

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The congregation of the Centenary Methodist church on last Sunday evening, enjoyed a rare musical treat, in a beautiful solo rendered by a lady visitor to this city. The singer was Mrs. Leighton of New York and her solo was "Cast Thy Bread etc." The lady's voice is very sweet and musical in quality and timbre and she interpreted and sang her solo admirably, notwithstanding she had to contend with a much too loud organ accompaniment. This fault of too much organ, seems to be almost epidemic and it is found among those players who are persons of more or less erudition apart from music as well as those less fortunate in this regard. The players so frequently either forget or fail to realize that they are seated either under or behind the organ and therefore what appears soft to them in the auditorium of the church, quite a different value and effect. They also fail to take into consideration the strength or power of the voice they are accompanying. All the expression marks on the organ score, I fancy, can be observed by a player of good judgment, even though each in turn be graduated, when played as an accompaniment. An opposite view may be defended for by some, but just at present, at least it, seems to me quite feasible to have an accompaniment on either piano or organ, particularly an organ, played as I have outlined, and it would further seem only a little good judgment and common sense is necessary, coupled with a little absence of vanity on the part of the accompanist. The opposite of this produces what I have on a previous occasion designated an instrumental solo with vocal accompaniment.

Terms have not been made satisfactory to Miss Farmer to induce her to accept the appointment of organist in this church. Mr. A. H. Lindsay, the well known tenor sang a solo there last Sunday evening. I did not have the pleasure of hearing it, but I am informed, that here too the singer was almost shut out by the organ at times.

The organ of St. Andrews church on last Sunday was very acceptably played by that well known and clever musician, Mr.

William Ewing, who filled the position temporarily.

The rumor that Miss Nettie Pidgeon had been engaged to take the position of leading soprano in the choir of St. Andrews church and would fill that position last Sunday proved incorrect. Miss Pidgeon sang a solo in the church at Sussex last Sunday evening. Her solo was "The Holy City" and it is said that in its rendition she surpassed her best previous work.

The congregation of Centenary are to be envied in respect to the musical treats they are receiving just now. On tomorrow evening another lady who takes high rank in our local musical world, is to sing there. The lady referred to is Mrs. Spencer and her solo will be "The Holy City"

Tones and Undertones.

It has recently become known that Camille D'Arville, the prima donna is married. The fact was discovered by a recent unpleasantness with her husband whose name is Louis Wilson and from whom she has lived apart for several years. They were married in Vienna about sixteen years ago, at which period the prima was sixteen years old. By recent agreement Mr. Wilson has gone to Antwerp with the promise that as long as he kept out of this country he will be supported in comfort. Wilson is an acrobat by occupation. There is one child of the marriage, a boy of fourteen, named after his father and now a pupil at a military school. The boy is said to be the picture of his mother.

Rafael Joseffy is expected to arrive in the United States this week.

Carl Zerrahn has resigned the position of conductor of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston.

Madame Wagner receives 150,000 marks annually as royalties on her husband's operas.

"Guernica" an opera by Paul Vidal on an episode of the Carlist insurrection in the Basque country in 1873, has had a recent successful production at the Opera Comique in Paris.

John Sebastian Bach's bones have been discovered at Leipzig. He was buried in the Thomas Kirchof 145 years ago, but within this century a street was built through

the graveyard and many of the graves, including his, obliterated.

Royalties to composers are very high in Italy, and the smallest theatre in the country which wishes to give "Cavalleria" pays \$600 a night for the privilege. Verdi's "Aida" commands \$1,000 a night in the provinces, and from that up to \$3,000 in the cities.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the first of the professional whistlers, and, undoubtedly, the best and handiest, is not the fact that she was at home or abroad. Too many women went into the business. Mrs. Shaw's engagements abroad now do not often extend outside the music hall and other inexpensive places of amusement frequented by the middle classes. She may be reconciled however, for it is understood her whistle has enabled her to put aside no inconsiderable sum of money against the day when even the middle classes will refuse to be charmed in this manner.

It is learned from London that "Mr. William Vinc at Wallace, son of the composer of "Maritana," states that his mother, who has passed her eightieth year, is "left with wholly inadequate means," and in the son's penniless state, he is powerless to help her. This is certainly a case for the Royal Society of Musicians, or perhaps, Sir Augustus Harris, with his usual generosity, will get up a benefit performance."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The dramatic event of last week was the production of "Men and Woman" with Miss Ethel Mellison in the role of Dora. In the previous production of this great play by the Harkins company this role was played by Miss Helen Cross, and my anticipations were fully realized viz., that Miss Mellison would be somewhat handicapped by the fact that the part was consistently played by Miss Cross." Much has been written in our local daily press of Miss Mellison's experience as a member of Miss Olga Nethersole's company in the United States last season; much has been said of her cleverness and of her importance as a member of that company, much has been said of her beauty and it has been said by one enthusiastic admirer notwithstanding her brief experience the young lady has become one of the most distinguished artists on the stage." These may be very pleasant articles for the young lady and her friends to read, but they are not just to the lady inasmuch as they are absurd exaggerations at the present stage of her

career. It were better for the object of these writers if they were more honest; kept closer to the fact. Possibly the lady herself attaches no importance to them. For her own sake and for that of her future success I trust she estimates them at their proper value. In the role of Dora, the simple fact is that, with the possible exception of her work in the third act, she was very amateurish throughout. This is not to be very much wondered at either, though it is admitted the young lady is clever and that there is a bright prospect ahead, at the present time she is only a tyro. Graduates are rarely found who have had but one season experience. The house was crowded on the occasion referred to but the motive was largely curiosity. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the play given for the final appearance of Harkins Company of this summer. Miss Mellison in this piece played the role of Eliza while Mr. Harkins was George. The house bill said Mr. Harkins had played this role one hundred times. If that was the case then Mr. Harkins must have forgotten all he once knew about it. It was a wretched production and the only redeeming feature in it was Uncle Tom, by Mr. Wise and St. Clair by Mr. Hallcock. Breann, Courtleigh, Whitecar and Harkins were simply feeling the way along with the aid of an invisible but distinctly audible actor in the person of the prompter. This was the case on its first production. It was much regretted that such a weak play should be selected to close an otherwise brilliant season.

"The Railroad of Love" was the play with which Augustin Daly opened his eighth London season on the 25th ult; and it is said "when Ada Rehan appeared the very walls shook with the burst of applause which greeted her, and this was kept up for some minutes. Indeed the fair lady has a warm corner in every English heart."

Sarah Bernhardt's latest pet is a tame fox. Advice from London announce that John Hare, the English comedian during his American tour next season, will appear only in "A pair of Spectacles" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith." He will present the former play first because he considers that in it he has his best part, and, having shown himself in that character, he is willing to allow his leading woman, Miss Neilson, make her reputation in the "Ebb-smith" play. Mr. Hare's tour of

America will close about the end of April 1896.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress of whom London theater-goers think so highly is quoted as very exacting and fastidious in all things theatrical, requiring everything on and about the stage to be "just so," or else, like children, she "won't play." Genius has, of course, the right to be exacting and fastidious.

A Home of Rest "where tired actors may recuperate" has recently been founded in England. Beerbohm Tree is its first President. The institution will be maintained by voluntary contributions from the dramatic profession.

"Charley's Aunt" has reached Portugal and is attracting large audiences to an Oporto theatre. In its Portuguese guise it is "A Madrinh de Charles." With the exception of an original play of Shakespeare's this is the first time in years that an English drama has been performed on the Portuguese stage. It is said that the parts of the pseudo aunt, and the lawyer are well rendered by the native actors as on the English stage.

Mr. Edward Emery, an English actor, who I think was a member of the Company that opened the Opera House in this city, and who, later, played at the same house as a member of Tyrone Powers' company, recently deserted his wife—Miss Nita Sykes—and all the other members of a company he had brought to Montreal. The New York Journal of the 30th June says "most of the unhappy players are roaming the streets of the Canadian city now, in a state verging on destitution, and searching high and low for traces of the missing Emery. It appears that Emery had secured a contract for a six weeks season at the Queen's theatre, Montreal and last Monday week his company opened in "The Magistrate." They played to indifferent business throughout the week and last Monday, at the time the ghost should have walked; it was discovered that Emery had vanished with the weeks proceeds.

Emery, who has held excellent positions in England, has had a rather sensational career. He is a brother of Winifred Emery, one of the most charming and popular of English actresses. Some four years ago he was obliged to leave England in a hurry. His first wife, who had remained in England divorced him and he then married Nita Sykes, a daughter of the late General Sykes. These two separated

for a time but were reunited when the Montreal season was broached. Miss Sykes, the paper says, does not expect to see her errant husband again.

This is about the latest told of him: John Stetson, "Manager and publisher," leaned back in his chair and dropped the fluff from his cigar. His vis-a-vis did the same. The third of the trio picked up the thread of the conversation. "It is a curious fact," said he. "They say Wilson Barrett is a vegetarian." Mr. Stetson uttered an exclamation of surprise. "A vegetarian?" he repeated, doubtfully. "You don't mean it! Why, I had no idea he was as old as that."—Exchange.

The Harkins' summer company which played to medium business in Fredericton on Monday and Tuesday last, were in the city again on Wednesday en route to Yarmouth N. S. where they also gave performances and whence they went direct to Boston.

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Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast..... Half a Cake
Sugar..... Two Pounds
Lukewarm Water..... Two Gallons.
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.



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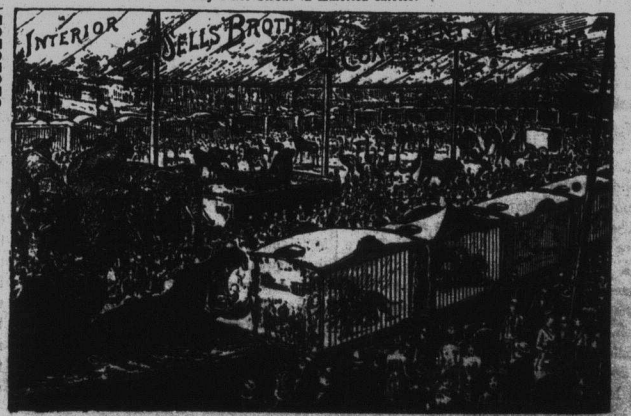
Two complete Performances Daily, AFTERNOON AT 2 EVENING AT 8.

Doors Open One Hour Earlier. Seating Capacity 17,000.
30 Gentlemanly Ushers.
Circus Parties can Secure Tickets in Advance at the Branch Ticket Office, Stewart's Cigar Store, Charlotte St.

THE BIG SHOW WILL EXHIBIT IN THE FOLLOWING CITIES:
St. John: Monday and Tuesday, July 22 and 23.
Moncton: Wednesday, July 24.
Truro: Thursday, July 25.
Halifax: Friday and Saturday, July 26 and 27.
New Glasgow, Monday, July 28.

Amherst: Tuesday, July 29.
Charlottetown: Wednesday, July 30.
Fredericton: Thursday, August 1.
Woodstock: Friday, August 2.
St. Stephen, Saturday, August 3.

A MAGNIFICENT EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL, IN WHICH ALL THE LEADING MALE AND FEMALE RIDERS OF THE PROVINCE WILL PARTICIPATE. GENTLEMEN AND LADIES ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE WORLD FAMOUS STARS AS FOLLOWS: DUTTON, GORDON, LEE, ROBINSON, CASTLEMAN, WHEATSELL & A SCORE OF OTHERS OF EQUAL CELEBRITY.



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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a weekly paper, published every week, for the subscribers, 25 to 3 Cent per copy. It is published at the office of the Progress, 120 N. B. Street, St. John, N. B.

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the most that can be done is to write the names of the offenders in the police books, week after week, until the law is settled.

When that happens St. John ought to be a model city in which a truly good man may spend Sunday, provided the bar-tenders do not let too many of their customers out on the street at once.

Then, for those who wish to avoid the scandal of seeing cigars sold on Sunday, or men staggering around under the influence of opium water, good people have provided Sunday excursions up river with camp meetings as objective points. Those who go may hear the sound of prayer and praise, or they may not, for they need not stop at the camp meetings unless they like. If they do not, it is their own fault.

The excursions are announced to be for camp meeting purposes, and those who simply take advantage of the occasion to have a holiday and go fishing have only themselves to blame. The camp meeting is there if they have a mind to go to it.

Taken all in all, especially when compared with New York, St. John is keeping its end up pretty well in the matter of Sunday observance.

One of the really very useful things to know is how to head off a sneeze, so that a congregation in church, an audience at a concert or the guests at a swell function will not be startled by the explosion. A short selection published on another page tells how this may be done in several ways.

Pressure on the lip or nose is out method, but the grand resort is that to a mustard plaster or an emetic. The inference is that a wise man who is subject to sneezing should never go to a public function without either a mustard poultice or an emetic in the tail pocket of his dress coat, "to be used as directed." All one has to do, when he feels the sneeze coming, is to step out of the way a moment and slap on the plaster or swallow the dose, or both, if he wants to make sure. As a suggestion to those who have economy in mind, it is recommended that the plaster be made large enough to spare as much of the mustard as may be needed to mix with warm water for an emetic. Thus armed, the most diffident man may venture to sneeze in society circles with no fear of ever sneezing so as to bring himself into undesirable prominence.

The New Woman seems to have arrived in Toronto, and has "got there with both feet." A recent regulation of the street railway company requests passengers to keep their feet off the seats and refrain from spitting in the cars. This reasonable rule made at the instance of ladies, who did not want their dresses spoiled, but among the first offenders were three of the fair sex, presumably New Women. Seating themselves in the car, they placed their feet on the opposite seat, and when the conductor told them of the new rule, they replied in a chorus that he had better mind his own business. He accordingly did so, but when he reported his trouble to the office he wanted to know what he should do the next time. He was told to call on the aid of the police. To this the New Woman must object. She cannot hope to put her feet where men's feet are not permitted, for if this is allowed, she may also want to break the other part of the regulation—and spit.

The worthy people who believe that the devil and tobacco are in partnership will be pained to learn that the Duchess of Teck has religious missions in the east end of London where free smoking is a feature. "If you want a free smoke, come Sunday to Christ's church" is the wording of the invitation to the sinners who are not accustomed to go to any church. When they get there they are given tobacco to smoke and tea to drink, and it may be the missionaries will find it expedient to substitute a limited allowance of beer for such hardy sons of toil as are not partial to tea. Those who are conducting the mission seem to realize that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."

A Toronto merchant, 75 years old, dropped dead the other night from over exertion in trying to catch a street car. He caught it, but dropped to the floor and soon after expired. This is one of the warnings which a good many people ought to heed. There is too much rush where there is no need of it, in these days, and the wonder is that more people are not killed in the same speedy fashion. That very many materially shorten their lives is beyond a doubt. Men take big risks every day rather than wait five or ten minutes for another car, which would serve their purpose as well. It may be unkind to call such people fools, but many a one undoubtedly dies "as the fool dieth."

Donahoe's Magazine for July contains several articles of a serious nature, as well as the customary amount of lighter sketches attractively illustrated. Dr. Edward McGlynn makes a powerful protest against the unequal conditions between capital and labor in America in "Large Fortunes and Low Wages." In "Catholic Summer Schools" Rev. John Talbot Smith writes an article of helpful suggestion on this growing movement. In the Footsteps of Father Damien," by Charles S. O'Neill,

recounts the results of the heroic work of the leper apostle, and the labors of his successors in Molokai. "Catholic Church Architecture in the United States," by Charles D. Maginnis, embodies much criticism of the manner of building churches. Other interesting sketches, profusely illustrated, are: "Historic Maynooth," by William A. H. Byrne; "Yacht and Yachting," by Frank H. Sweet; "St. Ann's Day among the Micrones," by John H. Wilson; "The Present Irish Literary Movement," by D. J. O'Donoghue; and "A Day in Venice." The poetry and fiction are excellent remaining features. Donahoe's Magazine Co., Boston, Mass.

With the July number of McClure's magazine, its price is reduced to ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year, making a very attractive publication at a merely nominal price. Among the articles in this number are "The Telegraph System of the World," an exceedingly graphic story of the "Rise and Overthrow of the Tereed Ring in New York, and a not less interesting paper on the "Possibility of Life on Other Worlds," by Sir Robert Ball, the well-known English astronomer. Cy Warman tells the story of a ride "On the Engine of the London and Paris Express." All these articles are replete with interest and are accompanied by numerous illustrations. There is, as usual, a good variety of general reading, short stories, etc., making McClure's a very companion for the leisure hours during the holidays. New York: S. S. McClure, Ltd., 30 Lafayette Place.

Rev. A. J. Lockhart (Pastor Felix) has a book in the press of the Peter Paul Book Co., at Buffalo, N. Y., which is due this month. It is in the Lotus series started by Mr. Moulton, and is entitled "Beside The Narragansett, and other poems." It is a limited edition of six hundred copies, which are numbered and signed by the author. It will contain what are considered Mr. Lockhart's best pieces written during the past seven years.

IN PEACE AND CONCORD. The Spirit of Good Will on the Twelfth of July in Modern Times.

The fine weather this week has been a great thing for the men who like to put on their Sunday clothes, bedeck themselves with regalia and decorations and march around with a brass band until they cover themselves with dust and glory. Thomas Walker M. D. grand master of the Freemasons went to Carleton on Thursday with the brothers of the blue lodges and the religious and military order of the Temple and Malta, while Jas. Kelly, M. T., grand master of the Orange men, went to Fredericton on Friday, with the brethren of the lodges and the Royal Black Knights of Ireland. Both bodies had glorious weather, and made a fine appearance as they marched through the streets, followed by the eyes of admiring citizens.

The Masons went to Carleton to lay the corner-stone of St. Jude's church, and they supply a long felt want. For the last two years there has been only one episcopal church in Carleton, but there have been two congregations. One of them had to hold its services in a Sunday school room, and some of them, at least, would probably have met in a private house before they would have gone to the other church of their denomination on that side of the harbor. Under these circumstances the best thing seemed to be to build a church on the site of that which was burned, in 1893, and therefore the Masons said the corner stone of the building designed for "the greater honor and glory of God."

The Orangetown went to Fredericton and St. Stephen. There is always fine weather when there is a "walk" on the 12th, so they say, and this year the air was full of it. The Manitoba school question was not in evidence in the procession, and the best of feeling seemed to prevail among all classes of citizens.

Times have changed since I was a boy," remarked an aged citizen. "In the forties on Orange demonstration meant more or less fighting and an immeasurable amount of bad feeling. The battle of York Point, in 1840, made so much ill will that there was no formal 12th of July walk in St. John until 1875, and even then a good many people thought there would be a fight. The volunteer militia were quartered in the court house under arms, ready to rush to the scene of the possible riot at a signal from the fire alarm, but nothing happened. In 1890, where there was another big walk, no such precautions were taken, because trouble of any kind was the last thing expected.

But the most striking instance of the amicable feeling now-a-days, came to my attention the other day. We all remember when the "religious cry" was raised in a local election, four years ago, because a catholic had been appointed to a certain office. Somebody predicted all sorts of trouble, but the worst that happened was the defeat of the liberal party in St. John, in the next two elections. Even the memory of that seems to have died away in the minds of those most prominent at the time, for I am told that the very man whose appointment made all the trouble, and on whose account the "catholic cry" was raised, now has his clothes made at his tailor shop of the grand master of the Orangetown. I don't suppose it is any business of the public where an official gets his clothes or anything else he buys, but fact seems worth noting as an evidence that there was a great deal of needless fuss and bad feeling a few years ago. In St. John, if one may judge by this, the tendency to tarian rancor seems to be rapidly dying out.

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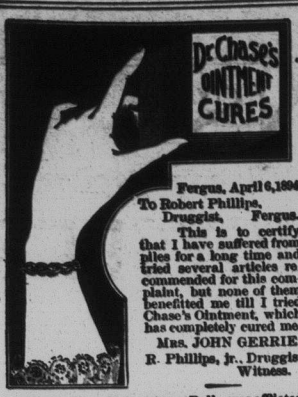
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Dr. Chase's Cures for various ailments, including rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains. The text describes the medicine as a 'miraculous cure' and provides details on how to obtain it.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, mentioning its availability in various locations and its reputation as a reliable remedy for a wide range of conditions.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, highlighting its long history and the satisfaction of many users who have found relief from their suffering.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, emphasizing its safety and effectiveness, and providing information on where to purchase it.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, describing its unique formulation and the numerous testimonials that attest to its power.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, noting its availability in both English and French, and its status as a household name.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, providing a list of agents and distributors across various regions.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, concluding with a strong recommendation and a call to action for those seeking relief.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, featuring a testimonial from a satisfied customer and a final offer.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, providing contact information for the manufacturer and a list of agents.

Advertisement for the 'Cures' medicine, including a list of agents and a final note of appreciation.

ST. ANDREW'S. [Proclamation for sale in St. Andrew by T. R. Wren.]

NEW GLASGOW. [Proclamation for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Richard and H. H. Woodcock.]

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Advertisement for Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., Chicago, featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the soap's benefits for skin health.

Advertisement for Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, and Crockett's Fly Paper, highlighting their effectiveness in pest control.

Advertisement for Dufferin Soda Water, describing it as a 'Delicious Soda Water' that is 'Cool and Refreshing'.

Advertisement for Star Line Steamers, listing various routes and schedules for travel between different ports.

Advertisement for Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues, featuring a testimonial and a list of agents for the product.

Advertisement for Progress Print, a copartnership notice, and other business-related information.

Large advertisement for K.D.C. Co., Ltd. featuring the text 'IT CURES ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION' and 'A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST. WRITE FOR FREE PLE. K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW GLASGOW, N. S. AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.'

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Continued from page 5.

Robinson of Windsor, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stewart, of Digby, spent a day or two of last week in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ellis were the guests of Mrs. West, at Annapolis, last week.

Mrs. Fred Allison and family are spending the summer at High, N. S.

Mrs. McDonald is in Margerville visiting her sister Mrs. Charles Shields.

Mrs. Town is visiting in Middle Seckville where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Foreest.

Miss J. Thorne of Orilla, arrived here this week to pay a five weeks visit to friends.

Miss Rogers is in Fredericton, the guest of her friend Miss McWan.

Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh have returned from their bridal trip and have gone to house keeping, on King Street.

Mrs. I. C. Sharp, of Marysville, is in the city visiting Mrs. McIntosh.

Miss Aggie Todd, of Fredericton, was here recently visiting and is now taking a trip through Kings county.

Mrs. Landry left Thursday for a trip to Boston.

Miss Millett is home again after an extended visit to Buffalo.

Miss Edna Finn, of this city, is visiting Mr. Sharkey's family in Fredericton.

Mrs. Murray McLane, was in Halifax, last week attending a reception given by Mrs. Farrell. It was a very large affair and was given to the medical men of the province.

Mrs. Jeanne Perkins, of Fredericton, will visit friends here next week.

The Misses Pinner, of St. John, are visiting their cousin, Miss Nellie Wallace, of Hillsboro, this week.

Mr. J. Sydney Kaye, Mr. Noel Scovil and Mr. Rich Kaye have gone on a fishing expedition three miles above Shediac. They expect to be away three weeks.

Mr. Gordon and family are spending the summer at Bay Shore.

Mr. Charles Manuel is visiting his parents on King Street East.

Mrs. A. Edgercombe and child have returned home from a pleasant visit to Fredericton.

Mr. J. Fredericton is visiting his son at 27 Lurn House, King Street East.

Miss Lola McAvity entertained a party of friends on Tuesday evening last in honor of her friend Miss Sharp, of Toronto. Mrs. Sharp of the same city is also visiting friends here.

Mr. D. M. Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Churchill, St. John, were in St. Stephen this week.

Mrs. H. V. Moran is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McWan, St. Stephen.

Mr. Peter Clinch and the Misses Clinch have taken the Almon cottage at Rotsey for the summer.

Mrs. R. W. Thorne who has been in Moncton for the past few months with her daughter Mrs. Murray, returned to St. John last week accompanied by her daughter who will spend the next five weeks here.

Mrs. R. Melke, of New Glasgow, who has been visiting friends here returned to her home last week. There were two very successful garden parties held this week, and both were in aid of churches, that of Wednesday on the grounds of J. D. Hazen M. P. being in aid of St. Paul's. The various tables were presided over by well known ladies in cool and charming toilettes and they proved to be excellent saleswomen; in the various booths were Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. DeVeber, Mrs. Geo. Hegon, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. James Jack, Miss F. Smith, Mrs. H. Allison, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Starr, Mrs. T. R. Jones, Mr. Wm. Hazen, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mrs. Barclay Robinson, Mrs. Allingham, Mrs. Magee, Misses Matthews, Miss Beattie Schofield, the club band added not a little to the enjoyment of the affair by its excellent music.

St. John—North End.

July 10.—Miss Grace Murphy, is spending her vacation at Amherst, she is enrolled as a member of the School of Science, which this year holds its sessions at Amherst.

Miss Iva B. Brown and Miss Ethel Brown, of Rockland Road, have returned from Boston, where Miss Brown has been attending the National Association of Elcutionists.

Miss Martha Ferris has gone to Boston for a brief vacation.

Miss Annie Jewett, of Lancaster has been visiting relatives in North end.

Mrs. McKim and family, have arrived. They will make their new home at the Sorrel homestead.

Miss Jessie Farmer has gone to Annapolis to spend her vacation.

Miss Martha Stawling Bailey, of Columbia, Ohio, is the guest of Mrs. Brown, Rockland road.

Miss Flori Edwards will spend a portion of her vacation in Boston. She will be one of the representatives of the Portland Christian Endeavor society. Miss Clara Williams was elected as the other representative.

Miss Annie Starnhorn has returned and will spend the summer with her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson leaves this week for a trip to the States.

Miss Hazel Smith spent a few days at Hampton.

Many friends regret that Mrs. Miller, of Douglas Avenue, is in very poor health.

Miss Beattie Stevenson contemplates visiting friends in Digby.

His friends will learn with regret that Mr. Herman Sullivan is ailing.

Mr. and Mrs. McKays of Ohio, passed through the city, en route for their former home, New Glasgow, N. S.

Mr. Joseph Knight gave a very enjoyable family picnic. Among those present were the members of the Knight, Hilyard, Smith, Riddock and Shaw families.

Mrs. W. I. Daye and children, are spending the summer at Digby.

Mrs. Robert Smith and Miss Mary Smith left last week for their new home, Philadelphia.

Miss V. A. Shaw has returned from Boston, after a pleasant visit of eight weeks.

Miss Blanche Wisely is visiting at Hampton. She is expected home this week.

Miss Mabel Smith will take Miss Farmer's position as organist of St. Luke's during the vacation of the latter.

NTDIA.

FREDERICTON.

[Pronouns is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Wemyss and J. H. Hawthorne.]

July 11.—Everything of a social nature has been so quiet here, the past week, in consequence of so many being out of town that with the exception of a few small teas and private picnics there has really been nothing going on.

Carlton by the sea, must be a second Newport or Bar Harbor judging from the number of Celestials who have gone and are going. Your correspondent has been informed that the boarding houses there are refusing them by the score.

Mrs. A. F. Tupper of Montreal, is visiting at Mr. Wilcox's, of the Bluff.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Fraser, spent part of the past week in the city by the sea.

Mrs. J. D. Hazen and her daughter, Miss Frances, are visiting at Mrs. Hazen's old home here.

Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh, have returned from their bridal journey and have taken up their residence on King Square, St. John.

Mrs. D. C. Sharp, of Marysville, is visiting Mrs. McIntosh at St. John.

Mrs. L. C. MacNutt and Mrs. Fletcher are summing in Halifax.

Have Your Spinal Chairs Reupholstered. Porcupine Suits, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

Miss Anna Perkins has gone to Boston to visit friends and relations.

Mr. Wm. Kingsboro, who had the well deserved honor to be elected a delegate to the High Court of I. O. Foresters, that meets in London, England, early in August, will leave here July 20. His many friends wish him, bon voyage.

Mrs. John N. Rodgers, of Boston, is visiting her father, Mr. A. N. Black.

Miss Bright Sampson, has gone to Boston for a few weeks.

Mrs. Edward Brown who has been absent from the city for nearly a year has returned and is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. E. Wm. Vavason.

Mr. Hedley V. Edgercombe has gone to Boston, for the holidays and will be absent one day. Boston is said to have special attractions for Mr. Edgercombe.

Mr. D. F. George and family have gone to their summer residence at the Bay Shore.

Miss Mrs. Hatt has returned from Cambridge, and is visiting at her home.

Mrs. Percy Powys had an enjoyable picnic at her home "Garden Creek" on Tuesday, the party from the city going up in the afternoon, the picnic which lasted a most enjoyable one, ended with a dance in the evening.

Miss Woodbridge who has recently concluded her studies at Cambridge, has returned home and in the Autumn will enter upon the teachers staff at the deaf and dumb institution.

Mrs. Henry Bridges and daughter, Miss Clara are recreating in the city of rocks and sea.

Miss Kate Mercer is the guest of Miss Annie Flanagan.

Mrs. Miss Owens in company with Miss Briney are at the Bay Shore.

Miss Alice Vandine, Miss Thorne and the Misses Gyles have gone to Boston to be present at the Christian Endeavor Convention.

Mr. Island, court stenographer, of Washington, is here and leaves today for fishing on the North-west Miramichi, with Mr. Risteen and guide Brewster.

Miss Histon has returned after an absence of several weeks spent in Michigan.

Miss Emma McNamley has gone to Boston, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. D. Hanton.

Master Bert H. Hanton has gone to spend his vacation at Lake George.

Mr. John Hudson, with Mrs. Hudson and two daughters of Brooklyn, N. Y., are here, the guests of his mother, Mrs. Richard Hudson.

Inspector G. W. Merrett of Dauntown, is in town.

Mrs. Margaret Bailey has gone raticating to Upper Covehill.

Miss Alice McLean, who is teaching in the Normal school, of Massachusetts, is here on a visit to Miss Florie Marsh.

Miss Annie Nell leaves on Monday for an extended visit to Halifax and other Nova Scotia cities.

Miss Annie Harvey is taking a well deserved vacation in Yarmouth, N. S.

Mrs. John Robinson has returned from St. Andrews.

Miss Aggie Todd is going to St. John and other points of interest in King's Co.

Dr. Wm. Currie, now of Cambridge, is visiting the scenes of his childhood.

Miss Edith T. Finn, of St. John, is here visiting at Mr. O. Sharkey's.

Miss Jennie Perkins leaves on Monday to visit friends in St. John.

Mrs. Twining and daughter leave on Friday for Bar Harbor, Me.

WOODSTOCK.

[Pronouns is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan & Co.]

July 11.—The entertainment given by the young people of St. Luke's church in Graham's opera house on Wednesday evening was eminently successful.

The programme consisted of two dramatic pieces entitled "A Game of Cards" and "Fol on Paris Francis" with a May Pole dance and tableaux interspersed with instrumental music and singing.

The acting was really good. Mrs. Sprague played as personated by Miss George Angerton was very cleverly delineated. Mr. James, as Victor Dabois, the amorous Frenchman was excellent.

His acting is splendid. Mr. Norman Lorne as Mr. Sprague, Miss Lena Griffith as Anna Maria, a mail of all work and Mr. Charles Appleby as Major Regulus Batten brought down the house with applause.

Miss Hilda Bourne as "The fair Angelina" and Miss Cora Smith as "Mrs. Regulus Batten" completed the cast of the play.

"A Game of Cards" was well put on with Mr. Grenville James as Chevalier de Rochefort, Mr. Le Baron Dibblee as Anatole, Mr. Harry B. Smith as Monsieur Mercier and Miss Kathleen Bourne as Rose.

The May Pole dance was very pretty. Some fifteen young misses, daintily dressed in white with colored sashes, danced gracefully through the various movements. The programme by the brilliant and numerous bright ribbons attached to the poles was remarkably brilliant and pretty. The Misses Lily and Bessie Sanderson, Maud Dibblee, Beatrice Angerton, Jennie Hay, Gessie Connel, Vera Connel, Maud Wright, Jennie Townsend, Bessie Nealey, Maud Collins, Nellie Gable, Bessie Williams, Dollie Griffith and Ethel Stewart took part in this feature of the entertainment. The tableaux were most effective. "The Artist at work" was Miss May James of Washington, who posed as the artist was most satisfactory; Mr. Taylor as the artist transferring the beauty of his model to canvas, made a pleasing picture.

"A Century Ago" made a very natural and delightful picture. Miss Josephine Jensen and Mr. Irvine Dibblee formed the picture. Songs were sung by Mrs. Ernest Holyoke and Miss Maggie Ross, and were warmly applauded. Two inserts

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mental debts by the Misses Sanderson, and Miss Made Wright and Maud Dibblee.

Prof. Case of Acadia college spent last week the guest of Rev. C. T. Phillips. He conducted services at St. Paul's, Sunday last.

Mrs. Barker and children of Newport, E. I. are the guests of Mrs. Barker's parents Archdeacon and Mrs. Neale.

Rev. James Whitehead will spend the next four weeks at Carlton and vicinity. Rev. James Burgess will occupy his pulpit during his absence.

Rev. Theo. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Paxton Baird.

Miss Chapman and Miss Con left last week for Europe where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Hugh S. Wright and family left last week for Sherbrooke, P. Q. where they will spend the summer, the guests of Mrs. W. Taylor's parents.

The friends of Mr. Donald Peadar are pleased to see him out again after his very long and serious illness.

Mr. Parke of Chicago, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Richard Baird.

Mrs. Balloch of Centreville spent last week in town the guests of friends.

MONCTON.

[Pronouns is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store and the Central Bookstore and by Jones Bookstore.]

July 10.—Tennis parties seem to be the order of the day, and almost the only festivity in which Moncton folks care to indulge these warm days, and the wonder to some tennis enthusiasts, is how the gay votary of the racket and ball can possibly call violent exertion in a temperature of 90, enjoyment.

Mrs. F. S. Archibald gave a very pleasant tennis party last week in the training school for nurses in the Presbyterian Hospital in this city, and was the younger element of Moncton's beauty and chivalry displayed their powers and spent some very pleasant hours.

Mrs. F. U. F. Brown gave a small but most enjoyable party to her friends on Saturday afternoon, at which the younger element of Moncton's beauty and chivalry displayed their powers and spent some very pleasant hours.

Mr. Simpson, of New York, who recently graduated with honors from the training school for nurses in the Presbyterian Hospital in this city, is spending a month's vacation in Moncton, the guest of Mrs. C. F. H. Campbell, of Fleet street.

Mrs. H. W. Thorne, of St. John, who has been spending some months with Mrs. and Mr. J. J. Marrie, of St. George street, returned home on Friday. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Marnie, who will spend some weeks in St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Chandler, who have been visiting in St. John, returned to Moncton on Wednesday, left on the midnight train on Wednesday, for their future home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. It is needless to say that Dr. Chandler's departure has been a source of the deepest regret to his numerous friends as well as his patients, but great as the loss will be to Moncton, I think the entire community will unite in wishing the popular doctor and his charming bride all happiness in their new home.

Mr. Clifford Robertson, of North Sydney, Cape Breton, is visiting his mother, Mrs. William Robertson at her home on Steadman street.

Mr. Austin C. Stead, of the Bank of Montreal, left town on Friday, to spend a fortnight's vacation at his home in St. John.

Captain A. W. Mason, of Chicago, is paying a short visit to Moncton, and is the guest of Captain and Mrs. J. E. Masters, of Bedford street.

Miss Thompson, of Newcastle, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. J. Butcher, of Main street, returned home last week.

Mrs. George E. Brown, and daughter are spending some weeks with Mrs. Ryan's mother, Mrs. Weldon, of Main street.

Rev. J. M. Robertson, pastor of St. John's presbyterian church is spending a week's vacation in Fredericton, and other points on the John river, at Rev. Dr. Whitaker, of Australia occupied his pulpit on Sunday.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peters, of Columbia Farm, in the death of their little son Bruce, five years of age who met with an accident resulting in his death last week. While playing in a heavy farm wagon, he fell beneath the wheels in some way, and one wheel passed over his body. His injuries did not appear to be very serious at the time, but unfortunately he died.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore, and Miss Wetmore returned on Thursday morning, from a visit to Mrs. Wetmore's home in Fredericton.

Mrs. F. J. Belland returned last week from a two weeks sojourn in Mulgrave Nova Scotia.

Mr. T. L. Peters of Windsor, and children are visiting Mrs. Peters' sister Mrs. E. W. Hewson of Alma a week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Wilber, left town last week for Shediac, where they intend spending the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. and Miss Norfolk, and Master Jack Norfolk, spent a few days in town last week, the guests of Mrs. H. W. Thorne. They were on their way to Shediac, where they intend spending the summer.

Mr. F. P. Thompson,

A JOURNALISTIC PLOT.

Not to make a mystery of this story and thus harrow up the reader's feelings as we go along with the recital of the curious game of cross-purposes at which Minnie Fleming and her husband played. I will state the facts of the case plainly at the beginning so that everyone may understand the situation.

Minnie Fleming was a subdued, quiet little woman with something like ten times the amount of brains her husband possessed, but she was not aware of it and would have been very indignant if any one had ventured to suggest such a thing, for she looked up to her husband with love admiration and respect.

Knowing Jim Fleming well, it always seemed to me that his wife's adoration for him was entirely misplaced. This may be professional jealousy, for I have to admit that I never could read with patience anything Fleming ever wrote. His work seemed to me, not to put it too plainly, guff of the slushiest sort, and there is too much of that kind of writing in the works now. Jim Fleming is a big bluff, somewhat good-natured person, with a thorough belief in his own abilities, which, as I have intimated, most of us do not think justifiable by facts. He is the editor of "Pot Shots," a London weekly that used to have a large circulation, which is now generally understood to have fallen off on account of the tremendous competition there is in the journalistic business. It is a paper that offers £2,000 insurance money to the heirs of a man who is killed by falling out of a balloon, if at the time of the disaster he happens to have a copy of "Pot Shots" in his pocket.

Now it happened that little Mrs. Minnie Fleming had literary ideas that were promptly crushed by her big husband. She possessed, as I have said, an amazing respect for his literary judgment, and with fear and trembling she had on several occasions submitted little stories to him, hoping that they might merit a place between the covers of Pot Shots; but Jim ridiculed the stupidity of these yarns so severely that Mrs. Fleming, after having a quiet little cry all by herself, showed him no more of these efforts at fiction. Nevertheless, she thought her stories, if not good enough for "Pot Shots," might be palmed off on other less well edited journals, so she took to sending her stories round to one after another of the London publications, getting them back as a general rule, but having one taken now and then; just enough success to keep up her courage. You may be sure that she took good care not to let her husband know anything of these excursions into the field of literature, but she hoped to be able to earn something with her pen, with the humble desire of helping Jim out, if he ever wanted a little additional money. She had read pretty little stories about wives who had saved a penny to-day and three-pence to-morrow, storing the coins away so that when they were poured out, on the coming of a family circle, they amounted to a wonderful fund that fided over all the difficulties. She soon found that her chief customer was the editor of the "Family Bouncer," a weekly paper that went in strongly for fiction of all kinds. Her little stories seemed to suit the kind of readers who took that celebrated journal, and although the pay was small at first, the "crisis fund," as she called it, was constantly augmented.

At last she received a nice letter from the editor of the "Family Bouncer." He said he had been watching her little stories with interest for some time past, and that he felt certain she would write a serial if she set her mind to it. Without making any definite promises, he wrote that she would try, and that she would let him see the result. The letter filled the timorous little heart of Minnie with joy, and she set herself to work to write the long story.

Not to make too long a story of this long story. It may be said that it pleased the editor, was printed in installments and more than pleased the readers of the "Family Bouncer."

Mrs. Fleming wrote under the name of "Hilda Markham," and the result of the appearance of her first long story was that Greig & Co., the literary agents, wrote to her and offered to place any stories she cared to write at an advantageous price as the market would afford, for a commission of 10 per cent. This offer she accepted, and the results were extremely gratifying to her, whatever they may have been to the editors who had to pay the increased prices.

And this brings us to the point where this story begins. One editor generally knows pretty well which of his contemporaries, esteemed or otherwise, has the largest circulation, and which has not, and Jim Fleming saw with dismay that the circulation of his own paper was falling rapidly, and that it was evident that the penny public was drifting over to the "Family Bouncer." In investigating the reasons for this he quickly came upon the bald fact that the increase in his rival was largely due to the stories of the new writer, Hilda Markham. So he resolved to get a story from that lady at all hazards, and thus save his own circulation, which was coming down like a man falling from a balloon, eager to bestow the insurance money on his surviving relatives.

It was one of Jim's theories that women have no heads for business, and that of all women in the world, his own wife had the least capacity in that direction. He made up his mind that he would go as far as £150 for a story by Hilda Markham, and he wrote a letter to her agents opening negotiations for a serial. As it happened, two other editors wrote with a similar object that same day, and the agents were in the delightful financial position of suddenly finding the demand greater than the supply. So they replied to each of the editors that Miss Markham's next story would be £200 for serial rights alone. This price took Jim Fleming's breath away, especially as he had been accustomed all these years to fill the paper with his own stuff and with stolen matter from America. It seemed hard that an honest editor should be asked to pay away good money to a mere writer. So he wrote to the agents, expostulating against the exorbitant terms, and was told in reply that they had two good offers for the story, and merely gave him the first chance because his letter happened to be the first one that was opened. The agent intimated that if he wanted the story he should have to make up his mind at once, so that the others might not be kept waiting. Then it was that Jim Fleming went home, worried about the matter, and he was never a man who concealed his irritation when he en-

tered his own house. Poor Minnie Fleming was very much troubled to see her husband in the state of exasperation that now encompassed him. She asked him timidly to confide his words to her, and perhaps she might be able to help him out—a suggestion which Jim received with lofty scorn.

"Is it money trouble, Jim?" she asked. "All troubles are money troubles," replied her husband. "There is no other trouble in this world except lack of money."

"Have you a payment to make?" she asked. "Yes."

"How much?" "Now, what the deuce good would it do you to know? Have you a bank account?"

"I have a small one," said his wife, trembling as he spoke, for she felt that her secret was in jeopardy.

Jim looked up at her quickly. "A small one!" she said. "Can't you tell me plainly how much money you have if you have any?"

"You don't tell me plainly," she answered with more spirit than she had yet shown, "how much it is you need."

"Very well," replied Jim gruffly. "I need £500. Have you got it?"

No, I have not. How soon do you want it?"

"I want it now. That is, I want it to-morrow or the next day at the latest."

"Then," said his wife with dignity, "I will see if I can get it for you to-morrow or the next day."

After Fleming had left for London on the following morning his wife put on her best apparel and was in the city soon after her husband. She never called upon her agent before. All her negotiations had been carried on by letter. She walked three times past the office before she had the courage to go up the stairs. The agent and she were about to make was so enormous, and she felt there was such a little chance of success, that had it not been for the sake of her husband she would not have ventured.

When the clerk showed her into the great man's room her courage nearly left her, but when the great man discovered that she was the rising author, "Hilda Markham," he was all geniality and smiles.

"I have brought you here," she said, her hands trembling as she undid the string, for she seemed to have a vague idea that if she showed him the writing she might have less difficulty to get along with him. "I have brought with me the complete MS. of the latest novel I have written. I think it is better than the last."

"It is sure to be good," said the agent encouragingly.

"But—but—" stammered Mrs. Fleming. "I wanted to know if you could advance me £500?"

The agent looked grave.

"Do you mean that we are to ask that much for the novel?"

"Oh, no, no," said Mrs. Fleming eagerly. "But I promise to write you another one as soon as possible. Indeed the £500 for a particular purpose, and I must have it today, if it is to do any good."

"Well," said the agent, "we sometimes advance money to authors, and if you could be sure of having all your work for the future I think I might stretch a point in this case and let you have the money."

Mrs. Fleming gave a gasp of relief, and the great man, calling a clerk, wrote out a check for £500 and presented it to her.

After she had signed the receipt, given him the manuscript and put her name to a contract, Mrs. Fleming hurried home to place the money in a bank, but that was one of the days when the bank closed at 2 o'clock, and she arrived there just five minutes too late. She was dismayed at this, for there was no place in their suburb where the check could be cashed, and she dared not give the check to her husband or the whole secret would be out.

Meanwhile the agent, as soon as she left the room, called his clerk and said:

"Write to James Fleming, of 'Pot Shots,' that we regret that we are not able to sell him Hilda Markham's story for £500. The author, tell him, has called upon us and refused to sell for less than £600, although, of course, you may inform him that if he had taken our offer, when first made, we would have had to pocket the loss."

As soon as the letter was signed a messenger was sent with it to Fleming. The receipt of it nearly drove that good man wild. He had the announcement of the story in type and wanted to publish it in the next number. He had such little faith in his wife being able to get the money that he had actually forgotten she had promised to do so, and he went home that night in even worse temper than the night before.

His wife said apologetically to him when he came:

"I have gotten that £500, but would it make any difference to you if I did not give you the check for it until to-morrow?"

"What are you talking about?" he cried angrily. "If you have the money tonight why should I wait till to-morrow?"

"I have it in the form of a check," she answered, "and that check I wish to place in the bank."

"I'll warrant the check is not good for anything," said Fleming. "Let me see it."

"I would rather not do that," said his wife. "I will give you the check if you will not ask any more questions."

"Good heavens!" cried Jim. "I will ask no questions if you really have the money. Let me see the check."

He looked at it for a moment in amazement and then at his wife. Forgetting his promise he said:

"How in heaven's name do you come to have a check from Greig & Co? It is to Greig & Co., that I have to pay £500; or rather if I had had the money yesterday or to-day it would have been £500. Now they have raised me another £100. They say that Hilda Markham came in to-day and refused to sell her story for less than £600."

"Hilda Markham!" cried his wife faintly. "Yes, Hilda Markham. I am compelled to buy one of her stories or see our circulation go to pieces."

Fleming's wife sat down in an easy chair and there was a twinkle about her eyes that suggested laughter, which caused Jim to frown deeply.

"Jim, dear," said Minnie, "I know you are ever so much more clever than I am, but I really think you don't confide enough in your wife. It would have saved you a good deal of trouble if you had told me just what you wanted. I am Hilda Markham, and goodness knows you might have had all the stories I have ever written if

you had wanted them; but now I have signed a contract with Greig for all future novels, and thus, you see, for want of a little confidence between us we shall be forever paying Greig 10 per cent., merely that he may hand me stories to you. Jim I don't believe you are nearly as wise a man as I always thought you were."—Robert Barr.

SURGERY BY A BLIND MAN.

Delicate and Dangerous Operations Done With Nerve and Skill.

When Dr. James R. Cooke, of Boston, was two months old, both of his eyes were ruined by a blundering doctor, who administered a wrong medicine, says a recent despatch. Since then he has been totally blind. He is now 32 years of age, and he is consulted in difficult cases by the most eminent of the regular physicians of Boston. He has performed during the last week in June, two very delicate and difficult surgical operations, and in both cases the patients are doing well. He locates a disease by his sensitive touch, and he tells the colors of goods in the same way, singular as it may appear. A lady who had eight or ten samples of dress goods, each about three inches square, and of different colors and shades of colors, handed them to Dr. Cooke the other day, and he at once told accurately the color, and even the shade of color, of each, and selected the samples of best quality.

When handed several national bank and Government currency bills, he at once told the denomination of each, and the color, whether green or black. He tells the complexion of a person by touching the skin. It is difficult to believe that a blind man could do this, but he is seen to do it, and accurately, too.

Dr. Cooke went among Buffalo Bill's Indians the other day, and designated his character by his voice, spoken in the Indian dialect. He has three diplomas from colleges of this and foreign countries, and four certificates of commendation from institutions where he has taken special courses of study. He went through a course of study under the famous Sir Mitchell.

Before Dr. Cooke was 21 years of age, he was employed by a large tobacco house to select the raw tobacco for them. He never failed in getting the best quality and the most desirable sort—all by his touch. From this source he earned over \$3,000, which paid his expenses at a university in Tennessee, where he stood at the head of his class. From the Tennessee University he entered a medical school, where he was "to the fore" all through the class. He has taken special studies in five other institutions, a part of them in Europe. To attain all that this remarkable man has accomplished in the higher classics and professional studies of the colleges, required a large and finely knit brain, perseverance and self-reliance to an unusual degree.

The two women patients that he operated upon last week are both doing well. In one case a large tumor was removed; and the other was a still more difficult and delicate case. When lifting out the tumor Dr. Cooke found that it had twenty-four large vessels holding veins and arteries. He tied blood vessels quickly and removed the tumor. He takes up and ties severed arteries in difficult cases more rapidly than any of the clear-seeing surgeons. He has no idea of the appearance of the moon and stars, nor of the sun, and at night and day are all the same to him, except that the stillness of the night does not escape his attention. He is a hard worker and unflagging student. He has a typewriter, to whom he dictates. His wife writes medical prescriptions in Latin.

PIEST AND PARISHONER.

Miss Maggie Melody, of Hamilton, Used Dr. Agnew's Celebrated Catarrhal Powder, on Recommendation of Rev. Father Hinchey, and Found It a Grand Remedy for Influenza.

Having himself been benefited by the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, Rev. Father Hinchey, of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ont., followed the counsel of the good book, and carried the good news to others. One of his parishioners, Miss Maggie Melody, had been a sufferer from influenza, and Father Hinchey knew how much good his remedy had done in case of cold in the head with himself, and recommended it to Miss Melody for her case, who, over her own signature has written: "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for influenza and found it a grand remedy. In fact it gave me relief almost at once. I can with pleasure highly recommend it to all who are suffering from this malady."

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents.

Sample bottle and Blower sent on receipt for two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Datchon, 44 Church st., Toronto.

Was Known in St. John.

A famous old steamer, the Forest City, which was built in 1854, and with the exception of some stirring diversions during the rebellion has plied between Portland, Me., and Boston during forty years, made her last trip this week. She went from Portland to Boston to be turned over to the junk dealers. She was used as a transport in the Union service, and was the boat armed by Portland citizens for the pursuit of the rebel privateer "Exoon," which captured the Caleb Cushing just outside of Portland harbor.—N. Y. Sun, 5th.

Death Seemed Preferable to the Agonizing Pain.

Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willisroft, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, since last fall, having taken in all nine bottles, and I now feel entirely like another woman. I am 54 years old, and have been troubled with heart disease for more than twenty years; sometimes for five hours at a time suffering such agony that death seemed preferable to the pain. The cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face. The Heart

Cure gave me relief from almost the first dose and has proved a great blessing. "You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think by so doing any good may be accomplished."

Divorced by Candles.

The question of divorce is settled very simply in Burma. When a husband and wife decide to separate, the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. Then she and her husband sit down on the floor, placing the candles between them, and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for him, and the other for her.

The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house for ever, with nothing and but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division—of the property—if it can be called a division—is settled.

This would seem fair enough on the face of it, but if report is to be believed appearances are deceiving. The wife on her way home with the candles will sometimes take a tin scraping from the bottom of one of them. A very little will be enough. If the husband is poor and the house empty of pretty much everything but the children, she takes the shortened candle and walks out free and content. But if the house is well furnished and the husband's possessions are considerable, he gets the short candle and does the walking.

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY.

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure will give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows of the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those who are troubled with kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more though nothing less, a sure, safe, and speedy remedy is to be found. Relief is sure in less than six hours.

Stirred Up With a Long Pole.

A quaint practice exists at the Bishop of London's palace at Fulham, and this consists in what appears to be a time-honored custom of waking up the episcopal domestics by means of a long pole. At Fulham the palace lodge-keeper has a regular morning duty to perform in knocking up certain of the servants at successive hours, beginning at about half-past five. The pole he uses is not employed, however, like the old church "rousing staves," which came in handy in churches in the case of inattentive or dozing members of the congregation to bring them to a proper sense of their position. The venerable man is provided with a slender rod some 15 feet in length, and with this he raps on the antique casements of the servants' bedrooms in the quadrangle within the massive wooden gates of the large western archway, and he continues his attention until the sleeper gives a more or less grateful answer.

I Took One-Half Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and Obtained Perfect Relief—This Remedy Gives Relief in a Few Hours, and Usually Cures in One to Three Days.

J. H. Garrett, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S., makes, for the benefit of the public, the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but my suffering continued. As last I was prevailed upon to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained perfect relief before I had taken half a bottle of the remedy, and to-day regard it the only radical cure for rheumatism."

Love's Young Dream.

In a certain hotel parlor in this city there is a dear little couch in a cozy spot, just fitted for lovers' tête-à-têtes, and a pretty girl and her best beau have discovered it. When she lurches with him at the hotel they immediately repair to the parlor and sit on the couch. Then he puts his manly arm around her neck and whispers airy something to her, pats her shoulder, ruffles her tresses, and finally imprudently not only, but a baker's dozen of kisses upon her ruby lips.

Sometimes he forgets to stop for several minutes. Then, when he is exhausted from his efforts, she settles herself closer to him, and while nothing can be seen of him from her best hat, big sleeves and full skirt, save his pointed tan shoes, she takes a hand in the caressing.

Are they alone? Well, hardly. The hard-hearted hotel proprietor, who ought to get his deserts some time, has so arranged his plates, glass mirrors that the couch is plainly visible from a pier glass, on one of the stair landings.

Here first one bell boy and then another stands and takes notes. Then they giggle and go for the chambermaids. The girls come and take envious peeps until the sound of the ladies coming from lunch makes them scurry.

The ladies, too, stop on the landing and enjoy love's fond cream, and all the time the pretty girl and her beau have no idea that there could be a soul mean enough to spy upon them. But the mirror should be moved.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should be sure that our place of manufacture, WALTER BAKER & CO., is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE.

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.

ALWAYS ASK FOR "D.C.L." SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN.

PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co.

The Shoes that Slaters' Build.

These are the shoes with the price on the sole, put there to protect the purchaser so that no dealer can sell them for more than the makers intend. The shoes won't wear any letter for having the price stamped on them, but the value won't be any too less for it—you can rely upon that. It's a proof that the manufacturers of

The Slater Shoes have confidence in the wearing quality, workmanship and value of them when they brand each pair with their name. Made of best imported calfskin. Goolyear Welt system. Six shapes—all sizes—many widths.

Three Grades—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00. LOOK FOR THE PRICE ON THE SOLE.

THE SHOES THAT SLATERS' BUILD.

THE SLATER SHOE.

Give me Progress in the Shoe.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should be sure that our place of manufacture, WALTER BAKER & CO., is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Sunday Reading.

OOWIKAPUN THE INDIAN.

How the Hunter Was Rewarded, When He Did Not Shorten His Prayers.

Oowikapun was a famous Indian hunter in the northern Nelson River country. His tribe roams through the vast forest that extends from Hudson Bay up toward Lake Athabasca on the west, and northward to the land of the Eskimos. From the great lakes and rivers of that country, and from their hunting-grounds, these hardy Indians obtain their food.

After the people for many generations had lived in the darkness of a most degrading paganism, the gospel reached them, and many became zealous Christians.

Among those was Oowikapun, the hero of our story. His conversion was a very wonderful one, and after it he was very anxious to have the rest of his tribe come into the same blessed light.

One method that he adopted at times with success was to take with him on his hunting trips some unconverted young Indian hunters as his companions; and, as Oowikapun had a splendid record for being one of the most successful in the whole land, others were anxious to go with him not only because he divided the game obtained equally with them, but that they might learn some of his methods which made him so successful.

Early one autumn, he set out with a young pagan Indian on a deer-hunting expedition. They pushed on rapidly through the woods to a region where the species of deer that they were seeking were said to abound, and there they camped for the night.

Here they retired, our friend Oowikapun had a long talk with his comrade about the great salvation, and urged him to become a Christian. Attentively did the young hunter listen to him, for the Indians are a very polite and respectful race; but his heart was not much in what was being said. He was thinking more about the deer that he hoped they would kill on the morrow.

In the morning, Oowikapun said, "Now, before we begin hunting we must pray to the Good Spirit, who has watched over us and given us so many blessings." The young Indian was full of excitement, and eager to be off; but he complied with the request of the good man, and knelt down on the rocks beside him. Oowikapun of course prayed out loud, that the young man might understand. Becoming absorbed in his devotions, his voice rang out loud and clear. His comrade, not being able to get the thoughts of the deer out of his mind, was scanning the forest as far as his eagle eyes would allow him.

Suddenly, with his elbow he nudged the side of the man that with closed eyes was earnestly praying, and said: "Hurry up! make it short! I see two deer coming this way. Hurry! hurry! hurry!"

But Oowikapun heeded him not, unless it was to close his eyes more tightly, and in a louder voice continue his prayers.

When he did finish, and they arose from their knees, the deer had disappeared. They had heard the trumpet tones of the Indian's voice, and had dashed away into the dense forest. Quickly were the hunters on their trail, but it was all in vain. They had become too thoroughly alarmed to be overtaken, and so the appointed Indians had to camp that evening without having shot anything larger than a partridge or a rabbit.

Of course they were disappointed. Oowikapun's mind was in much perplexity about his having continued to pray, and the young hunter was so angry at him that he arose during the night, and returned to his distant home. When Oowikapun woke in the morning, and found himself alone, he thought the whole matter over; and, as there was sweet peace in his heart, he decided that he had done right, and that, although they had lost those two deer, yet the Good Spirit would not forsake him or cause him to suffer loss. So he cooked his breakfast, prayed, and started off again to see what he could find.

He had not gone very far before he saw what he thought his heart jump, old, experienced hunter he was.

Not far ahead of him were three large, fierce bears. He had in his hands his double-barrelled gun, but in only one barrel was there a bullet. In the other he had put a charge of shot for small game. His trusty knife was in its sheath at his side, and thus armed he had to meet the attack of these three bears, which came rushing at him.

Not much time had he to decide upon his method of defence. But he was an old hero, firm of nerve and quick of thought; and so, ere they could reach him, he had decided on his course of action.

This was what he did. Dashing back to a ravine, he depression, where the bears would be likely to follow in single file, he there coolly awaited their attack. When the first one which was also the fiercest, was within a few feet of him, he fired with such accuracy that the bullet went crashing into his brain, killing him instantly. The next bear was not far behind. Calculating the distance it would take for the shot to scatter sufficiently, Oowikapun awaited his approach; and then, aiming between the eyes, he sent the charge with such accuracy that, as he had anticipated, it entered both eyes, completely blinding the savage beast. Maddened by the pain, the infuriated bear rushed to the spot where stood the fearless hunter when the bear had his last sight of him; but the clever hunter, anticipated this, had quickly sprung aside, and so the blinded bear rushed on, unable to do any harm.

To meet the third bear, Oowikapun had thrown down his gun, and drawing his hunting knife, had backed up against a tree, and there coolly awaited the attack. This is the favorite way of fighting the black bear when the gun is unloaded. But our hero had no more fighting to do that day.

Whether the two reports of the gun, or the death of one bear and the mad howlings of the second one, were the cause or not, the remaining bear seemed to think there had been enough of fighting; and so he turned and ran, and made such good use of his legs that ere Oowikapun could get his gun loaded he was out of sight in the dense woods. However, the hunter went after the blinded one, and a well-aimed bullet soon put an end to him. Q. L. E.

Oowikapun was, of course, very much pleased at his success. He speedily set to work, and after taking off the splendid skins he cut up the meat; and, bending down some green trees, he tied some bundles of meat into their tops, and then let them spring up again. This method of putting meat in the tops of small trees is called "caching" by the Indians. It is about the only way in which supplies can be kept from animals.

When this work was accomplished, Oowikapun loaded himself with the valuable robes, and as much of the meat as he could carry, and started off for his home well rewarded.

So Oowikapun, in telling the missionary the story, said he was more than ever confirmed in the good way, and would continue to say his prayers to the end—Golden Rule.

DEBT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

It Is Due to the Lord and Also to the World in Which We Live.

In a sermon recently preached by Rev. C. S. Robinson, pastor of the New York Presbyterian church, the text was "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise."—Romans 1, 14.

Let me ask you to notice that my short text is simply tremendous as a proclamation of purpose on human lips, said the preacher. The burden of suggestions swells the words. Take a great thought like that Paul had when he said, "I am a debtor," a thought full of self-denial, full of toil, full of faith and effort and prayer, full of suffering and of strife, full of patience like-long, death-erding. Hold it up till you see its inimitable majesty. Study it earnestly till your heart is swayed with fitting admiration. Now try to condense and compact it into one poor little vocable, like that familiar and despised word, debt, and then mark how the living sentence will dilate with ponderous meaning. He who thus pledges himself to God; he who chooses that utterance for the motto of his life, will stand up crowned among his fellows, every inch revealed a king of men!

The purpose of what has thus far been said is this: There is a lesson of deepest importance to all young Christians. Religious life is certain to be molded by the ideal one has of it and the principle which it makes to underlie it at the start. "It is to be lamented," said a wise old scholar to a former generation as he lay on his death-bed, "that men never seem to know to what end they were born into the world until they are just ready to go out of it."

The ordinary conception is that duties will be disclose as maturity advances; that obligations will multiply with the mere flow of years. Whereas the fact is, that each Christian enters the new life immediately and overwhelmingly in debt. The stroke of a die which stamps a coin in the mint, fits it for circulation and renders it instantaneously money. And just so the force of sovereign grace, which seals a soul with the image of Christ, comes rates it instantly for all time and eternity to his work.

"Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." The central thought, therefore, sends its circulation through all. We know, even in our worldly observation, that a child of opulent parents, who goes forth into life saying, "The world owes me honor and ease and flattery and place," will make a very different man from the child of many prayers, who enters the conflict saying, "I owe the world a work and a duty." The plain account of debt and credit settles the future. So I say again, the Gospel sets the Christian on the search, not how much he may claim in the wrestle of existence, but how much he may give; not how much the world owes him, but how infinitely much he owes the world, for which Christ died. Doing good to everybody we can reach, with all our body, soul and spirit, with the help of God, and the glory of God, is what we are here on earth for. Every moment we put off beginning to do it is just as much lost time to be redeemed. The Gospel falls from heaven like a winged benediction upon our souls. It renews our power; it exalts our capabilities; it permeates our dispositions; it refines our emotions; it ennobles our aims. And then it just binds us over, once and forever, to entire service of God.

There is no fertility of genius like the pressure of a great debt. Necessity is the mother of invention. And then note, also, the industry and thrift it promotes. That man pays most of his dues whose un-failing hammer rings earliest in the morning and latest at night. He lessens debt the most whose shuttle weaves the most yards in faithful toil. Diligence in business keeps the ballist a stranger. Put this familiar commonplace of philosophy alongside of devout Christian life, and so learn the lesson. A child of God who really feels that he is a debtor to the whole world will surely find a shrewd way of his own to discharge the duty. That man who is always searching painfully and asking at random for a chance to do something, and yet never satisfies himself he has discovered the field for which he has a talent, has no true feeling of pressure. He is only working on a dastardly and shameful principle of spiritual repudiation, under the plausible plea that he cannot find his creditors!

Oh, my brethren, I think of our own sweet, bright trust we have taken in charge! Is our church debt paid? Not money, but love, zeal, effort. "How much owest thou my Lord?" Souls around us are looking for us to help them. I put it to you all calmly and plainly—the true test of piety is a sense of debt orship to souls. You will find a Christian ever on one only errand. You will say with the sainted Brainerd. Anything, anything for those, O God! Let me and mine be nothing, only that thy kingdom may come!"

ALL ARE WORTH SAVING.

The Story of a Woman's Pleading With One Whom She Had Feared.

An incident comes to us from one of our well-known noble Christian workers. A great effort had been made in one of the towns to rescue the intemperate and to enlist the sympathy of Christians in their behalf. Meetings were held and earnest personal effort made to reach those who were in the lowest strata of humanity. To this class their efforts were specially directed. One of the most devoted workers, walking past a prominent business house, said to herself, "Here is one who everybody knows is rapidly going the downward way through strong drink. Why should I not seek to save him? I will go in and personally plead the case." Her courage failed. She passed and repassed the great establishment, and finally went home to think over the best way of approaching this influential and prominent merchant.

She feared that he would be angry by being personally approached on the subject of his intemperance. The next day she went again, and again walked back and fro, her heart failing her. At last, with an uplifted prayer for help, she quietly opened the door, half wishing that she would not find him in. Walking into his private office, she found him at his desk. She was greeted with a pleasant good morning.

"Which made it harder for her to speak to him upon the subject. For getting the little speech that she had prepared, with which to approach him, she burst out with, 'Oh, Mr.—, I was so troubled about you, so anxious in your behalf.' All fear and trepidation fled on the instant, and her earnestness of her soul she pleaded with him to turn from the dangerous channel which he had entered. Then apologizing for what might seem to him an unwarranted intrusion, she started for the door.

To her surprise he rose, and in a kind and gentlemanly manner thanked her for her interest in him, and said, 'I have been surprised, and wondered, through all these meetings, that no one has come to me before this, as my habits are well known to the community. You have gone down to the gutter to plead with the lowest, the most ignorant and the most degraded, and have made desperate efforts to save them; I have often said to myself, of what use to the world will they ever be, even if reclaimed, and why do they not come to me and many others like me, who, if once saved for this great aim, might be an honor to God and a blessing to the world. Are we not worth saving? With a choking voice he thanked her for her interest and her prayers, and added, 'By the grace of God I will try and overcome this terrible habit, which I know is leading me to the loss of body and soul.'—The Christian.

Poor In Spite of Wealth.

If a man should be given a farm, or \$10,000, or a well-stocked store, he would not therefore necessarily be rich. If a man should be presented with the finest of libraries, composed of the choicest of books, he would not therefore necessarily be wise. The fact must be, the money must be wisely invested, the store must be well kept, or, spite of all, the owner will grow poor. The books must be studied, or the student will never grow wise. Wealth misused is the open way to poverty, and all the gifts of heaven will not enrich a man if he does not put those gifts to their best uses. There is more unused talent a thousandfold than talent well and wisely used. In the spiritual realm this also is true, or there would have been no need for such an exhortation as this which Paul addressed to his Corinthian friends. When we fail to use the best use of the gifts of God we are in the exact attitude of the head-wardly this intreaty. For it is an earnestly urged with the passion of intense earnestness.

"We then, as workers together with God 'beseech' you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." He who looks upon an unused Bible, receives a priceless gift, well worthy to be accounted "a grace" of God, in vain. He who fails to draw from Christian worship and Christian fellowship all the strength and inspiration they are so calculated to impart, has received these gifts in vain. We should husband well all resources. We should make the most of opportunity. We should do as wise merchants do, be ever watchful of every point of advantage. Careful fervent in spirit, serving the Lord with all diligence, that we at last hear the gracious commendation—"Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Tolerance and Liberty.

No man has a right to say "I am the eye and you are nothing but the nose;" the eye and the nose and the mouth are all necessary to the composition of the face. Why cannot common sense prevail among men that are divided into different cliques in religion, but are all seeking one immortality, are all seeking the one disposition by which they shall learn the thing that shall immortalize them? "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." Let one man govern himself as he pleases, and another as he pleases. Simply say: "That is your right, I do not object to it, take your own way. I tolerate your liberty amiably, and you amiably look down upon my liberty." Do not let us quarrel and steal sheep out of each other's pasture, and then think it is a triumph and glorification over another denomination. How preposterous all these things are in the larger light of the divine nature, and when you have them shown to you along the lines of the genesis of creation and of Providence!—Henry Ward Beecher.

[A Message from God.]

Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. . . . Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. . . . For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon

mine iniquity: for it is great. . . . Look upon mine affliction and my pain. . . . let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.—25th Psalm.

Every Day and Every Hour.

"Through the day we must often, even amid our busiest occupations, renew our offering of all we do or design to God's glory."—Bishop Wilberforce.

A FEW INCHES IN PLAIN ENGLISH.

NOWADAYS men are doing all sorts of wonders by means of electricity, both in mechanics and in chemistry. I see by the papers that they expect to be able to produce real diamonds by it. Perhaps they may; marvels never cease. But we will wait till they do before we crow over that job. Up to this time, anyway, everything that is both valuable and useful is the fruit of honest work. Even diamonds are mostly got out of rocky mines, and within reasonable limits, it is good for us to have to work. Ten shillings honestly earned is better for a man than twenty in the shape of a legacy.

The best condition of things for any country would be when fair wages could be earned straight along, without loss or deduction for any reason. But in the present aspect of human affairs this is impossible. Whose fault it is we cannot now discuss.

One source of loss, however, is plain enough, and some remedy for it ought to be found. In England and Wales every working man averages ten days of illness per year, making the total loss of wages from this cause about £16,000,000, a year. We are talking of the average, you see. But inasmuch as all working-men are not ill every year, this average does not fairly show the suffering and loss of those who are ill. In any given year many will lose no time at all, while others may lose individually from ten days to six months each. No charity, no savings, no income from clubs &c., can make up for this—even in money—alone—to say nothing of the pain and misery.

Alluding to an experience of his in 1888 Mr. George Lagoon says, "I had to give up my work." How this came to pass he tells in a letter dated from his home in White House Road, Stebbing, near Dunmow, August 24, 1892. He had no inherited disease or weakness, so far as he knew, and was always strong and well up to April of that year—1888. Then his strength and energy began to leave him. He felt tired, not as from work, but as from power gone out of him through some bodily failure. He set down to his meals, but not with his old eagerness and relish. There was a nasty copper-like taste in his mouth, his teeth and tongue were covered with a slimy, and his throat clogged with a kind of thick phlegm, difficult to "hawk up" and eject.

It was now July—summer time, when life to the healthy is so pleasant and full of hope. At this time my sister-in-law got from Mr. Linsells (Stebbing) a medicine that I had not tried yet. After having used one bottle I felt better, and when I had used the second I was cured, and have not lost a hour's work since." The reader will notice that between the date of his taking this medicine and the date of his letter there is an interval of four years. We may, therefore, infer that this cure was real and permanent. The medicine by the way, was Mother Sigel's Curative Syrup. It is not likely he will forget its name nor what it did for him. His disease was indigestion and dyspepsia. The deadly enemy of every labouring man or woman under the sun, no matter what they work at or work with—hands, brains, or both.

Is it necessary to draw a "moral"—school-book style—from the facts? No, it is not. We have talked plain English, and that is enough.

Smallest in the World.

It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several figures are shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.—New York Times.

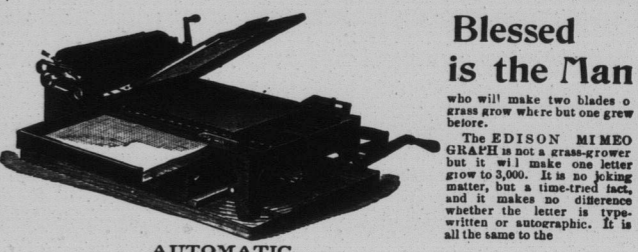
Bullets no Good There.

A story as to the thickness of a negro's skull, which comes near touching the record, is told and vouched for by the Livingstone, Ala., Sun. It says that a negro living near York, Ala., was shooting rats recently with a cap and ball pistol, and the cap snapped and the charge failed to explode. The negro turned the pistol upward and looked down the barrel to see what was the matter, when the weapon went off and the bullet struck him squarely between the eyes. The bullet fell to the floor, flattened out, and the negro was only hurt to the extent of an inconsiderable flesh wound.

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TATOOING AS A TRADE.

CURIOUS WAYS MEN MAKE THEIR BREAD AND BUTTER.

It is a recognized and important trade in Japan—the best method of putting in the needles—skin pictures in the place of clothes—incidents.

Tattooing, like the evil men do, lives after them, for curious writings and descriptions have been found on the bones of skeletons, writes Geo. I. Manson, in the N. Y. Voice. It must have been a startling discovery when a man found that he could paint upon his skin in such a way that it could not be washed out by the rain, dried out by the heat, or even destroyed by Father Time himself.

Tattooing is an important occupation in Japan, where it is common among the working classes of the large cities and towns, and where the work is done in such a highly artistic manner that sailors from all parts of the world who desire to have their skins ornamented in this way take pains to engage with a vessel sailing to that country.

Among the lower class of Japanese, who are often tattooed literally from head to foot, tattooing, to a large extent, takes the place of clothing. The character of their work and the climate make it advisable for these people to wear only the most indispensable garments. The tattooing makes one forget the man's nudity and has the appearance of a highly ornamented suit of light clothing. The designs are generally lions, huge dragons, battle scenes, beautiful women, flowers, representations of historical events, but a picture of an improper character is never seen.

The business is conducted so systematically in Japan, where in Tokyo alone, a few years ago, there were thirty thousand men tattooed, that the native who desires to make of himself a perambulating picture gallery selects some design from a book. This he takes to the artist, not to copy, but to give him an idea of what he wants.

In executing his work the artist uses an implement something like an old-fashioned cupping instrument. A number of the finest sewing needles are placed firmly in a piece of wood, arranged in rows of four, eight, twelve, twenty, or forty. He works very rapidly and can make, if he is, so inclined (so it is claimed), about ten punctures per second. This would mean, if a twelve-row machine were used, 120 punctures. The ornamentation is done over the whole back and part of the limbs, the head, the neck, the hands being left in their natural state. It takes a day to puncture the back or breast of a man, the number of punctures necessary running up into several hundred thousand. The most remarkable thing about the process as practised by the Japanese is that it is not painful, the punctures tickling rather than hurting, and no blood is drawn (provided the operator is skilful at his calling), unless it is around the knees or elbows, where the skin is tender, or in some parts of the design where it is necessary to make the shade pronounced. After the operation is completed the punctured part of the body is bathed in warm water, which brings out the color with great clearness, and the patient goes about his business. Occasionally he has a fever after the operation, but there is no irritation or soreness about the tattooed parts.

Among the South Sea Islanders tattooing has a religious or symbolical meaning and is performed with much ceremony. Among some savage races it has been a mark of distinction, serving to indicate the chiefs and leaders of the tribe. Some years ago the Japanese restricted the practice by law, considering it unworthy of a civilized people, but in spite of this edict, the lower classes still love to ornament themselves. Tattooing has always been a common practice among sailors, and with them it is more a matter of sentiment than artistic decoration. They will have the initials of the given name of their wife or sweetheart pricked in the middle of a heart. If the loved one dies, a broken shaft or a tombstone, with weeping willows, will be placed above this design. On board a large ship or man-of-war there is sure to be found one sailor who is able to do this kind of work. It is a curious thing that the designs followed from one generation to another are very much the same. A young sailor will have upon his arm or breast the same design as his neighbor who has followed the sea for half a century.

Sometimes the sailors who do this work have books which contain copies of the designs they have met with in their travels. Among sailors the instrument used is generally four needles set side by side in a stick, the points being close together. The colors are India ink and Chinese vermilion, and by mixing the two a brown color can be obtained. Of late years the instrument is sometimes worked by electricity. An outline of the picture is first drawn on the skin in India ink and the needles are run in at a slant, unlike the method of the Japanese, who drive them in straight. The sailor tattooers draw the blood and the patients always suffer more or less pain, especially a day or two after the operation, when the skin becomes swollen and inflamed. It is a week before the design begins to look like a real picture.

An American seaman named R. A. Whipp has on his body fourteen designs in

blue and red ink. On each shoulder, in red and blue, is a design called "spanlet." On his breast is a tall rigged merchant ship in a gale of wind. On his arms are pictures of his father and mother, each within a frame of rope, an eagle surmounting a shield, an English sailor raising the English flag, a large Chinese shaft, a dagger piercing an arm and showing a copious flow of blood, an arabesque, a design known as "The Sailor's Farewell to His Sweetheart," and "Young America." In the first design the sailor is bidding good-by to a comely young woman in a short dress who is weeping, his ship and her small cog-tails being seen in the distance. "Young America" is the representation of a finely formed woman, who is sitting on an eagle while she proudly holds aloft an American flag. There are many instances where a sailor has had his back tattooed with the national emblem.

A sentimental design quite common among seamen is a sailor holding his cap in one hand and a red rose in another as he is standing by a grave. Above the stone (which bears the words "Mother's Grave") is an urn full of flowers. A weeping-willow tree shades this scene, and over it can be seen the spire of a church. Among the naval cadets it is said that the bloodthirsty dagger, and a full-rigged ship is a favorite.

Some time ago tattooing was quite a fad among the Boston girls. Captain McKay, the professional operator who did this work, used electricity, employing an Edison electric pen with a larger eccentric so as to give the needle the play it requires. The play of the needle is about one thirty-second of an inch. Ordinary cell batteries are attached to it. The electric power is regulated according to the condition of the patient's skin, only the harder-skinned patients taking the full force of the battery. The outlining is done with a single needle. The shading requires seven needles, which are placed in the machine side by side. In all kinds of tattooing only two kinds of ink are used, black India ink and Chinese vermilion. These are the only colors that are not poisonous or injurious.

A curious and gruesome trade connected with tattooing is that carried on in Morocco. There the dealers in cruces will give a good price for a piece of tattooed human skin, the sum ranging from \$10 to \$100, depending on the size and beauty of the design. This curious fact was brought to light in this country a few years ago, when a Syrian assisted in recovering a dead body found floating in the Delaware river. On the left arm of the body there was an admirable representation of the crucifixion. It was the work of a master hand, every detail being perfect. The Syrian desired to cut this piece of the crucifix from the body, finally offering \$10 for it. He said that he had made hundreds of dollars by trading with the Morocco merchants, and he had learned the secret of preparing the skin for framing.

It seems that the skin is first carefully dried and tanned, and is then treated with a peculiar solution of poisonous drugs which has the effect of bringing into bold relief the colors used in tattooing. It is then pressed between two plates of glass, and allowed to stand about a month, when it is framed and placed on sale. It is quite common for the prominent citizens of the Orient to have the walls of their houses decorated with these objects.

In some parts of Arabia the sheiks of certain tribes have their own portraits tattooed on their backs. When one of them dies the cuticle bearing his portrait is carefully cut away, prepared according to the usual process and reverently carried from place to place by the bereaved tribe.

GREAT IS KEROSENE.

Some of the Many Household Uses to Which It May Be Applied.

Every day the virtues of mineral oil become more widely known, until there seems to be really no limit to the services one may eventually expect from it. The Southern negroes, before the advent of patent medicines upon the plantations, had a reckless fashion of administering kerosene internally as a remedy for every variety of complaint, from the vaguely general disease known as "miser" to such defined distresses as toothache, and invariably declared themselves the better for the noxious dose.

But it is in the household that the uses of the oil have been most recently discovered, and here its value is most actively appreciated. Its special characteristic is that of a cleansing agent, and there really seems to be no object of domestic service that is not benefited by its application.

It is, for example, robbed window washing of all its terrors, and under its mild and oleaginous regime the long procession of pails, brushes, cloths, papers and chamois skins which followed the household about from spot to spot all through window cleaning day has vanished, never to return. Now all she considers necessary is a cloth, a small basin of warm water, a cup half full of kerosene and one clean chamois. She takes her small hair brush and cleans away all dust from about the window ledges. The cloth is dipped into the water and wrung out nearly dry, about a teaspoonful of the oil is poured upon it, and with this the pane is rubbed clear and translucent almost by a turn of the wrist. The chamois is used as a polish, and not a single cloud or smear—such as in the old days the maid was constantly being reprimanded for—mars the glistening surface of the glass. Moreover, windows washed by the new kerosene method retain their brilliancy and cleanliness nearly twice as long.

Mirrors have given up their cantankerousness under the same treatment. Tins in the kitchen feel the magic of mineral oil, and where long scouring was necessary to keep them bright and shining in the past, to-day the up-to-date cook dips her flannel cloth in kerosene, then into powdered lime, or common whiting, and with these scours her tins into a likeness of the kerosene cleaned mirrors, and all with only half the labor. Of course, they want a thorough rinsing in hot suds afterward to free them from all odor, but the real toil of scouring is what she dreads and not quick and easy rinsing.

If she has an oilcloth on her floor she adds a gill of kerosene to her scouring

water, dips a mop in a pail, passes it quickly over the painted surface, dries it with a flannel cloth and with this slight effort leaves it bright and polished almost as new, and an oilcloth treated in this manner will outlast one scrubbed up in the old way twice over. Many a housekeeper's heart has gone high to breaking in deep over painted floors and balconies which showed every foot mark, and were only made dingy and dismal by all efforts to wash them out. A flannel cloth wrung out in cold water and well sprinkled with kerosene makes a painted floor almost as easy to keep as one of the costly hardwoods, and the odor of the cleansing will pass completely away in half an hour. On balconies indeed, or where the windows of the room are left open during the process, the odor evaporates so quickly as not to be noticed at all.

Perhaps, however, the most valuable quality yet discovered in kerosene is its power of cleansing soiled clothes. A bar of soap should be shaved up into a quart of warm water and allowed to stand until it has quite melted. Into this stir one or two spoonfuls of kerosene oil and set aside. Take the most soiled of the white clothes—colored ones are not benefited by this process—lay them in soak with just enough water to cover them. Soap them well with the soft soap in which the kerosene oil has been mixed. Leave them overnight. In the morning add more hot water and rub them out—they will require very little of this, no matter how soiled they may have been—and they can then be rinsed in clear water, starched and bleached and hung out to dry. They will not retain the slightest odor of the oil, and will be especially white and clear, and that with the very minimum of hard work. It seems, indeed, as if this mineral grease was an excellent substitute for the far-famed elbow grease, which heretofore has been absolutely essential to cleanliness.—N. Y. Advertiser.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

WHICH MAY SAVE THE LIVES OF THEIR DAUGHTERS.

A Young Lady at Merrickville Saved When Near Death's Door—Her Illness Brought About by Ailments Peculiar to Her Sex—Only One Way in Which They Can be Successfully Resisted.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.) Perhaps there is no healthier people in the continent of America to-day than the residents of that picturesque village of Merrickville, situated on the Rideau river, and the reason is not so much in its salubrious climate as in the wise precautions taken by its inhabitants in warding off disease by a timely use of proper medicine. The greatest favorite of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and many are the testimonials in regard to their virtues. Your correspondent on Monday last called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Eaton, and interviewed their daughter, Miss Hattie Eaton, a handsome young lady of 20 years, who is known to have been very low and has been restored to health by the use of Pink Pills. "Yes," she said, "I suffered a great deal, but I am so thankful that I am once more restored to health. You have no idea what it is to be so near the portals and feel that everything in life's future is about to slip from your grasp and an early grave your doom. I was taken ill four years ago and which has hurried many a young woman to her doom—an early grave. I have taken in all about twenty boxes of Pink Pills, and I am only too glad to let the world know what these wonderful little pellets have done for me, hoping that some other unfortunate young woman may be benefited as I was. When sixteen years of age I began to grow pale, my weak and many thought I was going into decline. I became subject to fainting spells and at times would become unconscious. My strength gradually decreased and I became so emaciated that I was simply a living skeleton. My blood seemed to turn to water and my face was the color of a corpse. I had tried different kinds of medicines, but they did me no good. I was at last confined to my room for several months and hope of my recovery was given up. At last a friend strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using a few boxes I began to grow slightly stronger. I continued their use until I had used about twelve boxes, when I found myself restored to health. I now quit using the pills and for six months I never felt better in my life. Then I began to feel that I was not as regular as I should be and to feel the old tired feeling once more coming on. Once more I resorted to Pink Pills, and by the time I had used six bottles I found my health fully restored. I keep a box by me and occasionally when I feel any symptoms of a return of the old trouble, I take a few and I am all right again. I cannot find words of sufficient weight to express my appreciation of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sincerely hope that all who are afflicted as I was will give them a trial and I am certain they will find renewed health.

The facts above related are important to parents as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath,

See My New Dress!

It used to be my mamma's old cashmere, which she took to pieces and dyed with Diamond Dyes and made me two new dresses, a blue and a brown. Brother's got a new suit too; it's made from Uncle Jack's old coat dyed over; mamma said 'twas easy to dye with Diamond Dyes,—that anybody can use them.

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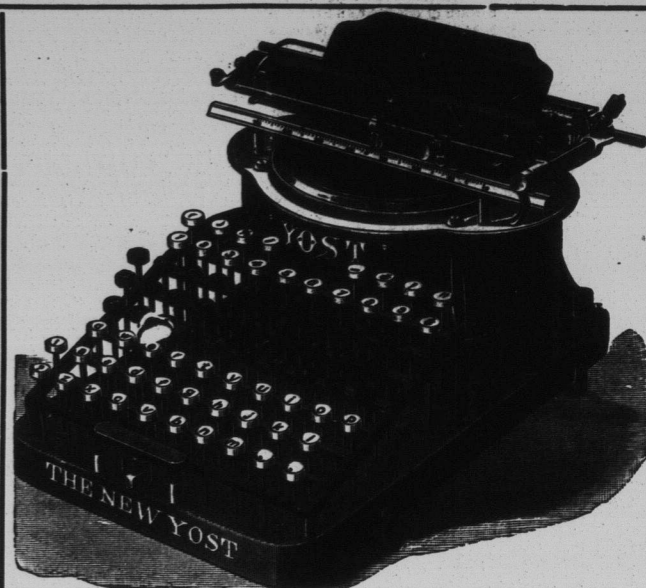
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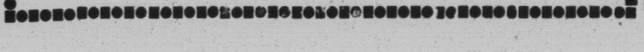
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WOMAN and HER WORK.

It seems to me that certain types of women once so familiar to us as the girl of the period are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, and that it will not be long before they are as extinct as the gods or the mastodons!

Some time ago I drew the attention of my readers to the gradual decadence of the grandmother; the real white haired spectacle, white capped grandmother of our youthful days, who knitted stockings, and wore black silk or satin for best, soft black French-arrino for every afternoon and black and white print in the morning.

All these dresses used to have very deep pockets, which seemed to be inexhaustible reservoirs of candy, raisins, and figs, and they were all finished at the neck with a handkerchief of folded white lawn or a fichu of soft white lace.

She has a delightful institution, this grandmother of whom I speak with a sort of envious regret, as those who have never loved, speak of love, because I never had a grandmother of my own, that I can remember, mine died when I was a baby. But I can remember how I envied my little friends who had grandmas, and I always felt as if I had been cheated out of my rights in having a mother who was an orphan, and only one grandfather to take the place of all I had missed.

There are a few grandmothers left. I admit but not many, and they are very different from those I remember long ago. They don't have white curls or caps and their dresses are made in the height of the fashion; in fact they look so little older than their daughters that it seems disrespectful even to think of them as grandmothers they belong so emphatically to the present generation, and are so completely up to date. The other type, which is approaching extinction is the old maid, who has had so much to endure at the hands of the comic newspaper, and play writers, for generations, that one can scarcely blame her for taking the first opportunity that offered, of effacing herself.

Once upon a time everyone had a maiden aunt; no family of any standing would have been able to hold up its head if it was destitute of such an evidence of respectability. Sometimes she was the rich old maiden aunt, to whom everybody deferred, and "her word was law" in the household; but more often it was the patient unselfish woman who had not much of this world's goods, but who made her home with her married sister, as much for choice, as from necessity, and who lived out as far as possible, the life of domestic happiness she had missed herself, at second hand, in caring for that sister's children, and helping to lighten her burdens as far as it was in her power.

In fact the old maid in the family was as much a hall mark of respectability as the possession of ancestors, family portraits, or a crest.

But now all this is changed! The maiden aunt is a thing of the past, and few families are fortunate enough to possess one. The old maid herself has become a thing of the past, figuratively, as well as literally. True she still lingers in old fashioned novels, and the playwright who wishes his compositions to take well with the galleries always provides the traditional old maid with the time honored crop of corkered curls who makes love to the equally traditional mild timid young curate, and is as skittish youthful, and utterly ridiculous as the most exacting audience could desire, and whose vagaries provoke uproarious applause, and often constitute the success of the piece, with a certain element of theatre goers.

But whoever sees that grotesque creation in real life? If such a creature ever existed she died ages ago and now, in her place, we have the bachelor woman, the strong sensible woman, who may be comparatively young, middle-aged, or elderly, but whose personality is strong enough to prevent our giving enough thought to her age, to know whether she is young or old. The woman who has lived her life perhaps, and loved and suffered, but who has conquered her sorrow, and learned to live outside of herself. Who has gathered together the broken threads of what once promised to be such a wonderful web, and managed to weave them into a pattern of her own, more outre perhaps than the original one, and minus the golden thread which was to have rendered it so dazzlingly bright; but still finished, and bearing the mark of careful understanding.

Such women have effectually pushed the once ridiculed old maid from her place, and are to be found every day occupying important and respectable positions in the world. From their ranks are drawn the trusted amanuensis, and private secretary, the responsible hospital superintendent, the clever nurse, the confidential clerk, or the painstaking journalist; and they fill a place in the world which it is equally impossible for the busy men of affairs, the matron with her hands full of household cares, or the gay young girl with all her life before her, ever to occupy. No one makes fun of the bachelor woman now-a-days, her importance in the scheme of creations is fully realized and her place established. She is not to be confounded with the advanced woman who claims to

her right to the ballot, or the emancipated female who thinks she has as good a right to smoke cigarettes and swear, as her soon-companion, man. She is rather a gracious evolution of the highest civilization of this age of improvement and progress, and she is fully entitled to all the respect and honor, she has now for herself by her own unaided exertions. It is no light matter to turn the tide of public opinion and compel respect by force of sheer hard work, but that is what the bachelor woman of today has done; and though she cannot exactly take the place of the dear grandmother of yore, she represents a sort of survival of the fittest, and forms a very happy substitute for the much ridiculed, and unjustly sneered at old maid. May she live long and flourish, may her shadow never grow less, and may she long continue to be a power in the land.

I am always preaching the lessening of labor and simplifying of household cares for our sex, during the hot weather, and perhaps it is just because I am a woman, and care not what I have to eat—so long as it is nice, of course—that I have such strong opinions on the subject; but I cannot help thinking that as much cold to eat as possible, and as light a diet as is consistent with health, is best for everyone during the hot months of the year.

Someone has said that if women were left to themselves they would return to a primitive diet, and live on fruits and roots. I daresay we would, because a woman's first idea when the masculine element of the house is away is to dispense with the usual meals as far as possible, and have a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter, in place of dinner. I don't advocate quite such simplicity of diet myself, but I do believe that in hot weather woman's work should be simplified as far as possible, not only for the mistress but for the maid also: the kitchen is a terrible place to spend one's time these stifling days, and besides the regular daily work there is the ironing which is so much heavier now than in winter and autumn, and above all things there is the preserving which lasts pretty well through the entire summer, each fruit following the other in almost unbroken succession from the first strawberry to the last quince, or preserving pear.

Therefore the wise housekeeper saves up her energy for the possible, and, to use a homely expression, makes her head save her feet in every way in her power. Many a nice dinner can be put upon the table without the use of the fire at all, on a day it is served, except to boil potatoes, and eggs they can be cooked on the oil stove if they are considered indispensable to the menu; and canned corn, canned peas, or beans, can also be heated over a lamp. Cold lamb, sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and salad. Orange pudding, baked custard, blanc mange and cream, or even ice cream and cake, are all dainty inexpensive sweets easy to prepare and forming toothsome finishes for a dinner, far more suitable for warm weather than pastry, or hot puddings.

Here are some hot weather dishes quite attractive enough to convert anyone to my theories.

Cucumber Sauce.

At this season fresh sauces are exceedingly nice to serve with cold meats and fish. Try cucumber sauce with your boiled fish. It is made of one good-sized cucumber, chopped fine and drained in the colander. Season well with salt and pepper, and mix with two table-spoonfuls of cream; then add a tea-spoonful of lemon juice and turn at once into a little dish. Tomatoes may be treated in the same way.

Bavarian Cream.

Cold desserts that can be made in the early part of the day are better for this time of year. For maraschino Bavarian cream take a pint and a half of cream, half a cup of cold water, half a package of gelatin, half a pint of milk, a cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and two table-spoonfuls of maraschino. Soak the gelatin in the cold water for two hours. At the end of that time whip the cream to a froth. Put milk on the stove in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add them and the sugar to the soaked gelatin. Stir this mixture into the hot milk and cook for three minutes, stirring all the time; then remove from the fire and strain into a basin that holds three quarts. Add the maraschino, and, setting the basin in a pan of ice water, stir the mixture until it becomes cold; then stir in the whipped cream in lightly and pour into moulds that have been dipped in cold water. Set away to harden. The cream should be firm in an hour, but it is well to let it stand longer.

Pineapple Parfait.

A delicious dessert is pineapple parfait. Take one quart of cream and whip to a stiff froth, to which add one grated pineapple and three-quarters of a cup of powdered sugar. Turn this into a mould and take a strip of muslin and dip into melted lard and put around the mould where the cover goes on, to keep out the salt. Pack in ice and salt for three hours, canned pineapple will answer equally as well as fresh, for this dish.

Lemon Meringue.

Lemon meringue pudding can be eaten hot or cold. Heat one pint of milk and pour over one cup of bread crumbs, add to this the beaten yolks of two eggs, one ounce of butter, and half a cup of sugar stirred to a cream, and the juice and rind of one lemon. Put in a buttered dish and bake half an hour. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff

froth and three table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little of the lemon juice; spread over the top of the pudding and brown slightly in the oven.

Cherry Tapioca.

Cover four table-spoonfuls of granulated tapioca with one pint of water, let it soak over night in a cold place. Next morning put a pint of cherries and add to the tapioca, with another pint of water. Cook in a double boiler fifteen minutes; sweeten to taste. As soon as you can, turn into a glass dish and stand aside to cool. Serve with cream.

Egg Cream.

Two eggs, two table-spoonfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon. Beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar until both are well mixed; put in the lemon-juice and rind, and place the bowl in which they are mixed into a dish of boiling water on the stove. Stir slowly until the mixture begins to thicken, then add the beaten whites of the eggs, and stir for two minutes or until it is like thick cream. Serve cold.

Coffee Jelly.

One fourth of a box of gelatin, one fourth of a cup of cold water, one cup of boiling water, half-cup of strong coffee, half-teaspoonful of vanilla, half-cup of sugar. Soak the gelatin in the cold water for half an hour, then pour over the boiling water, and put in the sugar, coffee, and vanilla. Strain through a napkin into the dish in which it is to be served, and serve cold.

Summer Vegetable Salads.

Vegetable salads are delicious when one needs something piquant to prick the appetite, writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovill in the July Ladies' Home Journal. They can be made of tomato, celery, green string beans, dandelion, cauliflower, potato, cucumber, asparagus and cabbage, besides the ever popular lettuce.

Cold potatoes cut in dice and laid on a bed of lettuce can be covered with cream dressing.

Dandelion salad is made of the young leaves of the plant, thoroughly washed, soaked in cold water for an hour, shaken dry and saturated with French dressing.

Lettuce should be put in cold water to make it crisp, and shaken dry in a napkin before being dressed.

Strawberry Sauce.

Take one gill of butter, one cup of ripe strawberries, mashed, one cup of sugar and one white of an egg. Cream together, butter and sugar, add the white of egg beaten to a very stiff froth and the strawberries thoroughly mashed. When well beaten together serve cold. ASTRA.

TO KEEP METAL BRIGHT.

How to Take Care of the Articles of Nitro Powder and Britannia.

To keep your silver bright without constant cleaning, which is injurious to the plated articles, dissolve a small handful of borax in a dippan of hot water with a little soap, put the silver in and let it stand all the morning (or afternoon, as the case may be), then pour off the water, rinse with clear cold water, and wipe with a soft cloth.

The best cleaning medium for pewter and Britannia metal is rottenstone mixed with scraped-up yellow soap, or soft soap, with the addition of some turpentine. This sounds a curious mixture, but the effect is magical on discolored pewter, brass, and Britannia metal. Clean with a fine cloth, and rub with a soft cloth.

Another favorite cleaning agent is brick. Two pieces may be rubbed down, and the resulting powder sifted and mixed with sweet oil, or kerosene oil. When rust has been got off steel goods it is difficult to eradicate it, especially when like fenders, they are usually in a direct draft. After cleaning they may be lacquered with Zapon.

Greases that have been blacked must be scraped with a steel scraper, supplemented first on the edge with a brush or rag. A chain brusher will also help in giving a high polish to bright steel goods.

Cream of tartar, mixed into a paste with water and applied on a rag, does very well to clean any silver of plated work which is applied on brass or copper. It also does well for monograms and similar devices on brushbacks, etc. Whatever dries in between the letters can be brushed out or picked out when dry.

It ought not to be necessary to point out that any plate powders containing mercury are injurious to the articles upon which they are used.

Woman on the Wheel.

There was a good deal of pith to Mrs. Stanton's remark in reply to Bishop Doane, that "women are riding to suffrage, on the bicycle." They may not be riding to suffrage, but they are riding everywhere, and everywhither they want to go. Certainly and conspicuously they are riding into any sort of costume it suits them to put on. Bloomers are getting so common that it seems possible that the untutored eye will presently dwell upon them without a shock. The more circumspect American ladies still keep out of them, and may never come to prefer them to skirts, but the young and giddy experiment with them pretty freely. Was there ever anything so efficacious to give woman an idea of what she could do if she tried as the bicycle? Soberly speaking, it is she had to choose between the ballot and the bicycle as a means of development and advancement, she might better cleave to the bike. It is worth more to her than the ballot. It is more fun, more use, less trouble, and very much less costly. There was pith in Mrs. Stanton's remark, but was there not some substance in the suggestion that the bicycle has brought woman so many new opportunities and privileges that she never needed or wanted the suffrage so little as now?—Harper's Weekly.

A Sunday Dinner Desert.

The dinner which ends well has much in its favor. Try this recipe for the memory of your dinner is sure to be a pleasant one: Line a quart bowl with fresh strawberries. To one-third of a box of gelatin add one-third of a cup of cold water. Soak half an hour, then add one-third of a cup of butter, and one cup of sugar. Soak and cool to like-warm. Flavor to taste. Beat the whites of two eggs, add these and beat all together stiff and white, then turn into the bowl of berries. Cool

Bicycle Shoes.

We have a lot of Men's Bicycle Shoes, the former price of which was \$3.50, now selling at \$2.50.

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Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.

on ice. To serve, turn in a glass dish and cover with whipped cream. This dessert is called strawberry charlotte.

For a Yellow Room. A lovely color scheme for a yellow room is carried out in shell and ribbon pattern by the Associated Artists. The frieze is of chintz in yellow on a cream ground; the paper is a pale yellow. The chintz forms the coverlid and valance of the brass bedstead, which is canopied with Liberty pale yellow silken gauze. The draperies at the windows are of cream; muslin printed with the same yellow ribbon and shell pattern, and there are cushions of chintz and of plain yellow silk. The chamois cloths are costly goods, but for simple country rooms the chintzes that cost but 50 cents a yard are fully as effective. Some of the lovely patterns in this chintz are the spring periwinkle. Striped periwinkle patterns in delft blue are especially charming, and are popular in colonial rooms decorated in delft blue and white. Colonial fashion have brought out a demand for striped effect in cretonnes as well as wall-papers.

Woman's Greatest Charm. I am quite sure that men regard "sweet simplicity" as the greatest charm in women, and especially in girls, writes Ethel Ingalls in a delightful little dissertation on the Girl in Society, in the July Ladies' Home Journal. This does not mean simplicity in the cowering sense, but an absence of that affected air of boldness and mannishness which has lately been assumed by too many really lovable girls. Then, too, sincerity in expression is one of the characteristics that charm men. To be sincere and candid the girl in society need never be abrupt nor self-assertive.

A Dainty Photograph Frame. The following directions make pretty and very simple little photograph frames; Sitch to the back of two square, heavy linen envelopes pastboard strips for a brace to make them stand upright. Cut two small slits, crossing each other, in the middle, and roll back these points. Insert the picture here. Punch the envelopes a each end and tie together with Tom Thumb ribbon. Seal the slip to hold the picture in place.—Philadelphia Press.

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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 table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

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One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (where clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg, returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, commencing with St. John's Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Summer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p. m. for Yarmouth.

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after SEPTEMBER 24th June, 1894, the trains of this line will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Fictou and Halifax.....	7.30
Accommodation for P. de Chene.....	10.10
Express for Halifax.....	10.15
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	10.15
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	10.15
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	10.15

A Bull's Parlor Car runs each way on Express train, leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Bull's Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Fictou will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 10.15 and Halifax at 10.45 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Sydney, H. Max and Moncton (Monday excepted).....	5.00
Through express from Montreal via Quebec (Monday excepted).....	8.05
Express from Sussex.....	8.30
Accommodation from P. de Chene.....	11.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	11.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	11.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	11.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, St. B., 20th June, 1895.

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CA TOLING BENGAL TIGERS.

The Methods Used by an English Hunting Party in the Himalayas.

The man who goes hunting tigers needs to be cool, ready for emergencies, well-armed and brave. Yet the Royal Bengal tiger has been caught in a canvas trap and caught securely. An English hunting party some time since went into the big jungle known as Serai in the Himalaya Mountains and tried a novel scheme for capturing these animals.

On a lively spot some 300 yards in front of the camp-fires a 20 foot square piece of strong canvas, oiled and painted, was securely fastened to the ground by means of iron pins; in the centre of this a sheep was securely lashed with a line attached, running under the canvas direct to the camp, and to which a bell had been fastened, the violent ringing of which would indicate the attack of the tiger or tigers. Over the canvas was first placed a net, then a coating of specially-prepared bird lime, then more net and more line and so on until the requisite quantity had been applied; wood-painted sides were put round the canvas to keep all secure. As night approached all was anxiety for the result of the trial. Little sleep was had by any one, all were too anxious, as tigers were heard prowling close by the first two nights, and their footprints were more distinct. It was not until the third night between 2 and 3 in the morning that the alarm bell sounded furiously, followed by terrific roars; the four fellows, to respect is, in considerable measure due to a more widespread appreciation of sanitary laws; but PUTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and Pancreatine, may justly claim to have largely aided in the good work. Many persons who, some years ago were in a most critical state of health, are to-day sound and well, as a consequence of a faithful use of this valuable remedy.

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HOW TRUNKS GET BURT.

The Baggage Man Declares That He Never Does Them any Harm. "How do so many trunks get broken?" repeated the baggage man, as his face took on an anxious and weary look. "Well, that's a question which has puzzled me for a good many years, and I'd give a good deal for a satisfactory answer."

"The baggage smasher doesn't have anything to do with it, of course?" was sarcastically queried. "Not at all, sir. That's where the public does him rank injustice. In the old days they have smashed up a trunk occasionally, but in these modern times trunks are handled like glassware. I've been on the road for seven years, and during all that time I have not ripped the handle off a trunk."

"But trunks come off your car all smashed up." "Yes, sometimes, and I've had people complain of me and try to get me discharged. They were laboring under a misapprehension, however. In seven cases out of 10 the trunk is damaged before it leaves home. People never send a trunk to a shop until the last minute."

"Does the motion of the train hard on trunks?" "Very hard, sir. It jars the nails and screws loose, and the first thing you know the sides of the trunk fall in, and I am blamed for it. We have to stand trunks on end, you know, to economize space. While in that position they are still more susceptible to the jarring."

"It doesn't hurt a trunk to drop it from the car door to the platform, does it?" "Not the slightest. On the contrary, if it is an old trunk the shock will tighten it up as good as new. On my run I give the public at least \$3000 a year for repairs to the trunk. At such times you think you hear the sound of breaking glass, but you are mistaken. It is the loose lock of the trunk settling into place and saving the owner at least 50 cents in cash. You have seen a trunk fall from the top of a load on a train, but haven't you?"

"Yes, I have." "The noise was like bursting open a door, and you probably felt like giving somebody a piece of your mind. The injury was purely imaginary. The fall simply bolted the casters on and strengthened the hinges. I am sorry the public labors under the hallucination it does, as it puts a baggage man in a bad light. I suppose you sometimes stand around to see your trunk put on the car?"

"Yes, I often do." "As I have seen it rolled over and over, and ended with a bang, and spun half way down the car you feel a cold chill?" "I do."

"Well, chill no more. Such handling is really a benefit to the trunk and should be an extra charge. Dear me, but I wish the public was more appreciative!" "How would you go to work to damage a trunk?" "I do not know. I have laid awake nights, and speculated and planned and wondered, but have never solved the question. There is no way I could do it. In case of a wreck a trunk might get damaged, but while under my care it is as safe as its owner in the parlor car. For five years and years I have handled at least 500 trunks per week and in no case have I been to blame for any damage. I wish the public understood this, as it would make my life more cheerful. It is useless to hope, though. The baggage man is a slandered railroad man, and so he must remain while people travel with trunks."

And he caught the handle of an old trunk, gave it a wrench which broke both hinges, and split the cover, and sighed drearily as he turned to his work checking off. Detroit Free Press.

Bishop and Bishop.

It is reported that the bishop of London became dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace of Fulham and called in an eminent architect to advise as to possible alterations. The architect took time to consider, and when he finally brought in his plans and estimates the figures were so great that the bishop relinquished his project.

"And now," said the bishop, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble in the matter."

"I thank your lordship," was the answer. "Five hundred dollars."

"The amount was disconcerting," many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service."

"That may be true, my lord, but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession."

There was nothing more to be said, and the check was drawn.—Youth's Companion.

A Keg After a Jug.

Siberia has a temperance society whose members are strict teetotalers every day in the year but one. On the first day of September each year the members assemble, and pledge themselves to drink no wine, beer or spirits "from the morning" for a whole year. After the vow has been taken the remainder of the day is given up to drunken carnival, and at midnight the year of model sobriety is begun.

For Daddy, From Baby.

The widowed Duchess of Hamilton and her daughter, at the recent funeral of the Duke, placed on the bier of the departed husband and father the two wreaths that were allowed to remain. They were made of white carnations and fine ferns, and tied together, bore the inscription, not suggestive of a great deal of solemnity: "For Daddy; from Baby."

I WAS CURED OF Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTONE. I WAS CURED OF a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. J. M. MANN. I WAS CURED OF a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. J. M. MANN.

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The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power. A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system. To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc.

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000,000 references.

The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon wrote: "Well, I tell you that the first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIC MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MARRIAGE HANDBOOK." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any mark, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

The Sun

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QUEER WAYS OF SUICIDE.

Extraordinary Methods Adopted by These Fools of Existence.

People determined to kill themselves have never been at a loss to find the way. Shooting, hanging, and taking poison are the simplest. A man killed himself sitting down with a gun's muzzle pointed to his heart, and fired it by applying a red-hot poker to the priming. Another rammed his head into the red-hot coals of an oven, which roasted it clean off. A woman drenched herself with kerosene oil, and setting fire to it, was quickly burnt to ashes. A man who drowned himself was so determined to sink that he fastened a life-buoy to his feet, and so kept his head downward. A negro ran his head against a circular saw in motion, and split it open. A Prussian police officer hammered a tenpenny nail into his head.

Prisoners in goal have shown great ingenuity and persistence in making away with themselves. One choked himself by forcing a felt hat down his throat; another hanged himself under his bed, which was only a foot and a half from the floor.

One of the most extraordinary cases was that of an Austrian—a baron in good society—who deliberately smoked himself to death. He had insured his life for large sums in his wife's favor, and then set himself to defraud the office. He established a secret den of his own in a low parlor where he spent most of his time smoking incessantly. He used the very worst tobacco, and at the time of his death had consumed 3,500 halfpenny cigars, and a hundredweight of the commonest "trade" tobacco. Although the poisoning by nicotine was proved, he was not held to have committed suicide. The court decided that smoking to such excess was only exaggerated self-indulgence.

A very ingenious device was adopted by someone who suspended an axe by a cord over his head; the cord which held it was in connection with a burning candle, and so arranged that when the strands were burnt through the axe would fall like a guillotine on his neck. A simpler process was that of a man who set fire to his house and sat in the middle on a keg of gunpowder which in due course exploded and blew him sky-high.

Various reasons—sometimes the most trifling—have driven people to suicide. Religious melancholy, despair after great reverses of fortune, disappointment in love; all these are well-known causes. One man killed himself because his wife had slapped his face; another because he feared his fondness for drink was incurable, and, having given his promise to turn total abstemious, was utterly unable to keep the pledge. A more foolish creature committed suicide because he was too poor to pay the expenses of his honeymoon trip. A girl quarrelled with her lover about the harnessing of their horse, and, being unable to get any satisfaction, hanged herself. Children have taken their own lives—one little girl because some money was lost in the house, and she thought she would be accused of taking it; another because her mother would not buy her a pair of new boots; two little ones, also, because they were not allowed to go to a circus.

In France apoplexy by burning charcoal in a closed room is a favorite device, and takes the place of poison, which is more popular with us. Men are much more given to suicide than women; the proportion is as three or four to one. It has been discovered that persons about to make away with themselves generally use the weapons or tools they find and readiest to their hand. Thus, soldiers and sportsmen blow their brains out; barbers cut their throats; cobblers stab themselves with an awl; laundresses take poison in shape of potash and "blue." Falling from a height or throwing themselves down is generally characteristic of mad people.

Letting Him Down Easy.

"The other day," said a Chicago lecturer, "I was called to a town down south to address a meeting of mill workers in a course of lectures on university extension. There was quite a large audience present, and they all listened attentively. During the course of my remarks I had occasion to refer to our town origin, saying our creator made us out of clay. At this a man who was sitting away back in the audience who was well known in the community for the capacity for absorbing liquor, and who, from his fondness for drink, had made a rank failure in life, while his fellows had succeeded, got up and said: 'I disagree with you; from my experience I would say that I was made of mud.' It was a pretty good remark, knowing the man to be what he was, and I was stumped for an answer. Finally I said: 'You are mistaken, my friend. You were originally made out of clay, but the trouble was you went out and got soaked.'

He Flows in the Shade.

Mr. George D. Orr, of Cincinnati, says: "Though it's said there is nothing new under the sun, it seems that in my rounds over the country I am continually meeting with something new. Last Saturday I saw a plow that was certainly new. Originally it had been a common plow, but the fertile genius of some farmer had been at work upon it. He had attached an upright frame to the plowbeam, and had covered the top of this with a fancy colored cloth. The covering extended far enough back to allow him to walk under it and be completely protected from the rays of the sun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why They See Double.

The reason why an intoxicated man sees double is because the nerve-centres are changed by the action of alcoholic poison. There is a want of harmony in the action of the muscles which move the eyeballs, and consequently, instead of both eyes being focussed simultaneously on an object, one eye receives an impression independently of the other. The two impressions are communicated to the brain, and the object is therefore seen twice. The inflamed condition of and loss of energy in the brain-centres from overdoings of alcohol also accounts for the staggering gait of an intoxicated man.



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To any persons sending me a dollar, I will send them directions how to preserve fruit or vegetables of any kind fresh in the year round, as when taken from the stalks, without cooking, heating, or sealing. Also to keep cider from souring and milk ston. For two dollars, will send instructions and enough material to preserve twelve gallons of fruit or a barrel of cider. This is no sham nor ruse; it is a bona fide transaction. J. H. HUGHES, Carleton, St. John, N. B.

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BALMORAL HOTEL, 108 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B., A. L. SPENCER Prop.

The Leading \$1.50 per day house of the City, facing the beautiful King Square. Large rooms. Good Table. Efficient service.

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TOLD ABOUT ICEBERGS.

COOL AND REFRESHING FOR THE HOT JULY DAYS.

The Mountaintop Masses are Born Amid the Glacial Solitudes of the Far North—How They Drift to the South—Strange Lights on the Ocean in Summer.

The birth of an iceberg is the far North or South. As a glacier or ice river pushes its way into the ocean huge masses break away from the edges and float seaward. Currents carry the bergs sometimes for hundreds of miles before warm climates eventually cause their disintegration. The forms assumed by the masses of ice are endless. A distinction between icebergs and floe or hummock ice is found in high latitudes is the fresh-water origin of the former.

These giants of the Arctic assume a thousand forms before they mix with the sea as a part thereof. Starting with a weight aggregating perhaps hundreds of millions of tons, the ice mountain melts rapidly under water. Undermined by the sea, it topples over, presenting fresh surfaces, these in turn to be replaced by others. Perpetual change is inevitable. At times a gothic cathedral is simulated again, with the sunset's warm glow, the surfaces may take to themselves a likeness to a tropic landscape.

Cascades will descend from the upper slopes, breaking into feathery spray as the stream meets with obstacles. Sailors in the Arctic make mental pictures as children do with passing clouds of these strange forms. If one of its familiar scenes may be imagined amidst the very abomination of desolation.

As to the size of the icebergs—well, one must be among them to appreciate their proportions. Sir John Ross observed one that was two and one-half miles long by two and one-half miles broad, and 150 feet high. The weight was estimated at 1,500,000,000 tons. This, however, was not an extraordinary berg. Sometimes they are observed towering to a height of 700 or 800 feet. As only one-ninth of the mass is above water and visible, it is seen that such bergs require plenty of depth as well as sea room for their movements.

The littleness of man's work as compared with that of the Creator is nowhere more apparent than when a ship—perhaps a great ocean liner—falls in with a fleet of these levathans of the ocean. The captain, observing a lowering of the temperature, otherwise not to be accounted for, causes his ship to be steered cautiously. The watch is cautioned. Perhaps a fog falls over the face of the deep. Then, groping slowly and painfully in the murky twilight, that even a searchlight will not pierce for any distance, the great boat keeps on her course. To lie to would be ineffectual, as the deep sunken berg has movements different from the drift of the vessel. Dimly is seen a vast wealth rising at the side of the vessel. This is not defined in outline until the berg towers above the vessel, so close escape seems impossible. With the position of the enemy located, to steer clear is a comparatively simple matter, unless other bergs surround the vessel.

Charts of the North Atlantic show that a vast number of bergs float with the Labrador current, in a southerly direction around the coast of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. Here icebergs abound during the early summer months, rarely floating eastward of this region, the gulf stream opposing a barrier that is usually effectual. Many of these bergs have come from the Greenland coast, where the succession of glaciers gives birth to thousands of bergs. In an illustration is shown the appearance of the seaward end of a glacier, at the head of a Greenland fiord. There is a serenity about the view that is deceptive. Vast convulsions take place at intervals when that tranquil ocean surface is churned into tumultuous waves and the blocks of ice, apparently iron bound, are tossed about, as if insistent with life.

To be a witness of the birth of an iceberg, to feel the lift of the tidal waves that accompanies the mighty upheaval—that is an experience to be proud of, if one lives through it. The giant glacier stretches its broad expanse into the sea, the waves break over the mass of ice, which is carried hundreds of fathoms below the surface; with a thunderous roar the immense slope resolves itself into tossing mountains, about which the waves play madly. It is very fine to think of and pretty to view at a safe distance.

A good idea of the infinite terror of the noise of the arctic can be had from the record of the last expedition of Captain C. F. Hall! The quotation is given: "Hark! A dull crash, a howling ravenous yell. Opening full sympathy of ghastly sound; Jarlike, yet blind, as if the dismal bell. Last strange anguish from the rent profound. Through all its scale the horrid discord rang. Now muffled the beat, now took the grasp of war."

And then the comment: "Even this does not begin to convey an idea of the overwhelming horror of these pushing and grinding masses."

From the coast of Greenland and the icebergs are detached every season. Explorers, while hoping to find land somewhere in the interior, so far have encountered nothing but a series of glaciers, fed from a central sea of ice. These reach the shore, whatever be the obstructions in the way. The sea once reached destruction is announced, icebergs being born. Sometimes the bergs ground near the place of their formation. Others drift with the current to strange shores. The following beautiful description is from the journal of Captain Tyson:

That Yankee genius who proposed a few

years ago to tow icebergs to the vicinity of New York harbor and so effectually dispose of the ice trust counted without his boat.

A thousand tugs might haul a big berg a few score of miles, but if the process were attempted on anything less than the most gigantic scale the ice would melt before the market was reached. So the idea was abandoned before it was more than enunciated. A better scheme for the manufacture of climate to order is that of a daring scientist, who proposed a great pipe line to carry cold air to New York from the Hudson Bay region or thereabouts. Something of this kind should certainly be done for the suffering inhabitants of the Eastern city. As for Chicago, the days are never so warm but that simply reading about ice suffices.

Artic explorers naturally have much to record concerning icebergs. Floe or field ice, however, is the base of most of the expeditions—a curse to be turned to a blessing if those who hope to drift with the pack to the pole are successful. After reaching high altitudes the ships are always brought into contact with ice as the chief element—more to be dreaded than all the terrors of earth, air, and water combined.

"The berg then sails off, and, like the human race, each one fulfills its own destiny. Some are ground to dust and others pursue their solitary and majestic course toward the open sea, and gently melt away their lives on the deep swell of the Atlantic; some, like desperadoes of the highway, make straight for some noble ship and send her foundering to the bottom, with all her precious freight of human souls. And as they are different in their history, so are they varied in appearance, some being wall like, solid ramparts, with square, almost perpendicular faces, impossible to scale, two or three miles long and half as many broad; others might, at a little distance, be mistaken for a splendid palace, a Turkish mosque, or a gothic church."

"Occasionally a berg gets worn away at the water line, while the base below the water is intact, and supports an extended surface on a comparatively narrow stem; others are tunneled or arched; in fact there is no limitation as to form or size. The most beautiful and the most grotesque may sail side by side; one may be a mile square and the other only forty or fifty feet. Whether large or small, but a small proportion of either is seen; the great mass is always below the water. The proportion varies according to the amount of salt in the water, but a berg never shows more than an eighth or a seventh of its size."

At times, so explorers say, there is something most peculiar in the movements of an iceberg. One of large size was observed which for a few minutes oscillated backward and forward with a regular movement like the pendulum of a clock. It was a grotesque, almost humorous sight to observe, the great mountain of ice swaying from side to side like one of the polar bears that haunts these regions. Then, gently and almost imperceptibly, the berg "turned turtle," showing a gently rounded surface where before had been jagged peaks and turrets. It was a dissolving view in the liberal sense.

The comments of the passengers when an ocean steamer passes a berg are often curious. If the weather is fine and the distance sufficient for safety, while convenient for the observation, the sight is taken as a spectacle arranged for the edification of the onlookers. Some are disappointed. They expected something more dramatic—turrets, perhaps, when the surfaces are smooth or ragged edges, where the waves may be sliding over smoothness. Others are taken with the poetical side of the presentation and quote Tennyson. But the captain looks on the berg as his natural enemy, and calculates the chances of others being met with later on when the passengers are clearing the officers watch that harm comes not him.

Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Altitudes," tells how the Gulf Stream trees the coast of Scandinavia from icebergs. The following is extracted: "The entire configuration of the arctic is determined by the action of that mysterious current on its edges. . . . A vast body of gulf water is continually mounting from the antarctic to displace and regenerate the overheated oceans of the torrid zone. Bounding up against the west side of South America, the ascending stream skirts the coasts of Chili and Peru, and is then deflected in a westerly direction across the Pacific Ocean, where it takes the name of equatorial current. Having completely encircled Australia it enters the Indian Sea, sweeps up around the Cape of Good Hope, and, crossing the Atlantic, twists into the Gulf of Mexico. Here its flagging energies are suddenly accelerated in consequence of the narrow limits within which it finds itself compressed. So marvellous does the velocity of the current now become, so complete its isolation from the deep bed it traverses, that by the time it issues again into the Atlantic its hitherto diffused and loitering waters are suddenly concentrated into what Maney has happily called 'a river in the ocean' swifter and of greater volume than either the Mississippi or the Amazon. Surging forth it cleaves under the Atlantic. Arrived abreast of the North Cape the impetus of the current is, in a great measure, exhausted." Chicago Inter-Ocean.

How to Tell a Bad Egg. When one calls for a fresh egg in a Parisian eating house the chances are that one will be properly served. Not so well elsewhere, but there are certain signs employed at the Central Markets, or Halles, whose only duty it is to sit the bad or doubtful eggs to the good ones. In one of the cellars of the Halles one sees a man passing his hands rapidly before his eyes and in front of a lighted candle. Around him are baskets containing thousands of eggs. His duty is to separate the bad ones from the good, and he is remunerated at the rate of 75 centimes, or 15 cents a thousand eggs. He accomplishes his work with extraordinary dexterity. With one hand he takes three or four eggs and brings them to the exact position he wishes between his eye and the lighted candle as if by magic. For an egg to be good the part that appears black must be completely detached from the part that appears white. In other words, the yolk and the albumen must, through their transparency of the shell, be seen to be quite separate. The white looks as if it radiates about the central nucleus, and this nucleus, is simply the embryo of a chicken, which, being denser, floats in the liquid which nourishes it; when there is confusion between the transparent obscure part, the egg is doubtful.

HOW SPONGES ARE GOT.

FOUND IN THE WATERS AROUND THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

All About the Famous Fishing Grounds and Their Products—the Best Varieties and How They Are Secured—Points of Interest in the Sponge Trade.

There is no single interest of so much financial importance to the Bahamas as sponge-fishing, and Nassau is the great exporting point for the sponges of the Western Hemisphere, furnishing both Europe and America with their principal supply of coarse sponges. It gives employment to more than 6,000 men, including not only the fishers themselves, and the sloop-owners, brokers, and shippers, but those engaged in handling the sponges in their various stages and preparing them for market; and the exports of this one commodity from Nassau ranges from \$100,000 to \$500,000 a year. The sponge fleet is composed of perhaps 500 regularly licensed vessels, all schooner or sloop rigged, of from ten to fifty tons' burden. They are of uniform pattern, it is not of size, with framework of native Madeira wood, hard and durable as iron, and planking and trimmings of yellow pine. Everybody connected with the sponge trade, until it gets up into the hands of the brokers and shippers, is colored, any shade between jet black and the hue of West India molasses. The hands employed in washing, clipping, packing, and preparing for shipment abroad are generally paid 50 cents a day for ten hours' work. As for the man who do the dangerous part of it—those who go down to the sea in ships and wreat the sponges from the bottom—they are never hired by the day or month, or promised a definite sum, but their earnings depend entirely upon luck and circumstances. The owner of a vessel fits her out at his own expense, and the profits of the voyage are divided up in shares, between himself, the sailing master, and the men. Each ship carries a crew of from eight to twelve men, and while the owners as a rule find considerable profit in the business, it is rarely indeed that a sponge fisherman does more than make a tolerable living.

Heretofore sponges are so plentiful and cheap that they are used for all sorts of before-unheard-of purposes. They serve every purpose to which the Northern housewife puts a mop, rag, or scrub-brush. Glasses and silver are polished with sponges, the maids use them for dish-cloths, windows and floors are washed with them, you see them doing duty as chair cushions and footstools, and many a boat has a sponge in each end as big as a half barrel, which answers for a seat. You see lying about the wharves and kicking about the streets fine beautiful sponges, that in New York would cost from 50 cents to a dollar each. Here you may buy a bath sponge as big as your head for a nickel, or a string of fifteen or twenty just like it, or of assorted sizes, for "one and six," 37 1/2 cents. Hardly any American visitor leaves Nassau without taking away a quantity of them; they make such useful presents to give to one's friends, and acquire additional value when accompanied by the statement: "I got them at the fisheries, you know." The servants at the hotels have learned the knack of packing sponges, and for a trifle consideration will take a bushel of sponges and compress them into a cigar box. And the best of it is that the packing does it sponge more good than harm, making it firm and solid, and the minute it is released and moistened it will swell up again to double its original size. Such large proportions and importance has the sponge business assumed in Nassau that years ago it was found necessary to establish a Sponge Exchange, on the same plan as the stock exchange in our large cities, and governed by the same rules, and every sponge-shipper firm in Nassau, to be successful, must be represented in it.

The sponge market is a large, open building, long and narrow, without any side walls. When the sponge vessels reaches this port her cargo is all sorted out and various qualities of sponges are put into separate piles, three or four feet high, along the side of the market shed. The owner of each pile is known by its position in the row, or from the label attached. The sponge boats usually get in on Saturday, and therefore the early part of the week is the best time to visit the market. Perhaps the cargoes of a hundred vessels have been deposited and sorted out over Sunday. When the place is opened at 9 a.m. on Monday all the sponge dealers in Nassau, or their representatives, are assembled. The auction begins at once, the bidding being done by written tenders, only members of the sponge guild or those making genuine offers being allowed to bid. Each is provided with little slips of paper, bearing the number of the different lots of sponges. A member goes up to one of the little heaps, looks it over, makes mental estimates of the quantity and quality of the sponges in it, decides how much he will pay for it, and puts the figures on the paper corresponding with that particular lot, with his initials at the bottom. When he has visited all the piles and made estimates on their value, and the other dealers have done the same, the papers containing their estimates are handed to the clerk of the exchange. He looks them over, ascertains who is the highest bidder on each lot, then reads off the purchaser's name and the price, and that day's business is over.

Nassau dealers have come to know at a glance what a heap of sponges is worth, and often the estimates are remarkably close, perhaps only a few cents' difference on a pile worth \$50. A novice going into the market would not have the remotest idea of the local value of the lot, and a year's practice would hardly enable the "tenderfoot" to compete with the dealers brought up to the business, who know sponges as well as a Wall street man who knows stock—ironically better. The sponge market stands on one of the wharves, with the blue sea for a delightful background of one end of the big building. Being always quiet, clean, and orderly, with cool breezes sweeping through, you could not find a pleasanter place in Nassau in which to spend a hot morning. Here you may pick up many kinds of sponges never heard of before. As everybody knows these of the Bahamas are generally inferior to the Turkey or Levant sponges, the Zimacra, or those of the Mediterranean. Most of these belong to one of the four kinds known in trade as "sheep's wool," "reef," "finger," and "velvet." Some of them can hardly be told from the best in the world—such as the "sheep's wool," which are soft as silk and as fine in texture as any brought from the Levant, while others, though large and strong, are comparatively worthless. There are also "bouquet" sponges, "wreath," "glove," "silk," and dozens of other varieties. The "grass" sponges, yellow and coarse, take on the queerest shapes, and look prettier than many more valuable kinds, when resting in piles on a broad bed of palmetto leaves, spread on the market floor. The "reef" sponges are soft, light-colored, and generally of a uniform size, about as big as your two fists; and these are the kind usually hawked about the streets, strung together on strings—six or eight feet for a quarter of a dollar.

The dainty little "wreath" sponge is a beautiful amber color, the size of your smallest finger, and perhaps a foot long, fit only for surgeon's purposes. How shall one describe the beauty of the so-called "bouquet" sponge and its many curious forms, delicate as the finest lace, a mass of curls growing from common base, like a comb, and a "finger" sponge, which is a mass of pinkish lace, and purple sea feathers waving over its center like the softest of downy cushions. By the way, we have learned to heretofore ignore the very lightest colored sponges, which we used to choose before all others in the chemist's shops at home, because that is not the natural color of any sponge at all; all such have been bleached by chemical means, which impair their durability.

We have read in accounts of Mediterranean sponge packing how a ship load, when not thoroughly dried beforehand, is liable to "heat," and the sponges break out all in orange-colored spots, the only remedy for which is to unpack the bales and throw away every sponge thus affected. This "yellow pest," or "cholera," of Levant fishermen call it, must not be confounded with the brownish color, or a dark yellow, which the healthiest Bahama sponges often possess naturally, especially near their base.

Here the method of gathering sponges is by means of iron hooks attached to long poles, for in these clear waters it is not necessary for men to dive for them, as

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Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empire (Royal Mail) 50.00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55.00 to \$80.00, Spartan 70.00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet, Ladies and Gentlemen's 90.00, Read King 90.00, Davies 'U'update' 100.00, Keating Ladies' and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110.00, Whitworth's 110.00, Eeeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price. REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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BEATS BANGOR WHISKEY.

The Worst Drink on Earth is Found in the South Sea Islands.

According to the statement of a sea captain, given to a San Francisco paper the gages plant, found in Gaultip Island, is the producer of the worst kind of a jag. The captain says: "It is a species of cactus, and, as I said, grows only to my knowledge, on the Gaultip Island. The island is a small one but is well populated by natives of the Malay race. In the interior this plant grows wild, flourishing especially in the red, rocky soil. It looks beautiful when growing, as you may judge by the bright hues with which it is spotted. Opium is a potent drug, but I am certain that the extract from the gages plant is calculated to do more damage to the human system. The natives cut the plant in the early spring. After they have gathered a sufficient quantity, they put it in large bowls and crush it with huge stones. A gravis sap runs out freely, and this they collect and drink, after letting it ferment, which it does easily. Within half an hour after imbibing it the drinker becomes perfectly stupid and lies around like a log. The spell lasts a day or more, during which time the natives say they live in paradise. I have known sailors to try it, but never twice. Three years ago I had a man in my crew who was driven crazy by one drink. The first effect of the liquor is to soften the bones and gradually eat them away. There are natives there, the victims of gages, who are indeed boneless and unable to walk or use their limbs. Then they begin to wither away, until they die in misery and convulsions. Usually two years will finish the hardest man. The sufferings of a slave to the drink are terrible.

Marrying to Reform.

You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask you who it is? "It's Mr. M.illions."

"Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits."

"Yes; his friends say that he is becoming miserly."



A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctor pronounced my case hopeless. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Highest Awards at World's Fairs. Ayer's Pills the Best Family Remedy.

THE LADY PASSENGER.

"Markham," said our chief, one morning, "here is a chance for you at last." I looked up inquiringly from my desk in the Bureau of Public Safety at the Government offices in Paris, where I had for some days past been busy with papers concerning the latest Anarchist scare.

"That is right. I was not sure, whether you want of experience, you would care to undertake such a task—for the risk, as I have said, is by no means a slight one. Still, there are points in your favor that have influenced our choice: you are young, are fairly promising in appearance, and, thanks to your English language and French bringing up, you can pass for a native of either country at discretion."

"But I have had no detective experience," I ven used to suggest. "That does not matter. You are to make your way to London at once, join one or more of the Anarchist clubs, and report to me fully every second day. That is all; your familiarity with the desk work of our bureau will give you some idea of what is expected of you."

profession, when I felt a light touch on my arm. I am nothing if not gallant, so when I tell my readers that it was a lady who was invoking my assistance, they will understand that for the moment I forgot all about the Anarchists and their wretched plots and conspiracies. And, the more so as my fair unknown was young, eighteen or nineteen summers at most, and very beautiful. She was pale, and her large, dark eyes showed signs of recent tears.

"Monsieur is going to Paris!" she asked me, in perfect French. "Yes, mademoiselle. Can I be to any service to you?" She looked so grateful at me before replying, that her lustrous eyes made my heart throb, and I felt myself as if falling in love, and at first sight. Well, there was no reason why I shouldn't try for my future already assured!

"I am in such trouble," she went on; "my brother was to come from Brighton to meet me here, and the train has just come in without him. "Perhaps he will come by the next."

"But it will be too late. We were going to Paris together, mademoiselle, to fill your brother's place, if you will allow me so much happiness." "You are very good, monsieur, I am sure; but I should only be sent back from Dieppe—arrested, perhaps, who knows?—for my brother has the passports for us both. And I must be in Paris to-night—my mother is dying. How stupid of Adolphe to miss his train; and all this trouble upon you. Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do?"

father arrests. My own presence was urgently required at the preliminary, or extra-judicial, examination of the prisoners, for one of them, had been traced as coming from London, and it was thought I might be able to give important evidence as to their identity.

And so, on the first day the doctors judged it safe for me to leave my room. I was taken to the house of the magistrate entrusted with the investigation. In an ante-chamber I found Chollet sitting; but he did not recognize me at all when I nodded to him as I passed. My head was partly enveloped in a bandage, and no doubt my appearance was otherwise very greatly altered. But that was not the reason of the blank stare he favored me with. I was unable to identify either of the first two prisoners brought forward, as, in fact I had never set my eyes on them before. They were removed, and then the third was brought in, a young woman, followed by Chollet, who carried in his hand a black bag, which I had some dim recollection of having seen before.

"Remove your veil," said the magistrate to the prisoner. "Do you know this woman?" he then asked, addressing me. "Speak out, Albert; tell the truth," said the lady, briskly. "And then I wished the explosion had in deed killed me; it was Mademoiselle Guerin whom I was confronting."

"I am in such trouble," she went on; "my brother was to come from Brighton to meet me here, and the train has just come in without him. "Perhaps he will come by the next."

bachelor. Come, let us go on deck." His eyes were bright with happiness, and her cheeks were pink, and her hands trembled on his arm. He led her away to the most quiet spot he could find, and first of all they talked over that old misunderstanding and decided that it was all the fault of a spiteful woman who wished to part them. Then they forgave her—because she was dead, poor thing.

Then Jack told Lucy about his travels and the fortune he was making, and Lucy told Jack rather a melancholy family history—parents dead, and papa had married before he left this world; sisters married and gone far away; brothers married, too—and such unpleasant women, of course. "I'm quite alone in the world," sighed poor Lucy, wiping away a tear.

Then Jack began to talk. He had a great deal to say, and it was necessary to whisper. And for a long time Lucy said no word. At last, when he had said more than once: "Ah, do—pray do—you'll make me so happy if you will," she said: "Yes."

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a few days afterwards, went in haste to the vicar, imploring him to alter the register, or to name the child again. But the reverend gentleman refused, alleging the impropriety of retracing the rubrical injunction.

BORN.

- St. John, July 6, to the wife of J. B. Jones, a son.
Aberystwyth, July 3, to the wife of A. D. Ross, a son.
Yarborough, June 18, to the wife of John Hill, a son.

DIED.

- Hartford, July 1, Harry W. Weeks.
Peny, June 29, John Rodenheiser, 82.
Black River, June 27, John Elliot, 83.

MARRIED.

- Kentville, June 25, by Rev. Canon Brock, Fenwick Ellis to M. Isner.
Chatham, July 3, by Rev. N. McKay, Alva Hall to Agnes McGrath.

COMMENABLY PROMPTITUDE.

A Resident of St. John N. B. Makes a Successful trial of DoJd's Kidney Pills.

DEAFNESS.

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, stating in detail, no matter how severe or long standing will do sent post free. Artificial Deafness and similar affections entirely removed. Address: THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

You Can't take too much of HIRES' Rootbeer. It quenches your thirst. That's the best of it. Improves your health. That's the rest of it. Smoke PRESENT TOBACCO. T & B MAHOGANY. Manufactured by The Sun & Tackett & Son Co. Hamilton.

THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London. An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, stating in detail, no matter how severe or long standing will do sent post free. Artificial Deafness and similar affections entirely removed. Address: THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

Water lilies whose leaves are big enough to sustain a well-grown child are successfully grown in New Jersey, being a new species in these latitudes. These enormous water lilies, some of whose leaves are six feet in diameter, floating like a vast pan upon the still surface of a pond, are the Victoria Regia, the largest of their kind. In South American countries the Victoria Regia will completely cover the surface of a lake or canal, shutting out the light and making a sort of potpourri upon which a man can walk. One large lot of such a plant as this would make a respectable canoe.

Those that are now growing under the supervision of Mr. S. C. Nash at Clifton, N. J., have already reached a very large size. Mr. Nash last year photographed his plants, showing a little girl calmly seated upon one of the leaves. This specimen had twenty leaves in different stages of growth above the water, with a fine flower and two buds.

The seed was started in the New Jersey greenhouse early in March, and the plant was moved to the outdoor pond in the middle of May. From this time until July 4 it was protected by a sash, as this plant needs a very warm climate. The first flower opened July 14, and was followed by thirty others in succession, the last of which opened early in October.

Four of these flowers matured to seed, and one of them yielded as many as 569 large, plump, heavy seeds. A thunder-storm injured three of the young leaves, but the other plants will surely survive the summer. Many of the leaves of this beautiful plant were six feet in diameter, with rims six inches high.

There is a photograph in existence of a man weighing 174 pounds standing upon a newly hatched leaf of the Victoria Regia, which he easily floated him besides many other pounds in the wooden flooring used to distribute his weight evenly over the surface of the great leaf. This photograph was taken by Mr. Nash, who has so successfully grown the plant in New Jersey, and he says he has often himself stood upon the leaves to convince doubting visitors.

One species of lily, the nomenclature speciosum, thrives grandly out in New Jersey, says Mr. Nash. "A neighbor of mine planted one tuber of this in a natural pond," says he, in the Scientific American. "This was in 1892 and the pond was about one and a quarter acres in extent. I visited this pond last year in August and do not hesitate to say there were more than 1,000 blooms any buds in sight."

"At my request he cut the largest leaf he could see. The stem measured 10 feet 6 inches in length and the leaf 42 inches in breadth. This was by six inches larger than any leaf I had previously measured. In my opinion the nomenclature speciosum grows the handsomest flowers that grow."