

# PROGRESS.

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## THE END OF A BIG SHOW.

THE STAR ATTRACTION OF THE WEEK WAS WELL ATTENDED.

Features That Have Escaped Notice and are Worth Reading About—Meetings of Associations—How the Good Roads Association Went to Work.

The exhibition has engrossed every ounce of attention this week. It is the third of the annual fairs, they having been held previously only at intervals of two or three years. It is now pretty well proven that they are a success.

Of course the usual carpers and critics have gone about complaining that it was no good; just the same old story, nothing new to see. But they do not have a wholesome appreciation of things. One has only to look on the happy faces of the children, the beaming countenances of the country cousins, the business bustle and activity of the men of affairs, the absorbed attitude of the chiefs of agriculture, the expectant looks of the young men who made their stamping ground and who came not to see the fair but the fair. During the whole ten days there was an atmosphere of enjoyment everywhere.

The influence of these annual exhibitions are wide spread. It is a good advertisement for the city's business men, it is a lesson for the farmers and places before them an ideal in agriculture to strive for (there are ideals even in pigs and cows) it is a model school for the children. It may be an old story but it is a story worth repeating and that seems always fresh.

The manufacturers, machinery, art, photography and fancy work exhibit in the big buildings were about the same as last year but the agricultural and stock show was grand and in this department this is the banner year. It was a sight worth seeing to look at the spirited, high stepping patrician horses, the corpulent, aldermanic beef cattle, the plaintive, bleating, sad-eyed sheep, the ruminant cows, the stolid, monstrous pigs, and then there were the little calves and litters of pigs that made their appearance on the stage of life during the exhibition and that the women pronounced just cute. The poultry show, too, was a star attraction in the menagerie of this big hippodrome three ring show. The spotted beautiful calves, the feathery coats of the birds was too sweet for anything.

And to the student of human nature there was a charm in just sitting down and watching the crowd as it swung to and fro over buildings and grounds. Town and country were on parade and in the light and dazle and excitement appeared at their best. Men and women, lads and lassies, country swains and maidens, and bright-eyed children went in for a good time. On children's day the youngsters were everywhere having a satiety of delight and one should read "Sentimental Tommy" and the description of the Scotch fair to fully appreciate what exuberance of spirit and letting off of pent up excitement there was there, and how the pennies and nickles that had been hoarded up went out for klondike nuggets, ice cream, velveteens, names in wire canary, whistles, the wonderful tops and the other treasures that were on sale in abundance. How they shouted over the fire works and went wild with excitement over the vaudeville show.

There are many points of view, the cynic's, the children's, the city man's, the babe's, and all the others. The countryman did not want to see cattle, he wanted to see the wonderful things in the variety show, he wanted to be in the electric glare and admire the costly wares in the big building, to ride in the cars, see the fireworks and the naval fight, and wind up at Mackay's tent show. The city man on the other hand delighted in seeing the colony of cattle and birds. The young fellows did not do a thing in the way of jollying the girls and pulling the legs of the rustics, and so each of the 42,000 people enjoyed himself or herself in his own peculiar way, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

### Legislators Out in Force.

It is noteworthy that there have been half a hundred legislative men at the fair, members of the Dominion and provincial executives and members of parliament. Last week the names of a number were given and this week the following other notables attended the fair: G. W. Ganong M. P., F. H. Hale, M. P., Mayor Beattie, M. P., (London Ont.), H. A. Powell, M. P., A. C. Bell, M. P., (New Glasgow,) Hon. L. P. Farris, Hon. C. H. LaBillois,

Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Hon. Geo. F. Hill, M. P. P., John O'Brien, M. P. P. (Northumberland), John Sivewright, M. P. P., John Black, M. P. P., J. K. Pinder, M. P. P., C. H. Nelson the famous Maine horseman, Mayor Vanwart, (Fredericton) Messrs. Wade and Johnston, prominent Ontario stock breeders and many leading merchants, professional men, editors and officials from all over the Maritime provinces.

### Turned Into a Lecture Hall.

This year the exhibition was almost turned into a lecture hall. There were meetings of the Farmers and Dairymen's association, Stock-Breeders association and New Brunswick Good Roads association. These organizations have risen out of the annual exhibitions, and will do much good in improving agriculture and teaching the farmers to more scientific work. There were numerous lectures and addresses by prominent visitors, by Dr. Twitchell, editor of the Main State Farmer, and Mr. Herbert Wright a prominent Ontario stock breeder, on cattle; by J. H. Reid V. S., professor in the Ontario Agricultural college, on horses; by D. H. Knowlton secretary of the Maine State Pomological society, on fruits; and by Mr. A. W. Campbell C. E., of Ontario, on good roads.

### HURRAH FOR GOOD ROADS.

Farmers, Wheelmen and Politicians meet and talk about them.

Now let good roads come! The respected citizen in his frock coat and silk hat, the omnipotent wheelman in his tweeds and golf hose and the hardy agriculturist in his homespun and whickers have linked arms and are on their way to the throne of the powers that be crying their shibboleth of "good roads" and demanding that their prayer be granted.

Now let the men in high places tremble and let the Reubens into whose capacious pockets the bye road money has gone in the past reform their ways.

This week the New Brunswick Good Roads Association was formed with distinguished backing and with jubilant prospects. There were no less than four members of the provincial executive present who no doubt feeling that this association would be a power in the land thought they should make themselves solid with the promoters of this end-of-the-century agitation.

This road question is no new one. It has always been one of moment and of live interest especially to the tillers of the soil. It is the chief excitement and relaxation from the even tenor of their ways and to the small army of road board men, supervisors, etc., has meant substantial emolument and then the mysterious disappearance of bye-road money, especially before an election, has always been a mystery that even the honourable and astute gentleman who presided at the birth of the association could not fathom. Oh, no, they know not the guile of road politicians, the patronage, the money that finds a resting place in the pockets of those who should spend it on the roads, the money too that goes on private roads for the benefit of three or four individuals and the votes that go to government as a compensation. They knew nothing of all this, oh, no!

It is plainly a case where Uncle Josh huncoes the suave city man.

Mr. Campbell, an Ontario expert, talked about good roads at the meeting to form the association on Tuesday. He told a story. At a meeting in an Ontario rural district to which he went to deliver an address an old farmer got up and said: "Faugh! what do you know about roads? a young fellow like you; why I built roads before you were born;" Then Mr. Campbell opened the rustic eyes about what he knew about roads. It is to be presumed he did, though he did not tell the meeting so.

And this calls forth the reflection that though we respect grey hairs it is the young blood that tells now-a-days, and the old blood has to keep hustling to keep pace with the young. Old ideas are played out and everything, even road making, has been reduced to a science. A man does not have to go around in a pair of knee boots plentifully covered with mud, and in a homespun shirt to show that he knows how to make roads. Mr. Campbell looks very staid and span, but he has the road-making art at his finger's end. The farmers have been content to follow old methods for years when the adoption of a few simple principles would have saved many dollars. These will now have to succumb

to modern ideas and young men and young thoughts will win.

It is noteworthy that the organized effort of the almost omnipotent wheelman have been mainly instrumental in hastening on to culmination the good roads agitation. The hundreds of thousands of young men of the League of American Wheelmen and Canadian Wheelmen's Association have united in demanding good roads and they have been heard. By organization, distribution of literature, expert instruction etc. they have produced valuable results.

Mr. Campbell is enthusiastic in his subject as shown by the fact that he talked until one o'clock Wednesday morning in the B. and A. club rooms. He says that if proper methods are adopted the roads of the province in ten years will be fit to play billiards on. Then won't the wheelmen and wheelwomen and everyone else be happy!

### AND THE BAND DIDN'T PLAY.

The Grievances of the City Cornet Band and Mr. Blizard.

The differences between the City Cornet band and the Exhibition Association have been emphasized this week by the action of some of the exhibitors who wished to introduce the band into the building at their own expense.

It will be remembered that the band and Manager Everett could not come to a satisfactory agreement before the exhibition began. Mr. J. Everett wanted the band to play as many or more afternoons than evenings and gave the preference in this respect to the military bands on the ground that the association was under obligations to the local military people for the use of grounds and buildings. The band took the view that as the oldest organization of the kind in the city they should have had the preference and that military influence should not enter into the matter. However, the City Cornet Band was not engaged and many of their friends thought them unjustly treated.

Then Mr. B. B. Blizard representing the Sale firm of Messrs. J. & J. Taylor comes to the front and asks permission from Manager Everett to give a band concert in his space. Mr. Blizard says that the manager assented at first but asked a few minutes later what band it was. When told it was the City Cornet, Mr. Everett said he would have to place the matter before the committee. Even then the matter might have been arranged had Mr. Blizard been willing to take Thursday evening, but having chosen and, as he said, been promised Tuesday evening he was not willing to do this. The committee would not give the requisite permission and high words resulted.

The reasons advanced by the committee for refusing Mr. Blizard's request was that the Artillery band was playing upon the same floor and that confusion would result. This might have been over come by playing in turn, but it was pointed out that the crowd that swarms about any band would completely choke the aisles surrounding and leading to and from one of the most important and attractive portions of the exhibition. This rather settled the question for the caterer would have been looking for compensation if the entrance to his lunch room had been obstructed.

Then some amusing stories were put in circulation that the band proposed to go anyway, consent or no consent, and that the association proposed to employ additional public force to keep them out.

And then another funny thing in connection with the affair is the story that Lawyer Charles A. Stockton proposes to sue the association for \$5,000 damages on behalf of the firm of Messrs. J. & J. Taylor.

### The Bitter With the Sweet.

As White, Colwell & Co., once upon a time Messrs. White & Colwell, lived in amity. But now their paths have diverged and they are rivals where once they were helpmates. They have been trying to see who could dispense the most sweetness at the fair and who could be the most scrupulous and scathing in letters to each other and in the press over a little matter of \$5 which one firm claimed from the other for infringement of advertising privileges. How ever neither seed complain for they have both got more than \$5 worth of advertising as a result of their difference.

### Change of Sallage.

Patrons of steamer "Clifton" will please note that on and after Monday Sept. 27th. she will resume her three round trips a week. Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays leaving her wharf in Indiantown at 8 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as heretofore.

## FIGURES OF THE FAIR.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE EXHIBITION.

The Number of People Who Bought That and Guesseed at This—Suggestions for Another Show—Mackay's Entertainment Match the Same as Usual.

Although the exhibition is an old story that will stand annual repetition yet it would enhance its interest and make it a greater success financially if some distinctive novel features were introduced. Progress will offer a few suggestions for the directors to employ their cerebral cells in working on during the coming year.

They might, for instance, have a baby show, which would be a decidedly interesting feature of the live stock exhibit, or, better still, they might have a convention of the pretty women of the city. If they had that Sir Wilfrid would come down here every year. It might be called a lady's day and they might be placed in charge and given a chance to put into execution the unique and clever ideas which their fertile brains are bound to evolve.

Then how would it do to have a wheelmen's day. The cyclists are a power in the land and they should have an opportunity to assert themselves in the way of a fancy dress or decorated wheel parade in building or in some other way.

The scribes of the provinces might also be given a day when they might be entertained by the city newspaper men and sent back home with a glowing account of their reception and warm feelings toward St. John that would find expression through the medium of printers' ink and thus add kudos to the city, its exhibition and its press.

Next year the city should strive for nothing less than 60,000 people and thus show that St. John is really the Maritime hub and a city of progress.

Figures talk and the following that have been gleaned tell something of what the exhibition was:—

About 44,000 paid admissions are recorded for the ten days ending last night, against 41,000 last year, and 52,500 in 1895. Including complimentary admissions, etc., about 46,000 attended the fair.

During the eleven days of the exhibition period, nearly 100,000 people rode in the electric street cars.

About 520 individuals or firms had exhibits there.

The stock list totalled 1700, of which there were about 150 horses, 360 cattle, 120 sheep, 110 pigs, and 950 birds.

There were offered in prizes \$12,000, divided among 107 classes.

About 17,000 people guesseed in the Wellcome soap missing word contest.

About 7000 people attended the vaudeville entertainment in amusement hall.

About 50 legislators attended the fair.

About 15,000 boxes of klondike nuggets were sold.

There were about 25 visiting newspaper men here.

The fireworks were the best yet shown at an exhibition. There were six nights of pyrotechnics and beside the flights of rockets, candles, tourbillions and other aerial wanderers there were a good many set pieces, serious and comic. The piece de resistance was the naval engagement in which two ancient looking war vessels appeared glaring at one another across the waves and pouring broadsides of shot and shell into one another and sending up rockets, etc. It was a short and fierce combat and they wiped each other out for both finally went up in flames. The portraits of Her Majesty and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the performing acrobat, Punch and Judy and other comic features were much enjoyed.

Mr. John Mackay of lottery and tea fame, was on hand as usual with his little Bowery near the exhibition approaches. He announced his show as a high class vaudeville entertainment in a palace pavilion. But disrobed of its glamour it was merely a third-rate variety show in a canvas tent. Some of jokes were rather uncertain in their suggestiveness, the farces were not striking and the specialties could be improved upon. The best thing there was when Harry McDonald, the local song and banjo artist, did his turn.

### The Countryman Wouldn't Stand.

Major McGuire, the champion swordsmen, cut apples and potatoes over the heads and neck of people at Amusement

hall with a sword that had an edge sharper and keener than the appetite of a man on the Klondike who has done a hard day's work carrying to the bank 50lb nuggets of gold with the mercury crawling to the bulb below the 70 mark to get out of the cold. The other night he asked anyone who wished to participate in the cutting act to step up to the sacrificial chair. A rustic came boldly and promptly to the front and knelt down to allow the potato to repose on his bared neck. But when the major took up the sword the rustic as promptly rose up and sailed into the wings. The major induced him to come out and got him to hold out his hand and placed the potato upon it. But the countryman's courage forsook him. He dropped the potato like a hot spud and fled. Then the charming Monte Elma, the ravishing dancer and highkicker, calmly and smilingly went through the ordeal.

### BURN THE STAMPS.

The Servant Girl Thought Them Waste Paper and put Them in the Fire.

"Strange things come in with the tide" is an old and trite saying, but of all the strange things that reach their destination here, whether brought by tide or some other influence perhaps the strangest of all is "the strange servant girl." A strange girl or a new girl in a household oftentimes proves a blessing in disguise and not unfrequently proves the direct opposite or at least furnishes a temptation to profanity upon the part of some member of the household.

An instance that might well come under the latter classification occurred in a Prince street residence about the middle of the week. The story is one of direct financial loss caused by the servant girl, whose weakness was a dislike of "things lying around" and looking untidy, and who is one of those who burns up any scraps of paper or other "old thing" that offends her sense of weakness, without examination.

A gentleman who resides in the house referred to and who is the possessor of a large and valuable collection of rare postage stamps, received an order the other day for a quantity of them. The collection is kept in the vault of the Bank of Nova Scotia for safety and thither the gentleman proceeded. He got his stamps, took them to his rooms selected the desired quantity and placing them on an old newspaper to dry, because the process of detaching wetted them somewhat, took the remainder back to the bank. Returning to his residence no trace of the stamps he had left there could be seen. He had left them on the table—they were gone—what had happened during his short absence he could not imagine.

Determined to recover them if possible he instituted inquiry and found that the servant girl (who was new and had come to the house only that day) in attending to her duties had seen the old paper on the table bundled it up and burned it under the impression that it was no use whatever and only in the way.

The amusement, the indignation, the horror and almost the profanity of the gentleman can be better imagined than told, when this fact was made known to him. And the tears and regrets of the "new girl" can also be imagined when she was told she had literally burned up the sum of one hundred dollars.

### These Should Have Been Included.

There has been considerable talk about the streets this week regarding some important omissions to meet Mr. Laurier on the river excursion. Several explanations have been made by his worship the mayor but all of them are not considered just what they should be. The official list was supposed to include ex-Mayors and ex-M. P's, as well as those enjoying office at the present time. Then as a matter of course such gentlemen as Mr. Edward Sary and Mr. Charles McLanahan, Mr. Thomas Hall, Coroner Berryman, who have at different times served the city and asked for the peoples votes as mayoralty candidates should have had an invitation extended to them. But even the omission of all these gentlemen, pointed and discourteous as it may seem, was nothing compared to the neglect of County Treasurer and ex Mayor J. Boies De Veber who has also been a member of parliament. When some of these oversights were pointed out to his worship he expressed great regret, but said that he had the same number of tickets as any of the aldermen, and that he had been particular in the distribution of four of them, two of which went to near relatives and two to special friends. The other four he had handed to Mr. J. V. Ellis, who it seems had use for them. Had Mayor Robertson thought of his opponents for the office of mayor he would have obtained much more credit. County Treasurer De Veber and Coroner Berryman should, of course, have been included in the official list.

A FLEETING BLESSING.

HOW MONCTON PEOPLE REGARD THE STREET RAILWAY.

When the Authorities Threatened to Close it Down the People Began to Realize Just What a Blessing it was in the Town—Will Now Appreciate It.

MONCTON, Sept. 20.—We came so near losing our brand new electric street railway last week, that all the good citizens of Moncton are a good deal unnerved from the shock, and are congratulating each other tremendously upon the narrow escape they have had. I don't mean that some particular bold thief tried to put the electric street railway system in his pocket and abscond with it; or even that the historic cow which was to prove the destruction of Stevenson's first engine, has materialized in Moncton, and wrecked the railway and rolling stock by carelessly lying down on the track. No! it is worse than that. A paternal government has threatened to take it away from us, just as a wise, but tyrannical parent disciplines a disobedient child by taking away his toy from him until he promises to be good. And just as the child values that particular toy far more after its removal, than he ever did before, and howls lustily to have it restored to his empty arms, so we have been telling each other with the most impressive earnestness how much we always thought of the street railway and how impossible it would be to exist without it now. We have also bragged to an unlimited extent, and with far more regard for scenic effect than truth, of the number of the times we have used the railway, and the absolute necessity we have found it.

The cause of this very unusual state of affairs dates back to the early history of the street railway, almost a year now, when the I. C. R. authorities first caused objections to the street cars crossing the railway tracks at St. George and Main streets, finally taking the rather extreme measure of removing the diamond crossings during the night thus effectually preventing the cars from crossing the railway, and compelling the company to resort to a cumbersome system of transfers which undoubtedly militated against the success of the street railway at first, many people preferring to walk rather than be subjected to the inconvenience and delay of getting on, and off the cars so often.

The difficulty was finally settled on the understanding—so the I. C. R. authorities say—that the street railway company would eventually put in derailing switches, and then protect the government from the danger of suits for damages in case of accidents.

Meanwhile, the safety of the passengers and the interests of the government were both looked well after, the car being stopped, and the conductor alighting and looking carefully up and down the railway track at each crossing, before the car proceeded on its way. But as time went on the street railway failed to pay sufficiently well to warrant the large expenditure required for the purchase and working of derailing switches, and as the citizens were quite satisfied with the precautions taken for their safety nothing further was done about the crossings. Quite recently, however, I believe the street railway company received notice that the order passed by the I. C. R. committee with regard to the derailing switches, would be enforced to the letter, and unless complied with at once, the crossings would be again taken out. In consequence of this ultimatum the stockholders held a meeting last Thursday and decided to recommend the directors of the company to close the street railway down on Saturday night, as the income of the road did not admit of such an expenditure.

It was when this decision was made public that everybody hastened to evince their warm appreciation of the street car service. People who had never been on the cars before realized that it was now or never and they rushed out to take their first ride in wild haste. Small boys gathered up their pennies boarded the cars in gangs and took charge until they had secured their full five cents worth of ride "scripture measure;" while those who like simple Simon of nursery fame had no pennies to gather, watched their chance when the motor man was not looking, and cheerfully stole a ride. People who did not make use of the street cars once in three months, and had not contributed fifty cents towards their support since the railway was built, talked volubly about the high handed action of the government, and threatened to move out of town now, and vote for the opposition next election, if the street railway was really compelled to shut down. Others who had rather opposed the street cars from the first, and maintained that they only ruined the best streets in the city and made them utterly impracticable for cycling, now recalled the busy metropolitan appearance that the cars imparted to our city, the effect the railway

had had, in improving property, and lamented in advance the listless look of the city when bereft of them.

Altogether Saturday was a busy day with the street railway people, and the bustle and excitement made a pleasant change from the monotony of their usual existence. The big motorman said it almost made him think of some of the smaller villages outside of Bawton, and if half a dozen of those small boys did not get killed somehow, it would be a caution, for he had only one pair of eyes and they were not set in the back of his head, not to speak of its taking all his time to mind his machine, and collect all the fares he could reach without taking his hand off the lever, he was finding the need of a second pair of hands more every day since the conductors were taken off the circuit. Late on Saturday evening the strain of the situation was relaxed when the joyful news spread rapidly that action had been suspended in the matter until a reply could be received from Ottawa, to a letter written by the street railway company to the department, asking for delay until some arrangement could be made. And this morning the cars are running as merrily, and almost as empty as ever. There is a good deal to be said on the government's side as well as the company's in this dispute, and it is quite natural, that the I. C. R. people should wish to protect themselves. Of course it is all right so long as no accident occurs, but the moment anything happens at one of these crossings and someone is injured there is certain to be a heavy bill of damages to settle. On the other hand it is difficult to understand why, when no derailing switches are required of the street railway in St. John, there should be any determination against Moncton, especially when the read is paying so poorly that the agreement of such an order would result in closing it down.

It is to be hoped that the difficulty will be amicably settled without subjecting us to the humiliation of shutting down an enterprise which is a very great credit to our city and which will no doubt in time prove a source of profit as well as pride to those who were sufficiently public spirited to risk their capital in its promotion.

THEIR HARVEST CELEBRATION.

It Was Strictly Allegorical but not a Very Beautiful Procession.

MONCTON, Sept. 24.—The Moncton branch of the Salvation Army had a harvest festival, or procession of some kind last evening, and the sight was a most impressive one to those who are interested in processions of an allegorical nature.

First came a youth arrayed in man-of-war costume and mounted upon a bicycle. He probably typified the speed with which the British navy rushed over the waves and ruled them—at least that was the way some of the bystanders interpreted his get up. He was followed at a more dignified pace by a gentleman arrayed chiefly in holes, so very ragged were his garments, manfully trundling a wheelbarrow, which I fancy contained some of the products of nature's bounty, in the shape of vegetables. He was popularly supposed to represent honest labor bearing home its reward in triumph. The band, led by the bass drum followed, several of the members bearing in place of the usual banners choice specimens of the pumpkin and squash family, while one embraced a water melon, with much tenderness. Several lady members of the army came next, some bearing hay rakes, others squashes, and probably personating Ceres and Pomona or some of the other ladies of mythology whose duty it was to watch over the products of the earth and see that they materialized on schedule time, and were of the proper quality and quantity. The extreme rear of the procession was brought up by some youths armed with pitchforks but whether they were supposed to typify the successful gathering in of the hay crop, or the terrors which await the hardened evil doer at the hands of a gentleman who is usually represented as brandishing a pitchfork, and lashing a pair of cloven hoofs with a very long and pointed tent, no one seemed quite able to determine. Those taking part in the procession did not allow the care of their vegetables and agricultural implements to interfere with their social powers in the least, and as they marched they sang a wondrous harvest chant—at least I think it was a harvest chant—to the accompaniment of the big drum with great effect. The procession was escorted by outsiders, as well as an advance and rear guard composed of several battalions of small boys.

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and a goodly following of admiring citizens from the eastern suburbs of the town. Taken altogether it was a function to be remembered, and its impressive character reflected great credit upon those having the affair in charge. Apart from its comic aspect there was something really pathetic to those who look beneath the surface in this small, but courageous band of men and women who still continue to labor patiently, and with so little encouragement, amongst the poor and vicious whom other methods fail to reach. Poor and tawdry often absolutely irreverent as these methods often seem to the members of regular churches who are taught the most rigid decorum in religious matters, these people are at least sincere thoroughly in earnest, and filled with zeal and are therefore entitled to the respect which they really receive in the main even if they do seem a little ridiculous to us at times.

HE STILL GROWLED.

A man who would be dissatisfied under all circumstances.

'Growl ye may, but go ye must,' is one of the recognized axioms of life on the ocean wave, says the author of 'On Many Seas.' Accordingly, he goes on to say, there is no more confirmed growler than Jack at sea. He has, often enough, serious matters to growl about, even now, and in the old days he had more; but when real grievances were not present, he was usually imaginative enough to concoct others. A typical marine growler was Ned, of the old clipper-ship Tanjore, Captain Hurlburt.

One gloomy day a number of sailors, Ned among them, were cleaning paint forward in the rain; for paint-cleaning aboard ship used to be a job reserved for wet days, in accordance with a notion that the rain softened the dirt.

It was not a pleasant task, and Ned was muttering to himself as he scrubbed, running over under his breath a wondrous accumulation of grievances of all sorts. The captain chanced to notice him, and inquired what was the matter.

Ned reeled off a long string of complaints, none of them worth considering, and concluded by saying that he had not had a decent meal of victuals since he came aboard the Tanjore. At that the captain, who always fed his crew well, flared up and told the grumbler that he had never in his life had better grub than was served on board that ship; but Ned rejoined that he had been where he had chickens and turkeys at almost every meal.

'Where was that?' asked the captain. 'On the coast of China, sir,' said Ned. 'Yes; I know,' assented the captain. 'I have traded on the China coast, and that is so; but I'll bet you growled then?' 'Well, of course,' was the naive and characteristic reply. 'Who do you suppose wants to live on such swill as that? I want good beef to eat, and then I can work!'

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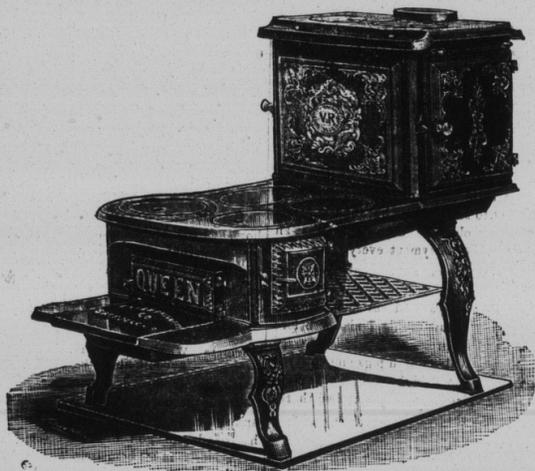
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EMERSON & FISHER.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. GASTROW, July 26, 1897. DEAR SIR—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully JOHN C. CLOWES. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. G. SCOVIL (Maritime Agent) Tea and Wines | 62 Union Street.

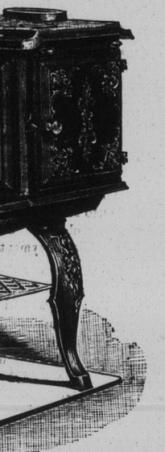
Jewelry. In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc. We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right. FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

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

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN -HAS JUST RECEIVED- Pears' Violet Powder, Lubins' Violet Powder, Kobanut Gum, Extract Wild Strawberry, Beechman's Peppin Gum, Beechman's Pills, Euthymot Tooth Paste, and Odoroma. Physicians' Prescriptions receive most careful attention. My delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda cannot be surpassed. Remember the STORE, Allan's Pharmacy, 35 King Street, THE WHITE AND GOLD FRONT. Telephone 239.

CAFÉ ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wharf, St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. Angostura Bitters. 10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Captain Cuttle's Do the same with Soap... value in laundry... TAYLOR & CO.



For Wood... love at \$13.00, cash.

FISHER.

Wines

OUR BRAND.

Several years, using still I procured some of the finest... JOHN C. CLOWES.

Union Street.

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Positive cure for Colds in... Prepar-

CROCKETT,

St. Cor. Sydney

FISH and GAME

ALL HOURS.

A SPECIALTY.

ROYAL

NTREAL BUILDING,

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WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

LES and LIQUORS.

ra Bitters.

Dr. Sigert's.

SALE LOW.

BOURKE

R STREET.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The friends of Prof. L. W. Titus in this city, and their number is legion, will be glad to learn that the approaching Halifax engagement of Miss Louise Clary will be under his management.

Another musical occasion of particular interest is the appearance in concert in this city of Mrs. Harrison who, since last heard here, has studied under the famous Madame Marchesi in Paris.

From several quarters much favorable comment has reached me respecting the quartette singing in Germain street baptist church, last Sunday.

Old time minstrelsy was partially revived here last week in the concerts given by Gorton's Minstrels. These concerts were attended by good houses.

Tones and Undertones.

At the close of the Worcester, Mass. festival Mr. David Bispham the operatic baritone who is one of the distinguished soloists engaged, will return to England where he will sing at the Birmingham festival.

Nellie Salome Thomas, an American singer who is now abroad has refused an offer to remain in Europe as soloist with the Royal Welsh Choir.

Madame Marchesi the world renowned teacher, of singing is not coming to America this winter after all.

Madame Melba tells that at her first concert given in Australia when she was quite young, there were, but two in the audience.

A series of piano recitals are to be given shortly in the leading German cities by Edward Baxter Perry the pianist who sailed from Boston for Genoa.

All the musical societies are making preparations for the resumption of their fall and winter rehearsals.

Herman Hartmann, the violinist, has resigned his position as instructor on that instrument in the New England conservatory of music.

Sir Arthur Sullivan not long since, expressed a desire for a libretto, and as soon as the newspapers had stated that fact only two hundred and eighty texts for operettas and operas were sent to him within three days.

Paul Rodney, of London, who wrote "Calvary" is at present collaborating with a Boston author in a series of sacred songs which it is expected will be published this fall.

Harry B. Smith the librettist of "Robin Hood" is said to have made a fortune out of his royalties.

A new opera which has not yet been named, at least so far as the public is concerned, has been written by L. F. Gottschalk a California composer.

The young French violinist, Henry Marteau, will pay another visit to the

United States in January next. On the 8th of January he will appear with the New York Philharmonic society.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was sung in St. James' Church, Harrison Avenue, Boston, last Sunday evening.

Rosenthal's series of concerts is entirely booked. He will play five times in New York, four times in Boston and six times in Chicago.

The concert in Association Hall, Boston last week, complimentary to Mr. Thomas Daniel, was a great artistic success.

The audience was quite inadequate to the excellent programme offered, was due to the very inclement weather. The audience was cultivated and enthusiastic.

Mrs. Alice Eady, an American singer and formerly with the Carl Rosa Opera Company in London, is now studying the role of Isolde with Herr Kneise of Bayreuth.

The Welsh prize singers will arrive in New York early next month and tour the United States for eight months.

The celebrated Boston "Symphony Concerts" will begin this year on the 16th October next, Mr. Emial Paur will again be conductor.

Van Biene's, cello cost \$3,000 and it is said to be the most valuable instrument of its kind in the world.

Mme. Clementine de Vere Sapio has returned to New York having recently filled an engagement at Covent Garden, London.

Madame D'Angelis, the well known Boston teacher of singing has returned from a trip to Paris.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company will be in Calais, Me. all next week.

Julia Arthur has engaged Scott Ingli's an Australian actor (as he is called) to play the role of the Duke of Osmond in "A Lady of Quality."

The present season of Thomas W. Keene the tragedian opened very auspiciously in Chicago.

George W. Barnum the actor, who was a member of W. S. Harkin's Company a few seasons ago (and who locally was regarded as a baseball crank) is in Boston this week as a member of Flo Irwin's Company at the Hollis theatre.

Katherine Rober closes her engagement at the Grand Opera House Boston, this week. She is giving productions of "A Heroine in Rags."

Next Monday evening May Irwin begins an engagement at the Tremont Theatre Boston, and will produce her new comedy entitled "The Swell Miss Fitzwell."

Responsible for the lives of his men, Hedeman determined to start on the quest for water alone, but the young doctor protested saying that the presence of the commander in camp was absolutely necessary, and volunteering to take his place.

Having carried his point, he was preparing to start, when the cook whose life he had saved, appeared, and begged to be allowed to accompany him.

As soon as the two men were out of sight of the encampment, the ex-cook handed his flask to the doctor and said, "Take a draught, sir; it will give you strength."

"How did you come by this?" demanded the doctor, sternly, for water had been doled out to the command by the teaspoonful.

Martin stammered, pretending that he had not felt the want, and so had saved his allowance; but the truth soon came out. The noble fellow had endured all the agony of thirst to save his share of water for the man to whom he owed his life, and had been waiting all day for a chance to offer it unobeyed.

"I accept only on condition that we share it," said the doctor; and grasping his companion's hand, he added, "We are quits! Any one can take a header and help a fellow-creature out of the water, but what you have done not one in a million would attempt."

Water was ultimately found by the two devoted men, and a supply brought to the

Two companies are now touring with the funny piece "My Friend from India" and both are reported as doing good business.

"My Partner" is the bill at the Castle Square theatre and "Men and Women" will be the piece for next week at this house.

Miss Ethel Hornick, a Boston lady, and a member of Augustus Daly's Company, played the role of Celia at the recent production of "As you like it" at Stratford-on-Avon.

There is not a little curiosity aroused as to what the name of Fanny Davenport's new play will be. Its production is fixed for the 18th Oct. at the Boston theatre.

Mrs. Berminger has written a one act play entitled "My Lady's Orchard" for her two clever daughters who were connected with the original production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

A large number of leading attractions have secured dates at the Hollis theatre Boston for the season now opening.

William F. Connor who is managing James O'Neill this season is said to be negotiating with Joseph Halton for "A daughter of France."

The new play "The Privateer" by Harrison Gray Fiske, recently produced at the Star Theatre New York has made a hit. Some of the scenic effects are much admired, especially the wind-mill scene.

Speaking of Isadore Rush's attractions, a publication known as Eddy's Weekly Squib says, "Isadore Rush (Roland Reed's leading lady) is said to possess a pair of legs fit to drive a sculptor frantic."

THEY WERE QUIET.

How the Humane act of a Common Soldier was Rewarded.

An Austrian ship was conveying soldiers to Mexico, and was in the Adriatic when the cook, in a fit of delirium tremens, flung himself overboard.

On arriving in Mexico, the column to which the doctor belonged was ordered to Yucatan, then a perfect hotbed of deadly disease. In order to avoid exposing his men a moment longer than was necessary to the poisonous exhalations of the coast, the commander, Lieutenant Hedeman, hurried the disembarkment as quickly as possible, and it was only after the troops had marched a considerable distance into the interior that the foraging party reported 'no water.'

Hedeman instantly despatched men to the transport, who returned with the crushing news that the captain, in an equal hurry to leave the malarious coast, had already departed.

It was a terrible predicament. To remain where they were was certain death. The commander decided upon striking camp before sunrise, hoping to come upon water during the day; but on the morrow, a scorching heat, unbearable thirst, and men falling out every few yards with the fatal sickness, rendered progress almost impossible.

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perishing encampment. It is pleasant to record that in due time Martin received a commission as lieutenant.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AS A HUSBAND. Strange Relations With His Wife of the "ReGaladtuomo"

A curious account of Victor Emmanuel's married life, taken from the "Autobiography of Gen. Morozzo della Rocca," who died recently as Senior General in the Italian army, is printed in the London Daily News.

The wedding took place in April, 1842, and magnificent festivals were instituted on the occasion by Charles Albert. The incomparable kindness and sweetness of Maria Adelaide did a great deal to soften the manners of the court.

He hunted and shot in the mountains and in the marshes, undertook lengthy rides and walks, and was away from home not only all the morning, but very often during the entire days.

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SLIGH BELLS.

As Commonly Used as Ever—Some Changes in the Customs.

The sleigh bells used in this country are made here, most of them in Connecticut, and many sleigh bells of American manufacture are exported to Germany and to Russia. Sleigh bells are as commonly used as ever whenever there is snow enough to make good sleighing; they may not be heard so much as formerly here in the city, where the snow is cleared away from many streets and wheels cut up what is left, but up the State and elsewhere the sleigh bells jingle in winter just as merrily as ever.

There have been changes in sleigh bell customs. Shaft bells and bells fixed on the saddle of the harness have to some extent taken the place of the old time string of bells or straps, but the string of bells are still the more commonly used.

Probably a third of the bell outfits sold nowadays are of the kind that fasten to shafts or the saddle of the harness and two-thirds are strings of bells. The bells exported are in about the same proportions. The bells attached to shafts and harness are open-mouthed and provided with tongues. Some shaft bells are made with all three in a set alike, often they are made in three sizes, forming a

Daylight Robbery.

The other day a gentleman called on a dealer and told him he wanted a box of Foot Elm. What was his surprise when the dealer virtually held him up and endeavored to foist on him a worthless substitute.

No, says the man, your're trying to rob me when you want to sell me such trash as that. Foot Elm is the only remedy that ever gave my hot, tired, aching feet relief, and I want it and nothing else. Price 25c. at all dealers or STORR & TUNY Bowmansville, Ont.

BABY HUMORS

Instant relief for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

Cuticura

Prepared and Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

The sleigh bells of the old, familiar kind, round, with balls inside, are attached to straps, as they have always been, to body straps encircling the horse's body, and to neck straps. Sleigh bells are made of bell metal, and they were never made with such care with a view to their sound-producing qualities, nor were they ever so musical as now.

The question has often been asked, and as often answered: How does the ball get inside of the sleigh bell? The question is here again answered. Of course the ball itself is first cast. It is then placed inside the ball of sand that is to form the core of the mould in which the sleigh bell is to be cast.

No Background. "Every man needs a wife to brighten up the place." "Yes; but suppose he hasn't any place."

No. 10

TAKEN FOR DYSPEPSIA

MEANS "That good digestion will wait on appetite, and health on both."

No. 10 cures Indigestion, Biliouness, Weak Stomach, Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Rising of Food, Water Brash, Jaundice, Irritability, Despondency, Low Spirits, Vertigo, Headache.

"77" FOR COLDS

Our annual Opening

Fall and Winter

MILLINERY

will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30th. and Oct. 1st and 2nd when we will show the latest novelties in French, English and American Millinery, direct from Paris, London and New York.

Chas. K. Cameron & Co

77 KING STREET.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Gaspar Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertisements should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 25.

A JEWISH STATE.

The dream of the Jewish race for centuries, the establishment of a "Jewish State" in Palestine, is beginning to take on a practical form and if matters can be satisfactorily arranged with the Sultan of Turkey as to the terms on which Palestine may be acquired there is little doubt that wealthy Jews all over the world will readily provide the funds for the realization of this dream of their race.

A Michigan school superintendent hit the nail squarely on the head when he recommended school facilities for parents, because he believed "parents need educating in the fundamentals of juvenile training."

It is a question whether the schemes of Prince HENRI to attract the support of the French people to his pretensions here now proved a flat failure. In plain language, has been a designing fakir ever since attaining an age of responsibility.

We wish to enter our most earnest protest against the colored education of one Alaskan point of interest. At the beginning of the excitement, the public was informed that there was a place on or near the Yukon River called Fort Get There.

RUDYARD KIPLING was dragged over the coals, or rather the icebergs, for calling

Fair Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." The Canadian press considered it inappropriate and as calculated to perpetuate the impression that Canada was an ice bound land where the people lived on blubber.

There must be JONAHs in cycling in New Brunswick; every time the St. John wheelmen have put in races this season they have collided with a rain storm.

The scribe-in-chief of the Sussex Record has uttered a wail of woe from beneath an inundation of letters that have come in upon him addressed to the bold explorer CAPT. ARCHIE MCLEAN.

The St. John presbytery should be good makers of wine. They have been doing considerable in the way of mullin' for some years past, and yet instead of producing sweetness they have produced only bitterness.

It is by no means certain that Armenians have been tossing around bomb in Constantinople, but if they have it does not require any remote reference to history to find mitigating circumstances that should be considered when dealing with the crime.

In the Outlook BLISS CARMAN prints a poem about the day when "the inexorable gong sounds on the platform of time."

The Indian rebellion might be a popular topic of conversation were it not for the unpronounceable names of persons and places that make themselves unpleasantly conspicuous in the accounts of the doings of the rebels.

The daughters of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE decline the subscription proposed in their behalf and deny that they need it. It would be something new for the BEECHERs to lose faith in their own efforts.

The exhibition directors need not come out at the small end of the horn financially. They can make an X raise as often as they like at Mr. Ritchies exhibit of the great ROENTGENs discovery.

An expert in mechanics is the authority for the assertion that the horseless carriage will run a much more successful and rapid career, everything considered, than the bicycle.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been selected by ANTONIN DVORAK as the subject of an opera. A sole on the tom-tom will probably be a striking feature of the opera.

"And now," a paragrapher exclaims, "Scientists have discovered a way to make soap out of grasshoppers." The paragrapher will furnish the lye.

DU MAURIERs new novel "Martin" is said to be in its fiftieth thousand. This may be true, yet—very few seem to have read it.

Kentucky now claims to be able to grow coffee. Some of the other states are trying to throw cold water upon the project.

Perhaps the fascination which golf exerts over the ladies is owing to their fondness for their "tee."

The fishing tackle has not been hung up yet, but the foot ball tackle has been taken down.

The screen door and the white straw hat have been called in.

The exhibition association is smiling all over its genial face.

Hot drinks have the call.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Entrant me not to leave thee, Entrant me not to leave thee, For true as the life of my heart, Is the chapel of each I must weave thee, That never from thee can I part.

Sept. 1897.

A September Gale.

Swooping over the corn-field, Blowing their tresses away, Whirling the crows in hundreds, Like leaves against the sky, Veering and heaving and darting— Wouldst thou I, too, might fly.

In The Temple of Home.

When I hear the children's laughter, From a neighbor's home next door, First a little laugh then after Breaking out into a roar, Notes of heavenly music bringing, To a weary brain and heart, Their laughing, frolic, shouting, Send warmth and joy to my heart.

To a Star.

Thou small bright star that from far space Doth nightly shine my window through Awake I love to watch thee, In dreams thou'rt with me, too.

September Drouth.

The sun in the sky is a great ball of fire, The dust is shot-deep in the village street, The glare smitten down like a vision of ire, The air is a shimmer with waves of heat.

A WHEELMAN'S PARADISE.

A Trip On the Silent Road That is Well Worth Taking.

HALIFAX, SEPT. 23.—To tell, even briefly, of a bicycle tour through the country, is as hackneyed a subject as could well be selected. This was not ever thus. There was once an era of romance for the bicyclist.

Yet though these days of the novelty of the wheel in far off country places are "gone forever," still there are districts in Nova Scotia where the wheel is enough of a variety to add some charm perhaps, to the journey if a tourist a wheel, even though at the principal points along the route there are some enterprising young men and women who have become wheel-owners.

A simple trip of this kind is that furnished in the road from Halifax east along the shore to Sherbrooke and then on to Antigonish. No better road for the bicyclist in Nova Scotia today than the greater part of these 180 miles, and there is no better panorama of land and sea-scenery in this province.

It is a remarkable fact how extremely modest are the people between Halifax and Sherbrooke regarding the quality of their roads. It is a difficult matter to find one of them who will praise the roads—the burden of their description in its most enthusiastic form being "the roads are not too bad round here" the invariable qualification following with droll candor, that they will become poorer if not positively bad, at such and such a point, or on towards so and so.

The description by those people there "good roads" that they are only fair is correct by comparison when they speak of the section that PROGRESS correspondent has described as bad between Marie Joseph and Goldenville. That part of it they are quick to call "horrible," and they are ever ready to tell you that "you will have hard work getting along there."

This correspondent is a recent acquisition to the ranks of wheelmen and he knows precious little of records and their ilk. Forty or sixty miles a day is plenty for him, and that is about the advancement he made. At Sheet Harbor his "large blue eyes" dilated with wonder when he was told of one young man and of another who traversed the 80 miles to Halifax within one day, when he remembered that it took him part of two, and that at sundown he was very glad to get to bed and rest, even though the roads had been good. That Sheet Harbor feat appeared to constitute "the record." But not so. At each principal point they had their story of how Mr.—had gone in to Halifax at one day, till soon the performance of the Sheet harbor scorcher faded into pale insignificance.

As has already been hinted at, the scenery along this shore road is beautiful and it is varied. True, at the start, there is not much to be seen Preston's classic district, but at Chetzetook the neat French Acadain houses are interesting, every window full of bright flowers, at Porters lake the Atlantic begins to come more into view and the Ladybank, the deserted mansion of the late Rev. Mr. Stewart and the abandoned Presbyterian Church are relics of a culture that has well nigh vanished from one district at least. Well-to-do



and rather populous Jeddore brings another change, and soon after comes Ship harbor. Then Pope's harbor and Spry Bay coast cannot be excelled in this region for beauty of coast, sea and island. Sheet Harbor's loveliness is both peaceful and rugged. Then comes for 20 miles the very cream of the road from a wheeling point of view; no hills of any consequence, smooth gravelly roadway and delicious sea and land breezes. Through Liscomb is a wild rough country with an occasional chance for a part run, and approaching Goldenville, where gold mines are all working full blast the wheelman must rough it. Four miles more brings the weary bicyclist in to pretty Sherbrooke on the east side of the St. Mary's river—a town that is booming in sympathy with the revival of gold mining in this country.

The run of 40 miles to Antigonish includes the Lochaber lakes with five miles of road as smooth and level almost as the proverbial mill-stone. Touring wheelmen, if you want change, take this trip in September. ON THE WING.

MARR'S MILLINERY OPENS.

New and Fashionable Head-wear at the Parlatan.

Mr. H. G. Marr held his regular autumn millinery opening last week, and the novelties from the best fashion centres that were shown attracted a large number of ladies to the establishment. Mr. Marr has had the entire interior changed, and the store is now one of the most commodious, best lighted, and neatest places of the kind in the city.

The store this week was in holiday attire for the benefit of those who even thus early in the season are on the lookout for what ever may be new and chic in the trade. Mr. Marr presents many charming imported creations this year and all the different designs are new and rich in color and effect and most pleasing to the eye, and taste. Sailors are very noticeable this year for the amount of trimming they have, and walking hats have an unusually stylish appearance given them by the addition of stiff wings, aigrettes and coque feathers. Bright ribbons, flowers, and crinkled velvets are seen in endless variety, the last named material being used profusely. Mr. Marr's prices will be found most satisfactory and the most fastidious cannot fail to be pleased with his magnificent display of fall millinery.

A Valuable Business Book.

They are few in business life who do not at times require a guide of some kind to help them out in their business transactions. Many books have been published to meet this requirement but perhaps among them all none is better or more widely known than Kerr's Bookkeeping which, although not published more than a few years has pushed itself a long way and is found on the desks of a large number of business houses throughout Canada and the United States. The author, Mr. S. Kerr, principal of the St. John Business College, is well known as a man who is up to date in every respect and is bound to keep ahead of the times. He has just issued a revised edition of his book in which he explains the theory of Joint Stock Company Bookkeeping and the various methods used. The names of the books necessary for this kind of bookkeeping are given, with a detailed description of each and the forms are also shown. The entries for opening and closing the books, converting a Partnership into a Joint Stock Company, reducing Capital Stock, issuing Preferred Stock, and Watered Stock and disposing of a Franchise Account are also given. Altogether the matter has been dealt with in such a concise and practical manner as to make it clear to all who will give it a careful perusal. This chapter on Commercial Law has long been considered a feature of great value. This work will be found invaluable to all business men and accountants and the price is such as will place it within the reach of all.

No Liquors Were Exhibited.

This year the Maritime Baptist convention in session had protested against display of liquors at the exhibition and there were none, whether as a result of the protest or not is not announced. But Manager Everett is a good baptist and a distinguished temperance worker and he is no doubt highly pleased that there are none.



ROYAL SOAP  
Wholly Pure



The large number of strangers in the city has given it a very lively appearance during the past few days, the exhibition being of course the chief point of interest to the visitor. Notwithstanding the fact that so many of the streets were seen nightly at the fair they still found time for other social gaieties, several of which stand to the credit of the past week. Mrs. Dever and Miss Dever were hostesses who dispensed hospitality in a most charming manner at a tea on Wednesday afternoon. Their pretty home was never brighter nor more cheerful than on that day and the ease and fact of the entertainers, who were assisted by Mrs. Hughes for whom the tea was given, made the event a most enjoyable one. The ladies all looked extremely well and some very chic autumn gowns were noticed. Mrs. Dever wore a very handsome gown of black silk elaborately trimmed with white brocade; and soft touches of real lace.

Miss Dever was as she always is, stately and charming, and upon this occasion wore a dainty grass linen over red silk. The young ladies who assisted the hostess in her pleasant duties were, Miss Wagner, who wore a pretty combination of grey and pink, Miss Kathleen Furlong, a pink muslin gown, Miss Mary Warner in a charming dress of pale blue canvas over blue silk, Miss Burpee, whose pretty gown of green silk was effectively trimmed with pale blue, Miss Alice Tack who wore a dainty grass linen over pale blue, and Miss Lottie Harrison in pretty pale pink muslin with white satin ribbon trimmings.

Among the ladies present were Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Travis, Mrs. Eddison, Mrs. James J. Kaye, Mrs. Bois de Vobor, Mrs. deSorris, Miss Fennell, Mrs. Douglas Egan, Mrs. Geo. Coster, Mrs. Chas. Coster, Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Mrs. J. Armstrong, Mrs. D. F. Chisholm, Mrs. John Burpee, Mrs. Geo. Jones, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Clouston Clinch, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mrs. Spurr, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Miss Elliot, Mrs. Geo. Carvill, Miss Hawk, Mrs. L. Allison, Mrs. C. Kerr, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, Miss Graham, Mrs. Tack, Mrs. Charles McLoughlin, Mrs. Buel, Miss Flagler, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Wm. Pagsley, and others.

Mrs. E. T. Sturdee of Elliott row, entertained a party of friends one evening this week for the pleasure of her sister who is visiting her. A delightful evening was spent until midnight, when after a dainty light supper the guests dispersed. Among those present were Senator Dever, Mrs. Dever, Miss Dever, Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Fred Jones, Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Stratton and a number of others.

Miss Radcliffe of Boston is a guest at the residence of Judge Tack. Mrs. Herbert Bond is entertaining Miss Flagler and Miss Sawyer, from her former home in Massachusetts. Mrs. Boyle Travers gave a small dinner on Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. It was most enjoyable as are all social entertainments at this charming home. The pleasure of the evening was increased by Miss Francis Traver's singing. The young lady's splendid voice was greatly admired. There is a rumor around the city that she will shortly be heard in public, which it is hoped is true, as in that case there is a decided pleasure in store for music lovers.

Miss Thistle who has been a guest of Mrs. Charles Coster recently returned to Ottawa on Thursday. Mrs. Drinkwater who has been staying with her daughter Mrs. Timmerman returns to Montreal next Monday accompanied by Miss Graham who has been visiting Mrs. Gardner Taylor for the past three weeks. Mrs. M. E. Merrill of Fredericton is visiting her sister Mrs. Chapman Skinner of King street east.

Mrs. Tack gave a luncheon party this week for her guest Miss Radcliffe, at which choicest were laid for twelve including the house party. The table was prettily decorated with pink roses and sweet peas and the luncheon was served in the delectable summer. The hostess wore a handsome black and white silk and the guest of the occasion was also gowned in silk. The ladies present were—Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Wm. Harrison, Mrs. (Dr.) Holden, Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. Geo. McLeod, Mrs. Lee B. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. W. Jones, Mrs. Bidger, Mrs. J. R. Stone.

Miss Emma Wallace and Miss Mabel Gross are here from Hillsboro for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Buck have taken up their residence on Sydney street the latter having recently returned from a trip to Frasco. Miss Fawcett, Miss Mabel and Mr. John Wood came from Hampton last week to attend the fair.

Mrs. Dixon of Faddock street is entertaining Miss Mad Allen of Fredericton. Among those who have returned during the week from their summer homes are Mr. and Mrs. O. J. H. Warwick from Riverbank, Mr. and Mrs. George U. Hay from Ingleside, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Leonard who returned the last of this week from Riverbank. Mr. and Mrs. William Saunders of Yarmouth are visiting Mrs. Saunders parents Mr. and Mrs. Shooklin Thompson, Carleton.

Mrs. James Andow of the Head Journal was among the newspaper men who made a call upon Passmore during the week. Mrs. D. Angevine and Miss Minnie Sinclair who have been paying a visit to their parents Mr. and Mrs. William Sinclair of Leinster street, returned to Boston the first of this week. Dr. and Mrs. Barbour were the guests of the latter last of the week. Mrs. Foster MacFarlane this week. Mr. James P. Weddemore who was here attending the exhibition has returned to Chatham. Prof. Max Sterne and Mrs. Sterne came from Amherst for a day or two this week. Mrs. Walter Cummins and Mrs. T. Casey of Fredericton were guests of Mrs. Charles Bradley of Main street recently.

Mrs. George H. V. Belyea is here from Qu'Appelle N. W. T. on a visit to Mrs. Elias McDiarmid. Mrs. Samuel Colgan received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at her residence on Peter street. Mr. M. Dohohue and Miss Ella Dohohue of Harvey station spent a part of this week in the city. Miss Dora Smith who has been visiting her brother Mr. J. H. Smith of Waterloo street, returned home this week. Mrs. C. W. Hoare of Walkerville Ont., is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee. Mr. A. C. V. Smyths and Mrs. Smyths of Calais were in the city this week.

Mr. T. B. Peters came down from Hampton this week to spend a day or two in seeing the exhibition. Miss Pearl Colwell and Miss Sharp are paying a short visit to St. John. Alderman D. J. Parry of the North end has as visitors his two charming young nieces the Misses Myrtle and Nellie Furdy of Upper James. Miss Lillie Quinn of Wright street had as her guest for the past week Miss Alice Sullivan of St. Stephen.

Mr. E. B. Manning has gone to New York to pursue his musical studies; his violin pupils will be taken by Mr. W. C. Bowden during his absence. Mrs. Butler has returned to Cambridge after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Hugh Doherty of St. James street. Miss Doherty accompanied her home for a short visit. Mrs. N. W. Brown who was here recently on a visit is now at Hopwell Cape A. C. visiting her parents.

Miss Allie McFarlane has been spending the week with Miss Ethel Heas of Charlotte street. Mr. George F. Clipp and family arrived this week from Milltown N. B. to spend a holiday in the city. Miss Emily Ervin of Bridgetown N. S. is spending a week or two with Miss McLoughlin of Pagan place. Dr. Coburn and Miss Coburn of Fredericton paid a brief visit to the city during the week. Mr. and Mrs. George Williams of Yarmouth were here for a part of this week.

Mr. H. P. Timmerman and Mr. Hugh McLean returned this week from a visit to St. William Van Home at the latter's summer home in St. Andrews. Hon. H. R. Emmons was in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McInnes of Bangor spent the week with their relatives and paid daily visits to the exhibition. Mr. C. F. Food and Miss Flood went west Wednesday afternoon on a little holiday trip. Mr. James Ross president of the street railway arrived Wednesday from Montreal. Rev. J. DeSoyes and Mrs. DeSoyes returned this week from a trip to Boston. Mrs. and Miss Cotter left by the C. P. R. Thursday on a pleasure trip to Boston. Miss Winter McAllister has returned to her native town after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Hedley V. Cooper.

The little maids of honor looked very sweet and dainty in dresses of white dotted muslin with Valenciennes lace, made low neck and short sleeves and carrying baskets of yellow and white chrysanthemums. Mr. Robert B. Rankins of St. John reported the groom. The ushers were Messrs. F. Hay, C. A. App'by, J. S. Leighton, and B. F. MacKay. The church was artistically decorated with brilliant flowers by the young ladies of the congregation under the direction of Mrs. Charles McLean and Mrs. McAtee. A mass of flowering plants in crimson and pink formed the centre piece with pink and white flowers at the sides. The chancel rail was covered with flowers, asters, dahlias, and gladioli in white, purple, yellow and scarlet with ferns being profusely used. Bouquets of bright flowers were placed on stands, making a very gorgeous adornment. After the ceremony the wedding party consisting only of the relatives of bride and groom repaired to the residence of Mrs. David Munro, where a reception was held and wedding luncheon partaken of. Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore took the C. P. R. express for Fredericton en route to St. John and Nova Scotia. They reside for the winter at Truro. Mrs. Wetmore's travelling costume was of purple black and green velvet cloth with vest of green broad cloth braided in gold and purple; with hat of green and purple. The bride was the recipient of many lovely presents including a silver service from the choir and congregation of St. Paul's of which she was a valued member.

The visit of interest to St. John people also occurred in Woodstock on Tuesday afternoon when Ella Blanche Jewett, daughter of the late Mr. E. B. Jewett, and Mr. Miles Traflet, pastor of the reformed baptist church of this city, were united in matrimony by Rev. W. B. Wiggins at the residence of the bride's mother. The bride wore a dainty and most becoming dress of lavender silk and white lace and carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations. She was unattended. The guests were the relatives of the bride and groom. Mrs. Traflet was the recipient of many presents. Sunday evening presented her with a very pretty silver cake basket. Mr. and Mrs. Traflet left on the C. P. R. express for St. John their future home. Mrs. Traflet's travelling dress was of green cloth with vest of white cloth embroidered in green braid, hat of green and purple.

Mr. Traflet's congregation in St. John tendered him and his bride a reception at the parsonage here on their arrival Tuesday night. Mrs. Ervill Lowell and her daughter Miss Fannie have been guests of Mrs. Charles W. King during the week. Mrs. A. S. Murray and children spent last Saturday in the city returning to the celestial on Saturday evening. Miss Bainsford has gone back to Fredericton after a pleasant stay with city friends. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Murray of Douglas avenue have entertained a number of friends this week among whom were Mrs. J. C. Varasor, Mr. and Mrs. R. Murray of Kingsclear and others. Miss Ward is in St. Stephen a guest of Mrs. C. J. Wetmore.

The Misses Mary Murray and Lillian McKay are visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mills of St. Stephen. Miss Allen of this city is visiting the St. Croix and this week was a guest of Mrs. J. S. H. Ganong. Miss Lillian Fawcett spent a part of last week with relatives here. Miss Belle Wheaton returned last week from a visit to Moncton where she was the guest of Miss Kate Lawrence for a week or two. Miss Lawrence accompanied Miss Wheaton to St. John and will visit here and in Boston for a time. Mr. Stewart has returned to Fredericton after a very pleasant stay with Miss Knox. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell are spending a short time with friends at the capital. Mrs. A. H. Sawyer and Mrs. Frederick Scamell were among the St. Croix ladies who attended the exhibition this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Clarke are visiting L'Etang as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tack. The Misses Carrie Winslow and Nellie Burden have returned to Fredericton having spent a few days with friends here. Mr. Robert Gillmor visited his daughter Miss Edna Gillmor a student in the Normal school last week. Mrs. P. Brennan and her little daughter Mary returned last Friday evening to St. Stephen. Miss Mamie Bevan of the border town is here on a few weeks' visit to friends.

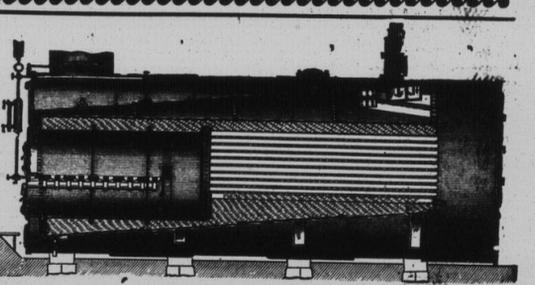
ST. GEORGE. SEPT. 22 The St. George band gave a fine concert in front of the hotel on Tuesday evening. After the concert the members were invited to luncheon by Mr. Alex. Parks. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Young accompanied by two of their grandchildren have returned from Bridgetown N. S. Mr. Efram Thompson has been spending a few days with his friend Mrs. A. H. Gillmor. The death of Mr. Tobias Gillmor which occurred on Wednesday at sunset removed a well known citizen and one who in the past was extensively engaged in lumbering. The funeral took place from his late home on Friday afternoon and was very largely attended. Rev. Mr. Evans conducted the service the choir singing the beautiful hymns "Abide with Me" and "Lead Kindly Light". The pall bearers were Mr. Brawley, Mr. John O'Brien, Mr. A. Baldwin, and Mr. Sparks. The floral offerings were very handsome, a wreath from Mrs. Ray, Milltown, cut flowers, from Mrs. Taylor Calais, cross from Mrs. John and Mrs. Edward O'Brien, bouquets from Mrs. James McKay, Mrs. Miller, and Misses Lavers. The deceased leaves two children a daughter the wife of Mr. Frank Hibbard and a son Mr. Churchill Gillmor of Oswego New York, who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Mrs. J. Fred Seely and Miss Seely are spending the week in St. John. A large number of St. George people have been to the city this week to attend the exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, Milltown; Mr. Charles Eordman, Calais; Mr. George Hibbard, St. Andrews; and Mr. Percy Gillmor, Calais; were in town last week to attend the obsequies of the late Mr. Gillmor. Miss Gertrude McCormick, St. Stephen is visiting relatives in town. Mrs. James Kolman and little daughter Jean have returned from a trip to Fredericton and St. John. Mr. C. Gillmor has returned to Oswego, N. Y. Dams rumor says we are to have a wedding very soon when a gentleman from the U. S., a former resident will wed one of St. George's fair daughters.

GRAND MANAN. Sept. 20—Miss Covert, of Fredericton, is a guest of her cousins at the Rectory. Miss Carrie Gupill has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John. Mrs. Grosvenor Newton has gone to Providence, R. I. Mrs. S. B. West and Mrs. Walter Fallon spent (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE) Choirs: Basso, Alto, Soprano, Tenor, Organist, Percussionist, Drum, 27 Waterloo.

WELCOME SOAP  
All Housekeepers SHOULD USE  
Welcome SOAP.  
Have you had a FREE GUESS at the MISSING WORD yet? Don't fail to visit the  
Welcome Soap Booth  
AT THE EXHIBITION  
\$25 Cash Prizes  
Welcome Soap Co. Missing Word Contest

"Famous Active" Range  
FOR COAL OR WOOD.  
The product of 50 years experience. Made in six sizes and twenty-four styles. Thermometer in oven door, showing exact heat of oven, every cook will appreciate this. Ventilated oven, carrying all fumes from oven up the chimney. Small door in oven door for basting, without cooling oven. Stove bottom heavily cemented, insuring even baking, with very little fuel. Extra heavy cast iron fire-bricks, that will not crack or crumble. Duplex coal grates. Large Hot Water Reservoir.  
At a recent test this Range baked 212 Loaves in eight hours, with only one fire-pot of coal.  
The McClary M'g. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.  
If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest branch.



The Monarch . . . .  
Economic Boiler  
IS PORTABLE Has an outer casing and requires no brickwork. Leaves our shop mounted on skids ready for use.  
SAVES FUEL Some tests show a saving of 30 per cent. over a common brick-set boiler. We guarantee at least 10 per cent.  
ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LIMITED, AMHERST, N. S.

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat standing next to a table displaying various goods. The table has a sign that says 'Progressive' and 'Quality'. The woman is looking at the goods on the table.

For Additional Society News, See Fifteenth South Page.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new book at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LAMB & CONNOR, George street
POWERS' DRUG STORES, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KLINE, Göttingen street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

On Monday of last week there was a large gathering at the Garrison cricket ground to see the last match in which the Crescents would take part.

Lady Erskine who looked quite pale and depressed, went about taking leave of everyone, and bidding them a farewell "at home" on board the flagship that evening.

Lady and the Misses Fisher accompanied Lady Erskine and made their first acquaintance with Halifax society. Lady Fisher was in black, the Misses Fisher very simply dressed in navy serge coats and skirts, and plain sailor hats.

The wet evening, however, did not deter Lady Erskine's friends from going on board H. M. S. Crescent, though the rain poured through the awnings and soon made the deck too wet for dancing.

Most of the ladies were neatly attired, in garden party gowns and hats, and the few in evening dress soon put on their cloaks. It was not a late party, though people were sorry to leave the Crescent for the last time.

On Tuesday evening Dr. Farrell gave a supper for the members of the Behring Sea commission and a few other gentlemen. There were also a couple of small dinners, and in the afternoon Mrs. MacKeen had a children's party at Maplewood, with a sprinkling of older people.

The Falls, Partridge and Talbot all had parties on board on Wednesday morning of last week to see the departure of H. M. S. Crescent. There was also a gathering of people at the dockyard, but the chief point of view chosen by spectators was playing as the flagship passed.

The Pa'as, Talbot and Partridge have also gone, the two first for the West Indies, and the latter for Cape Breton. Their places will be taken here by the Intrepid, Tartar, and Indefatigable.

Capt. and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Hill returned this week from Fredericton, where they made many friends and are much regretted.

Captain Fitz Herbert who has quite recovered from his illness, left last week for England. Mrs. Rosch-Smith was a passenger on the same steamer.

Colonel Wilkinson, who succeeds Colonel Leach here as C. B. E. at the end of October, is a very young man for the post and is unmarried. As there are no quarters for him he will take a house in the city.

Captain and Mrs. Hall left Saturday for England via New York. Mrs. Harvey will go to England soon again, on a visit to her sister's country place near Oxford. Mrs. Harvey gave a large farewell tea on Thursday for captain and Mrs. Maul. People came in late after the cricket match, at which Captain Maul distinguished himself by making the largest score of the season in the Army versus Navy match.

Senator and Mrs. MacKeen gave a small reception on Friday evening for the members of the Behring Sea commission. A few other guests were invited, most of them strangers, and I hear that they were charmed with the beauties of Maplewood.

The party was quite an early one, the hours on the card being from nine to twelve.

On Friday afternoon there was quite an old-time gathering at the polo ground, where the colonel held a gymkhana, the prime movers being Garrison Colliard and Mr. Barlow of the Berkshires.

The day could not have been improved on and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. The sports consisted of bicycle races, in which the ladies had the lion's share; the egg and spoon race for ladies was most amusing and the hand in hand race would have been a very pretty one if it had not been for an accident, Miss Steeton and Miss Wallace having a bad fall, which made the former insensible for a short time.

Miss Richards won the ladies' race for single bicycles, and also the egg and spoon race.

The pony race, with umbrellas and cigars, for gentlemen, was very funny, only one competitor arriving with his umbrella right side out. The thread and needle race and the Lleyd-Lindsay competition for ponies were other features.

Tea was served in a marquee on the polo ground, and every one turned out in force. Bicycle dresses were largely worn, though smart autumn gowns were not wanting, or even mailla rocks. Lady and the Misses Fisher were present, the latter in white serge with tulle hat, prettily alike.

We are to have a number of distinguished visitors in exhibition week, but contrary to expectation there will be little gaiety a few dinners excepted, Sir John Fisher, who has Lord Kelvin for a guest, has also invited Lord and Lady Aberdeen to Admiralty House, and also Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Their excellencies however will stay as usual at Government House while the Premier's movements are very undecided.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by E. V. Farley. Sent 3 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—cloth binding 50 stamps. A whole medical library in one 1000-page volume.

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FARRSBORO.

Progress is for sale at Farnboro Book Store. Sept. 21.—Prof. T. H. Band and Mrs. Band who have spent the summer at the Island leave tomorrow for their home, Toronto.

Misses Francis Woodworth and Emily Harris were for a part of last week guests of their uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. E. Woodworth.

The Misses Sutherland of Windsor are staying with A. W. Copp.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Archibald of Bridgewater and Master Roy Archibald are at Mr. G. Corbett's. Mr. Norris MacKenzie and Mr. Halford Tucker have gone to Halifax to resume their studies at Dalhousie.

Mr. Cecil Townshend left Tuesday for McGill college.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McKenna are the happy possessors of a little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Dickson of Sackville with their little son have lately been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chambers.

Mr. A. M. Brander left yesterday for Boston to take a musical course at the conservatory.

Mr. Will Eaton is in town staying with his sister Mrs. McE.

Messrs. Lawson and Stewart Jenks arrived home on Wednesday from Toronto.

A number of young couples in Farnboro were made happy on Wednesday last, among them Miss Lottie Trahey and Mr. George Jeffers who were joined together by Rev. Jas. Sharp at the home of the bride at an early hour.

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Fry's Cocoa

It has the strength and the delicate flavor of absolute purity. It is gratefully stimulating yet peculiarly nourishing. An ideal drink for infants and invalids. 200 medals and awards taken by the Messrs. Fry. Your grocer sells it.

green velvet trimmings, black velvet hat with feathers.

Mrs. Donald Munro, black velvet and jet, lavender ribbons, bonnet of lavender.

Mrs. Wetmore, black silk, with white lace, bonnet of black and white.

Mrs. Wetmore, green and white silk, hat of green and white chiffon and feathers.

Mrs. Whitehead black silk, white chiffon, hat of black chiffon and feathers.

Mrs. Charles Munro, halloptrope silk, and chiffon, hat of green and halloptrope.

Mrs. A. D. Munro, black silk, white satin and jet, black hat, white trimmings.

Mrs. W. Shipp, black silk, jet and chiffon, black hat white flowers.

Mrs. Ella Smith, halloptrope and white silk. The marriage of Miss Ella Blanche Jewett, daughter of the late E. B. Jewett and Rev. Miles Trafton, pastor of the reformed Baptist church, St. John, was presided over by Rev. W. B. Williams at the residence of the bride's mother on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

The bride wore a dainty and most becoming dress of lavender silk with white lace and carried a bouquet of white roses and carnations. She was unattended. The guests were the relatives of bride and groom.

Mrs. Trafton was the recipient of many presents. Her Sunday-school class presented her with a very pretty silver cake basket.

Mr. and Mrs. Trafton left on the C. P. R. express for St. John their future home. Mrs. Trafton's travelling dress was of green cloth with vest of white cloth embroidered in green braid, hat of green and purple.

Mr. Trafton's congregation in St. John tendered him and his bride a reception at the parsonage on their arrival Tuesday night.

THE IRISH MILE IS 2,240 YARDS. Fortugal has 2,400 miles of road. Austria is building roads at the rate of 100,000 miles per year.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of our curatives being such that they are the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other, displace to morbid and reinforcing ideas, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—in parts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the fibrine, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine, before it was too late, had been cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

In Germany there are 256,000 miles of road. Canada has 6,000 miles of roads and highways.

In his VENERABLE FILLER, Dr. Farmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Debility and Debilitated Constitutions Farmelee's Pills are like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, driving tone and vigor.

The comparatively small kingdom of Italy has 61,000 miles of highway.

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has 118,000 miles of highway.

FARMLEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organ, stimulating action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cure and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Caswell, Caswell, F. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Farmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

In many parts of Europe river and canal routes are legally regarded as highways.

The Roman roads, according to their importance, were from 6 to 30 feet in width.

City of Rome.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indigestion. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a true saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Farmelee's Vegetable Pills in succession, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

The Austrian Empire has 31,000 miles of road.

In Venice many ladies have been seen shopping in bonnets made of glass. The crane has reached Paris, and it is said that glass bonnets will soon be sold in London.

The Parisian

is working night and day to keep up with the orders.

The Parisian

has certainly got the crowd.

The Parisian

is everybody's friend.

The Parisian

sells millinery 50 per cent lower than you can buy anywhere.

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, loosing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

Puttner's Emulsion.

Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

Always get PUTTNER'S.

It is the original and best.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed .....PURE WOOL.

Ladies' Tailoring

The Subscribers having secured the services of a first-class LADIES' TAILOR, will in future add LADIES' TAILORING to our regular Tailoring business. Ladies favoring us with a call will be sure of receiving the best attendance. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

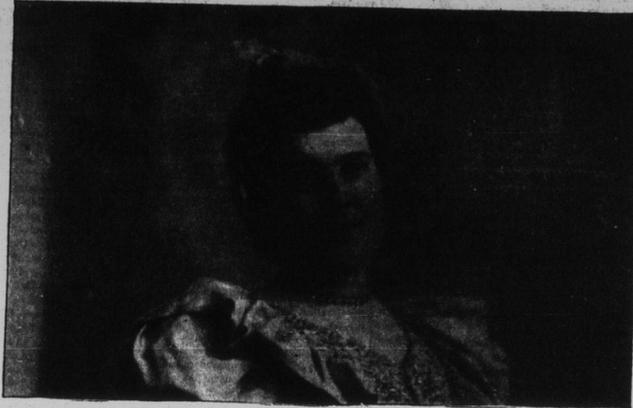
THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



MADAME MARIE HARRISON.



Mme. Marie Harrison who sang here with so much acceptance before leaving for Paris to study, is to re-appear in this city, Friday, October 1st. She has met with great success in her studies and a Paris critique says: She has been studying with M. Fidele Koenig of the Opera, and under his wise direction her voice has developed wonderfully, not only in management and emission, but in the medium and in the high notes. She has now a compass of four octaves' all clear, distinct and even. She has command of Traviata, Lucia, Zuzime in Don Juan, Lakme Thai, Noces de Jeanette, Mireille, and several concert ariss and songs in French and Italian.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) last week in St. John. Dr. Price of Montreal, has been on the Island, but leaves for his home today. Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Bury and Master George Bury left by Saturday's boat for St. Andrews, en route to Montreal. Mrs. Jack accompanied them to St. Andrews, where she will visit relatives. Miss Annie Gordon of Boston has been a guest of Miss Grace Newton. Mrs. Covert leaves by today's boat for St. John, where she will remain for some weeks. Mr. A. M. Covert was a passenger by the same boat for Montreal.

CAUGHT IN A BIGHT.

An Unpleasant Experience in Which a Shark Took Part.

A bight in a fish-line may not be a knot, but it can hold like one, and a veteran handler of the rod furnishes Forest and Stream with ample proof of its tenacity. The incident which he describes occurred during a shark-fishing trip off Nantauket. I had hooked a large "man-eater," and with two of my companions was drawing him to the surface; the line used was, of course, a stout one, for the strength and weight of the shark was very great. Slowly we hauled him up; slowly he yielded, foot by foot, until his huge, ugly form appeared near the side of the yacht. I think I never saw anything more hideous and wicked than that shark; and his cruel eyes, his enormous mouth, armed with rows of the sharpest teeth, and the rage with which he snarled at the boat and lashed the water into foam, I shall never shall forget.

Our skipper was just at the point of dispatching the brute when turning downward with a sudden dart, the shark dived, and then, slipping through our hands, permitted him to descend to the bottom again. As the line was running out at almost lightning speed, I was caught by the leg in a bight, into which I had incautiously stepped, and in an instant I was over the side and following the shark. It is utterly impossible for me to describe my sensations as I was drawn deeper and deeper under water. I could feel the pain from the rope about my leg, a pain that was increased by my companions holding the line and drawing upon it; but the pain was as nothing when compared with the terrible pressure upon my lungs and brain.

Singularly enough I did not entirely lose my presence of mind; I knew that nothing but a turn in the rope held me and I thought that if I could in any way twist my leg around I should be released. But in vain; my struggles were useless, and everything began to grow dark.

I must say that my sensations at this juncture were not unpleasant; the ringing in my ears and the pressure on my lungs were forgotten, and I seemed to be floating in a sort of dream. Of course the length of time I remained in this condition was probably less than a minute, but it seemed almost eternity.

Fortunately for me, before it was too late, the hook became detached from the shark and I was drawn to the surface by my friends and lifted into the yacht. I was not entirely unconscious, for I felt the

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

abook of being laid on the deck of the boat, but it was a pretty close call. My friends soon resuscitated me, and I was able to hobble ashore when I reached the dock, but I was obliged to use crutches for a week afterward.

AN ISLAND OF DEATH.

Fernando Po Is Fast Becoming Studded With Graves.

Of all the diabolical places on earth there is perhaps none that can compare with the Island of Fernando Po, off the western coast of Africa. This island, which is in the Bight of Bispra, and is forty-five miles from the coast, is, like most of the islands of that region, of volcanic origin. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1471 and ceded to Spain in 1778. It was not peopled by a European settlement, however, until 1827. In that year the English, unaware of the Spanish having the right of possession, established a coaling station there for the benefit of the warships which were in the Gulf of Guinea, engaged in preventing the slave trade in the Bight of Bispra. In addition to using the place as a coaling station, the island was also made a place of refuge for the liberated slaves who had been captured from the slavers. These to the number of about 1,000 were scattered upon the island. They suffered much from illness and many died, but the settlers managed to plant lemon, orange and banana trees and these together with other tropical fruits soon became the source of their existence. The fruit was sold to the warships and some was exported to other islands. In short the negroes were fairly prosperous. Protestant missionaries came and Christianity was introduced. The only drawback to the colony was the deadly climate.

In 1859 the Spanish took possession of the island, proposing to use it as convict station. From that time the worst of Spain's criminals have been deposited here. The climate of this island is said to be almost unbearable. They have much rain which with a burning sun produces such diseases as malaria, typhoid and dysentery. Spain has within her jurisdiction many offenders whose crimes will not admit of the death sentence, so she deports them to Fernando Po, knowing that they will die inot so swiftly, quite as surely, from the dreadful remote climate as by the garrote. So rapid have been the deaths of the miserable convicts of late that officials cannot be found in which to bury the unfortunate. Recently a new method has been adopted by which the coffins are constructed with hinges on the bottom. The coffin is lowered into the grave when by the manipulation of certain ropes, the corpse is dropped through the bottom of the coffin which is then hauled to the surface and is thus used again and again in the burial of corpses.

HIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

One in 1896 was to get out and one in 1897 was to stay out.

They were huddled around the stove in a mountain station on the Union Pacific road—seven or eight of them—waiting for a delayed train when the talk turned on New Year's resolves. One after another related his various 'resolves' for several years back, and finally it came to the man with the Van Dyke beard and gold-rimmed spectacles, whom everybody had put down as a professor.

'Well, gentlemen,' he began, 'I don't know as any of my resolves will interest you, unless it is the one I made in 1896. I was lying on my bed when the old year died and the new year was born. As the last stroke of the bells died away I determined to begin operations at once, and five minutes later saw me at work on my tunnel.'

'Excuse me,' said the man with the sandy whiskers as the professor paused, but were you in the mining business.

'No, sir. As I said, I began work on my tunnel, and though I had only a broken knife to dig with I had made an excellent start before daylight came, and I had to

abandon the work. That resolve seemed to put new life into me, and I was impatient for night to come and start in on the work again.'

'Couldn't you work on the tunnel, in the daytime?' asked the same man as before.

'No, sir,' was the reply. 'No; my only chance was from 10 o'clock at night till about four in the morning, and as fast as I dug the dirt and cement out I hid to conceal the stuff from all prying eyes. It was terribly hard work, but I was determined to let nothing daunt me.'

'That was a queer tunnel. Were you digging to strike some other claim, and were the other fellows suspicious of you?'

'Oh no. As near as I could judge the distance by my eye I had a matter of forty feet to go. I must however, sink my shaft a depth of six feet first, and I determined to work only four hours per night. I got hold of an old chisel to dig with, but it was a matter of three months before I had finished the shaft. A score of times I was on the point of abandoning the work, but that New Year's resolve always came up to strengthen me.'

'Look here, Professor,' said the man with the sandy whiskers, 'you couldn't have entombed in a mine?'

'No sir.'

'And you were not running a shaft into a mountain?'

'No sir. When I finally got my shaft sunk to the required depth it was easier digging, and I made better progress, but it was heart-breaking work after all. I think it was six months before I reached the wall, and there was not an hour in all that time when my work was not liable to discovery. I had to go down three feet extra to get under the wall, and then the foul air.'

'Say, now!' exclaimed he of the sandy whiskers as he rose up in his excitement, 'I want to know where you were.'

'In State Prison!' quietly answered the professor.

'And you were tunnelling your way out?'

'Of course.'

'As you see, you escaped?'

'As you see. Yes, I finished my tunnel and got out only two weeks ago, and my New Year's resolve for 1897 was to stay out.'

They all looked at the professor, but he stroked his whiskers and bent over the stove and remarked that it seemed to be growing colder. The professor who had asked all the questions wanted to ask one more—what crime the professor committed—but the ethics of the far West forbade him to do so, and he went out for a walk up and down the platform.

A BLIGHTED HOPE.

The Sure Cure Turned out to be a Patent Medicine.

Those who have suffered from any of the obstinate cutaneous affections whose names is legion will appreciate the following narration of one man's experience with a so-called 'infallible cure.'

He had been troubled for years with 'Salt rheu' in his hand, and tried so many remedies to no purpose that he had utterly lost faith in the power of medicines, external or internal to affect a cure.

One day, however, an advertisement of a new specific 'Doctor Blank's Sure Cure,' accompanied by testimonials from prominent men of his acquaintance, met his eye and he decided to give it a trial.

He sent for a box. It proved to be a kind of salve or ointment, to be applied externally. He used it faithfully and industriously, in compliance with the directions, and when it was gone sent for another box. According to the testimonials two boxes had never failed to effect a cure. They failed in his case, and he tried a third. There was no improvement, and he reluctantly gave it up.

Meeting a friend shortly afterward, he casually mentioned his experiences with Doctor Blank's salve and his hopelessness of any relief from his torturing malady, when his friend exclaimed:

'I am glad you have spoken of this. I have a cousin who was afflicted for seventeen years exactly as you have been. He tried everything under the sun, without any

benefit, until a few weeks ago, when he found a simple remedy that acted like magic. It cured him, absolutely and completely, in less than a week, and the poor fellow was so overjoyed that he told me if I ever met a case like his to let him know, and he would go out of his way to tell the sufferer what to do to find certain relief. Here is his address. Write to him.'

'The man wrote, and waited impatiently for an answer. It came in two days, and was as follows:

'Mr. J. Smith: Dear Sir—I am glad indeed to be the means of contributing to the alleviation of human misery in any form and especially that form known as 'salt rheum.' The remedy that cured me of that distressing complaint, after years of untold suffering, is Doctor Blank's Sure Cure. Yours sincerely, J. Thompson.'

Oh I Don't Know. We're not so slow, we have the only mangle that will not destroy your linen—send to the up-to-date laundry—UNGARS LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Phone 58.

LEADING THE BLIND.

How Animals Sometimes Display Human Intelligence.

A gentleman in the State of Washington lately saw an occurrence, which he puts on record in the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, that illustrates kindness of animals to one another. Similar cases are perhaps not uncommon, but few of them ever find their way into print.

Several horses were grazing in a pasture. One of them, as the gentleman saw was totally blind. The blind horse exercised great caution in getting around stumps and much ingenuity in ascertaining the character of the ground in front of him. The other horses did not seem to pay any attention to him but he managed to keep near them.

The gentleman went on about his business, and in about an hour chanced to come back past the same spot. In the meantime the blind horse had strayed out to a road, while the rest of the band had gone on to a certain distance. The blind horse had evidently lost his way.

He stood for a moment as if puzzled, and then raised his head and whinnied. The sound had not died away when there came an answering whinny from the herd and a young horse came galloping into view from behind a clump of trees. He ran up to the blind horse, touched him with his nose, as if to say, 'Come on, old fellow, I'll lead you,' and the two walked off together in the direction taken by the other horses.

The grizzly, discolored, and uncouth beard can be made to appear inviting by Buckingham's Dye which colors an even brown or black; may be applied at home.

A Tornado Preventive.

A Frenchman named Turpin has devised what he claims to be preventive of tornadoes in towns. As tornadoes invariably come from the Southwest, he would build on that side of a city a number of metal towers about 135 feet high, and place on their tops cylinders filled with some extremely explosive material, such as melinite. To the cylinders are attached arms with disks. The tornado strikes the arms and explodes the melinite, producing an enormous displacement of gas and breaking up the rotary motion of the storm.

Another Side to it.

Change of accent will do a great deal. A certain egotistical man who, as the old mot puts it, is 'self made and adores his maker,' recently left town for a visit.

'Well,' said his next door neighbor, who found his absence more or less restful, 'I hope Blank is enjoying himself.'

'I think,' said his wife, with a delicate shifting of emphasis, 'I think we may always be sure he is enjoying himself.'

Coleman's SALT. Celebrated DAIRY HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

WOULD YOU LIKE 'BICYCLE' OR A 'GOLD WATCH?' 12 STEARNS' BICYCLES and 27 GOLD Watches.

Given Away Every Month.



Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

GRAND CONCERT OPERA HOUSE. FRIDAY, OCT. 1st.

The following well known talent will take part.....

Madame Harrison, Soprano. Miss Eliza Butcher, Elocutionist. Miss Emma Gredford, Accompanist. Mr. Morton L. Harrison, Violinist. Mr. W. G. Stokes, Fagotto. Mr. G. S. Mays, Bass. Mr. Alex. Lindsay, Tenor. The Orpheus Quartette.

PRICES: 25, 50 and 75 CENTS.

GOVERNMENT .. SALE ..

the following PURE-BRED STOCK

Imported by the Government of New Brunswick, as follows:

- 36 Ayrshire Bulls. 25 Ayrshire Heifers. 15 Short Horn Bulls. 6 Short-Horn Heifers. 13 Jersey Bulls. 4 Guernsey Bulls. 3 Guernsey Heifers, 8 Holstein Bulls. 10 Holstein Heifers. 3 Hereford Bulls. 3 Hereford Heifers.

160 SHEEP, consisting of Cotswold, Leicesters, Shropshires, Dorsethorns and Lincolns,

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION AT FREDERICTON

On THURSDAY, the 30th Day of September, 1897. at 11 o'clock a. m.

Pedigrees will be furnished. Terms will be made known at the sale.

CHAS. H. LABILLOIS, Commissioner for Agriculture.

Fredericton, 18th Sept., 1897.

International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON

COMMENCING SEPT. 20th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock (standard) returning leave Boston same days.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Orléans and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

LD  
LIKE  
CYCLE  
OLD WATCH?  
NS' and 27 GOLD  
Watches

Are  
Away  
very Month.

NIGHT  
SOAP  
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give you particulars, or drop  
a postcard to  
S. Limited, Toronto.

CONCERT

A HOUSE  
OCT. 1st.

A known talent will take

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Harrison, Violinist,  
ike, Ficcolo.  
yrs, Bass.  
Lindsay, Tenor.  
pheus Quartette.

50 and 75 CENTS.

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S. S. Co.

A WEEK

STON

AMENCING SEPT.

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will leave St. John

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Monday

Friday and Friday morn-

8 o'clock (standard)

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ECHLER, Agent.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

MAN AND HIS ALTEREGO

TWO PERSONALITIES AND MORE  
IN ONE INDIVIDUAL.

The Bible Quoted in Defense of the Theory—  
The "Black Sheep of the Family" Account-  
ed for—Alterations in Individual Char-  
acter—Interesting Suggestions.

Dr. Osgood Mason, whose investiga-  
tions in psychical phenomena have attracted  
wide attention, has made public a series of  
exceedingly interesting facts bearing on a  
most important discovery regarding an act-  
ual personality. It is that a large  
proportion of the civilized world possess-  
es alternating personalities. The strang-  
est feature of the condition referred to is  
that the existence within us of the second  
self is not realized, and yet it is impelling  
force which provokes the commission of  
actions totally foreign to the known nature  
of the individual. It shows that the novel-  
ist's creation of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr.  
Hyde' is not in the least improbable. In  
fact, it is demonstrated beyond question  
that there are many persons in this world  
who are conglomerate of two individuals of  
exactly opposite characteristics.

Even further than this, the facts which  
Dr. Mason presents go to prove the truth  
of the famous Biblical quotation. 'The  
sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the  
children unto the third and fourth gener-  
ation of them that hate Me.' This is shown  
by what some persons are pleased to im-  
properly call heredity. Technically, her-  
edity refers to certain personal peculiarities  
noticeable in each generation of a family.  
The Biblical assertion, however, is proved  
by the fact that frequently the dual per-  
sonality of an individual is composed of  
the nature which his father and mother have  
directly transmitted to him, and a second  
nature or self which is a direct reproduction  
of the evil that lay in an ancestor  
three, four, or perhaps five generations be-  
fore.

It is a matter of common knowledge  
that in almost every family there has been  
at one time or another a marriage which  
has given cause for regret, often from the  
fact that the person who has married into  
the family proved to be of a nature not at  
all desirable. It may be the children which  
result from such a marriage will be devoid  
of the maternal characteristics, and the  
same statement may prove true of the gener-  
ation that succeeds them. So it runs  
along until perhaps the fourth genera-  
tion following, and then the child of parents  
whose nature are all that could be desired,  
in whom the spirit of evil, finds no lodg-  
ment, develops a character such as might  
have been bestowed upon him by the fiend  
incarnate. Then the world marvels and  
wonders why this is so, but cannot dispute  
its truth.

Now, then, this is when the nature of the  
individual in whom Satan has an interest is  
plainly visible. Dr. Mason's investigations  
and deductions relate to those among us  
who possess these dual natures and yet, as  
a rule, have sufficient moral courage to re-  
press, as far as appearances are concerned,  
the Mr. Hyde individuality. However  
sometimes Mr. Hyde will not down, and  
then are committed those strange actions  
which the world and even the persons who  
commit them find it impossible to reconcile  
with the character of the individual as  
understood.

There are few persons who have not felt  
mysterious impulses to stray from the path  
of rectitude in a violent and startling man-  
ner. It is these impulses which have led  
some medical men to assert that all human-  
ity is more or less insane. Dr. Mason  
proved that there is nothing of the sort,  
but that these impulses are simply the in-  
fluence of the second or evil self. The  
second self is not necessarily evil, but it is  
an unpleasant fact that generally this is the  
case. All these things will be set forth in  
a statement Dr. Mason is soon to issue to  
the public containing the result of his in-  
vestigations regarding the dual personality.  
He has given the members of the American  
Medical Association something to think of  
in a paper read by him before the section  
on neurology of that organization treating  
principally of the origin and the medico-  
legal aspect of the dual personality. He  
says:

"It is a well recognized fact that cer-  
tain clearly defined traits or characteristics  
either physical or mental, existing in an-  
cestors near or remote, may alter passing  
by one or more generations, at length crop  
out distinctly and unmistakably in a later  
one. Physical peculiarities or deformities,  
tendency to certain diseases or peculiar  
mental characteristics are frequently in this

## The Health That Nature Gave You.



Few human beings are in a state of natural, perfect health. The work, the worry, the grasping after wealth, the over-indulgence of desires, keep us in a state of weary lassitude or physical pain. Some regulator must be taken—Something to counterbalance the unintentional ill we do ourselves—Something to instill new life and energy—Something to keep the vital spark ablaze and help nature's gift of health. Not exactly a physic, but a tonic, a bracer, an exhilarator. Such a medicine is

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

It purifies and cools the blood, aids the digestion, eases the nerves, soothes pain, and brings the fresh roses of health to the cheeks. Taken every morning before breakfast it keeps you in good health and spirits and at night brings refreshing, restful sleep. ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT is nature's own remedy for many of the common ills that humanity is heir to. It spreads the sunshine of health and happiness through the dark alleys of disease. It strengthens the body and fits the system to repel disease. Here are some extracts from testimonials received from eminent physicians and prominent personages:—

FROM DR. W. H. WRIGHT, L.R.C.P.I., L.M., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.I., MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH, LONDON, ENGLAND:—  
"I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to your excellent preparation. I take it every morning before my cold bath, and it keeps me in the best of health and spirits. By its continued use during a terrible epidemic of La Grippe, I escaped an attack, though often worn out with the extra fatigue and great strain put upon me when grappling with it."

FROM DR. THOS. E. LOVEGROVE, M.R.C.S.E., LONDON, ENGLAND:—  
"I have great pleasure in certifying that Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a safe and useful family medicine, and is especially beneficial in cases of indigestion and Rheumatism."

FROM DR. T. B. BROCKE, S.R.C.P., S.R., C.S., LONDON, ENGLAND:—  
"I gave your Abbey's Effervescent Salt a thorough trial. I can speak in great praise of it, and now recommend it extensively among my patients."

FROM SIR HENRY IRVING, LONDON, ENGLAND:—  
"Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is excellent. It has certainly not been over-rated."

FROM COUNT W. J. STOMM, LONDON, ENGLAND:—  
"It is simply invaluable. I now use no other medicine and take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends."

FROM MARIE ROZE:—  
"I have used your Abbey's Effervescent Salt with remarkable results. It is really wonderful."

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.  
Worth its weight in Gold as a Family Medicine.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

PRICE, 60 Cts. A BOTTLE.

manner transposed, also a peculiar insight  
into or genius for certain pursuits, as, for,  
instance, hunting, fishing, and frontier life  
a military career, mathematics, music,  
acting or scientific pursuits, existing in a  
marked degree in some near or remote  
ancestor may be inherited directly in the  
succeeding generation, but, on the other  
it may pass over one or more generations  
to appear in an unmistakable manner in a  
later one.

'Suppose, for instance, that five genera-  
tions back there had appeared a man of  
marked and thoroughly bad characteristics  
married to a right-minded, moral, even  
religious woman; that he was a villifier of  
religion, profligate and vicious in life, and  
unscrupulous in his dealings with others;  
that the generations which immediately  
succeeded came under influences which,  
aided by inherited characteristics from the  
mother, led to lives of morality, upright-  
ness, or even conspicuous piety. In the  
fifth generation appeared a man who, in  
the midst of these moral and religious en-  
vironments, was conspicuous for his pro-  
fanity, his vicious life and unscrupulous  
conduct, so identical with his remote an-  
cestor as to make the connection un-  
doubted.

'Where did this evil tendency exist dur-  
ing the four intervening generations? Let  
us tap the main line between the two ex-  
treme points and see what information may  
be extracted. In the fourth generation was  
a mild, religiously inclined woman of deli-  
cate health and perhaps unstable person-  
ality. From some sudden shock, syncope  
or loss of consciousness occurs, and on re-  
covery an entirely new and different per-  
sonality is found to have taken the place of  
the original one. It proves to be a man, and  
to the horror and consternation of the good  
people surrounding her, the patient com-  
menced to utter, to vilify everything  
good, and to entertain sentiments and prac-  
tices of the most offensive and criminal  
character. This newly arrived person-  
ality has a chain of memories and individual  
history quite foreign and unknown to the  
primary self, but consistent with those of  
the remote ancestor whom we have consid-  
ered.

'In an hour or a day the primary con-  
sciousness has returned, but there is not  
the slightest recollection of the character  
which she has represented in her second  
personality, and very likely the case is  
diagnosed as temporary insanity; in a  
more primitive age it would have been called  
possession by an evil spirit. It was in

"It went right to the sore spot,"  
is what a young man lately said of his  
first dose of SHORT'S DYSPEPTICURE.  
Better still, a few more doses cured his  
indigestion.

reality the strongly impressed characteris-  
tics of a distinct personality, which had lain  
dormant in the sub-conscious self for three  
generations now coming to the surface  
temporarily under favorable circumstances  
in the fourth. In another generation it  
actually appeared, an aviatism, as the pri-  
mary and usual personality. In like manner  
a personality of conspicuous goodness or  
talent might pass over many generations of  
mediocrity or of evildoers, and appear, a  
pleasant aviatism, after one or more gen-  
erations had intervened.

'Less extreme personalities might be  
formed in like manner, and more than one  
cessive generations, giving rise to the per-  
plexing and much debated condition of  
multiplex personalities. Kraft-Ebing, as we  
have seen, found in his patient 'three  
physical existences,' or personalities. Prof.  
Janet's patient, Mme. B., possessed three  
widely different ones, while one of my own  
cases presented three, and another two,  
alternating spontaneously at longer or  
shorter intervals, not including the cases  
in which changes of personality were  
brought about by hypnotism.

'With this view of the origin and nature  
of ordinary as well as alternating person-  
alities, it is not difficult to determine the  
medico-legal aspect from which these cases  
should be viewed. It is evident, first, that  
the primary self must not be held respon-  
sible for action, either good or bad, com-  
mitted by the second or succeeding per-  
sonality, since it is absolutely ignorant of  
the doings or even the existence of these  
personalities. It would undoubtedly be  
just to restrain the individual from violence  
or wrong-doing during the presence of the  
personality committing the wrong, but no  
longer, and it would be abhorrent to all  
our ideas of justice to take the life of or  
even to punish severely the individual  
whose identity we have been accustomed  
to associate with the ordinary self on ac-  
count of wrongdoing committed by any  
succeeding personality while the ordinary  
self was wholly unconscious."—Chicago  
Times Herald.

Time to Hurry.

A new method of reckoning time is re-  
ported from Washington by way of the  
Star:  
"There is such a thing as becoming too  
much devoted to the bicycle," said a young  
woman. "I was riding with a friend who  
demonstrated that fact."  
"Did she talk continually about the  
wheel?"  
"No, she didn't talk about anything until  
I asked her if she knew what the hour was.  
She looked down at her cyclometer and  
said 'we'd better hurry home, as it was two  
miles and a quarter past dinner-time.'"

Surprised.

Throggins, a notoriously lazy man, met  
his friend Hoppendyke on the street.  
"Glad to see you, old fellow," said Hopp-  
endyke, "but you are looking thin."  
"Yes," replied Throggins. "It is the result  
of overwork."  
"Of overwork?" echoed the astonished  
Hoppendyke. "Whose?"

A CABMAN'S LONG WALK.

He Fought for Principle but the Joke was  
on Himself.

An English clergyman hired a London  
cabman to take him from a club to a  
private house, where he was to dine. Soon  
after the start was made, the cabman be-  
gan to whip the horse furiously. The  
clergyman recoiled from such brutality,  
but said nothing at first. When the offence  
was repeated in the next block, and again  
not long afterward, he could not endure it  
longer.

Opening with his umbrella the shutter at  
the top of the cab, he called to the cabman  
that he would not pay him for the drive if  
the horse were whipped in that senseless  
way.

"I cannot allow a horse," he added, "to  
be lashed so brutally before my eyes.  
Drive more slowly, if necessary, but don't  
use the whip again."

The driver expressed his regret that  
the clergyman should have been annoyed,  
explained that the horse really needed  
urging, and promised not to use the whip  
again.

The horse at once slackened his pace when  
the whip was put aside. The cab had  
been bowling along at a merry pace, but  
it now crawled laboriously, the horse hav-  
ing ceased to trot and betaken himself to  
the ordinary walking pace employed when  
there was no passenger inside.

The clergyman, having a long distance  
to go and not much time to spare, began  
to suspect that his sympathies had been  
unnecessarily aroused on behalf of a horse  
which apparently did 'need urging.'

He looked at his watch, and attempted  
to calculate how long it would take for a  
horse to walk from the Marble Arch to the  
Bayswater House, where he was to dine,  
and also what excuse he could offer for the  
lack of punctuality, which in social Lon-  
don is a flagrant offence.

He was however, a determined man.  
He had intervened on behalf of a poor,  
dumb creature and was making a fight for  
principle. He declined to compromise  
with his conscience by dismissing the driver  
and hiring another cab, and remained  
in the vehicle.

As the cab went slowly along the Bays-  
water Road he noticed that it was attract-  
ing attention. Bystanders stared, and  
cabmen and omnibus drivers whistled, as  
they passed the slow-moving vehicle. It  
was, indeed, a most unusual sight in the  
streets of London—a cab-horse walking,  
with a listless driver, on the box and a pas-  
senger inside who apparently took no note  
of time.

At last a fallow cabman, moving in the  
opposite direction, could not restrain his  
curiosity.

"I say, Tom," he shouted, "what's up?"  
The clergyman strained his eyes and  
caught the answer that came from the box  
of his own cab.

"Oh, nothing! Prayer meeting inside."  
The clergyman was late at the dinner of  
the hostess, but the company had a good  
story at table.

## Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and . . . ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called  
"Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—butterflies. The  
"rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, sup-  
posedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well,  
we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsapa-  
rilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one  
make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's  
Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all  
physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Com-  
mittee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other  
make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsapa-  
rilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted be-  
cause it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the  
best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored.  
Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best,  
exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."  
It kills doubts and cures doubters.  
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

HIS LEGAL ADVICE.

Elkanor Bunker was a lawyer, newly fledged, and as yet without a client. His shingle, with

ELKANOR BUNKER, Counselor and Attorney at Law.

In letters as bright as gold last could make them, had gone up the day before, and his library, rather a scant pattern, had just arrived, and Elkanor had spent the last 15 minutes in putting that up, too; after which Elkanor seated himself again in his old arm-chair, and musing, rested.

'Oh, for a good, fat client!' sighed Elkanor. Sighing doesn't generally secure the object longed for, but in this case the usual order of things seemed likely to be reversed. A heavy step was heard in the passage, a rap at the door, and in stalked a gaunt, bony six footer, with an oxgoad in one hand and an undressed sheepskin in the other. Elkanor knew his customer, an old acquaintance, 'miserably as the day is long when days are the longest.' He coolly pushed out a chair to him, and then busied himself with some books and papers that lay before him, with an appearance of industry decidedly greater than he manifested before his visitor's entrance.

'You seem to be plaguing busy this morning, squire,' said Mr. Tarbox, after a silent session of some 15 minutes. 'Rather busy, sir.' 'Well, then, I guess I won't interrupt you, squire, seein' as you are busy.' 'It is my business, sir, to be interrupted,' remarked Elkanor.

'Yes, I know it is; but you see I didn't exactly call on business. I only wanted to get a little advice; just to find out what your opinion is.'

'Well, sir, state your case,' laconically remarked Elkanor.

'Why, you see, squire, we had a kind of cattle show down at our end of the town, you know, last week a Tuesday. Well, you see, I got into a little bit of a scrape there. You know Bill Walker, I s'pose? I can't say I do,' said Elkanor.

'Don't you know Bill Walker! Heavens and earth, squire! Everybody knows Bill Walker. I rather guess you know him, squire. Jest think a minute.'

'Perhaps so; but go on with your case, if you please, and let Bill Walker go.' 'Yes, but really, now I thought you knew Bill, why, I swan, squire, you must know him. Bill Walker's the man that wears that old—'

But we will not inflict on our readers Mr. Tarbox's luminous description of Bill Walker's wearing apparel. Suffice it that it did describe the said Walker's apparel in a discourse of about 15 minutes, after which he spent half an hour in telling how he and Bill had had a fight together, and then asked out the rest of the morning by telling what they had fought together for. He was in the midst of this when Elkanor heard the distant dinner bell ring. Elkanor hadn't been in the profession long enough to know that lawyers are generally supposed not to need dinners. So he cut short his client's tale with:—

'The amount of the whole matter, Mr. Tarbox, as far as I can see from your own story, is that you think Bill Walker stole one of your sheep, and acknowledge that you have been and taken one of his.'

'That's it, squire; you've hit it 'actly.' 'But you have no business to take one of Bill Walker's sheep.'

'Why, Bill Walker took one of mine.' 'Perhaps so; but can you prove that fact?'

'Prove it! Thunder and lightning! I should hope so. I can prove that fact enough.'

'Who'll swear to it?'

'Why, anybody will swear to it.' 'And what might anybody's name be?'

'No, I didn't see him.'

'Well, do you know anybody who did?'

'I can't say I do 'actly; but, thunder and lightning, squire! Bill Walker is just the sort of a fellow to steal sheep, I'll swear to that.'

'Yes, but that won't do. My opinion Mr. Tarbox, is that you had better give Bill Walker his sheep and get yours back whenever you can. It is your shortest way out of the scrape, sir.'

'Do you really think so, squire?'

'I don't think anything about the matter I know so.'

'Wal, that what's Bill said Squire Ketchum, down at Walkerville, said. But I didn't rasily believe him. Howsomer, if you both say so I s'pose it must be so. It's an all-fired hard case, though. I swan it is.' (Here Mr. Tarbox pulled out his watch.) 'Hullo! 'most two o'clock! I must be goin', that is a fact.' And Mr. Tarbox gathered together his 'fixings' and made for the door.

'Look here, Mr. Tarbox,' said Elkanor, 'you haven't paid me yet. Cash down is my motto.'

'Have't p-a-i-d you! Paid you for what? I don't owe you anything as I know on. Do I?'

'Certainly you do.'

said Elkanor; 'you'll either pay me that dollar now, or before sunset I'll sue you for five. You can take your choice.'

Wh-e-w, now! You are a scoundrel for a young one. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Squire. I'll give you that dollar if you'll give me a receipt for it.'

'I'll give you a dozen if you like,' said Elkanor.

'Very well; here's your dollar, then. Now hand over the receipt, if you please.'

Elkanor sat down and wrote:—

Received of Hiram Tarbox, one dollar in payment for professional advice to him this day given.

ELKANOR BUNKER, Attorney at Law.

Grizzle, September 9, 1892.

'There you have it,' said he, handing it over to Mr. Tarbox.

'Yes, and it's where you'll have it, too, or I'm mighty mistaken. You swindled me, young man, out of a dollar, and here I've got proof of it, in black and white. That will be a dear dollar to you, my good fellow.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Elkanor; 'but if you are through, sir, you needn't wait any longer. There's the door.'

Mr. Tarbox went out. He went out, too, as if he fancied he saw the demonstration on the part of the young lawyer of an intention to put him out. He kept on, too, after he had got out, until he came to the house of Judge Rawson, who lived a few miles away. Here he stopped and rapped. The judge was not in. He had gone over to 'the farm.' So over to the farm after the judge went Mr. Tarbox. It was a long three miles, and by the time he reached the sp t he had made up his mind that it would have been as well to have given up the dollar and said nothing further about it. However, he persevered and at last found the judge in the fields with a hoe in his hand hoeing potatoes.

The judge was a man of few words and soon brought Mr. Tarbox to the point.

'Wav, the amount of it is, judge,' said Mr. Tarbox, 'you see this receipt the little rascal has given me. Well, I want you to take it and haul the fellow up for me.'

'Haul him up! Why, the receipt is good enough. What do you want, pray?'

'I don't want anything more from him.' 'But I should like to make him swing for it though, one while.'

'Make him swing! Swing for what?'

'You stupid old jackass!' said the judge, 'didn't you go to him and ask his opinion?'

'To be sure, I did, but—'

'And didn't he give it to you?'

'Yes, certainly, but—'

'Don't bother me with your 'buts.' If you asked him for his advice, and he gave it to you, I should say that was enough.'

'Yes, but he didn't give it to me. He made me pay one dollar for it. Now, that's what I call swindling.'

'You may call it what you like, but it is no more swindling than for you to charge one dollar for a bushel of corn is swindling.'

'Well, hang it all!' said Mr. Tarbox, 'rather testily, 'do you mean to say, judge, that this receipt is a good one?'

'To be sure I do.'

'And that I can't get my dollar back again?'

'I suppose, then, I can't make the little rascal suffer for it?'

'I should say not, most decidedly.'

'Well, if that's the case,' said Mr. Tarbox, 'looking rather crestfallen, 'it is high time his progress was suddenly arrested. Just one moment, if you please,' said the judge. 'I believe you haven't paid me yet.'

'P-a-i-d you! Paid you for what, I'd like to know.'

'For professional advice.'

'Why, you don't mean to say, judge, that you are going to make me pay for your telling me that I can't prosecute that fellow, do you? You don't mean that sure-ly.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, at least have to say I'll see you to thunder first! How much do you charge for that, h?'

'I'll tell you what I charge for it,' said the judge, 'slowly biting his hoe. 'Either pay me my fee or I'll give you such a maning as you never had in your life. Take your choice, and be quick about it, too.'

'Well, it I must, I s'pose I must,' said he, at length. 'What is your charge?'

'Two dollars.'

'Two dollars! Thunder and lightning, judge, you are a-d-i-d too bad, that's a fact. I thought you didn't charge anything for a law business nowadays.'

'That depends on circumstances. I do this time.'

'But two dollars, judge—isn't that rather high?'

'Not a cent less,' said the judge; 'either that or the hoe handle. Take your choice.'

'Well, blast you! Take it then!' said Mr. Tarbox, hauling out of an old dirty pocketbook a dirty 'five.'

'Very good,' said the judge. 'Phoenix bank, five dollars. All right; here's your change. You may go now.'

THE CARPENTER-BEE.

The Manner in Which They Make Their Home.

'Some Common Bees and How They Live' is the title of an article by A. Hyatt Verrill, in St. Nicholas. The writer says: If you will look carefully along the under side of the ledge on any old board fence, you will probably be rewarded by finding one or more round holes, about half an inch in diameter, and as true and smooth as though bored with an auger.

By placing your ear close to the wood you may often hear a low buzzing sound issuing from within. If you are patient, and will watch the hole for a short time or strike the wood in its vicinity a sharp blow a large black and yellow insect will come tumbling forth, and fly buzzing away.

'A bumblebee!' you exclaim. 'What was he doing in there?' But, nevertheless, you are mistaken; for although in general appearance she certainly does resemble our bumblebee friends, yet should you compare the two, you would find them quite different. In our new acquaintance the stripes are pale ochre-yellow instead of the rich golden color of the bumblebee; and the yellow pollen baskets on the hind legs of the latter are replaced by a brush of coarse, stiff hairs.

This insect is the 'large carpenter bee, and well named she is, too, for no human carpenter could bore neater holes, or chisel out the wood to form a dry and cozy home better than does this little creature with no tools save those Nature furnished in the form of sharp, horny mandibles or jaws. After boring the hole to the depth of about an inch, the carpenter bee turns at right angles to the entrance, and patiently cuts a long tunnel, a foot or more in length parallel to the surface of the wood. The completion of this long, dry chamber necessitates hard, unceasing labor for several weeks, and the little carpenter combines business with pleasure by taking frequent excursions to sunny fields and gardens, to gather honey and pollen from the flowers' store.

from the nectar thus obtained she forms a paste which is packed closely in the end of her newly built house, and on it lay a single egg. Next, small chips, made in boring the hole, are brought, and mixing them with a secretion from her mouth, she fastens them on the sides of the tunnel, working round and round in a spiral, each turn of which reaches nearer the centre; until finally, a thin wooden partition is formed, walling off the egg and its little store of honey-paste. Against this wall more honey is packed, another egg laid, a partition built, and the operation repeated until the chamber is completely filled. The first egg laid is the first to hatch, and the tiny white grub comes forth and at once commences to feast upon the food so providentially placed within his little chamber. Finally he goes to sleep and while he slumbers his skin grows hard and brown while ridges and protuberances appear upon its surface. At last the little pupa bursts open, and a perfect bee comes forth, with his shining black head close to the dainty wall his mother built. This, all unmindful of her toil, he immediately tears down, only to find his way to freedom checked by his next younger brother or sister, still asleep in its pupa case. After waiting patiently the pupa which bars his progress hatches out into another bee, who tears down the wall to his own cell, to find another pupa barring his way, when both are compelled to remain by the pupa beyond. Finally the last bee is hatched, and breaking down the barrier which hides the world of flowers and freedom from his view, the whole brood swarms forth to try their restless, gauzy wings in the bright sunshine.

DELICATE MAINSPRINGS.

Very Quick to Feel the Effects of Heat and Cold.

'Mainsprings are very much like people,' remarked a New York watch-maker recently to a writer for the Washington Star. 'They are as susceptible to extremes of heat and cold as human beings. When the thermometer is hovering around the freezing point or dancing away up in the 90s the sensitive little mainspring will succumb just as easily to freezing or sunstroke as man.'

'During the hot weather of the past month I have received over 400 watches which needed similar repairs. You see, this uncertain piece of mechanism is supposed to be adjusted to meet the various degrees of temperature, but when the changes are great and come suddenly there is nothing that can prevent them from snapping. Many are made in Switzerland of the very finest quality of steel, absolutely flawless. Very often the watchmaker can detect a bad spring before putting it in a watch either by its color or the softness of its spring. These have been too tightly tempered in making, and instead of being subject merely to a red heat the fire has been brought to white heat, thus weakening the strength of the metal.'

'The finest watches that are handled by reliable dealers in the United States are put through a 'cooking and freezing' process before they are sold, for the purpose of testing their reliability in all temperatures. The watch is first placed in a little metal box which is made air tight. Then a strong gas flame is turned on the under surface of the box, and is kept there for one or two hours, so that the watch is so hot at the end of that time that it could not be touched with the bare hands.'

'From this it is immediately taken and put into another metallic box, which is buried in a vessel containing ice. There the costly watch is allowed to freeze for an equal length of time, when its treatment ceases and the examination is made. If during this excessive test the watch has ticked merrily on without deviating a fractional part of a second, it is put back in the case and marked 'guaranteed for two years. The mainspring is the first piece of mechanism that succumbs to the test. If it survives nothing need be feared.'

'Mainsprings are, however, about the only part of a watch that a jeweler cannot successfully diagnose. They can guarantee any of the numberless little wheels or pivots or balances that go to make up the anatomy of the watch, but the mainspring has as yet baffled the most skillful makers of watches of all countries. It is not so much the severe extremes of the weather that prove fatal to the spring as it is the process of changing from heat to cold or vice versa.'

'Many people who have been the possessors of new watches but a short time often come to me much annoyed, declaring that they have paid a large price for their timepieces, and the mainspring has broken after only a week's use.'

'That is nothing,' I tell them. 'We jewelers have them snap in our cases before the watch has even been shown for sale.' Others imagine that they might have wound their watches too tight, but this does not harm it. It is rather the jerky hurried winding that will eventually tell on the temper of the metal. Besides, every good stem-winder has a stop placed in the stem which prevents the winding of a watch too tight.'

'The cost of a new mainspring is small. It is putting them in the labor expended that costs. It costs from \$12 to \$15 to put a mainspring in the finest watch, while in a cheap American make it costs only 50 cents to \$1.'

'A gentleman purchased a \$250 watch from me about a year ago, and shortly after he left New York on a tour around

the world. He returned about three weeks ago, brought his watch back to me and paid me this compliment: 'Here's a watch,' said he, 'that I paid you \$250 for a year ago, and while I was travelling around it lost three minutes. You guaranteed it and I want you to make it good.' The watch was placed in my window with this card beside it:—

'This watch lost only three minutes in a year in a tour around the world. Price, \$275.'

'Did you sell it?'

'Yes, within two days.'

CONVINCED THE SCEPTIC.

The Merits of the Great South American Nerve Withstand All the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical—When They are Converted to its Use in Their Personal Afflictions They Become Its Best Friends—For It Never Falls Them.

Mr. Dinwoodie of Campbellford, Ont., says: 'I recommend South American Nerve to everybody. I consider it would be true to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine.'

In a New Part.

The following good city missionary story—and city missionaries could tell many good stories if they would—is borrowed from Harper's Bazar.

A lady who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish named Curran living on the top floor of a tenement-house in the slum district.

Every time she visited the Currans, the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran.

'Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you.'

'They do so,' acquiesced Mrs. Curran. 'Do they ask you about it?'



SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean with out too hard rubbing, with out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

ing car and a number of others that were standing on the side track. The brakeman watched his opportunity, and a fraction of a second before the coming together of the cars he jumped into the air, and when he came down the collision was over. He escaped a good shaking up.

DELICATE MAINSPRINGS.

Very Quick to Feel the Effects of Heat and Cold.

'Mainsprings are very much like people,' remarked a New York watch-maker recently to a writer for the Washington Star. 'They are as susceptible to extremes of heat and cold as human beings. When the thermometer is hovering around the freezing point or dancing away up in the 90s the sensitive little mainspring will succumb just as easily to freezing or sunstroke as man.'

'During the hot weather of the past month I have received over 400 watches which needed similar repairs. You see, this uncertain piece of mechanism is supposed to be adjusted to meet the various degrees of temperature, but when the changes are great and come suddenly there is nothing that can prevent them from snapping. Many are made in Switzerland of the very finest quality of steel, absolutely flawless. Very often the watchmaker can detect a bad spring before putting it in a watch either by its color or the softness of its spring. These have been too tightly tempered in making, and instead of being subject merely to a red heat the fire has been brought to white heat, thus weakening the strength of the metal.'

'The finest watches that are handled by reliable dealers in the United States are put through a 'cooking and freezing' process before they are sold, for the purpose of testing their reliability in all temperatures. The watch is first placed in a little metal box which is made air tight. Then a strong gas flame is turned on the under surface of the box, and is kept there for one or two hours, so that the watch is so hot at the end of that time that it could not be touched with the bare hands.'

'From this it is immediately taken and put into another metallic box, which is buried in a vessel containing ice. There the costly watch is allowed to freeze for an equal length of time, when its treatment ceases and the examination is made. If during this excessive test the watch has ticked merrily on without deviating a fractional part of a second, it is put back in the case and marked 'guaranteed for two years. The mainspring is the first piece of mechanism that succumbs to the test. If it survives nothing need be feared.'

'Mainsprings are, however, about the only part of a watch that a jeweler cannot successfully diagnose. They can guarantee any of the numberless little wheels or pivots or balances that go to make up the anatomy of the watch, but the mainspring has as yet baffled the most skillful makers of watches of all countries. It is not so much the severe extremes of the weather that prove fatal to the spring as it is the process of changing from heat to cold or vice versa.'

'Many people who have been the possessors of new watches but a short time often come to me much annoyed, declaring that they have paid a large price for their timepieces, and the mainspring has broken after only a week's use.'

'That is nothing,' I tell them. 'We jewelers have them snap in our cases before the watch has even been shown for sale.' Others imagine that they might have wound their watches too tight, but this does not harm it. It is rather the jerky hurried winding that will eventually tell on the temper of the metal. Besides, every good stem-winder has a stop placed in the stem which prevents the winding of a watch too tight.'

'The cost of a new mainspring is small. It is putting them in the labor expended that costs. It costs from \$12 to \$15 to put a mainspring in the finest watch, while in a cheap American make it costs only 50 cents to \$1.'

'A gentleman purchased a \$250 watch from me about a year ago, and shortly after he left New York on a tour around

the world. He returned about three weeks ago, brought his watch back to me and paid me this compliment: 'Here's a watch,' said he, 'that I paid you \$250 for a year ago, and while I was travelling around it lost three minutes. You guaranteed it and I want you to make it good.' The watch was placed in my window with this card beside it:—

'This watch lost only three minutes in a year in a tour around the world. Price, \$275.'

'Did you sell it?'

'Yes, within two days.'

CONVINCED THE SCEPTIC.

The Merits of the Great South American Nerve Withstand All the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical—When They are Converted to its Use in Their Personal Afflictions They Become Its Best Friends—For It Never Falls Them.

Mr. Dinwoodie of Campbellford, Ont., says: 'I recommend South American Nerve to everybody. I consider it would be true to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine.'

In a New Part.

The following good city missionary story—and city missionaries could tell many good stories if they would—is borrowed from Harper's Bazar.

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The following good city missionary story—and city missionaries could tell many good stories if they would—is borrowed from Harper's Bazar.

A lady who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish named Curran living on the top floor of a tenement-house in the slum district.

Every time she visited the Currans, the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran.

'Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you.'

'They do so,' acquiesced Mrs. Curran. 'Do they ask you about it?'

'Indeed they do, ma'am.'

'And do they tell them?'

'Faith, this, an' Oi do not.'

'What do you tell them?'

'Oi just tell them you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that.'

The Universal Answer.

What Dyes are always guaranteed, And in our country take the lead? The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes are strong, and bright and fast, And always dye to live ad last

Sunday Reading.

TWO MOTHERS.

It is too bad that I have to spend so much time in drudgery, when I was once so capable of higher things; and Mrs. Wilson drew a deep sigh as she hung up the last tea towel before the fire to dry.

Then she went into the dining room and gazed earnestly at her normal school diplomas which were framed and occupied a conspicuous place upon the wall.

'To think that I, who was once so well versed in all those "ologies," should have turned into a household drudge, and if things go on this way I shall soon be fit for nothing else.'

Again she sighed deeply and drew towards her a large work basket full of stockings, one of which she began to darn. Before very long the door opened and a little girl of ten hurried in, exclaiming in an eager voice:

'Mamma, Miss Webb says I can say a piece at our entertainment if you will find one for me; will you mamma?'

'Find a piece for you after all my hard day's work! I think it is her place to find it, and you can just tell her, so with my compliments.'

Little Fanny's face clouded over, and she would have burst into tears, but just then her brother came in, exclaiming:

Mother, how do you pronounce P-e-g-a-g-u-s? I had five marks taken off my reading for saying Pegar-us; the teacher said it should be Peg-ah-us.'

'Don't ask me; I've no time to keep up with the new-fashioned pronunciations; and again her sharp answer brought a cloud to her child's brow.

The two children sat down and began to study their lessons, and more than once would have appealed to their mother for help, but were prevented from doing so by the memory of their first repulse.

More than once during the evening Mrs. Wilson drew the same martyr-like sigh, and then would go on with her darning in a most discouragingly unremitting manner.

At about nine o'clock there was a click at the front door, and the two children sprang up to meet their father.

'Frances, guess who has taken the next door house,' he called, while taking off his overcoat in the entry.

'I have no idea,' she said, in the same tone in which she had answered her children this evening, and considered that her hard day's work exonerated her from any intellectual effort, even that of guessing.

'That sounds as if you did not care, either, but I guess you will when I tell you,' and Mr. Wilson entered the room, his face all aglow with fresh air and the anticipated pleasure of giving his wife a surprise.

'It's your old friend and schoolmate, Ellen Wood, now Mrs. Loder.'

'Ellen Wood!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, actually refraining from darning for the space of a whole minute, 'I thought she lived in the oil regions.'

'So they did, but there was no good schools there, and they've sold everything and are coming down here. I suppose her children will go to school with ours.'

'I wonder how many she has, and whether she has had to work as hard as I do.'

'Work! I should think she did! Up there, they could not get any help for love or money. As for the children, she has half a dozen, more or less, I believe.'

Mrs. Wilson tried to resume her darning but she could not make much headway. She was wondering whether Ellen was the same that she used to be; but how could she be with half a dozen children and all the work to do! Work! how it dulled the heart and mind, and unfitted one for enjoyment of any kind. If I am so dried up and withered working for three, what will she be with seven to take care of? and again she drew a sigh which was this time partly for herself and partly for her old friend.

that my children shall get ahead of me if I can help it.'

'We never had any teacher but mother until we moved here,' said Charlie, a bright boy of eleven.

'How did you ever get time to teach them and do the work, too?' exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, almost out of breath at the idea.

'Simply because I made up my mind it must be done. The children would have grown up in ignorance had I not set aside a certain time every day in which to teach them, and I never allowed anything but sickness to interfere with it.'

'And their teachers all say they have been well taught,' said Mrs. Loder, looking up from his newspaper with a proud and happy smile.

'Except in the "diacritical marks," and I am studying them up so as to explain them to Charlie.'

'Oh, maybe that was what my Fanny was asking me about one day, and I told her we never had them when we went to school,' said Mrs. Wilson, a little ashamed as she remembered her child's hopeless look at finding that her mother could not or would not help her.

'I am puzzling it all out with the help of these words at the bottom of each page,' said Mrs. Loder, pointing to a long line of everyday vowel sounds were all marked with the proper sign.

'I don't think it can be necessary when we never had them,' said Mrs. Wilson.

'But just think how useful they are in helping to find the correct pronunciation of a word by the dictionary—and besides there are so many things taught now that we never thought of when we went to school, and I think we ought to try and keep up with the times for our children's sake as well as for our own.'

It was quite a new idea to Mrs. Wilson, who hitherto thought that the children's teachers should be quite sufficient for their education, without any supplementary aid from the worn-out mother at home.

When she went back home that evening she hunted out an old portfolio from the upper shelf of a closet. From it she took a printed newspaper slip containing a list of girls' names; it was the names of her own graduating class some fifteen years back. Yes, there was her own maiden name only third from the top, and there way down past the middle was that of Ellen Wood. There seemed to be some mystery about it that she could not fathom.

'I, only third from the top, and she, nearer the tail than the head; she certainly could not have been born brighter than I; wonder how it is she seems so now, and not a bit worn out in her brains, though she must have worked even harder than I have; and Mrs. Wilson was still pondering the mystery of it when her tired head touched the pillow.

For a week or more she found herself making a profound study of her old friend and schoolmate, and at last, when the problem vexed her more and more, she carried it to the fountain-head for solution.

'Ellen,' she burst forth one day, when the two had an unlooked-for opportunity for a confidential talk, 'I wish I knew how it is that you have improved since you went to school; I mean, you were not near the head and I always was, and now, you seem to have gone away ahead of me somehow.'

'When my husband and I moved to the oil regions, I knew I would be cut off from a great many ways of improving myself, and I made up my mind to make the most of every means I could possibly lay hold of to keep me from getting rusty.'

'But what possible means could there be away up there?' asked Mrs. Wilson, with incredulous interest.

'There are always some means, if you are on the look out for them. I took with me the astronomy we used at school and which I hated there, because we had such a dull teacher; but I went all over it with the stars for my teachers and found it delightful. Then I studied little pieces of poetry over the wash tub and ironing table, and by the time the children came I had quite a little store laid by for their amusement and instruction. When I began to teach the children I sent for a good educational jour-

nal, bristling with ideas connected with the "new education."

'I don't see how you ever did it,' said Mrs. Wilson in a discouraged tone which her friend's ear was quick enough to detect. 'Here am I, who used to be considered smart at school, degenerated into a household drudge, and I am afraid my children will soon know more than I do.'

'It seems to me like this,' said her friend musingly, 'I never felt that I had what might be called a talent, but whatever I had I used it and used it, and it grew and grew, and I think it is always so, but if a talent is allowed to lie idle, it just shrivels up for want of use.'

'As mine has,' said Mrs. Wilson, in the same discouraged tone.

'My dear Frances, don't talk that way; you are young yet, and can begin over again if you only will; if you will just make up your mind to it, I will be glad to do anything I can to help you.'

'Will you, really?' said Mrs. Wilson, for there was such an earnest cordiality about her friend's offer that she could not take offence at it.

'Yes, indeed, I really miss the children at the time I used to teach them, and if you could come in here from ten to eleven, when the younger children are asleep, we might read some improving book together and study up the "new education" which is always progressing and never at a standstill.'

'Do you really think I can spare a whole hour every day, with all I have to do?'

'It all depends on whether you make up your mind to it and arrange your work accordingly,' answered Mrs. Loder with the calm assurance of her own experience.

'Then I mean to try it,' answered Mrs. Wilson in a determined tone; and try it she did, and with such success that the children found her quite a different mother when they appealed to her for help in the evening.

Her mind seemed suddenly to have awakened from the half-torpid state in which she allowed it to fall, and she soon found that the hour spent under the kindling influence of Mrs. Loder's cheerfulness brightened up the whole day for her.

And who can doubt that her own cheerfulness affected that of every member of the little household? And that the talent, no longer hid in a napkin, should soon begin to resume some of its original lustre? —M. G. Connell, in New York 'Observer.'

THE BOTTLE OF WINE. Why a Little Child Resolved Never to Touch Liquor Again.

I want to tell you about something which will help us all to realize better what is the use of signing the pledge or joining the Loyal Temperance Legion. I know some of you think that it does not signify much, but little Janie W.—found that it did.

She is the daughter of a poor blacksmith who lives near my home, and her mother died last year, so Janie became a comfort to her father, and learned to keep house cleverly. When Christmas drew near John W.—went to pay his account at the grocer's, and the shopkeeper was so pleased at getting the money promptly and honestly that he gave John a present of a bottle of wine. The blacksmith did not care much for spirits, but he carried home the bottle and placed it in the cupboard. Some days later John returned to his house after a hard spell of work and called to his little girl, who generally met him at the door; but no Janie answered. The fire had gone out, and everything looked dreary and deserted.

Poor John searched the kitchen all in vain, and then turned to go upstairs, wondering where the child could be. Then a cry of horror came from his lips, for there lay Janie senseless and helpless, her breathing heavy, her limbs quite powerless. The father lifted her in his arms and carried her to bed; he poured water on her forehead, and tried every means to restore her to life.

By this time his sons had come in, and he was just going to send for the doctor when Janie's eyes opened and her lips moved.

'Thank God!' cried John, 'she won't die now.'



die now. What happened to you, my darling? Janie could not speak for some moments, but at last she whispered, 'The bottle, father, the bottle poisoned me!'

John drew back with a shudder; his little girl had been intoxicated, not ill! She had found the wine when preparing supper, and tasted it, as children will taste anything strange. Then, being thirsty, she took a good drink, and soon lost consciousness.

'I'll never let another drop of liquor into my house as long as I live!' cried John, and I hope he has kept his word. No wonder he was shocked at seeing what real poison alcohol is, by its effects on his child.

Now I want you to notice some things about Janie's state when John found her. First, she could not come to her father, even though he called her. Did you ever see a drunken man or woman yet who was on the way to our Heavenly Father? Does not every step towards the public-house and every glass of liquor bear such people further away from Him, and nearer to the great enemy of us all, who loves to see men drown themselves in destruction and perdition?

Second, she could not hear her father. I have read of a man who was in a house on fire, and might have escaped, but, though his friend called again and again, he never heard; he was quite drunk, and perished in the flames. Do you remember little Samuel, who caught the sound of God's voice so quickly as he lay on his bed and said, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth?' I am sure when people deaden their ears by drink they cannot hear the voice of our Lord, and what is still sadder they do not care to listen to it. Satan has caught them in his net, and though you may break through its fine meshes easily in youth, you will find them grow stronger and stronger, like great ropes at last, if you do not free yourselves at once and forever from the habit of taking spirits, which fastens the first knot.

Third, Janie could not see her father. God says, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth,' but those who become slaves to drink bend their eyes downward, not upward. Their steps are so unsteady that they have to watch their feet, and they shuffle along, with stooping back and hanging head, until they fall down helpless, and sink into stupor. Jesus says: 'The light—or lamp—of the body is the eye; if we put out that lamp how great is the darkness.' (Matt. 6: 22, 23).

Dear children, do not risk the step which may lead to foolishness, deafness, blindness. Let your ears be open to hear what words of love our Father will speak, and your eyes bright and clear, gazing right up towards heaven, that happy home in which no unclean thing can enter (Rev. 21: 27; Eph. 5: 18).

I think Janie learned by her experience how dangerous it is to meddle with poison. Will you not take the warning which her story ought to convey?—The Christian.

USES FOR RATTLESNAKE SKINS. A Pennsylvania Factory Working on a Supply Said to be Inexhaustible.

Down at West Pike, on Pine Creek in Pennsylvania, is the only factory of its kind in the country. There slippers, neckties, belts, and bicycle caps are made from rattlesnake skins, and next season waistcoats will be turned out from the same material.

The firm had been making horsehide gloves and mittens for motor-men and railroad men for several years, and last spring it began to utilize rattle skins, for which there was no market. The skins come to the factory salted and with the heads cut off. The operatives will not touch a skin that is not free from every scrap of the head in which the poisonous fangs are concealed. Sometimes the rattles are still attached to the tail. The skins are tanned and scraped, the operation requiring thirty days. The operation removes all the disagreeable odor of the raw skin and brings out the brightness of the black and yellow mottles.

Two men and three girls are employed in the work, and by the 1st of November the supply of skins on hand will be worked up. The raw skins come from the northern tier of Pennsylvania counties, from the Lake George region, Colorado, Wyoming and Michigan. The skins bring from 25 cents to \$1.50 each, according to size, those of the black and male being the most valuable. The biggest skin received this season measured seven feet one inch. That big rattle was killed on Phoenix Run in Potter county, and made music with a string of twenty-six rattles. The rattles

are converted into scarf-pins and sold at fancy prices. Orders for the output of the factory have been received from nearly every big city in the United States. The supply of rattlesnakes is practically inexhaustible, as they are found in large numbers in a dozen States and multiply rapidly.

Pretty to Look at; Hard to Do; Poems have been written about it and pictures painted of it. I mean of cutting hay. It's a pretty sight to see a dozen men swinging their scythes and keeping step and time as they lay low the tall grass but it is one thing to see the spectacle from under the shade of a big tree and quite another to swing one of those scythes in the hot sun. It is a hard job, and puts a strain on every bone and muscle of the man who does a day's work at it. No wonder then that once in a while we should hear such a story as this:—

'In the summer of 1889,' says a well-known market gardener of Cheshire, 'while cutting hay I overwrought myself; and from a strong, healthy man I began to feel weak and easily tired—my work being a burden to me. My appetite fell off, and I had no relish for food of any kind. After meals I had fullness and pain at my chest, also a gnawing, grinding pain at the pit of my stomach. I was constantly belching up wind and felt so uncomfortable that I got no proper sleep at night; and in the morning I felt more tired than when I went to bed.'

'Then I had a dreadful sickening pain which affected my spine from top to bottom. When working or stooping the pain was unbearable. Even when I lay on my back I got no relief from it; in fact it was worse if anything.'

'I kept at my work, but it was a struggle to do it. Being in constant pain I felt as miserable as a man can well feel. Three doctors attended me (time and time), and I took all sorts of medicines, but I got no more than temporary relief from them.'

'The last doctor whom I consulted said I had indigestion of the spine, and that there was no cure for it. He said I should have it as long as I lived. In much suffering I continued up to March of last year (1893), when I made up my mind to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which I had heard of by means of a book that was sent me from Lewis's in Manchester.'

'I got the Syrup from Messrs. C. Carrington and Sons, Limited, The Stores, Heaton Lane, Stockport. After using one bottle I felt much relief. My appetite was better, and my food agreed with me. I kept on with it, and in five months was strong and well as ever—the pain in my spine having entirely left me. Since then I have had good health and enjoy my meals. You can make this statement public if you think proper. (Signed) James Chantler, Outwood, Handforth, Cheshire, September 21st, 1894.'

'The human body is, like a big steel spring; it will stand a certain amount of pressure and no more. Beyond that it breaks. Our good friend, Mr. Chantler—to whom we are obliged for his frank letter—happened to put on that extra pressure during the toilsome, hay-cutting season. Indigestion and dyspepsia, with resulting nervous prostration, set in. The symptom which the doctor called indigestion of the spine, was one of these results. The spine contains the great nervous chords which, with their branches, connect the brain with all the rest of the body. The entire system was thus poisoned and deranged by the products of torpid stomach. Any student of medicine will assure Mr. Chantler that he had a fortunate escape from chronic nervous collapse. In this respect his doctor was right.'

'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup worked a cure by purging the blood and correcting the digestion. The lesson is (to our friend and to us all) that we mustn't ask too much of ourselves.'

A Frank Reason. Yabley—Mudge, what makes you laugh at your own stories? Mudge—Why shouldn't I? If they were not worth laughing at I would not tell them.

An Advertisement

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness of breath, smothering feeling, palpitation of the heart, pains through the breast and heart, anxious, morbid condition of the mind, groundless fears of coming danger, anemia or impoverished blood, after effects of a grippé, general debility, etc., should

TRY THESE PILLS

as they cure these complaints. Every box is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded through the party from whom the pills were purchased, and we authorize them to do so on the strength of the above statement. This offer is limited to the first box used by any one person. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates' and a small illustration of a woman.

WHAT LINE... wash, dry, done, cleanly

did it... SOAP clean with, dinging with, fabrics.

RISE... forget it.

...about three weeks... watch, you \$250 for a year... window with this card

...days.

THE SCOPTIC.

...South American... Converted to its... For it

...Campbellford, Ont.,... I consider it would... interests of humanity

...in one instance I... to all remedies... he procured a bot-

...such benefit to him... use it... stomach... done wonders for

...stantly in my house... as a preventive and... It is wonderful

...New Part.

...city missionary story... would—be borrowed

...missionary became... in a very poor but... the Irish named Curran

...of a tenement-house... the Carrans, the... other women living

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...Mrs. Curran... about it? ... them? ... do not? ... are me dressmaker,

...real Answer.

...guaranteed, ... the lead? ... The Diamond Dyes!

...fit, pleasure, peace, ... great increase? ... The Diamond Dyes?

...every woman try? ... mighty cry— ... The Diamond Dyes!

...admission.

...fly around in, said... come in.

...guilty,' said the pale... not above being fun-... no danger of being

...THE BLOOD

...get Pure Blood... B.B.B.

...possesses such perling... Block Blood Bitters... internally, but it

### Notches on The Stick

There is scarce an author of the present day more notable than Zangwill,—the author of such absorbing novels as "The Master," "Children of the Chetto," "Ghetto Tragedies," etc.,—for pithy and memorable sentences. This is especially true of his late volume of essays, "Without Prejudice," in which a multitude of topics are dealt with, and all in a manner graceful, light, rapid, and sparkling. Of this book it is justly said that "A flashing fancy darts across its pages: A satire, which is like a keen, bright rapier thrust right and left, pierce many things." There is here the variety that current taste and haste require, whether it be of topics, or the style of treatment. His leaves are fragrant of the wildwood, and exhale the odors of birch and sassafras and wintergreen; but at the same time they regale you with scraps of a "divine philosophy" and of luminous criticism. Here is a remark or two worthy of consideration, in a time when so many of our fair ideals, that seemed to us impregnable, have been assaulted, if not overthrown. "A human being is born a bundle of prejudices, or instincts, and intuitions that precede judgment. Reason is only called in to justify the verdict of prejudice. Sentiment is prejudice touched with emotion. Patriotism is prejudice touched with pride, and politics is prejudice touched with spite. Philosophy is prejudice put into propositions, and art is prejudice put into paint or sound. Every man is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, a Romanticist or a Realist or an Impressionist, and usually erects his own limitations into a creed. . . . Darwin, the Barry Pain of biology, asserted that man rose from the brutes, and that, instead of creatures being adapted to conditions, conditions adapted creatures. Berkeley, the Lewis Carroll of metaphysics, demonstrated that our bodies are in minds; and Kant, the W. S. Gilbert of philosophy, showed that time and space live in us. In literature it is the same story. To credit the scholars, Homer is no longer a man [he might include Eeop, and some others,] nor the Bible a book. As for Zchariah, it was written before Exodus. This topsy turvydom is a valuable organon of scientific discovery. Take any proposition, invert it, and you get a new truth. Any historian who wishes to make a name [Take notice, Mr. Justin Winsor,] has but to state that Ahab was a saint and Elijah a Philistine; that Annahias was a realist and George Washington a liar; that Charles I. was a republican hampered by his official position, and that the Armada defeated Drake; that Socrates died of drinking, and that hemlock was what he gave X'ntippe." A hundred years of scientific invention seem to assent to this assertion! "The cocksure centuries are passed forever. In these hard times we have to work for our opinions; we cannot rely on inheriting them from our fathers." If Thackeray's spirit is still mindful of mundane ideas (and why may he not pore over our books?) may he not smile quietly at the following?—"What Professor Huxley has done for the cray fish, that Thackeray did for the snob. He studied him lovingly, he dissected him, he classified every variety of him." Zola is to Zangwill "that apostle of insufficient insight." He gave the world such beggarly things as he could see. Our epigrammatic author has some fine and just words to say of Walter Pater,—to whom he declares English prose is indebted for "harmonies and felicities unsurpassed and unsurpassable."

"This exquisite care for words has something of meral purity as well as physical daintiness in it. There is, indeed, something priestly in this consecration of language, in this reverent ablation of all the counters of thoughts, those poor counters so overcrusted with the dirt of travel, so loosely interchangeable among the vulgar; the figure of the stooping devotee shows sublime in a garrulous world." And again: "Prose is the highest of all literary forms, the most difficult to handle triumphantly. We get the music of it in Ruskin and in Pater."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier came to St. John, and exercised upon the people that charm of personality, which has everywhere prevailed, and with which the God of Nature has endowed him. We did not see him; but his gracious influence has penetrated lives remote and apart from the Canadian political arena. A generous praiser utters his dictum as follows from one of the States of the Great Republic: "Laurier, the Canadian Premier, is a good man, and a sensible one. He has won his way to the brains, as well as the hearts, of Canadians. I think his great reception well deserved. I like the man's methods,

and, indeed, admire his judgment." We give below a poem by George Martin of Montreal, which was published in "The Star" on the day of the premier's arrival in that city. A copy was sent to him, and from his hand the author received a handsome acknowledgement.

**The Return of Laurier.**

He comes, not as a warrior comes,  
With stores of spoil from conquered lands,  
With weapons wreathed from hostile hands,  
And captured flags and blood stained drums;  
But other trophies choicer far  
Than ever swelled the pomp of war,  
He brings, from Europe's palace gates,  
The gift of mighty potentates,  
Surpassed by all, by all confessed  
The wisest sovereigns and the best,  
Victoria the good.

He comes, the nation's chosen chief,  
White oak, and pine, and maple leaf,  
And tasselled corn, and all things fair  
In concert thrill, in concert share  
The glad vibrations of the air.  
The pandits of the multitude.

With sun-browned face, and sun-browned hands  
The habitant, delighted stands  
Erect before his cabin door,  
Removes his pipe, and waves his hat,  
His spouse and children pleased thereby,  
And cheers till he can cheer no more;  
He feels that he can claim a part  
Of Laurier's fame, of Laurier's name,  
And hence the flourish of his heart.

The hilltops and the islands speak  
With tongues of fire; on brow and cheek  
Exultant pride and homage blend;  
The former foe and faithful friend  
In closest amity contend  
For who shall first salute the chief  
With outstretched hand and laurel leaf.

Now while the cannon's greeting roar  
Reverberates from shore to shore,  
And countless flags, the blue, the red,  
Ulte and flutter overhead,  
Let hope her iris weave again,  
And faith uplift the hearts of men,  
And mirth and revel have their way,—  
It is the nation's holiday.

I knew not that I was to keep tryst with Apollo at the fir by the old stone wall, but he certainly met me there this evening. I went to feel the soft grasses under my feet, to lean against the rough stones and look up my neighbor's lane to the westward, to listen to the soft purr of the fir-tree, and the rustle of the green corn-blades, so sweet to my ear, and perhaps to bring home a handful of goldenrod; but in sooth I saw the most refulgent sunset of the season. It was an autumnal signal, suitably emblazoned. Behind the dark tapering lines of the elms on the Moray farm was all the splendor and color for which the eye could wish. A clear space of sky was before me, so pure and serene it seemed like a soul's calm sea, whereon all thoughts of beauty lie anchored;—the thoughts, perhaps, being the few bars and flakes of crimson and gold, with here and there an inexpressible gleam that made the eye to dance and the spirit to rejoice. There was a throne and the steps thereof; and around him the shapes ineffable sat in lovely state where was the god—the joy-giver, potent now as when the earliest bard was young;—his rich robes overspreading all his blazing dais! The sky seemed fall of silent laughter as though it were a morning and not an evening joy. I went only to get a little of dear air and earth, and I brought home heaven in my bosom as well. All this was a surprise, and it bore the added charm of liberty. No toll-gatherer stood at the gap in that stone wall to collect the fee due these celestial fireworks. No advertisement heald the splendid show. I think, perhaps, if a trumpet were blown mortals would come to see. As the romancer said,—if we were charged so much ahead for sunsets, or if God sent around a drum before the hawthorns came in flower what ado would we not make about their beauty? As it was I gazed long and eagerly. I wished for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa, or of a Turner; but even that would be a mockery. The show transcended genius. So I could only put it in memory's port'olio, and turn away.

Other Martin, you are right—that is, if I am umpire in the case. I endorse your argument, and repeat after you as if it were the marriage service, or the most sacred oath in all the ritual: "Married life is true life. I think of an old bachelor as half a pair of scissors, no good for domestic use; I picture him as a single stick of wood laid on the hearth to make a fire,—lay a second stick close by the first tuck a few chips and twigs around them, apply the match, and see how soon the chamber is cheered and illuminated! There you have a symbol of husband and wife and children. Again, the old bachelor is a blot on creation, a note of discord in the harmonies of the universe; he is neither man nor woman; he is a melancholy note of exclamation, walking the earth with head downward,—a reversal of the order of being." And this our brother doth depones reverently mindful that Sir Isaac Newton, William Cowper, Thomas Gray, Oliver Goldsmith, Phillips Brooks, Washington Irving, Fitz Greene Halleck, Charles Lamb, and even some apostles, were bachelors; for he hesitates: "Is this indictment too severe? I know it is open

## Liver Pills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

to dispute. There are many notable exceptions;—which, as you know, or rather, as you hear said, proves the tale."

"Wallace Bruce speaks here [Hillsboro Ohio] Oct., 14th. His theme will be Robert Burns." Note from C. H. C.

To Hon. Wallace Bruce,  
They tell us when the maple leaf  
To red and yellow turns,  
You'll come to us from Brooklyn Heights  
To talk of Robert Burns.

October suns shall softly shine  
Upon your pleasant way,  
Although this is not Scottish ground,  
Nor Rocky Fork the Tay.

But here's a hand to welcome Bruce,  
Give us a hand of this,  
In honor of the Feast of Bard,  
And "days of auld lang syne."

You'll be at home where sunlight falls  
Upon our waving grasses;  
Will welcome be in social halls,  
Amid our Highland lassies.

'Mid forest shrines and vine clad graves,  
With their simple song and story,  
Their woodland paths and rural lover,  
Their tree life in its glory.

Auld Scott's fame they claim as theirs,  
They claim its broom and heather,  
Since Bobby Burns their brother is,  
And knits them all together.

Down craggy slopes—by crystal streams,  
Wherever dwells fair woman,  
Our plow boys do not pose as saints,  
But are, like Burns, quite human.

Our lassies with the "golden hair,"  
And "blue-eyed lassies" charming;  
And "lassies wi' the liltwhite locks"  
Are not to them alarming.

Of Bonnie Jean, and Handsome Nell,  
Our country is not chary,  
And every rustic swain can find  
A lovely Highland Mary.

CHARLES H. COLLINS

We wish Wallace Bruce a pleasant advent to that delightful country and its waiting people.  
PASTOR FELIX.

**HEROES OF BUENA VISTA.**  
Their Sadly Neglected Burial Ground Near Saltillo, Mexico.

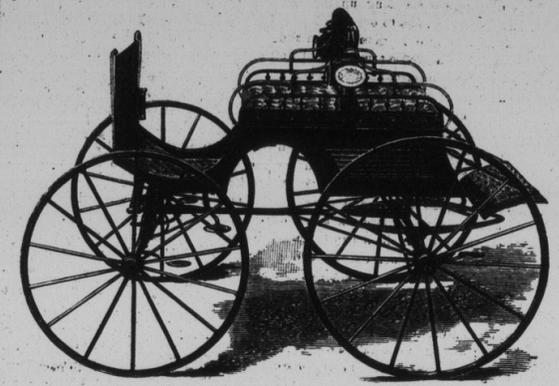
The hardy young Americans who left their comfortable homes in the United States more than half a century ago and came to Mexico with Gen. Taylor to fight against the people of this country probably did not think that should they fall in battle their bones would be left to crumble to dust in an unmarked spot in this distant land. But to-day the dead heroes of the Buena Vista battlefield lie under but a few feet of earth in a neglected place just outside this city. At the time of their hasty burial their devoted comrades evidently sought to make the spot somewhat sacred by constructing an adobe wall around it. This wall is fast succumbing to the ravages of time, and in places it is completely gone. I visited the burial ground of the dead heroes to-day. A tramcar took me as far as the pretty San Francisco plaza and from there I walked through a dirty, narrow street until I came to an arroyo, on the other side of which the faint marks indicating the cemetery may be seen. Had I not received careful directions I would have passed the place unnoticed. On the side toward the city the wall is entirely gone for the most part, and a much travelled wagon road passes through the place and over the sacred dead. The place which had once been inclosed by the adobe wall embraces probably two acres, but investigation shows that many were buried west of the wall and up close to the arroyo.

Some time ago the report was published in the press of the United States that the bones of the buried soldiers were protruding from the ground, and that the place presented a sickening spectacle. This report was not strictly true, but it is undoubtedly a fact that parts of many of the skeletons have come to the surface. The ground is strewn with fragments of bones, and it is evident that they come from the men who were buried there. None of these bones is large, as the heavy traffic through the place has broken them up into small pieces. If any skull's come to the surface they were no doubt quickly taken by the Mexican children who were about, and made innocent playthings of. Had they ever remained intact on the surface long. In the arroyo, through which floods of water pass at times and wash one side of the burial ground, there are also many pieces of bones among the rocks, and among them I saw an unbroken rib bone which looked like that of a human.

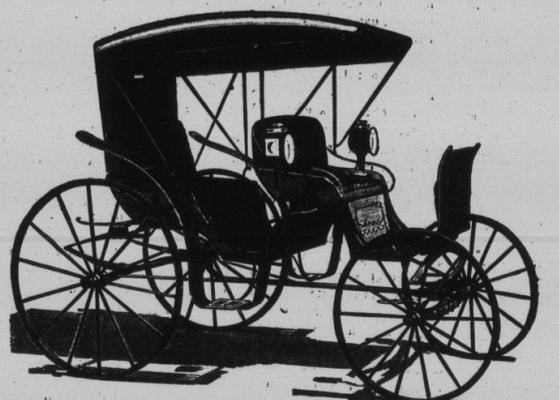
There is not a spear of grass nor a sign of vegetable life within the inclosure. It is

## CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

LOOK AT OUR EXHIBITION SHOW!  
Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



AN ELEGANT DOG-CART.  
A very handsome and fashionable carriage for family purposes



AN ELEGANT EXTENSION TOP BUGGY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Commodious and handsome.

For prices and all information apply to  
**JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,**  
Fredericton, N. B.  
Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

perfectly barren. The place should certainly receive attention at the hands of the United States Congress, even if nothing more is done than to take such steps as will stay the ravages of time and weather on the treacherous soil, and permit the bodies lying there to rest undisturbed. It could easily be made an attractive and even beautiful place by laying it out in walks and planting trees and plants. The ravages of the floods in this arroyo on the soil of the cemetery could be checked by the building of a substantial wall along that side. In addition to the several hundred who were killed in battle, all of the soldiers who died in the hospital here were also buried there.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**HIS LAST PRACTICAL JOKE.**  
How a Lawyer Came To Abandon The Distasteful Pastime.

Mr. C. M. Harger one of the Youth's Companion contributors, tells in a West ern paper the story of the way in which a lawyer came to abandon practical joking. The senior lawyer of the bar in a certain county was a courteous gentleman of the old school of whom his imitators were fond. This old lawyer was very near-sighted, but had a habit, when addressing a jury, of taking off his glasses.

One day when he was thus speaking, and his spectacles were lying on the table, his back was turned to the other members of the bar. The lawyer of whom allusion has been made, noticed on the table a piece of tissue-paper, and saw in this a chance to play a joke on the older man. With a penknife he cut out pieces of the tissue-paper just large enough to cover the lenses of the spectacles, and with a little muckilage fastened them to the glasses. The paper was scarcely noticeable, but it was enough to prevent vision through the glasses.

Presently the old lawyer had occasion to read some paper in the course of his address. He came back to the table, put on his glasses, and attempted to read. He strained his eyes, readjusted the glass

es, and tried again. Then a deadly pallor overspread his face, which was not in the least amusing to see. He staggered to a chair. The young lawyers gathered around him.

"My God, gentlemen," he said "I am blind! I feared it for years!" Then he dropped his face into his hands.

The court-room was hushed. Before any one could speak, however, he had lifted his head and perceived that he could see again. He examined his glasses, and as he rubbed the tissue-paper, he flashed with indignation. Not a person in the room found the incident anything to smile at,—not even the one who had perpetrated the "joke,"—and this man on the spot forswore practical joking forever.

Precipitate Haste.  
"Light out down there!" yelled the old gentleman from the top of the stairs.  
The young man below did not catch the rising inflection, and lit without taking hat or stick.

**SILVERWARE**  
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.  
THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK

**1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK**

AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX 1847 IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

MARRIAGES!

... Styles.



... for family purposes



... comfortable car...

& SONS,

N. B. and Union Sts.

... Then a deadly pallor...

... yelled the old...

EVERWARE... BEST GRADE... QUESTION... IT WEAR!... NEVER BE ASKED... GOODS BEAR THE... MARK... IS IN ITSELF... THE QUALITY... THE PREFIX... 1847... EVERY ARTICLE... GOODS HAVE... THE TEST... CENTURY... CLASS DEALERS.

Woman and Her Work

The other day I read a long list of women pastors—more than twenty—who are not only preachers, but regularly appointed pastors of so many of the Unitarian churches in the United States, and who had been uniformly successful, some of them having even attained to prominent positions. It seems almost irreverent to descend abruptly from the female minister to the female moonshiner, but the contrast seems most effective when they are placed side by side, and it is a fact that lovely woman has set the stamp of her personality upon this occupation, as well as the more sacred one, and in the hilly districts of Tennessee some of the most skillful and determined moonshiners of the celebrated "moonshine" whiskey are women, and as they are far more clever than men, at concealing their stills, and avoiding detection, they flourish exceedingly where the men often fail.

Oh woman, woman, is there anything thou canst not do when once thou hast set thy mind upon it, or any place thou canst not get to, once thou hast resolved to reach it?

A lady who has just returned from "abroad" as it is so indefinitely termed but really from a trip to London and Paris, speaks of a very surprising new fad, which is just now in full swing in those gay cities, and which is certainly almost an extraordinary in its way as any feminine fancy of recent years. It consists of dressing in pairs, two women appearing on the street together dressed alike, to the very smallest detail. The first time she went for a drive in the park this lady was surprised at the number of twin sisters, as she supposed, that she met, the fad was so very new, that she had not yet heard of it, so after gazing open-eyed at the extraordinary procession of twins, she was beginning to wonder if her senses were not playing her false, when a former acquaintance whom she knew had never possessed a sister drove past seated beside a lady, apparently about her own age, and her exact double in point of dress. Of course she lost no time then in asking questions, and finding out the reason of the large percentage of twins in London; and when she learned that it was the latest society fad, her surprise was largely increased. Usually the one thing a woman finds it impossible to forgive her modiste is the duplication of any portion of her wardrobe for another, even her dearest friend, and it does seem contrary to feminine nature to put another woman in a position of possible rivalry to oneself, by letting her wear the same style of garments, which may possibly be much more becoming to the other woman.

The next time this puzzled visitor drove in the park she kept careful count of the twin costumes she met, and they numbered exactly thirty-six. When she crossed to Paris she took the same careful observations, and though she only counted about twenty couples, during a two month's visit the fad had evidently found a foothold there also, and perhaps before winter is fairly upon us, it will have reached New York, and then Toronto and Montreal, so that by the New Year St. John girls may be gaily promenading King street, carefully gotten up in pairs from the remotest loop of their hats to the patent leather tips on the toes of their pretty little boots.

It is early yet, to predict the materials which will be most in favor this winter, but it seems at least safe to say that the rough surfaced goods which have been in such favor lately, will give place to smooth, satin finished goods, such as poplins and cashmeres. Also that dark subdued colors will be the rule for street wear, and no startling contrasts will be seen. Instead, different shades of the same will blend into one another. The bright purples, and greens have had their day, and will be no longer seen. For dressy home wear silks will be much used, and black silk will again become a fashionable gown gros-plain, and pen de soie being the choice, though figured and brocaded silks will also be worn a great deal. Soft woollens like cashmere will be very popular for house wear, and will be made up with almost as many puffs, ruffles and laces as the lawns and organdies of summer ware. The skirts will be only moderately full, and will all be trimmed some with frills from waist to hem, others embroidered about the foot with braids of varying widths. Evening dresses will be more elaborately trimmed than they have been for years, some of the more gauzy materials being simply a succession of puffs, separated by narrow bands of insertion from the foot where they are finished with a four or five inch frill, to the waist and from the waist again up to where

the low necked bodice ends at the shoulders; the tiny sleeves also being composed of a few puffs and a frill. Such dresses when made of chiffon or mull are most dainty and charming.

In bodices, the cuirass basque and the princess redingote will share popularity with the belted bodice, and narrow belts will be preferred to the newer and wider ones, for the excellent reason, that a narrow belt always makes the waist look smaller. Oval buckles have superseded all others and to wear a square buckle on one's belt is to be hopelessly out of style. The bolero jacket is still popular, but it has a rival in the Russian coat, which will be in high favor during the coming season, though it is only really becoming to tall slender women.

The fancy waist is just as fashionable as it ever was and although the entire gown of cloth is becoming more the rule than it has been for some time, so useful an accessory as the extra waist is not to be easily cast aside as the modistes who have tried several times to dethrone it, have discovered.

Of all hideous garments that could disguise the fairest form the new English rain coat easily takes the palm. It is a little more than three quarter length made with a yoke from which the rest of the garment hangs in box plaits both back and front. The sleeves are bishop shape and their fulness adds to the generally "sloppy" effect of the whole outfit.

ASTRA.

OLYVER ADVERTISES IN PARIS.

Even Quick-Witted Canadians Might Be Given Pointers.

The recently notorious Barrison sisters first came into notice as an advertisement of a play, 'The Fairy's Well,' run by Owen Ferree in New York, and while hardly more than babes were seen every day riding in an Irish jaunting car through the streets of New York. That was ten years ago. All these methods are common enough in the States, and much more frequently used than such of the public as is not familiar with the business section of the city knows. Now hear how it is done in France.

"To-day," writes a Paris correspondent, "on the boulevards I came across a wedding party, which to my astonishment, drove up in a splendidly appointed equipage and alighted in front of a fashionable restaurant. The men were in evening dress. The bride had on her orange blossoms and a veil; a pretty bride she was too. Everything about the party was an fait. They took their seats on the terrace and, of course, a crowd at once began to gather near them, for while bridal parties are not an uncommon sight in Paris, still, as a rule, the blushing bride hides herself discreetly in some far-off, obscure restaurant, rather than flaunt herself in the face and eyes of the boulevards. Sipping their absinthe, the party chatted and laughed and the gaping people about them drank in every word. They talked in unconscious audibleness, and every word they said was simply a glorification of the Montmartre cat. That done they passed on to their next stand."

Yet even that has not yet discounted the manner in which Yvette Guilbert was advertised last year. At that time during the racing season, long light overcoats became the fashion in France—those startling affairs that reached to the heels, and only became slight and elegant figures, although in Paris at that time almost every smart man who could wear one. Never more than half a dozen ever came to Boston. At that time one constantly met on the streets in Paris a dozen well dressed men wearing these coats. They wore silk hats and patent leathers, and had field glasses swung over their shoulders. They looked so clean, so happy, so altogether attractive and correct that everyone stared at them—and envied them—until the leader shouted out "Yvette Guilbert," and the rest of the crowd responded "To-night—9 o'clock—at La Scala!" The snap being given away, the crowd marched on, laughing and jostling, to attract another hearing, and like Frenchmen they play the part well. It seems to me that if it may well be claimed that the French want no lessons from us.—Boston Herald

Greater Love Hath no Man.

In Sir Evelyn Wood's 'Reminiscences' a touching instance of courage and self-sacrifice is given. One June day, in 1855 a detachment of English marines were crossing the Woronzow Road under fire from the Russian batteries.

All the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard.

His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled look out! It is whistling Dick! But at the moment Blewitt was struck on the knees by the enormous mass of iron, and thrown to the ground.

He called to his especial chum, 'O Welch, save me!'

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell, tried to roll it off his comrade. It exploded with such force that

If the SIZES of SLIPPERS suit, you can have them for

Just Half Price

LADIES' FINE KID SLIPPERS, Common Sense Sizes, 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/2. Regular Price \$2.50, now \$1.25.

LADIES' FINE KID (GORE FRONT HOUSE) SLIPPERS; Sizes 2 1/2, 3 and 3 1/2. Regular Price \$1.75, now 88c.

LADIES' FINE KID OPERA SLIPPERS; Sizes 2 1-2, 3, 3 1-2, 6 1-2, and 7. Regular Price \$1.35, now 68c.

WATERBURY & RISING.

not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found.

Even in that time, when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home, and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

IN THE STOCKS.

An old Record Says the Punishment was Attended With Discomfort.

One of the marked tendencies of the present age is said to be an overrefinement of the analysis of sensation, whether physical or mental; a habit of regarding in a moral aspect much that was once dismissed as purely physical. So, in dwelling on some of the "minor" punishments of Puritan days, the mental sufferings of the unhappy beings who were exposed to the ignominy of the market-place have come to be considered as the chief part of their punishment.

An account drawn from an old record, however, testifies that the physical discomforts of such a position were by no means to be ignored.

One Mr. Hubbard was sentenced in Boston to the stocks, for having indulged in an unwarlike fit of ill temper. When he had taken his seat, under the order to remain there for the rest of the day, there presently came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow.

A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet, and making jeais—unpleasantly approaching really—of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below; and presently a rough fellow after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid tea-stools and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some favored injury, rushed at Mr. Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse however, than to give him a severe right—which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter; for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage darted off. The bull made a dash at the stocks, and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished, on his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of Mr. Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

What he Couldn't do.

A student in one of the Buffalo medical colleges is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments, until one of the company lost patience and said in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Waal," replied the student with a yawn,

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon, No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

'I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it.'

And the critic paid the score amid roars of laughter from the party.—Buffalo Commercial.

LONDON'S DOG CEMETERY.

Queer Inscriptions on Beautiful Stones—no Race Prejudices.

Near Victoria gate in Hyde Park there is an inclosure reserved as a burying ground for dogs. Life is always full of contrasts. On one side here we witness the pleasures and the joys of life, and on the other we find the vanity of all existing things. That, at least, was the opinion of the old keeper who brought me through the burying ground confided to his care.

The dog's gravedigger is an honest fellow with a face marked with wrinkles. The place is about thirty metres in length and twenty in breadth, and granite and marble monuments with the names and characteristics of the departed are very numerous. This respect for animals presents an unexpected aspect in which the touching is strangely mixed with the grotesque. There are about 200 tombs in the enclosure. The plots are given gratuitously. The stones and inscriptions are put up at the expense of the bereaved families. Some of the inscriptions are worthy of notice.

The first stone that meets the eye of the visitor is erected to the memory of 'Beloved Roby, died 30th of August, 1896, aged 13 months and a half.'

Then comes 'Flick, a faithful friend, and Maudie, an old friend.'

On another (tomestone are the words: 'Dear old Priny.'

But real grief is silent, or nearly so, and the word 'Jacob' upon another marble slab doubtless covers a heap of regrets.

Further on there is another subdued tomb, upon which the name of the dog is inscribed in very small letters and that of the master in enormous letters. It is as follows: 'Pompeii, the favorite dog of Miss Florence St. John.' And under this is the following quotation from Byron:

In life the firmest friend,  
First to welcome,  
Foremost to defend.

But here is a still stranger inscription. It is to the memory of 'Dearest Topsy, the firmest and most devoted of friends and companion of her mother.'

Another is to the memory of 'Our dear treasure Jack, a Scotch collie, died August, 1895, aged 15 years. He was the most intelligent, devoted, gentle, tender, and affectionate dog that ever lived, with the best of tempers. He was adored by his devoted and afflicted friend, Sir H. Seton Gordon, Bart.'

Here are others:

Dear and affectionate Duke, and Tippy, his beloved Grandmother.  
Poor little Peter, who died suddenly.

On the tomb of a she dog is the following:

She brought a ray of sun light into our existence but, alas! she carried it away with her.

'Adored Spot,' 'Our Friend, Darling Chin Chin,' and 'Sweet Carlo' lie close to each other.

'Dear Minnie, brave, intelligent, singularly beautiful, loving, and loved,' has a splendid monument.

But, as if to prove that race prejudices necessarily disappear with death, in this cemetery of dogs there is a stone erected 'To the memory of our dear little cat, Ceinichilla, poisoned July 21.'

During my visit a live dog somehow got into the cemetery, and was chased away by the keeper for irreverently attempting to bury a bone on one of the graves of his fellow creatures.

Prepared For Accidents.  
It is always well to be prepared for accidents, for we don't know when they will happen. Everyone should keep "Quick-cure" at hand. In cases of burns, scalds, cuts, toothache or any pain, it gives instant relief, and cures more quickly than any other preparation on the market.

Lost no Time.  
'Miss Grabs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight.'

'That's very true,' replied Miss Cayenne 'she saw him first.'

RECKLESS VOYAGES.

How a Brave Effort was Made to Rescue Reckless Sailors.

A New York exchange says that during a gale which raged the Atlantic coast, the Short Beach Life-Saving Station on Long Island was aroused to rescue four men in a small sloop about half a mile from shore.

After a tedious and perilous trip, the surf-boat reached the sloop, and the crew found on board four men benumbed with cold, and half-starved. When brought to a place of safety and thawed out, they told their story.

They had been out on a gunning trip on the Sound, and when overtaken by the storm had taken refuge in a deserted shanty. Their provisions were soon exhausted, and also their fuel, and then, although perfectly aware of their peril, they set sail again, in hopes of bringing up at some place where they could get provisions.

As a consequence of such rashness they came near losing their lives. The captain of the life-savers remarked afterward that it was a pity to risk the lives of good men to save the lives of confirmed idiots.

Trees that Whistle.

The musical or whistling tree is found in the West Indian Islands, in Nubia and the Sudan. It has a peculiar shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the islands a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle, is heard from it which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands. DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers. FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP. Will give You All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleah Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFFERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world. Wafers by mail 50c, and \$1 per box. Six large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents. Mechanical Hammer.

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

ATTEMPT TO INSURE GITEAU.

Joke that Helped to Kill Insurance in Pennsylvania.

For the first time the story of the pretended effort to insure Giteau's life has been made public in Reading Pa. The scheme was conceived by two young lawyers, and although they began it as a joke there were many who took it seriously. One of the results was to help to kill "deathbed insurance" in the eastern part of the United States. Giteau was shot in July, 1881, and the trial of the assassin began in November, 1881, and ended with a verdict of guilty on Jan 25, 1882. Giteau was hanged on June, 30, 1892. At this time the deathbed insurance craze was at high-water mark, many of the companies taking all kinds of risks. One evening in February, 1882, two young Reading attorneys were talking of Giteau, for whom an application for a new trial had just been made. One of the attorneys suggested that they attempt to insure Giteau's life as a means bringing ridicule on the graveyard companies. They talked of it to a resident of Reading who at that time held a political office in Washington. He entered into the joke and thought he could arrange the Washington end of the affair. Going back to Washington the Berks County politician told a newspaper man that the business of the insurance companies in Reading and also of the scheme of insuring Giteau. Meanwhile the attorneys made written application for \$100,000 insurance on Giteau's life. The application nearly got the jokers into trouble. Among the many life insurance companies in Reading at the time was one that did not properly come under the designation of deathbed company. By accident a blank of this particular company was filled out in due form and forwarded to the Washington newspaper man. His part was to take it to Giteau and try to secure his signature.

The reporter visited Giteau and told him that a firm of insurance agents in Reading, thinking that he might secure a new trial and eventually escape the gallows, considered him a good risk, and wanted to insure him for \$100,000. The reporter gave Giteau to understand that neither he nor his friends would have to pay any of the assessments; that would be attended to in Reading. Giteau was also told that the agents would make it worth his while to sign the application. Although no figures were mentioned, he was left under the impression that his heirs might expect \$25,000 should he be executed. Giteau listened to the scheme and then smiled. He knew the newspaper man and told him he thought the entire matter a joke. The reporter knew it was, but did not say so. Giteau declined to sign them. The following day Washington newspaper appeared with a long article, saying that a graveyard insurance company at Reading wanted to place \$100,000 insurance on Giteau's life. The name of the company was given. The article was in the form of an exposure, and said that large sums of money had been offered to secure Giteau's signature, and that a large sum was to go to the assassin's heirs. The news was sent all over the country subsequently.

By this time the Reading originators of the scheme were beginning to find that they had succeeded beyond their expectations. The officers of the company whose name was connected with the affair went on a wild hunt for the schemers and lawsuits were threatened. Then the New York and New England papers took up the subject. Long articles appeared, calling attention to the deathbed or graveyard insurance companies doing business in eastern Pennsylvania, and especially in Reading. Next the insurance papers of England took up the matter. They cited the Pennsylvania deathbeds as samples of American life insurance. One daily paper in San Francisco called the attempt to insure Giteau a disgrace on humanity. It is said by those conversant with their affairs that the Giteau episode, as much as anything else, assisted in wiping out deathbed insurance concerns.—New York Sun.

TO UTILIZE SEA WAVES.

Many Remarkable Projects of Science in This Line. Among the ideas for utilizing the energy of the sea waves recorded at the patent office is one by Terence Duffy, of San Francisco. He proposes to harness the ocean so as to make it store compressed air. The rolling and pitching of a ship built according to his plan operates a number of air pumps which force air into reservoirs. From the reservoirs it is conducted by pipes to the engines as required for propelling the vessel, for general electricity for lighting, etc., and for taking in and discharging cargo. P. S. Delvan, of Newark, N. J., has patented a plan for surrounding a vessel with floats. The floats are connected with the plungers of air pumps in such a manner that the motion of the waves compressed air in receivers.

The compressed air thus accumulated is used to propel the ship.

A California inventor named John Gambleta proposes to swing from the mast of a ship a gigantic pendulum, the oscillations of which are expected to drive the propeller. Another genius has designed a boat that is built like a gigantic screw, with a sort of continuous spiral fin enveloping it. The action of the waves causes it to screw itself literally through the water. The scheme of A. F. Yardell, of San Francisco, is to suspend a huge box, or tank, above the keel of the ship. This is to be loaded with freight or ballast, and, as it swings to and fro, it actuates the propeller. Another idea, calculated to revolutionize navigation, is a vessel built in two sections, which are hinged together amidships. As the waves alternately rock the opposite ends of the craft the energy is utilized by means of rocking beams and suitable gearing, and in this way the ship humps itself along.

Charles W. Cahoon, of Portland, Me., would so utilize the undulatory movements of a vessel as to actuate pumps. The pumps imbibe water at the bow and eject it at the stern, thus forcing her ahead. Yet another invention in this line is a floating hydraulic ram, which is operated by the impact of the waves. It is claimed there is hardly any limit to the height to which water may be elevated by this device. A few years ago an experiment was made near San Francisco by an inventor who secured the backing of Mr. Sutro, of Comstock tunnel fame. His machine was anchored out in the ocean not far from shore, and was used to pump water up to the top of a bluff some hundreds of feet high. Unfortunately, a storm came and swallowed up the apparatus, together with \$15,000 which has been invested in it. This catastrophe put an end to the enterprise.—Boston Transcript.

The Dangers of Kissing.

Some time ago a metropolitan newspaper contained a large account of a society, said to have been established somewhere in Indiana, the object of which was the discouragement of the habit of kissing at social parties. Membership in this society was limited strictly to women; perhaps it was feared that there would be too many backsliders if men were admitted.

The writer of the article might have employed his imagination more usefully had he described a society of matrons established for the protection of babies against the oscillations of every chance acquaintance or visitor in the family, or even passers-by in the street.

Babies, at least most babies, are very lovable,—when they are in their happy moods,—but that is no reason why they should be subjected to treatment that they would surely resent were they old enough to appreciate the indignity. And there is not alone the indignity, for the custom, when so promiscuous, is distinctly unesthetic, and worse than that, dangerous to health.

There is no more effectual means of conveying the contagion of disease, apart from actual inoculation, than by kissing. Medical literature is full of instances of the transmission of diphtheria and other dangerous diseases in this way. And it is not the baby alone that is in danger through this custom, for it has happened more often than one could believe, that the child has been the one who was ill, and has spread its malady through a wide circle of hysterical oscillators. If the anti-baby-kissing society were ever established, this is a fact that should be made the subject of its first tract.

There is another habit of older children, and even grown up people, which is as dangerous as it is nasty,—and that is the kissing of dogs and cats, or the allowing of one's self to be licked by them.

A form of ringworm, very common in children, is attributed, probably with a good deal of justice, to contagion from the cat; and dogs are often infested with worms, the eggs of which are wiped from the tongue of the animal on to the child's face, and so may get into the mouth and be swallowed. Let the baby and the puppy be taught to "shake hands."

'Barin' me landlady and me washerwoman,' said Mr. Horrigan, with honest pride, 'O' one no man a cunt.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Dr. Fowler's Ext-Of-Wild-Strawberry. Cures Cholera, Cholera-morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Summer Complaints of Children or Adults. Beware of Imitations. Price, 35c.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1 1/2 and 2 1/2 TIN CANS. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

French P D Corsets. Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur. The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world.

Oak Leaf Soap. Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market.

HERBINE BITTERS. Cures Sick Headache, Purifies the Blood, Cures Indigestion, The Ladies' Friend, Cures Dyspepsia, For Biliousness.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

MARKETING IN PARIS. People buy in disproportionate quantities in Many Different Places. As it is more and more the tendency among Americans to select some specialty of profession, the same proclivity is displayed in Paris in a rude way among provision dealers. The butcher sells only beef, mutton and lamb. The tripler has sole claim to the head, brains, liver, heart, feet, etc. If one wishes fowl he must go to the fruiter, and there are others who have the monopoly of game.

The streets in the morning are quite filled with women making their daily purchases. Nearly every woman carries a basket or net bag. Since fruit and vegetables seldom have paper, the latter discloses much of her bill of fare. Being obliged to go to each store, she generally carries her groceries. But they may be delivered by a boy who balances a flat basket on his head and often reads a newspaper on the way.

Other women, in contrast to these are those who sell fish in the great wholesale markets. They are rich. They wear a bonnet with real lace, and true diamonds glitter on their unclean, odorous hands. Their dress is of excellent material covered with a white apron.

The workmen, who have twelve hours a day of labor, take a roll or two for the second meal as well, with a supplement at "the seller of wines." Children at play eat bread as "young America" eats candy and chews gum.

THE PRICE OF A HORSE.

An Incident Which Illustrates an Effect of the Cycling Craze. 'Speaking of bicycles,' remarked the drummer, 'I presume is largely in the nature of a chestnut to mention the fact that the bicycle has done more to render this the horseless age than anything else that has happened to it, but I'll say it and illuminate my statement by an example, which lately came under my notice.'

'What's he with?' he inquired when his investigation was completed. 'Oh, about eighteen dollars,' I said thinking I would surprise the old fellow and at the same time have some fun with him. 'But he never showed a sign in his face and merely walked around the horse critically. 'I might give you fifteen,' he said, great indifference. 'If you do,' said I, hanging on, 'it will have to be cash.'

'Well, he was scorching, with his head down, and the impression he made upon me was a bruise I didn't get over for a week.'

There is always room for a new application of an old principle, even so old a one as that of the division of labor. Millicent—How long did your Easter trip to Rome occupy? Madeline—Oh, a week altogether—there and back. Millicent—And you saw everything? Madeline—Oh, yes; you see there were three of us. Mother went to the picture-galleries. I examined the monuments, and father studied local color in the cafes.—Roseleaf.

'What sort of an impression did Clara's young man make on you?' 'When I first met him?' 'Yes.'

'Well, he was scorching, with his head down, and the impression he made upon me was a bruise I didn't get over for a week.'

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. CURES cold in the head in ten minutes. CURES incipient catarrh in from one to three days. CURES chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever. Complete, with blower free. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. Price 25 Cents.

DRUNKENNESS. Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. PLEASANT TO USE. TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. CLEARLY FROM ALL IMPURITIES—ARRESTS DECAY—MAKES THE TEETH PEARL WHITE. KODSA-CHEMICAL Co. Toronto

UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

A dapper little man, with a silky yellow mustache which curled up jauntily at the ends, came out and closed the door slyly behind him.

Mr. Hardacre says he will see you in a few minutes. Will you be seated? and the little man turned and began to rustle the papers on his desk as if he were very busy indeed.

Willis Everett dropped down in a chair close to the railing, fussed with his hat and watched for Judson Hardacre's door to open. He thought it was rather a cold reception for an uncle to give his nephew, and yet his mother had warned him what to expect.

Your uncle Judson, she had said is very much devoted to his business. He has never in his life had time to give to his friends, and people say that he is crusty and hard-headed, but I am sure that my brother Judson has as kind a heart as any man living, if only you can reach it.

Willis had come to his uncle as a last resort. He had just finished his junior year in college, and he knew that the completion of his own course would depend on his earnings during the summer. His father had been able to supply him with money, although not so liberally as he really needed for the first three years of his college life, but hard times had ruined his business and it was all he could do to pay rent and grocers' bills, not to mention the provision of clothing for the younger children.

I want to see you finish up with your class, he had said to Willis, but it is out of the question for me to furnish the money. You will have to get out and see what you can do for yourself.

And Willis had tried his best to get a position. But he found that he was compelled to compete in this struggle for an opportunity to make a living with men older and more experienced than himself, who knew better what the employers required. One man said he would take Willis on trial, but he couldn't pay him anything for a few months; another said he had a position, but he wished to give it to a man who intended to remain with him permanently and work up in the business. And so they all put him off, and now he was watching for the door of his uncle's private office to open.

He had not seen his uncle in several years. He remembered the last meeting without any exuberance of pleasure. Uncle Judson had called on his mother one afternoon, and he had come in warm and excited from a tennis game.

What's that thing you have got in your hand? his uncle asked, after his mother had presented him.

Why, a tennis racquet.

Sarah, can't you teach your children to go into better business than dawdling around in white trousers with a toy bat?

Even as Willis thought of it now, he felt his cheeks tingle with mingled mortification and anger.

Mr. Hardacre is ready to see you, said the dapper little man.

Willis slipped quietly into the private office. He saw his uncle sitting at a handsome roll-top desk and glaring at him from under his shaggy gray brows. He had a square, lean face, with a determined chin and his hair was coarse and gray.

Well, sir.

I am in search of work, said Willis, somewhat falteringly; father can't supply me with money for my last year in college and unless I can earn it I can't go.

That's just what I told your mother before she married Everett. Now that he has a family of boys he can't educate 'em. But she wouldn't listen to any of my advice.

The hot blood surged into Willis' face. He couldn't bear the reference to his hard working, noble-minded father, who had sacrificed everything in order that his boys might have their schooling.

My father has done the best he could, Willis said hotly, and I can't listen to anything against him. If you have nothing I can do—and Willis turned and started toward the door with his shoulders thrown back.

There, there, said his uncle, with the trace of a grim smile curling his lip; we'll let that drop. You say you want work what can you do?

I'm just out of college, Willis said, and I'll have to do most anything I can get to do.

I suppose you are well up in tennis and football and leaping the pole, and all that sort of thing.

Yes, sir, responded Willis, tempted again to turn and leave the room.

Well, I don't happen to have any of those things in my business. You know, I am engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. It's very prosaic—you can't wear white trousers—might get soiled.

Willis kept his temper, although every one of his uncle's words stung him to the quick.

get to work to-morrow morning at the Edwardsburg mill at \$50 a month. He will board at the company's hotel. Have him reported to Matthews. Let me know each week how he is doing.

I'm very much obliged to you—Willis faltered, hardly realizing that at last he had found a job.

Don't thank me yet, said his uncle, almost gruffly; you may not want to after you have been working for awhile.

Willis went home in high spirits. Mother, mother, he called; I've got a job at last—and a job from Uncle Judson, too.

That afternoon Willis packed his satchel and took the train down the valley for Edwardsburg, where the Hardacre mills were located. It was about twenty-five miles from home, and he had never been in the place except on his bicycle, and he hardly knew where the mills were located. But he found them easily enough, and with them the foreman Matthews—a big red-faced, stoop-shouldered giant with a voice like a foghorn, Matthews read the letter, and then glanced at Willis keenly and half contemptuously Willis thought.

Well, he said; be on hand at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll put you to work.

Willis found a place in the company's boarding house—a single bunk in an attic room with four other men. The walls were dingy, the floor was covered with coarse matting and the bedding did not look any too clean. One little cobwebby window commanded a view of a vast heap of saw-dust and shavings. Supper was served on a long table covered with oilcloth, and the tea was brought in by men waiters, who laughed and joked one another. The workmen came in with their sleeves rolled up, and ate almost in silence.

In the morning Willis was set to loading slabs from the waste pile into a box car which stood on a sliding near at hand. One man handed them down from the pile, a second tossed them into the car and a third corded them up. Willis was given the easiest job—that of piling—but he was compelled to keep up with the other two. The slivers stuck into his soft shoes, and the jagged bark bruised his arms. Besides that it was a hot June day without a breath of air stirring in the car. For an hour or two he stood it pretty well, but before noon he began to feel that he should drop in his tracks, but he was determined never to give up. He was a cog in the machinery of the big mill, and he proposed to do his duty until he broke down. Never was sweeter music than the sound of the noon whistle. He warily dropped the last slab and staggered into the dining-room of the boarding house. At first he was too tired to eat, but he managed to swallow a little dinner, and by 1 o'clock he felt better. But he knew he never could last through the long afternoon at the same work, and it was with a deep feeling of relief that he heard Matthews order his crew from the carding to the sawdust chutes. Here he was required to stand knee-deep in soft sawdust at the end of the chute, where the waste of the mill came blowing out in a dusty cloud, and shovel for dear life to keep himself from being buried. It was hot, wearing work, and by the time the afternoon was finished Willis was thoroughly discouraged.

But he was naturally vigorous of body, and although his uncle had made fun of his tennis and football he knew now how much good strength they had added to his muscles. He awakened the next morning lame in every joint and with his hands almost raw with blisters.

But I'll stick to it, he said, gritting his teeth; I've got to get through college next year.

That day he was paired with a big, red-bearded Scotchman, and they were assigned to the work of trimming up some timbers with a long cross cut saw. For a few hours Willis bent bravely back and forth. It was fearfully hard work, particularly because he did not understand the science of getting the greatest results from the least effort. Towards noon the big Scotchman, who had been watching him keenly, found that the saw would need filing. Willis never felt more grateful for anything in his life, and in the afternoon he was enough rested to continue the work.

And so it went on, day after day. Before the end of the second week Willis grew somewhat hardened, and although the work was still very hard, he did not grow painfully exhausted. He also found that the other men were good hearted, kindly fellows and always ready to help him where they could. Before the middle of July Matthews, the big foreman, had given him the place of checker and scaler in the temporary absence of the regular checker. This was much easier work, and Willis did it with a quickness and thoroughness and kept his accounts so accurately that Matthews more than once granted him satisfaction.

About this time Willis saw his uncle for the first time. Judson came around with the superintendent, examining the work of the mill, and he mist have seen Willis as he stood with his pen and pencil where the lumber shot from the whirring saws, but he gave no sign of recognition. It hurt Willis' sensitive nature, but he only set his teeth the harder.

I'm making the money, he said to himself, and I'm going back to college.

None of the men knew that he was Judson Hardacre's nephew. He had said nothing about it, preferring to stand on his own merit, and his uncle had been equally silent.

About the middle of September Willis resigned his job, much to the regret of the big foreman, who had come to like the clever, prompt young man.

When you try to get a job somewhere else, he said, just let me know and I'll give you a good recommendation.

It was said in a blunt, honest way, and no praise that Willis ever had received had sounded so sweet in his ears.

By the way, Everett, said Matthews, as he paid over the last salary check,

Mr. Hardacre wished me to ask you to call and see him as soon as you get back to town.

Willis wondered why his uncle should care to have anything to do with him, but he called the next afternoon. He had grown brown of face and his hands were calloused and muscular. When he came in Judson Hardacre said, gruffly.

Well, how much money have you saved this summer?

Nearly \$75.

Is that enough to take you through college?

No, sir; but I shall start with it. Father thinks he can help me toward the end of the year.

How do you like your work?

Parts of it I liked very well. Uncle Judson, but it was too hard for me at first.

At the words, 'Uncle Judson,' Judson Hardacre looked up sharply. It was not at all usual for any one to address him as a relative, and somehow the hard lines of his face softened and his shoulders shook a little, as if he were laughing somewhere inside.

Well, my boy, he said, you've showed yourself pretty plucky this summer. You've got the genuine Hardacre blood in you. Let me tell you, I've watched you a good deal more closely than you thought, and I like you, sir. Yes, I like you.

He held out one hand, and Willis, flushing red and then paling again with surprise and pleasure, grasped it warmly.

Let's be friends, said the old man; I haven't many of 'em, and I need a good one, and his voice took on a half-pitiful tone. Then he changed the subject.

Here's a check for \$400. Get your last year of schooling and don't scribble on the expenses. If you need more let me know. And when you get through come back here I've got a good place for you in my office, where you will have a chance to work up.

Willis stammered his thanks and stumbled, half-dazed, toward the door-way His uppermost thought at that moment was: How happy my father will be.

As he reached the door his Uncle Judson called after him: And, say just go ahead and play all the tennis and football you want to.

Uncle Judson's crust was broken.

AN INSURENCE MAN'S STORY.

J. J. Hearnart, Inspector for the Standard Life Assurance Co. at Peterborough, Cured of Muscular Rheumatism by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure—It Turns the Midnight of Suffering Into the Midday Brightness of Good Health—These Are His Words.

I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism in my arm; so much so that for days at a time I could not sleep. I walked the floor in pain the greater part of the night. I procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and found great relief after a few doses. It's a sure cure, and I heartily recommend it.

It was not so warm.

No, said the man with the large head; I can't say that I think very much of the fox in the old fable of 'The Fox and the Grapes.' It is recorded of him that, after trying to get the grapes by every way that his ingenuity could suggest, he finally turned up his nose and said, 'Oh! I don't care; they're sour anyway.' Now, if that fox had any really commendable wisdom in his triangular skull he would have looked at the grapes blandly and then announced to the world that they were sweet, but that sweets didn't agree with him; that, owing to the condition of the stomach, he considered it inadvisable to eat anything containing saccharine matter; and that, besides, a properly philosophical fox believed in self-denial and in taking things that were easily at his disposal, instead of trying to climb a trellis to secure attractive but deleterious grapes. 'It he had done that, instead of being the laughing-stock of succeeding generations, he would have stood a good chance of being appointed professor of philosophy in a subsidized university, and of living on yellow-legged chickens for the rest of his natural life.'—Pack.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

Three Successive Years of Field Experiments in Massachusetts.

From the Hatch (Mass.) station comes bulletin No. 47 on field experiments with tobacco carried on at Hatfield, Agawam and Westfield, with the co-operation of the Valley Tobacco Experiment association of Massachusetts. Some of the conclusions drawn from the third year of observation are as follows:

Good mechanical preparation of the soil, early application of fertilizers, early planting and a suitable number of plants per acre, exert a decided influence on quality and quantity of the crop. Early planting secures the benefit of winter moisture. Rows 3 1-3 feet apart with plants 20 inches apart in the row at Westfield, and rows 2 1-3 feet apart with plants 2 feet apart in the row at Hatfield, gave better returns than rows 3 feet apart with plants 28 inches apart in the row at Agawam.

A timely shallow use of the cultivator of the hoe for the removal of weeds favors a uniform progress of growth. A careless use of cultivator or hoe invariably checks more or less the growth of the plants and modifies more or less their structure and general character.

The different fertilizer mixtures used have affected in a less marked degree the weight of the crop raised by their aid than the quality. New lands reduced by previous cropping to a state approaching general exhaustion of available plant food—if otherwise well fitted for raising tobacco—have given excellent results when supplied with a suitable mixture of fertilizing ingredients. Such lands are at times preferable to old tobacco lands overcharged with remnants of all kinds of saline ingredients usually associated with the common run of commercial fertilizers.

Cottonseed meal, linseed meal and castor pomace have proved equally good sources of nitrogen for the successful raising of tobacco, when used in connection with nitrate of soda, or potash sufficient to furnish one-fourth of the nitrogen called for by the crop.

Nitrate of soda as part of the nitrogen supply of the fertilizer (25 per cent) when used in presence of acid phosphate or dissolved bone black, etc., has been accompanied with better results regarding quality of crop than nitrate of potash under otherwise similar conditions.

Cottonseed hull ashes and high grade sulphate of potash have proved valuable sources of potash for tobacco, the former in the majority of cases leading. Nitrate of potash has produced excellent results when used in connection with an alkaline phosphate, as phosphatic slag meal, or with carbonate of potash magnesia. Results with potash magnesia sulphate as main potash sources of a tobacco fertilizer are not encouraging.

The difference noticed in the color of ash, etc., in case of the crop being raised upon different plots is in several instances so slight that any attempt at classifying the various fertilizers used with reference to their superior fitness cannot be otherwise than somewhat arbitrary.

The variety of tobacco selected for the trial was Havana seed.

THREE BIRDS IN A BATTLE.

A Fierce Aerial Combat With a Fish for the Prize.

A man sat on the sands at Capron Inlet, opposite Fort Pierce, Fla., and admired the graceful flight of an osprey. About fifty yards above the blue water the bird wheeled on widespread pinions, directing his course by motion of his tail and curves of the wing. Presently he balanced himself, the wings shut on the body, and he plunged into a long swell, and rose with a fish in his talons. With a scream of exultation he shook himself free of moisture, like a dog, and circled to regain sufficient altitude to clear the woods.

But a fishing eagle, twice the osprey's weight, had seen the performance, and answered the scream. He mounted to strike, and the osprey, burdened as he was, gave up the contest, and dropped the fish. With a swing the eagle turned and caught the fish and then flew low to regain the blasted pine and feast.

Then came another scene and a dim spot detached itself from a cloud and moved straight on the scene of action. It was a bald eagle that was coming.

The fisher heard the cry of battle, and knew he was not lost if the bald eagle should strike him with a swoop. Hastily he turned and flew almost directly upward, still holding his prize. The osprey soared backed with shrill whistlings, as if he mocked the efforts of the robber.

The bald eagle screamed again, and was answered by the fisher. On came the assailant like an arrow from the bow. The fisher still moved upward, hoping to gain a position where he might fight on easy terms.

Presently the bald eagle curved the forward edge of his great wings and started downward. The fisher dropped his mullet and turned upside down in mid-air, with beak and talons ready. The osprey caught the mullet and sailed homeward.

The two great birds came together with

a sound distinctly heard below, though they must have been half a mile in the air. Feathers flew as if a pillow had been torn open in a strong breeze. As the two birds fell it could be seen that the talons of the bald eagle straddled the body of the gray, and were buried at the roots of the wings. The gray's beak tore at the throat of the bald and its claws were busy tearing like the jaws of a wolf fighting a dog. Each eagle beat the other with his wings. They tumbled over and over, slantingly to the sea.

As they touched the water each broke its hold and made for the shore. The gray fell in the edge of the woods. The other landed on a tree, nearly full, and then leaped against the tree for support as it sat in the crotch.—New York Times.

The Grim Reaper Foiled

The Marvellous Virtues of Paine's Celery Compound Conquer and Banish a Lady's Troubles.

Five Doctors Were Unable To Help the Sufferer.

Twelve years of misery and agony from female kidney and stomach troubles! Physicians were utterly perplexed and unable to cure the lady! In a time of gloom and despondency the magic virtues of Paine's Celery Compound bring joy and new life! These are the leading facts in the following statement made by Mrs. G. Stone, of Egauville, Ont.

For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results.

My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use of trying other medicines.

I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles.

It was Necessary to Scare the Deer to Get Them Ashore.

Man's relation to the mild creatures of the world is, in the present day, so commonly that of destroyer, that it is pleasant to read of a case in which men assumed the character of rescuers, and in which the rescued were not unappreciative of the kindness shown them.

In April of the present year two gentlemen of Bismarck, North Dakota, discovered twenty-four deer hemmed in by the ice and water above Bismarck. They were in a dump of bushes, shut in by the ice, neck-deep in water, and had become so thoroughly chilled that they had no power to save themselves.

The two men went into the spot into a skiff and cut a passage through the ice, but even then they had to drive the deer along and compel them to swim ashore. The poor creatures were nearly chilled to death, and two of them were quite helpless on reaching land. These two were taken to a barn and thawed. They made no resistance when carried in, and submitted to having their legs rubbed to restore the circulation.

Even when they could walk again, they seemed in no hurry to depart, probably finding their warm quarters more desirable than the icy water in which they had stood so long. They showed no distrust of their rescuers, and were manifestly grateful for the help they had received.

Twelve other deer were found on a cake of ice, and it was necessary to splash water on them to get them ashore. In all probability both parties of the deer would have perished but for the humane exertions of the two gentlemen.

Better Times for Toes.

Life notices with satisfaction that the shoe manufacturers begin once more to shape their wares with some regard for the anatomy of the human foot. The manufacturers find it expedient to change the fashion in shoes a little every year, so that last year's stock may always be a little out of style, and that weak minds may always be subject to the special allurements of the latest thing out. The progress of the pointed shoe having gone as far as it could there was nothing to do but to start on the return trip. Toes, therefore, have more room than they did last year, and the chiropodists may notice some abatement of their business.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gilford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.

Advertisement for Chase's Catarrh Cure, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the cure for various ailments.

Advertisement for J. W. Jennison's Catarrh Cure, highlighting its effectiveness and availability.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, detailing its benefits for various ailments and providing contact information.

Advertisement for Chase's Catarrh Cure, emphasizing its unique formulation and success in treating chronic conditions.

Advertisement for Chase's Catarrh Cure, providing a testimonial from a satisfied customer.

Advertisement for Chase's Catarrh Cure, discussing the importance of proper footwear and the benefits of the product.

