

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 584.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 22 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
To Halifax Express for Hampton, 7:30
Express for Campbellton, Peggys, Pictou and Halifax, 7:30
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 7:30
Express for Moncton, 11:40
Suburban Express for Hampton, 11:40
Express for Quebec, Montreal, 11:40
Accommodation for Moncton, Tracy, Halifax and Sydney, 11:40
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Tracy, Pictou, Peggys, and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Suburban Express from Hampton, 7:15
Express from Moncton, 11:25
Accommodation from Moncton, 11:25
Express from Halifax, 7:15
Express from Halifax, 7:15
Suburban Express from Hampton, 10:15
Express from Quebec, Montreal, 11:40
Accommodation from P. in Ch. and Moncton, 11:40
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notice.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.
Mon'con, N. B., June 14, 1899
City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

STEAMERS.
1899. 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.

For Boston and Halifax
VIA
Yarmouth.

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

Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

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

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

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

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 110 Hollis Street, North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 115 Hollis Street, or L. E. BAKER, President and Director.

Yarmouth N. B., July 21, 1899.

SAILINGS
OF THE
STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Star Line Steamers
For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 1 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John every Saturday at 8.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Protem.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y
New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, FIERI, OBERLIN (Battery Place), November 15th, 25th, and 30th, for EASTPORT, M. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have secured our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, and are in a position to handle all business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For particulars, address:
R. H. FLEMING, Agent,
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
L. WOODRUM, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

MR. WEBBER'S NEW ROLE

AS AN INTERVIEWER HE IS WONDERFULLY BRILLIANT.

The Well Known Actor Has Decided Ably to take the role of the President of the Star Line Steamship company and the attorney general of the province shake hands and fraternize in the most cordial manner.

"I think St. John the nicest city I have ever been in; and as for the people here, they are the warmest hearted, kind and genial I have ever been my lot to meet."

These words were spoken to me by Mr. Edmund Breese, who is staying in the city, on a visit to Mr. J. J. D. Landry, the well-known music dealer.

Mr. Breese is the leading man for the "Three Musketeers" company, of which Mr. James O'Neill is the star. Mr. Breese plays the difficult character of the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu this season, and he tells me he hopes to make a hit in the role and I have no doubt he will.

Mr. Breese has had varied experiences in the dramatic profession in the past seven or eight years, his first engagement being with the "Wild Rose" company, and the public being in favor of more cultivated flowers, the Wild Roses were gathered all too quickly, and consequently, as the leaves tell, Edmund found that he was indeed the "Last Rose of Summer."

Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Breese found another engagement with the Graham Earle Repertoire company, and he played a great many different characters in dramas, comedies and farces. One night when playing Robert Redburn in the Lancashire Lass, Mr. Breese started to make the last act as realistic as possible, as the character is supposed to enter very much exhausted and out of breath, being pursued by people anxious to lynch him.

There was an ally at the back of the theatre, where the stage door opened, and Mr. Breese dressed in rags and looking a suspicious character, was rushing up and down the alley, preparatory to going on for his scene. A police officer saw Edmund and collared him saying:

"What are you doing, my fine fellow?"

Mr. Breese tried to explain but being really out of breath, found it impossible. The policeman proceeded to take Edmund to the station, and to make the matter worse he could hear the pistol shot fired which was his cue to appear on the stage.

At last he said:

"I am one of the company playing at the theatre and I have to appear exhausted and was getting myself in shape to do it by running up and down the alleyway."

"Tell that to your grandmother," said officer; "if you were a decent man you would not be dressed in those miserable rags. You can't fool me. You may run up and down the alley, but I will run you into the station."

Saying this the officer started to make Edmund proceed, when fortunately an attaché of the theatre appeared, and explained to the officer's satisfaction the fact of Mr. Breese's being an actor, and he was enabled to finish his part.

"No more realism for me," said Edmund, "that experience was sufficient to last my life."

Mr. Breese was leading man for that lovely actress Mlle Rhea, and in speaking of her he said:

"The death of Mlle Rhea of not long ago, robbed the stage of one of its most faithful students and capable exponent of the drama. She was all grace, sweetness and simplicity as well as artistic. Speaking of sweetness let me mention a case in point. My mother who had never seen me set out to that time, was about to pay me a flying visit to Lancaster Pa. Of course I was anxious to have her meet Mlle Rhea, but as she could not get there until nearly ringing up time, I felt that it would be impossible. I told Mlle Rhea of my predicament and she answered:

"All right, Mr. Breese, I will wait at the hotel until your dear mother arrives."

"But madame," I said "you seem to forget how late it will be."

She then said, "No matter, I have waited many a time for the audience, let them wait once for me."

Mr. Breese is a young man of striking personal appearance, fine voice, and clear delivery, and has everything in his favour to place him at the top of his profession.

I may add that Mr. Breese will soon lead to the hymeneal altar one of St. John's fairest daughters, and I join with their legion of friends in best wishes for their happiness and prosperity. H. FRANK WEBBER

Embarked, Monday, November, 1898, at St. John, N. B., for New York City.

SUNDAY EXCURSION GREETINGS.

The Attorney General welcomed President Manchester to Baulah Wharf.

Those who went to Baulah camp last Sunday—and several hundred availed themselves of the opportunity—had the pleasure of seeing the president of the Star Line Steamship company and the attorney general of the province shake hands and fraternize in the most cordial manner.

Tender ordinary circumstances this would not be unusual but in the light of the Sunday observance bill the meeting was watched with some interest. When those who knew the Hon. Mr. White saw him standing upon the wharf as the Victoria was swinging in they had their suspicion that perhaps after all there was going to be objection raised to the excursion of the boat but not one of the six or seven hundred excursionists had a happier expression than did his defender of the sabbath day. H. and Mr. Manchester shook hands on the wharf and then the president of the steamship company escorted Mr. White on board the Victoria and entertained him for a time.

It may be that this was the first Sunday excursion Mr. White has had the pleasure of seeing and it must have been apparent at a glance how much innocent enjoyment and recreation there was in it. The crowd was an orderly one just the same as always his gone on the Sunday excursions; there was no liquor sold on the boat and there was no evidence of those farm and fence destroyers, that, according to the speeches of one or two of the members of the legislature, roamed at large on Sunday along the banks of the St. John. The camp meeting people were glad to greet the big crowd, glad to have the chance to impress upon them that fact that many of them were not living the life they should and urging them to reform. More than that they were glad to take in the generous collection and to serve meals to the hungry residents of the city. There isn't much profit, as a rule, feeding a man who goes to the country for thirty or forty cents a dinner, but it is astonishing how many country people are trying to do it.

Next Sunday the Victoria will go up river again, this time to Gagetown where all the yachts will be, and the chaplain of the fleet will preach a sermon in the afternoon which of course all the excursionists will be expected to attend. They will not be refused a return passage if they omit this duty but still as the boat can only run to hear sermons preached in the midst of nature they of course will not fail to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them. The boat will leave Indiantown at 10 o'clock local and will leave Gagetown in ample time to reach the city before dark.

Kept Sunday on Tuesday.

Those who drove down the Mahogany Road on Sunday saw something that would have shocked those members of the legislature who voted for better observance of the Sabbath. Ordinarily the residents of Lancaster are very strict people in their relation to Sunday. Even those who are slightly afflicted mentally have been prevented by the officers of the institution in which they are from strolling about as usual outside the grounds but when a man was seen hauling a load of wood along Mahogany road Sunday afternoon there was no doubt in the minds of some that he was non compos mentis and did not know the difference between Saturday and Sunday. This was true enough but he wasn't an inmate of the asylum but a well-known resident of that section. It seems that he had got Sunday and Tuesday mixed and was keeping the latter day instead of the Sabbath. He lives with his two maiden sisters and there is neither clock, calendar or almanac in the house. Needless to say they do not indulge either in daily newspapers and know nothing of what is going on about them.

Fit Stable for the Company.

In these days of competitive life insurance when agents vie with each other as to the profits their company will give the generous policy holder it is interesting to note that a short time ago a gentleman died in this city who had a policy of \$4000 on his life which was fully paid up in 1898 over thirty years ago. And yet under the terms of that policy his widow received nothing more than the face of the policy. It would be interesting to know, taking into consideration the different rates of interest since that time, what this policy would have amounted to. Perhaps some insurance agent can tell us.

Troubles of Two Chiefs.

The tea mystery at the police court had about did out when Liquor Inspector Jones set a lot of people by the ears by sending a letter to the safety board requesting that he alone should have the key to the room where the liquor that is seized by him and by the policeman is kept.

He had some reason for his request no doubt but the inspector is a hard man to interview though he was a newspaper man once. He told Progress when approached that his letter to the safety board defined his position. As chief inspector he was responsible for any liquor confiscated and he was supposed to account for all the liquor that was sold. This he would not undertake to do unless he alone had a key to the room where it was kept, hence his request to the safety board. There is not much doubt but what it will be granted. Some time ago the magistrate made an order to the same effect but the inspector did not get the key. It is understood that the magistrate had plenty of reasons for his course in this respect.

It would naturally be considered that the police station would be the safest place in the world for personal property but according to the statement the chief made to an alderman it must be most insecure. He said that the janitor had two bottles of gin in his own room and that they disappeared and yet nobody had a key to the janitor's room but the janitor. This story is enough to provoke a smile in the light of recent events and especially when the sterling character of the much respected janitor is taken into consideration.

An effort is being made to set apart a room for Detective King where he can keep the papers necessary to the cases he is working upon and store the stolen goods he may recover. This has been opposed in the past but since the tea fiasco it is likely that the request will be granted.

Alderman Seaton seems to be after the scalp of Chief John Kerr of the fire department and on Monday when the Safety board meet he had quite an animated conversation on the subject of Fabric hose.

The main business of the board was to award the tenders for 1,500 feet of hose and there were many kinds and prices submitted to them. Mr. Thomas Ogle of Toronto was on the scene. He represents the hose manufacturers of whom W. H. Thorne & Co are the agents here and whenever there is a suspicion of hose Mr. Ogle takes a trip this way. There was a time when the name of Barnes of Boston and the sale of hose were closely associated but that period has gone by and now it is Ogle of Toronto. When he gets the order for hose it is all right but when he doesn't—as it happened unexpectedly after the Indian town fire—there is trouble for somebody. He is not a large man but he is energetic and knows all of the eldermen who take any interest in hose. While enjoying his dry smoke he will talk hose or anything all day and keep thinking about an order all the time. He is the gentleman who has sold so much Eureka hose to St. John at \$1.05 a foot and it must have been a great surprise to him this time to have the committee choose another brand and a cheaper one. But somebody made the motion that a 75 cent jacket hose be selected and the board voted for surprise.

This was not as pleasing to the chief of the department as if they had accepted his recommendation and this was how he and Ald. Seaton, got into the controversy. The chief is a quick man, quick in his movements, in his speech and in his temper and a cooler opponent often gets the advantage of him. Ald. Seaton who was chairman of the safety board years ago, has a good memory and he recalled the fact that the chief had once recommended Baker Fabric, a hose that was not much good at the last big fire. Chief Kerr was vigorous in his denial and the ex-chairman just as emphatic in his statement. The matter wasn't important but the conversation was interesting—so much so in fact that the chairman called both men to order.

Here is where Mr. Ogle came in. "Tom" as they who know him well call him, was on the outside and it seems that Ald. Seaton knew if he went out of the room quietly and discovered the man from Tor-

onto. He was not only there but his dispatch book was handy too and by it he proved in part the truth of Ald. Seaton's statements. It seems that at one time Newcastle wanted some hose and Mr. Ogle was on deck as usual. He was telling them how well Baker Fabric would suit them and they decided to ask the Halifax and St. John fire department chiefs what they thought of it. Chief Kerr wined back that it was a good hose. As somebody remarked just afterwards, a hose might be good for Newcastle and yet not good for St. John, the conditions being so different.

But Ald. Seaton was happy and the incident no doubt afforded some satisfaction to Mr. Ogle in the light of recent events.

THE SCOTCH OF HALIFAX.
And the Effect it Had Upon a Visiting American.

A gentleman from Halifax was given some verses in the Annapolis valley the other day by an American who had been in the town by the sea and was so impressed with it that he endeavored to put his misery in rhyme. This is what he evolved.

Down on the Coast of Nova Scotia
Lies a town that I'll never forget
'Tis Halifax! Dearest old Halifax!
With its atmosphere dewy and wet.

A nice little place is this Halifax
Not many great sights there to see
But 'tis man always gets what he desires
Is that quaint little town by the sea; I did—

Aid much more than was due me
When my friend, Mr. Harry B. Clark
Made me 'take a long drink of Scotch whisky
Well—

Am groping round y't in the dark
Like a man I walked into the Bar Room
Took a Scotch—It went straight to my head;
Great Scott—they have made some sad error
And they've given me poison instead.

That thought like a race horse went fishing
Through my brain; 'twould have done so to you
Till I saw Mr. Blank take a goblet
And drink up a gallon or two.

Then—The King of the Bovey
With a smile that was childlike and bland
Arrived on a rush from his office
With a green-back clutched tight in his hand
Have a drink—Here's my money—He shouted
'Tis a man I would like to see
No head in the morning—Feel badly
'Tis a fact a real fact—I don't think
Kim SaLaney's the whisky for me boys
Is this tale that you hear from Mike Brown
As he opens his mouth for a moment
And lets the Scotch whisky run down.

No Bar is complete there without it
Here's a secret—'Tis 'twixt you and me
They guzzle it—wash in it—swim in it
Is that, 'quaint little town by the sea.

FRANKIE WAS ONLY SLEEPING.
But the Police and His Relatives Thought he had Been Kidnapped.

The majority of children have the happy faculty of losing themselves in such a way as to give serious alarm to their friends at times, and to generally upset the neighborhood in which they live.

The other day while a severe thunderstorm was passing over the city the members of a family residing on the lower end of Union street bethought themselves of the three year old hopeful who had been playing on the sidewalk in front of the house a little while before.

To the repeated calls there was no response and in a remarkably short time one family in that vicinity was in a pretty advanced stage of excitement. None of the children with whom the missing child was in the habit of playing knew anything of his whereabouts and in fact he had disappeared completely. Police officers were notified and given a description of the boy.

The little fellow was missed about two o'clock and it was nearly five when a cry of "I faint det down" was heard proceeding from a store room adjoining the kitchen.

Investigation found the child just awakened from a long sleep on top of a lot of old furniture on which were some unused rugs. A little pet kitten had shared his slumber and the two were unconscious of the excitement they had caused. With the aid of a chair, afterwards removed, he had climbed to his present position and fallen asleep; but the family got a bad scare just the same.

Mr. Stevenson's Great Catch.

PROGRESS had a call from Mr. James Stevenson of the Marsh bridge yesterday morning and he was a proud man because he carried in his hand the handsomest and largest trout that had been caught in this vicinity for some time. The fish was just two feet long and weighed nearly seven pounds. Mr. Stevenson

captured it in Treadwell's Lake and it is but one of the many large ones that have come from that queer sheet of water within the last year. Progress has stated before that for many years no fish were caught in this lake. In fact it was and is generally believed that there were no fish there. There were no signs of any—such signs as are always present where there are trout. But one day Mr. Treadwell went into his house in an excited manner and announced that he had seen a fish leap out of the water in the lake. His wife and sons took their heads when he persisted in his statements and went away quietly without contradicting them. Where did the fish come from, that was the mystery. The lake had been pronounced a mineral one without inlet or outlet and fish had not been known to live there. So Mr. Eph. Treadwell wasn't believed for a time. He tried his best to prove the truth of what he said by catching a trout but he couldn't for a long time. Mr. Stevenson had faith in the story and he tried to but he fished many times and many hours before he was lucky. Then the trout began to take the hook and the big ones to put in an appearance. It took Mr. Stevenson an hour to land his last big one and only a fisherman can imagine the sport he had.

Gave him a Month's Grace.

When Ald. McGoldrick got notice that the government intended to sell the building he has done business in for so many years and wanted him to get out by the second day of August he put his thinking cap on and decided that it was an impossibility. The reason of this was that his big sheds had about four hundred and fifty tons of iron, metal, and rope in them and that quantity cannot be moved in a few days. But the removal began and a large portion of his stock is being transferred every day to the Robertson warehouse which he has leased. He proposes to put up a new building in the lot he recently purchased at York Point. The sale of the buildings was to take place on Wednesday but that of the McGoldrick property was postponed for a month when proper representation was made to the department.

A Freak of Lightning.

The sharp thunder and lightning storm of Tuesday made somewhat of a sensation in many quarters of the city. An after dinner group were seated in one of the windows of the Dufferin hotel watching the storm and enjoying the hurried flight of pedestrians caught without an umbrella when suddenly there was a sharp hiss and a flash of lightning played about them. A parlor car conductor whose feet were resting on the radiator felt a sharp shock which must have slipped from him and jumped to the arm of his neighbor a resident of this city. There was a perfect circle of flame about the head of a C. P. R. conductor who lost no time in making a move. It is rare indeed that lightning plays such a freak and does so little damage.

Enjoying Themselves in St. John.

Mr. Geo. Deyo, a well known actor who has visited St. John many times, and Mr. Thomas Burns, also a favorite in the profession and at one time a member of Lanergan's company in this city, have been trying the effect of St. John air, rain, fog and sunshine upon their constitutions for the past two or three weeks. They are, apparently, enjoying their vacation. One day this week they went to Loch Lomond and tried to fish. It is related of Mr. Deyo that his luck was of a phenomenal nature. If there was a slight discrepancy in the value the fish he caught and the rod he took with him it was but one feature of the pleasant trip they had.

A Warning for Nothing.

Steam from a roof covered with tar paper caused the fire department to hurry in answer to an alarm on Tuesday just before the big shower. A well known ex-alderman pulled the hook. He saw what he took to be smoke arising from the roof of the building, the roof of which heated by the sun began to steam where the first slight shower fell. The fireman didn't like getting a warning for nothing and their expressions were more forcible than elegant.

Band in the Park Again.

The hardware clerks have engaged a band to play in the Park this afternoon. They are bound to enjoy their half holiday.

SLY CINNAMON BEAR'S.

UNLIKE THE GRIZZLY, HE FIGHTS MAN WITH HIS HEAD.

One That got a Wolf to Lure his Victim and Fleared an Ambush—Tracts Worked out to Deceive Hunters—Cinnamon Bears to be Dreaded.

'It goes without dispute' said an old hunter of big game, 'that the grizzly bear is the largest wild beast in America, and it is another fact that he is always in fighting mood and does not know what fear is; but there is another member of his family who can teach him new dodges every day in the week. I refer to the cinnamon bear. Nature gave both species pretty near the same bulk and made them to eat of the same food and to take up their abodes in the same locality, and at first sight about the only difference seems to be in the color. It's only after you have studied the cinnamon that you know he has ten times the craft and cunning of the grizzly. His natural ferocity is something to be guarded against, but the hunter who matches his natural cunning has cause to pat himself on the back.

'Run across a grizzly where you may, the chances are nine-nine out of a hundred that he will utter a 'wool' and charge you. It's in him to be boss of the roost and to walk over everything that lives. If a hunter were forty feet above the earth, with no possible way to come at him, the grizzly would still charge. On the contrary, it is only one time in a hundred that the cinnamon will make an attack without having sized up the situation. He has no more fear of man than the other, and he will fight as gamely against odds, but he has his own way of doing things and he seldom departs from it. This way of his is full of tricks and has cost many a hunter grievous wounds or death. When a grizzly discovers a camp he sets forth to drive out the intruders. In his anger and determination he takes little pains to conceal his approach. He may thus expose himself to rifle fire long before he can do any damage. The cinnamon may be as fierce to attack, but he first spies out the ground and all the advantages, and he has a tender regard for his own skin while playing executioner.

'In the Colorado mountains, in the year 1880, we had a hunting party of five. Added to this number were a negro cook and a half-breed to care for the pack mules. The distance from the camp to the spring, in our first camp, was about twenty rods. This was over boulders and through underbrush and took one quite out of sight. We had seen no sign of grizzlies, but we came to know after a day or two that a cinnamon had spotted our camp. His way would be to ambush us as individuals, and all were ordered to be overcautious. Nothing was heard from him for three days and nights. Then he came down and went into ambush behind a big boulder close to the spring. Soon after daylight the cook turned out and went for water. The caution about the bear had been forgotten and it cost him his life. As he stopped over the spring with his pail the bear skulked upon him, and as he straightened up a blow on the head from one of those big paws killed him in his tracks. The bear then returned to his ambush to wait for another victim. After a quarter an hour the half-breed began to wonder what detained the cook. He had started for the spring when the mules gave notice that big game was about. A bit of breeze had come up and brought them the scent. The man had no idea that the bear was so near, but he was incited to vigilance. As he reached the boulder he paused, and after a minute he heard the hiding beast making a gurgling noise in his throat. Softly retreating to camp he quietly rounded the five of us. We got out without confusion, but the crafty cinnamon had taken himself off.

'After the tragedy we moved camp about three miles. About midnight of the first night a timber wolf took up his position in a mass of rock thirty yards away and began howling in a diemal manner. It was a pretty dark night with little chance to use a gun, and the half-breed picked up three or four stones and walked out to the mass and sent them crashing against it. The noise drove the wolf away and we heard no more of him that night. He returned on the second night, however, and set up the same song, and, again the half-breed pegged at him with stones. He hung on much longer this time and the man also went much closer. We regarded the matter as a trifling incident, even when the wolf returned on the third night. Most of us were awake when the half-breed went forth to drive the howler away. The man was mad and his idea was to get near enough to thump the wolf in the ribs with a rock. He advanced on tiptoes and was about to pass to the left of the big mass when he smelt bear and shouted an alarm. We roused out in time to hear both wolf and bear retreat. Next morning we found the tracks of the latter

and also the spot where had stood waiting. 'This was about the way of it: On the first night both bear and wolf were speaking about to size up the camp. The wolf howled and the half-breed went out to drive him away. That gave the bear his cue, and he made it up with the wolf to come and howl on the second and third nights. The idea was to draw the man from camp unarmed and ambush him. It was a put up job, and but for his sense of smell the man would have fallen into the trap.

'Next day we scattered over the mountain, each for himself. I had been out a couple of hours when I saw a cinnamon making across the open for a thicket beyond. He was out of range, and as I watched him ambling along I saw him look back once or twice in a way which convinced me that he knew of my presence. I marked out the easiest approach to the thicket, believing that the old fellow had gone to his den, and I kept my eyes about me as I went along. I had covered half the distance when I found myself heading for a boulder as big as a house. I was within fifty feet of it when I got a feeling of danger and made a circuit to the right and under the shelter of the pines. When I had reached a point which enabled me to see the far side of the boulder I saw a cinnamon hiding there in ambush and waiting for me to walk into his embrace. I couldn't make out head or tail from where I was, but I let drive a bullet at his bulk and heard him grunt as he lumbered away. As he made straight for the same thicket I knew it to be the same bear I had seen before. In the first place, the cunning beast had shown himself to me to draw me on. He had gone into the thicket at one spot and come out at another, and had come half way to meet me. Perhaps you will charge me with lack of sand, but I did not follow up that bear. That little dodge of his made me uneasy.

'Next day two Indian hunters came into camp, and after hearing about the bear they put us up to a trick which resulted badly for him. We believed the bear I had seen behind the boulder to be the same beast that had killed the cook at our first camp, and of course we thirsted for revenge. We first cut a down a tree about the size of a man's body. Then we made a cut which gave us a piece six feet long. Ropes were fastened to one end, and the short but heavy log was swung from a limb at a height of two feet from the ground. Later in the day when a deer had been killed, the big wooden pendulum was splattered with blood and a portion of the meat hung ten feet above it. When we had finished we returned to camp and lay by until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour we softly approached the scene of our labors, and we were not five minutes ahead of the bear. He would have surely heard or wind-ed us but for his curiosity about that pendulum. It moved back and forth as he licked at the blood, and when he sought to seize the meat above he went rolling over and over. It was not long before he got mad and the way he did go for that pendulum was funny. When he got it to swinging fairly there was weight enough to knock him off his feet, and every blow seemed to increase his fury. At the last he would have tackled the whole crowd had we shown ourselves, but when we had enjoyed the circus for a quarter of an hour we ended it with a volley. The bullet which I had fired into him as he lay in ambush had struck him in the right hand quarter and was found embedded in the meat. It would have made a sore spot for three or four days, but nothing for a bear to bother about.

'We saw no more cinnamon until we

moved our camp over the foothills and up the side of the mountain. We there built a stout hut of tree trunks and roofed it with poles and bark. Provisions for the winter were sent up to us and properly stowed away, and when the first snow came the three of us who were to stay the winter through were as snug as you please. The snow began falling at dusk and ceased at about midnight, and next morning we discovered that a cinnamon had paid us a call. He had circled the hut until he had made a hard path in the snow. He had also approached it closely from front and rear. Now catch on to the trick he attempted to work. He first started off to the west, leaving a plain trail going toward a big ravine. After going forty rods he made a circuit, came back to the hut and took a departure due south. He traveled a quarter of a mile, made another circuit and returned to make another departure.

'At first we thought three bears had left their trails, but it so happened that the sly old fellow had met with some sort of accident to one of his feet and a peculiar track was the result. We presently got on to this and then made sure that one bear had made three trails. Why did he do it? We figured it out over our object was to divide our force in case of pursuit, and to enable him to ambush the single man who hit the true trail. Being busy with affairs at the hut, we did not follow up the third trail to afternoon, and then we had not gone about a mile when we discovered that Bruin had gone into ambush behind a bush and had likely remained there for some hours. He had departed before we came up, however, having got tired of waiting. He had purposely left a broad trail as far as the bush, but in his further progress he had taken every pains to conceal it.

'We made up our minds to hunt for nothing else until we had taken the pelt off that cinnamon. Next day we hunted in company, but did not turn him up. We had no luck on the second day, but on the morning of the third we found that he had paid us another night call. This time he left only one trail, and after breakfast my companions took it up. I remained behind on account of a lame leg. At about 10 o'clock I took a pail and started for a creek about a hundred feet away, leaving the door of the hut open. I had covered half the distance when I heard the snow crunch I looked up to see the cinnamon not thirty feet away. He had made a circuit of fully twelve miles over a rough country and returned and gone into hiding in rear of the hut.

'He had me cut off when I caught sight of him, and with knowing what I did I dropped the pail and swarmed up a small pine close at hand. It was thirty feet to the first limb, but the bear did not rush me. On the contrary, he did not advance to the tree until I had a leg over the limb. Then he came slowly up and sat down and looked at me as if he had never seen a man before. I knew he couldn't climb up after me and for a time felt perfectly easy. I didn't know that he had made such a long circuit and it would be hours before my friends showed up. Indeed, I expected them to appear very soon, and my idea was to keep the bear from making off. I shouted at him, pelted him with bark and sought to stir him up. He growled a little, but it also struck me that he grinned as well. He kept his place for about ten minutes and then started for the hut. I yelled at him and made as if I would come down, but he never turned his head.

'The cinnamon was in the hut about half an hour. I dared not leave my perch and he had things his own way. He simply cleaned out the shanty. Nothing which he could destroy escaped him. Our winter outfit of clothing, bedding and provisions was washed up in first class style, and when there was nothing left for his claws and teeth to work on he came out and took a look at me. I was still there, half frozen and mad enough to eat my hat, and after a squint at me the beast made off. He was in no hurry, and looked back now and then, but I waited a good half hour before sliding down. Besides fooling us as he did, the bear did about \$200 worth of damage and made no end of trouble. We got up a new outfit after a heap of bother and delay, and then we each took a solemn vow never to return to our homes till the cinnamon's scalp went with us. It is one thing to vow and an-



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other to kill a bear. We found the old fellow's trail a dozen times over, and we followed it for scores of miles, but we never got sight of him. 'I have told only of the cunning of the cinnamon, but let no reader imagine that he lacks courage. He prefers to steer clear of a man with a gun in his hands, but when brought to bay he is more to be dreaded than the grizzly. He is quicker in his movements and as hard to kill, and the fleetest-footed Indian stands no chance of escaping him over a rough country.'

COLLEGE EXPENSES

What it Cost Depends on the College and the Student.

What does it cost to go to college? No exact answer can be given. A great deal depends on the college, and more on the young man or woman. One man does not even regard it as a sacrifice to dispense with certain things which another deems indispensable. A graduate of a New England college, filling out the blank in a list of questions asking him what he meant to do after leaving, wrote: 'Nothing but to spend money.' Perhaps he was not quite serious; but a young man who could give such an answer even jestingly, probably had more money to spend than was good for him.

Inquiries about the expenses of students were recently made at thirty representative colleges. The answers show a wide range, from two hundred and fifty dollars a year to one thousand dollars; and at women's colleges from three hundred and fifty dollars a year at Mount Holyoke to five hundred at Radcliffe or Vassar. Clothing is not included; but the figures are supposed to represent the average expenditures of students who have a serious purpose, but who also enter heartily into college life, belonging to societies and supporting student organizations.

On one point all the answers agree. Not even at the largest universities, where there is most extravagance among some students, is a student who works for his own support looked down upon by the others. Colleges are highly democratic, and that form of snobbishness which despises a man because he is poor is almost unknown in them.

Most colleges remit the tuition fees or give other aid to needy students, and many take special measures to help them to employment. Endowments and scholarship funds have been so increased that there probably never was a time when a really earnest young man or woman could go through college with less money, do better work or have more enjoyment than now.

Endless.

An Irish man who served on board a man-of-war, says Oxford Democrat (Maine), was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow line of considerable length that was dragging over the taffrail. After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of the line which put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by an officer: 'Sure its as long as to day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or arm it will lave last! What! More of it? Och, murther! They say its mighty deep to be shure!'

After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and looking up to the officer on the watch, he exclaimed: 'Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't believe somebody's cut off the other ind o' this line!'

Women and Tips.

A woman once said that the biggest proof of moral courage was not to see an unsatisfactory porter. She had risen to that height just once in a long, brave and useful life. 'Tipping in return for good service is a holy joy and privilege,' she said, 'but when we give a tip that we know is undeserved we're acting from mean, cowardly vanity. We can't face the idea of what that miserable wretch will think of us. We're afraid he'll consider it stinginess rather than a just punishment, and so we put up money for his approval if we can't conscientiously pay him for anything else, and he laughs at us inside as he pockets the coin and gives us a flip or two of his whisk broom to help us delude ourselves into the idea that he was not undeserving.'

'And it's the same way in cafes. I've had a waiter bring me my meal any old

way, leave me without water, ignore my beckoning glance, give me the hot things cold and the cold things warm and then at finger bowl time suddenly become my devoted, obsequious slave, putter around me straightening dishes and moving my glass from one side to the other and tucking me into my coat with such a frankly mercenary change of attitude it was all I could do not to ask him where his sense of humor was.

'And yet when he came running back with his little tray of change, full of affable deference, ready to serve me with his life if necessary, the poor, mean, flatterable part of me would get down in my fingers, and I'd leave part of the change for him every time whether I could afford it or not, and he'd bow and pull back my chair and probably say in his heart: 'You poor fool. You're easy.' It is out and out bunko. But I resisted it once, and heaven help me, I shall do it again before I die.—Puritan.

The August Number of the Delineator.

It is called the midsummer number and presents a complete analysis, by illustration and description, of all that is latest and most fashionable in the world of dress. The special articles of the magazine are characterized by a high literary tone, and the household, social and departmental discussions are on the usual distinctive plane of excellence. In this number appear two Turn Pike Sketches by Sarah Norcliffe Clegborn, marked by a delightfully quaint New England flavor. Besta, S. E. A. Higgins, tells the sweet and story of the first nun of California, who found relief from crushing sorrow by devoting her life to others. Something of the halo of romance and mysticism that surrounds women of the east is dispelled in veiled women of the orient by Laura B. Starr. Coming events in the academic world make College News, by Corelyn Halsted, an agreeable chapter. In club women and club life, by Helen M. Winslow, the history of the club movement in Georgia is accurately sketched. Girls' interests and occupations by Lafayette McLaws forms a new melange of pertinent notes and hints. Two sprightly home entertainments are embraced in A Psychological Game, by Edith Dickson, and a proverb party by Ida Kenniston. Of particular household value are the domestic subjects: The children in summer, by Phoebe W. Humphreys, Sala's without oil, by Nina Gordon and emergency dinners, by Elma Witherspoon. In addition is the entertaining and instructive monthly miscellany: The departments fancy stitches and embroideries, Emma Haywood, social observations, by Mrs. Frank Learned, the milliner, the dressmaker, knitting, crocheting, among the newest books, etc., etc.

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Subscription price of The Delineator, \$1.00 a year, single copies, 15 cents.

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Music and The Drama

TORONTO AND UNDERSTONES.

DeWolf Hopper and 'El Capitain' are pleasing Londoners mightily according to the glowing reports of the successful English debut which blew across the water last week.

Whitney Mockridge has been engaged by the Royal Choral society of London to sing the tenor part in Coleridge Taylor's 'Hiawatha,' which will be produced next March.

Mr. Chapman, who has been for some years director of the Maine Musical festival, will give a musical festival in the White mountains beginning August 16. The closing concert in this festival will take place in the new music room of Hotel Waumbek, which will be dedicated on that occasion.

The Maine Musical festival will open in Portland on Sept. 18, continuing in that city to Sept. 21 when it opens in Bangor. The artists who will appear are Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Mme. Charlotte Macondes, Mrs. Eva Gardner Coleman, Miss Carrie Bridewell, Miss Bertha Cushing; Frank V. F. Pollock and William C. Weeden, tenors; Julian Walker and Gwyllim Miles, baritone; Hans Kronold, cellist, and Richard Burmeister, pianist. And in addition there will be the Maine Symphony orchestra of seventy pieces and a chorus of 1,000 voices, under Mr. Chapman's direction.

The novelist D'Annunzio has promised to write a libretto for Mascagni, the subject to be taken from the 'Orlando Furioso' Ariosto.

The principal artists secured by Maurice Grau for his American tour are Meedames Nordica and Calve, Messrs. Edouard de Reszke, Van Dyck, Bingham, Placon, Bevianni, and as conductor Signor Mancinelli. Alvarez was coming over with the Ellis company and because of its abandonment is likely to be added to the Grau forces. He has hitherto refused to accept an engagement in the same company with Jean de Reszke, but Jean is not coming to America this season, so that there seem to be no obstacles to our seeing and hearing this wonderful artist. Mme. Schumann-Heink will join the Grau company in California after her appearance at the Worcester festival.

The Worcester festival in September will as usual be the formal opening of the musical season of 1899-'00. The principal singers will be Evangelina Florence, soprano; Schumann-Heink, contralto; Evan Williams, tenor, and Firsong-Davies and Gwyllim Miles, baritone. Madame Calve had a narrow escape from death while driving in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris recently, says the Musical Age. A young man driving a light phaeton became so excited on seeing the diva that he lost control of his horse, which was evidently equally enamored of the famous singer, for it endeavored to climb into her carriage. As a result Mme. Calve very narrowly escaped with her life, and the animal completely wrecked the vehicle. It is a curious thing that one of Mme. Calve's spiritistic friends warned her that an accident would take place that day if she went out driving; but although generally a believer in such warnings the singer preferred to run the risk, taking the precaution however, to leave her black poodle at home.

Last week Edna May sang in London at the residence of the Duke and Duchess of York a Russian song translated for her by Lawrence Irving, Sir Henry Irving's young son.

Perosi had a great disappointment when some of his works were produced in Vienna recently, for in spite of the fact that his friends and powerful men in the church made a great personal effort, the experiment cost him nearly 16,000 florins, says an exchange. His admirers presented him

with a handsome baton, which probably would have made an unpleasant sound if knocked against his empty treasury box. He returned to Rome utterly discouraged. The Austrian papers say "The Perosi Bubble has burst."

H. J. Storer, the young musician in Steiner building, is said to be meeting with marked success in compositions of the more pretentious character, particularly adapted for band use.

Lilli Lehmann and Victor Maurel are giving a recital of German and French songs similar to the concerts they gave in New York last winter. M. Maurel is not to return to the New York next year. He will sing in Russia, Germany and Italy, returning to Paris in February to create the title role in a new opera by Baron Erlanger, composer of 'Ines Meunier.' It is to be called 'Hans Mathis,' and is based on the Erkmann-Chatrian play, 'Le Juif Polonais,' known in English as 'The Bells.'

The music for the comic opera version of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' with which Francis Wilson will open the Knickerbocker next fall, has been completed. Victor Herbert is its composer. The book which Harry B. Smith is writing is not finished yet.

May Buckley and Wilmot H. Garlick, a millionaire oil man, of Toronto, O., were married on June 16, at Ogden, Utah. Miss Buckley will appear in a new Japanese opera in London next season.

Charles Graham, who wrote 'The Picture That is Turned Toward the Wall,' 'Two Little Girls in Blue' and many similar songs, died among strangers, unrecognized, in Bellevue Hospital last Saturday.

'The Amer' cast will include Frank Daniels, Kate Uart, Helen Redmond, Mr. Danforth and W. F. Rochester. The musical scene by Victor Herbert, and the book by Ranken and La Shelle, are already in the hands of the copyist and orchestrator.

Isidore De Lara's new opera, 'Messaline,' first produced at Monte Carlo, was seen for the first time at Covent Garden London, on Thursday last.

A new opera, by Jacobowski, entitled 'The Tarentella,' was produced in Chicago this week.

Mr. Sousa has received a cablegram from Mr. Charles Klein in London announcing that the German and Austrian rights for 'El Capitain' have been sold.

Richard Burmeister, the pianist, was married to Miss Anne Atkins June 29, on at Farmville, Va.

Emil Sauer says that this being the age for machinery that takes the place of man, all our piano playing will soon be done automatically.

An unknown opretta by Johann Strauss is said to have been found in the library of the Theatre an der Wien. It is the first work of the kind he ever attempted, except two acts of a piece called 'Romulus' which he laid aside because it did not please him. The libretto of the opretta, which is called 'The Merry Wives of Vienna,' was written by the humorist Joseph Braun and pleased Strauss exceedingly. He intended to have the chief part sung by Josefina Gallmeyer, a favorite opera singer but Strauss had a contract with the Theatre an der Wien that all his works should be produced there, and when Gallmeyer went to the Cartheatre the work was laid aside. Shortly afterward she died and he was never able to find another who he thought could play the part as he wanted. Consequently it was never produced. Strauss is to have a statue of his own in Vienna, for it has been decided to erect a memorial to the three dance Kings, Strauss the elder, Lanner and Strauss the younger. Just what form the statue will take has not been decided, but it will be something worth seeing, for a very large sum of money has been subscribed for that purpose. While on the subject of Strauss of it may be worth while to mention that he once gave lessons on the violin to William of Germany, who was anxious to know something of dance music. Motil, the conductor, and Henriette, his singing wife, have the whooping cough and will not be able to take part in the Bayreuth performances this year. Nikisch and Richter will conduct alternately the Symphony concerts, writes Philip Hale. Clayton Johns has been one of the musical lions of the season in London. His songs have figured prominently in the most important concert programmes, and he has played with great success at many smart musicales.

A musical curiosity which anyone interested is privileged to view is Oliver Holden's organ, upon which he possibly perfected his famous hymn 'Coronation.' It has been presented to the Bostonian society and is on exhibition in a room on the first street floor of the old State house. When the instrument is closed

it bears no resemblance to an organ of modern make; it looks more like an old fashioned combination bookcase and writing desk. At present the bellows is a little imperfect, and the whole instrument is sensitive to climatic changes, as might be expected, considering its age, but it is said that it could be put in working order without much difficulty. The compass is four and a half octaves, certainly limited, but capable of good production. Knobs at each end of the keyboard regulate the volume of tone, and make up the few steps of the venerable instrument. The date of building is unknown. A brass plate above the keyboard indicates that the instrument was made by Astor & Co., 39 Cornhill, London. The organ was given to the society under the will of the late Francis A. Tyler of Boston.

Lola Hetherington writes as follows in the Boston Times: Concert goes next winter will listen to the compositions of Leoncavallo with a new interest—not altogether pleasant, for it is impossible to separate the lives, characteristics and manner of the living of our authors and composers from their works. The story of Leoncavallo's escapade which was cabled to the United States last week reflected upon an American girl, too, a bitter drop to the sadness of it. She was Alice D. Moffatt of Philadelphia, more or less successful as an artist and singer, and very wealthy. Her career had been romantic and among her admirers was no less a person than the King of Serbia. The tragedy which was to close her life began when she met the composer of 'I Pagliaccio' at a gay supper three years ago in Paris. She was infatuated with him and felt that she had nothing more to live for when he married last year. In April she went to Paris to be near the object of her great affection, and last week committed suicide. Her last hours were spent weeping before the photograph of the composer, who looked down upon her sorrow with untearing eyes.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Ober Ammergau Passion Play pictures drew appreciative audiences to the opera house the beginning of the week; the clearness and beauty of the different scenes were wonderfully developed. The least said about the lecture which accompanied it the better. It was simply terrible and turned what must have been otherwise a most impressive solemnity on the part of the audience into a spirit of levity and irreverence.

A real treat is in store for patrons of the Opera House next week in the engagement of J. K. Emmet and Lottie Gilson who during their stay will present Fritz in a Mad House, and Jane. Mr. Emmet and Miss Gilson occupy high places in their profession and both names are associated with all that is purely mythical. It is not often that such well known people come our way and an effort should be made to give them a very hearty welcome. A young St. John lady who saw the company in Hallifax writes a member of PROGRESS staff as follows: "I am having a very pleasant time here (barring the fog which manages to obscure even the most anticipated pleasures) but I would like to be in St. John next week when Emmet and Gilson are with you; though I've seen them nearly every night so far I could stand another week of them easily. They are excruciatingly funny and the general verdict here is that they are the funniest people Halifax has ever had."

On Wednesday next the Misses Furlong will give their annual concert in the Mechanic's Institute—an event to which music lovers look forward with much pleasure. That their anticipations will be realized this year, there is not the slightest doubt. Miss Kathleen Furlong's voice has improved wonderfully in the past year, and those who have heard her since her return are enthusiastic over her singing. Messrs. Kelly, Seely and Dunn will assist vocally. Miss Helen Furlong whose ability as a violinist is so well known will of course take part as will also Miss Furlong and Miss Marie. Altogether the programme promises to be one of unusual interest and merit.

PROGRESS has received a copy of a new song, "Only a Dying Soldier," words and music by R. A. A. Chase, Worcester, Mass. It is a composition of more than ordinary merit, and will become very popular. The composer was for two seasons a valued member of H. Price Webber's Boston Comedy Company, and has also

written and published the new "American March the 'Josephine Lancers," besides other pleasing compositions. The Boston Museum reopens Aug. 28 with Roland Reed. Mrs. Fiske will go to London next spring to play "Tess." David Belasco will send out a second "Zaza" company next season. Mrs. Leslie Carter is ambitious to appear as Lady Macbeth next season. Fay Templeton and Mrs. Adelaide Hermann are to enter the vaudeville ranks. It is reported that the profit of "The Christian" season personal to Viola Allen was \$48,000. Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellaw are to produce a Hebrew play entitled, 'The Ghetto' and modelled after Zingwill's story. Kyrle Bellaw has completed a powerful winter will listen to the compositions of Leoncavallo with a new interest—not altogether pleasant, for it is impossible to separate the lives, characteristics and manner of the living of our authors and composers from their works. The story of Leoncavallo's escapade which was cabled to the United States last week reflected upon an American girl, too, a bitter drop to the sadness of it. She was Alice D. Moffatt of Philadelphia, more or less successful as an artist and singer, and very wealthy. Her career had been romantic and among her admirers was no less a person than the King of Serbia. The tragedy which was to close her life began when she met the composer of 'I Pagliaccio' at a gay supper three years ago in Paris. She was infatuated with him and felt that she had nothing more to live for when he married last year. In April she went to Paris to be near the object of her great affection, and last week committed suicide. Her last hours were spent weeping before the photograph of the composer, who looked down upon her sorrow with untearing eyes.

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

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to do turns in a San Francisco music hall. Those who happen to be in possession of indisputable facts on both these subjects declare that it has the greatest fun in the world to exploit their knowledge within earshot of Lady Babbie. 'It makes her hopping mad,' declared a little San Francisco soubrette last evening, 'to have any of us who knew her twenty years ago remind her of the old 'Frisco days.'—New York Telegraph.

It has been reported that W. S. Gilbert was so impressed with the acting of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliot when he saw them in London that he is trying to get their permission to write a play for them.

Richard Mansfield with discard 'Cyrano de Bergerac' next season for the reason that he wants to play more than one part and he cannot do Cyrano in a repertoire, it being too expensive to carry. The price demanded the services of ninety or a hundred people. His other plays can be done with fifteen or twenty.

An inventor has invented a machine to do the applauding in a theatre when the audience neglects its duty. He offered to sell it to a manager the other day, the offer being accompanied by a threat to sell it to another manager in case of refusal. If the machine methods theatrical management go a little further it will be possible to dispense with the audience altogether, and in most cases this will be an advantage to the audience as well.

Broadhurst Brothers have signed contracts with Dr. Leopold Muller transferring to him the Austro-Hungarian and German Rights in 'Why Smith Left Home.' Under this agreement the piece must be produced in Germany not later than January 1, and it will, of course, be played in the German language.

Olga Nethersole has just had a severe surgical operation performed on her throat in London. She is recovering rapidly.

Ada Rehan is to manage Daly's Theatre. Three women are the managers of successful theatres in London, and neither one of them has had a title of the experience of Miss Rehan. The further fact is singled out that the late Mrs. John Drew successfully managed the old Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, for many years after her husband's death with still less practical knowledge, and therefore Miss Rehan's friends are most sanguine of her brilliant success.

The preparations for the 'Passion Play' at Oberammergau next year are in full swing. All the actors for the chief parts have not yet been chosen, but the singers have been selected, and are practicing diligently, in conjunction with the musicians. The part of Christ will be performed, as before, by Anton Lang. Workmen are actively employed on the new buildings which the committee have decided to erect. The auditorium is being covered with an iron roof of not less than forty-five metres span, at a cost of fully 150,000 marks.

From the presses of Robert Howard Russell comes Charles Henry Meltzer's translation into English verse of Gerhart Hauptmann's German fairy play, 'Die versunkene Glocke' ('The Sunken Bell'), in which they say E. H. Sothern and his wife (Virginia Harned) are to act Master Heinrich and Rastendelein next winter. As Mr. and Mrs. Sothern will also have on hand Henry Hamilton's two Dumas plays, 'The King's Musketeer' and 'Monte Cristo,' however, they evidently do not intend to rely too confidently on the Hauptmann piece for public favor.

One of Dr. W. G. Grace's servants had a holiday some time back, and went to Madame Tussaud's. 'I suppose you saw me there?' said the Doctor, on her return. 'Oh no, sir,' was the reply; 'you see, it costs sixpence extra to go into the Chamber of Horrors!'

The explanation was given in perfect innocence; and the famous cricketer is very fond of telling the yarn against himself.

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

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 22

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

NECESSITY OF THE FUTURE.

While the improvement and extensions at Long wharf are creating much interest the people have not yet realized what the improved facilities at this section of the port may mean to them. Only this week the government advertised several buildings along Mill street as expropriated and these we understand are to be removed in order that elevator conveyors and railway tracks may be constructed across the street. The north and south ends of the city will be connected by this narrow thoroughfare and everybody knows just what difficulties present themselves at present to the ordinary traffic. Street cars pass and re-pass on this double track every few minutes and the freight and passenger trains of the Canadian Pacific railway arrive and depart over several tracks which cross the street and enter the union station and freight sheds. At present no trains of the Intercolonial system cross the street. When the improvements are completed and freight trains are constantly arriving and being shunted to and fro across the street what will this mean to the heavy city traffic on the street.

It seems to us that the idea which was mooted some years ago of constructing an overhead drive and foot way from the head of Mill street to the foot of Portland will have to be considered again. If this was contemplated the height of the elevator conveyors would have to be increased no doubt but even this difficulty would have to be overcome for the time is near at hand when the safety of the people and convenience to ordinary traffic will demand some change in the street connecting the North and South ends of the city.

England's dispute with the Transvaal remains as it was last week. President KRUGER shows no disposition to yield farther, and England cannot stultify her recent years of peaceful policy by going to war over the differences that remain unduly by the conference of the South African statesmen. An interesting contribution to the literature of the controversy comes from the pen of OLIVE SCHREINER, the South African novelist, who praises the sturdy independence of the Boers. As an Englishwoman who lives among them, she is peculiarly able to speak forcibly on the question. She finds that the English demand a reasonable reform from doubtful motives, which is exactly as the case appears from this distance.

Miss Schreiner finds the Dutchmen of South Africa not so stupid as they are sometimes painted. She declares that they are blending with the English settlers there, and producing a composite race of typical South Africans, which differs from the parent types as do Americans from Englishmen and Germans. They are patriots to the core, she affirms, strong in their love of the soil and undismayed by hardships or danger. "Under the roughest exterior of the up country Boer lies a nature strangely sensitive and conscious of a personal dignity—a people who never forget a kindness and do not easily forget a wrong." Stripped of its imagery and enthusiasm, Miss SCHREINER's description of the Boers makes them much like Englishmen, Germans and Hollanders the world over, fond of home and country, not easily stirred to wrath but irreconcilable when under its sway, stiff-necked and conservative, kindly to those under their roof but cold toward strangers. They are not progressive and they refuse to be coerced into progressiveness, wherein lies their chief sin in the eyes of foreign critics. They have met a

stubborn antagonist in England, and the end is not yet. The war talk of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and others is, however, decidedly premature.

A protest from newspaper correspondents in the Philippines against the censorship there of news dispatches asserts that the military leaders habitually magnify the good news and minimize the bad. The correspondents say that the number of prostrations from heat is far greater than is known at home, that the hospitals have many inmates that the volunteers are far from willing to re-enlist, and that the Filipinos are inspired by a determination and of which we get no hint in official despatches. This protest from the newspaper writers on the field has stirred up the authorities at Washington, as well as the public. The result will be apparent later.

In order to counteract the influence of the unchurched propaganda of the German social democrats both protestant and catholic bodies there are organizing labor unions of their own. These societies by lectures, good books, social meetings and the like keep workingmen under gospel influences and satisfy the same needs in the lives of members that are catered to by the organizations of the social democrats. Already there are 359 such unions, with a membership of over 79,000. It is a genuine Christian work of the most practical sort.

Strikes in Brooklyn and in several mill towns are unwelcome visitors of the week. Now that the manufacturing plants are securing profitable business, it is a pity to have labor and troubles loom up. Strikes hurt both capitalist and laborer.

A RICH MAN'S SIMPLICITY.

He was very wealthy but Ret-ined His Homely Ways. In England the people of the north are much more simple and democratic in their ways, as a rule, than those of the south, who are more affected by London manners. In his book, "Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," Archdeacon Diggle gives an interesting picture of a north-country giver, which brings to mind some of our American men who have grown rich without relinquishing their homely ways.

It chanced that soon after Bishop Fraser came into diocese he had to consecrate one of the finest houses in south Lancashire. It had been built on the benefaction of a manufacturer, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. When the bishop returned from the consecration, he was lost in wonder at Lancashire ways; and he thus told his story to archdeacon.

I got out at B. station, and after a walk of twenty minutes came in sight of the church a mile away. It impressed me with its nobility. I was on my way to the house of Mr. W., the man who had built the church, and I expected to find a fine mansion.

"Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives?" I asked a pedestrian. "Oh, ay," he answered, "in you cottage against yon bank." Thinking there was some mistake, I went on, and presently overtook a girl in her Sunday attire. To make it plain whom I meant, I said to her: "Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives—the gentleman who built this church?" "That's his house," she said pointing to the same cottage. "I'm going to the concert."

Still I was sure there must be some error, but made my way to the door of the cottage. An old woman, simply dressed, answered my summons. I dared not ask if Mr. W. was in, and repeated my question: "Can you tell me where Mr. W. is, who built this church?" "Oh, you're the bishop, are you?" she said. "He's here—he's been expecting you. You'd find him in the kitchen." I ushered into the kitchen, I found an old and fine-looking man seated by the fire smoking a big churchwarden pipe. "So, you've come, have you?" he said to me. "Now like him in good time. There will be a snack o' something when you've done."

"You have done nobly by the district, Mr. W.," I said, grasping the old man by the hand. He returned my hearty squeeze, but seemed surprised. "Now, now," he said. "I made the population here by my mills, so I must do my duty by them."

It was all a very simple matter to this old manufacturer, who still smoked his pipe by his kitchen fire, and so it seemed to his people as well. Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Storm and Shine! I saw a rose by a fair rose tree, A beauty in pink and white; And a face of pink and white had she, And a smile like a summer night. The blue of her eyes from the blue sky came, From the heavenly realms above; To be with her once and to breathe her name, Was to be in divest love.

I passed her gate and I dared to look, And it seemed that she never knew; As her golden hair hung over her book, I lingered a moment or two. I asked a rose, she said no more, Then "they are not mine to give;" The rose entered and closed the door, It is true as for her I live.

I walked the shore of the still sea, Thinking of her the while; By the white sea tree when she flew from me, Behind me many a mile. I turned a point and she stood. Where the white-pine wavelets play; A green path led to a lovely wood, And she hurriedly walked away.

My heart stood still with a sudden fear, The sky turned black with doubt; The glass sea grew wild and drear, And a ship went sailing out. A blending light by a pine tree old, A swiftly flying cloud; A distant rattle of a train, Terrible grand and loud. A mighty crashing bolt of fire, And lo by my side appears; The beautiful form my words inspire, And the stars are all she hears. Louder it grew with sudden tears, And the ocean's wild tide e e e, A woman's heart has its rain of tears. With love in her woman's breast.

I sprang to shield her upon my arm, As a manly man would do; A shelter strong in a wild alarm, She would take whose heart is true. O the rainy tears by her golden head Like the weeping sky found place; And she was so sweet who had I had, And her tresses touched my face.

"I am here, close here, a storm of sighs, And a heart up to my eyes; A nestling face and the dark blue eyes, Where love's deep longings lie. Storm and shine, a id her soul with mine, And mine with hers for life; And sit all from the light divine, "I am in my heart your wife." Ah, why should the love of a woman's soul, Compel her to mask her face; The silent feeling beyond control, Once there she can't get it free. The magic power enthroned within, Will rot at her words away; In some fond moment her heart must win, Affection asserts her sway.

A Summer Flower. A summer flower is my blue eyed flower, Daintiest blossom and best; O' all that bloom, By her sweet river bower; With her laughing mirthful Merry music blith, She's a charming flower with her power, My heart and my love she has away; She is sweeter than a rose summer hour, And she laughs at the dearest things I say. What's the river and its scenes of summer glory, Or the shadows of the elms in the lane; When her face, And its smiling at my story; Is akin to her Teaching me again. She's my happy laughing flower and while, When I look at her and think that we must sever; Mayhap there'll be something not a smile, Though to keep it back from me is good endeavor. She's my flower gay and laughing in the light, But in time of parting then she's away; Come a sadness seeming, Like a lonely night; And her merry Mirthful spirit has away. Should she break and say farewell to me in tears, And lay her face in sorrow near to mine, Ah long and dreary their would be the years, For in my heart forever she is mine.

His New Brother. Yes, I've got a little brother, Never asked for him from mother, But he's here; But I've got him and bought him; For last week the doctor brought him; Ain't it queer? When I heard the news from Molly, Why, I thought 't was jolly; Cans you see I just 'naked I could get him, And our dear mamma would let him Play with me. But when once I had looked at him I cried out, "O dear, it's that him!" They said, "Yes, and you may kiss him!" Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him, He's a right 'un. He's so small, it's just amaz me, And you'd think that he was blasing, He's so red; And his nose is like a berry, And he's bald as Uncle Jerry On his head. He's no kind of good whatever, And he cries as if he'd never, Never stop; We'll sit up you can't arrange him, Oh, why doesn't father change him At the shop! Now we've got to dress and feed him. To pay 'em he really didn't need him, Little frog! And I cannot think my father Should have brought him when I'd rather, Have a dog!

Thirteen. "Thirteen is unlucky," says I to John Gray, That time he got married the 13th of May. But John he just grinned and said I was sore Because it wa'n't me that was getting' Bess Moore. Well, it's twelve years since then and three weeks I was out to John's house in New Mexico. And we had a meet in ten years, I guess; When one day I seen him in Deming with Bess. They coaxed and insisted and vowed I must go To pay 'em a visit at their place, and so I did in their season, and when we got there I thought we'd do it in a Dennybrook Fair. "It's only the children," says Bess, "and I'll send them in right away to see our old friend." And then they come in, the big and the small, And I counted the lot; there was thirteen in all.

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

AN ABUSED WORSHIP. She was Kept Busy but Enjoyed the "Virtues" to her Family. The rather shabbily but spotlessly neat old lady who boarded the train at a small Western station had no sooner seated herself and disposed of her numerous pieces of hand baggage, than she began to cast about for some one to talk to. The kindly face of the middle-aged woman across the aisle seemed to offer some encouragement.

"My folks say I can't ride a mile without striking up an acquaintance with some one," the old lady said, with a smile, "and I guess it's so too; but it always seems to make the time go faster to have some one to talk to and I like to be sociable. If you don't mind I'll come over and set with you."

"That's right, I shall be glad to have you," was the kindly response. "I'm going clear out a hundred miles beyond Denver," volunteered the old lady when she had changed her seat and taken some knitting from her pocket. "Excuse me if I knit while we visit," she said. "I might as well be improving the time. I'm knitting some stockings for a little granddaughter of mine, to kind of help her mother out. Her husband's out of work and they've got five children to provide for and winter coming on, so I've set out to knit two pair of stockings apiece for the children. I like to help out all I can."

"I'm going out to my youngest daughter's now. She telegraphed for me yesterday. Her oldest boy has scarlet fever, and it may run right through the family. She isn't able to hire anybody, so she sent for me and I am going to help her out. I reckon we shall have a pretty hard time of it, but I shan't mind it we pull them through all safe and sound." "Do you live in the town in which you boarded the train?" "Dear me, no! I live in Ohio when I'm home. It's my second son lives there where I got on. He met with an accident eight weeks ago—broke his leg in two places, besides being hurt in other ways, and they sent for me to help them and take care of the children, for his wife had to look after him. We've both had our hands full, you may be sure."

"Before I went there I had been in Illinois all winter, staying with my third daughter's husband and children while she poor girl went to Mexico for her lungs. The doctor ordered her to stay all winter, and so she sent for me to take her place at home. Several of the children had the measles, but we never let her no a thing about it. I was thankful I could do for them. I don't know what they'd done if it hadn't been so that I could go and help them out."

"Have you a home of your own?" "Oh yes; I've a real cozy little house, and when the last of my eight children was married and settled down I thought I should have a quiet time all by myself, but—there was a pathetic little quaver in the old lady's voice, and a suspicion of tears in her eyes—"somehow it seems as if I was needed all the time to help the children out some way or other. I guess I ain't averaged two months in twelve in my own house for five years." There was a little pause, and when the old lady went on the smile had come back to the patient face, and the voice regained its steadiness. "I'm real thankful I've got the health and strength to be useful," she said. "I only hope 'Liza's' children won't have the scarlet fever very hard, 'cause I was going to Jonathan's some time tte, last of next month. He's my oldest son. His wife is in failing health, and they want me to come on and spend the winter. I reckon I better go if I can help 'em out any."

"Poor pitiful old soul, the type of many mothers whose children never cease their demands, even after they have homes of their own! No doubt she did spend the winter with Jonathan, and no doubt Jonathan would feel very much hurt and be very indignant if any one should call him selfish."

"Ames' Dogs. Scotch sheep-dogs are as prompt as their masters in getting ready to leave the church during the benediction. In his 'Autobiography,' the Rev. Newman Hall describes a scene he once witnessed on a communion Sunday in the Highlands. The churchyard where the services was held was crowded with shepherds accompanied by their dogs, which lay quietly asleep at the feet of their masters. The sermon was finished, the psalm had been sung, the final prayer was being offered, and there was no sign of impatience on the part of the dogs. But the moment the

benediction began every dogonal doggie roused himself, and before the 'Amen' they were all in marching order.

Doctor Hall once had an amusing experience with a dog which had learned that 'Amen' marked the conclusion of worship. The dog belonged to a family who were members of Doctor Hall's church. At their family prayers doggie always occupied a certain seat, and remained as motionless as a devoutly-behaved dog should until the 'Amen.'

On one day Doctor Hall was invited, being a guest, to conduct the family worship. He read the fifth chapter of the R. relation, and when he came to the fourteenth verse, 'And the four beasts said, Amen,' the dog jumped from his chair, and began barking as usual, as if the worship were over. Clergyman, host, hostess and servants blended their laughter with the barking, and the service ended.

KID-GLOVE AND COAL-OIL MEN. A Man had Mastered a Good Trade and got Rich. Mr. Frank Thomson the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who died a few weeks ago, was known as one of the foremost of living railway managers. There was no part of the business with which he was not familiar, from the control of its great moneyed interests to the fitting of a screw into an engine.

A wealthy man once brought his son to him, saying, 'My son has gone through college. Can you make a place for him where he will succeed?' Mr. Thomson was silent a moment, and then said, 'This depends on whether he wants to take a kid glove course or a coal-oil course.'

"What do you mean?" "If he takes a kid-glove course, he goes in as a clerk, to perform a certain amount daily writing, for which he will be paid a salary. In the other course he goes into the shops, and learns the whole business, from the lowest druggery up. When he has finished, he will know his trade, a valuable one, but his hands will be stained with coal-oil."

Mr. Thomson himself, when a boy, chose the 'coal-oil course.' He worked four years in the car shops at Altoona, barely earning his living, but learning the mechanical details of the business. Thomas Scott, the famous railway manager, was a friend of the young man, but gave him no help, leaving him to work his own way. At the end of the four years he sent for him, and gave him a responsible position on the Pennsylvania Railway.

The Civil War broke out that year. Colonel Scott was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, the government believing that his experience in the railway work would have taught him how to handle in transportation great bodies of troops. A problem of peculiar difficulty of this kind arose. "I know of but one man who can manage this business," said Colonel Scott to the Cabinet. "He is not here." "Send for him, then," said Mr. Stanton. "The next evening Frank Thomson, then only twenty years of age, appeared. "Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. Stanton, somewhat sneeringly, "that we have waited twenty-four hours for this red-headed stripling?" "He will do the work," replied Scott, quietly. And he did it. Mr. Thomson was probably peculiarly qualified by nature for his special business; but there is a strong prejudice among American toys against work which involves manual labor, and a preference for clerical duties as being more refined. It is a fatal mistake. Great prizes now await the thoroughly equipped, practical man in work which lies outside of mere book learning, and the boy is wise who grapples with this work with his bare hands and tries to win them.

This is a Great Offer. Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address. A solid gold statue of Maude Adams will be cast to represent the great gold State of Colorado at the Paris Exposition. Twelve hundred pounds of gold will be more than \$100,000. Wanted. Every lady to know that there is no place where P. K. and crash is laundered so beautifully and cheaply as at 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58. Choice Re-seated Cases, Splendid Perfumery, Soaps, 27 Waterloo.

KAL BAKING POWDER PURE MORE DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME

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Thomas Scott, the famous railway manager, was a friend of the young man, but gave him no help, leaving him to work his own way.

The Civil War broke out that year. Colonel Scott was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, the government believing that his experience in the railway work would have taught him how to handle in transportation great bodies of troops.

"I know of but one man who can manage this business," said Colonel Scott to the Cabinet. "He is not here."

"Send for him, then," said Mr. Stanton. The next evening Frank Thomson, then only twenty years of age, appeared.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. Stanton, somewhat sneeringly, "that we have waited twenty-four hours for this red-headed stripling?"

"He will do the work," replied Scott, quietly. And he did it.

Mr. Thomson was probably peculiarly qualified by nature for his special business; but there is a strong prejudice among American boys against work which involves manual labor, and a preference for clerical duties as being more refined.

It is a fatal mistake. Great prizes now await the thoroughly equipped, practical man in work which lies outside of mere book learning, and the boy is wise who grapples with this work with his bare hands and tries to win them.

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

A solid gold statue of Maude Adams will be cast to represent the great gold State of Colorado at the Paris Exposition. Twelve hundred pounds of gold will be more than \$400,000.

Wanted. Every lady to know that there is no place where P. K. and crash is laundered so beautifully and cheaply as at 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 55.

Chas. B. control. Cass, Spitts, Parfuma, 27 Waterloo.



Mrs. Stephen H. Forsyth arrived yesterday from Paris, Va., and will spend some weeks here as the guest of her brother Mr. W. A. McKinley.

Mrs. William Y. Sale and the Misses Y. Sale have today for a visit of several months duration to England and the continent.

Mrs. C. T. Purdy and Master Jack Purdy of Montreal, are visiting Mrs. Purdy's former home in this city.

Mrs. Joseph E. Scott of Pittsburgh, Penn., and Mrs. Scott, are visiting N. C. Scott of the North End.

Mr. T. H. Patton left the beginning of the week for Butte, Montana, where he intends to take up his residence for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Spinnery came over from Yarmouth this week to visit their son Mr. E. G. Spinnery who has been transferred from the Bank of B. N. A. here to the Branch in Victoria, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tyler, Miss L. F. Tyler and Miss Barnes, are a party of Salem, Mass., people who have been doing the city and suburbs this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. DeVeber of Gagetown, spent a day or two in the city this week.

Mrs. James Arthur and family of Detroit, Mich., who are spending the summer in New Brunswick, spent this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allan left this week on a trip through the Upper provinces. They will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Charles Walters and the Misses Lena and Constance Walters of Malden, Mass., are spending a month or two in St. John.

Mrs. John H. Thompson and Miss Thompson, left last Saturday for a visit to Rockland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Terriss of Springfield, N. S. spent part of their honeymoon trip in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Saunders of Woodstock made a short stay in the city this week.

Mrs. R. T. Cornell and Master Julia of New York arrived from New York and have taken a house on Mecklenburg street for the summer.

Mr. Harold C. Olive left this week on a business trip to Boston.

Rev. John A. Clark and family will shortly take up their permanent residence in Carleton.

Rev. T. J. Doherty and family were given a hearty welcome to Ermonth street Methodist church last Tuesday evening at a social held by the Y. P. A. of the church.

Mr. H. A. McKowen, M. P., presided. A program, comprising instrumental duet by Messrs. McAfee and Tilly Maxwell, vocal solo by Mrs. W. G. Salmons, recitation by Miss F. F. F. solo by Miss Edith Cochran, and a scene from the School for Scandal by Miss Fowler and Mr. George Price will be carried out and there were speeches by the chairman, Rev. W. W. Weddall, church officers and others. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant time passed.

Mrs. Ralph March and child and Miss Flossie Peters have been visiting St. Andrews as the guests of Mrs. Frank P. Bernard for some weeks.

Mr. W. R. Purchase and little Miss Phyllis are enjoying a pleasant outing which is being spent in different parts of the province. They drove from St. Andrews to St. George one day last week.

Mrs. Laura and Florence Lawlor have returned to St. John after a pleasant visit to friends here.

Mrs. R. A. Stuart of St. Andrews, is visiting friends here.

Miss Flossie Edwards of the North End, is being entertained by Mrs. G. K. Greenleaf at the latter's home in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. John Commins have returned to Milltown, after a pleasant visit to their daughter Mrs. F. Brennan.

Mrs. Charles Lee of this city is the guest of St. George friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Kysse are spending a month at Mr. Kysse's old home in Corvallis, Ont. Before their return to St. John they will visit Montreal and Ottawa.

Mrs. B. D. Murray returned last Saturday from a very pleasant visit to friends in Boston and other parts of Massachusetts.

Mr. Edward Manning who has been pursuing his medical studies in New York came home this week for a short visit.

The marriage took place at the Adams House Boston July 15th, of Mr. William Russell and Ida May Drury, Rev. Mr. Graves officiating. Both bride and groom belonged to St. John. A few of the friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, after which the happy couple left by the C. P. E. for the Pacific coast, where they make their future home, followed by the best wishes of all. The bride was the recipient of many presents that from the groom being a very handsome watch and chain.

Mrs. I. E. Bill of Roxbury Mass., is paying a visit to her grandmother, Mrs. E. J. Olive of the west side.

Mrs. Walter Lutz and the Misses Edith and E. to Lane arrived from Boston, Mass., last Sunday on a visit to Mrs. Lane's sister, Mrs. Robert Clark.

Dr. Lewis Mahoney of Boston is spending a week or two in this city.

Miss Hayes of E. Hott row went to Westfield Tuesday for a week's visit to friends.

Rev. J. M. Davenport called from Halifax on the St. John City last Friday for a visit to his English home.

Dr. J. S. Benson of Chatham, N. B. made a short stay here this week.

The Messrs. Whitney of New Haven were in the city recently on their way home from a fishing trip up north.

Mr. John App'hy of Halifax is spending a short holiday in this city.

Miss Fowler is at the capital a guest of Miss Emma Crookshank.

Mrs. Holden and Miss Elsie Holden have been visiting Fredericton as the guests of friends.

Mrs. B. Dowling and Miss Langhorne are visiting Mrs. Dowling's brother Mr. W. A. Tapley of Maryville.

The St. John people who registered at Kennedys hotel last week were: W. R. Purchase, Paylis Purchase, W. R. Wilson, M. Atkinson, G. E. Ryan, C. H. Steves, Mr. J. N. Sutherland was a guest at the Algonquin during the week.

The marriage took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents 81 Portland street of Miss Annie Marie Maxwell daughter of Mr. Wm Maxwell to Edward H. Harrington a prominent yachtsman and owner of "Pallina." Rev. George Steel of the Portland Methodist church performed the ceremony which was witnessed by quite a number of both parties. The bride who was groomed in a handsome fawn color cloth trimmed with pink silk was attended by her sister Miss Emma Maxwell who looked exceedingly pretty and graceful in a white organdie muslin over pale green silk and carried an exquisite bouquet of roses. Mr. Albert McArthur supported the groom. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington received the congratulations of assembled friends and a wedding repast was served. Among the handsome and elegant gifts received by the newly married couple were:

Sterling silver service, from Mr. and Mrs. John Soles, Brook's N. Y.

Sterling silver, the Misses Kimball and Miss Colman of New York.

China tea set, Wellington Harrington, New York.

Silver and china Biscuit jar, Miss Nellie Tobin New York.

Langlows works from E. Bayard Seely, Cambridge Mass.

Cheque from Mr. John DeVenne New York.

Solid antique oak sideboard, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Maxwell.

China dinner set, W. H. McIntyre.

Banquet lamp, Al. McArthur.

Berry set, Mrs. and Miss deLong.

Marble alarm clock and bronze ornament, Capt. Geo. Harrington.

Ouzy and brass table, Mr. and Mrs. David Belyea.

Antique oak case, Miss Emma Maxwell.

Set cream pitchers, Mr. and Mrs. John Duplessis.

Bisque fisher set stationary, Miss Amy E. Corbett.

French China plaque, Mrs. Charles Ballie.

China plaque handpainted, Miss Maggie Morgan.

Large glass epergne, Miss Mary Morgan.

Bag, Mrs. J. McIntyre.

Handpainted photo holder, Miss Alice Thompson.

Silver sugar spoon, Miss J. C. McJunkin.

Silver butter cooler, Mr. R. Crook.

China cream and sugar set, Miss Edith deLong.

Oak five o'clock tea table, Mrs. Rowley and Mr. Henderson.

Blue-grey stationary, Lily and Alice Lee.

Parlor easy chair, Mrs. Gordon, Boston.

Cobler chair, Miss Clara Lee.

Pair pictures, Mrs. Geo. Harrington.

Walnut secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harrington.

Handpainted China commodes set, Miss Max Maxwell.

China chocolate set, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Nichols.

Silver chocolate pot, Miss Minnie Soles, Brook's N. Y.

Silver cake basket, W. H. Maxwell.

Celery holder, Miss George Torrey.

Handsome oak rocker, R. B. Spring.

Hand-painted head rest, Miss Fannie Maxwell.

Rattan easy rocker, S. L. Maxwell.

Crayon portrait, Mrs. W. F. Maxwell.

Cheese dish, Miss Dorothy Aborn.

Parlor lamp, Charles and Garfield Stevens.

Lemons to set, Miss Gertrude McIntyre.

Silk handkerchief bag, E. E. Maxwell.

Fruit dish, H. Anderson.

China fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Harkins.

T. dy, Miss Lizzie Rowley.

Hand-painted Chinese fan and silk scarf, Hom Lead, (a member of the bride's Sunday-school class.)

Silver berry spoon, Misses Fanny Epergne, Miss McIntyre.

Silver fork, Robert Lee, jr.

Ouzy table and banquet lamp from employees of the Evening Gazette.

An enjoyable At Home was given on Wednesday evening by Mrs. E. T. Sturdee of Duke street, at which about eighty guests were present. The evening was delightfully fine and not too warm for the dance in which the young people indulged. A tent in the garden illuminated with Chinese lanterns was a favorite resort of the guests. Ice and other refreshments were served during the evening.

Miss Ada Russell is spending a few weeks at her home in Hopewell. She has as her guest Miss M. A. Godfrey of this city.

Miss Beattie Ritchie of Moncton is spending a few weeks with friends here.

J. E. Belyea of the inland revenue department, Mrs. Belyea and children are visiting Mrs. Belyea's relatives in Sackville.

Miss Beattie Knight has returned from a visit to St. Stephen where she was the guest of Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Miss Annie McAllister is in Milltown where she is being entertained by Miss E. A. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wade and child are guests of Mr. John W. St. John.

Miss Marion Chisholm returned this week from a short stay with Mrs. Charles Lee of St. George.

Miss Nellie Langley is in St. Stephen the guest of Mrs. Alison Todd.

The Misses Maggie and Dora Bolz of Calais are spending a month with friends in this city.

Miss Annie Gregory is home from Calais. It is said that after an interesting career in September she will again take up her residence in the border city.

Miss Jennie McLaughlin is visiting her sister Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt of Fredericton.

Miss Skinner who has been visiting her sister Mrs. T. W. Todd of Charlottetown left this week for Alberton P. E. I. where she will be the guest of Mrs. W. B. Dyer.

Miss Blizard who is taking a course of training for a nurse in a Massachusetts hospital arrived this week on a visit to her father Mr. Fred Blizard.

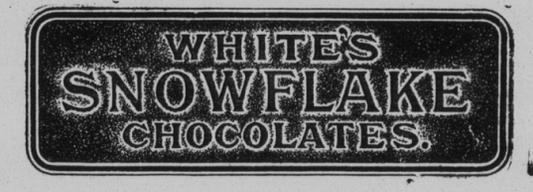
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BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Four Crown Scotch Whiskey

will soon be the Leading Brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old one trial will convince you.

E. G. SOOVIK, 62 Union Street.

Advertisement for Miss Margaret Anglin's Maypole Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman in a long dress and apron. Text includes 'The great English Home Dye, washes and DYES any material any colour. For sale everywhere. FREE book on Home Dyeing on application. A. P. TIPPET & CO., 3 Place Royale, MONTREAL.'

FOR ADDITIONAL QUERTY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



BALIFAX NOTES.

Programme is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. MONROE & CO., Barrington street. GILSON & CO., George & Granville Sts. HANNAH NEWS CO., Railway Depot. J. H. FRENCH, Brunswick street. J. W. AKERS, Dartmouth St. Queen Bookstore, 100 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFreytas, 181 Brunswick St.

Mr. B. A. Appleton, editor of the Newburyport Mass. Herald, is taking a tour through Nova Scotia. He has been and about the province for several weeks, and expresses himself very much pleased with what he has seen, especially the city of Halifax, which he says, strikes a visitor most favorably by its substantial appearance, and its being a military and naval city—a decided novelty to him. Mr. Appleton, although young in years, is an old newspaper man, and has occupied important positions on the staff of the leading New York, Boston and other American papers. He has under his control in Newburyport, three papers, an evening, morning and weekly, all with large circulations. He has in his employ a former Halifaxian, John Wilson, with whom he expresses great satisfaction.

Miss Mary L. Weston of Rockville, Yarmouth, has returned to her home after visiting friends in Halifax and Dartmouth.

Miss Ethelwyn Hutchins, who has been visiting friends in Digby Co. has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Emma Campbell of Halifax who have been visiting Mr. Pleasant, returned to Halifax Wednesday.

Miss Kennedy of Halifax is visiting Miss Besse Heckman, Amherst.

Miss Pearson, Halifax, is visiting friends in Truro.

Mrs. Edwin Horn who has been spending two weeks in Halifax, left for home on Thursday, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. W. Martin and children, who go to spend the summer in Great Village, Colchester.

Miss Irene Stone of Boston is visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. H. Renner, Pleasant street.

Miss Besse Webber has returned from Boston, where she has been spending the last few days; she intends spending the summer with her parents at Ingram River, Halifax Co.

Mrs. MacKeen of Halifax is paying her regular summer visit to Wolfville.

Mrs. A. H. Shepherd of Halifax, with her son and master Cunningham, son of Lieut. Cunningham are visiting friends at Church street, Wolfville.

Mrs. E. E. Shiers accompanied by her two children, is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Thos. H. Williams, Fort Hawkesbury.

Miss Jennie Kennedy of Halifax is in Amherst visiting friends. Miss Kennedy is on her way home from the Western States, where she has been for some time for the benefit of her health.

Miss Chipman of Kentville and Miss Townshend of Halifax are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Townshend, Victoria street, Amherst.

Mrs. W. M. Fullerton of Halifax is the guest of Albert Fullerton, Macaan.

Joseph Meagher son of Judge Meagher arrived home from Montreal, where he has been attending Loyola college.

Miss May Ancient, daughter of Rev. W. J.

The men who do daring deeds. If battle, arm men whose arteries pulse with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach weak, his blood soon gets thin and impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it is impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fulness and swelling of the stomach after meals, bad taste in the mouth, foul breath, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness. All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It fills the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the food that build healthy tissues, firm flesh, strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of constipation, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the jaded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

Ascent, has obtained the position of master in an hospital at Newton, Mass. Miss Hattie Ancient, and Miss Olive Winder have spent week for the States to take positions as hospital nurses. Mrs. Hayes of Baltimore is in the city visiting Mrs. Harrison. Mr. John Drillo, Windsor is in the city the guest of Mrs. Harrison, 176 Pleasant street.

DIGBY.

JULY 19.—Digby, one of the prettiest and most attractive watering places in Nova Scotia, is becoming crowded with tourists, some making their first visit, but the majority are people who have summered here or many seasons, and always receive a cordial welcome from the residents. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis, picnics, and I might say a continual round of impromptu affairs keep the young, as well as those of maturer age ever on pleasure bent. The brilliant social event, and one which caused much pleasant anticipation for some days previous, was the "At Home" given last week by Mrs. W. D. Bonnell of New York, at her beautiful summer residence on "Maple Point" in honor of her guest Mrs. William Gomez, of Westfield, N. Y. In every detail it reflected great credit on Mrs. Bonnell who is an ideal hostess, possessing the rare charm of making every one feel at home. The large drawing-rooms, library and halls were beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, smilax and quantities of roses. The mantles were banked with ferns and a variety of cut flowers. The dining room was filled with bloom, and hundreds of white daisies peeped forth from banks of foliage presenting a decidedly pretty effect. Mrs. Bonnell wore a handsome reception gown of heavy pink brocade satin, court train, trimmed with duchesse lace and pink silk gauze, clasped with handsome jewel of sprays. Mrs. Gomez's costume was pale blue corded silk, with point lace and gauze trimmings, anytenth ornaments. The invited guests were:

Rev. and Mrs. Harley, Rev. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Townshend, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Crookill, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dakin, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Short, Mr. and Mrs. Jenner, Mr. and Mrs. H. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Dennison, Dr. and Mrs. Du Veinot, Dr. and Mrs. Morse, Dr. and Mrs. Norre, Dr. and Mrs. Snow, Dr. and Mrs. Gahan, Mr. and Mrs. Viers, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Watters, Mr. and Mrs. E. Turnbull, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. De Balinhard, Mrs. Copp, Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Watters, Mrs. Dixon, Misses Smalley, Misses Brindley, (Miss Byrne, Miss Alice Byrne, Miss Snow, Miss Osborne, Miss Bryant,—New York.) Miss Challoner, Miss Church hill, Miss Viers, Miss Edith Robinson, Miss Jones, Miss Dakin, Miss Edna Wright, Miss Stewart, Miss Nicole, Miss Edna Wright, Miss Stewart, Miss Nicole, Mrs. Byrne, Mr. Brynham, Mr. Algernon Osborne,—New York. Mr. Nichol, Mr. Jones, Mr. Moody, Mr. Guptill and many others.

As well as I can remember the following are the many pretty costumes they wore: Mrs. Byrne, very handsome black satin, iridescent effect. Mrs. Osborne, grey silk organdy, lace and flowers. Miss Osborne, white Swiss over white silk, chiffon and lace. Miss Brindley, black satin, handsomely trimmed with jet. Mrs. Watters, black silk and lace costume. Mrs. Bryant, white dotted Swiss, handsome diamond ornaments. Mrs. Harding, heliotrope silk, white satin and jet trimmings. Mrs. Copp, yellow silk and lace. Mrs. Watters, black silk, jet and lace. Mrs. Gahan, white silk organdy, yellow lace trimmings. Mrs. Townshend, white silk, trimmed with chiffon and white ostrich feathers. Mrs. Fred Jones, black and white silk, lace trimmings. Mrs. Dennison, handsome white corded silk, trimmed with violet. Mrs. Harley, green silk, lace and flowers. Mrs. C. Turnbull, blue green corded silk. Mrs. Forest, black satin, handsomely trimmed with jet. Miss Snow, white embroidered Swiss. Miss Byrne, black satin, iridescent trimmings, diamonds. Miss Alice Byrne, pale blue crepon, duchess lace

Miss Nicole, black satin, chiffon and feather trimmings. Miss Peter, pale green silk and chiffon. Miss Edith Robinson, pale blue organdy. Mrs. Dixon, radial figured organdy and chiffon. Mrs. Snow, grey embroidered costume. Miss Churchill, black and white silk, lace and flowers. Miss Florence Harding, white mousseline de sole. Miss Marie Bonnell, white figured organdy over silk. Mrs. Jones, pale blue silk, chiffon and ribbon trimmings. An orchestra, consisting of harp, violins and piano played excellent selections for dancing. English and American flags artistically draped together were in evidence. A very fancy "cask walk" caused much merriment. "God Save the Queen," "America," and "Auld Lang Syre" were sung, after which three cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell who are the most popular people in Digby. Mr. Gomez and Mrs. Gomez returned to New York on Saturday, but will return in a few weeks. Mrs. Gomez and two children, remain with Mrs. Bonnell all summer. Mrs. Gilpin, Miss Gilpin and Mr. B. Gilpin return from England this week. The Misses Davies of Ottawa are guests of Mrs. Wade. Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, Ottawa are spending the summer here. TENDR.

FERRISBOBO.

PROGRAMME is for sale at the Ferris Bookstore. A special and most enjoyable meeting of the quarterly club, was held at Mrs. D. Gillespie on Friday evening in honor of one of its members in Moncton. Mr. McMurtry will be greatly missed in musical and social circles. His place is taken by his brother Mr. Clifford McMurtry. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McKay and children and Mrs. C. McKay, Nappan spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith. Miss Ella Moffat, Amherst is at the Alpha. Miss Alkman is at home for the summer months. Rev. N. K. and Mrs. McLean attended the C. E. convention at Antigonish. Mr. and Mrs. McLean will remain in Antigonish visiting friends for several weeks. Mr. C. McKay formerly principal of Ferrisboro School and now a Harvard student is here for a part of the vacation. Mr. J. E. Cowan is entertaining a party of Springfield friends among whom are Mr. A. E. Fraser M. P. F. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Ben Parson and children, Miss Murray and Miss Ross. Miss Logan, Truro, is visiting Mrs. B. L. Tacker. Dr. Albert Spynne has opened a dentist office in the brick block. Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Eville have returned from St. Stephen. Mrs. W. Durant is with her children on a visit to her parents at Machias Maine. Rev. T. J. Butler returned home on Saturday from Halifax having been in retreat during the week. Rev. E. Atkinson Smith formerly a curate for a short time of St. George's church, arrived from Halifax on Thursday evening with his newly made bride to spend part of the honeymoon in Ferrisboro and vicinity. Mrs. Arthur Brock and Miss Ruby Lindsay, Montreal are among the latest arrivals at Broderrick's beach hotel. Miss Thomas, Truro, is paying a visit to the Misses Gillespie. Mrs. T. Day and Miss Ada Day are away on a jaunt to New Glasgow and Moncton. Rev. W. McArthur lately made a brief visit to his son Dr. McArthur. Rev. C. M. Mack has been the guest of Mrs. E. N. Fullerton. Mr. Harry Hillcoat, Amherst, was in town for two days last week. Miss Burke, Boston, is visiting Mrs. T. Mahoney Rev. Crookill and Mrs. Jones were in town last week on their way to Advocate Harbor. Mrs. Leslie Dodsworth, Halifax, has been making a short stay with her mother-in-law. Dr. McDougall and Miss Nellie McDougall, Truro, are in town, the latter a visitor to the Misses McLeod.

TRURO.

PROGRAMME is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien, Crowe Bros. and at D. C. Smith & Co's. JULY 19.—Mrs. Ernest Gladwin and family and Mrs. E. C. Bigelow and family are enjoying an outing in Wallace. Mrs. J. H. McKay and Master Joe leave to-morrow for the same healthy resort. Mr. Dan Heckin of Simpson Bros. Halifax was in town yesterday attending the marriage of his sister Miss Leah Heckin and Mr. McTavish of Amherst which was quietly solemnized yesterday morning at the family residence Prince street west. The R. C. bazaar is attracting large crowds since its opening yesterday. His Grace Archbishop O'Brien Halifax, Dr. Walsh Acadia mines and several other Church Disasters, are in town, for the event. Dr. and Mrs. Muir entertained a few people to lunch in the park on Monday last. Among them were—Mrs. Macleod, Mrs. Thos. McKay, Miss Lawson, Miss Clineh (St. John), Miss Wetmore, Dr. D. E. Muir, Dr. Smith, Walter Muir, David Muir, E. E. Stuart, and L. Murray. Miss Beatrice Lawrence, Miss Gough, and Jamie Gough, Halifax, are guests of Mrs. S. L. Walker. Mr. R. McK. Hanson, arrived home, on Monday last from a short trip to St. Stephen and St. Andrews N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Walsh and Miss Walsh Acadia mines are in town today. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Donkin are visiting friends at River Falls, Can. Co. Mr. Roland Blais, who has been home for a short visit with home friends, left for Grandtete, S. C. this morning. Miss Rita Donkin is home from a pleasant visit in Halifax and Windsor. FAN.

FREDERICTON.

PROGRAMME is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fealty and J. E. Howthorn. JULY 19.—Should the weather prove propitious, a large party will rendezvous at the B. & B. club house tomorrow afternoon, when steam yacht, canoe, launch and private carriages will convey the party to the Nashuak's picnic grounds and many more will wheel there, where supper will be enjoyed, after which the party returning to the city by the light of the waxen silvery moon, after which they hope to end the day with a dance at the club house. The ladies sending the invitations out are Mrs. E. Byron Winslow, Mrs. Foster, Miss Crookhead and Miss May Robinson. Last Friday evening was ladies' night at the Club House and was a very enjoyable affair, dancing was ably supported by the evening being rather cool; ice and other refreshments were enjoyed during the evening. Among the "Celestial city" residents who are sunning at Youghall are His Lordship the Bishop with Mrs. Kingston and family, Mrs. A. J. Gregory and children, Mrs. T. Carleton Allen and children, Mrs. Royal Winslow, Mrs. F. St. John Blis and family and Mrs. W. E. Smith and children. The Misses Whitehead have returned from a visit of several weeks spent with friends at Houlton Me. Mrs. I. C. Eshap of Montreal is here and is the guest of her sister Mrs. H. H. Fitz. Miss Fowler of St. John is visiting her friend Miss Emma Crookhead. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Tibbits are entertaining a pleasant house party among whom are Mrs. Tibbits' mother Mrs. Lucius Dickson, and daughter Miss Sadie Dickson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and 4 daughter Miss Florence Clark of Philadelphia. Dr. J. R. Macintosh of St. John is spending a couple of days in the city. Mrs. Holden and daughter Miss Elsie Holden are visiting here and are guests of Mr. T. C. Allen at the Poplars. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison are enjoying their vacation at St. Andrews. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Edgcombe and family with their guests Miss Widdon of Calais and Miss Gipsy Edgcombe have gone to Mr. Edgcombe's summer residence, Edgehill Villa, at Springhill. A pleasant touring party consisting of Mrs. B. C. Pickering, Misses G. M. and E. B. Pickering and Mr. A. C. Pickering of Salem, Mass., are making their home at Windsor Hall, while visiting the celestials. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Everett and son are here from St. Andrews for a few days. Mrs. Will Gibson and children are at Oranoceto, the guests of Mr. Clowes for a few weeks. Dr. Allen Sterling of Stanley is in the city at his mother's Mrs. McCarry. Miss Blanche Baldwin, of St. John is visiting Mrs. Oltur White. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chesnut and Miss Isabelle Babbitt are enjoying the balmy breezes at Digby. Miss Muriel of Calais Me., is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Morrison, at "River Side". Mr. Jasper Winslow, is here from Montreal, spending his vacation and enjoying the society of his old time friends. Miss F. de Babbitt has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Woodstock. Mrs. John Wiley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. McKay at Salsbury, Westmorland. Dr. Inches of St. John was in the city yesterday. Miss Beck, daughter of the Auditor General, has returned from a month's visit to Bangor. Miss Margaret Johnston has returned from visiting her cousin, Mr. Chas. Johnston at Fort Fairfield. Mrs. Geo. Hodges and her little daughters, are enjoying the salt sea breezes at the Bay Shore, Mr. Hodges will join them on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Bridges and son are at Brown's Place, where Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Bridges will rusticate for awhile. Mr. M. G. Teed and Miss Emily Teed of Dorchester are visitors in the Celestial this week. Dr. and Mrs. Postford, of Moncton, are among the visitors in town this week. Mrs. Chas. Hall and little daughter have been spending a few days at Oranoceto, with Mrs. Hall's friend Miss White. The Misses Stevenson and Miss Chester of St. John are among the visitors in the city. Mrs. Geo. Taber and child of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Clifton Taber at "Lang Syne Cottage". Miss Annie Tibbits has gone to Quebec to spend her vacation. Major Hemming, went to Ottawa last week, to join the R. C. I. in camp there. He was accompanied by his daughter Miss Grace Hemming. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edgcombe are enjoying a visit with Mrs. Hiram Finlay at Rotheray. Mrs. Edgcombe will remain for a month. Miss Addie Brannen, daughter of Mr. C. Sterling Brannen, has returned from a pleasant visit to St. Andrews, spent with Mrs. John Robinson. Miss Fair is visiting Miss Pauline Balloch at Woodstock. Mrs. Blair of Ottawa, is visiting friends here. Mrs. A. J. Loggie of Chatham, with her children is here visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Campbell. Dr. J. D. Lawson of St. Stephen, is in the city. Miss Jennie McLachlan of St. John, is visiting her sister Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt.

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Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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

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

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

THOS. L. BOURKE. Bou-touche Bar-Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bou-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Cheap Rates to Montreal. Just one cent invested in a Post Card directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a neat sample book of their magnificent line of Wallpapers. by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates. English Wallpapers, Japanese Wallpapers, Scotch Wallpapers, American Wallpapers, French Wallpapers, Canadian Wallpapers. We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buy in large quantities enabling us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices. THE POST CARD. In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms. G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 46 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 9411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL. P. S.—Agents for the Dominion for G. A. & S. Darnes, England

Fry's Cocoa has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield. It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

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GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of "H-w Orleans," "The Kalamazoo"—Illustrated by Horner.

SENAIOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

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His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

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ST. GEORGE.

JULY 18.—The death of Rev. Deas Smith which occurred at the St. John Public hospital on Thursday last particularly affects the community of St. George his home, and where he was so well known and esteemed having administered to the spiritual wants of the people of St. Mark's and Christ church Fenfield for over thirty years. No man of finer culture dwelt here and no one whose death will be more deeply felt. The remains arrive from St. John by train on Friday accompanied by his wife and Mr. Douglas Smith and borne to the rectory by Mr. Samuel Johnston, Mr. C. Johnston, Mr. Jesse McKeen, Mr. J. McKay, Capt. Johnston, Mr. A. McKeen, Mr. Sparks and Mr. Harvey. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon from St. Mark's church and was very largely attended. Rev. Canon Tuckham, St. Andrew, Rev. Mr. Newham, of St. Stephen, and Rev. Mr. Millidge of St. John street, the services were conducted by the Rectors and the masons. The casket was covered with beautiful floral offerings. Mr. B. Clarke, St. John, Mr. Vroom of the Courser, and Mr. George Clark St. Stephen, Dr. N. Parker Mr. George Hubbard, Rev. Mr. Armstrong of St. John St. John street, were among those who came to attend the obsequies.

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Silver Outside, ??? Inside.

The inside of silverplated knives, forks and spoons, is of more interest to him than the outside.

First the silver must be fairly thick—not a mere wash, than the base must be a good, strong metal—you buy it on trust—as you cannot see below the surface.

This mark ensures the best.

W. ROGERS

"The kind that lasts."

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Children Like

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE

It does not nauseate—cures Colds, Coughs and Asthma.

25c. a Bottle.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

Printing!

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

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

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

We will send you estimates and samples.

THE DUFFERIN

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

L. B. ROBERTSON, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

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

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season!

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B.

A. B. SWANSON, Proprietor.

Five sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Closest to trains and boats.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitehead.

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE.

22, W. W. STREET, MONTREAL.

Her "Lectures" Method, also "Synth. System" are the best.

Apply at the residence of Miss Whitehead.

Mr. T. W. H. L. C. G.

ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel firmly braced, enameled back, strong fancy striped canvas. \$4.00. Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.— folds to occupy a space only 4 1/2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with "SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD" which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS: The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using

Putner's Emulsion which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives combined in the most palatable form.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

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

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

BOURBON.

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

THOS. L. BOURKE

But-touche Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER.

GIVING THEIR NAMES TO LAWS.

Most Legislators Fail to get More Than Temporary Fame Thereby.

It is said to be the ambition of nearly every American legislator, who devotes himself diligently to the business of law making, to give his name to some popular or important code, law, or statute. Yet the fact is that few public measures, even those of most importance, are after a lapse of years remembered in connection with the individual responsible for their adoption. Comparatively few persons at present, for instance, remember that the Interstate Commerce Commission bill was for many years known as the Thurman law, named after Allen G. Thurman, a United States Senator and a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1888. Very few remember that the Chinese Exclusion bill was, when under consideration in Congress, known as the Geary law. Mr. Geary was a California Congressman. In like manner the Federal Civil Service law, introduced in the Senate in 1882 and passed by the House of Representatives in 1883, was long known as the Pendleton bill, but it is probable that few persons now remember Pendleton. Yet Mr. Pendleton was a candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Democratic ticket in 1864, the most formidable candidate before the date of the convention for President in 1868, a candidate for Governor of Ohio, for six years a United States Senator from that State and afterward United States Minister to Germany.

In the smaller field of State legislation the expectations of ambitious statesmen to be "forever known" as the champions and defenders of certain bills are equally marked, but, in most cases, with like results. The application to voting in New York of the Australian system of marked ballots furnished by the State was for years the special effort of Charles T. Saxton, and the bill as originally offered and as finally passed in 1890 was known as "the Saxton law." Now that the law has been in practical operation for less than ten years how many persons remember Mr. Saxton as the author of it? There are probably very few who remember the "Cantor Bill," which was expected to immortalize, in New York at least, its author, Senator Cantor. It provided for a schedule tax on public franchises applying to all the railroads in the state. It was thought to solve, in an equitable way, many problems as to the bestowal of and the payment for street franchises, but there are now very few persons who connect Mr. Cantor with this measure or have any knowledge of its provisions.

When in 1892 the Democrats gained control of the Legislature, they presented what was known as the Foley bill, named after the chairman of the Excise Committee in the Assembly. The Foley bill was for some time the subject not only of political controversy, but of legal interpretation as well. It remained the law of the State until superseded in 1896 by the Raines bill, but was not long remembered as the Foley bill. The present successful liquor tax bill, because it so radically changed the excise system of the State and produced such new conditions, stands a better chance than most laws of keeping an author's name before the people of the State. The Horton law, relating to conditions under which sparring contests may be held in this State is another measure which has for some time retained its author's name, especially among the class of citizens which it most affects.

Recently a member of the State Senate introduced what was known as "the Ahearn bill," regarding the salaries of the teachers employed in New York schools, a measure which might not unreasonably be expected to popularize its champion, in view of the fact, as shown by the last annual report of the Board of Education, that the number of teachers employed in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx is 5,487, the borough of Brooklyn 3,550, exclusive of those in evening schools, and in the borough of Richmond 216, Queens county not included. For a time it seemed probable that the Ahearn school bill would continue to be a well known measure, but another bill, introduced by the same Senator in the same session, the bill for the repayment to accused public officials of the expenses incurred in defending themselves on criminal charges, afterward dismissed, has provoked such a storm of censure as to cloud the consideration of one Ahearn bill by the attention given to the other. Oddly enough, Mr. Ahearn, who is a veteran legislator, is a candidate for Sheriff of New York to succeed Mr. Dunn, and the Ahearn bill relating to the salaries of schoolteachers was depended upon by some of his friends to add to the demand for his nomination, whereas the notoriety of the other Ahearn bill may, in the opinion of some local politicians, be an obstacle to the consideration of his name for the Democratic nomination to the lucrative office of Sheriff.

A High Compliment. "Frederick Douglas told me," says a writer in Harper's Magazine, "that, in spite

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. Running Sore.—My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption." Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

Rheumatism.—"I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work." WILLIAM R. BOACR, Margaretville, N. S.



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

of his long experience, he never could entirely rid himself of stage fright. "During the first fifteen minutes when I face an audience," he said, "my knees will knock together." When he got fairly into his subject, however, this nervousness, which all speakers have sometimes felt, passed away. He put his points well in any argument, and his eloquence was of a high order. His tribute, in one sentence, to "Abraham Lincoln is an unsurpassed compliment. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "is the only white man into whose presence I was ever ushered who did not make me feel that I was a negro."

KEEPING YOUNG.

A Woman who Knew how to Keep Her Good Looks.

The secret of prolonged youth—or a part of the secret—seems to be revealed in the modified form of "rest-cure" described by Clarissa Sergeant in Harper's Bazar. She pictures a little German woman, the mother of ten children.

She was as fresh in color as a girl her hair without a touch of gray, her face without a wrinkle, and she felt I am sure she was certainly looked far younger than I. So I asked her finally:

"How do you keep so fresh and young with all your great family?"

She looked at me a moment and then laughed her merry little laugh. "You see," she said, "I had my von little naps."

"Your what?" I asked, puzzled to understand her.

"My von little naps," she repeated. "But tell me, I do not understand." I said:

"Vy, no," she said, in her pretty broken English, "about twelf o'clock, or maybe two, as you like it better, I takes de baby, whichever its de baby, and I goes to de room and takes my naps."

"But if the baby won't sleep at that time?" I objected. She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he sleep all right."

"But there are so many things to do while the baby sleeps," I went on. "I vil haf my naps," was her smiling answer.

"But," I urged, "supposing something happens to the other children while you and the baby are asleep?"

Then she did stare at me. "There could not nothing happen to dere children worse dan I not get my von little naps," she said, indignantly.

I gave it up. This closed the argument. And the writer hands on the advice to all other tired mothers to try the little naps, even if it seems to a degree methodical housekeeping. Method is good, but if it comes to a whip which makes rest impossible, it should be dropped.

Brave Reuben James.

The naval history of the United States is replete with instances of individual bravery. Golden Days prints the story of one of the most remarkable of such deeds, that of Reuben James, an ordinary seaman, who saved the life of his commander, the famous Com. Stephen Decatur, by an act of deliberate self sacrifice.

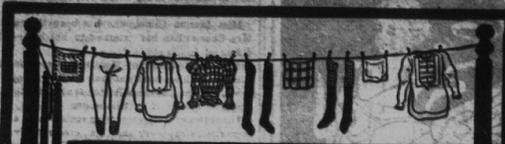
During a battle with Tripolitan war vessels in the early part of the present century, Decatur boarded one of the enemy's ships to avenge the death of his brother, who had been treacherously killed by a Tripolitan commander. The commander was singled out for attack by Decatur as soon as he got aboard, and a fierce hand to hand conflict ensued.

The Tripolitan, a large, powerful man, grappled with Decatur, and both fell on the deck. Just then another officer aimed a blow with his sword at Decatur's defenceless head.

Reuben James, an American sailor both of whose arms were temporarily disabled by wounds, saw the impending blow, and dashing forward, he interposed his own head to save that of his captain. Fortunately the blow was a glancing one, but it made a terrible gash in the man's skull.

It was a long time before he recovered from the effects of the wounds. His brave act was suitably recognized by Congress which granted him a pension, although he continued in active service.

When his injuries had healed and he was again ready for duty, James was asked by Decatur what he could do for him. The sailor, who was quarter gunner on the vessel and had charge of the men's hammocks, touched his hat in a customary salute, and after a moment's reflection replied:



ONLY ONE BEST.

There's only one best soap—"SURPRISE." It's a pure, hard, perfect soap. It makes clothes cleanest and whitest in the least time and with least work. No boiling, scalding or rubbing—all the dirt simply goes away when "SURPRISE" Soap comes. It costs but 5 cts. a cake, but lasts as long as if it cost 15. Don't take a "just-as-good" soap. There is no soap as good. Remember the name—"Surprise."

"Nothing, sir, as I know of, 'cept you might let some'un else give out the hammocks when your piped down."

Tested his Strength.

Charlie M. was at home from college, spending his summer vacation. The M.'s were fairly well-to-do, and Charlie was passing the forenoon very comfortably on the cool and shady piazza.

Down by the lawn, in a neglected place, a crop of strong, healthy weeds had sprung up and flourished under the summer sun. Left unmolested in the rush of work on the farm, they were fast becoming a blot on the otherwise orderly premises, and that morning Charlie's father—the "old man"—had sallied forth, and was now making a vigorous assault upon the patch.

Suddenly he left off his work and came up into the yard. Taking a broomstick which happened to be leaning against the veranda, he laid it on the grass, then turned to Charlie and said:

"Git down here and see if you can pull me over that stick."

He held in his hand a small chain, in each end of which was inserted a stout stick to serve as a handle. Then the tug began, and developed into quite a spirited contest. But at last Charlie succeeded in dragging the old man across the line.

"Here, that'll do," he said, dropping his end of the chain. "I guess you've got strength enough to pull them weeds down there by the barn."

"I never said a word," said Charlie, telling the story afterward, "but before noon there weren't any weeds left standing."

Without Doubt.

It is well before soaring too far aloft on the wings of eloquence, to make a trial flight in private, and settle upon a spot on which to alight with ease and dignity.

"It is of no use for people to strive to live outside of their own element, that for which they were born, and in which they are at home," said the lecturer of the evening addressing the Potucket Club on "Socialism and Where It Leads." "The bird is made to live in the air, he

added, struck with a sudden brilliant thought, "the fish to live in the water and the mole to live in the ground."

"Put the first in the chimney of the second, it struggles feebly for a short time and then is strangled. Put the second in to the third, it flounders, gasps and dies. And should the lowly mole attempt to soar like the bold eagle above the gray mountain crags and cliffs he—it would make him dizzy!"

How Export Tea Tasters Test Tea.

The expert tea taster carefully weighs the sample a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—T. Riley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which differs not from the right way of making tea.

How He was Cured.

"I don't believe all I hear about the unwholesomeness of cigarettes," said a young man who was addicted to the cigarette habit. "I acknowledge they are nasty things to smoke, and very offensive to some people, without doubt, but I won't be abused into reforming, and I won't 'wear off.'"

"It always seems to me," he went on, "that a fellow can't trust himself if he has to quit anything by swearing off. If anybody will show me some good, sound reason why I should be ashamed to smoke cigarettes, I'll quit for good and all without taking a vow."

"Do you mean that?" asked the friend to whom he was speaking.

"I do."

"Then come with me." The two young men went out on the street, stationed themselves at a prominent corner, and waited. Presently a little Italian boy came along. He had a basket on his arm. It was half full of the stumps of cigars and cigarettes which he had picked up from the gutter, and he was adding to his stock momentarily from the same source.

"What do you do with those, my boy?" inquired one of the young men.

"Sell 'em. Cigarette factory. Ten cents quart," replied the lad.

"Do you believe in doing anything to encourage that sort of industry?" asked the friend.

"On my honor, no!" answered the cigarette smoker.

He took a box of the "office nails" from his pocket, deliberately tore them to fragments, threw them away, and never smoked another.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65387, in Book 60 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenaty of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows: That is to say:—

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Westworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street distant Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet to Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angle to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon.

Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899.

GEORGE E. FENATY, Mortgagee. MACHAE & BENCLATH, Solicitors to Mortgagee.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1899.

CHLORIDE'S RICH ORE

GROWTH OF THE NEW MINING CAMP IN THE SOUTHWEST.

A Sun-Baked Desert With Invaluable Wealth, Abundant on the Surface—Great Long Neglected—Men who Have Not Given Up.

The name Chloride is in the mouth of nearly every gold and silver miner in the southwest nowadays, and a rush which promises to exceed that to Tombstone in 1896 and even that to Tombstone twenty years ago, has set in toward Chloride. The veteran gold and silver mine seekers in the West, who have an abiding faith that every year with the figure 9 at the end will be a famous one in the finding of new fields for mining precious ores in the West, are convinced that Chloride is to be the scene of the great gold and silver rush for 1899. They argue that the great rush of gold-hungry men to California was in 1849; the Fraser River and the first Comstock rushes occurred in 1859; the Montana gold field was discovered and the stampede thereto began in 1869; the Tombstone and Leadville silver excitement started in 1879; the San Juan and Utah gold rushes were in 1889, and that now the Chloride field is going to furnish the richest diggings found in the West in 1899.

Notwithstanding the boom in copper mining throughout Arizona and the unprecedented energy in every copper camp in the Southwest this season, one cannot go anywhere in the Territory without hearing of Chloride. The latest strike of silver ore in Chloride is discussed in this region before any other topic. Sample chunks of ore from the Chloride mining district are exhibited in store windows, behind saloon bars and in hotel offices. Stories of how Jack-So-and-So has struck base ore at Chloride that sells to the El Paso smelters for \$2,200 a carload; how Bill Somebody has sold a half interest in his prospect at Chloride for \$10,000 or more and how old Jim Wha's His Name has a ledge twenty feet wide with enough gold in it to pay the working expenses of ore that runs 130 ounces of silver to the ton, are heard on every side. The brakeman on the train has a bit of silver and gold ore from Chloride in his pocket; the conductor years to get away from his job for a few days to go over to Chloride and try his luck. The waitress in the hotel asks while she awaits your order whether you have been to Chloride yet, and the porter lingers after he has set your luggage in your room to ask what the latest news from the rush to Chloride. The dullest schoolboy in Arizona can locate Chloride, near Kingman, in Mojave county.

The new mining camp of Chloride, like Randsburg on the Mojave desert in California, is another town that has grown wonderfully amid a frightful climate and on a sandy waste, simply because of the precious minerals stored there. It is twenty-seven miles northeast from Kingman, which is a station on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system through northern Arizona, on the way to Los Angeles, Cal. The county is Mojave and Kingman is the county seat. Until a dozen years ago the Huallipi Indians, a fierce branch of the lazy Diggers, were masters of this arid region, and murders of miners and prospectors by them retarded the natural mineral development of the locality. The White Hills silver mines, which have been so rich, that in spite of the decrease in value of the metal mined during the last half dozen years, they have paid good dividends right along, are some forty miles away to the east. A more bald, desolate, parched and blistered region could scarcely be imagined. Nothing grows there during ten months in the year but dry sagebrush, a peculiar desert species of cactus and green wood chaparral. It is a region of the bloated rattlesnake and the deadly chanwala. The coyote is not common in that arid waste and under that burning sun, for even it cannot find enough to eat there. Standing on any of the ranges of low mountains, in which outcroppings of mineral-rich rocks may be seen on every hand, one may look away off to the north across the shimmering hot valleys, where not a living thing may be seen, to the purple mountains in southern Utah and to the west in California. The Grand Canon of the Colorado River is forty miles to the north. In winter there are patches of green in the Sacramento Valley, where Chloride is leaping into cityhood, but in summer, everything there in nature is dry and brown and

yellow. It is a region of mirages, and at times the winds and blowing sand come into one's face as if from a hot blast. The mountains are known among miners as caliche formations, that is, the stains of cinchabar, iron, galena copper and other metals give the rocks variegated hues similar to calico prints.

While agriculture might be as profitably conducted on the Desert of Sahara as round about Chloride, and while the Sacramento Valley will never be a popular resort at any season of the year, the mineral wealth there is almost incalculable. It is indeed strange that the gold and silver in the mountain sides to the north and south of the Sacramento Valley were not found by prospectors long ago. Several of the larger mines, such as the Tennessee, the Merrimac, the Elkhart, the Diana and the Wisconsin, are on a ledge of base ore (composed of silver, gold and some copper) which varies from eight to thirty feet in width and extends more than two miles along the mountain side. The mineral's ed markings of this ledge are very perceptible. Here and there are outcroppings of oxidized ore that assay at even \$40 a ton. Hundreds of mining claims have been posted in and about Chloride on every piece of ground where there is the least evidence of ore beneath, and in thirty days hundreds more will be made.

I have known for years, said Col. Lewis Rogers, who has prospected far and wide for fourteen years, and at last has found a ledge where he is taking out ore running as high as seventy one ounces to the ton, that there was some mineral in this chloride ore, but I never had an idea it was so easily had and so nicely handled. Here I've been living a terribly hard life on the deserts and among the mountains for years while these ledges have been lying here for some one like me to come along and dig the riches out of them. Yes, sir, I've been in every mining camp stampede from Pike's Peak to Chloride. I was in Leadville before there were 300 men there, and I was in Cripple Creek before there were forty tents up, but I tell you that this Chloride is the best of all of them. Why, there's no other silver camp I ever heard of where they get ore ten feet down that runs fifty ounces of silver to the ton. There's that Merrimac mine, which is owned by a Philadelphia man. It is the pioneer at Chloride. It is down 122 feet now, and lately it has been shipping ore to the smelter that has run up to \$97 a ton in gold and silver. We've got seven big paying mines here at Chloride now, and there will be seven more before September, sure pop.

No mining town in the Southwest ever grew later than Chloride is growing now. There are many old-time miners and prospectors who say that they see in Chloride's growth a closer likeness to the early days of the famous Fraser River stampede of 1859 than to anything else. Last January Chloride consisted of a little store a saloon a blacksmith shop and a huddle of tents and canvas covered houses, strung along a winding road among rocks and sage brush. There was not even enough of a thoroughfare there to be called a street. To-day the population of Chloride is about 2,200, and it will no doubt exceed 4,000 by September. The town is growing at the rate of 150 fixed residents a week, while twice as many come and go week after week. In four months Chloride has progressed from a dreary, remorseless desert waste to a lively and humming mining town as there is anywhere. It has thus far grown faster than even Tombstone in 1879 for in those days there was no railroad communication to aid the rapid growth of the mining towns. Whether Chloride will grow to the importance of Tombstone, Cripple Creek, Leadville or any famous Western mining town depends upon the continued success of the newly found prospects.

Up to this writing Chloride has four rude buildings of canvas walls and shake roofs that answer for hotels, four stores that carry large stocks of provisions and miners' clothing and utensils; fourteen saloons and seven restaurants where meals costing 60 and 75 cents each are served on tall pine counters, while customers stand up and feed themselves like men stoking furnaces. The population of the town lives largely in tents and canvas houses scattered in the brown, sandy waste amid the sage brush. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company is building a branch from its Kingman station to Chloride, and the contract calls

for the completion of the work by Aug. 1. Kingman itself has grown from a population of 600 last winter to 2,500 at this time. The miners who have poured through that town on their way to the new silver and gold camp, the forwarding of freight from there to Colorado and the making of Kingman a general depot for supplies at Chloride have built up a thriving railroad community from a struggling hamlet within a few months.

The seeker after the picturesque in mining camp life may find it in plenty in Chloride. White-haired, tattered soldiers of fortune who have followed the delusive beckonings of luck over mountain and across desert, from the tropics of Guatemala to the snowbanks of British Columbia are in Chloride. Men who have been millionaires in other boom mining towns, and men who were once princes in Cripple Creek, Creede, Virginia City and Leadville, are here—broken down, discouraged, hoping against hope that in Chloride they may find something that will somehow lead them on to another fortune. There are clerks, railroad men, salaried men, lawyers, clergymen, mining kings and all the depraved characters that one sees in camp life. All the institutions that accompany a rush to a new gold or silver field are already in Chloride. For two weeks men hammered and sawed and nailed by day and night until the 'Imperial,' the finest dance hall in northwestern Arizona, was ready for the opening. Every night, no matter if the mercury is up among the nineties, the rough wooden floor of the dance hall is thronged with miners, old and young, and with women and girls from every city in Colorado, Arizona and California. The bartenders behind a great pine bar stretching across the rear of the ban like apartment do a land office business at the end of each dance, while the master of ceremonies, known in the mining camp phraseology as the herder, shouts in ear-splitting accents, 'Form on for the next dance! Git yer pardners! Git yer pardners! and let's make a night of it boys! Gamblers and sharpers of all degrees of proficiency have flocked to Chloride. A few months ago the only gaming there was card playing by the Indians. Now hundreds of dollars are staked every night on the roulette tables, craps is played in several places, and stud and round table poker is going on in the back rooms of nearly every saloon in town, while continuous games of faro are dealt in eight-hour shifts. One night last week there was a faro game in which \$3,000 changed hands within a few hours. Some of the most expert gamblers from San Francisco and Denver are now operating in Chloride.

Seven nights a week the saloons are crowded with men. If one wants to see any one in Chloride he makes the rounds of the saloons and gambling places, for every one visits at least one of the resorts every evening. In some there is the music of an accordion, a music box or a piano to please the patron. In two saloons women from the Denver and Los Angeles concert halls are hired to sing. Beneath the yellow light of huge kerosene lamps and a cloud of tobacco smoke men gamble, sink shafts in imaginary mines, talk over the money they are making or are going to make in the new camp. Occasionally, when someone in the camp makes a few thousand dollars on a mining deal or from the sale of real estate, every one is expected to come and drink his fill at the expense of the lucky man. A fortnight ago, when George Hamilton sold the Chicago for \$9,000 cash, \$2,200 was spent in drinks, and the camp rang with song and cheers for Hamilton from early evening until daybreak. The celebration over the sale would probably have continued a day or two longer, but for the fact that Mrs. Hamilton hired a conveyance and drove out like mad to Chloride, where Hamilton was seized bodily with his remaining money and carried back to his family at Kingman.

The rise in the value of real estate in Chloride is an interesting chapter in the story of the springing up of this town in the arid plain. A year ago the site of the business and residence part of Chloride might have been bought from a Mexican sheep herder for \$150 or \$200, possibly less. The owner tried to trade it in 1896 for several acres. Last February one might have bought an acre here and there among the rocks for \$50 or \$75. To-day single lots out from these same rock acres and bought for \$600 and \$800 each. A dozen lots, on what is now the main street

of Chloride, have sold for \$1,200, and two corner business lots sold last week for \$1,600.

If the mines continue as profitable as they are now, said John Swiggart, who has made and lost three fortunes in town lots in other mining camp booms, 'we'll be selling six-foot front business lots in Chloride at \$5,000 before September, and no one knows how high they may get by January. It makes me sick to think that with \$2,000 here four months ago I might now own real estate here that rents for \$6,000 a month and sells for \$40,000.'

It is very hard to get from the restless, anxious men, who rush to a new mining camp with heads full of schemes for financial self-betterment and visions of sudden riches made with a correct history of the camp. Where gold and silver are at stake and fortunes beyond the dreams of avarice seem near, one pays little attention to the histories of camps. It appears, however, that the first demonstration of the riches of the base ore at Chloride was made by a company of Scotchmen, who two years ago opened a mine that they called the Elkhart. Old Chief Surran of the Huallipi told the white men of the location of the ore, and said his tribe hid known for a generation that lead and silver could be had there in great quantities. The Scotchmen found pay ore two feet below the surface of the earth, and in a few weeks they found they had an immense body of ore which yielded forty ounces of silver, 26 per cent of lead and \$12 worth of gold to every ton. The secret was well kept, but it leaked out when the returns from the Pueblo smelter began to come back. Then Edward T. Loy of Colorado, who had obtained an intimation at the smelter of what the new mine at Chloride was doing, moved down to Kingman and began looking about for the vein upon which the Elkhart mine was operating. Mr. Loy saw at a glance that there were wonderful possibilities in Chloride for many more mines. He had about \$1,200, and with that he bought three claims on the Elkhart ledge and next south. Then he went about organizing and capitalizing the Huallipi Mining Company in Los Angeles. One million shares of stock were issued at two cents a share, and after months of work and argument the whole issue was floated. That was last November. In February the Huallipi Company began shipping ore, and had a little reduction mill in running order. In two weeks the value of the stock rose from three cents to fifteen cents a share, and it has since been advancing. Then the Merrimac Company, which had begun work over to the north on an extension of the same vein, ran into the richest silver ore ever known in Northern Arizona, and the profit in mining at Chloride was so large that the facts could be kept secret no longer. The rush of miners and prospectors began.

Strange stories of sudden riches travel up and down the crooked, rough streets of this desert mining camp. Some are veracious, but most are founded in the imagination of hopeful men, who have left home and a little business and have come hastening across the desert to Chloride, believing that fate was calling them to fortunes in the sun-baked painted mountains. The story of the leap into wealth made by Andy Flynn is one of the most interesting told in Chloride. For eleven years Flynn has been a cowpuncher, a railroad brakeman and a prospector. Two years ago he was a laborer in the white hills silver mines, and last fall when he saw some ore from the Elkhart mine he went out and located a claim a half a mile away. He borrowed \$50 and set at work to open the ledge and see how much and what sort of ore he had. In six weeks he ran short of money, and food. He could get no money in Chloride and, discouraged, he walked to Kingman. There he offered to sell his claim for \$100. No man would so much as go and look at the property. A month more of work in a section gang on the Santa Fe Railroad and Flynn had saved enough money to resume the opening of the ledge. He worked a few weeks longer on his property and got his shaft down 20 feet. Then he began to crosscut to get the width of the vein.

'I put in a shot of dynamite one morning,' says he in telling of his mining expedition, 'and ran away to wait the blast. When I came back I saw ruby silver (the purest silver ore known) lying all about in great chunks. I was so excited that I could hardly get down into my mine to examine the exposed vein. But there was no mistake about it. The ruby silver lay there in a great pocket. I trembled with emotion. When I came to assay some of that ore it ran to \$6,000 a ton. I was offered \$20,000 for the mine three days later, but I was not selling any mine of ruby silver for that sum. A month later, that was last March, I sold out-half the Mollie Giron to George Carter of Butte City, Mon., for \$76,000. We are now

taking out ore that nets us \$3,000 a month but in ninety days more we shall more than double the quantity of ore each month.'

Then there is Frank M. Desmond, who has been a blacksmith in the little railroad town of Needles for ten years, and has had a grim struggle to keep the wolf away from his door. Fortune came to him unexpectedly. He has an income now of about \$700 a week, and all because he made a location of his California mine in the Popto spot. He had been over at the White Hills at work on some machinery for the mining company there. He started back across the desert to return to Kingman last January. At Chloride he met an old friend, who asked him to share his tent and grub for a few days. Desmond went out to see the operations of the Huallipi Company at the Tennessee mine, and from what he saw there he believed the same ledge broke out far away and was renewed again further over to the northwest. It was only a theory and his friend laughed at the idea. There were no outcroppings of rock to prove it. But Desmond renewed his investigation and spent a day or two looking over the bleak hills. He was surer than ever that he was right and he located the California mine back to work at Needles.

At home and in his shop he thought more and more of the possibility of finding ore equal to that from the Tennessee and the Elkhart. A physician in Needles had enough confidence in Desmond's judgment to put \$3,000 in the prospect and buy a half interest. So Desmond went back to Chloride and began the work of opening his prospect. The mine yielded pay ore from a depth of seven feet below the surface, and up to date it has made enough money to pay for a \$22,000 stamp mill that has been built there, and the vein has as yet scarcely been scratched. Mr. Desmond and his partner have declined several offers of \$100,000 in the past month for their property.

'No one can ever tell in its early days how big and how rich a mining camp will become,' said Henry Blackwell, a western mining operator, who has come from Cripple Creek to look over the Chloride camp and has made two investments there already. 'If I had had fair faith in the ledges uncovered at Cripple Creek in 1891, I would have owned the \$10,000,000 Independence mine there, which was offered me then for \$7,000. Whoever believed twenty years ago that the carbonates at Leadville would make that camp the wonderful mining town it is? I do believe, however, that Chloride is going to be the best silver and lead camp in the South-west, and that it will be a town of 5,000 people in less than six months more. It may go higher. I have never been in a region more strongly mineralized than the mountains and hills are about this Sacramento Valley. The veins are unusually distinct along the hillsides, and may be from the Elkhart for four miles past the Elkhart, for which the owner has now this day a standing offer of \$130,000. All of us miners, who have come to the north to see this desert boom and mining proposition at Chloride, wonder how such apparent indications of unusually rich ore, and so much of it, could have been neglected by prospectors for so many years. It does seem a shame that while thousands of the miners have been risking life and enduring hardships in other diggings, these Colorado mountains have been lying there among these crooked mountains only waiting for some people to come along and claim them. The matter of water, with which to operate the crushers and stamps in the El Dorado, is highly important, but the workings at the Elkhart and the Tennessee show that water can be developed as the mines go down into the earth. I believe that I am safe in saying that the ore in the Elkhart, Tennessee, Berry, Merrimac and Diana mines at Chloride averages 47 ounces of silver, \$11 in gold and 22 per cent of lead to the ton. So far the Merrimac is the richest ore producer in the camp. It is owned by a Philadelphia man, who keeps his mouth shut and will not let any of his workmen speak about the property; but there is reason to believe that several carloads of ore near the surface of the earth have recently had returns from the El Paso smelter of sums ranging from \$1,850 to \$2,800.'

Had Felt Them. Visitors to cattle markets and fairs will be familiar with the system in vogue among butchers and farmers to determine the value of a beast. Running his hand over the animal under discussion, a good judge will make a pretty accurate guess as to its weight and quality. At a certain cattle market the other day a well-known Irish dealer scooped the owner of a fat bullock. 'O'll give ye nine pounds,' he said, after critical inspection from a safe distance. 'Nonsense,' responded the owner. 'I want twelve for him. It isn't like you, Mr. M—, to be making a blunder like that. Come and feel his points.' Instead of accepting the invitation, Mr. M— backed a yard or two. 'Be jabbers O! don't be remarking. O'Ve had about enough o' that say him. The last time O! thrud it on, the ungrateful beast it'ud me over a ten-foot wall. O! only felt the points av the brute for two seconds, but O! was convinced there was mighty little sense in the system, and O! 'm not the boy to be afeard trying it on again in his eye.'

ONE BEST. soap—'SURPRISE'—red, perfect soap. Wash and whitest in the least time with least work. Rubbing—all the dirt simply 'SURPRISE' Soap comes. It lasts as long as it if cost 15¢ good soap. There is no soap as good. 'Surprise.'

added, struck with a sudden brilliant thought, 'the fish to live in the water and the mole to live in the ground. Put the first in the element of the second, it struggles feebly for a short time and then is strangled. Put the second into the third, it flounders, gasps and dies. And should the lovely mole attempt to scur like the bold eagle above the gray mountain crags and cliffs; he—it—it would make him dizzy!'

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea. The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it, lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it. The most expert tea taster stands this test which differs not from the right way of making it.

How He was Cured. 'I don't believe all I hear about the unwholesomeness of cigarettes,' said a young man who was addicted to the cigarette habit. 'I acknowledge they are nasty things to smoke, and very offensive to some people, without doubt, but I won't be abused into reforming, and I won't 'wear off.'

'It always seems to me,' he went on, 'that a fellow can't trust himself if he has to quit anything by swearing off. If anybody will show me some good, sound reason why I should be ashamed to smoke cigarettes, I'll quit for good and all without taking a vow.'

'Do you mean that?' asked the friend to whom he was speaking. 'I do.'

'Then come with me.' The two young men went out on the street, stationed themselves at a prominent corner, and waited. Presently a little Italian boy came along. He had a basket on his arm. It was half full of the stumps of cigars and cigarettes which he had picked up from the gutter, and he was adding to his stock momentarily from the same source.

'What do you do with those, my boy?' inquired one of the young men. 'Sell 'em. Cigaretta factory. Ten cents a quart,' replied the lad.

'Do you believe in doing anything to encourage that sort of industry?' asked the friend.

'On my honor, no!' answered the cigarette smoker.

He took a box of the 'officio niam' from his pocket, deliberately tore them to fragments, threw them away, and never smoked another.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 4387, in Book 50 of Records page 80, 81, 82 and 83, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Prudence of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George H. Pinsky of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chamber's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows: This is to say—

'ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets there running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning.'

ALSO, 'All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Westworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street thence Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Northerly eighty feet to the place of beginning.'

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. GEORGE H. PINSKY, Mortgagee. MACRAE & MINOZZI, Solicitors to Mortgagee.

Two Men's Love.

CHAPTER I.

Who am I, and where am I going? Well, my name is Kora Effingham, and I am going to the Priory, Coldermere, Westmorland, the residence of my aunt, Lady Ilfradene, who is my guardian, though I have never seen her.

You see, my mother died when I was born, and my father when I was twelve years old.

Now, my father had rather peculiar ideas as to a girl's up-bringing, and his will desired that I should be kept at school, even during the holidays, until I reached my eighteenth birthday, when I was to take up my residence with my aunt.

Yesterday I attained the age of eighteen years, so this afternoon I am on my way, as I said a moment ago, to my aunt, and I cannot help speculating a good deal, as to what my unknown relations will be like, for I forgot to say that I possess a cousin, Sir Nigel Ilfradene as well as an aunt.

I am still absorbed in these speculations when we suddenly stop at Gilfannan Junction, and here, for the first time, my privacy is invaded—by a young man with a Gladstone bag, a bundle of rugs, and an armful of literature.

'By Jove, a lady!' I hear him mutter between his breath, as his eyes fall upon my small person; then, leaning a little forward, he goes on in a louder tone: 'I must apologise for my somewhat unceremonious entrance—which had been accompanied by a good deal of noise—but, if I hadn't absolutely flung myself into the first compartment in which I could find an empty seat, the train would have gone on without me; it is very crowded this afternoon. Do say that you pardon my rudeness.'

'Indeed, I have nothing to pardon,' I rejoin a trifle shyly.

'It is very kind of you to say so. If I had allowed this train to go without me, it would have meant my staying at the junction all night. I am going to a little, out-of-the-world spot called Coldermere, and, after this train, there isn't another one there until six o'clock to-morrow morning.'

'How very odd!' is my involuntary exclamation. 'I am going to Coldermere, too.'

'Are you?'—and he favors me with a glance which is a decidedly curious one, and which fills me with some little wonder.

'As you said, "How very odd!" Fancy two people, strangers to each other, alighting at Coldermere Station from the same train. I only hope that such an unprecedented event will not prove too exciting for the brains of the stationmaster and solitary porter.'

'I hope it won't,' I laugh, quite forgetting that I am talking to a man who is a perfect stranger to me. 'Is Coldermere, then, really such a very, very out-of-the-world place?'

'You are not acquainted with it, then?'

'Not in the least.'

'I will describe it to you as well as I can,—again favoring me with a glance which I still cannot help thinking is a somewhat curious one. 'The village consists of a population of, perhaps, a hundred inhabitants. It stands on the edge of a wild moor and the nearest town, Highminster, is twenty miles away.'

'Then how does it happen to possess a station?' I interpose.

'Because it happens to possess a Lord of the Manor. Sir Nigel Ilfradene, of the Priory, is a "big gun," and the station was built for his convenience.'

'Sir Nigel Ilfradene is my cousin,' I say, quietly.

'Your cousin?' in a tone of surprise.

'Then, pardon the question, please; are you going to the Priory?'

'I am.'

'It is certainly not my fancy this time that he looks surprised, though what there is in my simple statement to cause him surprise, I cannot imagine.

'I have a good mind to ask him, and—yes I will.

'Why are you surprised?' I ask, in the tone of one who means to be enlightened. 'Surely there is nothing surprising in what I said!'

'Not at all,' he returns quickly. 'It was only—'

'Yes?' It was only—what?'

'That—er—that the Priory is such a dull place, that the idea of your living there did not for a moment take me by surprise,' he answers, it might be said with some confusion.

'But my aunt and cousin live there.'

'Very true.'

'And, if they do not find it dull, why should I?'

'For a moment he is silent, then—

'Well, perhaps you will not,' he says, with a smile. 'To confess the truth, I was judging your feeling from my own. I am the sort of fellow who must—er—live in a crowd, you know.'

'I see,' returning his smile.

'Then, after a moment's hesitation, I ask—

'Do you—are you acquainted with my aunt and cousin?'

'Again, what is there in my simple question to cause anybody the least embarrassment?'

'Yet embarrassed by it my companion evidently is, and, for a full half-minute, he stares out of the window beside him in silence; then—

'I have not the honor of Lady Ilfradene's acquaintance,' he says, slowly, 'but I am slightly acquainted with Sir Nigel. I wonder, Miss Ilfradene, if—'

'But I am not Miss Ilfradene,' I interrupt, laughing; 'I am Kora Effingham. My father was Lady Ilfradene's brother.'

'Thank you. I beg your pardon.'

'And now that you know to whom you are talking, I go on, demurely, 'may I not know to whom I am talking?'

'Certainly, with a bow. 'I am Leonard Josslyn, Miss Effingham—very much at your service.'

'And then, for some unathomable reason, we both laugh.'

'The shadows of the evening are by this time beginning to draw over the flying landscape, and, as I sit gazing out into the warm summer twilight, I find myself mentally repeating those well-known lines of the poet Longfellow—

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a vulture's shadow
Falls from an eagle in his flight.'

'Thus far do I get in my reflections, when the voice of my fellow-traveller suddenly awakens me out of them, and, with something of a start, I turn towards him.

'I beg your pardon,' I murmur. 'You were saying—'

'That in another two minutes we shall reach Coldermere,' he responds, with a smile.

'This is welcome news to me, and, springing to my feet, I gather my impediments together, so that, when the train does stop, I have nothing to do but to spring out upon the platform.

'With anxious eyes, I gaze around me, while Mr. Josslyn kindly departs to the luggage van to rescue my trunks, and then, all at once, a deep, musical, though somewhat drawing voice falls upon my ears.

'I beg your pardon,' it says coolly, 'but I think you must be my cousin, Kora Effingham?'

'And you must be my cousin, Nigel Ilfradene,' I returned, shyly glancing up at the tall, dark man, who has emerged out of the gathering darkness.

'I am,' with a bow, but not making the least offer of his hand, which chills me not a little; the omission of a handshake seems such an uncourteous, not to say unfriendly act, that I have given the dogcart in to meet you,' he informs me next, 'and it is waiting your convenience in the road. We can only take one of your boxes with us, the luggage cart will bring you rest in the morning, so if you will point out to me the particular one you wish to have with you, I—by the-by, I suppose you have them—the trunks, I mean—taken out of the luggage van?'

'A gentleman who travelled down with me from Gilfannan Junction is kindly seeing after them,' I answer; 'I believe you are acquainted with him—he is Mr. Leonard Josslyn.'

'Leonard Josslyn?' my cousin ejaculates, staring at me as though he thought me just a trifle mad.

'Yes, Leonard Josslyn,' I retort. 'He got into my carriage at Gilfannan Junction. But how did you come to—'

'The rest of Nigel's sentence, however, I am not destined to hear, for he abruptly cuts it short, as he sees Mr. Josslyn himself rapidly coming towards us.

'He greets my cousin with a pleasant "How do, Ilfradene?" which Nigel acknowledges merely with a shadowy nod; then he turns to me.

'Your trunks are ready, Miss Effingham,' he says, gravely. 'I have left them in the care of the porter; what shall I tell him to do with them?'

'Excuse me,' my cousin's slow, cold tones interpose ere I can speak, 'I will look after Miss Effingham's belongings, she need not trouble you any further, Mr. Josslyn.'

'Beneath this most decided snub, Leonard Josslyn colors hotly, an angry gleam flashing into his blue eyes; then, lifting his hat, he would turn away without another word, only I detain him.

'Thank you,' I say, in grateful accents, and as he takes my extended hand into his warm, close clasp, the cloud leaves his brow, and he returns my smile.

'May I not say au revoir instead of goodbye?' he asks.

'Certainly; it shall be au revoir, Mr. Josslyn, if you wish it to be,' I answer, readily, 'and—with a wicked glance at Nigel, who looks colder, lazier, and more displeased than ever—I should like to be au revoir, too; I hate the word goodbye.'

'What his reply would be, I know not; I am destined never to hear it, for, laying his

hand upon my arm, Nigel coolly leads me away, and, before I have recovered from my surprise at his audacity, I find myself seated in the waiting dog-cart. Then my cousin once more addresses me.

'Perhaps you will be kind enough to say now which of your trunks you wish to have with you,' he remarks, in chilling accents.

'The small black one with the strap round it,' I answer, in accents to match his own.

'At last we are off. After bowling swiftly through the one only street which the village of Coldermere appears to possess, we turn into a broad, smooth road, stretching as far as the eye can see across the moor.

'The moon has by this time risen in all her glory, casting a flood of almost moon-tide radiance over the slumberous earth, sharply defining every bush, every brown-green rock, and turning the "bold torrent" which "high-rows down" from the mountain, into a dazzling ribbon of virgin silver.'

'And then my eyes wander from the landscape to the face of the man beside whom I am sitting, and who has never once spoken since we left Coldermere Station. How dreadfully gloomy he looks; I wonder if this is his normal expression, or can it be the cause of it? For a minute I continued to meditate in silence, then—

'I certainly cannot congratulate you upon your conversational powers, Cousin Nigel,' I remarked, sarcastically. 'Pray, do you never talk, or is it that you don't consider me worth wasting your conversation on?'

'Whoever you like,' he answers, with a calm nonchalance which makes me downright angry.

'I think you are very rude,' I retort, elevating my chin at least three inches higher into the air than I am wont to carry it.

'Not at all,' is the reply. 'I say "Whoever you like," because I know, from experience, how profitless it is to argue with one of your perverse sex.'

'Did you ask me to argue?' I interrupt, my wrath increasing.

'Perhaps you did not; but, if I had answered that I never do talk, except when compelled to do so, or if I had said that you are not worth wasting my conversation on, you would certainly have started some sort of an argument, which must have been an utterly fruitless one, seeing—'

'Pray do not trouble to explain any further,' I interrupt again. 'I am sorry that I "compelled" you to speak, but you may rest assured that I will trouble you very, very little in the future with my conversation.'

'Thank you,' and such is the coolness of his tone, the nonchalance of his manner, that I feel as though I could turn and read him.

'Again for a space there is a dead silence between us; then, by my secret, but carefully veiled, astonishment, Nigel suddenly, and of his own accord, addresses me.

'How did you come to make that fellow Josslyn's acquaintance?' he demands, curtly.

'But it is my turn to be mute now, and, judging from the story stare I fix upon the horse's ears, I might be as deaf as one of the giant rocks we are constantly passing.'

'Do you hear me, Kora?' Nigel asks, in an impatient, not to say ill-tempered, tone finding that I do not speak.

'How did you come to make Josslyn's acquaintance?'

'Still, silence is the only answer his question receives.

'Oh, very well, remain silent if you wish to do so,' he says at last, in a scart of indignation, 'but if you don't answer my question, I shall draw my own conclusions from your silence. I shall conclude that you have become acquainted with him in some way of which you are now ashamed.'

'With steadily increasing wrath I have listened to the above nasty speech, and now that it is finished, I turn upon its author with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes.

'You may draw what conclusions you please,' I say, hotly. 'Your opinion is to me a matter of the most supreme indifference; but now that we are on the subject, I will tell you what my opinion of you is. When I started from school this morning, I sincerely hoped that my new relations would—would like me, even as I was prepared to like, to love them; but now—well, I am still prepared to love Aunt Di, for, judging from the letters she has sent me, she must be everything that is sweet and good; but you, Cousin Nigel—'

I pause.

'Yes, what of me?' he asks, with a very perceptible sneer.

'I—hate you!'

'As calmly as possible he meets my angry gaze, not a muscle of his face moving beneath it, save that the sneer round his mouth deepens and grows more haughty still; then, with a careless shrug of his shoulders, he removes his eyes from mine, softly muttering beneath his breath—

'Jove! what a little vixen it is!' and at the same instant, we abruptly turn into a broad winding avenue, at the further end of which is a double flight of stone steps, leading up to the front door of the Priory.

'Without waiting for Nigel's assistance, I spring to the ground, and in another moment or two I am in the great marble paved entrance hall, shyly greeting my aunt.

'Welcome to the Priory, my dear,' she says, kindly, and, as I look up into the pleasant, handsome face bent above mine, I know that however much I may detest my Cousin Nigel, I shall dearly love my Aunt Di.

CHAPTER II.

I have been three weeks in my new home, and, on the whole, I am very happy.

As I thought she would be, my aunt is everything that is sweet and kind.

As to my cousin, I do not see very much of him, but quite as much as I want to see; I do not like him, and I never shall like him, I am perfectly certain.

At this particular moment I am wandering along the summit of the lofty cliffs which encircle this part of the coast as far as the eye can reach, and, suddenly, whom should I come face to face with but Mr. Leonard Josslyn, whom, somehow, I am constantly meeting in my walks.

He has hitherto been hidden from my view by a giant rock, locally known as the Priory's Cross, it being in the shape of a rude cross, but directly he does catch sight of me, he hurries forward with an eager smile and, nothing loth, I stop and greet him.

'A beautiful day, is it not?' I remark, brightly.

'It is, indeed,' he agrees. 'You are taking a walk; may I accompany you—a little way as you please?'

'But I am not going any further,' I object; 'I was just about to retrace my way homewards, when we met.'

'Then may I not accompany you on your homeward journey? I am myself going to the Priory.'

'You are going to the Priory?' I ejaculate; and then, all at once remembering that my astonishment at his destination is not altogether polite, I go on hastily; 'Of course you may accompany me, Mr. Josslyn, if you wish to do so.'

'Thanks many. I shall not be in your way.'

'Decidedly you will not. I was only wishing five minutes before I met you, that I had a companion.'

'You are beginning to find life at the Priory rather dull, then, I am afraid?'

'Oh, no, I am not! quickly; 'not in a general way, that is, but there are moments when the most hermit-like people long for a little society.'

'I see,—with his pleasant smile—but surely Lady Ilfradene or Sir Nigel—'

'My Aunt, Mr. Josslyn,' interrupting him, 'never walks, except in the garden; she is something of an invalid, and much exertion is beyond her.'

'But Sir Nigel?' in a questioning tone.

'I beg your pardon, though Miss Effingham will think me unduly curious, I am afraid—'

'Not at all,' I interrupt again, in my most gracious tone. 'I think if it is very kind of you to take an interest in—er my proceeding, and I don't in the least mind answering your question. You evidently labour under the delusion that I have only to appeal to my cousin when I feel a little lonely; but, Mr. Josslyn, I might just as well ask the man in the moon to descend to my frivolous depths, as my cousin Nigel; besides, is he did condescend to bestow a fraction of his society upon me, I don't think I should enjoy it, for, to confess the truth, I am just a wee bit afraid of him.'

'You are afraid of him! Surely he has never dared to—'

'Box my ears,' I finish, demurely; 'oh, dear, no! It is his manner, which is so very superior; it always makes me feel that I am a mere school-girl. And then his temper; my own is certainly anything but angelic, but his—'

'With an expressive shrug of my shoulders I pause, and Mr. Josslyn laughs.

'Yes, I can quite agree with you there,' he declares. 'I quite expect, too, that I shall get something more than a touch of his temper this morning.'

'You are coming up to the Priory, then, to see my cousin?' I question.

'I am.'

'Well, you won't find him at home; he has gone over to Surbiton, and will not be back much before seven o'clock. Can I deliver him any message from you, Mr. Josslyn?'

He hesitates; then slowly he draws a square white envelop out of an inside pocket in his coat, and holds it towards me.

'This letter, Miss Effingham—it you will kindly give it yourself to Sir Nigel as soon after his return home as you possibly can, you will be conferring a great kindness upon me, and—er—and—'

'Of course I will give it him, with pleasure,' I interpose, quickly.

'And now, Mr. Josslyn, you really must not come with me any further, now that you are not coming up to the Priory. You will have a sufficiently long walk back to Coldermere as it is.'

Judging from his face and manner, Mr. Josslyn would like to combat this last determination of mine; but after a moment's hesitation, he does not, and with a hand-shake we separate.

Of course, I tell Aunt Di of my meeting with him; but, for some inexplicable reason or other, I do not mention the letter for Nigel which is reposing in my pocket, and which I hand to that gentleman when we meet them in the drawing-room before dinner.

I cannot help fancying that he would

submit me to a cross examination of some sort concerning it, only that Aunt Di enters the room before he can put even one question to me.

He does not at once read the letter, but after a glance at its superscription, slips it into his pocket; and, whether he is pleased to receive it or not, his face continues to wear the haughty, inscrutable mask peculiar to it.

He does not join us in the drawing-room after dinner, but adjourns to his own particular suite of apartments; and at eleven o'clock Aunt Di and I seek our respective rooms, though I do not at once go to bed. Instead, I pick up 'A Fair Admirer,' and prepare to indulge in a short read ere seeking the arms of Morpheus.

But my short read resolves itself into a long one, for—

'Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.'

With quite a nervous start I spring to my feet, letting my book fall to the floor. It is actually a quarter to twelve. Nearly a whole hour has elapsed since I said good night to Aunt Di.

I must certainly be going to bed now, or I shall be very apt to over sleep myself in the morning; and, thinking that, I proceed with my nightly toilet, which finished, I cross to the window of my bedroom furthest from my bed, to draw up the blind.

It is a whim of mine to sleep with this blind up, that the morning light may early stream into my room.

What a beautiful night it is! so beautiful, in fact, that I cannot resist the temptation of gazing a while at the tarry scene which lies spread out before me.

Immediately beneath my window is a wide expanse of soft green turf, and, if there were such beings as sprites and elves they would surely be holding a merry revel upon it to-night.

Of course, these ever-flickering shadows are merely caused by the dancing leaves of the sentinel elms which skirt the lawn. The moon is responsible for much that is mysterious and weird, particularly when she is as bright as she is to-night; yet where her silver rays cannot penetrate, how very dark it is, almost—

'But what is that?'

Vigorously I rub my eyes. No, I am not dreaming; a shadowy figure is crossing the grass-plot beneath me.

Upon whom, upon what am I gazing—upon a man, a woman, or—upon a visitant from another world?'

The figure is shrouded from its neck to the ground in a loose, dark garment of some sort, not unlike a monk's robe; while over its head, completely hiding its face, is drawn a hood or cowl.

Like one fascinated, I continue to stare down upon the weird form, until slowly it glides round the corner of the house, and is lost to sight.

Then, with a sudden icy chill tingling through my every vein, I creep into bed, though it is almost daylight ere I can go to sleep. And even then my sleep is haunted and disturbed by vague fears and broken dreams; so that I am not surprised when Aunt Di exclaims, over breakfast, that I am looking 'dreadfully pale,' and anxiously inquires if I am not feeling well.

'Oh, yes! thank you, auntie; I am quite well,' I answer. 'But—I did not sleep very profoundly last night. That is, perhaps, the reason why I am looking pale.'

'It is my belief, Kora, that you sit up reading when I see you to bed,' she declares, shaking her head.

'Well, yes, I do sometimes,' I confess.

'And you did so last night,' Nigel breaks in, with an abruptness which is startling.

'I did,' I agree, a touch of defiance involuntarily creeping into my tone; then fixing my eyes steadily upon his face, I go on; 'It was a quarter to twelve before I threw my book aside, and even then I did not go straight to bed. It was such a lovely moonlight night, that I stood gazing out into the garden for nearly half an hour.'

'You did what?' Nigel demands, curtly; and it is only my fancy, or is there indeed, a note of anxiety in his voice?'

If there is, I ignore it and continue, placidly—

'I stood looking out into the garden for nearly half-an-hour, so that it was past twelve before I went to bed.'

'Then it is no wonder that you look washed out this morning,' Nigel retorts, in his nastiest tones; and, without another word, he pushes his chair back from the table, and stalks out of the room.

I feel disgusted, and I believe that my disgust must be clearly written on my face, for, glancing at Aunt Di, I see that she is regarding me with a smile—a smile in which there is nevertheless, a touch of sadness.

'He is a perfect bear,' I declare angrily.

'Yes, he is, Aunt Di—at any rate, he is to me, and you know he is. Now, cousins

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE)

With Years WISDOM.

The answer to that old query, "What's in a name?" was not hard to define in the case of one justly celebrated Family Remedy that had its origin way down in Maine, which proves that with age comes wisdom about

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said "they were out, but could supply her with another just as good." The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen still when she replied:

Young Men, there is only one Liniment, and that is Johnson's.

Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, there is not a remedy in use which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Good remedies have existed for nearly a century, except that it possesses extraordinary merit.

Our book on INFLAMMATION Free. Price 25 and 50c. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Youthful Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed. Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Orisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says: "My daughter, now 23 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health and consequence has always been poor. The boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her."



The "D & A" Corsets are designed on scientific principles—They are easy and graceful—While giving firm support they permit perfect freedom in every movement—Made of the finest material and beautifully finished.

From \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

Sunday Reading

Gethsemane. I celebrate with joyful sound The day of blessed memory...

Waiting on God.

They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles.

What a beautiful night it is! In beautiful, in fact, that I cannot resist the temptation of gazing a while at the stars...

Like one fascinated, I continue to stare down upon the weird form, until slowly it glides round the corner of the house, and is lost to sight.

'It is my belief, Klara, that you sit up reading when I send you to bed,' she declares, shaking her head.

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'He is a perfect bear,' I declare angrily. 'Yes, he is, Aunt Di—at any rate, he is to me, and you know he is.'

Keep thus the Godward side of your life clear and strong, your religion will be all the stronger on its onward side.

contravise blessing; for he came to me as I called, that ye might inherit a blessing. It is this inherited blessing which we are to share with the world...

'Letting the Light Shine' The best commentary on the Bible the world has ever seen is a holy life—it even illuminates and beautifies the sacred text.

He who said, 'I am the light of the world,' also said, 'Ye are the light of the world.' The source of the world's light in either case is the same...

Our Lord never bade his disciples to let their light shine until he had shown them the sevenfold rays which make the white light of Christian character...

Two Stratford Ladies Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

Mrs. ELIZABETH BARTON, Britannia St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure."

Mrs. POLAND, Brunswick Street, says: "My husband suffered greatly with nervousness, complicated by heart troubles."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Take one at night before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a grip or gripe...

And Tumors cured to stay cured at home; no pain, no pills, please! For Canadian testimonials & prospectus, write Dept. II, MASON MEDICINE CO., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

ful truth. It is a mystery which completely baffles the penetration of a finite being. To us it seems impossible; yet we do know that God does hear the prayers of tens of millions of his people dwelling in all parts of the world...

Has it never happened to you that, when you have given the wisest advice to this or that poor man or poor woman who was blundering in life, though well pleased with your wisdom and confident of success, you have wholly failed?

Here's a Little Nut to Crack. Just a grain of corn! The principle upon which Putman's Painless Corn Extractor acts is entirely new.

HER DIAMOND JUBILEE. An Expert Woman Fleckpocket's Impressions in Europe. Minnie Daly, who in her day was the most successful pickpocket in Chicago...

A Wonderful God. In the Bible God is personified as 'Wonderful.' In every conceivable respect he is wonderful. But there is one respect in which he is wonderful that has often greatly impressed me...

Here are some samples of them. Minnie displayed in a large silk handkerchief a number of gems. 'Why those Johnny Bulls are dead easy,' she continued, with delightful frankness.

The Advantage of One Eye. During the late Spanish-American war a certain old colonel who had lost an eye at the Battle of Gettysburg was very indignant because he was put aside as physically incapacitated...

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mentary. Oh, what swell 'bosse' they have there! Mrs. Erch, as Minnie Daly insisted upon being called, said she would do Chicago harm...

Members of the Church Army have opened a 'tea saloon' in New York, the praiseworthy object of which is to combat the beer saloon. It is modelled after its alcoholic rival in all extended features...

As a special inducement to women and families to give up their accustomed pitcher of beer at meal time and substitute tea for it, the Church Army offers to put the money paid for the tea each day into the bank to the credit of the customer until the amount had reached one hundred dollars.

Tea is a virtual poison to some persons, even when taken in small quantities, and an injury to every one when it is drunk immoderately. The danger of a place like this new 'saloon' is that it tempts to over-indulgence in tea, the evils of which are more pronounced in this country...

One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a landslide, of which there had not been the slightest warning.

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves, of course they give splendid results.

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Men and Women of To-day.

Funston Was Neither Alive Nor Dead. That Brigadier-General Funston can be original even while in a semi-comatose condition, is testified to by a member of the Engineer Corps just home from the Philippines.

'The most characteristic thing I ever knew Funston to do,' said the Engineer, 'was before the battle just outside Calocan. He had had no sleep for two days, and was in bad shape. He therefore rolled himself up in some leaves and went to sleep. Meantime, the division received orders to advance, but Funston could not be found. Many scouts had been killed, and it was feared that the Colonel's curiosity—for he was a Colonel then—had let him into trouble. Presently, however, a glimpse was caught of his red hair in the tangle, and later they found him shrouded in leaves. As this is the way bodies are prepared for burial in that part of the world, we got more and more apprehensive with each step until at length, some one shouted:

'Colonel, are you dead or alive?' 'Neither,' granted the Colonel as he rolled over for another nap; 'I'm sleeping.'

A Tribute to Shakespeare.

Many years ago Miss Adelaide Neilson drove through the beautiful Tower Grove Park in St. Louis. On the way she was impressed with the Shakespearean status which is one of the attractive features of the park, and she expressed a desire to plant a tree within its shadow. She went to London, secured a mulberry tree at Stratford, and sent it on to the Park Commissioners, instructing them to keep it until her return. She went to France and died, but the tree was planted, and a small white stone tells this story. Since then trees have been planted by Booth and Barrett.

Several weeks ago Miss Olga Nethersole heard the story of Adelaide Neilson, and through friends she secured the Park Commissioners' permission to plant an English elm close to the Shakespearean mulberry. The tree-planting was attended with much ceremony. Miss Nethersole shoveled the earth with her own hands in a heavy rain-storm. Beneath its roots she placed a metal box, the facts concerning its contents being known only to herself. The plot of ground in beautiful Tower Grove Park thus implanted with trees furnished by the profession of the stage has been happily called 'The Forest of Arden.'

Gomez Explains the Earth's Revolutions.

One of the brightest young Porto Ricans who figured in the late war is Senor Miguel Sanchez, who is now in this country in the interest of the Porto Rican public school system. He was at one time on the staff of General Gomez in Cuba, and he tells many incidents concerning that doughty old fighter.

'I was skimming one of the New York Sunday newspapers while I was in the General's headquarters in Cuba,' said the Senor the other day, 'and it was the first to reach us for several months. I noticed an article on the newly discovered movements of the earth's surface. Now, you know the General disliked to have any one do anything without being invited himself to take part. He liked to be consulted—to be asked questions—no matter how unimportant they might be, so in reading the article I stopped and asked:

'Now General, how do you account for the daily revolutions of the earth, anyhow?' 'That's easy to answer,' he replied, in stantly, 'so long as Haiti, Porto Rico and Cuba are part of it.'

The Texas Ranger as a Tenderfoot.

N. A. Jennings, author of A Texas Ranger, spent four years during the early seventies in the Lone Star State in the mounted service, and then returned to his home in Philadelphia. But the spirit of a venture moving him, he returned to the West, and in 1881 found him in Rico, Colorado, a frontier mining-camp—primitive, lawless and picturesque. He wore clothes that fitted him, and soon became known to the inhabitants as a tenderfoot.

One day he was sitting in the barroom of the only hotel in the place when the town Marshal and the Sheriff conferred on a subject with another as to a bit of official business during the course of which the

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noise in the head by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department O. Q. The Institute, "Longwood," Gunnersbury, London, W., England.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

sheriff asked the Marshall for one of his revolvers.

The marshal drew it from his holster and handed it over. It was forty five calibre, a Colt, precisely such a weapon as Jennings had carried for years in Texas and in the use of which he was a famous expert. The sheriff held it up admiringly. 'Pretty big gun, ain't it?' he remarked patronizingly to Jennings.

'Yes indeed,' answered the former ranger, with childlike innocence.

'Don't have such big guns as that in Philadelphia, eh?'

'No indeed. It must weigh about ten pounds.'

'Well, it doesn't weigh as much as that, but it's a pretty big gun, ain't it?'

'Yes; let's see it.'

The sheriff carefully opened the weapon and extracted six large, mercurous cartridges and handed it to Jennings, who took it in somewhat the same manner as a nervous parent lifts his first born.

'Ain't much used to guns?' suggested the Sheriff, half pityingly.

Jennings fumbled the pistol awkwardly and then handed it back but foremost. Now, one of the most prized tricks of the expert plainman is to hand a pistol to a man in the usual way, but just before it passes from him, to shift it in his hands with an imperceptible movement, so that the man who reaches for it finds himself looking into it's barrel. This is what happened in Rico, and the sheriff turned white in spite of his knowledge that the pistol was unloaded. Then Jennings, nonchalantly caught the revolver on the trigger and made it whirl like a pinwheel.

Taken he asked for another revolver, and soon had that spinning in his left hand. After this exhibition he returned the pistol and walked out on the porch.

Half an hour later a clean-shaven man sauntered up to Jennings' chair and said to him in a half-whisper:

'Say, stranger, where are you from?'

'From Philadelphia,' answered Jennings.

'Philadelphia thunder! Say, where are you from? I won't give you away!'

Andrew White and Mark Twain.

A new story of Andrew J. White, Ambassador to Berlin, and Mark Twain has just reached this side. The humorist's aversion to the German language is well known. His diatribe against it is classic. Now, Mr. White, while an excellent German scholar, speaks the language with a noticeable accent. The story hinges on these points. It was at a reception, and Mr. White, partly in sport, confined his conversation with the author wholly to German.

'I am glad to see,' interrupted the novelist, 'that you appreciate German.'

I did until I read your abusive article upon the subject,' returned the Ambassador. I am now thinking of returning to English.

'How grateful the Germans must be,' was the reply.

They Didn't Recognize Mr. Catt.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, general organizer of the Woman's Suffrage party in this country is a young and strikingly handsome woman. She is a brilliant talker, amiable in manner, and is always stylishly dressed. A year or two ago she was on her way to address a State Convention in Topeka, Kansas, when she got into conversation with the two gentlemen on the cars. One of them was a County Judge and the other a newspaper editor of the same town. A few seats in front of them sat a spectacled, angular woman, sallow as to complexion and drab as to dress. Her clothes were cut in a fashion severely plain. The talk turned upon the rights of a woman.

'See that woman yonder?' said the Judge. 'I'll bet she's a delegate to that Woman's Rights Convention up at Topeka.'

'Sure,' chimed in the editor. 'Funny, ain't it? There's a woman that has no husband—never could get one, has all the rights she needs, and she gallivants around the country asking for more. Funny ain't it? I'll bet she's Mrs. Catt. Well named, ain't she?'

Mrs. Catt smiled and changed the subject. When they reached Topeka she said to the Judge:

'I am very glad to have met you. I am

Mrs. Catt. The lady in front is the wife of a banker in Chicago. She is going out to visit her married daughter. I know her very well. She is opposed to women's suffrage. Good-bye.'

Tea is His Lefty Workshop.

A man from the West brought back the other day a pencil sketch of Nikola Tesla's quarters at the foot of Pike's Peak, Colorado. It is a long, wooden structure, with a veranda extending its whole length, and surmounted by a tower on which experiments are conducted. It has been the general belief that the inventor has been living since last spring near the summit of the Peak, 14,000 feet into the air, overlooking an area of 50,000 square miles. In truth, he is several miles from the foot of the mountain.

Mr. Tesla has withdrawn of late from most of his early associates and his professional and social friends. He has become more and more of a recluse, and as he makes few confidants his exact whereabouts were unknown until the arrival of the man with the pencil sketch. But he is always working industriously wherever he may be.

The latest experiment of the wizard of electricity is perhaps his most important. It is to discover a means for the transmission of sound, and also power, by electricity without the use of wires. Tesla has believed for many years that this remarkable achievement can be carried out successfully, and his present experiments were planned long ago.

How Dewey Applies the Rules of Arbitration.

Lieutenant James C. Cresap, of the U. S. S. Vicksburg, was a midshipman aboard the old Constitution when the famous vessel was a training-ship at Annapolis and was commanded by Admiral D. Wey. He has a fund of anecdotes concerning the Admiral, and the other day he spoke of one incident that shows both the strict discipline and the sense of humor possessed by the hero of Manila.

'Some of the boys,' said Lieutenant Cresap, 'had an idea that the deck would make a good bowling-alley. So they got some solid shot and began to roll them down against the bulkhead. Tasy struck with an awful crash, and, having created sufficient disturbance, the boys ran away to their hammocks.'

'They did it cleverly enough, but a man has to be more than ordinarily clever to escape Dewey. When the culprits were brought to book Dewey said:

'Gentlemen, you need cooling off, so just get out on the tips of the yards.'

'They had to do it, and were not allowed to crawl in for an hour.'

'Admiral Dewey is walloke when occasion demands,' continued Lieutenant Cresap, 'but he is also a peacemaker. I remember how another boy—who was very tall, while I was quite short—and I had a feud of long standing which we tried to settle by a resort to sticcuffs.'

'Dewey found it out, and said to us:

'You boys ought to be good friends, and I'm going to give you ten hours extra guards together. Now take your guns and begin.'

'We did so, and before the ten hours were up we had shaken hands and made up all our differences.'

Change a Poem to Suit a White.

Louise Imogen Guiney is an exception to the rule among poets. Not only does she listen to criticism, but she frequently accepts it. Here is an instance in hand: Not long ago an elocutionist, E. W. West, wrote to the poet regarding her poem Tatpala, which was recently published by a New York magazine.

'I admire the poem greatly,' she wrote, 'and I should like to read it aloud, but it is too descriptive for declamation.'

A few weeks afterward Miss Guiney sent her critic a new version of the poem, in which form it is now being recited by Miss West through the New England and Middle States.

General Wallace as a Painter.

It is said that the mechanical device which will be used next season to represent the chariot race in the dramatization of General Lew Wallace's novel, Ben Hur, is the invention of the author. General Wallace is not only a mechanic, a soldier of high renown, a diplomat, statesman and author, but he is also a painter. Twenty years ago he painted a Cupid with purple wings. The painting was exhibited in Indianapolis, and, and created no end of criticism from persons who had different ideas concerning Cupid's wings. The General left the color stand, though, and it remains purple to this day.

A Moving Letter-Box.

It almost seems as if it must be an American invention,—the automatic letter box which is being placed in new apartment houses in Paris,—although the French are pluming themselves upon it as a native novelty.

In the vestibule of the house are placed as many of these letter-boxes as there are tenants in the building. In general ap-

pearance there is little difference between the group of boxes and those to be seen in the vestibule of any flat-house in this country. Instead, however, of retaining the letters, cards and so forth until some one descends to get them, the Paris invention promptly delivers its contents to the person for whom they are intended.

Thus, when the postman has a letter for Mr. So-in-53, he deposits it in the box bearing that gentleman's name. The mixture opens a lever at the bottom of the box, which thereupon moves upward until it comes to Mr. So-in-53's apartment. There, by an ingenious mechanism, the contents of the box are emptied into a receptacle in the hall of the apartment, and a bell is rung automatically to notify the servants that a letter has come.

Its duty done, the box descends again to take its place with those of the other tenants in the vestibule. And not a letter alone, but even a visiting-card dropped into the box will speed it on its upward errand, so light is the weight required to operate the mechanism.

TELEPHONS IN HAWAII.

In Those Islands They are Really a Public Institution.

There is one telephone to every fifty-two inhabitants in the Hawaiian Islands, and one to every forty-one persons in the principal island of Oahu; and a Honolulu letter to the Chicago Record makes it clear that in these new possessions of ours the telephone is really a public institution.

Isolated as the islands are, the arrival of a steamer from a foreign land is of interest to almost every one. The government maintains a lookout station on Diamond Head, from which approaching vessels can be sighted while still from twenty to forty miles distant. As soon as a steamer is sighted 'central' is notified.

'Central' then notifies the pilot officer, the port physician, the board of health, the custom-house, the post-office, the news paper offices, and a few other persons who have a particular interest in early information of this character. Then the electric light company is notified, and gives two long whistles if the steamer is from America and three if it is from any other part of the world.

For two minutes after these whistles are blown no telephone connections are made, but the force at 'central' keeps repeating the name of the steamer and its location, as 'Australia off Koko Head,' or 'China off Waianae,' so that all any one needs to do is to go to the nearest telephone, put the receiver to his ear and learn what steamer it is and where it is.

If the steamer brings any striking piece of news of general interest, 'central' gives it to everybody who calls up for a connection. In this way the destruction of the Maine was known all over the island within ten minutes after the Zelandia, which brought the news, was at the wharf.

An important personage dies, the news is distributed in the same way, and 'central' can always be depended on to give the hour and place of a funeral as soon as the hour is fixed. In New York and Chicago, if you want to make it quiry, you ask a policeman. In Honolulu you ask 'central.'

The meat markets have a list of their regular customers at 'central,' and at about six o'clock each evening 'central' calls them all up in order and takes their orders for the next morning's breakfast.

Worth the Journey.

Doctor Mellrath and wife, of Chicago, who journeyed round the world on their bicycles, consuming three years or more in the trip, by reason of unforeseen delays in inhospitable countries, arrived home last winter.

As on the occasion of their departure a large crowd had seen them off, so upon their return the streets were thronged with people eager to witness their home coming.

One of a group of persons who watched the scene from an upper window as the globe trotters, escorted by hundreds of local cyclists, wheeled into view, remarked: 'Well, there they come. And now I'd like to know what they have gained by that long ride, so full of hardships and privations.'

'Did you see them when they rode away from here?' asked another.

'Yes.'

'Did you notice they had dropped handlebars and rode with a hump?'

'I think I did.'

'Well, they're coming back with raised handlebars and are sitting up straight. That was worth the trip, perhaps. They have learned how to ride a bicycle.'

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superior Bitter Apple, Pili Cocks, Penicillin, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & ROSS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Harris, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

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Cured Of Epilepsy.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—'It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall so matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the periods between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them.'

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Where Stevenson Lived.

The Samoans, among whom Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and whose country is now being so much talked about, called the white people 'sky-breakers,' believing that, in order to reach the islands, they must have smashed their way through the blue doom—which is seen to close down upon the ocean on every side at a distance. They live in houses which resemble gigantic beehives, raised up upon five feet high. The beehives are of wicker-work, thatched with leaves of the sugar cane. The floor is usually of clean gravel, and there are no walls, the hut being closed at night or in bad weather with a sort of Venetian blinds of cocoanut leaves. Each dwelling is all one room, but may be divided at night into compartments by means of curtains lowered for the purpose.

A passion for ornaments is a weakness of the Samoans, who make garlands of flowers for their hair, as well as headresses composed of disc-shaped pieces cut from the shell of the pearl nautilus. All of the men are tattooed in exactly the same way, and not to be adorned in this fashion is considered a disgrace.

All of the Samoans are Christians, and practically all of them read and write. Indeed, the percentage of illiteracy among them is less than among any other people in the world.

Frills of Fashion.

The regular midsummer riot has begun. Furbelows and fal-lal loving women, unlike the grayly lapping and burnished dove mentioned by the poet, does not take on her most varied crests and liveliest irises until she feels the ripening influences of the sun call them forth. When, however, the poppy and swamp lily and black-eyed susan are up and going, feminine nature shows an irresistible impulse toward color and plenty of it.

Whatever you take your horseless carriage drives abroad, to clubhouses, terraces, casino piazzas, sea beaches and lawns, this fact is too patent to need pointing out, but, strange to relate, the daring pell mell of rainbow tints, which a month ago would have made the eyes wink and water painfully, now seems the most natural and agreeable scheme of color harmonies possible.

To arrive at a working basis of facts let it be known that along the line of debutantes red is making a right royal show. In the evening daisies after daisies turns herself out in a merry little costume of motor red tulle with all the important hors d'oeuvres of an evening toilet, such as hair ornaments, slippers, hose, &c., of the same shade. A gown of red gauze falling on a silk petticoat of a like color, with the dangerous tendency to florid emphasis relieved by a tambour pattern in black worked out on the red gauze, is the type of costume an ethereally blonde or richly brunette woman can and does carry off to perfection.

This same girl will probably wear during the day a gingham striped with slate pencil wide lines of cochineal red, a hat to match, wound with rips meadow grass, and hoisted over all a Venetian sunshade of red cotton or one of white treated with egg-shaped dashes of red. Smart and becoming as all these poppy-like tones may be, not every woman can presume to adapt them to her own uses. When red seeps to go against the grain there is the present renewal of interest in cornflower blue to fall back upon, or clematis purple may serve its votaries, and clear fern green is still another prominent and popular midsummer tone.

A decided tendency is displayed everywhere for every individual to identify some one colour with her wardrobe, and to the all white, cloud gray, faint pink and ciel blue gowns, so suitably worn during spring weather, bright bows and collars, sashes and fronts are now added in order to bring them fully up to date. With yachting clothes it is always easiest, of course, to ally some tone of blue and the coral or red dye is adopted everywhere in preference to the deeper navy shade. A shirt or coat of cornflower blue poplin, with a duck skirt and a rough cream Italian straw hat, conspicuously crepe de chine or taffeta mousseline. The chiffon is laid on as a bristling surface of tucks or a sheath of ruching to clasp the shoulders, and from this froth out wide and shallow flounces made of the doubled goods. Quite invariably such capes, whether long or short, have high collars built on wire frames, and a goodly number of them show hoods or thick lace valances cascading over the shoulders. Wrapped in one of these collects a woman who knows the worth of clothes and how to carry them can hardly fail to resemble a handsome fairy peeping from the fullness of some rosey cloud, since her chiffon wrap is sure to be selected in some pearly pink ciel blue or rose-white tint that sets off a complexion to the utmost advantage.

With few exceptions the shorter wraps, those that droop their edges just over the shoulder or to the elbow, are provided with long scarf ends falling to the knees or even lower, and the mention of this feature brings naturally forth a word about the short park or calling cap that runs all the gamut of summer materials, from the pretty and quite inexpensive crepe de chine cloth to really wonderful combinations of cloth applied in archaic gowns on heavy silk net and circlets of grayish altar lace mounted on satin. One fascinating expression of the park cape's many-sidedness is given in a shoulder collar of yellow net, upon which designs cut from sandstone pink cloth are applied. Tabs of the cloth-stiffened net hang nearly to the feet, while the collar itself rests on an under frill of yellow chiffon, in turn lying on one of pale green taffeta.

Another cool cape is of lightly jaded greenish in its principal part. Wherever the jutting shingles an underlining of white silk shows beneath the encrusting beads and a full frill of black mousseline, over one of white, ripples about the cape's curving edges and gives the note that transmutes a black wrap into a vision of appropriateness for an elderly elegant. It goes without saying that from beneath the large front ruff broad jetted stole ends, finished with wide tans of frilled mousseline, hang direct to the hem of the dress, and that the high wired black collar is faced with a buoyant ruff of purest white.

The brain of novelty-loving femininity is forever busy devising new schemes of treatment for the necks of gowns and shirt waists, and the manufacturers of women's neckties found themselves early in the season stranded high and dry with valuable consignments of linen, satin, gingham, and pique cravats that womankind would not purchase at any price. The stiff linen shirt waist collar is perforce only near meeting with the same indifference under which the manly little tie has all but perished, for now the rule is to decorate the throat with an abundance of fluffy whimsical contrivances of lace, ribbon and the like and sternly condemn the starched linen collar as exerting a roughening, discoloring influence on the neck.

There is, indeed, but one starched collar left, and it is a strangely shaped thing from France that fits high up about the ears and chin, as a green calyx fits the base of a rose bud. Smart it is to a degree with a tailor suit where a ribbon scarf, pulled through a paste buckle, encircles the neck proper below. A few faithful ones are spending a last summer in their shirt waists with fold over linen neckbands and bright Persian pattern handkerchiefs tied, but what the heart and the patronage of women really go out to is the ever extending jabot cravat of soft silk muslin, bordered deeply with lace, and the bigger and broader the bow of lawn under her chin the better satisfied the wearer thereof.

In the majority these bows are made of white, but they are also purchasable in pale straw color edged with blond lace, in ciel and blue pink and in black silk muslin most artistically embroidered, while a still more distinctive novelty is a silk muslin jabot flatter with edgings of ravelled silk. Any well-equipped summer trousseau contains one or more of these last, and they are worn indifferently, as cravats with shirt waists or as folded fichus about the open neck of an evening dress.

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There is no rule drawn as to whether these garments shall find expression in pile tones or loud, high colors—that is a question purely of the individual taste and complexion—but a woman at 5 o'clock in her white and gold drawing room certainly blends more artfully with her surroundings when she is attired, for instance, in a gown of milk-white soft-finished muslin, the upper half of her body clasped in a bolero of small-figured guipure of Breton lace of that subtle tone known to dress-makers as time-yellow tint, the robe itself falling on an under petticoat of crisp white Swiss, bearing fine flutes to the Russ and also edged with narrow time-tinted lace.

Another acceptable variety of teagown, made for and worn by one of the smart young matrons of New York, had an underkirt of stemgreen taffeta soyuse adorned with a few frills near the base of lilac chiffon, each frill edged with a thread-like puffing of the palest green chiffon. Upon this fell a veiling of green grenadine gauze figured in lilac orchids and widely valanced all about with a scalloped flounce lilac chiffon falling upon one of green that was slightly wider. A half belt of green satin ribbon passed about the rear of the waist line and was made fast at either side toward the front with pretty jewelled ornaments of amethyst sunk in rings of green enamel. At 5 o'clock, when tea is poured, the woman who presides at the tray wears usually in her hair a pompon made of many loops of baby ribbon of a color that accords with her gown, and this, pinned coquettishly among wavy locks, is seriously announced as a tea cap.

The sphere of usefulness of the prevailing evening and afternoon cape wrap is not by any means limited to the mere warding off of chill breezes, for only a few of them are really capable of adding any appreciable warmth to their wearers' shoulders. Their virtue, indeed almost their reason for being, their exceeding intrinsic loveliness and the charm any one of them can convey to a woman, from the smallest collet to the largest shawl shopped affair, falling to the hem of the skirt, hardly one of them but is a very fine expression of the purest sartorial art.

Scores of the most superb evening wraps are made wholly of chiffon or that equally flower-like fabric called areopans. A long cape of chiffon is usually founded on nothing more stable than one thickness of crepe de chine or taffeta mousseline. The chiffon is laid on as a bristling surface of tucks or a sheath of ruching to clasp the shoulders, and from this froth out wide and shallow flounces made of the doubled goods. Quite invariably such capes, whether long or short, have high collars built on wire frames, and a goodly number of them show hoods or thick lace valances cascading over the shoulders. Wrapped in one of these collects a woman who knows the worth of clothes and how to carry them can hardly fail to resemble a handsome fairy peeping from the fullness of some rosey cloud, since her chiffon wrap is sure to be selected in some pearly pink ciel blue or rose-white tint that sets off a complexion to the utmost advantage.

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Another acceptable variety of teagown, made for and worn by one of the smart young matrons of New York, had an underkirt of stemgreen taffeta soyuse adorned with a few frills near the base of lilac chiffon, each frill edged with a thread-like puffing of the palest green chiffon. Upon this fell a veiling of green grenadine gauze figured in lilac orchids and widely valanced all about with a scalloped flounce lilac chiffon falling upon one of green that was slightly wider. A half belt of green satin ribbon passed about the rear of the waist line and was made fast at either side toward the front with pretty jewelled ornaments of amethyst sunk in rings of green enamel. At 5 o'clock, when tea is poured, the woman who presides at the tray wears usually in her hair a pompon made of many loops of baby ribbon of a color that accords with her gown, and this, pinned coquettishly among wavy locks, is seriously announced as a tea cap.

The sphere of usefulness of the prevailing evening and afternoon cape wrap is not by any means limited to the mere warding off of chill breezes, for only a few of them are really capable of adding any appreciable warmth to their wearers' shoulders. Their virtue, indeed almost their reason for being, their exceeding intrinsic loveliness and the charm any one of them can convey to a woman, from the smallest collet to the largest shawl shopped affair, falling to the hem of the skirt, hardly one of them but is a very fine expression of the purest sartorial art.

Scores of the most superb evening wraps are made wholly of chiffon or that equally flower-like fabric called areopans. A long cape of chiffon is usually founded on nothing more stable than one thickness of crepe de chine or taffeta mousseline. The chiffon is laid on as a bristling surface of tucks or a sheath of ruching to clasp the shoulders, and from this froth out wide and shallow flounces made of the doubled goods. Quite invariably such capes, whether long or short, have high collars built on wire frames, and a goodly number of them show hoods or thick lace valances cascading over the shoulders. Wrapped in one of these collects a woman who knows the worth of clothes and how to carry them can hardly fail to resemble a handsome fairy peeping from the fullness of some rosey cloud, since her chiffon wrap is sure to be selected in some pearly pink ciel blue or rose-white tint that sets off a complexion to the utmost advantage.

With few exceptions the shorter wraps, those that droop their edges just over the shoulder or to the elbow, are provided with long scarf ends falling to the knees or even lower, and the mention of this feature brings naturally forth a word about the short park or calling cap that runs all the gamut of summer materials, from the pretty and quite inexpensive crepe de chine cloth to really wonderful combinations of cloth applied in archaic gowns on heavy silk net and circlets of grayish altar lace mounted on satin. One fascinating expression of the park cape's many-sidedness is given in a shoulder collar of yellow net, upon which designs cut from sandstone pink cloth are applied. Tabs of the cloth-stiffened net hang nearly to the feet, while the collar itself rests on an under frill of yellow chiffon, in turn lying on one of pale green taffeta.

Another cool cape is of lightly jaded greenish in its principal part. Wherever the jutting shingles an underlining of white silk shows beneath the encrusting beads and a full frill of black mousseline, over one of white, ripples about the cape's curving edges and gives the note that transmutes a black wrap into a vision of appropriateness for an elderly elegant. It goes without saying that from beneath the large front ruff broad jetted stole ends, finished with wide tans of frilled mousseline, hang direct to the hem of the dress, and that the high wired black collar is faced with a buoyant ruff of purest white.

The brain of novelty-loving femininity is forever busy devising new schemes of treatment for the necks of gowns and shirt waists, and the manufacturers of women's neckties found themselves early in the season stranded high and dry with valuable consignments of linen, satin, gingham, and pique cravats that womankind would not purchase at any price. The stiff linen shirt waist collar is perforce only near meeting with the same indifference under which the manly little tie has all but perished, for now the rule is to decorate the throat with an abundance of fluffy whimsical contrivances of lace, ribbon and the like and sternly condemn the starched linen collar as exerting a roughening, discoloring influence on the neck.

There is, indeed, but one starched collar left, and it is a strangely shaped thing from France that fits high up about the ears and chin, as a green calyx fits the base of a rose bud. Smart it is to a degree with a tailor suit where a ribbon scarf, pulled through a paste buckle, encircles the neck proper below. A few faithful ones are spending a last summer in their shirt waists with fold over linen neckbands and bright Persian pattern handkerchiefs tied, but what the heart and the patronage of women really go out to is the ever extending jabot cravat of soft silk muslin, bordered deeply with lace, and the bigger and broader the bow of lawn under her chin the better satisfied the wearer thereof.

In the majority these bows are made of white, but they are also purchasable in pale straw color edged with blond lace, in ciel and blue pink and in black silk muslin most artistically embroidered, while a still more distinctive novelty is a silk muslin jabot flatter with edgings of ravelled silk. Any well-equipped summer trousseau contains one or more of these last, and they are worn indifferently, as cravats with shirt waists or as folded fichus about the open neck of an evening dress.

Women who wish to learn how to prevent and cure those diseases peculiar to their sex and who wish to learn how to become healthy, strong and happy, instead of suffering, weak and miserable, should write for Mrs. Julia Richard's

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND. (Please mention this Paper.)

Presently he went down into his wren and came up with a small box, in which were a dozen or so of bantam eggs, and small even for that kind. In New Jersey they would have been taken for mosquito eggs. Over these he stuck a label inscribed '1 cent,' and pretty soon a man stopped lazily and began to look over the stock.

'Mighty little aigs fer a cent, ain't them?' he said, nodding toward the box. 'It is not the size of an egg, but it's meat that makes it valuable,' responded the huckster in language that didn't quite seem to belong to him.

'They ain't hatchin' aigs, then,' said the visitor. 'No,' replied the huckster, and the passenger passed on. 'In three or four minutes a very much better type of citizen came along and stopped to look at the eggs.

'You don't give much egg for a cent, do you?' he laughed. 'If they're not satisfactory I'd take 'em back,' was the astonishing proposition. 'The man looked into the honest face of the huckster a moment and laying down a copper picked up an egg and walked off with it. I don't know where he went to try the egg, but in about five minutes he was back again, and with him were two other men. The legend on the box had been changed in the meantime, and 'two cents' now showed above the egg box.

'I thought the price was a cent apiece?' he said questioningly. 'I just received a telegram from my uncle, the Bishop of Georgia,' responded the huckster, 'that the Methodist conference will meet in this country next week, and that all the chickens are taking to the tall timber. Eggs have gone up correspondingly.

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Cured Of Epilepsy.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—'It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the periods between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could not cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I agreed to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or altered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say 'just as good.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Where Stevenson Lived.

The Samoans, among whom Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and whose country is now being so much talked about, called the white people 'sky-breakers,' believing that, in order to reach the islands, they must have smashed their way through the blue dome, which is seen so close down upon the ocean on every side at a distance. They live in houses which resemble gigantic beehives, raised up on wicker-work high. The beehives are of five-cornered shape, thatched with leaves of the sugar cane. The floor is usually of clean gravel, and there are no walls, the hut being closed at night or in bad weather with a sort of Venetian blinds of coconut leaves. Each dwelling is all one room, but may be divided at night into compartments by means of curtains lowered for the purpose.

A passion for ornaments is a weakness of the Samoans, who make garlands of flowers for their hair, as well as head-dresses composed of disc-shaped pieces cut from the shell of the pearly nautilus. All of the men are tattooed in exactly the same way, and not to be adorned in this fashion is considered a disgrace.

All of the Samoans are Christians, and practically all of them read and write. Indeed, the percentage of illiteracy among them is less than among any other people in the world.

BOOK FOR WOMEN FREE. While this edition lasts a copy will be sent postpaid in sealed envelope to any lady who applies for it. Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

looking appearance there is little difference between the group of boxes and those to be seen in the vestibule of any fat-house in this country. Instead, however, of retaining the letters, cards and so forth until some one deigns to get them, the Paris invention promptly delivers its contents to the person for whom they are intended. Thus, when the postman has a letter for Mr. So-in-So, he deposits it in the box bearing that gentleman's name. The mischievous spirit at the bottom of the box, which thereupon moves upward until it comes to Mr. So-in-So's apartment. There, by an ingenious mechanism, the contents of the box are emptied into a receptacle in the hall of the apartment, and a bell is rung automatically to notify the servants that a letter has come. Its duty done, the box descends again to take its place with those of the other tenants in the vestibule. And not a letter alone, but even a visiting card dropped into the box will speed it on its upward errand, so light is the weight required to operate the mechanism.

THE LOYS OF YOUTH.

But Retain From any Article: 'Touching up.'

A London journal tells this Monte Carlo story:

'A woman entered the salle while a prince whom she knew was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank.

'I am so glad to see you here, prince, and in such luck, too,' she exclaimed 'Do tell me a lucky number. It is sure to win, for you are in the vein.' The prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of 36 winters, and said, 'Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest.'

The lady reflected, hesitated and then placed the pile on 37. An instant later the croupier sang out, 'Thirty six, red, wins!' The lady muttered, 'Ah, mon Dieu; 36 is exactly my age,' and fainted on the spot.

No doubt this is offered as a dreadful warning to other women, but nevertheless, in spite of the lost fortune, I still contend that a woman may keep to herself just as long as she pleases just how many sunny summers and frosty winters have passed over her head. Now, I think the prince at Monte Carlo was very ungentle.

Fortunes are not always lost, you know, because a woman who looks ten years younger than she really is does not proclaim her age—in fact, they are more often won by—but truly, truly, I must not encourage dissembling.

That little Monte Carlo story was told, I know, by a man. No woman would have been so unkind as to refer to it, as its evident aim is to show that a woman will not tell her age even at the prospect of gaining a fortune.

It is no wonder we all love youth—men and women as well. To youth belong bright eyes, glossy hair, smooth skin, a light step and a capacity to enjoy the enjoyable things of life. Surely it is not wrong to cling to these things just as long as we may, and it is quite a natural desire to want to appear fully possessed of them when in truth they are fast slipping away. But nothing so forces the fact upon others that youth no longer lingers with us as do inappropriate dressing and an effort to play the part of unlearned and unthinking youth.

A woman of 85 used to tie on a bonnet with strings that went on under her chin, and with this style of headgear you were more often inclined to think of her as 50 instead of 85 and speak of all her pleasures in the past tense. Nowadays you may find a woman of 50 wearing a very smart little hat that is so becoming to her you guess her age, if you think of it at all, some 10 or 15 years less than it is. Fashion and custom no longer decree just what a woman shall don at a certain age, whether it is becoming to her or not. In fact, it is one of the happiest things of this day and age that everybody is as young as everybody possibly can be.

With her clothes and her manners adjusted to her age with such care that neither the one nor the other is in any way obtrusive the woman of today, be the maid or mother, is a very charming creature, and she has a right if she wishes to keep you wondering just how many are her years. You, who with the rest of us, who love and admire youth so much, will really be happier in the thought that she is still quite young than you would be did you know to a certainty that age, which robs us of so much that is delightful, was not so very far away from her. Yes, it is a lot nicer to have women about us who say they are young, Mr. Man, who tells the Monte Carlo story, than it would be did they all insist they were growing old. If you do not believe me, just reverse the

Advertisement for Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing. Includes image of a shoe and text: 'SHINES SOFTENS SAVES', 'PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING', '25c AT ALL SHOE STORES', 'L. H. Packard & Co. Montreal. ALL COLORS BLACK, TAN, BROWN, ETC.'

order of things for awhile. It used to be quite the vogue, you know, for women to take back seats and smile resignedly and say with a telling sigh, 'Yes, my dear, my dancing days are over.' It is not on record that husbands were any happier in those days than they are now. Indeed when I find a woman quite willing to play old and pass I feel quite sorry for her husband.

Poor fellow, it is not a bit complimentary to all the efforts he has made in their wedded life to make her happy. There is such an implication in her resigned manner that she has been so much of a household drudge that she long ago gave up the effort to keep youthful in looks or alert in spirit.

This same woman says to her children upon occasion, 'Mamma is getting old.' She knows down in the bottom of her heart that she would resent the saying of this by any one else, and yet she does not seem to hesitate to insist upon the members of her family realising the fact even before it is time that they should. Isn't it that little morbid yearning for sympathy that makes her do this?

It is not an enlivening thought to a child that a parent is growing old. Not long ago I watched a dear little maid of some 6 summers and her mother, a pretty woman of—well, here I must admit that I am puzzled about her age. She is one of those women who do not tell their ages. I have known her a number of years, but she does not look a bit older now than she did the day I first met her. The hairdresser was busy arranging the woman's glossy blond tresses. The little daughter stood by, watching the work with interest. The mother, bending close to the glass, pulled out one little wavy white hair, and, laughing said, 'Mamma is getting old.' 'No, no, no!' the little maid cried, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. 'My mamma is not old. She never will be old.'

It took some time to quiet the child, the mother assuring her over and over again that she was just as young as could be and that she would always stay young.

Age is only beautiful when graciously borne. When a woman's hair is silvery white and the rosy tint has left her cheeks, it is the wisest thing in the world to grant that nature knows best and to refrain from any of the artificial 'touching up' that is supposed to add youth and baffle age. What cleanliness, exercise, fresh air and good health and cheerful spirits, together with well selected clothes, cannot do to preserve youthful looks then that is best left to kindly hand of nature for attention. —Margaret Hannis in St. Louis Republic.

WORKERS IN COLD PLACES.

Men Who Spend Their Days Where the Temperature is Near Freezing.

'Men who work every day in an almost freezing temperature are a study,' said a refrigerator expert, especially in these hot days of summer. There are very many men who work in temperatures varying from 30 to 35 degrees, and, of course, suffer a great deal after their day's labor is ended when they come out into the heat of the day. Take, for instance, the men who work in the vat rooms and the ice departments of the big breweries. Get the boss to open the big door and then peer into these big, cold, damp departments. On a hot day you will feel your lower limbs become cold as you stand on the outside when the door swings open. I would not advise you it heated, to go in.

'You will see the employee going around among the big vats and pipes, each carrying a lighted lamp or torch. They generally keep such places well darkened. The damp floor is of flagstones. The men are clad in winter underclothes, woollens, overalls and rubber boots. They go about their business and don't mind the cold because they are used to it. Should an ordinary mortal venture in there with summer apparel on he might get pneumonia in short order. When those men come out and go home on a hot summer evening of course they are distressed before they get to where they live. Many breweries have places where the men can take off their heavy clothes and boots and put on summer clothes. But even then the change from 32° to 90° is very severe for them. Still, if you examine them closely you will find that nearly all of them have rosy cheeks and they are stout and hearty. It is not the beer they drink. They work in the cold, move about, have plenty of exercise, and, of course, they drink beer at certain hours before breakfast, after breakfast and all through the day, probably twenty or thirty glasses in ten hours. As a general thing they are healthy men, but they are much distressed on hot nights because they work in almost freezing temperature for from ten to twelve hours a day, and when night comes they suffer.

Then take the employees of the cold storage houses in all cities. The men work in a temperature as low as 30°. You see the big storage plants are divided into rooms or apartments where different articles are kept at different temperatures. For eggs the temperature is about 31°, and for butter the rooms are but slightly cooler. But these places are not damp and disagreeable like the vat rooms of

breweries. The other evening I saw an odd sight. A laborer in a sugar refinery, a brewery employee and a cold-storage laborer walked home together. The brewery man, just out of a 32° temperature, was suffering from the heat. The sugar man, just out of a temperature of 150° was smiling in the cool of 90°, while the cold storage man mopped his forehead and thought the heat was burning him up.

Men in big refrigerators, who work say two or three hours at a stretch at 32°, mind it more than the men who are in a freezing temperature all day. Brewery men who work in the cold don't run so much risk in drinking cold beer as the men who work in the heat. But all brewers now instruct their employees not to gulp down cold beer, but to drink it slowly. 'They say people live longer who work in high temperatures, than those work in low temperatures do not average more than 59. The oldest people they say, live in the tropics. Yet, to look at these brewery men in the cold vat rooms you'd think they'd live to be 70 or 80.'

MIDSUMMER HEALTH.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND The Only Medicine That Bestows the Blessings of True Health.

Interesting Testimony from a Cured man.

If you have entered into the oppressive heat of midsummer and find yourself suffering from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, pain in back and side, headache, insomnia and stomach disorders, let us urge you to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial if you would be healthy, strong and happy. We fully realize the seriousness of your condition, and with a desire for your physical welfare we recommend Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that is now doing such a marvellous work for thousands of sufferers in our country. If your doctor is unlettered by professional etiquette, he will advise you to use the great life giver. Your friends and neighbors will be pleased to tell you what it has done for them in their time of distress and agony.

Mr. Charles Coman, of Nagsau, N. B., tells of his terrible sufferings and his cure by Paine's Celery Compound as follows: 'I can conscientiously recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who may be suffering from dyspepsia and liver trouble. For years, while living in Black Brook, I suffered from a complication of troubles, and was so bad with dyspepsia that I could not touch a morsel of food. I found it difficult to sleep, and what little I did get was often broken with horrid dreams. Intense sufferings from liver complaint added to my load of agony; I also had dizziness, pains in the back, and was pale, haggard and despondent.

'I kept doctoring and dosing without deriving the slightest benefit, and finally gave up all hope of getting well. One day my daughter, who had read of a wonderful cure by Paine's Celery Compound, begged me to try one bottle of the medicine. I told her it was no use to throw away money, but she pleaded so hard that I please her I bought a bottle, and before it was used up I felt better. Encouraged so much, I continued with the medicine and improved every day.

'I am now cured, thanks to Paine's Celery Compound. You cannot wonder that I consider Paine's Celery Compound the greatest medical discovery in the world. I urge all who are suffering to try this grand medicine and test its virtues.'

Family Government.

It is not 'all in the child' by any means. With the majority of children there is a natural impulse toward that form of independence which brings the child into conflict with the parental discipline, no doubt, but it is very largely the manner in which this discipline is exercised which determines whether the parent of the child is to be the real 'master of the situation.' In one home the word of the mother, expressed with kindness but firmness, is the accepted and respected law of the child. In another few are the minutes which pass un-punctuated by reproofs, threats, scolding—in none of which has love or dignity a share. The threats fall on callous ears, for long experience has shown the child that they are 'mere words.' As is well said by a recent writer: 'Everything has been said as a matter of custom, without any intention of carrying out the threats. Instead the child has received endless sermons upon his disobedience and obstinacy. The reprimands, the reproaches, last so long that the small offender gets irritated with the everlasting scoldings, and the parents, on their side, lose what little authority they have in continual nagging and fault finding. Soon other incidents present themselves, to be followed by fresh disobedience and a still longer discourse. There is never a moment of respite for anybody. Ah, if the child does not become enraged it is because he is thinking of something quite different when one is finding fault with him.'—Good Housekeeping.

FLASHES OF FUN.

You often hear a woman say: 'It's no use talking,' but she doesn't think so, all the same.

'And you say you ate horse steak in Paris? How was it served?' 'A la cart, of course.'

'There goes a man who keeps his word.' 'He does?'

'Yes; no one else will take it.'

Mr. Hojack: 'My dear, why do you allude to those twins as sardines?'

Mrs. Hojack: 'They are children of Mr. and Mrs. Herring.'

Miles: 'Wasn't it disgraceful the way Jones snored in Church to-day?'

Siles: 'Disgraceful isn't the word for it; it woke me right up.'

She: 'Have you any poor relations?' He: 'None that I know.'

She: 'Many rich ones?' He: 'None that know me.'

First Actor: 'What plan shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?'

S. second Actor: 'Why not invite your creditors?'

The difference between a long and short year is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skin for one's grandmother and one for one's sweetheart.

'Have you a telephone in your house?' 'No; I sometimes have to work at the office at night, and if I had a phone at home, my wife would call me up every three minutes to see if I were there.'

Stern Parent (to a young applicant for his daughter's hand): 'Young man, can you support a family?'

Young Man (meekly): 'I only wanted Sarah.'

Guest: 'Ah! Then you are a musician. What instrument do you play?'

Musician: 'The first fiddle.'

His Wife (emphatically): 'But only in the orchestra!'

Magistrate: 'What, you hear again, Slattery? This must be the twentieth time you've been up before me.'

Slattery: 'Well, yer worship, 'tis no fault of mine that you don't get promotion.'

Generous Parent: 'There is the cheque, George; but remember that a fool and his money are soon parted!'

Soapgrace: 'Not so soon, pater. I've had a lot of trouble coaxing this little bit out of you!'

Johnny: 'Pa, is there anything more valuable than diamonds?'

His Father: 'No, son; why?'

Johnny: 'Oh, I was just wondering what they gave Methuselah on his five-hundredth wedding anniversary.'

Traveller: 'Ah, Miss Society, if you want to see nature at its best, you should take a trip through the pine woods of Norway.'

Miss Society: 'Wouldn't it be grand if I do so dote on pineapple?'

One of the cruellest remarks made by a musical auditor is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling, to her own great satisfaction, 'Oh, would I were a bird' when a rough miner shouted out, 'Oh, would I were a gun!'

Mr. Greene: 'Funny how mothers will believe that their own children are so much better than anybody else's children.'

Mrs. Gray: 'I know it. If all children, now, were like my little Georgie, it would not be so strange.'

The Manager: 'How came you to leave your last place?'

Applicant: 'I was discharged for good behaviour! That's unusual, isn't it?'

Applicant: 'Well, you see, good conduct took nine months off my sentence.'

Miss Causeique: 'So you are engaged to that Mr. Atkinson, are you? Now, tell honestly what can you see in him that distinguishes him from all other men in the world whom you have ever met?'

Miss Passee (with unlooked-for frankness): 'He asked me to be his wife.'

Customer: 'I want to get a dog-collar; something handsome and showy.'

Dealer: 'Will this one do?'

Customer: 'No; I'd like something more expensive than that. You see, it's my wife's dog, and I'd like to get someone to steal it.'

'I am glad to say,' remarked Mr. Seekton, 'that I never spoke a hasty word to you.'

'No, Leonidas,' answered his wife, rather gently, 'I'm willing to give you credit for not hurrying about anything.'

Wife: 'The price of the clock was £3, but I got a discount, so it only cost me £1 16s.'

Husband: 'Yes, but you could have got the same thing at Beesie's for £1 10s.'

Wife: 'That may be, but then Beesie wouldn't have taken off anything.'

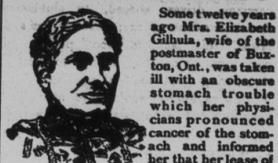
Artist (showing picture): 'Now, my dear Gilder, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymph.'

Gilder: 'Perfect, my dear boy. One would actually think they were made of wood.'

dered him to crow for old England, and he wouldn't, when I consecrated him for a rebel.

Preaching one Sunday from the text 'Love one another,' the village parson told a little story of two goats that had met on the one-plank bridge which crossed a small stream where he lived. 'But did they fight and try to push each other into the water?' queried the minister. 'Oh, no! One lay down and allowed the other to step over him. There was the right spirit! My brothers,' said the preacher, leaning over the pulpit, and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone, 'let us live like goats.'

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilula, wife of the postmaster of Burton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach. She had informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble. Here is the letter Mrs. Gilula wrote at the time of her cure: 'About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die. By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B. B. B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life.'

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago: 'I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers of all stomach troubles of any kind.' ELIZABETH GILULA.

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Advertisement for a bicycle. Includes image of a bicycle and text: 'TO INTRODUCE \$1.00', 'FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joint, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$15.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$2.50; fitted with Hartington Tires, \$30.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$8.00 to \$18.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.'

Advertisement for The Borden Patent Switch. Includes image of a switch and text: 'THE BORDEN PATENT SWITCH', 'NO WIRE NO STEMS', 'Nothing but Genuine Hair, Will Outlast any other Switches. Price 10c per 100 up. J. PALMER & SON, Sole Mfrs. 1745 Notre Dame.'

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps. Includes image of a soap box and text: 'CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS', 'Are supplied in various quantities for all purposes. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.'

sees him to cross for old England, and he would not, when I considered him for a rebel.

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Burlington, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach.

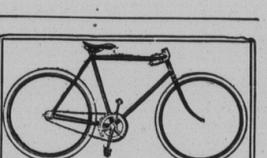
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(Continued from last page.)

the truth, kneeling down beside her.

"You impudent child! So strolling my head."

"He doesn't inherit it from you that is very certain. I do from the bottom of my heart, pity his wife, if he ever gets one."

"Did she die?" I ask gently, as Aunt Di pauses, with a far-away look in her kind, grey eyes.

"How terrible—how awful! Poor, poor thing; and poor Nigel—no wonder he is changed!"

"He saw her start on her dreadful journey, Aunt Di goes on, in a broken voice; then, when the last unhappy exile had disappeared from view he staggered home to me. For weeks he lay at death's door; but, at last, he slowly got together, and I brought him back to England."

"And was she innocent?" I ask.

"Yes; thank God! The rigours of her first Siberian winter killed her. And now, Nigel, you understand why Nigel is—is as he is."

"I do, aunt; and I will never be impatient with him again," softly kissing the arm holding.

For a short space we are both silent, then Aunt Di suddenly tells me this is the time I go for my maudlin walk; so donning hat and jacket, I start forth on a ramble.

As I did yesterday, I choose the cliff-road, and again, about half-way between the Priory and Coldmere, I meet Mr. Josslyn.

"But I am afraid that he cannot, on this occasion, at any rate, find me a very interesting companion."

"The truth is my thoughts are busy with that strange scene which I witnessed from my bedroom window last night, and gradually, we both relapse into silence as we walk along, side by side until he suddenly offers me a proverbial penny for my reflections."

"I beg your pardon! I say then, quickly and contritely, 'I am afraid I have been inattentive, not to say rude—'

"Do not accuse yourself of that, please, Miss Effingham," he interposes, as quickly as I have myself spoken. 'You have not been either the one or the other; only so very deep in thought that—'

"I do believe it, it is not because I fear to trust you with my confidence, Mr. Josslyn, that I still hesitate to speak, but simply because, if I related my story, you would probably think me slightly mad."

"It must be a very wild one, then," he remarks, with a smile, but with a glance which, I cannot help fancying, is rather cold.

"I thought that would be your answer. And now for my second question. Is the Priory said to be haunted? You have been in this part of the world before, have you ever heard of any—'

"Your second question I can answer in the affirmative, Miss Effingham," he says, slowly. 'The country people do declare that the Priory is haunted by the monks, to who it belonged, until Sir Oswald Illfradene wrested it away from them.'

"Ah! with a long-drawn breath. 'Please tell me the legend, Mr. Josslyn.'

"I am afraid I cannot do more than give you the mere outline of it, for I am no raconteur; but, briefly, the legend is this: At the time of the Reformation, the Priory, with its broad lands was bestowed upon Sir Oswald Illfradene, as a special mark of his sovereign's favor. With a large body of armed retainers, he arrived to take possession, but the aged prior, with certain of the monks, banded together to resist him. Of course, his men, trained to fight, soon overcame the weak brethren—some were killed, some were taken prisoners, and from the latter, Sir Oswald demanded homage and submission."

because, if I related my story, you would probably think me slightly mad."

"It is wild, I say, gravely, 'but, yes, I will tell you. First, though Mr. Josslyn I must ask you two questions.'

"Certainly, Miss Effingham."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Do I believe in ghosts," he repeats, in tones of undistinguished wonder, though I cannot help fancying again that he regards me with another rather curious glance. 'No, Miss Effingham, I cannot say that I do.'

"I thought that would be your answer. And now for my second question. Is the Priory said to be haunted? You have been in this part of the world before, have you ever heard of any—'

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"They refused to yield it, and, one by one he them cast into the foaming sea, until only the prior remained alive. He was slowly starved to death by his relentless jailer, and it is he who is said to be visible on certain nights in the year to anyone bold enough to watch for him. In the garden, his favorite haunt in life, it is said that he even yet walks—'

"And he does, for I have seen him," I interpose, solemnly. 'I saw him last night.'

"You have seen him?" Mr. Josslyn gasps, and he positively turns pale.

"I have. I saw him in the garden beneath my bedroom window."

"Surely you must be mistaken?"

"No, I am not. I was looking out of my bedroom window—it was a while after midnight—and I saw him as distinctly as I now see you."

"Have you said anything about—the strange occurrence to Sir Nigel, or—"

"I have not breathed the subject to anyone but yourself," I interrupt, quickly; 'and I do not think that I shall mention it to either my aunt or my cousin. It would only bother Aunt Di, and Nigel would be sure to peep-peep it. By the way, I wonder if he has ever seen you—'

"That question, I am afraid, I cannot answer, Miss Effingham," Mr. Josslyn declares with a smile. 'But, tell me, are you sure you frighten'd by what you saw?'

"Perhaps I was—well, not exactly frightened, but just a bit upset—bewildered and perplexed, you know, at first. But I don't seem to mind at all now. I am sure the poor, restless spirit would not harm me."

"No, it would not harm you," Mr. Josslyn agrees. 'Nobody, nothing mortal or immortal, would hurt you—you could not. That is a very complimentary speech,' I laugh, gaily; 'and I love compliments; but my anxious relatives will be sending to look for me. No, I am not going to let you walk with me, Mr. Josslyn. I am in a hurry, so I am going alone.'

"But I want to ask you something."

"Then you must ask it the next time you see me."

Leonard Josslyn to write in this extravagant style.

I have seen only a few times, but, somehow I feel just as though we were life-long acquaintances.

I like him very much indeed.

LOVE ROMANCES OF THE CENTURY.

The Ways in Which Great Men Won Their Wives.

It says much for the essential humanity of love that two of the most delightful love stories of the century are told of such grim warriors as Bismarck and Garibaldi, whom even their most intimate friends would not lightly have accused of sentiment. It says much also for the 'dominion of love' that both these men, who never acknowledge defeat in arms, were vanquished by a single glance from a pair of beautiful eyes.

Garibaldi's first view of the woman—he was only a very young and very beautiful girl then—was through a telescope from the deck of the Itanaria, as he sailed into the laguna of St. Catherine, in Brazil. There must have been a powerful fascination in what he saw, for, putting down his glass, he gave orders that he should be rowed ashore forthwith. He spent some hours in trying to find the house in which he had seen this vision of beauty, but all in vain; and he was on the point of returning defeated to his ship, when he met an acquaintance and accepted his invitation to drink coffee at his house.

By some curious trick of Fate, the first person to greet him was the girl whose beauty, seen from afar, had conquered him; and in his own words: 'We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other like two persons who do not meet for the first time, and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall renew remembrance.' At last he greeted her, as by some overpowering compulsion, with the words, 'You must be mine'; and with these words, as he afterwards often said, 'I had tied a knot which only death could break.'

Bismarck's fate was equally sudden and unexpected. It was at a wedding that the young army-student met his future wife; and he was so conquered by her charms that the very same evening he wrote to her parents demanding her hand.

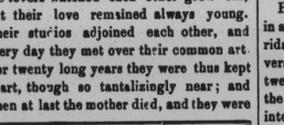
The parents knew little of the impulsive young lover, and less of his advantage, for those were the days of his hot-blooded youth; but they invited him to visit them, so that they might learn more of him. When Bismarck rode up, daughter and parents were awaiting him on the three-holed, prepared (the parents at least) to receive him with cold courtesy.

But Bismarck's plan of campaign did not admit of formality. On dismounting he sprang up the steps, threw his arms around the fraulein's neck, and gave her a series of hearty kisses. What could the parents do with such a warm and unaccountable lover but accept him as a son-in-law? And this they did, to his lasting happiness.

There are few more pathetically beautiful love stories than that of Mr. M. Bouguereau, the great French artist. Bouguereau, had lost his first wife, and was living with his mother, when he was induced to take as his pupil a winsome and highly-gifted young American girl. It was not long before the master became the slave, and the pupil queen of his affections.

Bouguereau's mother, however, was averse to this second love match, and as her consent was necessary to marriage, the lovers had to bide their time with what patience they could. Years passed, and the lovers watched each other grow old, but their love remained always young. Their studies adjoined each other, and every day they met over their common art. For twenty long years they were thus kept apart, though so tantalizingly near; and when at last the mother died, and they were

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free to become one, youth had long gone from them, and white hair had taken the place of brown.

But, after all, are there any love stories prettier than those of our own Royal Family—the stories of the white lilies and white heather that heralded such happy unions? It was a spray of white lilies given to young Prince Albert by our girl Queen at a Windsor ball that first told the story of her love; and when the bashful Prince out a button in his coat and proudly placed the lilies in it, the way was made clear for the proposal which the young Queen so tremulously made in her private room at the Castle a few days later.

It was seventeen years later that a similar white 'herald of love' came to make our Queen's eldest daughter happy. The Princess Royal had strayed away from the rest of the party, over the moorland, near Balmoral, in company with the young Crown Prince of Prussia. As the young lovers walked together, the Prince espied a sprig of white heather near the footpath, and picking it, he presented it to his companion and told her all the love it meant.

It was during a similar moorland walk that the Marquis of Lorne put his fate to the test. The Queen tells the story thus: 'We got home by seven (the Queen had been driving while the young people walked). Louise, who returned some time after, we did, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her; but I naturally gave my consent, and could only pray that she would be happy.'

LINGUISTIC PRODIGES. Men who Manage to Master twenty Languages.

When one considers the difficulty of acquiring even a 'nodding acquaintance' with two or three languages, it seems almost incredible that some men should be able to speak with all the fluency of a native in twenty, and even fifty strange tongues.

ago, is still fresh in our memories. Burrit mastered Latin, Greek, and French while playing his hammer at the forge; and he made as light of translating Icelandic sagas as of shoeing a horse.

Of men who have mastered between ten and twenty languages the 'aim' is legion. Chief among them are Postal, a French scholar, who was familiar with fifteen tongues; and J. J. Sziliger, another Frenchman, who spoke like a native in thirteen strange tongues. Claude Duret was master of seventeen languages; and James Crichton, a Scotsman, could dispute learnedly in a dozen.

The greatest linguist of all time, however, was Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died half a century ago. Of him Byron wrote: 'He is a monster of learning, the Brieroux of parts of speech, a walking polyglot, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter.'

Mezzofanti's linguistic range was so great that he could have conversed in a different tongue every week for two years without exhausting his vocabulary. In all he was familiar with 114 languages and dialects and in most of them he could speak with such accuracy and purity of accent that he might have been, and often was, mistaken for a native.

His knowledge of the language of a country was so intimate that he could tell from a man's speech what country or district he came from, and could converse with him in his own patois, so as to compel the belief that he, himself, was a native of the same province. He knew every language and dialect of Europe, even to Irish, Welsh, Wallachian, and Bulgarian. He was intimately familiar with nearly all the Eastern tongues, even to Sanskrit, Syriac, Chaldean, and Sabaic; and he could speak Coptic, Abyssinian, Ethiopic, and kindred languages as fluently as his native Italian.

This strange 'psychological phenomenon' was not content merely to speak and to write his century of languages; he actually thought in them, one after the other. He found his knowledge of infinite use in administering spiritual comfort to the men of many nationalities in the Papal prisons.

If by any rare chance a prisoner spoke a language with which the Cardinal was not familiar, he would immediately set to work to master it, and within three weeks was able to hold fluent converse in it.

The Cardinal's opinion was that 'the learning of languages is less difficult than is generally thought; there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to direct attention, and one has mastered them, the remainder follow with great facility.'

A CARD. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

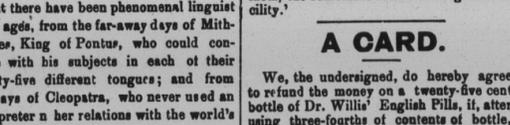
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Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhoea.

Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhoea, and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhoea doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

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Dear Miss Effingham,—I am writing in great haste, and with a heavy heart, for I am obliged to return to town this evening. I cannot say now when I shall be able to come down to Coldmere again, but it will certainly be before the end of the year, when, surely, the hope which you have given me to-day will then be realized, for I cannot think that, having given it me, you will fail to fulfil it even though many weeks may elapse before I can return to the fulfilment, for I shall return never doubt that. And, until then, 'I am yours in all things,'

LEONARD JOSSLYN. Twice I read the letter through, then I break into a merry laugh. What an absurd letter! but how like

A KING WAS BUNCOED.

CAPT. JOHN SCOT AND HIS CLAIM TO ALL LONG ISLAND.

Charles II. Elected to Have Given Him a Title, though it was Feared Denied—The King Deceived by a Book, now in the British Museum.

The first of the confidence operators of New York played his game 250 years ago. He deserves to rank with the best of his successors, for he flew high. He even worked the King of England of his period, took him in and did him up for the sole right and title to Long Island, and worked it out with a bogus book of devotions for the Iphitorgs and other Indian tribes between Brooklyn and Montauk. When Charles the II. came back to the throne after the Restoration with the recollection of his father's fate ever present in his mind he found it prudent to assume an interest in matters of devotion which he was far from feeling personally, and that may account for the ease with which the bogus devotionist took him in.

There exist two copies of the work in question, and the title page in one is not the title page in the other. That in itself is enough to stimulate curiosity when it happens to any rare book, and particularly when it is one of the early American books. In 1658 the Rev. Abraham Pierson, who had been the minister at Southampton in Long Island and after was stationed at Branford, Conn., published a book through the press of the United Colonies at Cambridge which bore the title 'Some Helps for the Indians.' It was in the language spoken by the Indians on both sides of Long Island Sound and had an interlinear English text. The title in the Indian was 'Poshe Ariemawetowungash wutche Enasketambawg,' but that is really a matter of little concern, for there has not been a person who could understand that language these hundred years. The Rev. Mr. Pierson wrote a few more books in this outlandish and happily forgotten tongue. He became the father of Rector Abraham Pierson, who was the first Yale President, as is attested by a little bronze statue on the campus.

There is a copy in the Lenox Library which is highly treasured for its rarity. On the title page of the Lenox copy appears the printed indorsement: 'Examined and approved by Thomas Stanton, Interpreter-General to the United Colonies for the Indian language, and by some others of the most able interpreters amongst us. Cambridge, printed by Samuel Green, 1658.' For a long time that copy was believed to be unique. There were later editions, but New York was considered to be in possession of the only surviving copy of the first edition. The date was the same as in the Lenox copy, the volume was the same in every particular save one, and that was the title page itself. Where the Lenox copy gave the approval of the translation to Thomas Stanton and others the British Museum discovery read as follows: 'Examined and approved by that experienced gentleman (in the Indian language) Captain John Scot.' It was clear that one title was falsified and an investigation was started to find out the meaning of this singular case, an instance which is probably unique in literary history.

The first examination showed that the Lenox copy is the genuine first edition and the British Museum holds the spurious title on a genuine print. This was set beyond doubt by finding that, while the Lenox title is printed on the first signature of the book, the British Museum title has been separately printed and deftly inserted in place of the one which gave the credit to Stanton. Further examination of contemporary documents and records discovered the original appointment of Stanton to pass on the translation.

Other records make it quite clear that Capt. John Scot really did bunco Charles II. and that he did it with this very copy of the Indian book preserved in the British Museum.

John Scot recorded of himself that, as a boy, he delighted in slashing the saddle girths of Cromwell's cavalry and watching the soldiers come to grief. He played this trick once too often, however, and was kidnapped, 'trephined' they called it in those days. By such means he was brought to America and sold as a redemptioner for his passage money and set to work tending cows in Salem. When he had served out his time he seemed to have little liking for his fellow citizens, for he is next heard of as living with the Indians on Long Island, trading a little, meddling some, probably a squaw man, but making the record which every white man similarly situated always makes if he can get the savage to sell him land. At a later period John Scot claimed an Indian title to the whole of Long Island, and this is when he got it. In 1654 the Dutch rounded him up as a suspicious character and gave him an examination at New Amsterdam. He seems to have had little difficulty in clearing

himself, for it is only a month later that he is arranged before the New Haven Yankees for defamation. That would be a much more serious affair, but it was settled privately and the details have been lost.

For the next few years he made his establishment at Southampton, L. I., and became a freeman of that town and a property holder. One who knew him well has left a description of him as he was at this period: 'Having a good memory and greater confidence, he became somewhat above the common people.' It is singular that, although the modern significance of confidence as it is used in the 'confidence game' was then unknown, the word should have been chosen to characterize Scot.

Then the King came home to his own again and the restoration meant many things to many men. To John Scot at Southampton it was a chance at life on a bigger scale than was afforded by the American colonies, and particularly at his own little neck of woods out at the far end of Long Island. At any rate, he is known to have sailed for London in the ship Eycenboom from New Amsterdam in 1660. On the voyage he became a Captain, but of what service was by no means particularly clear. In his baggage was a copy of Minister Pierson's 'Some Helps,' a queer incumbrance for such a man, yet it was to be put to service and then was to be preserved for centuries in order to direct people to look up his history. It was at this period that the boy who had been kidnapped over seas under the Commonwealth because he dimounted Oliver's horsemen was new to enter on his reward from the house of Stuart. This book of piety for the aborigines was a part of the play, but just how much of a part none now can determine. Still it must have been important in these days of licensed printers or Capt. John Scot would never have run the risk of hunting out a con- rmand printer in Asia and of falsifying the title. However it may have been used, the spurious 'Some Helps' accomplished for Capt. Scot what he was working the King to get, namely, a colorable title to Long Island.

In the centuries which have gone by John Scot has not had a single defender; the King has had a succession of judges whose interest and whose policy lay in proving the King right and the Scot wrong. Yet, despite all this array, there is every reason to feel convinced that Scot really did bunco the King for all Long Island, and that the bogus book of Indian devotions had something to do with it. Scot had lived with the Indians and claimed to have bought Long Island from them. He would find an advantage in having some voucher before the King that he was a safe person with the savages and that there was antecedent probability that his story of having purchased the island was true. In the absence of reputable personal witnesses to character, whom the King would see it was impossible to get except by sending over sea for them, and whom Scot knew in his own heart he could not get at all, he had a little devotional work on the title page of which it chanced that he was commended. There could be no better sort of recommendation; a man even now could cut quite a path if only he could refer in a similar manner to the title page of a book for an entirely uncollected testimonial. In some such way it was done, the King kept the falsified book to bring the Indians to Christianity and eventually it was found among the unclassified rubbish in the British Museum. All the authorities say that the King was not buncoed; then why is it that there are in existence hundreds of deeds to lands in Suffolk county in which the Scot title is expressly incorporated or else the search discloses the clearance of the Scot clout on the title?

Scot sailed for London in 1660, probably in October. Not later than May of the following year it was reported in America that the King had patented Long Island to Scot. That brought John Winthrop over to court to protest to the King, and in 1662 the patent was said to be finally denied. The next year Capt. Scot is again after the King for Long Island. He pleads his father's service to the King's father, how he spent £14,800 for the Merry Monarch and laid down his life; how he, the son, had been banished to New England for a malignant royalist; how that he had purchased from the Indians 'near one-third part' of Long Island and now petitioned the king to make him Governor of Long Island. Then he carried out a successful attack on Brooklyn and took it from the Dutch, and on the occasion of this surrender presented a writing wherein his Majesty of England granted him the whole of Long Island. To be sure, the contemporary accounts state that the writing lacked signature, but even at that early date Brooklyn had its enemies who would not hesitate to hint that an unexecuted document was good enough for the people of the Heights and the Hill and the Park Slope and the Bedford section.

Not long after the sack of Brooklyn the paper is found really to have the outward show of regularity. Early in 1665 the general meeting at Hempstead called on Capt. Scot to bring in at the next General Court of Assize 'a certain deed or writing called by the said Capt. Scot a perpetuity with the King's picture on it, and a great

yellow wax seal affixed to it, which he very frequently showed to divers persons and deceived many therewith.' In a letter to the home authorities the civil administration of New York refers to this document in the following statement made by Col. Nicolls in 1666: 'This same Scot by a pretended seal affixed to a writing in which was the King's picture drawn with a pen or black lead, with his Majesty's hand Charles R. and his Majesty's honor in these parts, and fled out of the country to Barbadoes.'

But before following Capt. Scot to Barbadoes and elsewhere it is only fair to give a glance at his military operations in the capture of Brooklyn. When the King made up his mind to give the Dutch settlements to his brother, the Duke of York, Scot was in London negotiating for his title to Long Island. With a fine appreciation of the possibilities, he took ship for America and on the voyage he seems to have promoted himself to be Col. Scot. The Connecticut authorities appointed him one of the fully empowered commissioners to settle their differences with the Dutch. Within a month or so—that is, in January, 1664—he succeeded in becoming President of all the English towns on the island. He lost no time in collecting a little army of 150 horse, foot and dragoons. An account expressly refers to the march of this valiant army, 'with sounding trumpet, beating drum, flying colors, great noise and uproar.' Small wonder Brooklyn fell before this mighty invader and received terms. Capt. Scot loudly threatened that he would run his sword the Director-General, who was none other than hard-headed Peter Stuyvesant.

From this point onward the history of Scot diverges from New York. He fled to Barbadoes and fought the Dutch in Tobago. Returning to London, he was made geographer to the King, until he was found out as the worker of confidence games. He is next found with a colonel's commission in the Dutch Army, then suspected of being a spy in England, a plotter and a traitor. The last note that history makes of him is in 1695. He does not seem to have returned to America.

The garments of salvation are not cut in the world's tailor shop.

BORN.

- Gay's River, to the wife of Bert Cook, a son.
Truro, July 12, to the wife of Luu Sarritt, a son.
St. John, July 6, to the wife of Gilbert Wall, a son.
Shuter, July 9, to the wife of Edson Wall, a son.
Truro, July 8, to the wife of J. A. McCarthy, a son.
Chatham, July 9, to the wife of H. M. Eddy, a son.
Paradise, July 8, to the wife of E. A. Lonsley, a son.
Amherst, July 9, to the wife of C. O. Davison, a son.
Rawden, July 1, to the wife of John Withrow, a son.
Tatamouche, July 11, to the wife of G. B. Clarke, a son.
Liscomb, July 8, to the wife of Rev. P. R. Gosner, a son.
River Robert, July 9, to the wife of Hibbert Wood, a son.
Fenwick, July 5, to the wife of J. H. McLean, a daughter.
Amherst, July 4, to the wife of Amos Babineau, a daughter.
Halifax, July 3, to the wife of Leo E. Koch, a daughter.
Bath, N. Y., to the wife of W. B. Dawson, a daughter.
Halifax, July 13, to the wife of James Harris, a daughter.
Hills, July 12, to the wife of James Bruce, a daughter.
Milton, July 8, to the wife of Malcolm Harlow, a daughter.
St. Stephen, July 5, to the wife of Edward Fry, a twin-daughter.
St. Nicholas River, July 7, to the wife of Wm. Tibbitts, a daughter.
St. Stephen, July 15, to the wife of Emerson Hanson, twin-sons and daughter.

MARRIED.

- Colchester, July 6, by Rev. J. Williams, Howard Oliveir to Mary Slack.
Lunenburg, July 3, by Rev. D. A. Crandall, Henry Tuttle to Matilda Grace Thompson.
H. Hill, June 10, by Rev. V. L. Fash, Richard C. Hunt, to Fanny Barker.
Chipman, July 12, by Rev. D. Clarke, Prof. C. Weston to Margaret East.
Billtown, July 1, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, John H. Wheaton to Arnie Cotter.
Quebec, July 7, by Rev. Dean Wilkins, F. C. J. Swanson to Ethel Gwynne.
Queers Co., July 8, by Rev. C. Duff, Mr. Daniel Dexter to Mrs. Sarah Penz.
Wickham, July 13, by Rev. David Long, James Constance to Elizabeth.
Methuen, July 12, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, F. F. Simpson to Mary A. Putman.
Pitca, July 6, by Rev. T. Cunningham, John W. McKensie to Corrie Berry.
St. Marys, July 10, by Rev. W. D. Manzer, Reita McGeorge to Corrie Burlock.
Halifax, June 10, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Samuel Langille to Janet O'Hanra.
Lunenburg, July 8, by Rev. J. H. Stewart, Amos C. Langille to Cecelia L. Cook.
Halifax, July 12, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Rev. J. Macintosh to Grace Thompson.
Gustavus, June 24, by Rev. W. I. Croft, Wm David Alkous, to Annie Macdonald.
Medford, June 6, by Rev. Mr. Barnstone, George B. Bonwell to Clara Corbett.
St. Stephen, by Rev. Geo. M. Campbell, Dr. S. Bonnell to Maude E. McKeown.
Halifax, June 11, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, John Purcell, to Mary A. Henderson.
Gustavus, June 24, by Rev. W. I. Croft, John V. Williams to Miss Blanche Jamieson.
Bear River, June 25, by Rev. G. F. Johnson, Frank M. Dargie to Minnie G. Maxwell.
Florenceville, July 12, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Russell L. Boyer to Mary L. Gee.
Rawdon, Hants, May 28, by Rev. E. D. F. Parry, Attyahy Barron to Ella S. McPhee.
Yarmouth, July 14, by Rev. Mr. Toole, Mr. E. H. York to Miss Anna Shand.
Springfield, July 19, by Rev. D. G. H. Charles, E. Fairweather to Miss E. J. W. Beale.
Queens Co., July 12, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, James H. Howe to Mary E. A. Ward.
Millsville, June 31, by Rev. W. F. Rightwale, Zachary Stonehouse to Estelle Lindsay.
LeHave Branch July 5, by Rev. L. M. McCreery, Nehemiah Merriam to Flora Westcott.
Great Village, July 11, by Rev. James McLean, L. Allison Dewell to Lizzie M. Davidson.
Moncton, July 13, by Rev. R. B. Crisp, Mr. Earnest E. Mitchell to Miss Evelyn D. Crisp nter.
Three Fathom Harbor, July 12, by Rev. Z. L. Foss, William M. Graham to Jane H. Graham.

DIED.

- Upper Mansfield, July 11, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Fred, 7 years to Mary L. Leacock.
Truro, July 9, Sarah Crowe.
St. John, July 12, Andrew Fallis.
Bath, June 10, John P. F. Foss.
Bridgton, July 6, David Macpherson.
Stanley, July 10, Solomon Mills, 74.
DeFert, July 8, Robt. F. Crowe, 72.
Boston, July 13, Charles H. Horne, 15.
Shelburne, July 10, Richard Roxby, 84.
St. Ann's, June 23, Wm. Travis, 68.
Lakville, July 5, Wm. Edward Kelly, 45.
Richibucto, July 11, Robert Graham, 100.
Shelburne, July 2, Mary Isabel Laverie, 19.
Brookside, July 7, Richard Blackmore, 82.
Parvboro, July 8, Frederick Newcomb, 82.
Halifax, July 11, Mrs. J. D. Mackersy, 23.
Central Onslow, July 12, Chas. W. McFutt 72.
Bridgewater, July 9, Wm. Shandy Popper, 41.
Yarmouth July 9, Mrs. James McLaughlin, 82.
Lawrencetown, July 10, Andrew Robinson, 82.
Boston, July 13, Grace, wife of Fred A. Lugin.
Byron, Minnesota, June 23, Elizabeth Styles, 63.
Clark's Harbor, July 9, Mr. Jacob Shekerson, 62.
Greatville, Kings Co., July 23, James Kimball, 75.
Merigomish, June 28, James David Copeland, 94.
Sydney Forks, July 2, the wife of James Stephens.
Carleton's Corner, June 24, John B. Uckman, 21.
McKeenport, Pa., June 26, Susan H., wife of Henry E. Boyd, 46.
Brookton, Mass., July 1, E. H. M., wife of Adoram Smith, 51.
Beverly, July 9, Louise Catherine, widow of Elias Carter, 66.
Brighton, Mass., June 28, Margaret, wife of Albert Rogers, 26.
Luss-bury, July 9, Mary, beloved wife of Alfred St. John, July 10, Florence May, daughter of M. Harsay, 20.
River John, June 14, Ada Johnson, wife of D. Langille, 15.
Liverpool, July 6, Isabelle M., wife of Daniel Winters, 61.
Bridgville, June 29, infant son of John G. and Southbridge, Mass., July 8, Alice G., wife of Peter F. Clarke, 51.
Rawdon, May 16, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ervino, June 17, Ruby M., daughter of Mrs. Beale Yorks, 6.
Moncton, July 2, Marie Margaret Addy, daughter of Charles W. Addy, 1 year.
Granville, July 6, Willie Anne, widow of the late Henry Magee, 83.
Yarmouth, July 9, Mrs. Edwina Wile wife of Mr. Sprague, 74.
Linden, July 8, Alice W., infant daughter of Theo. and Minnie Moore.
St. John's R.R., July 6, Mary, daughter of Mr. Justice Morrison, 18.
Cochester, July 8, Mary Ellen, child of Nathaniel Washburne, 2 months.
Clark's Harbor, July 4, Gerona M., infant child of Mrs. G. G. Crowell, 1 year.
Four Mile Brook, July 1, Margaret, widow of the late John F. McKersy, 86.
Moncton, July 9, Mary May, daughter of Cedime and Thida Lorere, 5 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Homeseekers Excursions

British Columbia etc Second class return tickets will be on sale, June 26 and 27th, July 4th and 16th, at the following rates, viz:
ST. JOHN N. B. TO Nelson, Robson, Rosland, Kas'o, and Sandon, \$103.05
ST. JOHN N. B. TO Yarrow, Victoria, New West Minister, Seattle Tacoma and Portland, Ore., \$103.05
Tickets are good to go via C. P. R. all rail line, and for 15 days commencing on date of sale for journey, and for return must be executed at destination not more than 21 days from date of sale, and will be good only for continuous passage back to starting point.
For further particulars on application to Ticket Agent, C. P. R., or to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, July 24, 1899, the Steamship as a Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.)

Lve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., arr Digby 9:30 a.m. Lve. Digby at 2:00 p.m., arr St. John, 4:30 p.m.

Steamship "Prince Edward,"

St. John and Boston Direct Service.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 5:30 a.m., arr in Digby 12:30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12:50 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3:25 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 3:45 p.m., arr Digby 11:25 a.m. Lve. Digby 11:45 a.m., arr Y., Halifax 5:30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a.m., arr Digby 8:30 a.m. Lve. Digby 2:30 p.m., arr, Annapolis 4:00 p.m.

FLYING BLUENOSE

Lve. Halifax 9:00 a.m., arr at Yarmouth 4:00 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8:00 a.m., arr at Halifax 3:30 p.m.

S.S. Prince George.

S. S. I. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. B., Daily (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of the Express and Flying Blue Nose trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leave Long Wharf, Boston, Daily (Saturday excepted) at 4:00 p.m. Unqualified custom on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palaces Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agents.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom names-tables and all information can be obtained.

F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton, Yarmouth, and Halifax, 7:30 a.m. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Victoria, 8:30 a.m. Express for Moncton, 11:40 a.m. Suburban Express for Hampton, 11:40 a.m. Express for Quebec, Moncton, Halifax, and St. John, 12:30 p.m.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton, 7:15 a.m. Accommodation from Moncton, 11:35 a.m. Express from Halifax, Quebec and New Glasgow, 11:40 a.m. Suburban Express from Hampton, 11:40 a.m. Accommodation from Moncton, 11:40 a.m. All trains arrive by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FORTINGHAM, Manager, CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

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

STEAMERS.

1899 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED,

For Boston and Halifax VIA, Yarmouth.

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

Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

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

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTECELLO," Leaves Casars' wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p.m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting with Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer to Boston.

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

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 120 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, stateroom, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 115 Hollis street, or to L. E. BAKER, President and Director.

Yarmouth N. S., July 26th, 1899.

SAILINGS

OF THE STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 24th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5:30 (local), returning will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p.m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Star Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a.m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John every Saturday at 8:30 p.m. for Wickham and intermediate points. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a.m. one at St. John at 8 o'clock a.m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, one at St. John at 1:30 p.m.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Frocton.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

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

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, FIERA, NORTH RIVER (Battery Face), November 28th, 1st, and 15th, for EASTPORT, M.E., and ST. JOHN DIRECT. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEMING, Agent.

New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 6-11 Broadway, New York City.