

WILL HOLD HIGH CARNIVAL.

Elaborate Preparations are Being Made for the Great Event in Halifax.

The Gibraltar of the North is Preparing to Entertain Thousands of Visitors—The Naval and Aquatic Display will be Magnificent—Some of the Promoters of the Carnival and How They Have Worked for its Success.

The maritime provinces are receiving the biggest advertisement through the Halifax Carnival that they have ever had, and that city has made the greatest hit known in the history of any maritime city. The carnival preparations have not been done up in a hurry, and the success is due to the untiring and willing efforts of the well selected committees for the past 4 or 5 months. A stranger in Halifax last week could get as much information from those in charge as he will the day before the opening. Everything is in readiness, and those in charge are now able to lay back and welcome their visitors.

All week the various railways and steamship lines have had large passenger lists; far above the average on any other occasion of the kind. Besides the regular hotels and boarding houses, arrangements have been made for the accommodation of visitors. New buildings partly underway when the carnival started have been rucked through and converted into hotels for the time being.

Such work as this shows quite plainly to the public that the carnival committee meant business from the start and all will be pleased to know that their labors will be handsomely rewarded.

Festivities in a garrisoned city and naval station, of which Halifax is the only one of its kind in British North America, are always on a grand and more magnificent scale than is possible in inland locations, and as the harbour of Halifax offers exceptional advantages for boat racing and naval display it can be readily seen what is in store for those who attend the carnival.

The fact that a large portion of the navy of the British and foreign squadrons will be in port to lend their assistance in participating in the programme of events in itself, is an attraction well worth enjoying. For those in search of novelty the promoters promise a budget of surprises all of which can be found in the programme published in this issue.

Harbor Illumination.

A meeting of the Carnival Illumination committee was held on Monday last when a programme of what will be carried out on Thursday evening next was presented.

The display will begin at 8:30 o'clock with a salute from one of the forts. Immediately after, twenty bonfires will be lighted from Ives' point, McNabs island, along the Dartmouth shore to the Narrows, and two fires will be started on rats in the harbor—one off George's Island, the other off Waddell's wharf, Dartmouth. While this is going on there will be fire works display from the centre of the harbor, off the Queen's wharf.

Then the procession of illuminated and decorated boats will be started, the crafts forming up between the Halifax shore and the southern end of George's Island, proceeding up the harbor rounding the illuminated war ships and returning down stream.

For this procession three prizes are offered \$25—\$15—\$10 for the best illuminated crafts. Following this will be the ascension of 200 illuminated balloons of fantastic shapes and designs. The grand final will be the burning and blowing up by sub-marine mines of a 60 ton hulk which has been condemned by the naval authorities.

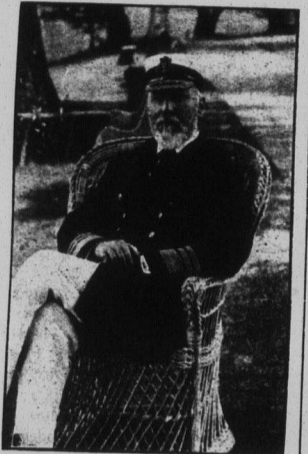
During the night the search lights at Point Pleasant battery will be in operation.

The carnival will open Tuesday afternoon, July 28, with regatta events, including man-of-war gig, Labrador whaler, amateur four-oared fishermen's flat and professional single scull races, together with a polo match on the riding grounds. In the evening there will be a concert in the beautiful public gardens, of which the city is proud, and there will be illuminations and a magnificent electric light display.

On Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock a monster bicycle meet and parade will be conducted under the auspices of the Ramblers' Bicycle Club, in which all visiting wheelmen are invited to participate. In the afternoon the regatta will be continued, the events being man-of-war gig, fishermen's squad cutter, professional four-oared gig and double scull races. In the evening electric light track events, running and bicycle, will take place at the Wanderers' grounds.

The third day, Thursday, will be marked by the grand review of the sailors and marines of the British North Atlantic Squadron by Admiral J. E. Erskine in the morning; trotting, pacing and running races

at the riding grounds in the afternoon, under the auspices of the Halifax Driving Club; and the grand harbor illumination in the evening. An opening salute will be



ADMIRAL J. E. ERSKINE, Commanding B. N. A. Atlantic Squadron.

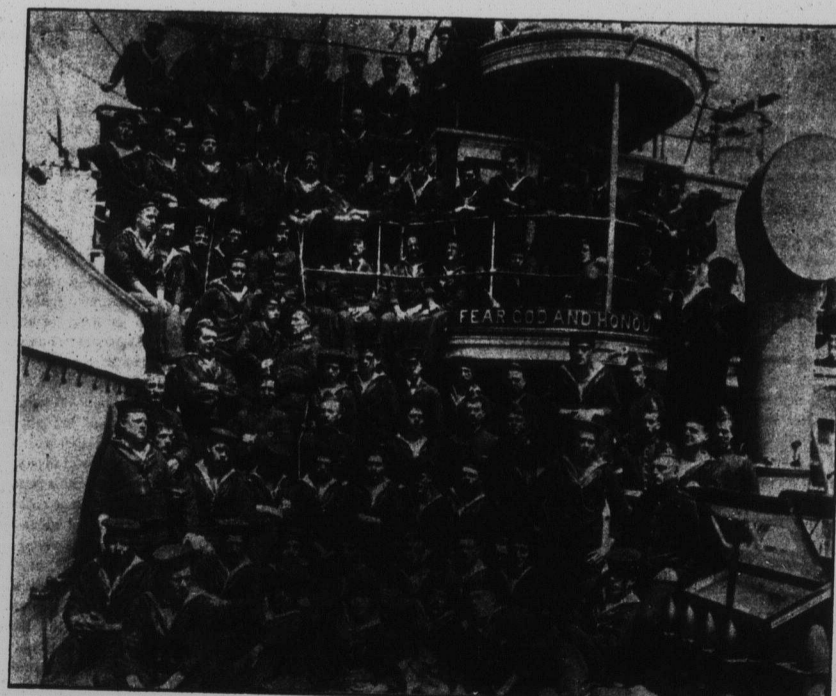
fired by one of the forts in the harbor, followed by the lighting of immense bonfires. The grand pyrotechnic display will be from boats moored in the middle of the harbor and off Queen's wharf. About 200 balloons will be sent up. Then there will be a procession of boats which will proceed around the electrically illuminated warships in the harbor. A large ship will be fired and blown up by submarine mines. The warships will use their powerful searchlights, and altogether a spectacle will be presented unrivalled in the history of this old city.

Friday's programme includes two yacht races, and the great international four-oared race for the championship of the world. There will also be another polo match on the riding ground and a band concert in the evening at the Public Gardens.

On Saturday, the closing day, the Wencott cup race takes place.

Halifax proposes to do herself proud, and she is destined to succeed. As great interest is taken in the professional four oared race, we again publish the portraits of the St. John and Halifax crews.

Hundreds of citizens will go from St. John prepared to cheer them over the course and to give them an ovation should they cross the line ahead. Excursions on both the I. C. R., bay and valley



GROUP OF SAILORS ON BOARD H. M. S. TARTAR.

routes are already announced and the 62nd Fusiliers band has seized what should be a golden opportunity and are conducting a cheap excursion to the Nova Scotian capital.

The average weight of the St. John men is less than 150 pounds and while size is not considered as necessary to athletic success in these days as it was in the olden times, still there are many competent

critics who think that this is a weak feature of the crew.

The average weight of the Halifax crew is 164 pounds.

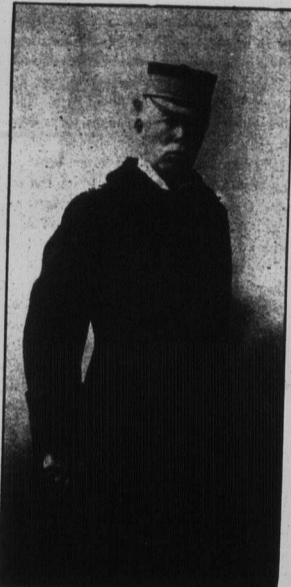
The men are hard at training each day and have the confidence of all Halifax.

The time to select and train the crew was too short, as has already been pointed out by PROGRESS but good use has been made of the two months or less at the disposal of the Halifax men. The crew is under the control of Jerry Holland, than whom a better trainer could not be secured. It was he who trained the Halifax fishermen crew who won the world's championship at Philadelphia in 1876, and twenty years added to his age has not lessened his ability in the slightest. Neither the methods of boat construction nor the principles of training have changed since then. It is a fact worthy of mention that not only is the Halifax trainer the same today as he was twenty years ago, but the crew's headquarters are at the same place—Miss Lawson's on the North West Arm.

The English crew arrived early last week and have their work laid out in a systematic manner. They are hauling down their weight and are putting in a hard practice.

Not much has been heard from the Canadian crew since they arrived this week, but perhaps they will be heard loud enough on the day of the race. Sporting men who have seen them believe they are winners.

PROGRESS was a little late in undertaking to illustrate the carnival, and but few of the many photos in its possession are published today. The portraits of the men at the head of the affair was consid-



GENERAL MONTGOMERY-MOORE, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in B. N. A.

ered the best idea as Halifax has been pretty well illustrated of late.

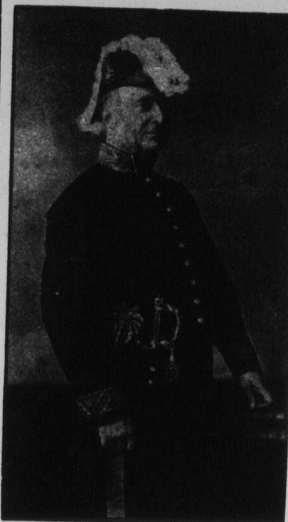
PROGRESS is very much indebted to Secretary MacIlreith for the valuable information given its representative during his short stay at the first of this week.

Overstayed the Mark. When the crew of the barquentine Herbert Fuller were brought into jail on Tuesday last the United States Consul would

WILL THEY BUY THE LADDER?

The Horton Extension Ladder Would be an expensive luxury.

HALIFAX, July 23.—Should the city of Halifax purchase the Horton extension ladder they will do the most outrageous thing ever perpetrated in our civic history. The cords are being worked and the strings



HON. M. B. DALEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

pulled, to palm off on the city a white elephant of the most expensive and ruinous kind, equal in many respects to the one so often sung about by a well-known bank clerk of Halifax.

This Horton extension ladder is a machine invented by Mr. Horton, a builder of this city. It was built for him by Macdonald & Co., and was subsequently purchased by a company who expected to make a bonanza by it. But in their hands it has developed its white elephant characteristics, and the company are now anxious that the incus should be borne by the corporation and not by them. Visions of fortune and wealth to be made by the ladder have faded into thin air. The ladder is a failure mechanically and financially, and the only hope of its owners seems to be to victimize the city and save themselves by inducing the council to purchase it.

Halifax does not need this ladder even if it were any good, and they certainly do not require a machine that could never be turned to any useful purpose. It is cumbersome, heavy and unwieldy, though it shows its inventor to be possessed of some ingenuity.

Attempt after attempt has been made to prevail on the city to buy this ladder, its price being first fixed at something like \$3,500. Now the company would probably take \$3,000. Aldermen, beware! The ladder will become too expensive a white elephant even for a wealthy city like Halifax to maintain without causing much dissatisfaction on the part of taxpayers. Here is an estimate, furnished by a practical freeman, of what this ladder would cost the city to own it for one year:

Original cost.....	\$3,000
Three horses.....	600
Arms.....	250
Best of storehouse.....	500
Wages of two drivers.....	200
Annual repairs.....	200
Total.....	\$5,116

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME AND LIST OF ENTRIES.

SUMMER CARNIVAL,

HALIFAX, N. S.

JULY 28, 29, 30 & 31, 1896.

PATRONS.

ADMIRAL J. E. ERSKINE, commanding British North Atlantic Squadron.
GENERAL MONTGOMERY-MOORE, commanding H. M. Forces in B. N. A.
His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, HON. M. B. DALEY.
COLONEL LEACH, V. C. C. B. Royal Engineers.
COLONEL ISAACSON, Royal Artillery.
COLONEL ANSTRUTHER, Royal Artillery.
COLONEL COLLINGS, Royal Berkshire Regiment.
His Worship the Mayor, D. MCPHERSON, Esq.

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Alderman Thos. Mitchell, Alderman W. J. Butler,
C. S. Lane, Mr. J. W. Stairs,
J. T. Hamilton, Mr. W. A. Henry,
Mr. J. W. Power.
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Honorary Secretary, Mr. F. P. Bligh.
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Surgeon R. D. Jameson, H. M. S. Crescent.
Alderman Redden, Mr. Alex. McDonald,
Mr. Jas. Pryor, Dr. Cameron,
William Ross, Mr. G. H. McKenzie,
Mr. J. T. Lithgow.

Harbor Illuminations.

Chairman—Alderman Mitchell.
Lieut. W. L. Grant, H. M. S. Crescent, Mr. John E. Butler,
Alderman McPatrick, Mr. W. C. Northrup,
Captain Kent, R. E., Mr. P. McQuire,
Mr. George E. Boak, Mr. W. D. Taunton,
G. S. Troop, H. Wier,
B. A. Weston, Mr. W. F. Pickering.

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Chairman—W. A. Henry.
Mr. Wm. Lithgow, Mr. Wm. Scriven,
E. T. Hammett, A. Pyke.

Finance.

Chairman—Mr. J. W. Stairs.
Alderman G. E. Faulkner, Mr. A. Stephen.

EVENTS.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 28th—AFTERNOON.

- 3 p. m. Man-of-War Cutter Race.—Open to Navy only.
1st Prize, \$20. 2nd Prize, \$10.
H. M. S. Tartar, No. 1. H. M. S. Tartar, No. 2.
H. M. S. Crescent crew.
- 3.30 p. m. Labrador Whaler Race.
1st Prize, \$20. 2nd Prize, \$5.
De Young Edward's Crew. Downey-Power Crew.
Dreadnot's Crew. McKay-Bennett "
Argonaut " Leander "
- 4 p. m. Amateur Four Oared.
To be rowed in lapstreak or working boats not outrigger over 9 in. Open to crews of all Amateur Clubs, officers of the Army and Navy.
Prize, 4 Handsome Silver Cups.
Wanderer's Crew. Dartmouth Crew. St. John Crew.
- 4.30 p. m. Fishermen's Flat Race.—To be rowed by bona fide Fishermen.
1st Prize, \$12. 2nd Prize, \$6.
De Young Cleary. Bluenose.
The May Fly. Dido.
Butterfly. Gem.
- 5 p. m. Professional Single Scull Race
For the Championship of the World.
1st Prize, \$500. 2nd Prize, \$150. 3rd Prize, \$100.
Gaudaur. Bubear. Louett.
Rogers. Barry. Durman.
Casey. Haines. Hanlan.
- 4 to 6 p. m. Polo Match, Riding Grounds.
- 8 p. m. Concert at the Public Gardens.
Music by the military bands; beautiful illuminations; magnificent electrical display.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29th—MORNING.

11 a. m. Monster Bicycle Meet and Parade
under auspices Rambler's Bicycle Club. All visiting and city bicycle lists are invited to participate.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.30 p. m. Man-of-War Gig.—Open to Navy only.
1st Prize, \$15. 2nd Prize, \$5.
H. M. S. Tartar, No. 1. Crusier Acadia crew,
H. M. S. " No. 2. H. M. S. Crescent, No. 2.
H. M. S. Crescent, No. 2.
- 3 p. m. Fishermen's Squid Race.
To be rowed by bona fide Fishermen only.
1st Prize, \$20. 2nd Prize, \$10.
Shoo Fly. May Fly,
Herring Cove, Gem.
Drigo.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or five cents each.

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The circulation of this paper is over 12,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances 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.

Halfpenny French Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Grandville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

There are not many people in this country who have previously had the opportunity which they will enjoy next month, of witnessing a most remarkable celestial display. The fact is that, through, according to the almanacs, a total eclipse does occur every year or two, yet on such occasions the geographical limits are very restricted, between which alone the phenomenon can be observed. The track which the moon's shadow takes as it swiftly and silently sweeps along, covers a narrow, though long, strip on the earth, such as might be illustrated by the width and length of the mark made with an ordinary pencil nearly half way round a tennis ball. Though the moon's shadow in the particular eclipse which is now approaching travels overland and sea for more than 10,000 miles its width is scarcely 100 miles and unless the observer occupies a station on this particular line he will see at most only a partial eclipse. The precise courses which the line of totality takes across the earth is laid down by the movements of the sun and moon with, unhappily, a complete disregard to geographical convenience. It will sometimes cross oceans, sometimes traverse deserts and even when the line does enter regions which are, in some degree, suitable to the astronomer, it will probably happen that such regions are only to be reached from our spot on the planet by a long and arduous journey.

It is, therefore, a notable circumstance, that we are now about to be favored with a total eclipse of the sun which takes place on the 9th of August next and for any one who cares to take a trip to Norway a very interesting spectacle may be anticipated. The line traced by the shadow commences in the North Sea at a point just half way between the Faroe Islands and Norway and from this point the sun would be seen to rise in a state of eclipse. No doubt many tourists will assemble at that point on the off chance of a more or less favorable glimpse at an interesting phenomenon which they have never seen before and are not likely ever to witness again. At a point in Siberia an observer would witness this sun at the greatest altitude and totality would last for two minutes and forty seven seconds. This may doubtless seem a very brief period within which to crowd a number of delicate and very important observations but it must be remembered that, even when all the circumstances are as favorable as possible the duration of a total eclipse can never be more than five or six minutes.

NO PLACE FOR THE LEPEERS.

Leprosy, the most dread disease of all which afflicts the human race, is much more common in the Southern States than is generally supposed; and from time to time efforts have been made to stamp out the disease, which has prevailed in that part of the country for over a century and which has been handed down from generation to generation, by the establishment of a home where the afflicted could be isolated. What state or condition can be more pitiable than that of the leper; shunned and abhorred by his kind, his most natural instinct is to hide himself from human gaze and through the various stages of the awful disease await with resignation he may the certain end. Millions are bequeathed yearly to endow some already wealthy college, or to establish some charitable institution for which perhaps there is no very pressing need, though the man who would leave sufficient means to establish, or assist in establishing, a leper colony, or home, would be a true benefactor of his kind and would set an example that would be widely followed. The need is urgent enough indeed.

A week or two ago PROGRESS described the new leper colony in the parish of Iberville, Louisiana, and the opposition which surrounded its establishment. New Orleans strenuously objected and on two occasions the city council interfered when arrangements had been practically completed for the opening of a leper hospital

within the city. Recently after great difficulty the Board of Control secured a lease of what has been known ever since the war as Indian Camp Plantation. The people were opposed to it at first but when it was finally realized what the work meant, and that the lepers were as anxious to be isolated as any one could possibly be to have them, prejudice gave way to pity and every effort was made to induce the lepers throughout the state to come to the colony. One thing needed was sufficient funds to ensure a continuance of the work. The most eminent physicians who had made a life study of the disease, were in charge and the outlook was as cheering as it could possibly be under the circumstances.

Now from Louisiana comes the tidings that Dr. DYER and SCHERCK have resigned a state of affairs that not only interferes seriously with the success of the institution but brings to an abrupt end a number of interesting experiments which promised to solve the problem of leprosy in America. The home has met with very bad luck during the last few weeks. The movement to get rid of the disease in Louisiana has been checked in consequence. The legislature, just adjourned, refused to purchase the plantation used for the hospital and thus make it permanent, and the resignation of the physicians mentioned, who are among the most distinguished dermatologists in the country, and whose ability is recognized throughout the world, is due to dissatisfaction with the financial management of the institution, on the very eve of their experiments, which would have determined whether American leprosy will yield to the newly discovered treatment for that disease.

Two years ago the legislature made isolation possible; there was not enough money given by the state to purchase the property outright but the plantation was leased for five years with the option reserved for the state to purchase it within that time.

The question was fought out in the Legislature a few days ago, and those who were so bitterly opposed to its location have conquered. The members from Iberville protested strongly against the stigma placed on their parish, which they declared would injure every class of property. Some people might regard the State's action as a greater stigma than that of making legitimate provision for a worse than helpless class of human being, but that as it may, the protest was so strong, vigorous and unanimous that it prevailed and the money was refused for the purchase of Indian Camp Plantation. When the lease expires in a little over two years from now the lepers will have to move and they will find no place to go unless it be to some of the uninhabited islands off the Louisiana coast—nobody wants the lepers near him.

This is deeply to be regretted as the home was rapidly collecting all the afflicted ones and there seemed to be every reason for believing that the disease would yield to treatment. As a matter of fact while no cures have been made at Indian Camp, reports show that under the good medical treatment received by the lepers many of them had greatly improved.

The resignation of the doctors mentioned, particularly Dr. DYER, and the refusal of the Legislature to make proper provision for the Lepers Home will seriously interfere with the good work under way, which had already secured some valuable results and promised much more important ones.

England is about to entertain LI HUNG CHANG as a national guest. This distinguished individual has risen from a compositor in the Imperial printing office to the highest honors of his country and now in his old age is its envoy to the courts of Europe and the United States. This marks an immense advance in the policy of China toward outside barbarians.

Although this is only the second time LI HUNG CHANG has left his native country he has seen and known a great many Europeans and Americans and his views are broader and of a wider range than is the case with most of his countrymen. Among the improvements he has introduced are the reorganization of the army, the establishment of dockyards and arsenals, the introduction of telegraphs and to a certain extent of railroads. These things however are so foreign to his country and he has encountered so many obstacles from the inefficiency and corruption of his countrymen, that no very great progress has been made.

LI HUNG CHANG is a man of great shrewdness, a keen observer and seeker after knowledge. No doubt he will store up many ideas that will assume practical shape when he goes back to China.

On Tuesday all the poetry lovers of the world made a pilgrimage in spirit to the shrine of ROBERT BURNS. It was the Centennial anniversary of Scotland's great son of song—the Ayrshire boy who found his inspiration in the meadow daisy and in the bonny banks and braes of Doon. BURNS became the voice of Scotland, not only in the rollicking 'Tam O'Shanter' and the 'Jolly Beggars' of 'Sonsy Nancy' nor the biting sarcasm of 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' but in the reverent strains of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' No poet since Burns' own

day, Whittier, perhaps excepted, has sung such truly pastoral songs.

With all his seriousness and stern practical ideas and training, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER can get off a joke occasionally and this he did during his recent visit to Chicago University which has been so magnificently endowed by him. In the course of a speech he referred to the money he had given to the university and remarked "It is but the beginning"—when he was interrupted by wild and long continued applause as everybody supposed he was about to announce more contributions. After the applause had ended however he continued thus: "And you are going to finish the work."

HON WILLIAM BRYAN is tasting the sweets of notoriety; and hopeless as his cause seems to be he is a source of much uneasiness to his political opponents. There is a very grave danger of the Boy Orator contracting the malady known as a swelled head if many of his admirers express the same sentiment of one enthusiast who at the Silver Mass Convention in Minnesota last week declared that, "Mr. Bryan was the supreme character since JESUS CHRIST."

Individual and organized effort has done very much for the relief of the widows and orphans of the embold miners at Pittston Pa. The emergency is very grave, however, and much is still needed to meet the demand. The cries of the bereaved and poverty stricken women and children must touch a sympathetic chord in every heart.

What war and famine and their attendant horrors have spared in Cuba is now threatened by yellow fever which is now slaying not only the troops, in the towns but no doubt the murgents in the morasses and forests. It is an enemy who knows neither friend nor foe.

The world owes something to Dr. BERTILSON, the eminent French physician, who has proved by recent experiments that kleptomania can be cured by hypnotic suggestion.

Certificates for Women at Oxford. The Council of the Association for the Education of Women in Oxford has decided, pending the revival of the agitation for conferring the bachelor of arts degree on women, to issue certificates to those of its students who have complied with certain conditions of examination and residence.

They will be three kinds, but it will be essential for all that residence shall have been kept in Oxford and a class obtained in an Oxford honor examination. The first will be given for the strict bachelor of arts course with full residence. The second will be given for a course approved by the council of the association, and the third will be obligatory and twelve terms' residence, but there will be no limits of standing. For the third, eight terms' residence will be sufficient, and an intermediate examination will not be required.

The certificate and bear the signatures of the president of the association, and the principal of the college hall, or other body to which the student belongs, and will be issued only to students whose names have been on the books of the association during the requisite period of residence. But the present rules of the association, no student can be placed or remain on its books unless she is a member of Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville College, St. Hugh's Hall or the Body of Home Students, but provision has been made for the recognition, under certain conditions, of new halls.—London Times.

A Scholar of the Antique Type. Dr. Fisher, the senior fellow of Magdalen college, who died last week, had been a resident at Oxford for nearly seventy years, and he was one of the last links with the old days of the university. He had preached the famous assize sermon in 1833 on 'National Apostasy,' which was regarded as the start of the Oxford Movement.

Dr. Fisher was elected to a "Buckingham-hire" fellowship of Magdalen in 1836, and he had ever since made that college his home. Routh had then been president for more than forty-five years, and the discipline of the college had become considerably relaxed under his rule, which lasted for eighteen years longer, when he died at the age of 100. The old fellows of the Magdalen were a jolly, whist-playing, gazing, port-wine drinking set. It was some years after Dr. Fisher's election that one of the fellows died drunk in the night in his college rooms. Dr. Fisher was a good classical scholar of the old school, but country partridge was the delight of his life, particularly trout fishing, and he was an excellent shot and a keen naturalist and botanist.—London Truth.

To Arrest Bleeding. An instrument which is intended for the arrest of bleeding in surgical operations, has been perfected by Mr. Lawson Tait, of London. A platinum wire, arranged to carry a current of electricity, is enclosed in the blades of a pair of steel forceps or any other requisite instrument, the wire being insulated by a bed of burnt pipe clay. A current of suitable voltage is turned on, the artery seized as usual, and the arterial walls are so agglutinated that the passage of blood is rendered impossible. The temperature employed is about 180 degrees Fah., so that it will be seen that the principle is fundamentally different from that of electrical cauterizing instruments. It is stated that by Mr. Tait's instrument the necessity for a ligature is removed, and a new and completely effective method is placed in the hands of the surgeon for the treatment of surface oozing.—Electrical Engineer, July 1.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Forgivened, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is currently rumored through the city this week that in St. Andrews Church tomorrow (Sunday) evening an opportunity will be had of hearing some of the musical talent from the United States now sojourning in our city. The rumor takes the form of saying that Prof. Zielinski will preside at the organ and that Miss Horton, who was referred to last week in this department, will be heard in vocal solo on that occasion.

The many friends in this city of Prof. Charles R. Fisher, organist and ex-conductor of The Oratorio Society, were greatly surprised at seeing him in their midst this week he having arrived here last Tuesday. Prof. Fisher will stay in St. John about a week, during which time—if that old lady of standard veracity generally speaking in such cases—Dame Rumor—be entitled to full credit in this instance—he will be a participant in a highly interesting event, which, while it will be of direct gain to himself, will entail a material loss to the musical people of St. John. Prof. Fisher, I am informed, has been appointed musical director or superintendent at a lady's college in the South. The institution is located near Roanoke, Virginia, and as the year begins toward the end of September Prof. Fisher will have but comparatively brief vacation.

I have heard that a rare musical treat is among the probabilities of the early fall, in fact, for the month of September; and, lest readers of this department should suffer from an ungratified curiosity as to the nature of this musical treat hinted at, I ought to mention what it is. It is true, I must admit, that everything is as yet quite indefinite and perhaps I have erred in alluding to the matter at all, inasmuch as an allusion of this nature naturally arouses desire to learn more and particularly because we have had no concert of any special importance for some time past; that we have suffered from a dearth of music in recent weeks. The immediate outlook, sad to relate does not appear much brighter. Bye the bye I have not yet said what it is. The idea is to have Mrs. Haggerty, the best singer of Halifax N. S. appear here in concert at the Opera house. I trust the plan may be worked out.

The many friends and admirers of Mrs. Fred Spencer, (nee Miss Craigie) will be pleased to hear she has returned to St. John. At present this lady I believe, is passing a holiday on the river and will not return to the United States until early in October next. The promoters of the concert alluded to ought to secure Mrs. Spencer's aid on the occasion. It would indeed be a rare treat to hear these two ladies in the same programme in solo and one or more duets. Each possesses a beautiful voice, and blended together in sweet harmony, such a pleasure would result that its impression would not be effaced for many years. From the memories of those who may be fortunate enough to hear them. I hope this very palpable hint will be taken.

Tones and Undertones.

Nordica has recently married a young Hungarian tenor named Doeme. The ceremony, which took place at the residence of an Episcopal clergyman in Indianapolis, was strictly private. They had been engaged for two years.

Among the European artists already engaged for American tours next year, is Miss Ella Russell, the dramatic soprano, who is one of England's greatest singers and who is making great success on the oratorio and concert stage.

Mlle. Chaminade, the renowned composer pianist, will give concerts in America during April and May of next year.

Alexander Griebmant, the celebrated French organist, is coming to the United States next season. He has made an engagement for fifty concerts.

Sullivan's new opera "The Grand Duke" is said to have met with but moderate success in Berlin. The chances were impaired by a very indifferent performance. The status of Mozart recently unveiled by the Emperor of Austria atones somewhat for the lack of appreciation shown Mozart by the Viennese during his life time and at the time of his death. When Mozart died—and it is ever a reproach to Vienna—his body was buried in the Potter's field and with such carelessness that the exact spot of his sepulchre is to this day unknown.

Arrangements are being made for the visit of Fanny Bloosfeld Zisler, the celebrated pianist, to San Francisco next fall. Mr. W. H. Cummings has been elected director of the London Guildhall school of Music, left vacant by the death of Sir Joseph Barnby. It is one of the plum of the profession in London. The Guildhall is the largest music school in the world—the students number upwards of four thousand.

The Tavery opera company in San Francisco on the 8th inst. produced 'Romeo et Juliet' for the opera was then given its first production in that city.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

behind the Imperial Opera house on ground made sacred by the traditions of early performances of the composer's immortal operas.

M. Maurel has recently been interviewed in Paris and it seems as though the high priced artists are beginning to realize that it is possible to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. M. Maurel says: 'You cannot work for art and pay \$30,000 and \$40,000 a night to your artists. Under such conditions aesthetic considerations are the least likely to appeal to the manager: The result is no longer art; it is a fashion, a passing whim, a fad. There can be nothing stable about such an enterprise. It will be like an Eiffel tower built upon sand. The first storm will shatter it to pieces. The first novelty will capture public attention, and the frail structure the manager has been erecting will be swept away.'

The Bayreuth festival, for which such ample arrangements have been made, was opened on Sunday last. There was an immense number of persons in attendance.

A young lady entered a music store and inquired of the clerk whether he considered a certain piece of music difficult to play. 'Well,' said the clerk, 'it is in five flats.' 'Oh, that is nothing,' replied the fair customer. 'It there are more than three I always erase them with a penknife!'

In the course of a year the same piece may be sung several times, and the old choristers may become acquainted with a good deal of the music in this way, but never otherwise. Mozart is reported to have learned Allegri's "Miserere," by heart, and to have written it down from memory.

The other famous "Misereres," which are now published, were pirated in a similar way. The choirmaster of that day was very unpopular. Some of the leading singers who had sung the "Miserere" during many years in succession, and had thus learned their several parts, met and put together what they knew into a whole, which was at once published, to the no small annoyance and discomfiture of their enemy. But much good music is quite beyond the reach of the public—Palestrina's best motets, airs by Alessandro Stradella, the famous hymn of Raimondi, in short, a great musical library, an archive, as the Romans call such a collection, all of which is practically lost to the world.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The New York Comedy company which has been playing at the Opera house during the week, giving a nightly change of bill, will close their engagement this evening. They have been drawing quite good houses, the business increasing nightly and this fact furnishes perhaps the best of testimony that they have given satisfaction. "The Planters Wife," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "My Partner," are among the plays produced during their engagement. Their prices were 10 20 30 cents.

Miss Ethel Tucker and company will be given an engagement of one week at the Opera house next Monday evening.

Miss Georgia Cayvan will star next season on her return to the stage. She considers she can only effect this return by appearing as a star, because stock companies are not now as they used to be. She says she will have a stock company of the old style and that she will not necessarily occupy the centre of the stage all the time. Very considerate of Georgia this.

At the comedy theatre, London has recently been produced a piece called "The Mummy." It is by Messrs Day & Peath. It is said to be almost farcical comedy, and suggests "a mummy revived after four thousand years and promptly taking to Scotch whiskey and other modern matters, and causing great confusion in the household of the worthy professor to whose energy and knowledge he owes his second existence." It is funny enough truly.

Charles H. Hoyt has returned to New York from his first trip to Europe.

The name of 'Abbey's theatre' in New York has been changed and it will hereafter be known as the 'Knickerbocker.'

Coquelin has been completely worsted in his long-pending lawsuit with the Comedie Francaise, in Paris. The decision of the first Chamber of the Court of Appeal upholds the previous injunctions, which condemned the celebrated actor to pay heavily for his repeated infringements of the musty Moscow Decrees. By order of the Court, Coquelin will now have to pay 15,000 francs for the thirty performances of "Thermidor," which he gave at the Porte Saint-Martin during the law proceedings. In addition to this he must disburse to the Comedie Francaise 12,600 francs for twenty-one performances of "Thermidor" held after the first judgment pronounced against him. For every presentation up to the

number of thirty hereafter to be given by the actors without the permission of the Minister of Fine Arts, he will have to pay 1,000 francs—a sum to be increased should he still prove recalcitrant and resolve to brave the thunderbolts of the law to the bitter end.

Miss Georgia Cayvan was the original 'Lina' in 'The White Slave' Bartley Campbell's play. She was the original Lura in the American production of 'Romany Rye' at Booth's theatre. This lady was born in Maine, went to Boston as a child and was educated in the public schools of that city.

T. D. Fawley, now theatrical manager, as well as actor, is said to be meeting with much success in San Francisco. He is rapidly attaining wealth.

The summer season of W. S. Hawkins' company closed in Yarmouth, N. S., last week. Mr. Hawkins and family intend passing some weeks in this city and vicinity.

Music of the Sixties Chapel. No musical instruments are ever used in the Sixties. In the choir, on the contrary, there are two large organs. The one on the west side is employed on all ordinary occasions; it is over two hundred years old, and is tuned about two tones below the modern pitch. It is so worn out that an organ builder is in attendance during every service to make repairs at a moment's notice. The bellows leak, the stops stick, some notes have a chronic tendency to "cypher," and the pedal "trackers" unhook themselves unexpectedly. But the canon would certainly not think of building a new organ.

Should they ever do so, and tune the instrument to the modern pitch, the consternation of the singers would be great, for the music is all written for the existing organ, and could not be performed two notes higher, not to mention the confusion that would arise where all the music is sung at sight. This is a fact not generally known, but worthy of notice. The music sung in St. Peter's, and indeed, in most Roman churches, is never rehearsed or practiced. The music itself is entirely in manuscript, and is the property of the choirmaster, or, as is the case at St. Peter's, of the chapter, and there is no copyright, in it beyond this fact of actual possession, protected by the simple plan of never allowing any musician to have his part in his hand except while he is actually performing it.

For a July Luncheon. A cherry soup for July luncheon or dinner should be made from sour cherries. Remove the pits, and cover with a quart of cold water. When the water comes to a boil add half a cupful of granulated sugar, and pass through a colander, pressing the fruit through. Put over the fire and when soft thicken with one tablespoonful of moistened arrowroot. Stir until as smooth as velvet, cook a moment, and just before taking from the fire add a tablespoonful of lemon juice. When cold serve in small glasses with a little cracked ice in each. Sometimes a tablespoonful of red wine or brandy is added to a fruit soup just before cooling. This flavor is perhaps better with a currant soup than with any other. —New York Evening Post.

Game in Central Africa. Game it is to be preserved in Central Africa. Major Von Wisman has set aside a portion of German East Africa within which no shooting will be allowed, without a license from the Governor of the Colony. A license to shoot elephant of rhinoceros costs 200 rupees a year for a native; female and young elephants with tusks weighing less than six pounds must not be shot at all. White men will pay 100 rupees for every other elephant shot and 250 rupees for every other 50 rupees for all after them. Monkeys, beasts of prey, boars and birds, except ostriches and secretary birds, may be killed without a license.

Cleaning Silk Ties. Gentlemen's silk ties may be cleaned by rubbing them with French chalk or magnesia, and then holding to the fire. This will clean thoroughly, and the heat absorbs all grease.

Among the Hottentots. First Belle—Didn't you get anything at the missionary's? Second Belle—No. They tried to work off a waist with narrow sleeves, but I wouldn't have it.

To Keep Trade Moving. One of the biggest department stores in New York proposes to keep trade moving during the hot weather by furnishing free soda to every purchaser. The experiment is interesting.

Glass factories were established at Rome in 54 B.C. in which blown, cast, wrought, embossed, cut and millifiori glass of all kinds and colors was made in the shape of vessels, bottles, bowls, window panes, mosaics, water clocks, dice, chessmen and ornaments.

The Convent of Arthabaska, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

Windsor Salt For, Table and Dairy Purposes and Best.

SMOOTH HANDS... W... F... G... W... 11... Agent for... Pele... OUR BRANDS... E. G.

Gov't Report.

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It's a Good Thing! Push it Along!

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SMOOTH ON THE HANDS
ROUGH ON THE DIRT

It is an established fact that there is no Soap that gives as complete satisfaction wherever used as The Old Original and Reliable "Welcome."

It will pay every clever house-keeper to try it.

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AND ABSOLUTE PURITY GUARANTEED.

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Social and Personal.

General Warner, Miss Bob Warner, Miss Robinson and Mr. James Warner leave Monday for Halifax, where they will remain during carnival week.

The one hundredth anniversary of the death of Robert Burns was commemorated in a very becoming and successful manner by clannish and others in the room of Clan Mackenzie, Odd Fellows' building on Tuesday. The exercises were begun a little after 8 o'clock, with the rendition on the violin of several exquisite Scotch airs by Professor White. Next followed Burns' song, "A man's a Man for a' that," by Mr. Murray, and then came a song by Mrs. Doerly, Ye Banks and Brass O' Bonnie Doon. Selections from "The Vision" were read by Mr. C. J. Milligan. After this was an address on the genius and influence of Burns by the Rev. Mr. Green, concluding with a poetical tribute to Burns. At the conclusion of this poem, a song written by Mr. Green was sung by Prof. White.

Rev. Mr. Balanis read the Cotta's Saturday Night, and Mrs. Worden sang Highland Mary with good effect. O West Thou in the Canid Blast was sung as a duet by Mrs. McCulloch and Miss Mitchell. The Epistle for the Friend was read effectively by Mr. J. W. Barnes of New York city.

Mr. George Croig sang "O the Airs the Win Coo" in good form.

Mr. George Dishart sang My Nanni's Awa very finely.

John Anderson My Jo John was rendered by Mr. Murray, after which the audience united in singing Auld Lang Syne. The anniversary celebration was a most excellent one.

Mrs. E. H. James and Miss Edith James have returned to Buctouche after a visit to city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pugsley and Miss Mabel Pugsley of Amherst have visited city friends.

Miss Darling of Roxbury is in Amherst visiting her sister Mrs. W. J. Moran.

Mr. R. Lawrence is spending the summer in St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. James Logan are in St. George as guests of Mrs. James White.

Mrs. Gilmore and Master Gilmore have been visiting Farraboro N. S. friends lately.

Mr. John Short is in Richibucto visiting Mr. Wm. Short.

Mr. Harry McLellan spent a short time in St. Stephen lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King spent several days in Calais lately.

Mrs. T. H. Street of St. John is visiting St. Andrews.

Mrs. R. M. Hazen is in St. Andrews and is staying at Miss Sprague's.

Mr. W. A. Robertson of St. Andrews spent a day or two here last week. He returned home on Saturday accompanied by Miss Nina Robertson.

Miss Hogg of Fredericton is visiting Mrs. W. T. Powers, Acadia street.

Misses Nellie Harding, Nellie Richards, Nellie Fielders and Alice Rouse have been visiting Miss Laura McLoughlin at "Chatsworth" River Bank.

Mr. H. D. Tilley spent Sunday with Fredericton friends.

Miss Johnson and the Misses Wainwright and Margaret Johnson of Fredericton are in the city next week, for a few weeks visit.

A merry party of ladies visited Fredericton lately and while in that city were guests of Mr. John Richard. The party which included Mrs. J. Fen Fraser, Mrs. Horace King, Mrs. Sancton, Mrs. Clara DeForest, Mrs. Henry Rankine, and Miss Ella Fraser, returned to the city on the David Weston.

Miss Maggie Dever, who spent several days lately with St. John friends has returned to Fredericton.

Mrs. Beverly Stevens of St. Stephen is visiting city friends.

Mr. George M. Lord of New York is in the city. Mr. Lord has made many friends here in his semi-annual trips.

Miss Emma Maxwell is home after an extended visit to Providence, R. I.

Mr. William Stephenson of Maine is visiting his parents on Westmorland Road.

Mr. Stephen P. Gerow is spending his vacation with friends in Somerville Mass.

Mrs. W. G. Miller, Miss Mildred and Master Robin Miller, who have been residing in Roxbury have returned to their former home near Harcourt.

A party of St. John gentlemen who registered at Kennedy's in St. Andrews lately were Mr. J. O. Charlton, Mr. H. E. Palmer, Mr. R. Mills, Mr. D. J. Doerly, and Mr. Charles E. Farrand.

Miss Beattie McPherson has returned from a visit to Fredericton. She was accompanied by Miss Gulon whose guest she was while in that city, and by Miss Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are visiting out of town friends.

Miss Nan McDonald of St. John is visiting her cousin Miss Sadie Wiley of Fredericton, Miss Rita McAvity is also in that city visiting Miss Hat; and the two young ladies are enjoying an outing with several Fredericton ladies and gentlemen, at Pine Bluff under the chaperonage of Mrs. David Hat.

Miss Nora Shand has returned to Windsor after a delightful visit to city friends.

Miss Weldon who has been in Windsor visiting Mrs. J. B. Black has returned home. She was accompanied by Miss Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ellis of St. John are in Windsor visiting Mrs. Wade.

Mr. G. Arnold has been visiting Windsor friends lately.

Mrs. George T. Higgins and son Curtis returned today from Worden, P. Q. where they have been spending the summer with Mrs. Higgins' father Mayor McLaughlin at Ervendale on the St. John river.

Mrs. Fred Spencer is summing at Ervendale on the St. John river.

Mr. Robert L. Smith and bride will leave New York for England on Tuesday next.

Mr. Frank Skinner left this week for New York where he takes passage for England.

Miss Souds and Miss Eleanor Steds have gone to Coverhill, York county to spend a few weeks visiting friends there.

Miss J. Bowerswell of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. H. S. Cruikshank Golding street.

St. John has certainly had no lack of dramatic attractions during the last four or five weeks. Immediately upon the close of the successful Harkins' engagement comes the New York Comedy Co. with an interesting and attractive repertoire. The company, on the whole was a very good one, fully up to the average company that visits the provinces. They opened on Monday evening last in the southern melodrama entitled The Planter's Wife. This piece has been seen so often by St. John audiences that the standard here is high and any little deficiencies are perhaps more noticeable. It was, however, given a very fair production. The principal male role in the cast was taken by Walter Wilson, a promising young actor, but who has noticeable mannerisms. He, however, gave a good rendition of the part and his heavy work at times was excellent. His work was not seen to good advantage as Arthur Blake, and when his work is compared with others who have played this part the comparison is not favorable to Mr. Hocky. The role of the Earl of Darncourt in Little Lord Fauntleroy was not at all suited to him as he possessed none of the quiet dignity that is so essential to that character and has not a good stage presence. Mr. Wilson T. Bennetto is always a favorite with St. John audiences and his work is equal to that of any ever seen here; as Harry Livingston of the village he was eminently successful and succeeded in making himself as unpopular with his audience as possible. On Tuesday evening he appeared in Little Lord Fauntleroy as Mr. Evershew and his rendition of that role made him very popular with his audience.

Mr. John E. Brennan is a very clever comedian and on Monday evening made a winsome engagement as Simcoe Simcoe. His work all through the engagement was of a high order and as a fun maker he ranks among the best.

Of the ladies, Miss Eva Westcott was very pleasing, and on Monday evening made a winsome "Angry Gordon." On Tuesday she was seen in the title role of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and materially strengthened the good impression she has made on St. John audiences. Her specialties are crisp and catchy her pleasing stage presence is winning for her hosts of friends in this city. Miss Desmond in the role of Mrs. Erroll was very successful and she was also good as the faithful but greatly tried heroine in The Planter's Wife.

Rev. Mr. DeSoyre last Tuesday on a short visit to St. John and on Monday left on the same day for a short visit to Fredericton.

Mr. F. B. Kenward of Watford, Ont., is a visitor to the city this week.

Hon. A. G. Blair has returned from a visit to Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hale of Woodstock visited the city this week.

Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Webster and Miss Webster of Buenos Ayres are among the city's visitors this week.

Mr. F. W. Sherwood of Deadwood, S. D. is paying a short visit to St. John where he has many friends as he was at one time night despatcher in the I. C. R. office here.

Mr. D. P. George and family arrived from Fredericton this week and are spending the summer at the Bay shore.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Whitefield and Miss Whitefield of Salem, Mass. are visiting St. John.

Mr. George Taylor of Los Angeles, Mr. William Brown of Winnipeg and Mr. James Britain of Boston, all former residents of Carleton are home visiting their relatives.

Mr. John Miller of Toronto is paying a visit to the city.

The marriage of Mr. Charles R. Fisher who is well known here and Miss Estelle Lewis takes place in this city on Wednesday next.

Mr. Lee A. Saunders of Boston is visiting city friends.

Dr. W. H. Stevens intends to remove from this city to Fredericton about the beginning of August.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Goodwin gave a very enjoyable lawn party at Westfield beach in honor of the guests the Misses Polley of Boston, Wednesday afternoon. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Seely, Mr. E. A. Goodwin, Miss Hickey, Sackville; Miss Nellie Harding, Westford; Miss Nellie Fielders, Miss Price, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Rouse, Miss Polley, Miss A. Crawford, Miss George Polley, Miss Shannon, and Miss Emily Goodwin. Dr. Wheeler, Messrs. Morley and Ross McLaughlin, Dr. Scamell, Dr. Price, Mr. A. Patterson, Mr. G. Watters, and Dr. Frits.

The Misses Fawcett of Sackville who are on a driving tour through to Fredericton are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Goodwin this week.

Mr. Thomas H. Gilbert of Gagetown is spending a day or two here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Murray of Montreal are here for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tucker of Boston are in the city a day or two.

Mrs. (Dr.) F. A. Woodbury of Brattleboro, Vermont, formerly Mrs. C. H. Hatfield of this city, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Fred A. Cain of Waterloo St.

Dr. J. H. Ryan, who has been living in the city of Los Angeles, Cal., returned this week. It is his intention to continue practice at his former location, Sussex, Kings county. While abroad Dr. Ryan has spent considerable time in hospital work in a few of the larger cities of the nation.

The marriage took place of Thursday morning at the residence of the brides parents, of Mr. Robert L. Smith and Miss Alice Ruddock, daughter of Mr. Francis Ruddock, the ceremony being performed by Rev. R. P. McKim. Only the members of the families of the bride and groom were present. The bride who was most becomingly attired in a handsome travelling dress, was unattended. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Smith left by the morning express for New York. They will sail on the 23rd for England on the steamer New York. Both bride and groom have hosts of friends who will be unanimous in wishing them every happiness. They received many beautiful presents, among them being a handsome onyx table and piece of statuary from the employees of Messrs Macaulay Bros & Co.

Another interesting event which took place at 2:30 p. m., Thursday, was the marriage of Miss Bessie Reid Cameron, daughter of the late Mr. D. A. Cameron, and Rev. Thomas McAdam of North Bay, Ont. The marriage was solemnized in St. Andrews church, Rev. L. G. MacNell officiating in the presence of a large number of friends of the bride and her family. The bridal party was unattended; the bride looked charming in a very becoming travelling costume of brown cloth trimmed with cream brocade satin. After the ceremony an informal reception was held at the residence of the brides mother on Sydney street and a number of immediate relatives and friends tendered their congratulations to the newly wedded pair, who later in the afternoon left for Montreal. The bride received many elegant presents among them being a case of solid silver table spoons from the teachers in the Sunday school, and other friends in St. Andrews church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Street of Newcastle was here for a day or two this week.

Judge Forbes and Mrs. Forbes have returned from their European trip.

Mr. Frank Skinner sails from New York for England, on Wednesday of next week.

Mrs. Shenton, wife of Rev. Job Shenton is in Charlottetown visiting the Misses Dawson, daughters of Mayor Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones of Apohaqui are visiting the city.

Mr. James McSherry who has been visiting his parents in North End, returned to Boston on Saturday.

Mrs. Hugh Finlay Jr. and little daughter of Boston are visiting city relatives.

Miss Milliken of Moncton spent a few days of last week visiting Mrs. Howard MacLean, Carleton street, she left on Monday for Shediac to join her mother and sister Mrs. Jack who are visiting there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hosmer, Mr. Kenneth Hosmer and Miss Tansy of Fleichburg are a party of Americans at present in the city.

Mr. W. L. Waring and Mr. I. Olive are enjoying a trip to St. Andrews.

Rev. G. Osborne Troop of Montreal, and family have gone to Kingsman where they will remain all summer.

Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Cliff of Windsor, N. B., paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cook of Bangor are staying here for a short time.

Sensator and Mrs. Baird of Perth Centre are paying a brief visit to the city.

Miss Bessie Williamson of Fredericton is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Haron.

Mr. B. Foley and Miss Foley of Boston are spending a short time in the city.

[Continued on SEVENTH PAGE.]

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for us; that is, the manufacture of

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We guarantee them SUPERIOR to any shown at the same price, either of Home or Foreign manufacture.

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Better than the Best...

A Fact is a Positive Proof of an Assertion.

After you have used a Royal Art this will appear clearer, as the scores of Testimonials imply, and we guarantee every Range we send out or money returned, so that you do not take any risk in buying a Royal Art.

EVERY ONE PLACED SELLS ANOTHER.



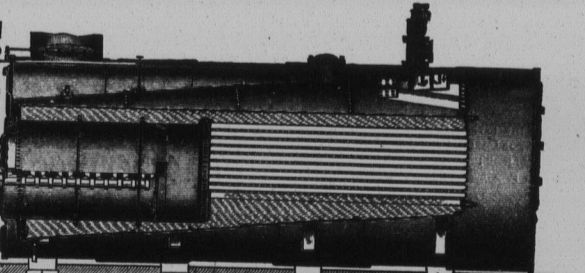
EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S. - Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Hammocks, and other seasonable Goods.

It's Your Fault

if your skin is cracked, broken, chapped and sore. You should use a soap that heals, not wounds; strengthens, not destroys; that makes the skin soft, smooth and sweet. It's your fault if you do not use BABY'S OWN SOAP. For sale by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

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 brickset boiler. We guarantee at least 10 per cent.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Ltd., - Amherst, N. S.

J. S. CURRIE, Agent, Water street, cor. Walker's Wharf, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sleep, Sound and Refreshing

visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

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

C. S. DeFRETTE, Brunswick street... CLOPPARD STREET, 1111 Hollis street... FOWLER'S NEWS STAND, 101 E. R. Depot...

Sunday was a day to be remembered by the children of the Church of the Redeemer. It being set apart for their special benefit.

Prayer. Psalm of praise. Responsive reading, pastor and school. Hymn—"Sheltered vale," choir and school.

Yeast solo—"Consider the lilies," Mrs. Kearney. Hymn—"The Robin's carol," Edna Kelly and Edna McNutt.

"The Secret of the Flowers"—Pearl Hutchison, Maud Merrick, Lillian Cunningham, Alice West, Wm. Gordon, Berdie Lewis, Gladys Crosskill.

Recitations—Willie Merrick, Stella West, Ethel Harris. Solo—"The Better Land," Miss Bandford. Recitations—Tie Sterns, Gerie Frasse, May Merrick.

Recitations—"The Good Shepherd," Misses Gordon and Hutchison. Recitations—Eugie Sterns, Gerie Bowes, Edith Russell.

Recitations—"Ring on, Sweet Angelus," Miss Flora McNutt. Hymn—"Valent Little Soldiers," choir and school.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, and a large number of people were in attendance.

Rev. Dyson Hague and Mrs. Hague have been spending a week in Annapolis, he returned to the city.

Minister of Milha Borden arrived in the city, late for Ottawa, and left again for Wolfville.

W. J. Hutchins, organist of St. Paul's, is going to England on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. E. F. Burns left Great Britain lately for Halifax, where she will be welcomed for the sake of the late Dr. Burns and for her own sake as well.

The marriage is to take place the last of August of Seymour Grant, of this city, to Miss Minnie daughter of E. B. Hubley, of the 14 Mile House St. Margaret's Bay Road.

Hon. W. S. Pridmore left for Ottawa last week, to be sworn in as Minister of Finance. He took leave of the officials in the Provincial Building this forenoon, with all of whom his relations for more than a dozen years have been most pleasing and satisfactory.

Deputy Prothonotary Nicholas McClellan has been confined to his home the past week through illness. A pretty wedding was solemnized in the Methodist church, Burlington, Hants on Wednesday, July 15, at 2:30 p.m., the contracting parties being Annie Louie Anawin, the officiating clergyman, Rev. J. G. Angus, M. D., of Bedford. Miss Edith Angier, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Alfred Cochran, brother of the groom, acted as groomsmen.

Some of the young men of the town gave a picnic on Tuesday afternoon at Meander, and on that day Miss Georgie Keith entertained a number of other young friends in the same manner.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache...

Hood's Pills

Insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection

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

Carriages

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

As Bread Is to Cake

So is OBELESK flour to the ordinary flour. One contains the vital life principle of wheat in its fulness, the other contains but a portion of it.

The Tilson Company, Ltd., Tilsonburg, Ont.

GREAT REDUCTION IN MILLINERY!



Hats, Toques and Bonnets, TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED, at greatly reduced prices. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

Netherwood ROTHEBAY, N. B.

A Home School for Girls on Church of England lines. For Calendar, etc., apply to Mrs. J. SIMON ARMSTRONG, Principal.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I WAS CURED OF Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTONE, Lot 5, F. E. I.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I WAS CURED OF a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MADON, Mahone Bay.

Miss Laura Mills has returned from a visit to Halifax.

Miss George Lucifre who has been teaching at Port (Havre) returned to Amherst on Monday.

Miss Mabel Goldsmith of Cambridge came on Saturday to visit her sister, Mrs. A. D. Ross and her King who has been her guest for a fortnight.

Miss McKenna of Tanagouche who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McKenna returned home the first of the week.

The Misses Hensley of Bangor are visiting their uncle Dr. Ellis.

Miss Darling of Robbsey is visiting her sister Mrs. W. J. Moran.

Prof. and Mrs. Cameron of Yarmouth are guests of Mrs. Tupper.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunlop and son Henry have gone for a driving tour around the southern shore of N. S.

Mrs. James Dickey gave a delightful tea on Thursday afternoon at Grove cottage to a goodly number of her married friends among whom were a number of visitors from other towns which made the event unusually pleasant.

Another very pleasant tea was given on Tuesday by the Misses Dickey, Misses Purdy and Miss Munro in attending to her many guests present.

Among whom were Mrs. W. D. Main, Mrs. A. D. Bishop, Mrs. W. D. Douglas, Mrs. H. B. James, Mrs. J. W. Wood, Mrs. W. J. Rogers, Mrs. K. Kennedy, Mrs. Robt. Pugsley, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. B. D. Bent, Mrs. E. Eiden, Mrs. A. D. Munro, Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Mrs. R. C. Fuller, Mrs. V. E. Harris, Mrs. Ingle Bent, Mrs. M. Bent, Mrs. C. O. Tupper, Mrs. W. J. McKenna, Mrs. T. M. Black, Mrs. W. Black, Mrs. T. R. Black, Mrs. E. E. Hewson, Miss McCreedy, Mrs. C. W. Hewson, Mrs. B. Howard, Mrs. Albert Hodson, Mrs. A. P. McKimmon, Miss Calkin, Mrs. W. J. Moran, and Mrs. M. E. Borne.

Another very pleasant tea was given on Tuesday by Mrs. B. D. Bent at Hillside cottage to many young ladies in honor of her visitor Miss Calkin.

Mrs. Craig served five o'clock tea to quite a number of guests at her home on Academy street.

Miss Kathleen Coates has gone to visit her mother at Soutchoke.

Rev. and Mrs. McGregor returned last week for a delightful visit to friends at Cape Breton.

Miss Greenfield went to Wallace on Tuesday, for a fortnight by the sea.

Miss Blakey of Blakely of Boston is visiting her aunt Mrs. A. Wilson.

The picnic season is progressing most favorably so far not one has been attended with bad weather. The baptist B. have gone on a mass to P. du for a fortnight by the sea.

Miss St. Stevens and children Miss Clarke and Mrs. St. Stevens of Boston are in town.

"Strongest and Best."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

100 PRZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

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

Miss James of Bridgetown is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Stewart.

Miss Helen Jameson has returned from a visit among friends in Kentville.

The Misses Farris of Poughkeepsie N. Y., are at the "Kestrel."

Mrs. Fullerton and Miss Fullerton of Bridgetown, mother and sister of Editor Fullerton of the "Courier" are about to take up their residence in Digby.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Dakin of Windsor are visiting friends here.

Mr. R. A. Carder of Boston is here in the interests of I. S. S. Co.

Rev. Mr. Phillips the new pastor of Gray Methodist church will enter on his duties Sunday.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book Store.]

June 22—Miss Minnie Morriess and Mr. Augustus Garvin were made one in St. Bridget's church on Wednesday morning. The bride wore a brown travelling dress and the bridegroom a blue gown, Mr. John Garvin supported the groom. The happy couple drove to Halloway where they took the train for a wedding trip.

Mrs. A. E. McLeod entertained the members of the summer school of science and others at a garden party on Friday afternoon.

A drive to five islands came off on Wednesday afternoon and on Saturday a large party went to Blomidon in the Evangeline where a delightful day was spent, with a visit to Km. sport returning.

Mrs. Wade of Aylesford came over with her two little daughters on Tuesday and will spend several weeks with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Fraser of Halifax are here also Mr. James Hanney of St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. John Margeson of Kentville are staying at the Grand Central.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT.

For the year ending December 31, 1895.

Assets... Total Income... Total Assets... Surplus... Total paid policy-holders in 1895... This is about \$10,000,000 more than the annual revenue of the Dominion of Canada.

Notes—Insurance merely written is discarded from this statement as wholly unproductive, and only insurance actually issued or paid for is cash included.

Special Agents: J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent, Halifax, N. S.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS

Sawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit.

MADE ONLY BY BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

TEABERRY FOR THE HARMLESS TEETH

CLEANSING TOOTH ZOPESA (CHEMICAL CO.) TORONTO 250.

Shoulder Braces.

Carriage Sponges, Toilet Sponges, Hair Sponges, Bath Towels.

JUST RECEIVED AT W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, TELEPHONE 230. 35 KING STREET.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer's) all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part containing Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; said press is capable in its old days of performing the best work, while the Water Motor is perfect horse power. As this plant now stands it is in practically the same as it was on leaving it, complete, and in excellent condition. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. C. RUDMAN, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton N.S.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight or else why should so many continue to use ill smelling, oily, and often useless preparation for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful, and penetrating as this Nerviline is, can be purchased from any dealer in medicine. Nerviline cures instantly sciatic and rheumatic pain. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for neuralgia. Nerviline applied externally immediately closes the most intense pain almost at once.

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NOW THE BEST TIME. IS ALWAYS THE BEST TIME.

SUMMER STUDY with us is just as agreeable as any other time. Facilities are secured in our rooms...

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of R. S. Dag...

JULY 22.—The members of the St. Croix club, which is now a most popular and fashionable place...

The strawberry party given by the young ladies of Christ Church on Thursday evening last, was well attended and very successful.

Mrs. Frank Porter Woods gave a luncheon party on Thursday which her guests pronounced a most charming affair.

Mrs. Percy Lord and Mrs. Henry Pike gave invitations on Monday to a party of friends to enjoy a boathouse ride and a picnic at Chamcook...

A number of ladies made up a party and attended the theatre in the St. Croix hall on Monday evening. The play was "The Lost Paradise," and was most interesting and enjoyable.

The pretty little baptist church on Church street, Calais, on Wednesday afternoon, was the scene of the most brilliant and fashionable social society of the St. Croix. It will probably enjoy this season...

It was the marriage of Miss Carolyn Mae Lord, only daughter and heiress of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lord, to Prof. Franklin Winslow Johnson...

The church was most artistically adorned with flowers, ferns and palms; green and white were the colors used and white roses which came from the village were in profusion and the church looked a dainty fairy town.

From noon the guests began to arrive and as the clock chimed the hour of twelve, the strains of the wedding march by Lohse were heard, pealed through the church; at the same moment the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Norman Bassett came from the vestry and stood before the altar, awaiting his bride who was entering the church leaning on the arm of her father. She was attired in a magnificent bridal costume, of white broadcloth silk richly trimmed with pearls and diamonds. She wore a tulle veil, over which she carried a bouquet of white carnations. Following the bride were her five bridesmaids Miss Lavin J. Holden, of Bangor, Vermont, Miss Elizabeth Rogers of South Sudbury, Mass., Miss Elizabeth A. Woodman, Bangor, Me., Miss Della M. Smith, Bangor, Me., and Miss Viola Evans, Bangor, Me.

These young ladies are all Wesleyan students, classmates of Miss Lord, who was a special student at Wesley during the past two years. They were all gowned alike in dainty pink and white organdy, trimmed with pink ribbons, and wore picture hats, of pink and white tulle, and carried bouquets of break pink. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Padelford, and during the ceremony, low sweet strains of music were continuous, and Mendelssohn's wedding march was played as the bride party left the church. A reception was given at the bride's home, from three till four o'clock, which was decorated for the occasion. A handsome floral arch was erected under which the bride and groom stood to receive congratulations. The decorations in the room were green and pink, and in the dining room pink and green, pink roses being used in profusion. The wedding gifts were most elegant, and were displayed in the library. The bride presented to her maid of honor, and bridesmaids handsome jeweled pins as souvenirs. At five o'clock, and after the wedding, the wishes of their guests, the happy young pair drove to the station and left in the train for a wedding tour to be spent in dainty fashionable seaside watering places. The brides going away were of brown novelty cloth with hat to match. A number of the guests, friends and the bridesmaids drove to the station, and no bride on the St. Croix ever had a more happy leave taking, gaily regaled—songs were sung, and as the train moved away the wedding cheer was given again and again and the happy pair were delighted with showers of rice, and roses and innumerable wishes of good luck and happiness for their future.

"Westwoods" the charming residence of Mr. Walter Brander, was rented by Mr. John Black who will occupy it with his family in October. The engagement of the Rev. J. W. D. Thomas of St. Annes church, Calais, to Miss Snow of Portland, was announced during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Grimmer spent Sunday in St. Andrews.

Mr. G. Durell Grimmer came up to St. Andrews on Friday and made a brief visit to town.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong and Judge Cochran of St. Andrews were in town during this week.

Miss Alice Chesley of Boston is the guest of Miss Mattie Nichols.

Mr. Richard Sawyer and Mr. E. M. Bates, who attended the Democratic convention at Chicago, are again at home, having visited other cities before their return.

Mrs. Clara of Wollaston Heights, Mass., is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Misses Beattie and Kattie Collins of Portland, Me., are guests of Misses George and Sadie McAllister. On Saturday afternoon the Misses McAllister gave an "All Stars" for their pleasure, to which thirty five young ladies were invited. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the scene was unusually pretty, for seldom do we see so many lovely girls grouped together, so many charming costumes. The afternoon was a joyous one, and was particularly enjoyed by the young ladies.

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Mr. H. C. McNutt of the Fredericton Herald is in town this week for a short visit.

Mrs. Joseph S. Meredith and Mrs. Ernest Haycock made a brief visit to St. Andrews this week.

Mr. Monroe Clapp of Waltham, Mass., is visiting in Calais his venerable father Mr. A. L. Clapp.

Mrs. William Harper and her young son Herbert are spending a fortnight in St. Andrews.

Mr. Will Sabatini of New York city is spending a vacation in town and is the guest of Dr. Frank T. Blair.

Mrs. John K. McKenzie accompanied by her daughter Miss Margaret McKenzie, and her son Miss Vera McKenzie, all expected from Rumford Falls, Maine, next week and will spend the month of August with relatives in town.

Miss Florence Mitchell returned on Saturday from Hamilton after a pleasant visit of two weeks with Mrs. E. L. Blaggett.

Miss Winifred Todd has gone to Carleton to visit friends for a week or ten days.

Mr. J. E. Ganong has returned from a trip in Montreal.

Mr. Harry McLeelan of St. John was in town during this week.

Senator Temple made a brief visit here on Friday last.

Mrs. Holyoke's staging in Trinity church on Sunday morning was most pleasing, and many pleasant comments have been made in regard to it.

Mrs. Andrew Mungall accompanied by her children Norman and Mollie and Miss Mungall of Manchester, New Hampshire, is spending a few weeks at the Lodge at the cottage so long known as "Rockaway Cottage," which is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Howard G. Beardman and Mrs. Albert Todd are occupying "Thistle Cottage" at the Lodge.

Mrs. Bertha P. Whedden and Miss Marian H. Curran are visiting in Lunenburg.

Mrs. E. P. Bostelle of Bangor is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Lowell.

Miss Madeline Benson came up to St. Andrews and spent a few days during this week, but has since returned where she will remain three weeks to enjoy the salt sea breeze of the shore town.

Rev. E. G. McCully went to Eastport on Saturday to preach to the good people of that city on Sunday.

Among the out of town guests who attended the wedding of Miss Carolyn Lord and Prof. Frank W. Johnson were Mrs. William B. Clough of Everett, Mass., Mrs. E. W. Johnson, Wilton, Maine, Mrs. E. A. Holmes, Eastport, Miss Helen Adams, Ellsworth, Maine, and Hon. D. G. Bean, Wilton, Maine.

Mr. Chandler of Gloucester Mass. is the guest of her friend Mrs. Mary Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King of St. John have been in Calais several days.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. F. Hoffman of Brooklyn New York accompanied by their son were in town during this week on their way to Bonny River, where they will spend the summer.

Rev. Mr. Williams occupied the pulpit of the union church on Sunday, and Rev. S. G. Davis pastor of the union church took Mr. Williams services in the congregational church Calais.

Miss Alice Cullinan left this week for New York city.

Miss Helen Murchie, the young daughter of Mayor Murchie is recovering from her attack of diphtheria with which dread disease she has suffered most painfully during the past week.

Mrs. Beverly Stevens has gone to St. John to visit relatives for a few days.

Mrs. Trickey of Portland Maine, who has been Mr. Henry Pike's guest has returned home after a most delightful visit to the shore town.

Mrs. John McGillicuddy of Oklahoma is the guest of Miss Julia McMillen during the summer.

Mr. Walter Bradish of Eastport spent Sunday in Calais.

Miss Hattie Dean is visiting her friend Mrs. Henry B. Marchie.

Messrs. John Eaton, Ed. Foster, Frank Lee and George Eaton, left on Monday in the yacht "Albatross" to enjoy a yachting trip among the islands, and intend to be absent a week.

Mr. Allan Haycock of Boston is spending his vacation in Calais, and is warmly welcomed by his friends.

Major John Hodgins has arrived from Ottawa, and is the guest of Mr. George Downes.

Mr. Thomas Wren of St. Andrews made a brief visit here this week, and was registered at the Windsor.

Mrs. Judson Clarke of Milltown is visiting friends in Boston and vicinity.

Fred Smith, Godfrey Newnham, Arthur Ganong and Fred Hill, have returned from a jolly yachting cruise in Passamaquoddy bay.

Miss Beattie Clarke's picnic which was postponed last week on account of the rain was enjoyed on Monday afternoon.

Mr. A. F. Beard who has been yachting in the Bay of Fundy with Mr. Harry Faine has returned home having enjoyed his trip extremely.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore, drove to St. George on Saturday to pay a visit to Hon. A. H. Gillmore who has recently been elected to the Legislature of Calais on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young, left this morning for Nova Scotia. They will visit several towns and will remain in Halifax during the carnival.

Miss Lida Boardman is spending this week with Mrs. Lewis Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest T. Lee, left today for Prince Edward Island, for a fortnight's outing.

Mrs. Arthur Thompson has arrived from Brooklyn New York, to spend the summer with her sister Mrs. F. M. Robinson, much to the regret of her friends who have been very ill since she has arrived from the fatigue of the journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Grimmer spent Sunday in St. Andrews.

Mr. G. Durell Grimmer came up to St. Andrews on Friday and made a brief visit to town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. button and children and Miss O'Neill of Moncton are spending the summer months at Mrs. C. Bourgeois.

Mrs. Dewar, formerly Sadie Pote, and baby of Faulkner, Mass., are visiting her parents here.

Miss Hattie Ramsey has returned from a visit to Moncton.

Mrs. John Stevenson of Richibucto has been spending a few days with her father Mr. H. Irving.

Mr. Myles Wheaton left on a vacation to join his family at Moncton.

Miss Josie Sutton has returned from Kingston.

Her friend Miss Mame Langman came with her.

Mrs. J. F. Robinson and children have returned from the visit to Kingston and Milltown.

Mr. Butcher and Mr. Frank Hall of Moncton were in town last week.

VERNON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

JULY 22.—Mrs. Twining entertained a number of her lady friends to afternoon tea at her pretty residence on Regent street on Friday afternoon as a farewell for Boston where she will in future reside.

Many friends will be pleased to know that His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, has so far recovered from his recent severe illness as to have been able to take a drive out this afternoon in company with Mrs. Fraser.

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

Mr. Leonard Tully of St. John, spent Sunday with friends here.

The Misses Winterbotham of Portland, Maine arrived here on Tuesday and Miss Ella is visiting at the residence of her brother, Mr. Geo. F. Gregory while Miss Lillie is at Nashwaasis the guest of her friend Mrs. Fred Robinson.

Mr. C. W. Peters of Moncton is making a visit in the city.

Mrs. Guy Smith of Woodstock with her little daughter is visiting Mrs. Jeffrey at "Elm Lodge," St. Mary.

Mrs. and Mrs. Torrens, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hatt and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gibson of Marryville left this morning for a three weeks outing at Logville.

Miss Winter McAllister of St. Stephen arrived on Monday and is the guest of Miss Frankie Tibbitts who with a party of friends are camping at "Beach Knoll."

Mr. Grosvenor and bride of Lakeville, Minn., is here the guest of his aunt, Mrs. F. S. Hilyard.

The Rev. William MacDonald, left this morning for Halifax, where he has been invited to officiate at the marriage of the Rev. Robt. Watson of Indiana which takes place tomorrow, the 23rd.

Mrs. G. Z. Currie of Cambridgeport, Mass., is here visiting her sister, Mrs. John Spurgeon.

Miss Johnston went to St. John on Wednesday last and the Misses Winifred and Maryanna, had today for the same place, Mr. L. W. Johnson, and Miss Bova returns from visiting friends at Woodstock, they will be absent about three weeks.

Miss Laura Wood of Boston is here the guest of her cousin Miss May Whelpley.

Mrs. Alex. Gibson Jr. and Mrs. J. E. Colter with Mr. Harry Gibson, spent a part of last week in Chatham.

Mrs. J. F. Fraser, Mrs. Horace King, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Charles de Forest, Mrs. Henry Rankine, and Miss Ella Fraser, all of St. John arrived by boat yesterday afternoon and were the guests of Mrs. Fraser's father, Mr. John Richards. In the evening they and a pleasant drive about the city, and left again this morning by the David Weston, having enjoyed their brief visit in the city.

Mrs. Wark and Miss Wark leave tomorrow for a vacation trip and will visit various places of interest before returning.

Mrs. Wm. Drysdale and son of Woodstock are here the guests of Mrs. Drysdale's mother Mrs. Ramsay at "Meadowville."

Mrs. Moore of Stanley is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Kitchen left yesterday for Logville, to enjoy a short vacation trip.

The Misses Bridges and Miss Coburn have returned from a three weeks stay at St. Martin's.

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Miss Blais formerly of this city is here a guest of her nephew Mr. St. John Blais.

Miss Joseph of Truro, N. S., is expected here next week and will be the guest of Mrs. Clifton Tabor.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilton of Beauvoir are among the visitors in the city this week.

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Miss Mamie T. Bart, youngest daughter of Mr. Cyrus Bart, of this city, was married yesterday morning by the Rev. J. McLeod, to Mr. Frank M. Murray, traveler for a Montreal firm. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, among which was a silver salver, from the members of the Baptist choir, of which choir she has been a member for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. button and children and Miss O'Neill of Moncton are spending the summer months at Mrs. C. Bourgeois.

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Miss Hattie Ramsey has returned from a visit to Moncton.

Mrs. John Stevenson of Richibucto has been spending a few days with her father Mr. H. Irving.

Mr. Myles Wheaton left on a vacation to join his family at Moncton.

Miss Josie Sutton has returned from Kingston.

Her friend Miss Mame Langman came with her.

Mrs. J. F. Robinson and children have returned from the visit to Kingston and Milltown.

Mr. Butcher and Mr. Frank Hall of Moncton were in town last week.

VERNON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

JULY 22.—Mrs. Twining entertained a number of her lady friends to afternoon tea at her pretty residence on Regent street on Friday afternoon as a farewell for Boston where she will in future reside.

Many friends will be pleased to know that His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, has so far recovered from his recent severe illness as to have been able to take a drive out this afternoon in company with Mrs. Fraser.

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

Mr. Leonard Tully of St. John, spent Sunday with friends here.

The Misses Winterbotham of Portland, Maine arrived here on Tuesday and Miss Ella is visiting at the residence of her brother, Mr. Geo. F. Gregory while Miss Lillie is at Nashwaasis the guest of her friend Mrs. Fred Robinson.

Mr. C. W. Peters of Moncton is making a visit in the city.

Mrs. Guy Smith of Woodstock with her little daughter is visiting Mrs. Jeffrey at "Elm Lodge," St. Mary.

Mrs. and Mrs. Torrens, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hatt and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gibson of Marryville left this morning for a three weeks outing at Logville.

Miss Winter McAllister of St. Stephen arrived on Monday and is the guest of Miss Frankie Tibbitts who with a party of friends are camping at "Beach Knoll."

Mr. Grosvenor and bride of Lakeville, Minn., is here the guest of his aunt, Mrs. F. S. Hilyard.

The Rev. William MacDonald, left this morning for Halifax, where he has been invited to officiate at the marriage of the Rev. Robt. Watson of Indiana which takes place tomorrow, the 23rd.

Mrs. G. Z. Currie of Cambridgeport, Mass., is here visiting her sister, Mrs. John Spurgeon.

Miss Johnston went to St. John on Wednesday last and the Misses Winifred and Maryanna, had today for the same place, Mr. L. W. Johnson, and Miss Bova returns from visiting friends at Woodstock, they will be absent about three weeks.

Miss Laura Wood of Boston is here the guest of her cousin Miss May Whelpley.

Mrs. Alex. Gibson Jr. and Mrs. J. E. Colter with Mr. Harry Gibson, spent a part of last week in Chatham.

Mrs. J. F. Fraser, Mrs. Horace King, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Charles de Forest, Mrs. Henry Rankine, and Miss Ella Fraser, all of St. John arrived by boat yesterday afternoon and were the guests of Mrs. Fraser's father, Mr. John Richards. In the evening they and a pleasant drive about the city, and left again this morning by the David Weston, having enjoyed their brief visit in the city.

Mrs. Wark and Miss Wark leave tomorrow for a vacation trip and will visit various places of interest before returning.

Mrs. Wm. Drysdale and son of Woodstock are here the guests of Mrs. Drysdale's mother Mrs. Ramsay at "Meadowville."

Mrs. Moore of Stanley is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Kitchen left yesterday for Logville, to enjoy a short vacation trip.

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Trustworthy Bicycles

Quality you can surely depend upon.

Those who have \$110 to pay for a bicycle buy the famous Columbias, of course. They are standard. Those who have not \$110 may be tempted by so-called bicycle bargains unless they know of the handsome, reliable machines for several years. They left in the morning train to visit friends at Grand Lake, and will spend a couple of weeks in Montreal before returning.

HARTFORDS

\$75, \$60, \$50.

Hartford Bicycles are made in a specially equipped factory, under the direct control and supervision of the Pope Mfg. Co. The \$75 Hartford is the sort of bicycle usually listed in Canada at \$100 and more; the \$60 Hartford is the sort that usually lists at \$80 and more; the \$50 boys' and girls' machines are unequalled value.

Columbia Art Catalogue tells of all Columbias and Hartfords; free from any Columbia agent, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps, with name and address.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

of medicines which he has accepted for one year.

Miss Angrove of Halifax, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Archibald, returned home last week.

Miss Florence Wortman of Newton Hospital Mass., returned last week to spend the rest of the summer at her home in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris and family, have removed to their summer cottage at Shediac Cape, where they will remain until the Autumn.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. T. H. Whelan of Fredericton was here this week on his way home from a two months visit to Nova Scotia. Mr. T. H. met her husband here and accompanied him home.

HARCOURT.

JULY 22.—Mr. E. B. Buckenfield and Mr. W. G. Thayer spent part of last week fishing at Tweedie Beach.

NEWBORN.

JULY 23.—Miss Emma Sanford arrived from Boston on Saturday and is staying with her sister Mrs. George E. Lyford.

SURREX.

[PROGRESS is for sale in surrex by G. D. Martin R. D. Boel and S. H. White & Co.]

NEWCASTLE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Newcastle by Perley Fleming.]

LIFE WITHOUT BRAINS.

Experiments as to the Utility of that Presumably Necessary Organ.

Prof. Witmer, in his University Extension lecture yesterday morning, spoke of that important method of investigating parts of the nervous system known as extirpation.

"The frog, whose brain has been removed," said Prof. Witmer, "is still able to draw his toe up toward his body when the toe is pinched, or if the toe is placed in acid he will remove the toe from the acid, or when a piece of blotting paper soaked in acid has been placed upon his back he can even move the foot up over the back to remove the acid."

"The human being breathes, sneezes, coughs, and hiccoughs from the medulla through the agency of reflex centres located there the medulla may swim, turn over upon his belly when placed upon his back, and perform actions generally taken as indicative of intelligence; but it is not necessary to assume intelligence even when more important parts of the brain remain intact."

"We may hastily conceive of the normal frog as reacting as a nervous mechanism in accordance with the life habits of its species, but such would be only a one-sided view of the relation of mind to the development of habits of action."

JAPAN'S NEW MINISTER.

Hoshi Turi Says His Country is at Peace With the World.

Hoshi Turi, the new Japanese minister to Washington, who is now on his way to his post of duty, is short of stature and compactly built.

Purified Blood

It is an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

The Scale...



Is the fundamental part of a piano. No instrument can have the requisite artistic qualities if the scale is not perfect.

Platteau and Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO.

customer of Japan that Japan is of this country. Why? England and Germany underell America—practically all manufacturing lines.

Yes, our relations with Russia are pleasant. We are at peace with the world. Korea, as you know, has an independent government, with Japanese advisers.

A Pair of 'Em.

Now you know the details of the affair, said the doctor to the lawyer a few days later, "what would you advise me to do about it?"

"Go back to your practice," replied the lawyer promptly. "You have no case. Ten dollars, please."

"Now that I have told you the symptoms said the lawyer to the doctor a few days later, "what would you advise me to do?"

Progress of Grant's Tomb.

The work of putting in place the big stones of the dome of Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive will, the contractors hope, be completed within two weeks.

Requests for Enterprising Youth.

Now and then we hear of some rich person leaving several hundred thousand dollars to colleges and other institutions.

"DISCHARGED."

The Justice had Private Informant on of His Own.

The judge leaned forward to get a better view of the prisoner's face.

"Well," he said, "drunk and disorderly, were you? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"It's not true, y'r honor," the prisoner answered. "I ain't sayin' that I hadn't had nothin' to drink, but I wasn't drunk, y'r honor; not by a lot, I wasn't."

"The prisoner was not a large man, and his countenance, naturally well-behaved, was rendered almost pitiful by his anxiety.

"What's your name?" asked the judge. "O'Rourke, y'r honor."

"Where do you live? Out on Twelfth street?"

"Yes, y'r honor."

"Why, I know you are. I remember you, now. You say that you had your wife whipped?"

"There wasn't any more fight left in her, y'r honor."

"Discharged. You couldn't have been drunk. I've seen your wife. No drunkard man could whip her."—Chicago Tribune.

It's the Little Things That Count.

The true philosophy of happiness is to be well fed and warmly clad and not to realize that there is anything else to desire.

We may indeed have dined well and be warmly clad, without being contented, but we certainly can't be contented while we are hungry and cold.

The heart was made for love—to love and be loved. It is according to the fitness of things that it should be the depository of God's love.

Mr. Edison has only once tried to make a speech. It was before a girl's seminary, where he had agreed to lecture on electricity.

Charles Bryant, of Nevada, Ia., is a good hunter who pays his taxes with wolf scalps.

Tommy—Mamma, I wish you were interested in foreign missions. Mamma—Why?

Tommy—"Cos Billy Barlow's mamma is and she doesn't notice when Billy does naughty things."

1896 1896 The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening.

Stmr. CITY OF ST. JOHN, Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg.

Steamer "ALPHA" Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SHEPHERD, Agent, Secretary and Treasurer, 107 Water Street, Yarmouth N. S. June, 25th 1896.

SOLD IN LEAD PACKETS ONLY, TO PRESERVE THEIR FRAGRANCE...

IT'S A TREAT TO DRINK

Tetley's TEAS

Clothing Trade Largest and Most Complete Clothing Factory in the Dominion.

20 Per Cent. Discount

REFRIGERATORS

FOR ONE WEEK.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Ltd, Market Square, - - St. John.

English Cutlery.



Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 15 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle?

LOOK AT THE LIST. Singers, Raleighs, Betlsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents.

QUICK REPAIR SHOP

MARCH BROS., BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER RINK.

BETW... THE PA... The Eng... Time to... Market... the stor... The m... cyclone i... true stor... cyclones... the atm... the effect... what the... hun... the seriou... He left... o'clock... Great W... Leaf line... and its... branches... line from... and from... 140 miles... Oslwein... pla... crosses the... The m... have to be... jack-knife... something i... is a situat... acoustome... touch with... never see... knows the... uncertain... to run slow... tion is rec... has been o... The man... night tick... had retir... his way. T... the sort o... men and a... Then there... den stop w... slow, almos... scout make... caution and... of a railroa... but the fact... ger rather... much of a t... This trav... asleep, but... particularly... Those who... say that th... time in the... was a quick... those repor... And at that... It did not... sound of th... side, as if... of wind st... heavy and... after it resu... kept it up... o'clock, whe... stood as if... of speed ha... thirteen mil... The colore... which the... "lower" par... face, and ask... "Do you w... The travel... and asked... The porter r... "There's... restaurant... of an hour... In reply to... what had occ... moment the... sixty miles... "Cyclones... and one ab... 'em all night... of the road... have slept un... at Valeria on... toria... pieces... The station at... Dubuque, is... killed there... and Durango... During the... the porter al... had appear... were dressed... on the hotel... clouds hung lo... threatening... gathered abou... depot and the... ing uncertainty... yond the bare... cyclones, and... life and prop... The telegrap... a confused sta... operators was... time the "stor... cut off from... There were met... never sent a

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1896.

BETWEEN TWO CYCLONES

THE EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A PARLOR CAR PASSENGER.

The Engineer Feeling His Way—Plenty of Time to Hunt up Breakfast—A Raid on a Market—Waiting for Orders—News From the Storm Centre—Threats at Last.

The man who passed safely through a cyclone is not likely to forget it. This is a true story of a man who was between two cyclones. If he did not see the terrors of the atmospheric terror of the West, he saw the effects of it, and in this way he saw what the actual witness of a cyclone sees—humorous phases as well as some of the serious sides of the effects.

He left St. Paul Sunday night at 8 o'clock on the night train of the Chicago Great Western railway—the old Maple Leaf line, so called because the main line and its southeastern and southwestern branches resemble the main stem and the branches of a maple leaf. The stem is the line from St. Paul to Oelwein to Chicago and from Oelwein to Kansas City. It is 140 miles from St. Paul to the junction at Oelwein, and 280 miles from the latter place to Chicago. The Chicago branch crosses the Mississippi river at Dubuque.

The man who travels much does not have to be told, as he is doubled up like a jack-knife in a sleeping car berth, that something is wrong on the road when there is a situation of that character. A man accustomed to a little travel is in close touch with the engineer, although they may never see one another. When an engineer knows that the roadbed ahead of him is uncertain, and he has no other orders than to run slow, he feels his way and this caution is recognized quickly by the man who has been on the road many times.

The man who left St. Paul that Sunday night ticketed to Chicago knew after he had retired that the engineer was feeling his way. The train at times moved with the sort of stealth that is characteristic of men and animals when they are uncertain. Then there would be a stop, not the sudden stop which trains often make, but the slow, almost imperceptible stop which the scout makes when he stops to listen. This caution and stop repeated by the engineer of a railroad train indicate danger ahead, but the fact that the engineer foresees danger rather than to make the man who is much of a traveller feel easier.

This traveller from St. Paul dropped asleep, but he awoke at intervals, and particularly when the train had a slow stop. Those who travel much in sleeping cars say that this is invariably the case. Some time in the morning, before daylight, there was a quick flash of lightning, and one of those reports that seem always to stun. And at that the train again stood still. It did not move for thirty minutes. The sound of the voices of men was heard outside, as if the men were hurrying. A wave of wind struck the train and it quivered, heavy and vestibuled as it was. Soon after it resumed the cautious motion, and kept it up, with occasional stops, until 7 o'clock, when it reached Oelwein, where it stood as if it had come to stay. The rate of speed had been an average of less than thirteen miles an hour.

The colored porter of the Pullman in which the traveller from St. Paul had a "lower" parted the curtains, thrust in his face, and asked:

"Do you want any breakfast?" The traveller said he was in that mood, and asked where the meal could be had. The porter replied:

"There's a hotel near the depot and a restaurant on the corner. You will have an hour.

In reply to the traveller's question as to what had occasioned the delay, for at that moment the train should have been within sixty miles of Chicago, the porter said:

"Cyclones. Two of 'em. One behind us and one ahead of us. We was between 'em all night. You ought to have seen some of the road we passed over. You wouldn't have slept much if you had. The station at Valeria on the Kansas City branch was torn to pieces and several people killed. The station at Durango, between here and Dubuque, is in ruins, and a lot of people killed there. And the track between here and Durango is all washed out."

During the delivery of the remarks of the porter all the occupants of other berths had appeared and within a few minutes were dressed and out, making their way to the hotel and restaurant. Wet-looking clouds hung low in the sky. They seemed threatening. The residents of the town gathered about the train, the travellers, the depot and the hotel. There was a sickening uncertainty in the atmosphere. Beyond the bare facts that there had been two cyclones, and that there had been a loss of life and property there was no information.

The telegraph office in the depot was in a confused state. Every device known to operators was brought to bear, but each time the effort was in vain. The town was out of communication with the world. There were men there, who, perhaps, had never sent a telegraphic message in

their lives, but when they realized that no communication could be had with the world without they looked as forlorn and pale as the people of Pompeii must have looked when they realized the situation which buried them alive. The division superintendent of the road tried in vain to get connections that he might know how to move a train. But he failed. There were men and women on the train who were awestricken at this information, because it meant that they could send no tidings of their condition.

It is a wise provision that people are so constructed that when they come face to face with the inevitable they become braver. An hour after the first sickening sensation of the situation these people prepared to make the best of it. They went to the hotel and the restaurant, fully prepared as were those places to feed a multitude. When people can eat they are not very seriously frightened.

The capacity of the eating house was limited. There were 200 people at the door. There was room for less than sixty at the tables. The landlord, a man of physique and big, soft hat, in his shirt sleeves, acted as host, waiter, and steward. He had three women to assist, and they were more agitated than any of the travellers.

Two commercial gents, sometimes called drummers, gave the situation its first grotesque appearance. "Bring us up a couple of those porter-house steaks," said one of them to a girl who found it difficult to pass the salt.

She hesitated, and then finally said she thought they had none. She said they had ham and eggs and steak. What sort of steak? Beefsteak. She was told to bring on what she had. There was a small plate of strawberries on the table, and one of the drummers said to his partner: "I'll throw you dice to see who has them." This caused other guests to look forlorn. The landlord came upon the scene at that moment and said he had just sent up town for some more strawberries, and there would be plenty in a few minutes.

There was a telephone in the dining room. One of the help gave the box the usual call and said: "Send down all the bread you have and ten pounds of butter." Some one who heard it said it was good bluff. The proprietor jumped in a buggy and drove up town in a hurry for rattons. The dining room help got rattled. Some of the guests had plates with no food; some had food and no plates; one man had all the butter, another had all the bread; a sickly looking woman with a young baby had the pepper and salt and nothing else. There was still a waiting crowd without, hungry and impatient.

Then someone said there was room and plenty at the restaurant on the corner. The card was a good one. Several left the hotel dining room and went to the restaurant on the corner. The proprietor of the restaurant stood on the steps of his place welcoming the overflow. He was a picturesque figure. He was an elderly man with a deformity, and he wore a long black sack coat of some light material, which was whipped about by his legs by the wind. He had the countenance of Mephisto. His room consisted of a counter and stools. There were four of the latter. Two women in the rear of the room had a coal oil stove, on which they prepared coffee. A boy waited on the counter. He cut bread and passed the salt and pepper. When the bread gave out the proprietor was given the tip, and he made a journey up town for more. Once he met the landlord of the hotel coming back with his buggy filled with food. They looked at each other. The man who was walking glanced at the man who was riding. What was death and destruction to one section and what had crippled a railroad was an overflowing cornucopia for these two men, although the situation caused them to hustle.

Finally the travellers were fed. It was a struggle, but they had made it. They returned to the telegraph office and still there were no tidings. The division superintendent of the road knew nothing. That is, he said nothing. The passengers divided into groups, some going about town, some walking on the track and some back to the coaches. The various porters of the sleepers gathered under the water tank and related experiences. Some of the travellers sat in front of the hotel, on the veranda, waiting for dinner.

There were two men who took possession of a baggage truck on the platform, and they were soon surrounded by others, natives of the town. The two men had some walnut shells and some dice. They had put down the shells and manipulated them dexterously. But somehow there were no bits. The old game did not work. It is a mystery where these two men came from. But they are always around on such an occasion. The greater the calamity the bolder these men become.

At noon there was another gathering about the hotel. There was some excitement, too. The rumor had gotten out that there was a regular baseball team on the

train, and that it had come to the hotel to get dinner. The town of Oelwein is not much of a town for bicycles. There are only a few in the place, but everybody in Oelwein plays ball. The standing of every nine in action is kept in Oelwein. And when it was noised about that a regular nine was at the hotel on its way to Indianapolis, when it could get there, the town came down to look at it. Men and boys gathered around the nine, which had all the chairs of the hotel, and were holding them down on the veranda. They talked ball for the edification of the small boy, who gazed and listened with open mouth. It was the first real, live organized baseball team that had ever struck Oelwein. If there had been no cyclone there had been a ball nine, and the chances are, barring the disaster of death, Oelwein did not regret the cyclone.

Three of the real live nine got out in the street and pitched ball for exercise. The crowd of citizens stood and watched in rapt wonder. If a circus procession had passed by at that moment no one would have looked at it. The proprietor of the hotel came to the door in his shirt sleeves, and said "It was ready. The baseball nine got in first and the breakfast scenes were repeated. Mephisto on the corner was again on his steps.

For a while the baseball population of Oelwein forgot the cyclone and talked about the "game" they had seen, and while the "real nine" were at dinner, the Oelwein nine got out in the street and gave an exhibition of its ability. It was only a pitching game, however, with an occasional bat. After some exercise the man with a bat, one of the favorites, hit the ball and a swift swipe and knocked it out of sight. He was a regular Casey. The ball fell somewhere in the weeds, and the cry of "Lost ball" went up. A number of citizens turned out and hunted for it, but it was not recovered.

Meanwhile the real live nine had fed and came out. They affected a lofty indifference for the presence of the Oelwein nine, and blasphemed about the improbability of reaching Indianapolis in time for Tuesday's game. The cyclone was forgotten, except as it stood in the way of the tarrying nine. The telegraph office had a glimmer of information. It was given out that the train would not move out until morning, and the hotel and restaurants prepared for another feast. Meanwhile a train was made up to go west on a road which had had no cyclone, and there was one chance in forty that it might connect with some train going east. The baseball nine—the real one—boarded that train and left Oelwein. It was a sad blow to the town. The local nine, unable to find their ball, left the street.

Darkness fell upon Oelwein. Likewise, the silence, for awhile. Then there was a noise up the street, which was finally construed as being music. The landlord said it was the Oelwein silver cornet band, and that the music was a complimentary tender on the part of the band to the strangers who were here-tracked on account of the cyclone. It was a sojourn, indeed, but the cold fact came out and staggered the dream. It was the band's night to practise.

The travellers sought their coaches and bunked for the night. At 1 o'clock the next night a man having authority passed through the coaches and informed the passengers that there was no probability that the train could get out to east for two days. The company had, therefore, concluded to check back all who wished to return to St. Paul. And all, save an Englishman who had been saying all day that he wanted to see a cyclone, agreed to go back. Then the man in authority told them all to go to sleep, and they did. At 2 o'clock in the morning he returned and around every one, with the information that those who wanted to return to St. Paul would have to get up and take another train. There was some emphatic talk, but all concluded to do it, including the Englishman, who said it was his "bloody, bloody luck."

The return train pulled out at 2.40 a. m. and arrived in St. Paul at 8 a. m. There they learned the extent of the cyclone. There they came in contact with the world once more. But they also learned that few of the roads running out of St. Paul were running trains to Chicago on time. The agent on one line said he would get the people into Chicago some time. That was all he could promise.

It takes a cyclone to bring out the resources of railroads. The man who had left St. Paul Sunday night for Chicago and had been turned back from Oelwein, started again Tuesday night. Wednesday he awoke somewhere in Wisconsin. The conductor said the train was getting toward Chicago, but that it was going over the lines of all the roads in two States to make it. He said wherever they could hire a piece of connecting road they did it, and that sometimes the train was going due west in order to make a connection with some road that would head the train east. The train reached its destination several hours late, but the agent at St. Paul had kept his word. To do it, however, the train had travelled over three States and had seen some new country. It was a triumph of railroad skill and pertinacity. The cyclone may isolate and kill, but it can't thwart a railroad company very long in this age of the world.

The Roentgen Rays.

The electrical ether waves, which Herz and others have experimented with, are, as a rule, too large to decompose the salts of a photographic plate, but they can traverse opaque substances, such as the human body, without causing sensation, as Tesla's experiments showed. If they are too large to effect the sensitive plate and the eye, they are also too large to irritate the nerves. Roentgen and others have demonstrated, however, that certain of these electric rays or wave motions can effect the sensitive film indirectly by exciting phosphorescence in bodies on which they fall. Hence the Roentgen alibonettes and the cryptoscope of Salvioni are already familiar to the readers of this column.—London Globe.

Men's Silk Handkerchiefs, CHEAPER THAN LINEN. ALL PURE SILK HEM-STITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS, 20c. each. Two New Styles of Men's Linen Collars—the "Exquisite" for full dress, and the "Boulevard" is a collar cut specially for wearing with String Ties or Made-up Bows. Bathing Drawers and Bathing Suits. London-made Summer Vests. UNLINED SUMMER COATS, for Office, House or Country. White Flannel Coats and Trousers. WHITE FLANNEL SHIRTS. FANCY NEGLIE SHIRTS.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

CARE OF WOMEN'S SHOES. A Thorough Lesson in the Art by a Man Who Knows. "Women don't know how to take care of their shoes," said the manager of a man's shoe store, where women get free shins. "They don't have to when they can get somebody to take care of them, like Caesar so Sambo here do," answered a stout man, as he seated himself on the stand for a shine. "Do they, boys?" he continued, addressing the two darkies who were about the same color as the blacking that they proceeded to apply. "I dun know 'bout dat, boss," said Sambo glibly. "You see, ef de white ladies knowed a little 'bout mo' 'bout takin' proper 'posibility wid dere shoes, den dey would 'preciate what de niggers does fur 'em better. Heap of 'em says we ain't no good when 'tain't us, but dem. Dey don't kno' how to manage shoe leather." "Cos dey don't," put in Caesar. "What white ladies look lak 'liln' dey own shoes? Sambo, you must know in reason no white lady ain't gwine ille her own shoes." "That's about right," said the manager with a laugh to the man in the chair. "Women are not trained to take care of their shoes as men are, or to have it done for them. Before he is six or seven years old parents will begin to teach a boy that he must not put on his shoes in the morning until they have been shined for him, and after he gets old enough he is made to shine them himself, provided the family is not rich. Whoever heard tell of a girl not being allowed to put on her boots in the morning unless they had been cleaned, or one who was made to polish her own shoes before going to school. Habits of childhood stick to one in manhood and womanhood as a rule, and consequently men take much better care of their shoes than women. This is strange, too, for women's shoes need more attention than those of men for two reasons.

"In the first place it is very important that a woman's foot should be well shod, and no matter how handsome her shoes are and how well they fit they will look slovenly unless they are kept clean. Another thing, the constant friction going on between a woman's skirts and her boots is exceedingly hard on the latter, and it makes no difference whether a dress skirt is bound with coarse mohair braid or the finest silk velvet; the result is the same sooner or later. In order to offset this wear and tear she should have her boots dressed every day, or at least every other day. It makes them last twice as long.

"This firm was the first in the city to issue tickets for a free shine to the women of this city, and we feel that it has helped our business wonderfully in two ways, and it surely has been of great benefit to the women who have patronized the stand. Women will go where they can get anything that is free, from a glass of soda up to a sample bottle of patent medicine. This isn't because they are close-fisted or stingy. It's just one of their little feminine weaknesses that makes them so charming. Well, they began to flock in here to get their shoes shined, and the first thing that we knew our sales in were increasing enormously. The constant dressing made our shoes wear much longer than a shoe which was probably just as good, but which never received a good blacking or oiling. Here comes one now to get a shine. Listen to what she has to say."

A little woman with dark eyes and hair mounted the stand next to the man. "You've got a hard job before you this time, Sambo," she said. "Fo de Lawd, I is, Miss," the boy agreed cordially. "You ain't been in in some time."

"No. I've been up among the Berkshires for two weeks, and that's the reason these tan boots are such sights." "Berkshires, Berkshires," repeated Sambo in a puzzled tone. "Dem sin't do same as de razor back hogs dat we has in Gorgia, is dey, Miss? Hogs is bad on shoes, I should say."

"Hogs?" the girl exclaimed. "Who said anything about hogs? Oh, I see. I didn't mean Berkshire pigs. I meant hills, mountains, by that name you know. I climbed to the top of one of the highest one afternoon and ruined these boots. The shade is so dense that much of the earth about half way up is marshy. It is really black mud, and that's what stained my shoes. I tried every way I could to get it out. All the women up there are complaining, as they are all real country resorts where there are no professional bootblacks, that their shoes are going to rack and ruin."

"There's no reason why they should, if the ladies would only learn to take care of their own boots," said the manager. "I suppose nine out of ten pair of tan boots owned by women who are roughing it at this season are in just as bad shape as those you have on. Of course, Sambo can imitate the appearance of those greatly, but if you had known what to do with them immediately on coming in from a long tramp they wouldn't look so out of trim now.

any great extent than it is of any other kind. Dust, however, is harder on it than on other varieties of leather. If it is inclined to break, the dust gets in and plays havoc with the most expensive of shoes. "Dust should be removed by wiping the shoes with a wet sponge while they are still on the feet, and then they should be briskly rubbed with a dry cloth. Some people use olive oil, others vaseline, for polishing patent leather. Vaseline preserves the enamel, but it dulls it, and cottonseed or olive oil is not so good as common kerosene oil is the best thing yet discovered for keeping patent leather clean, and only a few drops on a soft clean rag are required to clean a pair of boots."

"That's a move in the right direction," said the young woman, as she put the heels of her freshly polished boots together and held them up for a close inspection. "Teach the woman how to care for their shoes and they will do it. I did't dream that those water stains would come out. A little soap and water, a little russet polish, and a good deal of elbow grease expended on the shoes by means of a dry rag—I must remember that, and hereafter when I'm roughing it I'll know how to treat my own shoes."—N. Y. Dispatch.

A WONDERFUL WEDDING.

Ten Thousand Couples Were Untied in Marriage at One Time. The largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began took place at Sass. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest ties possible, he decreed a wedding festival. Now guess how many people he ordered to be married. You could never do it. Well, Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; 100 of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families, and 10,000 of his Greek soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—20,000 people married at once.

I don't see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones that ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Adjoining the building were 100 gorgeous chambers for the 100 bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude. A separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semi-circle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitude without the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places.

And now don't you think each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed: "With this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple: the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example.—Cincinnati Tribune.

There is But One... Way, and that is the right way, for doing all things. We have the correct method for Cleaning and Dyeing, and the proof is shown in the work. Try UNGAR in this line and be convinced.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 28 to 29 Waterloo Street. We pay expressage one way.

Sunday Reading.

HAROLD'S EXPERIMENT.

Only Harold and his father, besides the housekeeper, lived in the large old house on the corner.

One afternoon Harold came home from school very ill. His father was out of town for a few days on important business, and the housekeeper, thoroughly alarmed, sent for the doctor and for a neighbor who sometimes went out as a nurse.

The doctor soon found out the cause of this sudden attack. It appeared that Harold had been persuaded that it was quite the proper thing for a boy to learn to smoke, and the result of his experiment had been more unpleasant than he had anticipated.

He was a delicate boy, and the poison had taken a severe hold upon the brain and nerves, so that even the physician was anxious over the result. The boys on the playground had become alarmed before they brought him home, and trembled a little over the result of their 'joke.' Ned Peters had said:

'Wouldn't it be a good joke to get Harold to smoke? You know his father is the man who made a fuss about selling cigarettes to us boys, and for one I'd like to try a trick on him.'

During the few days that Harold was confined to his room he made rapid progress in the study of the effects of tobacco under Nurse Gordon's careful teaching and when he was again able to take his place in school he was in a position not to be overcome through ignorance. He was not only strong enough to say "no," but was able to give a reason for his refusal to repeat the experiment.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

Self-Reliance.

It seems strange to think of man as unwilling to accept the best things in life, but that he often is a story constantly repeated. Sometimes it is the robber's alternative, "Your money or your life," and he fancies it his duty to work on for money, letting his life slip away from him, his sense of enjoyment and appreciation growing gradually atrophied, until he could not live for anything better than money if he would.

It may come in a dozen different ways, this subtle temptation to renounce life's dearest gift, because it comes in another form than that which we would have wished, to forget that there is a higher law than that by which others may judge us. Life is hard for each one of us, but we make it harder than need be by refusing to recognize the virtues of self-reliance, the simple, steadfast holding to that which is approved to us by our own nature as right. That the soul may not go forth out of this life a starved defrauded thing, let it grow by all the helps offered. Let life be sound and sweet at the heart, and then let us trust more to our own wills and desires. Emerson once said: "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness that hinders."

Saved Through a Picture.

A striking example of how art may become the handmaid of religion is afforded in a Scotch story related by some one thus:—

"I was 'way down with the drink, when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung his picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender, 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it, the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all sin?'"

No such prayer is ever unanswered. Today that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered:—

"When the heart is thus opened to the Saviour, He takes the love of drink right out of it."

His Own Messengers.

It is God's glory to accomplish His work by messengers of His own choosing, and He often hides the meaning of His ways from His own people. Some may have made too much of the imperfections of the Bible, but others assuredly have refused to see them lest they should lose what faith they had. Shall we on that account attempt to exclude either party from the number of Christ's followers? That is a matter to be decided by Christ himself on far other grounds than their opinion of the "higher criticism," but, looking at the matter from our own point of view, it is well to remember that the middle ground today is not the middle ground of even a generation ago. There is an unreasonable exclusiveness of narrow belief as well as an inconsiderate inclusiveness of careless liberality, and it is possible to be more concerned for God's honor in the study of the methods of His work than He has ever cared to be.

Throw Open the Windows of Your Soul. The fountain of peace and joy is in the heart. If you would throw open your heart's window to the sunshine of Christ's love, it would soon scatter the chilling mists, and even turn tears into rainbows. A large draught of Bible taken every

morning, a throwing open of the heart's window to the promises of the Master, a few words of honest prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the next person whom you meet, will help more to brighten your countenance and keep your digestion than all the drugs of the doctors. If you want to get your aches and trials out of right, hide them under your mercies. Bear in mind, my friends, that your happiness and your misery is very much of your own making. You cannot create spiritual sunshine any more than you can create the morning star, but you can put your soul where the sun is shining.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Living to One's Self.

The man who lives in himself bequeaths his own folly and poverty and meanness for his monument. He has benefitted nobody, while he has dwarfed and wrapped his own powers, and senseless stone and marble, however lavishly supplied to mark his residing place, does him no honor. He has lived in himself, he has died in himself, and all that he leaves in memory of himself speaks no word of praise in his behalf, no word of justification. This is no true life. It is the worst of all failures. There are glorious opportunities in this world for service. He who wisely uses them enriches both his race and himself, and, dying, leaves a monument which outlasts granite and is brighter than polished brass.

The Kingdom of God on Earth. Seeking first the kingdom of God and righteousness, we then first know the bountiful goodness with which the Heavenly Father fills the world and provides for the wants of His children. Laying up treasure in heaven, we find that heaven and earth are one, and that the Heavenly Father is in them both, and provides happiness for His children in both upon the condition that the Lord and heaven be loved first and the world be loved for their sakes.—Rev. John Worcester.

God's Plants.

We are as yet only the roots of a future beautiful plant. The best man or woman is only a shoot a little way out of the ground. We are God's plants, God's flowers. Be sure that He will help us to unfold into something serenely fair, nobly perfect, if not in this life, than in another. If he teaches us not to be satisfied till we have finished our work, He will not be satisfied until He has finished His.—James Freeman Clarke.

Finding Time to Read the Bible.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—Hannah More.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Ills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a vial—49 doses.

Portable Houses.

Portable houses are made of almost any size and for a great variety of uses. There are portable dwelling houses, and portable boat houses, and portable barracks, and portable club houses, lawn pavilions, engineers' miners', contractors' and other offices; bathing houses, stables, bowling alleys, billiard rooms, hospitals, and so on. There have lately been made two-story portable houses of ten rooms costs \$1,800. A house of one room, \$811, with one door and one window, can be bought for \$50; with two cots, two tables and two stools, for \$60.

Sometimes a man who owns a portable house hires land on the seashore or in the mountains and sets his house up there for a season, takes it down and stores it in the fall, and next season hires land in another place and sets his house up there.

Portable houses are set on stones or blocks, and on posts, and sometimes they are set on permanent foundations. People sometimes have chimneys built where they set up their houses. The portable house manufacturers sell terra cotta chimneys in sections to be stacked up, and it is not unusual for the house owner simply to run out a stove pipe for a chimney.

We export portable houses to Cuba, South America and South Africa.—New York Sun.

The Most Costly Materials Used in the Manufacture of Diamond Dyes.

The best and most costly ingredients and materials are used in the manufacture of Diamond Dyes. No experiments are ever made with cheap colors with the view of increasing the manufacturer's profits.

Diamond Dyes are the world's standards, and will be kept as such no matter what the cost may be. The cheap and imitation dyes sold by some dealers are never twice made from the same grade of materials, therefore, they vary and are not reliable. Diamond Dyes gives as perfect results when used by a child as they do when handled by an individual of experience.

Bright, pure, rich, fast and unfading Diamond Dyes are the world's favorites. Files Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For Itch and Bleeding Files it is peerless. Also cures Eczema, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 25 cts.

CURIOUS OLD SAYINGS.

SOME IN RHYME AND SOME NOT BUT ALL ARE FAMILIAR.

Queer Survival of Old Superstitions—Cat, Dog and Bird Proverbs—Peculiar Gesture Accompanying an Old Jingle—How to Tell When Bad Weather is on the Way.

In western Massachusetts a land of silent folk? It is there that Mr. Clifford Johnson found the sayings contained in his pleasing and pretty volume, "What They Say in New England," but Essex and Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, Plymouth, Barnstable, and Nantucket could cap nearly all his sayings without exhausting their treasury of popular proverbs. To begin, like an indifferent talker, with the weather, Mr. Johnson does not seem to know that all well-conducted storms, which means 'rains,' 'clear off' at 9 o'clock in the morning, at noon, or at 3 o'clock, or at sunset, at midnight or at sunrise. Persistent repetition of this theory often gains the oldest inhabitant the name of being weather-wise, for only a very ingenious storm can 'clear off' at a point sufficiently removed from all these points that its departure cannot be assigned to one of them.

'Six weeks after you hear the first katydid lock for a frost,' says Mr. Johnson. 'The cricket never sings before the first day of August, and always sings then,' says New Hampshire. Western Massachusetts uses the 'Rainbow in the morning' rhyme, and the sailor's 'Red in the morning,' but seems unaware of the correct version of the landman's complete rhyme:

Evening red and morning gray Set the traveller on his way; But evening gray and morning red Will bring down rain upon his head.

In fact, they do not seem very fastidious as to rhythm in Berkshire. They say:

If the rooster crows when he goes to bed, He will get up with a wet head.

Nearer the Atlantic they sing: "When he gets up he'll wet his head," but they are no more accurate than their trans-Connecticut brethren about the subjunctive of the first verse.

Tease rhymes are of English derivation, and adapted to the English seasons, are in one form or another all over Massachusetts, but the rhythmical Eastern versions run thus:

Mackrel sky, Not long dry; April showers Bring forth May flowers. If Candlemas day be fair and bright, Winter will have another flight; But if Candlemas day brings clouds and rain, Winter has gone, not to come again. Candlemas day! Half of your corn And half of your hay. When the wind is in the east, Then the sap will run the least; When the wind is in the west, Then the sap will run the best.

This is a landsman's theft from the fishing towns, where they sing the old English stave:

When the wind is in the north, Wise men will not venture forth; When the wind is in the east, 'Tis fit for neither man nor beast. When the wind is in the south, It blows the batt in the shivers' mouth; When the wind is in the west, Then 'tis at the very best.

Sparks on the bottom of the teakettle mean cold weather to the denure maid of West Massachusetts; they mean sparks of another kind to the cherry-cheeked maidens of Plymouth. 'So long as the dog star reigns it will be dry weather,' say inland dwellers. 'So long it will be muggy,' says those living on the coast, and with both the reign of the dog star begins June 25, in spite of all the almanacs in Christendom. 'If the cat come and sit on the hearth, with its back to the north, it is a sign of cold weather,' is the circumstantial rule of the west. 'Go in to be cold; cat's turned her tail to the fire,' says the East, most earnestly seeking for a sign. When the fire sparkles and snaps in the west they expect wind; the eastern 'walnut log sends sparkles out toward the postie.'

They are refined and reverential in Berkshire, and say 'Grandpa long-legs,' but in the East they call him 'Daddy long-legs,' and drop things on one of his legs to find out whether or not it is true that he will go away and leave it. In the days before it was discovered that these 'things ought not to be,' and the Boston small boy was whipped in school, he used to put a horse-hair in his hand and confidently expect rattan or ruler to fly away in fragments; in the western counties the boys used to spit in their hands, and even after many trials kept their faith that the ferule would break in two at the first blow.

Mr. Johnson gives some eye-rhymes under the head of "Fortune Telling," but he omits the utterly humiliating Black eye! Pick a pie! Run in the house and tell a lie. Properly sung, that doggerel will send the proudest of small brunettes to her mother crying, 'I don't care,' which is properly interpreted by her blonde tormentors. When she comes forth again they will probably inform her that 'Black betrays you,' and her mother will tell her that the saying arises from the painful visibility of a hole in a black stocking or a black frock, but it seems more like a reminiscence of the Guelph and Ghibelline quarrels.

Great head Little wit. is a withering comment occasionally flung at boys whose fond parents fancy their appearance Websterian, but it is not safe to use this indiscriminately. The boy who is properly instructed by his father may reply:

Small head, None of it.

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

and cover his assailant with confusion. A small mouth indicates stinginess; a large mouth, greediness; thin lips, evil temper, and thick lips, stupidity, so that no one can be regarded as entirely happy.

Just as many stitches as you take on you, Just as many lies you'll have told about you. Mend your clothes upon your back, Or poverty you'll have no lack.

See a pie and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck; See a pie and let it lay, He walks to the head of it and grasps it judiciously.

The Byronic indifference to the proper form of "lie" is common enough in proverbs and does not affect their value, but it should be noted that no truly wise person picks up a pin lying with its point toward him, lest he should have a 'pointed luck.' He walks to the head of it and grasps it judiciously.

Sing before you eat Cry before you sleep, is the metrical form of one of Mr. Johnson's proverbs.

In Boston school children teach one another that eating bread crust will make the hair curl; in the West they say:

If you eat the crumbs 'twill make you wise; If you leave the crust You're sure to die.

Sneezing between noon and 1 o'clock indicates the coming of a stranger. If anybody says "My nose itches," he is told that the sign is, "See a stranger, kiss a fool, or be in danger." Daring men rejoice, "Come here, then." To take a second portion upon the plate before the first is eaten indicates that "somebody is coming hungry." To see a cluster of bubbles in one's coffee means that money is coming, and also that a storm approaches. To upset a teacup means that a stranger is coming.

If a dropped fork stand erect in the floor, it means that a stranger is coming. According to Mr. Johnson's authorities the baby who does not fall down stairs before it is a year old will be a fool, and it will know nothing unless it falls out of bed three times before it is a year old.

There are still Boston nurses who insist that a baby must be carried upstairs before it is carried downstairs, lest it should go down hill all its life, and there are nurses who deform children's hands by tearing off their nails because cutting them will make their owner thiefish.

Thirty-two ways of banishing warts are known in the West, but not that still practised by Middlesex boys, who heat a pin to redness and fiercely dig it into the center of the wart to the admiration of their sisters. Other remedies may be more efficacious, but no other is so bewitching to Dr. Williams, who, putting I dare essay no remedy more heroic than dipping a cent in vinegar and rubbing it on the wart.

These are many 'Pudden tame' dialogues, but one, omitted by Mr. Johnson, and brief as first love, runs thus: 'What's your name?' 'Pudden Tame.' 'A pretty little nigger name.' After this come slaps. In Berkshire they say:

Paddy Wacker, chew tobacco. If he dies, it is no matter. The Boston boy, oblivious of abolition tradition, sings:

Nigger, chew tobacco. If you die, it is no matter.

The New Englander of colonial ancestry who does not know pea porridge by the name of 'pea soup' is an oddity, for split peas baked in more or less water with or without pork, in short, treated exactly like beans, were perfectly familiar to the fathers, and are no strangers to the sons. As for 'pea porridge,' all New Englanders know it from the Mother Goose story of the man in the moon who

Came down too soon To get to me in Norwich; He came from the South And burnt his mouth With eating cold pea porridge.

But neither bean, porridge, nor pea porridge, as sung by Mr. Johnson, will fit the gestures to which the rhyme is sung.

Pease porridge hot, Pease porridge cold; Pease porridge in the pot, Nine days old. Shoe the horse, Shoe the mare. But let the little colt go bare.

is the Eastern version of one of Mr. Johnson's rhymes, but sometimes "hobby colt" is substituted for "little colt."

The department of "Tricks and Catches" lacks the favorite "Mrs. White's Party," which is thus conducted:

First Girl (the best reader in her class)—'Go in to Mrs. White's party tonight?' Second Girl (the best grammarian)—'Now, I ain't.'

First Girl—'Everybody's invited.' Second Girl—'I ain't.' First Girl—'O, you'll go.' Second Girl—'I won't, then.'

First Girl—'You will, too. Won't you go to Mrs. White's party when you go to bed?' Lor, I thought everybody knew that. Entire discomfiture of the second girl.

Another catch is, "Can you sing the song of the lamb?" The questioned one, scandalized, if pious, otherwise perfectly indifferent, responds: "No." "Want to hear me sign it?" "I don't care." "Ba-a-a-a."

One to begin, Two to show, Three to make ready, And four to go.

One to make ready, Two to prepare, Three to go slambang! Right! Now! Here!

In Boston one of Mr. Johnson's jingles is still repeated in its original form, and is accompanied by gestures not altogether easy. These are its verses:

There's a meeting house And there's the steeple; Open the door and let yourself in And there's all the people; There's the minister going up stairs, And there he is saying his prayers.

At the first line the hands are set together, the fingers interlocked and bent inside the palms; at the second the fore-fingers point upward, and the tips of the two thumbs are set together edgewise; the thumbs part when the door opens, and the knuckles are turned downward, so that the fingers, as "the people," may point upward. The minister "goes up stairs" as the fingers of the right hand, held palm downward; then a rapid twist brings the two hands to the reverse of the "meeting house" position, and the thumb of the left hand, free from the entanglement of the others, bows, as "the minister saying his prayers."

Among the fortune telling schemes omitted by Mr. Johnson is that of writing out the names of a man and woman, cancelled their similar letters, and shipping the others with the words, "Friendship, love, indifference, hate." A bird, picture, unembroidered, or forming part of the pattern in figured stuff, flies away with the nose in the place visited by Tomlinson of Berkeley square. Every Christian masquerade or berry found in the house on Candlemas day means a death. This piece of knowledge was found only in Episcopal families, until the newspapers began to print long articles on Christmas observances. Now it is almost an article of faith with many.

These are only a few sayings of New England. Mr. Johnson's group is large, but since he has called attention to the matter it will probably be doubled in a few years, for "them that bez, ollers gins."

LOST FORTY POUNDS.

AN ILLNESS THAT ALMOST CARRIED AWAY AN ONLY CHILD.

She Suffered Terribly From Pains in Back, Heart Trouble and Rheumatism—Her Parents Almost Despaired of Her Recovery—How It Was Brought About, From the Armpror Chronicle.

Perhaps there is no better known man in Armpror and vicinity than Mr. Martin Brennan, who has resided in the town for over a quarter of a century, and has taken a foremost part in many a political campaign in North Lanark. A reporter of the Chronicle called at his residence not long ago and was made at home at once. During a general conversation Mr. Brennan gave the particulars of a remarkable cure in his family. He said: "My daughter Eleanor Elizabeth, who is now 14 years of age, was taken very ill in the summer of 1892 with back trouble, rheumatism and heart disease. She also became terribly nervous and could not sleep. We sent for a doctor and he gave her medicine which seemed to help her, for a time, but she continued to lose in flesh until she was terribly reduced. When first taken ill she weighed one hundred pounds, but became reduced to sixty pounds, losing forty pounds in the course of a few months.

For about two years she continued in this condition, her health in a most delicate state, and we had very little hope of her ever getting better. Our hopes, which little we had, were entirely shattered when she was taken with a second attack far more serious than the first. This second attack took place about two years after the first. We now fully made up our minds that she could not live, but while there is life there is hope," and, seeing constantly in the newspapers the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he decided to give them a trial. Before she had finished the first box, we noticed that her appetite was slightly improving, and by the time she had used the second box, a decided improvement had taken place.

By the time she had used four boxes more she had regained her former weight of one hundred pounds and was as well as ever she had been in her life. Her back trouble, heart affection, rheumatism and sleeplessness had all disappeared. She now enjoys the best of health, but still continues to take an occasional pill when she feels a little out of sorts, and so it passes for Mrs. Brennan, together with the young lady, who is an only child, were present during the recital, and all were loud in their praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Brennan also stated that he had used the pills himself and believed that there was no other medicine like them for building up a weakened system or driving away a wearied feeling; in fact he thought that as a blood tonic they were away ahead of all other medicines.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

something that we were doing that we couldn't do and she told it plainly

merces were over, Eva ward impulsively. hat prize, Helen, she ng way. I'm glad you professor was just right, because I thought it 'just couldn't get inter- anything new about it." e sweetest praise that Chicago Record.

WARRING HEROES

Rheumatism and Public Conquered the Great South Remedies.

for every Sufferer

uffer from kidney dia- poison from the sys- ders, whilst they give thus describe the pa- tients the disease. The cles that gather in the ved if the system is to erson, and it is only a merican Kidney Cure r. Michael McMullen, t of Chasley, Ont., y disease, so severe d not lie down, or re- ion for a length of r medicines accom- secured immediate re- cian Kidney Cure. rvarines, after using left him, and today of the trouble in his

on of the magical char- Rheumatic Cure. e the worst forms of e system. Mr. Robert k, Ont., suffered un- bled him, and re- medly, but did no e of South American r. Gibson, "gave has he been cured." ration that comes to ickly overcome by ican Nerve. This nerves centres, which all health, and these the system can r. M. Williams, of e of the well-known town, suffered in- uration for years, list of the best medi- ical medical treat- for two or three e half of his way, e performed by South and tried a bottle. icient relief to en- e the medicine. as not long before

the good woman knew just where to turn for the sweet, tender passages she wanted for the boy, and when she had finished the brief reading she knelt beside the bed and prayed: "O Lord, we have a special thing to ask tonight. We are going to narrow ourselves down to this one case, this one boy. We centre our thought and our petition in him. And we ask thee that Thou wouldst just now centre Thy love right here. Let Thy strong arm reach out right this way and take this boy into safe keeping. Nobody has thought or cared to teach him the sin and the danger of this thing which by Thy goodness might have cost his life. Forgive the neglect of those of us who ought to have made the path easier and plainer for his feet. Forgive those who are ready to laugh at this sad experience he has passed through. O Lord, I am going to try to show the boy that it is not a thing to laugh over, and with thy help I will teach him what he ought to have been taught before, the evil effects of tobacco. Help him to understand and to resolve that with the help of the Lord he will forever abstain from the use of the vile thing, in any and every form. In Christ's name we ask all. Amen."

Listening to that prayer, so simple and so direct some puzzling thoughts came to Harold. As soon as Mrs. Gordon rose from her knees he said: "You prayed as if it was wicked to use tobacco; and you said too it was dangerous. Do you mean that it hurts people after they get used to it? The boys said it was all right after a fellow had learned; they say it never makes anyone sick but once."

Never woman set herself to any task with more prayerful earnestness than Nurse Gordon set herself to show Harold Harvey the sin and danger of the use of tobacco. For one thing, she did not have to answer the oft-repeated argument, "My father smokes," for Mr. Harvey was one who kept himself pure. But she did have to meet that other argument frequently given by the boys, "Our minister smokes; and so I thought it must be all right, after one had learned."

"Harold," said the good woman, "sometimes good men do things that are wrong because they have not learned the sin of it. I do not know what God thinks about their ignorance; but just now you and I want to find out whether or not tobacco is good for Harold Harvey."

"It didn't make me feel very good today," said the boy with a wan smile.

"That is so, dearie!" and Nurse Gordon tenderly smoothed the pillow and tucked the blankets closer about the pale face as she continued, "Now listen while I tell you two or three things about tobacco. What made you sick was something in the tobacco called nicotine, which is a deadly poison. If you should put one drop on the tongue of one of your pet rabbits it would be dead in five minutes. I heard of a boy whose mates forced him to swallow a piece of tobacco, and he died in a short time. Like any other poison, if one gets over it the

and especially in pointing out on the bicycle, he readily realized the danger from the practice, and will know what to take their feet from without any effort on lies in not being on the pedals, is moving rapidly, cessary to do so. nrolled unless the ed events are lia- r, and especially in which he is not pre- caution should e. The public e experiences of Clark, who was condition and very tacketown, N. Y. r. Clark's accident ing down a long ravine. But 'is thors, for the so far recovered account of the unconscious at and if it develops another serious the many which hazardous prac- wheel and the pro- ball, but the ex- shows need of who ordinarily ly get into, soon are pretty' sure later.—Brook-

WASH YOUR FACE WITH SOAP.

quickly to yourself.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

What Scott Was Like Personally—He Was Homely Yet Sagacious Looking—The Waverley Novels and the Circumstances Under Which They Were Written.

What of the person of Walter Scott? I have before me as I write a print of the portrait painted by Raeburn for Archibald Constable. It shows the poet at the age of thirty-seven, and the boyishness had not vanished from his figure and his features. The shadows had not begun to fall; sorrow, drudgery, with the ruin of his fortunes had not changed him as they so rapidly did in the latter years. There is a certain charm of romance in the very setting of the portrait and its accessories. At his back are seen the square-brown stones of some old castle he has been exploring. The forefinger of his right hand is inserted between the pages of a note book which he holds; white in the left between thumb and forefinger he keeps the ready pencil. His homely, yet sagacious face, with the dark negligent locks, is redeemed by the large, steely eyes, that seem to glow dully and tell the story of genius. It fascinates you—this picture! It is the roving minstrel, Scott, seen as he can, perhaps, be no where so well seen; but it has this advantage, that the face is in repose, while the glory of Scott's countenance was peculiarly its expression when lighted up from the scull within.

Miss Seward, writing to Cary, the translator of Dante, has given an exceedingly pleasing pen-picture of Scott, who was one of her personal friends: "On Friday last," she says "the poetical great Walter Scott came like a sunbeam to my dwelling. This proud boast of the Caledonian muse, is tall, and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in greater measure. Neither the contour of his face nor yet his features are elegant; his complexion is healthy and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eyelashes with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are of a lightish gray, deep thought is on their lids; he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbits beneath. An upper lip too long, prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome, but the sweetest emanations of temper and art play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles; and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation is an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, appetite allusion, and playful archness, while on serious themes it is nervous and eloquent, the accent decidedly Scotch, and yet by no means broad. On the whole, no expectation is disappointed which his poetry must excite in all who feel the power and graces of human inspiration."

Ballantyne and Scott—sub rosa—were not a substantial firm. Caution, experience, and general adaptiveness were not in the poet's friend in a degree sufficient to constitute him a rival of the Constables and Murrays of the time. He was enthusiastic and intrepid in the trial; but in the end mere "staying" qualities are requisite. July 1809 is the date written on the deed of copartnership, by which Scott was constituted a one-third partner in the concern. But prudence and business tact were conspicuously wanting in their transactions; so that, in 1816 their affairs came to a crisis, and they sold out to Constable and Co., though that firm is said to have lost some 5000 l by the transaction. "My brother," said James Ballantyne, in his last days, "though active and pushing, was not a cautious bookseller, and the large sums received never formed an addition to stock. In fact, they were all expended by the partners, who, being then young and sanguine, not unwillingly adopted my brother's hasty results."

Napoleon seemed at one time to say: I have a star arisen which can never decline. Scott seemed carelessly to affirm:—Wherever I may please to strike the toe of my boot there opens a golden lode. Such temporarily successful recklessness would otherwise be impossible. On what contrast with the stride of that other prodigious literary laborer Southey, (who just now came in for the Laureateship, after it had been refused by Scott, and who certainly had greater need of the paltry salary attached to that office), was this literary lion of his time;—the genius of drudgery,—leaving one task, not to sport, but to take up another. The other, seeming at constant liberty, always ready for friends and entertainments, and races a-field; achieving the marvels at which the world wondered, as if by stealth,—the day's work of another man in the morning before breakfast! Such a man might seem well to say: Why should I burden myself, or take excessive care? Yet, in the end, the plodder succeeds and the taker of pains is justified. What we read of him reminds us of a jovial free-handed companion, once our own, whose purse was as open to his neighbor as himself, but who was not discreet, equal with his generosity. We must admire, even while we blame, his reckless extravagance. "Every man of any note called him friend. The most splendid equipages crowded the way towards his house; the feast was spread continually—

as it were the feast of a king"; while on the balcony not ranging along the whole front, stalked to and fro, in his tartans, the wild piper, and made the air quiver with the tempestuous music of the hills. Arms and armor were ranged along the walls and galleries of his hall. There were portraits of some of the most noted persons who had figured in his lays and stories—as of Claver house, Monmouth, the Pretender the several heads of the Queen of Scots; with those of brother poets, Dryden, Thomson, Prior, and Gay. There were the escutcheons of all the great clan chieftains blazoned round the ceilings of his hall; and swords, daggers, pistols, and instruments of torture, from the times and scenes he had celebrated. Such was the scene of splendor which had sprung from the pen of one man. If it were wonderful the streams of wealth which continued to pour from the same enchanted gosse-quill were still more astounding. From Lockhart's life we see that, independent of what those works have made since, he had pretty early netted above 13,000 l. by his poems, though he had sold some of them in the first edition."

While Scott was thus flourishing in intellectual and pecuniary affluence;—and yet while the pit of ruin into which he subsequently fell was given, now and then, an admiring vibration, he took residence at Abbotsford. As yet his abode was a cottage, in which he sometimes expressed himself as willing to retire for the remainder of his life, secure from "the bustle, care and fever-strife." But he rejoiced to think he was within his own domain, and that at his touch of wizard power, his castle-palace should soon arise, for the administration of still more liberal and princely entertainment. Here commenced the preeminently brilliant period of his literary exertion—successful as his poetic career had been—in the "production in rapid succession," of that wonderful list of the "Waverley Novels." "Waverley" was given to the public in July 1814, and was received, if possible, with greater enthusiasm than the "Lady of the Lake." No literary success could have been more decided; while the opening of this new vein, and the coincident decline of his poetic gift, determined his future course, and insured more fabulous rewards. All he had reaped from his poetry is but a fragment of what he earned by his romances, and his other prose writing. Not to burden the reader with details, it may be sufficient to give the estimate for the whole of his writings, that they "must have produced to the author or his trustee, at the very least, half a million of money!" The first part of "Waverley" had been written at Ashiestiel, some years earlier; and had been condemned by the author upon an unfavorable judgment of his friend, James Ballantyne, and thrown aside as valueless. Coming upon it one day, at Abbotsford, in an old cabinet he was searching for some fishing-tackle, he drew the fragment forth. He read it over, and—whether the test of repetition so well that he determined to complete it. So, evening after evening, the hand was seen to move, until the talismanic work was complete; when it was offered to Constable, with whom he had re-established friendly relations. The publisher reluctantly undertook the task of ushering it to the public, and was not without his misgivings. His doubts and fears were groundless; he had never gotten himself, so cheaply, such a treasure, nor had he ever offered the public anything they were so eager to buy.

Scott was row on his new "track and in perfect racing trim. In a few months (Feb. 1815) "Guy Mannering" followed "Waverley," which was taken by the public as a flock of hens take corn. With the smack of "Waverley" on their lips, all the reading public of Britain and America sat at once down to "Guy Mannering," and still they hoped and hungered. The author's blood was up, (that author still unknown), and whole regions of romance and history were opening up in his mind; while in the conviction of his publisher there was as positive assurance. Now Constable can, and must pay him, quoth Scott; now he will build Abbotsford: As a specimen of his rapid production, it is authoritatively stated that his second romance was written in six weeks, while the author was at Abbotsford refreshing the machine! Then the poet is off for a season;—London opens her gates, and he sees lords, dukes, poets, and literature in plenty. He dines with the Prince Regent, and lionizes finely,—albeit, no one knows that he is the author of "Waverley." Well his minstrelsy is enough! Then to Paris, occupied by all this national glory when next he took his harp? His poem on "Waterloo," which appeared in October, 1815, was as languidly received by the public as its singular lack of merit justified. We have read "The Lay," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," many times; we have read "Waterloo"

as it were the feast of a king"; while on the balcony not ranging along the whole front, stalked to and fro, in his tartans, the wild piper, and made the air quiver with the tempestuous music of the hills. Arms and armor were ranged along the walls and galleries of his hall. There were portraits of some of the most noted persons who had figured in his lays and stories—as of Claver house, Monmouth, the Pretender the several heads of the Queen of Scots; with those of brother poets, Dryden, Thomson, Prior, and Gay. There were the escutcheons of all the great clan chieftains blazoned round the ceilings of his hall; and swords, daggers, pistols, and instruments of torture, from the times and scenes he had celebrated. Such was the scene of splendor which had sprung from the pen of one man. If it were wonderful the streams of wealth which continued to pour from the same enchanted gosse-quill were still more astounding. From Lockhart's life we see that, independent of what those works have made since, he had pretty early netted above 13,000 l. by his poems, though he had sold some of them in the first edition."

His hospitality was unbounded; people from every quarter, from almost every corner of the globe, came to visit him; from royal dukes and serene mightiness to the rosy grub street poet—all who imagined they had a right to know the Scottish bard presented themselves at the gates of Abbotsford, always welcomed to a house crowded from cellar to garret, the overflowings being sent to lodge at the village inn, the expense defrayed by the great man.

ones. "The Lord of the Isles," issued in the same year, showed also a decline in his poetical reputation, much to his disappointment. But it was not so barren as his "Waterloo." Where were the martial force and fire, the verve, the rapidity, of the minstrel who sang of Flodden, when dealing with this quick and blood-red subject? Yet, how the lines lag and halt: how cold and ineffectual they seem! With what different result did Byron approach the scene of that "king-making" and king-marring victory;—that pain,—haunted with the ghosts of heroes, and bedewed with blood,—from which the stains and scars had scarcely been worn away! But Scott's favorite flavor of antiquity was not there. Beside, his poetical nerve was evidently relaxed. All his poems, subsequent to "The Lady of the Lake," while rising to his old-time height in a few passages, betray, on the whole, a departure of his old-time strength and spirit. We would not underrate them; as the work of an inferior they might be highly noticeable compositions, but as the work of Scott, are disappointing. We have read "Rokely" and the "Lord of the Isles," again and again, trying to make them seem as good as the earlier poems;—we cannot. The form and sound may appear the same; but, in truth, they give the impression more of clever imitations than the works of an original master. Fertile in all lines, as he was, Scott, in his immense industry, never failed to write himself out; and like the true lover of his work, never seemed to know when he was done.

That Scott should have kept the authorship of his novels a secret for so long, seems in these divining newspapers days incomprehensible. The Scotch are proverbially a canny race, and can hardly be exceeded by the yankees in their inquisitiveness. The magnitude of his income and of his outlay must have excited suspicion, to say nothing of the marvellous authorship to which no name could be found. However the secret was most carefully kept, and only a few intimates, with the shrewdness and familiarity of the Ettrick Shepherd would presume to be certain that the Great Unknown was Scott. The astounding failure of the Ballantynes finally made the disclosure necessary, and the magician showed his hand, admitting at a public dinner, that he was the sole author. Scott's go between in the maintenance of this privacy, was his life-long friend John Ballantyne, to whom he in playful mood, gave the humorous name of "Kigdam Funnidos"—a choice of agents not well approved by his kinsman and biographer. Lockhart thinks it unwise in Scott, and unfortunate for him, that he trusted so implicitly in Ballantyne. He "had his own axe to grind, and was always jealous of the influence of constable, who looked down with quiet scorn upon the mercenary little man as an interloper in the trade, but who, nevertheless, induced Scott to place the first series of the "Tales of my Landlord" in the hands of John Murray and his Edinburgh agent, William Blackwood. It is evident from his letters that, while the negotiations for this change of publishers were in progress, Scott himself had serious misgivings as to the wisdom of the course his partner was pursuing; and Blackwood, being kept in total ignorance of the author of the work he was about to publish, and, moreover, being a plain, blunt man of business, deeply offended Scott by some strictures—and very just they were—on the conclusion of the "Black Dwarf," concluding his letter to John Ballantyne, with the suggestion of an outline of what would in his judgment be a better unwinding of the plot. This letter appears to have been sent to Scott by James Ballantyne, for to the printer was this sharp rejoinder addressed:

"DEAR JAMES,—I have received Blackwood's impatient letter. . . . Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most imprudent proposal that ever was made. W. S."

Blackwood did not long continue to be his publisher. One edition only of the "Tales" was issued by the firm of Murray and his associate; then Scott returned to Archibald Constable & Co., and they or their successors in the trade put forth all his subsequent works.

Authors in the rapture of creating, have not been scrupulous about their material or the morals of their treatment. To become the subject of vulgar indignation, and to be tasked by the unlettered but respectable citizen, who regards a masterpiece in character drawing as an unmitigated libel, is a frequent experience among poets and romancers. So was it with Hawthorne, when he wrote "The Scarlet Letter"; so was it with Dickens, when he wrote "Bleak House," and so was it with Scott, when "Old Mortality" was given to the public. A storm of indignation of which he doubtless never dreamed, broke suddenly about his head, from a multitude who believed that he had outraged the conventions' memory, lo! he had done an infamous thing! He had committed the crimes of treason, sacrilege and blasphemy, in one act! Good Dr. McCrie did not spare the novelist in the Edinburgh Christian Instructor; and after the head at which that Phillipic was aimed that had been laid low in honor, it was issued as a tract under the patronage of the General Assembly of the Free Church. It must be owned Scott drew no flattering picture; nor did

he handle the heroes of martyrology precisely as Fote would have done; yet we may well be believed that in his kindly heart Scott cherished all just and generous purposes, and he, as he says "would not wish to offend any good soul who had a real scruple." But it is long before Scott will be wholly exonerated and forgiven by the strictest of Scottish presbyterians, "who taught and trained in unbounded reverence for their forefathers, were prepared to fasten on every word and syllable that told against them—to find the blame outrageous and the praise null.

The list of Scott's calamities was begun, when in 1817, a painful disease of the stomach came upon him. Not since the illness recorded, while yet a clerk in his father's law-office, had he suffered an hour from pain or weakness; but now he was frequently incapacitated for work of any kind. Nevertheless, under this serious disadvantage, one of his most powerful and popular novels was written. The title affixed to "Rob Roy" was the happy suggestion of his publisher, who rescued it from the meditated but dubious misnomer, "The Clachan of Aberfoyle." Scott's illness necessitated an amputation; William Laidlaw—who acted as first and only in this capacity—taking most of it down from the author's dictation. It is said that James Ballantyne called on him one day for copy. There sat Scott, as if dazed, with pen undipt, and a blank sheet before him. Ballantyne was surprised and expressed it. "Ay, ay, Jimmy," replied Scott, "it is easy for you to tell me to get on; but how the mischief can I make Rob Roy's wife speak, with such a murmuring in my g—ts?"

"This illness lasted long and did serious work upon the frame of Scott; for we read that, during all the close of 1818 and the beginning of 1819 he continued to be assailed by cramp, and was reduced to a skeleton. His hair became white as snow, his cheek faded, and the last days of the "Last Mins' rel" seemed to have arrived! During his intervals of respite from pain he continued his work of dictation; sometimes interrupting the strain of romantic discourse by exclamations, or even by "siccus of agony." And so, "The heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammer Moor," "The Legend of Montrose," and the greater part of "Ivanhoe" were written. Little will the reader at his ease with one of these fascinating works consider the pang which perhaps gave a stimulus to even while they temporarily interrupted, the operations of genius. The disease eventually yielded to calomel, taken in small doses.

Another of Scott's misfortunes was the death of his old long-loved and trusted friend, John Ballantyne. After a lingering, wearisome illness, his life closed in June, 1821. The passing of early friends, seems to us a forshadowing on our own fate, and the beginning of many sorrows. It made a great blank in the world for Scott. "While committing the remains of poor 'Rigdom Funnidos' to the Calton burying ground, the heavens which had been dark, cleared up, and the mid-day sun shone forth. Scott glanced his eye along the gleaming Calton Hill, and then, turning to the grave, said, in a whisper to Lockhart,—"I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." Garrick's death is said to have shaded that of Scotland and the world." Yet the Minstrel's honors continued to increase, and his hopes continued to flower. In the early part of 1820 he is away at London, and when he returns again, he is Sir Walter, and he has the marriage of his eldest daughter Sophia, in a manner more elate, that George the Fourth has created him a Baronet of the United Kingdom. He has had audience with the king; he has kissed the hand of the first gentleman in Europe; he, who has written of knights, is now a knight himself. Should he not be a happy Minstrel! Had he been other than royal, Scott must have despised his miserable patron; but titles and trappings cover a multitude of sins, and it was after this that "Sartor Resartus" was written. PASTOR FELIX.

"This tallies well with Dr. John Brown's account in his story of 'Majorie Fleming,' of Scott's humor in writing and sometime disinclination: 'I am of the fang. I can make nothing of Waterlay today.'

HUMPHREYS'

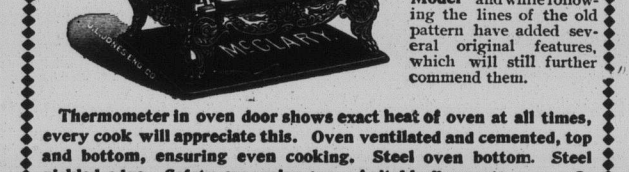
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"Best Liver Pill Made." I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for more than fifty years in my family. Have used it for colds, coughs, sore throat, stings, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism, lameness, colic, toothache, neuralgia, etc., and found it always good in every way. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. All Druggists. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

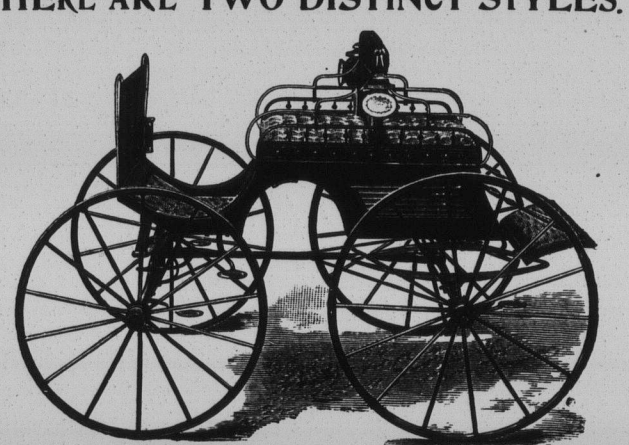


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For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

For some years past the arm has been rather an important part of woman's physique, and provided she had the use of them, and they were strong enough to handle a tennis racket or control a bicycle the average woman has given herself little concern about her arms for nearly five years. The large full sleeves have covered a multitude of sins against beauty of outline in the shape of long shoulders and thin arms, just as the high collars and ruffs have hidden many a scrawny throat. Even the woman who went to balls and receptions every night of her life, and passed nearly half her existence in evening dress could afford to make her mind quite easy on the subject since the long puffs which fashion has so long presented for the sleeves for evening costumes hid the arm to the elbow, and it is a curious fact borne out by carefully collected statistics that women are almost divided into two classes as far as arms go.

A few have arms that are fat almost to excess and pretty much the same shape all the way down; while the majority have a fairly good forearm, and an utterly undeveloped space from the elbow to the shoulder. Of course this did not matter in the least, while the sleeves were only fairly tight at the elbow, and then expanded into balloons; and the long glove with its friendly wrinkles disguised many a too-slender outline when evening dress was worn. But now the scene bids fair to change, and to cause wide-spread consternation by so doing. Tight sleeves are coming. It seems to be pretty generally agreed that they will be here in full force by next autumn, and the thoughtful woman who takes time by the forelock is examining her arms and wondering almost with despair how they are going to stand the cruel test of almost skin-tight coverings.

I don't mind confessing that what I have been hoping for, during the greater part of my life is a fashion which shall call for sleeves perfectly plain to the elbow, and expanding into balloons from thence, down to the wrist, nature having reversed matters in my case, and given me a fairly good upper arm while from the elbow—which is very well developed indeed—it reaches nothing so much as the lower part of a hen's leg. Therefore I can afford to speak quite dispassionately on the subject, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the tight sleeve far more of a monstrosity than the most exaggerated leg of mutton, ever was. It is becoming to the very few, and disagreeing to the majority; the fat arm will look as if it were bursting its way out, and the thin one will be exaggerated to a painful degree, and make its wearer look absolutely ridiculous. A sleeve of remarkable size, with most of its fullness at the top is the only becoming one for general wear, and I am surprised that fashion should have interfered with it. It is predicted that by next November there will be a wild rush for teachers of Delarte culture and gymnasiums and every known device for improving the arms at short notice.

But meanwhile the wise ones whom I already mentioned, are taking stock of their imperfections while there is yet time, and setting to work to remedy them at once. People who have made a study of the subject, and should know, say that there is no reason why any arm should not be developed until the upper part would defy the tightest sleeve that ever was made, to do anything but show off its beauties. It is the easiest thing in the world, once one understands how and in order to do this a woman must know a little about her own muscles, otherwise she may develop the wrong ones, and only succeed in improving her lower arm, at the expense of the very portion she is trying to develop. But by judicious exercise any woman can make her arms so symmetrical, that tight sleeves will have no terror for her, and twenty or thirty minutes each day during the summer devoted to her arms, will insure this result. Strange to say the athletic girl who is devoted to golf, tennis and cycling is not one whit better prepared for tight sleeves than her more indolent sister, because not only are the muscles of her forearms developed to a most ungraceful extent, but if her right arm should be measured, and both sleeves cut by that measurement, one would be found fitting while the other would hang almost in wrinkles on her left arm. All her exercises tend to develop one side at the expense of the other, and the athletic girl is becoming one-sided.

The best arm-exercises are quite simple and do not require any special apparatus; the very best one of all is called the trembling exercise, and simple as it sounds I do not imagine that in practicing it would be very easy. The mode of procedure is this: one arm is held up, the other down, and the hands hang loosely or are suddenly a tremor starts at the shoulder and runs down the arm to the wrist. This tremor is in the muscles which are first held taut, and then set in motion, the motion extending to all the muscles, especially those of the upper arm. The arms may be hung at the sides and the same motions made. When the

arm is held up the trembling works the muscles at the back of the arm, with the arm held downward the muscles at the front are exercised.

I always make a point of trying any of the exercises I read about, before recommending them to my readers, and I must confess that I have tried this one without being able to effect the very faintest tremor of the muscles, but as the famous Eugene Sandow asserts that much of the magnificent development of his arms has been acquired through this very practice, it must be beneficial, and perhaps it requires only practice in order to achieve the proper amount of "tremolo movement."

Another exercise, designed to produce those soft curves so desirable to all women, is called the spiral, and it is very easily done. The arms are stretched out, and the muscles twisted from the shoulder to the wrist; it merely amounts to a steady twisting of the hand and arm, the twist extending down into the hand itself. Both arms must be exercised alike, otherwise they will not increase in size evenly.

Another, and very vigorous exercise is that of the chair, and consists of grasping a chair firmly with both hands—say by the upper and lower part of the back portion, one hand holding the end of the leg, and the other top of the back. Let the chair hang before you at first, then lift it, and swing it back to the left, and over the back of the head, letting it rest for a moment across the neck, raise it again, pass it forward over the head, and drop it in front to the position started from. This is rather a violent exercise, for hot weather, but it is grand for the arms.

There are other chair exercises, and other muscular motions, but those I have described, if persisted in from twenty minutes to half an hour each day, will soon show excellent results.

It is a very good plan to shower the arms after these exercises, with cold water and give them a thorough rubbing. Another great help is developing the arms, is to massage them for five minutes night and morning, and perhaps the result of this treatment is shown sooner, than any other. The girls who play golf and tennis should be careful to take twenty minutes thorough exercise of the left arm and side each day in order to correct any tendency to one-sidedness.

By following these directions carefully, I feel sure that none of us will have anything to dread from the return of the tight sleeve.

Speaking of sleeves, reminds me that I read the other day of the jubilation with which husbands, brothers, yea, and even lovers, are hailing the downfall of the balloon sleeve, since it removes one fruitless source of "nagging." "Don't spoil my sleeves!" and "Do sit a little further away, you are crushing my sleeves!" is a cry which has been heard the length and breadth of the land, for too long a time; so the male relatives are rejoicing over the prospect of being able to "set close" again without retuke.

As the season advances grass linen seems to gain in favor, and a really fashionable outfit is no longer considered complete without a grasscloth costume. Of course they are far from being cheap dresses even when the silk linings are omitted, as the material is one requiring a good deal of decoration and color, in order to make it becoming, or effective, but it is fashionable, and that is all that it needs as an excuse for existence. Indeed all the gowns run towards an extreme of decoration, even the trim ribbon, or lace, as shirt trimmings, though others are made quite plain or trimmed with a ruche or narrow ruffles of sheer batiste.

White batiste striped with black is very effective and when it is made up over yellow silk, and trimmed with black lace and yellow ribbon, it makes a charming costume. Many pretty batistes come in dark blue or gray striped with white, and they make very useful summer dresses which can be worn a long time without washing.

An odd fancy this season is the use of striped silks for lining plain white swiss or organic gowns, which are then trimmed with black lace insertion and edging, and finished with ribbons to match the color of the striped lining.

Linings seem to be the special feature of this season's dresses, whether the dress itself is of some transparent material or of plain wool, and some startling contrasts are seen, blue canvas made up over green silk being one. Amongst the few simple dresses shown is one of grass lawn made up over white batiste and trimmed with robes of narrow lace set close together on the waist, and edging the narrow ruffs on the skirt, while a wide belt of black satin, gives an indescribable air of style, to the otherwise simple costume. Another very stylish gown of lawn canvas is made up over a lining of pink silk, and a wide collar of black satin edged with silver sequins adds distinction to it.

Green canvas over pale blue silk is another combination, and the bodice is trimmed with embroidered lawn and lace in the form of a fichu. A charming dress of fine, silky grass lawn over pea-green silk has tucked

sleeves and a bodice of green chamois silk flowered with pink roses and trimmed with batiste embroidery worked in colors. A gold enamelled belt finishes the costume. The loveliest pale green muslin is shown at the fashionable dry goods shops, and green seems to be the favorite color for weddings this season. Bridesmaids dresses of white show green trimmings, and large white hats with white feathers and bows of green taffeta ribbon. For the thin dresses so much worn this summer there are quaint panama hats trimmed with closed blossoms, morning glories and daisies, and they are both pretty and appropriate, besides being wonderfully becoming.

THE LARGEST WATER LOCKS.

Great Improvements in the Steamship Basins at Bremerhaven.

Next fall the new imperial harbor of Bremerhaven will be opened to the public, and a work will then have been completed which must be counted among the most important of its kind. The new harbor has been in course of construction since 1892. It will be protected from all sides by very strong levees against the frequent high flood tides of the North sea, and will contain three large basins, which will be open during ordinary high tides, while at ebb tide the entire complex system of basins and passages will be closed off by gigantic locks. Since the dimensions of the steamships are continually growing, and the largest steamships of the North German Lloyd must be able to enter the new harbor, the entry had to be made large enough for all.

The former inner harbor at this point was greatly increased in size and a new entrance was built, which comprises, besides a strongly built dike over three-quarters of a mile long, the largest lock so far constructed. This lock will be kept closed whenever the water in the Weser river is lower than the depth of water to be maintained in the harbor. When open, the lock has a clear width of ninety-two feet, the gate being thirty-eight feet high, the largest in the world. The length of the lock between the two gates is 700 feet, and at ordinary high tide there is a depth of water of thirty-three feet. The gates rest on two masonry structures built on caissons of twenty feet in height and solidly cemented to the ground. The building of these structures, which took place under very favorable conditions has succeeded surprisingly well, considering that it is one of the most difficult technical problems.

The entire construction rests upon pile work, the length of the piles varying from fifty to seventy feet. Most of the construction work was carried on during the ebb tide, recurring twice every twenty-four hours, so that only four hours a day could be employed at that work, and that only in favorable weather. What an immense amount of work was necessary to construct this harbor is evident from the following figures: Twenty thousand piles were sunk for a foundation, 45,000,000 cubic feet of soil had to be taken away on dry ground and as much more dredged out by the construction of the North-Sea Baltic canal. At the entrance of the harbor 4,750,000 cubic feet of masonry were necessary to strengthen the dikes and hold the colossal locks. An immense dry dock has been built immediately adjoining the harbor, which will accommodate the largest vessels of the world, its dimensions being identical with that of the lock at the entrance of the harbor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DIREFULY TIME.

Little Lamented Creatures Swarming Wherever There is Shrubbery.

Now is firefly time in the suburbs. There were a few fireflies abroad on the first warm nights in June, but now the little lanterned creatures fairly swarm wherever there are trees and shrubbery. Every woodland edge is a firmament thickly studded with intermittent fires. The rich bluish-white electric quality of the light is best seen against a woodland background on moonless nights. The fireflies seem to be abroad, in especially large numbers on cloudy sultry nights, and their soft fire glows even through a downpour of rain. They overtop in their flight the tallest trees, though they are found in special abundance about low shrubs and crawling on the grass, where the winged males find their mates, the somewhat rarely seen glowworms, which, by the way, are even more brilliant than the males.

The firefly comes to give the final touch to the summer of this latitude. His wonderfully pure ethereal fire, a winged spark borne magically by the invisible insect, belongs to the sultry heats of July, when all the sounds and odors of the night suggest a climate other than that of the temperate zone. When the night sky is veiled in clouds, and thunder rolls about the horizon those silent fires suggest some strange electric manifestation that foreshadows the coming storm. As the flying sparks wax and wane, and the yet incomplete insect orchestra softly pipes and strums, the odor of the honeysuckle, intensified by the dampness, floats to the observer, and the senses seem overlaid with the strange manifestations of the night. Whatever vulgar detail of suburban life thrusts itself upon the eye by day is swallowed up in darkness, and only the magic and romance of the summer night remains, while there is nothing to remind one of one's neighborhood to the great city, save a broad luminous cloud across a few degrees above the horizon, the reflection of New York's nightly illumination.

Cleveland for Third Term.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.—The possibility of his party uniting on Mr. Cleveland for third term attracts increased attention here, and his nomination, despite its exceptional character, is not an impossibility. Reciprocal trade relations with Canada and the admission into the United States free of duty of that celebrated Canadian product, Putnam's Fatless Corn Extractor, on account of its painless action and certainty, would be a plank in his platform. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sure! safe! painless!

Tan Shoes at Reduced Prices.

We have many lines of Men's and Women's TAN SHOES, broken in sizes, which we will sell from 25 to 33 1-2 per cent. less than regular prices. These are all first-class Shoes in every way, but as some of the sizes are gone, in order to quickly clear out the balance, we offer these reductions.

WATERBURY & RISING,
61 King Street. 212 Union Street.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

THE LATEST WONDER.

Photographing Thought Is Said to be an Accomplished Fact.

It may be rash to announce that anything is beyond the photographer's art, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Standard, but the communication just made to the Paris Academie de Medicine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that it is had made before Dr. Koentgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to inquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms that he has succeeded in photographing thought and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.

His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.

In his communication to the Academie de Medicine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campans, declared he would appear on a photographic plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On the 4th of August, 1893, M. Hasden, at Bucharest, went to bed with a photographic plate at his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campans, at a distance of about 300 kilometers from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists of a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.



"HEALTH FOR MOTHER SEX."

COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Protoplas Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

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

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Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

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Brushes, Combs, Soap Boxes, Bag, Bags, Key Rings, Cigarette Cases, Bicycle Tags, Match Boxes, Flasks, Pocket Knives, Suspender, etc. Souvenir Spoons, etc.



The Manufacturers of the Victoria Crochet Thread, fully appreciating the fact that a large amount of their thread is being used in Canada and hoping for an increase of same, offer One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in premiums (see below). Lady retaining the largest number of spools (100) will receive next largest number \$17.50 \$15.00 \$12.50 \$10.00 \$7.50 \$5.00 \$2.50 \$2.00, next eight ladies, each \$1.00 and Jan. 1st, 1897 and labels sent to E. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., not later than Jan. 1st, 1897. If your dealer does not keep this line of goods send eight cents in stamps to E. Henderson & Co., Montreal, P. Q., and they will provide you a sample spool.

Drink HIRE'S Rootbeer when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRE'S Rootbeer. Made only by The Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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have for years been the leaders in this class of stoves, to which many thousand users will gladly testify. This year we have produced a new stove called the "Famous Model" and while following the lines of the old pattern have added several original features, which will still further commend them.

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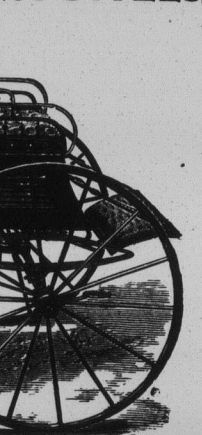
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A HOG-POWER MINE.

How a California Miner Made His Forkers Earn Their Living.

"I was riding through the mountains in Trinity country a few days ago" said a California miner, "when I happened to take a trail that led by old 'Burlap' Johnson's cabin. I took a dinner—cold corn-bread and bacon—with him, and then sat down for a smoke.

"Wouldn't you just as soon do your smokin' outside, pardner?" he asked.

"Certainly," said I "but you don't object to the smoke of a cigar, do you?" I was naturally surprised, for he was already puffing away at an old corncob pipe.

"No, course not, seein' as I've smoked nigh on to 50 years; but I want to keep my hogs to work."

"My curiosity was aroused, but I said nothing. He took down a double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun and his powder horn. Then he went out to a shed and got a pan of shelled corn. He sat down on a bench at the cabin door, rammed down a couple of charges of powder, and poured a handful or corn in each barrel. He put on a percussion cap, pressed it down with the hammer, cocked both barrels, and blazed away at the side hill across the little gulch.

"The roar had not died away till a drove of hogs came running, grunting and squealing, and commenced to root the side hill for the corn. Whenever they slacked up their work the old man fired another charge of corn."

"That's a mean trick," said I. "Why don't you feed it to them in a trough?"

"Feed it to 'em!" he repeated, in amazement. "Then they wouldn't work. Besides, they don't need it."

"What do you want to make them work for, and why do you waste corn on them if they don't need it?"

"Why, man alive, they do so much work as four men would! They root up the dirt, and when the rain comes, all I have to do is to sluice it."

"Then I understood that he was using the hogs to help him mine."

FORGOT HIS MARRIAGE.
Business Engagement Delayed to Allow Sam Johnson to Wed.

A colored man, about thirty years of age, drove up to the depot in Cincinnati with a load of baled cotton, and he had just begun to unload when an old, gray haired negro with a bad limp came down the street and shouted at him.

"Say yo' pussen dere!"

"Now, old man, what sorter man be yo'?" demanded the old man as he reached the wagon.

"Hallo, Uncle Joe," saluted the other.

"Hi, what yo' mean by dat?"

"Of co'ise I ar'. Why, ole man, you's all excited dis mawnin'. What's de matter?"

"Sam Johnson I've got a darter, Linda," replied Uncle Joe, and he straightened up and waved his arms about.

"Yes, of co'ise. Yes, sah, you's got a darter Linda, an' she's a powerful fine gal."

"Last Sunday night, Sam Johnson, yo' axed dat gal Linda to marry yo'."

"Hu! Hu! Sunday night? Lemme see. Say, I reckon I did. She said she'd do it, an' de marriage was sot fur dis mawnin'."

"Why, I reckon it was, Uncle Joe. Yes, we was to be married dis mawn'."

"But you ain't der, sah."

"Dat's a fact. Jist clean slip ind."

"But what yo' gwine ter do, sah—what yo' gwine ter do?" shouted the old man, as he danced around.

"What I gwine ter do? Am Linda all dv an' de preacher dar?"

"Yes, sah."

"Den yo' come around heah an' hang on to dat ol' mawl an' hold him stiddy an' I'll run ober an' marry Linda an' be back heah in ten minnits. If Majah Jones cums 'long an' wants to know why dis cotton hasn't dun unloaded yo' tell him dat owing to a disrecklessun of a matrimonial dis-remembrance I've had to procrastinate fur a few minnits."

The Dead of St. Peter's
And far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief aplos their he many martyred bishops side by side: men who came from far lands to die the holy death in Rome—from Athens, from Bethlehem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names; James III, Charles III, and Henry IX; the Emperor Otho II has lain there a thousand years; Pope Boniface VIII of the Caetan, whom Sciarra Colonna struck in the face at Anagni, is there, and Rodrigo Borgia; Alexander VI lay there awhile, and Agness Colonna, and Queen Christina of Sweden, and the great Countess, and many more besides, both good and bad—even the Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory.—"St. Peter's," by Marion Crawford in the Century for July.

Benny's Cheerful Gift.
"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloom-bumper to his son, as the latter started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:—

"Well, papa it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."

Persons with delicate throats or lungs need to be very careful at this season and have a supply of Hawker's balsam for prompt treatment of the first symptoms of cold or cough.

At a Glance

anyone can see the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

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FLUID, OIL, POWDER, &c.

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Or the Liquid Made 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 speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim.

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Meals Served at all Hours Dinner a Specialty.

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GAME FOWLS.

A Writer Who Makes Strong Claims For the Ancient Breed.

The game fowl is probably the oldest breed known to the world. They were bred and fought 3,000 years ago, and will be bred and fought 3,000 years after date.

We allude to the true game, not the stilted variety, bred for supposed elegance of form and station. There is no better fowl for the farmer than well bred and steel tested games. They are generous layers and the finest table fowl ever bred.

The latter fact is never disputed and never doubted. After full feathering they are the hardest of all, and will roam over a 40 acre field and return home to roost with promptness. Not only will the males fight anything that wears feathers or hair, but the females will protect their young to the last feather and the last gasp. They are the best of all mothers—good sitters and good providers.

Games need wide range. This writer has raised games and at 10 a. m. found them half a mile from home chasing the elusive bug or grasshopper. It is a common error that they are troublesome on account of their inveterate pugacity. This is a mistake for they have discretion as well as valor. Two matured cocks can rarely remain on the same walk. A game that will brook a rival is wrongly named. The cockerels will fight—it is their delight, and it is cruel, but often necessary to curb this enjoyment by the introduction among them of a full grown cock, who will permit no fighting unless he be one of the parties belligerent. He will curb the unruly youngsters, and with peremptory authority command the peace. It is a fact corroborative of the general tenor of this paragraph that no man who once gives games a fair trial ever deserts them for white feather duffers.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

THE FEAR OF THUNDER.

Safe Place During a Storm is in the House. Where There is No Draught.

"Electric storms are far less dangerous than the majority of people imagine," writes Edward W. Bok in July Ladies' Home Journal. "That a severe lightning storm is terrifying admits of no question, and will sometimes bring uneasiness to the heart of the strongest man. But the real danger is slight. The chance of lightning striking a house, for example, is not one in a million. Particularly is this true in cities strung as most of them are with electric wires. The greatest danger from electric storms is in the country, and even there the danger may be lessened if the simplest and most common-sense of precautions are exercised. The surest electric conductor is a draught, and if, when a thunder-storm approaches, it is seen that all windows and doors liable to occasion a draught are kept closed, the danger is at once reduced to a minimum. If a woman is 'caught' out in a thunder-storm the safest shelter is a house; the most dangerous a tree, particularly an oak tree. 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It is a peculiar, but nevertheless a proven, fact, that the oak is the most susceptible of all by its sides the safest place is in a house and out of a draught. This is a truth that tells us, were oak, while the beech tree was the least harmed. Therefore, the worst possible place of shelter in an electric storm is under an oak tree, while by its sides the safest place is in a house and out of a draught. If a woman is 'caught' out in a thunder-storm the safest shelter is a house;

JUST LIKE HER.

Theodore Shy was an exceedingly bashful man, and when, after much debating in his mind, he decided to take a wife, his thought at once turned to a matrimonial paper as the best means for attaining his object. Not that he was unacquainted with any being on whom he would have been willing to confer the title of Mrs. Theodore Shy, but such was his innate bashfulness, that he dreaded his determination being ascertained by his friends, and himself consequently ridiculed. Chafed he would certainly have been, but as Theodore was in every respect an eligible parti there was no reason to expect ridicule. Theodore Shy, at the time of contemplating this most serious step, was thirty-six years of age. Passably good-looking, good-tempered, good-natured (good natured sily fellow he was sometimes styled by his hcrrowers), he possessed a good house, a good income, and all he required was a good wife to make his home happy. While the matter was in this stage, Theodore was brought to a full stop, and for this reason—he could not conceit a suitable advertisement. "Oh course," he said, "I don't want an old wife, but I can't advertise that I want a pretty young girl—and I shall certainly want her to be good-looking. And what else? Let me see. Modest, musical, amiable, domestic, loving, cuddlesome—hang it! I can't do it. If it was ever discovered that my advertisement I should never hear the end of it." He was in this dilemma for two days, when he determined to seek the advice of a lady friend—a young widow, who had often commiserated him on his solitary lot. It is surprising that, being so bashful, he should have actually sought the advice of a lady; and that lady, too, one who would possibly have no objection herself to becoming Mrs. Theodore Shy. But, strange to say, that had never occurred to him. Mrs. Ready was an old friend whom he had known before her marriage, and was the only person he felt he could take into confidence, being assured of her sympathy and discretion. She had married, when only nineteen, a young lieutenant in the army, who, three months afterwards, was inconsiderate enough to leave his wife a widow. She was at this time twenty-five years of age, and exceedingly pretty. Theodore often thought that she bore a strong likeness to the widow-woman in whose eye Uncle Toby endeavored to find the imaginary something. He had not, however, considered the possibility of her likeness in character to the aforesaid widow, and, acting, on his first impulse, he lost no time in paying the relic of the late Lieutenant Ready a visit. He saw the young widow in her morning room, and she met him with extended hand and a smile of welcome. After talking of the weather of yesterday, the prospects of ditto for today and tomorrow, Theodore sought an opening to the subject of his call. "I wish to seek your advice on a matter of great import to myself."

"But what do you call yourself? You don't want a girl of sixteen?" "No, of course, not so young as that." "Seventeen?" "No." "Eighteen?" "Older than that. I am double that age you know." "Oh, are you? Well, then, about what age shall I say?" "How old are you? I really beg your pardon. I mean about what age?" "The widow smiled complacently. "I don't mind you knowing my age. You know very nearly yourself. I am twenty-five—getting quite old. So you think a lady of my age would suit you?" she said merrily. Theodore was certain of it. "Now we have the first requirement. Do you wish to say whether she is to be slim—or shall we say 'bonny'?" "I wouldn't put that," said Theodore perspiring. "It looks too— Well this is awkward. Just what I felt when I tried to draw an advertisement. I do not like either very thin or fat people!" "What shall I say, then?" Theodore looked again round the room, and came to the conclusion that the widow was of the proportions he desired. "Like you," he said. Having only just contemplated matrimony, he had never bestowed a thought on the widow's charms until now; and, last becoming helplessly in love he wished he had gone and shot himself before he came on his present errand. "But, you foolish man, how can I put that?" "What am I?" "You're an angel." She laugh merrily. "Then I must put 'of angelic proportions.'" "No, let us leave that out altogether." "Very well. Is she to be pretty?" "Preferably." "Good-looking, at all events?" "Yes." "Like myself?" coquettishly. "That's impossible!" "Is it? Then shall I say 'of good appearance'?" "Yes, doubtless; though it sounds like a barnyard's requirement." "Any preference as to height?" "About your height." "Well, how tall am I? I'm sure I don't know." "Have you a measure?" said Theodore. She had one on her chapeleine, and as it never appeared either that the simplest method would be to detach the chapeleine, Theodore felt much embarrassed while he performed his task, measuring the pretty widow first from the ground to the chapeleine and then from the chapeleine to her crown of hair. Indeed, so hurried was he that the operation had to be performed no less than three times before he was at all certain as to her height. "Five feet five," he pronounced. "Is she to be musical?" continued the widow. Theodore paced round the room. Musical! A hitherto unthought of possible calamity now presented itself to himself. Musical! What an escape! Suppose he had rashly engaged himself to a musical being who was not musical; idiot, who was 'shoddy' musical! It would have been the one thing to make him commit suicide! Meanwhile the widow, probably guessing what was probably in his mind, for she knew him to be a lover of music, left her visitor for a moment. But what was that Theodore heard? A most lovely voice singing softly with such thrilling sweetness that his whole soul was moved. Ah! what would he give to possess the owner of that voice! Whoever could it be? Not the widow? But it was, and at that moment she entered the room. "Have you made up your mind?" she said merrily. "Yes, I want some one that is really musical!" "Well, but every girl will say she is that." "What shall I do?" "Is it really indispensable?" "Yes." "Then I should advise you to marry someone you know is really musical." "Oh! beautiful man! He was already madly in love with this woman, and he never took the hint perhaps he did not see it." "But I don't care for any musical lady that I know of—except one," he added coquettishly. "Then why not ask her?" "She wouldn't have me—I should never think of asking." "How do you know she would refuse when you have never asked?" "She's too good for me." "Nonsense. There is no woman too good for you." "Thank you, but I really couldn't ask." "How do you know she is not in love with you, and if that is the case you ought to?" "Oh, but it's most unlikely," persisted the widow; "should you, in that case, disapprove of her telling you so?" "No, I think I'll leave musical out of the question. I was only sure of her being as musical as you—"

"Why, you silly man! You are wanting her to be like me in everything." "I do." "But he went no further, and the widow proceeded— "Is she to be domesticated? Of course, it is she to be like me, I will put it. Now, is there anything else? Money?" "No." "Then we'll draw up the advertisement." "That I can't do," said Theodore. "I'm really very sorry to have given you all this trouble, but I can't do it." "Well, what shall you do?" "I don't know. Remain a bachelor, perhaps; anyhow, I won't advertise. You'll pardon me for the trouble I have given you?" "Oh, don't mention it. I shall be very glad to help you—more glad than I can say. It is so sad to see a good man like you lead such a solitary existence." "You are very kind. Good morning." "Good morning. But stay a moment. Did you not say," continued she, blushing, "that you would prefer someone like me for your wife?" "Yes." "Then why not ask me?" And he did. Secretive Item. Hicks—The firefly strikes a spark by rubbing its wings together. Bishop—Um! What you might call a fire caused by a defective flow.

VERY CHEAP AND VERY GOOD. "Advice," says the proverb, "is cheap." So is air. So, commonly, is water. Yet air and water are each worth more than gold; and advice, even when it costs nothing, sometimes turns out to be more valuable than if every word had been a diamond. Here is a short letter that illustrates the point:—"Eight years ago," says the writer, "my daughter, Mrs. Salter, of Wellingham, fell into a languid, weakly state of health. Her appetite was poor, and after everything she ate she had most excruciating pain at the chest, which would continue for hours. She also complained of great weight and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. As time went on she grew weaker and weaker, and was unable to go about her duties. Nothing that she took did any good until a friend called her attention to Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After having taken the Syrup a short time all pain and distress left her and she enjoys good health." This was the foundation on which the advice we are to speak of was based. Our excuse for breaking in upon the writer, and begging to put his virtues to the far test, is that he naturally divides himself into two sections. We now quote the second one:—"In March of last year (1892) my daughter Rosa began to feel ill and out of sorts. She had a poor appetite, and began to put less virtue to the far test in her own case. In a few days the cough was gone, her appetite improved, the pain left her, and she has been in the best of health ever since. I now keep a bottle of the remedy in the house, and if I or any of the family are ailing a dose or two sets us right. You are at liberty to publish this statement should you desire to do so. Yours truly (Signed), Mrs. A. Plaxman, Hill House Farm, Yoxford, Suffolk, March 28th, 1893." Another example: "As a girl," says Mrs. Maria Girdlestone, "I suffered from extreme weakness, pain at the lungs, and a hacking cough. No one thought I would live long. However, I got on fairly well up to the early part of 1890, when I was taken with a strange sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had a bad taste in the mouth, particularly in the morning. My appetite failed, and after eating the least thing I had an awful pain at the chest. I was troubled with cold, clammy sweats, and the cough and retching shook me greatly. In spite of all the medicines that were given me I got weaker and weaker. Indeed, a doctor at Norwich told me I would die in a few days. At this time my brother advised me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it had benefited him, he having used it for weakness and asthma. I took the Syrup and soon felt relief. My appetite returned, my food digested, and I gained strength. So that now, whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint, I know what to do; the Syrup quickly sets me right. Yours truly, (Signed) Maria Girdlestone, Marlingford, near Norwich, March 23rd, 1893." Here we have instances in which the value of timely and intelligent advice is very apparent. The disease was the same in all, namely indigestion and dyspepsia. Men suffer from it widely and women universally. Not the lungs but the stomach is the trouble nine times out of ten. Remember that, when anybody advises you to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, take that advice, for it is based on common sense and experience.

WORE THE DIAMOND IN HIS LEG. A Story of the Way the Orloff Stone Was Taken From Persia to Russia. Gus Fox, a dealer in diamonds on Fourth street, has a story about the famous Orloff diamond, named after Count Orloff, the first European who bought it. Fox says: "It was originally the eye of an idol in Trichinopoly. It was stolen, according to the accepted account, by a Frenchman, who escaped with it to Persia, where he sold it for the equivalent in our money of \$8,000 to a Jewish merchant. "The Jewish merchant sold it to an Armenian named Shafras, who had traveled in Russia, and conceived the idea of taking the diamond to that country and selling it to the Empress Catherine for a great sum. Shafras paid him \$60,000 for it. "Having secured the stone, the next question with Shafras was how to get it to Russia, or rather how to conceal it when he was searched by robbers, as he was sure to be on the road. The journey was a long and perilous one, and thieves abounded everywhere. Shafras thought of swallowing the stone when he should be taken by the robbers, but was obliged to give that plan up, as the diamond was too large to swallow. He began to feel he had a white elephant on his hands, when a thought occurred to him. He secured a sharp lance, made a cut in the fleshy part of his left leg and thrust the diamond into the wound. He sewed up the cut with a needle and a silver wire. It healed, leaving the diamond embedded fast in the leg, quite out of sight. "Then he started for Russia. On the way he was seized by robbers again and being an Armenian, and suspected of going to trade, the thieves marvelled greatly at finding nothing of value upon his person. "He arrived in Russia at last, and after extracting his diamond, visited the empress. He was willing to sell it for about \$150,000, but the empress had not so large an amount in cash for the purchase, and Shafras preferred to go on to Amsterdam, the seat of the diamond-cutting industry, where he had the stone polished. "Here Count Orloff, an extremely wealthy Russian, saw the diamond, and was filled

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax, 7:40 Express for Halifax, 8:20 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene, 8:45 Express for Sussex, 10:15 Express for Robbsey, 10:45 Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney, 11:20 Build sleeping cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22:30 o'clock and Halifax at 20:00 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday Excepted), 6:00 Express from Halifax, 6:45 (excepted) 6:55 Express from Sussex, 8:20 Accommodation from Point du Chene, 8:45 Express from Robbsey, 10:15 Express from Robbsey, 10:45 Express from Montreal, Halifax and Sydney, 11:20 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N.B., 6th September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Summer Tourist Tickets Now on sale to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast. SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS on sale to local points on Atlantic Division. For Tour Book and all other information enquire at office, Chubb's Corner, and at station. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOYMAN, Dist. Ticket Agent, St. John, N.B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after 3rd July, 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railroad will run daily (Sunday Excepted). Royal Mail Steamer. PRINCE Rupert. Lvs. St. J. at 7:00 a.m., ar. Digby 9:30 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 10:30 a.m., ar. St. John, 1:00 p.m. Lvs. St. John, at 1:30 p.m., ar. St. John, 4:00 p.m. Lvs. St. John, at 4:15 p.m., ar. St. John, 6:45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Lvs. Halifax 4:15 a.m., ar. in Digby 10:15 a.m. Lvs. Digby 10:30 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 1:30 p.m. Lvs. Halifax 11:15 a.m., ar. Digby 4:10 p.m. Lvs. Digby 4:15 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 6:15 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 7:15 a.m., ar. Digby 10:45 a.m. Lvs. Digby 11:00 p.m., ar. St. John 1:00 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 2:00 p.m., ar. Digby 4:00 p.m. Lvs. Digby 4:04 p.m., ar. Halifax 9:00 p.m. Lvs. Annapolis 6:00 p.m., ar. Digby 8:50 p.m. Lvs. Digby 4:45 p.m., ar. Annapolis 6:00 p.m. Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on the Flying Bluenose. Close connections with trains at Digby, making a double daily service between St. John, Halifax, Yarmouth, and all intermediate points on Dominion Atlantic Railway. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and at the Purveyor on steamer, from whom time-table and other information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL I...S. Co. DAILY LINE (EXCEPT SUNDAY) TO BOSTON. COMMENCING June 29th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of this Company will leave St. John: MONDAY, 2 p.m. for Boston, Liverpool, London and Southampton. TUESDAY, 6 p.m. for Boston direct. WEDNESDAY, 2 p.m. for Eastport, Lunenburg and Boston. THURSDAY, 2 p.m. for Eastport, Lunenburg and Boston. FRIDAY, 2 p.m. for Eastport, Lunenburg, Port au Prince and Boston. SATURDAY, 2 p.m. for Eastport, Lunenburg and Boston. For further information apply to C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR Fredericton AND Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. But whatever have had "bonnone" concern Blend to win bicycle boys two first and wheelmen mad selves. Mr. V. time provinces all corners, of the money second place. Mr. Clinch well as they methods been. It does not their boat a race simply to man. Every was being fairly he could not his substitute, credit for their represent the

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after MONDAY, July 28th, the steamer Clifton will leave for Hamilton at 5:00 a.m. for St. John. Returning will leave St. John at 5:00 a.m. on Wednesday and will leave Hamilton at 5:00 a.m. on Thursday and will leave St. John at 5:00 a.m. on Friday and will leave Hamilton at 5:00 a.m. on Saturday and will leave St. John at 5:00 a.m. on Sunday and will leave Hamilton at 5:00 a.m. on Monday.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS. BORN. Famous old Gov. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, was directly or indirectly the source of many a good story. Here is one that I do not think has found its way into print: One day at a political gathering he was approached by a well-dressed individual, who shook hands warmly with him. The governor was a bit bothered, and confessed he could not recall the hand-shaker's name. "Why, you must remember me, governor," said the latter. "I'm from Richmond. I made your shirts." "Why, of course," said the governor, with all a politician's tact. "Gentlemen, this is my very excellent neighbor, Maj. Shirts."—Washington Post.

MARRIED. Kingston Village, N.S. July 10, John Banks to Mary Crocker. St. John, N.S. July 14, to the wife of Arthur Starr, a son. Northville, N.S. July 5, to the wife of Joseph Canham, a daughter. Port Hawkesbury, July 9, to the wife of D. McDougall, a daughter. Melbourne, N.S. July 5, to the wife of Fred McGray, a daughter. Marville, N.S. July 17, to the wife of Prof. C. L. Chabolin, a son. Annapolis, July 10, to the wife of J. Bernard Ritchie, a daughter. Westville, N.S. July 10, to the wife of Robert W. McDonald, a daughter. Carleton Place, N.S. July 12, to the wife of Charles S. Robbins, a daughter.

OUR MAIL. Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes: GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1893 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B.B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

DIED. Glasville, N. B. John Millie, 81. Pablico, July 6, George Sealey, 62. Truro, July 11, John D. Christie, 44. Pablico, June 6, G. B. Goodwin, 78. Ocala, July 8, Joseph B. Harvey, 73. Milton, July 8, Mrs. M. A. Ward, 82. Elgin, July 10, Michael O'Connor, 80. Old Ridge, July 9, George Christie, 66. Ocala, July 7, Mrs. Jane Creighton, 77. Carleton Place, July 14, John Long, 47. Dufferin, N. B. July 9, John Mackay, 79. Yarmouth, July 10, Emma Gardner, 88. Pablico, July 9, Cornelius Goodwin, 76. Green Harbor, June 27, Charles Arle, 7. Pomeroy Ridge, July 12, Stephen Hall, 88. Ocala, July 10, Mrs. Anne McMahon, 78. Bathurst, July 11, Adelaide M. J. Lee, 60. East Dover, July 17, Laurence Connor, 46. St. Thomas, June 30, Dennis McCafferty, 83. Casham, July 4, Jane E. widow of John Bell. McVeigh, Annapolis Co. July 13, C. E. Gates, 70. Pictou, July 15, Annie E. wife of John E. McLean, 29. Fort La Tour, N. S. July 15, A. Eusebius Cowell, 22. St. Stephen, July 9, Mary J. widow of Thomas Baker. Adelaide, Australia, May 8, William R. Evans of N. S. 61. Wilmot, July 10, Charlotte, wife of Manning McGregor, 68. Lower Musquodoboit, July 7, Jessie A. daughter of George Landells, 64. Westport, July 10, Edna Gover, child of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gover, 6. Birchtown, Shelburne Co., N.Y., child of Chas. and Eliza Warrington, 2. St. John, July 19, Ethel O., only daughter of the late W. and Alma Day, 16. Boston, Mass., July 11, Diana, wife of John Hinton formerly of Sea Dog Cove, N. S. 89. Carey, Me., June 21, David Bushman, son of Geo. and Nancy Alexander, formerly of N. B. 28.

REVIV. BOAT RA. The Eastern Time Men and the His Wife There is races would o'd sport to the Paris regattas at John is so this, for it is of conversat fortunes of The fact Frig's, more account of professional best crews it it con champions champion sir had on the lakes, and cities by th which have same sport, be imagined of interest. PROGRESS St. John men in their form of their form John crew k opinion of m again hold t men are the drive through men are as a Then the old Paris crew their idols w and shook th heard of the representative Perhaps esting among old memorie their trials a Fulton "w who other ci' were dwell brought up memory of i They told of its power, o who steered the rudder. share of praise boat so st Good steering the credit give unattained. I man all were dents which I self were c again. Then the n began to co about the bulletins likely to win. The people lo crew they were picked up Hal and only reme this city were not so c crew had not as it might h them good" w know how t was all one w tion of a few and packed six were t Halifax again of a sport cash they could upon the crew will be known the patrons o some idea of the fallibility gained. But whatev have had "bonnone" concern Blend to win bicycle boys two first and wheelmen mad selves. Mr. V. time provinces all corners, of the money second place. Mr. Clinch well as they methods been. It does not their boat a race simply to man. Every was being fairly he could not his substitute, credit for their represent the