and add a little nutmeg; now stir in three-quarters of a pound of flour to make a soft dough, sprinkle over your board some sugar and break off pieces of dough about the size of a walnut and roll with the fingers on the sugared board; make into rings and lay them on tins one inch apart in a moderate oven.

A sandwich of brown bread makes a variety and a nice filling is cream cheese in which has been mixed finely chopped olives.

A Predigal.
Gates—The only time I ever use whisky is when I am getting a tooth pulled. My wife will not allow me to touch it under any other circumstances.
Barnes—Had any pulled lately?
Gates—No. Haven't any left.

Had as Monoton,
"Do you boil your drinking water?"
said one Pittsburgher to another.
"No," was the reply. "We grind it and then fry it."

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This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

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On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.40
Accommodation for P. du Chene	12.15
Express for Halifax	12.35
Express for Quebec and Montreal	1.10
Express for Sussex	1.14
Express for Quebec and Montreal	2.00

A Buff & Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Buff & Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Levin, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.10 and Halifax at 18.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Montreal (Monday excepted)	8.00
Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.25
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from P. du Chene	12.50
Express from Halifax	12.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	12.55
Sleeping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.	12.50

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Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Harrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 9 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves Walker's Wharf, St. John every Tuesday, and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

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SEEN IN MADIRA. A People Oddly Dressed and Scenery of Extraordinary Beauty.

A queer race of men are these natives of Madeira. Mainly of Portuguese origin, they clearly are a nation of half-castes, and the negro cross is conspicuous in their good-natured, ugly faces, in their stature, in their shuffling gait, and in their ill-knit frames. Their morality, too, is said somewhat to partake of laxity. They are, however, by no means flagrant offenders, and practice only the lesser vices of pilfering and lying—they would hardly be qualified to come under the generic head of dago without this latter failing—compounding, as it were, for their indulgence in petty larceny and white lies by a rigid economy in the greater crimes. Perhaps they derive their standard of morality from the fact of their living on a very small island. Madeira is only forty miles long by about ten or twelve in breadth, for it is a noticeable fact that the dwellers on small islands are seldom given to marked enormities of criminality, a man's nemesis being, it is to be presumed, too certain to overtake him in a confined space to make it convenient to perpetrate any very great wickedness.

The Madeirans, as a rule, wear no peculiar costumes. The women cover their heads with a handkerchief, but otherwise their dress is about like that of our villagers. The men generally wear a clean white shirt and white duck trousers with a broad-brimmed straw hat. When they do not wear this, their head is covered by a piece of gear which is, I believe, original Madeira. In shape and size it exactly resembles a common tea saucer; it is made of black cloth and fits on to the very point of the back of the head, covering, of course only about a hand's breadth of its surface and being kept in place apparently by nothing but the force of suction. This "carrapuca," or skull cap, is put on and taken off by a handle made of rolled cloth, which projects from its centre and stands up from the wearer's head. This handle is as thin and half as long as the stem of a long clay pipe, and the general appearance of the islander with one of these caps is ludicrous in the extreme.

Another peculiarity of dress is the very general wearing of top boots of yellow goat's leather by persons of both sexes and all ages. The slipper so often seen in many parts of Spain and other countries along the Mediterranean world hardly do for the steep hills in Madeira, while the extensive growth of the prickly pear would make going barefooted quite impossible. The use of high boots is therefore sensible enough, but the appearance of a little girl of 10 or 15 in a pair of top boots is apt to strike the conventional stranger as strange.

The chief interest of Madeira, however, lies neither in its inhabitants nor in its climate, but in the extraordinary beauty of its vegetation.

Its vegetation of all kinds is so luxuriant and so lovely and its scenery is so varied and so beautiful that one never tires of going about, and a return to Madeira every now and again is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations.

In late years they have introduced a railway to take one half-way up the hillside to the mountain church, and any one caring to be deprived of lots of fun and varied experiences in the way of locomotion will choose the iron road. But he who wants genuine old-fashioned locomotion will try a pony, a palanquin, or a sleigh. The first mentioned differs very little from any other place where the drivers all fight for patronage and accompany the rider in his rambles over hill and dale. The palanquin is extremely comfortable and is much indulged in by residents, particularly those of the gentle sex. Two or four men, according to the weight to be carried, raise a long pole on their shoulders, from which is suspended either hammock or some other affair in which the traveller lounges during the trip. There is a covering for the head for protection against the sun's rays, and others for the body to guard against the winds. What the majority find most amusing is, however, the sleigh. Madeira streets are paved with little, round cobblestones, worn as smooth as glass, and, instead of carriages, which are only now and again seen, they have large block-runner sleds, with hooded tops drawn by oxen.—Chicago Record.

What Happened To His Hat.

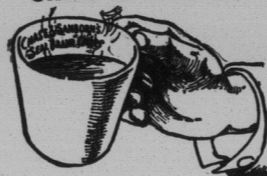
An examiner at Edinburgh University had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The University in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of clock-rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. This examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's own hat, and placed it on his desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he took his penknife from his pocket, opened it and blantly cut the hat in pieces amidst prolonged applause.

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ERRORS ON MEDICAL SUBJECTS.

Popular Ideas Are Often a Very Long-Way from the Actual Facts.

A family doctor writes to Tit-bits that many people if asked to describe the position of the heart, would reply that it was placed well to the left side of the breast-bone; whereas it is placed diagonally in the middle of the chest, with only a little more of its substance on the left than on the right side of the middle line. Many think there is only one "pulse," namely, that felt at the wrist, which, however, they frequently refer to as "pulses," and say: "The doctor felt my 'pulses' and found 'them' very weak," etc. But, as your ambulance readers will know, a "pulse" is simply the beating of the blood in the arteries, which corresponds with each throb of the heart, and so the pulse can be felt in any situation where an artery is near to the surface of the body and accessible to the touch, the wrist pulse being used simply because of its convenient situation.

Then as regards disease; nine people out of every ten will tell you that scarlatina is a mild form of scarlet fever, but in reality these two terms are synonyms, and properly speaking either name applies to every type of the disease, be it mild or severe. Many again imagine typhus and typhoid fever to be the same. They are, however; totally different, the former being exceedingly rare and also infectious, while the latter is unfortunately very common, but fortunately not infectious in the ordinary sense, or if so, very slightly. It was typhoid and not typhus fever (as so many I find, think) that so nearly proved fatal to the Prince of Wales in 1871, and it is always a great help in raising death rates.

Who has not heard—and the popularity of this fallacy is amazing—that it "shingles meets," or, rather, it passes all round the body, that it is sure to be fatal? This fallacy may have originally been started by some medical wag, for "shingles" is practically always confined to one side of the chest, though the virus absolutely no reason for saying that it would be fatal, even if it circled the body twice or three times.

It is a very common belief that a "tumour" and a cancer are quite different things. However, this belief is certainly wrong in one way. The facts are these: A "tumour" simply means a "swelling," and the name is applied by doctors to all unnatural swellings found upon the human body. One of the varieties of tumour is cancer. Thus every cancer is a tumour, but every tumour is not a cancer. Ignorance of this point has often led to results. A person believes he or she has "nothing but a tumor," the doctor, in fact, often use the term as a sort of a consoling one. And so the patients and patients' friends go on living in a fool's paradise, often refusing to allow an operation, until, when too late, it is discovered that the tumor is a cancer, and an unexpected and terrible death results.

The public almost universally believes that "compound fracture" of a bone signifies that the bone is broken in two or three places, while the real meaning of the term is that the bone is broken, and that there is also a wound leading from the outer air to the back in the bone.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the old advice, "Feed a cold and starve a fever." To begin with, every cold worthy of the name is attended with some degree of fever. And in every cold and every fever, as in all diseases which lower the vitality, it is even more essential that good nourishment should be taken than it is in health.

There are hundreds more instances that could be named, but space will not permit of further exposure of popular medical delusions. But, before concluding, attention must be called to the most extraordinary notion, surely, that the wit (or absence of wit) of man has ever devised. It is seriously believed by some people that the eye can be—and often is—taken out, placed by lying on the cheek, and then sometimes "turned" before it is replaced in its socket! The writer has spoken to patients who have assured him that their own eyes have been treated in this way. It seems waste of time to disperse such a mad idea, but when it is remembered that in order to remove the eye, the optic nerve, many other nerves, numerous arteries and veins, etc., would have to be cut through, thus causing instant and irrevocable blindness, the absurdity of this popular belief is apparent.

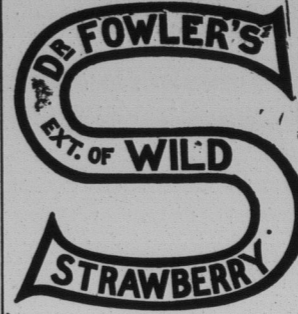
Why Women Prefer Low Chairs.

One of the things that no man ever will or can understand is that women invariably choose the lowest chairs they can find, usually selecting for solid comfort one that is about six inches from the floor. Schopenhauer's contemptuous allusion to them as the "short-legged sex" generally occurs to him as the final solution of the problem, even though he be too polite outwardly to hint at such a thing. That is by no means the real reason, according to a bright little artist. Women, she says, seem to know intuitively when they are looking their best, and they know that that rarely happens when they are sitting on a chair suitably high to make the feet drag stilly downward, barely reaching the floor. In all the celebrated pictures of sitting feminine figures, the line from the waist to the knee is elongated as far as possible, and it is to secure this graceful, easy length of line, as well as for comfort, that women instinctively turn to the low chair or stool.

I was cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, F. S. ROBERT ROSS. I was cured of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN A. FOREST.

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BEING A JUDGE SHOULD KNOW.

All Sorts of Matter of Fact Questions in Cases Before the Courts.

An English judge was recently called upon to decide whether it was necessary that the wife of an officer in good society should dye her hair bronze color when that shade became fashionable.

Another question proposed was "Is the wife of a Civil servant in receipt of five hundred a year entitled to send to Paris for her corsets?"

Everyone's face brightens up when a dress-making case is reached. The reports of such cases are to be well interspersed with "loud laughter." Judge, solicitor, and counsel all sharpen their wits and look out for a chance of scoring. Not long since an action was brought about a bodice. Plaintiff said it was a perfect fit. Defendant declared its tightness impossible to bear. Counsel on both sides worked themselves into a state of great heat over the matter. "Let defendant put the garment on," said the judge.

The lady retired, and soon reappeared in a bodice all loose pleats and wrinkles. "There!" exclaimed the plaintiff's counsel triumphantly. "Tight! Why, it is loose if anything!"

Amongst other knotty points recently solved by occupants of the judicial Bench may be mentioned— "Is 'Willyer' a verb?" a distinct offer of marriage?" "Is 'old getzer' an opprobrious epithet?" "Can a balloonist who damages a tree without touching the ground be summoned as 'trespasser'?" "May wine be sold on the Sabbath during prohibited hours for sacramental purposes?" "If a man blacks another's eye, is the person assaulted justified in stunning his assailant; and can the act be said to be done 'in self-defence'?"

"Is a well-stall 'a place of public refreshment'?" and "Can a squint be truthfully termed a personal deformity?"

On one occasion a learned judge declared that in a single week he had had to study and appreciate the niceties of winetasting, land surveying, river navigation, sewage farming, colour-printing on cotton, and margarine manufacture.

Of course, the training that the future judge has had as a counsel is of the greatest utility in qualifying him to deal with any subject under the sun. Often he will have a brief put into his hands treating of matters concerning which he is quite ignorant, but about which, in two or three days time, or even less, he must talk like a specialist.

Not long since an important case was heard, dealing "with dry rot" in timber. Other diseases of wood were also copiously referred to, and much detail and many minute particulars lucidly explained to the jury by a young barrister, who revealed a sudden and extensive acquaintance with the subject. The young man won his case; and, at the close of the trial, the judge, in remarking how fortunate it was that the counsel was so well informed, inquired how he came to have such an intimate knowledge of very unusual matters.

"In this way, my lord," answered the man of wig and gown, with a smile: "I possess two very excellent encyclopedias, and last night I did not go to bed."—Tit-Bits.

Paper Socks.

The day of the paper collar passed away some years ago, and though paper is used today in many more forms than were ever dreamed of a few decades back, this cheap article of haberdashery has almost disappeared from the market. But there is promise that it will have a worthy successor in the paper sock, which is the latest novelty to be ground out of the pulp mill. The mechanism has been perfected to produce a paper yarn of such consistency that it is capable of being woven into fabrics soft enough for wear. A special merit is the cheapness of this devised material, socks being produced at a retail price of about 3 cents a pair. At this rate there is no reason why the whole world may not be supplied with foot coverings. At 3 cents a pair the bachelor's life will become glad and happy. It is said that substances can be used in the preparation of this material to make the sock so impervious to water that they can stand several washings before falling apart. This, too, is a great boon. May the 3-cent paper socks have a ready market. May they be followed by a ten cent paper shoe!—Shoe and Leather Facts.

Necessity for Tree Planting.

In some parts of the world, where timber is a necessity and coal a luxury, the planting of trees is made a matter of law. In Norway the law requires that every person who cuts down a tree must plant another; the same applies to some parts of Germany. We have no such laws in the United States, but the necessity will soon be upon the residents of several sections of the thickly populated east. In the arid west State laws offer bounties to tree setting, in some States, and the law might well be enacted in several others. Do not wait until a tree is cut before planting another, but plant valuable wood trees in the waste places on once.

His Object in Speaking.

Ho—Miss Ferryhead, while I may not be the man of your choice at this moment, yet I venture to hope—

She—I can only be a sister—

"As I was saying Miss Ferryhead, while I may not be your choice, I don't want you to forget me when the time comes for you to look for a chance instead of a choice."

No Danger.

Straggles—Missus, won't yer give a starvin' man 10 cents?

Kind Lady—And you won't take this 10 cents and get drunk on it if I give it to you?

Straggles—Lord bless you, mum, I couldn't git drunk on less'n a dollar 'a 'all!

A Clerical Hint.

"I tell you, my brethren," cried the rector, "the devil does not stay at home; he is at work—he is abroad."

"I know what's coming," whispered the head warden to his wife, "He's going to put in a bid to be allowed to go abroad after him."



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as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned. THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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CREMATION IN BURMAH.

HOW THE NATIVES BURY THE BODY OF A HIGH PRIEST.

It is an important religious ceremony and is deemed a singular effect—a experience on being tattooed according to the fashion of the country.

Riding along in single file, we presently reach a small clearing in the forest, where on a slight eminence, stands a phoogyhe Kyong, or priests' residence, whose dried-up looking inhabitants we find engaged in their mutual devotion.

To-day the devotions are longer than usual, for special prayers have to be offered up and special ceremonies gone through prior to setting out to witness the cremation of the body of Mung Shway Loogalay.

Little attention is paid to the intrusion of the foreigners, although, on ordinary occasions, the phoogyhe would come out to wish the takers good-morning; but now even the little boy-attendants disregard our presence, and we leave the quiet retreat to their prayers.

Soon after the sun had gained a certain amount of power, we returned to the cantonment and dispersed to our various quarters. Outside my Bungalow I found a quaint old Burman squatting, with a bundle under his arm.

Accosting the venerable gentleman in my best Burmese, I asked him what he wanted, whereupon he unrolled his bundle and, displaying a huge volume of strange and curious designs, said, 'I make tattoo bobot acohs.'

Now, it had never occurred to me before to be tattooed; but this appeared to be such an excellent opportunity, that I at once engaged the services of the old Burman; and having selected the most hideous and conventional looking beast in the book of patterns, gave the order for the operation to commence forthwith.

First I was told to bare my arm and to lie down on the ground; then the operator produced a razor, and carefully shaved the hair off the place where the mythical monster was to be emblazoned.

Loogalay (embalmed and swathed in cloth, covered with gold leaf) had lain in the coffin for six months, the final cremation being deferred until sufficient money had been collected for the necessary ceremonies.

I may here remark that the art of embalming is well understood by the Burmans, and honey is much used for the purpose, especially among the phoogyhes, who receive a great quantity of it as alms for the poor.

The body is filled with honey and kept floating in it, often for weeks at a time. Before the final cremation takes place, the honey is drawn off and sold to the people, who partake of it freely.

Europeans, I need hardly say, are somewhat careful as to whence they obtain their honey in Burma.

To return, however, to the ceremony. In the centre of an open space we found the high funeral pile erected, in shape like a pagoda, and built to a height of fifty or sixty feet, out of bamboo matting, beautified with gay-colored paper and sel.

Round the pyre stood several smaller erections—the offerings of the neighboring villages, and connected with the main structure, so that they would burn with it.

HOW TO HAVE NICE HAIR

GOOD ADVICE ON THE ATTENTION THAT IS NEEDED.

Diet and health have much to do with the preservation of the hair—Advanced theories on the subject—Useful Recipes Worth Keeping.

That the quality of hair depends on strength and soundness of nerve, is evident from the facts of medical writers who have made curious studies on the subject, writes Shirley Dare.

Late research brings to view nothing more fresh or more pertinent than the opinion of careful doctors that the loss of modern hair is owing to defective nutrition.

The food of the Americans in cities and villages is white flour bread and biscuit, in which the ferment is pushed to the farthest stage not to be unsteady, served in its least tolerable form, freshly baked.

The supply of meat is better cooked than it was twenty years ago before Miss Corson began her missionary work of reforming the kitchens and frying pans of the country, but the allowance is less than one fourth of what it should be to maintain a high condition of strength in man and beauty in woman.

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is more common in men, but partial loss of hair is more frequent among women, often following the course of a nerve.

The common falling of hair comes from all the causes which impoverish the blood, confinement in close rooms, want of pure, fresh air, mental and physical overwork, malaria, and underfeeding.

Dr. Blair Stewart says: "All chronic and acute diseases attended by a certain amount of anaemia, chronic discharges from abscesses, abdominal diseases, and allied troubles always diminish the nutritive power of the blood."

and absorbed in the warmth of the pillow. The pomade should be taken from the bottle with an ivory or bone spatula—a bone mustard spoon serves the purpose—put on a bit of flannel and rubbed into various parts close to the roots.

After all we have read against the use of hair-dressings for the last thirty years, it is rather singular to find our opinions reversed by such decisive words as these from the best sources.

Some of the old-fashioned hair-dressings are entirely to go to be lost. One which made thousands for its proprietor was much like this:

Take eight ounces of castor oil, one ounce of spirits of ammonia, shake well until an emulsion is formed, then add one ounce spirits of camphor and six ounces of bay rum.

Here is a recipe for a good emollient wash, which will increase the growth, stimulate the glands, and remedy dandruff: Glycerine, one ounce; eau de cologne, quarter of a pint; liquid ammonia, one drachm; oil of orange, half a drachm; tincture of cantharides, four drachms; spirit of rosemary, two drachms; water add to eight ounces.

The cats of the Isle of Man are as destitute of tails as if they were guinea pigs. It has never been accounted for, but in spite of being unscientific it is a fact.



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