

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 10th, June 1899, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton..... 7.30
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.35
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7.40
Express for Moncton..... 7.45
Suburban Express for Hampton..... 11.10
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11.15
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 11.20

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.20 o'clock for Truro, Pictou, Fugwash and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton..... 7.15
Express from Moncton..... 7.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 7.30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 7.35
Suburban Express from Hampton..... 11.00
Accommodation from P. du Chêne and Moncton..... 11.05
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager,
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince St. Street,
St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899.
City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

STEAMERS

1899 1899,
THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.,
LIMITED,

For Boston and Halifax
VIA,
Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route.
Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BO TON" and "YARMOUFER"
One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dominion Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dominion Atlantic Ry. and coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONCTON" leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 145 Hollis street, or
L. E. BAKER,
President and Director.

Yarmouth N. B., July 6th, 1899.

SAILINGS

OF THE
STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Yarmouth Monday, Wednesday and Saturday sailings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Yarmouth same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

Star Line Steamers

for Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock (standard), for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning leaves Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen leaves St. John every Saturday at 6.30 p. m. for Fredericton and intermediate points. Returning leaves Fredericton Monday 4 a. m. due at St. John 6 o'clock a. m.

Letters sent to Fredericton by Steamer David Weston at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER,
Manager, Fredericton.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New Wharf, Red's Point), November 14th, 24th, December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, 12 RIVER (Battery Place), November 24th, December 14th, and ST. JOHN, N. B., as our own steamers will then be on.

Our superior facilities for handling freight NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN LINE, together with through traffic agents (both by rail and water), we have connections to the WEST AND BOULEVARD in a position to handle all the business and to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS FREIGHT AND CHARGES.

All particulars, address,
R. H. FLEHING, Agent,
NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 585.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 29 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

INSPECTOR AND CHIEF

TRIED TO GET THEM AS TO HOW BUSINESS SHOULD BE MADE.

It appeared to us in the Police Hall to notify the Inspector and make many raids on the 22nd—We follow on the 24th and prosecute his own case.

There was one surprised man on Red's Point Wharf last Monday morning, when the international boat was sailing out, he picked up one of the newspapers of the day and found that somebody had been carrying a portion of his duties. The Chief Inspector of Liquor Licenses was the man surprised and the cause of his amazement was the report in the newspaper that the police had been raising Cain within his jurisdiction on the Saturday evening previous, and "had made it hot" for a number of the unlicensed liquor dealers in the city.

There is no doubt that when a man is appointed Chief Inspector of liquor licenses and is supposed to discover any infraction of the law that he has a right to be somewhat annoyed when he finds that other people have been endeavouring to usurp the duties of his office. So, when he read that certain people in the south end had been suspected for violating the liquor license law, he turned around to an officer who was standing near and requested him, as was his right and privilege, to accompany him in a search for liquor on unlicensed premises. They went to Britannia Street and where the police had found small tanks of whiskey or bottles of ale in three places, they found quarts of whiskey and brandy and six at of ale in four places. There is not much doubt that one of the resorts was favored, because it can hardly be imagined that two or three policemen would make a systematic raid upon three places of a like character and leave out the fourth.

The actions of the police did not end there. They went to other places in the city and took what they could get, or what was offered to them, they made their seizure late on Saturday evening, the Inspector followed early Monday morning.

It must have been a keen surprise to the women and men who were thus visited, to find that almost within twenty-four hours they should be visited by both the officers of the police force and the chief officer under the liquor license act. They could not understand it and no more could a lot of other people who were not aware of the facts of the case. One thing is certain however that whereas the police brought only what they could place in their pockets, and their inside pockets at that, from the different places which they visited, the office of the chief inspector was quite liberally supplied with many quart bottles of case liquor after he had gone his rounds on Monday morning, and it will easily be concluded that there was no opportunity between the late hour on Saturday night and the early hour of Monday morning for the unlicensed vendors to make any new purchases. Progress understands that there was another feature of the case which indicates that though the raids were made with some secrecy. Word went out early in the evening, from what source it would be difficult to say, that the police intended to make it "hot for somebody" out Saturday night.

This was the more surprising because the Chief of Police had left the city about the middle of the day on a short holiday to Spruce Lake and Captain Jenkins was in command of the force. It was quite in the evening when a number of the officers were seen departing from the police station in different directions. Sergeant Campbell, Officer Killen, Captain Jenkins and others were among the squad and some of them went in the direction of the South End and some went towards the Marsh Bridge and towards the North End.

It did not take them long and when they returned they had secured enough evidence to make reports against several parties. Still when the Chief Inspector of Liquor Licenses Mr. J. B. Jones visited the station that evening he was told by Sergeant Campbell that there was nothing new, not a thing doing on Shefield Street nothing to be found. This might have been a politic answer, but certainly it was an evasive one. Even Captain Jenkins who was seated within did not volunteer the information that raids on unlicensed persons had been made. So the Inspector remained in ignorance all day Sunday that the officers of the police force had been going the rounds without his knowledge and co-operation.

Had the inspector been treated with

ordinary courtesy by the officers in charge and given some idea of their intention there is no doubt that he would have acted with them but there was no occasion to keep their mission secret from him. This is not the first time that an attempt has been made to make the public believe that the police are doing all the work in connection with liquor inspection. Soon after Mr. Jones was appointed he was approached by an officer who suggested that it might be well to make the "run-in" and see how the law was being observed. He



REVEREND J. A. RICHARDSON,
The New Rector of Trinity Church Chosen Recently by the Parishioners.

was asked what time would suit him and the following Wednesday was fixed upon. That very night this officer, in company with another policeman, made the raid himself and reported several people for having liquor for sale without a license.

This of itself shows that there is not that spirit of harmony floating over the office of protection and inspection as would insure both being done well. There was a time when the chief of police was also liquor inspector and he got \$100 a year for doing the work. When the government changed the law they appointed an inspector or as well as a commissioner and it must be concluded that they wished the inspector to look after violations. In fact the order in council made after his appointment gives him power to call upon all policemen and constables to assist him in the discharge of his duty but he is the only one who can prosecute an offence and he finds it necessary to examine the nature of the evidence before he lays a complaint. There have been cases that have fallen through because the evidence was insufficient to convict.

Informations made by the policemen have up to this time been made to the chief of police who hands them over to the inspector. Whether this will continue or not remains to be seen. Perhaps it is clerical work required that the chief has been drawing \$200 a year in addition to his salary as chief of police. This is not generally known but it is a fact just the same and the amount comes out of the liquor license fund.

On Monday morning in consequence of the visit of the inspector and the police there were two sets of information to be dealt with provided the inspector said so. But he did not say so and this is said to have caused great annoyance to the police. They did not report the Nason case and the inspector did so and with this addition the latter presented his cases and fines were imposed for offences committed on the 24th while those of the 22nd, who were also visited on the 24th, were set to one side.

A day or two later when the cases were set down for hearing there was a warm discussion in the court room. The police were represented by Capt. Jenkins while the chief remained down stairs. The judge asked where the liquor was the police had taken and the captain said it was in his room but he wouldn't produce it until ordered to do so by the chief. "Where is the chief? Why don't he come up stairs?" asked the inspector. He probably will do so if sent for" replied the captain. This brought forth the remark

from the judge that if he waited until he sent for him he would never come up.

Then the inspector had an interview with the chief in his office and the discussion was very animated. The attempts to belittle his efforts and to thwart him at every turn made by the police have not pleased him and there is no doubt but that some attempt will be made to have the duties of each office defined more particularly. It can easily be seen that if they do not work together clashing would become frequent and the situations would likely be awkward.



REVEREND J. A. RICHARDSON,
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ward. If the police and the inspector both start in the reporting business, both likely to heat the record, then there will likely be some fun for lots of people.

CITY MARSHALS NOT PLEASED

They Have Been Moved From the City to the Ferry Building.

When the gentlemen who call upon the delinquent taxpayers of the city found a few days ago that they were no longer to occupy a room in the city building they were not in the best humor about it. They have gone to the ferry building and now have a room upstairs in that building. There are more than the constables who are not pleased with the change. The officials in the chamberlain's office naturally found it convenient to have the collectors close at hand and on call as it were when wanted. Now they may be around the corner or they may not and it looks as if the city would want another telephone and that placed in the ferry building. It was stated some time ago that a room could have been had in the Barnhill building for a small rental—not much more than the cost of a telephone—and that the room where the constables are was bringing a rental of \$50 a year. So it would seem as if a mistake had been made in not placing them in the building adjoining the city hall.

Their old room has been fitted up for the use of the aldermen and the citizens. What has been the committee room will now be the "aldermen's room" as well and the gentlemen on the board will each have a key. New linoleum has been placed upon the floors and the painters are about done. New and comfortable chairs have also been provided. The room that was taken from the city marshalls will be used as an ante room for people the committees want to see or who want to interview the committees and for those aldermen and newspaper men who are not always in the room of the committee when it is in session.

They Had a Good Time.

The locomotive engineers who arrived in St. John this week may not have been impressed with the weather at first but the warmth of their welcome from their brothers made them forget that. They came for pleasure and the programme laid out to entertain them did credit to the local committee who had it in charge. A sail on the river yesterday and a clam bake at the end of the journey were not among the least of the good things they were asked to enjoy.

HE PAWNED THE RING.

A TRUVO YOUTH WHO HAS BEEN WORKING HALIFAX PEOPLE.

He was Employed by a Firm but Spent Six Days in Idleness—Editor Scott's Mournful Unpaid Board Bill—His Many Recreations Cause Domestic Trouble.

HALIFAX July 28. A certain young man, who arrived in Halifax some six weeks ago has been getting himself in trouble of late. The party referred to has been representing a Truro advertising firm, but whether he is doing so now is not known.

Of corpulent build and diminutive stature with his bright golden rimmed eye glasses, he certainly cuts quite a figure as he strolls out on Sunday afternoons with his best girl.

When the youth came from the city he worked for a few days, and then getting tired of toiling made the acquaintance of a well known undertaker, in whose shop he daily looted away the time of his employers. Finally the undertaker got tired of his none too congenial company and told him so.

To get revenge he sent certain letters and made misrepresentation to the undertaker's wife, through which some domestic unhappiness arose. And it was not until the husband had taken the fellow by the throat in her presence and forced him to confess his lies that martial happiness reigned once more.

The youthful mischief-maker during his stay had made the acquaintance of a respectable young lady, with whom he evidently made quite an impression. He used his blandishments and craft so well that when warned by a kind parent of the certain fate she would meet if she had anything to do with such a man, she left the parental roof and went boarding.

The young man referred to has quite a history. At one time he was employed in a newspaper office in Halifax, and it is said made things so lively then that the manager was compelled to dispense with his none too valuable services. At that time he was quite a sport, in fact he was so fond of "horse flesh" that his father decided it expedient to advertise that he would not be responsible for the accounts of his son.

The indiscreet youth also has an aversion to paying board bills. Since his appearance in Halifax he has boarded in no less than nine hotets, mostly every one of whom only desired him as their guest for the short period of three days. One hotel was stuck for two weeks board, and the proprietor in a great rage entered his undertaker's establishment demanding his account from the delinquent who was seated in a comfortable chair at the time with his feet cocked up on a table. He readily informed the hotel man that "he could take it out of his hide if he'd like." It is needless to add that he lost his necktie, collar and sundry other apparel in the trouncing that followed. Last week he "ran up against" the chief of police. The chief had an interview with him regarding a ring which a girl up the country gave him some time ago, as a token of her esteem, and which he scrupulously pawned for a trifle. With his usual effrontery he told the chief that he would send her a money order for the amount, estimating the value of the ring at 75 cents.

What the People Paid For.

An old tax bill issued by Francis Charlton the collector of rates for the parish of St. Martins for the year 1867 has been handed to Progress as giving some idea of what the people paid taxes for in those days. Here is the bill:

Pol. Tax,	\$.46
New Gaol,	.78
Pobr,	6.67
County Contingencies,	6.67
Fish Warden,	.11
Hospital,	12.14
Indian Town Sufferers,	.52
Agricultural Exhibition	1.07
	\$28.47

Band at the Park.

This afternoon the City Cornet Band will discontinue the following programme (especially arranged for the occasion) having been engaged by the Hardware clerks to play from 5.30 until 8.30. March—Stars and Stripes Forever; Overture—Orchestra; Waltz—Edenboro; Selection—Marianne; Cornet solo—Mr. Gallagher; Immortalite; Medley; Waltz—Liberty; Overture—National airs; Galop—Toll tale. The Hardware clerks hope the citizens

will turn out in force and appreciate their efforts. All who fail to attend and fond of good music will miss a rare treat. The Park is looking at its best just at this season.

FOUND DEATH IN THE RIVER.

Robert Ferguson and John Macdonald Drowned Accidentally in the St. John.

The people who went to Gagetown Saturday morning were a happy company. When they returned sadness was upon them for in one of the rooms on board lay all that was mortal of Robert Ferguson who had been drowned while rowing from one of the yachts to the shore. The boat upset and he and his companions were thrown into the water. They could not swim which he could—splendidly. They were saved and he never came to the surface, until recovered by grappling irons. "Bob," as his friends knew him, was one of the few young men popular with every body. He was esteemed by his employers and none who knew him failed to appreciate him. He was a young man, only 31 years of age, and he enjoyed the leisure hours of his life with all the zest of an athlete. Fond of sports he was a member of several clubs for the purpose of healthful recreation. Although there was much speculation as to how so good a swimmer could be so easily drowned no blame can be attached to any of his companions who were overcome with grief at the sad event.

Another death, equally sad, removed another young man, John Kenehan, from life on Thursday. He was at Ormocoote trying to board the steamer with his sick brother. After the latter had been placed on board the boat started and Mr. Kenehan who tried to jump from the small boat to the steamer fell into the water. In spite of the vigorous efforts of his friend, Mr. Simpson, to save him he was drowned. It seems necessary that some inquiry should be made into this accident as there are many people who think better precautions might be taken to avoid accidents while boarding the steamers on the river.

BACK TALK AT THE GAME.

How the Supporters of the Alerts and Roses Exchanged Compliments.

In spite of the dull weather, the wet grounds—in places small lakes—several hundred people went to see the Alerts play the Roses on Thursday. Although the score was sixteen to two in favor of the Alerts, there was no lack of interest. Kennedy, the pitcher the Alerts brought here is certainly a splendid player, cool and cautious at all times and yet ready to take all chances at the proper moment.

There were lots of people in the crowd who tried to rattle him but there were others who encouraged him to do all he could. Such remarks as "these were frequent. "What's the matter with the imported one?" "He's all right" would come from a score of throats and then they would query "What's the matter with Scotty" referring to John Scott who selected the new man and the same response would be given with a will. One enthusiast who favored the Roses but who had been celebrating a good deal abouted "You have to import them to beat our own. See! Do you smell a rat?" "Oh shut up, you've smelt a cork" was the reply that drew a laugh from the crowd.

The work the Roses have been doing led some of their backers to think that they could not be beaten and in spite of the big lead the Alerts got in the first two innings bets were still made. There was a good deal of money lost on whether they would get a run in the innings as they were played. As the Roses only scored in one inning their friends suffered a good deal who bet in this way.

Brotherly Love.

A Halifax correspondent object to the kind of brotherly love that prompted a prominent resident of that city who has been managing his brother's business during the latter's absence in England, upon hearing that his brother was returning helped himself to his cash to the amount of \$150 and quietly slipped off by the next boat for England thereby eluding his many creditors. It is thought that the delinquency will amount to a considerable amount when the books have been overhauled.

MT. WRANGEL LEGENDS.

TALIS INDIAN TELL OF THE MOUNTAIN OF MYSTERY.

A Broad Region Guarded by Monsters of Water Suppression and by Howl-Terriers of Hunger, Snow and Ice—Stories of Men who Have Perished There.

Deep in the almost impenetrable centre of Alaska Mount Wrangel rears its lofty height, and unexplored peak. From the time when Baron Wrangel sighted the smoke-capped crown of the volcano and gave it his name down to the present many white men have viewed the summit from a distance and some few have tried to attain the mountain and all but perished in the attempt. None has ever set foot upon even the lowest slope of the vast acornity which stretches up into the clouds and is not improbably the highest mountain on this continent. In the language of the Tatal Indians, who live in the nearest habitable part of Alaska, there is an ancient word for the peak which is said to mean "Mountain of Mystery," and they have invested it with weird terrors, which make it a veritable Brocken of the North.

It is probable that the superstitious awe in which the mountain is held by the Indians is, like most other Alaskan superstitions, of ancient origin, but it has not decreased with the passage of the years. The latest travellers in that region E. S. Condon and George Divelbliss, who on May 3 went up the Kotaina River and ascended a mountain just across a narrow valley from the mysterious volcano and much nearer to it than any point which other white men had ever attained before, were warned by the friendly Tatars, whom they had left fifty miles away, that if they attempted to approach the Mountain of Mystery they would be devoured by fearful monsters which guarded it from intrusion by human beings.

"Many years ago," said they, "when our fathers' fathers were little children, a party of hunters of our tribe went to the mountain in search of game, for on the further slope there is a wonderful green country abounding in all sorts of game, as our tribe has known for many centuries. But the party never came back, nor was any trace of them found, and it was then known that they had been devoured by the monstrous fire-breathing beasts that inhabit the caves in the sides of the mountain. Since then a few of the bravest hunters of the tribe have made their way to the mountain, but all have perished there."

Undaunted by this relation the two Americans kept on their way and had a good view of the mountain, which they saw to be quite barren of vegetation, even the valley below it being desolate and dead, a drear stretch of solidified lava. The crater, about half a mile in diameter, was smoking, but was not throwing out any fire or lava. Dew on the slope was thirteen vent holes, which cast up steam, ing water to a height of several hundred feet in regular pulsations. These geysers, for such they seemed to be, may well be the prototypes of the monsters of Indian legend. On their return, which was hastened because of lack of food, the explorers met other Indians who received with open doubt the account of the nature of the mountain, but declined to hold much discussion of the matter, alleging that it was dangerous even to talk about that dread region. Despite this cautious spirit the Indian tongue has loosened up at intervals and the Alaskan newspapers have printed from time to time bits of Indian folklore, among which are to be found a few curious legends of the Mountain of Mystery. Presumably these exist to-day much as they were handed down from long ago, as the lore of aboriginal peoples is transmitted from generation to generation with the accuracy which in most cases would shame the printed page. One of the earliest of these legends, and the one, it would appear, to which Messrs Condon and Divelbliss's Tatal friends referred, is as follows:

In a year of great scarcity of food the fathers of the tribe remembered that there was a tradition to the effect that in case of famine, when food was to be found nowhere the greatest hunters of the tribe should go to the Mountain of Mystery and hunt on the further side, where lay a fair country rich in game, but guarded by savage monsters and spirits of the waste, which must be avoided or overcome before the fertile region could be reached. Accordingly a dozen chosen hunters set forth fully armed and equipped, bearing the blessings of the tribe. It was agreed that when they reached the summit of the mountain they were to make a signal for which the tribe on the nearest peak to which it dared go, would watch. On the third day, the time set for the arrival of the bold hunters on the peak of a great cloud of black smoke was seen to rise from the summit of the volcano followed by a stupendous belch of flame, and the air was filled with a dreadful roaring and the earth trembled and

shook so that many of the tribe, terrified out of their senses, rushed down and the lookout mountain and, falling over cliffs and into crevasses, were killed. For three days the roaring and trembling of the ground continued, showing the wrath of the mountain spirit against the tribe which had impudently attempted to force a way into the secret places. What horrible fate the hunters met could only be conjectured by their friends, for there was no sign or trace of them from that day forth.

All the tales of Mount Wrangel are of this general type, but some go more into detail and of these the following is a good specimen. It was told to a traveller through an interpreter by a Tatal Indian who had come down to the coast several years ago:

"In the days when my father was a boy and just learning to cast a spear there was a great witch doctor in the tribe named Tas-kah-yeh, who was more powerful and feared than the chief himself. For this reason the chief was jealous of him, and when a sickness fell upon many of the tribe he laid the blame of it upon the witch doctor and banished him to the smoking mountain to bring back from the devils and spirits that guard it a cure for the sickness. So Tas-kah-yeh went forth declaring that by his mysterious powers he would come back unharmed and with stores of wisdom, and would learn the fate of those of the tribe who, many years before, had gone to the mountain for game and never returned. With him went his pupil, Sha-koo, who desired knowledge greatly that he might in time succeed to the honors of his master. It was arranged that he should stand on the summit of a mountain near the Mountain of Mystery and there watch his master make the ascent.

"If the evil spirits prevail over me," said Tas-kah-yeh to him "do you return to the tribe and tell them the things which you have seen for a warning to others who may attempt to enter this region for it I, with all my wisdom, cannot preserve myself from these agencies, then no man can come hither and live."

Accordingly the young man stationed himself at a point where he could see all that passed, and presently beheld his master emerge into the valley of lava below. More swiftly than any mere man could run he traversed the broken surface, and soon was speeding up the gradual slope of the mountain. Stride after stride, each covering ten spear-lengths, he took, and nothing rose up to oppose him; but Sha-koo heard with terror a deep, hollow roar come from the bowels of the volcano. Then, directly in the path of the climber, there leaped from out the side of the acornity a hissing serpent that towered a mile in the air, giving forth a thick vapor from all its length. To the right and to the left sprang up other serpents, and the sound of their hissing was so terrific that the watcher on the further mountain buried his head in his arms. When he looked up he saw Tas-kah-yeh, grown to gigantic proportions by his magic, strike down serpent after serpent with great rocks which he tore from the side of the mountain and heard him shout with a mighty voice:

"Do not fear. I have conquered the spirits of the mountain and destroyed them."

"Then up he went and was met by a monstrous beast like a bear, but taller than the highest tree and with three heads, who rose from out a vast crevice in the volcano. With this beast the magician grappled and strangled him, casting his body clear across the valley to the side of the next mountain, where the imprint may be seen yet. Again he shouted to his pupil in

exultation. But as he leaped the abyss from which the animal had arisen and strode toward the fire-hole of the mountain, there was a roar like that of a thousand cataracts, and the spirit of the mountain, a creature of living flame, leaped forth from the opening, flung itself upon the intruder and utterly consumed him. In his death agony the magician uttered a shriek so terrible that it swept all the trees from the nearby mountains, and none has ever grown here since. That is the tale which the pupil, Sha-koo, who afterward became witch-doctor of the tribe, brought back with him."

This legend suggests plainly the geysers and an eruption of the volcano, though it is not known that it has been in eruption for many years. Similar is a tale told by a tribe of Indians near the coast of three of their number who wandered into the interior. Of these three only one returned. He was broken in body and spirit, and what was left of his hair had turned almost white, though he was a young man. Some wandering Indians found him in the vicinity of the Copper River, and by their help he succeeded in making his way to the coast, where he died soon afterward. According to his story he and his two companions were in search of game near the headwaters of a river (probably the Kotaina), and leaving the river struck across a range of small mountains, one of the men declaring that there was a fine hunting country on the other side. When they reached the top of this range they found themselves looking across a narrow valley at the highest mountain any of them had ever seen, from the top of which rolled great volumes of dense black smoke. Immediately they became possessed of an irresistible desire to ascend the mountain and warm themselves at the smoking mouth. They descended into a desolate valley and began the ascent of the mountain, upon which no living thing grew. It was not a difficult ascent, as the slope was gradual and the footing fairly good, but after they had climbed several hours they were overtaken by a snowstorm in which they lost their way. The relator of the tale found a shelter between two lava formations, where he remained while his companions went forward and disappeared in the curtain of snow. Suddenly the snowfall ceased, and the Indian looking above, saw his two companions surrounded by a score of monstrous beings which whirled aloft in the air further than the eye could reach, giving forth a terrific hissing and roarings with vapors. He could see the two terrified men rushing hither and thither in their efforts to avoid the monsters but they were presently snatched up, shot aloft and torn to pieces. At this dreadful sight the watcher was possessed of an insane impulse to rush forward to the fate which his companions had just met. Striving as he might against it, it proved to be too strong to be overcome, and he leaped from his shelter and rushed up the slope with such vehemence that he fell into a lava crevice and lost his senses. When he recovered, the madness was gone, and there remained in his place only an overpowering terror, which never left him to the time of his death. He fled down the mountain, and wandered there for days before being picked up by the tribe of local Indians.

The legend of the irresistible attraction of the volcano is paralleled in other bits of Alaskan folklore which ascribes to other volcanic peaks spirits of the mountain who lure human beings to their destruction. In the Aleutian Islands, many of which are volcanic, there are a number of cases, love one of the Causes if you believe in Simon Kent.

"Some people do say that a rattlesnake won't commit suicide," said Simon Kent of Clifton county. "I say they are wrong. I've seen rattlers put an end to themselves dozens of times, but never when they were in captivity. Why that is I am unable to say. If you have a rattlesnake caged up you may put all sorts of indignities upon him, and while he will work himself into a rage, somehow he won't let his feelings overcome him so far that he will turn to bite and kill himself. It is entirely different when he is met with on his native barren and cornered. He won't as a general thing, put an end to himself until he has exhausted all means at hand in trying to get out of the trouble he is in. Then sometimes his rage seems to get beyond control, and he twists his head around and sets his fangs in his body, right over his heart, and in less time than you could kill him with a club he stretches out still."

"I have known a rattler kill himself from disappointment, and, strangest thing of all from disappointment in love. I witnessed an unmitigated case of it one warm day in early spring. It was just at mating time, and I went to a ledge of rocks where I always had great luck in gathering a big crop of rattlers. Just before I reached the ledge I came out into an open space in the woods, and there, on a big flat rock, lay three rattlesnakes. One was nicely coiled at one edge of the rock, and the other two were stretched out at full length. The coiled snake I saw at once was a female and she was a beauty and no mistake. She was yellow as gold and her scales glistened like scoured copper. The two snakes lying flat on the rock were males, and both of them fine ones—one a shining black fellow and the other yellow. While I stood there looking at the snakes the yellow chap crept over toward the coiled snake by short, choppy, kittenish squirms. He stopped within two feet of her, coiled himself and set his rattles going in a droning hum."

Let no one be Deceived.

Many of the business colleges are now adopting various imitative schemes of our "Actual Business System." None of these imitations, however, bear any real resemblance to our laboratory system. None of them, like it, provides for a reasonable business community where the students perform face-to-face transactions among one another from the time they enter school. All of them use the same old bookkeeping sets of the ten-book, dog-eared, little so-called "business practices" or "office practices" which consist merely in making out a few fictitious "transactions." As a matter of fact there is an actual business school there, in any one can see who will take the trouble to compare them with the work of our school.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Currie Business University,

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

Box 64. Telephone 991.

apparently well authenticated, in which the female, the strike being in play. Instantly the golden beauty heeled to. She rounded her rattles loud and secondly darted her head viciously toward the bold disturber of her repose and hissed. The fellow's feathers seemed to drop a good many points at this reception, and after a few more hums of his rattles and a twist or two of his thin neck he unciled and retired to the spot on the rock that he had occupied before and stretched out again, with his head toward the female and his blazing eyes fixed upon her.

A few seconds passed, and then the black rattler wiggled over toward the coiled snake and went through exactly the same manoeuvres that the yellow chap had. But the conduct of the female was entirely different. She sounded her rattles with the same low, droning hum that the black rattler brought from his, and, instead of striking out at him with vigorous and vicious displeasure, as she had at the yellow snake, she darted her head and neck forward in the playful way and almost met the lips of the black rattler as he darted his head toward her.

"Well, thought I, 'these two fellows are courting that yellow charmer, sure as guns! And if she isn't dead gone on the black fellow then appearances are away off."

And that was the case exactly. After the female and the black rattler had flirted perhaps two or three minutes they left the rock and went away to begin housekeeping for the season. The yellow male, seeing that he was thrown clear overboard and no mistake about it, wiggled around on the rock in an aimless and plainly disconsolate way awhile, and then suddenly threw his head back and buried his fangs in his heart. By the time I got to the rock he was dead under a last year's cabbage stump.—N. Y. Sun.

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HAM-SMELLING AS A BUSINESS.

It is not very pleasant but it is quite remunerative.

To the long list of curious and unusual occupations by which men live, the Kansas City Star adds that of the 'ham-smeller' in a packing-house. His duty is to inspect meat products and judge of their soundness.

The ham-smeller's only tools are a long steel trier and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping brine, and the hams are brought to him by workmen. A ham is laid before him, and he plunges his sharp-pointed trier into it, withdraws it and passes it swiftly beneath his nose. The trier always goes down to the knuckle joint.

In testing meat in that manner the man with the trier judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells; the slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

What he detects an odor he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as 'rejected' meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham-smeller smells meat from seven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or insensate, or usefulness would be at end.

Ham-testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as has been supposed to be, but the ham-smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano-player who loses his arm in a railroad wreck.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. \$1.00 contract for every additional line.

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at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the summer months. That property situated in Robbsey, N. B., is a beautiful and healthy place. It is only two minutes walk of the Electric cars. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fenny, Barrister-at-Law, Fugley Building. 25-27.

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Dr. John's delicious summer weather and our superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for entering than just now. THE ISAAC PITMAN BROTHERS and the New South is Practising the use of which we hold exclusive rights and great student promotion.

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ISAAC PITMAN BROTHERS, 8, KING & SON.



ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR

Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enameled back, strong fancy striped canvas.

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to occupy a space only 4 1/2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with "SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD" which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS: **Scott's Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.**

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be Deceived.

new adopting various imitative... like it, provides for a beautiful... advertisement for a business school.

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Business University, St. John, N. B.

Then he shot his head out toward the female, the strike being in play. Instantly the golden beauty bristled...

'Well, thought I, these two fellows are courting that yellow charmer, sure as gun! And if she isn't dead gone on the black fellow then appearances are away off.'

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When he detects an odor he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as 'rejected' meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham-tester smells meat from seven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night, and his sense must never become faded or inexact, or useless, would be at end.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not more than five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five insertions for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent... advertisement for a property in Bathurst.

No Summer Vacation.

St. John's delicious summer weather, and our superior... advertisement for a business school.

Catalogue for any address. K. KERR & SON.

Music and The Drama

THESE AND UNDERONES.

The Misses Furlong's annual concert which took place on Wednesday evening was attended by a large and fashionable audience, and one that appreciated fully the excellent programmes presented by these talented young ladies and their assistants Messrs. Seely, Kelly and Dunn.

Negotiations are going on towards continuing Camille D'Arville as a star in a new comic opera next season.

John J. McNally's new musical farce, 'Rogers Brothers in Wall Street,' was put in rehearsal last week under the direction of Ben Teal.

Edna Wallace Hopper has gone to California to visit her mother's new ranch in Alameda county.

A picked London theatrical base ball team has challenged DeWitt Hopper for a game. His nine will be selected from the American actors in London, including Nat Goodwin, E. J. Connelly, Maelyn Arbuckle, Clarence Handyides, Tom Oberie and J. E. Sullivan.

The differences between Felix Mottl and his wife on one side and Mme. Gosiina Wagner on the other led to his refusal to go to Bayreuth this summer. Sickness was given as the cause, although some persons preferred to believe that was a pretext to cover more serious obstacles.

The latest addition to the ranks of soloists being engaged for the Worcester music festival in September is Mr. George J. Hamlin. His principal appearance have been with Handel and Haydn society of Boston, at the Cincinnati and Indianapolis May festivals, with the Chicago orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, with the Chicago Apollo club, St. Louis Choral Symphony society, the Cincinnati Apollo club and the Pittsburgh Mozart club.

The concerts of the New York Philharmonic society will be the scene of the American debut of three of the galaxy of stars announced for next season. Petchnikoff, the Russian violinist, will be heard in the November concert rehearsal; Mark Hambourg, the Slav pianist, will play on Dec. 8 and 9; and Leonora Jackson, the gifted young violinist, will make her appearance since her study and successes in Europe, in the concert on Jan 5 and 9.

Mary Anderson-Navarro and Mme. Maud Valente White were among the noted guests at wedding of Mr. Harry Funkhouser Green, the well known baritone, and Gwendoline, daughter of Sir Hubert Parry, director of the Royal College of Music, which occurred in London Thursday morning. Prof. Hubert Haskomer was the best man.

Suzanne Adams, the American girl who recently sang in 'I Pagliacci' at Windsor Castle, was presented by Queen Victoria with a diamond bracelet.

appeared in comic opera here, was recently heard in private theatre in Berlin as Bisset's heroine. Her acting was admired, but her singing received severe criticism. Miss Dorro is one of the singers frequently quoted by agitators as a type of the appreciated American who has to wander abroad for appreciation. Milka Termina has recently retired from the company at the Royal Theatre in Munich, although she has promised to appear there once a season as guest for the next three years. She will sing Kundry in 'Parsifal' this year at Bayreuth. When she first came to this country three years ago Franklin Termina expressed no flattering opinion of Bayreuth festival performances and said that it was no longer a distinction for an artist to sing there. Evidently she has changed her mind.

Maurice Grau is said to hesitate to engage her for America on account of her health, which frequently compels her to withdraw from announced performances at the last moment. Walter Damrosch last season brought her to sing with the Malibon company, but she did not once appear, as her illness continued from the day of her arrival here. It is unfortunate that she is not to return, as she is the only Wagner singer of the day likely to keep alive the traditions of that great group which included Lehmann, Seeger, Malton and Materna. The text of Gerhart Hauptmann's play 'The Sunken Bell' which is without any other change than the omission of a few speeches as the libretto of Heinrich Zoellner's opera sung the other night in Berlin. Critical opinion was divided on the suitability of the book and the beauty of the score. This is the third opera composed by Dr. Zoellner, who will be remembered as the director of the Liederkreis for several years. He composed a 'Faust' and an opera based on a Norwegian subject. The Royal Opera House in Budapest is to hear next season Ambrósio Thomas's setting to Shakespeare's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' which is rarely heard of nowadays, chiefly on account of its absurd libretto. It was once sung here at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by the Hess Opera Company and its failure led to the first production of Planquette's 'The Chimes of Normandy,' by the same singers. Three other works which are heard more and more frequently in Europe will also be sung. They are Siegfried Wagner's 'Der Baerenhaeuter,' Tschakowski's 'Engen Onegin,' which is one of the few new works that prove successful everywhere with the public, and Resnick's 'Donna Diana.' A one-act opera called 'Love's Revenge,' in which the dramatic persons consist of seven women and no men, has lately been sung with success in St. Petersburg Tansieiff, the composer, is known through several orchestral numbers that have recently attained popularity.

With the aid of a large dictionary and a map of the world, says Hunsker in the Musical Courier, I discovered the Petchnikoff's name is not Russian but Oberokoe. The name is not to be spoken, but simply coughed. It means in North American Indian picture printing 'Young-Man-Not-of-the-Fiddle.' Petchnikoff, is the professor of the Strad which originally belonged to Ferdinand Lamb. He hails from Moscow, where he was under the patronage of the Princess Ouronoff.

The largest music school in the world is the Guildhall in London. The number of pupils this year is 3,600. In 1898 the professors, 121 in number, were paid over \$118,000, and during the same period the school received from students and endowments \$139,525.

Paul Dunbar, the negro poet and musician, has written an opera which is to be produced in London in October by colored performers.

Despite some unfortunate speculations in this country, Paderewski, the piano player, is said to be pretty well off financially. He is a partner in one of the largest piano firms in Europe, he is interested in a hotel at Warsaw, and he has lately become the principal shareholder in a scheme to build in Warsaw a military panorama, to be painted by a German

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The Institute will re-open on Tuesday, 12th, September, 1899.

For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal or to A. T. RIDDELL, Sec'y, 22 St. John St., Montreal.

The extraordinary success in England of Leonora Jackson, the young American violinist, so aroused the interest of Queen Victoria that the 70-year old Chicago girl played before her majesty at Windsor Castle, last Monday accompanied by the court orchestra, directed by Sir Walter Parratt. She was sent abroad to study by a group of her American admirers, among them being the late George M. Fullman and Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt. She has just achieved the unprecedented triumph of being engaged for a second time to play Brahms' concerto at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. Miss Jackson will play Mendelssohn's concerto and St. Saen's 'Rondo Capriccioso' for the Queen who has invited a distinguished company to the concert.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt has been meeting with such stupendous success during the London season that her many friends here are awaiting with eager anticipation the recitals she is to give in America this winter. This is part of what the Daily Chronicle said of her regarding the recital which she gave at Queen's hall a fortnight ago: 'During the summer concert season just concluding no young vocalist has made a greater advance in public favor than Miss Lillian Blauvelt. She has been heard in Wagnerian excerpts, in ordinary operatic airs, in classical pieces, and in songs, and few if any, have been the occasions on which she has failed to impress the listeners with her talent. As a means of saying good-bye until the autumn to her metropolitan friends, she gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Queen's hall, and offered a programme that would have been entirely vocal but for the assistance of M. Ysaye, the distinguished violinist, whom Mr. Robert Newman has found to be a great attraction. The Morning Post said: 'There are but few such gifted vocalists now before the public. Miss Blauvelt possesses a lovely soprano voice and executes the most difficult passages with perfect ease and fluency. Miss Blauvelt's place is at Covent Garden, where we hope some day to hear her.'

A card from England to the Musical Courier says that Miss Mand Powell, the violinist, a Chicago girl, will play Tschakowsky's concerto with Dr. Hans Richter and his orchestra December 7 next, and that the celebrated conductor is also arranging for Miss Powell to play at Vienna on a later date.

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artist. In addition to his business experiments, he owns a chateau in Switzerland and a large estate in Poland.

It appears to be settled that Emma Eames will not be a member of the Maurice Grau Opera company next season because, like so many other professional singers, she has an inordinate idea of her own importance. She was paid \$1000 a night whenever she sang. That was all right, but she and Grau did not agree over the terms for London. There she had formerly received \$500 a night, taking as the other high-priced artists did just one-half of the American salary, but this time she wanted more and Grau refused.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

J. K. Emmett and Lottie Gilson, with a fair supporting company, have been this week's attraction at the opera house, and though there is not a superfluity of merit in either performers or performances, good audiences have been the rule. Fitz in a Mad House is a silly little play on which the pruning knife could be used to advantage, and in which Mr. Emmett does not shine very brilliantly. Mr. Emmett's father who died a few years ago was a great actor. His son bears his name but the father's mantle has not fallen upon him. Miss Gilson is bright, pretty and possesses a certain magnetism but the little 'talks' in which she indulges, has a decided tendency to cheapen the lady and the company generally. She has a very fair singing voice and is good natured in the matter of encores. A valuable member of the company is Miss Ida Lewis whose work in the role of Mrs. Farber in Fritz was decidedly good. Added to her abilities as an actress this lady possesses a magnificent stage presence, and dresses with taste. In the part of Bob Penly, Mr. George Murray made an excellent impression and his work has been most favorably commented upon during the week. Jane was played on Thursday, Friday and Saturday with Miss Gilson in the name part. There will be a matinee performance this afternoon and the engagement will close this evening.

The opera house will be dark next week the Butler Company having cancelled. The company came to grief in Nova Scotia. Julia Arthur's Hamlet will be a remarkable thing if the actress carries out her intentions. She will make up for a man of 38, but will not attempt to imitate a man's voice. And how nice it would be if Mister Julia Arthur Cheney could be induced to take the part of Ophelia.

George W. Lederer has sailed for London. Lewis Morrison is ill in a San Francisco hospital. Mrs. Langry will return to the London stage Aug. 31.

'An Easy Mark' is the title of Du Souchet's new comedy. Laura Burt has replaced Marie Dressler in 'The Man in the Moon' in New York. 'The Belle of New York' reached its 150th performance in London, England, July 11.

Cissie Loftus is visiting May Irwin at the latter's summer home in the Thousand Islands. Wilson Barrett has issued a birthday book, the quotations of which are all from his own plays.

Blanche Walsh paid \$10,000 for a half interest in Melbourne MacDowell's company and is now an equal partner. Agnes Sorma will act in Paris during the exposition. No German actress, it is said, has attempted that since 1873.

Nat Goodwin will play an autumn engagement at the Duke of York's theatre, London, before returning to America.

Some of Charles Frohman's latest theatrical engagements are that of Mrs. Leslie Carter to play 'Zaza' at the London Garrick under his direction next April and 'Gay Lord Quax,' the most pronounced of the London successes, to come to this country. He has also arranged a tour of Sarah Bernhardt for 1900 at the New York Garrick. Mr. Frohman sailed last Saturday for America.

Olga Netherole is in an English hospital, where she has been operated upon for throat trouble by the Prince of Wales' surgeon. The operation was the result of a cold, and it is stated that she will not be allowed to speak a loud word for two weeks. Marcus Mayer, her manager, has been visiting Nat Goodwin, at his English home, Jackwood, just outside of London.

Quis Skinner is to play 'The Liars' next season in territory where John Drew has not appeared. Emily Bigli will play the title role next season in 'The Sporting Duchess.'

'The Floor Walker' is the title of Ward Vokes' new farce for next season. E. E. Sothorn and his wife (Virginia Hatfield) will present Hauptmann's fairy play, 'The Sunken Bell,' next season, and,

Pure and Fragrant Baby's Own Soap. The 'Albert'. Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS. MONTREAL.

If this is not successful, have Hamilton's 'Monte Cristo' and 'The King's Musketeer' to fall back on.

Joseph J. Farrell is spending a good deal of this summer in his studio at Bassard's Bay. He is in the enjoyment of perfect health again.

It is said that Mrs. Annie Yeamans is to marry Sir Roger Llandilo, a member of Parliament for the Isle of Man, and retire from the stage.

Julia Marlowe will present in America the dramatization of 'La Reine Flamette,' which John Davidson is making for Charles Frohman.

Mr. Arthur Roban has secured for a term of years the exclusive rights for the United States and Canada of 'The Great Ruby.' Mr. Roban will take possession of the entire production at the close of a short tour next season of the company from Daly's theatre.

May Irwin will appear as a schoolma'am in her new play, 'A Busy Woman.' It is the first effort at playwrighting of Harry B. Smith, the librettist.

Julia Marlowe sails for America Aug. 26 and Ada Roban will come in September if her health permits and resume her old role in 'The Great Ruby.'

George W. Wilson is back in Boston after his flying trip to Europe to visit his daughter. His next starring tour will open in Haverhill early in September.

Sir Henry Irving has just removed from the house at 15 Grafton street, Bond street London, which he has occupied for 28 years, to a more modern apartment house in Piccadilly.

Mr. Haddon Chambers shows me a letter he has received from E. H. Sothorn, in which Sothorn earnestly requests that Chambers write a play for him, says Frederick Edward McKay in the Dramatic News. The playwright is deluged with offers from English and American stars, but he takes rather kindly to the idea of evolving a drama for Sothorn; and even though it may not be in the near future, it looks as though the American actor would have a play from the author of 'The Tyranny of Tears' for first production on any stage.

'More Than Queen,' the the comic presentation of the superb Creole Josephine, which Julia Arthur will offer to the public next season, is being adapted from the French of Emile Bergerat by Charles Needlinger, editor of Town Topics and author of 'Masques and Mummies,' and C. H. Maltzer, who was one of the collaborators in the translation of 'Madame Sans Gene,' says the Clipper. These two dramatic craftsmen, though making some few changes to suit the particular gifts and temperament of Julia Arthur, will make every effort to preserve literally, as far as possible, the brilliance of the great Parisian author, so that the play, in scenery, costumes, and lines, will be as identical with that seen at the Theatre Porte Saint Martin. Miss Arthur will open her season in 'More Than Queen' at the Park Theatre in Boston on Oct. 3. Later on she will essay 'Hamlet.'

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Babies Take Cuticura Resolvent

Because it is so pure and wholesome that mothers can give it freely to children of all ages. It cools and cleanses the blood, and is of the greatest value in speedily curing discharging, burning, scaly humors, rashes, and irritations, when taken in conjunction with hot baths of GERMAN SOAP, and gentle enemas with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purifier of humors.

Send for free trial bottle. Write to J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Poland Water.

I have just received a barrel of POLAND WATER direct from the POLAND SPRINGS and can supply same to my customers by the gallon.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

87 Charlotte Street. Telephone 22. Mail orders promptly filled. Have you tried my delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda?

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 29

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

MR. ALGERS' RESIGNATION.

The event of the month in the way of national interest has been the resignation of Secretary ALGER from the head of the war department. Secretary ALGER was unfortunate in his administration of that highly important office during the war with Spain and his personal mistakes were aggravated by partisan appointments and friction between him and some of the leading officers of the army. The success of the navy in coping with the difficult problems of the war showed what was possible in the kindred department, but these blunders of judgment and carelessness gave frequent offence to the public and wrought serious injury to the health and comfort of many soldiers. To what extent Mr. Alger was personally responsible for these mistakes outsiders cannot yet judge, but in a general way a leader is responsible for his subordinates, and on these grounds there is no doubt of the wisdom of calling for Mr. Alger's resignation, though why, if done at all, it was not done long ago, no one appears to know. Mr. S. C. of New York, who succeeds Mr. S. C. is a lawyer of great ability, systematic in his work as well as brilliant. The appointment seems to be a good one. It is to be hoped that Mr. S. C. will reform the methods of the war department and place it on a plane with the navy department, eliminating red tape, insisting on modern methods and keeping in harmony with the army and army officers. This department is one of the oldest of the government, and too many of its methods and systems are survivals of by-gone days.

A REVIVAL OF TRADE.

Years ago when England or France owed America money for wheat they simply sold some of their American stocks and evened matters up, but today the balance against them has grown too large for such simple balancing, and they are forced with increasing frequency to ship gold or remain in debt. The position of New York as a money market has advanced rapidly, large part on this account. A new step is taken by the action of the Mexican government in refunding the national debt of that republic. The bulk of the amount goes to England and Germany, but Holland and the United States come in for a share. This is the first time a foreign government has negotiated its bonds in the American market, and the innovation is regarded as an extremely good sign. Another financial condition of the times which is a novelty is the comparative wealth of the West. Recently several loans in Eastern states have been taken by Chicago banking firms against the bids of New York and Boston houses, and at an extremely low interest rate. The West has made a great deal of money in the last three years, and the amount must indeed be large to allow of such high bids from Chicago. The difference in interest rates between the East and the West has diminished steadily, but this sudden reversal of position is a surprise to New York bankers.

One of the proverbial "long felt wants" this fair to be fitted in the establishment of schools of domestic economy, which shall teach the arts of housekeeping and of caring for the welfare of family life. If young men are taught to provide the money needed for maintenance of families, it seems desirable that young women should be taught, with equal care, how to apply it to the best advantage.

A fruit novelty is reported from California. It is half lemon and half orange, with the shape of the lemon and the color of the orange, the juice having the flavor of both. It is, of course, artificially produced. Harrietore the phantom lemon, which figures in picnic assets, has had the chief distinction as a lemon curiosity. The fruit world, it will be soon, shows a tendency to combination as well as to the business world.

The admission fees to a recent prize-fight in New York exceeded eighty-five thousand dollars, the largest amount ever received for any single performance. This has been cited as a startling commentary upon the times. Bloody noses and cracked crowns, however, are not the delight of the vast majority of people, nor are boules and bluster yet widely accepted as the principal virtues of the world.

The international league of wheelmen, which recently met in London, has seventeen national organizations in the chief countries of the world, representing half a million of cyclists. Shakespear offered, as a simile for the impossible, "Then may I set the world on wheels." To-day that consummation looks far from impossible.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sweet Vision,
When twilight shadows
Round us fall;
Low voices from our hearts unbidden come,
And to us all in accents
Sweet they call,
The dear familiar names so loved at home.
Sweet voices from the company
Of vanished years,
They haunt us still and fill
Our eyes with tears.
When all are gone and dead—
Ours so dear,
Lie down beneath their ever silent mould,
Oh who would long to linger—
Sadly near;
The places of these well remembered sounds?
Though in life's brightest scenes—
We daily roam,
The loving heart still hears
Sweet melodies of home.
Those unspoken words,
Full often here,
In memory's saddest hours are low and sweet,
In silent halls where yet,
Old friends appear,
The charmed hills still we fondly meet.
We talk again of—
Brighter days to come,
When we shall know them—
In a deathless home.
CYRUS GOLDEN.

THE BUILDING OF A SOLDIER.

Joe Jerry hood in a stony field,
Under a weathered oak,
The boy and the rock and the native weed
Fought for the life in a battered shield,
And the struggle was just begun.
"Get out of the mud and follow me,"
Said the man with a better cloth;
"A gallop you are vermin and druid and frost;
For anger Nature with labor lost—
Come where a fair wind blows."
But the boy dugged on in the stony field,
With the struggle barely begun,
"I put the seed in this ground," said he;
"I think I had better stay and see
Whatever may be done."
Joe Jerry quarried and placed the stones
And set the timbers true
Then his neighbors came with fevered eyes;
"God!—man of gold—just there it lies!
I shall we wait a day for you?"
A sweet voice rited the evening calm,
Singing the death of day,
A tired child came and went with a kiss,
"I have a wife, and a house—and this:
I think I had better stay."
"War! war!" the cry—and the cry came near—
"There is fame, and to spare, for all."
"I have a wife, and a house—and this:
I'll stay with them, if God so please."
"Come back!" they cried through the metal hall
To a soldier bleeding and grim.
He held a rifle out of the trench and said:
Answering only: "The captain's hurt;
I think I'll stay with him."
—Frederic Brush.

JOHNEEN.

Sure he's five months old, an' he two foot long,
Watch yourself now, for he's terrible strong,
An' his fists 'll be up if he make any slips—
With finger-ends ruddy the same as daisy-dips—
But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips.
There's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes
For they're partly of the earth, an' still they're
partly of the skies,
So far as he's travelled he's been laughin' all the
way,
For the little soul is queer an' wise, the little heart
is gay,
An' he'll like the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd
do to play
He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
For he takes to the water like any little duck,
An' sure there are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' mate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while, I hope,
for Johnneen.
For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,
The you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
Here's to your health, an' we'll drink it to-night,
Slainte gal, avic me chree! I liv'd an' do die,
Slainte gal, a' vornteen! I may yer days be bright,
Johnneen!

THE WOODS.

When I was sad, in the heart of the woods I stole—
And the grave eyes listened to my burdened soul
No need of words, for the heart of the woods to
hear—
In her solitude the quiet trees gave ear,
And the still blue sky,
The sky that looks through the trees like loving
eyes—
Till the soul pangs cease;
And the solemn pines point singing to the skies—
And the pines sing "Peace!"
When I was glad, in the heart of the woods I went—
To the woods alone,
And the kind woods listened, making my content,
My joy, their own,
The blue sky smiled, and the leaves made merry
with me,
For they understood:
Who seeks to find a friend in every tree
In the heart of the wood,
Yet, lingering there, so deep the soul-joy grows,
Light mirth must cease;
And far above, where the free wind comes and
goes,
The pines sing "Peace!"
—Francis Barine.

THE HEART OF YOUTH.

'Ah, the world is old,' so the ages say,
Baking white heads and white—
The birds are here, and the sky is gray,
Life hath no more delight
Doesn't winter remember May?
'The world is old' . . . so the ages say.
But the poets sing, 'Ah, the world is young,'
To-day is the day of days! unused,
And best are the untried ways,
The world is old with the old, in truth—
But the world is young with the heart of youth.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currier Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Chas. De-Bevoise, Currier Business University, 17 Waterloo Street, Montreal.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Evandale is looking better this year than ever and much of this is due to the many improvements made by John O. Vanward to his comfortable and handsome hotel and the buildings surrounding it. There are a number of guests at the house and many rooms are engaged in advance. Parties of Americans arrived there daily, stay a few hours enjoying the beauty of the place and then return to the city. These people who go there once are sure to go again and anyone in need of a good place to rest and recuperate could not do better than try this pleasant spot.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Two or three correspondents and soldiers who had been through the Cuban campaign met the other day, and many were the pathetic and ridiculous anecdotes told of their experiences. We repeat one or two, which illustrate American character under a great and unusual strain.
"After the fight at San Juan," said one, "I crawled into the bushes. What with loss of blood, no sleep and battered nerves I thought the end had come. There was a smoke near by and I dragged myself to it.
"A private, covered with mud and blood wearing ragged trousers and half of a coat had kindled a fire and was brewing some tea. He looked at me, and then poured out some in a tin cup and brought it to me. I never tasted anything like it. It put life in me.
"That's good tea," I said.
"Yes," he answered. "It's made only for the Mandarins. I import it from China for my own use. I'm particular about my tea. I had a package in my knapsack."
"Just then he was ordered away. The next day I saw him digging in the pits, and asked who he was. It was young Blank, from New York. 'That fellow,' they said, 'counts his money by millions.'
"There were some queer meetings on the field," said another man. "One of the Southern generals had lost a son in the first week of the war. He came to Cuba as inspector-general, leaving his child son at home.
"But the boy enlisted, and came to Cuba as a private, and was digging in the trenches when his father rode past with his staff.
"Hello, dad!" he called.
"Hello, boy!"
"The general went down and took the young fellow in his arms.
"After we came home, at the peace Jubilee at Philadelphia, I heard a big volunteer say:
"Miles and Dewey are well enough, but B. is my man for the Presidency! He's a general, but he wasn't ashamed to kiss a private in the trenches. I saw him do it."

DESTROYING MONEY.

Extraordinary precautions are taken by the United States government in the destruction of its worn out and filthy paper money. The fact that this could be used again makes it necessary that its destruction should be conducted with care, and be made complete.
All the paper money that passes through the treasury is sorted, and the old bills are sent to the redemption division, where they are searched for possible counterfeits. Then they are carefully counted, and tied up into bundles of one hundred notes each.
A great cancelling-machine then drives four holes through each of these bundles, of which a careful record is kept. The piles of bills are then cut into two parts, one set of halves going to the secretary's office and the other to the register's office.
In each place the halves are again counted, after which they are chopped by machinery into fragments. Not satisfied with this, the bits are then boiled in vats of hot water and alkali until they are reduced to an unrecognised pulp. This pulp permits the Treasury to sell to manufacturers of novelties, who make it into little models of the Capitol and the White House, which are sold as souvenirs in the Washington stores. New bills are issued in an amount equal to those destroyed.

AN OLD MIST.

Old rifles, like old houses, may have histories that hold a vital meaning. A writer in the 'Human Alliance' describes one that is greatly valued by the descendants of its original owners. The following bit of its history is of general interest.
One night, when the "men-folk" were away, a panther leaped up on a log at the edge of the clearing, and standing in the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

A Pleasant Spot to Rest.

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KIT WARREN'S DUEL.

A recent newspaper article mentioned the name of the late Kit Warren, who was famous as a humorist in Georgia. Several interesting stories were told of him, but the following appears in print for the first time:
When he was editing a country newspaper, a subscriber whom he had offended with criticism sent him a challenge for a fight with shotguns.
He told the bearer to be seated, when he asked him the price of buckshot.
"Thirty cents a pound," was the reply.
"Now," said Kit, "what is powder selling at?"
"Sixty cents."
Then he turned his pockets inside out fished up a bunch of keys and several dime bills, looked them over thoughtfully, and then wrote this reply to the challenger:
"Dear Jim—Yours received. I would be glad to accommodate you, but your friends tell me that shot is 80 cents a pound and powder 60, and I can't invest that much money in 'em these hard times. If, however you will lend me 90 cents, I will accommodate you with a few loads in any any region you may suggest. I believe however, it would take three pounds of buckshot to kill you. Send on the money and make your will."
The letter was duly delivered, and that ended the matter. "Wants me ter lend him money ter buy shot 'er kill me with!" exclaimed the challenger. "Darned if I'll do it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

PUPIL'S ANSWER.

A school inspector in an English rural district received some very original answers to the questions which he propounded at an examination. One question, says a writer in Cornhill, was, "Why did Elijah pour water on the sacrifice?" To which a girl answered, "To make the gravy, sir." When the same girl was asked to name the three creeds, she replied:
"Apostle's, Lyeum and Farinaceous."
Another said that the Roman Christians used to frequent the 'Caspicians.'

CHANGING ACCOMPANIMENT.

One can hardly be expected to have music in his soul when there is discord in his stomach.
Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear?
Wife—Did you like it?
"It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!"
"It is the very thing I played last evening, and you said it was horrid!"
"Well the steak was burned last evening."
—Sissy Stories.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

That Ungars laundry is the best place to get ladies' and children's wear laundered. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo street, Phone 55.

VERY HUMILY.

The eyes of 'Johnnie' seems to have been attracted by an old gentleman 'down-east,' who was so humbly that when he made up a face he was handsomer than he was old times!

UNBURNING MADE RECOVERED.

Unburning Made Recovered, Registered, 17 Waterloo Street, Montreal.

YAL BAKING POWDER... more delicious and wholesome

moonlight just outside the shadows of the forest, uttered that marvellous cry which sounds so much like the wail of a lost child.

But grandmother's eyes were not deceived. She was a young woman then; her eyes were bright, and she saw the painter plainly. The rifle thrust its muzzle through a hole in the shed window, and grandmother and the rifle together drove the messenger of death straight into the brain of the great cat and rolled him over dead.

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A third described a well known Dore picture as, "Christ leaving the Petroleum."

One girl was asked, "What do you know about the cuckoo?" "Please sir," she said, "it doesn't lay its own eggs, sir."

Mr. Croydun, an inspector, was trying to get the class to tell him what weapon Sampson used in killing the Philistines. Thinking to aid them, he laid his hand on his cheek and said, "What is this?" "The jawbone of an ass," they cried.

This is a Great Offer. Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain Progress for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Changed Accompaniment. One can hardly be expected to have "music in his soul" when there is discord in his stomach.

Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear? Wife—Did you like it? "It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!" "Is it the very thing I played last evening, and you said it was horrid?" "Well the steak was burned last evening."

It is Never Too Late to Learn. This Ungary laundry is the best place to get ladies' and children's wear laundered, Ungary Laundry, Drying and Carpet Cleaning, Works 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Very "Homey." The apex of "homeiness" seems to have been attained by an old gentleman "down-east."

"Why" said one of his good friends, "he was so homely that when he made up a face he was handsomer than he was out times!"

Unpleasant Note. Re-covered, Reported Down, 17 Waterloo.



The annual concert of the Misses Furlong which took place at the Metropolitan Yacht Club on Wednesday evening was attended by a large and fashionable audience, the house presenting an exceedingly pretty appearance, with many ladies in evening dress.

The stage was tastefully decorated with palms and cut flowers, magnificently illuminated by many torches of color and was perhaps a little too so; the Misses Furlong and Marie and W. S. Allison of St. John, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Burpee, were the accompanists of the evening, and Messrs. Seely, Kelly and Dunn all of whom were in excellent voices, assisted on the following programme:

- Hybris the Orestes Elliott. Robert Seely.
Hungarian Rhapsody Miss Helen Furlong.
The Rosary Nevin.
There is a Green Hill Far Away Miss Kathleen Furlong.
Schottische Miss Elizabeth Furlong.
There Are Other Eyes in Spain Wagnaid.
Minnie and Gavotte Veracini.
The Skipper John.
D'Arleide (with yells obligato) Harry B. Dunn.
Beneath the Branches Miss Kathleen Furlong.
The Wanderer's Night Song Miss Kathleen Furlong and J. A. Kelly.
Capriccio Frey.
The Masses Furlong.

A very pleasant dinner party was given on Tuesday evening by Mrs. Isaac Burpee at her residence Mount Pleasant, for Mr. and Mrs. Usher; besides these guests there were present, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mayor and Mrs. Sturges, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. McLeod, Miss Jones, Miss Tracy, Miss Burpee, Mr. Colla Campbell (Montreal), Mr. Turner, Mr. Hansard, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Hazen M. P. P. and Mr. Burpee.

Miss Willet left this week on a visit to St. Andrews. Professor Brisson, Mrs. Elizabeth and family are spending a week or two at the Bay shore. Miss Vera Creed is visiting her brother Mr. H. D. Creed of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Burpee who were married in Fredericton on Wednesday were in the city for a day or two this week. A dinner at which Mr. George Jones was the host, preceded the concert on Wednesday evening, the guests going later to the Institute. The table was prettily decorated with pink roses. Among the guests were Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Usher, Miss Jones, Miss Skimmer, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Colla Campbell, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Usher, Mr. Fred Jones.

The sad death by drowning of Mr. Robert Ferguson, which occurred last Sunday was a shock to his many friends and the deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved family. The funeral which took place on Tuesday afternoon was very largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. D. J. Fraser, and Mrs. Treves and Mrs. Gilchrist of St. Stephen's church sang several selections. Among the many beautiful tributes sent by friends were the following:

Broken wheel of white roses, carnations swansons and ferns with spikes of red carnations from friends in the St. John Bicycle and Athletic club. A large cross of white roses, carnations, tube roses and ferns from a few friends. A broken column composed of white carnations twined with yellow roses, with here of yellow roses, swansons and ferns from the staff of Emerson & Fisher.

A crescent of pink roses, carnations, swansons, spruce and ferns from Messrs. Emerson & Fisher. An anchor of white roses, swansons and ferns, from the crew of the schooner yacht "Windward."

Bonquet with carnations and asparagus tied with ribbon, from Mr. and Mrs. W. Ferguson. Broken column of cream roses, carnations, phlox, stock, swansons on a base of Crimson Jacquinet roses, spruce and carnations, asparagus and smilax, from the whelmsman's Rod and Gun club.

Shield of yellow, blue and red with letters K. of E. in purple letters from Union Lodge No. 3, Knights of Pythias. A cross of pink roses and carnations, swansons, smilax and asparagus, from Mr. John Russell, Jr.

Without saying God we cannot begin right.

Cross of white roses, carnations, swansons, smilax and asparagus from Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Denny. Bonquet of roses, spruce, carnations and smilax, from Mr. Fred Fowler.

The Boston Herald of recent date contains an account of the marriage of Miss Minnie Reed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Reed of the West End, and many friends here have received announcements cards. The Herald says: At the residence of Rev. Willard C. Sallick in Providence on Wednesday, Miss Minnie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Reed was married to Mr. Frederick H. Bennett. Mr. Bennett is a widely known journalist, has been for many years general manager of the United States Press. Miss Reed was formerly a resident of Boston, but has for eleven years resided in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett are to be home after Aug. 1st from North, Upland road, Sewall Park, Melrose Highlands.

Major Sears is steadily recovering from his recent accident and hopes soon to resume his duties. Mr. Ed Ward and M. Abbott has returned from a pleasant stay of three weeks in New Hampshire.

Mr. Amy Bender and her two children, of Fairville are paying a visit to Woodstock as guests of Mrs. Bender's sister Mrs. J. C. Taylor.

At a hand benefit given in Waltham last week Miss Roberta Wisby of this city sang a solo very acceptably.

The Victoria carried a happy party up river last Saturday as far as Fredericton, in which city they were guests at the Queen. The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allison, of St. John who had for their guests Miss Allison, Miss Flossie Bowman, Miss W. C. Bowman, Walter C. Allison D. C. Seymour of St. John, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Burpee of Chicago. The latter much admired the scenery along the St. John river.

Judge White of Sherbrooke Quebec and a party of friends spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lane and the Misses Lane of Brockton, Mass., are visiting friends in this city.

Mr. James Webster of Shelburne spent part of this week in St. John. A party of Calais ladies who make an annual visit to Nova Scotia were here this week for a day or two. They were: Mrs. Chas. G. McCully, Mrs. McCully, Miss Anne Harvey, Mrs. Henry Todd, Mrs. W. A. Lam's and Miss Helen Marcell.

A party of gentlemen enjoying a fishing trip on the North shore this week included: Messrs T. Ames Goslow, A. W. Macrae, T. A. Peters and E. G. Eyles.

Miss Jennie Perkins of Fredericton is spending a month with Fairville friends. Mrs. F. J. White of Moncton spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison, little daughter, and Miss Lily Adams spent Sunday in Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Inches arrived from Fredericton Monday on a two weeks' visit. Mrs. (Dr.) Bridges who has been visiting them returned to the city with them.

Mr. A. P. Sarshall left this week on a visit to Boston and Ottawa. Mr. J. W. Bailey of Boston, formerly of Fredericton, was in this city Monday en route to Sydney, C. B., from whence he will go on a visit to Newfoundland.

Rev. R. J. Haugh's on and Mrs. Haughton arrived in the city this week on a visit to Mrs. Haughton's mother Mrs. J. T. Steeves of Wellington row.

Miss Muriel Dick returned Monday from a pleasant visit to Boston and other parts of Massachusetts. Mr. Charles Ballou of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs. Alex. Mac nlay, Pleasant street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Campbell and the Misses Campbell of Fredericton were here for a short time early in the week. Mrs. Emma L. Estey came down from the Capital on Tuesday and will spend a few weeks with friends here.

Dr. E. F. Quigley returned the first of the week from a visit to Boston. He was accompanied by Mr. A. L. Palmer. The marriage took place on Wednesday of Mr. James W. Mantoo and Miss Jennie Stirling Livingston. The officiating clergyman was Rev. W. W. Haignie, of Calvin church. The bride wore a most becoming lawn tulle made suit, and a white sailor hat very artistically trimmed with ferns and blue. Miss Ella McAlary, her bridesmaid, wore a pretty dress of lawn and halitropes, with hat to match. Fred W. Amland was the groomsmen.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Mantoo took passage on the Prince Rupert for a honeymoon trip through Nova Scotia. They received many presents. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring, and to the bridesmaid an opal ring. The bride received a handsome picture from her associate teachers of the Indian school.

Miss Emma Hudson who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson for the past four weeks returned to her home in Richibucto Friday.

Mr. James Moulton is making a weeks visit to New York. Mr. C. T. Burns, and son Arthur arrived from Halifax, Monday on a visit to friends in the city. They will be the guests of Mrs. G. G. Boyne of Germain Street.

Miss Mary Henderson of Philadelphia is visiting her aunt Mrs. Robert Braden. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allan have returned from a visit to the upper provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Emerson returned this week from a trip to England. Mr. James R. Hogan who has been quite ill for several weeks is much improved.

The usual golf tea was not given on Friday as many of the members were absent, having gone to St. Andrews to play a match with the club of that town.

Without saying God we cannot begin right.

Home-occupied Woman. The future is veiled in a mysterious mist that looms up darkly, but the wisest whisper tells us to cheer our hearts to get to come—Whisper these things and then go resting on thy weary knees to some far-off land!

Wife, enraptured in all the mists to see, A future made and his old world defaced. A woman's form, but not a woman's soul, And there she stands with proud and curling lips, Saying quite loud: "Oh, I am free, am free; No more am I the slave of health and ease; The hope of existence is realized; Woman is free from the world's mire."

That held her down in all the ages gone I, And then, O wife, the figure glides away, And there she stands with proud and curling lips, Saying quite loud: "Oh, I am free, am free; No more am I the slave of health and ease; The hope of existence is realized; Woman is free from the world's mire."

And then a silence; of a sudden the mist lifts and shows the future clear, I too, can see a woman's face there. A creature small, belonging to a race Of death; her hair is black and falling; Her spectacles adorn her nose and falling eyes; Behind them shows a burning ranking coat; Her forehead is gleam from the world's mire. Of science, and the slight knowledge With all the petty things one must endure. It is there to see the signs of age; Her nose is sharp, her posture is delect; A glint of triumph seems to light her face. And never more will I see her, and then, O wife, the figure glides away, And there she stands with proud and curling lips, Saying quite loud: "Oh, I am free, am free; No more am I the slave of health and ease; The hope of existence is realized; Woman is free from the world's mire."

And then we hear a kind of awful laugh Go trailing by to space, indistinctly, An incoherent all the men and women, too, And meaning loud to say: "Oh, blind fools, To see, and just the same go to rest!"

Now, tell me, men of foresight and of sense, Is this the nightmare of an addled brain? Is this the fate the woman who shall breed The race of future men, who shall build Empires throughout the space of all the earth; Who must meet with force the awful needs Of giant countries, and who shall fight The fearful battles of the coming age?

Who must stand up and meet the crushing shock Of new against the old, of free and slave, Democracies and kingdoms; face to face Is this the woman who must be the wife, The helpmeet of the working, toiling man, The one to whom his wife's great worries come, And take possession of his heart and soul? Would she give up all fame and work and glory To give her time to give, household things, To happiness and love and simple life, And things that only women can do well?

Nay, never so! A weakened busy race Of worried men would hunt a busy wife, And then, oh, woe to nation and to man! For strength alone means progress on the earth, In their weakness and their loudness, Down they would sink into the awful mire, Where fallen nations sleep and never rise.

No, when the time shall come for women, too, To sacrifice their bodies to their heads, To their heart and to their intelligence and their fame, Their happiness for hollow names and titles, Then such a thing as home will not exist, And there will be no woman on the earth. True womanhood, its purposes and its power Will fade away as 'on the vanishing mist, O, woe, take warning from the whispering winds!

—James Oppenheim.

'They Say' Have you heard of the terrible family 'They' And the dreadful, venomous things they say? Why, halt the rooster under the sun, If you see it peck, you will find begun In that wretched house of 'They.'

A numerous family, so I am told, And its genealogical tree is old, For ever since Adam and Eve began To build up the curious race of man, Has existed the House of 'They.'

Goosey-moosey and the spines of lies, Horrid people whom all despise! And the best of it, now and then, Repeat queer tales about women and men, An I quote the House of 'They.'

They live like lords and I never labor, A 'They's' one task is to watch his neighbor, And tell his business and private affairs, To the world it takes their own of affairs,— These folks in the House of 'They.'

It is wholly useless to follow a 'They' With a whip or a gun, for he slips away, And tells his home, where you cannot go, It is locked and bolted and cranked up tight,— This horrible House of 'They.'

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out, And spread their villainous tales about, And tell the world the tales of their own, Who have come to punishment, never one Belonged to the House of 'They.'

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In The Tombent. A butterfly, wafted from Orange hills (A happy that died ere it reached the town), O'er the roof of the street and the smoke of mills Pined for a moment, then fluttered down; Where a child of the people lay weak and ill.

In the sweltering heat of the tombent row (Mountain and mountain of forest birds), Where ill-smelling ether-beats come and go, And the air is thick and the air is thick, Two wings of gold from the smothered roof Fanned at a easement beneath the roof.

A third little voice bade the wanderer stay,— Was little face grow all slight;— Little fervid hands, that on his lips lay, Were clasped for grief at the smothered ray. Thus away through the pining waves of heat The butterfly drifted on down the street.

Through the purple and breathless August night, 'Mid the stoking tombent sounds and smells, A baby dreamed how those wings of light, Were counting through meadows and shaded dells, While, in sight of that smothered roof, The tombent roof.

Lay a butterfly—crushed by a horse's hoof— —Albert Payson Terhune.

Noon tide. From portals that glowed with the sunset splendor, Siller than roses and and dais, She came and passed in her green tender,— And noon tide haze in the sunset sky.

In glass courses the fens shimmer; Fervid and faint in the pallid moon The corn-leaves curl and the poplars shimmer, And drowsily wait for the sunset wind's boom.

And sky and white as a wing drifts over— Flimsy and fair in the silent blue— A sheet of a cloud—through fields of clover Its shadows trail slowly through.

The poplar leaves in the silence quiver, Rustle in timber with all their might, The birds and the bees and the shadow drive, Lapped in the mass of a nocturnal dream. —Benjamin F. Leggett.

Battered. The play began I I heard the words, But little could I see, Except the rose on the hat, Wh. I saw in a room of mine, Despite the program's kind request, Which rose could all to see.

One set I suffered silently, And then made up my mind, I boldly asked that girl in blue, To be exceeding kind, And restore her hat, if there could see Whose seat were placed behind.

With deftest touch she quick removed The swirl that she wore, But I, who could not stage, No better than before, The lady had removed her hat, But not her pompadour. —Charles M. Bryan.

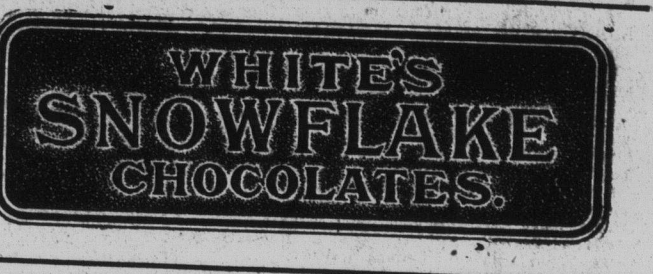
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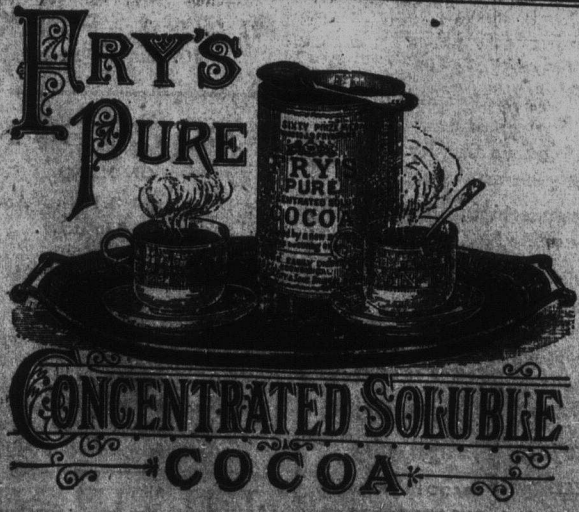
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HALIFAX NOTES.

Princess is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.
MURPHY & CO., Barrington street.
CLAYTON & CO., Conroy & Grandville St.
GAMMA NEWS CO., Railway Depot.
J. B. FIDELL, Brunswick street.
W. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth St.
Queen Bookstore, 100 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeFraynes, 181 Brunswick St.

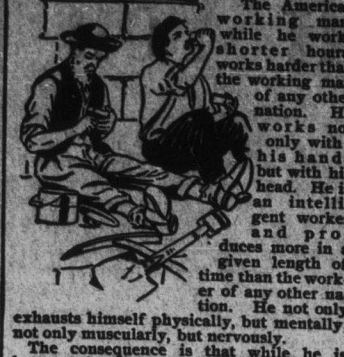
Mr. Richard Wakely is visiting her sister, Mrs. McGrath, Oshawa, N.H.
Rev. S. F. Russell, Halifax, and wife, were passengers by the Princess recently, to Charlottetown to spend a week or two with their daughter, Mrs. G. Y. Dawson, Cornwall.
Mr. Charles E. Harney is spending a short vacation at Clam Harbour.

Mr. E. D. Harris of Channing is in Halifax on a short pleasure trip.
Miss Peters and Miss Mackintosh of Halifax are at the Barton house, Barton, Digby.
Mrs. Stannage Melmer and Miss Leah Hirtle of Lunenburg are in Halifax.

Mr. Fred DeWolfe, Halifax, spent last Sunday in town.
Dr. and Mrs. Anguin are camping at Rustie beach, with a number of New Glasgow friends, among whom are Rev. and Mrs. Estabrooks, Mrs. Riche, Mr. and Mrs. Silver, and Miss McKeanie.

PARROBO.
[Princess is for sale at the Parrobo Bookstore.]
JULY 28.—Mrs. Robert Aikman gave a small dance at Broderick's beach hotel on Tuesday evening for the pleasure of friends staying at the hotel.
Grace Methodist Sunday school had its annual picnic on Friday which lasted till Saturday afternoon as the Evangeline which conveyed the party of about one hundred and fifty to Wolfville, did not venture to return on Friday evening owing to the terrific thunderstorm.
Wolfville people were most kind, doing everything possible for the comfort of the large number including so many children unexpectedly thrown on their hospitality.
A young lady unfortunately fell into the stove hole in the engine room of the boat on Friday afternoon receiving quite severe injuries, happily no bones were broken and she is on the way to recovery.
This with three or four less serious casualties made it altogether an eventful trip and one to be remembered.

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The American working man, while he works shorter hours, works harder than the working man of any other nation. He works more in a given length of time than the worker of any other nation. He not only exhausts himself physically, but mentally, not only muscularly, but nervously.

George Powell, son of Mr. John Powell of this city who has been residing for the past five years in Ecuador, South Africa, where he occupied an important position in the Cable Co's office at that place, is en route for Halifax.

Mr. O. A. Hornaby, Inspector Merchants' bank was in town last Friday en route to New Brunswick on official duties.
Miss Beatrice Lawrence and Miss Janis Gough who were visiting Mrs. S. L. Walker returned home to Halifax on Monday last.

Mr. Fred DeWolfe, Halifax, spent last Sunday in town.
Dr. and Mrs. Anguin are camping at Rustie beach, with a number of New Glasgow friends, among whom are Rev. and Mrs. Estabrooks, Mrs. Riche, Mr. and Mrs. Silver, and Miss McKeanie.

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Major Day, vice-president, and Mr. G. H. MacKinnon, sec. treasurer. A rifle range is being prepared at Cross Roads where the Red hat. have decided to hold their country shooting in August.
Dr. and Mrs. Ross Smith arrived home on Saturday from a trip to England and the Continent having been absent nearly a year.
Miss Leah Roach, Amherst, is the guest of Mrs. T. B. Harrison.

Mr. W. J. Fryer, New York, is on a visit to Rev. T. J. and the Misses Butler.
Miss Winifred McMurtry, Brockville, Miss Lou McMurtry, Barre, and Miss Thomas, Truro, are visiting the Misses Gillingham.
Miss Baird Letceter is a guest of the Misses Woolson.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Halifax are guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Tucker.
On Friday a party of fifteen American tourists called on the Island Hotel with in the steamer Resale and were storm day's mail Saturday at the Grand Central.
Misses Mabel and Edna McLeod are back from a visit to friends at Amherst.

Mr. W. B. King, St. John is spending some of his holidays here.
Miss Johanna, Carleton is visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson.
Miss Jones, Mr. Will in Exville and Mr. Vernon Exville of Windsor gave an entertainment in the Opera house last evening, which judging from the frequent and hearty applause was highly appreciated by the audience.
Parrobo has been unfortunate in the character of the assessments offered this summer and it was a decidedly agreeable change to have something at last really worth listening to.

Misses Jean and Evelyn Smith and the Messrs. Exville, Windsor are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Exville.
ST. STEPHEN AND GALEA.
[Princess is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of G. R. & A. R. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treas's.]
Wadsworth's artist will leave in a few days for San Diego, California, to rejoin the Modjeska theatrical company.

Mr. and Mrs. Edna Moore of Brooklyn, N. Y. are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Robinson at Milltown.
Miss Maude Watson daughter of David Watson of St. John is visiting Mrs. T. Falcon, Milltown, and other friends.
A party of young ladies and gentlemen chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. W. St. J. Murray are camping for two weeks at Exville, Exville, Exville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Misses Winifred and Mildred Todd returned from St. Andrews on Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter and family are occupying their vacation at Oak Bay.
The flower garden of Mrs. William Robinson is now filled with magnificent bloom and is beautiful to look upon.

Mrs. James Murray entertained a party of lady friends at her residence on Friday to meet Mrs. Andrew Stevens, who is Miss Grace Stevens' guest.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Misses Winifred and Mildred Todd returned from St. Andrews on Monday.
Mrs. George Patterson of New York city and their children, arrived on Thursday evening by boat and will spend some weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson.

Mr. J. T. Whitlock and Miss May Carter have gone to Campbellville to spend a week or two.
Mrs. A. E. Neill has recovered from her illness.
Mrs. W. B. Carson is visiting friends in St. John.
Miss Kate Stevens left on Monday for a visit in Edmundston.

Frank Dore C. P. R. station agent at Fredericton has been visiting in letters in this country.
The marriage of Harry E. Haley the popular young druggist of Milltown, to Miss May Bailey of Milltown Me., is announced to take place at the home of the bride's parents on Aug. 25th.
The ceremony will take place in the early morning at which they will leave for Boston, New York and other cities. They will be absent for four weeks.

Miss Alice Cox left last Wednesday morning on the W. C. E. R. for an extended visit with friends in Bangor and Isleboro.
Miss Mary Short and Miss Marie Finlay are visiting in letters in St. Andrews.
Collector Graham has been spending several days on Grand Manan. He returned home on Tuesday.
G. E. Clarke has been visiting New York city on business during the past week.

Dr. George Grimmer has been spending a day or two in town.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lowell have returned from Portland, Me.
Mrs. Clara Webster has gone to Minneapolis to visit relatives for several months.
Mr. Chas. Boyd of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting relatives at Old Ridge.

Fred R. Ross has returned from Boston where he has been for medical advice and treatment for deafness and feels much encouraged and improved.
John N. Wall and a party of young men left on Saturday for a few days' camping at Wink's Beach.
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have been visiting Portland Me.
Mrs. G. Gibbs of Cambridge, Mass., and Miss Annie King are welcome visitors in Calais this week.

Miss Fowler, of Hartford, Conn., is a guest of Miss Martha Harris.
Miss Louie Taylor sang a solo very sweetly in Trinity church on Sunday morning.
Misses Noe Clarke and Florence Mitchell have finished their visit in St. John and are at 'the Cedars,' St. John river, this week.
John D. Chipman has returned from a brief visit in Boston.

Miss Jessie Wall has returned from a pleasant visit in St. George.
Miss Bertie Todd has been spending a fortnight at Deer Island.
Miss Belmore of Princeton and Miss George Chas of Providence, Rhode Island, are visiting Miss Belle Woodcock.
Mrs. Helen Grimmer recently spent a few days in Boston and is now in St. John.

Edgar M. Robinson is attending the boys' camp on the Kamboocanook.
Misses Berta and Louie Taylor have gone to St. John to visit relatives for a few days.
Mrs. C. E. Clarke, Mrs. S. H. Blair, Mrs. J. Mitchell, Mrs. Henry Graham, Mrs. J. Black, and Miss Nettie Abbot enjoyed a pleasant picnic at Raven's Head on Monday afternoon.
E. G. Vroom and his son Harold spent Sunday at Campbellville.

Miss Nellie Meredith accompanied Rev. F. W. Robertson and family to Grand Manan on Tuesday. During Miss Meredith's absence Miss Edith Porter will be in charge of the public library.
Miss Eliza McBride who has been severely ill, is now convalescent.
Miss Rebecca Moore, daughter of Mrs. Jessie W. Moore, who recently graduated at Wesley college has arrived in Calais where she will spend her vacation.
Miss Ada Penna is the guest of Mrs. Roberts Murchie.

Telegrams and letters received from N. Marks Mills from St. John's, Newfoundland, report good improvement in the condition of Fred W. Andrews.
Miss Maud McCleary, one of the best and most popular of the younger singers of the city, has accepted the position of leading soprano in the Main street Baptist church, and will begin her work there next Sunday.
Mrs. T. A. Sullivan, Bonny River; M. N. Cockburn, Mrs. H. Truett, Mrs. J. B. McQuoid, Mrs. George Innes, Miss Innes, E. Innes, Geo. F. Hibbard, Miss Florence Hibbard, J. W. Richardson, A. Kennedy, St. Andrews, were among those registered at the Windsor during the week.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899
GOVERNOR ROSSBYLTS "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.
ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (never before published), edited by GEORGE COTTELL.
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.
RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.
GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL: "The Emancipation"—Illustrated by Harter.
SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.
MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann."
Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."
ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.
SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.
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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated by Sidney Lanier)... RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles... RUDYARD KIPLING-HENRY VAN DYKE-WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many other short stories...

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MANUFACTURERS ALSO OF THE CELEBRATED

BABY'S OWN SOAP.

Rev. John Whiston of Carleton is here the guest of Rev. B. Damsen. Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary, Mrs. Cassius of Boston and Mrs. G. V. McLennan drive to Chatham on Sunday and returned Monday.

FEDERATION.

[Proseman for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenerty and J. H. Hawthorne.] JULY 26.—A very happy party numbering about 30 are this week rusticating at Pico Bluff camp on the invitation of Mr. Harold Babbi's and chaperoned by Miss Bebbitt.

the Hermitage, on Monday evening, at which about twenty guests were present. The chaperones were Mrs. Leah Stewart, and Mrs. L. O. Sharp of Montreal.

Rev. William Macdonald accompanied by his sister, Miss Macdonald and Mr. E. L. Block left today for a month's visit to the land of Swaziland.

Rev. A. F. Readolph and Mrs. Readolph are enjoying a pleasant visit at Digby in company with other Fredericton friends.

M. E. J. King of Woodstock is numbered among the guests at Windsor Hall.

Miss Edith Gibson has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in St. Stephen.

Dr. and Mrs. Crockett and children leave tomorrow for Quebec city where they will visit Dr. Crockett's parents, President and Mrs. Crockett.

Major Herbert M. Campbell B. A., is here the guest of Mr. E. Byron Winslow. This is his first visit to his old home after four years of absence.

A delightful veranda party was entertained on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt.

Dr. and Mrs. Mott are spending a few days at the Queen, Mrs. Mott is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Deas Creed after a pleasant visit of two weeks with friends here have returned home accompanied by Mr. Creed's sister, Miss Vera Creed.

Major W. F. Fivelling expects to occupy his new camp, on the Nashwaak, next week.

Prof. and Mrs. John Davidson have gone to Dalhousie for their vacation.

Mrs. Chas. McNally is visiting her father Mayo Stuart at Truro, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Goodrich Roberts is visiting Mrs. Sloan on the Nashwaak.

Miss Winnie John ton, Miss Edith McLeod, Miss Sarah McKee, Miss (Catharine) W. J. W. Williamson, Mr. B. Foster and Mr. Mitchell left here on Monday to attend the summer school of science at Campbelltown.

Miss Nicholson last evening entertained a dozen friends at a delightful "soiree" party. After some bright conversation and some "wild" stories had been told and cake was served.

Miss Phelan of Montreal is here visiting her brother, Mr. F. Phelan.

F. B. Beckwith of Waltham, Mass., cousin of His Worship the mayor, is visiting his old home after an absence of twenty-five years.

Miss Fanny Burnside is here from Waltham hospital spending her vacation with her mother.

Mrs. Eaton has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends in the city.

Miss Smith has returned home after a visit of three weeks spent with her brother Mr. George Smith at Magalloway.

Mr. A. S. Murray returned home on Saturday from a two weeks visit on the Tennessee.

Miss Slipp, of Hammondsport is visiting here and is a guest at Windsor Hall.

A merry peal of bells from Christ church, this morning announced the marriage of Miss Mary Belle Miles and Mr. Samuel Edwin Burpee of Edmundston. The bride was prettily gowned in a travelling costume of grey and carried a white and gold prayer-book. She entered the church escorted by her uncle Mr. Chas. Miles who gave her in marriage. The bridesmaid was Miss Beale Edmund of St. John, who was tastefully attired as a carried a beautiful bouquet of cream roses. The groom had the support of his friend Mr. J. W. Hill of Edmundston. The groom's present to his bride was a diamond ring. He also presented one to the bridesmaid.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Thoburn of Silverton, E. C., who have been here visiting relatives for the past month, left today for their far western home, going via San Francisco.

Mr. James Magee accompanied by his daughter, Miss Kathleen Magee have gone to Shediac on a vacation.

His Lordship Bishop Broome of St. John, was among the distinguished guests to the city this week.

DOWN IN A BUSH.

The Brave Deed and the way in which it was awarded.

To pick out the bravest and self-sacrificing deed that has been done within twelve months is no easy task. This, however, is what the Royal Euxine Society of England has to do every year before awarding the Shallop Medal. Few would question the justice of the award that was made in 1904. The medal of that year went to a Cornish rover for man, William Magford by name. In darkness and sudden danger he performed the feat that justly won him distinction.

Torquay a favorite winter resort on the south coast of England, had employed a gang of men to work in the town sewer. Magford was the foreman of the gang, and on a certain day in October he was working with his men in the drain when the water began to rise.

Magford realized the danger, and at once ordered his men up, but the water was too quick for them. A heavy storm of rain had come on. Three men started for the manhole, the foreman remaining behind to secure the staging on which they had been at work. Before he could reach it the flood came down with a wild rush.

One man was dragged into safety by means of a life-line, but another was carried away and drowned. A man named Milton was thrown down, and would have been drowned had not Magford

come along. The foreman had retained his calmness during all the confusion and horror of the moment. He was possessed of exceptional strength, and after a short struggle he succeeded in half-dragging, half-carrying the man to the staging.

Further up the drain was another workman, struggling desperately against the flood. The water was rising higher and running with ever increasing velocity, and the horror of the outlet was augmented by the knowledge that the outlet was directly into the sea on a rocky coast.

In spite of this knowledge, Magford once more led his pluck of comradely energy upon the staging and went further into the drain to assist the struggling workman. After an exhausting battle with the flood he got him to the staging, and then completed his task by helping the two men to climb by means of foot irons and chains to the upper part of the stage, where for seven weary hours they lay and waited for the flood to exhaust itself.

Only those who know the horrors of darkness in the silny depths of a sewer, with the rushing sound of water filling all the space, can appreciate the heroism of the man who twice plunged into the flood to rescue men under his charge.

FIGURES OF AFRICA.

These are in People and some of their Strange Characteristics.

Herodotus records the existence of pigmies in Africa—a nation of little men who were garm oute made of palm leaves. Hundreds of years after the Father of History wrote, Stanley saw them in the gloom of a Central African forest, and held an interview with one of their princes. Later, C. Augustus Barrow, of the Congo Free State, came across these little bracks more than once, and in his book, "The Land of the Figures," he describes their make and manner.

The pigmies' height brings them to the shoulder of a man of average stature, although some of them stand no higher than his chest. There are black pigmies and red pigmies. The bodies of the red pigmies are more hairy at those of negroes, but the black bodies are covered with down. Although a well proportioned race, they are socially inferior to other tribes. They are nomads by nature and wander from place to place, supporting themselves by hunting. One place seems to be as much a home to them as another if it is good hunting ground.

Their revengeful nature and their hardihood in war cause them to be feared. They will lie and deceive, but they will not steal.

The pigmy is an excellent archer. He will shoot three or four arrows, one after the other, with such rapidity that the last will have left the bow before the first has reached its goal. When an arrow misses its mark, the pigmy flies into a violent passion, breaking his bow and arrows in his rage.

When it rains, he puts his left arm with his right hand and checks.

A certain chief of the Monvuis was big, and so corpulent that he had to be carried about in a litter borne by four men. On a certain occasion he was going with his warriors to fight a neighboring chief, for he always accompanied a fighting expedition and directed his attacks from his litter.

His wife, a massive matron, was in the litter with him. As they passed an invisible pigmy scampered whose inhabitants he had offended, a flight of arrows from a concealed spot caused the chief and his wife to drop back from their sitting posture and turn over on their faces.

A pigmy darted out from behind a tiny bush, shot off two arrows, hit both the chief and his wife, and then, uttering a cry of gratification and patting his right arm with his left hand, disappeared behind the bush.

The pigmies take up their abode near the village of a big chief, where banana plantations abound, from which they may glean what they please. They have two methods of gleaning. One is as follows:

A pigmy will mark out a bunch of bananas in a plantation by shooting an arrow into the stalk. The arrow signifies that the pigmy desires that particular bunch when it is sufficiently ripe. The owner of the plantation stands in such fear of the pigmy's vengeance that he never dreams of removing the fruit or the arrow, but leaves both to be obtained by the arrow-hunting chief.

By the other method the pigmy beats the bananas, he fixing the price and paying for it in that which his fat makes current. On returning home from a day's hunting, with several pieces of meat wrapped in grass or leaves, he goes to a plantation, selects several bunches of bananas, shins up the tree, cuts off the bunches, and in payment shins one of the small packets of meat to the stem by a wooden skewer. He has not stolen the bananas—he has bought them. His is "the good old rule" on which Rob Roy acted:

The simple plan.

That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who own.

The pigmy's appetite for bananas is such that he will eat sixty as a meal. Then he will lie and groan throughout the night, but when morning comes he is ready to repeat the meal.

"But," said a pigmy to Captain Burrows, when he expressed surprise at the dwarf's appetite, "there were a few bananas there on a bunch, and I ate them. I suppose that is what they were there for. I should like some more."

Strangers passing through the bush are fair game to the pigmies, who are constant in the act of compelling a man to eat a large quantity of himself. The pigmy fastens a cord to his foot and allows the other end to the bough of a tree that stretches across the forest path. Concealed a few yards off, the pigmy waits till he hears some one coming; then he gently pulls the string so as to shake the bough. The stranger stops to watch the moving branch, and is shot in the back by the pigmy.

"But," said a pigmy, when rebuked by Captain Burrows for such treachery, "he was a stranger. He had no business to be there." It is the old story told in one of Leech's pictures in "Punch": "A stranger! 'Have art a brick at 'im'!"

LINCOLN THE RESCUEFUL.

The way in which His Excellency saved a man.

A characteristic story of Lincoln's kindly interference in behalf of young men who had rendered themselves amenable to the law, but in whose case there was reason to hope for redemption, is told in the Portland Georgian by Mr. J. B. Montgomery, who was a witness to the circumstances.

One Michael Lahn, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, had a contract for carrying the mail from the railroad station. He was the personification of integrity, but his son, Michael, Jr., sixteen years old, who drove the mail-coach, was induced by evil associates to take a letter from the mail-bag and was detected in the act of removing a check from it. He was sentenced to imprisonment.

Great sympathy was felt with the father, and a delegation of citizens, headed by Judge Hale, a member of Congress, including Mr. Montgomery, and accompanied by the older Lahn, a west to Washington to see the President. Mr. Montgomery tells what followed:

"As we entered the executive chamber, President Lincoln came downstairs. He had on a faded old much worn dressing gown. His slippers were red

down at the heel. The President, as soon as we were seated, said:

"Well, gentlemen, what is it you want? Judge Hale handed him the petition. He scanned it carefully, and then said to Judge Hale:

"Judge, can I do anything to help a certain citizen, Judge Hale, after a woman's reflection, replied:

"Mr. President, I don't think you can."

"Lincoln then said, 'I know I cannot, but I wanted to see if you know. But,' he went on, 'I cannot do anything else.'"

He was sitting by his desk, and every one except this man, who withdrew all formalities, would have written on it, but he twisted his two long legs together like a whip-lash, placed the petition on his knee and wrote these words, as near as I can recollect:

"To the United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania. You are hereby directed to enter a writ of habeas corpus in the case of United States vs. Michael Lahn, Jr., in consideration that the said Michael Lahn, Jr., enlisted in the army of the United States and served three years, unless sooner honorably discharged.

A. LINCOLN.

"What do you think of that?" he said, handing it to Judge Hale. It was all that was wanted.

"Lincoln got up out of his chair, shook hands with us all, telling us 'A dozen or so more are waiting outside to see me, but they give me more pleasure than talking to them about office. This, holding Lahn by the hand, he said:

"Tell your son never to be tempted again, to be a good soldier, and how happy it has made me to get him out of his scrape."

The old Dutchman who was short and fat, made a pathetic figure. He was beyond the ability to express himself or even to weep. He stood silent his eyes almost bulging out of his head. His boy was saved.

Heated the Title.

I have an old collie dog called Don (writes a correspondent) who is no longer very active, but his intelligence is as keen as ever. He has lately been annoyed by a neighbor's dog, who is too lazy to bury bones for himself, but is quite ready to take the trouble of digging up other people's treasures. Don, having been cheated out of several choice hoarded morsels in this way, meditated over the business for some time until a bright idea struck him.

One day, after day, the neighbor's dog being out of the way, Don began digging a hole not very far from where I sat watching him. I observed that he dug the hole unusually deep, and in it he put a large and highly desirable bone. Then he covered it well with earth, disappeared for a few minutes, and came back with a mean little bone, which had already seen its best days, but was still good enough, as Don evidently thought, for a thief. This bone he carefully laid on the earth which concealed the big one, and he spread the earth over it with great industry and artfulness.

I was interested enough in this clever trick to watch results, and had the pleasure of seeing that it was completely successful. Very early the next morning the thief seized what he thought an opportune moment, dug up the worthless bone and ran away with it; and later in the day Don came down leisurely, and resped his reward as he sat comfortably crunching the large juicy bone.

THEIR OWN VALUE.

There never was, and never will be, a universal remedy, in one remedy, for the ill to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's constitution being such that were the organs of the system and differently situated diseases rooted in the system, and differently situated would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Who, which is obtainable in a most unobtrusive state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are removed, and the system is restored to a state of health which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those who with a chronic state of nervous debility and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts firmness to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making healthy a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite, health, and Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, judged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Amateur coddlers in Berlin are seven retired army officers three ex-patriates and sixteen soldiers. Mantolite traces its origin from Mantion, the Indian appellation of "the Great Spirit."

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green frosts, chills, malarial, etc., and many persons are debilitated from eating these trumpet fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Killinger's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

The self-made man always reaches the period in life when he discovers that he left a few in his superstructure.

He Who Tried It—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say that, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Fernald's Eucalypti Oil, I have. I have used it regularly for over two years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

New Guinea is considered by the German naturalist, Dr. Seimon, the richest of tropical islands.

Basils exports more than 1,500,000 eggs every year.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Fills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome eos freeness the medicine administered must influence the action of these organs. Fernald's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them fastened to operate on the intestines are retained in solution until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

One apple orchard in Greenwood, Iowa, contains 600 acres and 120,000 trees.

A SMALL PILL FOR POWERFUL.—They that judge of the power of a pill by its size would consider Fernald's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. One or two small pills are carried are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful, that only small doses are required. The full strength of the medicine is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

The queen of Sweden is probably the most charitable of the royal ladies of Europe. It is said that she devotes almost six weeks of her large fortune to works of benevolence.

"Mushroom"

MAKERS OF Silverplate

Are not the ones to buy your silverplated knives, forks and spoons from—Get those marked

W. W. ROGERS

"The kind that lasts."—Two generations of users endorse the makers' guarantee.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

To Cure BRONCHITIS

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE Internally

'SUN' LINIMENT externally

EACH 25c PER BOTTLE. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MRS., Montreal.

Printing!

Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have?

Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

We will send you estimates and samples.

HOTELS.

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, 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 hotel every three minutes.

R. T. WILKES, Proprietor.

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.

OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. (in season)

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N.B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

The ample rooms in attendance. First class Livery Stable. Coaches on trains and boats.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE.

ST. STEPHEN'S, N. B.

The "Lombard" Method" also "Synch System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of

J. T. WHITLOCK

CONSUMPTION CURED

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs, Lard in casks and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

J. D. TURNER.

BLOODLESSNESS,

Or as Doctors Say "Anæmia" is Cured By Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

An anæmic person is usually weak, listless and pale. He gets out of breath on slight exertion, the pulse is rapid and weak and the sleep frequently disturbed. The feet and hands are cold, ankles swollen at night and there is puffiness under the eyes in the morning. Since the cause of anæmia is lack of a sufficient quantity of red blood corpuscles in the blood, a cure can only be effected by a treatment which will increase the number of red corpuscles and so improve the quality of the blood.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anæmic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering the ill of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

FIGHTING ANGER IN ATHENS.

A Cat That has Whipped all the Dogs in Town to Average Her Kittens. Out in Athens, O., there is an Angora cat with a fighting record. When she appears on the street every dog within eight links off with his tail between his legs. Not one of them dares to pass her, and yet, under ordinary circumstances, she is a peaceable, law-abiding cat. She made her record last summer, and the tale of her provocation is tragic. In June she became the proud mother of four puff ball kittens. They occupied a basket in the barn and every one patted them and made much of them; but one fatal day, while the mother was away, rats killed all four of the kittens. When the bereaved parent returned a dreadful sight met her eyes; but like pet Marjorie Fleming's turkey,

she was more than usual calm. She did not give a single dent. She was too desperate for profanity. According to the hostler's testimony, she just buried her face in her paws and thought long and meditated vengeance. The owner of the cat has a kennel of fine hunting dogs. Tabby had had various skirmishes with them, and had reason to think them evil characters. She evidently figured out the theory that dogs were the meanest creatures she knew, and dogs must have killed those kittens, for she rose with her white fur bristling and her eyes blazing and made a beeline for the kennel yard where five dogs were sunning themselves. Snapping down upon the innocent dogs she took them, one at a time, and punished them until they fled, covered with blood and yelping dimly. Tabby's blood was up. Some dog had killed her helpless babies. She didn't know what dog had done the deed; but she didn't intend to take any chances on allowing the guilty one to escape, so she started out on the warpath, with a firm intention of whipping every dog in town. The next door neighbor owned a valuable pug dog, who was lying luxuriously on a blue silk cushion on the front veranda. In at the gate came an avenging Nemesis, spitting fire and slaughter. In two minutes that blue silk cushion was splattered with red and the pug was a candidate for a dog hospital. Tabby left him howling in agony and rushed on in her made career, tackling every dog, big or little, that showed his head. The righteousness of her cause spurred her on, and each contest added to her thirst for gore. An Italian greyhound was fit for nothing but carpet rage when she got through with him and a dignified St. Bernard has been blind in one eye ever since he met incarnate fury in Angora guise.

The crusade attracted [the attention of passers-by and a crowd soon collected and followed the cat. Betting on each event ran high, and the excitement grew. Finally the cat neared a butcher's shop in whose door sat a bandy-legged bulldog of great renown. A murmur ran through the crowd. The fame of that bulldog as a fighter had spread far and wide, and every one prophesied that the dauntless conqueror had met her Waterloo. She made straight for the bulldog. He rose and waddled out to meet her. He knew just what he would do to her. He would take her by the back of the neck and break her back with one shake. Then suddenly something fell from the sky upon the back of his own neck, and blood rained into his eyes and ears. When he could see again, a wild demoniac cat was standing ten feet away from him, but she didn't stay there. She flew through the air, landed on his back and clawed furrows before he could touch her. Then she was gone again. The unequal contest lasted five minutes, and at the end of the that time the bulldog whipped for the first time in his life, slunk into the shop, and Tabby hunted for another victim. None appeared. She had cleaned out the town, and, after looking for more words to enquire, she trailed sadly home and sat in the barn door, wailing dimly, all the afternoon. Since then every dog in town will cross the street to avoid meeting her.

HIS VOICE WAS ENOUGH.
It was the Electionist she Wanted the boy to Hear.

Nothing can surpass in richness and sonority the utterance of a genuine Tipperary Irishman who is endowed by nature with a fine baritone voice and has lost none of his native brogue. One such is employed in a certain large station of Pennsylvania Railroad as a train announcer, and there could not have been a better selection for the post. His voice is melodious and smother, and his enunciation. He is attentive to his business, and polite to all inquirers. It is worth coming a long way to hear him call out, in a voice that swallows the echoes of the great station. 'Aal aboard for Brantway. 'Lizbeth, P'th Ambly's an' Rid Bank! Aal aboard zerrd!

One day, when he had just called a way-train, a little Jewish woman, who held by the hand a sharp-featured little boy, ap-

"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

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

proached the train-announcer and asked: 'Zay, meester, vot time go the negst drain for Noosark, Noo Chairsey?' With due dignity Michael responded, in a clear, loud voice, 'The next train for Noosark, Nyoo Jarsey, l'aves at wantherry Fay In!'

The woman and boy appeared satisfied but they lingered near, and in about five minutes they came to him, and the woman once more asked: 'Zay, meester, vot time leave do negst drain for Noosark, Noo Chairsey?' Recognizing them as the questioners of a few minutes before, Michael responded with great clearness:

'The next train for Nyooark, Nyoo Jarsey, l'aves at wantherry—Play—In! Aal aboard for Thrinton, Philadilphy, Baalimore, Waashin't'n, an' aal p'ints South!'

Within ten minutes the same Jewish woman and the same little boy approached him again, and the woman repeated her question; and Michael now somewhat impatiently responded:

'I told you twice, ma'am, that it do l'ave at wantherry! Now may I ask you why you ask me the therrd toime?' 'Oo, vell,' she answered, 'I care nodings about the drain for Noosark, Noo Chairsey. My l'ikey, here, he l'ike to hear you speak!'

It was the elocutionist, not the train-announcer, to whom the woman had applied. It is quite possible to say what one means, and yet not mean all that one says. Such was the case with the newspaper that in telling of the death of a man who had been struck by a railway train, added: 'It will be remembered that he was the victim of a similar accident a year ago.'

Equally to the point, and equally amusing, was the explanation of a negro freight hand upon a Southern railway. He had been placed in charge of a mule, the destination of which was marked on a tag attached by twine to the animal's leg. Before the mule could be persuaded to enter a car, he managed to reach the tag, and before the negro could intercept he had that tag well showed up. The old man looked at the local freight agent in great perturbation, and said: 'What I goin' to do wid dat mule? He done eat up de place where he's goin.'

HUMORS OF THE PENSION OFFICE.

The Clerks Find Plenty in the Letters of Some Pensioners.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Sun has discovered that clerks in the Pension Office, endowed with a sense of humor, find much in the letters coming from pension claimants to bring the solace of amusement to their labors. Some of these letters are so unique in their way that copies are made of them as literary curiosities. Here, for instance, is an excerpt from the letter of a man who lately made application for a pension.

'The way I got my war injury was a ketcholin of a hog. The hog wor a sow hog and our Captain wanted her forage. We was chasin the sow and she crawled through a hole in a rale fence—it war a big hole and I thot I were about the size of the hog and tried to crawl thro, but I stuck and tryin to wigle out I throd the rales off and one hit me on my head and knocked me senseless. I do not think the sow pig had nothing to do with my line for duty fer I did not ketch the hog. Wich he never were caught.'

A sympathetic neighbor endeavor to reinforce the claims of another applicant by testifying thus: 'I verily believe that Orville Jameson is fatigued from carnin his leavin becos he is too fatt ways 900 pounds and has a family to feed—the nabors think he has droopy becos he would bust if he had moor inside him than he now hav besides wich he are without vituous habits or references. I no he hav solid fatt and vittles in him and no droopy.'

A Nameless Hero.
A book of the deeds of heroes whose names have not survived them would contain many of the noblest records of the human race. In it we should find the perfect mingling of courage and humility. A touching story, told by the London News belongs to this noble list, which grows longer year by year.

A certain Major Baker and his daughter were passengers on the Stella when that unfortunate ship was wrecked. Both were about to perish, when the father made a piteous appeal to a boatload of passengers who were leaving the ship's side to find room for his daughter.

One man to whom there is no absolutely no clue, instantly stepped back to the ship and allowed the lady to take his place.

A pure hard Soap
SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

As the boat cleared the side the vessel went down, carrying with it the girl's father and her unknown rescuer.

How beautiful! How unutterably so! His anonymity somehow seems to enhance the heroic grandeur of his death. Nothing would have been gained by knowing his name. A man capable of such a deed wants no mortuary honors, nor the local habitation of a monument. He belongs to the infinite of greatness, and his fitting grave is the sea.

PRELIMINARY REPORT.
He Dated England and Thus Tells a Unique Story.

The only man of alien race who has succeeded during recent years in making a stand against England is President Kruger of the Transvaal. This fact alone gives him a unique position in the world.

He is not so great a man as his remarkable success in thwarting the ambitions of Cecil Rhodes and the aggressiveness of Mr. Chamberlain would seem to indicate. He is a stolid, cautious representative of the Dutch settlers in South Africa, who have been driven inland from the Cape by the superior energy and enterprise of men of English blood. His principal trait is sluggishness. He stands still and waits.

President Kruger has the credit of being a man of great force of character. In reality it is the force of inertia. He is a plain, home-loving Boer, living in the simplest way on the outskirts of Pretoria, smoking a long pipe the greater part of the day, drinking a great deal of strong coffee, taking little exercise and sleeping well. He has made several quaint jokes, which have armed him with the reputation of being shrewd and almost brilliant; but he speaks slowly, is dull in conversation, and is neither quick in mind nor alert in action.

He has hindered by inaction the designs of Mr. Rhodes, one of the most energetic and capable of English Imperialists, and also the counsels of Mr. Chamberlain, one of the shrewdest and most practical colonial secretaries. He promises to do things and never does them. He exhausted the pa-

tience of Cecil Rhodes and in this way drew Doctor Jameson into the foolish and wicked raid into the Transvaal. He has thwarted Mr. Chamberlain mainly by standing back, waiting month after month to make up his mind, and promising to do something after a while.

President Kruger has been more than a match for these two great Englishmen, but only because he represented the quiescence of a backward country which was pitted against a generous and magnanimous nation. The British Empire has been arrayed against the little Boer Republic, but in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's moral policies, England's hands have been tied.

A Much Maligned Beverage.
"Death in the tea-pot." Well, cheap tea-steeped instead of steeped—caused the deaths. Good tea property drawn, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but it is not to be drunk, for instance, Tealy's Elephant Brand India-Tea.

FROZEN FISH.
This is the Same old Fish Story With Variations.

General Lysons, of the British army, is telling his experience of winter in Canada, mentions some of the effects of severe cold. Among these are the cracking and splitting of hardwood trees, with loud reports. He describes the sound as like that of rifle-shots in battle. He says that the nights in the bush were like the Battle of Waterloo. But the most wonderful thing of all was the effect of the cold upon the fish as these were taken out of the water.

We went down to the lake and made a number of holes in the ice and lowered our line through them; but the wind was so cold that we were obliged to make arcs of branches to sit behind and save ourselves from freezing. We got a good number of trout, but nothing large. That evening I saw the realization of what I had considered a Mucousen story.

The boys had brought up the fish from the lake, and had thrown them down at the entrance of the camp near the end of the fire. The fish were all frozen hard in the shape they had last twisted themselves into, and were so brittle that some of them were broken in halves.

While I was cooking the dinner I heard a peculiar tapping noise, which I could not make out. At last a little bright flash caught my eye. I looked on the ground and there I saw all the silvery trout flapping and jumping about as merrily as possible. I do not think the broken ones came to life again—the ends, certainly did not reunite,—but all the others danced a merry jig till I required them for the frying pan.

What to Remembered.
An English educator relates in Chamber's Journal, an incident which prompts the reflection—not a new one—that one way to a boy's mind is through his stomach. A lady returned, after a long absence, to her country home, and addressed a youth who had formerly been under her tuition. 'Well, Andrew,' said she, 'how much do you remember of my lessons?' 'Ah ma'am, never a word,' replied Andrew.

'O Andrew, Andrew! his teacher exclaimed. 'Have you forgotten all about the sun and the stars, the day and the night, and the seasons?' Andrew scratched his head before replying. 'Oh no, ma'am, he said at length. 'I do remember now. And you set them on the schoolroom table, and Mars was a red gooseberry, and I ate him.'

Modest Appeal.
The attention of English-speaking visitors to the Milian Cathedral is readily attracted by the following notice, which appears over an alms-box: Appels to Charitables. The Brothers, as-call of Mercy ask slender arms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.
On 2nd and 4th TRUESDAY, July 28th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesday and Thursday) leaving Tidewater at 9 a. m. local time. Returning, leave Hampton every day at 5 p. m. Arriving back 7.30 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents.

Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa, for 50 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Head or L. C. R. Station. On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Monday, at 1.30 p. m., Wednesday 2 p. m., and Saturday at 5.30 p. m., and will leave St. John, Wednesday at 5 p. m., Saturday at 4 p. m.

J. G. RAILL, Manager.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS
—YOU CAN HAVE—
Progress,
—and those popular magazines—
Munsey McClure
.....AND.....
Cosmopolitan
sent to your address for one year.
DON'T MISS IT!
You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.
P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon re-newing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

PRIZE SOAP
PLAY DAY

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1899.

DEATH A STEP AWAY.

AN UNLUCKY GAMBLER'S ENIGMA—HUBERT WISEDAVE JONES.

We got on a ferryboat and when something happened that drove all thoughts of outside out of his mind—A Hint of People in Face of Death.

Once in a while it comes to every man's mind, said the cross-eyed gambler, to figure up how he would face death if it came right down to cases. Taking it all in all, there ain't many of us ever called on to do any figuring of that sort. Either a man gets passed out by some sort of accident so quiet that no time is given for calculating his own feelings, or else he dies of an illness that saps his vitality gradually, so that when the end comes he simply drops away without a struggle. It's a slight few chance of a man going up against the final with a pair of fieldglasses to his eyes, so to speak, and a first chop view of the whole field. I've always thought that if I was in a crowd, that was on the edge, I'd want to keep tabs on their actions, only I'd probably be too rattled myself to think of anything but keeping a steady jaw. Well, I've had the chance of my life at that, under conditions when I didn't have to get rattled for myself, and I can hereby notify you that once is enough. Interesting? Well, it just sweated interest, that performance, and I didn't miss much that was going on either. But, as I said, once is all I want to slip in for. Besides, I've got my own life to look after nowadays. Then I didn't have.

One, I wasn't a dead one. Just getting ready to be. That's all. What the preserver call a Benign Providence had handed me a couple of upstarts that just about got me ready for a permanent nap. Never mind what. It was just all kinds of trouble and when I boarded the ferryboat in Brooklyn I had calculated to leave my last quarter on the deck for some lucky better and just modestly slip over the rail into oblivion. On the whole, I couldn't discover that I made a great hit by living. Once over the rail it would be a cinch, for I couldn't swim a stroke and I figured that my luck wasn't of the kind that would make me jump off a boat into the arms of a life preserver. No matter how far down you are, though, there's always a little natural hesitation when it comes to dropping the fig. I stood out on the rear deck, because I didn't want to be chewed up by the paddle wheels, which is a rough deal even for a suicide. Well, I stood there trying to pick out a patch of river that looked a little less cold and wet than the average, and wishing I'd blown in the quarter for drink to brace me up a little, when I found out that something was happening out in front. There was a great old racket and a tooting and shouting, then we hit something like running into an express train head on, and it was only by a champion clutch that I saved myself from going over the rail before my time. That jarred all the suicide right out of me. I started forward and found a first-class riot going on in the cabin, so I went through the carriage way, and a pretty gay time I had of it, for all the horses in the place were doing quicksteppes.

Getting trampled to death by horses wasn't any part of my programme, and I performed some grand dodging before I reached open air on the other side. Then there was another big bump, and I dived into a post with my head and just about put myself out. When I got to my feet again and things stopped whirling around like a roller coaster I thought I was in an asylum sure. There is a streak of insanity in all of us, and it takes a sudden danger to bring it out. That whole ferryboat load of people were acting like a sideshow to Bloomingdale, yelling and howling and dancing and making faces at each other.

In the course of a long and unprosperous life I've had occasion to see my imminent finish a number of times and I hope I can put up as good a front as the next man, but when I felt that solid deck sort of ring his solidity under my feet—or thought I did—I had a powerful hunch to make a running jump of it and trust to landing somewhere. One thing is sure: this little job I had got just knocked the suicide game clean out of my memory and I forgot what I was there for. That with the yelling and howling and general dopeness of the bunch around me, I soon got my wits about me and began to size up the situation. But a little beyond us in the fog I could make out one of these big river logs looking pretty sick, with her bow stove up

into several kinds of lumber. She didn't look as if she was in a position to do us much good if it came down to cases, and as everybody was yelling that we were sinking or words to that effect it looked like a hard deal for the life insurance companies. As near as I could figure out there were about three women to every man aboard the ferryboat, and when it came to a question of figures it seemed to be up to me to get at least one female out of the scrape if I could do it, so I made a bolt into the cabin, cut loose a couple of life preservers and looked around for a lady that looked as if she could float easy. First thing I struck was a 300 pounder; don't believe you could have sunk her with a wagon load of lead, but as she was leaning against the wall trying to faint I tucked her up in the preserver, and then found it wouldn't go around. By sacrificing my last necktie I got it fastened onto her, and all the while she had me by the neck and was praying me not to forsake her. There was more business to be done in other places, and I broke out of that cinch, though it almost cost me my shirt to get loose, and looked for another lady that needed to be saved. Something hit into me pretty hard, and the next I knew a young chap had me by the arm.

'My name's Corder,' he says in a sort of whistly squeak. 'Oh, my God! I'm going to drown. I can't swim. Tell 'em my name's Corder when they find the body. Good-by.'

'He made a break for the rail. He moved quick, but I moved quicker, and I got him by the leg.'

'Hold on, Corder,' I says. 'Take a life preserver. It'd come in handy.'

'Lemme go, lemme go,' he yelled. 'She's sinking.'

'He best at me with his open hands like an old woman when she gets mad and I had to down him. It didn't seem to be a time for polite measures, so when I got him down I gave him a punch to quiet him and he quit his little song. Then I yanked him to his feet and told him—there were women aboard to be saved, and if he didn't lay himself out to take care of some of them I'd lay him out myself. He was white and he shook like a fit of ague, but he steadied himself like a good one and says:

'Thanks. I'm all right now. Got rattled, I guess. Where are the preservers?'

'Under the seats,' I says. 'You'll do all right.'

'We fitted in and got all the preservers we could carry, and went out to fix up the women again. I must say that the women took it better than the men on the average. Some of 'em lay around and groaned, but all the howling and rampaging was done by the stronger sex. Not but what some of the men were all right. I saw one large prosperous looking banker—from his looks that I'd like to change wads with, moggling around giving good advice to everybody in reach.

'There's lots of time,' was his tune. 'We may not go down at all, and if we do it won't be till we've all had a chance to get off. Don't jump till you get the word.'

'He had plenty of opposition, though, for there were idiots all over the place that didn't have anything else to do but warble about the boat sinking and everybody getting drowned. My young friend Corder, who had got to work and forgotten all about his own troubles tackled one of them and put in a few words of expostulation, and when those didn't go he landed a neat swing on the squaller's jaw that stopped the concert in no time. But the worse case of that was a fat little brute who was down on his knees near the iron gate using his voice for all that was in it. I've heard some pretty tough talk in my time in more than one language, but for concentrated blasphemy that guy laid over anything I had ever heard before. As soon as I had time I got him by the neck, but I had to choke him silent and then he kept trying to go on:

'Quit that Johan act, I say as soon as I could get a word in. Your enough to sink a whole fleet of ships, let alone one ferryboat.'

'Let me alone,' he whispered. 'I'm going to die. Let me make my peace with heaven. It's my last prayer.'

'You're making yourself solid with the other place all right,' I told him, and if that's what you call praying I'd hate to be brought up in your Sunday school.'

'One last prayer,' he cried, and went on gabbling that awful stuff.

'And he was in earnest. He actually

was praying, but in his panic he got fatally twisted. I hauled him to his feet and then I saw he had a life preserver fastened tight around his knees. I cut it off in one sweep and at that he grabbed me around the waist and began to cry and beg me not to sacrifice his last chance of life and to tell me that he was wicked and not fit to go to his account, with specifications. From what he said I couldn't make out but what he'd led a pretty respectable sort of life, but that wasn't the question. I tried to explain to him that unless he wanted to go floating around the bay wrong end up, making a sort of breeches buoy of himself, he'd better not wear his life preserver around his knees. It didn't take long after that to get him fixed up and planted in a place where he'd be out of the way. There were a couple of young ladies who had been hustling around among the others trying to keep them quiet and get them ready to jump, if the worst came, and neither of them had thought anything about herself. It was a job to round them up and get them into cork, but I got it done, and then I ran into the queerest specimen of the lot. I've heard of men who were drunk coming sober when confronted by danger, and I've seen one case of it; but this was the first time I'd ever seen the opposite.

'This chap had a beautiful jag on, and I'll swear he was all right when the boat started, for he came up to me and asked me for a light, and if he'd been unsteady it would have been easy enough to spot the booze on him then. Maybe he had a still on. Anyway he was reeling around the deck with his eyes half closed singing some razzle dazzle ditty in a voice like a dead man's and occasionally remarking that he wasn't afraid of anything and could lick any three men aboard. Last I saw of him he was trying to chuck the 300 pound lady under the chib and explaining to her that there wasn't any real danger so long as he stood by her, which he would do until death did them part. As she was about half conscious, it didn't disturb her and the jag was left to watch over her, which at least kept him out of mischief.

'By this time I was having a pretty gay sort of a time for a man just on the edge of the grave. My little pet watery-grave scheme hadn't returned to my memory yet; but, on the other hand, I didn't seem to care much what happened. Guess I had a touch of the time-of-peril joy for solid 24 karat exhilaration makes champagne look like calico tea. There was still that uncomfortable sag to the deck, and out in the fog things were making a million kinds of fancy racket, but it didn't disturb me any more. I managed to keep busy, though, as a cheerer of the downhearted. I wasn't in the same class with the young ladies who were dispensing good advice just as cool as if there wasn't any danger within a hundred miles. Comparatively speaking, things were getting calmed down—that is, the yelling wasn't such a continuous performance but what you could hear yourself think now and again—when a young grocer's boy came flitting out of a wagon where I suppose he'd been sleeping through all the mess, with his eyes just popping out of his head. He began to shin up one of the cabin supports, and paint my nose green if he didn't cling there and begin to or ow like a rooster. It was the wierdest performance I saw in the who's show. There was nothing about it in the rules of the game, and the way he did make little shivers go down my back. Corder came up, and he says to me:

'He's going mad,' he says. 'First thing you best'll drop down and bite somebody, or throw himself overboard. We ought to get him down.'

'Not for me,' I says. 'That ain't the variety of Wilkes I like to meddle with. That ought to be in the padded cell,' I says, and I dodges.'

'That's where Corder had more nerve than I had, for he hauled the kid down and, sure enough the kid hit at him like a dog. It gave me such a bunch that I swear if I'd had a gun I'd have come pretty near putting a bullet in his head, like shooting a wild animal. But Corder got down, and with the help of broker party, straightened him out. They said afterward it was a sort of epileptic fit. Whatever it was it started the whole crowd of loonies raving again, and right in the middle of it a little thin, wisened guy came up to me with a hop, skip and a jump and gave a sort of a howl.'

'It's you,' he says.

'Of course it's me,' I told him. 'Who did you think it was, the foolman?'

'Oh, it's you; it's you,' he says, doing a double shuff. 'I knew it the minute I saw those eyes.'

'Now be nice,' say I, for a cross-eyed man has some feeling of his own. 'Be nice and don't make cracks about my eyes or something might happen to yours.'

'Those eyes, those eyes,' he yapped, dancing the highland fling. 'You looked at me when I came aboard, and now the boat is sinking.'

'Well, that chap was honestly of the opinion that my off-side eye had wizarded the craft and brought about the accident, and he looked like an intelligent citizen too. Pretty soon he danced away still bemoaning my peeps, and I went through to the rear of the cabin to see if there was anything doing there. Nobody had got busy, around that region and there was a little family group that had been forgotten a young German mother and three youngsters. When I came up she was talking to the oldest boy of six or so, in German, and from tones of her voice I guess she was trying to keep the little fellow from being scared, but she was as white as a sheet herself and the other two kids were whimpering. I grabbed out some life preservers and told her to put them on, but she shook her head. Didn't understand life preservers or English either. Hoch, der Kaiser, is about the limit of my German, but I dove in, and made signs to her to put on the preservers.

'They'll float you,' I says. 'Fits'n like corken,' I says, making a stab at the Dutch.

'Well, I got preservers on the kids all right, and got another for her, and then I managed to make her understand that I'd stick by the family. At that she got me around the knees and began to cry and do the gratitude game until I felt like thirty cents change out of a hundred dollar bill. I got too good and I broke away and sent Corder back there, telling him it was a case of necessity. Then I peeked through the cabin when he got there. I laughed myself blue in the face to see the catch-up-catch-can wrestling match he'd let himself in with the grateful lady.

'Then the engines got going and pretty soon we were on the slip, and the whole push came back to their senses and began to looked ashamed of themselves. Naturally, I drifted along with the crowd, and it wasn't till I was half way up the bridge that I remembered that little engagement with Davy Jones.

'Say, I say out loud, not thinking, 'I've forgotten something.'

'What's that?' asked Corder, who was right next me.

'This isn't my landing,' I says. 'I ought to have got off outside.'

'Corder looked at me hard and said we'd better talk it over. Well, the upshot of it was that I told him to whole game, and he rolled up his shirt sleeves, so to speak, and square me with the world, and it cost him a bit, too. Afterward I hit it heavy on a run of red on the wheel and paid him back. I've struck tough luck now and again since then, but I've never had any appetite for suicide, mainly because I found out that a man who's within one stop of dead can do some good in the world if things happen right and have a pretty lively sort of a good time doing it.'

HIS SHASHORN SCHEMME.

It seemed a Veritable Klondike, but the Landlord Knew Better.

He was a new arrival at the seashore, and everything he saw seemed to interest him. Of course he went to the beach during the bathing hour and after a brief survey of it became abstracted and thoughtful. He walked the entire length of it and then made a circuit up by the bathhouses studying every detail of the surroundings.

'Do you know,' he said later when he had hunted up the proprietor of the hotel at which he was staying, 'that you're overlooking a golden opportunity?'

'Wait until you see your bill,' suggested the proprietor, with the calm assurance of a man who knows he has done the best he can.

'Oh, that has nothing to do with it! I returned the guest rather irritably. There is a chance to make a fortune here entirely outside of the hotel business.'

'Possibly, possibly,' replied the proprietor, 'but you have to be pretty sharp to run a shall game here without getting into trouble with the authorities.'

'Who wants to run a shall game?' demanded the guest. 'My scheme is as legitimate as—any theatrical attraction there is in existence. Will you go into it with me if I prove it to you?'

'My capital is pretty well tied up in this hotel,' said the proprietor cautiously.

'Practically no capital is required,' urged the guest. 'Just say the word, and I'll let you go in on the ground floor.'

'Let's hear about it,' returned the proprietor, 'and if it is at all plausible you can count me in.'

'Well, the first thing to do,' explained the guest, 'would be to rent the bathing bench and put a high board fence

around it. The living picture exhibition there during the bathing hour is simply superb, but it ought not to be free. I'd make all men and old maids pay an admission fee.'

The proprietor shook his head. 'It wouldn't do,' he said. 'We tried it once.'

'What was the trouble?' asked the guest. 'Two of the prettiest girls there were here got mad about some trifles one day and just out of spite they cut an additional six inches off the skirts of their bathing suits and insisted on going in outside of the inclosure. They kept that up for a week, and we didn't make enough money to pay the gatekeeper.'—Chicago Post.

THE BOY ON THE CAB.

He was Talkative Because Pop Hadn't Bought That Wheel.

If you are married and have a boy who is old enough to ride a wheel and there are any family secrets which you prefer keeping in the background, do not take the boy with you when out for a street car ride.

This advice is founded on an incident in one of the Boulevard horse cars—beautiful things for a city like New York—labeled 'Grant Tomb.'

'Pop you know what you promised me—about that wheel. Do I get it tomorrow, pop?'

'I'll see about it. Look; there is the horseless carriage.'

'The boy looked.

'Sa, pop, that won't be in it with my wheel, will it?'

'I should say not. I am afraid it is going to rain. I guess we had better go back.'

'If I had my new wheel, I'd say, 'Let 'er rain!' wouldn't you pop?'

'It looks very much like a shower. Guess we will take the next car back.'

'Say, pop, I don't want no boy's wheel. I want a man's wheel, and I want adjustable handle bars, and I don't want the wheel too low geared, do I? What wheel are you going to get, pop?'

This inquiry caused several who heard it to look at the father of the boy, as if each would like to name the wheel, but nobody did. The father ventured to say:

'You don't want a man's wheel.'

'Yes, I do, pop. You know you promised me it should be a man's wheel. She wouldn't let you in till you promised, you know, pop?'

'Look at that wheel. It is a new make. I think I know that man.'

'You know, pop, you promised me to get me a bike suit like hers, pop, and the suit goes with the wheel, pop.'

'Yes, my boy. Now we will get off at the next corner.'

'What for? Ma said she hoped to the Lord she wouldn't see you again today. Why not go and get the wheel now?'

'I am not ready today.'

'You ain't? Are you going to buy it for cash or on the instalment plan?'

'Cash, of course. Always pay cash, my boy, and then you won't owe anybody.'

'Then what made you tell me to get her bathing suit on monthly payments?'

The man tried to laugh. He did not succeed so well as those who sat opposite. 'Oh, I know, pop. You told me to stand off the gas man and the ice man, so you could get ahead. That's how you're going to pay cash for my wheel. Eh, pop?'

'Seventy-ninth street!' by the conductor. 'Thanks!' by the man who got off, followed by a boy.—New York Truth.

Didn't Even Healtate.

An Englishman traveling in America once had occasion to investigate the running time of the train that passed through the small place where he was stopping. Carefully searching a time-table he found apparently that there would be an express train due at four o'clock that afternoon.

The Englishman was at the station to time with his bag, etc., and so was the express train. The intending passenger watched it approach and thunder by the station at top speed.

He was not a little annoyed, and turning to a coloured man who stood near, remarked, 'That train didn't stop!'

'No, sir,' replied that individual cheerfully. 'Not that train. Didn't even healtate!'

Source: Healt.

Rarely does a 'green hand' give the long-suffering editor such an opportunity as that below, noted in the Catholic Standard and Times:

'Here's a story of a thief,' said the enthusiastic young and new reporter, who scoured a room at a local hotel and robbed other guests of their money. What sort of head shall I put on it?'

'Oh,' said the editor, 'suppose you make it "Secondarily Reconciles Gains Currency.'

...fiance of Cecil Rhodes and in this way drew Doctor Jameson into the foolish and wicked raid into the Transvaal. He has thwarted Mr. Chamberlain mainly by standing back, waiting month after month to make up his mind, and promising to do something after a while.

President Kruger has been more than a match for these two great Englishmen, but only because he represented the quiescence of a backward country which was pitted against a generous and magnanimous nation. The British Empire has been arrayed against the little Boer Republic, but in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's moral policies, England's hands have been tied.

A Much Maligned Beverage.

'Death in the tea-pot.' Well, cheap tea—steeped instead of steeped—assured the saying. Good tea properly brewed, and a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but it may be good, so far as health, only if it is made with the best tea. See, Talley's Elephant Brand Tea—Oxley Tea.

PROSE WRITER.

This is the Same Old Fish Story With Variations.

General Lyons, of the British army, in telling his experience of winter in Canada, mentions some of the effects of severe cold. Among these are the cracking and splitting of hardwood trees, with loud reports. He describes the sound as like that of 'griffins' shots in battle. He says that the nights in the bush were like the Battle of Waterloo. But the most wonderful thing of all was the effect of the cold upon the fish as these were taken out of the water.

We went down to the lake and made a number of holes in the ice and lowered our line through them; but the wind was so cold that we were obliged to make screens of branches to sit behind and save ourselves from freezing. We got a good number of trout, but nothing large. That evening I saw the realization of what I had considered a Mucousen story.

The boys had brought up the fish from the lake, and had thrown them down at the entrance of the camp near the end of the fire. The fish were all frozen hard in the shape they had last twisted themselves into, and were so brittle that some of them were broken in halves.

While I was cooking the dinner I heard a peculiar tapping noise, which I could not make out. At last a little bright flash caught my eye. I looked on the ground and there I saw all the silvery trout flapping and jumping about as merrily as possible. I do not think the broken ones came to life again—the ends certainly did not reunite,—but all the others danced a merry jig till I required them for the trying pan.

What he Remembered.

An English educator relates in Chamber's Journal, an incident which prompts the reflection—not a new one—that one way to a boy's mind is through his stomach. A lady returned, after a long absence, to her country home, and addressed a youth who had formerly been under her tuition.

'Well, Andrew,' said she, 'how much do you remember of my lessons?'

'Ah ma'am, never a word,' replied Andrew.

'O Andrew, Andrew!' his teacher exclaimed. 'Have you forgotten all about the sun and the stars, the day and the night, and the seasons?'

Andrew scratched his head before replying. 'Oh no, ma'am, he said at length, 'I do remember now. And you set them on the schoolroom table, and Mary was a red gooseberry, and I ate him.'

Modest Appeal.

The attention of English-speaking visitors to the Milian Cathedral is readily attracted by the following notice, which appears over an alms-box:

Appeal to Charitables. The Brothers, call of Mercy ask slender arms for the hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after THURSDAY, July 29th, the CHAMBER CLIFTON will make two Excursions to Hampton, (Tuesday and Thursday) leaving St. John at 6 a. m., local time. Return to Hampton on day at 5.30 p. m. Return to St. John at 7.30 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents. Excursions may buy tickets to Hampton by St. John and return by rail on the same terms. See Circulars on sale at the Hotel St. John, St. John, N. B. On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Monday, at 6.30 a. m., and will reach St. John, Wednesday, at 5 a. m., Saturday, at 7 p. m.

H. G. EARLE, Manager.

Two Men's Love.

CHAPTER III.

How time does fly, to be sure! It was the month of July when I came here, and now it is the end of November. The past four months have, on the whole, been happy ones enough, for, though I have had a tiff with Nigel at least once a week, Aunt Di more than makes up for his sour and bitter remarks.

After hearing the story of his trouble I did not earnestly try to quarrel with him; but being neither a saint, nor a marble image, the attempt was a vain one.

I often think he deliberately tries to be as nasty to me as he possibly can, though what motive he can have for such behaviour is beyond me to guess.

During the past week I have been kept in the house with a bad cold, and am now standing somewhat disconsolately at the drawing room window, gazing at the wintry landscape.

"Oh, dear me! what shall I do?" I presently exclaim, aloud, with a long-drawn sigh. "I am sick of fancy-work, I have read until my eyes ache, and I have written a letter to almost everybody I know. Now, what can I do? If I only might go out! How delightful it would be to take a long walk!"

"A delight which you will not enjoy for several days to come yet," a curt voice interrupts behind me, and, wheeling round, I come face to face with my cousin.

"What are you doing here?" I demand. "Surely a man may enter his own drawing-room when he wants to," is the mocking retort.

"At any rate, it is not a very gentlemanly action to play the eavesdropper," I flash back, his presence, so usual, acting upon me as an irritant. "And, as to going out, I shall go out just as soon as I wish to go."

"Indeed! You think you are very independent, no doubt, but just let me catch you putting your foot out of the house before I give you leave to do it, and—well, we shall see then who is master here, you or I."

Now, up to this moment, I have had no more intention of going out than I have had the intention of trying to fly; but, as I listen to Nigel's nasty, irritating speeches, a mad plan slowly forms itself in my brain. I will go for a walk this very afternoon. Knowing, from woeful experience that my cousin will insist upon having the last word, I do not waste any more time in arguing with him; if glances could annihilate, the one I bestow upon him, as I leave the room, would certainly cut his career short—very short, indeed.

With a most decided bang I shut the door behind me, and hurry upstairs. Hurricly, too, I don my warmest jacket and my cosiest headgear; then picking up my gloves and muff, I steal out of the house.

"Now, which way shall I go?" After a moment's reflective pause, I decide upon a ramble over the moors, and hurry on at my best speed.

What a tremendous wiggling I shall get from Nigel when I return home!

But I don't in the least care, and laugh aloud in the exuberance of my spirits. I don't know when I have enjoyed a walk as I am enjoying this one, and I wander on and on until the gathering twilight warns me that I must be turning back.

I am at least three miles from the Priory but to me this is a mere nothing, for I am an excellent pedestrian, and, without the shadow of a misgiving, I set my face homewards, and march along at a brisk pace.

I think I shall just manage to reach home before the night fairly sets in, though it will certainly take me all my time to do it, this thought making me quicken my pace still more, until suddenly, without the slightest warning, I find myself enveloped in a thick fog.

Where it has come from, who can tell? A couple of minutes ago the atmosphere was, save for the encroaching darkness, clear enough.

Now I cannot see a yard in front of my nose. Still, I struggle forward, until I suddenly stumble headlong over one of the heaps of stones with which the moor is dotted.

I am naturally a good deal shaken, but, picking myself up as best as I can, I again struggle forward, until I am brought to another halt—not, however, by a cairn of

stones, but by a pond, into which I very narrowly escape walking.

Now, there are no ponds along the route I ought to be pursuing, so this sudden water at my feet is a sure, if silent, proof that I am altogether astray.

Where can I be? I have no idea; and, with a despairing gesture, I seat myself upon a piece of granite, brown rock, which happens to be close at hand.

I have certainly been misled by Aunt Di, at any rate, for I am a very faithful worshipper at the shrine of her five o'clock tea-table, and it is now past that hour.

When I did not turn up as tea, she would be sure to send somebody to look for me; then, when I could not be found—

Here, with a choking sob, I lay my arms on a shelf of the rough, cold rock, and my head on my arms, I am both frightened and tired, cold and hungry. How wicked I have been! If I can only get home lately just this once, I will never, never be wilful and disobedient again—indeed I will not.

At last, worn out with fatigue, and chilled through and through, I fall into a heavy slumber, from which, however, I am suddenly awakened by a burning sensation in my mouth and throat. With a gasp and a choke I open my eyes, and try to sit upright; but I am not permitted to assume a sitting posture, and quite contentedly I let my head sink again upon what I vaguely suppose to be an arm, while I gaze questioningly into the dark face just above mine.

Where have I seen it before? And then, all at once, consciousness fully returns to me, and in the man who is holding me so carefully, I recognise—my cousin.

"Nigel! I cry. "Oh! dear, dear Nigel, how did you come to find me?"

"Humph!" he returns, in a gruff tone. "So I am 'dear Nigel,' am I, because I have taken the trouble to hunt you up? Pray, what shall I be the next time my will shall chance to run counter to yours? You will not hesitate to tell me then that you hate me."

"If you will only forgive this once, I will never disobey you again," I sob, contritely. "No; I will take good care that you do not disobey me again. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—"

"I am," I interpose, in muffled tones. "But please, Nigel, do not scold me any more just now, I am so very miserable. I want to go home."

"Drink a little more of this, then," putting a flask to my lips; then he rolls me up in a shawl, which he has evidently brought with him, and picks me up in his arms, as though I were a baby; I making no objection to his high-handed proceedings.

"How did you come to find me?" I question again.

"I didn't find you," he answers; "you may thank Rollo for your rescue: he guided me to you."

Rollo is a magnificent St. Bernard, and a great pet of mine.

"Dear old fellow!" I murmur, gratefully. "But where is he now?"

"Gone home with a note from me, saying that you are found, and asking my mother to send her carriage to meet us."

I relapse into silence for a space; then, twisting my fingers nervously together, I ask, in a low voice—

"Have I frightened Aunt Di very much?"

"Almost out of her senses," is the uncompro-mising answer. "When it was discovered that you were not in the house, she came to me in a state of frantic alarm."

Again I relapse into silence for a minute or two, then again I address my cousin.

"Nigel," I whisper, in a somewhat tremulous tone, "will you forgive me?"

"Do you really want my forgiveness?" he asks, slowly, and there is an expression upon his dark face which I have never seen there before, and which stirs me strangely.

"I do, indeed," looking up at him with pleading eyes.

"Then it is yours. And now I hear the carriage coming, I believe. Yes; here it is," as lights suddenly glimmer through the surrounding gloom. "We shall soon be at home now."

The rest of our homeward journey is pursued in silence, until we are half-way up the avenue; then Nigel suddenly asks me of what I am thinking.

"I was hoping that—we might be—better friends in the future than we have been—in the past, I stammer, "Nigel won't you—try not to—dislike me quite as much as you—have done? I know I have a dreadful temper, and that—"

"Who has told you that I dislike you?" he interrupts, curtly.

"Nobody has told me so; but—I know you do. If you did not—you would be kinder to me. I confess that I have many a time been anything but—nice to you; but, if you hadn't been so harsh and curt to me when I first came to the Priory—it—it wouldn't have—happened," I finish, somewhat lamely.

"Of course, woman-like, you must try to make excuses for your evil actions," he retorts, and then, suddenly, as the carriage draws up before the front door of the Priory, his voice drops to a soft undertone, and he whispers: "Perhaps I have been harsh with you, child; but I do not dislike you; do not think that. I wish—yes, I wish to heaven that I did!"

With wide-open eyes of astonishment, I stare at him; but, before I can utter any reply, I find myself in the hall, being speedily, cried over, and patted all in one breath by Aunt Di, and thanks to the cordial she hands me so kindly hands, I feel, the next morning, very little the worse for my foolish adventure.

"Nigel?"
"Yes?"
"I thought we were at last friends?"
"So we are, child."
"Then, why won't you tell me what is bothering you?"
"I haven't said yet that there is anything bothering me."
"Oh, no, you have not said so; but, all the same, I know there is. You have never been, within my memory, a cheerful companion," I go on, audaciously; "but during this past week—well I should think you must have selfishly appreciated for your own use every bit of gloom there is in the world."

"I am sorry you should find my society so unprofitable," he returns, stiffly; "but you will not be troubled with it long now, for I am going away the day after to-morrow."

"You are going away?" I repeat, and why do I so suddenly feel forlorn and wretched?"

"Yes; I am going away," he reiterates, with what I consider quite unnecessary emphasis.

"But—why are you going?" I falter.

"Because I choose to go, of course," he answers, even more curtly and harshly than he has ever spoken to me before.

I cannot understand what has come over me lately.

A short time ago his harshness would only have drawn from me a stinging retort; now it actually makes me cry.

I feel disgusted with myself, and do my best to force back the sobs which are almost choking me.

But in spite of my endeavor, one of them will not be restrained, and falls upon the silence of the room with startling abruptness.

Of course Nigel hears it, and, with a muttered ejaculation, he strides across the floor to my side.

"What is the matter?" he demands. "Don't—nothing," I stammer.

"N—nothing to deceive me," he retorts, sharply, "if 'nothing' was the matter, you wouldn't be crying. If I thought—but no; it cannot matter to you whether I go away or stay at home; you cannot be crying over that."

"No; I am not crying over that—exactly," I agree in a low voice; but—but all the same, I wish you wouldn't go away; at any rate not just now. Aunt Di—"

"If I don't go now, I shall not go at all," "Then don't go at all,"—with a smile up at him.

But, in obedience to your wish I remain here, it cannot be on the old footing."

"I do not—not understand," I falter. "Please explain."

"I mean this; if I remain here, it cannot be as your cousin, but as your—husband."

Curtly, almost roughly, the words fall from his lips, and, almost with stupefaction I listen to them.

The idea of marriage between Nigel and myself has never before entered my brain.

Why does he wish to marry me? He does not love me; there is not a particle of lover-like ardour in either his words his attitude, or his face.

Of course I cannot marry him; but, as I turn towards him with the intention of telling him so, I came to a sudden pause before an unshakable something in his eyes, and ere I can recover myself sufficiently to give him his answer, he again addresses me.

"Sit down," he commands; "I have something to tell you—not the story of my love for Olga Stanislav, for that you have already heard."

"Yes," I interpose, nervously; "Aunt Di told it to me."

"By my wish. You, without doubt, thought it a tragic story enough; but you, in your ignorance of man's barbarity, can have no conception of the real meaning of the word 'tragic' when applied to the fate of Olga Stanislav—a girl as delicately nurtured as you are yourself."

"With all my strength I loved her, and, when she was condemned to her living death, I swore a revenge deep and insatiable. I cared not who heard me, and in Russia, that land of spies, my words were overheard and repeated. I had, as you know, a severe illness after Olga's condemnation, and one day, when I was getting better, a stranger asked to see me. Out of curiosity, I desired him to be admitted, and in another minute, there stood before me a man who offered me the revenge I craved for."

"He was the chief of a secret society, each member of which had suffered as I had suffered. I was in a frame of mind when I would have accepted help and re-

venge from the Evil One himself if he had offered it me; as I look back, and even as they swore to make my revenge as their own, I swear to give them my assistance whenever I should be called upon to do so. Then I returned home to England, and lately I have heard that my vengeance is almost within my grasp. With infinite cunning, they have tracked down the base woman who betrayed my innocent Olga to her shameful doom, and—"

"But—but you do not mean to—kill her?" I gasp.

"By my faith! but I do, though, with an unmerciful laugh. "By every human and divine law her life is forfeited."

"But it will be—murder."

"Not at all—it will be merely justice. Until she is dead, I can never really be at peace."

"Do not say that," I beg, earnestly. "Do not stain your soul with her blood, but woman though she be."

"That will do," he exclaims, with a fierceness which fairly startles me into silence, and, for fully three minutes, a dead, nervous illness reigns throughout the room; then, in a calmer tone, Nigel again resumes the conversation. "It is useless to attempt to turn me from my purpose, Klara," he says. "Not even for your sake will I give up my revenge. And now there is one thing more I must tell you; I have told you that I have lately heard that my vengeance is almost within my grasp, but I have not told you where I heard it, or how. It was under this very roof. Do you remember a certain letter you once gave me from Leonard Joselyn?"

"I do."

"Well, that letter was from our chief with the information that it was necessary for him to have an interview with me. He by water from Highminster that same night, and in the bathhouse at the feet of the cliffs he assumed the disguise which—"

"The disguise?" I interrupt, excitedly, a sudden suspicion seizing me. "Was he disguised as a monk—as the prior to whom this place formerly belonged, who was starved to death by your ancestor, Sir Orwald Hlfradene?"

"He was," with an odd smile. "The disguise was assumed for the benefit of superstitious country folk, and, more than once, it has shielded his identity when he has come to visit me."

"It was a very good disguise, for, Cousin Nigel, I will confess the truth now, in a low voice. "I saw him myself one night when—"

"I am aware that you did," Nigel interrupts, in his turn.

"You know I saw him," Mr. Leonard Joselyn—"

"Ah yes," I interrupt again, "he told you?"

"He did; he is one of us."

"No—just a trifle absent, though—and for a minute there is again silence throughout the room—"

"You know the whole truth now, Klara," Nigel says gravely. "I have trusted you with knowledge which even my mother does not possess, but I felt that even my honor demanded that you should learn the truth ere I seriously ask you to share my fortunes. Give me your answer now. Will you be my wife?"

Still not a word of love does he breathe; why, then, does he wish to marry me? And what of his own feelings? I certainly do not love him, and yet I feel strangely reluctant to send him from me.

"I remain mute," "Your answer, Klara; is it to be 'Yes,' or 'No'?"

"I am afraid," I stammer, in a low, nervous voice, "that—that it must be 'No.' I am sorry, but—"

"That will do," he interposes, more curtly still. "You have given me your answer, which is all I require."

And then a wonderful thing happens. I learn at last the truth. All at once, even as he turns to leave me, I know—what?

"That I love him."

With the restless force of a mountain stream this knowledge rushes upon me, and, hardly conscious of what I am doing, I utter his name aloud.

"Yes," he asks, coldly.

"What can I say? The fear of losing him for ever urges me to speak, but a very natural shame keeps me silent."

"If you have anything to say to me, say it and be done with it," he commands, in a decidedly impatient tone. "If you have not anything to say I will go, for, understand this, I am not going to stand here to be played with."

"I am—not—playing—with you," I falter.

"Then speak," sternly.

"And making a desperate effort, I whisper forth my petition—"

"Please do not go away."

"You wish me to stay, then?" he questions.

"Yes."

"You quite understand upon what conditions I stay?" he demands.

"Yes," I whisper again.

"You will be my wife?"

"Yes," I whisper, for the third time, with a burning blush. Then—

"Klara do you love me?" he asks a strange note creeping into his voice which I cannot fathom.

"Fain would I remain silent, but a something in his tone compels me to answer him and to answer him truthfully."

"You know I do."

"And then what happens? I scarcely know; but when I came back to myself, so to speak, I find that I am in his arms, that his head is lying upon my breast, and that his lips are touching mine."

"Nigel," I whisper.

"My darling," he returns, tightening his clasps around me. "Have I been very cruel to you, sweetheart? But even when I was the most harsh to you, I loved you with a passion which was a veritable pain."

"You do really love me, then?"

"Do I really love you?" he repeats. "Better than my own life, child. When I first saw you, it dawned upon me that you were very sweet to look upon, but I stern-

ly drove the thought from me. What had I to do with love—I, a man whose heart was buried in a dead woman's grave, as I had always felt up to then that mine was? I, a man devoted to a terrible vengeance?"

"So I was cold and harsh to you, though I knew all the time that I loved you even better than I had loved my dead Olga."

"Then you declared, several times, that you hated me, and believing that you did indeed do so swore solemnly to myself that never a word of love should pass my lips to you, unless you should first acknowledge that you loved me."

"That was why you—you made me confess that I loved you—before you would—"

"Before I would own that I loved you, he finishes. "I feel now that it was almost a cruel thing to make you do so; but sweetheart, you will forgive me?"

Is there anything I would not forgive him?"

I do not answer him in words, but he reads my answer in my eyes, and thanks me for it with a tender kiss. Then—

"I want you to think seriously what you are pledging yourself to, my darling," he says, in a grave voice. "When I did not dare to hope that you could love me, I was reckless as to whether your future with me should be a happy one or the reverse, but now that I do know that I am blessed with your love, I will not make you my wife unless you assure me that you quite realize the step you are pledging yourself to."

"I am not like other men, Klara; I am sworn to a vengeance, which I will as surely take, let the opportunity of taking it once be within my grasp, as I will take you to myself for ever, if you shall decide to give yourself to me. I tell you frankly that dead alone can turn me from my vengeance. Can you turn me to know that your husband—"

"I can bear anything," I interrupt, with sudden passion, "if—only you will not send me from you, Nigel!"

And then, once more, he draws me within the shelter of his arms, and I am content.

Truly love is a wonderful thing.

CHAPTER IV.

Yes, love is very wonderful. In my case, it blinds my mental vision to much that it ought to see.

Or, rather it prevents me from being properly influenced by that which, in reality, is very patent to me.

For, what have I done? I have promised myself to a man who contemplates committing the most awful crime of which a human being can be guilty.

I have consented to be the wife of one who is already, in intention, and one day will be, in fact, a murderer.

A murderer! Yes, there can be no doubting it, hideous nightmare though it all appears to me to be.

Nigel is bound by the terrible oath of a secret society, to take the life of the dastardly woman who was responsible for the death of hapless Olga Stanislav.

And, moreover—awful thought!—he believes the time of vengeance to be within measurable distance.

Oh! what can I do to save him from himself?

I know there is much to be said in extenuation of his deadly intent.

The killing of that woman who is being hounded for her deed, would be not like for example, the deed of a robber who slays a miser to secure his gold.

In the latter case there is no justification whatsoever.

In Nigel's case there is—or, at any rate there appears to be.

The carrying out of his design would avenge the fate of one who was sent into a terrible exile unjustly, and whose death was the result.

It would, indeed be an act of justice; for she was responsible for Olga's death, deserves herself to die.

Thus do I reason.

But I reason in vain. I do not succeed in convincing myself of the validity of my conclusions.

There are certain words of awful solemnity and of terrible import that recur to my mind again and again.

"Thou shalt do no murder!"

"How vividly that ancient, and yet ever-enduring, prohibition stands out before me! And then again—"

"Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and I will repay."

In the letters of fire these words seem to greet my eyes, which way I turn.

I cannot devise myself as to their meaning.

Whatever the woman who is virtually Olga's murderer may have merited, her punishment belongs to no man, not even to Nigel.

He must not, therefore, be allowed to take her life.

He would be a murderer, and not simply an agent or instrument of justice were he to do so.

And much as I love him, and notwithstanding all that I have said to him, I could not become the wife of one on whose soul lay the guilt of so terrible a crime.

But what am I to do? How can I dissuade him from his deadly purpose?"

With my mind full of musings, I seek him out.

He greets me with passionate tenderness.

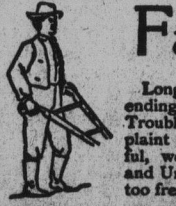
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ANY Quantity of Imitators



BUT NO EQUALS.
Price \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

Hard-working Farmers.



Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes kidney trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak or lame backs and Urinary Disorders are too frequent.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Josiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

"I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides of one had a deal of neuralgic pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. I felt tired and worn out most of the time."

"Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have relieved the neuralgic pain from my head, also the tired feeling."

"I feel at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took."

Laxative Pills cure Constipation.

Make New Rich Blood

and remove impurities from the stomach, liver and bowels by the use of the best blood purifier known. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle and a box. Recommended by many physicians.

Parsons' Pills

"BEST LIVER PILL MADE." Positively cure Biliousness and all Liver and Bowel complaints, sold by Druggists, or sent direct to the Proprietors, J. & S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Sunday Reading

When Mother Came Home.

Carl came in from the kitchen... When he heard the clock strike two... He had to put on his Sunday clothes...

Conclusions of the Word.

Can mortals ask for any greater consolations than those given in God's Word? Is there a valley so dark, a desert so desolate...

Sowing and Reaping.

There is a disposition on the part of many, especially among the young, to make light of youthful sins and excesses, which are excused, as it were, under the term of 'sowing one's wild oats'...

The Marvelous Love of Christ.

In this story of Christ washing the disciples' feet, we have no miracle, unless we call it a miracle of humility. Mary had just anointed his head, and now led his acceptance of taking state and precedence, he balances it with this act of abasement...

The Tender Faithfulness of Christ.

Our Lord has a people in this world that are his own. They were given him by the Father, he has purchased them and paid dear for them, and has set them apart for himself as a peculiar people...

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

I like the man who faces what he must with step triumphant and a heart of cheer; Who fights the daily battle without fear...

of and there is a desire to retruce our steps, it is difficult, because the man has surrounded himself with influences all set against his return to virtue.

Even those who by the grace of God have been led to repentance, and their sins of youth a sore trial in their maturer years. As in the fable, where the dragon's teeth were sown there sprang up an armed and hostile host...

These who trust in him and are sustained by him, wonder again and again how it is possible to live without God and without hope in the world. These are the blessings which pertain to this life, but on what will be a vast eternity to those who hear the final words, 'Depart from me, I never knew you'...

From the Saviour's birth to his death, he appeals to every fiber of our organization, both mental and physical. Nothing was left undone, that he could perform for our salvation. Can such a costly sacrifice be ignored without its bitter and everlasting consequences?

How much there is transpiring in our world at the present time, not only to give consolation to Christians, but to call out every elevating force and purifying influence and to remove every light from his hiding place. Should the labor be more arduous, the consolations and rewards would be correspondingly more satisfactory and comforting.

We need not go beyond seas, nor to the country's wildest limits, to find or material on which to exercise faith. Upon the right hand upon the left the fields are white, souls are in danger and time is short. Personal work, like 'the touch of Jesus,' often transfigures, and the cold and inanimate heart becomes a thing of life, awake to its wonderful destiny and alive to new responsibilities.

Nothing can take place on earth that is so wonderful as the new birth of an immortal soul. Both earth and heaven are interested, and angels rejoice. Jesus never forgets his loved ones, and his benediction is, 'Peace I leave with you,' though not as the fluctuating and unsatisfactory peace which the world giveth, but that which abides and hath its everlasting hold on eternity.

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it. So, many of the dark misdeeds of our life are not God going from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us a kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.

Tell him about the unworthiness; an if there is sin, bring it right out. Call it by the proper name. Ask the Lord to make it hurt, so that you won't go doin' it

that as his love for them was constant, so was it also condescending, that in prosecution of the designs of it he was willing to humble himself, and that the glories of his exalted state, which he was now entering upon, should be no obstruction at all to the favor he bore his chosen. The disciples had just betrayed the weakness of their love to him in grudging the ointment that was poured upon his head, and yet he presently follows it with this proof of his love to them. So do our infirmities serve as foils to Christ's kindness, and to set them off more conspicuously, Christ was now about to depart, but his disciples were to remain yet awhile, exposed to the enmity and evil he was escaping, and the thought of feebleness and defencelessness and their sufferings and persecutions intensified his affection for them.

Self-Surrender a Christian Duty.

The first act of discipleship is self-surrender. When the Saviour came to Peter he expostulated, first in a question, then in a positive refusal to submit his foot to be washed. The reply of Jesus, though doubtless gentle in tone and full of love for the self-confident man, for whom he had made special prayer that his faith should not fail in terrible the trial to which it was to be submitted, was a pointed rebuke: 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.'

Our objections may seem to be such as honor him; but all objections must be waived. The objection of Peter arose from tenderness of conscience. He felt that he was unworthy to be washed. So, we may feel ourselves unworthy of the grace of God, and that we are too great sinners. He knows our condition. But some Christians urge a very different objection. They say 'We need no cleansing; we are satisfied with our way of life; that is, with all our want of spirituality, our Christian inaction our doubtful practices, with our playfulness and coldness of heart. Pass on to others, we do not need any cleansing.'

But the Saviour still tarries. He says to them, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' And he knows it. It is he who decides upon our case. There is nothing for these but self-surrender. You know it, you feel it. How can you help it, looking upon Jesus, kneeling and waiting before you? Willingly would Peter have taken the basin and towel, and washed his Master's feet, and been proud of the honor. This would have been natural and regular, but the reversal was a paradox which it seemed hard for Peter to comprehend. How great the condescension of Christ to us!

Looking Onward.

One of the bitterest elements of grief would be eliminated from the death bed scene if it were as distinct in our hearts as it is in Scripture that death is an embarkation. So let the remotest star in the universe, and if you could suddenly realize that your departed and sainted friend were there, with what overwhelming brightness your conception of death and the heavenly world would be transformed, calmed and beautified!

Court Costumes and Jewels.

Twelve dressmakers are kept constantly employed in empress of Germany's tailoring department, as it is called, under the superintendence of a lady of the court. The staff is increased to the number of 40 at certain seasons—when the court festivities are going on or the empress is making preparations for a journey. At court festivities her majesty appears decked in brilliant worth millions. Only a comparatively small portion of these precious jewels are her own property. The largest and most valuable portion are loaned by Prussian crown treasury and are returned.

Quick as Thought.

The maddening toothache stops when Narville—that wonderful nerve-pain cure—is applied to the tooth. Narville is the only positive, never-failing remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Be advised and try it.

Case of Gravity.

A little girl whose acquaintance with the zoological wonders of creation was limited was looking at one of the alphas in Lincoln Park, Chicago, while on her first visit to that popular resort. Observing that the animal stood motionless near a watering-trough, she said: 'Four things! Why don't they lift up his trunk and fasten it back so he can drink?'



Mrs. James Constable, Seaford, Ont., writes:—'Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me. I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and with the greatest of ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good.'

LAXATIVE PILLS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND DYSPEPSIA.

But be sure o' this: Don't go confessin' sins that you're not sorry for, an' that you haven't done. 'Tian's religious, though scores o' people think it is. 'Tian'... Do 'e be real, young folks, and speak from your hearts. There's lots o' people who think if they do only kneel down an' call themselves dreadful names, an' own to all sorts o' dreadful things, they're sure o' heaven. An' all the time the Lord isn't listenin' to their words 't all.—Daniel Quorn.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Mrs. Ducker's Fair Face Softened the Heart of Her Assistant.

A most remarkable case of conjugal intellectuality was revealed in a Chicago the other day. Dr. James C. Ducker, a professor in the Postgraduate Medical college, was charged with hiring a man to throw vitriol in his wife's face and 'spoil her beauty.'

Charles W. Hill was the principal witness. He swore that Dr. Ducker promised to give him \$10 if he would throw the contents of a bottle in a young woman's face, and says he accepted the offer on account of poverty. He did not know at first that the woman was Dr. Ducker's wife.

He went to Mrs. Ducker's home to get the lay of the land. By accident he caught sight of Mrs. Ducker, and her beauty softened him. Instead of lying in wait for her with the mysterious fluid which the doctor was to give her he went to her and confessed everything.

Acting under instructions of Mrs. Ducker's lawyer, Hill said, he had gone on with his part of the plot as though nothing had happened. He met Dr. Ducker according to arrangement and received the bottle which was to do the mischief and his final instructions.

'I don't want to kill or blind her,' Hill said Dr. Ducker told him, 'but just to destroy her complexion, because she is such a pretty woman.'

Hill said the doctor told him how to handle the stuff and advised him to practice throwing it so as not to get it in his victim's eyes, but on the nose and cheeks. Mrs. Nannie Tallis Perry of St. Louis claims that she was the first wife of Dr. Ducker. She claims to have evidence that he entered into a conspiracy with a woman named Amelia Wehrman a number of years ago to poison Judge Mackay of Louisiana, Mo. Judge Mackay was wealthy. The woman was to marry him and then administer medicine, to be furnished by Dr. Ducker, which would cause him to die of 'heart disease.' Then the Wehrman woman and Dr. Ducker were to marry and enjoy the doctor's fortune. This plot was discovered and abandoned.

Make New Rich Blood.

and remove impurities from the stomach, liver and bowels, by the use of the best blood purifier known. Put up in glass jars. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians.

Parsons' Pills.

THREE LIVER PILL MARKS. Positively cure Biliousness and all Liver and Bowel complaints. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid, for 50 cents. Book Free. S. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CANCER.

And Tumors cured by my ointment, at home, no knife, please.

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In Nigel's case there is—or, at any rate there appears to be.

The carrying out of his design would avenge the fate of one who was sent into a terrible exile unjustly, and whose death was the result.

It would, indeed be an act of justice; for she was responsible for Olga's death, deserves herself to die.

Thus do I reason. But I reason in vain.

I do not succeed in convincing myself of the validity of my conclusions.

There are certain words of awful solemnity and of terrible import that recur to my mind again and again.

'Then shalt do no murder!' How vividly that ancient, and yet ever-enduring, prohibition stands out before me!

And then again—'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord, and I will repay.'

In the letters of fire these words seem to greet my eyes, which way I turn.

I cannot devise myself as to their meaning.

Whatever the woman who is virtually Olga's murderer may have merited, her punishment belongs to no man, not even to Nigel.

He must not, therefore, be allowed to take her life.

He would be a murderer, and not simply an agent or instrument of justice were he to do so.

And much as I love him, and notwithstanding all that I have said to him, I could not become the wife of one on whose soul lies the guilt of so terrible a crime.

But what am I to do?

How can I dissuade him from his deadly purpose?

With my mind full of misgivings, I seek him out. He greets me with passionate tenderness.

(CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)

Notches on The Stick.

To who have the power of singing,
 Four years ago out fell and beat
 Through the forest it ringing,
 Let it smelt from trees to trees.
 Not alone the forest and felled
 Can the poet's skill command;
 But the seeds of song are scattered
 Over all the German land.

—Uhlard.
 There are names synonymous with perfect song; that go with strains that, often repeated, have won the public ear, and have become the guarantee of a broad and generous appreciation. So the names of several of our Canadian singers have gone abroad, and have become symbols of a certain leadership and distinction in the poetic field. Nevertheless, it is as true of our own youthful country, as of Germany, that the "seeds of song are scattered" widely, and that there are an unheralded number over all this Canadian land who have sung at least a few songs that are love's genuine birth, and not destitute of the art to charm the heart that is open to the native and genuine in literature. Recognizing this fact, one of the most thoughtful, as well as most gifted, of our brothers, has collected from various sources an anthology designed to exhibit the worth of some of our obscure singers. When it will appear we know not yet; but when it does we are assured that *The Treasury of Canadian Verse*, compiled and edited by Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, will be a surprise and a gratification to many.

We have before us a beautifully bound copy of the second edition of "At Minas Basin, and other poems," which has been enriched by a number of new Sonnets and ballads, among which we may name "The Oracle's Kinship," "Partnership," "Use," "Blomidon," "The Carven Shores," "The Moonglade," "Sea-Wastes of Rose," "The Bit of Sky," "At Twilight," "Ideas," "Vision," "The Twin Flower," "The Aspen Poplar," "Lady Dorothea," "R.lections," "In Memoriam," "In the Night," "Ballad of the China," etc. In these pieces, as in those of the earlier volume, we find exquisite picturing of scenery, mingled with reverent and joyful appreciation, and many expressions of serious and noble reflections, mystical and religious, such as have won for their author the title of "The Browning of Canada." The following are excellent examples of his style;

VI.—ION.
 Frost fixes on my sluggish fount a tether
 And stays its forces to its own small place,
 Its dream to dream returning interlace
 Their little lights with silver and its ether.
 The pure in heart, he said, in any weather,
 Within God's windows look, and see His face,
 And heaven grows large with splendour of grace;
 Vision of God doth hold the world together;
 Give draught of more ethereal Hippocrene!

Blomidon.
 Whether o'erlaid with marble logs like snows,
 Or wept in dewy ones like silver hair,
 Or chilled naked in the vital air—
 Full-armed strength in purposeful repose!
 The expectant stars lead on the ebb and flows,
 And the unerring waters wash and wear
 The deep-set bases of thy presence there,
 To freeze the secret thy calm lips enclose.
 O sleepless sentinel and from of old,
 I guess thy mystery deep and consecrate,
 Yet open to the loving heart and cold—
 The shadow of God is laid upon thy slabs,
 In His own mirror at thy feet, and straight
 Transfixes thee in vigil day and night!

The Carven Shores.
 How bold imagination and how strong
 That makes to rich with carven-words these shores!
 More gorgeous than the Oriental thrag—
 What altar-pomps, and rough with beaten ores!
 These great events, once held as a zone,
 Now gates uplift, e'en his synthetic doors!
 (His stay no tent is for-a-night along
 The murmuring floods and toisterous battle-roads.)
 The wedge of frost, and beetle wave, and blast,
 With stroke of pencil-ear, and wash of rain,
 Outline manescribable and shadow vast!
 And ever ore, as moons grow or decline, plane,
 The whirl and speed of tidal lathes and
 Shaping chaotic mass to forms divine!

What generous heart does not rejoice that a decree of monstrous injustice is now to be reversed, in the return of Dreyfus to his native shore, the re-examination of his sad case, and the confutation of his enemies. The singers will now rejoice over him in that "poetic justice" is to be done, but none more truly than our Canadian poet, George Martin. We copy the following from the Montreal Witness.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
 Superseding Bile Beans, Pink Pills, Peppermint, &c.
 Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from
 EVANS & BONS, LTD., Montreal and
 Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or
 Marist, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampten, Eng.

One Dose Hood's Pills

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills.

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Dreyfus's Farewell to Katie.
 Lone island of horror and pain,
 Fed prison of hope and despair,
 They have broken the fetters that
 Whose clanking has whitened my hair.
 Have they dragged from its covert the wrong
 That doomed me to exile and shame?
 Have they humbled the necks of the wrong,
 Whose ca'ussy blackened my hair?
 I have walked in the shadow of death,
 I have lain 'neath the stars in a tomb,
 Inhaling with every breath
 The fever pervading its gloom.
 To freedom and honor restored,
 To country and kindred—O God
 I am heart I have hidden the sword
 On which in their malice they tread.
 I have counted the useless days,
 Stretching out to a desert of years:
 At last, O at last, shall I gaze
 On her who awaits me in tears?
 On her whose devotion has kept
 My soul from revolt's scalding life,
 Who has pled for me, prayed for me, wept,
 My more than an angel—my wife.
 Farewell to the desolate isle,
 To exile, my couch and my cell,
 Never cheered by the light of a smile,
 Thou dismal Gehenna, farewell.

—George Martin.
 We notice, in the same paper, a paragraph to the effect that the poet's granddaughter, Miss Ethel Martin, celebrated in one of the finest of his poems, has passed the intermediate examinations of the Dominion College of Music, Mrs. Jacques, of Cadieux street, being her preceptor.

One, having been challenged as to his opinion of Rudyard Kipling, responded: 'I admit his great excellence as a writer, and admire many things he has written, but I am not abandoned to any adoration of him. The temple floor where his image is set up is too thickly covered with worshippers to leave any room for me; so I retire to the enjoyment of the things I like, whether any else presumes upon their merit or not.' A writer in the Saturday Review asks: 'What will be Mr. Kipling's position when this fit of popular materialism has played itself out? We are always sure of one thing; the very adorners of to-day will be the first to turn upon their image to pelt it with stones. Public taste will change, but Mr. Kipling is far too deeply scored with the characteristics of his talent to change with it. Within certain flexible limits we know what he will give us. At present everything tends to the glorification of his strength and to the minimizing of his weakness. Borne along on the crest of the wave of public satisfaction, he seems to have no defects at all. But he is not that faultless monster which the world never saw, the author equally equipped on all sides. If the fickle public should turn round and demand philosophical reflection from its poets, or tender sentiment, or the symbolism of aerial melancholy, there will be no "Recluse" and no "In Memoriam" and no "Kubla Khan" to be expected from Mr. Kipling. In these and other provinces, much lesser men, with the public at their back, will go far beyond him. These are the reflections which make us tremble for Kipling in the giddy altitude of his triumphs today. He is in danger of 'assuming the god', of considering himself above all fear of reverses, of being persuaded by the incense burned before him that he is an impeccable artist. We would, if we could, with his own interest solely before us, recall him to a sense of his mortality, 'lest he forget' that there are other men than he in the world and other manners.'

Rcv. B. W. Lockhart writes us from the shores of Lake Como as follows:
 "I have seen, as you may suppose, a great many pictures, and I can truly say, though it be to my own shame, that few of them gave me much pleasure, and many of them wore a weariness to the back of my neck. Pictures of Titian, which I had read about, did not find me in my emotional depths. And I have come to the conclusion that just as there is very great poetry in the world, . . . so there is very little great painting; very few pictures which contain a great soul in an noble body,—pictures with the inner effulgence, the exquisiteness and the perfect technique which fill you with a sense of delight and peace. Some of Raphael's did this, some of Paul Veronese, Corregio, etc. also some sculptures of the ancients and of Michael Angelo. Angelo's famous statue of Moses was to me truly sublime; his tomb of Lorenzo and Julius

Di Medici equally so. But the attempts to paint Christ are all failures, it seems to me—although they fall in different degrees. And they fall because they make the face of Christ too soft, too beautiful, too feminine,—too passive and ineffective, a combination of mystic, zealot and dreamer,—while the attempts at the portraiture of Daily are sad things.

"I saw the little church in the Appian Way, which commemorates the Quo Vadis legend. During the Nervian persecution Peter was flying from Rome along the Appian Way. As he hurried Christ appeared to him going up to Rome. Peter, surprised, said: 'Domine quo Vadis?' [Lord, whither goest thou?] Christ replied: 'To Rome, to be crucified a second time! Then he vanished. Peter, admonished of his duty, turned back to the city and died for the faith. The church of the Quo Vadis was built on this spot to commemorate that event. I saw the Manner in prison where Paul was imprisoned and Jugurtha was strangled. Very interesting were the Catacombs. Florence is the most beautiful city in its situation I ever saw,—so beautiful it almost palls on you, after a while. But Venice is most unique. The Cathedral of Milan is the most beautiful architectural work I have seen. It is all marble, and it is tremendous, colossal, sublime, beautiful, as a whole and in every part. Read Tennyson's poem on it.

"Last night, an hour before sunset, we sailed from Como, and traversed the lake about half its length to Bellagio, where we now are. Lake Como is the most beautiful I ever saw. Its beauty is in its precipitous hills, which rise sheer from the shore on all sides. But Italy is everywhere a beautiful country, and cultivated even to the tops of the hills. But the face of this cultivated and beautiful land is not dotted with beautiful and comfortable homes, as with us, in which the people who work live. The Anglo Saxon, the farmer, the independent farmer, do not exist here. The land is nearly all rented, and supports the State, the church the landowner, the renter, and the peasant. Thank God we were born in America! If our citizens could realize the burden of taxation borne here, they would go slow in heaping burdens of taxes on themselves by costly wars, and ambitious dreams of empire and glory.

In Florence I saw the house—Casa Guido;—where the Brownings lived and Mrs. Browning died. On the exterior wall, visible to the passer-by is this inscription:
 Here Wrote and Died Elizabeth Browning,
 Who reconciled in her woman heart Science
 With the wit and spirit of poetry,
 and
 of her verse forged a golden chain
 between Italy and England.
 This memorial is placed by
 grateful Florence.
 1861

Another very interesting grave at Florence is that of Theodore Parker. He went to Europe after health and found death. This is the inscription:

Theodore Parker,
 The great American Preacher,
 Born at Lavington, Mass.,
 United States of America,
 Aug. 24, 1816;
 Died at Florence, Italy,
 May 10, 1860.
 His name is engraved in marble, his virtues in the hearts of those he helped to free from Slavery and superstition.

This will do for mortuary things. But I could not help feeling more deeply affected by these memorials of my own people and religion than by the relics of the Doges of Venice or Emperors of Rome. You cannot feel quite the same about a man who does not speak your mother tongue. There will be one speech when there is one flock."

The proud, once in authority and with power, conspired against the innocent, to despoil him to blight his heart and to blast his name, to break all his hands and ties and put him alive within the tomb. And when they seemed to have succeeded they said one to another,—"Who can hinder us or stay the work of our hands? What will it matter if the just man's cause is taken away, and the innocent suffers for the guilty? Shall it not be according to our will?" And it would have been,—but—

There was all the while a God in Heaven; There was a heroic and loving woman in Paris; There was an unconquered and conscience-smitten soldier; There was a brave writer whose mission it had long been to champion the miserable and the oppressed; There were just judges in the land; There was a sense of justice in the heart of the world. Therefore it soon became better to be

TO BE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Reich's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department Q. Q. The Institute, "Longwood," Sunnersbury, London, W., England.

the victim than the villain. Therefore the buried has come back from the tomb, and the wronged with calm face and silent lips, has come to the confusion of his enemies: Therefore every man in stress may well ponder what it is to be a soldier.
 "A man may not determine by
 Although no sword he bears;
 The sword but honours when he
 Doth honour it who wears.
 But there are weapons other quite,
 With which God glides him round,
 That give him overpowering might,
 Though he in chains be bound."

Yet as of old, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!
 PASTOR FRANK.

PANAMA HATS IN NEW FAVOR.

Found by Investors of Cuba and Porto Rico to be an Ideal Head Covering.
 Panama hats have come into increased vogue since the war with Spain. Last fall, when the army began returning from Cuba and Porto Rico, Panama hats appeared in town in noticeable numbers. For a long while these hats had been worn much in New York, and their return was a matter of comment. The men of the army and navy and the newspaper correspondents, in their rambles about the Cuban and Porto Rican towns found Panama hats selling for a few Spanish dollars and they at once bought them. Afloat or ashore they found these soft straws the lightest, coolest and most comfortable headgear for the tropics. The hats could be rolled up and stuck into a saddle bag when not wanted, and when dirty they could be washed and cleaned until they were like new. A Porto Rican hat dealer in Ponce did a big business in Panama. He had a hat of very good quality which he sold for six pesos or Spanish dollars. As American Gold was worth double the Spanish silver, the Americans got their panama hats for \$3.

Nearly all these Panamas finally reached the States and they appeared in some towns where Panamas were only a name. Their utility as a hot weather hat at once created a demand for them, and hat makers who hadn't them in stock for years sent to their importers for them. This season the call for low priced Panamas has been remarkable. Several of the big hat makers made a speciality of them. One downtown dealer imported a lot of 300 from Brazil a week ago and put them all on sale at \$6 each. Among them were some which ordinarily would bring \$10 and \$15. Another downtown dealer has been selling a great many \$5 Panamas. In his window he has a \$300 Panama which was sent here from Cuba last fall by a planter bankrupted by the war. One can buy a Panama hat now for \$5 or \$6 which at one time sold for several times as much.

Thirty years ago these hats from the tropics were quite the go in New York, and many very expensive ones were sold, but after the police came out one summer wearing an imitation Panama hat, they became unpopular with the un-uniformed citizen.

The Panama is named from the town from which it comes, not where it is made. In Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil and other parts of Central and South America these hats are made from a straw obtained from the Carludivica palmata, called by the natives jipijapa or portorico. The leaves of the plant which resembles a palm, are gathered before they unfold, and, after the ribs and coarser veins have been removed, are cut into shreds. They are exposed to the sun for a day, and then tied in a knot and immersed in boiling water until they become white. They are then bleached in the shade for several days. The straw is distributed about the country to be plaited and made into hats by the natives. Whole colonies of Indians are engaged in this work. The men, women and children plait the straw upon a block of wood, which they hold between their knees, finishing an ordinary hat in two or three days. In making the finer hats the straw is selected with great care, and the plaiting occupies several months. Hats like the \$300 hat are made under water.

Men who play golf, sail, row and play tennis find the Panama an ideal hat for the country, and this place it is taking the place of the cloth hat, which has been so much in vogue among athletic Americans. Any one who wears a Panama in the country in summer never wants any other.

Worse Than Death.
 There is in Toledo a young grocery clerk who would like to meet the inventor of the self-coiling string-holder. That man is responsible, says the Blade, for the grocery clerk's undoing.

The clerk got into the habit, years ago, of biting off the string instead of breaking it, after tying bundles. Naturally his teeth protested against the practice. At length they gave up and wore out. He bought false teeth. Before he fairly got acquainted with these, so to speak, the patent string-holder was established in the store. Then, as fate would have it, a young woman whom he secretly admired came in to buy five pounds of sugar. With the activity of an anxious lover he made up the package and tied it. Then

according to his old custom, he bent forward and covered the string with his teeth. But he forgot the holder, and he did not realize that the end of the cord had wedged itself between two of his new teeth—until, as the string rolled up the slack, his "plate" was hoisted from his mouth and triumphantly waved aloft at the end of the string.

TOBACCOING WITH AN ELEPHANT.

It was an exciting, restless and often the winners in an encounter with man, that it is a pleasure to copy a story from 'Chums' concerning one that was fairly outwitted. This was an African elephant—taller, fiercer and stumber than Asiatic. Like most elephants when roused he was equal to almost any gymnastic feat. This is the story:

An English sportsman, "cut after elephants," had wounded a magnificent specimen. Unfortunately for him, the wound was slight, and the animal, greatly interested, turned and charged him. He would have been overtake if he had not thought of a really ingenious expedient. He knew that elephants never run, or even walk, down a steep incline, but always crouch, gather their feet together, lean well back and slide down. Just as the ferocious animal had got within a few yards of him, therefore, the wily hunter suddenly doubled and ran down the hill again!

Quick as a flash the elephant turned and gathered itself together, and trumpeting with baffled rage, slid down after its victim. The hunter had just time to spring out of the way as the great beast came tobogganing after him, smashing trees and shrubs, and carrying everything before it like an avalanche.

Then once more the hunter dashed to the top of the hill, while the elephant, unable to stop itself, went careering down to the very foot, where, apparently understanding that it had been out-witted, and feeling sore and disappointed, it rose to its full height and walked wearily back to its native woods.

TRUE POLITESS.

When the use of a Katie with Fork seemed out of Place.
 Printed rules cannot teach courtesy. What writer on etiquette would tolerate for an instant the idea of eating chicken with one's fingers? Yet an incident told in the 'Life of Henry A. Wise' shows that on occasions it may be unmanly to use a fork.

After Mr. Wise's record in Congress, had made him an eminent figure in the country, it happened that one day he paid a visit to the Crocetts, a family of his constituents, who lived in simple fashion upon a little island off the Virginia coast. All the members of the family except Tom, a small boy, were at church, and Mr. Wise refused him the exciting privilege of running to inform his parents of the unexpected arrival of their distinguished guest.

'If your folks knew I were here,' said he, 'they would either leave the meeting or could not enjoy it.'

In due time the parents returned, embarrassed by the honor of receiving a visit from Mr. Wise. They were both painfully ill at ease, and at dinner Mr. Crockett grew so flustered that she could scarcely pour the coffee.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the sympathetic Tom, the cloud of fear and anxiety passed from her face. Looking round, he saw Mr. Wise munching one end of a large chicken-bone.

After dinner the boy found means to draw Mr. Wise apart, and immediately put the burning question:
 "Mr. Wise, why did you take that piece of bled chicken in your fingers and bite mouthfuls of it, instead of using your knife and fork? My mar, she makes me use a knife and fork. You ought to know what's right. Now, is mar wrong or is it you?"

"No, my boy," answered Mr. Wise, "your mother's all right, but I had my reason for eating in that way. Did you notice how embarrassed your mother seemed to be?"

"She was shocked nighly to death," assented Tom.
 "Well it was the way I ate that chicken that made your mother feel at ease in my presence. She felt that there was one thing she could teach me, if she was an ill-tempered that was table manners. The moment she felt above me in this respect her fear left her."



IN CHINESE SLAVERY.

Traffic in Women Carried on in San Francisco.

The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution has been a dead letter in California and the coast States for twenty years and is to-day, said a man who has made a close study of the Chinese. 'Women and children are sold at the block as in ante-bellum days. They are not sold publicly, but so far as the Chinese community is concerned the sale is open enough, and influential companies are formed and exist for the purpose. Efforts have been made to crush the traffic, and, strange to say, when we were defeated, it is by unscrupulous white lawyers.

There is a regular business of importing women, though it is not carried on now with a tenth of the boldness of a decade ago, when women were put up in the 'Queen's Room' in San Francisco, which was nothing more nor less than an auction room, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The business as it is carried on now requires some skill and more capital, and by the time a girl is landed she has a value of from \$2,500 to perhaps \$3,500, the latter sum having been paid in several instances in San Francisco. The scheme works in the following way: We will assume, and I will give you an actual case, withholding the name, that is a little town outside of Canton lived a woman named Kan Koo. She was a hard-working woman, respected but very poor. She had a daughter who was noted for her beauty and various domestic virtues. One day an old woman stopped at the house when the mother was away and had a talk with the girl, praised her beauty and soon made herself so interesting to the young girl that she was asked to come again. The invitation was accepted when the mother was again away, and the woman began to fill the girl's mind with stories of wealth and splendor, comparing her present condition with that of others who were not half so richly endowed by nature. Finally the girl expressed a wish to possess some of these riches, and the woman immediately asked her why she did not marry, adding that she had a friend in America who was a merchant prince and who desired to marry and that she could arrange it; but the girl's mother must know nothing about it. To shorten the story, the girl was captivated with the prospect of a rich husband, and agreed to run away and be married in America; then she could return. So one day when the mother came home her daughter was gone, and the only information she could gain concerning her was that an old woman had been seen visiting the house.

Now to follow the victim. The old woman was the Canton agent of a San Francisco woman-importing company, a wheel in the machinery. She took the girl to Canton, gave her rich clothes, which she said were presents from her husband to be, and finally handed her over to another agent, who was to accompany her to San Francisco. Once aboard the steamer the girl met a number of others, some of whom were there under the same convictions, others thinking that they were merely going to another part of China. The transportation agent now had about three weeks in which to educate his various charges up to a standard whereby they would be able to pass the officials at San Francisco. The girls were told that the Americans were doing their best to prevent Chinese girls and women from obtaining husbands, and that if they made a mistake they would be thrown into jail; so they must answer as directed. Thus Kan Koo's daughter was told to pretend that she was the wife of Zoon Kay; that she was married at No. — Sunshine street in April, 1898, and that she had been on a visit to her parents and was now returning to her husband. The girl was drilled over and over again until she knew perfectly what she was to say and was thoroughly terrified at the prospect of making a mistake. Other girls who have been trapped and discover it are intimidated by threats of the white devils to whom they will be cast on arriving in America if they make any mistake in their lesson, and tears and bewailing have no effect. Finally the vessel arrives and the most careful examination is made by the agents of the law. The women pass muster and are handed over to another agent, who, the transportation man says, is a friend of the coming husband. The girl is now in the hands of the direct agent of the society. He takes her to a boarding house and provides her with fine clothes and endeavors to familiarize her with a life of ease and semi-dissipation. The husband is a long time in appearing; the agent is doing his best to find a buyer who is willing to invest \$3,000. The girl is finally told that her husband is going to meet her at a certain place, and, making an elaborate toilet, she goes forth. A few years ago all such girls were taken to what was called the 'Queen's Room,' where they were knocked down to the highest bidder with the ceremony. Though

police intervention things are now carried on quietly; but the girls find herself in a room surrounded by men—friends of her husband, as the ruse is still kept up. Finally she is sold to a Chinaman, who announces that he is her husband, and in this way the girl is deceived until the man places her in some resort and she learns when too late that she is entangled in a web that binds her, body and soul.

Hundreds of girls have been entrapped in this manner. Some make a great and continued outcry and are rescued after great difficulty by the agents of the various American missionaries who are engaged in the work. The struggles to rescue girls from their owners would not be believed, perhaps, were it not for the proof found on the pages of the court records and the books of the baptist, methodist and presbyterian missions of California. The difficulty in stopping the traffic has been the complete organization of the slave companies, and when a woman is rescued she is sometimes taken back and several persons killed before the affair is settled. One of the most recent cases illustrating the fact that the parents of girls sold them comes from Vancouver, a hot-bed of Chinese slavery. An old fellow named Quong had made some money in the mines in the early days and sent to China for his wife. In the meantime he had formed another alliance, and when wife number one came he retired from business and kept the two women at work washing gold in a placer, while he spent the proceeds in enjoying life as became a Chinese philosopher. The women worked hard all day and washed the clothes of the miners at night, so he made what is technically known as a good thing out of it.

The old fellow had two daughters, 13 and 18 years of age, and he soon began to canvass the country for a buyer for them. He found a miner on Soda Creek who offered \$200 in cash for the oldest, which was accepted. But how to deliver the girl was the question, as if the sale was discovered they would all be arrested. The man began a series of intimidations that demoralized the girl, and one day he boxed her up in a coffin-like box, punctured with holes. Two white men called for the box, which was placed on a sled and hauled away. The weather was cold and at night the men stopped at a house for food, leaving the boxed girl on the sled. There her moans attracted the attention of the women of the place, who threatened to expose the men. The latter merely laughed and said that they were getting \$125 for it. They went on unmolested and delivered the girl, half dead, while the women reported the case to the police.

The slave-dealing societies of San Francisco are, as I have said, well organized and rich, and when an effort is made to release a slave they proceed just as you would if some one made a desperate attempt to make you give up ownership of a \$3,000 horse and turn it loose. First they fight the case on bogus charges. The girl's life is threatened and every effort is made to induce her to return. If a Chinaman has had a hand in it he is denounced and hatched men or professional murderers are perhaps hired to kill him. Finally the girl is charged with theft and a dozen witnesses are found to swear to anything required of them; the writ of habeas corpus is brought into play and the girl is taken to court, an American lawyer being employed by the slave company to make the fight, often with the effect that the girl is returned to her captors or goes to jail under some bogus charge. These crimes are going on constantly, and the truth often cannot be published, so offensive is it.

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WHERE TO LOSE A TREASURE.

The Best Place is a Paris Cab for the Cabmen are Honest.

If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells of some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus left. He said that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough,—possibly in spite of themselves, for they are a rough lot,—and are carefully looked after by the police. As a result, some curious instances of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, led the whole amount, ten thousand francs in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

'Ten thousand francs lost!' said the official. 'Yes, it is here,' and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him.

'What a fool that cabman must have been!' was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for the public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweller in the

Palais Royal left a diamond purse worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarrelled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quietest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweller for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

'No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again.'

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whether everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theatres, cabs and railway stations is forwarded. In one case an immigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

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TOOK HIS HAND.

How a Criminal was Saved by a Kind Action.

'He took the blind man by the hand,' says the Evangelist Mark. One day, while conversing with Lord Shaftesbury, the eminent philanthropist, the Rev. Newman Hall quoted these words as an illustration of the emphasis with which the evangelist speaks of the hand of Christ, in order to indicate His friendliness and sympathy with the unfortunate.

'Yes,' said the kind-hearted nobleman, his eyes moistening with emotion, 'and that reminds me of an event in my own experience. The chaplain of a jail sent to me a young man who was just out of prison for burglary, hoping that I might say something to encourage him in his professed desire for a better life.

'He had seemed incorrigible, having been in jail twenty-two times. Rather a formidable visitor for a private interview! Some time afterward the chaplain told me that the young man was really reformed, and had related the interview, and added: 'But it was this broke me down—he slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Jack, we'll make a man of you yet!" That slap—like Eve's hand on Topsy's shoulder—broke down the criminal, because it showed him that a man far above him, a good man, a nobleman, was his friend. The incident helps us to understand something of the influence of the Great Teacher's touch and hand, so often referred to in the records of His life.

FLASHES OF FUN.

It is the silent man that is usually worth listening to.

'What are you treating me for, doctor?' 'Loss of memory. You have owed me a bill of £10 for two years.'

'Dad: 'That is a tobacco plant, my boy.'

'Tommy: 'Indeed! But I don't see any cigarettes on it.'

A local hand broke up in a fight, and a member who was banged on the side of his head with the trombone says he has no ear for music now.

Her father (from the head of the stairs): 'Edith, is that young man gone?' Edith (in an ecstatic stage whisper): 'Awfully, papa.'

Magistrate: 'What passed between yourself and the complainant?' O'Brien: 'I think so, a half dozen bricks and a lump of paving-stone.'

Dr. Kurenone: 'You are suffering from nervous prostration. I'll have to give you a sleeping powder.'

Benedict: 'No. Give it to my wife and the baby.'

Signs.—Clara: 'Dolly must have been talking badly about me.'

Maude: 'Why so?' Clara: 'When I met her she kissed me twice.'

Buyer: 'Yes, the horse is a good one, but I don't like his long head.'

Captain Racer: 'Why, that's his best point. Look at the chances you have of winning by a nose!'

'You look bad this morning, Mr. Tumbley, observed the landlady.'

'Yes; I didn't sleep well last night.'

'Innocent?' 'No; didn't go to bed.'

She: 'Then you are willing to fulfil every one of my wishes?' He: 'Yes, without any exception.'

She: 'Well, then, marry my mother; she is a widow.'

A french lady, of very elegant figure, recently asked why she always had such enormously stout servants. Her answer was characteristic:

'To prevent them wearing my clothes when I am away from home.'

Violinist proudly: 'The instrument I shall use at your house to-morrow evening my dear sir, is over 200 years old.'

'Earsen: 'Oh, never mind that. It's good enough; no one will know the difference.'

'Excuse me, but it seems to me that I must have met you before. Are you not a brother or near relative of Major Jones?' 'No; I am Major Jones himself.'

'Ah, indeed! that explains the remarkable resemblance.'

Magistrate: 'Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?' 'Complaining Wife: 'Shure, yer worship, he wasn't a physical wreck till he gave th' black eye.'

Parke: 'I have a joint account in the bank with my wife now.'

Lane: 'Good! You make an even thing of it, eh?' Parke: 'Yes; I put the money in and she draws it out.'

Greathead: 'Ha! ha! Burglar broke into our house last night—he! he!—and stole my wife's Ascot bonnet—he! he!'

Ascum: 'What's so funny about that?' Greathead: 'Why, don't you see? The burglar has got himself into debt. The bonnet hasn't been paid for yet.'

'Love, do come here and see what baby has drawn on this paper. If he isn't going to be the greatest genius you ever saw!'

'I don't see anything in that scrawl. What on earth is it?' 'Mortimer, I'm ashamed of you! Can't you see that the darling is drawing an art poster?'

Division in the nursery.—'Well, dear, I hope you shared the cracker with your little brother?'

'Oh, yes, mother dear! I gave him all the mottos. He is so fond of reading, you know, and I—only ate the sweet inside.'

All the difference.—Did you ever go to a military ball? asked a liping maid of an old veteran.

'No my dear,' growled the old soldier. 'I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off!'

A clergyman says: 'I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty head, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied:— "I think he's the one to be congratulated."

The nurse on duty in a certain London hospital was giving the little ones their last meal for the day. All save one were patiently waiting their turn to be served, the one in question being a little rosy-cheeked convalescent, who was calling lustily for her portion.

'Aren't you just a little impatient, Dorothy?' inquired the kindly nurse, with just a little tinge of correction in her tone.

'No, I'm not!' retorted Dorothy, promptly. 'I'm a little she patient!'

The story is told of a country parson who said to the village tailor: 'When I want a good coat I go to a London tailor for it. That's the place. By the way, do you ever go to church?'

'Oh, yes, occasionally.'

'Where do you go?' 'Well, when I want to hear a good sermon I go to London for it. That's the place.'

'You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?' 'Yes, sir.'

'Can you prove it?' 'Yes, sir.'

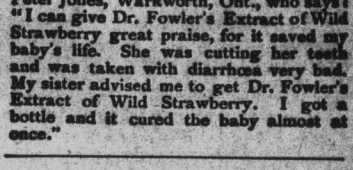
'How?' 'By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her.'

Cousin: 'I never saw such a set of idiots I had to proceed to this morning.'

Mabel (one of the congregation): 'I suppose that is why you kept on calling them "Dear beloved brethren."'

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the endorsement of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: 'I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once.'

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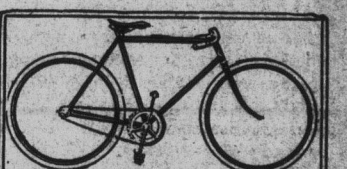
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"Where do you go?"
 "Well, when I want to hear a good sermon I go to London for it. That's the place."
 "You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Can you prove it?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "How?"
 "By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her."
 "Counsils: 'I never saw such a set of idiots I had to preach to this morning.'"
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 64, 14, and 14-64. Pots.
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 Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unwholesome.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Flacshester

[Continued From Previous Page.]
 How dearly he loves me!
 The very favour of his love makes the task I have set myself seem harder of accomplishment, and yet renders me the more determined to perform it.
 He evidently sees by my face that there is something amiss.
 "Well, little woman," he says, "what is troubling you? You look as if you were not at all happy."
 "The reply he receives must occasion him a very sudden change of grief."
 "Why, Klara, child?" he exclaims, "what is the matter?"
 "Oh, Nigel! I sob, 'don't—don't do it.' He takes my tear-wet face between his hands, and gazes into my eyes in a puzzled manner.
 "Then he presses his lips to mine.
 "Don't do what?" he asks.
 "For answer, I burst into tears afresh, and he takes me tenderly into his arms, and allows my head upon his shoulder.
 "He does not say anything more until I myself speak, and that I do as soon as my utterance has so far subsided as to allow of my uttering half-a-dozen consecutive words coherently.
 "But a covert glance at his face enables me to see, by its expression, that he more than half suspects the cause of my grief.
 "Nigel," I say at last, with woefully trembling lips, and a sob here and there, "I have been thinking about your oath of vengeance, and—and it has made me so—so unhappy."
 He positively frowns now, and I can see at a glance that he is angered him.
 "But he loyally appreciates his feelings, and imprisons another tender kiss upon my lips.
 "And why should you be unhappy, pet?" he asks.
 "Because it is so very terrible—your having sworn to avenge poor Olga by exacting a life for hers."
 "It is terrible," he agrees, "but it must, and shall, be done."
 "But, Nigel," I venture to expostulate, "it would be so very wrong for you to take the matter into your hands."
 "It would be just," he sternly answers.
 "Nay," I return, growing bolder now that I have really embarked upon my undertaking, "the execution of justice does not pertain to private individuals."
 He makes an impatient movement, but forces a laugh.
 "Why, Klara," he says, "you speak quite learnedly. Have you been poring over some musty old tome on ethics, or jurisprudence, or something of that sort?"
 "Don't laugh at me, Nigel," I say, reprovingly. "No; I have been poring over an old tome, musty or otherwise. I say what my conscience dictates. You must leave the punishment of that wicked woman in the hands of Him to whom we are all accountable."
 "I must carry out my oath of vengeance," he says, more sternly than before.
 "But, Nigel," I again expostulate, "you—"
 He interrupts me almost fiercely.
 "Would you have me faintly my oath?" he demands.
 I feel almost afraid to continue my opposition.
 "But the thought that the cause I am advocating is a righteous one, lervos me to do so."
 "I would have you be true to yourself, and to right," I answer.
 "And that is what I intend," he declares. "I begin to feel desperate. By what means am I to carry my point? It seems almost hopeless. Nevertheless, I do not abandon hope entirely.
 "I still have one or two arguments to try.
 "Now, Nigel, listen to me," I say, coaxingly. "You know, as well as I do, that it would not be right for you to take that woman's life."
 He bites his lip almost viciously, and the frown on his brow deepens.
 "How so?" he demands.
 "Because it would be—"
 I hesitate.
 "How can I utter that awful word which the completion of the sentence requires?"
 "Well?" he queries.
 "And I burst out desperately with—"
 "It would be murder!"
 He winces.
 "But, alas! there is in his face no sign of relenting.
 "What folly is this!" he exclaims, harshly. "It is not folly, Nigel," I wildly insist. "It is true, true, true!"
 "And again my past up feelings find relief in a passionate outburst of tears.
 "His frown gives place to a look of distress.
 "For Heaven's sake, Klara, my darling,"

he exclaims, 'don't! I shall begin to wish I had never taken that oath.'
 The words buoy up my flagging spirits. They seem to suggest that there is still a hope of its coming round to my view of the matter.
 And, perhaps, for that reason, I weep even more distressingly than before.
 "I wish with all my heart you never had taken it," I sob. "But, even as it is, it need not be fulfilled."
 He is silent for a moment.
 "Then he asks—"
 "Why so?"
 "Because such an oath is unlawful," I answer; and, therefore, does not bind."
 He shakes his head gloomily.
 "I cannot see the matter in that light," he says. "Even if my just desire to avenge the death of Olga Staniloff did not impel me to seek the life of her murderer, the fact that I have sworn to exact vengeance to the full, would necessitate my doing so. An oath is ever binding, and must be fulfilled, and the consequences be what they may. Cease your pleading, Klara. You cannot turn me from my purpose. Olga's murderer shall die!"
 He puts me from him abruptly, as that last dread word escapes his lips, and strides away.
 I feel heart-broken at the failure of my efforts to save him from that terrible crime upon which his mind is so desperately set, and in the extremity of my grief I throw myself upon the ground and bury my face in my hands.
 I feel that there is only one resource left to me.
 I can do nothing of myself.
 I can only pray that God will avert the threatened evil.
 And pray I do, with a fervour that never has characterized my prayers before.
 And as I pour forth my supplications, my grief subsides; and at last I rise to my feet, with a feeling that I have been heard, and that Nigel will be saved from the awful consequences of his oath.

CHAPTER V.
 "At last!"
 "Yes, Mr. Joselyn," with a smile, "at last we do meet again."
 "I have been longing to get back," he goes on, quickly; "but I could not manage to leave town, not even for a day until yesterday. I arrived in Coldmere late last night, and, knowing what a favorite walk of yours this cliff road is, I started in this direction directly I had had my breakfast, hoping that I might meet you."
 (Which you have done, laughing amosely at the fervour of his tone.) "It is a won der, though, that you have met me, for I had planned to drive into Highminster with my—er—with my cousin; only, at the last moment almost he postponed the drive until this afternoon."
 "I thank the gods that he did; but, if you had promised to drive anywhere with me, nothing would have induced me to postpone the pleasure."
 "But you are not, Nigel," in a demure tone.
 "I am not," Mr. Joselyn agrees. "I—"
 The rest of the sentence, however, he does not complete, and we walk on in silence, until, suddenly, as we reach the Prior's Cross, he comes to an abrupt halt, of course compelling me to halt, too.
 "Do you remember what—er—happened the last time we stood here?" he asks, in a low voice.
 "Did anything in particular happen?" I inquire, in a doubtful tone. "I really do not remember that anything did."
 "You are saying this to torment me," he declares, hotly. "You surely must be, for you cannot have so completely forgotten our parting as you would make me believe you have. It was here we said, not our 'Good-bye,' but our 'Au revoir,' and you gave me a 'hope' which—"
 "Oh!" I interrupt, quickly, "that is what you are alluding to, is it? Oh, course I remember that, and am quite ready to fulfil that 'hope,' if you wish me to do so."
 "It is the dearest wish of my heart," he returns, in a tone which I mentally stigmatize as 'most ridiculous.' "All the weary time I have been away it has scarcely been out of my thoughts."
 "How absurd you are!" I laugh, gaily.
 "You think so?" he smiles back. "Well, never mind if I am; we won't quarrel over that. And now—the smile in his eyes deepens—'I am going to seal our—our compact.'"
 "What in the world do you mean?" I ask. "Seal our compact! How?"
 "I will show you," and, striding quickly forward, he seizes me in his arms and lays his lips upon mine in a long, lingering, passionate kiss.
 His action takes me so much by surprise, that I cannot even make an attempt to evade him; but, when I do at last manage to gather my scattered wits together, I wrench myself out of his arms, and turn upon him like a veritable little fury.
 "How dare you!" I pant. "How dare you put such an insult upon me? But you shall be punished for it. I will tell Sir Nigel of your impertinence, and you may be very sure that the punishment he will mete out to you will not be a light one," and, without another word or glance, I would turn away, only he bars my path.
 "It is my turn now to ask you what you mean!" he says, in a resolute tone. "You declared that I have insulted you, but I really fail to see in what way I have done so. It can scarcely be called an insult for a man to kiss the girl who has just promised to marry him."
 "Who has just promised to marry him?" I repeat, stupidly. "I have not promised to marry you."
 "Very, very pale he grows. Then—"
 "For Heaven's sake do not tell me that you have been playing with me," he grasps. "Of course I have not," I retort, in an impatient tone. "I have not the faintest idea of your meaning. I say again, that I have never promised to marry you."
 "Not in so many words, perhaps," he interposes, quickly; "but you have done so indirectly."

A NEW HAT WITH SOILED SHOES
 MAKES A MAN LOOK SHABBY. AVOID THIS BY USING

PACKARD'S
 Special Combination
LEATHER DRESSINGS
 A perfect Polish for all Colored and Black Shoes.
 Sold by all L. N. FARMER & CO. MONTREAL.

"I have not," I interpose in my turn, and then, a sudden terrible suspicion assailing me, I go on with some reluctance: "Why don't you explain yourself?" for it is evident that we are in cross purposes.
 "Ah—with a long breath—I have never thought of that. Perhaps you are, and yet you clearly gave me to understand that you knew what my 'hope' was."
 "Let me explain now," I cry, my terrible suspicion increasing. "I—I thought that you wanted me to—promise that I would go with you on—an exploring expedition."
 "You really thought that," he interrupts, gazing at me as though he would read the very inmost recesses of my soul.
 "I really and truly did. I have been thinking that ever since I last saw you. Do not tell me that I was—that I am mistaken."
 "But I must tell you so, for you are mistaken. What a delusion we both have been laboring under! I thought that you understood that I love you, while you thought—but, Klara, it is not too late for me to tell you of my love, and ask you now for yours; say that it is not, my darling. I have loved you ever from that day when we ravelled down together from Giffman Junction to Coldmere, and I shall love you as long as I live."
 "Do not say that," I entreat. "Do not let me think that I have ruined your life, for—er—for what you wish can never be."
 "Klara, my darling, my love, have pity," he bursts out, passionately. "If you do not love me, you must, you must, you must love me in the end. Such a love as mine must win itself a return. Promise to be my wife—"
 "I cannot," I interrupt, thinking that it will be best for him to learn the truth at once.
 "Mr. Joselyn, I—I am not free. I am engaged to my cousin."
 "So this is the end of my love-dream," Leonard Joselyn says slowly. And I could cry aloud with pity; the pain in his voice is so terribly intense. "Well, Fate has been against me, so I can but bow my head and submit to her decree. I will say good-bye to you now; but, if in the future you should ever need a friend, one who would give his life itself to render you a service, always remember that you have such a one in me."
 "Thank you," I whisper; then, yielding to sudden uncontrollable impulses, I continue; "There is something you can do for me now, Mr. Joselyn, if you will only do it, and that is—"
 "Persuade Nigel to give up his revenge. I know the whole story, and he declares he can never be at peace until, she his enemy, is dead. You belong to the same society as he does. Do help me to persuade him that mercy is better than vengeance. He knows that the wretched woman will, some day be placed in his power—"
 "She will be placed in his power a week this very night, though he is not yet aware of the date," Leonard Joselyn interposes, in strangely quiet tones. "We have discovered her place of abode, so I—"
 "Oh save him, save him from himself; as you love me help me now," I cry distractedly, scarcely knowing what I do say. "Do not let him learn the truth; if you do, he will assuredly kill her and then—"
 "With a wail of anguish I bury my face in my hands, and during a long space no sound save the hoarse murmuring of the sea disturbs the still silence around us; then the voice of the man beside me once more falls upon my pain-dulled ears.
 "For your sake, Nigel I—er—I shall be saved," he says, in low, but steady, tones. "Ask me not how, or when, or where this deed shall be accomplished, it shall be. And now, my love—my very life itself—farewell."
 And in another instant I am alone.

"A letter for you, Miss Klara." Indifferently enough I take it, but quickly severe curiosity as I note the writing on the envelope. The letter is from Leonard Joselyn. It bears the London postmark, and runs thus—
 "Be at rest. Your enemy, his enemy, is dead. Be happy with the man you love. That you may indeed be so

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
 Positively cured by these Little Pills.
 They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costive Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
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is pure coffee
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CHASE & SANBORN,
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is the earnest prayer of one of whom you will bear no more."
 "LEONARD JOSLYN."
 "Dead! she is dead!" I muttered aloud, after a long pause, with an involuntary shiver.
 "Yes; she is dead!" a voice echoes near me; and, looking round, with a start, I see that Nigel is standing by my side. "I, too, have had a letter from Leonard Joselyn," he continues, gravely, "in which he explains his reason for taking my vengeance on his own shoulders. And, child"—with sudden passion—"you have saved me, but you have balked me of my revenge."
 "Do not say that you regret it," I plead. "You must not, you shall not. Heaven knows that—that I never dreamt of this"—touching the letter lying in my lap; "but since the wretched woman is dead, put all thought of her out of your heart, and remember only our love."
 Fiercely the struggle which rages within him. It is clearly evident in the deep frown which wrinkles his forehead, in the heaving of his broad chest, in the lurid glow which has flashed into his sombre eyes.
 "But at last—"
 "It shall be as you will, he says, slowly. "I will sever, to-morrow, my connection with the society, and from this hour I cast all thought of the woman Rakoff out of my mind. He, who, for your dear sake, has risked his soul to save me from my oath of vengeance, bids me to make you happy. I will make you happy. Henceforth, my sweet—my wife—there shall be no vestige of a cloud between us. I loved Olga Staniloff with a boy's mad passion, but you I love with a man's love—steadfast, abiding."
 He does, he loves me, even as I love him. But, looking down upon Leonard Joselyn's letter, and remembering what he has done for my sake, I cannot keep the hot tears from blinding my eyes; for, truly, he, too, has loved me well.

TEXAS RANGERS.
 They Caught the Enemy at a Wedding and They Surrendered.
 During the thirties and forties there was a rough, picturesque fight between Mexicans, Comanches and Texans to determine who should inherit the land of Texas. They chased one another over the plains, killing and being killed. The prominent figures in this wild debate were the famous Texas Rangers, commanded by Capt. Jack Hayes.
 If a man wished to join the Rangers, he had to pass an examination in which four questions were asked: 'Can you ride a bronco? Can you hit a man with a six-shooter at one hundred yards? Are you willing to take odds against yourself? Will you obey orders?' If the applicant said 'Yes' to these questions, he was enrolled among the Rangers.
 Civilization uses rough, ready men for its pioneers. When they have built bridges and constructed roads, the pioneers are disbanded. Texas disbanded its Rangers. Then, ten years after, the state reorganized them in order to use the picturesque phrase of Remington's 'Crooked Trails,' 'to carry the law into the chaparral.'
 The cowmen of Texas had begun trailing their stock to Abilene, Kansas, where a railroad carried the cattle East. But bands of outlaws rounded up battle on the trail, and the six-shooter determined the property right. The ranchman went to the Legislature of Texas and persuaded it to appropriate two hundred thousand dollars to reorganize the Rangers for two years service. Their duty was to carry the law into the chaparral, regardless of judges and sheriffs, who were in league with the cattle-stealers.
 It was a terrifying sight. With its enormous ears spread out like sails, and emitting shrill notes of rage, the monster came chattering over the ground like a runaway locomotive. The hunter fired another shot, missed; his nerve was shaken, and throwing down his rifle, he sought safety in flight.
 Near at hand was a steep hill, and to this he directed his steps, for being but slightly acquainted with the climbing powers of the elephant, he thought his pursuer might be baffled by the steepness of the ascent. It was a terrible disappointment to find that the elephant could climb a hill as quickly as he could, good runner as he was.

A GARD.
 We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.
 A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
 W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
 Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
 W. C. E. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
 E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
 G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
 R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
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 B. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
 N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
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THE VICTIMS OF LIONS.

THIRTY-EIGHT RAILROAD MEN KILLED BY THEM.

Lord Salisbury Tells of These Tragedies in a Speech—The Terrible of the Railroad Camp—Difference Between Man-Eating and Ordinary Lions.

A man-eating lion is one that has tasted human flesh, likes it better than the meat of any of the animals upon which its kind is wont to prey, and thereafter will eat nothing else if it is able to kill man, woman or child. In the past two years it has been more than usually in evidence in the large region of East Africa between Mombasa and Victoria Nyansa. Its exploits have brought heartrending tragedy to not a few native villages and it has repeatedly thrown into a panic large bodies of workmen who are grading the road-bed and laying the track for the Uganda Railroad. On May 17 last this terrifying brute was brought into unusually prominence in a speech delivered by the Marquis of Salisbury at the annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution in London. Sir Guilford Molesworth's report on the Uganda Railroad, published by the British Government, last month, said that twenty-eight Indian coolies had been killed by man-eating lions while they were at work on the railroad. It is not often that a beast of prey receives attention in the speeches of Prime Ministers and in official reports of a technical character, but this African animal has fairly won its present distinction. Here are the remarks that Lord Salisbury devoted to it in the course of his address on the peculiar difficulties of building railroads in far away and barbarous lands.

'We suddenly learned,' said his Lordship, 'that we had altogether a wrong notion of the configuration of the country through which we were building the railway, and by altering the route we were able to save a hundred miles of our journey. But there were other surprises that awaited the construction of the railway in that country. The whole of the work came to a standstill for three weeks because a party of man-eating lions appeared in the locality and conceived a most unfortunate taste for all our laborers. At last the laborers entirely declined to work unless they were guarded by iron intrenchments. Of course it was very difficult to carry on railway building under these circumstances, and until we found enthusiastic sportsmen who undertook the task of getting rid of these man-eating lions and successfully carried it out our enterprise was seriously hindered.'

The man eater is very different from the ordinary lion that has not acquired the taste of human flesh. Lions, as a rule, are not such ferocious and fear-springing animals as many imagine them to be. They very seldom attack any one unless they are persistently pursued or have been wounded. If they see a person approaching them they usually prefer to slink off into the jungle and hide in its depths. They invite no attack and are willing a man should go his way if he will let them alone. But it is very different with the man-eating lion. It marks the human being for its prey, and killing mankind is its profession. This is the reason it is very difficult to catch the man eater in the traps that are set for it. A hunt is reared with a wide entrance and inside a kid or goat is temptingly displayed in such a way that the lion tries to carry him off, the rope that ties the intended victim will release the door through which the brute has entered. It falls behind the animal and it is trapped, and may be despatched at leisure. But nine times in ten the stratagem fails to work. The king of beasts has not entered the village in the stillness of the night for goats or kids. It much prefers to dash through the low doorway of a habitation and seize a sleeping man or woman and then bound through the jungle with the victim in its powerful jaws, and if in the morning the natives are brave enough to beat the tall grass around the settlement they may find, perhaps a mile away, the bones of their unfortunate friend.

The ways of the man eater are enough to terrorize the stoutest heart, and it is little wonder that hundreds of these Indian coolies, who when trained for military service have proven that they will march undaunted to the cannon's mouth, are thrown into the direst panic by the sudden advent of one of these creatures. Its appearance is an unexpected, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It is perfectly willing to attack by day, crouching in the grass beside the path or at the village edge till the time is ripe for the fatal spring. About half of these twenty-eight victims were killed as they with hundreds of their fellows were scattered thickly along the line leveling the roadbed. The animal is not dismayed by numbers if only it may be unobserved till the very moment of action. In an instant it has

sprung into the crowd, tore with its claws long gashes in the flesh of the man it has marked, buried its teeth in the victim's thigh, crushing the bone, and is off in the jungle with the prey, usually baffling pursuit by its swiftness. The imported Indians could not stand this sort of thing, and finally struck work till they were assured of the extermination of the man eaters in their neighborhood. Fortunately the lions that prey on human beings are still a small minority. Most lions avoid men and are after the big game that hunters go to Africa to shoot. Lions hunt the high grassed plains where zebras, antelopes and gazelles abound.

Though the man eater is not afraid to single out a victim in a crowd and run off with him, it also loves a campfire. No blaze around the tents or din or gunfiring scares it off. The animal will spring into a group of twenty men sitting around a fire and carry off one before the others have time to realize what has happened. It has also been known, on the railroad line to Uganda, to spring upon a flat car loaded with men and donkeys while the locomotive was puffing and the train was slowly moving, seize a man and jump with into the jungle and off out of hearing before the train could be brought to a standstill.

The nights were full of terror for the Indian coolies after one of them, resting from his day's toil, had made a dinner for a lion. The rest of the men took to roosting very high. None of them would sleep less than twenty feet from the ground in the trees or on the top of water tanks that were mounted high on a pedestal of railroad ties. Mr. Patterson, an assistant engineer on the railroad, killed several of the man eaters by sitting up all night for a fortnight and shooting them as they came prowling about the camp. An ingenious trap was arranged with men, apparently, for bait, though they were well safeguarded. One animal was fooled into entering, and it wasn't its fault that it didn't lose its life. A cage was built of iron railroad track with a door invitingly open. At the rear of the cage sat three men partitioned off from the rest of the inclosure by iron rails in front of them. Each held a rifle. In bounded the forager, down came the door, and it was a prisoner. Then the rifle blazed away and the lion roared and sprang from side to side seeking an exit. The most spirited lion show under canvas would pall on the senses in comparison with the frantic energy of this untamed performance. The cage shook as the animal hurled its weight against trying to break it down. Then while the bullets were flying the brute achieved a feat that entitled it to the name of Samson. It thrust its paws between two of the iron uprights and wrenched them so far apart that it managed to squeeze its body through and plunge into the jungle. Twelve shots had been fired at a distance of six or eight feet, and yet the animal escaped unscratched!

The man eater enters tents without the slightest fear, clawing away the stout cord fastenings as though they were woollen yarn. In this way one of them last year entered the tent of Mr. O'Hara, an overseer on the railroad line. He and his wife were sound asleep, side by side, though it was not late and there was plenty of noise and bustle in the adjoining tents. A light was burning in the tent, and Mrs. O'Hara, suddenly awakened by a movement, saw a lion with her husband's head in its mouth dragging him toward the exit. The tent was twelve feet long and the lion was about six feet away. The agonized woman screamed and the lion dropped the man's head and began to lash its tail and grow fiercely. There was instantly a great uproar and firing of guns outside and made off. Poor O'Hara probably did not have an instant's realization of what had happened. As he slept, the animal's teeth sank deeply into his temples and his throat was badly lacerated by the claws. He was dead at the door of the tent the moment he was reached just after the lion had gone.

These African terrors are not all of the lordly male sex. Dr. Ansoerge, a noted Nimrod who has won the gratitude of a number of native villages by ridding them of man eaters they could not kill nor scare away, tells in his interesting book he has just published of killing females the proof of whose guilt was indubitable. One of them was decidedly advanced in years and her fortune seemingly had been hard, for she was much emaciated. It happens quite frequently that the lion is despoiled of its prey, and sometimes the victim lives to tell the tale, though he seldom escapes severe laceration. One of Dr. Ansoerge's servants had a wonderful release, for the lion carried him off in his blanket, and the man escaped unharmed when the animal was frightened and dropped him. Another

porter seized, while asleep, had his thigh badly injured, but the lion dropped him when the guns began to blast. The man declared he was still asleep while being carried into the jungle, but suddenly awakened by the noise, he realized that a man eater had him, and then he threw his arms around the animal's neck and screamed. The camp was awake all that night expecting the animal's return, but it found another party a mile away, stole one of the porters and devoured him, and next morning the road was seen to be strewn with provisions and other things the party had dropped in its headlong flight. On another occasion a man and a woman were carried off one evening by the same animal and both were rescued before they were fatally injured. There were two wounds on the man, the worst in the thigh, and his head bone was splintered and a part of it had to be removed.

Sometimes several weeks elapse before the best hunters are able to lay low the animal that has shown a stern determination to live on the denizens of some particular hamlet. It is only a single animal, as a rule, that preys upon a group of natives here, and when it is finally killed the natives may spend a similar infliction for a long time. There is accordingly great rejoicing when the plague of the community can go on its ride no more. Mr. Selous, the famous hunter, tells of exactly similar experiences with man eaters 1,000 to 1,200 miles further south. It is very fortunate that lions of this stripe are comparatively few in number, for if all lions were man eaters Africa would become uninhabitable, unless the world organized a gigantic lion hunt to wipe the whole species out of existence.

Only a Dear Little Shoe-String. The diffident young man had wanted to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject, and sought information from men who had experience; and while the theories were admirable, in every instance he found that the practice thereof was a different thing.

He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace. Then he walked on with her, and the shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was ready as before. 'See if you can't tie a knot that will stick,' she said, as he worked away at it. 'If I can't, I know a man who can,' he said. 'Do you want him to tie it?' she asked, coquettishly. 'Yes,' he replied. She jerked her foot away. He smiled to himself. 'It's the person,' he said, and he roared to his feet and finished the work.

BORN.

- St. John, to the wife of Dr. Jas. Manning, a son. Digby, July 14, to the wife of D. P. Peller, a son. Windsor, July 26, to the wife of Lionel Parks, a son. Bridgewater, July 13, to the wife of William Cross, a son. Falmouth, July 20, to the wife of Lewis Armstrong, a son. Albert, July 14, to the wife of Ernest H. Eyles, a daughter. Westville, July 20, to the wife of James White, a daughter. Black Rock, July 6, to the wife of Guy Balser, a daughter. Halifax, July 19, to the wife of Douglas Rutherford, a son. Louisa, July 17, to the wife of Dr. D. A. Morrison, a son. Bridgewater, July 17, to the wife of William Duff, a daughter. Lunenburg, July 10, to the wife of Ambrose Ansel, a son. Black Rock, July 11, to the wife of Hamford Rawdine, a daughter. Cumberland, July 16, to the wife of Alfred S. Brine, a daughter. River Hebert, July 15, to the wife of Norman McCallan, a daughter. Bridgewater, July 17, to the wife of Rev. E. P. Churchill, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Farrboro, July 19, Alida Kerr to Stephen Wilson. Boston, July 19, George E. Huertis to Cora Lincoln Halifax, by Rev. A. Simpson Maggie Ross to Henry Hill. Digby, July 14, by Rev. W. E. Evans, James Sims to Bertha Ryan. Oak Bay, July 8, by Rev. J. Millidge, Alex. Sloan to Maud Garcelon. Casco July 11, by Rev. A. Hockin, Harvey Munro to Charlotte Conrod. Digby, July 15, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Daniel E. Morris to Edith Dakin. Advocate, July 11, by Rev. D. T. Porter, Edwin Morris to Edith Lann. Advocate, July 11, by Rev. T. D. Porter, James Brown to Mary Brown. Chelsea, July 9, by Rev. D. Drummond, M. A. McIver to Maggie McRae. Advocate, July 12, by Rev. D. T. Porter, M. Fisher Allen to Laura Bennett. Fredericton, July 19, by Rev. W. MacDonald Wm. Wilson to Annie Pollock. Fredericton, July 5, by Rev. F. C. Hartly, Lemont Gillespie to Maud Webb. Millford, July 19, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Robert Irving to Maggie Butler. Fairville, July 19, by Rev. LeB. McKel, David Hamm to Edythe Hayter. Yarmouth, July 11, by Rev. Fr. Hamilton, Wm. Redford to Wanda D. D. Boston, July 5, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, W. G. Dill to Mary A. McKinnon. Yarmouth, July 15, by Rev. D. O. McKay, Isaac McRae to Mary A. McKinnon. Yarmouth, July 15, by Rev. F. E. Soane, F. A. Weddick to Jennie Baker. Yarmouth, July 8, by Rev. D. O. McKay, Nell D. Boston. Loyal L. Crockett. Annapolis, July 19, by Rev. J. R. Douglas, Richard Parker to Leah S. Snyder. Oak Bay, July 15, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Richard H. Taylor to Amy McLeod. Mahone, July 15, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Miss W. L. Vesiot to Charles Keddy. Lunenburg, July 19, by Rev. Jas. McLean, Mr. L. Blanchard to Miss A. G. McLean. Halifax, July 15, by Rev. E. J. Wood, Jennie Bell Blanchard to Alfred J. Mason. East Mountain, July 15, by Rev. J. Williams, Harry Ford to Amy McLeod. Yarmouth, July 15, by Rev. W. E. Parker, Joseph Perkins to Mrs. Annie Brennan.

Greenville, July 19, by Rev. J. K. Searns, Robert Anderson to Lillian M. D. Searns. Fredericton, July 19, by Rev. Edward MacDonald, Robert Clark to Mrs. Eva Eric. Middleford, July 15, by Rev. F. E. Bishop, J. E. Brown to Mrs. Webb Simpson. Hantsport, July 19, by Rev. W. E. Perry, Fred J. McKinney to Lillian M. McDonald.

DIED.

- Carlton, July 8, Donal Gallipe 63. Boston, July 18, Annie J. Murphy 66. Annapolis, July 15, Oliver Peelan, 66. Annapolis, May 8, C. D. Urquhart, 68. St. John, July 28, John S. Darling, 66. Canning, July 11, Thomas McFriede, 65. July 21, Mrs. John Graham, 65. Massawa, July 10, Thomas Dawson, 67. Middleton, July 18, John Henderson, 67. Gagetown, July 20, Robert Foggan, 61. Halifax, July 20, Leach H. Chaswell, 62. Fort George, July 18, Mr. John Fife, 77. Wolfville, July 19, Elizabeth Crowley, 79. Roxbury, Mass., July 16, Peter McAdam. Halifax, July 18, Mrs. Alice Anderson, 70. Pictou, July 16, Mrs. Isabel McArthur, 64. Poplar Hill, July 14, Donald McLean, 64. Antigonish, July 15, Ronald McKinnon, 64. Yarmouth, July 18, Mr. William LeVane, 66. Marshalltown, July 8, Edward J. Hines, 68. St. John, July 28, C. J. Montague, 1 year. New Glasgow, July 19, John B. Sullivan, 50. Lunenburg, July 14, Matthew B. Shanks, 62. Lunenburg, July 8, Emanuel Risschman, 64. White Hill, July 12, Elizabeth F. Marshall, 64. New Glasgow, July 15, Mrs. Margaret McLean, 60. St. John, July 28, Richard Melvin Stoddard, 51. Lynn, Mass., July 17, Christy, wife of Joseph Vanz 64. Revere, July 18, Alice, wife of Frank Nickerson, 24. Boston, July 5, Maud, daughter of Harriet Paik-ner. St. John, July 20, Annie Station, wife of Stanwood Hines, 37. Halifax, July 18, Mary, widow of the late John Dwyer, 40. St. John, July 9, Mary, widow of the late Robert J. Leonard. East Boston, July 12, Isabella G., wife of Edward Alex. Baxter. Quaco Road, July 23, Margaret, widow of the late Alex. Baxter. Baccaro, July 18, Christiana, wife of Sylvanus Nickerson, 51. Fort Hawkesbury, July 19, Isabella, wife of George Hensley, 100. Longville, July 8, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Alex. McLean, 64. Cambridge, Mass., July 10, Arthur Ralph, son of Joseph Joshua, 14. Yarmouth, July 19, Mary Ethel, daughter of Theo. and Jane Corning, 15. Moncton, July 21, Edmund, child of Philip and Vivian Lezer, 6 months. Halifax, July 21, Maggie E., daughter of Richard and Bridget Moroy, 1 year. North Berwick, July 18, Lizzie D., daughter of Alex. and Mary Ferguson, 18. East Boston, July 19, James W., child of James A. and Hattie L. McKenna, 1 year. Rochester, July 9, Clarence Whyte, child of Sylvanus and Lill A. Crowell, 3 years. Montreal, July 16, John Douglas, infant son of John and Florence N. Rogers, 1 year.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC WORLD'S BICYCLE MEET MONTREAL, Aug. 7th to 12, 1899. ONE FARE Plus 10 Cents, FOR ROUND TRIP.

On Sale August 4th, to 7th, and good for return until Aug. 14th 1899.

The Popular Route is via St. John, N. B. and Canadian Pacific.

The only Express Trains from Maritime Provinces reaching Montreal in the morning. Arriving daily, except Monday, at 4.45 a. m. To secure berth in one of the Luxurious Palace sleepers of the C. P. R., or for particulars of extension of above limit to attend L. A. W. at Boston passage rates, time table, write at once to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 9.30 a. m. Lve. Digby at 2.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.30 p. m. Steamship "Prince Edward,"

St. John and Boston Direct Service. Lve. Mon. 8.30 p. m. | Lve. Sat. 4 p. m. | Lve. St. John | Thu. 3.30 p. m. | Boston | Wed. 11.30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halifax 6.30 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 1.15 a. m., arr. Digby 4.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 5.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

FLYING BLUEBIRD Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 4.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Halifax 2.00 p. m.

S. S. Prince George. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Yarmouth, N. B. Daily (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of the Express and Flying Bluebird trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early each morning. Returning leaves in Boston early each morning. Returning leaves in Yarmouth, N. B. Unquestionable custom on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamship and Palace Car Express Trains.

Passengers can be obtained on application to City Agent. For close connections with trains at Digby, details on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 115 from the Purser at steamer from whom same tickets and all information can be obtained. F. O'LEARY, superintendent, Kenville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899, express will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. For Boston Express for Hampton, 1.15. Express for Campbellton, Piquette, Pictou and Halifax, 1.30. Express for Moncton, 1.45. Express for Quebec, Montreal, 1.50. Accommodation for Moncton, 1.55. and Sydney, 2.20.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.15 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Ferris, Yerville, Digby and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. For Boston Express from Hampton, 1.15. Express from Moncton, 1.45. Accommodation from Moncton, 1.55. Express from Halifax, 1.30. Express from Pictou, 1.50. Express from Digby, 1.55. Express from Ferris, 1.55. Express from Yerville, 1.55. Accommodation from P. de Chese and Moncton, 1.55. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FORTINGER, GENERAL CITY TICKET OFFICE, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 24, 1899. City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

1899 1899.

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The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO" Leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston. Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 105 Hollis Street, North Street wharf, Halifax, N. S. or to agents on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 415 Hollis Street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director. Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

SAILINGS OF THE STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.00 (local). Returning will leave Indianwau same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. B. G. BABLE, Manager.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 9 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 29th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 8.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 9 o'clock a. m. Tickets to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B. Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Red's Point), November 24th, 26th, and December 1st, and weekly thereafter. Steamship schedule leaves NEW YORK, EBER J. NOBLE RIVER (Battery Park), November 24th, 1st, and 8th; for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be in the line.

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R. H. FLEETING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. H. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 421 Broadway, New York City.