

PROGRESS

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MR. MURDOCH'S CRITICS.

AND WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PIPE LINE ROUTE.

The Water Work Engineer's Wisdom Called Into Question by Fairville Men—Ald. Christie Defends Mr. Murdoch and Offers His Services as an Expert.

The uppermost question in the civic mind at present is the proposed extension of the Carleton water system. The lengthy arbitration is now going on piling up costs for the city to pay and accumulating evidence purporting to show that the city is depriving private owners of valuable privileges for pulp mill and other manufacturing purposes for which deprivation, it is claimed, the city should pay a good round figure.

Then there is an interesting fact in connection with the survey of the line which received official recognition at the Council meeting on Thursday. This survey has been discussed much by the residents of Fairville and vicinity, and the criticism has all been one sided. They have said that the line had been surveyed through swamps and marshes, quick-sands and mud bogs where there was no foundation and the pipes would be continually breaking. So certain were the critics that they have ridiculed the results of the combined intelligence of the Board of management of water and sewerage, engineer Murdoch and his assistant T. Gray Murdoch. Even so astute a business man and land owner as Dr. James Walker has expressed his surprise to the mayor and others that they should have followed the route of survey that they did.

It was Ald. McMullin who brought the matter up in the council, and several of the aldermen said the Fairville men had approached them on the subject. The mayor delivered his sentiments on the subject. It is well known that his worship is opposed to this expenditure of \$135,000 which he considers unnecessary, and though the money has been already raised for the purpose he still took advantage of the occasion to enter his protest against the scheme. 'Why, asked he, are we going to this expense to provide water for this pulp concern when we have no assurance from them that they are in a position to establish their industry.' This query brought a reply from Ald. Waring who said that the water was not merely for the pulp mill. The present supply was insufficient for Carleton and must be increased.

Ald. Christie here brought the discussion back to the pipe line and said in defence of Engineer Murdoch that he had the latter's assurance that the new line would be a quarter of a mile shorter than the old line, and would give a supply of 350,000 gallons per day more than if laid by the old route. In regard to the pulp mill he assured the council that the city would not be compromised in that they would enter into no definite contract with the company but would make the same bargain with them that they made with any private citizen, and that was to supply them with water in quantity and at cost commensurate with the capacity of the supply.

Then there was some discussion about the advisability of sending an expert over the route to pass judgment upon the matter. Ald. Ham said the present engineer was a young man and had not had experience with such grounds. Ald. McGoldrick agreed with him saying that 98 per cent. of the people in the locality were saying that the route is wrong and were making a laughing stock of the survey.

Then Ald. Stackhouse arose and said he did not believe in experts and Ald. Christie said there was no need of one. He was not a civil engineer but he ventured to say he could go over the ground and say whether the route was a good one. All he had to do was to go down through the mud and if there was gravel underneath it was all right.

Ald. Christie's opinion usually goes and the matter was dropped then and there. The arbitration will go on, the money for the work is raised, the pipe is purchased the pipe line is surveyed. Some day Ald. Christie will take a jaunt over the proposed route and strive to show that the criticism of the engineering intellect of Fairville is at fault and that the board of management and their officials, whom he defends so valiantly are right.

However, there is one thing sure and that is that many believe that when the claimants for damages have been satisfied and the pipe line laid that the cost to the

city will have approached nearer to \$200,000 than \$135,000.

The tax rate is now bounding up and it is said that this year's rate will go up to about \$1.55 as a result of the Sand Point expenditure and this new loan will send it climbing up toward \$1.60.

MOOSEPATH RACES, THURSDAY.

The Meeting Promises to be One of Exceptional Interest.

Horsemen throughout this province are taking a keen interest in the events that open the horse racing season this year. The entries for the meetings at St. Stephen on Dominion day and that in Calais on the fourth of July promises better sport than has been seen on any track in this section for years. St. John will probably have a chance to see many of the same horses next Thursday, for the enterprise of a number of gentlemen suggested and planned a meeting at Moosepath for next Thursday and arrangements have been made for practical the same field of entries to compete. In order to make the event, as attractive and popular as possible no pains will be spared to introduce features that have long been lacking at Moosepath meetings. The gentlemen who will occupy the judge's stand will be selected with the view of having the best talent in that direction. Hitherto the selections of judges has often been made in haste and at hazards, a condition of affairs that is not apt to give entire satisfaction. So far as PROGRESS can learn the gentlemen interested in the management of the races propose not only to make this change but to see that the meeting is conducted more in accordance with the methods of modern race tracks for example the press stand which has been in the past more a resort of owners of horses and their friends than for the newspaper men will be reserved wholly for representatives of the press and friends. It is also the intention to have special provision made for the accommodation of ladies and an effort will be made to induce more of the fair sex to attend than have been in the custom of going to Moosepath. Excursions have been arranged from different points and as these no doubt will be accompanied by bands they will furnish an additional attraction. Viewing it from every standpoint the meeting promises to be an exceptional one in the history of Moosepath.

MUSIC FOR THE CITIZENS.

How it May be Supplied to the People—A Suggestion.

Many and various have been the suggestions for providing music for the people and a new one was brought forward at Thursday's meeting of the Council. Mayor Sears stated that Lt. Col. Jones had approached him with an offer from the Artillery Band to furnish music. He stated that a platform might be laid near the fountain and the people could enjoy the music from the squares. There was a discussion and some of the aldermen said the people would trample over the grass and flower beds. It was suggested that the people on such an occasion might confine their promenading to the sidewalks around the squares. After some discussion the matter was referred to a committee. Once on a time nothing less than a hedge of bayonets with the red coats behind them would prevent people from trampling over the grass but they have developed more pride in the squares and an optimistic person might now have sufficient faith in the public to think that they would respect the pride of the Horticultural Association. It is to be hoped however that the difficulty will evolve a solution and a band will be provided. An incident of the discussion was when Ald. White asked who would provide the platform over the fountain at which his worship said that if there were any dispute about that he would supply it himself.

A Vexed Question Settled.

The patrol wagon and the police alarm system have received their quietus and the aldermen manipulated the bare bodkin which performed the fell deed. Once the aldermen were all in favor of these two accoutrements of modern police methods but they have changed their minds. They had accepted the offer of the Women's Council for a patrol wagon but on Thursday they said as gracefully as possible to the ladies, take back your patrol wagon. Ald. McMullin made a feeble attempt to champion the ladies by moving that the section of the report of the safety board which referred to the matter be sent back to the board. After the aldermen, how-

ever, had expressed their views Ald. McMullin said that really he was opposed to accepting the wagon. He had evidently moved in the matter merely out of native gallantry to the fair sex.

"KIT" IS ALL RIGHT.

She is a Huge Success as a Special War Correspondent.

Mrs. Blake Watkins, otherwise "Kit" of Toronto went to Florida at the beginning of the Spanish-American war, as special correspondent for the Toronto Mail and Empire and one or two New York papers. She is doing excellent newspaper work and even experienced men of the pen acknowledge that she is finding "copy" where they never dreamed of looking for it. A correspondent of the London, England, Mail says of her:

"In the evening, after supper, when the band was playing on the verandah, and the customary conversation was in full swing, we observed that the lady correspondent knew everybody worth knowing in about a quarter of an hour. We had introduced her to one or two staff officers at first. In a little while she was introducing us to generals and colonels. She talked to the Cuban ladies, and casually informed us that she had got an interesting statement of the personal experience of one of them, which she thought would throw a good deal of light on the Cuban question. We heard her talking to the Cubans—she was chattering away in fluent Spanish. There was a French family with the Cubans. We heard her talking with them in French. Before the evening was out she gave us the full details of a most important little expedition which was to be sent in advance to Cuba with arms and stores for the insurgents—news which we had been unsuccessfully endeavoring to get for ourselves."

THEY OUGHT TO WEAR A BELL.

Wheelmen Have Troubles of Their Own With Pedestrians.

It was suggested by PROGRESS some time ago that pedestrians wear a bell for the benefit of bicyclists, and it would seem that in view of the many knock downs reported lately that such a course would soon be absolutely necessary. These mishaps are occurring almost hourly, and while they may be only an episode in the life of a wheelman or wheelwoman they are far from pleasant to the victim. On Thursday afternoon one of these incidents occurred and that it did not have fatal results was not the fault of the bicyclist who figured in it. He came along Charlotte street and turned into Princess street just as a young lad of seven or eight years carrying a parcel was about to cross the street. The wheelman rang but the noise of an approaching car drowned the sound. The little fellow looked around, made an attempt to step aside, and in a second was knocked down, with his head almost touching the rail. The car was only a short distance away—perhaps a dozen yards—when a man jumped forward and picked up the half unconscious boy. The wheelman dismounted and hardly waiting to find out the result of the accident—said "you young devil, what do you mean by getting in the way. You might have been killed," and with the utmost indifference mounted his wheel and was off in a hurry.

A Valuable Industry.

Pulp mills and water supply seem to be correlated subjects. The fate of the Cushing pulp mill is intimately connected with the success of the Spruce Lake water extension and vice versa and now it seems that the Mooney pulp mill has something to do with the water supply of the city proper. It appears that Mr. Mooney has been negotiating with the board of management for a lease of certain city lands at Misepoc and the matter came up at Thursday's council. Ald. Millidge assured the aldermen that there were some very delicate and nice points of law involved in the request and while the aldermen were desirous to assist the Messrs. Mooney they were also anxious to protect the city's right in regard to water supply. Ald. Christie also vouchsafed the information that the board of management wanted so much from Mr. Mooney and Mr. Mooney wanted to pay them so much. The questions were left to the board of management to deal with and it is to be hoped that it will reach a conclusion satisfactory to all concerned. It is stated that the company will spend \$142,000 here annually in wages and materials so it is an industry worth encouraging.

HE WANTED A DIVORCE.

BUT HE GOT INTO THE WRONG PLACE FOR LAW.

An Aged Man Decides Upon a Separation From the Partner of His Joys and Weeps and Thinks a Newspaper as Good as a Lawyer—Story of His Wrong.

PROGRESS had a queer visitor late Thursday afternoon. He was a man of about seventy years of age, and was almost out of breath when he reached that part of the building in which the editorial rooms are situated. He was invited to a seat and after he had somewhat recovered proceeded to make known the object of his visit.

"I want a divorce," was the rather startling announcement that deprived the staff of its breath. "Yes I do. How much will it cost?" And the man who had evidently found marriage a failure drew out a pocket book that looked as though it might contain the price of a divorce—in some countries.

"But you've come to the wrong place," the visitor was told. "It's a lawyer's office you're looking for isn't it." "Well I'm not over particular" was the cheerful reply—"its the divorce I'm after. You see I got married here two years ago. My wife's nearly thirty years younger'n me but we got along pretty well till last spring, when she took it into her head to go out nights after I was in bed. I woke up one night and heard her talking to a man on the steps but she said it was the postman and she was giving him some letters to mail. It wasn't though, and by jingo I watched her pretty close, and now I've found she's got a different postman or somebody every night. I've talked and talked but it ain't no use, and if there's any law, goin' I guess I can get a divorce."

The old fellow didn't quite know how to go about trying to regain his freedom and was very desirous of getting what-over points he could on the interesting process. He was supplied with the names of half a dozen men of the law and went on his way rejoicing. He had only fallen into the common error of thinking that it is a newspaper's province to furnish everything under the sun from a divorce to a burial permit.

IT ENDED IN DISASTER.

A Boy Escaped but the Policeman Came to Grief.

A funny sight was witnessed one night this week on one of the principal streets in the city. It was shortly after ten o'clock, and the crowd of pedestrians had thinned out considerably, when a small boy of perhaps ten years bolted along the street, running like a deer. He had his cap in his hand, and in his eyes a frightened look, that told not only of a guilty conscience, but a deadly fear of the big police man a few feet behind and who was also clipping along at a lively gait, evidently in hot pursuit of the boy. The few who saw the chase watched to see how it would end.

"Say," called a sympathizing urchin from the other side of the street "git up in that alley. He can't ketch you there." The boy acted on the advice and in a second or two had disappeared in the darkness of an alley near by. The policeman made for the alley also, but he wasn't quite so sure footed as the boy. He made a quick turn and a headlong dive, and the next thing the surprised watchers saw was a big guardian of the peace measuring his length on the muddy crossing, and a billy and a cap landing in the middle of the street. When the policeman regained his equilibrium he abandoned the chase and began to gather up his belongings.

Valuable to Tourists.

Soon the tourists will be our guests in large numbers and may they come in greater numbers than ever before is the wish of all. The Tourist Association are getting out a neat booklet which will be handed to every tourist who comes here. It will tell him where to go and what to see while here and all information necessary to his comfort and pleasure. It will be handsomely illustrated and among the illustrations will be a long folding plate of the harbor showing it in all its proportions from Partridge Island to the Strait Shore. These books the tourists will carry away to do missionary work for the city in their homes.

As She is Spoken.

Quite frequently it falls to the lot of most people to hear some choice examples of the sporting vernacular, but the terse

description of a visiting ring follower given a few days ago when an American cruiser was the subject of an animated interchange of opinions, so far caps the climax for poetic beauty. The man with the navy blue suit and jaunty headgear said—"Say, he's a beaut and one of de swellest wot ever toed de rezum; an dat ain't no dream, see!"

PLEASED WITH THEIR VISIT.

A Larger Number Than Usual at the Teachers Association.

The Teachers Institute has been in session here this week, and the bill of fare has been a veritable feast of reason and a flow of soul. The brightest intellects of the province have exchanged ideas and no doubt the result will be noticeable when teachers and pupils meet again at the close of the holidays. The Institute is an excellent thing and the teachers' annual visit to the city should be made as pleasant as possible. Their path in life is not rose strewn by any means, their work during the greater part of the year is worrying and, at times, discouraging but they bravely surmount all difficulties, and their bright faces and hearty pleasant ways, when they come to attend the Institute are something good to note. A very large number attended the meetings this year, and all professed themselves delighted with the work done.

A MAN DISPLAY OF POWER.

A Man Dismissed for Going to get a Drink of Water.

Some men when they get a little authority become in a short time the possessors of fearfully enlarged heads and the least provocation brings from them some very unpleasant actions and words. Here is one of these frequent cases:

A board piler at one of the Indiantown mills left his work for the short space of exactly two minutes to refill the water can for himself and fellow workmen to drink from, for it was one of the hot days of this week. When he returned to the mill, the foreman told him to put on his coat and quit work. He did so but the other employes have lost all the little love they ever had for their "boss," and Indiantown people in general consider the exhibition of petty power anything but manly and fair.

For Men of Serious Mind.

The first number of the New Brunswick Magazine will soon be issued with the name of Mr. W. K. Reynolds as editor and proprietor. It will have no fiction and no abstract writing. It will be entirely historical and descriptive and containing as it will good solid reading dealing with the resources of these provinces and seeking to clear up interesting historical questions it should commend itself to the public. The magazine should receive hearty support and it is to be hoped that it will be longer lived than the average run of Maritime province magazines. In the list of contributors are enrolled the names of some of the best of the serious writers of Canada and the initial number will be watched with interest.

He Lost the Ring.

A marriage which took place here not so very long ago had a little incident connected with it that proved most embarrassing for the groom and caused some knowing comments from the superstitiously inclined. At that part of the interesting ceremony where it is necessary to produce the ring he didn't produce it. The fact was that he had lost or mislaid it, and it was only when another ring, the property of the bridesmaid, was furnished him that he began to feel happy again. The missing article turned up later on.

An Excellent Institution.

The Calendar of the University of St. Joseph's College, Memramook N. B. has been received and contains most interesting information regarding the general work of the institution, its rules, etc. together with a list of the pupils from September '97 to June '98. This seat of learning holds a leading place among the educational institutions of the province, and is ideal in situation. Greek has recently been made optional, the faculty very wisely deciding that a thorough knowledge of French would be of greater benefit to the average young man.

Will it End in a Strike.

The Ship Laborers have a difficulty on hand that threatens to lead to serious results. It is to be hoped that the trouble will be settled by recourse to a strike, which has been strongly talked of this week. A meeting was held Thursday evening at which the matter was discussed by the members.

A BOOKFUL OF STORIES.

MR. RUSSELL PRINTS HIS COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES.

A Few Plums From The Pudding He has Prepared for British Readers—All of Them are not new, But all are Good—They Relate to Prominent Persons.

The man who chronicles or invents a new story, if it be a good one, is more to be honored than the discoverer of a gold mine. What shall be said then of a man who enriches an effete generation with a bookful of good stories? This is what Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M. P., has done under the pseudonym of 'One Who Has Kept a Diary,' in a volume entitled 'Collections and Recollections.' It is a collection of tales about prominent people of this and the preceding generation, and of stories so good in themselves that the personnel is immaterial.

Lord Shaftesbury told the following story of his uncle, Lord Melbourne:

"When the Queen became engaged to Prince Albert she wished him to be made King Consort by act of Parliament, and urged her wish upon the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. At first that sagacious man simply evaded the point, and when her Majesty insisted on a categorical answer, 'I thought it my duty to be very plain with her. I said, "For G's sake, let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them."'

Very interesting are the anecdotes which throw a distressingly white light on the state of society at the close of the last century, when from all the evidence of notable people who had been in contact with it, Mr. Russell is obliged to conclude that "religion was almost extinct in the highest and lowest classes of English society."

Here are some quotations from an unpublished diary of Lord Robert Seymour, who was born in 1748 and died in 1831.

"The Prince of Wales declares there is not an honest woman in London excepting Lady Parker and Lady Westmoreland and those are so stupid he can make nothing of them; they are scarcely fit to blow their own noses.

"The P. of W. called on Miss Vaneck last week with two of his Equerries. On coming into the Room he exclaimed, 'I must do it; I must do it.' Miss V. asked him what it was that he was obliged to do when he winked at St. Leger and the other accomplice, who lay'd Miss V. on Floor, and the P. positively wiped her. The occasion of this extraordinary behavior was occasioned by a Bett which I suppose he had made in one of his mad fits. The next day, however, he wrote her a penitential Letter, and she now receives him on the same footing as ever."

In these days, and even later only sixty years ago. 'Hard drinking was the indispensable accomplishment of a fine gentleman, and great estates were constantly changing owners at the gaming table.'

"One night at Newmarket he lost a colossal sum at hazard, and, jumping up in a passion, he swore that the dice were loaded, put them in his pocket, and went to bed. Next morning he examined the dice in the presence of his boon companions, found that they were not loaded, and had to apologize and pay. Some years afterward one of the party was lying on his death bed, and he sent for the Duke. 'I have sent for you to tell you that you were right. The dice were loaded. We waited till you were asleep, went to your bedroom, took them out of your waistcoat pocket, replaced them with unloaded ones, and retired.'

"But suppose I had woke and caught you doing it?"

"Well, we were desperate men—and we had pistols."

Such were the manners of high society. As for the morals, such things as morals were not for the great.

"When Lord Melbourne had accidentally found himself the unwilling hearer of a rousing evangelical sermon about sin and its consequences, he exclaimed in much disgust as he left the church: 'Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life!'

"Arthur Young tells us that a daughter of the first Lord Carrington said to a visitor: 'My papa used to have prayers in his family; but none since he has been a peer.'"

As an example of manners in society the following is striking:

"I have been told by one who heard it from an eyewitness that a great Whig duchess, who figures brilliantly in the social and political memoirs of the last century, turning to the footman who was waiting on her at dinner, exclaimed, 'I wish to G—that you wouldn't keep rubbing your great greasy stomach against the

back of my chair.' Men and women of the highest fashion swore like troopers; the Princes of the Blood Royal, who carried into the middle of this century the courtly habits of the last, setting the example.'

Mr. Russell has many good stories to tell of clergymen. Here are a couple of Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol college, Oxford:

"The scene was the Master's own dining-room, and the moment that the ladies had left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Every one sat flabbergasted. The Master winced with annoyance; and then, bending down the table toward the offender, said in the shrillest tone: 'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?' and rose from his chair. It was really a stroke of genius thus both to terminate and to rebuke the impropriety without violating the decorum due from host to guest."

"At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, the one of whom had just been made a Judge and the other a Bishop. 'Oh,' said Henry Smith, 'I think the Bishop is the greater man. A Judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' but a Bishop can say, 'You be d—d.' 'Yes,' characteristically twittered the Master; 'but if the Judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged.'"

In his collection of repartees Mr. Russell has many old friends, but all are good. Here are a few examples:

"Lord Bowen is immortalized by his emendation to the Judges' address to the Queen, which had contained the Heep-like sentence: 'Conscious as we are of our own unworthiness for the great office to which we have been called.' 'Wouldn't it be better to say, Conscious as we are of one another's unworthiness?'"

"One of the best repartees ever made, because the briefest and the justest, was made by 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington' o Napoleon III. When Prince Louis Napoleon was living in impecunious exile in London he had been a constant guest at Lady Blessington's hospitable and brilliant but bohemian house. And she, when visiting Paris after the coup d'etat, naturally expected to receive at the Tuileries some return for the unbounded hospitalities at Gore House. Weeks passed, no invitation arrived, and the imperial court took no notice of Lady Blessington's presence. At length she encountered the Emperor at a great reception. As he passed through the bowing and curtsying crowd, the Emperor caught sight of his former hostess. 'Ah, Miladi Blessington! Rester-vous longtemps a Paris?' 'Et vous sire?' History does not record the usurper's reply."

"When the German Emperor paid his visit to Leo XIII. Count Herbert Bismarck was in attendance on his imperial master, and when they reached the door of the Pope's audience chamber the Emperor passed in, and the Count tried to follow. A gentleman of the Papal Court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview between the Pope and the Emperor. 'I am Count Herbert Bismarck,' shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master. 'That,' replied the Roman, with calm dignity, 'may account for, but it does not excuse, your conduct.'"

There is a very amusing chapter on 'Titles.' Mr. Russell has a very democratic scorn for these 'bangles' to a name and is good-humoredly satirical on the subject. Talking of Irish peerages, which used to be a cheap and convenient method of rewarding political services, until recent legislation put an end to their creation, he tells the following story of Pitt:

"Pitt, when his banker, Mr. Smith (who lived in Whitehall) desired the right of driving through the Horse Guards, said: 'No, I can't give you that; but I will make you an Irish peer; and the banker became the first Lord Carrington.'

As to baronets: "What is a baronet? ask some. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (who ought to know) replies that he is a man 'who has ceased to be a gentleman and has not become a nobleman.'"

The order of baronets, as Mr. Russell reminds us, grew out of the rebellion in Ulster. When created, each baronet had to pay as much as would maintain thirty soldiers three years at 8 pence a day. 'As a historical memorial of their original service the baronets bear as an augmentation to their coats of arms the royal badge of Ulster, a bloody hand on a white field. It was in apt reference to this that a famous Whip, on learning that a baronet of his party was extremely anxious to be promoted to the peerage, said: 'You can tell Sir Peter Proudflash, with my compliments, that if he wants a peerage he will have to put his bloody hand into his pocket. We don't do these things for nothing.'"

There is an old story about some facetious students making a remarkable looking insect by gluing together parts of various creatures, and then taking it to their professor and asking him what kind of bug that was. The man of science glanced at it, and promptly classified it as a humbug.

The professor would have need to exercise all his wits if he were living in these days, for a young biologist has succeeded in grafting living moths piece upon piece in ways that have produced the most astonishing results. In his juggling with anatomical subjects he has created two-headed butterflies, tandem butterflies, moths with two heads and no tails, and various other combinations, all living and able to give proofs that they are no humbugs. Beyond these grotesque results, there is a possibility of important additions to the science of biology.

A BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

He Became so Run Down that Work Was Almost Impossible—His Whole Body Racked With Pain.

From the Bridgewater Enterprise.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise as follows:—"During the last winter, owing I suppose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles, all over my body. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite, and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work, will know what this means. Those who are not well, will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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

Time Would Show.

"I wonder," said the artist, thoughtfully, "what price that picture ought to command."

"Oh," replied the dealer, cheerfully, "there is no way of telling that. You're not dead yet, you know."

CLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or if dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of these persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

BOYS can earn a Stem-Wind Watch and Chain during the Summer Holidays, by selling \$3.50 worth of our so-called goods—10 kinds, assorted. Boys who send to the States for goods have to pay 50c duty. Goods not sold exchanged. No money required. Write at once, stating your father's occupation, and we will mail the goods. Manufacturers' Agency Co., Toronto, Ont.

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BRUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$500. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 388 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasant house known as the "Tins" property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fenney, Barrister-at-Law, Puzosley Building. 24 6-4

No Summer Vacation.



ST. JOHN'S COOL SUMMER WEATHER, combined with our superior ventilation facilities, make study with us just as agreeable in July and August as at any other time. Just the chance for teachers and others to take up the ISAAC FITZMAN SCOTLAND and our NEW METHODS (the very latest) of BUSINESS PRACTICE. Students can enter at any time. Send for a catalogue. S. KERR & SON, Oddfellows' Hall.

Advertisement for Tetley's Elephant Brand Tea. Features the text 'Best of Tea Value' and 'HOUSEKEEPERS, if you have not tried Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas, you should do so at once.' Includes a small illustration of a tea box.

Advertisement for Show Cases. Features the text 'Show Cases... IN ALL Sizes -AND- Patterns.' Includes an illustration of a show case.

Advertisement for Emerson & Fisher, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street. Lists products like Ice Cream Freezers, Hammocks, Lawn Mowers, Garden Sats, etc.

Advertisement for Gleason's Horse Book. Features the text 'FREE GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK FREE' and 'The Only Complete Authorized Work By America's KING OF HORSE TRAINERS, PROFESSOR OSCAR R. GLEASON.' Includes a small illustration of a horse.

Large advertisement for Gleason's Horse Book. Features a large illustration of a horse and rider. Text includes 'You will know all about a horse after you have read it.' and 'No one can fool you on the age of a horse after you have read it.' Also mentions '416 Octavo Pages. 173 Striking Illustrations' and '10,000 SOLD AT \$3.00 EACH.' Includes a testimonial from Prof. Gleason.

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Ritchie Ling is to be leading tenor for Augustin Daly for the next two years.

Next season Louise Hepner will play the part of Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

"The Bell of the Rhine," a new opera by Samuel Rosseau, was recently sung in Paris. A favorite pupil of Cesar Franck, he became famous as a composer of oratorios, but it took the downright command of the Minister of Public Instruction and the Academy of Fine Arts to open for Rosseau the gates of the Grand Opera. The libretto, which deals with an old Germanic legend, has been very cleverly written by Messrs Gheusi and Montorgeuil. At a beautiful point on the banks of the Rhine heathen Germans are at war with the Christian element. Hatto, the old chieftain, hates everything connected with Christendom, but fears the sonorous sound of a mysterious bell, which seemingly comes from the bottom of the Rhine, for as often as it is heard it means the death of one of his men. The heathenish princess Liba tries to quiet the fears of Hatto, when the latter's warriors return from a raid with rich booty and a young Christian woman, Hervina. He attempts to kill the poor, quiet prisoner but at that very instant the Rhine bell is heard and Hatto drops dead. The heathen warriors then rush in upon her and threaten to kill Hervina, but Konrad, the chieftain, protects her, and in a truly dramatic scene confesses to her his love, which after wavering for a moment Hervina rejects. While Konrad defends the castle at the head of the men against an assault from the Christians, who came to release Hervina, the princess, Liba, who loves Konrad and fears his interest for Hervina orders the Christian girl thrown from the rocks into the Rhine. When Konrad learns of this he is beside himself with rage and destroys the heathen altar, whereupon Liba orders him killed. As he dies he beholds a vision of Hervina seemingly floating above the smooth waters of the Rhine beckoning to him and promising heavenly joys.

London musical critics write sometimes in a very severe style, much more so, indeed, than any of their confreres on this side of the water are permitted to write. The result is that suits for libel are not uncommon, and the English law makes things rather unpleasant for the writers of extremely harsh criticism. Lately the English critics have been pouring out the vials of their wrath on the famous tenor Jean de Reszke. Wagner's cycle of music dramas, known collectively as "Der Ring des Nibelungen," have been performed in London at Covent Garden, under the management of Maurice Grau, in a fashion similar to that of Baireuth. The performances began in the afternoon, there was an intermission for dinner, the theatre was darkened, etc. It was announced with a loud flourish of trumpets that everything was to be done exactly as it was at Baireuth. Now it appears that so far as scenery, mechanical effects and general mounting went, the performances were a ridiculous fiasco. The papers of London have made that plain. But the Wagnerites of London have visited their entire wrath upon Jean de Reszke, who declined to sing the role of Siegfried except with the usual omissions or 'outs,' as they are called. It seems somewhat inconsistent to the uninterested observer that people should willingly accept a mediocre orchestra, poor scenery and wretched stage effects in dramas to which these things are absolutely essential and should not willingly accept what has been pronounced a masterly performance of the chief male part on the ground that some unessential passages have been cut out. But a real out-and-out Wagnerite is not a reasonable creature. He is bound to make every note in his drama, and like Macbeth, to cry, "Dammed be he who first cries, 'Hold,' enough!"—New York Times.

Christine Nilsson, whose cold Swedish beauty and marvelous voice delighted New York opera-goers a quarter of a century ago, invested some of her savings in American real estate, which turned out immensely valuable. The other day she disposed of the last of her Boston holdings, consisting of valuable mercantile houses, which realized over \$150,000. The once great singer, after a tempestuous private life, is now the Countess de Casa Miranda, and enjoys her fortune and title in the South of France. She is still a remarkably well preserved woman.

Next season Jefferson De Angelis will star in a new opera by Stange and Edwards. The soubrette role will be played by Maud Hollins.

Violet Dene, Cissy Fitzgerald's sister, will be imported from London to play the title roll in Rice's "The Ballet Girl" next season.

The Carl Rosa Opera company, one of England's proudest landmarks in the amusement line, will probably go into liquidation. The losses last year were in excess of \$33,000.

They have in London an institution called the Rehearsal Club, which was established a year and a half ago upon an idea furnished by George Alexander. The scheme was to open a place of rest and refreshment for chorus and ballet girls, and actresses of minor importance, between rehearsals and night performances, when it is not always convenient to travel a long distance to one's home, and is similarly taxing to be compelled to patronize a costly restaurant. Small and inexpensive rooms were taken at the beginning, and the affair turned out to be so successful that it is now possible to open much more commodious quarters in a more convenient locality than the one at first chosen. The rooms are open from 11 in the morning to 8 at night, and membership costs about 60 cents a quarter. Tea, coffee and refreshments are served at cost, and magazines, books, newspapers and stationery are also furnished.

It is certainly odd that the largest receipts at the Paris Grand Opera House during the present season were realized at a performance of Richard Wagner's opera, "Die Meistersinger." The sale of seats for the second performance of this opera amounted to \$4000.

It seems that New York Symphony orchestra does not intend to go out of existence because Walter Damrosch has ceased to be its conductor. At the annual meeting of the society held recently the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved—That the organization use every available means to contradict the reports recently published to the effect that the orchestra was about to disband, and to assure the music-loving public that the artistic standard of the orchestra shall be upheld and every endeavor made to attain the highest possible artistic results.

"The Beauty Stone," which Sir Arthur Sullivan, A. W. Pinero and J. Comyns Carr lately evolved as a Savoy production, has not been very favorably received in London.

In an interview with a correspondent of the Musical Courier, Mr. Gericke, who returns to Boston this fall to take up his old post as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, says: "I am now spending the interval of time before I sail in looking up programmes. I am searching, of course, for novelties, and I shall take the greatest interest in giving the American composer a good place on our programme. I have received a large number of letters from old American friends, whose expressions of interest, sympathy and appreciation I must say have agreeably surprised me, as they convince me that I still hold a place in their esteem. I have watched with interest the work of the Boston Philharmonic orchestra, and am pleased to see what an advanced position it has maintained under the leadership of such men as Nikisch and Paer, whom I have the honor to succeed."

Eames and Calve will next season be members of Mr. Grau's forces, and with the De Reszkes, Van Dyke, Saglinac Plancon, Bisphom and Albers will make up a matchless congregation.

A festival in honor of the 60th anniversary of the Queen's coronation was held last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, London. Patti was one of the soloists.

Mr. B. J. Lang is to give a series of five concerts in Boston next season at which there will be performed all the concerti of Sebastian Bach, for one, two three and four pianos with the full orchestral accompaniments according to the scores of the composer. At each concert at least one concert will be played upon a fine Paris copy of an old Erard harpsicord. The proceeds of the concerts will be used for the purchase of orchestral scores for the Ruth Burrough library, to be used for home study by young musicians and students.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins opened a return engagement at the Opera House on Monday evening, that exceedingly funny comedy, "What Happened to Jones," being given as the opening piece. Good and appreciative audience have been the rule during the week, and the work of the company excellent. The new piece, "Niobe," was produced too late in the week for notice in this department. Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week the company play in Fredericton, when "What Happened to Jones" and "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" will be given. Frederictonians have a treat in store, for Progress can truthfully say that Mr. Harkins has brought a very

**SALT
RHEUM**

Most torturing and disfiguring itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.

Cuticura

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Prop., Boston. "How to Cure Salt Rheum," free. FALLING HAIR. Simply Face, Baby Blemishes. Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

superior company to the provinces this season.

A dramatic exchange says that Marzaret Anglin who will be Richard Mansfield's leading lady, is the youngest leading woman on the stage.

Z-ra Semon's performances at the Institute are attracting large audiences, the veteran showman having lost none of his old time popularity in this city.

Burrill's Comedy company will occupy the opera house stage next week. May Anderson is the leading lady, and among the specialty people is a little girl who holds the Richard K. Fox gold medal for skirt dancing.

The "Heart of Maryland" is to be produced in Berlin.

One of the Angela sisters recently fell from a high window at Omaha.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is to appear in "South Africa."

Valabregne's new play, "Room for the Ladies" is to be given in Paris.

Hoyt's, "Stranger in New York" was produced in London on Monday last.

Charles Wayne will be seen in "A Sure Cure," a farce comedy, next season.

Prince Chimay may be seen in American vaudeville houses next season.

Frederick Warde is to give the forum agents from "Julius Caesar" in the vaudeville houses.

The Byrne brothers, of "8 Bells" renown, will launch a new production the coming season, entitled "Going to the Races." One of the leading features will be the introduction of six thoroughbred race horses, ridden by six professional jockeys.

The success attending the production of Mrs. Craigie's comedy, "The Ambassador," at the St. James Theatre, London, brings forcibly to notice the fact that the best and most successful plays produced in America and England during the past few years were nearly all written by women.

John McArdle appeared in the first production of "The Transit of Venus" in Dublin, Ireland. He made a hit. It is said that he has been offered Dan Daly's part in "The Belle of New York."

Timepieces are to be set in the proscenium arch, at either side of the stage in Keith's Theatre, Boston. The clocks will be set in the ornamental stucco work. The dials, which will be of a unique pattern, will be illuminated, so they can be easily read from any part of the house.

Charles E. Blaney and Elmer Vance have engaged Johnstone Bennet for a new farce comedy, "The Female Drummer," which opens in Boston August 29. In this Miss Bennet plays the role of a corset drummer, and several other characters. George Richards and Eugene Canfield have also been engaged.

Mme. R. Jane and Mme. Jeanne Granier are to appear together at the Varieties Theatre, Paris, in a new play by Victorien Sardou. Mme. Kejane, not satisfied with quarrelling with her husband M. Porel, will it is observed, help to build up the fortunes of an opposition management. This is adding insult to injury and rubbing it in.—New York Telegraph.

The city of Pittsburg has established a theatre in Schenley Park. Two performances are given daily. The entertainment is intended particularly for families. No tickets are permissible in the wardrobe of the female members of the playing company, and the comedian's gags are carefully censored by the city authorities. The public is admitted free of charge.

Piper Findlater, the hero of England's recent border war in India, is coming to America, it is said in London. He comes here, having been engaged by a music hall manager for \$500 a week. He is expected to play on his pipes the charge and tell the story of the battle with the Afridis, when, although pierced by several bullets, his legs useless, he sat on the ground and played to his fellow Highlanders.

Robert Louis Stevenson's executors

threaten to bring injunction proceedings against Arthur Collins, manager of the London Drury Lane Theatre, to prevent him from introducing a balloon effect as a climax to one of the acts of his next melodramatic production there. The executors claim originality for the balloon idea in Stevenson's "St. Ives," which, by the way, has been purchased by Mr. Mansfield.

According to the Dramatic Mirror the United States government has entered into a contract with Manager Frank Burt, of Toledo, O., to build and manage, for and on behalf of the United States of America, a theatre with a seating capacity of 1500, at Camp Thomas, Chicotamauga Park. It is the intention of the government to devote the house to the presentation of refined vaudeville. Two performances will be given daily. Only members of the United States army will be admitted. No admission fee will be charged.

A memorial window to Edwin Booth was unveiled at the "Little Church Around the Corner," in East Twenty-ninth street, New York, Friday last. The services were in charge of members of the Players' Club. It is a remarkable fact that the memorial dedicated last Friday was the only one of its kind ever established to an actor in this country, and the second in the world. The other is in a church in England, placed there many years ago to the memory of Edward Alleyn, a contemporary of Shakespeare. Rev. Dr. Houghton conducted the religious service.

"I loathe newspapers," said Mrs. Kendall, "and have persuaded my husband to my way of thinking. None is ever found in my house, and I never allow my servants to read them. Go out into the road and break stones; go and call fish in the streets; but have nothing to do with journalism. Why is it that nothing of my private life ever appears in the papers? Simply because I will hold no communication with journalists. I have never shaken hands with anyone connected with the press, and am not going to imperil my hopes of future salvation by doing so now."

Mme. Jane Harding has signed a contract with a Paris manager for an extended tour through Europe. The series of performances will begin at the end of September, and will close in February, 1899. It seems she has had a long-standing promise with M. Dorval, the manager in question, to undertake such a tour, in which she will appear in seven plays.

My only astonishment in connection with Mansfield's latest utterances is that so long a time has elapsed since his hitherto latest scheme to "immediately wind up his affairs" and leave the stage. It was three seasons ago, in Washington, that he renounced acting forever, and engaged Major Pond to manage his lecture tours. The lecture tours never got outside the nimbus of the actor's blistering brain, and the Major, who knew less about Mansfield than about Max O'Rell, wasted several pounds of engraved paper in correspondence pertaining to Marshall P. Wilder's supposed conferee.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

R. N. Stephens, author of "The Ragged Regiment," has written a four-act drama, "A Soldier of the Revolution," for Edgar L. Davenport.

In New York vaudeville theatres last week the performers included J. H. Stoddart and Corinne. The latter wore tights and played the mandolin.

Martin Julian, manager of Bob Fitzsimmons, will next season enter the theatrical circle by reviving "Mulligan Guard's Ball," with Edward Harrigan in the cast. Mr. Fitzsimmons will appear in one of the acts.

Why is it that we have never had a drama revolving around a newspaper office? The law, railroads, the navy, mining, dynamite, bridges, medicine, blacksmiths—in fact everything, save the newspaper profession has had a drama written around it. A generation ago the people were not familiar with the process of making a newspaper. Today they are, and the possibilities of the profession should appeal to the playwright. There has never been a drama written around the newspaper. The doings of one day in a metropolitan newspaper office would make a drama that would be of entrancing interest to the world at large. When will some observing playwright seize the golden opportunity and give us a drama of the press that will not be a caricature—Omaha World-Herald.

Emperor William in his address to players at the Royal theatre, Berlin, last week had this to say: "The theatre should be the instrument of the monarch, and, like the school and university, work for the preservation of the highest spiritual qualities of our noble German Fatherland. The theatre is also one of my weapons. It is the duty of the monarch to interest himself in the theatre, as I have seen by the example of my father and grandfather, for

GREAT REDUCTIONS

Summer Millinery.



In order to effect a speedy clearance we have made great reductions in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Trimmed and Untrimmed Turbans, Trimmed and Untrimmed Tams, Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets.

ALSO Misses' and Children's HATS, Trimmed and Untrimmed, SAILOR HATS from 8 cts. each. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street. STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING.

the theatre can be an immense power in the hands. The artists must aid the Emperor to serve the cause of idealism, with firm confidence in God, and to continue the fight against materialism and the un-German ways to which many of the German playhouses have, unfortunately, already descended.

How Lillian Russell came to win her tenor husband is well known. They had been together during the production of several comic operas, and his perfectly respectful behavior attracted her. When they were playing in "Princess Nicotine," she decided to make him all her own. He was duly thankful, and after he had given an elaborate bachelor pink tea as a farewell to his companions, one bright Sunday morning they were driven to Jersey, and were married. They went to Hoboken and enlisted the services of Justice of the Peace Moller. To him Helen Leonard, as she gave her name, admitted a previous marriage in New York. This explained why she did not marry in this State, and it also explains why Signor Perugini's friends now claim that he has good grounds for divorce, because she did not say "several previous marriages." Signor Perugini went to live in his wife's house under the watchful eye of Mamma Leonard. This experience was brief and stormy. Two weeks after, while playing an engagement in Philadelphia, they had a row in a hotel. It was said to be because Miss Russell wanted to entertain friends at a late supper. After that they parted. Both have gone their own ways, that of Mr. Chatterton at last leading to Allenhurst, N. J., where he took out a legal residence, and so secured a basis for the present divorce.

The news from Chicago that David Henderson has been remanded to jail for failing to pay a judgment of \$250, awarded to a colored man for a violation by Henderson of the civil rights law, was regarded with a good deal of astonishment in New York. Mr. Henderson, it seems while manager of the Chicago Opera House, refused to admit this colored citizen to the theatre on tickets previously purchased by a white man and transferred to the negro for the very purpose of laying a foundation for this lawsuit. The State laws governing such things in Illinois must be different from those in force in this part of the country, or the verdict under which Henderson was locked up could scarcely have been secured. In the first place a theatre ticket may be made absolutely non-transferable here, and, in the second, as demonstrated by Mr. Daly in his fight with the speculators, a theatre is private property and the manager may exclude from its privileges any person he does not see fit to admit. If the law contemplated theatres in the light of common carriers, like hotels, transportation companies and so forth, colored people might demand seats in any part of the house, and if refused on any other ground than that the space has already been disposed of, could secure damages. But the question which arose in the Henderson case in Chicago is very rarely brought up in this section, and managers all over the country might find it advisable to bend their united energies toward securing similar immunity in their different States. The Constitution of the United States, in declaring all men free and equal under its provisions, has not succeeded in satisfying white people with the idea of sitting alongside colored persons in places of amusement.—New York Telegraph.

FOR ADDITIONAL CITY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



The well known poem, 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' in which a young woman by hanging to the curfew bell saves the life of her lover condemned to be executed at the ringing of the curfew, is only one of a thousand striking instances of how a woman will dare everything for love.

DARTMOUTH.

JUNE 28.—Monday evening 5 1/2 hours, Miss Marita LaDel, exponent of higher literature gave a series of most delightful character impersonations in St. Peter's hall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allison entertained a party of friends at Cow Bay on Natal day. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Dickson took their friends with them to Second Lake.

Another pleasant camp at First Lake on that day comprised Mr. and Mrs. Erb and Mr. and Mrs. Rankine formerly of St. John, N. B.

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Weak, bilious, dyspeptic women are robbed of their natural attractiveness and capacity. They lose healthy color and energy and become thin and laden with disease germs.

The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive powers and the liver, creating pure, red, healthy blood free from bilious impurities.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock."

Dr. J. C. Webster, of Montreal and his sister Miss Jennie of Shelburne, were in town on Tuesday and Wednesday, guests of their relatives here.

Mrs. James J. Sherr who has been spending two weeks with Mrs. A. Robb, is now boarding at Mr. Richardson's, Church street, and will remain a month.

Miss Margie Harding spent a week in town on her return from Europe. She went to Halifax last week to spend a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. John Duffas.

Mrs. A. Robb leaves on Monday for a month's visit in Truro, Halifax and Kings Co. There was a quiet wedding at St. Charles church on Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock.

Advices have been received from Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Robb, who are enjoying a trip to England, and the continent. They write a glowing description of the beauty of the Isle of Man.

Mrs. C. K. Smith and children, leave next week to take up their abode in their cottage in Parobro for the rest of the summer.

Rev. V. E. Harris, has returned from his attendance at school. His daughter, Miss Lillie, is a pupil in school Trafalgar is home for the holidays.

A very pretty home wedding took place at 10:30 o'clock on Wednesday evening, 29th June, at the residence of Mr. David Embree, Acadia street.

Another pretty home wedding took place at 4 o'clock on Wednesday at the residence of T. Bilas Corbett, Amherst Point, when his daughter, Miss Florence T. was married to Counsellor Charles T. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parker have returned to Montreal. A fine pipe organ will soon be in position in the Methodist church Havelock street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlap and son Henry go to Wallace this week to spend a few weeks with Mr. Morris Mackinnon and Warren Christie called from Quebec on Saturday last for a trip to England.

Mrs. Black wife of Dr. D. C. A. Black, Victoria street who has been so very dangerously ill is now

Mr. Edgar Higgins has returned home for the summer. Mr. Higgins was graduated with the class of '96 from Acadia college and has since been taking a course in philosophy at Cornell University.

Boston is welcoming quite a party of Wolfville folk this week. Mrs. Ellis started the travel by leaving for Yarmouth last Saturday where she waits the remainder of the party.

Prof. Tufts escorted his son Mr. Harold and daughter Miss Hilda to the republic. Mr. Harold is to attend the science department at Harvard.

Miss Hattie Strong (Acadia '96) and Miss Winifred Coldwell (Acadia '96) were also members of the party. Since graduating from Acadia, Miss Strong has been instructor in stenography at the Ladies Seminary and will pursue a further course of study into the Boston school of stenography.

The "Acadia Orator," Rev. E. M. Kierstead, D. D. is occupying one of the Baptist pulpits in St. John's during the summer months.

Mr. Frank Starr (H. C. A. '96) is in Boston taking examinations preparatory to entering the Boston School of Technology.

The Tennysonian club had their annual picnic on Tuesday. This year the club went to the "Look Out" the highest point on the north mountains.

Mr. Fred Woodman entertained a few young friends on Monday evening. A graphophone with its diverse productions entertained the guests.

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The Misses Grace and Emma Forter are enjoying their summer's vacation in Nova Scotia with their sister Mrs. John Morgan.

Mr. Fred Tweedie of Chatham, has returned to Fredericton. Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe of "Asburton Place."

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Goodspeed of Toronto University have been spending a couple of weeks with friends here.

Mr. W. W. Hilyard and bride of New York, have been spending some days here the guests of Postmaster and Mrs. Hilyard.

The Misses Hooper, Shibly and Lawson of the Robbsey teaching staff paid a short visit to the city and were guests of Chancellor and Mrs. Harrison at the University while enroute to their homes in Ontario.

Messrs. Melrose, Trwksbury, and Vermer of Montreal are among the visitors in the city. Miss Eleanor Rainsford is visiting Miss Ethel Bourne at Woodstock.

Mr. Martin Lemoine and Dr. Inch are attending the Methodist conference in Charlottetown, P. E. I. Mrs. Wesley VanWert and children are visiting Miss Vanwart's sister Mrs. Balmata in Woodstock.

Miss Made Beck with her home on a holiday from Waltham Mass. visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beckwith.

Mr. Jack McFarlane and E. McDonald of Sherbrooke are spending a few days in town. The Misses Bruenan are here from Framingham for their summer vacation.

Bishop and Mrs. Kingston with their children and Col. and Mrs. Robinson are retreating at Bathurst. Miss Jennie Edwards of Halifax is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. John Edwards.

Mr. James Gilmore of Montreal is spending a few days in town. Miss Kitty Crookshank of St. John is visiting her cousins the Misses Crookshank.

Miss Rachel Mansell has returned from Chicago, where she spent the winter and is rusticating with her family at "Fern Hill."

Miss Borden has returned home after a pleasant visit here with her friends the Misses Thompson. Mr. Bert Cowan of Toronto has been enjoying a short stay among Celestial city friends.

Mrs. B. K. left yesterday for Galt, Ontario, where she will spend the vacation with relatives. On Tuesday evening Miss Minnie Day of Maryville entertained a happy party of her friends at a garden party.

Mr. Holloway of Halifax arrived here on Friday with his wife from Boston, and were the guests of Mrs. Holloway's uncle Mr. F. F. Fiewelling for a few days before going to Halifax.

Inspector Bridges is this week in St. John attending the teachers institute. Miss Sadie Wiley had a small party on Tuesday evening for the pleasure of Miss Borden, who was the guest of the Misses Thompson.

Mr. E. G. Gilling of Quebec is once more among Fredericton friends. Mrs. John C. Groel and family of Newark, New Jersey, have been spending a short time here.

The Misses McKee gave a pleasant picnic on Thursday for their guest Mrs. Bealy, the party going down river by one boat and returning in the other.

Mr. C. H. Thomas and daughter are visiting in Prince Edward Island. Miss Thorne is spending a few days in St. John attending the institute now being convened there.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace King and Mrs. C. W. DeForest of St. John have been doing the Celestial Stirling of New York, Mr. B. Thompson, and Mrs. E. Thompson, with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harding of St. John made a pleasant party for a short visit to the capital.

After a pleasant visit of three weeks spent with her daughter in St. John Mrs. James Tibbitts returned to Montreal accompanied by her two little granddaughters the Misses K-tie and Francis Hassan.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Yerra are spending a few days with friends at Shelburne. CROCKETT.

MUSQUASH. JUNE 29.—Rev. B. Marriot and wife of Montreal who have been spending the month of June with Mrs. Marriot's parents Rev. Alfred and Mrs. Banham have returned home.

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

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remarkable means on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. IF NOT CURED, OF CALONS OF ALL KINDS, COLIC, CURB, SPLINTS, CONTRACTED AND KNOTTED CORDS, AND SHOE BOILS. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1897.

Remain your respectably, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents for Canada.

IN STOCK,

- Ladies' Short Back Manila Sailors, White Chiffon and Straw Hats, Black Chiffon and Straw Hats, Colored Chiffon and Straw Hats, Leghorn Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Millinery Novelties.

The Parisian

Puttner's Emulsion

Excellent for babies, nursing mothers, growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

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

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME (in season) MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL, BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

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

PUPILS thoroughly taught by mail how to cut and fit all kinds of dresses, costumes, garments, etc. by a new, simple method absolutely correct and reliable.

No failure with this system. It is easily learned by any one in a very short time. Diplomas, recognized all over the Dominion, granted for proficiency. Full particulars upon application.

Menu Cards, Wedding Invitations, Programmes, etc. Printed in the very latest styles, by the Progress Job Printing Department.

FOUR A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Home-Quinine Tablets. All Duggies refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Mr. L. W. Johnston and daughter Miss Winifred Johnston, returned from a pleasant visit to Montreal on Thursday.

Hon. F. P. Thompson has returned from an extended visit of several months spent on the Pacific coast. Miss Macdonald is here from Boston and will remain a month the guest of her brother, Rev. Wilford Macdonald at St. Paul's Manse.

Major Waldner of Providence R. I., is among the visitors to our charming little town. Miss Addie Howatt of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is visiting Mrs. McN. Shaw at Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fiewelling accompanied by Miss Frankie Tibbitts left on Monday for Clifton, Mr. Fiewelling taking his fare span of horses with him will drive across country from Long Reach, and on the return they will drive all the distance from Clifton.

Miss Clara Bridges is visiting her brother Dr. Seabury Bridges at St. John. Mr. G. Fisher of London England is spending a few days in our charming little town.

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir. VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients — one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, T. W. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.)

JUNE 29.—Miss Mabel Clarke gave a tea and theatre party on Thursday afternoon and evening for the pleasure of Miss Edith Hilliard of Fredericton and Miss Nellie Stewart of St. Andrews who are Miss Ethel Waterbury's guests.

Mrs. Frederic Scammell has returned from a brief visit in St. John.

Prof. W. F. Ganong of Smiths college accompanied by Mrs. Ganong and Miss Bliss arrived here on Saturday night and are guests of Mrs. James Ganong.

Miss Jessie Whitlock has gone to Hampton to spend a fortnight with her sister Mrs. Arthur Dixon.

Miss Mary Simpson has gone to Boston to visit for several weeks friends in that city.

Miss Mary Phillips and Miss McIntosh left on Saturday morning for their homes in Fredericton to spend the summer vacation.

Mrs. S. H. Blair is the guest this week of Mrs. A. E. Neill.

Miss Flora Cooke went to Fredericton on Saturday to visit her friend Mrs. Fred Edgewood.

Yesterday a party of ladies and gentlemen comprised of Hon. George F. Hill, Captain and Mrs. Howard B. McAllister, Mr. Henry Graham, Mrs. John E. Edger, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. W. F. Todd and Mrs. Ernest T. Lee drove to Dennville in a buckboard a distance of some fifty miles, and picnicked, enjoying a most delightful outing, the day being cool and the party most congenial; they returned home late in the evening.

Miss Jennie Moore left this morning for Boston to enter the Massachusetts General hospital to take a course of training for a nurse.

Miss Jessie Whitlock has gone to Boston to visit friends for a few weeks.

Mr. Vincent Sullivan of Somerville, Mass., is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. D. Sullivan.

Mr. Henry E. Hill has been spending a day or two in St. George.

The Misses Babine of Edmundston are guests of the Misses Stevens a Hawthornes hill.

Mr. John M. Stevens is expected tomorrow to make a short visit to his father Judge Stevens.

After an illness of several weeks Mrs. Matilda Marks, relict of the late Colonel Nehemiah Marks, passed quietly away on Friday evening at the home of her niece, Mrs. A. E. Neill. Mrs. Marks was one of our most elderly ladies, having reached the advanced age of eighty one year. She was a woman of many good qualities and judgment and was most highly esteemed by her friends. For many years after the death of Colonel Marks she resided in the New England and Southern States, but her later years have been spent in Calais. The funeral service took place on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock from the residence of Mrs. Neill, Church avenue, Calais, but the burial was in the Rural cemetery, St. Stephen, in the Mark's family lot. The Rev. Mr. Moore rector of St. Annes church, Calais, conducted the funeral service. The pall-bearers were, Messrs. Edward Moore, George Eaton, Frank Davis, Edwin C. Young, Joseph Rockwood, and Fredric T. Waite. The floral tributes were very beautiful and appropriate being chiefly of panies and white roses.

Mr. W. H. Torrance is expected to arrive here on Friday accompanied by his two young sons, Lindsay, who will visit his grandfather Judge Stevens, and Hartley, who will spend the summer with his aunt Mrs. J. L. Lawson.

Mr. Rankine Brown of Woodstock, will be the guest of Judge Stevens this week.

Miss Rebecca Moore and Miss Marion Rockwood of Wellesley college, are in Calais spending their young vacation.

Rev. J. B. Dollard of Toronto, is the guest of his brother, Rev. William Dollard.

Mrs. Frederic H. Pike who has been residing in Baltimore, Maryland, is expected next week and will be the guest of Mrs. W. B. King.

Miss Abbie Todd will again this year occupy the position as house-keeper at the Algonquin, St. Andrews.

Mrs. John Prescott gave invitations this morning to a lawn party at her beautiful grounds on Friday afternoon.

General B. B. Murray, Hon. C. A. McCullough

U. S. Consul, and Mr. George A. Curran, returned today from Bangor where they have been attending a Republican convention.

Mrs. T. M. Boyd and her family have moved to Boston and will make their future home in that city.

Mrs. Frederick Scammell leaves tomorrow for her home in Hackensack, after spending a month in town with her mother Mrs. John McAdam.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson are spending a few days in St. John.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John McGibbon on the birth of a son on Monday evening.

Miss Morrissy who has been Mrs. S. T. Whitney's guest has returned to her home in Bangor.

Miss Ella Harmon arrived in Calais on Saturday evening after a most successful tour of several months a leading lady in the Austin theatrical company. Miss Harmon expects to remain in Calais during the summer the guest of her mother Mrs. Marie Stoddard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sutherland, Misses Carter, Dick, Phillips, Vessey, McIntosh, Ham Ion and Scott, and Messrs. P. G. McFarlane, and Fred O. Sullivan will represent St. Stephen and Milltown at the Provincial Teacher's Institute this week in St. John.

Mrs. Helen Kelley, has arrived from Boston and will spend the summer in Calais making her home with Mrs. Ernest Haycock.

Miss Ethel Sullivan who has been since last autumn a pupil in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal, is home for the holidays and is most heartily welcomed by her young friends among whom she is a great favorite.

The Rev. Dr. Bolster of Boston preached in the congregational church last Sunday morning.

Rev. W. C. Goucher and Messrs. Gilbert S. Wall and Edgar M. Robinson leave Boston today on the steamship Caledonia for England.

Mrs. George M. Hanson and her daughter Emily are visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Florence Mitchell who has been taking a course of music at the Ladies College, Halifax, arrived home on Saturday evening.

Mrs. George Gray who has been visiting for the past three weeks in St. John has arrived home.

Mrs. W. Delia McLaughlin, who has been spending a week or two in Grand Manan, returned home on Saturday.

Miss Vesta Moore's young friends gave her a cordial greeting home last week. Miss Moore is a Wellesley College girl.

Rev. Thomas Marshall and Mr. Sedge Webber have been in Charlottetown attending the meetings of the Methodist conference.

Miss Sisson and the Misses May and Grace Carter left on Monday afternoon for their respective homes to spend the summer vacation.

Sheriff Starat of St. Andrews was in town during the past week.

Mr. F. B. Mescher inspector of schools for Carleton and Victoria counties, has been visiting his sister Mrs. W. J. Graham at her home in Milltown.

Misses Mabel Alcar, Bordie Todd and Ethel Teed went to Deer Isle on Saturday to spend Sunday with friends who reside on the island.

Mr. Walter Ganong has returned from Worcester Mass.

Mr. Harry S. Petrick has returned from Charlottetown, Prince Edward I land.

Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin has returned from Grand Manan.

Miss Lillian Dick has returned to her home in Mascarene to spend her vacation.

MONCTON.

(Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hatfield Trevelick's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. McInnes', and at Railway News Depot.)

JUNE 29.—Our bridal couples are returning home by degrees from their respective wedding trips, and I fancy next week will be largely devoted to the plying and receiving of calls. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Simpson returned on Monday after a trip of nearly three weeks, spent principally in the different cities of Upper Canada but extending through some of the points of interest in Nova Scotia. I believe Mrs. Simpson will be at home to her friends at her home on Fleet street, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hall also returned on Monday evening from their bridal journey which included a visit to St. John and a trip through Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Hall intend residing at the corner of St. George street and Harris Avenue, and I fancy the young bride will also receive next week but I am not quite certain of the days.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Murray returned yesterday from Boston, where they have been spending their honeymoon, so we now have no less than three brides in town, all of whom will probably be receiving next week, should the weather be favorable and permit them to appear in church next Sunday. Surely the work of the weather will take pity on the brides (not on the rest of the community) and send us some fine weather, as June has scarcely attained its reputation for sunny skies this year.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Ward, heard yesterday with very mixed feelings of Mr. Ward's promotion to the position of chief train dispatcher at New Glasgow. Pleasure at Mr. Ward's well deserved advancement was largely tempered with regret that his promotion would mean the departure of Mr. Ward and himself from Moncton, where they have lived for many years, and where they have hosts of friends. Mr. Ward left for his new field of work on Monday evening, and it is understood that Mrs. Ward will follow in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burns of Montreal, who have been visiting Mrs. Burns' mother Mrs. Samuel McKean of Main Street, returned home yesterday. Amongst the successful graduates of Newton Hospital, appears the name of Miss Lottie Corbett, daughter of Mr. Thomas Corbett of this city. Miss Corbett not only stood very high in the list of honors, but she was also one of the youngest graduates ever turned out of Newton. Her numerous Moncton friends will be interested in her success.

Moncton, and Truro met in an amicable battle on the cricket field last Wednesday which resulted in a crushing defeat for the home team, the visitors, who were pronounced the best players ever seen in Moncton, proving to many for the Moncton boys, who accepted the reverse gracefully.

The numerous Moncton friends of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Russell of Watertown, New York, will be deeply interested in hearing of the birth of twin daughters to them. Mrs. Russell was formerly Miss Annie McBean of this city, and Mr. Russell was also a resident of Moncton for some years.

Mrs. Parley of St. John, who has been spending some weeks in town visiting her brother Mr. C. A. Stever, returned home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bruce and family departed last week for their summer cottage at Shediac Cape where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Cora McSweeney returned last week from New York city, where she has been visiting friends. Miss McSweeney spent the winter in the Southern States with relatives, pausing in New York on her return.

Miss Maggie McLaren who has been making her home at Riviere de Loup for the past few months, is spending a few days in town the guest of her mother Mrs. McLaren of Bleasman street.

Mrs. D. A. Fraser of Tatamagouche, is paying a short visit to Moncton, the guest of her daughter Mrs. E. A. Sleeb, of Weldon street.

Mr. A. Duna of Truro, has been appointed to take the place of Mr. Bliss Ward in the train dispatcher's office here. Mr. Duna entered on his duties yesterday, and intends removing his family to Moncton immediately.

The many friends of Miss Jessie Dove are glad to see her in town again. Miss Dove has been training at the Children's Hospital in connection with St. Margaret's Home in Boston, for the past year, and is spending her summer vacation at her home in Moncton.

Mr. Mayne Archibald, son of Mr. P. S. Archibald, returned home from Picton Academy to spend his summer holidays.

Miss Lillian Quinn of St. John is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser of St. Stephen street.

A quiet wedding took place at nine o'clock this morning at the residence of Mr. Edward Donald of St. George street, when Mrs. W. Treen, sister of Mr. Donald was married to Mr. George M. Talbot of Westville N. S. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Robinson. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom were present, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot leaving shortly after service for their future home in Nova Scotia. The bride will take with her the best wishes of her numerous friends for a long and happy life in her new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Trenholm of Point de Bute are spending a few days in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robinson.

The many friends of Mr. C. P. Harris who has been suffering from a severe attack of grippe will be glad to hear that he is slowly but steadily improving.

Mrs. Thomas Williams and Miss Ada Williams take their departure this afternoon for St. John where Mr. Williams preceded them some weeks ago and where they intend making their home in future. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their charming daughter will be greatly missed in Moncton society and particularly by the congregation of St. John's Presbyterian church, of which they were valued members. Their numerous friends will unite in wishing them every happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Miss Dora Doherty of California, is spending a short time in town visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Ross of Queen street.

Rev. J. M. Robinson pastor of St. John Presbyterian church accompanied by Mrs. Robinson left this morning for Halifax where they take the steamer tomorrow for Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson expect to spend two months in the land of "cakes and heather, and will no doubt have a delightful trip. A number of their friends assembled at the station to wish them God-speed on their journey.

Mrs. Hutton of Galt Out, is spending a few days in town the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. Thomson of Archibald street.

Mr. C. W. Peters of the Bank of Montreal at St. John's Newfoundland, is spending his summer vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters of Alma Street. Mr. Peters' numerous friends are glad to welcome him back to his former home.

Mrs. Trenholm left town on Monday for her home in Cape Tormentine where she will spend the summer months.

Mr. V. T. Hawke of the Daily Transcript reached home on Monday having arrived on Sunday by the Allan liner "California" from Europe, where he has spent the past three months. Since his departure Mr. Hawke has not only visited his home in the southwest of England, but spent some time in London, Belgium, Western Germany and Lucerne in Switzerland. His friends will be glad to hear that Mr. Hawke is much improved in health.

GRAND MANAN.

JUNE 27.—Mrs. F. E. Holmes of Eastport has been the guest of her sister Mrs. S. B. Wait, for the past two weeks.

Rev. S. E. St. John and Mrs. St. John of Eastport, are guests at the Marathon.

Miss Kathleen Wooster and Miss Jennie Ingalls returned on Tuesday from Fredericton, where they have been attending Normal school.

Miss Palmer leaves by today's boat for her home in Sackville.

Mr. McLeod, Mr. Falkins and Miss Edna Gup. tell, also are passengers by today's boat for St. John, where they will attend the Teachers' Institute.

Friends of Miss Mabel Carson will be pleased to learn that she has recovered from her severe illness and will soon return to her duties at the General Public Hospital, St. John.

Dr. A. M. Cover is a guest of E. W. S. and Mrs. Covert at the Rectory. Dr. Covert graduated from McGill Med. college, at the last examination.

Miss Grace Newton is spending a few weeks in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Delia McLaughlin are visiting friends here.

Judge and Mrs. Cockburn of St. Andrews are also spending a few days here.

Mr. E. J. Martin and Miss Louise Martin are in St. Stephen for a week.

Mr. Scott Wooster returned from Fredericton on Saturday.

Miss Ella Loggals has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mr. Philip Newton went to St. Stephen today.

ST. GEORGE.

JUNE 30.—Mr. R. James Grey and bride Miss Evelyn Kirkpatrick of Milltown Me., arrived from St. Stephen on Thursday last. The bride was attired in a becoming suit of blue with hat to match. She was accompanied by Miss Mitchell; and was the recipient of many handsome presents, testifying to the high regard she was held by her friends.

The Misses Watson of Boston are guests at the Arden hotel.

Among the arrivals on Wednesday were Mrs. Charles Lee and a lady friend from St. John. (Rev. Mrs. Stevens and children of Newcastle).

Mrs. Joseph Clark who has been spending the winter in St. John has returned home.

Mrs. Francis Hubbard, Miss Marshall, and Mr. Samuel Johnstone were passengers on the Shore Line for St. Stephen last week.

Rev. Mr. Gordon of St. John was a recent guest at the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. Oakes principal of Horton academy Wolfville spent a few days in town this last week.

Mr. Alex. Cameron has arrived from Providence, R. I. to spend his vacation and is the guest of his aunt Mrs. Edward O'Brien.

Miss Nellie Murray is visiting Mrs. Gooden Sparks.

Miss E. L. Laidlaw is spending two weeks with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray of Halifax were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton Clark over Sunday.

Miss Soyer leaves this week for a ten days vacation.

Mr. Thomas Lavers of St. John is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Laver at the parsonage.

SEND FOR A SAMPLE PACKET FREE.
Monsoon Indo-Ceylon Tea is economical, healthful and delicious. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.
THE MONSOON TEA CO., 7 Wellington St. W. Toronto.



"The Ideal Tonic."
CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite.
No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

Mrs. George Wyman arrived from the west on Wednesday to visit Mrs. Charles Johnston.
A pleasant party including Mr. Kinman Gillmor Mr. H. L. Russell, Mr. Gillmor Stewart and Capt. Joseph McFee have enjoyed a fine fishing trip to the islands.
Miss Carlyle is the guest of Mrs. James McKay. Miss Addie Dick of St. John who has been enjoying a few days with Miss Dick returned home on Tuesday.
Rev. Mr. Lavers goes to St. John this week to take Dr. Gordon's pulpit of the Main St. Baptist church for two Sundays. Mr. Alex. Cameron supplies for Rev. Mr. Lavers. **MAX.**

DOCHESTER.
[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]
JUNE 29.—Everything is excitement preparing for the Masonic bazaar on Dominion day.

Miss Blanche Hamilton, Mr. C. L. Hanington and Miss Constantine Chandler went to Windsor last week to attend the Edgemoor closing, and the Kings college festivities, they all had a most delightful trip, The Haningtons returning on Friday last and Miss Chandler on Monday.

Miss Wilton of London, England is visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. B. Palmer, Miss Weldon came over from England to see her brother who is very much out of health.

Mrs. R. W. Hewson is spending the week with her mother Mrs. George W. Chandler at "Maplehurst".
The Misses Oden of Sackville are spending a few days with their friend Mrs. R. P. Foster.

Miss E. L. Lawson of Amherst is in town for the Dominion day festivities, visiting her sister Mrs. R. P. Foster. **PERFORME.**

THINGS OF VALUE.
In all Great Britain has five flags—the Royal Standard, the Union Jack, the merchant flag, the Naval Reserve, and the blue ensign, the flag of the Naval Reserve. The Union Jack is hoisted by Colonial Governors, and each Colony shows a different badge.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all the ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that they were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, which obtains in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail system is led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stunted, and circulating through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, and encircling the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—restores improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

At Weibach, in Germany, a decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who has been in the habit of getting drunk.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Beckle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness of the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

So-called cork legs contain no cork whatever. The name arises from the fact that, years ago, nearly all the artificial legs used in Europe came from manufacturers whose places of business were in Cork Street, London.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, indigestion, and general indisposition. These symptoms if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little prevention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bill. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Of the old people in the United Kingdom, above the age of sixty one in seven is at the present moment in receipt of parish relief.

Can't be Beat.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of cramp, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of cramp several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a permanent cure. It is great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

A snail farm has been started by a farmer of Ant. France. He has already 200,000 of these interesting creatures, and they eat as much green fodder as two cows.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmentier has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmentier's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, they act as both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly expelling the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Flowers cut in the morning will retain their freshness twice as long as those cut in the middle of the day when the sun is shining upon them.

PARMENTIER'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Dr. D. Carwell, Carwell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmentier's Pills and found them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

The gum trees of Victoria are the tallest trees in the world, averaging 500 ft. high.

Swallows have been met with at tea more than 1,000 miles from any land.

Just Try the Effect
OF OUR
Sheet Metal Fronts,
Metallic Cornices.
They make old buildings look like new at slight expense—and are the most handsome, durable, and economical finish you can find for new buildings—dry, warm and fire proof.
Our new catalogue gives full information—send for it and decide to use our up to date building materials.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.
1189 King St. West, Toronto.

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

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N.B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample rooms in connection. (First class) Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Delicious!
Is what everyone says after drinking my
Fruit Phosphates
OR CREAM SODA.
Have you tried it yet?
I have just received another lot of that
LOVELY SPRUCE GUM.
W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
Chemist and Druggist.
35 King Street. Telephone 239

I have a few Dahlia Roots left for each purchaser of Seeds.
Spring Lamb and Chickens,
Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes
THOMAS DEAN,
City Market.

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

THOS. L. BOURKE
FRESH MACKEREL,
The First of the Spring Catch Received this day at 19 and 23 King Square.
J. D. TURNER.

BUY
Coleman's Salt
THE BEST
Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.



(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

A quiet but pretty wedding took place in St. John's church Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, when Miss Louise T. Hannington, daughter of Mr. T. B. Hannington, was united in marriage to Dr. Horace C. Wetmore. Only the near relatives of the bride and groom were guests. They were ushered by Mr. C. F. Hannington and Mr. David Puddington. At the hour appointed the bride entered the church escorted by her father, and approached the chancel, where the groom was waiting. The bride wore a very becoming lawn colored travelling dress, with hat of light brown straw trimmed with green ribbons and pink flowers. As the bridal party entered the church the choir sang the wedding hymn, "The voice that breatheth o'er Eden." Rev. G. Osborne Troop then performed the ceremony. After a wedding luncheon at the home of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore left by the Atlantic express on their way to Prince Edward Island, where they will spend their honeymoon.

AMHERST.

[ADDITIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]
JUNE 28.—The marriage of Mr. Ackles to Miss Nellie Liddell took place in the baptist church last Wednesday evening, and those only who were fortunate enough to have tickets were admitted. The bride looked very pretty in white cashmere and the groom, a handsome man, was ably supported by Mr. Freeman, while the bridesmaid looked charming in white muslin with pale blue trimmings.
Another wedding of last week was Mr. Hector Lewis to Miss J. Purche, daughter of Mr. James Purche.
Mr. and Mrs. Bent have returned from Lunenburg where Mr. Bent was attending Masonic Grand Lodge.
The Misses Pipes, Miss Pugsley, Elsie Townsend and the Misses Dickey, are at home again looking very bright after their arduous labours at Edge Hill.
Mr. Ingils Bent spent Sunday in town.
The tableaux vivants which were so successful in connection with Christ church realized about 40 dollars.
Among the many handsome turns out this summer is one driven by D. B. Bent and family.
Mr. Nelson and two children left for their home in St. John last Thursday.
Mr. Eldekrin is visiting Miss Page on Eddy street.
Mrs. W. Y. Moran who has been spending some weeks with her parents at Sussex has returned home.
Mrs. Campbell of Ottawa is visiting Miss Handford at the Dock and has favored Christ church with a number of solos.
Mr. Harris spent last Sunday in Halifax attending the synod in that city.
Mrs. Logan and child have not returned Mr. Logan came to advance Mrs. Logan having to remain over with her sick child. Mr. Logan has postponed his trip abroad until the autumn.
Miss Smith who has been visiting Miss Moffat at Eddy street, leaves for Parrsboro soon to spend the summer.
Henry Dunlap is home from college.
Mrs. J. M. Townshend spent Sunday in Halifax en route to Windsor, where she attended the singing exercises. Some of our Amherst young ladies carried off a number of prizes. Amherst should have a number of "Bas-Bleuse."
Miss Johnston's friends are glad to see her on her feet again.
Christ church is looking very beautiful now as a back ground to our lovely square with its profusion of shrubs and flowers, it has been remarked since the townsmen are erected fewer Scott Act fines have been paid.
Mrs. Bent is out again.

PARRSBORO.

[PROGRESS IS FOR SALE AT PARRSBORO BOOK STORE.]
JUNE 29.—Mr. Justice To washend and his family arrived on Saturday to spend the summer months.
Mr. J. R. Cowans and his brothers are at their summer residence at Partridge Island.
Miss Ray Gillespie came home last week from Mt. St. Vincent for the holidays.
The remains of Mrs. Outhat were brought from Halifax for interment the funeral today being very largely attended. The amiable and sterling qualities of the deceased won for her many friends who sympathized with her bereaved ones.



Another Big Cut in Prices
Special for a few days.
DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE LIKE?

- Solid Gold Frames, warranted \$2.35
Best Gold Filled Frames, - - 1.10
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The above prices are quoted on strictly First Quality Goods. This is a Special Sale and the prices quoted are good for a few days only. ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN FRAMELESS EYE GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

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Boston Optical Co.,
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Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

Cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headaches. 25c.

patience with the sorrowing relatives in their sudden bereavement.

Mrs. M. L. Tucker went to Halifax to attend the closing of the Ladies college and to fetch her daughter Edna home for the holidays.

Mrs. Wiggins Boston is the guest of Mrs. D. W. Mahoney.

Miss Alloway Springhill, is paying a visit to the Misses Alkman.

Mr. Norris MacKenzie is back from Lunenburg. Miss Mattie McAleese and Mr. Fred L. Bradish were united this morning in the bonds of marriage at the residence of Mr. Frank McAleese, Rev. Mr. Dill of Summerside, officiating. The bride looked very sweet and attractive in a white or-gandie gown. The going away gown was of blue cloth with green & blue front and a pretty hat to match. The happy couple left by the morning train for their future home in Boston.

Mr. F. O. Newcomb, Wolfville, was in town on Friday.

Mr. O. L. Price has gone to Sussex to attend his father's funeral.

The Victoria bicycling club enjoyed a picnic at Partridge Island yesterday. The young ladies wheeled down at four in the afternoon and were afterwards joined by the gentlemen for tea. Dr. and Mrs. Smith accompanied the party.

The many friends of Mr. D. F. Campbell, former principal of Parrsboro school, are not surprised to hear that he has been placed on the mathematical staff at Harvard, as it was clearly evident that Mr. Campbell had a head on him and also that he would only be with satisfied the attainment of the highest rung of the ladder.

BUCHANAN.

JUNE 29.—Mr. E. P. Romeril of Montreal was calling on friends in town on Wednesday last.

Mr. Eric Robidoux of Shediac has been in town since Saturday evening. Mr. Fred Bidard.

Messrs. Vincent and McLean of St. John were in town on Monday.

Mrs. Simon Poirier of Shediac is the guest of her sister Mrs. B. E. Johnson.

Messrs. Fred O'Leary and Harry McInerney are home from St. Josephs college, Memramcook for the vacation.

Senator and Mrs. Poirier of Shediac are in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. V. McInerney.

Mrs. W. A. Ferguson of Kingston went to St. John on Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Curran of Bathurst was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Ferguson returned home from Dorchester on Saturday.

Preparations are being made for a concert to be given early in July, Mr. B. E. Johnson has the affair in charge.

AURORA.

JUNE 28.—The Misses Goddard of Elgin are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Goddard.

Mr. Clarence Harnigan is visiting at the "Victoria".

Miss Maggie Hannigan returned home last week from visiting friends in Dorchester.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Goddard entertained a number of their friends in honor of their guests the Misses Goddard an enjoyable time was spent by all.

On Monday evening the residence of Judge James assumed a gay and festive air, Chinese lanterns were placed about the grounds and around the veranda's. Inside the youth and beauty of our town were well represented, and seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost with the different amusements provided by the hostess. A nice luncheon was served about twelve o'clock and all went home wishing that more pleasant evenings like this would be spent in our town.

Miss McGowan of Dorchester is visiting the Misses Hastings.

VENUS.

JUNE 28.—Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Morton and family and Miss Jessica Buchanan of Bridgewater Maine are visiting at Mrs. D. Buchanan's.

Miss E. L. Burgess accompanied by her friend Miss Bell are here from Ottawa.

Prof. E. M. Kierstead and Mrs. Kierstead of Wolfville are spending a few days in this vicinity.

Mr. H. A. Sinnott is spending a week in St. John Mr. B. H. Barnes, Hampton, spent Sunday at Millstream.

Mrs. T. R. Burgess returned last week from a visit at her son's Dr. Burgess of Bristol.

Miss Sadie Manchester is visiting friends at Bloomfield.

ALWAYS DRINKING.

The ravages of alcoholism in France are indeed terrible. Two doctors, who have made the matter their especial study, declare that an alarming proportion of French workmen begin their day by drinking bad brandy, mixed or un-mixed with falsified syrups, and more frequently raw absinthe. The dose is repeated in the forenoon, and again after work. Rouen is it is stated, the most bibulous city in France, and there the plague has reached women and children through the "tonno 'alcohol," composed of crusts of bread upon which boiling coffee, or rather chicory, is poured. The compound is then completed pouring in half a litre of potato spirit.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Jealousy may be defined as the suspicion of one's own inferiority.
One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.

Some men could learn things if they did not think they already knew them.
They say good time are coming—
They'll reach us any day.
So let us start things running
To meet them on the way.

Mr. Poser: 'Have you—aw—met youaw ideal yet?'
Up-to-date Girl: 'Bicycle, dog or man?'

A: 'How tall is the man who is above criticism?'
B: 'Well, he's often over the heads of his readers.'

There is much of both the lion and the donkey in everybody, only roaring is not the accomplishment the more easily acquired.

Man was made to mourn, but he often thinks he can get out of it by marrying again.

Blood will tell, though it does sometimes neglect to speak when it passes a poor relation.

There are two things women are supposed to jump at—a mouse and an offer of marriage.

Many a man who thinks he is not appreciated is disappointed because he is not over-estimated.

She: 'Are you lucky in love?'
He: 'Should say I was! Have been refused five times in three years.'

'Yes,' said the victim of the accident; 'I think I could die happy if it wasn't for one thing.'

If we didn't hate to boast, we could tell people a good many things they never seem to suspect.

'Fate's a fiddler—life's a dance,'
But oh, the bitter pill!
We see some awkward persons prance
Who should be sitting still.

It is not polite to say of a woman that she talks too much, but she looks complimented when you tell her that she is a conversationalist.

'And what is that?'
'I can't help wondering what improvements they will make in bicycles after I am dead.'

The Proud Father: 'Oh! come now! You were a boy yourself once.'
The irate neighbour: 'Maybe I was; but I didn't have an idiot of a father to encourage me to make myself an internal nuisance!'

'Do you take any interest in these woman's rights movements?'
'Well, I think the wisest and safest course for man is to concede to woman every right that she really wants.'

'What is an 'aggressive policy,' father?'
'Well, my boy, it is a policy which makes a man so angry that he wants to fight, but which as a rule frightens him so that he doesn't dare to.'

'Your reflections do you great credit, Mr. Brainby.'
'Thank heaven!' sighed Brainby, 'I can get credit for something. Ah, my dear friend I would you were a tradesman.'

Commercial Traveller: 'Who's that talking so loud and kicking up such a fuss there in the private office?'
Clerk (nonchalantly): 'Oh, that's the silent partner.'

He: 'I only ask you to put my love to the test. Give me something to do for your sake.'
She: 'Certainly. Go and marry some other girl.'

'Your wife is somewhat strong-minded, isn't she, Littlejohn?'
'Strong-minded? A furniture-polish pedlar came here yesterday and in five minutes she sold him some polish she had made herself!'

'And can you give my daughter all the luxuries she has been accustomed to?' asked the wealthy magnate.
'Yes, sir,' modestly, yet proudly, declared the young man. 'I may even say my tandem is better than yours.'

'The children wish me to ask you to tell them some fairy stories,' said the politician's wife, as the busy man settled himself down in his easy chair.
'My dear,' was the reply, 'I can't do it. I must have some relaxation from the routine of business.'

Fusher: 'Gusher is not very happy in choice of adjectives.'
Usher: 'Why so?'
'Miss Gummus fished for a compliment by asking him what he thought of her slippers.'

And what did he say?
'He said they were immense.'

Some folk acquire knowledge for the sake of knowing it, and some for the sake of telling it.
Mr. Wallace: 'A woman has more changes of mind than—than—'

Mrs. Wallace: 'Than she has of dresses my dear.'

'But what does she really want?'
'Ah! now you have got down to the real problem.'

And so saying the wise man showed his wisdom by making a quiet exit, for there are some things that are beyond the ken of all but woman.

'I suppose you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism?' said a doctor recently to the wife of one of his patients.

'Yes, I suppose I ought to be,' answered the lady, 'but from now on we shall have to guess at the weather or buy a barometer if his bones leave off aching before a damp spell.'
—F.T.S. F.T.S. F.T.S.
—'Oh! Bullions says he isn't rich at all, but I know better.' —F.T.S.
—'Him! How did you manage to get your information?'
—'From himself. He told me not long ago that there was no such thing as luck in business. You never hear an unsuccessful man talk in that strain.'

THEY PREFER SINGLE LIFE.

An English Writer's Conclusion Regarding the Growing Number of Spinsters.

'Bachelor Women' is the title of a recent article in the London Contemporary Review. It is by Stephen Gwynn, and will be read by women with mixed feelings. Mr. Gwynn devotes a good deal of space to discussing the latest theories of Signor Ferrero regarding the increase of spinsters in Anglo-Saxon society, as he puts it. Signor Ferrero is quite alarmed on the subject. Mr. Gwynn quotes one of his illustrations as follows:
'I knew a family which was composed as follows: The mother, widow of a Cambridge professor, had devoted herself to politics and fought in the front ranks of the Radical party; the eldest daughter, unmarried and 30, was a journalist, and lived by herself in a flat, where she received her friends of both sexes; the second was a Professor of History at Girton; the third had founded a model farm, with the purpose of training ladies to earn their livelihood as gardeners; the fourth had become an artist, and was studying sculpture. Not one of these four girls had the least desire to marry, nor troubled herself in the least to captivate a man. They might easily have found husbands, as all were well off, and the two youngest exceptionally good looking; but they did not want to; they said that as things were they had more freedom, and that marriage would diminish their liberty and their pleasures in life. They had, in short, devoted themselves to singleness not from religious motives, but from sheer calculation.'

Mr. Gwynn argues against this pessimistic conclusion. He grants that society is being greatly modified by the new and rapidly increasing class of women to whom marriage is not the chief end and aim in life; but proceeds to show by actual instances, and also by modern fiction, that the advanced and educated woman may still occasionally be induced to take pity on single men. He says:

'For the most part the bachelor woman has either to grow old in her virtuous Bohemia—and it is not wholly a cheerful fate—or to marry and go into ordinary society. There is, however, one thing to be said. If she immigrates in sufficient numbers into society she will probably end by modifying its conventions: and it is surprising what a number of women one meets who have, at one time or another studied art in Paris and lived on two or three francs a day when allowance ran short, or assisted in a bonnet shop or tried their hands at journalism. A good many of course, have merely broken away from home for a few months in sheer desire of change, or have set up a studio chiefly in order that they may give tea parties in it. But however little serious may have been the work they did in their effort to be self-supporting, yet the habit of independence is implanted and a rude shake is given to old equilibrium. Working gentlewomen who are promoted to the dignity of marriage will probably by their combined influence modify social usages to a very considerably extent, though by no means the direction that Signor Ferrero indicates.'

'The working gentlewoman, as we have seen wants to get married in order that she may have less work and more comforts; the club woman, who is often a widow, remains unmarried for the very same reason. Naturally, she is not a pioneer, nor an emancipator, nor enthusiast, nor theorist of any kind; she is simply the counterpart of the club man—that is to say, a person who organizes life on the lines of least resistance, and aims chiefly to save trouble and avoid responsibility. While it was bad form for a woman to live in chambers by herself these ladies would never have thought of doing so; but as soon as society accepted people who were either doing or had done this thing, they realized the possibilities open to them, and though they were no theorists, contentedly put themselves in advance of humdrum people. And certainly they have gained enormously in the conveniences of life. The lady who has five or six hundred a year and no incumbrances used formerly to be obliged to take a house and have two or three servants; that condemn her at once to a cheap suburb and made entertaining practically impossible. Now she has chambers somewhere in Piccadilly, her mind is free from the cares of a household, she has neither to engage nor dismiss servants, nor compose their quarrels;

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90 King Street.
SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

she has absolutely all the attendance she wants, and everything about her is well turned out; meals come for the touching of a bell, and instead of a carriage she has her pick of the hansoms. If she wants to see faces about her and avoid that sense of solitude which has driven so many women into matrimony, all she has to do is to step round to her club; it may be a club for women only, or, it she prefers it, one of the mixed arrangements which are becoming so popular.'

The author concludes by expressing the opinion that as a result of present conditions there will be a great falling off in the number of marriages of convenience. The reproachful term 'old maid' will disappear and instead we shall have not only the bachelor girl, but the old-bachelor woman, who, when the middle-aged single gentleman of the future grows tired of club life and offers her the comforts of a home, will reply:

'The comforts of home are for the husband. I do not want to take upon myself the charge of an establishment and the tedium of eating three meals a day which I myself have ordered.'

These bachelor women are one thing and the old-time old maids quite another.—N. Y. Sun.

Two Million Pounds in Perfumes.
'You may put down the annual amount spent in England alone on perfumes at quite £2,000,000, or roughly, eighteen-pence per head of the population,' said a dealer in perfumes to the writer. 'Of this, I should say fully half sheds its perfume from pocket-handkerchiefs, the familiar vehicle for scents. Very large quantities are used in spraying perfumes, to fill them with a delicate perfume. Several thousand gallons of costly perfumes find their way every year into my lady's bath; and it is quite a common thing for a fashionable lady with a weakness for scents to spend £100 or £200 a year, and even much more in isolated cases in perfuming her bath. There is, inevitably, adulteration in many perfumes, into which some very strange constituents enter; and you will probably be surprised to learn that many exquisite scents springs, like many beautiful dyes, from tar.'

Silver-Plated Knives Forks Spoons,

which bear this trade mark W. W. ROGERS are warranted to be the best of silverplate. Our own interest would prevent our sending out a single spoon bearing this mark which was not up to standard. Other makers try to make theirs "just as good."
SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wallingford, Conn., U.S.A.
and Montreal, Canada.

RECIPE

For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

- Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fletcher's Yeast.....one cake
Sugar.....five pounds
Lukewarm water.....five gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling cool and delicious.
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

SCENES IN MONTREAL.

SOME THINGS NOTED BY A VISITOR TO THE BIG CITY.

Why the Cab Horses Have a Halting Appearance—A Traveller Who Followed Mark Twain's Example—The Frequency of Infant Funerals.

The first thing that strikes the tender-hearted visitor to the beautiful city of Montreal, will probably be the condition of the cab horses, and after he has thoroughly taken this in his attention will no doubt be attracted to the smartness of the cabs they draw, and the elaborate brass or silver mounting of the harness. I don't mean to say that the cab horse of the commercial metropolis is to be compared for a moment to his brother-in-harness either in London or Paris, or that his owner is intentionally unkind to him, for I have seen many a Montreal cabman engaged, during his leisure moments in a regular boxing-match with his horse, the animal entering into the sport with as much apparent enjoyment as his master, and the game being for the horse to catch the master's hand before the latter had time to slap him on the nose. It seemed to be a condition of the game that the one should not hit, nor the other bite, too hard. It is the conditions of life which make things hard for the luckless animal and give him that expression of utter disgust with the present, and indifference to the future which is one of his most prominent characteristics. I was going to speak of him as a quadruped, but the term hardly applies as he so rarely rests on all four legs at once that he might almost claim to be classed as a biped. He has contracted a habit of propping himself up during his leisure moments on his right foreleg, and thus giving the limbs not in immediate use, a much needed rest. Even when engaged in active business he has a curious way of saving one pair of legs as much as possible, which gives him rather a curious, and decidedly a pathetic halt in his gait.

The reason for this peculiarity is the construction of the streets some of which are stone, some the hardest of cobblestone, and some "rock asphalt." Continual pounding over these hard substances soon breaks up a horse's knees, and though he may last for years in that condition he probably has excellent reasons of his own for taking a gloomy view of the situation and wishing to end his days as soon as possible. Anyone who suffers from rheumatism will sympathize with him, I am sure.

Probably the Montrealers themselves are so accustomed to the peculiar gait of their horses that they would be surprised, if their attention was drawn to it; but even the high stepping hack which comes haughtily down Sherbrooke street drawing a well appointed dog cart and guided by a coachman in immaculate livery, even this aristocratic animal whose tail is shorn as close to his hind quarters as nature will permit, is not free from a certain carelessness in putting his feet down and a tendency to rest a fore or hind leg whenever he gets a chance. Some of the cab horses are very sad sights and the contrast between the natty cab, and the pitiful ghost drawing it is frequently so strong and so pathetic as to lead the stranger and pilgrim to wonder whether there is a branch of the S. P. C. A. in Montreal, and if so whether the officers are very zealous in the performance of their duties.

Perhaps I may feel more keenly on the subject than most people, but it is a fact that I avoided the Montreal cab as a mode of progression during my visit, just as Mark Twain used to avoid riding the horses whose backs he had seen, during his trip through the Holy Land. The one he chose had never been unsaddled in his presence, and though the gentle humorist had little doubt that his back was just as sore as the others he did not know it from personal observation, and derived some comfort from his ignorance. On the same principle I used the plebeian chariot which costs five cents, and is propelled by electricity, my only cab drive being taken one Sunday morning when the sharp spur of necessity forced me to catch a train.

The next impression that the stranger receives in Montreal is the frequency of infant funerals, and the business-like manner in which they are conducted. There is no commoner spectacle in the streets of Montreal than the sight of an ordinary wagon, or buggy being driven along at an ordinary pace, occupied sometimes by two men, but quite as frequently by a man and

a woman, and resting on their knees will be a little white coffin with a wreath of flowers, or perhaps quite unadorned. When first I used to meet these sad little funerals it used to give me quite a shock, but I soon got accustomed to them, especially when I noticed how cheerfully resigned the mourners seemed to be. I suppose children are common, and large families of such frequent occurrence especially among the French Canadians, that it is a sort of blessing in disguise when one of the poor little ones is called Home, but it is very sad all the same.

To visit Montreal and not ascend "The Mountain," is to proclaim oneself utterly behind the age at once, while the stranger who leaves the city without driving around that same mountain, is disgraced forever not only in the eyes of all self respecting Montrealers, but in the sight of the civilized nations of the earth. Everyone has heard of Mount Royal, and no matter where you live, as soon as you return home and mention the fact that you visited Montreal while you were away, you are pounced upon with the question, "Did you drive around the Mountain?" People who never have been within five hundred miles of the mountain themselves, and never expect to be, have read all about it, and will say to the returned tourist with an air of lofty condescension—"Of course you drove around the mountain; no one would think of coming away from Montreal without seeing the mountain?"

Well I did my duty to my beloved adopted country and not only drove around Mount Royal and viewed it reverently from all sides, but I scraped a more intimate acquaintance of it by ascending to the summit in one of the queer little triangular cars which crawl so sturdily up the fern-clad sides of the beautiful mountain, and look, when seen from a little distance so exactly a gigantic beetle creeping resolutely to the top of a very steeply pitched roof.

Howling along up the gentle incline which leads to the final ascent and suddenly catching sight of the formidable looking ladder of rails—as it appears up which we will presently creep, it really does give one a shiver of apprehension, and a very decided inclination to suddenly remember a pressing engagement requiring an immediate return to the city. At first it seems positively incredible that any car made can be filled with people and dragged up that almost perpendicular ascent without losing its hold and dashing its freight to destruction. But we are already at the stopping place and everyone else steps cheerfully and confidently out of the safe and conventionally shaped chariot which has brought us so far and into the little cockpit hat which looks so dangerous, so there is nothing to do but follow with the best grace possible, and then be overcome with amazement at not being more frightened. Slowly the little car starts, gets up its speed, and finally begins to climb. We all show a great affection for the stout iron hand-rail and cling to it as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the one spar within reach there is a curious feeling of going up into space, quite different from the unpleasant sensation of going up a great distance in an elevator, a steady pull and we are all stepping out at the landing place with audible sighs of relief, and a transparent assumption of never having been afraid from the first.

Once in the broad railed platform at the summit under the shade of the pavilion which crowns it, there is little time for any feeling but delight at the beauty of the scene which lies spread out before one like an exquisite picture. Beautiful Montreal gleams below our feet in the bright June sunshine, like some piece of mosaic, or rather like an immense Scotch plaid, all green and red, and grey! so luxuriantly do the trees grow in all the streets that the buildings of bright red brick, and fresh, clean grey stone seem to be set in the midst of a forest of greenery which forms a background for the picture they make.

I have spoken of the summit of the mountain because it is from the pavilion built on the flat table-land there, that the best view of the city is obtained, but behind this point and on higher ground still reached by a succession of flights of steps, lie the cemeteries, situated in one of the most beautiful spots that can be imagined, and here may be seen a sight most unusual with us, so familiar in Upper Canada that it fails to attract the least attention—groups of mourners either sitting in silent

meditation beside the graves of their loved ones, or watering and tending the flowers that bloom in almost tropical luxuriance in nearly all the lots. Sometimes a bowed figure is seen kneeling in the very abandonment of grief by a newly made mound, and once or twice I saw two ladies in deep mourning seated on camp chairs within the enclosure of a family lot quietly engaged in reading and needle-work. They seemed to be keeping their dead company, keeping them in the family circle still, as far as possible, and the idea was a very attractive and touching one.

If coming up the mountain is exciting, going down is very much more so. It really looks unpleasantly like coasting into space, and as we are taking our seats a cautious elderly man nervously requests his companion to exchange seats with him and let him sit with his back "to the horses" as it were. "I never yet faced danger when I could help it" he observes as he seizes the rail with both hands "it is bad enough to know it's there without seeing it coming." The rest of us prefer to meet "the ice race to face; the motor man clangs his bell, and we are off. It really is terribly steep, and the car feels as if it might break loose and go plunging down the mountain side, but we do not go down much faster than we came up, so our confidence returns. Half way down we meet the ascending car, and there is a great interchange of greetings, and waving of handkerchiefs, then we are standing still almost before we have realized that the peril is past; we step with an air of languid indifference out on to terra firma and the long anticipated ascent of the mountain is over!

There is much to see and to talk about in Montreal that in the first flush of enthusiasm and while the impressions are fresh one is almost tempted to believe that it would be easy to write a book about the charming city and even make it interesting so perhaps it is just as well that fresh impressions are fleeting, and the first flush of enthusiasm, like the bloom of youth, fades soon; for I have no doubt that a short newspaper article will prove quite sufficient to exhaust the interest of the average reader, in the subject. But yet it really seems as if Sherbrooke street with its beautiful residence its wide clean sidewalks, and lovely trees, the beautiful church of the Jesuits, the public squares, and the celebrated Sohmer park with its wonderful list of attractions, all for the sum of ten cents, its good music and its astonishing crowd of lakirs all most actively engaged in doing those things which they ought not to do, and apparently flourishing exceedingly thereby—it really seems as if each of these should have a chapter to themselves.

There is the grand church of Notre Dame with its lovely statues, its priceless paintings, some of which are the work of either Raphael or Murillo, I forget which, and its gem of a side chapel, the chapel of the Sacred Heart, which so many visitors miss altogether merely because they have never been made aware of its existence, but which alone is worth a visit to Montreal on account of its architectural beauty and the number and value of its frescoes and paintings. The great white and gold cathedral which, like so many other grand churches is still unfinished, but always having something new added to it; and last, though by no means least, the historic old Chateau Ramey, one of the oldest houses in Canada, once the seat of a noble family of France, but was transformed into a most interesting museum, and filled with historical relics—all these features of Montreal are worthy of special chapters to themselves. The office of Montreal Daily Star, through which I was shown, and where I spent a pleasant hour thanks to the kindness of the assistant manager, Mr. McNab, a former Moncton boy, and Mr. W. J. Little of the circulation department, who extended that cordial welcome to their sister of the pen, which newspaper people are always sure of obtaining, the world over from members of the craft, is also deserving of a small pamphlet to itself. It is a busy hive that office of the Daily Star, and to see the giant presses throwing off eighteen thousand copies in an hour is a revelation to one accustomed to the working of a smaller office. But the train for Toronto is sure to be on time, and will wait for neither man nor woman, so farewell to the fair city of Montreal for the present; but I shall not soon forget the pleasant days I spent there.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

Thrilling Incidents and Daring Deeds on Land and Sea.

It was in 1863 and 1864, when the Civil War was the hottest, that I made some money smuggling cotton from Texas across the Mexican border, said David C. Develley, of New Orleans.

It was in May, 1864, that, with a train of six four-mule wagons bound for the Rio Grande with cotton, my outfit was jumped by the Comanches a hundred miles south of San Antonio. There were ten men of us all told, and seventy or eighty of the Comanches. We saw them in time and corralled our wagons, with the mules safe behind them, and stood the Indians off.

But there was one man named Morton, a young fellow who had come along with our party for the sake of adventure, whom they captured. He had gone out for antelope and was a mile from the wagons when the Indians swooped down and cut him off. He ran for it and gave them a chase; but his horse tripped in a badger hole and threw him, and that settled his fate. He fought for his life and emptied a couple of Indian saddles, and as the Comanches closed round him we all prayed that he might be killed on the spot. But when the Indians scattered out and rode toward us we saw poor Morton among them astride a pony his feet tied together under the animal with one of the Indians leading the pony by a lariat.

We were kept pretty busy for about three hours, the Indians circling us, lying along their ponies' sides so as to show us no mark except a foot, and firing their guns and arrows from under the animal's necks. We were well protected by our wagons and none of us was hurt; and after we had killed four ponies and wounded an Indian or two the Comanches had enough of it and drew off. But they did not go away. They only went well out of rifle range, and then they stopped and cooked their supper, showing that they meant to stay with us longer. Before sunset they scalped poor Morton in full view of us, and an Indian rode toward the wagons parading the scalp on a lance.

There was no possible way for us to rescue the captive from the Indians. From behind our barricade we could see them making their preparations to torture him. They gathered armfuls of last year's dried grass and buffalo chips before sundown, and stretched Morton upon his back on the ground, with his hands and feet tied to stakes. When darkness fell they built a fire upon his chest and held up torches of dried grass that we might see. His shrieks came to our ears and we could see his writhings by the light of the Indians' torches. Elsewhere it was pitch dark, for the night was cloudy and there was no moon.

We endured this sight for a few minutes and then one of our company could stand it no longer. The best shot in our outfit was Bill Whitehead. He could do wonderful shooting with a long, muzzle-loading rifle of the pattern known in the South as a buck rifle, and which carried a round bullet weighing twenty-four to the pound. He looked to the priming of his piece, laid his hat on the ground, and, without a word began to crawl under a wagon out from the corral.

"What are you going to do, Bill?" I asked.

COULD SCARCELY RAISE HIS HAND.

Yet took care of seventy head of stock.

The farmer who found a friend.

Serious results often follow a strain, especially when it affects the back, and few people are so liable to strain as those who are lifting heavy loads of various kinds, from day to day. The teamster rarely ever overtaxes his strength. Familiarity with the class of wares he handles, enables him to entirely gage the load he lifts so as not to put an excessive burden on himself. But with the farmer it is different. He is lifting loads of such varying weights and under such varying conditions that he is very liable to lift a little too much some day, with injurious results. Many serious affections of the great organs of the body originate in a strain. It was so in the case of H. R. W. Bentley, of Fowler, North Dakota. A strain resulted in serious trouble with the liver. How he recovered and was enabled to feed seventy head of stock during the winter, let him tell himself:

"About a year ago, I sustained an injury in my back and shoulders by lifting a heavy weight. After a time, a liver trouble came on, which so weakened me that I could scarcely lift my hand to my head. While in this condition, I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, and finding almost immediate benefit, continued until I was

"You wait and see," he answered, "and if I don't come back—it's all right."

"We had no men to spare where we were, and Bill was the best man among us—but I let him go, only saying:

"Be careful, Bill. Don't go so far away that you can't get back."

"He was out of sight in a minute, crawling away in the darkness through the long grass. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed while we looked and waited. We could see the captive in his agony, and, between the Indian's yells, could hear his shrieks. Then somewhere near the Indians a flame spouted from the grass, and as the report of Bill's rifle came back to our ears the shrieking ceased suddenly and Morton lay still upon the ground. There was a commotion among the Indians, who for a few moments seemed completely rattled. By the light of the torches they dropped and the dreadful fire upon poor Morton's body we could see some of them firing toward the spot where the rifle had flashed and others darting toward the spot where their ponies were tethered. Their guns flashed nearer, arrows whistled toward the wagons, and we could catch the hoof beats of ponies on the run toward us as Bill's tall figure loomed suddenly in the darkness and he fell breathless between two wagon wheels, still clutching his rifle. We pulled him into the corral, and then for a few minutes had a lively time beating off the Comanches, who were all about us, frantic with rage. An Indian will seldom give battle in darkness, always choosing an hour in which there is some daylight; but the Comanches were so furious that it looked at one time as if they would storm our barricade, in which case our show would be a slim one. But they thought better of it and drew off, though twice again in the night they crept up through the grass and sent a flight of arrows into the corral. Bill was fighting, with us, at the end of the skirmish, and when it was over I asked him about his experience over at the Indians' camp.

"I reckon I spiled their fun with Morton, was all I could get him to say, and he never could be induced to utter another word on the subject.

"We looked for another attack from the Comanches in the early dawn, but with the break of day we saw that they had gone. Evidently they thought us 'bad medicine,' and safer to let alone. Some of us went over to where poor Morton was lying scalped, with the ashes of the fire upon his breast, and the hole clean through his body of a bullet that had passed through his heart. Bill Whitehead did not go with us to the place. We buried Morton and started on with the wagon train, reaching the Rio Grand without seeing another Indian. I gave Bill Whitehead a fine revolver in token of what he had done. He stayed with me until I got back to San Antonio, and would have gone with me on my next cotton smuggling trip, only I didn't make it. I had got enough of the country."—New York Sun.

What Fog Costs.

Some idea of the expenditure and loss entailed by a continuous dense fog in London may be gained from the fact that the excess in a day's gas bill would equal the supply of a town with from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants for a whole year. The total consumption on one foggy day was 150,000,000 cubic feet, the excess in the output by one big company alone being 35,000,000 cubic feet. The total cost of the gas consumed was £24,000, of which about £8,000 was due to the fog. In addition, there must be added the cost of electricity, oil, etc.; and the loss of business by stoppage of traffic and lack of custom is really a serious matter for the West-End shop-keepers.

The action of Dr. Ayer's Pills on the liver makes them invaluable for those living in malarial climates. C. F. Alston, Quilman, Texas, writes:

"I have found in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these pills act well on the liver, aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons, and restoring its natural powers. I could not dispense with the use of Dr. Ayer's Pills."—C. F. Alston, Quilman, Tex.

Dr. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels, they promote digestion, cure constipation and its consequences, and promote the general health of the entire system. They should always be used with Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla when a cathartic is required. More about the pills in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. Sent free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

* A TANGLED WEB. *

(CONTINUED.)

There was the usual excitement behind the scenes when a great and extraordinary success has been scored, and Sylvia stood the center of a congratulatory crowd, and received all the kind speeches with her sweet, modest smile. She held the bouquet Audrey had dropped to her, and she sat in her dressing-room, while Mercy changed her stage costume for the plain, unobtrusive attire of domestic life, with the bouquet still lying before her and her eyes fixed dreamily on it.

She was pale with the weariness which is the natural reaction of excitement, and Mercy attended to her in silence for a time, then she said:

"Well, dear, are you satisfied?"

Sylvia started as if her thoughts had been wandering far away from stage-land.

"It has been the greatest and most tremendous of successes," continued Mercy. "You see how little your presentiments are worth. Nothing has happened excepting a triumph."

Sylvia smiled vaguely.

"The night is not over yet," she said. "Are they not lovely, Mercy?" and she took up the flowers and held them to her face. "And did you see her give them to me? It was almost as if she knew how I admired her, how deeply she attracted me. I wish—oh, how I wish I knew her! But that can't be, and she sighed. "There's a gulf between the lady who sits in the box and the one who walks upon the stage. Perhaps I shall never see her again. But I can keep her flowers, at least. See—all white and pure, just like herself."

Mercy smiled.

"You have fallen in love with her, dear," she said.

Sylvia looked up quickly.

"That is it," she exclaimed. "It is the first bouquet I ever saw you touched by," said Mercy. "It is well that they came from a woman's hand, or I should feel anxious."

Sylvia drew a long breath.

"No flowers from any man will cause me to feel as these do," she said, gravely.

Mercy smiled.

"We will wait till the hour and the man come together, dear," she said, softly.

"Yes, we will wait," said Sylvia, calmly. "But they will never come," she added, as her thoughts flew back to Lord Hope Camp, where her heart lay buried with Jack. "But I am glad it has been a success," she said, a moment afterward, and more cheerfully. "Are we ready? Let us go, then, for I am fearfully and wonderfully tired. What was that you said about my presentiment? You are laughing at me, and I deserve it. But, never mind, perhaps we shall have an accident going home," and she laughed.

They made their way to the stage entrance, where the brougham was waiting. The manager and two or three of the principal actors were waiting to assist the great prima donna to her carriage, and they stood with uplifted hats as the brougham drove off.

The streets were still crowded, and before the carriage had passed the grand entrance it pulled up.

"There must have been a tremendous crush," said Mercy. "The people have not all gone yet."

Sylvia leaned forward to look out, but fell back again, with a cry of terror.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed.

Mercy, whose heart had leaped into her mouth at the wail of fear, looked out; but the brougham had moved on, and was going along rapidly.

"What is it? What did you see?" she asked.

Sylvia was lying back, with her hand pressed against her heart, her breath coming painfully, her face white with terror.

"Didn't you see?" she panted at last.

"No, I saw nothing," replied Mercy.

"Tell me what it was, dear. Come, Sylvia, this is unlike you. Be calm, dear-est."

"Yes, yes!" she breathed. "Don't be frightened. You did not see him?"

"See him? I saw no one I know. There was a crowd. Who was it, Sylvia?"

A shudder shook her.

Mercy started with surprise.

"Oh, no dear!" she said, soothingly. "That man is not in London. It is impossible! It was your fancy."

Sylvia drew her cloak round her, as if she had suddenly grown cold, and was silent for a moment or two, then she raised her eyes to Mercy's face with the calmness of conviction.

"The something happened, you see!" she said in a dull voice. "Mercy, it was Lavarick!"

Mercy would not leave Sylvia that night, but slept beside her, holding the girl in a loving embrace, and trying to soothe and reassure her. At times Sylvia shook and trembled, and at others she cried quietly; for the night of Lavarick had not only terrified her, but recalled Jack's death, so that she was tortured by fear and sorrow at the same time.

"My dear, dear child!" Mercy whispered lovingly, "even supposing you were not mistaken, and I think you must have been—"

"No, no," said Sylvia, with a shudder. "I was not mistaken; I remember him too well. You have never seen him, or you would understand how impossible it would be to be mistaken. It was Lavarick!"

"Well, dear, granting you were right, and that it was he, why should you be so terrified? We are not in the wilds of Aus-

tralia now, but in London, surrounded by friends and police. Why, one has only to raise one's voice to collect a crowd. Lavarick can not harm you now."

"I know—I know," said Sylvia. "And yet the very thought of him fills me with terror and foreboding. I know that he hates me, why, I cannot even guess. It was because of me that he—he hated Jack and caused his death. Oh, my dear, dear Jack! It has all come back to me to-night, Mercy, and I can see Jack as he fell forward—" A burst of sobs stopped her utterance.

Mercy pressed her close to her heart.

"My poor, poor child! What shall I do, what can I say to comfort you? Shall I speak to any one in the morning, go to the police and tell them to watch him?"

"No, no," replied Sylvia. "Do not interfere with him. Perhaps he did not see me, and yet I felt his evil eyes glaring at me as I looked out. No, let him alone, Mercy. He—may not have seen me, and—perhaps he will go away, leave London. What is he doing here? Something bad and evil, I am sure."

"Such a man is not likely to stay in any one place for long," said Mercy. "He is an outcast, and a vagabond, and they always wander and roam about restlessly. Tomorrow or the next day he may be off to the other end of the world. Yes, I think with you that it is best to leave him alone." She concluded, as she reflected that with every desire to punish Lavarick it would be very difficult to do so, and impossible, indeed, without bringing up that past, the very memory of which tortured poor Sylvia.

Lavarick was unlikely to have become a reformed character, and would most certainly commit some crime which would bring him into the hands of the police without any action on Sylvia's part.

It was fortunate that the next day was an "off" one for Signora Stella, for Sylvia was so unwell that she seemed quite incapable of singing, and lay on the couch with her eyes closed; but Mercy knew by the restless movement of her hands that she was dwelling on the past.

In the course of the morning the manager sent inquires, and to inform the signora, that every seat in the house was booked for the following night. There also arrived several letters from "gentlemen," containing pressing invitations to "a little dinner" at the Star and Garter, and similar places. These Mercy, who conducted all Sylvia's correspondence, placed behind the fire.

There was also a visit from an enterprising photographer, who was anxious that Signora Stella should have her portrait taken in various attitudes, and share with him the profits of the sale; and he appeared both amazed and disappointed when Mercy informed him that the signora did not intend having her photograph taken.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "But they all do it—not only the actresses, but the first ladies in the land. It's the rule, my dear madame."

"Then the signora will prove a remarkable exception," retorted Mercy, with her slow, sad smile.

The next day Sylvia was better, but she still looked pale and thoughtful, and it was not until the moment came for her to go on the stage that the artist triumphed over the woman, and she shook off the sense of dread that oppressed her, and recovered her spirits and self-possession.

She received a tremendous reception, notwithstanding which she was conscious of a vague sense of disappointment, for she had glanced round the boxes and had seen that the beautiful girl whose face had so affected her on the first night was not present.

"She's not here to-night," she said to Mercy.

"She? Who, dear?"

"That lovely girl I fell in love with," she said. "I wish she were here; but I suppose it is too much to expect her to come every night I sing."

"It does seem a little too much, certainly," assented Mercy.

"What an impressionable girl you are, Sylvia!"

"I know; but it is true that I feel as if I should not play half so well tonight, because she is absent."

However, at the end of the second act she came off radiant.

"She's here, Mercy!" she exclaimed. "I saw her come in, and I felt as glad as if she were my sister, and I am sure I sang better from that moment. She looks sadder tonight," she added, thoughtfully, "and that makes her lovelier in my eyes. Audrey Hope—what a sweet name it is—just like herself. How good of her to come again so soon!"

"My dear child, there are dozen of men and women who have come again," said Mercy.

"I dare say; but this is the only one I care about," remarked Sylvia.

Audrey had had some little trouble in persuading Lady Marlow to come to the opera that night; and her ladyship was rather surprised at Audrey's persistence.

"My dear, there is Lady Crownbrilliant's ball and the Parkes' reception," she remonstrated, "and Jordan said that he would escort you there, you know," she added, as if that were of supreme importance now.

But Audrey had clung to her intention of going to the opera.

"Jordan can come there just as well as to the Parkes'," she said, coolly, "without the blush with which a newly engaged girl usually mentions her betrothed's name."

Lady Marlow gave in, as a matter of course, and Audrey sat in rapt attention while Sylvia was on the stage,

but seemed lost in dream-land when she was off.

At the finish of the opera she leaned forward, as she had done on the first night, and though she did not drop her bouquet, her eyes met Sylvia's with an intent regard which Sylvia noticed and returned.

Mercy observed that after she had put on Sylvia's out-door dress Sylvia drew a thick veil over her face; but Mercy said nothing, though she knew why the veil was worn.

They went to the stage door, but their brougham was not there. There was more than the usual crush of carriages in consequence of the authorities having blocked one of the adjacent roads for repairs, and Sylvia and Mercy were about to return to the narrow hall of the stage entrance when a crowd of foot-passengers swept them away from the door.

Sylvia caught Mercy's arm and tried to stem the tide or draw aside, but they were borne on by the stream, and Sylvia found herself near to and almost touching a carriage which had been brought to a standstill opposite them.

She uttered a little cry half laughingly, and Mercy, as she held her tightly, said:

"You caused the crush, so we mustn't complain. Take care of the wheel."

At the same moment a hand was stretched out through the carriage window and touched Sylvia. She shrank with a feeling of alarm, though the hand had been as soft as a dove's, and, turning her head, she saw Audrey Hope's eyes bent on her.

"Are you hurt?" asked Audrey, anxiously in her sweet, frank voice.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Sylvia raised her veil and smiled a reassuring negative.

Audrey started and changed color, then an eager light came into her eyes.

"Signora Stella!" she said, quickly.

Sylvia smiled again.

"Do not be alarmed on my account," she said. "I am not hurt; I have lost my carriage."

Audrey glanced at Lady Marlow, who had looked on in astonishment, and was wondering what Audrey was going to do. She had not to wonder long, for Audrey opened the carriage door.

"Come in here, please," she said in her prompt, frank fashion. "Please come in; you must be hurt."

Sylvia hesitated, the color mounting to her face; but Audrey took her hand, and almost before they knew it, Sylvia and Mercy were inside.

Lady Marlow recovered herself by an effort.

"How fortunate we were near, Signora," she said in her pleasant way. "Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not in the least," said Sylvia. "But—but it is very kind of you to take compassion on us, and I'm afraid we are crowding you."

"No, no, said Audrey: "the carriage is a large one; there is plenty of room." Then blushing, as it had suddenly occurred to her that the great singer would think this carrying her off bodily a strange proceeding, she said: "You are not offended? I mean at my snatching you up like this, Signora?"

"No," said Sylvia, softly, and with a smile; "it is just what I should have expected Miss Hope to do if she saw a fellow-creature in difficulty."

"You know my name?" said Audrey, quickly.

Sylvia nodded.

"Then the signora will prove a remarkable exception," retorted Mercy, with her slow, sad smile.

The next day Sylvia was better, but she still looked pale and thoughtful, and it was not until the moment came for her to go on the stage that the artist triumphed over the woman, and she shook off the sense of dread that oppressed her, and recovered her spirits and self-possession.

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"What an impressionable girl you are, Sylvia!"

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Audrey had had some little trouble in persuading Lady Marlow to come to the opera that night; and her ladyship was rather surprised at Audrey's persistence.

"My dear, there is Lady Crownbrilliant's ball and the Parkes' reception," she remonstrated, "and Jordan said that he would escort you there, you know," she added, as if that were of supreme importance now.

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"My dear, there is Lady Crownbrilliant's ball and the Parkes' reception," she remonstrated, "and Jordan said that he would escort you there, you know," she added, as if that were of supreme importance now.

But Audrey had clung to her intention of going to the opera.

"Jordan can come there just as well as to the Parkes'," she said, coolly, "without the blush with which a newly engaged girl usually mentions her betrothed's name."

Lady Marlow gave in, as a matter of course, and Audrey sat in rapt attention while Sylvia was on the stage,

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sylvia talked of nothing else that night but Audrey Hope. She even forgot Lavarick, and she was too absorbed in her subject to notice that Mercy listened almost in silence, and that when she did make some response it was uttered in a tone even more subdued than usual.

"I wonder whether she will come?" said Sylvia, with a little sigh. "Perhaps her people will not let her. They may think that it would not be proper for her to be intimate with an actress, and yet I should not do her any harm. Do you think I should, Mercy?" and she laughed and sighed.

"No, I don't think so," replied Mercy, with a forced smile. "Yes, she will come. Audrey Hope has had her own way too long to be balked of a desire now."

"Why, how do you know?" demanded Sylvia, with surprise.

A faint color rose into Mercy's face.

"She looks as if she were accustomed to having her own way and doing as she likes," she said, hesitatingly. "It was she who opened the carriage door and took us in last night."

"Yes, and I shall always love her for that!" exclaimed Sylvia.

Mercy was right. With a punctuality unusual, Audrey appeared at 29 Bury Street at twelve o'clock.

There was no one in the room into which she was shown, and she looked round with interest and natural curiosity. It was the first time she had been in the apartment of an actress, and, remembering the descriptions of such apartments which abound in novels, she was surprised at the plainness and neatness of the famous signora's room. There were plenty of books and papers about, but they were as neatly arranged as the music which stood in a big pile near the piano, and there was nothing whatever of a "fast" character to be seen—no empty champagne bottles, or packs of cards, or *billet-doux*. It was indeed just like the room of an ordinary well bred lady.

Presently the door opened and a slim, girlish figure, dressed in black merino, came forward with extended hand. Audrey started, for in the plainly made but exquisitely fitting black dress the famous singer looked younger and more girlish than in the fur-lined opera-cloak which had enveloped her on the preceding night.

"The two girls were a little shy for a moment or two; then as if she were determined that there should be no barrier between them, Audrey began to ask Sylvia questions about her profession.

"You seem—you are so young," she said, with her irresistible smile, "that it is difficult to realize that you are really the lady who bewitches us all so completely."

"Yes, isn't it a pity that I am not older?" said Sylvia, naively. "But I'm getting better of that fault every day."

Audrey laughed.

"And you are so self-possessed and calm. I suppose that is because you have been playing for a long time?"

"No," said Sylvia, shaking her head; "only for a very little time."

Audrey started.

"Really? It seems impossible."

Sylvia smiled.

"If any one had told me two years ago that I should become an opera singer, I should have laughed at them, for I was then running about in Australia."

She stopped, and the smile gave place to an expression of pain.

Audrey put her hand timidly on Sylvia's arm.

"You have had trouble?" she murmured with gentle sympathy.

Sylvia bravely kept back the tears.

"Yes; I was left quite alone and friendless but for two good people. One is the lady you saw last night; her name is Mercy Fairfax, and she has been a sister—a mother to me. The other's her face brightened—" is one of the best and most generous men in the world. He is a nobleman."

Audrey's hand drew back slowly, and her lips closed tightly. "But for him," continued Sylvia—"well, I should not be alive now."

"I think I know his name," said Audrey, keeping her voice as steady as she could, and asking herself, even as she spoke why she did not hate this girl who had won Lord Lorrimore's love from her?"

"Yes?" she said innocently, and without a blush, which surprised Audrey. "He is everything that is kind and good—really a noble man."

"Is—he is here in London?" asked Audrey looking down.

Sylvia shook her head.

"No; but he is coming soon. I wish he were here—and I tried hard to persuade him to come."

"I dare say," murmured Audrey, managing a faint smile with difficulty.

"Yes," said Sylvia, quite calmly, and still without the blush which Audrey expected; "but he is engaged to me—I don't know quite what to call it," and her brows came down. "He has been travelling about for years on what he says is a wild-goose chase."

Audrey's face crimsoned.

"Oh, surely not now?" she murmured.

"Yes, now," said Sylvia. "He is—I wonder whether he would mind my telling you?" and she looked at Audrey thoughtfully.

"I—I think not," said Audrey.

"No, I don't think so—especially as I do not know the name of the lady."

"Lady? What lady?" faltered Audrey.

"The lady who sent him on the wild-goose chase," replied Sylvia. "She asked him to go in search of a friend she had lost and Lord Lorrimore—that is his name—"

"I know," murmured Audrey.

"I promised to search for two years. He has been searching for longer than that, and without success. But though the time has expired, he does not like to go back and tell her, because—Oh, I grow impatient and almost angry when I think of it! He is so high-minded—like the knights of old, you know—while she—well, don't you think she must be thoughtless and cruel to take advantage of his generosity and unselfishness?"

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Sunday Reading

MAKING A FRESH START.

How we Loog sometimes for a new Stat in Life.

The desire to begin over again is one of those longings so common and universal that we may say it is a native instinct.

Now, it is true that we cannot pass a private Act of Congress in order to make our future fit our best intentions.

But next New Year we will make another fresh start, and in order to give us hope and strength, we will remember, first, that it is never too late to mend.

Under no circumstances can it be true that there is not something to be done, as well as something to be suffered.

We have all an irrepressible wish to see success attend our efforts for improvement.

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at God's feet our failures, our successes, our hopes and fears, our knowledge and ignorance, our strength and weakness, our confidence and misgivings, all that we are;

Those so seeking shall surely find him; and if not here, even then we will not be discouraged in trying to do well, for man's destiny ends not with the grave;

We have before us now an arc of our orbit, large enough to let us judge of our trend. Dare we look critically at it?

I see my way, as birds their trackless way, I shall arrive; what time; what circuit first, I ask not.

WHO BOLD? An Old Familiar Hymn and How it Saved a Young Man.

Among the patients wanting to see the doctor at the Free Dispensary of the Bowery Mission, conducted by The Christian Herald, one day lately, was a young man, poorly clad and evidently suffering severe pain.

Dr. Dowkontt gave him a mixture to relieve his pain, and then asked him about himself. It was a sad story he told.

'These clothes,' he said, are all I have in the world, and they are pretty old. Not a cent left. Last night I slept in a wagon, and the night before, on a doorstep, and the police came and clubbed me.

The doctor expressed his sympathy and urged him to turn to Christ as the beginning of a new life.

'No use, doctor,' he said gloomily, 'I have not the power now. I've tried over and over again, but as soon as I get up and have a little money, I let go, and drink gets the mastery.'

'When you were at home,' said the doctor, 'you must have heard the old hymn, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," did you not?'

'Oh yes, I know it well.' 'Do you remember how it runs? I am weak but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand.'

This is your lesson; you have tried your own strength; now try what Christ can do. The young man went away thoughtfully, and the doctor did not see him again for ten days.

Two weeks afterward he called to say goodbye. He was going to his family. 'I thank God I ever came into the Bowery Mission,' were his final words.

THE SERGEANT'S TRIBUTE.

How the Officer Paid the Prince a Weak Compliment.

A very great military authority said, 'There are no bad regiments, but only bad colonels.' There is abundant proof that Napoleon's belief is shared by the rank and file of soldiers, but this fact could not be more happily illustrated than by the following story, taken from the London Illustrated News, of a quaint compliment paid to the German Crown Prince, afterward Emperor Frederick:

After the battles of Weissenburg and Worth, which he had won, the crown prince was sauntering alone one evening past a barn occupied by a party of Wurtemberg troops.

'Oh, sit down! I'm sorry to disturb. I dare say there's room for me to do the same,' said the prince. 'Pray who was making a speech?'

All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance looked, however, sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief asked:

'And what were you talking about?'

'Well, of course, we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we would have made short work of those confounded Prussians!'

THE ALCHEMISTS

Failed in their Work of Changing Metals into Gold.

Diamond Dyes never Fail to make Old and Faded Things Look As Good As New.

Alchemists like Geber, Alfarabi, Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, Artophilus and others, who pretended to change all the base metals into gold, were, in their times, first class impostors and deceivers.

The art of making old, faded and dingy dresses, capes, shawls, jackets, coats, pants, vests, and other articles of wearing apparel look as good as new has been brought to perfection by the introduction and use of the Diamond Dyes, those triumphs of modern chemistry.

Millions on the continent are saving money each year by using the Diamond Dyes in the home. They are true and faithful family benefactors, and so easy to use that a child can dye successfully with them.

Diamond Dyes have such an extended popularity, fame and immense sale in every locality that imitators have put on the market worthless and adulterated dyes in packages bearing a close resemblance to the "Diamond." It is therefore necessary for every woman, when buying dyes, to see that the name "Diamond" is on each packet.

The Same Men.

A war story with a lesson is related by the Omaha World-Herald, which has it from a gentleman of that city, a Confederate captain in the Civil War.

Lincoln was urged from the beginning of the war to take Richmond, but talking of taking Richmond and taking Richmond were two different matters.

'General Scott,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'will you explain why it is that you were to take the City of Mexico in three months with five thousand men, and have been unable to take Richmond in six months with one hundred thousand men?'

'Yes, sir, I will, Mr. President,' replied General Scott. 'The men who took me into the City of Mexico are the same men who are keeping me out of Richmond now.'

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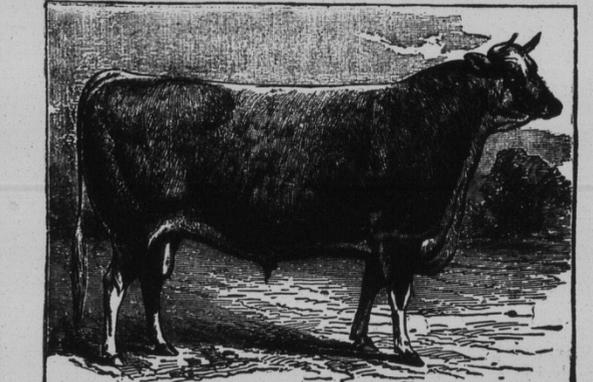
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TROUBLED BY LITTLE THINGS.

How Some Good People Magnify the Smallest Actions.

The Quaker spirit, at its best, is the spirit of truth, righteousness and all-embracing charity; but sometimes Quakers, like other people, make too much of little things, thereby becoming, what they loathe, formalists.

In the days when Friends were accustomed to wear cocked hats turned up at the sides, one good Friend bought a hat of this description, without noticing that it was looped up with a button.

A somewhat similar story is told of an influential Friend who, on his way to meeting, was caught in a drenching rain, and borrowed a neighbor's coat.

He seated himself opposite to Jacob Lindley, who was so much troubled by the glittering buttons that his meeting did him no good.

The good man looked down upon his garment, and quietly replied, 'I borrowed the coat because my own was wet; and indeed, Jacob, I did not notice what buttons were on it.'

Jacob was right. He had been paying too much attention to the 'mint, anise and cummin' of Quaker tradition.

The courtesy and the fine artistic instinct of the Japanese are to be found in every detail of their private life. Not

only do they make beautiful pieces of work but they insist upon beauty of behavior. Even their funerals are controlled by this unerring instinct.

Wear the D & A "CREST" CORSET

It cannot break.



The D & A "Crest" Corset is the Mother's Idea. It cannot break at the hip. Lifting your child, stooping to dust, etc., ceases to remind you of your corset.

Notches on The Stick

Dr. Mudge has not followed the example set by some recent compilers, nor has he given us a book without reason. His "The Best of Browning" is truthfully, as well as euphoniously entitled; and in it he has done excellent service to the average reader, who certainly needs a mentor and a judicious amount of elucidation when he undertakes this most difficult of poets. The text of his noblest pieces is frequently obscure, and the scope of the whole is not easily discovered, even by the practised reader, until repeated attempts have been made, without just such helps as Dr. Mudge gives us. His annotation observes the golden mean, of neither too much nor too little,—for many of us have no objection if that is pointed out which a little prolonged attention might have enabled us to find for ourselves; while the introductory papers, without being ultra in scholarship or criticism, give me a presentation of the characteristics of Browning, and the special advantages to be derived from a study of his work, easily to be understood by the general public, to which he appeals.

Of this great poet, as of no other, it must be said,—Approach him wisely and with forethought. His poems are not always simple songs, put profound studies—as the greatest works "in prose or rhyme," according to their measure, are. As in the study of the sciences, or of mathematics much depends on our point of commencement, as well as the diligence and faithfulness of our study. It is the elementary parts you have to deal with. When you undertake Browning this rule should be observed, if you are to find in him the attractive and intelligible; from the simple you must proceed to the more complex, and from the briefer to the more protracted studies. Thus you will acquire your rick and the key by which you may unlock the stores of treasure that abound in no other, unless we except Shakespeare, more than in this Author. For the earnest beginner who believes Browning has where, with to reward his search, there is no better guidebook, as we believe, than this volume.

Following the "Introduction," supplied by Dr. Kelly, who, by the way, is one of the most accomplished writers in the Methodist church of to-day—we have a biographical essay, giving especially that position of the poet's life which bears direct relation to his work. Dr. Mudge follows mainly the footsteps of Mrs. Sutherland Orr, the biographer of the poet are clearly shown! Though other authorities are freely quoted. Several distinctive facts in the life of the poet are clearly shown. His allegiance to truth; his social and domestic fidelity; his devotion to the sanctities of his art; and the sedulous development of his individual power, undeterred by censure or blandishment. His ideal union with Elizabeth Barrett discovered to us what marriage may be; how lover-like a husband may remain, and how the joyfulness and blessedness that we suppose the peculiar halo of a honeymoon, may continue through a whole lifetime. She became the inspiration of some of his noblest poetry, though much of it was written after his heart had been buried in her grave. How like a bower which angels inhabit was the room where she ceased to breathe! She died in her husband's arms at Casa Guidi, Florence, June 29, 1861. "Throughout the long night of the 28th he sat by the bedside holding her hand. Two hours before dawn she passed into a state of ecstasy but she still could whisper many words of hope and joy. 'With the first light of the new day,' says Mr. Sharp, 'she leaned against her lover. A while she lay thus in silence, then softly sighing, 'It is beautiful,' passed like the windy fragrance of a flower.' If anyone wishes to learn how he cherished her memory, let him read the lines commencing,

"O lyric love! half angel and half bird; if anybody would know how he longed to meet her again, let him read, 'Prospice.'

Of Browning's physical appearance we read in the words of Hillard: "His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness and refined power that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate and profound, but he himself is simple, natural and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air, with no nervous uneasiness, and no unhealthy self-consciousness." Of him in his youth Macready declared he looked more like a poet than any man he ever met. "His head was crowned with wavy, dark-brown hair. He had singularly expressive eyes, a sensitive mobile mouth, a musical voice, and an alertness of manner so that he was like a quivering, high-bred animal.

Biliousness

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He had a fine head and a noble, leonine countenance."

In his article entitled, "How to read Browning," the essayist points out more definitely the aims and characteristics of Browning. He would not advise the student of his works to begin with "Sordello,"—a production concerning which such critical phrases were formerly employed, as,—"a melancholy waste of human power," "a derelict upon the ocean of poetry," "a magnificent failure," but of which a later and more discerning, perhaps declares, that it is "dark with excess of light." But Dr. Mudge is constrained to admit the inequality of his work, and is not disposed to credit its defects with any sort of plenary inspiration. "His short poems contain his most flawless poetry, but in all the longer ones there are many gems of purest water that can readily be rescued from the surrounding dross." "With such gems we have in this volume a well-filled cabinet.

Dr. Mudge has summoned an array of witnesses, not only to the poetic excellence of Browning, but to the moral and ethical quality of his work, and the gracious influence it radiates. It is profoundly human and christian. "The significance of Browning in literature," testifies Rev. W. J. Dawson, D. D., "is that he is a strong, resolute believer and teacher who, amid the sick contentions of a doubting generation, has abated no jot of heart or hope." Miss Dorothea Beale says,—"We love Browning for his great thoughts and high enthusiasm, for his faith in God and man and woman;" and Mr. William Sharp declares,—"he has enriched our English literature with a new wealth of poetic diction has added to it new symbols, has enabled us to inhale a more liberal air, and has above all raised us to a fresh standpoint, a standpoint involving our construction of a new definition." "He won his audience finally," says Mr. George E. Woodberry, "by this fact, that he had something to say that was ethical and religious. The higher interests of man predominated in his work. Life is the staff to make the soul of, he says." And Mr. Hamilton W. Mabre: "No English poet ever demanded more of his readers, and none has ever had more to give them. Since Shakespeare no maker of English verse has seen life on so many sides, entered into it with such intensity of sympathy and imagination, and perceived it to so many centres of its energy and motive. No other has so completely mastered the larger movement of modern thought on the constructing side, or so deeply felt and so adequately interpreted the modern spirit." And Dr. Mudge: "The religion of Browning is as simple and natural and robust as his physical health. . . He firmly held to the unity and continuity of life, also to its relativity. He would judge it not by hard and fast rules so much as by the consideration of circumstances, seeking for and finding the faint spark of soul even in those so low and deformed that development appears hardly to have started. Thus is born a tolerance and catholicity all comprehensive, and a charity so large as wellnigh to have for its motto, 'Who understands all forgives all.'" Dr.

Kelley in his "Introduction," cites "an eminent congregational minister," who, "being asked if he took 'any notice of current poetry, answered: 'No: I have not time. I read no poet any more except Browning. I read him for his strong condensation, his dramatic quality, and his immensely tonic force.'" The testimony to Browning's quality may be respected, but not the exclusiveness of such a practice. No catholic mind will confine itself to one poet, and no mind, catholic or otherwise, will get its best result from such a restriction.

"The Benefits of Browning Study" is an essay most suggestive, especially to the preacher. These advantages are; the enlargement of his vocabulary; the enhancement of his style in vigor and beauty; the stimulation of his imagination and the enlargement of his emotion; the increase of his knowledge of human nature; the tightening of his moral grip; the strengthening of his religious faith; his familiarity with the wholesome and charming character of the poet. Dr. Mudge deals with each of these advantages in a manner altogether admirable. One cannot read this essay without profit. He closes with the quotable tribute of Dr. Alexander McLaren: "In wealth of genius, in loftiness of reach, in intensity of creative imagination I know of nothing to compare with the highest work of Browning. The crowd of women, alive and tingling to their finger-tips, whom he has made, are only paralleled to Shakespeare's. There is nobody else that can stand beside him." And Owen Meredith has voiced the feelings of all who are best fitted to pronounce judgment, when he writes of him as one

Than whom a mightier master never
Touched the deep chords of hidden things;
Nor error did from truth discover
With keener glance, nor make endeavor
To rise on bolder wings!
In those high regions of the soul
Where thought itself grows dim with awe."

The following sunny, delicately fanciful child-verses might well be included in some collection such as Whittier's "Child-life in Poetry." Their author we know has the child's freshness of heart, and the brightness of her face always enkindles smiles. Mrs. White of Orono, Me., is prominent in the press department of the W. C. T. U., and in many a good enterprise. The verses appeared in the Youth's Companion:

The Buttercup Dairymaids.
The little ladies of the churn,
They toll the springtime through,
A-churning golden butter from
The rain and sun and dew.
But when the merry June-time comes,
Their labor all is done,
And they pack their tiny butter-bowls
With butter like the sun.
And then they stand in racks and rows,
Their bowls upon their heads,
A-waiting the inspectors, who
Shall soon go through the meads.
And when the child-inspectors come,
Such fun as then begins!
For they test that golden butter
With their rosy dimpled chins!

PERCIVAL V. WHITE.

If we needed a little harmless amusement, and could obtain it by a bit of chaffing, or genial pleasantry, who should forbid? If the daughter of an American multi-millionaire deems it her mission to revive a decayed European title, by the aid of the artificial Hymen, there need be no bitterness in the smile with which we regard her. Gold had its own alchemic spell to refurbish the faded charters of nobility.

"He clung by a name
To a dynasty fallen forever;
He possessed
A mere faded badge of a social position;
A thing to retain and say nothing about;"

but she will impart to it the value and importance of solid coin, and give to the tattered, antique relic the gilding of this nineteenth age. Here, then, you have it laid

Two Country Neighbor Girls.



Two country girls—Nellie and Mary—friends and neighbors, and both novices in the work of home dyeing, decided to dye their cream silk blouses that they wore last year a bright shade of Cardinal.

Nellie, who had heard so much of the wonderful Diamond Dyes, bought a package of Fast Cardinal; and Mary, misled by an advertisement puffing up a poorly prepared dye, went to a dealer and bought a package of the color wanted.

The girls did their dyeing work the same afternoon—both confident of success—and hung their blouses out in the air to dry. When dried, Nellie's blouse, dyed with pride, the Diamond Dyes, was a picture of beauty, and filled her heart with delight and fervor about her failure and loss.

Mary's blouse was so muddy, spotty and streaky that she was quite distracted.

Moral: Avoid all poor and imitation dyes that ruin your goods and spoil your temper. The Diamond Dyes are the only reliable, and invariably give success.



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use.

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down in the page of one of the brightest and gentlest of correspondents:

"Oh, I believe I promised to explain The Lady Eleanor episode! you might never have suspected it, but we are a titled family and have the added grace of knowing how to squeeze the orange of life to the last drop of celestial nectar. In other words we have so many innocent ways of enjoying ourselves that it is a common remark with our neighbors, when they drop in and find us in high feather,—'you people always have such good times.'" Two years ago I chanced to read an article, written by some English socialist, in which he made the statement that it would be quite easy to make titles so distasteful that those born to such honors would utterly decline to claim or acknowledge them. His idea was to have Thomas, Richard and Henry, (Term Dick and Harry), the whole work-a-day world, claim a title and exact its expression whenever addressed by their companions. With Earls following the plow, and Dukes, Barons and Lord Bishops swarming in every factory and work-shop, a title would become utterly distasteful. Each kitchen and laundry would furnish its quota of Ladies and Honorable Mistresses, and one can really see that particular prefixes would be at a discount.

"I said,—'Mother dear, it is a splendid scheme,' and we turn immediately arrogated to ourselves the most high-sounding titles and patronymics we could get hold of. So our whole family is noble; and as many of our friends and relatives have fallen in with the harmless pleasantry, this little straggling village appears to be a republican refuge for an impoverished aristocracy. Mother is always the Dowager Lady Dietz, and her little green cottage the Dowager House; and it is just as easy now, to speak of sister Mattie Johnson, who lives in Parkland, as the Duchess of Parkland; and Sister Lydia Coombes, as the Lady of Coombe Manor.—as easy as (the Hossier would say), 'falling off a log.' You don't know how much amusement we can extract from this idle folly."

The same writer enlivens us with a *tour-de-force* by the great grandsons of veterans, as we presume. "We had the old war-songs and recitations relating to the present, as well as the Civil War, wind up with five-minute speeches from veterans, of whom there were many present. As to the children's work I will only give you one sample. Three little fellows of seven springs, and goodness knows how many falls (a la Twain), took their position in front. They wore red, white and blue sashes, and were liberally freesooped with (swell) American flags.

The Three Admirals.

1st Boy. I'm Dewey. In Manila Bay I sent the Spanish fleet sky-high, And from the fort of Cavite I made the Spanish gamblers fly.

2nd Boy. My name is Schley, I'm cruising round Down in the Caribbean sea; If I should meet Cervera's fleet You'll hear a good account of me.
3rd Boy. I'm Sampson, and a man of might, I'm bound for Santiago Bay, My lads are spooling for a fight. The Spanish fleet shan't get away.

The point was in the incongruity between their size and their statements."

Henry O Tanner, the colored American artist, painter of the celebrated picture, "The Raising of Lazarus," recently bought for the Luxembourg by the French Government, is the son of Bishop B. T. Tanner, of the African Episcopal church. He was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., thirty eight years ago, and has struggled on his way through discouragement and poverty to fame and high artistic achievement. *Zion's Herald* presents in a striking portrait his well-formed head, and sensitive, intellectual features. His work is stamped with marked individuality, and he is another triumph to which his depressed race may point with proud assurance. Paul Dunbar and Henry O Tanner are prophecies of the to-be.

After the lapse of years we find Owen Meredith's "Lucile," can come successfully through the ordeal of a second or third reading. We have found ourself lingering over the descriptive parts, and in a few instances it seems for vividness and splendor difficult to surpass them. Robert Lytton is yet not quiet forgotten. The Scribners announce a pocket edition of his "Early Poems." Editions de luxe of "The Nature Poems" are also on the market, with illustrations by William Hyde.

PASTOR FELIX.

SCROFULA.

"My little boy, aged 7 years and 15 months, was a victim of Scrofula on the face, which all the doctors said was incurable. To tell the truth he was so bad that I could not bear to look at him. At last I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before it was half used he was gaining, and by the time he had three bottles used he was completely cured. I cannot say too much in recommendation of B.B.B. to all who suffer as he did." JOSEPH P. LABELLE, Maniwake P.O., Que.

There can be no question about it. Burdock Blood Bitters has no equal for the cure of Sores and Ulcers of the most chronic and malignant nature. Through its powerful blood purifying properties, it gets at the source of disease and completely eradicates it from the system.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Woman and Her Work

Variety is a very telling point in fashionable summer dress if it is worked out with thought and care for the fitness of things. Although we may bemoan the many and frivolous changes in fashion, they are useful adjuncts in the scheme of variegated dressing which at present is the summer girl's especial delight if she is ambitious to be up to date.

Various kinds of gowns, for as many kinds of weather, for morning, afternoon and evening wear, are a fashionable necessity, and besides these there are the special costumes suited to the sports which have become a vital part of summer life. Fortunately the modes are favorable for the girl with a limited income, and she can make a very good showing with a well-made wool skirt, one of black taffeta, two or three pique skirts and an assortment of well-fitted shirt waists. The pique waist with a polka dot of color is the swell thing if it is well put on a slender figure and the accessories in the way of shirt studs, neck band and belt are according to the very latest fancy.

Leather belts are too common for true elegance in shirt waist attire, so moire or double-faced satin ribbon matching the dot in the pique, is substituted. It is completed with a fancy buckle or a bow, as you prefer, and the collar band is made of the same ribbon, shirred into a tiny frill where it fastens in the back, and a tiny little band or point of lace-edged hemstitched linen lawn tucks over the edge. The ribbon belt helps out fashion's scheme of slenderness, while the leather band makes the waist appear larger than it really is. It is safe this season to adopt anything which can produce any illusion of slenderness, as it seems to be a leading feature in a fashionable appearance.

The white linen collar is still worn to some extent, but it is not the latest mode of dressing the neck by any means, while it is by far the most uncomfortable neck-gear a woman can wear. For the few to whom the severe linen collar is becoming, it is very stylish worn with the pretty narrow white or colored silk ties, but the large folded scarf so often seen is an abomination on any woman unless she wears a waist-coat like a man and disposes of the ends in the same manner. Many of the new silk shirt waists have a tucked collar of the same silk with a sailor knot; finished on the ends with a hem of white silk hemstitched on. Then there are all sorts of little points and narrow collars of embroidered linen lawn and Swiss which add much to the dainty effect of the simple silk waists. Stocks of colored taffeta silks made with points and a sailor knot with hemstitched finish can be purchased all ready for wear, and besides the silk neckwear there are all sorts and kinds of bows made of net, chiffon and lace.

Cotton gowns of all kinds are prettier than ever this season, especially the organdies trimmed with innumerable tucks, tiny ruffles and frillings of satin ribbon. Gingham and chambrays are embellished with ruffles of white braid, and wide collars made of alternate stripes of white batiste or Swiss muslin, and cream lace insertion edged with lace. A pale green chambray made in this way has a chemisette vest of muslin and insertion and a white collar band with hemstitched points of pink silk at the back. White lawn, very sheer and fine in quality, is very much used for blouse waists made with a yoke of alternate rows of lace and embroidered insertion. These are pretty to wear on hot mornings with linen or pique shirts.

Silk mulls are very much in evidence among thin gowns, and tiny ruffles of tulle and mousseline de soie, or ruffles of the same edged with satin baby ribbon, trim them very prettily. One stylish white silk mull, patterned in black and made over a black silk lining, is trimmed with ruffles of black chiffon. The square cut neck, filled in transparent black, has a folded collar band of black finished with a narrow edge of cerise velvet. Pippings of plain white silk or satin and black and white stripes are very much favored for

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I have more faith in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills than anything else I have ever used. Since using them I have recommended them to several of my friends who were troubled as I was, and now they are in splendid health. I had been a sufferer, like a great many other women, with a disease peculiar to my sex. I tried everything I could read or think about to help me, but was getting worse instead of better. My condition was terrible—I was losing flesh and color and my friends were alarmed. I consulted a doctor of this town and he said I would never get better; that I would always be sickly and delicate, and that medicines were of little use to me. Hearing what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills had done for others, I determined to try them myself, and to-day I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, while before I weighed only one hundred and eighteen pounds, and now I have a constitution that is hard to beat. I have not suffered any pain in months, and earnestly hope that Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills will reach every woman suffering as I did. Sincerely yours, MAY COLE, Simcoe, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free.

trimming foulards, white being especially pretty in silks of any color, if patterned with white. They are cut bias, folded very narrow, and sometimes used like little folds, circling the bodice in rows a little distance apart, and covering the flounce in the same manner.

The most perplexing feature of fashion just at present is the diversity in skirts. With the many variations of the circular flounce, the double skirts, the many designs in skirt trimmings, to decide which particular mode will pass muster in the ranks of fashion a few short months hence is a puzzle which no one can solve. If you settle on one style which especially strikes your fancy you are informed that it will go out soon, then you tentatively take to another and another, with much the same result, until it does not seem to matter very much which one you choose.

Dainty tea gowns, lounging sacques and lingerie cannot fail to cast a spell over any woman with feminine inclinations, no matter how energetically she may wrestle with the temptation. Whether she can grace the pretty dainty things or not, she longs to possess them. Some wise authority on harmony in teagowns says that 'it is only the woman of leisure who can defy the garment.' If she works in any capacity she can never adapt her tense poses and independent manner to the true aesthetic spirit of a loose gown smothered in soft laces. In other words, a tailor-made body and a negligible soul can never combine harmoniously in one woman.

There is infinite variety in tea gowns, and while they make many concessions to the ruling fashions of the day, they are perhaps more independent of the changing modes than any other kind of dress. The newest tea gowns for summer wear are made of china silk, organdie, crepe de chine, lawn, and silk crepon, especially dainty in white lined with a color which shows through its meshes. Matinee sacques are made of the same materials, cut short and straight in the back, shaping down longer in front, and trimmed with insertions of lace in vertical lines, and a lace frill on the edge. The Watteau effect is still seen among the tea gowns, but as this is not becoming to every figure, the fulness is sometimes arranged in tucks all around the bodice and below the hips on the skirts. Insertions of lace are lavishly used for trimming, stripping some of the gowns the entire length. Yokes and wide collars are the prevailing style of finish, trimmed fully with lace. Pretty little negligé wrappers of colored lawn and cotton grenadine, lined with batiste, are made in the Japanese style, with wide sleeves, and finished on the edge with a wide double band of white lawn, which also forms the little yoke.

Some of the pretty breakfast jackets are semi-fitting in the back, loose in the front, and tied in at the waist with ribbon, while others are short and loose all around, reaching only to the waist line and hanging full from the shoulders like a child's plaided reefer. They are finished with yokes or wide collars trimmed elaborately with lace or embroidery. Sleeves are elbow length, long and fancifully trimmed, or made in ogee style, falling just below the elbow.

Petticoats are an important feature of this department of dress, and while the silken variety predominates, there are lovely dainty things in fine white lawn, tucked and trimmed with lace, without limit, and made with the wide flounce which distinguishes all the skirts (this season. A pale blue silk skirt, illustrated, shows the new shaped flounce, rounding up in the back, trimmed with corded ruffles and lace trills. Another model in heliotropa has bow knots in lace insertion above a lace frill. But there are skirts and skirts, of every grade and condition—skirts of blue, pink, and yellow taffeta, with an elaborate trimming of black applique lace; brocaded silks in light colors, trimmed with chiffon flounces and cream lace, and white taffeta skirts with yards of lace insertion and rows of gathered white satin ribbon. Flounces ornamented with scroll motifs of lace insertion outlined with tiny chiffon ruffles are another fancy, and the accordion plaited ruffles are quite as popular as they were last season. The special feature of all petticoats this season is the close fit around the hips and the extreme front effect at the bottom. A wide accordion-plaited vandyked flounce falling over a cluster of narrow ruffles at the foot is a very desirable style, and all the edges should be pinked if you want to insure good service.

LISTEN, BACHELOR GIRLS.

A Matron's Lecture on the Most Independent Woman.

Woman is by nature dependent. Indeed there is no such thing as an all-around independent woman. Few men are wholly independent. Many young women are wholly independent. Many young women calling themselves girl bachelors think that they have sought and found real independence. Then there are the aggressive spinsters who are firmly convinced that they alone of all womankind are truly independent. They join in with the girl bachelors and pity their married sisters for being tied to a man. The married women do not answer them, for they are satisfied with their lot as a rule. And well they may be, for the most independent woman in the world is the woman who is not only married but also mated. Some people say that a woman poorly married is happier than the woman not married at all. A matron gave two girl bachelors some points along this line not long ago. They spoke to her in a rather patronizing way about her not being able to join in one of their larks because she was married; it was like touching a match to kerosene.

'Such talk shows your ignorance,' she exclaimed in a tone that carried conviction. 'You girls and your boasted independence afford me no end of amusement as well as food for serious thought. You see, I can read you like books because before my marriage I was an independent bachelor maid myself. I thought I wouldn't exchange my sweet liberty for the best husband and the finest home in the land, or, at least, I tried awfully hard to make believe that I believed that just as you two girls and your kind are trying to do.'

'Why, what do you mean?' asked one of the girl bachelors.

'Sour grapes,' said the other, with a gesture of contempt.

'Merely this,' answered the matron, 'that it is against nature for women to be wholly independent, and when we go against nature she squelches us in one way or another. Now you claim to be two girl bachelors, don't you? And you represent the two types of so-called independent women. One of you is independent by choice, and other through necessity. Fan has a very generous allowance, and she has elected to leave her home and spend her life in study and also to do absolutely as she pleases. Nell has been forced to leave her home and earn her own living, and she, too, has set her head to think, speak and act as she sees fit. There you are, and you are two out of thousands. You are both attractive to men and have had and now have no end of beaux, and say that you can't fall in love with any of them, that you are proof against such nonsense, but I warn you you aren't. You are merely bent on shutting love or anything like it out of your heart. Some day a man will come along who will drive such notions out of your head in a hurry.'

'Boah!' exclaimed the one called Fan. 'You don't know what you are talking about. I lead a life of absolute independence, and the man doesn't walk the earth who could make me give it up.'

'And so do I,' chimed in Nell. 'Them's my sentiments, too.'

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No adulteration. Never cakes.

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'It would be preposterous to say that the average bachelor girl is not independent in a way,' answered the matron serenely. 'There are lots of meanings to the word independent, you know. I'll grant you that the bachelor girl is a creature of independent mind, of independent means, of independent manner, but she is not, never has been, and never will be independent when it comes to her heart, her affections. Man can do without love in his life, but woman can't. Not every man is subject to control by other people or things, but every woman is. The more a woman talks about her independence and brags of it and plumes herself on it, the more firmly am I convinced that at that very moment is this woman dependent for happiness on the affection of some one. Usually it is a man. Berate me all you have a mind to for speaking this way, but I am having the satisfaction of knowing that I am striking home. You see I was once a bachelor girl myself, and all off my friends said that I was a fool to give up my career and marry.'

'Have you regretted it?' asked both girls.

'Well, I should say not,' answered the matron. 'There is only one truly independent life for a woman and that is a life with the man she loves. Love is the only thing that can set a woman free. An all-wise universal Father has made this so to preserve the race. I never knew what independence was until after I was married. Single women are apt to mistake license for independence. I know every trend of thought that the so-called bachelor girl, the so-called independent woman, has. She gets up early in the morning thoroughly in love with the lot she has chosen and starts out on her day's work. She meets rebuffs gets discouraged grows physically so weary that she longs to fly to some one who loves her better than all others, and have a good cry. By the time night comes she hates her lonely room or apartment and not infrequently sobs herself to sleep, about what she knows not, but I do. It is simply because her woman's nature is revolting against a life of independent loneliness or lonely independence, just as you are stretching out after a home of her own, after family ties. When she made herself independent in mind, manners and finances she enslaved her affections, chained them up, rendered them inert. No woman can be really independent until she unchains her affections and opens her heart to receive the love of some true man. Perhaps you two won't own it, but you know I speak truly.'

'There is no use in denying that two and two make four,' answered a Fan, rather flippantly.

'You've opened my eyes to a thing or two,' put in Nell, 'and for my part I shall expend some of my energy from this time on in opening my heart to love rather than wasting it in trying to find absolute independence. You've made me own what I've known all along, and that is there is no such thing for women as independence, and I'm thankful to say that I don't believe there is for man, either, as far as the heart is concerned.'

Bringing it Home.

'Woman,' he hissed, 'woman do you thus spurn my heart after leading me on?'

'When did I lead you on, as you call it?' asked the girl.

'Did you not tell me that that fortune teller had told you that you were to wed a handsome blond young man, with the grace of a Greek god and the voice of an Aeolian harp?'

A LITTLE HEROINE.

She Recovered her Mother's Body From Amid the Awful Carnage.

Baron Lejeune, who played a conspicuous part at the siege of Saragossa during the Peninsular War, narrates in his 'Memoires' a singular story of that terrible time, a story that speaks equally well for the chivalry of the soldiers of France and for the courage of a Spanish girl.

There had been fearful carnage within the walls of the unfortunate city; even the convents and monasteries were reeking with evidences of warfare, and the inhabitants of Saragossa were in a desperate plight.

A band of Polish soldiers, belonging to the French army, had been stationed on guard at a certain point, with orders to fire upon any Spaniard who might pass them. Suddenly a girl of about fifteen years of age appeared among them. A cry of warning was heard on every side as she approached, but the child seemed not to hear. She only continued to utter one ceaseless and piercing wail, 'Mia madre! mia madre!' as she hurried from one group of dead and wounded Spaniards to another.

It soon became evident that she was in search of the body of her mother, and the pale, agonized face of the child, whose filial love had made her almost insensible to danger, touched the soldiers' hearts with pity.

A moment later a despairing cry announced that she had found that for which she had risked her life. The Polish guards watch her movement with something like awe as she stooped and tenderly wrapped the mutilated form of the dead woman in a cloak and began to drag it away. Suddenly the girl paused and seized a heavy cartridge-box that lay in her path, with an energy that seemed almost supernatural. Her frail, delicate form swayed and staggered beneath the weight of her burden, but she did not hesitate.

A thrill of mingled horror and admiration filled the astonished watchers as they perceived that there, before their very faces, she was taking from them an instrument for future vengeance upon them.



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FLASHES OF FUN.

SHR: 'When you married me you said you were well off.' He: 'I was, but I didn't know it.' PROSPECTIVE LITIGANT: You give legal advice here, don't you? Lawyer (absent-mindedly): 'No, we sell it.' FOND MOTHER: 'What do you think baby will be when he grows up?' Exasperated Father: 'I don't know; town crier, likely.' Mrs. PASSAY: 'Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that?' Mr. WITTS: 'Well I think it was very unkind of her to take it from you.' Briggs: 'I didn't know that you were near-sighted?' Griggs: 'Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday.' 'I don't like our doctor,' said Willie. 'I went and caught a cold bad enough to keep me at home from school for two weeks, and the mean old doctor cured me in less than two days.' Alicia: 'Do you think it exactly proper for you to have the portrait of that young man on your dressing table?' Dorothy: 'But he is looking the other way.' Tibbs: 'William is in business for himself, isn't he?' Gibbs: 'For himself? Well, I should say he is in business for the benefit of an extravagant family.' 'He says he has been out with a theatrical company that had many unusual and sensational experiences.' 'Yes, I am told that all the members received their salaries regularly.' 'Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?' 'Make a living! Why he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean if there was another man on the rock.' Poetess: 'The poem I sent you Mr. Editor, contains the deepest secrets of my soul.' Editor: 'I know it, madam, and no one shall ever find them out through me.' 'Well, Fritz, you got birched in school to day?' 'Yes, but it didn't hurt.' 'But you certainly have been crying?' 'Oh, I wanted to let the teacher have a little pleasure out of it.' 'Puffins answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringes round the bottom.' 'What did they tell him.' 'To wear knickerbockers.' On the brink of a creek in Ireland there is—or used to be—a little stone containing a carving of this inscription, intended to help travellers: 'When this stone is out of eight, it is not safe to ford the river.' Billy: 'I understand you've bought a dog to keep burglars away.' Freddy: 'Yes.' Billy: 'You are not troubled any more at night, then, I suppose?' Freddy: 'Only by the dog.' Writer: 'That is a great scheme this Chicago man has of dividing up his autobiography.' Biter: 'What is it?' Writer: 'Instead of using chapters, he divides it off under the headings, 'First wife,' 'Second wife,' 'Fourth wife.' An excellent story was told at a charity dinner. One day a man was brought into the Accident Hospital who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, 'He is dead,' but the man raised his head and said, 'No, I'm not dead yet,' whereupon his wife admonished him, saying, 'Be quiet; the doctor ought to know best.' 'You have called regarding the situation of footman?' 'Yes, my lud.' 'Was there not someone in the ante-room as you came in?' 'There was my lud; it was a man with a writ for your ludship, but I threw 'im out.' 'You are engaged.' 'What,' said the visitor to the village of his childhood, 'what become of the one I hated—Willie Hawker, the snark?' In prison, no doubt—he bore that fate on his face.' 'Hush!' said the village. 'He is now Mr. Hawker, the famous millionaire.' 'What?' cried the visitor, 'my dear school-fellow a millionaire! I must call upon him and revive the old friendship.' Husband: 'Will you remind me that I have to write a letter this evening?' Wife: 'Yes, dear, and will you remind me of something?' Husband: 'Of course. What is it?' Wife: 'Remind me that I have to remind you.' 'I suppose there are many problems which Polar explorers seek to solve?' said the unscientific man. 'Yes,' replied the intrepid traveller, 'a great many.' 'What is the most important one?' 'Getting back.' A visitor to the British Museum reports that he saw a countryman standing before the bust of a woman in a collection of statuary. The woman was represented in the act of coiling her hair, and, as the visitor came up, the countryman was saying to himself:— 'No, sir, that ain't true to Nature. She ain't got her mouth full of hairpins.' Lionel Brough tells a story of an old country sexton who, in showing visitors



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round the churchyard, used to stop at one particular tombstone and say:— 'This 'ere is the tomb of Tummas 'Ooper an' 'is eleven wives.' On one occasion a lady said: 'Eleven? Dear me! that's rather a lot, isn't it?' The old man looked at her gravely, and then replied: 'Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of is'n.' 'John,' exclaimed Mrs. Hyster, in a hoarse whisper, 'there are burglars in this house, or else the water-pipes are bursting!' Mr. Hyster turned over and said: 'Well you can find out which it is, and then I'll see what I can do about it.' A moment later Mrs. Hyster exclaimed: 'John, I am sure there are burglars in the house! Get up!' 'What?' he asked, 'would you have me go for the police, and leave you here to fight them alone? Never! I shall stay here in this bed and protect you to the bitter end!' Artesian wells have proved successful in New South Wales, the area within which underground water is found extending over 62,000 square miles. Nine cases out of ten of ordinary colds can be cured in their early stage by a hot bath and drinking a glass of hot lemonade immediately before going to bed. Good deeds always speak for themselves when they call for improved real estate.

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Paine's Celery Compound Makes Them Healthy, Happy and Joyous.

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WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. DEAR SIRS:—I think it a duty to write you for the benefit of all who have delicate children, and to make known what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my child. She has been delicate all her life. I have tried many medicines, and have had her under allopathic and homoeopathic treatment with but little benefit. Almost in despair, and as a last resort, I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using three bottles she is now perfectly well and strong. I have also used your medicine myself for complications arising from over-work and loss of rest, and am greatly benefited thereby. I would strongly urge all who are in any way afflicted to do as I have done, "try Paine's Celery Compound," and be convinced of its wonderful curing power. Yours gratefully, MRS. A. R. STINCHCOMBE, William St., London, Ont. A MYSTERIOUS SPRING. It Has Two Surfaces and One Underground Inlet and No Outlet. 'There isn't much to say about the little village of Joy, up in Wayne county,' said a citizen of that quiet Hamlet in the pepper-mint belt, 'except that just outside of it is a spring which is undoubtedly unlike any other spring in the world. That spring hasn't any visible outlet but it has two very visible inlets, thus reversing the natural order of springs. Springs are usually the sources of streams. This one is just the opposite. One of the inlets of the spring is a riverlet that flows from the south. The other comes from the north. The waters that come from the north and empty into

the spring are as clear as crystal. The waters of the stream that discharge from the south are almost as black as ink. The southern inlet never freezes, while the northern one is the first water in all that region to freeze. "Another singular thing about this spring is that although no water flows from it water is constantly boiling up through the white sand that forms its bed. The spring is only two feet wide and three feet deep, but a force pump worked steadily and rapidly in it for hours has failed to decrease its water supply in the slightest degree. The mystery is, what becomes of the water of the spring? Fed by two streams, and from an underground source, and with no outlet, this spring has been a thing impossible to explain from the time the original settlers quitted in that part of the State and found it there until now."

TOBACCO HEART.



HAVE you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart? Are you short of breath, nerves unknined, sensation of pins and needles going through your arm and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious. Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity. "This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help. Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial." Price 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Dyspepsia. Price 25c.

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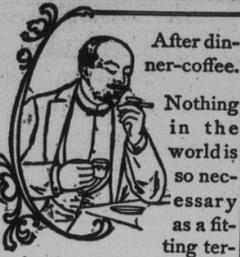
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LOST A LEG AND WON A WIFE. A Romance Not of This War but of the One Next and Previous to it. A somewhat belated romance of the civil war is that of Capt. Thomas H Culp, of Perry's Florida brigade, a South Carolinian who happened to be in the malarial peninsula when the flag on Fort Sumpter was fired on, and in that way explains why he was not in a South Carolina command under the stars and bars. As will be recalled, Perry's brigade, after distinguishing itself at Chickamauga and other places in the West, went to Virginia and did a full share of the hard fighting that the Army of the Potomac had to do from then until the end of the war. It was in one of the battles around Richmond that the first act opened. Capt. Culp, while leading his company in a charge on the enemy, who were strongly posted behind some improvised breastworks, was shot to the ground and woke the next morning to find that his left leg had been amputated below the knee. The strangest part of it, however, was that at the same time he fell five of his men fell around him, each and every one of whom lost a leg. The unpleasant coincidence was commented upon extensively in the army at the time, but, like a great many other things that happened in that stirring period, was soon forgotten and passed out of the minds of men. Unfitted for a soldier, Capt. Culp returned to his old home in South Carolina and began life anew, after the war closed, as a country merchant. These were the flush times that there is so much talk about and he prospered as he deserved, and in the course of time managed to put aside a snug fortune, ample for the simple wants of an old bachelor. His war comrades were all in Florida and South Georgia, and he gradually lost touch with them, as men will, and even forgot their names. He was a staunch old Confederate, however, and preserved his cap and jacket until the reunion in Richmond a couple of years ago, without once having occasion to wear them. Then he concluded he would go on and bear the "rebel yell" just once more, and in the fulness of his enthusiasm he brought out these time-stained relics of the bloody past. Thirty years of prosperity had played havoc with the slender waist of the young soldier, however, and the jacket was returned, with a sigh of regret, to its box. The cap was still available, and with half of the brim shot away, was donned again.

Of course, the reunion was a grand success, and the enthusiasm highly gratifying to him, but for the first day he was fearfully distressed because he could not find one of the members of his old command. Walking was a painful process for him, and he had about exhausted his energies in the effort and seated himself on the doorstep of a handsome residence, when a weather beaten old fellow, with a veteran's badge came along and sat down by him. The Captain noticed that he limped suspiciously, and was not long in learning that he too was the possessor of a cork leg. This naturally led to the inquiry where he had lost its predecessor, and the reply was that it was in such and such a fight, on such and such a day. It was in the very fight in which the Captain had suffered his loss, and he stated the fact. 'Well, that's curious,' said the veteran. 'I lost mine this way: We were ordered to drive the enemy from their works on the brow of the hill, and just as we rose up out of the underbrush to make a rush my leg was shot off, right beside a big pine tree. But you won't believe it, five other men—' 'Had their legs shot off at the same time,' said the captain excitedly, taking the words out of his mouth. 'and I was one of them.' That was the signal for a little reunion of their own and the proposition was made that they hire a hack and go out to see the spot again. It was only a few miles out, and as soon as they had concluded a bargain with a hackman they made a start. When they reached the ground, however, they found everything changed, the trees cut away, and the whole place under cultivation. They managed to find an old stump, however, and united in declaring it the remains of the "big pine tree," but there was still some doubt about the matter, and they decided to apply to the occupant of a big house a short distance away for information. They found it occupied by a handsome maiden lady of 40 or thereabouts, who blushing confessed to having lived there as a little girl during the war, and told them what she could about it. But the Captain seemed fascinated by the spot, and returned to it more than once before the reunion closed. Then he stayed over after everybody else had gone, and in the end came away with a promise from the maiden lady. A short time ago he returned and married her, and now lives on the identical farm where he was wounded, and in sight of the big pine stump, a few hundred yards from the Darbytown road.



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Andr... quiver... "I d... was th... think... to say... ped her... you are... "Ind... frankne... there is... knowin... sel-'den... voice fa... audibly... coming... will met... A ter... Andrey... then sho... of the... rival of... hand, sh... "Yes... wonder... ed and... "Lovi... Then sho... could yo... in love... ground... of her ni... know hi... impossi... go all ar... derer, ju... he love... Andre... hands, l... "I—l... Sylvia... "No, I... they wr... said, "I... fabulous... they hav... read the... let me;... people v... see what... Lord Lo... he come... laugh—... "No, I... attempt... Then s... and trem... "Oh... ill! she... "No, I... "I am o... warm, I... Sylvia... and brou... "Let m... "she is t... Andrey... her. "Plea... now." T... eyes, and... two in sil... "It is... delicious... sometime... one ano... have you... gently to... the beaut... Andrey... and drew... Sylvia... for she w... "I cam... friend,"... "but ther... nora?" "No, I... must no... name... call me S... "Yes... laughed... are like... nal friend... me Andr... Sylvia... "How... each oth... to be old... "Yes... much a... proud I... on the st... plauding... "I—l... knowing... Andrey... "How... Sylvia?" "What you... now. Be... find how... talk of... for the dr... to the su... search. They... some of th... life, and... "I am... said, alm... of old, te... had brou... striken y... deal of m... made mo... the str... live in a... country l... rey?" "It was... some of... Sylvia... dorstood... "I kno... never mar... low—"I... outage,"... and I have... or three... have a glo... with nic... in just... Southam... Andrey... "I hope... friend, Syl... "How...

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

Audrey's head dropped, and her lips quivered.

"I don't know. Yes, ah, yes! she was thoughtful, and—ah, and cruel, if you think so. But—perhaps—she was going to say, 'she has been punished,' but stopped herself and said, instead—'but you—you are very proud of him signora.'"

"Indeed I am," assented Sylvia with a frankness which startled Audrey. "I think there is no one like him. I—I have never known any one so good and kind and self-denying, except—one other."

Her voice faltered and died away almost inaudibly. "But Lord Lorrimore will be coming back directly, and then I hope he will meet with his reward," and she smiled. A terrible struggle went on in poor Audrey's bosom for a long, long minute, then she conquered the desire to rush out of the room, never to see this beautiful rival of hers again, and putting out her hand, she murmured:

"Yes; I am sure he will. Ah! I don't wonder at his loving you." Sylvia recoiled and opened her lovely eyes on her.

"Loving me—me?" she exclaimed. Then she burst out laughing. "Oh, how could you think that? Lord Lorrimore in love with me? Why he worships the ground this lady stands on. He thinks of her night and day. Oh, you do not know him, or you would understand how impossible it is for him to change. What, go all around the world, an exile, a wanderer, just to gratify the whim of a woman he loved, and then forget her for—me?"

Audrey went white to the lips, and her hands, lying clasped in her lap trembled. "I—I thought—I heard," she faltered. Sylvia laughed.

"Ah! you do not know the nonsense they write in the papers about us," she said. "They have told all sorts of fabulous stories about me, and I suppose they have about Lord Lorrimore. I never read the papers; Mercy and he would never let me; they said that the rubbish the people write would do me harm. You see what care they have taken of me. Poor Lord Lorrimore! I must tell him, when he comes back, of your mistake; he will laugh—"

"No, no," interrupted Audrey; and she attempted to rise, but sank back.

Then Sylvia saw that her visitor was pale and trembling.

"Oh, what is the matter? You are ill," she said, bending over her.

"No, no!" said Audrey, breathing hard; "I am only a little faint. The room is warm, I think, and—"

Sylvia flew to the window and opened it and brought her a glass of water.

"Let me send for Mercy," she said; "she is the best nurse."

Audrey put up her trembling hand to stop her.

"Please, no," she said; "I am better now." Then the tears swelled into her eyes, and she hung her head a moment or two in silence.

"It is the heat," said Sylvia in that delicious tone of sympathy which women sometimes—only sometimes—feel toward one another. "And you have walked, have you not? I am so sorry!" and she gently took off Audrey's hat and smoothed the beautiful hair from her forehead.

Audrey put her arm round Sylvia's neck, and drew her face down and kissed her.

Sylvia blushed with pleasure, then shyly for she was not given to kissing returned it.

"I came, meaning to ask you to be my friend," said Audrey, still rather faintly; "but there is no need to ask, is there, signora?"

"No," responded Sylvia. "But you must not call me by that grand name. My name is Sylvia—Sylvia Bond. You must call me Sylvia."

"Yes," said Audrey, "and you"—she laughed and took both Sylvia's hands, "we are like two school-girls swearing an eternal friendship, are we not?—you will call me Audrey?"

Sylvia laughed and nodded.

"How strange it is! we have only known each other five minutes, and yet we seem to be old friends."

"Yes," said Audrey. "We must see as much as we can of each other. How proud I shall be when I am looking at you on the stage, and all the people are applauding to think that you are my friend!"

"I—I thought you would be ashamed of knowing me," she said.

Audrey smiled.

"How ignorant of the world you are, Sylvia!" she said wonderingly. "I know what you mean, but all that is changed now. Before many days are out you will find how mistaken your idea is. But let us talk of your plans," she said, quickly, for she dreaded lest Sylvia should return to the subject of Lord Lorrimore and his search.

They sat side by side, and Sylvia related some of the incidents of her professional life, and of her plans for the future.

"I am going to work very hard," she said, almost gayly, almost like the Sylvia of old, for this new and strange friendship had brought a sweet joy to her sorrow-stricken young heart, "and make a great deal of money, and the moment I have made enough to retire on I intend to leave the stage, and Mercy and I are going to live in a little cottage in one of the sweetest country lines. Why do you smile, Audrey?"

"I was thinking that there would be some one else beside Mercy who might have a different plan for you."

Sylvia pondered a moment till she understood, then shook her head.

"I know what you mean; but I shall never marry. Some day—her voice grew low—"I will tell you why. But about our cottage," she went on rapidly. "Mercy and I have already looked longingly at two or three. It is to stand quite alone, and have a nice garden in which we can work with gloves on. We saw the prettiest girl in just such a garden as we came from Southampton."

Audrey smiled.

"I hope there will be a spare room for a friend, Sylvia?"

"I know now why I love you. Yes, there shall be a little bedroom for you; it will be very tiny, but it shall have the prettiest paper and whitest dimity hangings. Ah, you shall see!"

Audrey tore herself away at last, and Sylvia went down to the door with her and saw her walk away. Audrey turned into the park and sinking into a seat, clasped her hands tightly. She was alone, and could attempt to realize what had befallen her.

"What have I done—what have I done?" broke from her white lips. "So faithful, so true; while I—Oh, what will he think—what will he say?" She looked round wildly as one looks round for some means of escape from some great peril and finds none.

She knew Jordan too well to hope that he would release her; and, indeed, how could she, without cruel injustice to him, ask him to let her go? "Too late, too late!" she murmured, echoing Jordan's words, but with how different a meaning!

CHAPTER XXX.

It is not pleasant to know that while men are shaking you by the hand and uttering congratulations that they are hating you in their hearts. But Jordan did not mind. He had won; he had carried off the beautiful prize from men younger, better looking, better in every way—excepting, perhaps, in intellect—than himself.

He was in a delightful glow of satisfaction; and while the men in the club windows were fervently cursing him as he walked by with a smile on his pale face, and about his thin lips, he went on his way triumphant.

All the way down to Lynne he was planning out the future. He would enlarge the old house—as if it were not large enough already!—re-decorate it throughout; one of the best firms should have carte blanche in respect to the furniture. Audrey was fond of horses; the stables should be rebuilt; and—and that wing which had been shut off for so long, in which was the room his father had died in should be pulled down. He put this last but in truth it was the first thing he thought of and resolved upon doing. Yes, that room should disappear—be wiped out—forgotten. In fact, he would begin to forget it at once.

Frome, the solemn butler, was surprised at the novel cheerfulness which his master displayed. "Though, I suppose," he remarked in the servants' hall, "no man, even Sir Jordan, could help being up in spirits at the prospect of marrying Miss Audrey."

"He was singing—actually singing!—for the first time since I've known him, while I was dressing him," said the valet.

"Shouldn't be surprised if he asks for a bottle of wine," said Frome, sarcastically.

But though Jordan's cheerfulness did not carry him to this vicious extreme, he was in the best of spirits all through the dinner, which he seemed to enjoy.

He had gone over the house, inspecting the closed rooms, and had already formed a rough plan of the alterations. There should be a boudoir for Audrey facing south, and the lawn over which it should look should be laid out as an Italian flower-garden. He would build an aviary—Audrey was fond of birds—and he would have the old ball-room decorated and furnished.

Yes, he meant to make her happy. Why should he not? And he would fill the house with pleasant people—all the men who had wanted to marry her, for instance—and he smiled with enjoyment at the idea. What a wonderful man he was! Most men would have been content to settle down into a country squire, but he, Jordan, had gone out into the world and carved his way to fame. He would be Prime Minister, as he had promised Audrey. Yes, he was certainly a wonderful man.

This train of self-flattery made exquisite mental music for him during dinner; and when he had finished his dessert and drunk a glass of apollinaris, he sauntered out on to the terrace and looked at the moon rising above the trees, and felt as contented and satisfied as your truly virtuous man should feel.

Frome brought the candles, and Jordan returned to the dining-room. He looked up at the two pictures—his father's and Neville's—but he did not scowl or frown at them to night. Instead, there was a smile of defiance and mocking triumph on his pale face, as if he had won some victory over them.

He sat down and took out his letters, and wrote an answer or two, and then—well, then, the silence of the great house began quite suddenly and unexpectedly to affect him. If he had been given to the

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vice of smoking he would have lighted his cigar or pipe and got the better of the dullness—which had so suddenly assailed him; but he did not smoke, and the singular drop in his spirits continued.

He tried the self-flattery again, but it would not repeat itself; and before long he found himself pacing the room very much as we have seen him pace it before.

For there had fallen upon him the weird, ghostly desire to visit that shadow-haunted chamber, and he knew that he should not be able to resist it.

"It will be as well, perhaps, to—to look round once more before the wing is pulled down," he muttered, trying to persuade himself that he was acting of his free will; and when his valet had left him in his own room, and with the rest of the servants had gone to bed, Jordan took the unlighted candle and matches and stealthily made his way to the closed chamber.

As he turned the carefully oiled key in the thick door he cursed the weakness which prevented him from resisting the impulse; but he knew that the strange craving which was urging him would not be denied, and he did not even struggle.

He closed the door noiselessly behind him, and lighting the candle, raised it and looked round.

Everything was as he had seen it and left it on his last visit, and with a shudder, as his eyes fell upon the huge funeral bed he put the candle on the table and commenced his search with the air and manner which characterized him on the last occasion; but he seemed to take more pains and display more patience, for not content with digging out the bureau, he, as if suddenly struck by an idea, tore up the edge of the black carpet and examined the boards beneath.

It was covered with dust—his hands were grimed; but so absorbed was he that he did not notice it—so absorbed indeed that he did not know that the candle had burned down to the socket until he heard it splutter.

He got up from his knees and hurried across the room and stood for a moment asking himself whether he should relinquish his search or go on and get another candle.

The candle flickered down, and as its light waned he saw that the moonlight was shining through a chink of the shutters.

He extinguished the candle, and feeling his way to the window, carefully and cautiously unbarred the shutter and opened it just wide enough to allow the moonlight to stream in and fall on the floor which he had been examining. It was impossible that it could be overlooked, and the plan was safer and easier than going to and from his bedroom for another candle.

He went back to the carpet, knelt down, and felt along the surface of the boards with his big white—now dirty—hands. Suddenly he heard a slight noise behind him, and his heart leaped heavily; but he remembered the fright he had suffered on his last visit by the bat against the window, and he would not look round, but remained with his head bent over his task.

But the noise was repeated—became more distinct—and setting his teeth hard, he turned his head and looked over his shoulder.

Then, with a suppressed cry, he sprang to his feet and stood recoiling, white with terror, for a hand was sliding slowly and cunningly round the edge of the shutter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Jordan's blood ran cold in his veins. He would have rushed from the room, but terror rendered him incapable of motion; he could only stand and watch the hand as it slid along the shutter, like the hand of a ghost, and wait. Neville would have sprung at it and seized its owner, but the great statesman was very different to his "vagabond" brother, and his nerves, already tried severely by the ghastly stillness of the room and its associations, were completely wrecked by this fearful apparition.

The hand pushed back the shutter, and a man sprang into the room, dashed the shutter close, and at the same moment turned the light of a bull's eye lantern full upon Jordan's white, distorted face. Jordan could see nothing behind the fierce stream of light, and stood panting and trembling, longing to spring, and yet too terror-stricken to move.

The awful silence was broken at last.

"Given you a start, eh, Sir Jordan?" said a dry, harsh voice behind the light. "Didn't expect to see me, I imagine?"

Jordan started, and put his trembling hand to his lips.

"Banks! You?" he exclaimed, huskily. The man chuckled at the baronet's confusion, and set the lantern on the table. As he did so the light fell upon his face.

It was the face of Lavarick, with its thin lips twisted into a sneer of insolent contempt, as he looked sideways at the shrinking Jordan.

He wore a broad-brimmed hat, which nearly hid his unprepossessing countenance, and was dressed in the style of a mechanic. He sat on the small table and folded his arms as if he desired to enjoy the sight of Sir Jordan's discomfiture at leisure.

Jordan had recovered himself a little by this time, and assumed an indignant and haughty air. "What do you mean by forcing your way into the house?" he said still rather huskily.

Lavarick smiled insolently.

"Thought I'd give you a pleasant little surprise, Sir Jordan," he said. "Besides, it's too late to disturb the servants. Don't know that I should have dropped in this evening, but I happened to be passing and saw the light in here, and I felt rather curious to see what was going on in the room that Sir Jordan keeps shut up so closely. It was rather awkward, getting up without the steps, but I learned to climb when I was a boy, and the ivy is pretty thick, and here I am. And what were you doing, Sir Jordan? Cleaning the furniture, eh?"

Jordan had been thinking rapidly while the man had been speaking, and he moved toward the bell, as he replied:

"I give you two minutes to go back by the way you came. If you still remain at the end of that time, I will call the servants, and hand you over to the police."

Lavarick laughed.

"Bravo, Sir Jordan! not a bad bit of bluff, that. But don't you waste your time waiting the two minutes; ring up the alerays at once; they'd be interested in the little chat you and I are going to have."

Jordan's hand dropped from the bell, which was weak on his part. It is always unwise to threaten unless you can perform.

"Say what you have to say quickly, and go," he said, biting his lips. "Of course, you have come to extort money?"

"Right the first time!" retorted Lavarick; "and, of course, you don't mean giving it. Quite right! don't you be bullied!" and he laughed with impudent mockery.

Jordan's face was an ugly sight at that moment. He actually moved a step or two toward Lavarick; but Lavarick did not appear alarmed. He took a revolver from his pocket, and, in a casual fashion, tapped the edge of the table with it.

"No good trying that on with me, Sir Jordan," he said, quietly. "You're younger and stronger man than me, and so I brought this little plyingthing to make us a little more equal. Not that I shall want to use it, because you are a sensible man, I know, Sir Jordan, and will listen to argument."

Jordan stood looking down for a moment; then he raised his eyes watchfully and glanced the man's face.

"You think you possess some knowledge concerning me which will enable you to levy blackmail on me, and do so with insolent impunity. You are mistaken, my man. Only fools commit such a blunder. You know nothing that can give you any power over me, while, on the other hand, I know you to be an escaped convict, and have only to secure you and hand you over to the police to get rid of you."

"Then why don't you do it?" retorted Lavarick, coolly, and apparently not at all offended. "Bluff, Sir Jordan, bluff! But I don't blame you. It's rather hard for a gentleman to find himself driven into a corner, and he naturally don't like it. But you treat me well, Sir Jordan, and I'll act fair with you. I don't mean you any harm, and won't do any if you'll act straight."

"You can do me no harm," said Jordan, haughtily. "If I consent to tolerate your presence and listen to you, it is because I am curious to hear what you have to say, and your reason for running the risk you have done."

"Just so!" said Lavarick, dryly. "You said just now that I'd come to levy blackmail on you."

Jordan sneered.

"That is your only excuse, my man, for raking up the past."

"Well, perhaps I have; I'm hard up, Sir Jordan, and I want money. But that's not my only reason, I've come to do you a service."

Jordan's sneer was intensified.

"Of course you don't believe it. It don't seem possible that such as I am can be of any service to the great Sir Jordan, Lynne; but it's true all the same."

"Go on," said Jordan coldly. "Don't exhaust my patience."

"Oh you'll be ready presently to listen long enough," said Lavarick, confidently. "Now, then, Sir Jordan, you remember the last time I was in this room?"

Jordan kept his countenance, but Lavarick saw him wince.

"I remember," he said. "You attempted to break into the house to commit a burglary, I have no doubt?"

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted Lavarick, coolly. "I was running away from the police. They'd pressed me rather hard, and it occurred to me that if I could get into the house and hide, the chuckle-headed idiots would never think of looking for me here, and I could get away when the night was darker. I knew that I could get into this room by the steps, and I ran up them, intending to come in by the window."

"All this doesn't interest me," said Jordan, impatiently, but keeping a watchful eye on the face of the speaker.

"Oh, but it will presently," said Lavarick, as dryly as before. "I'm not wasting time, Sir Jordan. Well, I crept up to the window, and heard voices. They were yours and your father's, Sir Greville. The shutters weren't closed, and I managed to look in through a chink in the curtains. The old gentleman was lying, dying, and you were standing beside him. He was talking, and you were listening, and I could see by your face that what he was saying wasn't particularly pleasant for you to hear. You looked ugly, Sir Jordan," and he smiled.

Jordan bit his lip, but remained silent and watchful.

"I managed to get the window open a little ways, and putting my ear to it, found I could hear every word. What was it I heard, Sir Jordan?"

Jordan's lips twitched.

"You could have heard very little," he said. "My father's voice was weak."

"So it was," assented Lavarick, "but my ears are sharp. Law bless you! a man's hearing gets out when he spends months listening to the step of the warden outside the cell. I can hear a mouse scampering across the floor; I can hear the tick of a watch in a man's pocket under a couple of thick coats; I can almost hear your heart beating now, Sir Jordan," and he grinned. "I heard every word the old man said, and this is pretty near the sense of it. He was telling you about this will."

"Jordan started slightly and shifted his position, so that the light should not fall upon him; but Lavarick, with a turn of the lantern, brought Jordan into focus again, and watched his face as closely as Jordan watched his.

"The old gentleman was terribly cut up about things he had done during his life, and he was going over them and fretting about them, and the only thing that consoled him was the fact that he had tried to put some of the things straight in that will of his."

Jordan opened his lips, but stopped himself before a word had been said.

"For one thing, there was the trouble about Mr. Neville, your half-brother. He used to be the favorite son, but the old gentleman had quarreled with him and cut him adrift, and now he was lying a-dying that made him feel queer. I heard him say that you'd been mainly the cause of the row. Hold on, Sir Jordan, I am not going to utter a word that ain't true; what 'ad be the use? You and I are alone, and there wouldn't be any sense in our giving each other the lie. I tell you I heard every word."

"Go on," said Sir Jordan huskily.

"The old gentleman reminded you of the way in which you'd kept the quarrel a-boiling, and begged you to find Neville and tell him how sorry his father was that they'd ever quarreled—"

"I have tried every means of finding my brother," said Jordan.

"All right," assented Lavarick; "I didn't say you haven't. Let me go on; there was another thing that laid heavier on Sir Greville's mind than his treatment of Mr. Neville; and that was the way he'd hounded a certain party to death."

Jordan started.

"I'm using the old man's own words," said Lavarick. "Hounded 'em to ruin and death, was what he said, and this party was the lady who'd promised to marry him, and then run away with another man. It was like a novel to hear the old gentleman, wasn't it, Sir Jordan? A regular case of remorse and penitence, eh? He behaved something awful in the way of cruelty to the unfortunate couple—ruined 'em, and drove 'em out of the country with their little girl."

Jordan sunk into a chair, Lavarick deftly following him with the light from the lantern.

"But some people are satisfied with being sorry for what they've done and stop there, but Sir Greville didn't; he tried to make—what do you call it?—atonement, and was telling you about it. I knelt outside the window there and listened."

Jordan leaned his head in his hand, so that it partially concealed his face; it was working with an agitation he could not suppress.

"The old man was telling you about his will and what he'd done. There were two wills; one in which he'd left all to you—"

"The only will," said Jordan, as if the exclamation had escaped him.

Lavarick smiled.

"Oh, no! there were two. The first one was at the lawyer's as the old gentleman said; the other he'd made himself, and being the latest, it was the will."

Jordan shuffled his feet restlessly.

"And what was in that last and real will?" Lavarick continued, leaning forward and drooping his voice to a whisper.

Jordan smiled an evil smile.

"No such will ever existed, excepting as a concoction of an escaped convict," he said.

Lavarick nodded coolly.

"Didn't it? Well, see presently. I'll tell you what was in it, as I heard the old man tell you. First, he'd left you a third of the property—"

Jordan rose, but sank back with a smile of contempt.

"Then was another third for Mr. Neville and lastly, there was the last third for the daughter of the couple Sir Greville had hounded to ruin and death; and not only that, but all the pictures and the jewels—another fortune, as I happen to know, Sir Jordan."

Jordan rose and leaned against the mantel shelf, Lavarick causing the light to fall on him as before, and smiled down at Lavarick.

"And on this feeble story—this tissue of lies you hope to levy blackmail on me, do you?" he said, contemptuously.

Lavarick regarded him with cool gravity.

"Hold on awhile longer, Sir Jordan," he said, quietly. "You may ride the high horse when I've done—if you can," he added, significantly. "I saw your face as the old man was telling you about the last will, and it was enough to give a nervous man the shivers. You looked—well, worse than you look now, Sir Jordan—as if you could have killed the old man as he lay there. It wasn't pleasant to find yourself put off with a third of what you'd expected to get all to yourself. And you'd plotted and schemed to out your brother out of it, and now, here was he to come in for as much as yourself, and a girl—a girl you didn't know anything about—to have her share—and the largest too. It was a cutting up of the property that made you feel mad—and you looked it, I can tell you. I give you my word that I was getting ready to jump in, for I thought that you meant mischief as you looked down at the old man."

Jordan's eye shot swiftly round the room and he shuddered. The man's words had called up a grim picture of the events of that night. He could almost see his father lying on the bed, and parting out the eager broken words.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Good Corn Sheller for 25c.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficiency, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists.

CANCER And Tumors cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

An Old Cobwebbed Key

It was a winter evening, and Lawrence Masterson was pacing to and fro in front of a cheerful fire, greatly agitated. A run on the bank would mean for him speedy ruin; and tonight it seemed to him that nothing except a miracle could save the house.

Masterson's bank stood at a corner of the market-place in Ditchford-le-March. It was old and comb-like, having been the counting-house and family residence of the Mastersons for a century and more. Young Masterson, sole proprietor of the bank through the recent death of a distant relation, had taken up his bachelor quarters in a set of rooms over the office.

While he still paced to and fro the postman's knock fell upon his ear. He was alone in the great house, and he now went down into the hall to see what the postman had brought him.

There was only one letter of any apparent importance, and he sank into his arm-chair before the fire to read it leisurely. It bore a foreign postmark, and ran as follows:—

"When you dismissed me from your employ I plotted to break your bank. But I have relented. You will presently be threatened with a crisis, and it is in my power alone to avert disaster. I have entrusted my secret to one Helena Lightfoot, in whom you may place implicit confidence. The key to great wealth hangs on a nail beside the window in the dilapidated stable across the yard. Place it unhesitatingly in her hand. She will show you the way."

The letter was written in a woman's neat calligraphy, and was signed by another almost illegibly. But Masterson recognized the signature as 'John Grimwood,' that of the dismissed clerk.

The banker read the letter again and again. A key that opened the way to great wealth! The thing appeared like a dream. It was absurd. Besides, Masterson had no faith in the man. He had been confidential clerk in the house during the late banker's time.

At the moment of the old man's sudden decease the frauds the fellow had practised upon the house had been discovered; he had absconded, gone from bad to worse; and his end—as he addressed upon the letter showed—had probably come about in hospital at Cairo.

And yet what motive could the man have had for dictating this deposition if it had no shadow of truth? It was hard to regard a death-bed confession as a thing made without rhyme or reason. Could it be pure hallucination, uttered in a delirious moment?

Masterson crushed the letter in his hand with the thought to cast it into the fire. It seemed utterly waste of time to puzzle over such a communication! He had risen from his chair, had raised his hand to fling the letter into the flames, when a sudden thought checked him.

"Stop! Why not?" Masterson stepped towards the door, and stood with his hand upon it, hesitating. Then he went resolutely down stairs, and taking up the hand-lamp from the hall table, unlocked a back door at the end of the passage, and peered into the night. There was the little quadrangular yard, with the dilapidated stable.

It was a place into which he had never yet had the time or curiosity to enter. He had so recently taken up his residence at the bank, so many urgent affairs had needed his attention, that there were many rooms in the old house even which he had never yet thought to explore.

He now lifted the stable latch, and, finding the door unfastened, went in. He cast a rapid glance round the place. It contained a loose-box and a couple of stalls. It was the neglected, dust-ridden abode of spiders and rats. There was the small, barred window with diamond-shaped panes facing the door at which he had entered.

Masterson stepped towards this window and examined every corner of it with growing interest. On a nail beside the stable window? No, not a sign of it! Why—what is this? As the exclamation escaped him Masterson bent the light still nearer. The frame work on both sides of the window was deep in cobwebs and dust; and at first sight the faint outline of what was seemingly a key hanging upon a nail, beneath the spidery accumulation, had escaped his notice. Masterson hesitated to put his hand upon it. What motive, in fact, could he yet have for removing the key from its safe surroundings? The mystery as to the lock it could turn must remain a mystery until Helena Lightfoot—it is such a being existed—should come to unravel it.

But a sense of intense curiosity had taken a hold upon Lawrence Masterson. He suddenly felt a keen impulse to lift the key from the nail. He had stretched out his arm, his fingers were within an inch of the cobwebs, when his touch was arrested by the sound of a loud knock at the hall door.

The young man hastened to answer the summons. On the doorstep stood a girl, breathless from haste, her handsome dark eyes raised to his with a look of eagerness.

"Mr. Masterson?" she asked. "That is my name?" "Mine," she said, "is Helena Lightfoot."

"Will you come in?" Masterson led the way upstairs; and when he had placed a chair for his visitor beside the fire, he said: "Your letter from Cairo only reached me an hour ago."

Helena Lightfoot sat down. "I ought to apologise," she said, "for calling at so late an hour. But this matter is urgent. Most urgent," he acquiesced. "My whole fortune—the fate of this old bank—"

She rose quickly. "Will you trust me to show the way? I believe I can! Have you the key?" "No; I left it in its place." "Left it out there? That was unwise." "Why?"

"She looked up quickly into his face. 'Aren't you afraid of its being stolen?' 'Stolen! How?' 'He had turned to cross town, and while speaking he started round the door, an incipient look of dread round which her words had awakened."

"I told you that I knew more about this affair—this key and its mystery—she said, 'Can you not imagine! I repeat, it was unwise.' 'It couldn't be in a less safe place to-night!'"

"Indeed? And yet," said Masterson, "it has escaped attention hitherto, and—'That's true; but its place of concealment is now known,' said the girl, 'known to others besides ourselves! It is known to one whom I greatly mistrust. The man may rob you—steal that key, Mr. Masterson, at any moment!'"

The banker looked at his beautiful visitor with intense concern. "What man?" he asked. "Let me explain! I'm a nurse," said Helena, "in the hospital at Cairo, and John Grimwood—for whom I wrote the deposition that reached you by post-to-night—is now dead."

"Well?" Masterson eagerly asked. "In a bed at Grimwood's side—feigning sound sleep while the deposition was being made—a wounded man."

"Ah! I begin—'His name is Crickmay,' said the girl, 'and I have found out that he overheard all that passed. I've reason to dread that he contemplates making an attempt to carry off your gold to-night!'"

Masterson waited to hear no more, although he would have been well content, except for the urgency of the affair which had suddenly thrown them together, to have waited any length of time beside the hearth with this fascinating girl. At the foot of the stairs he stopped for an instant. "One question! How comes it," said he, "that Grimwood knew of this hidden wealth?"

"It came to his knowledge," said Helena "shortly before your predecessor—I mean old Mr. Masterson—met with his sudden death. The fact is, that Grimwood, living for some years all alone with the old banker, discovered him creeping stealthily down these stairs, and out of this back entrance, in the dead of a certain night. He followed him; he saw him take the key from a recess beside the stable window, and—"

"Well?" "You shall see; come!" urged the girl, "get me the cobwebbed key, and I'll do my best to point out the way to the door which, as John Grimwood assured me, it will unlock."

They quickly reached the old stable, Masterson leading the way; but no sooner had the light from the banker's hand lamp fallen upon the window-frame, with its dust and cobwebs, than a cry of consternation broke from his lips.

"The key—look there—'s gone!" "Gone!" echoed Helena. They both stood staring in speechless amazement at the gap in the neat cobwebs where—as Masterson grimly imagined—a grasping hand had been hurriedly thrust. The key had vanished.

III. Masterson was the first to speak. He glanced towards the girl. "What's to be done?" Helena Lightfoot was a woman of undoubted pluck. She had served in her capacity of nurse upon more than one battlefield among the wounded, and no danger had ever awakened any sense of fear.

"Give me the lamp," said she. Masterson obeyed; and then with her finger uplifted she opened the inner door across the stable, and, pushing it noiselessly open, peered cautiously on all sides. The place was a coach-house, no less dilapidated than the stable. Of a sudden the girl pointed down at a large round stone on one side of the plank floor. This cobble has been recently displaced; upon closer inspection Masterson was startled at the discovery of a large iron ring. Again he looked for guidance towards his fair companion.

"That ring," she whispered—"is Grimwood's word for it—lifts a trap-door. Can you raise it? He was a broad-shouldered, athletic man; and having caught the ring in his grip, Masterson began to pull. A trap-door slowly rose, disclosing a flight of steps. All was darkness below.

"It's the way to the cellar which the key unlocks," said Helena. Are you inclined to go down? Mind you! There is risk! If it seems to me that we shall in all likelihood find the vault door open, and a desperate man awaiting us at the foot of these stairs."

Lawrence Masterson was no coward; but the thought of exposing his brave girl to danger caused him to waver. Don't consider me," said Helena, quick to interpret his thought; "I'm ready, if you are."

"Light me!" he said; "let me go first." Helena stood near. Masterson stepped forward and began to descend. The girl prepared to follow; but at that moment a figure sprang forward—the figure of a man—and with a dexterous movement slammed down the trap-door with a thud, and before the girl could utter a cry the lamp was struck out of her hand, and a sharp blow brought her senseless to the floor.

Helena Lightfoot was seriously injured; but, tended night and day by Masterson's laundress, she soon recovered. The man who had stolen the key—who proved to be Crickmay—was caught the same night; for Masterson had succeeded in raising the trap-door again without great difficulty; and had given chase. The fellow was tried on a charge of attempted robbery and murder, and was sentenced to fourteen years'

penal servitude. Meanwhile a search was made in the vault, which resulted in a large amount of gold, packed in bags, brought to light.

The discovery saved the old bank; and Lawrence Masterson, whose sense of gratitude towards Helena quickly ripened into love, ultimately persuaded the girl to become his wife.

HARD ON THE PRINCE.

A Plain Old Cabman Treats Him to a Homely Phrase.

An amusing little story about the present German Emperor, William II., and a cabman, was narrated at a banquet lately given by some diplomats, the narrator being himself a well-known member of the diplomatic corps.

In the year 1887 the present Emperor, then Prince William of Prussia, went to Vienna, visiting his particular friend and ally, the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. Joined by the Prince of Wales, who was at that time also a frequent visitor to the Austrian Court, the princes took a fancy to mingle with the Vienna population.

Dressing in ordinary clothes, they visited places which are not in the least regarded as suitable for princely guests. One day they entered a hotel, but instead of going into the dining-room, they walked into the 'schwemme,' a place which answers in some degree to the bar-parlour of an ordinary inn.

In this room cabmen and servants of the hotel guests take their meals. The three princes took their seats at an empty table, and listened, highly amused, to a fierce debate about politics between several fashionable Vienna cabmen. The distinctive feature of these chabotiers is a kind of good-natured boldness and droll familiarity towards their customers as well as to perfect strangers.

After listening a while, Prince William put in a word, and was soon drawn into the excited discussion. Suddenly a stout, red-faced cabman walked up to the table where the three princes were seated, and, tapping Prince William gently on the shoulder, said:—

"Now, if you should ever have anything to say in politics, you wouldn't set a river on fire, I'm sure!" As every public cabman wears a number this man was—upon a special request of Prince William—easily identified. The prince sent him a handsome scarf pin with his initials, as thanks for the amusement he had furnished, and thus the man learned in amazement whose political abilities they were that he had so belittled.

If your child is hoarse or coughs a dose or two of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine will relieve him promptly.

Mrs. Minks: "The nurse seems to have trouble with baby to-night. He is crying yet."

Mr. Minks: "Yes, bless his little heart. I wonder what ails him?" Mrs. Minks: "Oh, nothing serious. How sweetly shrill his voice is! So clear and musical!"

Mr. Minks: "Yes; I—but bark! Those sounds do not come from our nursery. They come through the walls from the next house."

Mrs. Minks: "Mercy! So they do. Why can't people have sense enough to give their squalling brats paregoric or something, instead of letting them yell like screech-owls?"

"THESE D.S. ARE THE BEST."



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Bartholomew, June 9, to the wife of S. Collet, a son. Springhill, June 22, to the wife of Jas. B. Cook, a son. Halifax, June 20, to the wife of Edward Johnson, a son. Amherst, June 23, to the wife of James Facy, a son. Milton, June 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Atwood Feder, a son. Springhill, June 12, to the wife of Kent Foster, a son. Barrington, June 7, to Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Doane, a son. Amherst, June 17, to the wife of Thos. Bishop, a daughter. Springhill, June 20, to the wife of A. McLeod, a daughter. Springhill, June 21, to the wife of Jno. Meany, a daughter. Annapolis, June 14, to the wife of Allen Bab, a daughter. Joliveau, June 4, to the wife of Thomas T. a daughter. Amherst Highlands, to the wife of Dr. a daughter. Annapolis, June 20, to Mr. and Mrs. a daughter. Stanbourne, June 22, to the wife of Wm. Malcolm Moore, a son. Yarmouth, June 21, to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McE. a daughter. Fort Medway, June 7, to Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bishop, a son. June 11, to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jackson, a son. June 11, to Mr. and Mrs. P. J.

MARRIED.

West Publico, June 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Amuro a daughter. Palmetto Settlement, June 9, to the wife of Joseph T. Bourgeois, a son. Victoria, by Rev. C. E. Crowell. Arthur Sommers to Annie M. Ryan. Trenton, June 18, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Neville Jones to Sarah Betts. Kentville, June 4, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, James Taylor to Edy Cook. Yarmouth, June 22, by Rev. E. D. Bambrick, Arthur Vibert to Dora Tooker. Port Hood, June 21, by Rev. E. S. Boyce, Rev. J. Calder to Emma Smith. Berwick, June 14, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Arthur Borden to Lalla Porter. Kempville, June 14, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Dexter Calder to Maggie Ring. Halifax, June 15, by Rev. M. G. Henry, James Smiley to Edis J. Spence. Kentville June 1, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, E. M. Evans to Clara M. Palmer. Smith's Cove, June 22, by Rev. I. T. Eaton, George A. Cossitt to Mary Sals. Lockport, June 21, by Rev. Alfred Morse, Frank H. D., to Alice Bill. St. John, June 22, by Rev. H. W. Stewart William C. Dard to Ida May Hicks. Blain, Me., June 20, by Rev. J. M. Ramsey, G. W. Smith to Minnie Stockford. East June 22, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Frank D. Tweedie to Beatrice Squires. Mount Denison, June 15, by Rev. D. East, Alancy McDonald to Susie Morgan. Yarmouth, June 22, by Rev. J. H. Foshat, Charles Moffat, to Nellie P. Durkee. Kennett, Penn., June 8, by Rev. Mr. Eubell, Dr. John C. Price to Mabel Lee. Annapolis, Royal, June 22, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Jennie Duns to George Rice. Lorne, June 22, by Rev. John Macintosh, Wm. I. Fraser to Selia J. Chisholm. St. John, June 26, by Rev. R. P. McKim, Robert D. Boyer to Abbie J. Nevers. Rockland, June 22, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Fred D. Boyer to Abbie J. Nevers. Halifax, June 21, by Rev. A. Hockin, Frederick W. Hodson to Rosie M. Case. Bridgetown, June 20, by Rev. T. M. Young, Chas. Freeman to Valentin Saboun. Granville Ferry, June 14, by Rev. White, James T. Francis to George Harris. Falmouth, June 16, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Wm. Woodstock to Miss M. Harrington. Woodstock, June 22, by Rev. Thomas Todd B. A. Stuckney to Mrs. Henrietta Ols. Windsor, June 15, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Stewart Campbell to Miss K. A. McLeod. Sydney, June 7, by Rev. D. Drummond, Rodk. Fugwash, June 20, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Allen Woodstock to Margaret Matheson. Brooklyn, Mass., June 1, by Rev. Scot F. Hearsey, John Rutherford to Lexie J. Ross. Kingsclear, June 22, by Rev. E. Montgomery, Harry A. Peckley to Beale Strang. Brooklyn, A. Co., by Rev. E. E. Locke, Charles T. Reagh to Annie LeBlanc Beardsley. Brooklyn, N. Y., June 15, by Rev. by Rev. J. C. Roper, Arthur Doble to Georgia Hyde. Bridgewater, June 8, by Rev. Stephen March, William S. Tupper to Edna Crosby. Bridgetown, June 16, by Rev. F. M. Young, Louis DeLisle Figgott, to Clara M. Whitman. St. Martins, June 22, by Rev. S. E. Cornwall, Wentworth Lewis to Helen L. McCurdy. Middle Musquodobit, June 22, by Rev. Edwin Blaine, Alice April, by Rev. J. M. Bausey John W. Stargate, to Daphne O. Cossman. West Somerville, Mass., May 18, by Rev. E. L. Snell, Lela Geneva Webster to Ford E. Marahat. Upper Caledonia, June 22, by Rev. Henry Stewart, Herbert Fowler to Sarah Woodworth. Mills Village, Queens Co., June 14, by Rev. James Lumsden Capt. J. Hopkins to Mrs. Amanda Mack.

Green is the rage

Last year's dress will readily become a stylish up-to-date green by using the well known

MAGNETIC DYES

Light Green. Green. Dark Green. These dyes like the other colors of Magnetic dyes, give a lasting color, and leave the fabric soft, and new looking. When best results in dyeing in any color are wished for, use only Magnetic Dyes.

At all dealers, or a full size packet as sample post paid, for 10c. by HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal

Star Line Steamers. Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Steamer Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Remaining will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday, the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8 20 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local) CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, 20th. June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, DAILY SERVICE. Leave St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.15 a. m. Digby at 1.45 p. m., arr St. John, 4.30 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Leave Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.30 p. m. Leave Digby 12.40 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.15 p. m. Leave Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr Digby 11.45 a. m. Leave Digby 11.55 a. m., arr Halifax 5.45 p. m. Leave Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 8.30 a. m. Leave Digby 8.30 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.50 p. m. Fullan Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves for Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of DAY PRESS TRAINS arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 P. M. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Way Steamers and Starliners can be obtained on application to City Agents.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Fleton and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 12.10 Express for Sussex..... 12.20 Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Campbello..... 12.30 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 20.10 clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from F. P. R. to New Brunswick on June 29th, July 15th, and 19th, only. Express from Halifax..... 12.00 Express from Fleton and Campbello..... 12.30 Accommodation from Montreal..... 12.30

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. 3 CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE CANADIAN NORTH WEST.

Second class return tickets for sale from points on the C. P. R. to New Brunswick on June 29th, July 15th, and 19th, only. Good for return within two months at following low rates. Via: Dolarville, Reston, Estevan, Bluenose, Moorabin or Winnipeg \$28.00; Regina, Moosejaw, or Yorkton \$30.00; Prince Albert or Calgary \$32.00; Red Deer or Edmonton \$40.00. Extension of time can be arranged at destination, not to exceed two months, on payment of \$5.00 additional for each month or part thereof. Further particulars of ticket Agents or on application to A. E. KOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B., Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

DONT VARNISH YOUR HORSE

But if his coat is dull, his eye lusterless, his movements slow, give him a few doses of DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. They revive the appetite, cause a fine coat, destroy worms, and are invaluable in the Springtime.

Green is the rage

Last year's dress will readily become a stylish up-to-date green by using the well known

MAGNETIC DYES

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Second class return tickets for sale from points on the C. P. R. to New Brunswick on June 29th, July 15th, and 19th, only. Good for return within two months at following low rates. Via: Dolarville, Reston, Estevan, Bluenose, Moorabin or Winnipeg \$28.00; Regina, Moosejaw, or Yorkton \$30.00; Prince Albert or Calgary \$32.00; Red Deer or Edmonton \$40.00. Extension of time can be arranged at destination, not to exceed two months, on payment of \$5.00 additional for each month or part thereof. Further particulars of ticket Agents or on application to A. E. KOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B., Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 4th October, 1897.