

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes routes to Charlottetown, St. John's, and other locations.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes routes from various locations to St. John.

General Manager. September, 1896.

DIAN CIFIC RY.

RT LINE TO Montreal, POINTS WEST.

Atlantic Ry.

PRINCE RUPERT. Daily each way between...

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PROGRESS.

VOL. IX, NO. 420.

ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THEY WANT A VICTIM.

BUT MORE EVIDENCE IS REQUIRED TO CONVICT SULLIVAN.

Are Maggie Ditcher's Delirious Utterances to be Held Upon a Reasonable Explanation of Her Words—Sullivan's Arrival Causes Much Excitement.

The disinterested stranger who happened to be at Moncton railway station on the arrival of the C. P. R. train from the west Wednesday would have been fully justified in thinking that some very distinguished personage was expected, and the majority of the population had assembled to do him honor. Judging by the general excitement and the size of the crowd, it would have been imagined that at least the great prime minister of China had changed his route, and decided to pay Moncton a visit before returning to the flowery land of his birth. But it was neither Li Hung Chang nor Lord Chief Justice Russell in whose honor the demonstration was made! The crowd had gathered for the purpose of catching the first glimpse of a poor young fellow known as Jack Sullivan, around whom circumstances, or his own folly have woven a curious web which unless he is able to unravel it himself, threatens to entangle him in a very serious manner; and over whose head hangs the dark suspicion of being concerned in a very terrible crime.

He was a man whom most of the people who crowded so eagerly to see him, had probably seen dozens of times before, but to whom they had never given a second glance, and whom they would not have turned their heads to see now, but for the unpleasant notoriety he has attained. There was little to repay them for their trouble too. Only a rather short, and thickset young man dressed a good deal as a brakeman dresses when he is at work, with a very ordinary looking smooth face, and a large dark mustache, the length and luxuriance of which fully disproved one of the many damaging rumors which have been circulated about him—namely that he had shaved off his mustache. Unmanned, and apparently under no restraint John Sullivan walked calmly beside Sheriff McQueen from the I. C. R. station to the police station, no conveyance having apparently been provided for them, though the crowd followed closely, and pressed the sheriff and his prisoner more closely than was pleasant. Not that the prisoner appeared in the least discompoised by the attention he attracted, he trudged along placidly, munching something probably an apple, and seemed almost unconscious of the prominent position he occupied.

Now that this unfortunate young man has voluntarily returned to the spot from which he so loathingly fled, a little over a week ago; it might be as well for those who are so ready to judge him, and apparently so eager to place the halter about his neck, to remember as yet no crime has been conclusively proved. Stranger things have happened than a woman upsetting a lamp at night, and burning herself and her children to death! Dogs, especially six months old puppies, have followed strangers and been stolen, before this, and the physicians in attendance on little Maggie Ditcher agree that the wound on her head could have been produced by a blow from something blunt. Nothing could be easier than for her uncle, in his frantic haste to get the child out of the burning house, to strike her head against some obstacle, a door or a door-post with sufficient force to fracture her skull, and yet be perfectly unconscious of it. It is true that the evidence of the Misses Crossdale, who are nursing the sick child, as given in court at the coroner's inquest is very damaging to the suspected man. Both these young ladies have stated that the child called out Sullivan's name on several occasions, during her delirium, and after awaking from her sleep coupling it with such exclamations as 'John Sullivan go away; has he gone away?' 'Jack, don't kill me any more!' 'Take him away, oh, let me go, he's coming to kill me,' and 'put him out of the window, go away, go away.' But it must be remembered that men have been convicted and executed upon far stronger circumstantial evidence than this, and afterwards proved to have been entirely innocent of the crimes for which they suffered.

Another point which might explain the child's fright and use of his name, but one which does not seem to have occurred to anyone so far, is that Sullivan had been at the house the night before and probably alarmed the household by awaking them, and demanding admittance at such an unseemly hour, and if Mrs. Ditcher was afraid of him, it would be very natural for her to mention the fact before the children, when she was hiding her purse, before going down to see him, and the circumstances of her speaking to Sullivan out of the window, and perhaps thoughtlessly saying that he might kill her if he saw the purse might have impressed itself on the child's mind, and caused her to connect John Sullivan with her injuries.

These may not be the most probable explanations of the child's condition, and her exclamations, but they are at least quite possible, and where so serious a thing as a man's life is at stake, it is well to weigh all possibilities very carefully. John Sullivan never said truer words in his life than 'They are much prejudiced people up there.' They are indeed, almost strange to say they seem willing, almost eager, to believe a man guilty of a crime before it has been proved. One of the strongest arguments against Sullivan has been his reckless manner of spending money on the Friday after the tragedy, but the significance of this circumstance has been largely done away with by the statement of the suspected man's employer, Mr. Edward Anderson, who said on the witness stand yesterday, that although there was only one dollar and twenty-two cents coming to Sullivan when he paid him off just before the tragedy, he had paid him eight dollars only a week or so before, and did not know of Sullivan's having paid any of it out.

Mr. Anderson also volunteered the assertion that he had always found Sullivan a good man, that he never knew him to be dishonest, to be drunk, or even to drink. Now there does not seem to be any conclusive evidence that Sullivan spent more than nine dollars in Moncton on the day referred to. A pair of trousers such as a man of his class would buy, could be got for two dollars and a half, drinks for four or five men, do not cost a very large sum; two or three rounds would scarcely come to more than a dollar so, and although he 'set up the above' it was proved that he thought better of it, and got his money back, for the month's shaving in advance, which he paid for.

If a murder has been committed, and John Sullivan is the man who is responsible for the crime, it is to be hoped that it will be brought home to him and he will be punished with the utmost vigor of the law, but until he has been proved guilty it is common justice to give him the full benefit of every circumstance which would seem to point to his innocence.

AN IMPUDENT CABMAN.

He Forcefully Captures Two Men who Were Guilty to City Ways.

A few days ago, when he happened to be in the depot where the Quebec express arrived yesterday a little scene, that while it may have been amusing to the cabman and many of the bystanders, was by no means funny. From the train there stepped two travellers a man and a boy who were evidently unaccustomed to travelling. Their first move was to find some place where they could get a light lunch. No sooner had they entered the main building than the cabman in question pounced upon the youngest of the men, who were father and son, and almost dragged him to the cab. He slammed the door, and then went in quest of the father who had been looking around for a lunch counter.

THE MARRIAGE IS OFF.

The Groom's Brother Wanted his Cash, Hence the Trouble.

One set of St. John's Society is all ruffled and distorted over the strange actions of a young gentleman, who was to have left the bachelor ranks and take to himself a wife. The wedding was all arranged and should have occurred a day or two ago, but now it is postponed indefinitely.

WHAT THE FAIR IS LIKE.

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF PROVISIONAL MANUFACTURES.

Things Seen and Heard at the Exhibition—The Gramophone Furnishes Much Amusement—The Art Room Rich in Paintings—St. John Talent to the Front.

Despite the direful predictions of St. John's few pessimists the annual fair is indeed a reality, and a very live one at that. Although opening with less pomp and formality than on former occasions, the inauguration proceedings were gone through with expedition and the ball set rolling. Many unavoidable circumstances prevented a large attendance on opening day, but after the storm of Tuesday night and Wednesday's wind carnival the people ventured out and flocked fairwards.

The exhibition this year is a spectacular success. More taste in arranging exhibits has been displayed by those in charge of the many shows, while there seems to be a deep rivalry among certain large local and provincial firms in the way of rich decoration. In the live stock and poultry departments this year's show is far superior to any other held, while the special attractions and outside displays such as amusement hall performances and pyrotechnic exhibitions are far more entertaining and up-to-date than any ever held in connection with St. John fairs.

As is the case at almost every large exhibition a multitude of very amusing scenes and incidents are seen by the humorously inclined spectator, and already at this show the average is on a fair way to completion.

Around the accurate weighing machine at Messrs. W. H. Thorne and Co's, exhibit a motley crowd is always collected. When a fat man puts in an appearance, instinctively the way is cleared for him, he gets weighed and the crowd is satisfied. In this particular St. John yet holds the palm for corpulent journalism, Manager Boves of the Gazette tipping the beam at 297 lbs. The tinnest bit of humanity yet placed on the scales weighed only about twenty pounds. Young ladies of the wasp-waist variety who want to get weighed and yet they don't, are very angry when the balances say other than what they think is right.

'Why,' said one blushing miss, when 150 lbs. was written on her ticket, 'these scales must be wrong; it was only a year ago when I was weighed and I only went 125 lbs.' But the fashionable young lady forgot that, while in the matter of age she may remain stationary yet, avoirdupois like the wind and tide 'waits for no man,' or woman.

Guessing at the big cake of Surprise soap is one of the most popular, 'free features' of the big show. A great many people are afraid at first to take one of the slips for fear of some 'catch' whereby they will have to pay something; it is pleasant to note that this class of incredulous mortal man is fast being eliminated from our city. But such guessing. One woman said the cake was hollow, they couldn't fool her, and with a 'I know-it-all' toss of her head, wrote 10 lbs. on her coupon. The other extreme was represented in a man from an river reign who was willing to bet a barrel of windfalls the soap would go over a thousand pounds. Whenever the crowd lags in its attention on this exhibit the painter starts up a lively march and soon Messrs. Ganong's show is surrounded by hundreds.

The gramophone, or talking machine is one of the most entertaining things in the show. Talking, laughing, rendering selections by well-known American bands, prayers by eminent divines, songs by leading songsters, instrumental numbers etc. the little machine has become very popular. Raristars are particularly interested in the working of the 'little machine with the funnel.' Some will not believe it is the machine talking, but over on the alert to unearth a fooling scheme, say as they walk away, 'It's that man; he's a ventriloquist.'

Part of Kerr's Business College exhibit consists of a case full of paper money which is used in the mock business transactions at that institution. A well known city young man got hold of some of this stuff and forwent into the crowd to meet a special policeman who was very much disgusted with his job. 'Say I want to put you on duty inside,' said the fun lover flaunting a bogus badge; and I'll pay you off now for this outside work; here. One of the paper \$10 notes was handed the special who said 'But sir, I've only been here a day.'

'Never mind came the reply,' you can keep the change.'

'Just as you say sir,' said the jubilant countryman as he pointed his course for an Indian town hotel.

The general exhibits at this year's fair are good throughout although in one or two instances perhaps there is not the excellence of last year. This is noticeably so in the fancy work department; although of course the work is of a superior kind there is not so much variety

HER HUSBAND SPOILED THE GAME.

A South End Lady's Plan to Escape Guests Does Not Work.

A good story is told of the wife of a city commission merchant residing in South End. The lady in question has entertained visitors all summer and was commencing to feel rather fatigued with the extra work her guests entailed and when the last one left her a few days before the exhibition opened she fondly hoped the exhibit at last have a much needed rest.

A few days after the departure of this last guest she received a letter from a distant relative in the country notifying her that the relative in question accompanied by two other and more distant connections would be in the city on Monday Sept. 21st. and would be 'delighted to spend Exhibition week at her lovely home.'

This announcement did not elicit any great amount of pleasure from the lady in question.

A very discouraging prospect presented itself to her mind's eye. She saw all the extra work she would have to do; and the time she had fondly hoped to devote to rest and a few mild gaieties connected with the exhibition, would now have to be spent in going around with her vigorous, energetic visitors. Something must be done to prevent the infliction, but as there was no time to write some plausible excuse for her inability to entertain them, she set her wits to work to find some other means of escape. Every moment brought the visitors nearer and at last the only thing which suggested itself was to close the shutters and tack a card on the door with the announcement that the family was out of town. This was accordingly done and none too soon for in a little while the visitors arrived and sounds of laughter and merriment reached the listening lady as the visitors entered the vestibule and rang the bell.

After the notice had been read and commented upon the visitors departed and the lady breathed freely again.

She had not told her husband of the matter and was anticipating his enjoyment of the joke when she disclosed the story to him on his return from business that evening.

Her amazement and surprise may be readily imagined when during the afternoon her husband arrived and in his wake the three visitors of the morning, who after leaving the house earlier in the day, after being unable to gain admittance sought the gentleman's place of business. This last was only in the nature of a little friendly call but they took occasion to express regret at his wife's absence from the city. The unwary husband was much surprised and assured his friends that a mistake had been made somewhere, for his wife had no intention of going away when he left home. Finally he insisted upon the party returning with him to prove their error. The lady was at home this time and received her guests as graciously as possible under the circumstances, attributing the whole thing to the mischievousness of one of her children who in the mother's temporary absence had tacked up the 'out of town' card. The unfortunate husband is not in any high favor at home just now.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

CARLETON HAS A VISITOR FROM A MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL.

He Remains for a day or two—Loses Money but Fails to Report to the Police—The Landlady Refuses any Satisfaction.

Carleton, the paper if west side reformer, although ordinarily presenting an unrefined appearance, it is not always without its exciting episodes some of which do not come under the consideration of the police officials. It does not need an international exhibition either to produce occasion for the episodes. They may become the more important and perhaps the less surprising because of an exhibition or it may be a murderous assault, or the taking of life in another section of the province or in another province even. Sometimes quiet is invaded by indescribable visitors as was the case last week, when a man, described as a 'hard looking citizen and somewhat the worse of liquor spent a night over there, and next day reported that he had been robbed of thirty-eight dollars during the night in his hotel which is located in the vicinity of Sand Point. This stranger refused to report his loss to the police although advised to do so by at least one of the people to whom he told the story of his loss. Rumor has it that he reported his loss to the landlady who refused him any satisfaction. But she of course being ignorant and innocent of any direct or indirect knowledge of the occurrence could not do otherwise. The stranger, who by the way has a variety of surnames that he uses as occasion or convenience demands remonstrated further with the lady, on the subject and it was advised that he spoke to the police, she would at once have him fined for drunkenness. As the fine even if imposed would be only \$4 it would seem as though the stranger had some substantial reason for avoiding intimacy with the police. He made no formal complaint. The name he used at the time of the alleged theft was Edwards.

He remained in and about Carleton for the rest of the day and then disappeared, going it was supposed in the direction of the border. The landlady referred to, has some knowledge of police court proceedings and had the stranger persisted it is possible he would have been better off financially. As this occurred about the time the news of the Dutchman murder reached St. John; many persons thought that this stranger, who wore a heavy black mustache might have been the man the authorities were looking for. Certainly it looked suspicious that having met the loss he said, he did not unboast himself to the police.

MONCTON OFFICIALS TO BLAME.

For the Manner in Which Sullivan Escaped Arrest in his Flight.

John Sullivan the supposed murderer of the Dutchman family at Meadow Brook near Moncton on the tenth of this month is now safely lodged in jail in Moncton. Sullivan although early suspected of the crime, was allowed to wander about Meadow Brook and Moncton for some days a free man. Then when he wished he quietly got out, and for about a week his whereabouts were unknown to the police of the province. Later however, on the expiration of over a weeks liberty, he was arrested by the police of Calais at that place. There is wonder expressed on all sides that a murder suspect could pass a night in this city and then step aboard of an afternoon train and escape to the Bardeco. Some ask, were the police asleep, others, where was the detective?

They were on duty and might have stopped Sullivan on his arrival here; but how were they to know John Sullivan from any other man? no description of the man had been sent so they were powerless to act. The blame is therefore with Moncton officials and not with St. John police and detectives.

It is no wonder that Sullivan got as far as Calais, but it is a wonder that he did not get further. Everything favored his escape, even from the novel way he was aided to leave Moncton by rail. A relative who is conductor of a night freight was to carry Sullivan safely from Moncton, by rail and he did it. His train is scheduled to leave Moncton at a certain hour at night. It was fully one hour late in starting, the night Sullivan boarded it, but then there was no crowd about the station at Moncton at that hour and that was what the fugitive and his relative wanted.

After passing a day and a night in Carleton John Sullivan stepped aboard the Grand Southern train and went to St. Stephen, then across to Calais, where he was finally caught by the police of that place.

To Hold a Convention.

A deputation from the international mission of association of New York consisting of Mr. Henry Wilson D. D., of New York formerly of Kingston, Ont., and Rev. Mr. LeLachur, for the past 3 years superintendent of the China mission of the I. M. A., will visit the city on Sunday the

THEY CANNOT AGREE.

Chief Clerk and Mr. Everett do not Agree on Police Appointments.

Managing Secretary Everett does not like Chief Clerk a little bit, and openly asserts that ere long he will pick all the plumes out of the chief's headgear. On the other hand Chief Clerk thinks, and thinks out loud, that Secretary Charles A. Everett is the right man in the wrong place. The chief thinks the football team that Mr. Everett was captain of would be a big winner with such a gigantic kicker on it as the exhibition manager. The ill feeling or out falling occurred since the exhibition opening on Tuesday last, and was about the placing of special police.

It has been the custom for the Council to give Chief of Police Clark power to create in ten or twelve extra policemen to do duty during exhibition week.

Chief Clark feels that his payment in placing the 'extras' about the most ready part of the city is the correct judgement, while Manager Everett avers that the Chief has no judgement and never had, and that the extra men were sworn in for duty about the building and not for parading about remote parts of the city.

Things went a little more smoothly last night than the night before when Mr. Everett was real calm, and the Chief's 'design brew was slight ruffled.'

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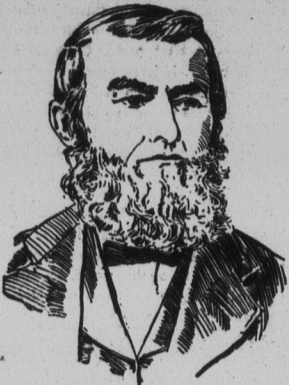
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RYMAL'S BIG SURPRISE.

A FARMER'S GOOD GUESS WINS FOR HIM A PIANO.

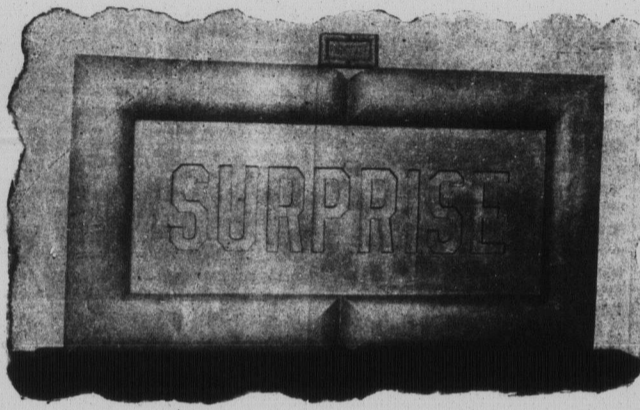
Everybody remembers honest Joe Rymal, the witty member of the House of Commons, who told the story of Hon. Edward Blake and the Snow-Joke.

William K. Rymal, the fortunate winner of the Surprise Soap piano, now on view in Michie & Co.'s store, is a cousin of 'Honest'



Joe Rymal. William K.'s lifelong home is three miles northeast of Dundas, Ont., near Rock Chapel.

Mr. Rymal has a sixty-acre farm, and when Mr. Wright of the Surprise Soap, arrived at the homestead his daughter-in-law said he was at work in the fields. After climbing the fence, the Surprise Soap man came to Farmer Rymal, who is



about 70 years of age, and whose likeness appears above.

'Are you Wm. K. Rymal?' asked Mr. Wright.

'Yes,' replied the farmer.

'Were you at the Toronto Exhibition this year?'

'Yes, I went down to see my son at the Fair.'

'What day?'

'Went to the show on Friday.'

'Did you guess at the weight of the big cake of Surprise Soap?'

'Yes—had one guess at it.'

'What was your guess—can you recollect?'

'Let me see—476 pounds and some ounces. Now lemme see—I think it was 2 ounces. Yes two ounces and three quarters.'

'Mr. Rymal, allow me to congratulate you,' said Mr. Wright. 'Your guess won that piano.'

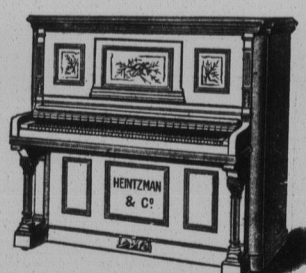
'Never!' ejaculated Mr. Rymal.

'It's true,' said Mr. Wright, and he quickly drew out the newspaper announcements, together with the coupon and Mayor Fleming's declaration.

Mr. Rymal was amazed. 'You don't mean to say I'm to get that piano?'

Mr. Wright assured him that he was already the owner of the piano.

Smiles beamed on the face of Mr. Rymal



he was delighted, and here are some of his observations— 'I can guess the weight of a pig to a pound, but I never thought I could guess the weight of that big cake of soap. 'I have led the choir of the Methodist church here for 30 years and never got anything for it. I suppose this is my reward.' It appears that Mr. Rymal visited the Fair on the last day in company with his son, Marshall B. Rymal, of 88 Alexander street, in the city. They looked at the big cake of Surprise Soap and Marshall made a guess, he having registered a guess each day. The father decided to have a 'crack' at it, and said, 'There's no use in guessing because nobody but the friends or relatives of the Surprise Soap concern would ever get that piano, but seeing that it won't

cost anything to have a guess, I may as well have a crack at it.'

And he did.

He thought about 300 pounds might be the weight, but Mr. Rymal is a careful guesser. He has a reputation in Westworth county for his guessing faculty. He looked at the small cakes of Surprise, and made a rapid calculation.

'Better put in a few odd ounces,' suggested Marshall B.

And Mr. Rymal made it 476 lbs, 2 3/4 ounces.

Just quarter of an ounce out.

It was his own guess made on the last day of the exhibition.

The piano will go to Dundas, where Mr. Rymal has a comfortable home with his son, his wife and one grandchild.

That concludes the history of the famous Surprise Soap piano, an instrument valued at \$800, and given by the Surprise Soap company as a reward for the songs of praise so tenderly and joyfully sung by the housekeepers of Canada.

Every one who attends the St. John exhibition will have a chance to guess on the big cake of "Surprise" soap on exhibition there. The same kind of a piano. (An \$800 "Heintzman") will be given to the correct or nearest guesser at the St. John exhibition. It is not the same cake as the Toronto cake. A different size entirely. Look for The "Surprise" Soap exhibit; The "Heintzman" Piano; and the Big Cake." Guess once Free of Charge each day. Mayor Robertson of St. John with two prominent merchants will act as judges, so that everything will be conducted in the

fairest way. Visit the St. John exhibition and guess on the Big Cake of "Surprise" Soap.

**EAGER TO TELL IT.**

There's a Ring of Geniuses in Testimony Upon Testimony That Fours in From the Great Army of One-Time Sufferers—Sounding the Praises of Dr. Agnew's Great Cures—Heart Disease and Catarrh—Relieved in a few Minutes and Permanently Cured.

**IF THERE IS PALPITATION,** Fluttering of the Heart, or shortness of breath, it denotes heart trouble. If there is pain over the eyes, foal breath, or a simple cold in the head the first seeds of dreaded catarrh may have been sown. Be warned in time. These good remedies never fail to cure.

**THE HEART.**—Mr. George W. Walker writes: "Three years ago my daughter, 18 years of age, began to be troubled with palpitation and fluttering of the heart. It increased until she was unable to attend to her daily duties. Could not lie on her left side. We had doctored without any results. We had heard of the excellent results following the use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for it. We procured it and from the very first dose it helped her. Before the first bottle was taken she could sleep on either side. Another bottle entirely restored her. That it saved her life I have no doubt, and I feel it my duty to tell suffering humanity of this great cure."

**CATTARRH AND DEAFNESS.**—John McInnis of Washburn Bridge, writes: "I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and found it a wonderful cure for catarrh and deafness. I can hear as well as ever I did, and all signs of the disease have disappeared. I have never lost an opportunity of recommending it to others, and you will please send me a bottle for a neighbor who is afflicted as I was."

**PILES.**—One application of Dr. Agnew's Pile Ointment gives instant relief to itching, bleeding or blind piles, and a permanent cure is not a tedious one. It acts quickly. 35 cents.

Here is the description of a scroacher from Capt. McNamara of the park police force of Brooklyn, which is the scroacher's home: "The scroacher," said he, "is never older than 25, and seldom younger than 18. We have him under arrest about six times a week. He is the straight-haired, thin jawed, wild-eyed idiot, with his back humped like a mad tomcat's tail, who tears down the path with no regard for the safety of others. He is nearly always long in the legs and thin. Somehow or other, your fat man is not much on scroaching. When he is very young we hope he will outlive the habit, but when he is 25 we have no pity for him."

Ask your grocer for

**Windsor Salt**

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

GREAT PREMIERS.

Canada's Premier Holds No Fonder Position in the Hearts of the People Than Do the Premier of the United States.

The Great South American Cure Holds in the Hearts of the Thousands whose Sufferings They Have Vanquished.

THEY'RE POPULAR. THEY'RE SAFE.

They Relieve Almost Instantly and Cure Permanently Rheumatism, Kidney Disease and Stomach and Nerve Troubles.

**KIDNEY DISEASE.**—Mrs. Norman E. Cook of Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "About two years ago I was attacked with very serious kidney trouble. At intervals the pain was so excruciating I could not rest, and so attend to household duties was an absolute impossibility. When our local physicians had exhausted all known remedies, and I was given up as a hopeless case, I procured a trial of the Great South American Kidney Cure. I received relief and benefit in less than six hours. Five bottles cured me completely, and I have not had a symptom of my return of the trouble since."

**NERVOUS DEPRESSION.**—Mrs. R. Armstrong of Orlinda writes: "For six weary years I had been a great sufferer from nervous prostration, weakness, indigestion and dyspepsia. All that best doctors could do wrought me no permanent relief. I concluded to give South American Nerve Cure a trial. After the first few doses I had great relief. I took six bottles, and I can truthfully say that had it not been for this great remedy I would not have been alive today to sing its praises. I cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was."

**CHRONIC RHEUMATISM.**—Miss John Richards of Cape Town, P. O., was a great sufferer for three years from chronic rheumatism. So great were her sufferings that she was wholly unfit to perform the smallest household duty—during a great part of the time being unable to dress or undress herself. Appetite was gone; sleep was impossible. Three doctors having failed to relieve her she tried South American Rheumatic Cure. The results were astonishing. Within two days the pains were all gone, and the swelling in joints began to subside. Improvement continued, and today she is free from all her sufferings. Can walk five miles easily, and is well and strong again.

**A SORROWFUL FAIR.**

Montana's Ideal of Womanly Perfection Now a Drunkard.

The woman who was chosen by the State of Montana as its ideal of beauty is to-day an inmate of the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York. Four years ago she was known to the people as a model of physical perfection, now she is an object of pity and disgust.

The unhappy woman is Mrs. Caroline Louise Beach. She posed as the model of the great solid silver statue of Justice, which Montana sent to the World's Fair. This statue which stood in the 'Academy of the Montana building, was the most notable of the state's exhibit and was not the least remarkable feature of the entire exposition. The face was that of Ada R. Khan, but possibly out of modesty the famous actress made no further contribution to the statue.

The models were selected from a vast number of applicants by Sculptor Park. Mrs. Beach's figure was very beautiful and as near to the proportions immortalized by Greek sculpture as an artist could hope to find on this earth. In size she was almost heroic, for she was five feet nine and a half inches and weighed 170 pounds. Grace and strength were as happily combined in her as in the Venus de Milo.

To destroy such beauty seems no ordinary sin but that is what Caroline Louise Beach has done. To-day she lies distorted of the charms that attracted a nation.

Her former beauty lends great interest to the sordid but tragic story of her life. In the beginning she was a vain woman, who married a good steady business man in a small Illinois town. She developed a craving for notoriety. She moved to Chicago, and they drifted apart. She and her husband were not living together when she became the model for the Montana statue. After that her father renounced her, and she went to New York.

She made her first public appearance there when 'living pictures' were in favor. It was at Koster and Bial's performance. The Kilany shows at the Madison Square Garden Theatre gave a hint of the possibilities of this form of entertainment.

'Venus Rising From the Sea,' and 'Dina Surprised by Acastion,' were all right at the Garden, but speak to some thoughtful man about town concerning those days only two years ago, when he forsook all other amusements for the time-being, and turned into Thirty-fourth street at 10 45, and asked him what chiefly occupied his attention there.

It was the appearance of Caroline Beach as Dina. The stage was darkened for a moment, and then the calcium turned on and they beheld Dina—apparently Dina of

the Madison Square Tower, with hardly any more on her than St. Gaudin's Dina. St. Gaudin's model was five feet ten inches in height, and she weighed 155 pounds. Mrs. Beach was five feet nine and a half inches, and she weighed 170. There never were any complaints at the box office.

Her fame and success at that time, also led to her downward career. The cold bottle and the hot bath proved an irresistible temptation. The lady continued to be five feet nine and a half inches high, but she lost many of the proportions that attracted Sculptor Park back in the days before the World's Fair.

**A QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.**

Shall the American Lass be Taught to Courtesy to Her Elders?

It seems to be a mooted question as to whether it is or is not good form for young girls to courtesy to their elders. Many of the latter declare it to be an annoyance and a prostration while others deem it a graceful and pretty tribute to older people. As a matter of fact, however, it is not correct for girls who are grown up to keep up the 'reverence.' If English customs are the standard (as they undeniably are for most people who aspire to be 'smart') it may surprise those who have taught their daughters to 'bob' to know that it is altogether an American adoption of the fussy little dip to royalty. This 'tip' in England is used to the various H. R. H.'s belonging to the reigning family.

'What a funny habit the girls over here have of making bob courtesies!' commented an English woman recently. 'Only the little village children make them at home to the quality.'

For very little girls it looks rather pretty, and might be considered a graceful act, whether it is English or not; but when they are old enough to 'put up their hair,' and lengthen their frocks it is altogether better form to drop the courtesy as an exaggeration. Younger married women decidedly object to the respectful obeisance, and it is an awkward question to determine just at what age a maiden is old enough to be treated with special reverence. So it seems that all things considered, the courtesy should not be encouraged in everyday intercourse and should be relegated to dances or state occasions only.—New York Tribune.

**When Should a Man Swear?**

Man is not only a reasoning but a sweet-smelling animal. Sometimes his feelings are expressed in a way that is not so graceful as when he is a mere brute. It is so deep down in his nature that nothing is so natural as a volcano would thrust them to the surface. If man should swear at all, when should that time be? The church is silent on this important matter and the law gives no sanction to curse words. Stovepipes are provocative of feeling, but corns are far worse. Wives should see that these burrs are kept down. This may be done quite easily, pleasantly, and with absolute certainty by Putman's Corn Extractor. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes offered for Putman's Corn Extractor.

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**WE HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY**

this summer, and are therefore later than usual with our Annual Catalogue. It is now ready, and it is a beauty. Your name and address on a postal card will bring you a copy of it and circulars of the Isaac Pitman Short-hand by return mail.

Students can enter at any time.

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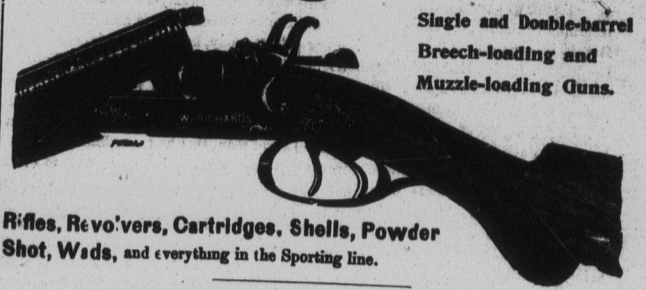
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We are still selling the celebrated...

New Silver Moon SELF-FEEDER.

This is the only stove with a Double Fire Pot. It burns LESS FUEL and gives MORE HEAT than any other Self-feeder in the market. All Sizes, full nickled, and plain.



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We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$35 to \$65.

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Singers, Raleighs, Bettsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents. ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER.

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THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider d'likes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.,

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Sleep, Sound and Refreshing

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

It's the nursing mother and her child if she takes it.

# Musical and Dramatic

## IN THEATRE CIRCLES

After the expenditure of not a little effort on the part of the Music committee of St. Andrew's church, supplemented by trials of the skill and ability of not a few applicants for the position, that church has at length secured a successor to Prof. Athos, as organist. The new incumbent is a young lady of Fredericton, Miss Everett, who is credited with much talent and executive ability. Miss Everett has now taken charge of the organ and choir and everything is of the most pleasant character. The congregation of German Street Baptist church had a pleasant surprise last Sunday week in hearing Miss Chase of Boston, sing a solo in a very attractive manner. Miss Chase has been visiting friends in the city who induced her to give the congregation the pleasure of hearing her sing. The lady's selection was "Jerusalem."

Mr. A. S. Cook, the organist of German Street Baptist church, has returned home after a well earned vacation of two weeks. Mr. Cook presided at the organ on Sunday last.

## Tones and Under-ones

An Armenian opera will be produced at the Shaftesbury theatre, London, Eng., on 10th October. The work is by Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks.

Jefferson De Angelis is now in his fourth week with "The Caliph," his new comic opera, at the Broadway (N. Y.) theatre.

Paderewski composed a new pianoforte piece during his recent stay in the south of France. He calls it the Menuet Moderna.

A statue of Donizetti will be erected at Bergamo on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, two years hence.

The recent Bayreuth festival caused money loss of \$37,000.

Yeave will give two concerts in London next month.

Mlle Van Zandt has signed a two months' engagement at the opera Comique, Paris, from Nov. 20th to Jan. 20th, next.

Sarasvi's London engagement is to begin on 17th October next.

"Moyna" an opera by Isidore de Lara, will be produced at Monte Carlo, during the coming winter with Messrs Van Dyck and Manuel in the leading tenor and baritone roles respectively.

Puccini's operatic version of "La Tosca" has been announced into three acts. The opera will not be ready for production until the carnival of 1898. Either the theatre La Scala or the Costanzi, will be selected for the production.

Jessie Bartlett Davis says the stage offers enough in inducement to women, not only can they do a tremendous amount of talking but they get paid for it in the bargain.

Two prominent English singers will be members of the company which is to produce Smith and De Koven's "The Mandarin" at the Herald Square Theatre, N. Y. They are George Honey and Alicia Barnet. Miss Barnet has been a member of the Savoy Company in London, and was the original Lady Jane in "Patience." Kistiah in "The Mikado," and Ruth in "The Pirates of Penzance." More recently she was seen in George Edwardes' production of "His Excellency."

Anna Held, the beautiful Polish singer, has arrived in New York and will join the company at the Herald square theatre. She is described as "one of the most indisputably fascinating women in Europe."

The question of wearing gloves at the theatre and opera is again being agitated, especially in London. J. E. Dodson, the eminent character actor, who is an acknowledged authority on matters of dress, states that years ago in England it was unusual for gentlemen to appear at the opera ungloried, but the custom was first broken by the Duke of Edinburgh on his return from a long cruise on the Galatin, and since then, the wearing of gloves by men has been quite optional. "I know of a newspaper office in London," adds Mr. Dodson, "where, until recently, the musical critic, now deceased, regularly drew five shillings for every opera night as glove money."

Oscar Girard, of the Castle Square Opera Company, tells of a young man who wrote to his mother in glowing terms about his success on the stage. "I appear every night as a village, a soldier and the kind of soldiers," said he, "while the star only performs one part."

Of Madame Hortensia Daries, who will be a member of Col. Mapleson's next opera company, a writer says, "she is celebrated as a beautiful woman with a splendid voice, she is a great dramatic singer and actress and will be, no doubt, a dangerous rival to Madame Calve. She demands \$4500 per performance."

Mary Howe, an American soprano, has signed contract, for thirty-three operatic performances in Germany, beginning next month.

Dr. George H. Clark, the base of the

Ruggles St. (Boston) church quartette, is now making the singing as a soloist for Musical organizations, a speciality.

Wagner is to be made the chief attraction of the London opera season next spring.

Verdi is said to be a great lover of horses, and his paddocks near Genoa contain some of the best horses in Italy. He seldom goes to the opera.

During the coming concert tour in the United States, Carl Halir will use the famous "Red Strad" violin which was presented by the City of London to Joachim.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was sung at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Harrison ave., Boston, last Sunday evening. Director George Whiting was in charge, and had as soloists Miss Anna C. Westervelt, soprano; Mrs. Annette Welsh-Moynihan, alto; Mr. James J. Herriek, tenor, and Mr. Lon F. Brine, baritone.

Jean De Bagko and the Countess De Mailly Neufars to be married next month. He says he will retire from the stage in 1893.

All the most eminent Italian composers are said to be busy at work on new operas. The list includes Verdi, Mascagni, Puccini, Leoncavallo and Franchetti.

Balle's opera "The Sleeping Queen" was given in Hingham, Mass. last Thursday evening.

"The Gondolier" was continued at the Castle Square opera house, Boston, this week.

Richard Carle has written the libretto of a new comic opera for which George Lowell Tracy is composing the music. It is called "The Ruler of Rismataz."

## TALK OF THE THEATRE

At the Opera house this week and offered by the management, not as a counter attraction to the exhibition but as an additional means of entertainment for visitors to the city, there is Mrs. the star sourette, as she is called, in a repertoire of plays new to St. John. This lady is supported by Fred Williams, who is the comedian of the company and has for leading man a young actor Mr. Neil Twomey who gives much promise of future excellence in the profession. He has a good voice and well clear enunciation and suggests having been schooled in the legitimate. The opening production was a piece called "Pretty Polly" and it was witnessed by quite a large, but somewhat top heavy house. As a medium for introducing Mrs. to a St. John audience perhaps it served the purpose as well, if not better, than any other piece that could have been selected. "Pretty Polly" enables the actress to manifest her special line of work and her versatility vary fully, inasmuch as in this play she impersonates no less than six distinct and widely different characters. She appeared to such good advantage in each role that it would be not very easy to say which was her best. In the character of the actress in the play so little did she differ in facial appearance from the title role, it struck me as not a little strange she was not readily recognized by her friends and those who had been intimate acquaintances only a few years before. One of the male members of the company sings a song as a speciality between the acts, but he has evidently determined that in their rendition it is not necessary to open his mouth to such an extent that the best effect is not always secured. The business done by the company has been fairly good notwithstanding the heavy handicap that the exhibition must prove.

A French version of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" is announced for production at the Odeon in Paris, in the near future.

The new Theatre des Westons in Berlin will be opened 1st, October: next with "A Midsummer night's dream," with expensive and elaborate accessories. "One's old blood" is the title of a very successful play, at the Lessing theatre in Berlin. It is an "advanced" play.

In the new piece "Jacques Calla" to be given at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, Coquelin will personate the character of "Raffaelli."

Alexander Salvini's illness is so likely to be prolonged that he has instructed the entire cancellation of his tour for this season.

Panny Davenport, it is said, has paid \$100,000 to Bardou, during the last thirteen years for royalties.

Frederick Ward will make the role of "King Lear," the leading feature of his tour this season. He opened at Richmond, Va., on last Monday.

A new comedy entitled "The Hoosier Doctor" has just been completed by Augustus Thomas for Digby Bell who will star in it next season. It deals with life in Indiana.

It is said that young Aubrey Remondino will shortly marry a New York society belle only twenty four years old—a blonde with a brilliant complexion and dark blue eyes. She is Miss Nellie Holbrook, the only child of the late Ezra Holbrook, who left a

very large fortune. Aubrey will probably retire from the stage.

A recent Boston paper says "It would take a long walk and a keen eye to find four prettier or more youthful looking girls than those impersonating the daughters in "The Lady Slave" at the Hollis theatre in that city.

Thomas E. Shea is playing at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, this week in "The Man-o-War's Man."

Carl Haswin scored a big success in his new play "A Lion's Heart" in Boston, last week. He carried the house with him from start to finish.

Chas. Danby, the only Englishman in the cast of "The Lady Slave" at the Hollis, and who so cleverly impersonates Robert, the sheriff's officer, has been rewarded for his loyalty by backing the Prince of Wales' horse, Perismon, in the last two races which that equine king has won for his royal master.

Annie Thompson, a daughter of Denman, plays the role of Ricketty Ann in "The Old Homestead." There are not many who know that the stately New York dame in

the second act is also Miss Thompson, or rather Mrs. Kilpatrick, as she is known in private life.

## The Kick of a Rifle

When a man gets a rifle for big game shooting, he sometimes forgets to consider one of the most important points—the kick—says the New York Sun. A gun which uses 70 grains of powder and 500 grains of lead coves a weak man's shoulder in and makes the flesh black and blue. If the man has more pluck than sense, he continues to use the big gun in spite of the discomfort, and therefore sometimes ruins himself as a shot.

When one of the big bore, big charge rifle cracks picks up a rifle and fires it at a target, alive or dead, a painful expression twists his face, and just as he pulls the trigger the butt, shoulder finches from the recoil. That finch is ruinous to the aim, and men often get so used to finching that they dodge the kick of a 22 short cartridge as vigorously as they do a 50-110-500 one. Men who finch from their guns do not know it usually, until some time they are standing nicely balanced on a freshly peeled hemlock log, or some other slippery place, and the gun misses fire. The man finches and his foot slips at that, and down

he tumbles. Even then the chances are that he will not understand the reason of it.

**B.B.B.**

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE  
INDIGESTION, FLATTENING OF THE STOMACH, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, BRUISES OF THE SKIN, RHEUMATISM, DIZZINESS, NEURALGIA, DROOPY, AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Men who finch from their guns do not know it usually, until some time they are standing nicely balanced on a freshly peeled hemlock log, or some other slippery place, and the gun misses fire. The man finches and his foot slips at that, and down

T. MILBURN & CO. TORONTO.

## OUR FALL AND WINTER Millinery Opening

Which commenced last Monday, will be continued every day next week.

This opening has so far been the most successful held in St. John for many years, as we have the latest novelties from Paris, London and New York, and the ladies who have visited our Store are greatly pleased with the stylish Show. We cordially invite all who have not yet called to do so. We shall be pleased to see visitors to the Exhibition. Open every evening.

CHARLES K. CAMERON 77 KING STREET.

## THEY THINK MY HEART IS BREAKING.

Words by H. HEINE.

Music by A. FRENCCELLI.

*Moderato.*

They think my heart is break - ing in sor - row's bit - ter yoke, I too be - gin to think so, as well as oth - er

*Andante.*

folk; Thou large - eyed dar - ling, do I not al - ways say I love the past all tell - ing, love

*a tempo.*

gnaws my heart a - way, But on - ly in my cham - ber I dare ex - press my

*rall.*

pain,..... For al - ways in thy pres - ence, quite si - lent I re - main For

*rall. molto.*

there were e - vil an - gels who sealed my lips so close, And oh! from e - vil

*f. Largamente.*

an - gels sprang all my wretch - ed woes, And oh! from e - vil an - gels sprang all my wretch - ed

*Moderato.*

woes, my woes, my woes, Sprang all my wretch - ed woes.....

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'S BALM

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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Its Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 26

Every woman, says LA HUNG CHANG, ought to get married! Yes but how?

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has announced his intention of retiring permanently from the stage. The stage is to be congratulated.

New York, the largest city in America, has not sufficient school house accommodation for its children. Before it grows any larger or greater it should attend to the educational feature.

It is evident that even in South Africa, hard times are not unknown. A clergyman at Cradock, Cape Colony, advertises in the local papers that he is prepared to undertake the tuning of pianos.

The London correspondent of the "Woman's Journal," reviews the changeful attitude of the liberal and conservative parties toward the Woman Suffrage bill during the last four years. She considers that though much had been hoped from the conservatives, since Mr. BALFOUR and Lord SALISBURY favored the measure, their manner of dealing with the question has probably set back the work for years.

That spirit which might be termed conceit in a young and untried man is transformed into admirable self-consciousness in one whose years and experience have proven that he understood his own powers. An incident related of BISMARCK and LI HUNG CHANG shows no lack in either of these remarkable men. "I feel flattered in having the privilege of welcoming such an eminent statesman. We have both long helped our masters each to govern a great country," said BISMARCK. "I have only been able to direct the affairs of China, while you are equal to governing the world," was the reply of the Mongolian Earl.

Without waiting for the autumnal charge of leaf the suburban lawns around St. John now show gorgeous displays of color, the crimson blaze of dahlias, the yellow of the nasturtium, and the delicate pink and geraniums in huge beds of color are supported by wonderful and stately masses of myrtle honeysuckle and other trailing vines. There is no want of September color about the lawns. As to the suburbs are not without their share, even at this time of year. From closely mown lawns comes the whiff of sweet scented grass and from piazzas the stately clematis now in its prime. The pungent and aromatic odors fill the air and are perhaps more refreshing than those of summer with its hot sultry air.

To one who enjoys travelling, and to whom the ever changing panorama of nature is an endless delight, the work of the ubiquitous sign painter is a constant source of vexation. The persistency and audaciousness of these knights of the brush is fast becoming a nuisance and in the last few years is increasing so rapidly that it continues at the same rate it will practically destroy the beauty of Canadian scenery. A lover of Nature does not like to see a picturesque group of rocks or frowning bluff decorated with red and yellow paint by these commercial vandals. Too often has a grand old tree which gave majesty and dignity to some spot been cut down in order to force upon the eye of the passerby an advertisement of some patent medicine that he would never think of purchasing. The picturesque river scene from our own suspension bridge almost loses its impressive effect when from every rock comes the adjuration to try some new quack nostrum. Surely some means might be devised to prevent this desecration. In the cities there has been a great improvement in this form of advertising. Multicolored posters, designed by artists who have made this class of work a specialty, now take the place of the old time signs. These are often works of art, showing great originality of design and execution and are very pleasing to the eye. As they cover up dead walls and other bare places, no reasonable person can object to them, but it is the vandalism in the country, on

the mountain and shore, that should be remedied.

An agreeable suggestion is made by a certain Dr. GIRDNER of New York that the 'plague of city noises' be removed by the organized efforts of a 'Society for the Prevention of Noises.' The worthy Doctor's scheme should be broadened in its scope. Science has so annihilated the former obstacles of distance that not only the noises of a city but all cities and towns, should be included in the fascinating crusade of an S. P. N. Moreover, local societies should be complemented by national bodies, and these in turn by an international association, and thus this germ, as Dr. GIRDNER'S idea becomes, would extend into a grand attack on all noise wherever it exists, all over the world. It does not require much of an imagination to foresee that in the course of time noises within the earth, such as earthquakes, and above the earth, such as thunder, would be included among the candidates for suppression. In fact, since Dr. GIRDNER'S entire plan is based on the effect of noise on the nerves it is apparent that thunder the loudest noise of all, that disturbs more nerves and disturbs each nerve more in a minute than all the other noises in a day, must be included in the category, or the campaign would be inconspicuously incomplete. In connection with this it may not be out of place to suggest that there is a class of 'noises' conveyed without sound which is even more wearing on the average nerve than those of the loudest variety, and some of the choice specimens of these 'silent noises' are more manifold in contributions to the problem of life such as that made by Dr. GIRDNER. Though this is another line of investigation that may be left safely to the S. P. N. when it shall be duly organized.

Why will so many women persistently ignore the rules of good taste, good breeding and a kindly thoughtfulness for the comfort and convenience of others, in wearing to public places of amusement a style of headwear that is intended to block the way of others. A little's serious attention to the matter on the part of the newspapers might easily accomplish what countless jokes on the subject has failed to do. In these days when women ask for equality with men in the religious, political and social world, there is no good reason why they should claim all man's rights and privileges without conforming in some way to the rules and usages that govern his conduct. To do otherwise is a species of selfishness of which the emancipated woman would hardly care to be accused. Why should a man take off his hat, which he does instinctively in the aisle of a theatre or public hall, and woman be less considerate and show less courtesy. If the removal of woman's hat, attended as it is with a certain inconvenience is impracticable, men have a right to demand the adoption of some style of headwear that will not in any way interfere with their pleasure, or the right to get that for which they paid—an evening's amusement. Aside from this, the matter of a small hat or bonnet is a compliment to the stage—a compliment that is strictly enforced in London and Paris, and certainly the best use a woman or girl can put her head to in a crowded audience is not to let it block the way of others. It is a mark of decided vulgarity to show off a large hat of toppling plumes in a theatre. It is taken as assuredly as an advertisement of ignorance and rudeness, as though the wearer carried a "sandwich board" on her shoulders announcing the fact.

As in the field of literature new names are constantly displacing the old, so in the field of invention new devices are constantly superseding the old. When armored ships came into vogue the experts concluded that the instruments of naval warfare had reached perfection. Already they are being discredited, even before their merits to any important extent have been tested in actual strength. Meanwhile the navies of the world have been armored at enormous expenditure; and now Lord ARMSTRONG who has done so much of this armour work, is of opinion that the time is coming when mail clad ships will be as obsolete as mail clad men. "Do what we will" he has told his shareholders of the great Elswick works, "I believe, that the means of attack will always overtake the means of defence, and that sooner or later armor will be abandoned." He is also of the opinion that in the future "light vessels of great speed armed with quick firing guns are likely to be the order of the day." He has great faith in credit, a smokeless explosive which secures enormous power, even with moderate sized guns. With a six inch gun of 45 calibre and 100 pound projectile a velocity of 3000 feet per second has been reached, giving an energy of 5884 tons, as against the 3254 tons of the eight inch guns of ten years ago. Speed in the ships and celerity of fire, these are the points of superiority. The country having ships of superior speed and guns of superior power will become ruler of the sea. The cost of adopting new naval devices and abandoning old ones is so enormous that even the strongest power naturally hesitates to take the step forward. England showed no disposition to armor her ships until France led the way and doubtless armor will be adhered to by all the naval

powers until a change shall have become imperative. But improvements in guns and explosives, and in the speed of ships are likely to put a new face on naval warfare and on the instruments by which it is waged.

WHAT THEY WILL WEAR.

M. R. & A's Autumn Opening Attended With Much Zeal.

Among the wholesale millinery openings of the season Manchester, Robertson and Allison always easily lead both in regard to magnificent display and the large number of milliners who attend from all over the lower provinces. This year the number was unusually large, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the rooms were thronged with admiring ladies from early morning till late at night. Four rooms were devoted to millinery this year, the first one entered being devoted to ribbons, laces, jet, guimpe, iridescent and chenille trimmings; many pretty effects in ribbons were noticed, the colors being very bright although, the lovely Dresden was not quite so prominent as last year. The stock in the second room was much the same as that in the first, with the addition of beautiful ornaments in steel, pearl, and rhinestones, velvets and chenille trimmings. One long room was devoted to untrimmed hats but it was in the fourth of these rooms that the greatest interest centered, and here milliners from all parts of the province hovered over the tables containing ideal hats, bonnets and toques. The pencil and note book was in constant requisition and descriptions of the lovely and wonderful models were faithfully described for future use. A bonnet from Madame Sanbon's Paris house had a frame of taffeta silk, the trimmings being of Hussar velvet of which the upper brim was made, with a white argente in the front.

Another creation that was greatly admired was a toque in dove silk velvet, with green and dove shot bows and green and pink aigrette. Some of the hats were extremely large and it would seem as if considerable courage was required to wear them, though many found delighted purchasers and many of the most impossible of them were marked sold. The hour glass crown is one of the fancies of the hour though it is not likely to have a very long reign. White, black and navy walking hats in soft felt were noticed many of them having beside the regulation band a couple of stiff quills at the side. The tam crown still continues in favor and as it is becoming to almost any face has taken a strong hold on the feminine affections. One pretty thing in brown had a "saffron" brim of felt and a tam crown, two stiff quills catching up the left side of the crown. A chio, but showy bonnet was of pink velvet and chenille the latter forming quite a brim in the front; aigrette and bows and fur ornament at the back make up the trimming. An odd, and rather expensive conceit was a three cornered piece of pivoine moiré velvet, hand embroidered in chenille and sequins the pattern being carried out with due regard to the toque which was to be fashioned from the velvet. In ornaments there is the sequin cabochon, which has about the only novelty noticed. On Thursday and Friday the rooms were thrown open to the general public and the retail buyers were then able to admire the magnificent specimens of autumn and winter headwear.

The October Number of the Delineator.

Is called the Autumn number and its many colored Plates of Dress Modes and Millinery reflect the rich but subdued tints characterizing Autumnal Fashions. Motives will find especially helpful the Directions for Fitting out the Family with Autumn and Winter clothing. The literary matter shows a continuance of the high quality lately noted, two brilliant additions to the list of contributors being made in Frances Lynde and Viola Allen. The former is represented by a spirited story of the Tennessee Mountains, crisp and vivid as an etching. The latter brings her experience as leading lady at the Empire Theatre, New York city, to the discussion of the Stage as a Profession for Women. Both hostess and guest will enjoy what Mary Cadwalader Jones has to say about Hospitality. Maude C. Murray-Miller begins a series entitled "Six Important Days in a Woman's Life with 'The Day She is Born.'" In A Ramona Luncheon Sharlot M. Hall describes an entertainment distinctively Spanish-American in its dishes and appointments. J. Harry Adams gives illustrated instructions for Relief Etching in Brass. Emma Haywood explains three designs for Embroidered Pin-Cushions and continues her exposition of ecclesiastical Embroidery, Mrs. A. B. Longstreet writes about some notable Women in Business, Frances Leeds devotes her paper on Interior Decoration to the Nursery, E. C. Vick rehearses the Floral Work for the month and there are the usual entertaining departments of Tea-Table Chat, New Books, Seasonable Cookery, Knitting, Tatting, Lace-Making, etc.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Baby's Evening Song. Now the little white sheep, Now the little black sheep, They have all come to sleep In the fold.

Nothing is black, Nothing is white, When the kind old night Hides them all on sight In the fold.

And the little chickens, too, Must do as little lambs do— They must go to sleep In the fold.

Nothing is heavy, Nothing is cold, When it comes time to sleep In the fold.

And the sweet, bright things That fly about on wings, While the kind old night Hides them all on sight In the fold.

And the little children, too, Must do as the little birds do— They must all go to sleep In the fold.

Nothing is hidden, Can the baby find When once he is tucked In the fold.

The Duel. The glenham dog and the calico cat Stood by side on the table mat; 'Twas half-past twelve, as I told you do think Number of them had slept a wink? And the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place, Seemed to know as sure as fate,

There was going to be an awful spat. (I wasn't there—I simply state.) What was told to me by the Chinese plate.) The glenham dog went "how wow-wow!" And the calico cat replied "meow meow!" And the air was streaked for an hour or so With fragments of glenham and calico.

And the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place Up with its hands before its face. For it always dressed a family row! (Now mind, I'm simply telling you.) What the old Dutch clock declares is true.) The Chinese plate looked very blue.

And the calico cat said "What shall we do?" But the glenham dog and the calico cat Walked this way and tumbled that And will of every tooth and claw In the swiftest way you ever saw— And, oh! how the glenham and calico flew! (Don't think that I exaggerate.) I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat They found no trace of dog or cat; And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away; But the truth about that cat and pup Is that they ate each other up.

Now, what do you really think of that? That each of 'em told me so, And that is how I came to know.— Eugene Field.

A Special Pleader. Sweetheart, love of my latest soul, Why do I turn to thee? Thy eyes are bright stars the pole, Guide my bark at sea.

Why do I love thee in daylight's gleams, Why do I love thee in dream? Why do I love thee in schoolman's phrase— The steel tool toadstone why it obeys? Just because I love you.

Why is an hour at thy feet Dearer than dreams of fame? Why are earth's sweetest things more sweet Than ever before you came? Why is my life so bright and bright, Why has my heart a less split? I can not tell thee the "why" of these, They quite confound philosophers, Just because I love you.

Why do I feel when thou art nigh That life had doubted joy? Why is the leastest melody Discarded beside thy voice? Why is the most fragrant flower Flung before thy face, thy dove? Of blessed joy I am the thief, I can not tell thee I held a bribe. It is because I love you.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

BEST AT THE FAIR. Some of The Exhibitors And What They are Exhibiting.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison occupy their old space again this year in the Eastern end of the South wing. The centre space is magnificently arranged with carpets, rugs and furniture and presents a pretty show displaying excellent taste. It seems that everyone who attends the exhibition both visitors and citizens always ask for Manchester's exhibit and are always greeted with some thing extra. This firm is always found the first on the list to help out any venture for the advancement of St. John.

Emerson & Fisher. The exhibit of the products of the Enterprise Foundry Co., at Sackville as shown in the main building by Messrs. Emerson & Fisher is among the most attractive in the whole show. This concern always foremost in producing unique features, have this year one of their well known and popular Royal Art Ranges in actual operation, with a French cook in uniform to do the cooking.

The purpose is to show the superior baking qualities of the Royal Art Range, and to draw special attention to its convenience. Aside from this special feature, the exhibit made in every other respect is very beautiful, and shows the perfection that has been attained in the manufacture of stoves by this enterprising company.

In their Mantel exhibit Messrs. Emerson & Fisher excel all previous records, and in the space at their command give some splendid examples of their workmanship and taste in this line. One of the features of this exhibit is a Gas log in actual operation, and which is such a perfect reproduction of the real wood fire that the most experienced is readily deceived.

Messrs. Emerson & Fisher cordially invite all visitors to call at their show rooms where a much larger and better assortment of the goods is shown. The time spent in all will be amply repaid.

W. H. Thorpe. On entering the annex of main building a very striking exhibit is that of the Lawton Saw Works Co., where on a black background they have tastefully displayed their full line of saws. These consist of inserted tooth, circular cutters, gang, cross cut hand, most back saws and many others in fact saws for use in any trade. The balance of space which is one of the largest in the building is the specialties of W. H. Thorpe & Co. They show barb, plane, and woven wire for fences, also a large supply of rubber belting and hose nicely arranged, and all milling supplies from the Gutta Percha Rubber Manufacturing Co. of Toronto. The Gordon wire nails, the Hayard Powder Co., sporting and blasting powders; the Howe Scale Co., where a number of beautiful platform scales are shown, and on the first floor the Columbia and Hartford bicycles are displayed.

Wm. Parks & Son. The attention of those who visit the exhibition is particularly called to the splendid display made by Wm. Parks & Son. Limited proprietors of the New Brunswick and St. John cotton mills of this city. This exhibit is among the nicest in the building, and was very tastefully arranged to show every thing to the best possible advantage by Mr. F. Fales who is in charge.

McIntyre & Townshend. On the main floor central building near the exit to Agricultural building is the handsome exhibit of Messrs. McIntyre & Townshend who represent the largest distilleries in the world, and who show the largest variety of choice liquors that has been seen in any Exhibition in St. John. They have in attendance several young ladies and gentlemen attired in Royal Gordon costumes which were imported direct from Edinburgh Scotland for the occasion. This firm's leader is Pattison's Limited Royal Gordon Scotch Whisky which they claim to be the lightest grade of Scotch whisky ever imported into Canada. They also represent Gonzalez, Byass Co. the largest wine house in the world, showing a variety of this firm's goods, as well as the celebrated Scotch ale in stone bottles from T. and J. Bernard of Edinburgh and M. B. Foster and Sons Bugle Brand Bottling of Beers ale. One of the firm will always be found at the exhibit and any one in quest of first class goods can find them there.

McIntyre and Townshend headquarters are at Nelson St., St. John N. B.

The K. D. O. Company. The old reliable K. D. O. is back to the Exhibition again this year and are giving away free samples of K. D. O. and K. G. D. pills—the twin remedies. This firm has a good method of advertising and always keeps their remedies before the public. This is the fourth time for K. D. O. to be represented at St. John Exhibitions and it presents something new to the public every time. The Exhibit is in the South

Wing on the right hand side; west, and is tastefully arranged with large signs and packages of the medicine. You will know know it by the crowd that congregates there to get free samples and attractive advertising matter. Sharp's Balsam. Will not admit of anything in the way of decoration, but like all other good things is bound to make its worth known and with Mr. Robert Armstrong in charge to extol its virtues to visitors.

FOR DISTILLING WATER. Messrs. Patison's Interesting Contrivance on Exhibition.

Of all the elements which enter into the life and physical well being of mankind, there are none of greater importance than the water which is daily consumed in the course of nature's requirements. It is certain that an article entering so largely into the internal economy should be of the most absolute purity. No water can be truthfully called pure unless it has been distilled. Innumerable filters have been invented while filtered water is an improvement over the natural conditions there remained much to be done in the perfecting of an apparatus which would fulfill the requirements of scientific accuracy. This has at last been accomplished in a manner that has elicited the commendation of all authorities who have given the subject their attention. The "Perfect Condenser" now being placed on this market by the "Patison Manufacturing Company Limited" of Windsor N. S., will give an unflinching supply of chemically pure "distilled" water. W. W. Andrews Professor of chemistry at Sackville N. B. has given it his highest endorsement, and the company are daily receiving testimonials in its favor from all parts of Canada. D.illed water has been used in London England Hospital for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Kidney disease, Gout, Gravel and Rheumatism and is considered a specific for these diseases.

A prominent London firm has taken out sixteen patents on the perfect condenser in Europe and Australia and it is also patented in N. S. and Canada. The company have an exhibit in the main building and every one who is interested in health should pay it a visit. Pamphlets and testimonials can be obtained at the exhibition. The Company's agents in St. John are Messrs. Emerson & Fisher and J. E. Whittaker.

BEST AT THE FAIR. Hamilton and Son's Exhibit Complimented by the Managing Board.

Messrs G. J. Hamilton & Sons of Victoria N. S. are feeling jubilant over the fact that their exhibit has been pronounced by the Managing Board the best of the kind at the fair. It occupies a large place in a central position and is a great attraction to visitors. There are six attendants with Mr. J. B. Gillespie the firm's St. John manager in charge, and the table, in addition to the grand display of confectionery, has a decoration of palms that greatly enhances its beauty. Above the exhibit are banners and signs describing the goods which include every thing from the faintest tea cake and most expensive candy to the cheapest sweets. There are over three hundred lines of biscuits shown in glass front boxes, the various colors in frosting, etc., showing an artistic eye had much to do with their arrangement. Another one of Hamilton & Son's specialties is the drug tablet that finds a ready sale and comes in different flavors. The confectionary display is also about the best in the building and the higher grades manufactured by this firm are here on exhibition. This booth presents the appearance from morning till night of a busy candy store and is doing a rushing business. Mr. J. B. Gillespie the city agent has been most successful in his canvasses throughout the city, and this house's goods are found in every grocery in the city and meet with a ready sale.

B. & A. Sports. The fall sports of the Bicycle and Athletic club to be held this afternoon on the B. & A. grounds will be a grand affair. The different events include bicycle race, running race, hurdles, and throwing programme. There are twelve numbers on the programme. Ralph Smith who on Thursday rode a mile at Truro in 2-14 (establishing a new record for the Maritime Province) will compete in the bicycle races. Persons desirous of leaving town by the late afternoon train will be able to see the entire programme.

Will French Here. Rev. D. W. La Lecheur, missionary to China, will be in the City tomorrow and preach at Zion's church in the evening. Rev. Mr. La Lecheur is a brother of Mr. John La Lecheur of the firm of Bowman & La Lecheur in this city. The Rev. gentleman has been working in China for the past three years having formerly been stationed at Portland Maine.

Baking Powder PURE

on the right hand side, west, and is fully arranged with large signs and images of the medicine. You will know it by the crowd that congregates to get free samples and attractive tasting matter.

FOR DISTILLING WATER

all the elements which enter into the physical well being of mankind, are none of greater importance than water which is daily consumed in the nature's requirements. It is that an article entering so largely into the internal economy should be of absolute purity. No water can be called pure unless it has been filtered while filtered water is an improvement over the natural conditions there and much to be done in the filtering of an apparatus which meets the requirements of scientific accuracy. This has at last been accomplished in a manner that has elicited the attention of all authorities who have given their attention to the 'Perfect Filter' now being placed on this market. The 'Patison Manufacturing Company' of Windsor N. B., will give a full supply of chemically pure 'distilled water'. W. W. Andrews Professor of Chemistry at Sackville N. B. has given the highest endorsement, and the same daily receiving testimonials in its favor from all parts of Canada. Distilled water has been used in London England for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Kidney disease, Gout, Gravel and Rheumatism and is considered a specific in all these diseases.

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and Son's Exhibit Complimented by the Managing Board. G. J. Hamilton & Sons of Victoria are feeling jubilant over the fact that their exhibit has been pronounced by the Board the best of the kind at the exposition and is a great attraction to visitors. Six attendants with Mr. J. B. Hamilton of the firm's St. John manager in attendance, in addition to the display of confectionery, has a display of palms that greatly enhances its value.

the exhibit are banners and signs advertising the goods which include everything from the finest tea cake and most candy to the cheapest wares. There are over three hundred lines of goods in glass front boxes, the colors in frosting, etc., showing the eye had much to do with their selection. Another one of Hamilton & Sons' specialties is the drug tablet that is ready sale and comes in different

confectionary display is also about in the building and the higher up the building the higher the display. This booth presents the appearance of a busy business. Gillespie the city agent has been successful in his canvasses throughout the city and this house's goods are every grocery in the city and a ready sale.

E. & A. Sports.

sports of the Bicycle and Athletic to be held this afternoon on the grounds will be a grand affair. The events include bicycle race, hurdles, and throwing hammers are twelve numbers on the program. Ralph Smith who on Thursday at Truro in 2-14 (establishing a record for the Maritime Provinces) in the bicycle races. Persons leaving town by the late afternoon will be able to see the entire

W. L. French here, W. L. French, missionary to be in the City tomorrow and Zion's church in the evening. La Leche is a brother of Mr. French, scholar of the firm of Bowman & Co. in this city. The Rev. gentleman speaking in China for the years having formerly been a Puritan Minister.

Beigan, Organist of Notre-Dame, Montreal, has also been a Puritan Minister for his own use.

'A Comfortable Home Is the Gate to Contentment.' 'FAIRY' SOAP. A pure vegetable oil white soap, for the Bath and Toilet. And for washing FINE FABRICS, LACES, etc. IT FLOATS. WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

FIGURES TALK! 1,000,000 DRESSES IN CANADA. Are bound with the ever-popular CORDED WAKEFIELD SKIRT BINDING. Used by leading Dressmakers. Latest Shades. Moderate Price. TRY IT. What saved your skirts last Fall? CORDED WAKEFIELD SKIRT BINDING.

Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy. USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. OUR BRANDS: DRY CASAWA, SWEET CASAWA, LANGSDALE, DR. AUSTRIER, (Registered), CLARET. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 15TH, 1896. E. G. SCOVIL. Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John. Telephone 622. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. OUR BRANDS: DRY CASAWA, SWEET CASAWA, LANGSDALE, DR. AUSTRIER, (Registered), CLARET. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 15TH, 1896. E. G. SCOVIL. Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John. Telephone 622. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat standing at a counter with a man behind it. The counter has a sign that says 'Progressive' and 'The Best of the Best'.

Social and Personal.

On Monday evening last about thirty-five of the friends of A. E. MacIntyre of this city tendered him a farewell dinner at the Ban Loonand House. The party drove out to the lake in the Daily Ho and backboard leaving the city about half past four in the afternoon. Upon their arrival the company sat down to an elegant supper prepared in the best style of Mr. Sterling Barker the general host of the Ban Loonand House. Mr. E. A. MacIntyre and Mr. C. J. Milligan occupied the chair and vice chair respectively, and after a hearty dinner came toasts and speeches. The toast to the Queen was followed by the National anthem, and that to the Government of Canada and E. use of Common was responded to by Mr. John E. Clarkson and Mr. M. McDade. C. J. Milligan proposed "Our Guest" and on behalf of some of his friends in seat and appropriate language presented Mr. MacIntyre with a handsome travelling bag. Mr. MacIntyre responded feelingly and expressed his deep regret that circumstances had so ruled that he was to leave St. John with its many warm friendships for a city in which he practically knew no one. St. John had been the city of his adoption and in it he had formed friendships which he could not forget although he was now leaving his friends. In conclusion he thanked heartily the donors of his handsome present. Isaac Burpee proposed the toast of "The Ladies" which was fittingly replied to by E. L. Johnston and Dr. Henry Ross. The evening was closed by a song proposed by J. F. MacIntyre and the reply brought Aid Ruel and R. C. J. Dunn to their feet. John McDonald proposed the "Mercantile Interests" and John Magee the "Learned Professions." These toasts were responded to by H. N. Coste, J. V. Russell, Geo. Ketchum, Dr. T. D. Walker, C. H. Ferguson and C. T. Bailey. Other impromptu toasts then followed. All through the speeches of the evening ran the feeling of deep regret at the departure from the city of Mr. MacIntyre. During the evening the music was sung by Messrs. A. E. Lindsay, J. F. MacIntyre, Geo. Crangle, G. G. Ruel and A. F. MacIntyre. The evening broke up with Auld Lang Syne; all present joining in the very best of good wishes for the future success of Mr. MacIntyre.

Rev. J. F. X. Michael of Buctouche was in town this week. Mrs. James Deering of Philadelphia and her daughter Mrs. T. Richey are visiting Mr. Thomas Ferrick Richmond street.

The Misses Larrigan of Montreal who have been visiting friends of Lancaster Heights returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith have returned from their European trip and will reside on Elliot row. Mrs. Smith will receive her friends on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Mr. Arthur MacIntyre formerly of this city left Boston last week on his yacht "Annie E." for Halifax; and from that city will come to St. John where he is to spend the winter.

Mr. J. A. S. Mott returned from Ottawa last Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Vaight (Lillian Tucker, of the Ethel Tucker Co.) was in the city for a few hours lately on her way to Chicago to join her husband and also to visit relatives.

Dr. Reed and Mrs. Reed of Gushong Ont. are in the city and will remain until after the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. James Andrews of Montreal are here for a short visit.

Mrs. H. G. Ritchie of Montreal is visiting St. John.

Miss Minnie Anderson of Springhill N. B., spent a few days here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marries of Moncton are staying in the city.

Mrs. M. L. Alden and Miss Alden of Boston spent part of this week in the city.

The members of the exhibition executive were entertained by Mayor Robertson on Tuesday evening to a dinner at the Aberdeen. The tables were beautifully decorated and the dinner served in excellent style. The gentlemen present were: Mayor Robertson, Mr. W. C. Field, Mr. W. B. Fisher, Mr. W. H. Thorne, Dr. A. A. Booth, Ald. Daniel, Recorder Skinner, Ald. I. E. Smith, Mr. E. B. Humphrey, Hon. E. B. Emerson, Hon. Jas. Mitchell, Hon. A. T. Dunn, Hon. A. S. White, Hon. L. F. Ferris.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Calkin of Kentville spent a few days here lately.

Miss Littleton of Savannah and Miss Gibbs of St. Louis are spending a short time here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Maedal of Washington, D. C. are in the city.

Miss Ida King and Miss Georgie Chapman of Weymouth N. S. are spending a few days here.

Miss Marion Inch of Marysville is the guest of Miss May Powers, Princess street.

Mrs. L. Trites of Salisbury is visiting city relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grand of St. Stephen have been visiting the city lately.

Dr. W. H. Webber of New Bedford, formerly of St. John is paying a brief visit to his old home. Miss Helen Miles is spending a few weeks with Waterloo street friends.

Mr. A. E. Fenwick of St. Paul Minn., formerly of this city is here on a visit to friends.

Quite a number of people assembled at the Cathedral at 8:30 o'clock, Wednesday morning to witness the marriage of Mr. Michael McCallum and Miss Maggie Murphy. Rev. T. Casey officiated. The bridesmaids were Miss Buckshot and Miss Harrison while Mr. Thomas F. Kane supported the groom. After the ceremony the bridal couple drove to their future home on Union street, where a wedding breakfast was served. Only relatives and immediate friends were present. The bride, a popular young lady, received many elegant gifts.

At the residence of Mr. Shanklin Thompson, Duke street, Carleton on Monday evening, his daughter M. Lillian, was married to Mr. Andrew Cornfield, eldest son of W. J. Cornfield. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Sampson. Mr. and Mrs. Cornfield are well known and have many friends. The will reside in Carleton.

Mr. James F. Robertson and family have come in from Bonaventure.

Mr. Fred Blake of Boston is visiting his aunt, Mrs. T. J. Cronin.

Mr. C. H. Leonard and family returned to their home on Orange street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Finnegan of East Boston, are the guests of Mrs. William Quinn, Charlotte street.

Mr. Robert Fair of Bute City is visiting his father in Fairville.

Mrs. George Fowler of Greenwich visited the city last week.

Miss Fiances Prince and Miss Lulu W. Waters spent last week with Greenwich friends.

Mrs. Wm. McIntyre who went to Montreal for medical treatment has returned much improved in health.

Miss Hay has returned from Greenwich where she spent the summer.

Dr. Knowlton of Farmington Me., and Mr. T. W. Geldert of North Greene Me., are in the city and will remain until after the exhibition.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin of St. George is in the city. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Neales of Miramichi were here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hall of Haverhill Mass., are in the city.

Mrs. M. Wright and Miss May Wright of P. E. Island are spending a few days here.

Mrs. A. Leslie Goodwin have re-moved from Westfield back to Nibbank this week. Mrs. Goodwin will be at home 1st, 2nd, and 4th, Wednesday's of each month from Nov. 4th.

Mr. D. F. Maxwell and Miss Maxwell of St. Stephen paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Whitehead of Fredericton visited the city this week.

Mrs. Akerley of this city is in Greenwich visiting her mother Mrs. Whelpley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Whitting of Boston spent a short time here lately.

Miss Grace Fowler of Greenwich is visiting city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Babbitt of Fredericton were here this week.

Misses Jennie and Laura Holder of Greenwich arrived yesterday on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith of Woodstock spent a few days here this week.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Mabel Smith of Greenwich are visiting city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine have returned from their summer home at Greenwich.

Mrs. J. James Waddell of P. E. Island are here for a few days stay.

Miss Elizabeth Richards of Greenwich spent last week with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lee of Woodstock were in the city this week.

Mrs. E. H. Sheehan and Miss Maher of Dorchester spent Wednesday in St. John.

How James Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell came from St. Stephen the first of the week for the opening of the exhibition.

Mr. R. W. W. Frink went to Toronto the first of the week.

Mrs. Ernest Hutchinson of Miramichi spent a day or two here this week.

Mrs. F. M. McDonald, Mrs. (Dr.) Coburn and Miss Young of Fredericton are in the city.

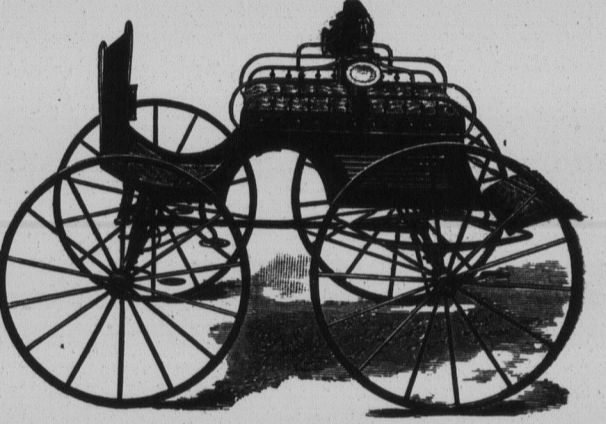
Mrs. J. C. Clowes of Gagetown visited the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lindsay and Miss Whitney of Lunenburg are here to remain until after the exhibition.

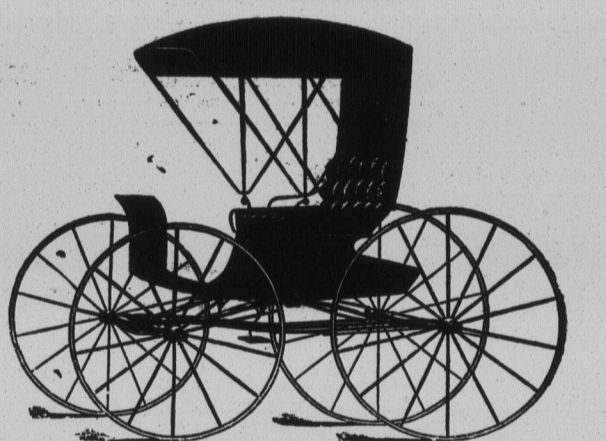
Miss Frances Woodworth of Windsor N. S., is here visiting friends.

PURE TEA. That is, Tea leaves, scientifically prepared, from early pickings, off well cultivated plants—is a wholesome, invigorating drink. Few people, however nervous, are otherwise than pleasantly affected by drinking properly prepared "Tetley's" TEAS. FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES! Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished. HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Alderbrook Farm

Is thoroughly equipped for its large herd of Jerseys.

Milk, Cream and Butter. Direct from farm, are guaranteed the PUREST and BEST in St. John; and its

DAIRY STORE, 91 Charlotte Street,

Is the only one in the Maritime Provinces that is directly connected with its own farm.

TELEPHONES. Store, 918. Farm, 73 C.

Columbia Bicycles. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. YEARS of testing and proving demonstrated that ordinary steel tubing would not do for Columbia Bicycles. The quality was uncertain; the supply of the best was limited. Therefore our own great tube mills, shown above, for making all our steel tubing. No tubing in the world to-day equals the Columbia high-carbon-steel and nickel-steel tubing for strength and rigidity. You are sure of quality when you buy a Columbia. UNEQUALLED, UNAPPROACHED. Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbia, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy merchant of lowest price, is free from any Columbia agent, by mail for two 5-cent stamps. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

RAILWAY NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and agents.

William Freeman of Chatham arrived last week to take passage for England. He will be absent three months.

Rev. G. J. Clarke, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Clarke of Philadelphia, are guests of George West, Bruce Wick street.

William Kaubach and Arthur Gibson left here on their wheels for Chester. They will be away one week.

The marriage of Samuel R. Frame to Miss Lottie Webber is announced to take place in Charles street church on the 30th.

Miss Jessie Reynolds, who has been a guest of Alexander Black, Amherst, for four weeks has returned to the city.

Edward Hamilton of Summerside, P. E. Island is in the city. It is understood that he is here on an interesting mission.

Thomas Wright of Toronto brother of George Wright, who has been in Halifax for several weeks leaves next week for home.

Edwin J. Sweet, who has been spending the summer at Kenville seeking health, has not improved any, and is now very weak.

Robt. Uniacke, president of the Halifax bank, company and also president of the Annapolis manufacturing co., left, way in Annapolis lately.

Mrs. King, nee Miss Service, daughter of Engineer Service, of the Richmond sugar refinery, is in England and will remain there some time.

Rev. Dr. Kelstead has returned from Chicago, where he has been spending the summer, pursuing a course of study at the University of Chicago.

E. C. Morse, of Coney Island, N. Y., after an absence from Nova Scotia of thirty-five years, is visiting his brother James S. Morse, of Wolfville.

Rev. F. S. McGregor, for many years pastor of the Hanport Baptist church, has received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Ohio, Yarmouth county.

Miss Blanche Williams and George Williams, children of Lieutenant Edward Williams, of the United States army, are at the Grosvenor. They will be here for some days.

Mr. M. Bertrand, aide-de-camp to Admiral de la Malouine, and M. Juncos, first lieutenant, from the "Douboudine," spent last evening with their countrymen, Fred J. Lanson, 51 South Park street.

Daniel P. Lynde, brother of Arthur Lynde, M. P. F., arrived by the C. P. R. lately. He has made money on the Pacific coast, and spends his time between Victoria and San Francisco.

Father McCarthy of Yarmouth, successor to the late Monaghan Canon, arrived yesterday and will take charge of St. Patrick's parish tomorrow. Rev. Father McCarthy was born in Halifax. He attended St. Mary's college.

Mrs. Hemptead, wife of W. P. Hemptead, of the Boston public library, who has been spending the past month with her father, T. Ross Sullivan, Morris street, leaves for her home in Boston by the Halifax on Wednesday morning.

Walter M. Roman, of Dartmouth, having completed the course prescribed in the commercial department of Whitson & Fraser's business college, and passed a satisfactory examination was awarded the highest grade certificate.

R. Blackmore, jr., of Boston came to the city via Yarmouth lately. Mr. Blackmore's friends will be glad to know that he intends to spend a three week's vacation in Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Blackmore are very prominent in musical circles in Boston.

Donnas Mcintosh, B. Sc. Dalhousie, whose distinguished success in the line of individual scientific research won for him a valuable scholarship, as already noted in these columns, was lately in the city. He left for Boston, en route to Cornell university to continue his studies.

Miss Mina A. Reade has resigned her position as teacher of oratory at Acadia university, to accept the appointment as teacher of physical and vocal culture in the Toronto normal school. Miss Reade is a graduate of the Emerson college of oratory, and before entering upon her duties at Toronto will visit the Massachusetts normal school for a short course of special training in her profession.

C. S. Harrington, Q. C. and Daniel McNeil returned last night from the meeting of Canadian bar association at Montreal. They spoke in enthusiastic terms of their treatment at the hands of their brethren in Montreal. The bar of that city voted \$500 for the entertainment of the visitors, and Mayor Smith invited the 250 delegates to a dinner at the summit of the mountain. The Halifax bar, presided, besides Messrs. Harrington and McNeil, were: Sir C. H. Tupper, R. L. Borden, B. Russell, and J. T. Bulmer. The country bar was represented by D. C. Fraser, H. Logan, and Joseph W. McDougall.

WINDSOR.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by F. Dakin.

Serv. 22—Mr. and Mrs. Freeman I. Davidson have returned from their wedding trip to the Ozark cities. Mrs. Davidson is at home, at No. 6 Chestnut street.

Mrs. Claude Eville of Parrish who has been visiting in town, accompanied by her sister Miss Jean Smith left on Monday for visit to St. John N. B.

Mr. Christian of Dartmouth is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Onseley.

Mr. Fred Lawson is spending his holidays in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lawson, King street.

Mr. John Caldwell of Boston who has been spending a couple of weeks with Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, returned home this week.

Mr. Jas. Forsyth of Boston is spending his vacation in town the guest of his mother Mrs. Alex. Forsyth, Grey street.

Dr. Townsend of Parrish was in Windsor on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry returned from their trip to Boston this week.

Mr. F. A. G. Onseley has returned from Dartmouth where he has been spending several weeks. Mr. Fred Bonnell and his sister, Miss R. unne-All of Boston, Mass., are visiting in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith.

Mr. Dick Porter of Halifax was in town last week. Dr. F. W. Ryan is among the visitors at the exhibition in St. John, N. B.

Mr. Taylor of St. John was in Windsor this week. Mrs. H. West of Annapolis spent Sunday in town with Mrs. Jamieson.

Mrs. J. B. Black has returned from a trip to Halifax.

Miss Frances Woodworth is visiting friends in St. John, N. B.

Mrs. C. P. Blanchard of Truro spent Sunday in town with Mrs. A. Blanchard.

Mr. W. J. Cleveland has returned from spending his holidays at his home in Yarmouth.

Mr. Harry Smith and Mr. Ralph Smith were those attending the Hotel Day sports in Truro last week. Mr. Ralph Smith took first place in three of the bicycle races and second place in another. They also attended the Maritime sports held in Moncton.

Mrs. Winstler and little daughter of Canso, N. S. are the guests of Mrs. Winstler's parents Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Harvey, Albert street.

Mrs. C. H. and Mrs. G. H. have returned to

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection

of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

D'FOWLERS EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CHOLERA INFANTUM, and all forms of SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children and Adults. PRICE 35c

Universal Use

"Pan-dried Rolled Oats" are rapidly displacing all other brands because of their superiority in a market crowded with competitors who could not exist without intrinsic merit. "Pan Drying" does all this. Your grocer keeps 'em. The Tillson Company, Ltd., Tillsonburg, Ont. High Grade Cereal Foods.

It isn't HIRES' Rootbeer

Her Expression Alone Tells That..... A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are no "just as good" as the famous HIRES'. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

a much higher place in the estimation of even friends, than when they're less and less well clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Cornhill Street, (Just door south of King.)

Alton G. C., after spending the summer in town. They were accompanied by Miss Mary Dinick.

Mrs. Arthur Drysdale and Miss Kate have gone back to Halifax for the winter again closing their house here. The Misses Mitchell who have been visiting Mrs. Drysdale returned also.

Miss Lou McCallan is visiting in St. John, N. B.

PARROBO.

Progress is for sale at the Parrarobo Book Store.

About forty guests witnessed the arrival of Miss Ella Holmes and Mr. Fredley McDowell, at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning. A recherche breakfast followed at the Queen where Mr. Holmes and his family are boarding. The bride's going away gown which she wore was of grey cloth trimmed with brown velvet with coal and hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. McDowell left by the train with the usual showers of rice and cracking of torpedoes for a trip to P. E. Island.

Mr. Braden's school at C. E. R. A. and others drove to St. John's on Thursday. The weather was pleasant and they had nearly arrived home before the down pour of rain began which rather spoiled the attendance at the Baptist convocation in St. George's Hall in the evening, the valuable assistance of Mr. J. C. McDonald of Halifax contributed greatly towards the success of their concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Eville went to Windsor on Saturday. Mr. Eville returned on Monday.

Mrs. Coates and Miss Eville went to St. John on Wednesday with Mrs. Morrison who has been visiting Mrs. Coates.

Mr. H. S. Albro of Quebec who has been the guest of his aunt Mrs. Woodworth went to Kentville on Monday.

Mr. Edward Gillespie accompanied his sister Miss Rae Gillespie to Halifax on Thursday where she is to attend the St. Vincent School.

Miss Annie McNamara arrived home from Boston on Friday for a short visit.

Mrs. Woodworth's pleasant party on Saturday evening. The amusement was a progressive letters. Mrs. Woodworth returned on Thursday from a visit to friends across the bay.

Mrs. Townshend entertained a small party at Kalamath on Friday evening for the pleasure of her guests the Misses Leslie who return home to Torbrook tomorrow.

Mrs. C. B. Smith's dance last evening was more enjoyable and it was in the "sweet" hours when the guests took their departure. Among those present were Misses Leslie, Misses Alice and Vida Howard, Miss Guilford, Miss Alice Gillespie, Mrs. Nurdy, Misses Fraser, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss McNamara, Misses Effi and Dr. Smith, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Owen Smith, Cornelia, Messrs. Paul Will and Frank, Messrs. Evans, Mr. John, Harry Corbett, Hentley, Budder, Isaac, Hugh Gillespie, N. C. Nurdy, H. Johnson, E. H. Reid, and S. Henderson.

Mr. Stanley Smith returned on Monday from a visit to Amherst accompanied by her mother Mrs. McKay.

Mr. Mosher of the Commercial bank is away for his holidays being relieved by Mr. Vernon Eville of Windsor. Mr. Eville played the organ in St. George's church yesterday morning and evening and at the Wednesday evening service in Mrs. Gibbons' absence.

The militia lately formed here being part of the ninety-third battalion, officers Capt. C. E. Kelley left this morning for New York who has been in the city for a short time.

Mr. C. E. Day and Mr. Clarence Langille went to P. E. Island to the exhibition.

Mrs. Stuckey accompanied her sister Mrs. Howard who was returning home to New Hampshire as far as Canada where she is visiting friends.

Mr. John Gillespie of New York who has been here for a short time has taken his departure.

Mr. E. G. Merritt of St. John has been in town. Rev. John Johnson was last week the guest of his son Dr. Johnson.

Miss Gustie Reick has gone to visit friends at Ellershouse.

AMHERST.

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

Serv. 23—On Tuesday afternoon Miss Munro entertained at five o'clock to a number of young friends in honor of her guest Miss Kerr of Fort Greenville. Miss Beatrice Fuller, Miss Rachel Love, Miss Alice Slope, Miss Grace Pipes, Miss Grace Steele, Miss Freda MacKinnon, Miss Jean Rider, Miss Kathleen Coates, Miss Helen Reid, Miss Annie Jodrey, Miss Helen Gass, and Miss Theo. Morse, were among the young people present.

The Misses Mitchell of St. John were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Blomquist over Sunday.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was delivered in the evening at the Baptist church on Monday evening by Mrs. J. K. Barney of Providence, R. I. At the opening Mrs. D. F. Quigley presented Mrs. Barney with an ad. Mrs. Barney presented a beautiful bouquet of white flowers. All the dinner table orders of the town were present, and were greatly pleased with Mrs. Barney's lecture.

The ladies of Christ church assisted by the band made a grand success of their high tea and picnic concert at the Aberdeen rink last Wednesday evening. The weather was fine, a great crowd was present and the scene of the rink was very bright and cheerful. On both sides of the rink were very prettily arranged booths containing articles of apparel, etc. Miss Francis Chapman and Miss Johnston having one booth for a small sum could hear a most marvelous fortune. The post office was in charge of Miss Hillson and Mr. Harry Bideau who delivered some very unique and startling correspondence; another booth was under the charge of Miss Bates and Mr. Bart McLeod, Miss Grace Pipes and Mr. Charles Hillson were in charge of the refreshment tables. Miss Frances Pipes, Miss Tottie Munro and Miss Theo. Morse, presided over the Japanese department and the ladies of the church were in waiting on the tea tables which I am glad to say was one of the best arranged parts of the affair.

Mrs. J. Medley Townshend gave a small afternoon tea on Monday at her beautiful home on Victoria street for E. V. Mr. DuMoulin of Chicago who was in town over Sunday.

Miss Helen Fipps went to Sackville on Tuesday to begin her studies at Mt. Allison.

Rev. J. L. Batty and Mrs. Batty have returned from a visit to Middletown.

Mr. Simon of Middletown is the guest of his daughter Mrs. Batty at the Methodist parsonage.

Mr. Myrtyn Davis and bride were in town part of last week on their way to St. John where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Bell came home on Wednesday evening from a pleasure trip to Toronto and Montreal.

Miss May Hanford was in town on Wednesday. Miss Mad Road of Sackville has resumed her classes in music in town.

Mr. John Steele of St. John is the guest of his son Rev. D. A. Steele, Chatham street.

Rev. Mr. DuMoulin of Chicago was the guest of Mr. Joe Douglas over Sunday.

Mr. F. O'Donnell of Parrarobo was in town over Sunday.

Miss May Donkin is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. C. W. McNeil came home on Wednesday from a short trip to St. John. She was accompanied by her brother, the military surgeon. Congratulations are being given to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McLeod on the coming of a baby girl.

Mr. V. B. Harris and children returned last week from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Harris' old home in Annapolis. Mr. Len Harris came with them. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are at the Rectory. Miss Lydia Moffat is spending the week with

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. R., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

friends in Truro.

Mrs. J. H. Hochman and daughter Miss Daisy Hochman are spending the week in St. John.

Mrs. N. C. Calhoun went to Sackville on Tuesday to pay a short visit.

Miss Fannie Bliss of Mt. Whately was in town over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Wiggins of Sackville took the service in Christ church on Sunday preaching two very eloquent sermons.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falton and D. H. Smith & Co.

Serv. 22—The ball at "Odeon" so eagerly anticipated for ever a week came off last Thursday night, with considerable eclat. The storm of wind and rain without had not enhanced the gaiety and brightness within. The "Odeon" is an elegantly equipped house for dancing which was of course the principal diversion of the evening, and to say that the music was furnished by such a shabbed musician as Messrs. Morris and McLeod is an assurance that the dance went on right merrily, with the exception of the intervals for supper which was in line with all the other details, were extremely elaborate.

Mrs. McCallan received in black brocade silk. She was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Fick-tis, in grey silk, jet trimmings. Some of the guests present were: Mrs. and Mrs. W. B. Alley, the latter in black satin and lace, Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Mrs. McKay wore white brocade satin; Mrs. Gentry, curie velvet; Mrs. Frank McCallan, very becoming gown of pink silk and chiffon; Miss Mai Dimock, a lovely imported muslin dress, made over white silk, and ribbon trimmings; Miss Mad Bell, Halifax a becoming and of olive gown of yellow satin, trimmings of black lace; Miss Miss Graham, very becoming toilette, of pale blue India muslin; Miss McMillen, white crepon; Miss Williams, white dotted swiss; Miss Bignelow, lovely gown of white Dresden silk; Miss Wetmore, cream cashmere; Mrs. Turner, pink crepon; Mrs. blue silk, Dresden ribbon trimmings; in pink and blue; Miss McCallough, white crepon and ribbons; Misses Nelson, Messrs. Thomas. Messrs. W. C. Spencer, P. S. Norton, B. Black, W. A. Spencer, Williams, W. P. McKay, G. R. Graham, C. B. Coleman, H. C. Yell, W. McKensie, W. A. Fitch, J. Standish, F. Snook, H. Snook, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, W. B. Vincent.

Miss Mai Dimock is visiting Halifax friends.

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ST. STEPHEN AND GALLIE.

[Programme is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. ...]

Sept. 23.—There has been very little of social interest this week, with the exception of one or two tea parties...

Mrs. and Mrs. Frederic Todd of St. Pauls, is visiting Mrs. C. F. Todd in Milltown.

Dr. Deacon is confined to his residence with an attack of rheumatism, Mrs. Deacon's friends will regret to learn she still continues very ill.

Mrs. Henry Graham and Miss Alice Graham have returned from a pleasant visit in Deburton.

Mr. J. E. Gannon is visiting St. John this week. Mrs. Henry P. Todd has returned from a business trip to Boston.

The marriage of Mr. Will Murray and Miss Grace Smith two of our esteemed young town's people, takes place this evening at the home of the bride's parents in Milltown.

A very happy wedding party gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James McWha on Tuesday evening to witness the marriage of their eldest daughter Miss Ada McWha, to Mr. Edgar M. ...

The home was beautifully adorned with flowers for the occasion and during the ceremony the bride wore a gown of white satin with a train of white tulle and long ends of white satin ribbon.

There was no bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McKenna's of the presbyterian church of which the bride is a valued and esteemed member. After the ceremony and on congratulations, supper was served. The wedding gifts were handsome and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd will receive their friends at the residence of ...

Dr. Osborne Hannah of St. John is here today to attend the funeral services of his mother, Mrs. Williams of Cambridge, Mass., sister of Mrs. Hannah, arrived last night.

A reception was given by the parishioners of Trinity church last evening in the school room near the church, to their school rector Rev. F. Robinson and his wife. The school room was prettily decorated with flowers and colored lights for the occasion.

There was a musical programme, and a social afternoon was held during the evening with a social and instrumental music by Miss Bond, Miss Alberton Messrs F. Jones and T. Hunter. Mr. Harper served refreshments in black satin with jeweled passementerie trimmings, she was assisted by Miss Johnson of Fredericton, who wore cream silk.

Mrs. Walter Fisher and Miss Lillian returned to Fredericton on Tuesday. Mr. Tappan Adley of New York spent last week in Woodstock. He will spend some weeks in a holiday outing on the Tobique.

Mr. L. P. Fisher left Monday for St. John. Mr. Norman Winslow returned from Montreal on Tuesday.

Sept. 21.—The garden party which took place on Capt. Peasman's grounds on Labor day, proved quite a success. The Star brought quite a number from St. John although the weather which hindered many from leaving the city that day, proved fine here notwithstanding the thick fog which prevailed in the city.

Mrs. Geo. Fowler made a visit to St. John last week. Mrs. E. A. Purdy and Miss Dorothy Purdy spent last week at Westfield.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fowler, Miss Hay, Miss Grace Fowler, and Mrs. A. L. Peasman took a trip to Woodstock, Lake Umbagog and returned on Sunday and returned on Monday morn pleased with their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gillmor has been spending a few days in Calais with his son Mr. Percy Gillmor. Mr. H. B. Fitch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Calais, is spending his vacation in Halifax. Mr. A. McLeod will take charge of the bank during Mr. Fitch's absence.

Mrs. A. W. Nichols has returned from Boston after a pleasant visit of several weeks. Miss Emma Kirby is in St. John the guest of Miss Mary Reynolds.

Mrs. Charlotte Wilder of Augusta is visiting her sister Mrs. C. G. McCully. Rev. J. A. Ford of Eastport visited Calais on Sunday and preached in the Baptist church.

Mrs. W. F. Todd has returned from Boston having spent the past week in that city. Miss Clara Jordan left on Friday for New York.

WOODSTOCK. [Programme is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Loan Co.] Mr. Henry James White and Mrs. White-side left Monday morning for St. John and Hampton.

Miss Wilson of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. C. D. Jordan. Archdeacon Neale returned from St. John on Monday. He had been attending the synod of the C. of E.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Eagles and children left for St. John Tuesday for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Smith left Tuesday for St. John to attend the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sanderson entertained a number of friends most pleasantly at a drive whilst on Thursday evening last. Five tables were made up. Miss Annie VanWart won the first prize among the ladies and Mr. J. T. Garden won the gentlemen's first. Supper was served about six o'clock.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. A. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Garden, Miss Smith, Halifax, Mrs. W. S. Fisher, Fredericton, Miss Ella Smith, Miss Munro, Miss VanWart, Miss Rose, Miss Poole, Miss Eliza Bourne, Messrs. W. E. Hunt, G. H. Harrison, F. Hay, I. Dibble and A. Hay.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Manser gave a very pleasant party on Tuesday evening in honor of their guests Miss Whiteman of Providence R. I. The evening passed very enjoyably whilst various games. Solo was given during the evening by Miss Munro, Mr. A. A. Brewer, and Miss Henderson.

Instrumental music by Miss Bond, Miss Alberton Messrs F. Jones and T. Hunter. Mr. Harper served refreshments in black satin with jeweled passementerie trimmings, she was assisted by Miss Johnson of Fredericton, who wore a most becoming dress of pale green and white silk with white satin trimmings. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Belyea, Mrs. A. A. Brewer, Miss Whiteman, Miss Munro, Miss Wilson, Halifax, Miss Lily Jordan, Miss Edith Jordan, Miss Allan Miss Duncan, Miss White, Miss Cator, Miss Henderson, Miss William, Miss Tapley, Miss Bond, Miss Alberton, Miss Asperholm, Miss G. Angstrom, Messrs G. B. Maser, Dr. E. H. Sanders, A. E. Melville, G. Trippe, E. Marner, F. Lawler, P. Carr, J. Gibson, F. Hay, J. Mair, A. Hay, N. Loane, J. Coy, T. Hunter, F. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke appeared on Sunday at the Methodist church. Mrs. Holyoke received this week. She wore a very pretty dress of blue silk with iridescent trimmings, she was assisted in her reception by Miss Johnson of Fredericton, who wore cream silk.

Mrs. Tappan Adley of New York spent last week in Woodstock. He will spend some weeks in a holiday outing on the Tobique. Mr. L. P. Fisher left Monday for St. John. Mr. Norman Winslow returned from Montreal on Tuesday.

GREENWICH. Sept. 21.—The garden party which took place on Capt. Peasman's grounds on Labor day, proved quite a success. The Star brought quite a number from St. John although the weather which hindered many from leaving the city that day, proved fine here notwithstanding the thick fog which prevailed in the city.

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Mrs. Theo. Bogie returned from St. John last week. Mrs. Lee Mitter and Mrs. Bruce of Kingston visited friends here last week. Mrs. Fred Mitter of Fredericton Junction spent a week with friends here recently.

Miss Flossie Prince of St. John visited friends here last week. Miss Lulu Waters of St. John also visited friends here last week. Mrs. Geo. T. Seely who has been spending the summer in Minneapolis Minn., is expected to return home next month.

Mr. Jos. Starr who has been visiting friends in Ontario, spent a few days with friends here, before returning to her home in Cornwallis, N. S. Miss Ella Belyea of West End spent Sunday with friends here.

An excursion party of gentlemen left here yesterday morning in the steamer Callina for Shadish to attend the horse races, the party consisted of Messrs W. D. Carter, B. E. Johnson, Geo. W. Robinson, Fred Ferguson, M. Johnson, Dr. W. A. Ferguson and a number of others.

Mr. Richard O'Leary, past pastor of last week's Ficton N. S. returned Sunday morning. Mr. Alfred Stevens returned to Antigonish N. S. on Monday after a pleasant visit here to his uncle Mr. C. A. Bayre.

Mr. C. F. Brown of Juncos River and his little daughter Midge were in town last week guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bayre.

THINGS OF VALUE. There are four mountains in Washington more than 10,000 feet in height. Mount Mansfield, 4,800 feet, takes precedence of all others in Vermont.

Orlando, Mass., 900 feet above sea level, is the highest town in this state. Aviation in the world of honorable medicine is the result of progress, as in politics and religion.

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which is the best. There is a cough, a cold or any irritation of the throat, we would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The dome of St. Pauls is as many feet high as there are days in the year. The Hindu-Koosh 29,000 feet, is reported to be the highest in Althanasia.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney, Ontario, writes: "I suffered with a severe cold and cough, and after using many other remedies, I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Mount Camel, where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, is 2,000 feet high. For nine years—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theodora, N. S., writes: "I suffered with a severe cold and cough, and after using many other remedies, I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

CHUNK'S FATAL JEALOUSY. End of The Cowboy Who Kept Order on Raton Range. The reminiscent cowboy rolled and lighted a cigarette. He was about forty-five, tall, spare, yet by no means thin.

In his great shock of raven hair, struggling from underneath his sombrero, there was a touch of gray here and there. His legs were slightly bowed, a result of years spent in the saddle. He was a fair type of Western cowboy that is now disappearing from the plains.

"But twenty years ago I struck the Raton Range," he said "and thir days was surely sizzlers in northern New Mexico. Colfax county has always been one of the toughest spots on the map, and it was worse than that at any time just then. You see, it's the first county over the Colorado line as you come down the mountains from the Raton Pass, and was then a sort of dumping ground for all the tough ones not allowed in Colorado.

"There drifted down from the pass one day a pretty tough customer. He was a fine-looking boy, with just the middle sort of blue eyes and the finest brown hair for a man that had ever passed over the range, but he had a way of his own in twirling a six-shooter that made the citizens respect him. He made a reputation the second night after he struck Otero—which was the first town you came to over the line—by plumping the lights out of two fellows that had been shooting the lights out in the town. This made a mighty fine impression on the good citizens, for no one had been able to keep a lamp lit in the public places for a week. So the good citizens of Otero offered to make him marshal, but he said no, he guessed he could keep order without being marshal.

"Nobody knew his name. They never did know. They called him 'Chunk,' which came of a remark some one had made that he always had so many cartridges about him he was like a chunk of lead.

"Chunk killed another fellow the next week who was trying to steal a horse, and the next week he got onto the trail of two fellows that had stole horses, and when he

came back to town he told the good citizens where their bodies might be found, so they went out and brought the dead horse thieves in and buried them over in the foothills alongside of the other three that Chunk had killed, and the place was known as 'Chunk's graveyard.'

"Chunk was a fond sort of fellow at heart, but sometimes when he had too much liquor it was dangerous to be too close to his gun, so that with those who went to death by such accidents and those who were sent to death because they deserved it, Chunk's graveyard grew in about a year to twelve.

"Now, at this time there was a cowboy in Col. Clayton's army from one county line to the other because of his good aim. Clayton was a terror to rustlers. There's no telling how many of them had but the dust at the crack of his gun. He most likely didn't know himself. Clayton came to Otero one day and the people made a regular hero of him, and what does Chunk do but get jealous and commence to snicker and say ugly things about Clay, so that every one in town held his breath almost, fearing the meeting of these two.

"And they did not, too. Clayton never noticed his six-shooter, but Chunk kept counting that way of every man he'd killed.

"You're a good shot," says Chunk to Clay; "I've thirteen notches on my gun; twelve of them are dead; and the thirteenth is for you."

"You're a brave man," says Clay. "My gun has never been drawn again such as you."

"There's only room for one of us in Colfax," says Chunk. "Leave the country and I'll cross your lotch."

"If it has come to that," says Clay, the notch can stand, or I will cross it out myself.

Chunk's idea was that both should go together to a room at the tavern, order a supper placed upon the table, lock the door, and just then two sit down to eat, without another person in the room. They would sit down together, but only one was to rise. Clayton agreed to all that Chunk said, and the Clifton House was chosen, a tavern where many a one's blood had been spilled there since—a lonesome sort of place a mile or two on the Santa Fe trail.

You can see the dirt eared old house to this day, a lurking place for ghosts, they say. Well, they called for the best supper that the tavern could turn out, and everyone thought that Clayton and Chunk had joined hands, and were going to cement the friendship over this supper. When the door was locked they put their pistols on the table the first thing they did.

That's a pretty good-looking weapon, Clay, says Chunk, eyeing sharply as they both sat down, and Clay nodded his head, but didn't say anything.

"They put their pistols on their laps by agreement, and began to eat.

"You don't seem to be very hungry, Clay," says Chunk after a bit, for Clay was not eating much, and Chunk was in fine spirits.

"I never eat much just before going to bed," says Clay. "It don't set right on my stomach."

"Chunk smiled, for he could get humor out of most anything, but Clay was as stern as a preacher in the middle of a sermon, and he never smiled much any way. Things went on for about a quarter of an hour, and neither had made the least move for his gun, and both began to feel that it was time something should happen, and it was mighty trying to just sit there and see the glitter in each other's eyes.

"Try some of this, Clay," says Chunk, and as Clay reaches for the dish, quick r than the flash of steel, Chunk brings his pistol up. But he was too quick—too quick to calculate. He has plenty of time and all the advantage, but it seems he was rattled, and for the first time in his life, the bullet struck the table, and the bullet struck at old Clay's head, and quick as he was to recover, he was just an eternity too late, for Clay brought his weapon up soon that you could hardly tell one pistol's report from the other's, and Chunk just laid back in his chair and said so easy you'd a thought he was taking a quiet nap.

"They buried him over in the foothills in the graveyard he'd himself made, and you may read on the only tombstone in the place these words:

CHUNK. AGED 22. We don't know where he came from, And we don't know where he went.

Delight to Consumers Mystery to Competitors

The ratification of the French Treaty has enabled us to open up large cellars in Montreal, for the purpose of supplying the Canadian people with Pure Wines right from the Vineyards of France and Spain, at half the usual price.

Pure Claret at \$3 and \$4 per case

(12 large quart bottles.) A most delightful wine, equal to any former sold in the country at double the price.

BORDEAUX CLARET CO.

BORDEAUX OFFICE: 17 ALLEE DE BOUTAULT. 30 HOSPITAL STREET, MONTREAL.

Hot Air Furnaces

With Hot Water Combination if desired. Our Famous Florida For Coal.



The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel.

WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS THE MCGILARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I WAS CURED OF lame back after suffering 14 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Two Rivers, N. S. ROBERT RESS.

I WAS CURED OF Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN A. FORNEY. Antigonish.

I WAS CURED OF a bad reaction of measles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. L'Alouette. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Fashionable Millinery

We are now, and have been for years, the leaders par excellence of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY—not a mere ordinary stock, sold at ordinary prices, in the ordinary way, but such a collection of Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets, and Novelties that suggest something bigger than Moncton, and something better than you'll find in New Brunswick. It sounds commonplace to say that, but the business we're doing is by no means commonplace.

The Parisian Millinery Store, 165 UNION STREET,

where we have no hesitation in saying the finest assortment of millinery ever shown in New Brunswick is now on exhibition. You are welcome to inspect our Paris Pattern Hats and Bonnets whether you buy or not.

H. G. MARR.



ST. JOHN, N. B. Sept. 22 to Oct. 2, 1896. FOURTH AND BEST FAIR.

MACHINERY HALL.—Mechanical and Agricultural Machinery in Model and Industrial Exhibition.

THE STOCK YARD.—A large and specially selected company of stalls will give two hour entertainments twice each day—afternoon and evening. Music, Dancing, Fire Walking, Ring-fenced Koo-kaboots, Laundry, Acrobats, etc.

SIX NIGHTS OF FIREWORKS.—Varieties unsurpassed. BAND CONCERTS on the grounds each afternoon, and in the Industrial Buildings in the evening. Specially prepared music, worth fifty cents for admission.

SPECIAL AMUSEMENTS AND ATTRACTIONS on the grounds and in the buildings. CHARLES A. EVERITT, Manager and Secretary.

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new modes. Dressmaking done in all up to date fashion. Each department under the highest class supervision and work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

PURE CONCENTRATED COCA.

FRM. ...

P D Corsets

10 Gold Medals and Diplomas of Honour.



Concentrated P D Corsets made for perfect fit, beauty and style, and have received first awards at all the exhibitions during the last 10 years.

Wholesale only. G & STUFFMANN, 13 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

Your Health DRINK FRUIT SYRUPS

Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Lime Fruit.

MADE ONLY BY W & WEBB L'AFAX, N. S.

School of Elocution

Beginnings in SEPTEMBER. Regular and rapid progress under the departments of ...

FRUIT BERRY FOR THE

ETH CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES. DRINK IT FREQUENTLY TO USE FULLY. HARMLESS—ALL AGES. SELL IT—2000A. GEM.

Stores

just received line of ...

WYON'S MEDICINES.

Dr. Wm. Allen, 25 King St. West, St. John.

GO BACK

to the United States ...

K. D. C. PILLS

is recommended by the prominent men and women. K. D. C. Limited, 111 St. John St., Montreal.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from First Page.)

Mrs. Biddington and Miss Berie Biddington went to Halifax by the Prince Rupert on Thursday to meet Mr. Biddington and Miss Biddington on their return from Europe.

Rev. James Whitehead and Mrs. Whitehead of Woodstock are here on a short visit to friends.

Mrs. L. F. Fisher of Woodstock is in the city. Mrs. Coates and Miss Eva Coates of Parrishboro came to St. John this week with Mrs. Morrison of this city who has been visiting Mrs. Coates.

Mrs. M. Ryan of Faddock street in company with Mrs. (Capt.) Armstrong of Boston has gone on an extended tour and intends visiting Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec.

Mrs. Hagan Grimmer of St. Stephen is the guest of Mrs. James Haslam.

Dr. Osborne went to St. Stephen this week, having been called there by the death of his mother.

Mrs. Walter Mayel of Calais who spent a little while with city friends has returned to her home.

Mrs. DeLauder is in St. Stephen visiting her sister Mrs. Osborne Hagan.

Mrs. M. A. Stoddard of Calais who was here visiting her daughter Miss Harmon has returned home.

Mrs. J. Clowes of Gagetown visited the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Whitney of Lunenburg are here to remain until after the exhibition.

Miss Mary Reynolds in entertaining Miss Bessie Shiby of Calais this week.

Miss Lou McCallum of Windsor is visiting friends here.

Mr. John Steele spent a short time in Amherst lately as a guest of his father Rev. D. A. Steele.

Mrs. J. H. Hickman and her daughter Miss Daisy Hickman have spent the past week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Davis arrived in the city this week and will make their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Leary of Richibucto were this week to see their two sons Will and Louis off to their respective colleges in Montreal and Boston.

Mrs. R. D. Boal of Sussex spent a day or two of last week here.

Mrs. C. D. Davis and Miss Ethel of Sussex are visiting city friends.

Miss Bill Ross of Sussex is spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. O. E. Arnold and son, Mr. Reginald and Master Roswell are in town, and will remain until the close of the exhibition.

Mrs. T. A. Beckwith of Somerville, Mass., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whitehead, Paradise Row.

Mrs. A. S. Foster and family have returned from Grand Manan where they have been spending the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Ogden and Mrs. Peacock of Sackville are visiting the city.

Mr. Frank Reynolds has returned to McGill college to resume his medical studies.

Mr. Simon Jones left yesterday for a trip to New York. In a week or two Mr. Jones and Miss Jones will leave for Scotland on a visit to Mrs. F. J. Usher.

Mr. George Fair is home from Butte city Mont., on a visit to his father, Mr. Robert Fair of Fairville. Mr. James Robertson and family have returned from Rothesay.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mulline of Halifax paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black of Sackville are here on a visit.

Mrs. P. A. Dykeman is enjoying a trip to Boston where she is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. F. Trafton.

Mrs. W. B. Deacon of Shediac, who was a delegate to the W. M. S. which met in Centenary church this week, and is a guest of Miss Copp's Orange street, and will remain longer to take in the exhibition.

McArthur's for Wall Paper.

DIGBY.

[Promises is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

Rev. 23.—Miss Nettie Dakin has been visiting in St. John.

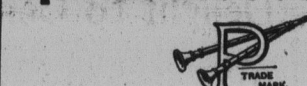
Mrs. McFarlane and E. Miss McFarlane have returned to St. John.

Mr. Frank S. More left on Wednesday for Har and University.

Miss Edith Ambrose and Mrs. Bragg are visiting friends here.

Miss Keete of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. W. E. Brown.

Improvements.....



Are not discovered by accident. The Pratt Brothers with twenty years experience worked systematically for eight years with the fixed purpose of making a perfect piano, before turning one out for public inspection.

They used the best ideas of others—put in some of their own—improved on everything and in some instances introduced entirely new methods—good ones.

Their idea was to build a reputation not only for themselves but for their country, and it is the intention of the Pratt Piano Co. to place their pianos abroad in competition with the most renowned makers.

You are not asked to believe the Pratt Piano best until you have seen and heard one for yourself.

Pratt Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Mr. S. DeWitt of Bridgetown spent a few days of last week with his son Miss Tupper.

Preparations are being made on an extensive scale to give a banquet to Mr. Copp, M. P., on the gentleman's return from Ottawa.

Mr. Chas. F. Burns came over from St. John Wednesday. His many friends are always glad to see him.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. Johnston—now of Maine, who often pay Digby a visit—will be pleased to hear that they intend taking up their residence here.

Mr. H. A. F. Smith in company with Lodian guides is absent on a moose hunting expedition.

Rev. Mr. Osborne occupied the pulpit of Holy Trinity Sunday morning.

Digby's company of Garrison Artillery go to Halifax to drill next week.

Mr. Geo. Peters has returned from a vacation trip to Boston.

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

HE SUE HIS BENEFACTOR.

A Mistake Which a Landlord Rectified When it Was Discovered.

The owner of the house was suing for unpaid rent, and the case was to come before a north side justice of the peace.

It appeared that the tenant had refused to pay the rent on the contention that the owner had failed to comply with certain terms of the lease in regard to keeping the premises in good repair.

The owner was not personally acquainted with the tenant, having rented the house through an agency. All the disputes as to the payment of rent and the improvement of the place had been carried on by correspondence. The tenant had written peppery letters, and had shown a disposition to stand up for what he regarded as his rights, and had sent defiant messages by the collector who called to see him.

For this reason the owner of the house was in a fighting temper, and determined to secure a judgement, and either compel immediate payment or have the tenant ejected.

While the owner was sitting in the justice court waiting for his case to be called he could not help looking at a young man who sat on the bench beside him.

It seemed to him that he had met this man before, but he could not recall the circumstances of their meeting. Finally during a lull in the court proceedings, he turned to his right hand neighbour and said:—

'It seems to me that I've seen you before.'

'Possibly,' said the other, 'your face is sort of familiar to me.'

'Oh, I know now. You ride a wheel, don't you?'

'Yes, nearly every day.'

'Weren't you out on the Sheridan drive one day about two weeks ago?'

'I remember you now. Your man that had the punctured tire.'

'That's right. I knew I'd met you somewhere. I don't know what I'd have done that day if you hadn't stopped to repair that tire for me. It's the first puncture I ever had.'

'Yes, so you said. Well, it's easy enough to repair the tire if you know how.'

'That may be, but I was getting ready to walk home when you came along. I want to tell you again that I appreciated your kindness very much. It isn't every man who'll stop and put in ten minutes tinkering at another man's wheel.'

'That was all right. It wasn't much trouble to me.'

'Do you live up this way?'

'I live over on Fullerton avenue. I'm being sued by my landlord for back rent. His agent promised that the house would be put in good shape, but there hasn't been a thing done to it yet, so I've been holding back the rent. Now they're suing me. I think I've got justice on my side, but I don't suppose I stand any chance in this court.'

The owner of the house had become as red as a rose. He attempted to speak, but his voice failed him. Finally, however, he tapped his neighbor on the shoulder and said:—

'You probably didn't know just what the agent promised me.'

'Well, we don't want to have any trouble about this.'

'If you'll just come out to the house and look around we can settle the whole thing in five minutes.'

'No, you just go ahead and have the place fixed up and I'll pay the bill.'

The owner's lawyer was amazed when he received his hurried instructions to discontinue the suit at plaintiff's cost. He couldn't understand it at all until they were riding down town together, when the owner explained that he wasn't in business for the purpose of persecuting good Samaritans.—Chicago Record.

McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods.

A Subj. for Lentency

'You had a fortune a few years ago. What brings you here in such a plight, my man?'

'Your honor, it was the bargain counter. My wife—'

'Fine remitted. Poor fellow, you may go.'

'You don't call upon Miss Smarte as much as you did.' 'No. Fact is, I have reasons for suspecting that my company is not so agreeable as it might be. The last time I was there I suppose I did stay rather long, and when I got up to go Miss Smarte said: 'Must you go now? I was in hopes you would stop for breakfast.' Somehow I got the idea that perhaps it would be just as well for me not to waste any more time at that house.'

'Deacon, there certainly was water in that milk you sold us this morning.'

'Master been from that big yellow cow that tell inter th' creek. Forgot all about that.'

HUMPHREYS' "77"

used in SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER.

will keep you free from COLDS all winter long.

Specific No. 24

FOR BRAIN FOG; General Debility; all forms of Physical and Nervous Weakness, arising from Mental Strain, Business Anxiety, Care, or Worry, Overwork, or Emotional Excitement; or from loss of blood, or of sleep. If there is indigestion alternate with No. 10, the famous Specific for

DYSPEPSIA; indigestion; weak stomach; bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite.

The use of No. 24 and No. 10 will build up the most depleted system and restore the brain's activity.

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets, fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts. New York.

Watson's Dundee Whisky.

ANALYTICAL LABORATORY, Dundee, 5th Dec., 1885.

This is to certify that, after a particular analysis of samples of James Watson & Co's Old Blended Cragganmore Glenlivet, a Blend of Cragganmore Glenlivet, and other Whiskies, I find them to be of sound quality, thoroughly matured, and free from deleterious ingredients.

Whisky of this standard of purity can be highly recommended and used with confidence.

G. D. MACDOUGALL, Public Analyst for this Royal Burgh of Dundee.

HOTEL Aberdeen

106 to 110 Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

PASSENGER ELEVATOR. STREET CARS TO ALL PORTS.

This first-class Hotel wants a few more Permanent Boarders for the winter. Cheaper for you than keeping home. The "comforts of home" no com- parison to the comforts of the Aberdeen, and we throw the luxuries in. Rooms filling up. You'll be sorry if you don't come soon. No reasonable offer refused. Plenty of rooms reserved for transient guests, and WINTER RATES for them, too.

E. M. TREE, Manager.

Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL,

Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls Vegetables.

THOMAS DEAN 13 and 14 City Market.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leitchy Method"; also "Synthetic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHELLOCK.

Mammoth Auction Sale

During the time of the International Exhibition, September 22nd to October 2nd, 1896.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY



We have arranged with Artists, Manufacturers and others to dispose of a large quantity of their goods at auction during the time of the Exhibition. Among numerous other attractive articles to be sold will be

A Large collection of Pictures,

Including Pictures taken from the works of the great masters, Pictures of Statuary, Architecture, examples of early painting, Mosaics from the various centuries, and works from the Italian, Spanish, German, French, and other schools.

Sculpture, Assyrian, Etruscan, Greco-Roman, etc. Architecture, Assyrian, Belgian, German, English, Grecian, Holland, Italian, etc.

A grand opportunity to make your homes beautiful, and to decorate your school rooms. A splendid opportunity to procure perfect reproductions of the most costly gems of art.

Sale will be conducted by Mr. W. A. LOCKHART, and without reserve, at the

Warerooms of the Ira Cornwall Company, Ltd.,

68 KING STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.



Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption.

Read the following:

'My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it.'

W. H. FURBER, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 50c per box.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896.

ALMOST A LOVE MATCH

VICTOR EMANUEL AND PRINCESS HELENE OF MONTENEGRO.

She Accepts His Suit, as She Failed to Capture the Present Czar, and Will Be Elevated from Her Father's Tiny Court to the Throne of Italy.

We learn that the betrothal of these two personages is the result of a love affair of long standing.

From time out of mind the patient editor on the European Continent has published this statement two or three times a year, or as often as a marriage has been arranged between a prince and a princess of the blood. He has published it in faith not in cynicism, for cynicism finds small place in the mind of the Continent when royal families are concerned. Despite socialism and zeitgeist, all things must be wise and all queens must still be beautiful. Doubts on these subjects may be left to the irreverent dollar chasers of America; they may not be cherished by the bourgeois mind of the Old World. A scoffing Radical may raise occasionally to question these fairyland traditions, but he makes little progress. He is regarded as doubting merely for the sake of doubting—a La-bouchere in England, a Richter in Germany, an Imbriani in Italy. Thus it happens that from the Voeges to the Ural Mountains and from the North Cape to the toe of the Italian boot popular sentiment pictures the hotness of Romanoff, Hohenzollern, Wittelbach, Coburg and even Hapsburg as nurseries of tender hearts and loving hands.

Once in a long while the patient monarchial editor thinks he has usual evidence of romance and affection in a royal betrothal. He then calls it the "result of a real love affair," thereby directing attention to a distinction as subtle as that between a privy councillor at a crossroads court in Germany, in such an exceptional case, moreover, he prefaces his statement with the words: "We learn from a big authority, which we heretofore have had no reason to question," &c. Thus it comes that within the last three weeks about every editor in central and southern Europe has said in his newspaper: "We learn from a big authority, which we heretofore have had no reason to question, that the betrothal of His Royal Highness Victor Emanuel, Crown Prince of Italy, and Helene Princess of Montenegro, is the result of a real love affair of long standing."

It is not necessary to go far to learn why this label of "Romance, Extra Special," has been stamped on the affair of Victor Emanuel and Helene. The principal reason is the Montenegro Princess herself. She is one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She is tall and of perfect physical development. Her shoulders slope and her waist is small. Her olive cheeks are touched with the dawn of a blush. Her eyes are large and lustrous, and her coal-black hair, when unconfined, sweeps the hem of her garments. She has grace of the commanding order, and the voice that is given only to those who were born and bred under the southern sun. It would be conventional to say that she had mastered a dozen languages and could carve or paint or play the violin with the art of a professional; it would be conventional to say this, but it would not be true. She speaks Italian, which she loves for the music of it; she reads and writes French and German and speaks them fairly well, and she recites about as much English as there is in a Shakespearean sonnet or on a page of "Marion." She plays the violin and piano a little. She is a horse-woman and a good shot.

That is not a very long list of accomplishments for a princess of 23 years. Think for instance, of the English princesses that give mezzocham pipes and cut rare woods and beat brass! Think also of the Austrian archduchesses who decorate china and do massive canvases in oil and write thick books with history and scenery interlarded with botany and geology! Even the infantes of Spain have accomplishments by which they could earn their living if the Spanish civil list should suddenly dry up. But Princess Helene of Montenegro has none of them. Like Queen Elizabeth of Roumania she has but one considerable talent, and that is for verse-making. She has written two volumes of poems, which have been published only for the limited circulation of the Montenegro court. The only one of her poems known to the outside world was published three weeks ago. As it is supposed to give a good insight into the character of the young woman who is destined to climb from the smallest European court to the royal throne of Italy, it is given here without any attempt to put rhyme or rhythm into the translation:

WHAT THE MAIDEN SAW. The mother said to her daughter: If you would know what the world is like, Keep your eyes ever open. So her daughter looked keenly on all around her. And she saw the beautiful lordly hills,

Saw the wonderful valleys between, Saw the golden glow of the sun. Saw all the stars, the clear shining ones, Saw the dark floor of the sea, Saw the foaming, teasing brooks, Saw the gay colors of the towers, Saw the birds with splendid feathers, Saw the yellow harvest of the fields, Then, sinking heavily her head, She saw the most wonderful of all, Saw the picture of the lover. Who lived for her alone in her heart, Saw the picture of the loved one Who sat enthroned in her soul, Saw the picture of the loved one Who gave love for her love.

THE YOUTH'S REVENGE.

The youth strode up to the maiden, Boldly barring her way and saying: "Now at last, O lovely maiden, You are delivered into my hands. Now at last I shall punish you; Now you will feel the weight of my vengeance. My weapons are sharp as swords; I will drive them far into your heart, Will chain you and bind you, And will take you from your mountains And hold you forever as my prisoner." Then said the maiden to the youth: "Pierce my heart with your sharpest weapons: Those weapons are love's arrows; I fear them not. Bind me fast, chain me, too, Your chains will only bind me to you. Keep me as your loving prisoner; Keep me, O chosen one of my heart! Lead me forth from my native mountains; Lead me home, your wife for eternity."

In the original this poem has considerable fire. It suggests the poetics of passion. It is, in fact, just what might be expected from a robust young Slav woman born and bred in the semibarbarism of the Balkans.

Leaving aside all questions of State, most Americans are likely to wonder why a young woman of such rare beauty and such tempestuous temperament should reach her twenty-third, yes, almost her twenty-fourth year without a betrothal. The explanation is that her father, who regards her as a flower of his six daughters none of whom is plain, has expected to make a great match for her. One of her sisters is the wife of the Russian Grand Duke, Peter Nicolavitch another is the wife of Prince George of Leuchtenberg. Having climbed thus high in his matchmaking and having been designated by Alexander III. as his only friend in Europe, Prince Nicholas concluded that a beauty of the first order, like Helene, ought to marry a prince who some day would wear the purple. So six years ago he took his daughter to St. Petersburg. At first this giant ruler of a savage people was a lion at the Russian capital, and the Princess was the most popular young woman seen at court in many seasons. The Prince conducted his affairs in grand style, drank and gambled enormously with the Grand Dukes, and scattered the roubles by the ten thousand. The court circle thought him the best fellow in the world, until he unwisely let it become known that he was setting his daughters, cap for the Czarevitch, now Czar Nicholas. Foreign and domestic influence were then combined to overthrow his power, and they succeeded. The Czar, who already had lent "his only friend" some 6,000,000 roubles, declined to increase the debt to 6,500,000. That was a sad day for Nicholas of Montenegro. He devoted himself with great assiduity to French champagne, his favorite drink, for three days, and then announced that he would start for home with his daughter after three months. Two days before he went he gave the stag party at which he made a remark that has been quoted hundreds of times since at every court of Europe. He was drinking with an uncle of the present Czar and trying vainly to unravel the knots which his enemies at the St. Petersburg court had been tying. It was a laborious sitting. Prince Nicholas, in the heat of the discussion, had finished his third quart when he turned angrily to the attendant and commanded:

"Bring no more of those wretched bottles; bring magnums hereafter."

As a drinker a Russian Grand Duke is never ashamed of his abilities. In fact, he is regarded as beyond competition at any court of central Europe. But on this occasion a Grand Duke showed the white feather. Before the first of the magnums arrived he fled. Just how Princess Helene felt about her father's failure to take the Czarevitch by storm the world never has been able to guess. There was no doubt, however, about her father's feelings. He no sooner set foot in Cetinje than his chagrin gave way to thirst for vengeance and his vengeance fell upon those subjects nearest him. Although he is called the 'brother of his people,' the Prince is the scourge of his subjects when in anger. He had not been home six weeks before he had banished from his court and country the Writzas and Martinovics and Britvas and Petrovics as well as many other Yans and Yos who went to make up the aristocracy of his land. Many whom he did not punish by banishment he chastened by borrowing their money. For eighteen months he had the principality on the verge of revolution, with

even his own son and heir, Prince Danilo, conspiring with his disgruntled subjects against him. He pursued his enemies with an arm of iron, however, and eventually put them down. It was during this season of unrest that he wrote his one long narrative poem, 'The Emperor of the Balkans,' which the reconciled Danilo is said now to be setting to music for a grand opera.

Meantime Princess Helene's fate was left unsettled. She might have had an Archduke of Austria or a Grand Duke of Russia, but did not want either. Old Prince Nicholas was still looking higher. Last year he turned his eyes to the house of Savoy. The Prince of Naples, heir to Italy's throne, did not seem then to be a very likely subject for Nicholas's matchmaking. He was not robust, not attractive in person, not of a brilliant mind, and, above all, not fond of women. Many matches had been arranged for him, but they all had made shipwreck on his callous indifference. He might have had a Belgian, a Bavarian, or a Prussian Princess, but he would have none of them. He was talked of for one of the Prince of Wales's daughters. He did not care for her, and it might as well be said, that he couldn't have had her if he would, for the young woman had an insurmountable prejudice against Princes of his weakly type.

Nevertheless, Prince Nicholas was not discouraged. He could at least try; it wouldn't cost much, and there were still leaders in Montenegro. So when King Humbert and Queen Margaret and Prince Victor Emanuel opened the International Art Exhibition in Venice a year ago last spring they found Princess Helene and her mother there. The success of Nicholas's plan seemed assured from the first. Humbert, whose appreciation of female loveliness greatly disturbed domestic peace at the Quirinal years ago, at once pronounced Princess Helene the most beautiful woman of her years in Europe. Victor Emanuel echoed his father's opinion. Wherever the Princess went crowds gathered to admire her. She made the popular success of her life and she captured a Crown Prince. If he must marry, as he had just promised his mother he would within a year, he would take Prince Nicholas's daughter. But the Italian Cabinet of a year ago last spring was averse to the match. The Ministers regarded it as poor politics to marry Italy's Crown Prince to a powerless little home-bred girl of Montenegro, and to call a Slav woman, no matter how beautiful, to sit on the throne of Italy. The negotiations for the betrothal had had another alp between the cup and the lip, and must resort to more banishing and borrowing to relieve his feelings. However, it came otherwise. A new Cabinet was formed. Victor Emanuel again met Helene at the coronation ceremonies in Moscow. King Humbert, while not favoring the politics of the match, remembered his youth and his unofficial humanity enough to consent to it. The Cabinet was willing. The Slav girl and the Italian boy were betrothed. He gave her a betrothal bracelet which cost \$300,000. He wrote to a woman in Florence who enjoys his confidence:

"Florence, the beautiful city in which I have passed so many years of my life, shall be the first to learn—and from your own sweet mouth—that my approaching journey to Montenegro means the greatest good fortune of my life, the crowning of my keenest hopes and wishes. For the first time in my life I can say that I am happy, entirely happy."

So, after all, it looks as if the Continental editor had some reason, from the Italian side, for his "extra special" asseverations of romance and real love. Of Princess Helene's heart's desire, no revelation has been attempted. There seems to be some doubt, however, that a man too weakly and cold for a princess of England could suit the temperamental beauty of Montenegro. Yet she will gain more to compensate her than most princesses gain when they sacrifice their hearts on the altar of diplomacy. Of a dynasty but thirty-six years old, the daughter of an upstart prince and a Montegrin chieftain's child, and with no dowry worth mention except her beauty, she is destined to sit some day on the throne of a great power and to pass as the peer of empresses.

In some parts of Europe, where the politicians pretend to be so keen that they hear the grass grow, there has been a laborious attempt to account for this betrothal by State reasons alone. "The wires of diplomacy that cross in Cetinje" is a phrase now seen quite often in South European newspapers as "the wires of diplomacy that cross in Copenhagen" was seen formerly in North European journals. There has been much talk about Italy's trying to reach the hand of friendship to St. Petersburg via Montenegro's capital. That would be the longest way around and one that could occur only to the most devoted diplomatist that ever conceived an intrigue for the sake of intriguing. From Italy's point of view it is hard to see any high politics in the match; from Cetinje's the betrothal looks undoubtedly like an enormously fine matrimonial bargain for old Nicholas and that is about all.

All things considered, the patient Editor on the European continent is never the less than usual rich in announcement of a love match, for there is undoubtedly a one-sided fancy between the betrothed. And as they will be married and (officially) will live happily forever after.

You Won't have to worry about the Children being covered if they wear Dr. Denton's Sleeping Garments.

CHILDREN'S SLEEPING GARMENTS. SIZES—0, 1, 2, 4, 6, 8. LENGTHS IN INCHES—24, 26, 28, 32, 36, 40. PRICES—60c, 65c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1.00. FOR AGES—1 year, 18 mos., 2 years, 3 to 4, 5 to 6, 7 to 8.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

CHINESE HARD TO LEARN.

It Bristles With Difficulties for the Student. The obstacles interposed by the Chinese language to direct conversation between Li Hung Chang and his Caucasian acquaintances are set forth in the Revue des Revues. To those persons who may be thinking of taking up the study of Chinese, the writer offers the advice to master, instead, five or six European languages, including Russian, as the labor and mental effort required would be far less, and he cites in support of his position John Wesley's remark that the Chinese language was invented by the devil to keep missionaries out of the Celestial Empire.

The dictionary of the Emperor Kang-Hi contains about 44,700 different characters, to say nothing of 50,000 other characters which are so ancient that they may be neglected by the modern student. This refers only to the Kouwen, the learned language, the language of books. Besides this language of the educated there are also the Kouan-ha, the spoken tongue used by the mandarin, which Basin, the famous sinologue describes as a beautiful and noble language, having a syntax and a grammar; the Wen-tchang, which occupies an intermediate place between these two and in which modern books and newspapers are printed; and lastly, the many dialects peculiar to the various provinces of the empire, the local idioms, the slang, and the different languages spoken from time immemorial by the natives of certain provinces. The differences of these idioms and dialects are so profound that the inhabitants of various provinces cannot understand one another. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the Emperor Kang-Hi, exasperated by the confusion caused by the inability of his officials to understand one another, decreed the unity of the language. Schools were established in various parts of the empire to bring about the unification of the dialects; but all the emperor's efforts were in vain. To-day, as in the time of Kang-Hi, China constitutes the true tower of Babel. The inhabitants of the same city are sometimes obliged to have recourse to an interpreter to understand each other.

But to return to the Kou-wen language, which is studied by European missionaries and scholars. It includes some 260,000 characters, according to the Ju-pien dictionary. Ideographic in their nature, these characters have the monosyllabic qualities which are characteristic of this language. The Kou-wen is the most monosyllabic language in the world—that is to say, it contains the greatest number of words expressed by the same sound. Scholars have reduced the whole number of characters to 214 keys. Each one is composed of strokes varying in number from one to seventeen. The difficulty of learning and especially of using these characters will be seen. It has been said that the characters are ideographic in their nature. When it comes to expressing a word in writing it is drawn. The word man is expressed in Chinese by a perpendicular line divided into two at the bottom to indicate the two feet; a mountain, by three points, one above for the summit and two below; a tree, by lines indicating the trunk and branches; a forest, by two trees; a field, by a space divided into four squares; the sun by a circle with a point in the centre. With the development of the Chinese these characters became more complicated. It was necessary to find new ones to express new objects or abstract conceptions. Taking the principal characters, supplementary signs were added. An ear against a door signifies to listen; a woman with a broom, a married woman. One woman under a roof means harmony, and two women under the same roof, discord, while one woman between two men repre-

sents sorrow. If not easy to study, the Chinese language is certainly not among those accounted gallant. The word God is expressed by the key character signifying motion and that signifying the land, the combination thus indicating the prime mover. The key characters of ice and darkness mean winter. The spoken tongue of the mandarins presents difficulties even greater to the student. In addition to the ideographic element in its characters, there is a phonographic element. In it the combinations of syllables to express an abstract idea attain tremendous proportions. If it is difficult to write, it is still more difficult to speak. It should be understood, in the first place, that, according to Gutzlaf, the language contains some 1,774 monosyllables, against 450 in French. To distinguish them the modifications of the value of the monosyllables are expressed by the tonic accent, the inflection, the aspiration, and other changes of the voice. There are as many as 100 different inflections of the voice, a single monosyllable may have as many as twenty-four different meanings. Under these conditions it is not surprising that the Chinese should be unable to understand not only the strangers who try to speak their language but also their fellow countrymen, unless made accustomed to their pronunciation by daily intercourse. The art of using these monosyllables properly is beyond doubt the most difficult that exists. To learn to speak Chinese fluently a lifetime is not enough for a European. There are some examples: to express the word rich the Chinaman must use the following syllables: youn-tai-en-ti; for the word flatterer, hao-fong-tcheng-ti-jin.

THE ARAB HORSE.

Views of Randolph Huntington, are Authority on Breeding.

Mr. Randolph Huntington of Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y., the leading American authority on all matters relating to the Arab horse, says the Country Gentleman, was born in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 8, 1828, of old Connecticut stock, and a direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at a military school at Hamden, Conn., and pursued for many years a mercantile career, but seized every opportunity meanwhile to prosecute studies in animal breeding, this science having been a passion with him almost from earliest childhood. At five or six years of age he was keeping rabbits and guinea-pigs, and a little later canaries, game fowls, pigeons, squirrels, dogs and other animals—always seeking to get the best he could find and then to improve their progeny by careful mating. Finally he settled down upon the horse as furnishing ample scope for all the skill and knowledge he could bring to bear, and for years now, as readers know, he has been diligently engaged in studying, thinking, observing and writing about that animal; and in breeding what he regards as the best specimens of the genus in the world. His views may be briefly summarized as below:

Haphazard breeding, producing mongrels, can never accomplish anything; there must be a yet undiscovered path, at least an unfringed one, whereby the breeder be as confident in the prospective produce of his horses as in that of his Guernsey or Jersey cows. Other animals, bred in families, attained their highest excellence; why was the horse an exception? Presumably he was not. But how were the twisted and entangled threads of equine life to be unwound? How from the mingled breeding of decades of years was a pure strain of blood to be picked out? Immediate change to uniformity was impossible. It would take years to produce a single pure type from so heterogeneous a mass. But, nothing daunted and guided by tests already successfully made in poultry-breeding, he began the work. His selection and championship of Clay blood is too well known to dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the researches he made, together with personal experience and observation, led him to believe that the Arabian horse proper was the sine qua non of perfection in horse-breeding. Henry Clay, a notable

horse in himself, was directly traceable to Arabian lineage. Scouring the best obtainable of his sons and daughters selections were made and these were carefully interbred. On the arrival of Gen. Grant's Arabian horses Leopard and Linden Tree, gifts from the Sultan of Turkey, Mr. Huntington was permitted to send a few of his mares to Washington, where they were bred to Leopard. But the scene of his desire was not reached until 1858, when he succeeded in obtaining the pure Arab mare Naomi. Breeding her to Leopard, he had a positive foundation of pure Arab blood. He was also able to secure Nimr, a grandson of Naomi by Kismet and Nazli, daughter of Naomi by Maidan. Mr. Huntington has persevered in his breedings in spite of great obstacles, and has succeeded in establishing a remarkable stud. Numbers of his Americo-Arab breedings are scattered throughout the country; and it may be worth while to add, in view of an incorrect popular impression as to one peculiarity of the breed, that they are not such undervalued animals as they are sometimes supposed to be. Anzab, stallion, 15 1/2 cant; Nimr, stallion, 15 1/2 cant; Nejd, two years old, 15.1; Naomi, 15 1/2; Nazli, 15.1.

Mr. Huntington published in 1896 a very beautiful and valuable work on his favorite theme, called "Gen. Grant's Horses and Their Sons." We do not know how this enterprise resulted financially, but the book is in every respect one of which any writer might be proud, and no horse-man's library is anywhere near complete without it.

Wanted the Letter to Reach Him.

An old man walked into the Call office with a hesitating and apologetic air and advanced to the city editor's desk. "I want to find out Mr. McKinley's address," he said, with the same diffident air. "Why, he lives in Canton, O.," readily replied the city editor. "Yes, I know that," was the stranger's reply, "but I want to write to him, and that's why I want to get his address." He was told that all it would be necessary to do would be to write to Canton, without bothering about any street address. "I'm afraid it won't get to him, though, if I don't put his number and street on the letter. Once my uncle wrote to me without putting the address on it and I never got it."

A Bold Trick.

An Englishman has just been robbed by an ingenious trick in a Paris cafe. He entered into conversation with a well-dressed stranger who began playing with the lever of a seltzer water siphon on the table. Suddenly he turned the stream on the Englishman's shirt front, jumped up apologizing profusely and wiping off the water with his handkerchief. Then he left the cafe, and the Englishman found that his pocket-book with \$800 in bank notes had gone with the stranger.

Its \$'s and Cts.

Money makes the mare go. It's all for money. It takes lots of money to buy new clothing, and it takes but little money to make the old clothing as good as new. Send them to UNGAR to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 28 to 29 Waterloo Street. We pay attention to the way we do it.

THE BLEEDING ROSE.

'Pardon! The lady was in Paris three winters ago and broke a... French and English. I give you my word.'

'So said the Baron de la S. meray in answer to a remark which fell from my lips in the smoking room of the International Club Boulevard Malesherbes, where the young bloods were discussing, far too freely, the beauty of the English colony in Paris.'

I must confess that I was more than deeply interested in a certain Miss Alba Van Amster, whose quiet beauty heightened the cultivated talents and brilliant education that she had given her.

Now, in this prosaic end of the century, the Baron's light chatter only gave me food for reflection, as I put on my astrachan and sauntered homeward.

Alba, with all her honest, outspoken ways, had a secret which she had not yet thought fit to share with me.

After all, knowing her sterling qualities as I did, and though not an affianced suitor, still admitted by herself and mother into almost domestic relations, had I any right to question her on the past which could never, I was sure, have implicated her purity or trust?

I had only known Alba Van Amster for sixteen months, and the episode referred to had taken place, if there was no mistaken identity, just three years ago.

Anyhow, tomorrow, New Year's day, the Van Amsters gave a dance in their lovely hotel in the Avenue d'Eylau, and I certainly did not intend to refer to any past New Year's eve without some very good reasons.

Three years to-night; and I wondered with a curious interest that only my intense devotion licensed, what could have made Alba so reticent about any former visit to Paris.

And, as my reflections grew more absorbing and the night grew colder, I found suddenly that instead of turning to the right and going back to my hotel in the Chaussee d'Antin I had wandered to the left, crossing the Elysian Fields, and was treading the crisp, white snow not far from Alba's own house.

With the intuition that holds a lover, I determined to see the episode referred to had taken place, if there was no mistaken identity, just three years ago.

There was a light in Alba's window as I passed. Suddenly a wailing moan distinctly heard swept with a palpable breeze around my ears, and the white horse of the passing fiacre started like a two year old, and for an instant seemed terrified into a runaway.

A gruff objurgation from the coachman, accompanied by a thump from the butt end of his broken whip brought the old hack to his senses and dispelled by its matter-of-fact realism the sensation of uncanniness which the moaning sound had sent with a shiver through me.

As I turned again to look at Alba's window I saw that the light had been extinguished.

At that moment the window, opening like most French windows, doorwise on to the balcony, flew ajar for an instant, but a icy breeze coming round the house banged it to, and swept the crisp snow off the sills in a wreath that looked almost like a human form as it flew past the railings.

Then the same wailing sound sent a second shiver through me, and pulled up the collar of my coat, trying to close my ears with the fur.

At the next carrefour I found a fiacre which soon deposited me at the door of my hotel. On entering my room I sat down and piled up the logs on the glowing embers, without a thought of going to bed. Sleep was impossible.

So Alba had some romance, but three years old, which she could not or would not tell me.

Af or all, her past did not belong to me, any more than mine to her. What? Was I to swear to love and cherish without a right to bare her heart? Could I see into her soul as far as this screen allowed and no farther?

And my thoughts would revert to the Baron's words at the club, and then my astral body traveled over the wrong road again to my Alba's window, and I heard again the mournful wail outside mine.

I don't know when I fell asleep. But I awoke chilled and shivering. The embers, choked with ashes, gave a feeble blush to the grate, and I crept into bed with that moaning sound in my ears, only to wake again when Francois brought my morning coffee to my bedside.

I knew the Baron always breakfasted about noon at the club, and, determined to worm some facts out of him I took a constitutional in the Champs Elysees before tackling the noble foreigner.

'Baron,' said I, as we sat on a pilaff and some scrambled eggs a l'Egagnole, 'was there a duel in the case of Miss Van Amster when she was last seen in Paris?'



Dollars or Kicks

For women, according to whether they do, or don't do, their washing in a sensible way. If they use Pearline, it means good, hard dollars saved. Pearline is economy. All that ruinous rubbing that makes you buy linens and flannels twice as often as you need to, is spared, to say nothing of your time and labor.

See the troubles that women have to endure with other ways of washing. There's that hard, wearing-out rub, rub, rub, or the danger of ruining things with acids if you try to make it easy. Washing with Pearline is absolutely safe.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something like Pearline, be honest—send it back.

from Africa, where he had lately received his mail. 'Apprope,' said the chattering Baron, 'you left Paris shortly after that unfortunate affair of Prevelles. I suppose you know the lovely Miss Van Amster is again in Paris?'

'Not really,' replied the handsome Colonel, with a tinge of color passing over his pale cheeks. 'But I have overcome that infatuation long ago. Poor Prevelle! It was, indeed, an unfortunate affair. He was far more deeply in love than I was; that is quite certain.'

The subject seemed unpleasant, and soon the young Colonel was entertaining us with his accounts of a new French acquisition in Africa, and how his gallant men behaved in the sanguinary skirmishes they had with the natives. And then he suddenly remembered an appointment.

When he had left us, my friend, the Baron, rolling a cigarette in his fingers, said to me as he lighted his smoke: 'That is almost the answer to your question. Le beau Colonel, just gone, was also one of the fair Alba's admirers. He was the Prince's second in his duel with Armande Prevelle. But you know nothing about the duel? Is it possible? Come for a stroll outside and I will tell you all about it.'

'When the Van Amsters, mother and daughter, were last in Paris—there is a far finer living, I am creditably informed, wrapped up in stocks and buried in your Chapel Court, for the better gilding of Miss Alba's dowry—Miss Van Amster was no less lovely than now, but without today's experience.'

'Not only is Alba far the prettiest in the English colony, but speaking our language perfectly, and having the best Holland blood in her veins, she has been much sought after by Parisians of the highest standing.'

'There was no doubt that she was as fond of Prevelle, the handsome man as Paris, as he was devoted to her, until the arrival of Prince Kracoviff from Nice, where the girl had met the Russian in the winter previous. The Muscovite needed funds and had a real title for sale, so that Prevelle soon found himself second favorite.'

'Two or three nights before the new year Prevelle had given a superb bouquet to Miss Alba, who took the finest orchid in the bunch to adorn the Prince, and though the coquette tried to pacify the Parisian, he felt it badly.'

'It was scarcely to be supposed that a Frenchman would take the slightest coolly; at it was not long before an opportunity accrued at the club for a quarrel.'

'Bref—Prevelle slapped the Prince's face and a duel took place the day before last, just three years ago.'

'You wonder, perhaps, how I know all these details. It was the other's totem, and Prevelle died in my arms, and he had a royal connection.'

'How thoughtless I was and how little accustomed to thinking of others, was well shown in the little incident which gave rise to a fatal duel. I had just given Armande the prettiest rose I could find in our conservatory, when I took from his bouquet the blossom offered to the prince, careless of the pain the act might give. I have never forgotten the broken-hearted look Armand gave me when he turned away and left the ball-room.'

'I never saw him again alive. "I say alive," for I saw him only two nights ago; and that is what you must know now.'

'Hi, Marre John! Dat ar Pelton boy's huntin' our hogs ag'in.' John Hartwell, who was busily hammering at some piece of boyish carpentry in his father's workshop, turned a pair of watery blue eyes toward the excited young darkey who rushed in with the above information.

'What's that you say, Tom Pete?' Tom Pete repeated his statement, adding the remark that the Pelton boy was 'a-beavin' sticks at 'em, a makin' 'em run like de ole Nick.'

'I'll see if I can't put a stop to this business, once for all.' As he spoke, he strode out of the workshop and started across the cornfield, with such an air of angry determination that Tom Pete, rummy after him, kicked up his heels and grinned, in high glee at the prospect of a collision which was sure to bring the Pelton boy to grief.

John Hartwell and Tracy Pelton were foes of long standing, though neither of them could tell exactly how their feud had first arisen.

The Peltons owned a small plantation on the Sandflower river, and the Hartwells

ing on my bed, I imagined I had fallen asleep and dreamed the terrible dream. 'But, on looking at myself in the glass, what was my horror when I saw just over my heart the splash of crimson which nothing has removed.'

'I shall go down to my grave with it still there. Of that there shall be no doubt. "If that dream should come again, dearest, I shall surely die."

'And yet I had hoped for a beautiful, bright existence in your love. Oh! what have I done? Why did my mother make me lie to myself and all around me? "It is close on midnight. Ah! If you were only near me to defend me. Icy, icy! As cold as death—"

'When I called a second time the shutters were up. Alma Van Amster had dreamed again. —Honor Lucelle.

A FATHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS RESTORED WHEN HOPE HAD ALMOST GONE. His Daughter Begun to Droop and Fade—Was Attacked with Hemorrhages and Life was Despaired of—She is Again Enjoying Robust Health. From the Brantford Courier.

A recent addition to the Grand Trunk staff in this city is Mr. Thos. Clift, who is living at 76 Chatham street. Mr. Clift, who was a policeman in the great city of London, is a fine looking specimen of an Englishman of the type so often seen in the Grand Trunk employ and who makes so desirable a class of citizens. Since his advocate here he has been a warm advocate of that well known medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and through his endorsement, dozens of boxes have been sold to his friends and acquaintances.

A Courier representative, anxious, although not surprised, to know the reason for Mr. Clift's warm eulogy of the pills, called on that gentleman recently. Mr. Clift willingly consented to an interview, and in the following story told his reason for being so sincere an advocate of a world renowned medicine. 'Some five years ago,' said Mr. Clift, 'my daughter Lily began to droop and fade, and became disinclined either for work or pleasure. A doctor in London was called in and he prescribed exercise and a general "rouning up" as the best medicine to effect a cure. My daughter did her best to follow his instructions, but the doctor's medicine exhausted her completely, and she gradually grew worse. One night I and my wife were terribly alarmed by a cry from Lily, and hastening to her room found her gulping up large quantities of blood. I rushed for a doctor and he did his best to stop her hemorrhage, but admitted that her case was very critical. She dropped away to death, and in the following week in the morning as I went to bid her good-bye in the morning as I went to my work I feared I might not see her alive again. This went on for a long time until one day a friend recommended my daughter to try the effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She consented to do so and in a comparatively brief period a decided benefit was perceptible. She persisted with the use of the pills and gradually rose from a bed of suffering and sickness until she once again attained robust young womanhood. For the last three years she has been in excellent health. It was Pink Pills that virtually brought her from the mouth of the grave and preserved for me my only daughter. Now do you wonder why I sound their praises and recommended them at every opportunity?'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Sarsaparilla, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

'I should think this is my business, and I'll attend to it in earnest. If you don't look out!' cried John, bristling with wrath and resolution. If you hit one of those hogs again I'll hit you!'

Accepting this as a challenge, Tracy promptly threw a short stick, which took the largest of the hogs behind the ear and sent the whole drove scurrying tumultuously towards their owner's premises.

John snatched up the stick and hurled it back at Tracy, striking him on the shoulder or with force enough to make him very angry, if it did not hurt him much.

He flew at John with doubled fists, and John, nothing loath, received him in the same manner.

The result was that Tracy got whipped, as usual; for the two boys had had several battles already, and though Tracy invariably came out second best, he never shrank from a fresh encounter with his stronger foe.

As for John, though he returned home after the battle dumber with triumph and greatly admired by Tom Pete, yet he was perfectly aware that his victory had not settled anything. It was quite certain that Tracy was still determined to chase the hogs and otherwise annoy his enemy whenever he got a chance.

However, during the days that followed neither of the boys had any time to waste in fruitless hostilities. They were sufficiently occupied with the business which was now demanding everybody's attention—that of saving their persons and property from destruction by the waters of the river, which, after rising rapidly for three days, had overflowed its banks and was fast inundating the whole region.

Water from other streams poured in to swell the torrent, cattle were drowned and buildings were swept away. And still the flood rose higher day by day.

People were obliged to move into the upper stories of their houses; then as the water crept up higher, to take refuge on the roofs; and, at last, they were forced to flee for their lives to the high ground, at a distance of many miles.

Mr. Hartwell had built a sort of flat-boat or scow, as he called it, which proved extremely useful to himself and his neighbors in this perilous time.

It was constantly in use, conveying people to the hills, picking up valuable floating property and taking off the sheep and cattle which were huddled in crowds wherever some bit of high ground formed a tiny island in the very midst of the flood.

One day, when Mr. Hartwell had taken off a number of cattle, as many as the scow could safely carry, he started with another man to paddle them to a place of safety, leaving John and Tom Pete on the bank, which was still out of water.

He intended to come back for another load of stock, and as the scow was so heavily loaded, the boys volunteered to remain behind and wait for his return.

In the meantime they amused themselves by fishing for driftwood and such floating property as the waters brought within their reach.

There was strong current setting past the house, and anything which happened to drift into this eddy was borne along so swiftly that a quick hand was required to capture it; but the boys had a long rope and a pole with a hook at one end, and by means of these implements they hauled in quite a collection of miscellaneous articles.

'Hi! look dar!' cried Tom Pete, suddenly. 'Dar's de Pelton boy's deghuse'

Troubles of a Clergyman.

He and His Family Are Wonderfully Blessed by Using Paine's Celery Compound.

Clergymen of all the various Christian denominations have from time to time given the strongest testimony in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. No other medicine of the present day has ever been so highly spoken of, and so generally recommended by the clergymen of Canada, as Paine's Celery Compound.

The honest, prompt and effective results that are always obtained by the users of Paine's Celery Compound call for unstinted praise, after health, vigor and happiness take the place of sickness, weakness and disease. In all the churches of our country, clergymen are quietly spreading the joyful news that Paine's Celery Compound banishes ill health and makes people well.

Just here it is imperative that we sound a note of warning for the benefit of all who determine to use Paine's Celery Compound, as there are miserable and deceptive celery preparations sold in some places. Be sure you ask for "Paine's," the kind that cures; see that the name is on each bottle you buy.

The Rev. C. A. Schlipf, of Killaloe, Renfrew, Co., Ont., writes as follows: "I have much pleasure in stating that I have used Paine's Celery Compound with grand results. Some time ago, loss of appetite, and symptoms of kidney trouble and urinary disturbances made life miserable. Having heard much about the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, I procured a supply and used it with wonderful benefit."

"I am pleased to say that the Compound was productive of great results in my family as a home medicine; all are much pleased with it."

had come from the north some years before and settled on the next place. Tracy and John, who were nearly of the same age, became acquainted and were both fine boys, each in his way, had occasional disagreements, like all neighbor boys.

But some difficulty more serious than usual had led to ill-feeling between them, which had broken out at last into open warfare; so they were now declared and downright enemies. It was a pity, for they were both fine boys, each in his way, quick-tempered, quick-witted and merry, always ready for work or play, and throwing himself into both with equal energy; while Tracy was of a quieter disposition and did not get angry or enthusiastic in a moment, but was slow to alter his opinions after they were formed.

'Obstinate as a mule!' John said, not stopping to think that Tracy's affection was even more deep and lasting than his wrath; that he could be a very constant friend as well as an obstinate enemy.

John was in an exceedingly belligerent frame of mind when he reached the edge of the field which bordered on the Pelton place, and beheld his father's fine drove of hogs rushing pell-mell through the corn-stubble pursued by a slender, dark-eyed boy, who was vigorously pelting them with sticks, clods of earth or whatever he could lay his hands on.

'You stop that, Tracy Pelton!' shouted John, peremptorily. 'Mind your own business and keep your hogs at home!' retorted Tracy, as he bombarded the hogs with a shower of cornstalks.

'I should think this is my business, and I'll attend to it in earnest. If you don't look out!' cried John, bristling with wrath and resolution. If you hit one of those hogs again I'll hit you!'

Accepting this as a challenge, Tracy promptly threw a short stick, which took the largest of the hogs behind the ear and sent the whole drove scurrying tumultuously towards their owner's premises.

John snatched up the stick and hurled it back at Tracy, striking him on the shoulder or with force enough to make him very angry, if it did not hurt him much.

He flew at John with doubled fists, and John, nothing loath, received him in the same manner.

The result was that Tracy got whipped, as usual; for the two boys had had several battles already, and though Tracy invariably came out second best, he never shrank from a fresh encounter with his stronger foe.

As for John, though he returned home after the battle dumber with triumph and greatly admired by Tom Pete, yet he was perfectly aware that his victory had not settled anything. It was quite certain that Tracy was still determined to chase the hogs and otherwise annoy his enemy whenever he got a chance.

However, during the days that followed neither of the boys had any time to waste in fruitless hostilities. They were sufficiently occupied with the business which was now demanding everybody's attention—that of saving their persons and property from destruction by the waters of the river, which, after rising rapidly for three days, had overflowed its banks and was fast inundating the whole region.

Water from other streams poured in to swell the torrent, cattle were drowned and buildings were swept away. And still the flood rose higher day by day.

People were obliged to move into the upper stories of their houses; then as the water crept up higher, to take refuge on the roofs; and, at last, they were forced to flee for their lives to the high ground, at a distance of many miles.

Mr. Hartwell had built a sort of flat-boat or scow, as he called it, which proved extremely useful to himself and his neighbors in this perilous time.

It was constantly in use, conveying people to the hills, picking up valuable floating property and taking off the sheep and cattle which were huddled in crowds wherever some bit of high ground formed a tiny island in the very midst of the flood.

One day, when Mr. Hartwell had taken off a number of cattle, as many as the scow could safely carry, he started with another man to paddle them to a place of safety, leaving John and Tom Pete on the bank, which was still out of water.

He intended to come back for another load of stock, and as the scow was so heavily loaded, the boys volunteered to remain behind and wait for his return.

In the meantime they amused themselves by fishing for driftwood and such floating property as the waters brought within their reach.

There was strong current setting past the house, and anything which happened to drift into this eddy was borne along so swiftly that a quick hand was required to capture it; but the boys had a long rope and a pole with a hook at one end, and by means of these implements they hauled in quite a collection of miscellaneous articles.

'Hi! look dar!' cried Tom Pete, suddenly. 'Dar's de Pelton boy's deghuse'

Advertisement for 'WASH DAY SURPRISE SOAP' with a large graphic and text: 'BEST FOR WASH DAY SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.'

Clergyman.

Wonderfully Blessed by Compound.

are as miserable and deceptive celery... Rev. C. A. Schlupf, of Killaloe, W. Co., Ont., writes as follows:

down to dream. Is you grine dat? let it go, said John, with a scowl...

be their ginhouse, father said he it wouldn't stand, replied John... Tom Peto gave utterance or excited 'Hi!'

to be talking about, said John... 'wuf savin,' declared Tom Peto, loudly.

When the little hunchback found that M. Finnett had seen the great fair and would tell him all about it he went nearly wild with joy.

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Sunday Reading.

Not changed but glorified. Not changed but glorified! O heastless language...

How will it look, that face that we have cherished. When next we meet? Will it be changed, so glorified and saintly...

Let us be patient, we who mourn, with weeping. The Lord has taken, but to add more beauty...

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hunchback's father was, comparatively speaking, a delightful day, with the sky almost free from cloud...

The marvelous mirage hung and trembled there in all its overwringing glory for full three minutes from the time first noticed...

The power of the Gospel is writ plain in all great moral enterprises. Its virtues have been tried in every department of individual and social life.

It is wonderful how little downright honesty men have in dealing either with themselves or others, how hard it is for men to face the facts and meet them as they are.

In real friendship there is always the knitting of soul to soul, the exchange of heart for heart. The highest of all examples of friendship is to be found in Jesus, and His behavior is the mirror in which all true friendship must see and measure itself.

An amusing story of ingenious childhood is told by a former maid-of-honor in the service of Queen Victoria. A little niece of hers visited her one day at court.

There is a definite plan for the life of every human being. He is girded, visibly or invisibly, for some exact thing, which it will be the true significance of his life to have accomplished.

Genialness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assures that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with heart below.

February 25 at the hunting camp of the

MANUAL EDUCATION.

Some there are who are led astray by plunging too deeply into the sciences of the day without a proper philosophic training...

There is a growing feeling among men of wealth and public spirit that to secure the best results of their philanthropy it must be at least begun during life.

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TRY SATINS.

The finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

the year that they are in this department are beautiful lamps of various sorts, no different, excepting that they are somewhat more unique in design...

Each student is required to work two hours a day in the manual training department, and devote one hour a day to drawing.

The examination for entering the school is the same as for other city high schools and the average age of entering pupils is 15 years.

In the wood working department all sorts of pretty and useful things are made, and it is pleasant to see with what enthusiasm boys, who are not supposed to be interested in such matters, will work over a stained globe or handkerchief box intended for a gift.

During the three years the Chicago English High and Manual Training school has been graduating students it has gained high recognition from leading colleges that the school engage in occupations for which the skill they acquired in the school especially fits them.

In the Crimea is the most productive walnut tree in the world. It grows in the Baidar Valley, near Balaklava, and has an annual yield of from 80,000 to 100,000 walnuts.

Having used Burdock Bitters for 15 years I cannot keep from recommending it to others. I have sold hundreds of bottles from my store, and as I keep other medicines I ought to know which will sell best.

Yours very sincerely, MRS. DONALD REINERT, Box 119, Caledonia, Ont.

TRY SATINS. The finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

THEN DON'T WATCH THE POT. A watched pot never boils, and a watched clock never goes. Nothing is quick enough for impatience.

After a time I had so much distress that I never wanted anything to eat; the very sight of it made me sick. Night after night came, bringing sleep to others, but not to me.

Then came unexpected help in September, 1892, a neighbour of mine told me of the good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

In October, 1893, says Mrs. Darose, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup in a little book. I got a bottle, and after taking it a short time I was well as ever.

The latter lady would be called very old, as she is 78; and, as lives average nowadays, she is old.

There is one part of a bicycle to which the ordinary rider does not give enough attention—the chain on his wheel.

Oil is the best lubricant for a chain, but not enough riders use it. With the chains exposed as they are at present no lubricant will work well for any length of time.

The young man who had travelled began: "And there I stood, the eyes yawning at my feet—" "Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who had never been away; and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last car.

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1750. Pure, High Grade Cocoa and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.



# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Every woman loves to look into the future or to think she is looking into it, which amounts to the same thing. She seems to enjoy the anticipation of evil, almost as much as good, else she would scarcely be at such pains to find out whether she is to die an old maid or be happily married within a year; and worry the oracles into the reluctant admission that she is to shuffle off this mortal coil long ere she had reached her prime. To do the average oracle justice though she very seldom has much of a disagreeable nature to impart, confining her attention usually to minute descriptions of her client's future lovers and husband, a very general sketch of her disposition, and surroundings, and a misty hint or two, as to her future prospects of wealth and prosperity. Perhaps this is the reason none of us seem afraid to lift the curtain which separates the future from the present, and to try every means in our power of finding out what is likely to happen to us.

The method of fortune telling in which our fore mothers placed the most faith, divination by tea grounds, is almost the oldest known, and they believed it to be by far the most certain. It has never gone entirely out of fashion, reappearing at intervals through various stages of the world's history and always retaining a certain number of votaries. During the latter days of this century it has fallen greatly into disuse only a few old fashioned people retaining any knowledge of the art, and very seldom practicing it. Now however, amongst many other old fashions the art of "turning teacups" as it used to be called, has revived and given a high place amongst modern accomplishments.

Many of the superstitions connected with the turning of the cups that our grand mothers firmly believed in, now form part of today's creed, and are rigidly adhered to by the votaries of the newest fad.

For instance the tea must be hot, to begin with, and the person whose fortune is to be read must drink a little of it, and then turn out all the rest carefully, being particular that the grounds remain, but taking care not to look at them, as this would bring ill-luck. The cup must be turned completely over so that would mean tears. Then, having turned the cup slowly around the cup slowly round towards you three times, at the same time wishing the wish of your heart, set the cup down for a moment resting it against the edge of the saucer, or a plate. It is very important that it should rest in this way for an instant, as putting it flat down upon the table, would be tempting ill-fortune, according to the highest authorities. Never interfere with anyone else's fortune by offering your cup while another is being read, only one at a time must be read. And never look over the fortune teller's shoulder while she is reading your cup, or indeed look into your cup at all, for this is indeed a very unlucky omen. No one thoroughly versed in the teacup will ever point out anything in the cup with her finger as that would be sure to bring ill-luck, she always uses a pencil, spoon, fork, or some such object.

After these preliminaries have been carefully attended to, the serious part of the work may begin. Three small dots in a perpendicular row always stand for the wish, and the nearer they are to the top of the cup the sooner the wish will be granted. Three small dots in the form of a triangle mean unexpected good luck in the fulfillment of the wish. A triangle is always a fortunate sign; so is a horseshoe, a cross, or a flag. A flag means that some unusual piece of good fortune is coming to the person, or some unexpected good news is coming.

When the grounds are well bunched together, and there is a clear space all around them, it means that everything will go well with the one whose fortune is being told. But if the grounds are scattered about confusedly, there will be the same confusion over some coming event, or something of a disastrous nature will happen to the one whose fortune is being read. If the grounds are surrounded by fine dust like particles, there is trouble coming, and drops of moisture signify tears. The same dust like particles bunched together at the side or bottom of the cup, mean a sum of money. A small ring in the midst of the regular grounds, means an invitation. A large very round ring perfectly closed means an offer of marriage to a single woman, or some fortunate undertaking to a married one, and a business offer to a man. Should the ring enclose a number of small specks, it means an offer of marriage from a wealthy man, or a business transaction in which money is concerned. A very large opening stands for a body of water and a broken ring signifies a disappointment. The straight sticks like grounds represent people, light or dark according to their color, and short or tall according to their length. A very small one means a child. To have the thick in a horizontal position is certain to mean illness, and if the larger and which is supposed to be the head, lie lower than the other end, it means death. The grounds often form themselves into a sort of semblance of a person, and this is supposed to

stand for the one whose fortune is being read, especially if found on the right side of the cup. Should the grounds run up into two distinct places, the person is about to make a change to another place, large or small, as the size of the bank may indicate.

A long trailing line of very fine grounds fortells a journey, and if connected with a large opening of the grounds, a journey by water. A fish is supposed to bring good luck in business, and it is also supposed to be a suitor in marriage. A small speck near the top of the cup means a letter, larger ones standing for a parcel, or a trunk it with a person. Beware of the person with a small bunch of grounds at his back, for he is coming to you with a lot of gossip; and on the good old principle that a dog who will fetch, will carry, he will probably talk about you. A bird flying upward in the cup signifies a pleasant letter, but flying towards the bottom of the cup, it is the bearer of unpleasant tidings. A horse is always a friend, and so is a dog, indeed almost any animal signifies good luck. A rooster crowing, means great success of some kind, a turtle means long life and good health, an eagle is a friend in need. But I must confess that the average eye would be rather puzzled to make any of these birds and beasts out of such meagre material as a few grounds, and I should think a more than usually vivid imagination would be required, to find them.

A dangerous enemy is a snake, it underfoot it can do no great harm, but is a sort of warning to be on one's guard. If it is particularly thick and solid in appearance it is a woman. A bridge is an important undertaking or departure of some kind which will be successful if the foundations at each end seem strong, otherwise it will be disastrous. Far the grounds to form themselves into a pyramid is very lucky; also, if they form flowers it means good luck. A wreath of flowers means a valuable present either of money or jewels. A half moon, or a star presages a lucky investment or unexpected money. Almost the very luckiest sign of all is when the grounds take the form of a tree, as this fortells all manner of success, and is especially fortunate if it seems to be well balanced in shape, and if a person is found near it; apparently protected under its branches.

From all of which it will appear that this new "old science" is by no means so simple as it sounds, and also that the number of good omens being so far in excess of the bad ones, it is little wonder that the art of divination by tea grounds has been so popular in all ages.

A few weeks ago I wrote that it was by her sleeves you might know the up to date girl, but later advices would lead one to suppose that it was rather by her collar you should know her, for the collar is by far the most distinctive feature of the newest autumn dresses! When you see a woman whose collar is fearfully and wonderfully made, reaching up above the lobes of her ears, and standing out from them in all sorts of fantastic shapes, you may be sure has a dressmaker who is abreast of the times and fifteen ways of pronouncing the same syllable. An inexhaustible source of misunderstandings is times and thoroughly up in her business. It however she wears a stock of ribbon or silk in simple folds around her throat, and ties in an elaborately looped and winged bow at the back in the style which was the ne plus ultra of fashion last spring, then she and her modiste are a little behind the times. For the present, and also for the future, as represented by the coming winter all bodies will be finished at the neck, as high as it can possibly make them. A feature of the new autumn tailor suits is the peculiar cut of the collar, which is no longer cut separately and stitched in the bodice but is a part of the bodice, shaping up from the back like the collars of some of last year's jackets reaching almost to the ears, and snipped and fitted, until it encloses the victim's neck without a wrinkle. It shows a continuation of the shoulder seam, and looks so tight under the chin, that one cannot help wondering how the wearer ever manages to masticate and swallow her food. Sometimes the top falls over into a roll either narrow, or deep, as the wearer wishes, and sometimes it is slashed and braided, the upper fullness falling into a sort of ruff of tabs. Again the collar will be finished with a wrinkled stock which would look well in the last year's collars, but for two large "ear bunches" or rosettes, placed just in front of the ears; or two immense tabs placed in the same position, and standing out in a fashion which would be grotesque, if it were not fashionable.

Of course this, like so many of our fashions is a blessing in the way of a cruelty to the many! The wearing of a graceful shoulder line, and a neck which under neck, will look sweet in such a collar while she of the dumpy, square shoulder's and so neck at all to speak of, will be a sight to behold if she ventures to wear one. Just here let me say a word in

season to the short-necked woman. Never, by any chance let her dressmaker persuade her that she will look best with her collar cut very low, because there never was a greater mistake, and by wearing too low a collar she only makes her defect more apparent. A clever dressmaker will see that she has a very full, wrinkled stock with the "ear bunches" I have already mentioned, fastening under the left ear, and made of bias silk. Over the fastening is a large silk or chiffon rose bow with another to correspond with it on the other side these bows should stand up high enough to cover all the lobe of the ear. ASTRA.

### A CYCLING TRIP.

Made by two Tourists Through the Land of Evangeline.

After a splendid sail across the bay on the "Prince Rupert," we arrived in Digby shortly before ten o'clock on the morning of the 31st of August. Having decided to waste no time in Digby, we soon on the wheels starting on our trip through the "Land of Evangeline." The day being calm, and bright, made it warm traveling. While on the Bear river bridge an excursion train of about ten cars, bound for Digby, passed us. From Digby to Clementsport, the roads are good, although slightly hilly, but from Clementsport to Annapolis, the roads are very sandy in places, making it difficult wheeling. After stopping at Annapolis for dinner, which by the way, we did full justice to, and also a couple of hours for sight-seeing, we crossed the river by the Granville ferry, thence on our way to Bridgetown, where we had planned to stay over night, but arriving there earlier than we had expected, we stopped but a few minutes and started for Lawrencetown, where we arrived about half-past four. The roads from Annapolis to Bridgetown were good, but from Bridgetown to Lawrencetown, sandy and hilly. Distance travelled from Digby, about 45 1/2 miles. Having had advice from several persons concerning the condition of the roads through Middleton, etc., we decided to take the train, which we did in the morning, going as far as Aylesford (about twenty miles) where we started along the Woodworth road to Bedford, which is only a short distance away, and around Bedford Basin, stopping at different times along the way to Halifax, a distance of about 9 miles to admire the beautiful scenery, which was exquisite, and quite made us forget that we were getting a little bit tired.

The Wanderer's Club house (Prince's Lodge) about 5 miles from Halifax, is small but very picturesquely situated, being built on a sort of island, spanned by a bridge under which the trains pass. When we found our hotel in Halifax we were very hungry, we entered the dining room, fifty, sunburnt, and with a general deplorable appearance. (We travelled that day about 70 miles.)

Next day we visited the citadel, where we registered our names, and together with an American and his son, we were escorted around the top of the walls, and different points of interest in the city pointed out to us. An amusing incident occurred, just as we had about completed our round. It is an unwritten law, that visitors are expected to tip their guide. My friend and I, did our part of the business, but the American evidently had forgotten his. Whereupon the soldier, who wasn't going to be cheated out of his natural rights, made a point of asking him for something. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a coin, and without looking at it, gave it to the soldier. The man started back in amazement, for in his hand lay a cent. Going up to the American, the soldier touched him on the shoulder, and holding up the cent, to him said in a tone that sparkled with indignation:—"Hi say man, can't you 'it it up a little 'eavier than this?" whereupon the American, seeing the mistake he had made, gave him something else in place of it with the exclamation, "confound your big cents, they're so much like our quarters."

Walking through the public garden, makes one wonder how anything so lovely, could possibly exist in the heart of a city, for it is a perfect paradise, with its well kept walks and handsome lawns. The foreign and domestic trees, shrubs and flowers of great variety, combined with the skill of the gardeners in their excellent work, making it a place long to be remembered. The band stand, too, can claim a share of the beauty of the place, for it is one that no city would be ashamed of. When the incandescent lights, of which there are a great number, wired all over the stand are turned on it is magnificent.

After we struck the top of those hills, through the lakelands to Mt. Uniacke. While at Mt. Uniacke, where we stopped a few minutes, a freight train drew into the station. We left about the same time, that it did, and were 19 miles farther on, before it passed us, I suppose it must have had a sleep on the way, but it was more than we did. From Mt. Uniacke to Aldershot, a dis-

## 61 King Street Exhibition Notes on SHOES!

PRICE should be secondary to QUALITY, but if you happen to get Good Quality and Low Price together, you have struck the right combination. Just such a combination is our line of Ladies' \$1.35 Dongola Button Boots. We are sure you will find no fault with the Quality, and the Price is lower than it should be.

## 212 Union Street WATERBURY & RISING. 212 Union Street

# RIPANS

## ONE GIVES RELIEF.

tance of about 15 miles, Oh, what roads! All through that district, lumber is being hauled continually, making in places, ruts, fully 8 or 10 inches deep, and in places, we counted five of these furrows running parallel, leaving us to run on a strip of ground, not more than a foot wide at times.

A ride from Windsor to Halifax, is not what it is usually said.

We passed through Aldershot, with all the targets looming up on our right, to Bedford, which is only a short distance away, and around Bedford Basin, stopping at different times along the way to Halifax, a distance of about 9 miles to admire the beautiful scenery, which was exquisite, and quite made us forget that we were getting a little bit tired.

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The band stand, too, can claim a share of the beauty of the place, for it is one that no city would be ashamed of. When the incandescent lights, of which there are a great number, wired all over the stand are turned on it is magnificent.

Next morning, we were to start again on the wheel for Chester, intending to wheel around the South Shore to Yarmouth, but woke to find it raining hard. It however cleared off towards noon, leaving the roads muddy. To kill time, we crossed over to Dartmouth, and returning, took our wheels for a spin in the park, or North-West Arm, and here, the roads are in a splendid condition, being kept up, I believe, by the government.

My friend met an accident here which upset our plans somewhat, for he had three spokes broken, and his front wheel considerably twisted. Being too late in the day to have it repaired in Halifax and as we had lost a day, we took the steamer next morning for Lunenburg, trusting to luck to have the wheel repaired there. The day was fine, and as the water wasn't rough we enjoyed the sail very much. Calling in at Chester for half an hour, or so, we arrived in Lunenburg about 2 p. m., where we had the good luck of having the wheel repaired, leaving us free to start the next morning, (Sunday) for Liverpool.

It didn't take us long to see all that was to be seen in Lunenburg a small shipping town but very pretty. Sunday morning it looked very much like rain but we started and for the first twenty miles or more with the wind in our favor, we made good time. Passing through Summerside, Bridgewater Mill Village and a few smaller places, we arrived in Liverpool about half-past two, travelling about 43 miles, half of which was rather lonely. We found Liverpool to be a small, shipbuilding town, rather pretty and about recovered from the terrible fire it had there a year ago, destroying its principal business street, about sixty houses I think. After we had turned in for the night, the rain which had threatened all day, started and we were storm-bound there for two days.

We made Lockport, about eleven o'clock Tuesday night, Shelbourne, about half past one, but as I wasn't feeling well, I didn't see either of these places, if they could have been seen in the dark. At Barrington we arrived about six o'clock Wednesday morning, staying about an hour. That afternoon, a friend showed us the beauties of Yarmouth. Most of the residences are very well kept, generally, with a splendid hawthorn hedge in front, and on the sides, in place of a fence. Next morning, it was raining again, but we started to ride to Weymouth. But we turned back, and that afternoon took the train, "Blue-noon", for Weymouth, where we arrived about half-past four.

Saturday morning being a bright, hot day, we started to wheel to Digby, about 20 miles, and the roads in a splendid condition, we had a fine run, until within about three miles of Digby, when my rear tire exploded. We started to repair it, but a team coming along just at that time made a very expeditious way of getting to Digby. You may be sure I availed myself of the opportunity and we were soon there; on the Rupert; and so—home.

Although we didn't do a great deal on the wheel, yet, taking it as a whole, it was one of the most enjoyable holidays I had ever spent, we being treated at all times, and by everybody in the best possible manner. If the weather had have been more favorable, we would have ridden the whole distance and would have been able to say in earnest that we had seen the Land of Evangeline. ANCHIE S. COOK.

Meeting on the Street. He—"They tell me that Miss Cunningham is so run down that it tries her to operate the pedals on the piano." She—"Yes, poor thing, she practices her music about fifteen minutes a day and rides her bicycle four hours."

Live on Wind. 'You seem to have a good crop of hay,' said the city man. 'Correct,' replied the farmer, 'but there ain't any kind of a market for hay any more.' 'Then why don't you raise something else?' 'Been thinking about that, but I can't seem to raise the only kind of fodder that there's any demand for now.' 'What's that?' 'Wind to feed the bicycles.'—Chicago Evening Post.



**"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."**  
This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.  
Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.  
It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.  
Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.  
Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

**MANY DAINY DISHES**  
CAN BE PREPARED WITH Benson's CANADA Prepared Corn.  
MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN. NO ADULTERATION. THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.  
RECIPE for Infants' Food. To one desiccated spoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire five minutes; sweeten slightly; for infants babies mix with milk instead of water. SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGES.  
THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO. Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Montreal, P.Q.

**PICTURES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.**  
A Pretty Colored Picture for every 12 "SUNLIGHT" or every 6 "LIFEBOUY" Soap wrappers. These Pictures are well worth getting. Address: **LEVER BROS. Ltd., 23 South Street, TORONTO.**  
H. B. ROOPER, 21 John, N. B., Agents for New Brunswick.

**Colic Croup Cramps**  
Safely cure all of these by the free use of Dr. J. C. Rogers' Colic Croup Cramp Liniment. It was originated by a mother who should have it in the house.

**Liniment**  
Dr. J. C. Rogers' Colic Croup Cramp Liniment. It was originated by a mother who should have it in the house.

**The Hand of a Queen.**  
A piece of sculpture is a model of Victoria's hand, which is still a model one, and is said to have an important state papers and by more important means than any other queen that ever

**FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED**  
AZ. ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED THE BEST. THE BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

**Painting!**  
Well-known Painter and Decorator. Call on Mr. Gallacher.

**Call on Mr. Page**  
King Street

**Stock of Silver Novelty**  
for all presents.

**Best Liquors.**  
Call on Mr. Bourke.

**Best Water**  
Call on Mr. Bourke.

**Best Water**  
Call on Mr. Bourke.

ART IS THEIR FIRST LOVE.

Greater Girls of Literary Fathers Winning Place as Illustrators.

Mildred Howells, daughter of William Dean Howells, is a clever art student of Gotham. Perhaps it should be said that she is a recognized artist. But the artists have a way of clinging to the title of 'student' long after they can work independently.

Miss Howells has her studio in the very heart of the art students' colony. The 'Colony' is that section of the city extending across the whole width of Central Park and down town as far as fiftieth street. The Art League is in the centre and the students group around it. It is the Latin quarter of New York.

Miss Howells has a studio in her father's apartments facing Central Park. She works daily with her brushes, for art is her profession, as literature is her father's. Miss Howells, after a long course of study in Paris, Rome, and London, began by illustrating her father's poems. Her tail-piece attracted attention, and the cleverness with which she caught the conception of the work made friends for her with writers. All artists cannot get the 'tone' of the work they illustrate, even while they draw well. Miss Howells' work appears regularly in the highest class magazines and she has settled down to the profession of regular illustrative work.

Another of the girl artists of New York is Allegra Eggleston, daughter of Edward Eggleston. 'Miss Eggleston,' said an officer of the Art League, 'ought not to be called a student now, though she still studies. She is a professional.'

Her specialty is children's faces. These she does with much delicacy, making them young, sweet and dimpled. She was the first artist who ever had the courage to put a pug nose upon a child's face, though all children's noses are pug. Besides drawing children's faces, she is also an expert in line work, which is Miss Eggleston's specialty, she carves exquisitely. When she was a little girl she carved an 'idol' out of a rotten piece of wood. Her father saw it and was impressed with the correctness of the lines, for the child had exactly copied an idol in the Metropolitan Museum, and he told her to keep on. At ten her instruction in art began.

George Cable's daughter is another of the daughters of literary fathers who have worked successfully with the brush. Though married now this young woman is a 'girl artist,' embellishing her father's writings and successfully contributing to the magazines. Her best work is character sketches which her father describes so graphically. She says she 'sees them while she reads.'

The peculiarly quiet, studious disposition of professional men pervades, with the touch of heredity, the minds of the daughters, daughters of army officers, turn to art and want to study it. They do not ask for reserved seats in the art classes, but are content to fall in line with the rest and wait for talent to bring them forward.—Detroit Free Press.

A MISTAKE.

They were enthusiastic in the study of character.

They were enthusiastic in physiognomy and phrenology, and were traveling by train. On the opposite seat was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and a serious expression.

'What a fine countenance, Arthur! I wish I knew his occupation.'

'Perhaps he's a lawyer, Edith.'

'No; he's not a lawyer. There's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer. He may be a banker.'

'I am sure he is not. A man with such a heavenly expression couldn't content himself with money getting. His aim in life is higher.'

'Well, do you think he can be an editor?'

'An editor with such a face! An editor saying hard things about everybody, ridiculing women's dresses and abusing mothers-in-law! An editor enting and slashing his enemies, flying public men in indiscriminately, and mercilessly slaughtering his best friends for the sake of a paragraph! No, Edith, he's a philanthropist. His face plainly indicates that he is all that is good, noble, pure and true.'

At the next station an inquisitive old fellow took a seat beside the man with the noble brow and asked him about his vocation. The couple opposite held their breath. The reply was this—

'I've a public house and a butcher's shop. My wife looks after the bar and I do my own killing.'—Tit-Bits.

Happened to the Empire State Express. The west-bound Empire State Express arrived in Utica lately with a broken window in the buffet coach. The accident occurred about noon in the vicinity of Palestine Bridge. The train was going at a rate of nearly a mile a minute and scooping water at the same time when the passengers in the buffet car were startled by a crash at the window. Turning around in their seats they noticed that one of the windows had been cracked in many places, but that no hole had been made. It is thought that the iron scoop under the engine tossed up a stray pebble and threw it against the embankment at the side, when it bounded back against the train.—Utica Observer.

Waters dress death, yes man by his disregard of laws of health, court his coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will speedily overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's laws.

A good travelling companion, Hawker's pills, they remove all the evil effects of overeating or drinking, without discomfort.

A good health is one of the desirable symptoms of nature. Hawker's pills, they speedily cure constipation, thereby purifying the blood.

To relieve headache and dizziness of the throat, a course of Hawker's balance of salt and wild cherry, to clear the throat instantly.

Scott's Emulsion

Has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT. Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen. FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia For Biliousness Large Bottles. Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

Stained Glass Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 'Lamb's Tongues. At 19 and 21 King Street. J. D. TURNER.

Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours Dinner a Specialty. WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

SHARPLY A MILE STRAIGHT DOWN

The Great Depth of a Shaft of one of the Michigan Copper Mines.

A French engineer proposed last year to the directors of the International Exposition to be given in the French capital in the year 1900 the digging of a hole to the depth of one mile. The idea was favorably received, but on investigation the magnitude of the undertaking became so apparent that the idea has been dropped.

It will, therefore, be necessary for those who desire to descend a mile into the bowels of the earth to come to Calumet, for nowhere else on earth are there available openings of such depth. Within less than a mile of each other in this mining town are three vertical shafts each nearly one mile in depth. The deepest of this trio is the Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Hecla copper mine, which has reached its full depth of 4,900 feet. Five Eiffel towers could be dropped down this hole were it wide enough, and the top of the fifth would reach above the surface only to such a height as would allow it to be easily covered by the steel shaft house now being built over the monstrous hole.

This shaft was begun in 1889, and it has taken seven full years to sink it, showing an average progress of 700 feet annually, nearly all of which has been in blue trap rock, one of the most refractory of minerals. The conglomerate carrying copper was the bed of an ancient sea, and is composed of pebbles and gravel worn by the action of the water, such as are seen on sea beaches or lake shores, cemented into a solid mass of calc and silica. By the percolation of the waters and the decomposition of certain constituents of the rock little cavities were formed in which were deposited small nodules of copper by the water.

The Red Jacket shaft is 15 1/2 by 25 feet in size inside of the timbers, and contains six compartments, being fully equal in working capacity to half a dozen mining shafts of ordinary size. The shaft is solidly timbered. The adamantite firmness of the rock renders it secure for all time to come, the timbers being merely to carry the traffic of men and mineral, of water and electricity, which surges between the sunlight and the bottom. In four compartments will slip up and down the ponderous cages, carrying ten-ton loads of rock at the speed of express trains. Up and down these cages will also ride the men who mine the rock from the old sea bed. In one compartment will be the great iron pump pipes, and down another descends the steady current of compressed air which runs the drills, a mile below the engine house. Bunched in slender cables are the copper wires which convey electricity to light the recesses of the mine, threads of wire that afford telephonic communication from the most remote drift to any other portion of the property, for the Calumet and Hecla has a telephone exchange of its own, which in size and perfection of equipment puts to the blush the facilities of many pretentious towns, and which reaches every office on the surface and every portion of the great mine. There are fire alarm wires, too, for the Calumet and Hecla spare no cost to make its employees as safe as skill and lavish outlay of money can render them.

The sinking of this shaft possesses deep interest from a scientific standpoint. Observers ascending to great heights in balloons have been able to secure data of surpassing importance regarding meteorological conditions, and observations made at the depth of a mile afford positive information. The Red Jacket shaft has shattered some of the deeply cherished theories, and there are text books now extant in the higher institutions of learning which must be overhauled because facts have succeeded theory. The mines of the Comstock lode in Nevada were the deepest in the world. The mines were very hot, and on the deeper levels some of the more porous mines were quite positive that they smelled sulphur, and refused to go further down for fear of encroaching upon the demineralizations of the devil. According to deductions, the bottom of the Red Jacket shaft should be about the proper temperature to boil eggs. Careful tests have determined that the normal temperature of the rock is 87.6° Fahrenheit at the depth of 105 feet was 59° Fahrenheit, showing an access of 28.6° in 4,795 feet. There was, however, again of 8° in temperature in the last 600 feet sunk, a much more rapid increase than at lesser depths.

Notwithstanding the beneficial effects of ventilation and compressed air, men working at the bottom of the deep shaft do not have an especially easy berth, though liberally paid. They are compelled to wear rubber boots and rubber coats, as the water found in the mine at that great depth is most corrosive on the human body. There is machinery enough on the surface to drive all the street cars of a city like St. Louis at this single one of eleven shafts, and it is housed in fire-proof buildings that would be the pride of a city of 100,000 inhabitants.—Minneapolis Journal.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by doing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Safe Care is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

ADAMS' Ginger Beer FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST. RECIPES.

Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle Fleischman's yeast, - one-half to one cake Sugar, - - - - - two gallons Cream of tartar, - - - - - two pounds Lukewarm water, - - - - - two gallons Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

HOTEL ABERDEEN, ST. JOHN, N. B. New Office, Prince William Street. Post Office.

Passenger Elevator and all modern improvements, including ordinary and therapeutic baths. Rooms all large and airy. Cuisine and service unsurpassed. Jersey dairy supplies. Germ proof water filters. Convenient sample rooms for commercial travelers. Terms, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day.

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

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern luxuries. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

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

Dr. H.B. NASE DENTIST, 86 King Street, St. John, N. B.

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GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, ROZARY FURLEY, ETC. Collectors Made. Real Estate, Fire, Marine, Life, Accident, etc.

A FRENCH IDEA OF JUSTICE.

Interesting and Suggestive Change Just Made in French Law.

A law which changes radically the legal position of children born out of wedlock, and which, in the eyes of its opponents, threatens the existence of the family in France, was passed almost without attracting notice during the last session of the French parliament. It was not discussed at all in the chamber of deputies, and met with only faint opposition in the Senate. An illegitimate child who is recognized according to the forms of law by his father may now inherit, or rather cannot be disinherited under normal conditions, a share in the property the father leaves. His share is to be one half that of a legitimate child, where one exists; three-quarters if there are only uncles, aunts, and nephews left, while, if the nearest relatives are merely first cousins of the father, the whole inheritance descends to the natural child. The provisions of the French law of inheritance, which secures to legitimate children a certain proportion of their parent's property inalienable by father or mother, are made to apply to illegitimate children also. Moreover, the father may leave to his natural child a portion of that part of his property of which the law allows him the free disposal, provided that portion is not larger than the portion left to the least favored legitimate child.

Heretofore the law has forbidden legacies to illegitimate children, so that the only way in which a father could make a bequest to his natural child was by refusing to recognize him as him, thereby placing him legally in the position of a stranger unrelated to him. It will be interesting to watch the effect on French society of this attempt at a solution of a grave social problem. The measure is not so sweeping as it seems to be at first sight, for it affects only a part of the children born out of wedlock. La recherche de la paternite est interdite, which many Frenchmen look upon as one of the main bulwarks of social order, remains in full force. The father who refuses to acknowledge his illegitimate child cannot be compelled to do so. If either mother or child was to try to force an acknowledgment the case would be thrown out of court.

Another class of children born out of wedlock, which is not affected by the law, consists of those who have become legitimate, as by the French law the subsequent marriage of the parents legitimizes their children already born. The number of persons to whom the modified law will apply must therefore, be small when compared with the total population of France, much smaller than might be inferred from the prominence given to their so-called wrongs in literature and on the stage. It is large enough, however, to give value to the results of the present experiment, whatever they are. It is not expected that French fathers will hasten to assume all their moral responsibilities simply because the law now permits them to do so.—New York Sun.

FASHION JOURNALS CALL ATTENTION TO BROWN SHADES. You Get the Best Colors From Diamond Dyes.

The fashion journals are agreed that the best shades of Browns will be in favor as Fall colors this year. Thousands of women are not in a position financially to purchase new dresses from season to season, and so have to content themselves with very cheap materials that rarely come in the new shades, or wear their old costumes. For the benefit of women generally, it may be stated that last season's dresses can, with little work or trouble, be transformed into stylish costumes for Autumn wear. The first great essential is to get the right color. This part of the work can be done with the never-failing and reliable Diamond Dyes, which produce the richest and newest Browns, such as Seal Brown, Milan Brown, Red Brown, Olive Brown, and Amber Brown. No trouble to have a dress equal to new, if you use the Diamond Dyes. Do not experiment with the common imitation dyes that some dealers sell. The Diamond Dyes give the best colors, and they cost no more than the poor and deceptive dye sold for the sake of large profits. Ask for the "Diamond"; refuse all others.

It is not the always the majority who makes the most noise. The suggestion is as useful in religion as in politics. Skeptics have for a good while claimed the earth and all the people on it. Now, or very soon they are or will be everywhere. An old story relates that three tailors met in a little room in Tooley Street London, and put forth a manifesto, which begins: 'We, the People of England! An ancient story of Greek origin, has been revised after this fashion: A trader offers for sale three carloads of frogs. A buyer, standing near, offers to take three dozen, and the bargain is closed. But when the dealer presents his frogs, there are only one dozen, and he confesses that he never had more than a dozen but excuses himself by saying, 'They made so much noise that I thought there were three car-loads.' A minority opinion often makes a noise of about that ratio to numbers.

Found at Last. A liver pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not grip. Laxo-Liver Pills possess these qualities, being composed of strictly vegetable laxative and liver medicines, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

MILLINERS

Hand or Machine SEWING. It does not SNARL or KINK. Clapperton's Thread. Steel Enamelled Ware.

"Crescent" and "Victoria" Buy a lipped saucepan or any other kitchen utensil in either of these brands and we guarantee you have something that will not chip or burn. The Theo. Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd. Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

1896 1896 The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach Lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

STEAMER "ALPHA" Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 5 o'clock p. m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. DAILY LINE (EXCEPT SUNDAY) TO BOSTON.

COMMENCING June 26th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of this Company will leave St. John: MONDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. TUESDAY, 6 p. m. for Boston direct. WEDNESDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. THURSDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. FRIDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. SATURDAY, 9 p. m. for Eastport, Lubec and Boston. Through tickets on sale at all Railway Stations and Baggage checked through. For further information apply to C. E. LACHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS - FOR Fredericton AND Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ALL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "ORVILLE" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a. m. for Fredericton and Woodstock. Will leave Fredericton every day (Sunday excepted) at 7 a. m. Steamers "FREDERICK" will leave Fredericton TUESDAY, 9 p. m. for WOODSTOCK, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits. G. F. BAIRD, Manager.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after MONDAY, Sept. 21, the steamer Clifton will leave for Woodstock. Every Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at 5.30 a. m. For Fredericton and all other intermediate points. Steamers will leave Fredericton every day at 9 p. m. G. F. BAIRD, Manager.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT:

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX.

Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."

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CHAPTER XV.

On the evening of the same day Awdrey entered the room where his wife was sitting...

He knit his brows. 'If there is anyone I love, it is you,' he said...

'What can be the matter with you, Margaret?' he exclaimed. 'I cannot imagine why you are crying in that silly way.'

Margaret was too stricken and stunned to follow him. A few days later a child's funeral left the house in Stuyvesant Street.

'Yes, but you look in such dreadful distress; I assure you your state affects me most disagreeably—I know, don't you, that nothing ever annoys a man more than weeping women's tears.'

'I have heard you mention that before,' said Mrs. Everett—the colour flushed hotly into her face.

'I would not hurt your feelings for the world, but you must know, if you allow your common sense to speak, that we never had a great trial that no child has been given us to carry on the old line. My poor Maggie, she went up to her quiet, tenderly, but his arms round her neck, and kissed her, you must be very unwell to imagine these sort of things.'

'I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Everett,' said Mrs. Everett, 'but I do not know that I love anyone—it is this inertia, dearest—'

'Come with me, Robert,' she said, an expression of the most intense despair on all her features, 'come, I cannot believe that this blight which has passed over you can be final.'

'I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Everett,' said Mrs. Everett, 'but I do not know that I love anyone—it is this inertia, dearest—'

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'Where have you been, Mr. Awdrey?' she asked, gently. 'Did you visit the Continent?' He favoured her with a keen, half-suspicious glance.



CHASE & SANBORN'S Seal Brand Coffee is the "finest grown." For perfect results follow directions in each can. Packed ground or unground in cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

'I have heard you mention that before,' said Mrs. Everett—the colour flushed hotly into her face. 'You seem to attribute a great deal of importance to that trifle.'

'I must return to town early to-morrow. Thank you very much for a haunch. We shall be in time, if we start at once, to catch the five o'clock train.'

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'In a moment when you are better—sit down, won't you—here, take my chair—where do you want me to go?'

'The doctor retired to a back part of the room to change his house shoes. While he was doing so, Awdrey sank down on a chair, laid his hands on his knees, and stared straight before him into the centre of the room.'

'I wish, doctor, you'd be quick,' he said, at last. 'I don't want to go alone, but I must follow it.'

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Advertisement for Appertons Thread, Enamelled Ware, and various steamship lines including South Steamship Co., National S.S. Co., and others.

he fights harder than ever. He has thrown...

Awdrey covered his face with his shaking hands...

"Come, Awdrey, you have told me everything...

"I am glad to hear you say so, Awdrey."

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ANOTHER LETTER.

CHAPTER I.

"I will make a clean breast of it! Better to know and endure the worst at once than to suffer longer this paralyzing anxiety..."

So reflected Mr. Richard Foksett, as he sat, worn and haggard, in his handsome house at Bayswater.

More than mere comfort surrounded the despairing man. His light-hearted wife and merry daughter chatted gaily together in an adjoining room.

It was the old, old story—the sad one that reappears with new faces every day, alas! when commerce thrives. This genial friend, generous host, and trusted confidential secretary...

But a most unlooked for fall in American prices had overtaken and overwhelmed him. With time all might be retrieved, but this was the very thing he could not command.

Mr. Avery was known to be strict to austerity in his business relations; stern and unbending in matters of probity and honor; but a curiously mild, and even nervous little man away from his office and in society.

Folk said that he needed a wife to draw him out a bit, and as Godfrey had never been heard to express any objection to the married state, he may possibly have agreed with these.

It was this knowledge of one side of his employer's character that led Mr. Foksett to at last hit on a plan by which he craftily hoped to elude the most tragic consequences of his crime.

The wretched man reasoned with himself somewhat in this wise: "If I lay open the truth of my position before Mr. Avery in his office, his keen city instincts will make him treat me with rigor and harshness."

Once he had resolved on this course of action, the culprit felt easier in his mind. By the time his admiring wife had written and despatched the all-important invitation, he had gained so much cheerfulness that his daughter Edith declared he had gone back ten years in age, and was now responding to the benefit of his recent tour.

"I am so glad you have invited Mr. Avery," said this somewhat staid young lady. "He is so gentle, and he has so much more sense than those bits of boys, who think of no one but themselves."

Scarcely had his note to Mr. Avery reached the local pill-box when the postman brought the erring clerk a letter, the sight of which was alone sufficient to blanch his cheeks, and make his heart fall like a dead weight within him.

CHAPTER II. Only two well did he know the parchment-like envelope affected by his firm; and the address to perfectly typed, could only be the work of Septimus Penn, the vain and feeble-minded young fellow who worked at the office under the supervision of the startled man, who now trembled as he opened the missive, which he had no doubt came from Mr. Avery, to crush him with the news that his perfidy was discovered, and to warn him that any immediate restitution could save him from penal servitude.

"Read it to me, Martha, I cannot believe the evidences of my senses." "Why, of course, you can't," cried his flushed and bustling domestic partner. I declare it is enough to take one's breath away. Fancy Mr. Avery, of all men, making a proposal for our daughter's hand! How monstrous he would be to do this! He calls himself unworthy; asks us to pardon his presumption, and talks about having 'the honor' of waiting on you on Wednesday evening to receive your decision. But, there! I never knew so unassuming a man as dear Mr. Avery. What a splendid match it will be for our darling Edith!"

"Oh, course," replied her husband, still feeling like a man in a dream. "Avery must be a queer fellow to have such a letter as that typewritten," added he, thoughtfully.

"I really do not see it," Mrs. Foksett protested, prepared to defend her prospective son-in-law against any insinuation, tentative or aggressive. "What is the use of having a typewriter if you do not use it?"

"That is all very well; but then, you see, he had to dictate that letter to young Septimus Penn and that empty-headed scoundrel is sure to have spread it all over 'Change by this time."

"And why not?" demanded the lady, bridling up. "We have nothing to be ashamed of, and I am sure Mr. Avery has not. As for Mr. Penn, I am very sorry for him. This will be a great blow to the young man. It was easy to set up at the last party how deeply smitten he was with dear Edith."

"Foksett wretchedly," said Mr. Foksett, "I had his eyes darted to him at such a thing to me I would have kicked him from one end of Dartmouth street to the other!"

"Miss Edith received the news with composure and dignity. Her manner implied good taste and she expected nothing more. 'The hours passed now with irritating slowness. When at last Mr. Avery's voice was heard in the hall his manager was bursting with excitement. The latter received his guest with the utmost effusion, and he literally dragged him into the room.'

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Avery—delighted! I must shake both your hands. This is indeed the happiest moment of my life!" cried Foksett, looking as though he wished very much to embrace his visitor.

"I am sorry for you, 'Seppy,'" said he, growing familiar in a patronizing way, "but you must prove the sensible fellow you are, and abandon all thoughts of my daughter. Indeed, you must forget that you ever sent this foolish letter and I will not think of it again, either. The truth is, Mr. Avery, for some time past, and our esteemed principal is here to night, to get my dear child to fix the wedding day."

"Oh my!" cried Penn, sufficiently impressed and dismayed. "Yes, now, if he ever learned you had once aspired to occupy his position you would not be another five minutes in the office."

"Of course not," agreed 'Seppy.' "But if you keep a still tongue in your head I will see that things go very well with you. Let me see, how much are you getting now?"

"A hundred and twenty, sir." "From a better man, you shall take a hundred and fifty, and in the coming year we will see it we cannot make your salary the level two hundred."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Foksett! I thank you sir! cried the overjoyed Septimus. "What an extraordinary bit of good fortune that proposal has brought me! If he solloquized. 'What a capital investment it has proved!'"

Indeed, he was right, and it gave more than wealth and safety to the man who was soon to be one of the principals of the opulent firm of Godfrey, Avery and Company. That day Edith's father became a changed man. His terribly narrow escape made a lasting impression on him, and he lives to-day a devoted and kindly gentleman. But Septimus Penn never guesses that all the favors which are being heaped upon him are but crumbs from 'Dick' Foksett's prodigious slice of luck!

THE LOST FOUND. Number was Eight, But the Transom Was Turned. If any one had told him he was drunk he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to retain his equilibrium and dignity long enough to explain that he was only a little cozy wozzy. He realized that he lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he walked along homeward. The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blur in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to step in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railings until he could focus his eyesight on the number he sought.

Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just wozzy enough to make mistakes possible, so to be absolutely certain he balanced himself against the front fence and studied the number on the transom. Instead of 206 he saw 409. Then he wondered how it happened that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, and before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street.

The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his directions, shaped his course in the street on the right side and kept on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it perversely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered he sat down on the steps and waited till a policeman came along. "I'm lost," he explained. "I want to go to 206 Irvington street."

"This is the place right here," declared the policeman. "Can't be. This is 509."

"No, it ain't; it's 206, but the transom is turned over."

The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

A Woman's Heart. Derangement of the heart and nerves in woman is followed by various nervous diseases, such as Hysteria, Melancholia, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Palpitation and Pains and Aches in various parts of the body. In such cases strengthen the heart and build up the nervous system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW TO THE MARK. In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock BLOOD BITTERS is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

BORN. Ashdale, Sept. 7, to the wife of Oliver Dodge, a son. Halifax, Sept. 17, to the wife of F. Easton, a son.

MARRIED. Chester, Sept. 9, H. T. Walker to Miss Hill. Upper Merioneth, Sept. 16, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Francis F. Holman to Edie J. Fiske.

DIED. Ptoles, Sept. 5, William Smith, 23. Gloucester, Sept. 11, Daniel Downing, 63. Cairns, Sept. 19, A. C. L. Oliver, 24.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY the 17th September...

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Piquette, Pictou...

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Snesco, 8.30. Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday) 10.00.

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