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Mr. Chesley Thrown Down.

The Candidate of the Rank and File Had to Give Way to the Machine.

There were many strange things said and stranger things done at Thursday night's liberal conservative convention in McLaughlin's hall, cor. Germain and Princess streets. Perhaps the strangest thing of the lot was the holding of the convention in the hall which has been looked upon as the liberal stamping ground. Long before 8 o'clock the "faithful" had gathered to the number of about fifty, still there was not a sign of light in the hall. To many of the superstitious ones it looked like a forerunner of the dark days to come for the standard-bearers of the Tories. When the hall was opened the delegates from the outside parishes began to pour in.

There were many liberals on hand, just to see what nature the affair would assume. They were informed by their conservative brethren that the delegates would be admitted by tickets only nothing daunted they went up stairs and found access easy. The adherents of Tupper were only too glad to get any liberals to attend and thus swell the "representative and intelligent liberal conservative gathering as Dr. Stockton called it.

Col. Ald. Armstrong was in the chair. After a dissertation on liberal-conservative principles in general he informed the audience of the object of the gathering. He gave way to Dr. White who made some remarks on the "peculiar fitness" of the Hon. George Enlas Foster as a candidate for the city of St. John. The doctor moved the nomination of Foster which was seconded by Mr. S. S. de Forest. The nominations were hurriedly moved to be closed.

At this juncture the irrepressible Michael Kelly, of St. Martins, jumped to his feet and endeavored to articulate. He was squelched as the chairman ruled Mr. R. B. Emerson had the floor. That gentleman nominated Dr. Stockton "to run as running mate" to the Hon. Foster for the city and county of St. John. Then the real fun of the convention commenced. Mr. John R. McFarlane from one of the back chairs in the hall, nominated John A. Chesley for the city and county. This was seconded by Mr. Jacob Brown. Here another voice was heard amid the babel, a Mr. Edwards nominated Mr. Wm. Shaw. The gallant colonel from the chest informed Mr. Edwards that Mr. Shaw did not desire to run and hence there would be no need of balloting on his name. This looked as if the affair was all out and dried before the convention started.

The two nominations were accepted and the following scrutineers appointed to receive the ballots of the delegates as to who would receive the nomination Stockton or Chesley. The scrutineers were: Coun. Daan, J. W. Keast, Dr. R. F. Quigley, C. F. Brown, Capt. Carson, Con. Catherwood, S. L. D. Tilley.

The ballots were cast and while they were being counted in an anti room the comedy part of the convention was furnished to the auditors. Kelly of St. Martins, must have had some doubt about the honesty of his new-found friends, for about this time he sprang to his feet and said that "the convention should stand by the man who received the greatest number of ballots."

During intermission, at Mr. J. B. M. Baxter's proposition, Hetherington, the Queens county incendiary was called upon for a speech. He uttered a few remarks among which were the following gems: "I thank the non-resident voters of St. John's who came up to Queens county and helped me. We have met our Mesgerion tein; our Paardeberg's in the future." One of his scriptural anecdotes bore a tinge of freak vaudevilism, for which he is said to be famous. It was as follows: A minister had a very wicked parrot who once fell out of her cage into a bucket of water taking an impromptu bath, the parrot afterwards climbed back on to the minister's return said to him. Where in the world were you when the cyclone struck."

F. M. Sprout, the defeated King's county candidate, was the next speaker. His harangue was chiefly directed against

the Hon. Mr. Blair, confining his remarks to the use and abuse of our railway system. He said he did not run the election in King's county expecting to win, or he didn't have a swelled head.

Mr. Kelly, he of St. Martins, who played a comedy part all through the night was the next gentleman who favored the audience with a discourse in political soundbites. He said "It was a bad thing to steal a bad thing. That's what the liberals had done. They had stolen the national policy. Some of you present have been companions with me in the liberal camp. We know how it is, we have been on both sides." At this point Mr. Kelly ceased to orate when a voice cried out: "Go on, we want to hear more of that kind of stuff." Kelly again started "Blair is the Golden Calf and we are the victims." Then the audience carried away by the sublime persuasion of the only Kelly rose to their feet and cheered three times three, ending with "What's the matter with Kelly, he's all right, you bet."

At this stage of the proceedings the contineers returned and Dr. Quigley in academic tones said he had the honor to announce that the delegates had cast their ballots as follows:

Stockton 171
Chesley 30

Mr. Emerson moved that the ballot be declared unanimous in favor of Dr. Stockton. This motion like everything else was carried.

During the roll-call of the delegates the Colonel-Alderman-Chairman made one of his characteristic speeches when a question of identity being raised about one of the delegates he exclaimed "somewhat like he looks."

The "walking delegate," John A. Chesley wore a dejected look as he stood near the door. He expected his fate and was not in evidence after the result of the ballot was announced.

One coterie of good conservatives seated near the door were Dan Mullin, Q. C. Mr. Geo. McLeod, and Dr. Quigley.

Another group who sat near the chair were: W. H. Thorne, R. B. Emerson, Col. Markham, Dr. White and A. W. Macrae. Dr. Stockton in his speech made some remarks about "Col. Tacker, poor old fellow, being a fit subject for the S. P. C. A., his burdens of office having been so hard and onerous, etc., etc." After a long discursive talk he finally thanked those present for nominating him and kindly accepted the nomination. Then there were cheers for the Queen, for Kelly and everybody in sight. Ald. McWell wanted to speak. Ald. Baxter wanted to speak. Everybody was speaking. All one could hear was a confusion of voices.

Dr. Stockton was not present the first part of the night, but he must have been expecting the nomination. As soon as the scrutineers announced the result, he was led into the hall by a body-guard of "the faithful."

It is said that a "sympathy" meeting was held by the Chesleyites after the convention closed. The choice of Stockton does not suit them at all. The "walking delegate" was made to walk the plank in good shape Thursday night. The friends of "n they have something up their sleeve. Who knows but what we may have an Independent in the field.

Did You Pay Your Taxes?

Monday was a big day in the Chamberlain's office. It was the last day upon which taxpayers could take advantage of the five per cent discount. Nearly \$100,000 was paid in on Monday. All kinds and conditions of men were on hand on Monday in order to receive the rebate. If one were a student of physiognomy many studies could be had by a close reading of the countenances and cast of features of the populace present. Those who were on hand ready to part with their collateral in order to escape the agile and pursuing constableness afforded a picture of varied hues and tints. Chamberlain Sendall and his corps of assistants were very busy men. They manipulated the dollars in a manner that would make a ticket seller at the circus green with envy. It was a trying time; there were many little disputes as to ex-

cessive water rate charges, etc. The man with a \$800 income was in evidence. His little plea that his salary did not amount to more than \$500 vanished away like last winter's "beautiful," when facts and figures were produced showing he was wrong in his mathematical deductions. It was truly "the growing time" in the City Hall exchequer. Those that paid up are all right, but what about the multitude that will keep the constables busy.

WAS CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A Merchant Who Found a Policeman Active.

The manager of a City Road manufacturing concern had a rather amusing experience on Wednesday night last. He had searched his house and extra clothes for his keys, money and favorite pipe. Being unable to find them, he concluded that he had been robbed, but just then he suddenly remembered having changed his pants at the office and in his absent-mindedness had come away and left them there. He resolved to go to the office after supper and get the cash and pipe as they were essential to his evening's enjoyment. Several little things delayed him, so that when he reached his office it was past ten o'clock. Here he was once more in a predicament as he had forgotten and left the office key on the dressing table. Not to be failed after coming so far, he mounted the fence and was just in the act of climbing headfirst into a rear window of the office, when a stalwart policeman clutched him where he usually sits down.

"Hold on me fine bucco" said the cop. "Let go," said the manager.

"Ah me boy, but you thought you would make a haul did you? Well not if the court knows itself and I reckon it does."

"No, but you made a mistake I guess you did not know that I was on duty to night or you wouldn't try your crooked work before me very eyes."

"Say" said the manager, "you are destroying my pants, can't you let go and take hold lower down. I'm Mr.—and an manager of this place."

"Let me see your face" answered the cop "and I'll believe you."

There was nothing left the gentleman to do but to back outward, show his face and then resume the work of burglarizing his own office. The police when all was explained lent the man a hand and both enjoyed a laugh and a smoke.

A Good Representative Of a Good Show.

Mr. James P. Harris, the capable representative of that excellent show, The Evil Eye, was in the city this week looking in his original fashion for the best advertising positions and utilizing them to splendid advantage. The churches and public buildings do not carry his business on their fronts but many a citizen's place of business is thus decorated. Mr. Harris is a pleasant gentleman to meet, and an indefatigable and rested worker. He is always sure of a warm welcome in St. John.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page is right before you. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—A timely article on winter and its prospects. Choice selection of miscellaneous readings.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the leading actors and actresses.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poet, and a budget of local matter.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, 8.—Social items from all over the Maritime provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: The New post of Nova Scotia. Some "fish" conductors. Some light on the subject. He has no weakness now. Where is Mum? Let his family in want.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—First instalment of a serial entitled "His Heart's Delight."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—Dr. Talmage Pictures his visit to Austria's capital.
- PAGE 12.—Like a Greek Tragedy—a story on one of Abe Cronkite's cases.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the world's fashion centres—Other topics for lady readers.
- PAGE 14.—An interesting article on a western duel of bygone days recalled by the death of a witness.
- PAGE 15.—A tale of adventure—Attacked by Sea Eagles. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

Crowding Around The Poll.

A Scene in Queens County When Electors Had to Climb Through the Windows to Vote.

The much talked about Queens county election is over and the people of that central constituency have emphatically declared that they did not want that smoking fire brand, Horton B. Hetherington, to be their representative. This is the second time that they have made this decision and Mr. Hetherington may well assume now that his political aspirations are not sympathized with by the people of his own county. He was backed up by the conservative party, nominated by their delegates, assisted by the most prominent speakers and supplied with funds from the central committee.

The fact that the Hon. Mr. Blair represented the constituency in the federal parliament, and that Mr. Foster had been offered the nomination by a serious convention, made it almost a necessity that, for the sake of the prestige of the Tories in New Brunswick, Queens should be redeemed and the Hon. Mr. Farris relegated to private life. Their hopes of this were almost certain, because at the last municipal elections the conservatives had carried nearly all before them. Mr. Hetherington himself took a prominent part in that little campaign, and ever since has been talking to the people in orange lodges, in temperance societies and in several other gatherings of which it is said he has been the most active promoter. With all these things at his back, combined with the knowledge that he possessed a rough and ready eloquence that is sometimes more pleasing to the rural voter than the polished utterances of more educated men, the liberals perhaps had reason to feel that they should lose no time in persuading the people of Queens that Mr. Farris was better adapted to continue their representative as a member of the government of New Brunswick than the candidate put up by the Tory party.

So the fight in Queens last Tuesday was not a one sided affair by any means. The liberals gathered in force and presented Mr. Farris with a much larger vote than he had obtained at the last election. Mr. Hetherington also obtained a few more votes, but this was due to the fact that his friends in St. John assembled in very large numbers at many of the polling booths and gave him their assistance by every means, possible and illegal, that they could.

This was especially true in Hampstead, where from early morning a dozen or more of the prominent ward workers in this city, gathered round the poll and worked with all possible enthusiasm to secure a three to one vote, as they boasted they could, for Hetherington. That they did not do so was owing to the fact that there were other watch dogs present largely from the local forces of the liberals in Hampstead, and one indefatigable worker, Mr. McIntyre, represented the liberal non resident voters for St. John. It was a case of bite the bitter all day. Tory personations began in the morning, the workers from St. John being apparently as perfectly adapted to this as the trained forces of the conservatives in Hampstead. It must be said to their credit, that their organization was very complete and that it was most difficult to determine when the man was right or wrong. Consequently many who were the proper persons were challenged on both sides.

When the May Queen arrived from St. John with 50 or 60 non resident voters there was some consternation in the ranks of the Tory workers. The polling booth was in a little school house about one hundred yards from the shore, and the entrance to it was somewhat cramped and rather long. It was not a difficult matter for the workers outside to block the passageway, and this was attempted, at first with considerable success. The windows, however, were low and through these many of the voters had to make their entrance. The result was that in a short time the returning officer and his clerks and the representatives were surrounded by fifteen or twenty people and frequently more, who watched every man as he voted and made remarks, some times exceedingly insulting, as to the nature of his ballot.

This was particularly true of some, and several aged and very respectable citizens of St. John felt very indignant that having travelled all that distance to deposit their votes they should be treated in such a manner.

Many could not understand why it was that in a parish where the non-residents were told to vote and where there was a large resident vote as well there should be only one returning officer. No doubt he was a very excellent man, well qualified in the eyes of the sheriff to fulfill his duties. But he was particular and the number of challenges made it almost impossible for the voting to be done quickly. Men were kept standing in the passage way for fully two hours waiting for a chance to enter and it is no wonder that many of them became so disgusted that they declared that they would never vote in Queens again. In future contests, it seems to PROGRESS that the sheriff should make more complete arrangements for the benefit of the voter.

HE DON'T LIKE MILK NOW.

Railway Men Who Have Lost Their Fondness For the Fluid.

There is one man in town whose sudden dislike for new fresh milk has caused much comment among his friends. The anti milk drinker, once liked the beverage so well, that every morning he sneaked around behind the freight shed, where he is employed and helped himself to a goodly supply from one of the city milk wagons. This practice was kept up all summer and the paid driver of the milk team was often held accountable for a shortage in the supply. The milkman had to make good these shortages so frequent that his finances were kept so low that he decided to set a trap for the thieves.

As every can was intact before the freight sheds were reached, it was concluded that the drinking was being done there. The wronged milkman visited the liberal drug store and after purchasing a quantity of "Rapid Physic" he dumped it into one of the rear cans of milk. The trap once set, the cunning milk vendor drove to the place where he had so often been touched. The team was left standing a good long time, just to give the thief ample time to get in his fine work, and get an extra dose. The "doctored" can was about half consumed when the driver returned, but that day a self-satisfied smile played about his face as he drove off.

In the freight shed things were different, one of the trusted freight handlers groaned and yelled in agonies of severe cramps.

His cries attracted his fellow workmen and when questioned, the unfortunate said he had drunk about a quart of milk and he feared he had been poisoned. All day long his sufferings continued and the following two or three days found him so weak that he was unable to work. Things are different now however as the milkman's cans are never molested, and perhaps it is because one freight handler does not like milk now.

The "Four Man's Lost."

The price of the "poor man's loaf" is just the same. The baker or groceryman who would try it would have to meet a storm worse than the Galveston cyclone. An advance has been made in the price of the flour, equal to about 25 cents per barrel. This necessitates an advance in the price of bread. Buyers of the staff of life claim that all the bakers do not furnish a [a] weight loaf and that the size of this staple article of food is shrinking. The two pound loaf which is bought at retail in the grocery stores here for 6 cents does not always contain two full pounds. The baker, in a great many cases, does not dare to raise the price of his bread, for he knows that in giving short weight he is already cheating the public; hence he would not dare to make the white man's burden any heavier by tacking an extra cent on that which is not worth the price at which it is now rated. There are tricks in all trades, but the bakers of St. John are possessed of more than their ordinary share. They do not believe in odd numbers and are not giving away 13 loaves for a "baker's dozen."

Queens Re-elected Queen, Spirit, Perforated, Lustral, 17 Waterloo.

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ON SERVICE.

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OTTINGER.

Gen. Manager

St. John, N. B.

Winter Early and Hard.

That is the Outlook, the Weather Sharps Declare—Squirrels Yet to Be Heard From.

Just at this time, when the price of coal is soaring as the result of the strike in the coal regions, there comes word from the weather sharps that an unusually severe winter may be expected. From the deductions they have made, they say, it will be surprising if there is not a very cold winter this year, and then they give figures which make a layman feel cold around the ears. But the meteorologists, as they themselves confess, have not got the weather completely in their grasp yet. They have been getting a tighter hold on it for years, so some of the sharps say, but when it comes to going so far as to predict just what kind of winter is coming, most of them will tell an inquirer that they don't care to prophesy for fear the weather may turn and make fools of them.

At the Weather Bureau no forecast of the winter is given out, for the reason, it is said, that it would place on the Weather Bureau an amount of responsibility that it does not care to shoulder. They will show you figures, though, and give you a hint once in a while as to how things have gone in other years, and so even at the Weather Bureau an inquirer who is concerned about the weather only in its relations to his coal bill can get the idea that if the weather man told everything he thought he would describe a winter with ice and snow enough to make a Laplander feel himself at home here.

The fears which a visit to the Weather Bureau arouses are strengthened when some of the outside weather sharps are looked up. These individuals who spend their time in playing hide and seek with storms and hot waves and cold snaps are inclined to be a little more outspoken regarding the winter than the Weather Bureau people. They don't mind telling you the methods by which they have come to the conclusion is the same. Just how cold the winter is going to be none of the weather sharps will say, for the reason that the weather has a way of giving out cold in dabs here and there and not distributing it evenly; hence the amount of cold to be expected can be calculated, but to place cold waves in a job which few weather sharps attempt. One of those who do attempt as much as this is Andrew Jackson Devoe, the Hackensack weather prophet.

Mr. Devoe is famous among weather prophets because of the verification of some very remarkable predictions made by him and also for his method of weather calculation, which is said to be entirely his own and not practised by any one else. His method can be described as astronomical. He says that deductions by this method cannot fail to be exact and that the user of it can go far beyond the ken of the ordinary weather sharp. In other words he can anticipate the formation of a storm or any condition of the atmosphere, while by the method which the government employes one has to wait until such a condition has already formed before making any prediction about it. Mr. Devoe supports his theory by pointing to a remarkable prediction of the big storm which inundated Galveston. This prediction was made by him and printed in a Southern newspaper a year ago. The only point in which it erred was in the fact that the hurricane occurred a day later than was predicted by Mr. Devoe. Mr. Devoe also foretold of the droughts in Kansas some years ago and his advice is now sought by hundreds of farmers out in that region. It is needless to say, therefore, that when Mr. Devoe says the winter will be a cold one, his advice is worth listening to.

To a Sun reporter the other day who sought his advice and an insight into his methods, Mr. Devoe predicted a very cold fall and a severe and early winter. The coldest weather might be expected, he said in December, which would be also very stormy. By cold weather, Mr. Devoe said, he meant what is popularly known as zero weather and he promised with it good sleighing. Winter, according to Mr. Devoe, will start in to do business about Nov. 8, when New York will have a cold wave which will make last winter's weather seem very tame. From that time till the end of the month there will be a succession of storms and freezing weather. In December there will be heavy storms on the 5th and 8th, and sleigh riding during the middle of the month, when zero weather will prevail. Christmas will see a slight change, but zero weather will begin in January with snowstorms and a taste of 'be weather of years ago.

"I make these predictions," said Mr. Devoe, "from astronomical conditions. I

receive a chart of these every day from one of the best astronomers in the United States. There is absolutely no guesswork about it. I make my forecast right on these conditions. For instance, when I wrote over a year ago that a great storm would occur in the Gulf in September the astronomical conditions were such that I arrived at that conclusion. The chief thing on which I base my forecasts is the position of the sun's eclipses. Whenever the line of totality crosses the earth's surface it will be followed by very severe storms and it will be the great storm battle ground for six months. This storm belt is going to travel north and there will be eight great storms in progress in different parts of the earth at the same time. There will be a storm belt along the Atlantic Coast the greater part of the winter. That means a stormy winter and as the belt will be a longitudinal one the winter will be more severe than any other we have had for several years at least.

Another expert who, although he has retired from public office still continues to keep his eye on the weather, is E. B. Dunn, who was the chief of the Weather Bureau here for many years. Mr. Dunn is one of those experts who declare that the science of meteorology has not as yet been perfected enough to admit of any accurate prediction concerning the winter for the reason that it would be looking too far ahead. The only way by which an idea can be gained or what the winter will be, Mr. Dunn says, is by the theory of the counterbalancing of seasons. To put it in its crude form this theory is to the effect that a warm summer is followed by a cold winter. The great trouble with this theory is that it would be necessary to go back a long time to find out just how the winter and summers hitch or in other words to find to which summer a winter belongs. Despite the inaccuracies of deductions made on this theory it is nevertheless believed in to a certain extent by a vast majority of weather sharps and on this theory their expectations of a severe winter are based. From the fact that last winter was an unusually mild one and the summer a very hot one, the weather sharps are pretty confident that his theory will work out pretty nearly right this year. One of the reasons for this, according to Mr. Dunn, is that on account of the warm summer there is just now an unusual excess of temperature and to bring the weather down to the annual mean for this locality, which is 51 degrees, there will have to be just so much cold weather. The average daily excess of heat in July was 2 degrees and in August 4 degrees. According to the Weather Bureau figures the excess since Jan. 1 amounted on Aug. 30 to 460 degrees. The excess on the same date for years back has not been half that. In August, 1899, it was only 170 degrees.

"Following the theory that the seasons counterbalance," said Mr. Dunn, "this would mean that the excess of cold in the remaining months of this year would amount to 230 degrees. If this was evenly distributed it would be a daily average of about 2 1/2 degrees. Of course there is no way of telling whether we will get this in a lump or have it parcelled out, but it is a pretty sure thing that we will get that amount of cold, which would mean a winter colder than or as cold as any we have had in fully eight years. I do not think we will have what might be called an extreme winter, because we don't have them any more. The last extreme winter we had was in 1886. Since 1871 there have only been eight days when the official temperature was below zero. If the cold weather, however, came all at once this year we could have zero weather for a good many days before the excess of heat would be consumed.

"Meteorology has not advanced enough for us to tell when to expect cold weather at such an early date as this. In my mind the science had not advanced any in the last thirty years. We have found no reason for the change in our climate, although we know it is changing to a moderate degree. The average mean temperature used to be below 50 degrees, now it is above. Formerly the seasons were well marked. Now they are difficult to define. It's hard to tell where summer leaves off and winter begins, and there are really now, it can be said, only two seasons—summer and winter. Although the highest temperature recorded last summer was 95 degrees, yet it was a hot summer, because the heat was spread over a good many days. Last winter we had unusually mild weather. Putting these two together it would seem as though the

natural order of things would be for this winter to be pretty cold, and doing a little figuring only tends to strengthen this idea. 'But the weather has a way of surprising even weather sharps, and one has to be careful in making predictions so far ahead as this. Still it more coal isn't burned and thicker clothing worn than for some years, I will be surprised and a good many others too.' Reports from a certain class of weather observers are not obtainable yet. These are the squirrels, which are said to lay in an unusual store of nuts when a heavy winter is coming on. As these reports come in from country districts, pretty nearly every autumn, there has been a loss of confidence in the squirrel as a weather observer. His forecast, however, is the only one needed now, and it will be interesting to see if it bears out the predictions of the weather prophet.—N. Y. Sun.

THE CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE.
Peculiar Tactics Employed to Irritate Foreign Representatives.
The Tsung-li Yamen or Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs, of which so much was heard before the culmination to the Chinese horrors, was first established in 1860, after the British had compelled the opening of the sacred capital, Peking. Its method of conducting business has been often devious and deliberate, but its earlier dealings displayed a childish obviousness in the trickery by which it sought to vex, delay and thwart the foreigners.
Every session opened with refreshments, each dish being brought in separately with much ceremony. The place of meeting was intentionally ill-kept, dirty, draughty and generally un-comfortable. The foreign representatives sat in hats and ulsters, with their coat collars turned up to their ears to ward off pneumonia.
'At last,' wrote a chronicler who had seen it all, when the melon seeds and sugar-plums have been distributed in saucers all over the only table where the foreigners would have liked to spread their papers, business is supposed to begin, half an hour having been happily consumed in arranging sweetmeats.
'A foreign representative puts a question. One of the rules is that no one shall speak first; so they—the Chinese—take sidelong glances at each other and keep silence until one bolder than the rest opens his mouth, as much to the surprise as the relief of his comrade, who hopes he may say something which can be used against him, should his reputation threaten ever to eclipse their own. What he does say is:
'Take some of these walnuts. They come from the prefecture of Long-wei, which was celebrated by the poets of Tang for the excellence of its fruit.'
'And a discussion of nuts, fruit and poets follows and business is deferred until it is too late to conclude anything.
'At the next meeting tactics of the same sort would be employed. The only hope of the foreign diplomatist was in overbearing impetuosity, or in appearing unconcerned, never growing impatient, never being tired out, thus beating the Chinese at their own game; and this some of the foreign representatives soon learned to do.
'Sometimes the Tsung-li-Yamen would conspire to trip some special minister. Once it was Sir Harry Parkes. Chang Fei lum, who had a particularly sharp tongue, was selected as the best person to provoke Sir Harry to anger. They could then complain of his behavior to his home government and ask for his recall.
'At the next meeting, therefore, Chang made a sneering remark. Sir Henry promptly resented it; whereupon the whole board roared in snison that his manners were intolerable, and they would not discuss matters with him again! But in the scene which followed, Sir Henry remained so cool that he turned the tables, and although the complaint was made, as had been planned, his government not only sustained but commended him.
'Such tricks as these had to be abandoned in favor of subtler methods; for the foreigners, if they possessed what one Chinese viceroy termed with surprise 'a strange habit of speaking the truth,' were yet not so simple as to be readily outwitted.

The Size of Sound Waves.
Lord Rayleigh, in discussing our ability to tell the direction from which sound proceeds, calls attention to an interesting difference between the ears and the eyes with regard to the size of the waves that strike them. The average wave-length of light is about one ten thousandth of the diameter of the pupil of the eye. On the other hand 'the wave of sound issuing from a man's mouth,' says Lord Rayleigh, 'are about eight feet long, whereas the diameter of the passage of the ear is quite small, and could not well have been made a large multiple of eight feet.' One consequence of the minuteness of light waves in com-

"77"

The use of "Seventy-seven" renders the system impervious to the changeable weather.

COLDS

There are more Colds contracted before the fires are lighted than at any other time. Sitting for hours in a cold room—riding in an open car—exposure without proper clothing, all tend to bring on a chill, or chilly feeling, the first sign of taking Cold. The prompt use of "77" restores the checked circulation, starts the blood coursing through the veins and "breaks up" the Cold or attack of Grip.
"77" consists of a small vial of pleasant pellets and fits the vest pocket.
Doctor book mailed free
At druggists, or sent for 25c.
Hampreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor William & John Sts., New York.

parison with the size of the eyes is that the lenses of the eyes are able to concentrate rays of light upon the retina with great efficiency.

HOODOO! OLIVER RIDGE 66

An Attempt to Break the Spell by Tearing it Upside Down.

Star 66 of the Los Angeles, Cal., police force would seem to be a hoodoo. The first officer who wore star 66 was a man named Maguire. He had worn it only a few months when a distressing combination of business and family troubles drove him to suicide. They found him one morning lying on the sward with a bullet hole in his breast. Only a few inches from the ugly wound shone star 66.

After Maguire's untimely end no one appears to have worn it regularly for several months. Then it came to be the badge of officer John Craig. Craig was a handsome man, tall and attractive. He married a daughter of Hunter, a pioneer living out near Tropic. For a time Craig was prosperous. Then alcohol sent him to the dogs at a break-neck speed. Even his wife after infinite endurance, had to leave him to seek refuge with her children in her father's house. For awhile Craig amused himself with annoying her pettily, until one day he borrowed enough money to get drunk and buy two revolvers. The conjunction of a loaded policeman and a loaded revolver is always evil. In Craig's case it resulted in a terrible tragedy. He drove out to Hunter's house, shot his wife dead as she was approaching the screen door at which he stood, then turned another revolver on her brother, shooting him in the neck and inflicting frightful wounds, from which he will never recover. The madman then jumped into his buggy and drove at top speed to the town house of Hunter's on Buena Vista street, found the old man Hunter and his aged wife sitting on the front porch and shot them both dead in their chairs. He was tried for the "murder of his wife and awarded a richly-deserved hanging.

From Craig, star 66 seems to have been transferred to Officer Stephenson, one of the best known and most popular of the older officers. He wore it until a severe and seemingly incurable inflammatory rheumatism carried him onto the retired list, long before his time and left him a crippled pensioner.
After Stephenson was retired the star of misfortune was given to Fowler. What happened to Fowler is recent history. After a multitude of troubles with the Police Commission he still clung to the unlucky star, and one night three officers—without right, Fowler asserts—by force took it away from him and locked him up. Now he is suing them for heavy damages. While relating the above mass of coincidences the other day Attorney Earl Rogers with anonymous shrug of his shoulders said:

"It has been my own ill-fortune to get into the rays of the star, and, while I have no superstition in my make-up, I cannot resist a feeling that a most annoying and unlucky series of incidents in my own affairs, commencing on the very day that I began to have something to do with the star, is in some way connected with or attributable to it. I wish I had never seen star 66."
The officers up at the police station are handing star 66 around, but no one is willing to admit that he is afraid to wear it. Nevertheless they all seem a bit squeamish about the thing!
The other day an officer was wearing the star upside down, with the "66" reversed. He appeared to be No. 99.
Will that charm away the hoodoo of star 66?

FLASHES OF FUN.

'The new magazine,' writes an editor, 'is dead. All we need now is ground to bury it. All of its late contributors will be honorary pallbearers.'

Mrs. Roggles—Does your husband ever talk politics around the house?
Mrs. Henpeck—My husband never talks anything around the house.

Suggestion—Wife—We need a new set of china, dear. This one is nearly gone.
Husband—Why don't you wait until we get a new cook and start even?

Real Gratitude—Tramp (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling)—I 'ope as 'ow some day sir, you may want a shillin,' an' 'hat I'll be able to give it to yer!

The Pet Clerk—The old maid is self-possessed.
The Haphazard Philosopher—That's because no one else wants to possess her.

Mr. Bloomfield—I don't know a more credulous man than Snaggs.
Mr. Bellefield—Neither do I; he'll carry an umbrella if the weather man predicts rain.

'She's the worst bargain fiend I ever knew.'
'Isn't she! Why that woman would want to die on the day that coffins were marked down to \$4.99.'

'What would it cost,' asked a Georgia correspondent, to print a poem three columns in length?
It would cost the man who sent it down \$30 or \$0 days.

'Money,' said the philosophic person, 'does not always bring happiness.'
'No,' answered the matter-of-fact friend. 'But the lack of it invariably brings discomort.'

College President—No, we cannot open the fall term yet.
Visitor—But, why?
President—The students have not yet decided upon the college yell.

'Hahn! we better burn all our love letters, Ethel!'
'Oh, no, Herbert; maybe after we've been married awhile we'll get dull some evening and want something funny to read.'

Masket—I've changed my mind about that business of 13 sitting down together at table.
Joaner—Aha! Found it a lucky, eh?
Masket—Yes, I did it yesterday, and I had to settle for the whole party.

'I am proud to say,' said the financial magnate and captain of industry, 'that I began at the foot of the ladder. But I did not stay there long.'
'Neither did the ladder,' cheerfully interpolated another gentleman of the same class.

'The English seem to be having much the same kind of a time in South Africa that we're having in the Philippines.'
'Oh, dear, no; not at all. The Boers are able to dodge better than the Filipinos, but they haven't had anything like the training as runners.'

Bobbs—Isn't the recovery of old Bonditt a wonderful thing?
Dobber—Didn't know he had been ill.
Bobbs—Why, he lost his memory entirely just before the tax assessor began work, and regained that faculty as soon as the assessor quit.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is away?
Mrs. Goughly—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his place and half the time forget that he really isn't there.

Ecstatic papa—Here, Johnnie, come and kiss your new sister.
Johnnie (four years old)—Nen, paw, will you buy me a gun?
Ecstatic papa—A gun? What for?
Johnnie—Well, I bet I'll shoot th' next stork I see flying 'round this house!

First Bargain Hunter—Here, that's mine, madam; I saw it first.
Second Bargain Hunter—Don't you dare push me in that rude manner—you—you ill-ored—
Clerk—Ladies, you will find the pugilistic parlor on the second floor front. Next customer, please!

'Whisky, You're the Devil!'
Says the Irishman, who nevertheless employs it to cast out the uglier devil, a cough or cold; how much more sensible to employ Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which never fails. 25c. all Druggists.

Would Change It Himself.
'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know,' she said.
'That's right,' he replied brutally, 'and I don't blame her a bit. If I had the average feminine mind I'd change it myself.'

However, he already had the reputation of being a "mean old thing" so very little harm was done.

Qualified.
'Our Georgie is to be a policeman.'
'What makes you think he is fitted for it?'
'He walks in his sleep.'

HORSES AND CATTLE have colic and cramps. Pain Killer will cure them every time. Half a bottle in hot water repeated a few times. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Ferry Davis.

SHES OF FUN.

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Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONERS.

Mrs. F. G. Spencer has been engaged as soloist for St. John's (Episcopal) choir. The congregation is to be congratulated on having secured Mrs. Spencer's services.

Mr. Paul Rabens, author of several songs in "Floradora" has been engaged by Mr. George Edwards to write some of the numbers in his next production.

W. T. Carleton and Edna Floyd both recently in the "In Gay New York" company are to enter the vaudeville field with an English sketch introducing several vocal numbers.

The music for the "Industriellen Ball" in Vienna next month has been composed by Edward Straus. A new dance combining the polka-mouras and the two steps will be introduced.

Signor Leandro Campanari of the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted when Mrs. Marion Titus sang in Milan with so much success. Mrs. Titus has resided with her family during her stay in Italy and Mrs. Campanari was formerly a Boston woman and has taken a deep interest in Mrs. Titus.

For the Handel and Haydn Society's concert of "Elijah" to be given in Boston on Oct. 21. Mrs. Adelaide Jordan has been engaged to sing the contralto solo parts. This engagement together with Lillian Blarvelt, Theo Van York and Frangone Davies completes the quartette of assisting artists. The Symphony players have been engaged.

Mr. Jefferson Lloyd of The Christian Company presided at the Cathedral organ on Sunday, and gave much pleasure by his finished, excellent work. Mr. Lloyd is a musician of more than usual ability and some of those whom he met during his short stay in the city were given the privilege of hearing some of his beautiful improvisations.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Alabama Troubadors filled a short engagement here this week, and the four performances given by them were well attended. The aggregation has some very bright features, and merits good patronage.

The event of last week was the production of The Christian by one of Liebler's Companies, and which during its stay drew audiences, that in point of numbers has never surpassed here. As a play "The Christian" is somewhat disappointing and resembles nothing so much as an illustrated lecture or a series of illustrated pictures. Perhaps the dramatized novel is never quite the success that is anticipated, though it is decidedly having its day now. I believe if The Christian had been given to the public as it came from Hall Caine's hands it might have been somewhat of a comedy. I am told that the first act had seven scenes—so after all there is something to be thankful for.

As played here it was in v-ry competent hands, and was of course enjoyed by the majority. The actors were thoroughly capable, and did the work entrusted to them in a most satisfactory manner. Miss Lilla Vane's appearance was awaited here with interest and her finished delightful work as Glory Quayle quite substantiated all that had been said regarding her as an actress. Her work was marked by force and power, though I am under the impression that there are other roles in which she would show to much better advantage. She has a bright sparkling personality, a great deal of personal magnetism and that magnetism and that nameless charm which puts her at once in rapport with her audience.

Mr. Henry Kolker made a magnificent John Storm and became a favorite during his short stay, as his warm greetings testified. The role is a difficult one to play, and it must be quite an effort for any ordinary everyday man to put himself in sympathy with and to feel himself a John Storm. Indeed though the John Storm of the play is a vast improvement upon the weak, fanatical, frenzied, vacillating John Storm of the book. Mr. Kolker brought out the strong points of the man in an admirable way. There are those in the city who maintain that the best and most consistent work of the entire piece was done by Mr. Hartwell in the role of Lord Robert Ure, and it certainly was wonderfully clever. He was a thorough villain, and his cool, sarcastic voice which as a girl near me remarked "made you long to slap his face," added not a little to the effectiveness of his work. Horatio Drake was given a good interpretation by Mr. Conger and the balance of the support so far as the men were concerned was excellent.

A feature of deepest interest to St. John people was the appearance of Miss Marie Furlong in the cast and who played

the part of Letty is a charmingly unaffected and unobtrusive way. Her voice was clear and distinct, and though a little nervousness of manner would have been quite natural under the trying circumstances, there was not the slightest evidence of it. She had a repose and grace of manner that many older in stage work might well have envied. Misses Helen Ford, Jane Wheatley and Miss Trevor make up a trio of youthful grace and beauty that has earned for them every where the name of "the three graces." Perdita Hadapath was a very clever and conscientious Polly Love, and Mrs. Georgia Dickson, Mrs. Callender brought in a bit of bright infectious merit amid the encircling gloom. The maid too—whose name has escaped me, added to the success of the play, and in fact each and every member of the piece worked conscientiously for its success and the result was what might have been expected. The stage settings were beautiful, the lighting effects, costuming and other important features left nothing to be desired. From a financial view point the engagement of The Christian was also a huge success.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week "The Evil Eye" will come to the Opera house replete with all the up-to-date features, with which Chas. H. Yale equips his organizations. "The Evil Eye" contains a wealth of magnificent scenic and mechanical effects, bright specialities, choruses etc., and the names of the artists in the cast is a guarantee of general excellence.

By the way I came across a story the other day that will bear repetition: Sidney R. Ellis the author and manager of Chas. H. Yale's "The Evil Eye" bears a very close resemblance to the late Robert G. Ingersoll, and this likeness has been the cause of many peculiar happenings and mistakes that have resulted both in amusement and annoyance. The last incident occurred when "The Evil Eye" was playing in Chicago. A sanctimonious individual called upon Mr. Ellis and earnestly requested an interview. He had a most brilliant scheme to propose, one that would bring wealth galore and with absolutely no investment or risk. Such Klondike visions naturally interested Mr. Ellis very much and he became immediate attentive. Then with many mysterious actions, whisperings and pleadings not to divulge to anyone what he was about to say, the brilliant scheme was unfolded—spiritual. To hold sances at \$2.00 admission and during the sittings to have the ghost of Mr. Ingersoll appear, and as Mr. Ellis looked so much like Mr. Ingersoll the deception would never be known. At this point there was a sudden interruption by Mr. Ellis in anger jumping from his chair and a few minutes after the said sanctimonious individual was seen leaving the hotel with his head bowed in sorrow.

"In a Royal Family," Miss Annie Russell is making one of the greatest successes of her career.

It is said that Henry Miller is to play Captain Percy in the stage version of To Have and to Hold.

A revival of "Hoodman Blind" is being made in New York and is being given an elaborate production.

Tom Wise, an old favorite here has made a great hit in Broadhurst latest farce "The House That Jack Built."

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne opened her season in "The Greatest Thing in the World" at Wilmington, last Monday.

Augustus Piton has finished a new romantic Irish play for Chauncey Olcott, but it will not be produced till after Christmas.

Mr. King Hedley, a popular Australian actor who recently arrived in England has been engaged by Beerbohm Tree for a part in "Herod."

Mrs. Langtry has gone to Paris to interview the dramatist who is writing her the Marie Antoinette play which London is to see next spring.

Gertrude Coghlan, who is starring as Becky Sharp in Vanity Fair, is twenty years old and is said to resemble her famous father, the late Charles Coghlan.

Edward Rostand next play will be written for Sarah Bernhardt but will not prove for her another male character. The action passes in Rome in the time of Nero.

Statements to the contrary, says the Detroit Free Press, Sarah Bernhardt is now fifty six years of age. She was born in 1844 and not in 1847 as her recent published reminiscences declare.

"A Million Dollars," an extravaganza by Louis Harrison and George V Herbert, had its first performance in New York last week. As a spectacle, it is pronounced one of the most gorgeous seen in recent years.

"The Scarlet Sin," by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, deals to some extent with the Salvation Army and its mission. The hero is Reuben Halstead a case-hard-

ened burglar and afterward a fervid salvation soldier.

Mansfield's proposed production of "Henry V." is the ter-centenary of its original production, it having first been played in the year 1600. The piece was played for the first on any stage that year at the Globe theatre, London, with Richard Burbage in the role of King Henry.

E. H. Sothorn & Virginia Harned have a new costume comedy by Lawrence Irving, dealing with the career of Lovelace the poet. Young Irving was invited over to play the King in Hamlet and at the end of the season would have staged his own piece to be ready for a run next season, but the engagement with his father interfered.

The French society of Dramatic Authors has announced to the theatrical managers of France that they propose to regard as still in existence the recently expired rights of Honore de Balzac in all his plays. The punishment in disregarding this notice is much more severe than any that could be inflicted by law. It consists in refusal to allow a recalcitrant manager to play any piece over which the society has control. In other words it puts an end to his occupation and closes his theatre.

Thomas E. Shea's new play is The Voice of Nature, and abounds in strong scenes and situations, the strongest of which is the Dice of Death scene, when Nihilists cast dice to see to whom shall fall the duty of lighting the fuse of the dynamite bomb, which is to blow up the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg, where the Czar is witnessing a performance. The bomb scene is exciting in the extreme. At a given signal the fuse is lighted, and can be seen burning as it starts on its journey of death up the grand stair case; it burns nearer and nearer the bomb, and just as it has almost reached it is torn from its place by Vladimir, and is thrown burning to the floor beneath. Mr. Shea alternates this play with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Mrs. Arthur Henniker, an Englishwoman, has written a play and it she is as talented in drama as in fiction, her play may be looked forward to with pleasure. This is not Mrs. Henniker's first venture in the dramatic world for she has already tried her 'prentice hand in collaboration with Justin Huntley McCarthy. Mrs. Henniker comes of a literary family and has the advantage too of knowing the world. Her husband is the captain of the Cold Stream guards and while her brother Lord Crew, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland she entertained for him. The war in South Africa is the theme of Mrs. Henniker's play with a general for the hero. Some of the scenes are laid in an English country house.

James O'Neill is having a phenomenal success in his revival of Monte Cristo, at the Boston theatre, and there has not been a night since the piece began when the S. R. O. sign was not out. In conversation recently James O'Neill expressed his opinion regarding brain fog which is so common in the profession; he said: "When one impermissibly a certain character night after night, studies it minutely, and has it always more or less in mind, his own disposition is absolutely certain to be more or less colored by it. I know a very good actor, who is naturally a quiet, rather dignified person, who abhors anything unconventional. He was cast for the part of an eccentric English solicitor, who drew and split his words with 'aw' and 'haw' in a popular melodrama that had a phenomenal run, and before long he began involuntarily to introduce the same idiotic-ness into his private life. I met him after he had been playing the character for some time, and I was perfectly amazed at the change in his bearing and manners. He himself was totally unconscious of the whole thing. I call to mind another case of a very sunny, happy-hearted chap, who was given the role of a typical, moody, brooding villain, and, in the course of a month or two he began to get noticeably gloomy and taciturn. Little by little all his old vivacity left him, and his wife grew seriously alarmed. She thought he had something on his mind, and so he had, but it was only his part. Some stars have roles that are so near to themselves in temperament that nothing of the sort is ever noticeable."

Why Certain Metals Cannot be Cast. As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form.

Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling, and therefore are not suitable for casting.

For His "Mammy." An incident of the Civil War shows the affection of the Southerner for his "mammy," as his negro nurse was called. Miss Burwell tells the story in "A Girl's Life in Virginia."

When the Confederate soldiers were nearly starved, the colonel of a Virginia regiment managed to get a small supply of coffee, and distributed it among the soldiers, day by day, until it was exhausted. A cousin of the author denied himself of his daily allowance, and saved it in a small bag. When he arrived at home on furlough, he produced the little bag, saying: "See what I've saved for mammy!"

"Oh my son," exclaimed his mother, weeping over his tattered clothes and starved appearance, "you needed it yourself!"

"Well, I made out very well on water, but I knew mammy would be glad to get her coffee!"

Spider-Web Silk. Visitors to the Paris exhibition will see a set of bed-hangings manufactured in Madagascar from the silken threads produced by a species of large spider called the halabala. The threads are finer than those of the silk worm, but very strong, and they can be spun and woven easily. The silk is of a brilliant golden color. Each spider yields from 800 to 400 yards of thread at a time, and after 10 days' rest is able to furnish as much more.

Programme Out to Fit. "You've got your candidate billed for short speeches everywhere, I see."

"Yes. What he says always brings out such prolonged cheers, you know."

"Listen, Harriet, Li Hung Chang's wife has 4000 gowns."

"Well, Harold, you don't call him a heathen, I hope."

BEAUTIFUL SKIN Soft White Hands Luxuriant Hair Produced by Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with itching palms and shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, because the only preventive of the cause, viz., inflammation and clogging of the pores.

Sold everywhere. Foreign Agents: F. W. Stewart, Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, U.S.A. Duggan and Child, 107, South Street, Boston, U.S.A.

EQUITY SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the SEVENTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1900, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1900, in a certain case or matter thereto pending in the matter of the Estate of George L. Taylor, late of the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings, deceased, between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, defendant; and amendment between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, Ellis A. Florence Currie and Wendell H. Currie, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises in the said decretal order, described as follows:—

"ALL that lot of land situate lying and being on the south side of King Street, in the City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City, on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number four hundred and fourteen (414), having a breadth of forty feet on the said street and containing back the same breadth one hundred feet together with all and singular the buildings heretofore erected and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining which said lot of land and premises is subject to a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated on or about the first day of November A. D. 1886 and made between the Testator George L. Taylor of the one part, and Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors and Executrices of the last will and testament of John Horn deceased for securing the payment to the said Executor and Executrices of the sum of eleven thousand dollars on the first day of November A. D. 1891 with interest thereon at five per centum per annum payable quarterly, all of which said interest has been paid up to the first day of May A. D. 1900 and subject also as to the store and premises on the e p or eastern half or portion of the said lot having the street number 66 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to J. McCurray Reid and Robert Reid, doing business as Reid Brothers, at the annual rent of seven hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November; and as to the store or premises on the lower or western half or portion of the said lot having the street number 64 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to the Gonid Bicycle Company at the annual rent of six hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900. R. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

W. A. THURMAN, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the SEVENTEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Hansard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas R. Somerville and Stephen P. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows, that is to say:—

"ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and made between the Trustees of Saint Andrews Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:

"ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Dukes Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the Trustees of Saint Andrews Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:— Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northerly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence northerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northeastern corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefit and advantage to be had or derived therefrom."

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. R. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the SEVENTEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Hansard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas R. Somerville and Stephen P. Taylor are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows, that is to say:—

"ALL that lot or half lot of land described in a certain Indenture of Lease dated the first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and made between the Trustees of Saint Andrews Church in the City of Saint John of the one part and the said Eliza McKay of the other part, and in the said Indenture of Mortgage as:

"ALL that half lot or parcel of land situate lying and being in Dukes Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the Trustees of Saint Andrews Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:— Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, thence running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northerly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence northerly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northeastern corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefit and advantage to be had or derived therefrom."

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. R. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

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For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. R. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

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The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

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The Sunday Sun

Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address: THE SUN, New York.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY the THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1900, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1900, in a certain case or matter thereto pending in the matter of the Estate of George L. Taylor, late of the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings, deceased, between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, defendant; and amendment between Mary Jane Currie, plaintiff, and Allen O. Earle, Executor of the last Will and Testament of George L. Taylor, deceased, Ellis A. Florence Currie and Wendell H. Currie, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises in the said decretal order, described as follows:—

"ALL that lot of land situate lying and being on the south side of King Street, in the City of Saint John, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City, on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number four hundred and fourteen (414), having a breadth of forty feet on the said street and containing back the same breadth one hundred feet together with all and singular the buildings heretofore erected and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining which said lot of land and premises is subject to a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated on or about the first day of November A. D. 1886 and made between the Testator George L. Taylor of the one part, and Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors and Executrices of the last will and testament of John Horn deceased for securing the payment to the said Executor and Executrices of the sum of eleven thousand dollars on the first day of November A. D. 1891 with interest thereon at five per centum per annum payable quarterly, all of which said interest has been paid up to the first day of May A. D. 1900 and subject also as to the store and premises on the e p or eastern half or portion of the said lot having the street number 66 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to J. McCurray Reid and Robert Reid, doing business as Reid Brothers, at the annual rent of seven hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November; and as to the store or premises on the lower or western half or portion of the said lot having the street number 64 to a lease from year to year made by the said George L. Taylor to the Gonid Bicycle Company at the annual rent of six hundred dollars payable quarterly on the first days of February, May, August, and November.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this 30, day of July, A. D. 1900. R. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

W. A. THURMAN, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR.

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For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900. R. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY.

G. C. COSTER, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITOR

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 111 Carterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 6

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

MR. CHESLEY'S OVERTHROW.

The conservatives have chosen Mr. GEO. E. FOSTER and Dr. A. A. STOCKTON as their standard bearers in the approaching dominion election. The machine has triumphed again and the rank and file were forced to take a back seat.

Dr. A. A. STOCKTON has consented to be a victim again. His political retirement, so often announced, has been disturbed and at the bell clang of the party starter he is again ready to score. His supporters will find that he is out of training and not the game winner he used to be.

Mr. FOSTER and Dr. STOCKTON are welcome candidates. The fact that they claim to be the trump cards of the opposition will make it a greater satisfaction to defeat them.

THE EFFECT OF QUEENS.

The election of Hon. Mr. FARRIS by such a handsome majority in Queens means more than his return as a member of the government. The dominion elections are within a few weeks and New Brunswick is the only province that has tested public sentiment so fearlessly by reconstructing its government and sending two members back to their constituencies for reelection.

The triumphant return of Messrs. PUGLEY and FARRIS, show all Canada that New Brunswick is in sympathy with the liberal government. There is no mistaking the fact, and the news has made the upper provinces more confident than ever that the East will vote confidence in the present administration by an overwhelming majority.

The through coach and sleeping car service between St. John N. B. and Lewis P. Q., via Megantic will be withdrawn, from St. John after Saturday, Oct. 6th, and from Lewis after Sunday Oct. 7th.

After Saturday, October 6th, the Pullman Parlor car, McAdam to Boston, will be withdrawn for this season.

in the columns of the Sun, when between the lines of the articles fear has the upper hand of courage. The important defections from their party ranks in this city has had a most discouraging effect upon them. And to find that Queens county, the place where they could best try the effect of their bitter religious crusade should pay no attention to their rantings but quietly elect a good liberal by nearly 400 majority is almost more than they can bear.

THE SUSSEX SHOW.

The exhibition at Sussex reflects credit not only on the County of Kings but on the energetic gentlemen who managed it. PROGRESS congratulates them upon a show that pleased all who saw it and represented so well the noble county of which Sussex is the commercial and agricultural centre. The most surprising feature of the fair and perhaps the most attractive one is as well the horse races. A splendid track conducted on business principles must be a success in the end.

The selection of Mr. ALEX GIBSON jr. for York and Mr. R. E. ARMSTRONG for Charlotte may well cause consternation in the conservative ranks. Mr. GIBSON has proved his great popularity. Mr. ARMSTRONG has yet to do so, but both are young men and this industrial and working portion of the electorate should not forget the party that is willing to give them a chance to show what they can do at an early stage in their career.

The Sun says that \$20 a vote was paid in Hampstead by the liberals. The story is not worth contradiction. It is as ridiculous as the yarn that there was any disorder on board the May Queen. The party of ladies and gentlemen who went to Hampstead on her, had a pleasant trip, and neither saw or heard anything to annoy them.

Mr. FRED M. SPROUL, the defeated candidate in Kings, wrote a letter to Mr. JAMES SHAW apologizing for challenging his vote at Rothessy. This was the last he could do.

AN UNNATURAL RELATIVE.

A young business man who died early in the week would disown at least one of his relatives, if he were to ever visit this mortal soil again. The story that is told of the graspingness of the relative, is to say the least, unnatural. The young man was stricken with Typhoid fever and lay tossing and raving in a delirious state of mind at his boarding house in North End.

The next day's first train brought one of the relatives whose first question when he arrived at the house was not as to the young man's condition in health, but his financial condition. Learning that the dying man had two places of business in town he visited both and demanded keys and cash then on hand. He next went to the sick man's bedside and began a cross question regarding his worldly goods and chattels. The nurse in the course of his duty could not permit his patient to be so annoyed and harassed, politely ordered the grasping relative to leave. Another visit later from the same relative was of the same nature as the foremost and again the nurse had to eject him.

Finally the man from Albert called with a copy of a will all drawn out in favor of himself, and which he wanted signed, and demanded admittance. The patient was even then unconscious and again the nurse had to intercede in order to prevent the dying man's last hours from being so grossly disturbed. The mercenary relative however became more determined when he heard the end was near and actually forced the bed room door in but it was too late to accomplish what he was after.

O. P. R. Announcements.

The through coach and sleeping car service between St. John N. B. and Lewis P. Q., via Megantic will be withdrawn, from St. John after Saturday, Oct. 6th, and from Lewis after Sunday Oct. 7th.

After Saturday, October 6th, the Pullman Parlor car, McAdam to Boston, will be withdrawn for this season.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Preserving Season. Of Ceylon's spicy breezes We in any time have sung, And we have heard about them since the days when we were young.

It's now the time when women Forget about their nerves And spend their days and evenings In putting up preserves. They're peering into kettles, They're closely watching pans, And at the proper moment, They're filling jars and cans.

The women burn their fingers, And pretty faces too, But patiently they're working U' til the task is through. And though the kitchen smells, And when the kettle's emptied Again its promptly filled.

And sweet is the aroma That permeates the air, The fragrance of the spices Dropped in with greatest care. And as the jars are filled, To Ceylon's spicy show That there are other places Where spicy breezes blow.

The women burn their fingers, And pretty faces too, But patiently they're working U' til the task is through. And though the kitchen smells, And when the kettle's emptied Again its promptly filled.

The Song of the Hoe.

Chug, chug, Bump us the jug, Master is cry with toil; Many a seller here's a dog, Cows the sultry soil; But his brow must sweat and his arms grow grey, For the love of his wife and child, And his dreams are awit if his step be slow, This was the hum of the weary hoe, All of a summer's day.

Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, I Now that was the sound of a stone, I think; But there's many a stone on which to catch U' til the hand is sore, And his dreams are awit if his step be slow, This was the cry of the happy hoe, All of a snitry day.

Chug, chug, Oh, how I wish That the sun would tumble faster; For I almost crack with the weight on my back Of the hand of my sturdy master I And he has measured the length of my shade, He is clearing the way from my ringer blade, And now for the cotter that we well know, This was the cry of the happy hoe, Under the fading day.

Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, Night has many charms; Many a dreamer here, I think, Wraps'd in his fond wife's arms; And a wee, pluk hand is clutching tight The hoe that he'll use to till to night; 'Tis the weaker arm that makes me go, This was the droning dream of the hoe, Until the east was gray.

Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, The man who's never late, His record is without a flaw, He's always where he said he'd be Right on the dot you always see (and of his punctuality) The man who's never late.

And yet he loses lots of time, The man who's never late, Although his promptness is sublime, The man who's never late, In fact, his life is full of care, For when he turns up anywhere The man who's never late's meet him there It usually late.

They Two. They are left alone in the dear old home, After so many years, When the house was full of frolic and fun, Of childish laughter and tears. They are left alone in the dear old home, Just as they did in the days of yore, Before they were also or ten.

And the table is set for two these days; The man who's never late, Away from home on their separate ways, When the childhood days were done, How healthily busy they used to be, What romping they used to do! A mother—for weeping—can hardly see To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire While some one would read aloud, And then into other scenes were whirled Where other homes were built. 'Twas a loving and merry crowd, And now they are two who gather there At a loving and merry crowd, And it seems almost too much to bear When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well! ah, well! 'Tis the way of the world! Children stay but a little while, And then into other scenes are whirled Where other homes were built. But it matters not how far they roam, Their hearts are fond and true, And there's never a home like the dear old home, Where the table is set for two.

Seasons. 'Tis April in November, If you will make it so, Or anytime in December, Despite the falling snow, If only you'll remember Four smiles make roses blow.

'Tis spring in autumn weather, If you will sing all day, And winter into May; And now they are two who gather there At a loving and merry crowd, And it seems almost too much to bear When they think of the long ago.

At rainbows' ends we sought In vain for hidden gold; The rain that touched the ground, And out I helped him bust around To find the treasure there.

But that was long ago, In childhood's care-less days; 'Tis dead, that lost belief of old, We seek no buried pots of gold, And walk in worldly ways.

Yet where the people surged I saw him push his way To his money on the race— I saw him with an ashen face Trudge home that luckless day.

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TRAMPS' FAVORITE JAILS.

Part of the Industry is to Find Acceptable Winter Quarters. "It's very funny how the professional tramp will locate good and bad jails with a view to spending as comfortable a winter as possible," said the sheriff of a New Orleans parish, who has had an extended experience with the hobo fraternity.

"You know how an epicure in a big city will hunt for quaint, out-of-the-way restaurants, and when he finds one that is really excellent, how he will hide the discovery from his friends, for fear that popularity will deteriorate the service—well, it's exactly the same way with tramps. They all calculate on spending the most inclement part of each winter in jail, and during their summer wanderings they endeavor to locate some 'easy' institution where they will be well fed and warmed and not expected to do any work. When such a place is found the secret is carefully guarded, so the jailer's heart will not be hardened by too many calls on his hospitality.

Last month I had typical educated hobo on my hands for a fifteen days' sojourn, and he unfolded his winter programme in an amusing fashion. He said he had two jails located as desirable cold weather quarters—one in southern California and the other in a small town in Florida. 'I don't know anything personally about the Florida joint,' he said, 'but the last four tramps I've met from that country all warned me as a friend to give the town a wide berth. I judge from such solicitude,' he added, 'that the jailer there is dead soft and gives pie at least once a week.' The California lockup was in a small place, as I ascertained, avoided by waytars on account of the bad reputation of a former Sheriff. 'The hobo don't know that he is dead yet,' said my guest, 'and I am doing my best to keep the sad news from reaching their ears. The present incumbent is a peach—no work, three meals a day and plum pudding on Sundays. The jails that are regarded as special 'soft snaps' are generally in remote country districts, out of the beaten track of tramps. The hobo who is yearning for winter shelter will get himself arrested by committing some petty misdemeanor, and is often treated more as a guest than a prisoner by his kind hearted captors. The location of such a refuge is a valuable trade secret.

Sometimes, however, the wanderers make painful blunders, as was the case a few years ago when a small army of vagabonds poured into a town in Pennsylvania which had enjoyed a past reputation for extraordinary leniency. During the summer a new vagrancy statute had gone into effect, and every man arrested was given a year at hard labor in the State Penitentiary. My educated hobo was one of the victims, and shuddered whenever he recalled the experience. He regarded it as a gross violation of the sacred laws of hospitality."

ELECTRICAL GUN.

Three Thousand Shots a Minute Without Heating the Barrel. Our Newcastle-on-Tyne correspondent informs us that a machine gun of a novel character has been invented by Mr. James Judge, a well known engineer of Newcastle, who thus describes it: 'The gun is a patent centrifugal quick-firing machine gun: it is five feet high and weighs about five hundredweight. It is intended for battleship, earthworks and garrison purposes. The motive power is electricity, transmitted to a motor attached to the side of the gun. The motor causes a disk to revolve at a very rate of speed. The bullets, which are introduced into the interior of the disk at the axle, travel along curves in the interior to the circumference and are there impelled through a barrel. It is claimed that this disk will rotate under the influence of the motor, at the rate of 12,000 revolutions a minute, and will eject shots from the muzzle of the gun with an initial velocity of 2,000 feet per second. One of the chief characteristics of the gun is that it will maintain a continuous fire. If necessary, a shot may be discharged at every half revolution, but in practice one shot every fourth revolution will be found sufficient. The bullets are spherical and measure 3-16 inch in diameter.

The following are the results of the tests already made with the gun: 18,000 rounds of shot at the rate of 3,000 a minute have been discharged from the gun. These shots consisted of nickel steel, some of brass (as used in France), lead, and chilled metal. It was tested seven times privately; no motor was used, nor is one yet attached to the gun, although the gun is constructed for an electric motor. The tests were made by means of a belt driven by a steam engine. Under these conditions the velocity required, and which it is maintained an electric motor will produce, was not, of course, attained, but the practical working of the gun was fully demonstrated. A long range could not be had because of the necessity of secrecy, and the testing

was done in covered shed at Blyth dry docks. A steel target, 3-32 inch thick was shattered, the disk of the gun revolving at a speed of 2,600 revolutions per minute. From the penetration of target it is calculated that at a distance of 400 yards a penetration of a similar character will be effected of a plate 7-16 inch thick under the influence of an electric motor. There is no heating of the barrel of the gun, because of the continuous stream of cold air which is impelled through it by the turning of the disk. The disk itself is also free from heating on account of the special bearings on which it is constructed. These bearings are a highly complicated mechanical contrivance, and are similar to those used in Parson's turbines, which can revolve at the rate of 22,000 revolutions a minute, and Leval's motor, which revolves at the rate of 30,000 revolutions a minute. To test the gun thoroughly it will be necessary to affix a motor, which will be a five horse power motor coupled direct on to the shaft.—London Times.

ENGINEER'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Railroad Men Affected by the Memory of a Dead Face at a Window. 'Some houses are haunted to some people and all right to others,' said an engineer on the Ninth Avenue elevated road. There is a house on our line that is haunted to the men who have been on this run for a few years back. Maybe you remember the story. It was printed when the incident happened. One of our men noticed a face at the window overlooking the road. Every time the train passed for three days, I believe, the engineer saw the face. It was always the same. Then he told somebody else about it and on investigation it was discovered that the man at the window was dead.

He occupied the room alone. There was no one else in the house. He had killed himself and in a note found on his table it was written that the man was lonesome, and that he had raised the window just before the act so that he might die in the noise of the city. That was all there was to the story.

'Ever since that time every engineer and fireman on the line who was employed at that time turns his face away in passing that house. I have heard them all speak of it, and to each of them that house is haunted, although it is now occupied, and I don't suppose the people who live there know anything about the story. I know I have tried to forget it, but just before my engine passes it the recollection of the dead face at the window comes back to me and I either close my eyes or look in an opposite direction.'

Different Points of View.

'It seems kinder funny,' musingly said the Koback philosopher, 'how differently a person will appear to different people. For instance, there is my niece, Lavinia; I think she is a better lookin' and smarter appearin' girl than the average run of 'em, b'cuz I flatter myself she takes after my side of the family; her lover imagines she is a beautiful creature with a face like a Madonna and a form like a sylph, or peri, or something of the kind, b'cuz he happened to be engaged to be; her younger sister, who has had to wear her altered over clothes for several years, says she looks like a flyin' machine; and her brother don't know she has got any looks at all, simply b'cuz he's a boy who hasn't yet advanced from the figger-4 trap and hidin' go-whoop age to the takin' notice age. I s'pose, in reality, she is just a common, ordinary, bright faced young girl, with a few freckles on her nose; but I'll swan if any of us can see her just that way.'

A Concession.

'You know,' said the Chinese diplomat 'we are very much attached to our ancestors.'

'Oh! that's all right!' said the European statesman, cheerfully. 'We'll leave you your ancestors.'

Good Reason.

De Hamme.—'Are you going to continue giving playlets this season?'

Barnes Torner.—'By all the gods on high Olympus, no. I have cut out the playlet on account of the playlet. Seest thou?'

Is She Still Wearing It?

'Clarence, how do you like my new fall hat?'

'Oh, I suppose it is stylish; but, honestly Clarence, you look as if you were peeping at the world out of a coal hole.'

The Dealer's Reason.

'You contend that oleomargarine is just as good as butter, don't you?'

'It's better,' answered the dealer without hesitation. 'It pays several times the profit.'

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

Pliable, finest, cannot be excelled. One shirt and collar for a trial now. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

in covered shed at Blyth dry steel target, 3-32 inch thick was the disk of the gun...



The coming home of our brave boys in Khaki has been the chief topic of conversation during the past week.

was affected by the Memory of a Dead Face at a Window. I have heard them all speak to each of them that house is although it is now occupied...

different Points of View. "My kinder funny," musingly said the philosopher, "how differently will appear to different people."

A Concession. "I know," said the Chinese diplomat very much attached to our ancestors.

That's all right! said the Eustaceman cheerfully. "We'll leave ancestors."

Good Reason. "Are you going to continue to play this season?"

Is She Still Wearing It? "How do you like my new fall dress, how do you like my new fall dress?"

The Dealer's Reason. "I contented that ole margarine is just as butter, don't you?"

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. "The finest, cannot be excelled."

the next few weeks. One in which much interest is felt is that of a young lady residing on Paradise Row...

A very pleasant drive whilst party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Morris Robinson in honor of their son, Mr. Harold Robinson...

Misses Len McMillan, Amy Smith, Bessie Donville, May Robinson, Gladys McLaughlin, A. Arnold, Cella Armstrong, Elsie Holden, Gladys Campbell, Mariel Thomson, Miss Price, Quebec, Mrs. I. P. Chisholm, Messrs. Harold Allison, Austin Stead, Geoffrey Stead, Arthur Kerr, Fraser, Lyd Kaye, Shannon, Pat Holden, Frith, Jim Harrison, Schuchard and others.

Misses Len McMillan, Amy Smith, Bessie Donville, May Robinson, Gladys McLaughlin, A. Arnold, Cella Armstrong, Elsie Holden, Gladys Campbell, Mariel Thomson, Miss Price, Quebec, Mrs. I. P. Chisholm, Messrs. Harold Allison, Austin Stead, Geoffrey Stead, Arthur Kerr, Fraser, Lyd Kaye, Shannon, Pat Holden, Frith, Jim Harrison, Schuchard and others.

Miss Jennie Parkins, Fredericton is staying in the city with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wm Young have gone to Everett, Mass. where they will visit for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. George E. Miles and Mrs. Wesley Miles of the North End left this week on a visit to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy and Master Jack left on Monday morning to visit friends and relatives in Boston.

Capt. A. L. Mulcahy of the steamer Leucra arrived here from Dublin on Wednesday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Mulcahy (nee Miss Maud Driscoll) who will spend some days with her parents, at Lancaster Heights, while the steamer is being loaded at Chatham.

Miss Maggie Myers of Charlotte street, was a passenger on Steamer Cumberland on Monday morning for Boston. She will also visit New York and other cities in Massachusetts before returning.

Dr. Second formerly of St. John, but now of New York, who has spent some weeks here renewing old friends and acquaintances has returned home. Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer and Mrs. Geo Raymond of St. Stephen were in the city this week.

Mrs. Fred Fenety of Boston, came down from Fredericton where he had been spending the past month, and is the guest of his sister, Mrs. A. J. Lordly, Haverfield St.

Miss Julia Magee is in Fredericton, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Stevens. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Campbell have returned to Winnipeg, after spending a few pleasant weeks in the city.

Leicester, have returned from a pleasant trip to Boston and vicinity. Miss Edith McPeake who has spent a short vacation here with her parents, returned this week to Boston, where she will continue her studies at nursing.

Misses May McCarthy, Nellie Spears and Bessie Peters were passengers of Steamer Cumberland on Monday morning, bound for Boston and New York. Mr. Fred Stone, son of Mr. J. B. Stone returned to Schenectady, N. Y., this week to resume his work as electrical engineer.

Mr. Charles F. Stubbs is enjoying a well earned vacation in Boston. Mrs. Stratton of Brookline, who has been spending the summer at Roxbury with her sister, Mrs. G. A. Fresse has returned home.

Miss Gertrude Wilcox of Sussex is a guest at the home of Mr. F. C. Dunham, North End. Misses Arnie and Cella Driscoll of Boston who have spent several weeks in the city visiting friends have returned to their homes.

Miss Edna Lawton came from Boston last week and is spending her vacation here with friends. Mr. Guy Botwick left last week to attend the Law school of Harvard university.

Miss Hortense Heath is attending school at Northfield. Mr. Lucien Vroom left last week for the Pacific Coast, where he will probably be absent for some time.

W. F. Hatheway and family and Dr. G. U. Hay and family have returned to the city from Riverbank, where they have spent the summer. Mr. Walter Stone left for Sackville this week to continue his studies at Mount Allison college.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allen are home from an enjoyable visit to Havelock. Messrs. Fred McDevitt and Tom Gallivan were passengers on steamer St. Croix on last Saturday evening for Boston.

The engagement is being whispered about of a young hardware clerk to a well known young lady in South end. Miss C. Tins returned on Monday from a short visit to river.

Mr. William F. Lee and bride of New York, arrived in the city on Monday and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Griffiths, Richmond street. Mr. Lee is in a large piano establishment in New York, and has not been in St. John for some years; his many friends here are offering their congratulations.

Miss Frances Smyth left on Wednesday for Sussex to take up a position as stenographer for White, Allison and King barristers of that place. Miss Smyth is one of our best alto singers, and has for some years been a member of the choir in Brussels street baptist church, where she has always been active in church and Sunday school work.

Mrs. Foster of Mayville, spent part of last week with Mrs. C. F. Francis. Miss Bessie Barnes of Coburg street, is visiting in Boston. Mr. W. Frank Hatheway and family have returned to the city from their summer home at Riverbank.

Miss Josephine Bostwick and Miss Muriel Haley left on Wednesday to take up their studies at Wellesley. A social evening will be held in the Mission church next Tuesday to farewell the Rev. Father Devport at the Harvest festival to-morrow morning and evening. He leaves shortly for Toronto, his new field of labor.

Rev. J. W. Clarke now of Free Baptist church, Woodstock, but formerly of Waterloo street church was in town this week on a visit. Miss Lina White of Chapel Grove is visiting her cousin Miss Harriet, Union street. Misses Elida and Kathleen Bourne of Woodstock are the guests of Miss Addie Coram, matron of Old Ladies home.

Mr. Arthur Robb left last week for Truro, on his way back to Halifax. Mrs. Morton L. and Miss Harrison left on Monday for Boston to pay a short visit to Mrs. Harrison's mother Mrs. Campbell. Mr. Fred Morrisey left by the American boat Wednesday morning for Boston where he will permanently reside. Mr. Harry W. Woodworth of Kennedy street North End, returned Wednesday from a trip to the Sussex Fair.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store Oct. 1900.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE - FOR - New Fall and Winter Catalogue

JUST PUBLISHED. Containing 264 pages descriptive matter fully illustrated. Sent to Any Address in Canada POST FREE.

The Mail Order trade done by The Big Store throughout the Dominion, especially in the Mining Districts, and the Province of British Columbia, Maritime Provinces, has wonderfully increased during the past year.

Thousands upon Thousands of Families NOW DO ALL THEIR SHOPPING BY MAIL.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

There is entire satisfaction in the result of work done with Brainerd & Armstrong Asiatic Dyed Silks. Three hundred and seventy-six shades insure just the color-tone you want. Brilliant, lasting colors, insure the beauty of your work as long as the fabric lasts.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, - "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL (Registered Trademark) 62 Union Street

ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. F. G. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED - Under-sized saw logs, such as Betting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

FARM HELP. ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

Buatoche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buatoche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA. The Dealer's Reason. "I contented that ole margarine is just as butter, don't you?"

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Mr. J. D. Rolston and Miss Rolston, who have been visiting at the Emerald for several weeks have returned to Yarmouth.

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home after spending a month with her uncle Rev. F. V. Duffy, Miramichi, N. B.

YARMOUTH.

Oct. 3.—A pretty though quiet wedding took place on Friday afternoon last at the residence of Hon. Albert Gayton, when his daughter Theresa was married to Mr. Frank Cox.

On Saturday Sept. 29th, Mr. Oscar L. Carey son of Mr. Charles Carey publisher of the Yarmouth Light, and Miss Ella Grace Hatfield only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Hatfield, were married at the bride's home on Prince street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and family, left on Thursday for their home in New Haven, Conn. after a pleasant summer spent at their residence in town.

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Angela, who have been at Broderick's hotel at Five Islands for three weeks, returned to Wolfville on Monday.

Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P. and Mr. Hawks of Moncton, spoke at a political meeting in the opera house on Thursday evening. Mr. Cahan, the liberal conservative candidate, spoke in St. George's Hall on an evening recently.

A farewell reception was held in the basement of Grace Methodist Church on Thursday evening, for Rev. Mr. Hanson, who has been filling Rev. Mr. Lane's place during his absence.

Mr. King and Miss E. K. King, Truro, spent Sunday and Monday at Alpha hotel.

Mr. D. B. Nicholls, much to the regret of a host of friends in Parrabro, has resigned his position in the Commercial Bank and gone to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Sullivan last week. Rev. Fr. Minahan of Boston is staying at Cumberland Hotel.

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spending the summer at their Digby residence have returned to their home in Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Parker, who have been visiting their grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Parker, returned home on Wednesday last.

Miss Mary Churchill, of the Digby Post Office has returned home from a well-earned vacation which was spent in Halifax and Guysboro counties.

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FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

TENDERS FOR ST. JOHN CITY DEBENTURES.

SEALED TENDERS, in rick "Tenders for Debentures," will be received at the Office of the Chamberlain of the City of Saint John up to the 15th day of October, 1900, for the purchase of Saint John City Debentures, for the whole or any part of the sum of

SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (\$66,500) DOLLARS,

to be issued in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars each, under the provisions of Act of Assembly 63 Victoria, Chapter 27, Section 59, payable in 40 years, with interest at the rate of Four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

The said Debentures are issued by order from Common Council of the City of Saint John, under authority of Act of Assembly, which provides for creating necessary Sinking Fund for redemption at maturity.

The proceeds of said Debentures are to meet expenses for Public Services, such as Extension of Water and Sewerage service in several places and districts, as adopted by Common Council; Purchase and establishing additional Steam Fire Engine for Civic Fire Department.

First Coupon (3 months' interest) payable 1st November, 1900.

Not bound to accept the highest or any tender.

FRED SANDALL, Chamberlain of Saint John, N. B., Chamberlain's Office, 10th Sept., 1900.

NO SHADOW

Of outward misfortune can darken the smile of the loyal life and loving mother.

When the delicate womanly organism is diseased the whole body suffers; the form grows thin, and the complexion dull.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the whole body; restores the form, and the complexion.

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WOLFVILLE.

Oct. 3.—On Friday evening last the principal and teachers of Acadia Seminary received their friends of the town, the teachers of the Academy, and the faculty of the college.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and family, left on Thursday for their home in New Haven, Conn. after a pleasant summer spent at their residence in town.

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Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

DIGBY.

Oct. 6.—Miss Kittie Baxter has returned from a trip to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton and family, left on Thursday for their home in New Haven, Conn. after a pleasant summer spent at their residence in town.

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Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDRIK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chayannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PELLETTO, HENRY MC CARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.

THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK

TRADE MARK 847 ROGERS BROS. MARK

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

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST HALF A CENTURY.

FOR NEARLY SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints

100 Cts. V. Y. Brand XXX 100 " Tobitt & Co. 100 " Nord. France. 10 " Octaves "

For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BURKE 25 WATER STREET.

Girls.

Girls who haven't the money to spend on new clothes, ribbons, buttons, etc., etc., but who don't want to be thought of as being out of fashion, should buy any color in these fast, brilliant, fadeless home open, Maypole Soap. It washes and dyes at the same time.

Maypole Soap

Sold everywhere. See for Stock.

LISTS.

NSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

ing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty and Royal Family.

SALE AT ALL ART STORES.

AY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Cure For Men.

dy which quickly cures sexual weakness, night emissions, premature climax, etc., the organs to strength and vigor.

TENDERS FOR

IN CITY DEBENTURES.

TENDERS, in rked "Tenders for" will be received at the Office of the

IX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED

(66,500) DOLLARS,

in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars

the provisions of Act of Assembly 62

chapter 27, Section 29, payable in 40

interest at the rate of Four per cent.

per half-yearly.

Debentures are issued by orders from

of the City of Saint John, under

Act of Assembly, which provides for

regular sinking fund for redemption at

of said Debentures are to meet ex-

for Public Services, such as Extension

of Sewerage service in several places

as adopted by Common Council's Pur-

chasing additional Sinks in Fire De-

partment.

upon (2 months' interest) payable 1st

1900.

to accept the highest or any tender.

FRED. SANDALL,

Chamberlain of Saint John, N. B.,

his Office, 10th Sept., 1900.

scribner's

FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

A. BARRIE'S "Tommy and

(serial).

RODRE ROOSEVELT'S

"Cromwell" (serial).

HARD HARDING DAVIS'S

and special articles.

RY NORMAN'S The Russia

day.

cles by WALTER A. WY-

author of "The Workers".

RT STORIES by

mas Nelson Page,

ry James,

ry van Dyke,

est Seton-Thompson,

h Wharton,

ave Thanet,

ham Allen White.

CIAL ARTICLES

Paris Exposition.

DBRI IRLAND'S article s

ort and exploration.

HARVARD FIFTY

ARS AGO," by Sena-

loar.

TABLE ART FEATURES

CROMWELL ILLUSTRAS

TS, by celebrated American

oreign artists.

s de Chayannes,

JOHN LAFARGE, illus-

ns in color.

ocial illustrative schemes (in

and in-black and white) by

ATER APPLETON CLARK,

AMHERST.

Oct. 3.—Mr and Mrs C. B. Smith are in Toronto,

Oct. They will visit Niagara Falls and Montreal

before returning.

Miss Annie Wall has returned to Boston.

Miss A. M. Fisher, of Mt. Allison Ladies' College,

spent a few days in town, the guest of her aunt Mrs

Wm. Beattie.

Mr R. O. Fraser left last week for Saint St. Marie,

where he has secured a position.

B. E. Barnhill, son of B. B. Barnhill, Esq., the well

known lumberman of Two Rivers, left last week for

Vancouver, where he intends remaining a year.

Miss Winnie Munro returned last week from a

visit to St. John.

Mrs Robert Jenkin returned last week from St

John, where she was the guest of friends for two

weeks.

Mrs Edward Allen and little daughter have

arrived home.

Miss Revie McGregor of P. E. I., was visiting

friends here last week.

Mrs. John Taylor and Mrs. Hal Stevens are on a

visit to Toronto and Detroit.

Arthur Reid, son of J. Q. Reid, returned to

Montreal where he has a position in a jewelry

store.

A cablegram received by Mrs. Harris announces

the safe arrival Thursday at London, Eng., of Rev.

V. E. Harris

WOODSTOCK.

[Procession is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J.

Doane & Co.]

Oct 3.—Councillor Kearney, Florenceville, was in

town, Wednesday.

Dr and Mrs Baker are home from their Nova

Scotia trip.

H. T. Scholey and wife of Centreville, was at the

Carriage, Wednesday last.

Mrs Joseph Hamilton, Vancouver, B. C., is visit-

ing friends in this section.

H. Paxton Baird and his son Garnet are on a

hunting expedition up Tobique.

Mrs Howard P. Weimere, St. John, is visiting her

mother, Mrs David Moore.

Mrs Alex G. Dickson, of Chatham, is visiting her

brother, J. W. Ellisworth, Bradford.

Kenneth Connell left last week to resume his

studies at Mount Allison University.

Chas Stokes left last week for Montreal to enter

McGill as a student of Electrical Engineering.

Everitt Smith and wife, St. Stephen, have been

the guests of her sister, Mrs W. B. Belyes, for some

days.

Rev J. C. Bleakney has gone to Bridgewater, N

S., to supply the Baptist church of that town for a

few weeks.

Mrs Sarah Sullivan left on Wednesday morning,

for Lowell, Mass., where she will make her future

home.

Thomas Coffey, a popular railway conductor and

wife, Moncton, who were the guests of Mr and Mrs

C. F. Gross, of this town have returned home.

Alfred C. Currie, who has been home for some two

years, left on his return to Vancouver where he

will be one of the principals in an interesting event.

James A. Gammal of Bialia, California, after an

absence of 20 years, is here with his wife and two

children on a visit to his father William Hannab,

Knoxville. Mr Hannab was a student here in the

office of S. E. Appleby, and has been practicing

his profession while in Bialia, where he is the

owner of a cattle ranch and is interested in mining

property. His home is 200 miles from San Fran-

cisco.

Mrs W. A. Peterson, Calais, is visiting in town, at

Mrs Porters.

Mrs Francis M. Hume, Houlton, is visiting Miss

Hume, Woodstock.

Miss M. Hester Hume left on Monday for Pitts-

burg, Pa., where she will visit Mrs George Pearson.

William B. Snow and wife returned on Monday

evening from a two weeks visit in St. Andrew.

Miss Eva Clarke, who has been spending the

summer here, left for Newburyport, Mass., on Tues-

day morning.

William L. Tracy spent a few days with friends

and relatives last week in Harland, before resum-

ing his study at U. N. B.

S. H. Boyer and his daughter, Miss Phoebe Boyer,

of Harland, have returned from a trip to Europe.

While there they visited the Paris Exposition.

Victor Bedell, son of J. J. Bedell, Woodstock,

through Moncton this week on his way to Cleve-

land Ohio, to be gone some weeks.

Mrs D. L. Hanington, Dorchester, is the guest of

Mrs Bradlow, Botsford Street.

Mr William Cole has gone to Boston on a holiday

trip.

Mrs William Cole and little daughter Floesia

have come to Sackville for a few days.

Mrs E. Landry has returned home to Boston after

spending a month in Moncton with relatives.

Miss Daisy Ritchie, Waterloo street, who has

been in St. John visiting friends, has returned home.

Mr John K. Baker of Chatham, and daughter

have returned home after a trip to P. E. Island and

Moncton.

Mrs John Mitton and son went to Boston on Wed-

nesday morning. They were accompanied by Miss

Ida Seaman who will spend the winter there.

NEWCASTLE.

Oct 4.—An event in which Newcastle people

were much interested was the marriage of Mr John

Robertson, formerly of this place, but now located

at Boston, to Miss Catherine Murphy of Brookline,

Mass. The ceremony was performed in Boston at

the first M. E. church. The bride was handsomely

gowned in white tulle and, with overdress of

swiss muslin she was attended by her two sis-

ters Misses Gertrude and Stella Murphy. Hon

James W. H. Myrick was best man. A number of

invited guests were present, both the church and

at the reception held at the bride's home. Mr and

Mrs Robertson took the midnight train for Niagara

Falls where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mr Wm. Styliet's residence was the scene of a

charming event on Wednesday last, when Miss

Irene Hierlily of Extonstac was united in mar-

riage to Mr John W. Byrnes. The ceremony was

performed by the Rev F. H. Fickles in the midst of

only the immediate friends and relatives of the con-

tracting party.

Another pretty house wedding took place on the

same day at the home of Mr David Petrie. When

Miss Gertrude Allison of Northesk was united in

marriage with Mr Arthur Ernest Petrie of New-

castle. The ceremony was performed by the Rev

F. H. Fickles, pastor of the Methodist church. Both

young people are well known and popular.

Miss Ida DeBoo of Newcastle is visiting friends

in town.

Rev W. E. Robinson of Sackville spent Friday

with his parents, Mr and Mrs John Robinson at

the Pine.

Mr Alex. Robinson returned last week from a

very pleasant trip to St John

Mrs L. B. McMurdo has returned from a pleasant

visit to Campbellton.

Mrs John McMurdo and Master Ray McMurdo

arrived here Tuesday night to visit Mr L. B. Mc-

Murdo.

Miss Ella Delano who has been visiting her sis-

ter Mary, has returned to Millerton.

Miss Jean S. Bryenton is visiting her sister, Mrs A.

Murry.

Miss Francis McLaughlin of Richibucto is visit-

ing friends in town.

Mrs James Shaw, Toronto is the guest of Mrs

Richard Grayley.

Rev Mr Harrison is filling the pulpit of the

Methodist Church at Tabusintac.

Mr and Mrs John Brander attended the Charlot-

town fair last week.

Mrs Street and Miss Aubry Street went to St.

Andrew on Saturday last.

Miss Katie Troy spent Sunday and Monday in

town.

Miss Helen Sinclair left on Monday for Boston,

where she will spend the winter. Miss Sinclair who

is one of Northumberland's best vocalists will be

greatly missed here in both musical and social

circles.

Mrs Kay returned to Boston on Monday.

Mr Garland Troy has resigned his position in the

Bank of Nova Scotia. He intends following Horace

Greeley's sage advice and will go west. He was a

popular and obliging clerk and will be missed by

the patrons of the Bank.

CAMPBELLTON.

Oct. 4.—Mrs. A. K. Thompson was in St. John

last week.

Miss Lizette Henderson who has been to Boston

returned home last week.

Mrs. Getchell is visiting at her home in Maine.

Miss Beattie Stewart of Dalhousie, was in St.

John last week.

J. Stevens spent a few days of last week in New-

castle.

Dr. Crockett and Mrs. Crockett of Dalhousie, were

in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Mann of Deside, were in

town Tuesday last.

Mrs. James Gillis and Miss Lou of Metapedia,

spent a day in town this week.

Mrs. A. E. Metzier of Moncton, is spending a

few days in town.

Edward Leveque expects to leave next week for

Florida where he intends spending the winter.

Miss London of Boston, is visiting in town the

guest of her sister Mrs. A. D. McKendrick.

Mrs. Cassie O'Leary has been spending a few

days in town with friends before leaving for Barry,

N. S.

The young Masters McGovern who spent last

year in Memramook college have returned.

Bishop Barry was the guest of Rev. Father Wal-

lace on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Napoleon Michaud is continuing his Arts

Course at St. Joseph's college, Memramook.

Miss Cameron, who has been spending some time

in town with her brother John Cameron, has re-

turned to her home in New Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Munn of Tide Head, enter-

tained a number of friends on last Monday evening.

Miss Alice Moratt has gone to Boston in the in-

terests of her military business.

ST. ANDREWS.

Oct. 4.—Mrs. George J. Clarke and the Misses

Clarke, of St. Stephen, spent Sunday in St. An-

draws.

Prof. Prince remained in St. Andrews until the

close of the biological station last week.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Florrie Whitehead served tea to the guests. Miss Beatrice Browne of Houlton, is the guest of the Misses Whitehead. Mrs. Foy's has invitations out for a five o'clock tea for Friday afternoon. Miss Rainford has returned from a pleasant visit at St. John. Mr and Mrs W H Burns have returned from a pleasant visit to Moncton and Halifax. Mr and Mrs A W Edgcombe left today for Hamilton, Ont. Miss Madge McLeod is visiting Dr and Mrs Sharp in Montreal. Dr J H Bliss, who has been the guest of Mr Edward Woodbridge, left for his home in Cambridge on Friday. Mr Powers is home from an extended trip to Ontario. Miss Florrie Foy's was on Friday evening christened by Rev. Bishop Casey and received into St Dunstan's church, Miss McManus acting as sponsor. Mr and Mrs E Byron Winslow leave this week for a trip to Chicago and other western cities. Rev W Macdonald is attending Synod at Chatham. Mrs Kitchen is visiting friends in Montreal. Mr and Mrs Harry Barrison of Margerville left yesterday for a trip to Boston and New York. Mrs Benning and children left today for London Ont. to join Col. Hemming and they will make their future residence in London. Mr Charles B Cowe of Chicago who has been visiting his brother, Mr D E Crowe left for his western home today. Miss Eileen Everett and Miss Jean Nell are visiting friends in Boston. CR CKR

SUSSEX.

Oct. 3.—Miss Ida Deboe of Newcastle is visiting friends here. Mr Arthur Berry of Bathurst is in Sussex on business. Mrs Murray McLaren of St John is visiting at the Rectory. Mrs Hallett of Hazel Hill is spending a week in St John. Miss Maud McKerzie of Fredericton spent the first of the week in Sussex with friends. Mrs Joseph Spear has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs William Fenwick, of Bathurst. Mr Thos A Rendon of Milton, Mass., is home on a vacation, after an absence of four and a half years. Capt J W Harnett accompanied by Mrs Harnett and daughter of Bermuda, are the guests of Mrs R D Bost. Mrs M E Sharp is away on a visit to her son, Dr W M Sharp of Bingham, N. Y. She expects to spend a couple of months with him. Miss Mary Keith has taken the school at Plumwisp and entered upon her duties on Monday after a rest of several months owing to ill health. Miss Emma Parise, business manager for the Moncton Transcript, has returned from a visit to England and the continent including the Paris exposition. Miss Carrie McLeod who has been visiting her home here for the past couple of months has returned to Boston. She was accompanied by her sister, Minnie. Mr Orrie Price, who has been with B J Sharp for the past three years, leaving the drug business has secured a position with George Hoban, druggist, St John. Mr and Mrs Evelyn Harnett arrived in Sussex on Wednesday evening, after spending a week of their honeymoon in Nova Scotia. They will spend a short time here before leaving for their home in Bermuda. Miss Alice Burgess left on Thursday evening for Newburyport, Mass., where she will enter a hospital to receive the necessary training for a nurse. Before leaving Sussex Miss Burgess was presented with a ring from the congregation in Trinity church in appreciation of her services in the choir.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print

ST. STEPHEN AND OASIS.

IF someone is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. St. Wall and T. E. Atcheson. Oct. 4.—Mrs. Frank Todd has returned from Boston. Mr and Mrs. A. F. Conant and Miss Helen Mac. Nichol left on Monday for Nahant, Mass. Mrs. C. W. Young returned on Tuesday last from Boston. Mrs. Harriett Clarke and Mrs. Melvin went to Robtson on Tuesday to visit Dean Clarke who is attending the boy's school there. Miss Edna Daggett of Grand Manan was the guest last week of Miss Edna Webber. Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer and her daughter are now visiting S. R. Gilmore. Mrs. John Simpson of St. Andrews is visiting in Calais. Mr and Mrs. Beverly Stevens were surprised by a number of friends on Monday evening, who went in a body to spend the evening with them at their residence. Hon. Peter Talbot and Mrs. Talbot of Malden, Mass., spent last week in Calais. Miss Noe Clarke has returned from a very pleasant visit in Fredericton with Mrs. Whitehead. Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, Mrs. G. H. Raymond and Mrs. James G. Stevens are spending a few days in St. John this week. Mrs. Almon I. Teed entertained a small party of lady friends on Monday evening at her residence, for the pleasure of Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gilbert W. Gannon's list. Miss Annie Grimmer is visiting friends in St. John, Hampton and Sussex. Mrs R MacKenzie of Boston is a guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs J K Laffin. Mrs J Louis McKenz and her son have concluded a pleasant visit here and returned to Boston. Miss Alms Cosseboom and Austin Marks of Cambridge, Mass., were recently married at the bride's home by Dr. Padelford, assisted by Rev W C Goncher. Miss May Cosseboom of Montreal attended the bride and Ira Urquhart assisted the groom. Misses Eleanor and Kate Nelson have gone to Boston for the winter. Mr and Mrs C B Eaton are now residing in Mrs Bolton's house on Union street. Mrs Mary Thompson of Carleton is the guest of Mrs G W Gannon. Madame Chipman has recovered from her illness and is able to drive out again. Miss Jennie Delstadt is the guest of Miss Edith Delstadt. Mrs B L Sloggett of Houlton and her young son, Jack, were here last week for a brief visit. Mrs Wood, who has been a guest recently of Mrs Hazen Grimmer, has returned to her home in Winnipeg, where she arrived safely last week. Miss Gail Laughlin, who spent the summer here

with the Misses Elizabeth and Minnie Clark, has been appointed to investigate the domestic service problem for the United States government. Miss Laughlin is a practicing law in New York and is very clever and talented.

Mrs G H Raymond is in town visiting Mrs Hazen Grimmer.

Miss Ethel Wellington of Houlton recently visited friends in Calais. Mrs Henry Webber and her daughter, Miss Edna Webber, are now residing in the pleasant tenement in the Waddell block on Water street.

Mrs Edgar M Robinson and Miss Gertrude Moore left on Thursday evening on the WCR for Boston.

Miss Florence Sullivan left on Monday for Boston, to remain until after the Christmas holidays.

Dr Byrne and Dr McLaughlin enjoyed a day's gunning near Clark's point last week.

Mr and Mrs Alfre Ames of Machias were recently in Calais visiting Mrs Ames' parents, Mr. and Mrs Murray Hill.

Miss Ida Marks has returned to her home at the Lodge.

Mrs Hinda of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been the guest of Mrs D Sullivan.

Dr R K Ross and Mrs Ross came up on Friday in the La Tour. The doctor and his wife expect to return to St. Stephen very shortly to reside permanently.

Miss Annie Eaton has returned to Providence to Miss Wheeler's art school to resume her studies.

Mrs W B King has been spending several days in Calais.

Miss Seelye of Grand Manan was in town recently spending a few days with her sister, Mrs Samuel Craig.

Dr and Mrs J G Chen, arrived home on Saturday after an absence of six weeks. During that time Mrs Chen has been enjoying with relatives the cool breezes of the Atlantic at Rock Island, Mass., while Mr Chen has been entertained by relatives in several points in Illinois, also in Hamilton and Toronto, Ont., and Montreal, Quebec.

Miss Eva Keating has returned to Boston. Mrs John Black and Miss Margaret Black have returned from a pleasant visit in Charlottetown.

Mrs Thomas Storr is home again after a pleasant visit of a week in Esposito.

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Mrs Bessie McAdam has returned from St John, where she was visiting her sister, Miss Mary Cameron.

Mrs John C Taylor is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Miss Millie MacMonagle has returned to the university of New Brunswick to resume her studies.

Mrs Josephine Lambie is visiting Boston.

Mrs M McDermott is in New York city this week.

A party of ladies enjoyed a day's outing at Graham's lumber camp on Thursday last.

Inconsistency.

'Who is that man over there with the white, scared face?'

'That's the fellow we met at the funeral yesterday who was telling the wife of the deceased to cheer up, that her husband was better off.'

'What is the matter with him now?'

'The doctor told him he was going to die.'

A Draw.

Peppy.—That was a fierce fight you had with Gussie. He claims he licked you.

Cholly.—Oh the boozah! It's true he wumped my cawwat dreadfully, but when it was all over his collar was frightfully wilted.

Internal Evidence.

I wish I knew what woman wrote this book.

'How do you know a woman wrote it at all?'

'Its style is so hideously masculine.'

Cheap Notoriety.

'Bumberly put on a shi. waist and an hour afterwards was put out of the best restaurant in town.'

'Yes!'

'A' he went in for was a match.'

Roadway Chat.

Old Plow Horse.—How do you like these automobiles?

Thrashing Machine.—Pooh! They make as much noise as I do and hain't got a bushel of wheat to show for it yet.

Has Drawn The Line.

'What was that sculptor so agitated about?'

'He said he'd go to laying brick before he'd model my shirt waist in statues.'

Among all the horrors of war, humorous situations often occur. An English army surgeon in South Africa tells an amusing story of an Englishwoman of high rank, who was so engrossed by the charms of amateur nursing. One morning on approaching the cot of a soldier to whom she had given special attention, she found him with eyes tightly closed and a piece of paper pinned on the sheet, on which was written: "To ill to be nursed today. Respectfully, J. L."

Rentham.—'How absurd it is! Everybody knows there is no North Pole, and yet think of the money and the lives that have been thrown away in order to discover it.'

Redding.—'Yes; but think of the time and effort wasted in seeking the man or woman who comes up to our ideal. Neither exists, you know.'

A St. Louis couple who posed as principals in a 'mock marriage' ceremony are greatly disturbed by the declaration of the circuit court judges that the wedding was a legal one. They are not the first persons to learn that marriage is no joke.

"Experience is the Best Teacher."

'The experience of millions has demonstrated that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the perfect remedy for all troubles of the blood, stomach, nerves, bowels, liver and kidneys, and that it imparts strength, vigor and vitality. Every testimonial is the voice of experience to you.'

Dyspepsia.—'Hood's Sarsaparilla is a grand medicine. It has cured me of dyspepsia. My blood was so poor that in the hottest weather I felt cold. This great medicine enriched my blood and made me feel warm.' Mrs. James Malvey, 222 Pineville St., Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

THE AUTOMOBILE'S REVENGE.

Showing how a Little Politeness Would have been a Good Investment.

'Not every man,' said an expert automobilist, 'carries a kit of tools with him; as a matter of fact most men do not, or they carry only a very limited number, especially in the city. Here they can get help by telephone quickly; and very likely they would prefer to wait for it rather than to get their hands greasy musing around the machine themselves; and then maybe they are not sufficiently familiar with the machine or with the use of tools to help themselves if they wanted to. There are men, though, that go out equipped for emergencies. Look at that.'

And the speaker lifted the lid of an odd-shaped box depending from the floor of his automobile, under his seat, between the seat and the dashboard of the vehicle. He had in that place about half a peck of stuff of one sort and another, including tools and parts, besides some odds and ends that could be made useful in fixing up other kinds of machines.

'As a rule,' he went on, 'automobilists don't mix in with one another's affairs any more than any other sort of people; that is not every man with an automobile would stop to see what was the matter or to offer help if he saw somebody else with an auto stopping on the road. The other man might prefer to look out for himself, and be well able to, and look upon your mixing in as an intrusion. And then, again he might welcome it, and so, of course, a man is governed in this sort of thing as he would be in anything else, more or less by circumstances. As far as I am concerned I am glad to help a man if I can and he wants my help. And as a rule the man you help in that sort of way appreciates it fully and is thankful for it, but not always.'

'I met a man only two or three weeks ago, broken down on the road in an auto, and plainly not able to make his own repairs, and sitting there waiting for help to come. He had a lady with him. It seemed too bad for them to have to sit there like that, waiting, as they might have to, maybe a long time, and I thought I could fix 'em up very likely, so that they could go on. It was a different sort of machine from mine, entirely, but one that I knew about and that I could fix easily unless something had broken or given away.'

And so I halted alongside and says to the man:

'Are you broken down?'

'And he said he was and had sent for help, but he guessed they'd have to sit there an hour longer, and they'd been there an hour now.'

'I told him that I knew his machine, and that if he had no objection I'd look it over and I thought very likely I could fix it up for him. He said he'd be very glad indeed if I could, and I got out of my trap

and looked it over, and got my hands greasy doing it, but I found the trouble right away, it was just what I thought it might be a simple thing and easily fixed, and I said to him that I'd have him all right in a minute, I had the stuff, you know, right in that chest of mine to fix him with, and I did get him set right in very short order. And then I said to him, to be good humored about it, I didn't want to take credit to myself for fixing him up so easily.'

'Try her. Start her up a little, and see what she'll do.'

And he did start her up and she went just as I knew she would, all right. Then, as a matter of cold fact, I expected, when he discovered that she was all right, that he'd stop and look around and thank me, heartily; I helped him out of a hole. But do you know he never so much as looked back? He just looked straight ahead and kept the machine a going and left me standing back there in the road with greasy hands, to go on when I got good and ready.'

'It's a curious thing, but it's a fact all the same, that a week later I met that same man with the same lady sitting right there in their machine, right where I'd met them before, broken down again, and waiting for help. Did I help him any? Oh dear, not at all. The man looked up when he heard me coming and when I got near to him I ran up as close to him as I could and went past him dead slow. And he recognized me at once; he knew, well enough, that I was the man that had fixed him up last week, and he knew very well why I was leaving him behind and not offering to help him now.'

Electricity Used in Dyeing Cloth.

Among the more recent tasks imposed upon that busy new servant of man, electricity, is the acting as an assistant in the operation of dyeing. When cloth soaked in aniline sulphate is placed between two metal plates connected with the opposite ends of a dynamo, and an electric current is passed through it, the sulphate is converted into aniline black. By altering the strength of the solution and of the current, shades varying from green to pure black can be obtained. In the case of indigo, the cloth is impregnated with a paste of indigo blue and caustic alkali. The electric current converts the insoluble indigo blue, by reduction of oxygen, into indigo white, which is soluble, and on being exposed to the air becomes oxidized once more and turns blue, thus thoroughly dyeing the cloth with that color.

No Alternative.

'Boys will be boys.' Even as far away as South Africa they prefer compound fractures to simple fractions. Says Mr. Richard Harding Davis, writing from Pretoria to the Boston Herald.

There are many boys in the Boer army. Four of them are sons of Reitz, the secretary of State. His father told me proudly of how the youngest, who was fifteen years old, covered a British Tommy and called upon him to hold up his hands. As his comrades had already surrendered, the Tommy threw down his gun, and said to the boy:

'I don't care. I'm blooming well sick of this war anyway. Aint you?'

'Oh, no,' protested young Reitz, simply, 'for father says that when the war is over he's going to send me back to school!'

Youthful Furler's Correction.

'Mamma, mamma,' she cried, 'Tommy's making faces at me!'

'Ain't doing anything of the kind,' retorted the boy.

'Why, Tommy,' corrected the indulgent parent, 'I saw you myself.'

'No, you didn't,' persisted the boy, 'I couldn't make a face if I wanted to. All I did was to screw up the ready made one I've got.'

The Real Sufferer.

Tuffold Knutt had sat carelessly down upon a bench on the shady side of the kitchen.

'All you've lost, madam,' he said with offended dignity, to the angry woman who was scolding him in a shrill voice, 'is a custard pie worth about 10 cents, whereas I've ruined my only pair of pants. I'm the one to do the skinin.'

Fatality.

She.—At least you will credit me, Mr. Sixoap, with having an eye for beauty, He (desirous of saying something highly complimentary)—Indeed I do, Miss Clare. I don't wonder you spend so much of your time in front of the looking glass.

Not the Cause.

'Do you think the sun spot's have anything to do with the heat?' inquired the prepping citizen.

'Naw!' responded the old farmer. 'Yeow'd feel just as hot without freckles as yeow do with them.'

and looked it over, and got my hands greasy doing it, but I found the trouble right away, it was just what I thought it might be a simple thing and easily fixed, and I said to him that I'd have him all right in a minute, I had the stuff, you know, right in that chest of mine to fix him with, and I did get him set right in very short order. And then I said to him, to be good humored about it, I didn't want to take credit to myself for fixing him up so easily.'

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Songs of Praise
Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899.
I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap I have tried.
J. Johnston.
Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 12th, 1899.
Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup.
St. Thomas, Ont.
I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I tell everybody why our overalls have such a good color.
Maudie Logan.
Can't get wife to use any other soap. Says SURPRISE is the best.
Chas. C. Hughes.
SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.



It's All Right!

There's no 'bing wrong with any part our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—button holes are left intact when we do your work. When shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,
98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.
JODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medallion Dyeing." Montreal.

Combs!

I have just received an importation of Combs, ranging in price from 10c. to 50c., excellent values. See my window display. Also a full line of finest

French Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Toilet Waters, Violet and Toilet Powders. Call and see my stock. Everything marked at lowest prices.

W. C. Rudman Allan,
87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239.
Mail orders promptly filled.

ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC FALL EXCURSIONS

From St. John.
Boston and return \$10.50
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Tickets on sale Sept. 24th to Oct., 15th inclusive, good only for continuous passage in each direction, and good to return thirty days from date of issue. For further particulars see ticket agents.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.
The Crowd.
'Wasn't it a long procession?'

'Fearfully. And so slow. It took me an hour to climb the stairs to the elevated railway.'

There are cheaper kinds sold, but no silver-plated knives, forks or spoons will give so good a return for the money spent, as those bearing our mark
W. W. ROGERS
They are the kind that lasts
Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.
Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1900.

The Newport of Nova Scotia.

A certain lady and gentlemen living not on the thousand miles away from St. John, were a few evenings ago, earnestly discussing the advisability of cancelling their contract for light with a certain gas and electric company.

The clothes line thief is abroad once more and with the first frost of the season, made sad havoc of many of the back yard wash-day displays about the city.

A peculiar incident occurred on one of the care of the street railway company one night this week. The car had just left the Market Square when one of the lady passengers complained that the air in the car was stifling and asked the conductor to open a window.

A DARING SNAKE-GACHEE.

Dangerous Work is Getting Poison From Cobras and Vipers.

In British India no less than sixty people die daily from snake bite, a total of twenty two thousand a year.

The work of Professor Calmette was done at the Pasteur Institute. The venom which he used was collected for him at Delhi from the fangs of living snakes—about a hundred a week,—and was forwarded in weekly instalments to Paris.

The man employed to catch these creatures and extract their venom was a low bred Mohammedan of the district named Kullan, a snake catcher by profession.

His only weapon in snake-hunting was a stick two feet long, with an iron hook at the end. He went lightly clad and barefooted.

Of the four kinds of poisonous snakes with which he had to deal—the cobra, the kerait and two kinds of viper—he used most caution with one of the vipers, because it is swift in its movements and irritable in temper.

Kullan never pretended to any magic or peculiar influence over serpents. He was in the catching business, and was not a showman.

"On one occasion he made the onlooker's blood curdle," writes an Englishman who was present, by taking up a large black cobra by the neck and placing its head toward his open mouth.

Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to say something about Digby or the Newport of Nova Scotia.

I have been coming here for the last six years and as I walk along the main street from one end of town to the other there is nothing but a foul odor meets your nose.

The car was filled and the passengers had to put up with the stuffy air until the transfer point was reached.

When the passengers went out at the transfer the door was left open and the lady was pleased that then at least she would be able to procure a breath of fresh air as the car moved forward.

Sentimental One—Love makes the world go round. Practical One—So does gin.

been taught, and many who are a credit to the town have graduated from there. What is it now? A place for disreputable people to live in, instead of keeping it as an old historic building of the town or making it into a public library, where young and old could go and sit and read, and enjoy the beautiful sight out on the Basin and get all the fresh air needed to make one healthy.

Many ask do they sell liquor here? What answer could a native say in reply, when the young men and middle aged are seen coming along the streets not able to walk? I believe they have a solicitor here or Scott Act prosecutor.

transfer the door was left open and the lady was pleased that then at least she would be able to procure a breath of fresh air as the car moved forward.

Sentimental One—Love makes the world go round. Practical One—So does gin.

meaning of the word sanitary. Then we want a public recreation ground where one and all can go and play golf, tennis, base ball, cricket, and games for the younger people as well. Not a place where one or two are admitted. But where for a small fee, we all could go and have a grand good time in dear old Digby.

Where is Muntot? Prince William street can boast of a mysterious personage, who is styled, by those who have seen her, in her midnight wanderings, "the woman patrol."

men, the presence of a female, at so late an hour at night was an unusual sight.

Another night the patrolmen were surprised to find the mysterious visitor in the neighborhood of King street. This time one of the more fatherly looking men of the force stopped the woman and asked her whom she sought.

"To whom do you refer?" asked the kindly officer.

"I mean officer Muntot. W. H. Muntot that is his name he gave me. Oh, tell me, is he single?"

"My dear madam," said the stalwart, "you should not be at large and your mind so unbalanced." We have no officer Muntot on our force.

"Ah, you are deceiving me," said the woman, "I saw Officer Muntot almost every night during the summer, and I know he is a policeman. You cannot deceive me."

Last Saturday afternoon about five o'clock, a North End man started from the city to his home, via Portland bridge or Mill street, with a large bundle of provisions and two bottles of whiskey.

CAN TALK FROM CLOUDS.

An English Clergyman Has Invented a War Balloon.

Though only an amateur aeronaut, Rev. J. M. Bacon, rector of a small English parish, has solved the problem of communicating from the clouds to the earth without the use of wires.

The results of his experiments, which have covered a period of several years, have been made public and will be of valuable assistance to scouts and commanders in times of war.

The fate of Shafter's war balloon at Santiago is a fair sample of what usually has happened. The old balloons were limited to an ascension of 1000 to 1500 ft. while the Rev. Mr. Bacon is able to converse at an altitude of 2000 to 6500 ft.

The Bacon apparatus consists of a huge, black collapsing drum, which hangs 50ft. below the car of his balloon, and which he beats by means of electricity—the sounds being caused really by expansion and contraction.

An operator understanding the Morse code has been able to 'take' Mr. Bacon's messages without difficulty. Naturally, in time of war, the operator in the balloon using the Bacon system would, while using the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, communicate with his officers below in cipher.

The enemy might hear the signals as plainly as the comrades of the operators, yet would not be able to understand what was said any more than he would a government message sent over the cable or telegraph wires.

Rev. Mr. Bacon has interested both the British war and navy departments in his invention, and on one of his recent experimental trips had as a companion Adm. Freemantle. The admiral expressed himself after the voyage as favorably impressed with the system, and said he had no doubt that if adopted by the government it would prove of great value either on land or sea.

Mr. Bacon is what might be truly termed an insatiable aeronautical experimentalist.

His study of sounds has led him to many unique experiments. It is not so long ago that he permitted himself to be marooned on the tiny island from which the Marlin light sheds its warning rays across the deeps and shoals off the lower coast of Essex.

There, like a new Robinson Crusoe, with his bed, his bundle of provisions, and his sound-catching instruments, he studied the problem of sounds.

Too Severe A Test. An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall was much annoyed by the habit which some members of his congregation had of looking round to see late comers.

After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I purpose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who comes in late."

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half-way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked greatly surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to announce some late comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. S., in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation was turned.

Three Kinds of Ice. A German physicist, G. Tammann, has recently discovered some hitherto unnoted facts concerning ice and the freezing point of water.

He finds that not only does the freezing point vary with the pressure, but that three different kinds of ice can be produced, each possessing its own crystalline structure. Thus water may now be said to have five known forms, namely, water vapor, water as a liquid, ordinary ice, called by Tammann ice I., ice in its second form, or ice II., and ice in its third form, designated as ice III. Some non-scientific people would, in hot weather, add a sixth form generally known as ice-cream.

Mr. Meddlegrass—Hi Slocum sent \$10 to a feller in New York to find out how to win at roulette. Mr Foddershock—What did the feller say? Mr Meddlegrass—Said to 'run the game yourself.'

Advertisement for 'Praise' soap, mentioning 'Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1900' and 'SUPERIOR SOAP'.



Advertisement for 'Right!' laundry, mentioning 'no thing wrong with any laundry work' and 'Proprietors'.

Advertisement for 'Toilet Soaps, Toilet Waters, Toilet Powders'.

Advertisement for 'Allan' medicine, mentioning 'received an important' and 'lowest prices'.

Advertisement for 'DIAN PACIFIC' and 'CURSIONS', mentioning 'St. John' and '\$10.50'.

Advertisement for 'A. J. HEATH', mentioning 'St. John, N. B.' and 'Crowd'.

His Heart's Delight.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER I. THE FATAL NUMBER.

The platform of the Monte Carlo railway station was crowded; the sun shone brightly; the walls and towers of the Casino glistened white.

Amongst the dark foliage of the pine and the luxuriant wreaths of mist floated about the summits of the barren hills, and sea and sky were both of an intense blue. "I am sorry to leave you," said a young English man, from out of whose coat pocket peeped a sketch book. "And sorry to leave you, too, old fellow," he added, glancing at his companion, a tall, dark man, five or six years older than himself.

"Why don't you stop, then?" returned the other lazily. "The only pleasure in life, my dear boy, is following the temptation of the moment."

"All very well for you, Cousin Rupert," laughed the younger. "But we are not all rich and independent. I have got to go to Rome and work, and it will be a couple of years, at least, before I get another holiday."

The dark man shrugged his shoulders. "I wish you could have taken another week," he said, "only to look after the bewitching Clara. Consider, my dear Charlie, it is a duty you owe her."

"That sounds uncommonly like one for me and two for yourself. I am to take care of Clara so that you may have Blanche to yourself."

"I own it. I never disguise my motives. I am selfish; all the same, that is no reason why you should be."

"Oh, I should like it well enough! Both the sisters are charming, and they are so alike that even if one were paired off with the wrong one, one's feelings—mine, at least—would be pretty nearly the same. But, you see, it would not be the fair thing to old Meredith if I loitered about here doing nothing; if he had not advanced me that hundred, I should never have been able to start for Rome."

"Oh, if you are going to talk about duty and gratitude, I am done! and the mousetache scarcely hid the sneer on the full red lips. "I don't pretend to anything of the sort myself, and I do not expect to find gratitude in others. Believe me, Charlie, the sooner you disengage your mind of such ideas and start afresh, the better. It's no use to put more weight on one's shoulders when jogging through the world than one is obliged to carry."

The younger man's face flushed. "I should be very sorry to feel like you then, Rupert," he exclaimed. "But we won't differ just as we are parting. See, yonder is the smoke of the down train."

Well, all luck go with you old fellow. May you make your fortune and become famous. Drop me a line now and then to tell me how you are getting on. I never make plans, but I fancy I shall be back in London in a month or so. Any message for the divine Clara?"

"My love, of course," laughed the other. "and say I was awfully sorry to have to go. Take care not to drop too deeply in love yourself."

A sudden gleam darted from the sleepy hazel eyes of the elder cousin.

"It's not in my life," he answered curtly. "Too much trouble, and that sort of thing," he added, relapsing into his usual careless tone.

The train came into the station. The young artist climbed into a dusty third-class compartment, and, having settled his overcoat and a small parcel he carried, leaned out of the open window to say "Good bye" to his cousin.

"Don't forget to back number thirteen!" he called out, as the train started. "It is bound to turn up in time."

A nod, a wave of the hand, then a cloud of white smoke hid the cousins from one another's view.

Rupert Norton stood looking after the train till it rounded the bend and disappeared, then pulled a cigar from his breast-pocket, lit it, and strolled slowly out of the station.

At the foot of the steps which lead direct to the Casino he paused, but, after a moment's hesitation, pursued the road which mounts the ascent more gradually.

"It's too early for her to be at the tables," he said to himself, as he strolled beneath the over-hanging almond and Judas trees, then just bursting into flower.

"So I may as well keep out in the cool and smoke. I've a deuced nuisance Charlie's going. I shall have to find somebody, I suppose, to trot round with and fatter the sister. In love! Well, perhaps I am, or I should not take so much trouble to have the pretty Blanche to myself."

Ten minutes' stroll took him to the cafe, where, having ordered coffee, he threw himself into a chair beneath an awning, and, with half-closed eyes, watched the ever changing crowd which came and went, descending and ascending the broad white steps of the Casino.

Presently, but not till his patience had been somewhat severely tried, he saw two ladies, who, coming out of one of the side paths, crossed the square diagonally towards the building.

They wore of the same height, and both wore costumes of the same shade, and hats trimmed alike.

"The sisters," he muttered to himself. "Hanged if even I can tell which is Blanche from here! It's lucky their hair is differ-

ent, or there would be no knowing 'tother from which."

He watched them pass into the Casino, and did not attempt to move till his cigar was finished, when he pushed back his chair and made his way into the temple of fortune.

The rooms were not very crowded, it being rather early, and Rupert Norton had no difficulty in finding those he was in search of.

The two sisters had found chairs at one of the roulette tables, not together, but near one another, and as Rupert silently took up his position behind one, the other, catching sight of him smiled and nodded, and beckoned him to approach.

She was sweetly pretty, though the features were not regular.

Her eyes were large and grey, with long dark lashes which curled naturally, and her teeth were small, white, and regular.

Her hair was brown, in which she differed from her sister, whose was golden.

"Don't speak to Blanche just yet," she whispered, as Rupert moved to her side, or you will disturb her play. She dreamt last night that number thirteen won directly after three had turned up, so we are both on the look out. Don't forget thirteen after three.

"Curious," he thought, "that Charlie dreamt twice that number thirteen won him a fortune. Gad! it's cost me over twenty pounds already; but I suppose I must have another flutter if number three turns up."

He watched with an amused smile the girl behind whom he stood.

Suddenly she pushed five gold pieces to number thirteen.

He lent over her shoulder, and let a hundred franc note fall on the same number.

The ball clicked round the circle, halted at first one partition, then another, and finally came to rest on number thirteen.

"Allow me to gather in your winnings," he said, taking the rake from the fair girl's hand. I congratulate you and thank you for the tip, for you see I have won too!"

"Oh, Mr. Norton, were you there all the time?" the girl exclaimed, looking up with flushed face and eyes that danced with triumph and excitement. "And you backed it, too! I am so glad. I dreamt it."

"So your sister told me," he said, as he gathered together their winnings, which he proceeded to divide equally. "There you are, one hundred-and-forty pounds. Quite a little fortune!"

"I should think so, and I am not going to lose any of it either. No more play for me today."

"Won't you come out into the air?" he asked eagerly. "Come, there is no high play going on, and the rooms are hot. Why disturb Clara?" he added, seeing her look towards her sister.

The girl hesitated.

"I will take a turn outside if you like, but I must come back for her."

"That is understood," he answered; and they left the room.

The sun was setting, and the old town of Monaco, perched on its steep, wave-washed rock, stood out in dark relief against the glowing sky.

The sea flashed like molten gold, and high up in the opposite heaven, in a pale-gleam, floated the moon like a silver shield.

But the girl was thinking too much about her good luck to bestow a thought on the beauty of the scene.

She prattled on, forming half-a-dozen plans in as many minutes as to how the money was to be spent.

"And we were so dreadfully hard up!" she said pathetically. "Do you know that we had almost made up our minds to go back this week, although neither of us has an engagement till next month?"

"Come and sit down," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you."

He took her by the arm, and led her to a bench over which an oleander hung its branches.

"Well, I am sure! the girl exclaimed. "How do you know I want to sit down? Besides, you ought to have said something polite about what a loss Monte Carlo would suffer when I told you we thought of going back to England."

"It is about your going away I want to talk to you," he said. "Blanche, I love you very, very dearly. I want you to throw in your lot with mine. I am rich, and I think I can make you happy."

"I don't ask you to leave your sister, mind," he went on, taking the girl's hand. "She can join us after a few weeks, or, if her engagement takes her to London, she can come and stay with us as long as she likes when it at an end."

"Blanche, dear, my whole life shall be devoted to you. We shall have a lovely little home, and lead an ideal existence. Come, sweetheart, tell me that you love me, and consent."

She looked at him with wide open eyes. "I do not understand," she said, a little tremor in her voice. "Are you doing me the honour of asking me to be your wife?"

For a moment his eyes fell, and he ground the gravel with his heel.

The next, he lifted them, blazing with passion, to her face.

"Yes, by Heaven!" he cried. "Blanche, will you marry me—will you be my wife?" The girl's face went deathly pale.

"Remember, Rupert, I am an actress," she murmured faintly. "Your people—"

"What have they to do with it? I have

no father or mother living, for the matter of that; but if I had a dozen, they should not stand between you and me. It is you I want, you I crave for—you, who are all the world to me. Once more, Blanche, will you be my wife?"

For a moment she looked at him with timid eyes, a faint blush stealing into her cheeks.

"You have not asked me if I love you yet," she murmured softly.

He caught her other hand in his and drew her closer to him.

"You do love me," he whispered, "and you will be my wife?"

"I will be your wife, for I love you," she whispered back.

"And they call thirteen an unlucky number!" Clara exclaimed, as Blanche, with her arms round her, told her what happened.

CHAPTER II IN AN OLD GARDEN.

No more charming London suburb exists than Twickenham, and amongst the few old world houses that still may be found there none is more charming than Loworth Lodge, a rambling old red brick building, with garden enough to supply twenty modern residences.

Its garden is its chief beauty, in fact—a garden with level lawns smooth as bowling greens, flower beds in which the old-fashioned plants mingle with the new shady walks, where white statues gleam amongst the green leaves, and great trees that guard it from prying eyes.

In this garden on a bright, warm May day, a young girl and a young man were passing the time very agreeably, the girl half reclining in a wicker chair, the man at full length upon the grass busily employed sketching her.

Presently the girl moved restlessly. "Haven't you finished, Charlie?" she asked, with a slight yawn. "It's all very well for you, stretched out there at your ease, but I'm getting rather tired of posing for your model."

"Don't move, there's a good child," he said without looking up. "Five minutes longer won't hurt you. You can talk it like."

"Thank you. You are amazingly kind, I'm sure; but let me tell you that I am no longer a child. Don't you know that I have come home for good?"

"You have, and I am thankful—very thankful!"

The girl smiled.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because London is a howling wilderness when you are away, my dear cousin. But chaff apart, I suppose you are glad to have left school?"

"I should think so indeed! I consider it wicked to keep girls at school after they are seventeen, and I am eighteen."

"Not for another ten days," the color crept into the girl's cheek.

"So you remember my birthday then, Charlie," she said softly.

He nodded.

"Poor artists can't give presents," he said; "but I'll drink your health, and the presents will come in time. I mean to make a fortune."

"Of course you will. Dad says you have lots of talent."

"I am much obliged to him. If it had not been for him I should never have got to Rome and studied—should never have had a chance, in fact."

"Dear old dad; but then, you are a relation, Charlie."

"Only a cousin; yet if every man helped his cousins, it would be an easier world to get on in than it is."

"It seems an age since you went there. How long ago is it?"

"Four years. Three years and three months there and in Florence; nine months in London."

"Four years. I was not fourteen, and I remember I used to think myself quite grown-up."

"You used to be very fond of me then, Iris."

"My tastes were not formed, and I fancy you were rather a good-looking boy. But Charlie tell me how you have been getting on whilst I have been away. Have you had any order?"

"Only one—a portrait. I got ten guineas for it."

"Ten guineas—is that much?"

"I was glad enough to get it. He was my landlord—the fellow who built the batch of studios of which I have one. And he picked me out of all other fellows to paint his picture. He presented it, I understand, to the lady he hopes to make his second wife."

"The Bluebeard! I can never understand how a man or woman can marry a second time."

"My dear Iris, it may be your own late some day."

"Charlie, how dare you! I don't intend to marry at all."

"Then I may as well end my existence. There is nothing left to live for."

The girl pouted.

"It's all very well for you to tease, but I don't like it."

"Why be angry with me? It is you that are cruel. It all comes of having been to school in France—Frenchwomen have no hearts."

"There's nothing French about me, and if you say there is, I shall not like you a bit. We had a charming drawing master; he was much more polite than you are."

"I am not a drawing master, but an artist, and therefore privileged. There, you may move now as much as you like; I can't do any more to it here."

eyes of the deep dark blue which seldom lasts over childhood, and masses of red brown hair peeped from under her straw hat.

She looked at the sketch critically. "Am I really like that?" she asked. "Something. It will come out better when I have tinted it."

"Charlie, you won't show it to Rupert Norton?"

"Not if you don't want me to. But why?"

"Never mind why. I had rather you did not, and don't leave it about. I know he has a studio next to yours, and I darsay he is always in and out."

"Of course he is as we are cousins and chums. Is it because you think he will want to steal it?"

"Very likely, and that is all the answer you will get, Master Charlie. Oh, there is dad; I will show it to him!"

She rushed away and caught hold of the arm of an old man who had just come out of the house—a gray-headed old man, who walked by the aid of a stick.

Iris showed her portrait with much alacrity. "What do you think of it, dad?" she cried. "Is it like me?"

Mr. Meredith tumbled for his glasses, which dangled over his waistcoat, and having caught them and adjusted them on his nose, examined the portrait critically.

"You have a light touch, Charlie," he said. "And you have the knack of catching a likeness. Why don't you go in for portrait-painting and make money?"

"Portrait-painting gives so little scope for imagination—it's hardly art, sir."

"Ah! art—art! Yes; you are quite right, live for art. It is the highest and purest ideal left to us poor mortals. But money's good also, Charlie. Without money one can do very little in this world."

"Now, dad, don't moralize!" exclaimed Iris, resigning possession of the sketch, and bestowing a kiss upon her father's withered cheek. "Was it to tell us lunch was ready that you came out?"

"Indeed it was, my dear—an excellent guess on your part. Charlie will stay of course. I expect Crampwell-Brown down this afternoon; he promised to bring some old mosaics he picked up in Italy, where he has been searching out of-the-way towns for curiosities and art treasures. I don't think he will beat mine, but we shall see; and, I expect Rupert down, too."

The girl sighed.

"All right, dad," she replied, "we will do our best to amuse his highness. But I wish he would not talk as if he knew everything about art. He is only an amateur."

This was said with immense disdain.

"Money goes a long way," he said; "but it will not make an artist. Rupert, I am afraid, had better give up his art, as he depends on his painting for his food. But that's no reason he should not talk art."

"Yes it is. No one has a right to talk about what they don't understand. Now, dad is not an artist, yet he knows more than many who are. But there, I hate arguing. It all comes from mentioning Cousin Rupert. Come along in to lunch, dad; Charlie is dreadfully hungry."

In the afternoon not only did Crampwell-Brown and Rupert Norton turn up, but two or three other young artists dropped in, for they were always sure of a welcome at Loworth Lodge.

All of them were old friends, and Iris was delighted to see them again.

She even became natural with her Cousin Rupert, and laughed and talked with him as with the rest.

Old Mr. Meredith, when he had examined the mosaics and placed them aside by side with his own, came out on to the lawn and joined the others.

After a while they dropped off one by one, except Rupert and Charles Norton, who stayed to dinner.

The former, quiet, lazy, and self-possessed, watched the others, and Iris, almost every time she turned towards him, found his eyes fixed on her face.

Charlie, too, felt the restraint of his presence.

He was not sorry when it was time to go.

When father and daughter were left alone together, the former filled his great German pipe and commenced to smoke.

"You need not sit up to keep me company, Iris," he said. "I am going to go through my mosaics; that is, the small ones. You can give me the two top drawers of the walnut cabinet. And, Iris—I am glad you and Rupert seemed to get on well together this evening."

"He is exactly the husband I would like for you—a rich man, a man of refined taste and just about the right age; and another thing; Charlie is a clever young fellow."

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but he has got his name to make, and that is not done in a day, or a year either. "I like to have him here, but I won't have you and him falling in love with one another. I wish to see you well married before I die, and I have made up my mind that you shall be Rupert's wife. I dare say I have hinted this to you before; but now that you have come home to stay, it's just as well to speak plainly. Kiss me, my child, and then go and get your beauty sleep. You have always been a good daughter, if a little wild, and I know you will please your old father by doing as he wishes in this matter."

CHAPTER III. TWO PROPOSALS.

May passed into June, and June into July and Iris was happy.

It was delightful to be free, to be no longer under restraint, and to be able to pass the time in sheer laziness, basking in the summer sun in that old world garden, so secluded that no one could imagine the roar and tumult of the mightiest city the world has ever seen was raging within a few miles.

Even Rupert Norton's frequent presence had ceased to cause her much annoyance.

In his own lazy way he was an amusing companion, and he took good care to hide his cynicism under a mask of easy good nature.

There were other callers at the Lodge. Charlie rarely left more than two days pass without running down, and there was a succession of clever young artists, eager for Mr. Meredith's advice and opinion, who were always made welcome.

So Iris had no lack of men friends, and, as she declared she had had enough of girls at school to last her a lifetime, she did not miss their society.

There were picnics, too, up the river and excursions to Windsor and the forest, so altogether the time passed very pleasantly.

It was a starry night in the beginning of July, and one of these picnics had been arranged by Rupert for the following day.

He and Charlie had dined that evening at the Lodge, and the three young people were standing out on the terrace.

The men were smoking, and Iris, leaning over the marble balustrade, was languidly inhaling the faint scent of the flowers that came up from the garden.

Presently the sound of the distant church clock striking eleven was borne by the breeze.

"I must go in," Iris exclaimed. "I had no idea it was so late. We have left papa alone for more than an hour."

"And I must be going," Rupert said. "Iris will you let me row you up to-morrow? It's a long time since you have trusted yourself to my care."

"I don't know why I should be left out in the cold," Charlie Norton exclaimed. "It's downright selfish of him, Iris. He has all the pleasures of life at his feet, and now he wants to monopolize you."

Iris laughed a little nervously.

She had been looking forward to Charlie's companionship to-morrow, going and returning as the pleasantest part of the day.

"I won't be fought for," she said, with a little toss of the head. "And I have a great mind to ask Mr. Crampwell Brown to be my cavalier. No, you need not look so miserable, Charlie, I was only joking. Rupert shall row me up, and you shall row me home. There, that is settled, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, from which there is no appeal."

"My dear Iris, King Solomon in all his glory never cut the knot of a difficulty more dextrously," laughed Rupert. "Come, Charlie, if I am satisfied, you ought to be. We

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.]

CANCER

GUARANTEED CURE

W. S. JOHNSON & CO., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

LIKE A GREEK TRAGEDY.

Abe Cronkite Describes the Murder of Old Mrs. Dovener and the Conviction of Her Stepson of the Crime.

Judge Josiah Marcellus took an old bachelor's impersonal delight in the sight of youth and beauty, and so, when Miss Needham's card was brought into him, he saw her at once and greeted her heartily.

'So mamma and I planned when we sailed last fall; but directly I heard the awful news about Malcolm Dovener, I insisted on returning.'

'Ah, I hoped you had put him from your mind as well as from your heart.'

'From neither,' cried the girl passionately. 'I can never forgive myself for having quarrelled so foolishly with him. Knowing his high-strung, sensitive nature I might have foreseen that he would be wild and reckless and thus lay himself open to any charge malice should contrive against him—even to that terrible charge of which he has been convicted.'

'Most people think he was mercifully treated,' replied the Judge. 'At least he has ample time for repentance, and there is always the hope of pardon after a few years.'

'Repentance, pardon?' repeated Helen. 'I tell you he is innocent! Malcolm Dovener, Malcolm Dovener who would never harm a fly—the cowardly, brutal assassin of that helpless, old woman, his stepmother? Never, never! He is innocent, a martyr to his own sorrows, a victim to my own coldness of heart; and I have come back for the one express purpose of vindicating and freeing him!'

'Then you might better have stayed away,' said the Judge firmly. 'While I do not, in general, interest myself in criminal cases, still, out of my intimate knowledge of all the persons and circumstances, I followed this trial closely; and my only surprise was that the jury did not bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree. Why, there was practically no defence. You will say, of course, that the time was cruelly short; but Dovener made no application for delay when the District Attorney as in my judgement it was his duty to do, moved for a trial at the first opportunity. Come, my child, you must not be emotional; let me recapitulate the facts for you, they are few, but direct, convincing. What in brief, were they? Sebastian Dovener died, leaving a foolish will behind him, like many another old man who has taken to himself a second wife. He left all his property to his relict for life; and at her death to be divided between his two children, Malcolm and Gertrude. The three, as you know, continued to live together in the old homestead. One morning, about two months ago, the widow was found dead in her bed. She had been smothered with the pillows—no difficult task, for she was weakhearted and asthmatic; but the autopsy showed that great strength had been used.'

'Now, what did the police find? First, of course, that Malcolm and his sister were the only persons benefited. Secondly, that the young man and his stepmother bickered over the allowance he received, he calling her niggardly, she bemoaning his extravagance. Thirdly, that he is a man of unusual muscular power. Fourthly, that he came home that night a little before midnight, and that at quarter after 12 the watchman saw some one go to the hall-lighted burner in Mrs. Dovener's bedroom, light a match, which must have already been used, carry it carefully into the little adjoining room where she kept her papers in a desk, and light the jet there. Both these rooms, you remember, are heavily hung with lace curtains, so that though the streak of light being carried from one fixture to another could be seen from the street, the one carrying it remained invisible. Fifthly, that to support the reasonable inference that he was this person, there was found in his possession a paper which the old lady had culpably withheld, namely a letter enclosed by Sebastian Dovener in his will requesting her to turn over at once to the young folks certain shares of stock. Sixthly, that Malcolm was deeply in debt and pressed for money. Seventhly, that the other persons in the house at the time were Gertrude, the butler, the maids and the old housekeeper; and there were no signs of anyone having unlawfully entered. Who, then, was there to suspect? Not Gertrude. The poor girl was already in the throes of that brain fever, from which she is only now beginning to recover. Not the servants, trustworthy, and without a motive for such a crime. You know them yourself, is there one you would accuse? Under ordinary circumstances, no,' answered Helen; 'but as against Malcolm, any and all of them.'

'Well,' continued the Judge, 'you see the police didn't have your faith, though they tried to act fairly. They questioned Malcolm, but he refused to make any explanation or denial. Then, unwilling to proceed to extremities against a member of so wealthy and respected a family, they put him under surveillance, with the result that he was caught when about to sail for Europe in disguise. His indictment and trial speedily followed in response to a healthy public demand for an example; and what was his defence? Nothing worthy of the name, on my faith as a lawyer. He protested his innocence; he refused to say how the secret letter came into his possession; he admitted the truth of all the other incriminating circumstances. The theory of the prosecution, on the other hand, was clear cut and logical. It assumed that Malcolm, after trying in vain to obtain money from his stepmother, came home, that night, having drunk heavily while brooding over his troubles, and in a sudden frenzy murdered her; and that he searched among her papers and found the letter, which he kept in his possession, either through that unaccountable perversity of judgment which so often betrays a murderer—or in the hope of so using it as to throw suspicion on some one else. Now, these assumptions being pretty thoroughly sustained by proof, there was nothing left for the jury to do except to convict; their bringing in the lesser degree being a pure act of grace.'

'That is,' retorted the girl bitterly, 'they simply aided him in convicting himself. Can't you see that if he had planned to do such a deed his quick, resourceful mind would have conjured up a thousand schemes for self preservation? Only a fool, a madman, or one bent on sacrificing himself, could have acted in such an insane way! Perhaps it was a distaste for life, caused by my cruelty, which governed him. Whatever it was, I am bound to learn the truth and I come to you, my guardian, for help. Now is the time for a quiet, independent investigation, when the police are occupied with other matters and the case is supposed to be concluded forever. I want a detective on whose judgment and integrity I can rely, a keen, far-seeing man.'

'If I did not have just such a person in my employ,' interrupted the judge, 'I should have nothing whatever to do with the scheme, for I have no sympathy with it. But as it is, and since you are so persistent and I am so soft hearted, why, a willful maid must have her way, and, sending for Abe Cronkite, he hurried off to court, leaving the two in close consultation.'

With a direct and comprehensive continuity, which in a woman revealed an overmastering interest, Helen detailed the history of the case. She was agreeably surprised when she finished by this experienced man, so silent, so imperturbable, announce that to his mind the chances were in favor of Malcolm's innocence, and that he would gladly cooperate with her in such ways as seemed best to them both.

'I distrust police conclusions,' the former detective explained. 'They are so apt to follow the line of least resistance. Speaking generally, the rule "Seek the one interested" is a safe one, but this does not mean the most obvious one. Granted that Malcolm had an interest in Mrs. Dovener's death, there are other interests besides money, which move full as powerfully to the commission of crime: hatred, fear, revenge. What step was taken to determine whether this old lady, penurious, determined, vindictive, did not have an enemy, one in her power, perhaps, to whom she refused mercy? Then, too, the theory that Malcolm committed the murder is self-contradictory. His motive must have been to insure his own future ease by getting possession of the fortune contingent on her death. Would he not in such a case, have taken every precaution to avoid suspicion? I am inclined to accept your suggestion that self-sacrifice governed his otherwise unaccountable course, for, of course, if he had an actual distaste of life as you seem to fear, he would not have tried to escape.'

'Oh,' sighed the girl, 'I thank you so much; you have lifted such a burden from me.'

'Gratified, I'm sure, Miss,' said Abe Cronkite, 'I hope to do much more in that line. Now, self-sacrifice being accepted, one naturally thinks of his sister

Gertrude. You must see that there is a mystery connected with her sudden illness. She was in the house at the time, the one most intimately acquainted with the thoughts and deeds of the dead woman; and yet her brother did not care to apply for the delay, which he could have doubtless got, but went on trial without the benefit of her testimony. Why? Evidently because he feared it would hurt, not him, but herself. Don't misunderstand me, Miss. I believe that she is as good as you know her to be; but brother and sister may have been at cross purposes. If they were, then not only is his course explained, but a sufficient cause given for her fever, arising out of her anxiety for him. Hence, don't you see, what I want you to do is to renew your old friendship at once with Miss Gertrude and gain her full confidence. You say she is convalescent at the Dovener homestead, where everything has remained uncharged, she becomes the sole owner, her brother being civilly dead. Let it be your part to be the one to appraise her of all that has occurred since she was stricken, and to urge her to tell the whole truth, for nothing can harm Malcolm now, and anything, however trivial, may help him.'

'Oh, tell me; do you suspect anybody?' asked the girl.

'It might very well be,' answered Abe Cronkite modestly, 'that I should derive one or two impressions from your very clear narrative, strong enough to cause me to investigate them, and yet too unsupported to be mentioned lest injustice might thus be done. Let us give the facts first, and then, if they direct, why they will be right for us to follow. You yourself through your familiarity with the household can enlighten me on many points. For instance, you might tell me something about the ages of those who composed it.'

'Malcolm,' replied Helen, 'is 25, and Gertrude two years younger. Then, the three maids are about 20, I should judge, and the butler, certainly less than 30. Mrs. Cattenet, the housekeeper, must be 60, though she looks older, she is so feeble.'

'Quite a delicate old party, hey?' 'Yes, indeed; bent by both years and sorrow. Her husband before he died abused her shamefully, and her son has been nothing but a trial to her, though she worships him.'

'Her son?' repeated Abe Cronkite with surprise. 'Why, this is becoming interesting; I never heard that she had one. Won't you tell me all about him, Miss Needham?' 'I know nothing good,' said the girl with a smile. 'George is really quite an impossible young man. There isn't a friend of the Doveners to whom he hasn't gone on some begging expedition, and the excuses he makes would be droll if they weren't so wicked. The only time he came to me was on a very cold day when he told me that Gertrude had lost her wrap while out driving, and wanted to borrow mine until she could get home. Of course I sent her my sealskin and of course that was the last we either of us saw of it. He ran away from home when 14, and never goes near his mother except to extort money from her.'

'About how old is he, did you say?'

'About 20.'

'Then I think I can draw his picture for you,' said Abe Cronkite. 'Short, rather thickset, a sullen, pensive expression, tiny eyes with a quick glance from the corners, a protruding chin, undershot we call it, a liking for dress, for horses, for billiards, for low company, a continual sense of being ill-used and fingers tipped with yellow from perpetual cigarettes? That's about right, isn't it? I thought so, and yet the police ignored such a bundle of evil possibilities! Well, well; I think I must include him in my inquiry; if his mother has a master key I can very well see how he might have sneaked into the old lady's room, tried to rob her and then turned like a wolf when detected. I shall get myself stationed at the house, Miss Needham, as a watchman or supernumerary of some sort; but of course we must not know each other when you come to see Miss Gertrude. We'll both find out all we can; it is never ignoble to work for the truth, remember, and let us meet in a week—say here at the Judge's office and report progress.'

The week rolled around and the appointment was duly kept. Helen Needham seemed unusually grave and she glanced at the Judge and then at the detective in an appealing way. Finally she spoke as from an enthralling impulse.

'Much as I long to free Malcolm,' she began, 'I will not divulge one word of what I have learned unless you both agree to hold it confidential until we have exhausted the last hope of finding the murderer. As a last resort, perhaps, it will have to be used. Know, then, that it was Gertrude who took the letter from her stepmother, stole it, I suppose you would say! She had reason to think that her father had left some such request, and, being most anxious for ready money, she searched for it and found it. What was

this urgent necessity, you ask? Simply that she was attached to a young man, worthy but poor, and an opportunity offered for her to aid him without his knowledge. She took the letter to Malcolm, and he talked, oh, just lovely to her, and was going to return it to old Mrs. Dovener in the morning with some fond explanation. Eu' in the morning the old lady was dead, and he was arrested, and the letter was found in his possession; and Gertrude thought that he might have done it, and he feared that they might suspect her, and, oh! it was all so dreadful! But they're both good and true, and I love them.'

'Ah, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive,' quoted the Judge severely.

'Don't worry, Miss Helen,' said Abe Cronkite, quite unmoved by this truism. 'Your friend's confidences shall be sacredly protected. I have been investigating these little impressions I spoke about, and really believe that if you two will be so good as to meet me in the library of the Dovener house at 8 o'clock this evening I can point out the guilty person. I must make a little experiment to do so; and, as I want you to be perfectly unbiased, I won't mention any names.'

Judge Marcellus frowned. 'I have not approved of this investigation from the first,' he protested, 'being so old fashioned as to have respect for the verdict of a jury and reverence for the spirit of the doctrine of stare decisis. I fear the further we go the more of disillusion and disappointment there will be for my young friend here. Therefore, Cronkite, I must decline to take any part in guesswork, however spectacular.'

Abe Cronkite wrote a name on a bit of paper and sealed it in an envelope. 'The test is logical, sir,' he said 'and founded on deductions natural and almost inevitable. In the cause of justice you cannot refuse to be present; and when it has been made you may open the inclosure and see whether there was any guess work about my detection of the guilty person.' And the Judge was too fair and also, perhaps too curious to interpose further objection.

That evening, then, the three were seated together in the half lighted library of the Dovener homestead. All was silent, save, as through the curtained portals stole the clink, clink, of silver and glass and china from the dining room, across the broad hallway, where Mrs. Cattenet, the housekeeper, was clearing the table. There came the sound of steps, shuffling, yet determined, as if some one was hastening to an appointment which he dreaded to keep yet feared to evade, a heavy rush from either side, a struggle; and then a thin boyish cry: 'Help, mother, help! They are killing me!' There was the sharp click of the handcuffs, and a stern voice: 'We arrest you, George Cattenet, for the murder of Mrs. Dovener.'

Again that shrill almost childish entreaty arose: 'Mother, mother, help! They are killing me!' and then, in response, the quavering but distinct tones: 'My boy! Spare him. Free him! It was I, oh, my God, it was I, who murdered the old lady! There was the swish of a fall, and slow, retreating footsteps, as someone was led, as someone was borne away; and then silence again.'

Judge Marcellus sprang forward, exclaiming: 'I can't stand any more of this sort of Greek tragedy,' but Abe Cronkite restrained his hand on the curtains.

'Stop,' he said; 'your duty is here with Miss Needham, see how the poor child trembles! We can safely rely on the two men from headquarters, who were secreted out there, to attend to the matter.'

'But I must know what has happened.'

'Open the envelope,' said Abe Cronkite; and the Judge, obeying, read from the paper within the name 'Mrs. Cattenet.'

After a little, when it was certain that the wretched mother and her more wretched son had been removed, and the natural color was returning to Helen's cheeks, Abe Cronkite explained that through his investigations of the past week he had discovered that George Cattenet, a day or two before the tragedy, wrote a blackmailing letter to old Mrs. Dovener which not only utterly failed of its purpose but so embittered her that, despite the prayers and entreaties of the housekeeper, who had served her so long and faithfully, she persisted in the determination to have the young man prosecuted and punished to the extent of the law. 'It was that paper,' said the detective, impressively, 'for which the person with the lighted match was searching a few moments after the murder was committed.'

'But why may it not have been the young man himself?' asked the Judge. 'I never, for one instant suspected him,' replied Abe Cronkite; 'creatures of his type gain money too readily to resort to burglary, for which they haven't the heart. It is true that such a one might fight when cornered just as a rat will, but there were no signs that Mrs. Dovener was disturbed

from her sleep. No, no; the two impressions I received pointed directly to the housekeeper.'

'And what were these impressions?' asked the Judge.

'Well, in the first place, sir,' explained Abe Cronkite, 'I thought the police erred in suspecting Malcolm Dovener because he is very strong, and there was evidence that unusual strength had been employed in the murder. A trained athlete, such as he, knows too well how to use and reserve his powers to exert them unnecessarily. Those same indications told me, on the contrary, that a feeble aged person, conscious of weakness, but all nerved to accomplish the purpose, notwithstanding, was the assassin. My other impression, too, called for a person of at least mature age. I was very much struck by the account of what the watchman had seen. Some one, you will recollect, went to the half lighted burner in Mrs. Dovener's bedroom, lit a match which must have already been used and carried the light carefully into the adjoining room to light the jet there. Now, would any young person instinctively, at such a time of stress, be so economical? Most assuredly not! Any one of the present generation would have gone at once into the adjoining room and used a fresh match or a dozen as a matter of course. But recollect, sir, how it used to be, years ago, when we were young, and how it came again during the Civil War. Matches were scarce and costly; people, well to do and liberal of expenditures, were careful of them, making use of the work of many, using tapers, and twisted papers and such like devices in their stead. Now, who in that household was likely to be so governed by this fixed habit; who, but Mrs. Cattenet!

'Maternal love furnished the motive for her crime, and I felt sure it would be strong enough also to induce her confession. I managed to find young Cattenet and persuade him to come here this evening; I arranged with the Headquarters men to conceal themselves by the rear stairway and arrest him suddenly in the sight of his mother, and—and—well, there you are, sir.'

'Yes, here we are,' said Helen, with a little shudder, 'spectators, as the Judge well described it, at a Greek tragedy. I thank you, Mr. Cronkite, for your share in the performance, but I pray I may never have to witness one again.'

'I have not approved of this investigation from the first,' he protested, 'being so old fashioned as to have respect for the verdict of a jury and reverence for the spirit of the doctrine of stare decisis. I fear the further we go the more of disillusion and disappointment there will be for my young friend here. Therefore, Cronkite, I must decline to take any part in guesswork, however spectacular.'

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Chat of the Boudoir.

Brown is distinctly one of the fashionable colors this season for street gowns, and while various shades of other colors are used, brown and black apparently have the lead just at present. Sable is the most fashionable fur, and nothing can be much more elegant than a brown cloth costume trimmed with this fur, with some cream white effects in the front of the jacket, worn with a sable toque. The gold effects so much used are charming on the brown cloth, provided they are managed with artistic discretion. A very narrow gold braid sewn close to one of cream white silk of the same width forms the belt effect at the back of the brown dress, each row ending at either side with a small gold button. Rows of braid and buttons also trim the position. Bands of sable with tucked bands of brown velvet at either side trim the skirt, while a glimmer of gold is seen between the fur bands.

No doubt this craze for gold decoration will be very much overdone, and like so many other fads, which can be carried out in cheap imitation, will be made commonplace to the point of vulgarity, but just at present there are many refined and pretty effects which are extremely attractive. The touch of gold like the touch of black, seems to be inevitable, but it is much more striking and bizarre and needs to be more carefully distributed. There are very elaborate and expensive gold trimmings made of gold cloth, and gold lace, forming a sort of passementerie which insets on a cream white crepe de chine almost as thin and sheer as liberty gauze, is very elegant. The trimming extends down either side of the front in rounded lines and detached portions and all around the skirt above a hem finished with an openwork stitch done in white silk. Gold cloth, with a very little of the white material, forms the low cut bodice, and a bunch of pink and dull red carnations decorate one shoulder. Small gold buttons are a conspicuous feature of the new cloth costumes, and the use of fine gold braid is seen in varied forms of finish for the edges of revers, collars, cuffs and belts.

Very elegant winter costumes of brown and dark blue gray velvet with hair-line stripes of black are shown among the imported gowns. One in the last mentioned material is trimmed with a wide Hercules braid in black. Similar velvets were shown last season, but as everything in the way of velvet is to be worn they are none the less desirable. For dressy reception gowns, black velvet is made up with elaborate insertions of black lace inset over a white silk lining. Jet spangles are scattered over the lace, so much of which is used that it is a question whether the gown is of velvet or lace. The bodice with a soft white yoke and vest is finished around the edges with jet and striped with the lace insertion, which makes it very dressy. The colored velvets are made up more simply for calling gowns.

While velvets are in question it is well to add something about the new panne, which was never more beautiful or in greater variety. Besides all the lovely soft shades in plain colors, there is an assortment of chine designs of shadowy colors which are fascinating. There are Paisley and broche designs, all sorts of dots, and dark panne with white satin applique stripes as well. Brocaded silks are very conspicuous among the new materials, the bow and tassel designs being one of the favorites. In some instances the broche pattern is outlined with black, while other brocades are worked with gold and silver thread.

Moire silks, with a new design in the watering are patterned over with satin broche effects, and very pretty brocaded designs are shown among the crepes de chine, while other novelties for blouses are the pout de soie silks with China flowering scattered over with white dots.

In wool materials the smooth, fine cloths stand at the head for dressy gowns, while zibelines and rough wide trilled surges are very much used for plainer costumes. Double-faced Venetian cloths are also highly commended for travelling gowns, as they are made up without any lining in the skirt, a pleasing feature when lightness is considered. None of the novelties can compare, however, with the satin-faced cloths in lightness or effect. One feature of trimming these gowns is the openwork stitching so much used during the summer. Seams in the skirt are joined in this way, showing a white lining underneath, and edges are out in various designs to join with this fancy stitch, making a very effective decoration. In light cloth gowns there are skirts finely tucked all around in groups, with another group of these wider tucks between, stitched down

first with black silk, giving a very peculiar effect. The bodice is all fine tucks with narrow yoke and vest of lace and batiste. Very little difference between the new and old bodices is in evidence as yet. The same blouse effect with the long line in front is used, and the same methods of decoration in the way of vests and yokes. An occasional model is bloused all the way around, a very little looseness overhanging the belt at the back; but this is for the few with long waisted, slender figures, and must be very carefully made or it will be ugly past redemption.

The second coat and skirt costume among the illustrations is in dark blue, trimmed with inserted bands of black velvet, the cloth lapping over and piped on the edges with white satin. Another in dark, dull red rough serge or frieze shows a handsomely cut and stitched skirt. The bodice has a vest of duck's egg blue cloth, edged with gold, while the collar and revers are of red velvet. The dressy costumes in the large picture are of black taffeta elaborately trimmed with black lace insertion in very open pattern, showing the white lining, and white crepe de chine trimmed with cream lace. The former has a deep accordion plaited flounce, finished around the hem with a tiny ruche of itself. The unique and distinctly novel cape shown is of pale gray cloth, embroidered all over. In appearance it looks as if it might have been cut in circular shape, with an point in the back and one on either side of the front, as it hangs very full in flute like folds around the edge. A lace yoke collar is the finish around the shoulders, and a chignon knot and ends fastens it in front.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Blouse waists of something besides thin mull will become a necessity soon and very pretty ones are made of Japanese silks tucked and frilled with narrow lace. Checked silks made up with tucked fronts with open insertion between the tucks, and a wide scalloped collar edged with a frill, are another style. Then there are the chine flowered silks spotted over with white, and the lovely panne velvets which will be worn later. A novelty for this purpose is a large white crepe de chine handkerchief, with a border of soft pink roses which is made up with the plain white crepe de chine.

Much of the popularity which has come to crepe de chine is owing to the fact that it is so much improved in texture and less easily crushed than formerly. One quality which is firm, closely woven and very glossy is very beautiful for dressy gowns in black as well as colors, and then there is a new thin sheer fabric, also very glossy, which makes charming evening gowns.

Broad, flat and round is the new toque, in which the crown and brim are so blended that neither is distinctly defined. The entire hat is sometimes made of folds of velvet, and again it seems that the more crumpled the hat is the higher it stands on the pinnacle of fashion. A three-cornered shape with the brim turned up from the face is one of the leading styles and is trimmed with a large black velvet bow and buckle directly in front of the crown.

Fancy buttons set with imitation gems are shown in great profusion in the shops, and no doubt their particular usefulness will become manifest later on.

Something pretty for evening wraps is a silk Matebese, soft, thick, light and warm which comes in pretty pale shades.

Sea gulls are used for the body of chignon muffs and fancy small cape collars to match; one gull on either shoulder, the heads pointing down on the bust. Two birds are also used for the muff with chignon frills at either end.

Scotch and Irish tweeds very light in weight and pliant in texture, with a white thread woven in on the surface, giving a frieze effect, have a place among the new dress materials. The colors are very attractive and they are made up with jaunty tucked boleros supplemented with dainty vests of guipure, lace and silk mousseline, while the crowning touch is a cravat and belt of black velvet, the ends finished with a gold ornament.

Black velvet embroidered with gold is used for decoration on the new rough materials. Zibeline is especially pretty ornamented in this way.

The craze for machine stitching has assumed another form, and the chain stitch is used in close rows around the edge of cloth coats, the rows being so close together that the effect resembles military braid.

Shades of yellow with cream play the

part of accessories to the brown cloth gowns which are to be so much worn this season.

It is reported that Eastern embroideries are to adorn the revers and collars of our fur coats, but it is to be hoped that such a fancy may not materialize, since the beauty of fur is rarely if ever enhanced by anything except very dainty lace.

White broadtail is used as a dress trimming this season. A two-inch band widening into scallops on the upper edge, sewn on the flounces of a pale grey gown, being one example.

Some of the newest gowns for house wear introduce a sash either at one side of the back or one side of the front. A black mousseline sash with bands of gold across the ends is very effective in some colors.

China silks of the pompadour period form some of the newest petticoats.

Empire gowns of beaded and embroidered nets are shown among the new evening gowns, the neck is cut low and the sleeves are long and transparent.

Stockings to match the gown are the latest fad, and one way to obtain this is to purchase the white ones and have them dyed to match the sample of your gown.

The tricorne hat in soft felt trimmed with silk or velvet and unique Oriental buckles is a popular model.

WORKED HER HUSBAND WELL.

The Woman Wept for \$50 When She Only Wanted \$25.

"Oh, dear," sighed the pretty caller as she viewed her friend's new bonnet, fresh from the store, says the Detroit Free Press, "I wish my husband would allow me to buy such a love of a bonnet."

"He would, my dear, if you knew how to handle him," answered the lady of the house.

"No, it is a waste of words to try to talk with him," said the pretty caller, with another sigh. "I saw a dream of a bonnet downtown the other day, and the price was just what you say you gave for yours—\$25. But when I mentioned the price my husband flew into a rage and declared that \$10 was every cent that he would advance me to buy a bonnet with and if I couldn't make that do I would have to do without."

"Exactly," commented the lady of the house drily, "you can't expect any other treatment when you approach your husband like that. My husband acts just the same way whenever I ask him for money. But this creature called 'man' is very easily handled if you go about it in the right way. Now, when I saw this bonnet downtown I made up my mind that I would be the happy possessor of it, so that night at the dinner table I began going into raptures over a bonnet that I had seen while shopping, the price of which was only \$50 and then I added as an after thought that I had quite made up my mind to buy it."

"What! roared my husband, '\$50 for a bonnet? I guess not! You'll have to put up with \$25 and not a cent more do you get!'"

"As that was exactly the amount that I wanted I am afraid that the tears that I shed were somewhat forced. But I gained my point, and that was what I was after."

AUNT WEALTHY'S RIDE.

She Believed in Working as Well as Praying to put out a Fire.

A lady correspondent vouches for this notable instance of aged vigor and briskness in the days when men and women owed nothing to fashionable athletics.

A fine old colonial mansion, full of precious heirlooms, was the home of a large New England family including the narrator's grand mother and her two sisters—three old angels, all over eighty years of age.

One day, in the absence of the younger members of the household, the chimney caught fire, and the sparks, dropping on the dry shingles, soon threatened to set the roof ablaze. Grandma the junior sister of the trio, was the first to discover the danger, and although she was a stout body, she ran into the house with a speed that belied her years.

"Fire! Fire!" The only man at home was decrepit Brother Lyman, who never walked without crutches.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the women in chorus.

"Pray," said the good old man. "I can't do nothing! Oh, if I could only mount a horse!"

"I can, if you can't!" cried Aunt Wealthy, ninety four years old.

Aunt Wealthy was light of flesh, and a marvel of activity and wiry strength for a nonagenarian. Fortunately there was a

horse left in the barn, and before anything more could be said the spry old lady had the bridle on him, lame Lyman hobbling into the stable just in time to help her buckle on the side saddle.

"Tell 'em to get out all the pails and tubs," she ordered, "and you pump the water-trough full and look after the ladders."

And away went Aunt Wealthy, plying the rawhide in a way to astonish the heavy old farmhorse into his wildest gallop.

No wonder that people imagined her crazy when they saw her gray hair streaming in the wind, flying up the street like a moss-trooper and screaming, "Fire! Fire!" at the top of her thin voice.

Over the hill she went, alarming first a gang of men at work on the highway, and then on to her nephew's place of business in the village. Then, wheeling the amazed old horse in his tracks, she rode back at the same strenuous pace to the scene of danger. But hurrying feet had reached the house before her, and the fire was under control.

It would have been a gallant ride for a woman seventy years younger; but at her age it made Aunt Wealthy the heroine of the town. She lived to almost her hundredth year in the fine old mansion she had saved from the flames, and to the last she never ceased to feel a pardonable pride in her exploit.

"What if we'd all got down and prayed," she used to say, "as Brother Lyman told us to? Don't the Bible say, 'Faith without works is dead?'"

Brave Girls.

No one will accuse the American girl of lacking either courage or resource when she can go out into the pine district of Minnesota and take up and hold a claim with as much courage as her father or brother could show. This has been done by two homesteaders near Bemidji, Behrami county, as their story is told in the Crookston, Minnesota, Tribune.

The young ladies are sisters; one of them was but lately a high school student. One hundred and sixty acres is the claim of Miss Jennie, while her sister lives on a claim of one hundred and twenty acres not far off. The tiny log cabin in which they lived when they came to their claims two years ago has given place to a substantial two-story log house.

Part of their time the sisters have been engaged in teaching, one riding six miles on a bicycle to her school, and the other travelling the four miles each way on horseback.

It is not necessary to say that girls who carry revolvers in their belts, and practise shooting at small game on their daily trips, are courageous. Wild animals are no rare sight to them. Deer roam into their very dooryards, and wildcats occasionally make music on their roofs, while bears, moose and wolves are among the game to be hunted.

A free life and a happy one is that led by these girl homesteaders. They do their own gardening, and with berries and game fare sumptuously enough. A bushel of blueberries picked in the afternoon is no poor record, and the pickers can boast that they were back in their homes before six o'clock.

During the trouble with the Indians at Leech Lake these brave American girls lived on their claims, only yielding to caution so far as to spend their nights with a neighbor.

In two and a half years they will have completed the period during which they must live on this government land, and will be able to get a title. They are no martyrs to circumstances, for they cheerfully aver that although they have lived in several Minnesota towns well up in the scale of civilization, they very much prefer the life of a homesteader.

Carmen Sylva.

A favorite picture at a recent Paris salon represented Queen Elizabeth of Roumania relating her own stories to her country children. Few who looked upon it, however, realized the extent to which this beautiful 'Carmen Sylva,' as she is known in the literary world, has given herself to the welfare of her adopted people.

When, as a girl, she left her father's home on the edge of the Black Forest to enter the Carpathian palace, she said that no other throne would so well have suited her, 'because in Roumania there will be plenty to do.'

Her first act was to gather the young daughters of the nobility about her to teach them industry. She herself set them tasks in needle work, reading aloud as they worked. She called the little children to her palace, opened to them the wonders and delights of their native folk lore, and by tales of peasant life and fidelity strove to educate them in honor and patriotism. Finding they possessed neither school nor story books, she herself compiled a volume of Carpathian legends, with illustrations from her own skillful hand.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

A few years ago Queen Elizabeth began giving talks on current topics to the daughters of the aristocracy. By earnest request she has since extended these talks to girls' high schools, and has received the official diploma of lectureship signed by the king and the minister of public instruction. She has also organized a national school to teach weaving and other crafts, and supervises an agency for the distribution of sewing and embroidery among a thousand poor women throughout the country.

Her collection of dolls is the most famous in the world, the majority of them having been dressed in national or local costume by her own hands. To this collection, now on exhibition in Paris, the children of the United States, through prizes offered by the New York Tribune, have recently contributed four dolls, representing Uncle Sam, Priscilla, Martha Washington and an Indian maiden.

Even for queens the modern world has turned a new face of personal service. Anne Boleyn's shrinking from danger and dishonor and untold responsibility, expressed in her famous exclamation, 'I would not be a queen for all the world's gold,' represents the new.

'Even in a palace life may be well.' The group of noble women on European thrones to-day is the best argument for the truth of the remark. For the queens of England and Spain, of Russia and Germany and Holland, of Italy and Greece and Sweden and romantic Roumania, the peoples of the earth have only affection and honor, admiration and praise.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 799 Eight Avenue, New York.

To Talk Across the Ocean.

Through the insertion of inductance coils into the electrical circuit, Professor Pupin, of Columbia University, has greatly increased the efficiency of long distance telephony through cables. The insertion of the coils enables the cable to transmit 6,000 times as much current as it is able to transmit without them. With an experimental cable thus provided, it has been found possible to carry on a conversation distinctly at a distance of 250 miles. By applying the principle to ocean cables, it is believed that telephonic messages might be sent to and from across the Atlantic. It would also greatly increase the rapidity with which ordinary telegraphic signals can be transmitted by cable. The principle is likewise applicable for extending the range of telephonic communication over aerial wires.

A Phosphorescent Crab

There was recently added to the aquarium at Calcutta a gigantic crab, about two feet in diameter across its shell, and having legs three feet long, which was captured in a drag-net in the Indian Ocean about a mile from the shore and at a depth of 45 fathoms. After being placed in a large tank it devoured the fish and smaller crustaceans that were its fellow-prisoners, and later, in the evening, surprised its keepers and visitors by emitting a white phosphorescent light, strangely illuminating the gloomy corner where it had concealed itself between two boulders.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

For Ladies

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Pennyroyal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from
EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or
Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

USE THE GENUINE...

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

... REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

HE SAW BRODERICK SHOT.

Important Political Consequences of the Duel Between Senator Broderick and Judge Terry.

Mahlon M. Berry, at one time an editor of the Alta California and the last surviving witness of the duel between United States Senator David C. Broderick and Judge David S. Terry, died last week at Los Angeles, Cal. This fact, coupled with the fact that Daniel O'Rafferty, a wealthy gold miner in Utah and a close friend of Senator Broderick when they lived in New York city, recently bequeathed several hundred dollars for the purpose of erecting a suitable stone to mark the spot where Broderick fell, has caused renewed interest in California in the most famous, important and dramatic duel ever fought on the Pacific Coast.

Of all the other duels that took place in this State none compares in deep interest and historic importance with the Broderick-Terry affair. Many Eastern tourists in California every winter drive out a dozen miles or so from San Francisco solely to look upon the spot where Senator Broderick was mortally wounded. The result of the duel was felt in Pacific Coast politics and society for a generation. The death of an anti-slavery man like Senator Broderick at the hands of a pro-slavery advocate was the prime factor in rousing the latent abolition sentiment of the coast and did much toward keeping California in the Union during the Civil War, which opened eighteen months later.

The duel took place on Sept. 12, 1859, at a ranch owned by William Higgins and known as the Laguna Merced, in San Francisco county, two miles from the bay shore. Senator Broderick was a handsome, dashing young man, a strong debater and a popular orator. Few political leaders have ever been so idolized by their followers. He was the head and front of the Stephen A. Douglas Democrats in California. He was the son of an Irish stone cutter and was born in Washington in 1820. His father worked upon the marble columns in the United States Senate Chambers close to where the son afterwards sat as the youngest member of the Senate. Broderick was a well-known orator and politician in New York city before he was 30, in the days of the volunteer fire departments. David S. Terry was a former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, a tall, silent, proud man from Mississippi. He was scholarly and rich. He had been the leader of the Democrats of California until young Broderick appeared. The Democrats in the new state who had come to California from Northern States flocked about Broderick, and the Democrats from the South were in Judge Terry's wing of the party.

Senator Broderick voted at Washington in 1858 against the admission of Kansas as a State under the Lecompton Constitution, and he took in that Congress a still stronger stand with the anti-slavery Democrats. The enmity of the Broderick and Terry factions became deeper. In July, 1859, Judge Terry, in a Democratic State Convention at Sacramento, denounced Broderick's course in the Senate, and called him in a public speech an arch traitor, "who led a band of cut-throat Democrats, who took the honorable name of Douglas, to hide their shame."

The speech was reported in the Sacramento Union. Senator Broderick read it as he sat at breakfast at the International Hotel in San Francisco a few mornings later. He suddenly turned and said to D. W. Perley, a well-known lawyer and friend of Judge Terry:

"I see that your friend Terry has been abusing me again. He's made a com temptible speech at Sacramento about me and my associates. I now take back the remark I once made that he was the only honest Judge on the Supreme bench. I was his friend when he was in need of friends, for which I am sorry. Had the Vigilance Committee disposed of him as they did of others they would have done well."

Broderick referred to the arrest of Judge Terry in the summer of 1856 by the San Francisco Vigilants on the charge of stabbing a policeman in a mob's attempt to free a murderer named Maloney. In his efforts to escape banishment from California Judge Terry brought masonic and family influence to bear on the court of the Vigilance Committee.

Mr. Perley resented Senator Broderick's remark about Judge Terry. "I shall inform the Judge of the language you have used about him," said Perley.

Broderick replied: "Do so. I wish you would do so. I am responsible for it."

"I want to say that you would not dare to speak thus to Judge Terry's face," said Perley.

At which Broderick laughed and said ironically: "Would not dare would not dare."

The breakfast was finished in silence and when it was over Perley met Broderick in the lobby of the International Hotel and challenged him to a duel in behalf of his friend, Judge Terry.

Broderick turned curtly away with the remark, "Sir, I would have you know that I fight only with men of my own position." The duel was not arranged until the following September. Judge Terry's friends were Calhoun Benham, a prominent San Francisco lawyer, S. H. Brooks, Comptroller of California, and Thomas Hayes, State Treasurer. Broderick's friends were Congressman Joseph C. McKibben, Daniel C. Colton and Leonidas Haskell, a former Secretary of State of California. It was arranged that Terry and Broderick should meet at a group of live oak trees on the boundary line between San Francisco and San Mateo counties. Some friends of Senator Broderick, tearing the result of the duel because Judge Terry was an acknowledged pistol expert in California, secretly informed the Chief of Police of San Francisco about the duel. A squad of policemen descended upon the scene of the preparations and arrested Terry, Broderick and their seconds.

A second place for the meeting was fixed upon—a meadow upon the foothills on the Laguna ranch, twelve miles southeast from San Francisco. Here the two met on Sept. 12, 1859. Terry and Broderick faced each other at thirteen minutes to 7. The umpire D. C. Colton, stepped out from a group of spectators and called slowly out:

"Gentlemen, make ready. 'Are you ready?'"

Terry answered at once, "Ready!" Broderick switched the skirts of his coat away from his knees and then said, "I am ready." There was an intense silence for a few seconds. Mr. Colton said, "Fire—one!"

The words had scarcely passed the umpire's lips when Broderick's pistol was discharged, and a second later Terry's weapon was fired. A bit of dust about twenty feet away from him showed where Broderick's bullet had gone. The weapon had been discharged in perfect line with Terry but the trigger, a remarkably fine hair trigger, had been pressed a trifle too firmly. To this day in California it is a mooted question whether Broderick's weapon had not been doctored so as to render it extra delicate to discharge.

With the firing of Terry's pistol Broderick's face twitched and he involuntarily stepped backward. Instantly he realized what he had done, and while his right hand and pistol trembled at his side, he recovered himself by a powerful effort. Mr. Colton who had not observed this, had almost uttered the word "two," as a signal for another shot, when some one near by said hoarsely to him, "Stop, stop." At that moment Broderick was staggering backward and it was plain that he was summoning all his strength to keep his feet.

"My God, he's hard hit," exclaimed Mr. Haskell, choking with tears. Broderick fell flat on his back on the ground before any one reached him.

Terry stood like a monument in his place awaiting further orders from the umpire. All eyes were turned toward his prostrate antagonist.

"I think he's seriously injured," said Mr. Hayes, going up to Terry.

"No. I think I struck him two inches too high for a mortal wound," was the cool reply. While friends and surgeons clustered about Broderick lying on the ground Judge Terry stood immovable, chatting with his seconds. Finally some one came to him and said that Broderick was bleeding to death.

"Have you further orders for me, Mr. Calhoun?" asked Terry.

"None," was the reply. With that the judge handed his weapon to Mr. Hayes, and slowly and carefully replaced his collar and cravat and heavy overcoat. Then shaking hands with several who came to him he entered a carriage and drove back to San Francisco.

Henry M. Baldwin, who was later Lieutenant-Governor of California, used to say that he was belated in getting to the scene of the duel, and that he met Judge Terry and a coachman on the road driving from the duel to the International hotel.

"Why, Judge, I thought there was going to be a meeting out at the Laguna ranch this morning," Baldwin called out in

passing.

"Oh, you are too sleepy for us, Baldwin. We met an hour ago and you'll find Broderick more than satisfied," is the reply that Terry made.

Judge Terry proceeded to San Francisco, had breakfast at his hotel, spent an hour or two in professional work in his office, and then walked calmly down to the wharf, where he took a steamboat for Stockton, his home. He was arrested there on Sept. 23 for participation in a mortal duel. He gave heavy bonds, but the case was adjourned many times and never tried.

To the first person who reached Senator Broderick as he fell heavily on the ground the wounded man said: "Help me to my feet." The two surgeons cut away the bloody clothing from Broderick's chest. Blood spouted at every inspiration from a wound in the right chest, between the second and third ribs. "It seems to be very serious," murmured the wounded man as he knew from the expression on the surgeons' faces. There was no lack of help for the wounded man. Bedding was brought from the ranch house nearby, and the Senator was tenderly raised and put upon a flat bottom farm wagon. Then, surrounded by the surgeons, the dying man was slowly and carefully transported to the suburban home of his associate, Leonidas Haskell.

"Oh, Mac, it seems too bad to have to die for so little," Broderick said to Congressman McKibben when he was put to bed. He seldom spoke, for he was in intense agony until he died. The bullet entered the right breast at an angle, and passing beneath the sternum, went over the heart through the upper lobe of the left lung, and struck against a rib, where it glanced and tore its way up into the left arm pit. Broderick was a man of rare physical strength or he never could have endured his suffering until the morning of Sept. 16. The night before he died he owed to Congressman McKibben.

"This is my last night on earth. I have no ill-will for anyone, and I desire that Terry be not prosecuted. My anti-slavery opinions have brought me to this."

The whole city of San Francisco went into mourning for the untimely death of Senator Broderick. The funeral on Sunday, Sept. 18, was attended by thousands of people.

Judge Terry lived in comparative retirement the rest of his days, but his life was stormy nevertheless. He was a candidate for Presidential Election on the Democratic ticket in 1880, when Gen. Hancock ran for President and so unpopular was the old man twenty-one years after his duel that he ran 9,000 votes behind his ticket and was defeated when all the rest of the ticket was elected. In 1883 at the age of 67, he became associated with the counsel for Sarah Althea Hill, who pretended to be the common law widow of Senator William Sharon, and sued for one-half of the vast Sharon estate. The case was decided against Miss Hill and the next day she married Judge Terry. The case was taken to the United States District Court and one day in 1889 Judge Terry and his wife made such a row in court that they were sent to jail by order of Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court.

In August, 1889, Justice Field returned to California to hold court. He had been warned by friends in San Francisco that Judge Terry had threatened to kill him on sight. United States Marshal Martin Nagle of Arizona was deputed to act as Justice Field's bodyguard while in California. By a curious circumstance Judge Terry and his wife happened to get aboard the same train on the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Judge Terry and his wife were living at Fresno then. The train passed there at 2 in the morning. Justice Field and Nagle were asleep in a Pullman car and neither Field nor Terry ever knew that the other was aboard the train until they met at the railroad eating house at Lathrop the next morning. Justice Field sat eating breakfast. Nagle was at his side. Mrs. Terry whispered to her husband that Field was nearby at an adjacent table. Judge Terry instantly rose and started straight across the floor toward Justice Field, who never raised his eyes or stopped eating. Just as Terry came within arm's reach of Field some say, he raised his fists, and other say that he reached back as if to draw a weapon from his hip pocket. Anyhow, he made some demonstration of assault upon Justice Field. Quick as a flash Marshal Nagle whipped out a revolver and shot Terry straight through the heart.

Nagle was later exonerated for his act. Judge Terry was buried at Stockton. His widow showed signs of mental derangement the following year, and in 1890 she was committed to Stockton Insane Asylum where she still is.

No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magestic Dyes. Price 10 cents for any color.

SAVED THEIR BOY.

HE HAD BEEN WEAK AND AILING FROM INFANCY.

As He Grew Older His Trouble Seemed to Increase and His Parents Thought Him Doomed to an Invalid's Life—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When Hope Had Almost Disappeared.

From the Post, Thorold, Ont.

Mr. James Dabaud and wife are two of the best known residents of the town of Thorold, where they have passed many years. In their family they have a little son, who, although but ten years of age, has experienced much affliction, and his parents expended many a dollar in the search for his renewed health—all in vain, however, until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought into use. A Post reporter hearing of the cure called at Mr. Dabaud's cosy home and received full particulars from Mrs. Dabaud. "I am pleased," said Mrs. Dabaud, "to have the public made aware of the facts of my boy's case if it is likely to help some other sufferer. Charley is now ten years of age. In infancy he was a delicate child, but from four to seven he scarcely passed a well day. At four years of age he began to complain of frequent headaches, which later became almost continuous, and soon symptoms of general debility developed. His appetite was poor and he grew pale and emaciated, and the least exertion caused a severe palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and dizziness. At times there was considerable derangement of his stomach; a blueness of the lips and shortness of breath. He would often lie awake at night and rise in the morning haggard and unrefreshed. During his illness he was treated by two doctors. Both differed in the diagnosis of his case. One said it was catarrh of the stomach, and while his treatment was persisted in there was no improvement. The second also attended him for some time with no better results. Some time after my attention was attracted by my aunt [to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about September, 1897, I procured the pills and he began taking them. We had long before come to the conclusion he would be an invalid for life, but believing it a duty I owed to my child to procure all means of relief, I was determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. The good effects of the first box was apparent, and five boxes were used, when he was strong and well, and could attend school, and play and frolic as other healthy boys do. As every symptom of his trouble has vanished, I consider his cure complete. The pills have certainly done him a world of good, as nearly three years have since passed away and he has not seen a sick day in that length of time. I shall ever feel that we owe our boy's health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and believe that their prompt use would relieve much suffering."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to the brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post-paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

HAD NOTHING BUT \$100 BILLS.

This Young Swell Tried to Phase a Street Car Conductor.

The presence of half a dozen unusually pretty young women may have had some thing to do with the beginning of the incident. It so, the fact that they were there at the close was anything but pleasant to one of the principal actors.

It occurred on an 11th street car, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, an afternoon or two ago. At a corner not many squares from Market street a stylishly dressed young man clambered aboard and took a seat not far from the Saunterer. His manner indicated that he was pretty well satisfied with himself and that he didn't rate the rest of mankind as being in the same elevated class. Settling himself back comfortably he threw one knee over the other and started to ogle the above mentioned unusually pretty young women.

Just about this time the conductor came along on a fare-collecting trip. Halting opposite the self-satisfied young man he extended his hand. "Fare, please," he said.

The self-satisfied young man shoved down into his trousers pocket and hauled out a small bunch of bills. Peeling off one he handed it to the conductor ostentatiously. The conductor examined it coolly.

"I can't change this," he said. "Haven't you anything smaller?"

"Nope," replied the young man in a loud voice. "I'm out of everything but hundred-dollar bills today. Can let you take your choice of four or five of them, though."

With a grin in the direction of the unusually pretty young women he pulled out the bunch of bills again and displayed four more "hundreds." The conductor looked the self-satisfied young man over meditatively. Then he ambled back to the rear end of the car with the hundred-dollar bill in his hand. A square further up the street he came back.

"Here—hold your hat," he exclaimed to

the self-satisfied young man, at the same time drawing his hand from the coat pocket and extending it filled to the full with nickels, dimes and quarters. "I can give you \$18.95 now. The other \$81 I'll get for you when we reach the car barn at the end of the run."

The self-satisfied young man turned as red in the face as though he were on the verge of an apoplectic stroke. Reaching out he grabbed the hundred-dollar bill the conductor still held in his other hand and pushed it savagely down into his vest pocket.

"I don't need your change," he ejaculated savagely. "I've found five cents I didn't know I had."

Then he handed over five pennies which the conductor rang up with a chuckle of satisfaction he made no effort to conceal. The "bling" of the fare register bell was echoed by a peal of laughter from the lips of half a dozen unusually pretty young women, the self-satisfied young man's grin took on a sickly hue and the car rolled merrily on.

SOUTH AMERICA LEAST KNOWN.

More Exploration to be Done in That Continent Than in Any Other.

When we recall that the Spaniards crossed South America from sea to sea more than three centuries ago and that nearly every city on its coasts was founded in the age of the Columbian explorers it seems strange that to-day our Southern neighbor is the least known of all the continents. There are not so many big white spaces on the map of Africa as on that of South America. If we study the history of South American exploration we find some surprising facts. One is that up to 1876 not a single Government in that continent had sent out any expeditions or spent any money to explore the unknown parts of their territories. Until within the past few years nearly all the exploration of this century in that continent, excepting in Argentina and Chile, has been the result of private enterprise. A few explorers from North America and many more from Europe have made most of this century's additions to our geographical knowledge of South America, except in the southern part of the continent.

Thus it happens that none of the Cordilleran States from Venezuela to Chili has as yet emerged from the stage of rough, pioneer exploration. A considerable part of their territory, as in the southeastern part of Columbia, is still almost wholly unknown. Some of them, like Bolivia, have made no attempt whatever, except in small districts around their chief towns, to carry out official surveys. They have to thank foreign explorers for most that they themselves know of their own countries. It is Conway, who recently passed through New York to renew his work in the Bolivians with very good maps of their own part of the Cordilleras. He is doing for Bolivia what other explorers, chiefly German, have done for Ecuadorian ranges.

The same condition of affairs is to be observed among the Atlantic States as far south as Uruguay. The Guianas, except for a narrow strip along the coasts, are still on the threshold of the beginnings of exploration. Brazil, with a territory nearly as large as our own, has not a single establishment like our Geological or Coast and Geodetic Surveys to make a careful geographical study of any part of its vast domain. All the official explorations that have been made in any part of Brazil are the work of some of the individual States. Scarcely a traveller has crossed any of the northeastern States from Maranhao to Pernambuco, and much of the interior, except along the river courses, is still quite unknown. The wide wildernesses between the large tributaries of the Amazon are completely a terra incognita.

In Argentina, however, very satisfactory progress has been made in exploration in the past quarter of a century. It was in 1882 that the first collected results of the Government's activity in this direction were seen in the large atlas of the country prepared under the direction of the geographer Seelstrang. Argentina has the advantage of geological and meteorological establishments and foreign scientific men in the service of the State and the universities whose labors have largely enhanced the value of all official geographical work. The systematic study which both Argentina and Chili have for some years given to the ranges along their common frontier have made this the best known part of the South American Cordilleras.

Just as the sportsmen travel thousands of miles to reach the big game of central Africa, India and Manchuria, so explorers will turn, in the next century, to the large, untapped areas of South America as the best fields the world has now to offer for original, pioneer research in the way of geographical discovery.

Church—Has your son got a college education?

Gotham—Yes; you ought to hear him

yell.

[Cont.] will just go then be off? The next every prospect night, but Meredith, being a machine what might Enough that there was Over the Kingston Rupert's boat He had got long, steady heavier boat Now he kept well ab As he gasped stern with the great temp down the face determined Love for heart for his possess her He had pleasure Life was longed for new his own He did not should not others. He knew had the fact dutiful daughter He did not her at once as good as 'Iris,' he powerful through the asked you 'No,' she in her blue 'I wante will be my fixed on strings in amongst our But with the They can at least, not the freshen have passed riches can't the way, as can nourish 'I know but it will ask you no hope, Iris is a man's confanfy. He whole soul see no more yours, which own sweet Under had first pale. It had o It was dreary. The thro pricked her heart behind. But her and, altho controlling she answered 'I am so Why could cousins anything m she went further, am sure y happy' 'Make y ing a vigo again serg rather dro once, than happiness know the I know, it love rarely out of ten you be an She arn ing, but d He pau claimed, strong to 'I know chance the pain later of warni am not go is weak a make any artist, he and amon holds in h 'He can't a pretty h than live yourself, hope bet peace of right, and Iris's bl 'How c to speak well as I claimed. now I sha hypocrite He said 'If I ca future, I being a c failings t would d out certai help him 'You h name with ly 'I ar The w sufficed 'No, Bu on, Bu y'bo runs

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.]

will just go in and say 'good-night,' and then be off.

The next day was hot and close, with every prospect of a thunderstorm before night, but with the exception of Mr. Meredith, who took the precaution of taking a macintosh, no one troubled about what might happen later in the day.

Enough that the morning was fine and that there was no wind. Over the rollers, under the arches of old Kingston Bridge, past the water works Rupert's boat led the way.

He had got first ahead, and had pulled a long, steady stroke, which had left the heavier boats behind.

Now he slackened his exertions, but still kept well ahead. As he gazed at the girl who sat in the stern with the rudder lines in her lap, a great temptation assailed him to throw down the first card in the game he had determined to play.

Loves for her had been growing in his heart for weeks, and he had determined to possess her at any cost. He had tired of all his customary pleasures.

Life was becoming stale to him, and he longed for this fragrant young flower to renew his own youth. He did not stop to consider whether he should not tire of it as he had done of others.

He knew she did not love him, but he had the father on his side, and she was a dutiful daughter. He did not for a moment expect to win her at once, but he was impatient to open the game, and the present opportunity was as good as another.

'Iris,' he said suddenly, after two or three powerful strokes, letting his oars trail through the water, 'do you know why I asked you to let me row you to-day?'

'No,' she answered, looking up, surprised in her blue eyes. 'I wanted to ask you if some day you will be my wife,' he went on, his dark eyes fixed on hers. 'Surely there is nothing strange in my loving you? There is not one amongst our party who is not your slave. But with them it is different than with me. They can never hope to marry you, or, at least, not for years, when even with you the freshness and sweetness of youth will have passed. I am rich, Iris, and, although riches cannot purchase love, they can pave the way, and the love once gained, they can nourish it and keep it from fading.'

'I know you do not love me yet, dear, but it will come if you only let it, and all I ask you now is to give me hope. May I hope, Iris? I love you tenderly, truly, with a man's constant love, and not a boy's idle fancy. Have a little pity for one whose whole soul is wrapped up in you, who can see no beauty in any woman's face but yours, who lives but for one thing, your own sweet self.'

Under his steadfast gaze the girl's face had first flushed and then gone deathly pale. It had come, then, at last. It was what she had secretly been dreading.

The thorn in the rose of happiness had pricked her at length, and something in her heart whispered that there was worse behind. But her strength rose with the occasion, and, although she found some difficulty in controlling her voice, it did not tremble as she answered—

'I am sorry, Rupert, you have spoken. Why could not we have gone on being cousins and nothing more? For we can be nothing more.' Then, with a great effort, she went on: 'Please don't say anything further. It would be quite useless, and I am sure you do not want to make me unhappy.'

'Make you unhappy?' he exclaimed, giving a vigorous stroke that made the boat again surge through the water. 'I would rather drown myself here in the river at once, than do that. It was for your future happiness as well as my own I spoke, Iris; I know, too, that a girl's and a boy's first love rarely comes to anything; nine times out of ten it dies a natural death. Will you be angry with me if I speak plainly?'

She answered 'No' faintly, not knowing, but dreading, what was to follow. He paused for a moment, and then exclaimed, as if driven by an impulse too strong to be controlled—

'I know you will be angry, but I must chance that, for it will save you greater pain later on. I want to give you a word of warning about our Cousin Charlie. I am not going to run him down to you. He is good-hearted to a degree; but, Iris, he is weak and fickle. He is not the man to make any woman happy. Like a true artist, he loves everything that is beautiful, and amongst other things woman's beauty holds in his eyes the first place.'

'He can no more resist the temptation of a pretty face, a soft voice, a graceful figure, than live without food. Watch him carefully yourself, my dear cousin, and one day—I hope before it is too late for your own peace of mind—you will own that I am right, and perhaps thank me.'

Iris's blue eyes were flashing. 'How can you be such a coward as thus to speak of Charlie—who is your cousin as well as mine—behind his back?' she exclaimed. 'I never liked you, Rupert, and now I shall hate you. Yes! I never was a hypocrite. I shall hate you.'

He smiled good temperedly. 'If I can save you a minute's pain in the future, I shall be repaid,' he said. 'As far as being a coward, I would tell Charlie of his failings to his face readily enough if it would do any good. Besides, I am not running him down; I am only pointing out certain weaknesses he has. He can't help himself, poor fellow.'

'You had no business to couple Charlie's name with mine!' Iris exclaimed indignantly. 'I am sure he has never—'

The words died on her lips, and a blush suffused her cheek. 'No, he has never told me that he loved you,' Rupert answered quietly. 'But he will run can read; only, it will not last.'

Don't be angry with me, Iris; I am only struggling to save you from future suffering. Even if I am wrong, you might forgive me, for it springs from my love for you. He spoke passionately, and Iris, in her heart, began to find some excuse for him. But she answered coldly—

'If you wish me to forgive you, never mention the subject again.' 'A bargain,' he answered, sinking once more into his usual listless self. 'A bargain, in so far that, till I see the fire ready to scorch you, I will not put out my hand to pluck you from it.'

Little more was said. Iris was intensely indignant, and a little frightened. At the same time she never doubted that Rupert had spoken from his heart, and the faint feeling of pity for him which she had experienced rather strengthened than diminished as her anger cooled.

Rupert congratulated himself on having broken the ice. 'She will get accustomed to the idea in time,' he said to himself, 'which is one great point; and a little skill, aided by human nature, will do the rest. The picnic went off much as picnics usually do, except that Iris had lost her usual buoyancy of spirits, and Charlie, feeling something was wrong, was unusually silent.'

Both were glad when the time for the return journey arrived, and Iris's sigh of relief was quite eloquent as she sank down in her seat, and took the rudder lines in her hands. It chanced that, at the first stroke, Charlie's stretcher snapped, and some minutes were lost in shifting it; so that, in stead of being the first boat off, they were the last.

Neither spoke for some time. The dull mist which had settled over the river and shut out the sun's rays seemed to have a depressing effect on their spirits. 'We are in for a storm after all. I'm thinking,' Charlie Norton remarked. 'You had better wrap up a bit, Iris.'

'I hope there will be a storm,' the girl answered almost fiercely. 'I feel as if it would do me good if it rained and thundered and lightened for a week. No, I am not a bit mad, Charlie, only savage.'

'Not with me, I hope?' 'No, not with you. I think I must have a diabolical temper, and the only reason it is not always flashing out is because it has not been tried.'

A crash of thunder drowned his reply, and a minute later the rain began to come down in heavy drops. Without losing a moment, the young artist turned the boat's head towards the bank. 'There is an open boat-house, thank goodness!' he exclaimed, 'and we can back in.'

It took but a few moments, but by the time they were under shelter the storm had burst in all its fury. 'You are in luck, Iris,' Charlie laughed, as he bent towards her. 'Here is the storm you prayed for, and you will be able to see it without being drenched.'

He cried, 'I have never lived till this moment. I thought I loved Art; but that was a feeling cold as marble to the love I bear to you! The lightning blazed, the thunder crashed, and the rain came down in sheets; but a second deluge might have been taking place, and neither would have noticed it.'

THE COP AND THE HORNETS. He Killed Some of Them, But When He Was Done He Couldn't Get His Helmet On. Police Officer Charles Eacock, of Denver, Col., sent his wife and mother-in-law to the mountains last week. Eacock thought it would be a good time to destroy a nest of hornets in his kitchen.

He poured some coal oil upon a broom and lit the oil with a match. Then he jammed the burning broom against the nest and held it there, all the time holding a towel over his head. When he thought the nest was destroyed he pulled the towel from his head, only to discover that the burning broom had set fire to the kitchen.

He dropped the broom and started to draw a bucket of water, but the hornets did not give him time. Seeing their nest destroyed, they flew at Eacock's head and tried to crawl into his ears, nose and mouth occasionally stopping long enough to ascertain if they were on solid footing.

Eacock abandoned the house, and when he got outside he found the fire had burned through to the roof. He ran to a fire station, and the firemen carried over some extinguishers and soon put out the blaze. Eacock entered the house by the front door and locked the kitchen door, leaving the hornets to do the best they could. He spent the remainder of the day rubbing himself with liniment. When it came time for him to don his uniform and go to work he was horrified once more. He could not get his helmet on his head.

The hornets' stings had made his head so large that the helmet would only cover a portion of it at a time. His eyes and lips were swollen, and he was a sorry-looking policeman. He telephoned to headquarters that he was ill, and had a three days' layoff without pay.

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But the girl's mood had changed; she sat silent and dejected. 'What is it?' he asked, after a long pause. 'Something is amiss with you, Iris. Won't you tell me what?'

How could she tell him! Repugnant as Rupert's love was to her, still it was genuine, and she had no right to betray his secret. 'There is nothing really the matter,' she answered. 'I was bored, to begin with, and then my dreadful temper got the better of me.'

'You have not got a bad temper,' he exclaimed. 'It is the sweetest temper in the world.'

She smiled faintly. 'I like you to stick up for me, Charlie, she said. 'It must have been rather nice in the old days, when knights were always ready to champion young ladies' wrongs, which, I suppose meant their whims.'

'If anyone has upset you, I'll fight him soon enough. I should like nothing better than to be your champion, if you would let me.'

'We live in other times, my dear Charlie. Just fancy how people would talk if you interfered on my behalf.'

'That's just it,' he said, with a sigh that was almost a groan. 'A poor fellow like me has no chance. I wish you were a little girl in short frocks, Iris.'

'Goodness! Why?'

'Because—because then I should have some chance of winning you,' he answered simply. She did not answer, but he saw the color slowly rise in her cheek.

'You must know you are all in the world to me, Iris,' he went on, drawing a little closer to her, 'but what chance have I, even if you cared for me? It will be years on many when and whom you like.'

'Indeed,' the girl answered, without looking up. 'And who told you that I wanted to marry?'

His face paled. 'You don't care for Rupert?' he asked. 'No, indeed,' she answered, indignant at the very supposition. 'He drew a long breath of relief. 'And you love no one else?' he whispered.

The blush again swept over the girl's face. 'No—no one, she said faintly. 'It is my chance of being better off—not rich, you know, but making an income and getting on—do you think you could care enough to wait a little while, just to see how things turned out?'

She shook her head. 'You could not?'

'Not a little while.'

For a moment her meaning did not dawn upon him, then he seized her hand. 'Do you mean that you could wait a long time, Iris?'

She looked at him shyly. He drew her to him, and kissed her lips. 'I will work as never man worked yet!'

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Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

small pieces to be restored, are made public!

TOOK TWO JOCKEYS TO WIN.

One Was Thrown in the Steeplechase—Another Caught the Horse and got Third Money. 'It isn't often,' said an old time betting ring man the other day, 'that a man catches a bet on a horse that throws its rider in a race, and there aren't many men who have ever done so, but there was a big crowd that did it the other day at Gravenston, and I guess they haven't got over wondering about it yet. It was a rare occurrence. Cock Robin was a red-hot favorite in the race I mention, but the air was just thick around the paddock with a tip on Count Navarro, and despite the fact that nearly all the books were laying from 20 to 30 to 1 against the latter to win, there were many betters who recalled a fair good race the Count ran up at Saratoga, and they played him across the board just for a flyer, but put the bulk of the bet on the horse to finish third.'

'The race was started without any delay and although it looked like a cakewalk for Cock Robin, those who had bet on Count Navarro to show was gratified to see him stick to his field and hold on easily in third place. The race was at two and a half miles and those who followed the tip settled back in their seats in anticipation of cashing at least on third. Some of the more excitable of these bettors were yelling and shouting like madmen as the horses neared the mile mark, but it was right here that their hopes were blasted, for in taking the jump the horse stumbled, threw Green, the jockey who was riding him, rolled over once or twice, scrambled to its feet and went on without a rider.'

'As the horse started off at an easy gait in the inner field of the steeplechase course was seen to run to the centre of the track right in the path of the runaway. He had on a big slouch hat and as he waved his arms up and down as the horse approached everyone thought he was trying to stop the horse. The horse came straight at him, but when it looked just as if the animal was going to run over him, it swerved off to one side. As he did so the man grabbed hold of the saddle and with a sort of flying leap landed square in the saddle, in a manner that would have done credit to one of Buffalo Bill's riders.'

'Once on the horse's back he didn't lose much time, but got right down to business and began to ride the hardest he knew how to make up for lost ground. He really looked a funny sight, costumed as he was with long trousers, shirt sleeves and big slouch hat, and a shout went up as he passed the stand, while many shook with laughter at the ridiculous sight he presented. This didn't seem to bother him, however, for he kept right on at work and to the surprise of everybody he finished third with Count Navarro.'

'Those who had bet on the horse appeared to take their supposed loss with good grace and joined in with the rest of the crowd in giving the rider a great send-off as he came back to dismount, but their look of chagrin gave way to one of surprise when the numbers were hung out and they saw that Count Navarro was third. Some said it was a mistake and others asked what it meant, but when the numbers stayed out until the horses were called to the post for the next race those who had bets on the horse for third place made a rush for the betting ring and they took what was coming to them without asking any questions. But even at that some of them acted as if they were robbing the bookmakers and hurried away as soon as they got hold on the money, for fear, I suppose, the fancied mistake would be found out before they got away.'

'It turned out afterward that the man who rode Count Navarro in long trousers shirt sleeves and a slouch hat, was none other than Cahill, the steeplechase jockey who sometimes rides for the owner of Count Navarro. Being in the inner field where the steeplechase rules if he could mount the horse and finish within the

money it was allowable, Cahill took a chance, and what is more pulled it off. Of course it looked like a huge joke to a lot of people who didn't understand and those who had backed the horse third had a scare, but when it was all over the same people who a few minutes before were swearing about their hard luck flopped right over and said nice things about Cahill, and so lavish were they in their praise that some even admitted that Count Navarro wasn't such a bad sort of a horse after all.'

The Learned Societies. Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

HOW SHE GOT HER SEAT. This Woman Managed in a Clever Manner to Get a Place in a Crowded Car. 'In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time, in minor affairs,' said a man who is in business down town, and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening, according to the Philadelphia Record. 'I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slowly and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was she caught my eye and that was my finish.'

Smiling broadly she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed: 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?' I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. 'After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.' But she had the seat and kept it. It was a clear case of bunko.'

Clariss—He is such a flatterer! I was holding a rose in my hand. 'Is it an American beauty, George?' I asked. He never looked at the rose at all. Instead he gazed fondly into my eyes. 'It certainly is,' he whispered.

Madeline—Indeed! Perhaps he's crossed. 'You were in such good spirits last night, Richard; what makes you so depressed this morning?'

'The spirits.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FOR SLOWLY HEALED WOUNDS. FOR BRUISES. FOR BURNS. FOR SCALDS. FOR SORES. FOR ITCHING. FOR RHEUMATISM. FOR GOUT. FOR GRAVEL. FOR NEURALGIA. FOR MIGRAINE. FOR SCIATICA. FOR SPRAINS. FOR STRAINS. FOR LAMENESS. FOR PAIN IN THE BACK. FOR PAIN IN THE SHOULDERS. FOR PAIN IN THE WRISTS. FOR PAIN IN THE ELBOWS. FOR PAIN IN THE KNEES. FOR PAIN IN THE ANKLES. FOR PAIN IN THE FEET. FOR PAIN IN THE TOES. FOR PAIN IN THE FINGERS. FOR PAIN IN THE THUMB. FOR PAIN IN THE INDEX. FOR PAIN IN THE MIDDLE. FOR PAIN IN THE RING. FOR PAIN IN THE PINKY. FOR PAIN IN THE LITTLE. FOR PAIN IN THE NAIL. FOR PAIN IN THE CUTICLE. FOR PAIN IN THE SKIN. FOR PAIN IN THE HAIR. FOR PAIN IN THE EYES. FOR PAIN IN THE EARS. FOR PAIN IN THE NOSE. FOR PAIN IN THE THROAT. FOR PAIN IN THE MOUTH. FOR PAIN IN THE TONGUE. FOR PAIN IN THE PALATE. FOR PAIN IN THE PHARYNX. FOR PAIN IN THE LARYNX. FOR PAIN IN THE TRACHEA. FOR PAIN IN THE BRONCHI. FOR PAIN IN THE LUNGS. FOR PAIN IN THE HEART. FOR PAIN IN THE LIVER. 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Attacked by Sea Eagles.

It was in the month of February—February being a summer month with us in Tasmania—that a party of us made a prospecting voyage out of Port Davey up the northwest coast in a large sailboat. Our purpose was to prospect for gold and silver in the bold cliffs and headlands. We had with us Mr. Thomas Philbrook, an Auckland engineer, Mr. Bruce Devoe of Adelaide, and Mr. Spencer Cathcart of Hobart. On the morning of February 24th, we sailed round the bold promontory to the north of Mainwaring Cove, and had just entered the channel by Pyramid Rock, when Mr. Devoe, who was examining the coast-line through a marine glass, called out that there was a dead whale lying on the sand along the base of the shore crags. "It's a big whale, too!" he added. "And the birds! There are hundreds of them feeding there—yes, thousands of them! The carcass is alive with them!" The boat's course was accordingly laid inshore. As shallows prevented our running in very close, the anchor was dropped at a distance of about five hundred yards from the beach; and then we got into our small boat, as a matter of precaution had been toward them. Aboard the sailboat we left our old skipper and his man. As we rowed in to the beach we saw that there were skulking along it three or four of those large yellow, black-banded wolves, sometimes called Tasmanian tigers, and we saw two smaller black and white wildcats. The whale lay just awash in the gentle surf. A cloud of gulls and other sea-birds were hovering over the place, but not feeding, although evidently very hungry and in constant motion. Perched on the carcass were seventy-five or a hundred larger birds, which we thought were eagles. Such an assemblage of eagles none of the party had ever seen or heard of before. Their series, we conjectured, were on the high cliffs a little back from the shore. There must have been a great many more eagles in the locality, for numbers of them were coming and going. They were monarchs of the least, too; for the striped "tigers" stood at a distance, or approached very stealthily for a share of the blubber. The eagles were of the white-headed variety, Haliaetus leucocapillus, although many of them were gray in color. We did not see an osprey among them; there were a number, however, which, from their feathered legs, we presumed might be the Aquila chrysaetos or golden eagle. But nine tenths of the group were white-headed eagles, large, strong and fierce. We landed fifty or sixty yards from the whale, and Devoe, with the lowering piece in his hands, stole forward in the hope of getting a shot at one of the striped wolves. They all made off, however, before he could come near enough to injure them with buckshot. He fired at one of the black and white cats; and with the report and the squalling of the wounded beast, the eagles rose with a mighty flapping of their wings and a chorus of hoarse screams. In these solitudes they had perhaps never before heard the sound of firearms. Gaining a height of a few hundred feet, numbers of them sailed round observing our movements, while others made off to the crags. We had not the least notion that they were likely to attack us. After looking at the whale a few minutes, Devoe pulled back to the sailboat for an axe and two butcher-knives. We meant to lash these to a couple of strong sticks and cut with them into the carcass in a search for ambergris. Philbrook, Cathcart and I remained on the beach, awaiting his return and speculating idly as to the weight of the vast creature that now lay dead before us. We gave little more attention to the eagles until one swooped down, and with a harsh, whistling scream, passed so near the head of the Auckland engineer as to brush off his hat. It wheeled up aloft, but immediately dived past our heads again. Its aggressive scream appeared to act as a summons to the others for another stoop, repeating the scream. "Look here, now, this is getting interesting!" exclaimed Cathcart. Devoe had laid the gun across a drift-stick. I ran to get it, and facing round, took aim at one of the eagles in the air, but missed my shot. By this time Philbrook and Cathcart, fighting with both hands, were rushing backward toward me. Not less than a dozen eagles were swooping down. One would no sooner brush past than another was descending like a dart. And now, excited by the screams of their fellows, a cloud of eagles were on wing from the cliffs. Devoe had the cartridges; but I clubbed the gun, and succeeded in giving one of the swooping birds a hard blow; another carried away my hat, however, and a good deal of hair. At about the same instant, Cathcart was knocked off his feet and nearly blinded by another eagle, which struck him heavily from behind—for what embarrassed us most was their trick of diving at us from in front and behind at the same moment. Philbrook took a drift-log, and holding it above his head, sheltered himself from diving birds. Meanwhile we hailed the boat vociferously. The screams of the excited eagles wholly drowned our voices, however; and the rushing noise made by their wings was so bewildering that we were not a little upset. Cathcart threw himself on his back, and raising his feet, set his boots bear the brunt of the attack. By this time his face and hands were painfully torn. I still swung the gun but, and contrived to inflict some little injury on our winged assailants, but was constantly buffeted and received a number of ugly scratches. I think that at least seventy eagles were about us by this time, with reinforcements arriving every moment. And as the conflict proceeded, they appeared to scream

more wildly and become more incensed. Devoe and the skipper put in to our assistance, landed, and attempted to beat off the eagles with their oars and an axe. They succeeded in killing two, and diverting the attack from us a little. The skipper was immediately beaten down, however, and received an ugly talon wound on the neck. He crawled behind the boat, and then shouted to the rest of us to assist him to draw it out of the water and turn it over, as a protection. Cathcart, Devoe and I making a rush, accomplished the manoeuvre without much damage. Philbrook held to his upreared log for a time, but the eagles so beset him that he soon dropped it and ran to our shelter. All five of us were now under the boat, and the exultant eagles circled round, screaming in triumph. We heartily wished ourselves on board the sailboat; our one man in it could afford us no assistance. If we had been provided with sharp lances, I dare say we might have beaten the birds off. Devoe had six or seven cartridges left, and loading under cover of the boat, he crept out and fired at the eagles. At last he killed one and crippled two others; but instead of abandoning the fight after these casualties, the aerial warriors gathered only the more fiercely, screaming defiance. Then for a time we lay quiet, and bound up our scratches. All five of us were torn to renew the fray. Gradually the warlike birds made off to alight on the cliffs, or return to their rest on the whale; and after being cooped up under the boat for nearly an hour, we seized a chance to leap out, shove it off from the beach and row hastily out to the sailboat. A dozen eagles rose and came screaming after us, but they did not renew the attack in force. That evening we landed and cut open the whale—a disagreeable task for which we were poorly requited; for, in the language of the fable of the woman and her hen, we found only what is accustomed to be found in all whales.

PLANS FOR SHANGHAI'S DEFENCE.

Steps That Were Taken When the Chinese Crisis Was Acute. While the Chinese crisis was acute and it was feared that the Boxer revolt would spread to the south, Albert J. Osgood, an American business man in China, wrote as follows to his firm as to the means taken for the defence of Shanghai:

"When the news of Admiral Seymour's repulse was known the Americans met in the United States consulate and formed a volunteer rifle company. Drills have occurred twice a day at 5 and 9 P. M., and through the untiring efforts of Capt. Haskell the company has been brought to a very efficient state. At present the company is armed with Martini-Henry rifles. It has been drilled in the English manual to enable it to harmonize with the other companies in the Shanghai Volunteers.

"In the Shanghai Volunteers are a German company, two English and one Japanese, one light horse, a naval reserve, a French and one composed of employees of the customs, making a total fighting force of perhaps 1,200.

"In case of an attack the Chinese troops would probably come from the arsenal, situated about six miles from the English settlement. They would be accompanied by a mob from the Chinese city. It is difficult to predict the first point of attack, but presumably it would be the French Bund. A creek divides the French from the English Bunds and the bridge which connects the two settlements would undoubtedly be a strategic point. The shortest route between the arsenal and the foreign settlements is by the Chinese Bund which is a continuation of the French Bund. The American Rifle Company will probably be assigned to the defence of this bridge.

"It is possible the Chinese would attack from the Bubbling Well road. This road runs at nearly right angles to the Bund, and extends into the country. It is about five miles long. On it are many fine residences, most of which are surrounded by spacious grounds, and would be difficult to defend.

"The greater portion of the foreigners live in a district extending about five miles along the river front and about three-quarters of a mile back. In this area are many Chinese houses. Many of the foreign houses are isolated.

"Undoubtedly the safest place for women children and non-combatants would be the British consulate. It contains about fifteen acres of land and is surrounded by a strong high wall. The German and Japanese consulates adjoin each other and both front on the river. Perhaps they would be used, as they could be defended by a warship if necessary. The United States consulate would hardly be suitable for defence, as it stands directly on the street and has no compound.

"In considering the troops from the arsenal, it should not be forgotten that there are fair sized barracks at Woosung, the port of Shanghai about seventeen miles away. If a simultaneous attack was made by both Chinese forces, both sections of the foreign settlement would be engaged at the same time, and the question of defence would be a difficult matter. "The Chinese have missed their golden

opportunity. If an attack had been made at the time of the crisis in Tientsin, the whole community could have been easily exterminated. There were at that time but two small warships in the river—the Daphne of the British and the Castine of the American Navy. Both of them are small vessels and could land but a small fighting force, say sixty men from each vessel. The Chinese could have sunk a couple of junks in the narrow channel and have prevented either the ingress or egress of any steamer. Having the foreigners thus at their mercy they could have bombarded the settlements with the heavy Krupp guns in the arsenal while a simultaneous attack could have been made from the city and from Woosung.

"If an attack is made now the war vessels will immediately proceed up the river and engage the arsenal. The Shanghai volunteers are well armed and trained and ready for action on a moment's warning, and the outcome of the contest will be more to the advantage of the foreigners. "Credit is due to the Governor at Hong-Kong, Sir Henry Blake, that the Chinese forts at Woosung have not been put in order. He pointed out to the Taotai that should these forts be repaired at this time it would be an invitation to the foreign warships to fire upon them. The Taotai took the hint.

Credited on an iceberg. A thrilling story of a vessel's encounter with an iceberg is told by Captain Chester of the schooner Elwood. The San Francisco Chronicle, whose narrative we condense, reports that while the schooner was on a fishing cruise in the northern waters, Captain Chester sighted an immense iceberg apparently fast on a reef known to exist just off Honouliuli. "It's a jockey find!" thought the captain, as he headed the Elwood for the berg, that he might fill the hold with ice, to preserve the fish he expected to catch.

When the schooner was within a few yards of the berg, the anchor was dropped. The vessel swung around until she came alongside the berg, to which she was made fast with lines. The tide was at the full; a gangplank was thrown over to a ledge in the ice, and the men began breaking off chunks of ice and hoisting them aboard. All went well until evening, when thirty tons of ice had been stowed in the hold.

Meanwhile the falling tide had caused the berg to settle upon the reef, and to tip towards the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank rose in the air, and had to be made fast to a ledge nearer the water to keep it horizontal.

Captain Chester, suspecting that all was not going to be well, ordered the crew to make sail. Before they could man the masts, the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to turn over.

A jagged spur of ice, which had formed the bottom of the berg, arose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it. The ice struck the keel, and the vessel, lifted out of the water, rested in an ice cradle. Chester ordered his men to get into the boats and out of harm's way. Cutting the lines that held the schooner to the berg, the men pulled to a safe distance and waited.

The anchor held fast, and the schooner tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, the iceberg careened still farther, and the Elwood rose higher. This proved the schooner's salvation.

The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain upon the anchor-chain that something had to give way. Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen, it was not the anchor or the chain.

The iceberg lurched, and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice in which it rested. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade, and the next instant shot off the iceberg and into the sea, bows on, like a rocket.

She shipped a heavy sea, as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted, and after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquility, to all appearances unhurt.

VARIOUS SOURCES OF IVORY.

Information brought out by Inquiries Made by Customs Officials. The Board of Gen Appraisers at Washington has recently been wrestling with the problem of where ivory left off and bone began.

It seems, from the evidence taken before the board, that when one sells hippopotami teeth, walrus' tusks and other large tusks or teeth they are ivory, but when one imports them or wishes to purchase them they are simply bone. The case in question was one where Mergentstern & Goldsmith of New York had imported some umbrella handles made of the teeth of the hippopotamus. The appraiser entered them as 'manufactures of ivory'

and durable at thirty five per cent ad valorem. The importers set up the claim that they were made of bone, not ivory, and were dutiable at 30 per cent ad valorem. Witnesses were sworn and testimony taken on both sides, and the board reports its inability to find that any definite, distinct and general trade understanding exists upon this class of merchandise. Elephant ivory appears to be of a finer texture than the ivory from the hippopotamus or the walrus, but it is classed as elephant ivory simply because of its higher trade value and not because it is any more 'ivory' than the other.

Quotations in ivory, it is said, disclose a vast variety of ivory. For instance, there are the Zanzibar and East Indian teeth, the Mozambique, Abyssinian and soft Lisbon teeth, the West African teeth, Egyptian and Malta teeth, East Indian cut points, East Indian hollows, East Indian hollows, East Indian turned curves, sea horse teeth walrus teeth and whale teeth. After dealing with the distinctions between the various kinds of teeth which are commercially valuable as ivory, the board says, that while some dealers insist on elephants' tusks, when they want ivory, others are willing to take the teeth of hippopotami, and the latter and products from them sell in the markets as ivory. The price differs from that of elephant ivory simply because of the difference in size and quality. It is therefore held that the umbrella handles in question are of ivory and that the tusks and teeth of elephants, hippopotami, walrus and mastodons are dutiable alike as ivory and not as bone or horn. The decision of the Collector was therefore, sustained.

BORN.

- Halifax, Sept. 12, to the wife of Isaac Roma. a son.
Amherst, Sept. 20, to the wife of W. Robinson, a son.
Boulevard, Sept. 14, to the wife of M. Pulliston, a son.
Arcadia, Aug. 28, to the wife of Wilson Rankin, a son.
Bridgetown, Sept. 21, to the wife of Capt. Longmire a son.
Castroville, Sept. 19, to the wife of R. Messenger a son.
Mt. Dennis, Sept. 24, to the wife of Fred Faulkner a son.
Boulevard, Sept. 8, to the wife of James McNeil, a son.
Bristol, Sept. 10, to the wife of C. Brittain, a son.
Woodstock, Sept. 15, to the wife of Fred Tweedie, a son.
Dartmouth, Sept. 23, to the wife of Clifford Prescott a son.
Yarmouth, Aug. 20, to the wife of Wilson Rankin, a son.
Dorchester, Sept. 20, to the wife of Gilbert Crosby, a son.
Sydney, Sept. 14, to the wife of Daniel McAnally, a daughter.
Halifax, Sept. 23, to the wife of F. Mathers, a daughter.
Piton, Sept. 20, to the wife of Dr. Webster, a son.
Dawson Settlement, Sept. 23, to the wife of I. Dawson, a son.
Bridgetown, Sept. 20, to the wife of Louise Rickett, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Sept. 5, to the wife of T. Crowell, a daughter.
Farrborough, Sept. 15, to the wife of Owen McQuirk, a daughter.
Clarence, Sept. 20, to the wife of Edwin Whitman, a daughter.
Annapolis, Sept. 21, to the wife of Geo. Cummings, a daughter.
Charleston, Sept. 27, to the wife of Captain Elliot, a daughter.
Botwoodville, Sept. 14, to the wife of John MacLean, a son.
Richibucto, Sept. 20, to the wife of Rev. A. D. McLeod, a son.
McVieville Island, Sept. 23, to the wife of Warder Withers, a son.
Meagher's Grant, Sept. 18, to the wife Joseph Crowell, a daughter.
Bliss Mountain, N. S., Sept. 22, to the wife of Rev. E. Ratter, a son.

MARRIED.

- Aylesford, Sept. 20, Harry H. Abbott to Angie M. Lee.
Halifax, Sept. 20, Gasper Drillis to Roxana L. Hicks.
Annapolis, Sept. 19, Nellie Crillo to Lepellet Hicks.
Amherst, Sept. 26, Charles T. Harrison to Alice J. Dixon.
North Sydney, Sept. 24, Oliver Lewis to Eliza Butler.
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, John McQuillan to Katie Conrad.
Springfield, Sept. 19, Miss Nettie Grimm to Sydney Conrad.
Yarmouth, Sept. 25, Fred E. Raymond to Clara E. Frame.
Shubenscadie, Sept. 28, H. W. Cameron to Irene Hackett.
Hackett Cove, Sept. 25, Frank S. Ring to Sadie R. O'Neill.
Toronto, Sept. 11, Minnie G. Payne to William H. Saxton.
Woodstock, Sept. 19, Rev. G. G. Ross to Roberta M. Eay.
Union Vale, Sept. 12, James G. Hardy to Margaret E. Jolly.
Clyde River, Sept. 19, James G. Frizel to Maude Howard.
Dalhousie, Sept. 26, Henry F. Warman to Hannah J. Good.
Summerside, Sept. 25, James Arthur to Eva McWilliams.
Tyro, Sept. 27, Edwin C. McKenzie to Minnie F. Mehan.
Brookfield, Sept. 25, Harry Archibald to Melissa Archibald.
Brookfield, Sept. 25, George F. Dixon to Anna A. Oxenham.
Windsor, Sept. 25, Joseph A. McLellan to Millie F. Kilcup.
Guysboro, Sept. 25, Lewis L. G. Maguire to Adelaide S. Carr.
Clarendale, Sept. 1, Thomas Milton to Agnes Harrington.
Lunenburg, Sept. 22, John Henry Tanner to Emma Cook.
Woodstock, Sept. 12, Joseph Augustus Kilpatrick to Jennie Doward.
Campbellton, Sept. 19, Alexander J. Water to Mary Jane Thomas.
Charlottetown, Sept. 24, Robert D. Harrington to Marion J. Scott.
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, M. J. Foley to Miss Clementine Macdonald.

Tyne Valley, Sept. 14, Stephen Thompson to Bessie Thompson.
Murray Harbor, Sept. 9, John G. D. Le Lachur to Sarah Macanay.
King's, Oct. Sept. 20, Dr. Victor L. Goodwin to Miss Florence Bell.
Alma, N. B., Sept. 19, Dr. Geo. H. Marvin to Annie L. Kirkstead.
Fox Harbor, Sept. 25, James A. McEachern to Annie M. Macaulay.
Fort Lawrence, Sept. 24, John B. Embree and Madie L. Trenholm.
Notre Dame, Kent Co., Sept. 12, Furdy Blair to Ida Maude Johnston.
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, John James Hornsby to Miss May C. Hornsby.
Emsdale, Sept. 20, Rev. W. Barnett Wiggins to Alice N. Goodspeed.
Stanley Bridge, Sept. 18, Marlock Meclod Macmillan to Mary M. Macmillan.

DIED.

Halifax, George A. Marley 83.
St. John, Sept. 11, John Clark 48.
Yarmouth, Sept. 23, Percy Kay 7.
St. John, Sept. 25, James Forbes 85.
Charlottetown, Bridget Murphy 67.
King's, Sept. 17, Patrick McCarroll.
Ellerslie, Sept. 17, William Walsh 66.
Liverpool, Sept. 24, Sarah A. Allen 85.
Halifax, Sept. 27, Eleanor F. Curran 80.
Lunenburg, Sept. 23, Harriet O'Leary 84.
Brooklyn, Sept. 25, Susanna McLeod 87.
North Sydney, Sept. 24, Robert Grant 80.
Georgetown, Sept. 24, A. C. Stewart 81.
Emmore River, Sept. 15, Charles Roy 71.
Charlottetown, Sept. 5, James Finch 91.
North Sydney, Sept. 21, Charles Birch 50.
Montebello, Sept. 10, John D. McDonald 20.
Ingonish, C. B., Sept. 7, Donald Smith 64.
New Haven, Sept. 20, George S. Bolton 84.
Bridgewater, Sept. 20, Robert Murdoch 81.
Colchester, Sept. 12, Winborn C. N. Inon 6.
Kearville, Sept. 11, Mrs. M. E. Cochran 75.
North Sydney, Sept. 20, Charles Buchanan 70.
New Campbellton, Sept. 20, John Deacon 20.
Southport, Sept. 22, Catherine Buchanan 50.
Fort Lawrence, Sept. 24, George W. Latta 65.
New Campbellton, Sept. 1, Michael McNeil 8.
Beach Meadows, Sept. 25, Edward Conrad 28.
Lower Grandville, Sept. 21, Elsie McFrath 17.
Yarmouth, Sept. 21, Mrs. James R. Kenney 51.
North Sydney, Sept. 19, Mrs. Mary McLean 75.
Charlottetown, Sept. 11, Archibald Lamond 64.
Sydney Mines, Sept. 11, Archibald Lamond 65.
Wheatley River, Sept. 9, Margaret Macpherson 94.
Yarmouth, Sept. 22, George W. Lovitt 11 weeks.
Halifax, Sept. 22, James A. McDonald 3 months.
Halifax, Sept. 28, Catherine, wife of George Gibb, Colchester, Sept. 20, George W. Hunter 2 months.
Kentville, Sept. 16, Alice, wife of Frank Corbin 25.
Newcastle, Sept. 21, Jane, wife of Richard Fairman 58.
Sydney Mines, Elizabeth B., daughter of Alexander Simpson 12.
North Sydney, Sept. 22, John W., infant son of Daniel McGregor 4 weeks.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, irregular menstruation and irregular discharges. Full particulars, testimonials and references of grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application. Write for FREE BOOK. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC. Montreal Excursions. Tickets on sale Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th and Oct. 1st. Good to return until Oct. 16th, 1900. Rate from St. John for the Round Trip \$10.00.

Low Rate Round Trip Excursions from Montreal to Points West. Tickets will be on sale at C. P. R. Ticket Offices in Montreal as follows: Detroit, Mich. \$12.00; Cleveland, O. \$15.00; Saginaw, Mich. \$16.25; Bay City, Mich. \$16.25; Chicago, Ill. \$17.50; Columbia, S. C. \$20.00; Going dates September 27th, 28th and 29th. Return dates October 15th, 1900. For berths or further information apply to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban for Hampton \$5.20; Express for Campbellton, Fredericton and Halifax \$7.10; Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou \$7.10; Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene \$5.00; Express for Lunenburg \$18.00; Express for St. John \$18.00; Express for Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa \$22.45; Express for Halifax and Sydney \$22.45.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sydney and Halifax \$6.00; Suburban from Hampton \$5.20; Express from Lunenburg \$18.00; Accommodation from Moncton \$5.00; Express from Halifax \$14.15; Express from St. John \$18.00; Express from Quebec \$22.45. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Montreal, N. B., June 15, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.