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GOOD NIGHT IS SAFE.

SERGEANT OWENS RESIGNS AT AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT.

And the Council Recommends the Appointment of the "Special" Johnson—Where is Sergeant Owens' Share of the Police Fund? Will Campbell get Full Pay now?

A question seems to have arisen as to the authority of the chief of police to go into the county with such a warrant as that which was served upon Mrs. Melvin last week, and the decision of the supreme court in a famous case has been recalled in connection with it. It appears that during the term of the late Squire Tapley as judge of the court of the old town of Portland, the present chief of police, who was then plain Mr. Clark of the west end, and Coroner Robinson of Lancaster and some words over a case in a magistrate's court in that parish. Coroner Robinson must have expressed himself pretty plainly, for Mr. Clark hastened to Squire Tapley's and laid information against him for abusive language. Upon the information a warrant was issued, and one of the policemen of the force, named Donceit, was requested to serve it upon Coroner Robinson. He did so and brought the coroner to town and lodged him in jail. When the trial came off, Judge Tapley imposed a fine of \$10 upon Mr. Robinson for the language he had used toward Mr. Clark. The case was carried into the supreme court at Fredericton, and the judges, after hearing the arguments of both sides, decided that Magistrate Tapley of the city court of Portland had no jurisdiction outside the city limits, except in criminal cases. This decision would seem to apply to the present case and that it does so, is the opinion of a great many of the common council, and several lawyers with whom PROGRESS has talked. How Mrs. Melvin's action in forfeiting her deposit of \$100 might affect subsequent proceedings is doubtful, but there is no doubt about the indignation of the county officials at the action of the city authorities in the matter, and there is no doubt about the opinion of the aldermen, who have been saying from time to time that the chief of police had too many officials and too many men on the police force. There is no doubt either about the terms in which Alderman Macrae addressed himself to the chief in regard to this evening trip at the last meeting of the Common Council.

The chief's raid upon the house out the road was not favourable to the case that he has from time to time set forth to the aldermen. While complaining again and again that he had not enough police to patrol the city properly, he seemed to have no difficulty whatever in detailing five or six of them to accompany him upon his raid upon the Melvin house. That fact has been pretty generally commented upon, and the merchants, who complain to the aldermen that the city is not properly guarded during the night, should remember and excuse them on the ground that they can not be expected to look after the Marsh Road from the one-mile-house to Rothesay as well as cover all their beats in the city.

This was not the only police matter that was discussed at the last meeting of the council. The recommendation of the safety board to do away with the services of the special policemen was sharply criticised and after much discussion the council refused to adopt that section of the report. The reason for this was, no doubt, the charge that has been brought forward that there was an attempt to dismiss Officer Johnson from the force. This Mr. Johnson has been a special policeman for some time. He succeeded in getting on the force through the good offices of a number of gentlemen, who are always looking out for jobs for stray Englishmen and but for their recommendation, there is no doubt Mr. Johnson would never have been on the police force. It is not his fault, however, that he is not up to the requirements of the service from a physical view; in other words he is under-sized. It is not his fault that his manner of addressing a friend in the evening has led to a good deal of merriment and amusement on the part of the public generally. He says "Good night" for "Good night," which is not a crime in itself; but the fact that he will not allow anybody else to address him in the same manner seems to imply that he claims a copyright on his method of pronouncing the evening salutation. It was not for this though that he incurred the enmity of the famous Jimmy Brennan,

who got to dislike him just about as heartily as he does the Chief of Police. James is a persistent individual, and he set about, it is said, to put Mr. Johnson off the force. Other names are mentioned in connection with his, and among them that of the magistrate himself, but it is only fair to say that Mr. Ritchie disclaims any idea of interfering with the position of Officer Johnson. It can hardly be supposed that the politician of Prince, Brennan, wanted the job for himself, because, no doubt he remembers the time when he wanted to get on the Exhibition police, and he got a recommendation from a gentleman, then very prominent in local politics, in the shape of a letter addressed to the chief of police. As Mr. Brennan tells the story, he went to the chief of police with the letter, and the latter, though he had every reason in the world, according to his idea, to listen to the recommendation of the gentleman, hardly read the commendation before he tore it into a score of pieces and threw it into the waste basket. Of course, the story went back to the politician, and it is said that there were mutual explanations afterwards. Ever since that time Mr. Brennan has been after the chief, and while the latter does not appear to grow thin over the fact, still he has the uncomfortable notion that he is being watched very closely by the persistent James.

After the principal portion of the discussion of the police by the council on Tuesday, some new business came up and with it came a surprise in the shape of the resignation of Sergeant Owens, who has been sick for a long while and is too aged and feeble to return to the force. The sergeant sent in his resignation to the Chief, and while doing so, took occasion to express his appreciation of the manner in which his superior officer had treated him. Of course the Chief knew nothing about this—even though the Sergeant was waited upon—yet it must have been very gratifying for him to receive such an expression of opinion from an officer who has been so long on the force as Sergeant Owens.

He placed the resignation before the council at a very opportune moment, and Officer Johnson was the man in the minds of many of the aldermen after the recent discussion of it. He was appointed quick as wink, and now the only way to get him off the force is for the chief to bounce him. That, however, is not likely or probable so long as the lucky (?) Englishman carries himself as straight as he has since he has been a "special."

But one or two interesting things came up in connection with the resignation of Sergeant Owens. He is quite old and feeble, has been sick for a long time and during that time has enjoyed half pay from the common council.

Is there nothing else coming to him, Mr. Chief?

Has he not a right to his portion of that police fund, that is said to be deposited so safely in the name of yourself and two other trustees to the Savings Bank?

Would not a share of that fund have been very acceptable to him during his recent illness?

Was not the fund originally raised for that object, to relieve the distress and necessities of sick and aged policemen?

These are questions, it appears to PROGRESS, that are timely and should be answered. Though not a member of the force now, Sergeant Owens has not by his resignation forfeited his right to that portion of the fund that should have been handed over to him during his recent illness.

Another thing that the council may well make a note of is that the number of sergeants are, through the resignation of Sergeant Owens, reduced to their proper number, and it may fairly be assumed that if Sergeant Campbell has only been getting patrolman's pay, since he was promoted, the additional allowance will now be given him.

TURNED OUT OF THE "ANNEX."

Two Halifax Young Women Who Were Thought to be Nice.

HALIFAX, Oct., 27.—Quite a sensation was created in the city last week over the capture in one of the prominent hotels of two of this city's fair females, in company with two commercial travellers. The young ladies are both of very respectable parents, and are particularly well known throughout the city. One of them is the daughter of a widow who resides on Smith street, and the other one lives with her parents on Gerrish street. Both of the

females have been associates for a long time and were frequently almost daily, seen promenading along the most prominent streets. They always dressed well and, strange to say, they both sang in church choirs, one in a church on Brunswick street, and the other at the south end of the city but both of the same denomination. Previous to this episode many thought their characters were above reproach, but others who saw more of them were loath to hold them in such high esteem. The South end female has appeared on the stage quite frequently and delighted her auditors with her sweet, smiling face, and charming voice. She also has taken part in a number of amateur theatricals with considerable success, but the new role in life which she has assumed will no doubt give her more prominence than she desires to have. The young ladies have very often been seen in the company of gentlemen who were strangers in the city, and many persons wondered how they came to be acquainted with them, and that was a secret which was best known to themselves, and one which they never cared to make public. At first they were quite mild in their operations, but time and experience has made them both bolder, and in consequence they have got in the present trouble. The leading hotels seemed to be their strong fort, as very often they passed along and with their graceful smiles and winning glances, they have captivated the hearts of many commercial travellers. For this class of men they had a sort of a weakness, and it did not appear to be very much trouble for them to pick an acquaintance. An appointment was then made for after the shades of sundown, and it was then that those two innocent females held high carnival. One night last week at a very late hour, they "picked up" two commercial men, or perhaps it may have been vice versa, but however they became acquainted by other means than that of an introduction. A short conversation followed as to where the best place was to go. The commercial men were equal to the occasion and they devised a scheme which was the cause of getting the whole four of them in quite serious trouble.

Down to Hollis street the quartette proceeded and halted for a moment in front of



Two Halifax Girls Who Were Thought to be Nice and Respectable Young Ladies Until a Few Days Ago.

the big stone building which is known as the "Annex" opposite the Queen hotel. Here their courage failed them for a moment, as they hesitated about making the break, but at last they plucked up courage and entered. This delay was the means of bringing the attention of several persons who were on the opposite side of the street, among whom was the agent of the property, Mr. Bligh. When they entered they told the man in charge of the place that they wished to engage a couple of rooms for a month. Their baggage they said was at the station, and that they intended to remain only for the night, as they were going to Bedford in the morning, but would send their baggage down, and return in the course of a couple of days. This was quite satisfactory to the man in charge and they were shown to their respective rooms. Before retiring however they thought they would like some liquid refreshment, and one of the "knights of the grip" repaired to a saloon across the street and purchased two bottles of wine. He returned again, and then the ball was opened. Everything was favorable for a good time, and there was no obstacle in the way that was to prevent them from carrying their plans out to the letter. Little they thought that their identification had become known to any one about, or they would not for a moment have remained in the place. The agent at first was not quite sure he was right, but

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

DIRTY LINEN IN COURT.

THE GIST OF THE EVIDENCE IN THE BELL DIVORCE SUIT.

Bell's Evidence Produces an Unfavorable Impression—Ordered to Pay \$200 and Alimony—What Young Law's Father Says About His Whereabout.

All the dirty, linen of the Bell divorce case is being washed in Fredericton this week. The parties are all there and up to the time of this writing Bell and his witnesses have not finished giving their evidence. He had men from St. Stephen to try and prove that at the time the "South End Beauty" said he was with her in his own house he was out all night apparently wandering about the streets of the border town.

One of these witnesses however does



"THE NORTH END BEAUTY."

not believe in anything on earth or in heaven and the judge would not allow him to tell his story.

"Don" Sharp and his mother, from this city—former neighbors of Bell's—appeared upon the scene and told a story that seemed to make it appear that Mrs. Bell and one Ernest Law were so intimate that while her husband was climbing in the back window she was letting her friend out the front door at four in the morning.

And that evidence brings forth a letter from Law's father showing that on the night in question, which he remembers by the racket Bell made about the premises, his son was in his house in his own room.

Young Law comes with prominence in Mr. Bell's affairs for the second time. Some time ago Mr. Bell undertook to give him a punching for his wife's sake and it was stated then that Mr. Law carried the evidence of the encounter about with him for some time. Bell did not seem to blame his wife at that time but took his satisfaction out of Law whom his friends persuaded him was hanging around his wife all the time he was out of the city.

Sharp's and Mallory's evidence do not favor Mrs. Bell. The former was evidently regarding her movements with some interest because he took the trouble to



MR. ADAM H. BELL.

follow her he said to the Pugsley building and saw her enter the place with a man whom he did not know.

This bit of evidence seemed to upset the fair plaintiff for with a hysterical cry of its falsity she sunk in her father's arms weeping.

Mallory brought on another scene when he told how he met her driving out the Marsh road at 7 o'clock in the evening with a gentleman of this city. What weight

his honor will give to such evidence as this remains to be seen. He did not express himself as he did when Bell was on the stand and made some astounding statements about his doubt of his wife's chastity at the time he married her. The judge scored him unmercifully for that and he passed some interesting remarks about clergymen who married young girls on the quiet.

Rev. Mr. Titcombe was the man in question but as he was out of the country the censure is not likely to disturb him. But the witness, Mr. Rankin, said that Mrs. Bell was only fifteen when she married Bell.

In Bell's evidence he denied the story of the Leatham girl in tots and tried to prove that he was not in his own house at all on the night in question. She swore that he wanted her to pose as a "North End Beauty" and be photographed for the lithographs for a new brand of cigars. The pictures he showed her were not nice she said. Bell produces the pictures and claims there is nothing objectionable about them.

The statement of one of the papers that much of Bell's evidence is unprintable is very true. He made a bad impression upon the court and his efforts to blacken his wife's character in the hotel lobbies was brought to the attention of the judge.

Another thing was brought to his attention too, viz. the question of court expenses and of alimony. Queer as it may seem, though Mrs. Bell brought the suit, her husband has to subscribe to her expenses the sum of \$200 half of which is payable on the 5th of next month and the other half on the 15th. Then the judge allows her alimony to the extent of \$25 a month while the case is in court.

As it may be sometime before he gives his decision this may amount to something in the end.

A Calais faker named Mace offered some evidence about Mrs. Bell's actions in the American house in Calais alleging that he saw her enter the room of Mr. Hill whom he believed to be there at the same time.

The case excites the greatest interest in Fredericton and the St. John papers are scanned eagerly when they appear by their readers here. Sympathy here appears to be with Mrs. Bell up to date largely on account of the reckless testimony of the defendant and the judge's comments on the same.

THERE WAS NO WEDDING.

Because There was no Groom—A West Side Story.

Among the weddings scheduled to take place in Carleton this week, was one which did not take place.

It wasn't the bride's—Miss Goslin's—fault,—far from it, but the young man in question—Mr. Alfred Cullen—probably thought discretion the better part of valor, for he took the train for Montreal and the west—likely as far west as he could get—just twenty four hours before the time set for the marriage. He evidently hadn't the same warm set feelings toward the event, which the bride and her parents fostered as he even neglected to speak to the clergyman—Rev. Dr. Hartly—about the matter and, the policeman's family went on unsuspectingly with their arrangements for the happy (?) union.

The worthy Doctor was, however, invited to be present by the bride's parents with the intimation that he was to be the joiner of happy hearts and hands.

Not having been spoken to by the other principal in the event it is not strange that he should have felt some slight anxiety as to whether the coach came for him or not and no doubt the news that the young man had been hustled off to the West by his father, who was strangely opposed to the match, and that his services would not be required, was a slight relief, which only came at the eleventh hour.

It is said that the announcement cards were returned by the parents of the would-be groom, by special messenger.

Death of Robert L. Smith.

The death of Robert L. Smith, a member of the firm of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Company yesterday morning was a severe shock to his numerous friends who while aware that he was seriously ill thought that the crisis was passed and looked for his recovery. Mr. Smith was stricken with brain disease some weeks ago and though nursed by anxious and loving friends and attended by the most skillful physicians his life could not be saved. St. John can ill afford to lose so promising and popular a young merchant whose success has been won by strict attention to business and fair dealing with all men.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Of all the prima donnas Marcella Sembrich seems to be the greatest in demand.

Paderewski announces himself for a tour of America in 1899, 1900. He plays thirty concerts in Russia before the new year.

Walter Damroch is to reside permanently in Philadelphia, and next season will probably establish a permanent Symphony orchestra in that city.

Frangon-Davies, the English baton, has returned to Germany to prepare for his appearance in Bayreuth next summer.

So far as Europe is concerned the operatic season promises to be mediocre itself. Every singer of note is engaged for America.

Maurice Grau has just added two stars to his N. Y. Metropolitan Opera house troupe, which even without them was singularly strong.

Besides taking part in the Wagner cycle that Mr. Grau has arranged for the coming season in America, she will be heard in "Aida," "Huguenots," "Norma," "Fidelio," "Don Juan" and "Le Prophete."

She will also sing Sulamith in "The Queen of Sheba," which will be given again this year.

Victor Maurel is the other singer with whom Mr. Grau has concluded an engagement. He will only appear in a limited number of performances.

Naturally enough, his Iago and Don Juan will also form part of the scheme of representations in which he will take part.

Mr. Grau ought to be a contented man, for a troupe composed of artists of the first rank from the whole of Europe insures the success of the coming season, which ought to be superb from every point of view.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"The Burglar" will be the attraction at the Opera House next week and will be produced I believe, by a superior company of which William Harris is the leading man and Miss de Forrest leading woman.

Proto, the graceful and clever little toe dancer who was here two or three seasons ago for a week, didn't "take" very well with local theatre goers; that didn't trouble the little dancer, with the delightful foreign accent—and supple limbs—very much, for previous to coming here she had been wonderfully successful in the leading New York theatres and the most exclusive clubs.

It is said that the forthcoming burlesque of "Cyrano de Bergerac" will include bits of "The Christian" and "The Liars," the Christian of the first-named two plays being amalgamated while an imitation of John Drew enacts Cyrano with no extension of his natural nose, which he sticks into everybody's business, like the hero of the comedy at the Empire.

ECZEMA ON EAR

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GEM NOVELTY Co., TORONTO, ONT.

she has been feted and petted by them, as well as by London's most aristocratic society.

Julia Arthur played Parthenia in "Ino-mara" for the first time at Buffalo on Friday last. She had never seen anyone else portray the role.

Joseph Haworth has been engaged by Miss Viola Allen's managers to take Mr. E. J. Morgan's place as John Storm in "The Christian." The change will be effected November 22, when the company goes to the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn.

Augustus Thomas is engaged on a condensed version of "The Holly Tree Inn," which is to be put on at Proctors Pleasure Palace, New York, November 21, and may be held there for a short run.

Nellie McHenry will use in vaudeville a condensed version of "Patchwork," Annie Sutherland, who was Joseph Jefferson's leading lady last season, will also appear in vaudeville.

Jerome Sykes, the well-known comedian, has enlarged his field of usefulness by going into a general express, transfer and trucking business in Chicago.

Mason Mitchell is making stump speeches for Col. Roosevelt in that candidate's tour through the interior of New York State.

George W. Lederer will produce in London at a theatre other than the Shaftesbury a musical piece by "Hugh Morton" and Gustave Kerker, which will have in its cast several prominent American comic opera singers and comedians.

It was said that Mrs Langtry was going on a tour as Lady Algy, in "Lord and Lady Algy," but, according to a later report, she is to make her reappearance on the stage in "The Dove Cote."

The only theatre in Santiago is now a military barracks, but it is to be restored to dramatic uses next winter. Meanwhile a vaudeville show is given in a hall.

The wine agent in "On and Off" is said to be made up to resemble "Count" Kessler, a real wine agent and conspicuous figure in semi-public New York life.

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George Bernard Shaw threatens to bring out a drama on Cleopatra.

John Hare's intention is, on his return to London, to revive the entire series of Robertsonian comedies produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Milwaukee is to have a stock company.

Jeff De Angelis is to follow Francis Wilson at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will present "Zaza" at

the Garrick. Henry Miller will go to Wallack's.

John A. Stewart's novel, "The Minister of State," is now being dramatized.

Crane is said to have a new play by Eugene Presbrey.

"The Maneuvers of Jane" will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London on Saturday of this week and after it has run its course it will be succeeded by Sydney Grundy's adaptation from Dumas, called "The Black Tulip." Mr. Jones' new piece concerns a keyhole peeper and feminine Paul Pry.

George Alexander will produce "A Man of Forty," by Walter Firth, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. On his return to London he will open with "The Ambassador," by John Oliver Hobbes, with the addition of a new one-act play by the same writer called "The Repentance." Later he will bring out "In Days of Old," a drama of the Wars of the Roses, by Edward Rose. Then will follow a costly revival of "Henry V."

E. H. Sothern has again changed the name of "A Shilling's Worth." This name was changed to "The Old Love and the New." Then it was discovered that this was the title by which Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter" is known in England, so another change was made and now the play is to be called "A Colonial Girl."

Charles Frohman is to produce "On and Off" in London.

Four women have thus far played the part of the prima donna in "A Day and a Night." Georgia Caine was succeeded by Mae Lowery, and the latter was replaced by Mae Merrilee. Grace Rutter, who has been in Augustin Daly's company, is now playing the part.

Mme. Ristori, the great Italian actress, whose Elizabeth and Mary Stuart and Medea and Lady Macbeth electrified the country in 1895, is lying critically ill at Rome.

Clyde Fitch and Charles Frohman have signed a contract whereby the next play upon which Fitch is to set to work is to be produced by Julia Marlowe. It will probably be ready for the star the beginning of next season.

At the London Court Theatre, on Monday last, was produced "When a Man is in Love," a three-act comedy by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose, with Irene Vanborough, Marion Terry, Paul Arthur, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Dion Boucicault in the cast. The production, however, proved a disappointment, the critics saying it is not a play, but a series of "Dolly Dialogues."

At the London Garrick Leo Trevor's "Brother Officers," a play which just misses being very good, was produced on Thursday last. It is a story of the Twenty-first Lancers, who distinguished themselves at Omdurman. The uniforms, spurs, swords, etc., form an attractive stage picture. Arthur Bourchier has received great praise for his impersonation of the hero, Lieutenant Hines, Victoria Cross, which is pronounced the best thing he has ever done.

"Two Kinds of Women," J. M. Barry's

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new comedy, will be acted at matinees at the St. James Theatre, London, this winter. In the night bills, after "The Ambassador," by Mrs. Craigie, has run its course, Mr. Alexander will put forward Shakespeare's "Henry V."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie is composing the incidental music for Irving's revival of "Richard II," and Edwin Abbey is designing the scenery and dresses. Ellen Terry will play the Queen. She will also have a prominent part in the Sardon "Robespierre," and will of course, be Roxane when Sir Henry does "Cyrano de Bergerac." Gossip now says he will do the Rostand play in a version made expressly for him by some poet whose name is not to be divulged yet a while. Sir Henry says that he and Miss Terry will make one more professional visit to this country.

Howard Gould of the famous Gould family of millionaires was married Oct. 12, in New York to Katherine Clemmons, the actress.

Anthony Hope's romantic drama, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," was successfully produced Oct. 11, under the management of Charles Frohman, at the Duke of York's Theatre London, Eng. The play was enthusiastically received, Evelyn Millard and Herbert Warring, who have the principal parts, being frequently recalled.

Spenser Walker has signed for the season to play the eccentric comedy in A. H. Woodhull's "Uncle Hiram."

Mae Lowery closed with Hoyt's "A Day and a Night" Co. Oct. 8

Edward Ovinge Towne, a lawyer, was sentenced in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 11, to an indeterminate sentence in the Joliet Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$1,500 on a conviction for having conspired with James Mowatt to wreck the Lumbermen's Building and Loan Association. Towne has dabbled in playwriting.

Grace Filkins, now playing with the "War Correspondent," will resume the role of Cella Pryse, in Charles Cogan's production of "The Royal Box," when that company leaves Baltimore, Md. Katherine Grey, who has been playing this role since the opening of the season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will retire from the cast in order to carry out other plans which she has in view.

Charles Frohman has arranged to open the Madison Square Theatre every season during his management of that house with a play by George H. Broadhurst, author of "What Happened to Jones," "The Wrong Mr. Wright," and "Why Smith Let Home." Mr. Frohman, however, acquires no proprietary rights in the plays. In consequence of this arrangement "Why Smith Let Home," despite its success on the road, will not be seen in New York till next September.

Mrs. Arabella S. Archer, the actress who has brought suit for divorce against her husband, Herbert Archer, has been granted by Chancellor McGill, of New Jersey, until Nov. 7, to publish the notice of suit to her husband, his answer to be filed by that time.

Wm. H. Crane opens in E. W. Presbrey's new comedy, "Worth a Million," Nov. 15, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

"The surge and swirl which for well nigh a month marked the opening of the theatrical season in London" says late correspondence from the great metropolis "has now completely simmered down. The successes are going strong, and the questionable hits are struggling to keep afloat, or one by one going under. Take it all in all the proportions of good fortune enjoyed by the managers is decidedly noteworthy, and the failure list remarkably small, in view of the many ventures which have been floated. Undoubtedly the most complete collapse has been that of the much paraphrased "Land of Nod," the venture in dramatic authorship of Albert Chevalier, which was withdrawn after a week of business conducted in a North Pole temperature. I had thought that it would have a slight success on the ground of curiosity to see the famous music hall performer in new characters, but such was not the case, and his introduction of several of his popular character sketches did not aid matters, from a box office point of view. Olga Netheroles very expensive production, "The Termagant" is also to vanish shortly, and the experiment has been a costly one. A wealthy newspaper proprietor is reported to have been the mainstay of the speculation. Another comparative failure at the start "The Royal Star," which succeeded "La Bouquet," at the Prince of Wales, has now been greatly brightened up and given more "go" by the introduction of new scenes and incidents. The announcement that it would be taken off and "La Poupée" revived is now denied, and the management has been writing to the papers, asking for "fair play" and hinting of "enemies." Under the changed conditions it has a much better chance than as first produced. Mr. Lowenfield, the manager of the "Prince of Wales," is said to have also secured the English rights of "Mou Enfant" a Paris success, in the farce comedy line, and to be looking for a West End theatre in which to produce it.

The second edition of "The Belle of New York" has been warmly received. The changes are not very noticeable, but have been widely noticed, and will attract old patrons to return for another visit. Young W. P. Carleton, the baritone, who is a son of the well known W. T. Carleton has won immediate success, and so has little Mlle. Proto, whose dancing on her toes secured three or four encores on her first appearance. Another change in the cast is that of Helen Whiting who came from New York with the other recruits and who has been given the part of Kissie Fitzgerald. One enthusiastic critic says: "The Belle" is new, more riotous and maddening than ever. There are no dulcet and decorous

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STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING.

facinations about her, for her blandishments are those of a handsome and brilliant virago who seizes you by the shoulders and shakes your admiration out of you."

"The Three Musketeers" bids fair to become a bore, owing to the tempestuous conditions which have risen in the theatrical teapot concerning its various rival firms. As your readers know Henry Hamilton wrote a brisk and successful version which was produced, with Lewis Waller as D'Artagnan, in the suburb of Camberwell. Mr. Waller's personal success was very great. Another version, written by Sydney Grundy for Beerholm Tree, is now being rehearsed on the road, and is due at Her Majesty's Theatre when Mr. Tree opens his season Nov. 3. Mr. Waller is to play the Duke of Buckingham and Mr. Tree D'Artagnan. They are in perfect professional accord, and all the rumors to the contrary appear to be false, as Mr. Waller has just re-engaged himself to Mr. Tree for three years. The Hamilton version is to be run as a rival to the Grundy version, however, and will open at the Globe Oct. 15, with Kylie Bellew a D'Artagnan Paul Arthur and Robert Tabor have both been mentioned in connection with the part. Thus will be seen the old partners Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter, in the rival casts for she is to be the Miladi in the Grundy version. Mr. Tree has been making speeches on his tour, praising Mr. Waller and the Hamilton version and writing to the papers denying rumors relating to their relations and adding that he has offered to let Mr. Waller play D'Artagnan in the Grundy version in the provinces. In the mean time several travesties and burlesques of the play are in preparation and the outlook begins to be favorable for a public verdict of "too much of a good thing."

In the Grundy version Frank Mills the American actor, who was seen here recently as the acrobat in "Sue" will be cast as Vicomte de la Fere in the prologue and as Athos, one of the musketeer trio, in the play proper. The part of Richelieu will be in the hands of Franklin McLeay.

The Companion for the Rest of 1898.

The principal attractions offered by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1898 provide a foretaste of the good things to follow in the new volumes for 1899. To the first issue in November Frank R. Stockton will contribute a humorous sketch, entitled "Some of My Dogs," and in the issue for the week of November 10th will appear Rudyard Kipling's thrilling story of the heroism of soldiers in the ranks, "The Burning of the Sarah Sands." In the seven issues to follow there will be contributions by Lord Dufferin, William D. Howells, J. E. Chamberlin, the American writer, correspondent, Mary E. Wilkins, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, the Marquis of Lorne, Mme. Lillian Nordica and I. Zangwill. Those who subscribe now for the 1899 volume will receive every November and December issue of THE COMPANION from the time of subscription to the end of the year free, the COMPANION Calendar for 1899 free, and then the entire 62 issues of THE COMPANION to January 1 1900. An illustrated announcement of the 1899 volume and sample copies will be sent free to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 29th

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

TOURIST WORK IN HALIFAX.

The result of the labors of the Tourist Association of Halifax is the subject of a somewhat interesting article in one of the newspapers of that city. The conclusion arrived at is "that their labors were not trifling or without effect." The recognition of the disadvantages in the line of tourist travel during the past summer seems to agree very well with the opinion that prevails throughout New Brunswick; viz that the attention of the people of the United States were so engrossed with their war with Spain, that they did not feel like moving away from the centre of news and excitement. Very many of them, indeed, had friends or relatives at the front, and their condition, their fate and their success caused most of them so much anxiety, that they did not feel like leaving the summer days in idleness in a foreign country, even if by doing so they secured the pleasures of health and recreation. As our contemporary says "the people stayed at home in a waiting attitude. But the paraphernalia of the association was constituted; its pamphlets and guides were sent abroad; preparations were made at home for the convenience of visitors, a large amount of information gathered from all parts of the Province, which will be of great utility in the near future, and some leading attractive features introduced by land and water in this vicinity, the scope of which will afford field for much development."

Some idea, however, of the number of visitors who went to Halifax is attempted to be gleaned by the records at the Legislative Hall, where, it appears, some 2067 people from the United States; 134 from Ontario; and 114 from Quebec enrolled their names. This seems to us to be a very incomplete and inadequate estimate of the visitors from these sections of the continent to the city of Halifax. While, no doubt, the legislative buildings are a considerable attraction to any sight seeing tourist, we question very much if one out of five of the people who visited Halifax took the pains or the trouble to register their names in the books in the Legislative Hall. We, in this city, have no such centre of registration, but then again we have no Legislative Hall. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be viewed, our parliament buildings are located at Fredericton, in which city they are a desirable attraction, to say the least, but if the name recorded on the registers of our many hotels, and the records of the steamship and railway companies are to be accepted, in part, as an evidence of the number of visitors to St. John, then indeed our past year has not been so far behind preceding summers, even under the unfavorable circumstances. Our Tourist Association has done good work and will no doubt continue to set forth the advantages of this city, and New Brunswick in general as a haven for tourists in summer.

HOW PULP CAN BE USED.

The interest that is felt in St. John, and in fact all through the Maritime Provinces, in the pulp industry, and the efforts that have been and are being made to encourage the establishment of pulp mills will not be decreased, at least, when the use for wood pulp are better and more fully known.

A New York authority on the subject states that even at the present time "boards of all sizes and shapes are manufactured out of wood pulp very faithfully to resemble the grain and texture of every kind of wood. The material costs about one-half the price of the genuine article, and it is used by carpenters, cabinet-makers, picture-frame makers and boat builders for panelling wainscoting and

decorative work generally, where lightness and durability are required. Two excellent qualities that the paper boards possess are, that they are not subject to warping and dry rot. There are no bad knots to mar the appearance of the surface, and as the material is smooth and does not require planing and can be easily cut with a fine saw, there seems every reason to believe that it will in time be used even more than it is.

Telegraph and telephone poles, flag-staffs and spars for small sailing vessels are the latest development in the line for manufacture from paper. They are made of pulp in which a small amount of borax, tallow, and other ingredients are mixed. These are cast in a mould in the form of a hollow rod of the desired diameter and length. The poles and spars are claimed to be stronger and lighter than wood. They do not crack or split, and it is said that when they are varnished and painted the weather does not effect them; beside possessing these advantages, the paper-made article can be made fire-proof by saturating it in a strong solution of alum water. When thoroughly dry the paper poles and spars will resist the action of flames.

The manufacture of enamelled paper bricks, which commenced in 1896, has now become a definite industry, as the material has been used for building purposes all over the United States with very satisfactory results.

The production of these bricks on the hollow principle is a marked feature in their form, the object being practically the same as that sought in the making of hollow forged steel shafting. Not only is a defective centre removed, but it is possible to put a mandrel into the hollow, and, by applying pressure, the walls are operated upon from both inside and outside. When a solid body is heated the temperature of the interior always varies from that of the outer portion, at first often resulting in the expansion of one or the other that causes the defects. It is for these reasons that the plan of forming the bricks upon the hollow principle and plugging them forward is of advantage. Sawdust is found to be a good filler for this purpose. It is first fire-proofed, as is also the paper pulp used in the bricks, then it is mixed with cement and pressed into the hollow of the bricks and smoothed and enamelled over.

Although paper horse-shoes are a recent invention, having only been manufactured in America during the past two years, their use has already become quite large with the owners of horses, especially in cities where asphalt pavements abound. On such roads in wet weather a horse fitted with paper shoes is less liable to slip than when provided with iron ones, and, besides being light and comfortable for an animal to wear, they are said to be more durable than iron shoes and are more easily and snugly fitted to the hoof.

The paper horse-shoe is made in practically the same way that a paper car wheel is formed. The paper is impregnated with oil or turpentine to make it water proof, after which it is glued together in layers. The glue or paste is a mixture of Venetian turpentine, linseed oil, powdered chalk and lacquer, and it does not become brittle when drying. The moist mass of paper and glue is subjected to a strong pressure in a hydraulic press, the holes through which the nails are driven in fastening the shoe to the horse's hoof being punched while the paper is still moist. The blacksmith fastens them on with nails in the usual manner. These shoes cost from \$1.50 to \$2 per set.

A Beautiful Pamphlet.

The latest pamphlet of the Canadian Pacific Railway is on the Hawaiian Islands; it is very neatly and artistically arranged and depicts in choice language and illustrations the beauty of this lovely mid-ocean group of islands. Their recent acquisition by the United States has opened a new world to American and European tourists, either pleasure or health seeking, who will find this a delightful semi-tropical climate with unrivalled attractions. The trans-continental trip is made by the C. P. R. from St. John in their solid vestibled sleeping and dining car train. The scenery along the route is of unusual diversity, the north shore of Lake Superior, picturesque and rugged wildness, Manitoba's mammoth wheat fields, and the Rockies and Selkirk's awful grandeur characterizes the overland journey to Vancouver, where the Canadian-Australian steamship "Warrimoo," "Miwera" or "Aorangi" is taken for Honolulu, the chief city of the Hawaiian, where the first insight is given of the dreamy native life of the Pacific, and where the fragrance of flowers perpetually fills the air; one of the world's beauty spots, and justly named the "Paradise of the Pacific." Steamers leave Honolulu twice a week for the different surrounding islands. A copy of this very interesting pamphlet may be had of A. H. Notman, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, St. John, N. B.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Unrevised. We never will tell what bliss befel, On yonder the lime trees straying; When first you told me you loved me well, And my soul was wrapt in a breathless spell; Till we saw not our lengthened staying. But I'd give the world for that joy again, Though I know that my silent prayer is vain, For the years make no delaying, Our loving with grief repaying.

We never will say how the shadows gray, Came down on the twilight resting; When my head on your throbbing bosom lay, And I felt it were heaven to live that day. The strength of affection testing, And your arms by the lime trees laid me fast, How little we dreamed it might be the last, The last of our hearts nesting; In that ecstasy life investing.

As the limes bent down for they longed to know The love in our hearts the sweetest; As the clover drew for we soon must go, How swiftly the golden moments flow; O the fondest joys are the sweetest, When the bliss is past and hope has flown, To love is the saddest enjoyment known, O love that we must forego, Beloved so loved in the long ago.

But we never will tell what last we said, When the limes at death stood still; With their gentle breathing over head, For fear that a word should die or be dead, When our anguish our spirits fill, But the wild rose loosed from the wild sea shore, And the ebb of the loving love was o'er, And never again was its passionate thrill, In my heart the sweet promise of bliss fulfil.

Some day perchance? ah my love no more, Your white arms around me pressing; Shall the heavenly rapture, so sweet before, Though agonizing my soul implore, Return with its rapturous blessing, For we said farewell with blim'ring tears, O life! O love! O burdened years! O the last of our souls caressing! We are dead and there's no confessing. CYRUS GOLDB.

To Millie. The fairest daughter of the valley-town! To you knowest it that thou art fair. Thou walkest all unconcerned (up and down The shady street) that thy dark hair Might grace the head of some Egyptian queen; Thine eyes more glorious slow than jet-like sheen! When gazing long at thee, though thou complainest That I should choose thee for my glance, Thou in my mad dream seem, and there remainest, Fair Millie, who flower-toiled, did dance For Selim's soft music I never did the halls— Sweet perfume rose from flower-draped walls.

Those eyes! their lustrous entrance me full-well; Their large brown orbs more beautiful slow Than black-eyed Senecas, those that dwell In clover-fields where yeoman go. Through morn, to morn the grasses sweet; 'o'er there Where Intervale keeps watch o'er mountains fair! That nose, as some poet would said soft to love— Those lips, moulded for lover's caressing, For Lippo's chisel as rare choice would prove,— But most I love those eyes, that peering afar in dreamland, have in their lustrous glow Some unknown thought, that I would love to know!

Unconscious beauty—innocent at heart— Thou, Millie! fairest of the town, When soon from these fair mountain-scenes I part, Mount Washington is there sorrow crown! Those eyes, those lips, that nose, that form, full-tall— Will to my mind some beauties queen recall! LOUIS M. KLEINMUNCH.

Written at Intervale, N. E. Six by Seven. They had thought love in a cottage Would be done; "I will help you wash the dishes, My divine, And we two will just be happy, Rain or shine." She entranced, enraptured, heard him, And was glad. She had read a lot of novels, And she knew love in a cottage Wasn't bad.

So they stood before the preacher, He and she; Then they bunted for a cottage, But, ah me! There was none they'd live in, even Though 'twere free!

She had given up her novels And all that, She had farmed out both her parrot And her cat. They are living in a six by Seven fit.

His Rise. There was a man who started out To elevate the human race, To clear old heresies away, And make the world a better place. He delved in ancient, musty tomes, He often turned the midnight oil, And labored, that this busy world Might be the better for his toil.

He wrote in verse and otherwise The lessons that he had to teach, But no one bought his books nor would The people listen to him preach. For years he sought to make the world A better and a fairer place— To clear old ignorance away And elevate the human race.

At last, half starved and in despair, He put his boots and pen away, And lo! it that which he strove to do He does with simple ease today; He elevates the human race— Read on, and I will tell you how— His crusty pen is idle, but He runs an elevator now.

The Rattle of the Coal. The signs that winter's drawing near Are seen on every hand, To clear the corners of the streets The chestnut men will stand. The football men fight hard to drive The ball across the goal. And everywhere around you hear The r-r-rattle of the coal!

With crashing roar the load is dumped, And swiftly hurried in, While grimy men like Titans work To fill the yawning bin. "Furnace" and "boiler" and "agg" and "nut," Through steel chutes blithely roll. It makes the dealer smile to hear The r-r-rattle of the coal!

And oh! before the empty carts Have gone a quarter mile, Already bridges has begun To die away the pile. With hod and shovel she will toil Until the heap's a hole, And then—she'll hear The r-r-rattle of the coal!

TURNUED OUT OF THE "ANNEX."

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

after a while he went over and interviewed the man in charge, and learned from him the arrangements that had been made for the hire of the rooms. He thereupon ordered the immediate removal of the two couples from the hotel, and after a brief period they were going to make a stand, but at a glance they realized the game was up, and thought that their quiet exit was best for themselves from a moral standpoint. They were two sick looking couples without a doubt. The men were somewhat pale and excited, while the women's faces were flushed and they looked somewhat frightened. They were exceedingly glad when they once more reached the street but the very thoughts of publicity and what would follow afterwards made them forget the pleasant moments that they had spent but a short time previously. The females hurried quickly home, and the commercial men made the night of it together, discussing what the outcome of the affair would be. One of the parties travels for a big wholesale grocery house in this city, while the other was from Montreal.

The agent of the hotel does not by any means intend to let the matter drop where it is. He is going to make them pay up for the whole month for which they engaged it for, and if they do not, he will take the matter into court. There is not the slightest doubt but that the matter will be settled on the quiet, as they would do anything rather than to have the females given away in the matter.

Game Cocks Fight to a Finish.

A well known bird fancier in this city had two game cocks of particular excellence a few days ago. Now he has only one. The birds were so good, that at a recent show, where they were exhibited, both of them captured prizes, and one of them, which may be called St. Louis, pleased the judges so much, that not only a first prize was awarded him but a special commendation was given to the owner. The other bird, which may be called Chicago, was also a prize winner, but not to such an extent. Of course each of them when at home occupied different apartments. They were not allowed to do anything more than to gaze at each other between the slats that divided them. It would almost seem that Chicago knew that St. Louis had beaten him in the show, for he appeared at different times to be particularly anxious to see if he could beat him in a stand up fight. His desire was gratified one morning through the carelessness of the lad who fed and watered them, and afterwards left the little door open that divided their pens. Chicago went for St. Louis red hot. They had't any spurs on except those that nature gave them, and they had not been in training either. There was no pit or spectators, and no agent for the S. P. C. A. present, but when the fight was over St. Louis was dead, and Chicago sufficiently mutilated to make him almost useless to his owner, and to show him, that if his rival could beat him in a show contest, he had not any chance in a fight. But what would the sports, who delight in this sort of business, have given to see such a game contest?

Proprietor Clarke of the Cafe Royal is in Boston on a vacation. He will, no doubt, have the same sort of a quiet and enjoyable time as his Boston friends have when they come here. They get their rest when they return to Boston and if the plans for the St. John man's entertainment and pleasure while in Boston, materialize he will be pleased to come home too.

The Hesse Case Next Month. The street railway's intention is to fight, for they have entered a plea of "Not Guilty." What that may mean will probably be shown by the defence. The case will be one of the most interesting that has been tried in a long time in this city. The best lawyers are engaged and the legal battle will be a notable one.

A Valuable Gift. The best gift a parent can bestow upon a child is a good education. Money may be lost, but a good education remains forever. No one can rob the possessor of this inheritance, and he cannot give it away. Parents should send for the new catalogue of the Currie Business University. This institution is second to none in Canada.

Well, that fellow gets a new overcoat every winter. Oh, no he doesn't, he gets his old one dyed at Ungar's. They make the old new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

An eccentric man is one who is off his eccentric.

It is impossible in any kitchen to use with good results the cream of tartar and soda found in the shops, because they contain impurities and vary so greatly in strength that they cannot be mixed in proper proportions. Royal Baking Powder is uniform in strength and absolutely pure. Its results are perfect and always even. Dr. Valade, one of the public analysts of the Dominion, in reporting upon the different leavening agents, says Royal Baking Powder is superior and should be used in every household.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR A SCOOP.

The Pathetic Death of Journal Correspondent Collins Told by a Friend.

The story of the death of the war correspondent of the Boston Journal, Frank Collins, is told by a brother newspaper man and printed in the Chicago Inter-Ocean as one of the most pathetic incidents of the war. The friends of Collins in Boston know well his high purpose and all-consuming ambition.

Frank Collins, who died at Tampa recently, gave up his life for a "scoop." Before the war he was known as a beautiful writer, but was never known to turn up news. Great was the astonishment of all before the outbreak of the war, to see 'Col' going to the front as a war correspondent.

When Collins sailed, his paper had no idea it could depend upon him for big news. That was to be secured by a New York connection. 'Old Col,' was to write. If his stuff turned out first-rate, well and good. If not, he was to be 'soaked.' He got on the ground just in time for the rough riders' fight and the big engagements that followed. When other correspondents were afraid to leave the lines and travel across country with dispatches Collins trudged every bit of the way on foot. He dodged Spanish sharpshooters, swam streams, starved and fainted from exhaustion to reach the cable station. There he found that his paper had a quarrel with their New York ally and that he had no cabling facilities. He had no idea how new his stuff was. To telegraph \$150 worth or more of stuff might mean that his paper would refuse to stand for it, and he would be discredited, besides having to be the whole expense. But he was such a good fellow, had struggled so, and borne such hardships, that the correspondents of another big news agency took his matter and put it to the wire for him. Back went Collins into the thick of things, feeling how he must be of considerable use to his paper. He did not know it, but his staff was a 'scoop.' The other Boston reporters had been afraid to leave the trenches, and Collins' account was the only one that appeared that day in a Boston paper.

Collins worked like mad, never sparing himself, and fairly laughing at danger. He had no tent, nothing to eat, no place to sleep, no helpmate, and not even the knowledge that his matter was being printed.

One night he came sick, rain-soaked, half-starved into a tent in which a Cincinnati and a New York newspaper man were trying to find shelter.

"For God's sake boys," he said, "can't you take me in?" They were sleeping on a square of canvas, folding part of it over for a cover. Collins was welcomed and jollied and cheered as much as possible. Collins cried like a baby. During the night he told the Cincinnati reporter about his sweetheart. He had a half-dozen pictures of her hidden away in the breast of his old jacket.

"She's a rich girl," he said, "and her people are away up, you know. But if I make a success of this boys, I shan't be ashamed to ask her folks for her."

Collins took passage for Tampa on the Arkansas with a lot of other correspondents when the fighting was over. Then he learned what his paper had been doing with his stuff. They were printing it with his name at the top of the page in letters an inch long. Collins was a success. "Hurrah, boys," he shouted feebly, while tears of joy ran down his wasted cheeks.

Collins was taken to a hospital at Tampa. He died there a few days afterward. In the pockets of his old brown blouse and stitched tightly in the front, they found pictures of the Boston girl.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, likely from an adjacent page or a list of names.



The society brides of this year seem to be very unfortunate in regard to favorable weather for the "day of days" as the last two or three weddings in the smart set have taken place amidst the most furious rain storms. Though the day selected by Miss Alice Tuck daughter of Judge Tuck, and Mr. Charles F. Freeman-Lake of Nainon, B. C. was a particularly disagreeable one, the steady down-pour of rain did not debar the friends and acquaintances of the contracting parties from witnessing the ceremony which took place in Centenary church at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon and at which Rev. John Read officiated. The church was tastefully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants, and looked exceedingly pretty. Many handsome gowns were worn by the ladies despite the disagreeable state of the weather, and the wedding was one of the prettiest we have had for a long time.

The ushers were C. Walter Clark, L. P. D. Tilley, T. B. Blair and L. U. Thomas. At two o'clock as the bride entered on the arm of her father, the organist, Miss Alice Hea, played the "Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," which was finely sung by a choir of twenty-five led by Joshua Clawson. The bride was attired in a rich wedding dress of ivory white satin trimmed with Honiton lace, and wore a bridal veil trimmed with orange blossoms. She carried a white prayer book. The bridesmaids Miss Emma Tuck and Miss Ann Scammell wore dresses of pink silk covered with white organdie and large black picture hats. They carried bouquets of pink chrysanthemums. Arthur T. Thorne was groomsmen. As the happy couple left the church the organ pealed forth the Mendelssohn wedding march.

The wedding party and guests returned to Judge Tuck's residence on Orange street where refreshments were served, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Freeman-Lake left by C. P. R. for Montreal. The presents received by the bride were numerous and elegant including china, cut glass, silver-ware and pictures. From Mr. Freeman-Lake's home in England came some interesting pieces of old family silver, and a small plate that had been the property of Sir William Fenwick Williams, and had journeyed in two or three continents with the hero of Kara, was a gift to the bride from a member of General Williams' family.

- J. Harry Kaye, Miss S. Kinnear, W. A. Lockhart, Jr., Miss Lindsay, Miss Little, R. F. Markham, A. E. Massie, Mrs. Lalonde, Misses McMillan, Alex. Macanlay, Mrs. McLean, A. McMillan, Miss L. McAvity, Miss Macaulay, Miss R. McAvity, Miss McDonald, Miss Ontram, A. W. Peters, E. L. Perkins, Edwin Peters, Arthur Patton, Alfred Porter, A. Partridge, Mrs. E. L. Perkins, Mrs. Patton, Miss Partridge, Mrs. Edwin Peters, Misses Pugsley, Mrs. C. S. Patterson, Mrs. Alfred Porter, J. L. Robinson, J. G. Rainnie, Duncan Robertson, H. C. Rankine, H. B. Robinson, R. R. Rankine, J. Henry Robertson, Misses Raimie, Mrs. F. J. H. Ruel, Mrs. H. C. Rankin, Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mrs. J. H. Robertson, F. E. Sayer, E. T. Sturdee, E. P. Shannon, J. O. Sharp, Miss Louise Skinner, Miss Florence Schofield, Misses Scammell, Miss Clara Schofield, Miss Stone, Mrs. Seely, R. S. Sims, Miss Skinner, F. H. Tippet, C. E. Taylor, Miss Titus, H. Vroom, Miss Vroom, John R. Warner, Robert Wisely, Dr. T. D. Walker, Mrs. T. Walker, E. LeRoi Willis, Miss Wedderburn, Miss Wisely.

There were a number of young ladies who through this ball, made their entrance into the hall-casting charms of society's realm. They were in the debutante conventional but always appropriate and lovely white gowns, and their enjoyment of the occasion was quite evident. The duties of chaperoning the ball devolved upon Mesdames Holden, Charles Harrison, George McAvity, Charles McDonald, Alfred Porter, J. E. Sayer, E. T. Sturdee, W. E. Vroom, Thomas Walker, and Andrew Jack, who attended to their duties in an ideal manner. Among the many lovely gowns worn the following were particularly noticeable.

- Mrs. W. E. Vroom, a handsome black satin trimmed profusely with jet and lace. Mrs. F. L. Peters, figured India silk, lace trimmings and pearls. Mrs. J. V. Ellis, black silk gown, the bodice of which was trimmed with white lace. Mrs. Holden, a beautiful black moire trimmed with black lace, and crimson flowers. Mrs. Charles Harrison was looking particularly charming in a black and white china silk with pearl trimmings. Mrs. Harrison's was one of the prettiest and most striking gowns worn and was greatly admired. The effect of Mrs. E. I. Sturdee's becoming white silk crepon dress was enriched by a military belt she wore, and which certainly deserved the admiring comments it elicited. The waist plate of the belt is part of a helmet plate of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry with the letters "V. R. I." on each side of this are Grenades of the 62nd St. John Fusiliers, and then four small officers buttons of the Royal Irish Regiment, Royal Scots Fusiliers, &c., the remainder of the belt is composed of officers' plated buttons of such regiments as the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Horse Artillery, Grenadier Guards, The Buffs, Royal Berkshire, Black Watch, The Queen's Royal West Surrey, Duke of Wellington's and numerous other crack regiments of the British army, there are also officers of such swell corps of the Canadian Militia as the Governor's Generals' Foot Guards, 6th Royal Scots, 6th Fusiliers, Royal Canadian Artillery, North West Mounted Police, 62nd Fusiliers, 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, the whole being arranged in two rows on black velvet, the army buttons were brought from England and the belt is certainly not only unique but a very handsome ornament to a lady's dress. Mrs. J. Morris Robinson wore an old gold satin, the bodice prettily arranged with black lace. Mrs. Harry Robertson wore her wedding gown of white brocade satin with pearl and lace trimmings. Mrs. F. Rankine, black silk and lace with pale blue trimmings. Mrs. Alfred Porter, grey satin and chiffon, with orange bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. (Dr.) Walker, black silk, lace and chiffon. Mrs. Lawson, grey bogalisse, chiffon and violets. Mrs. J. Otty Sharp, black silk and chiffon. Miss Johnstone, black brocade velvet, white lace on skirt and bodice and pearl trimmings. Miss Jean Johnstone, scarlet silk, white duchesse lace and roses. Miss Markham looked pretty in pale blue silk white chiffon and lilies of the valley. Miss Olive Stone, cream silk, with chiffon and pearl trimmings. Miss Ontram, black silk, heliotrope silk sash and violets. Miss Jennie Patterson, white mousseline de sole over white silk chiffon and orange bouquet of white roses. Miss Clara Gerow, white embroidered muslin and roses. Miss Hazel Raimie, pink satin and white roses. Miss Francis Raimie, black silk grenadine, black satin and flowers. Miss Clara Schofield, pink silk with pearl trimmings. Miss Florence Robertson pretty white silk with lace trimmings. Miss Louise Hamm, pink striped silk combined with nile chiffon, bridesmaid trimmings. Miss Macaulay looked exceedingly pretty in white silk crepon, with crimson carnations.

- Miss Blizard, nile green with overdress of white mousseline de sole, green moire ribbons, and roses. Miss Francis Stood, a pretty gown of white mousseline de sole, white chiffon and flowers. Miss Vroom, pink muslin prettily combined with pink velvet. Miss Grey, white muslin, lace and flowers. Miss G. Seeler, blue silk with white muslin overdress. Miss Fowler, white mousseline de sole over white silk. Miss Hegan, white muslin over pale blue silk. Miss Brock, black brocade satin and white chiffon. Miss Violet Kinnear of Sussex, pale blue figured silk trimmed with white lace and chiffon. Miss Fleming, pink satin with white mousseline overdress, pink satin ribbon trimmings. Miss Florence Perkins, white crepon with bodice trimmed prettily with chiffon. Miss Helen Perkins pink crepon, chiffon trimmings. Miss Lou McAvity, pretty pink silk gown with ribbon and lace trimmings. Miss Warner, green silk and lace. Miss Marjorie Holden, pink at and chiffon. Miss E. Robertson, heliotrope muslin with white chiffon trimmings. Miss Grace Dick, who was one of the prettiest among the young debutants wore a very prettily made white muslin, daintily ruffled and trimmed with lace. Miss Partridge, black grenadine, combined with black satin and chiffon. Mrs. E. S. Patterson pale blue satin. Miss Rebekah McAvity, white silk and chiffon. Miss Holden wore black satin, the bodice of which was exceedingly pretty, dated chiffon being combined with the satin with charming effect. Miss Patton had on a gown of black satin trimmed with lace. Miss Larcham, black silk grenadine with pink silk trimmings. Miss Hamilton, white satin with overdress of black milt se lace and chrysanthemums. Miss Hel n Hamilton white lace over green silk, lace and flowers. Miss Isabel Jarvis, pink silk trimmed with lace. Miss Jessie Walker a becoming yellow muslin gown with lace trimmings. Miss Grace Fairweather, white organdie prettily trimmed with insertion, lace, and white flowers. Miss Maizie Titus, white organdie, lace and flowers. Miss Fairweather, yellow organdie trimmed with purple ribbons and lace. Miss Edith Little, white silk, tulle and pearls, and orange bouquet of carnations. Miss Betts, handsome heliotrope satin trimmed with chiffon trimmings. Miss Louise Sharp, pink satin and chiffon. Miss Elsie Robinson, white silk trimmed with mousseline de sole and scarlet flowers. Miss Armstrong, black satin and chiffon. Miss Tapley, red silk, chiffon and ermine trimmings. Miss Edith Tilly, pale blue satin, and chiffon. Miss Donville, a most becoming gown of pink silk with white chiffon trimmings. Miss Gladys Campbell, looked very dainty and pretty in white muslin trimmed with lace, and orange bouquet of chrysanthemums. Miss Donville, a lovely gown of pale blue satin artistically trimmed with lace. Miss C. E. Smith, pink and white muslin. Miss E. Smith, an artistic combination of black and pink, trimmed with ribbons and lace. Miss Grant, white silk, lace and crimson flowers. Miss E. V. Jewelling, ruby satin, smilax and carnations. Miss Wisely, white silk with pearl trimmings, pink carnations and smilax. A Boston Correspondent sends the following to Progress: "Mr. John Preper of Boston and Miss Louise Lawton of Manchester, England, were united in marriage last week by Reverend Chas. Smith of Dorchester Mass. Miss Kitty Donovan recently of St. John, N. B. acted as bridesmaid and J. L. Dovey of Charlottetown supported the groom. A large number of guests were present including friends from New York. The bride was dressed in a handsome brown travelling suit. After the supper an enjoyable supper was furnished. The happy couple go homekeeping at 48 Newport street Dorchester Mass. They were the recipients of many handsome presents and best wishes of numerous friends." Lady Tilley returned this week from Ottawa where she has been visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Timmerman of Ivanhoe, Ont. were in the city last week. Mr. Timmerman is a brother of H. F. Timmerman of the C. P. R. &c. Mrs. A. N. McKay received her friends at her home 38 Duke St. last Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. E. Littler manager of the Standard Cveling Company has returned home, after a very enjoyable trip to Niagara, New York and Boston. Mrs. H. T. Cowan, of Main St. North End, received her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. (Continued on Friday Page.)

A Comparison!



Common Soap is like horse-power, slow and irregular—Welcome Soap is suggestive of electricity, modern, clear and swift. How can you hesitate to choose between the old and the new—the plodding mule and the rapid motor-car?

The Greatest Dirt Killer on Earth is WELCOME SOAP.

INSIST ON HAVING IT.

Jelly for Supper?

When there's but little time in which to get up a delicate dessert for supper why not use a time saving preparation—one whose quality you can be absolutely sure is just right. Lazenby's Jelly Tablets are used by the nobility in England—they know what highest quality stands for.

There are 13 varieties of Lazenby's Jelly Tablets—5 cent grocery sell them.

You Want a Piano

But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it . . .

Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free.

W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited.

PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Bockingham Sts. Halifax.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..

For . . . Coal or Wood.

More than 100 styles and sizes for FAMILY, HOTEL and Restaurant use.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.

ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

YOU CAN BUY A heavy steel range, 6 holes with reservoir and hot water ing ovens top and bottom in any part of Canada for . . . \$50.00

Equal in Weight, Durability and Efficiency to any in Canada or U. S.

The McClary Mfg. Co.,

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

Old Dresses to Sell?

Don't sell them—dye them!

But use a dye of high quality that you're absolutely sure won't crock or streak or fade and yet will give a brilliant color.

And, too, use a home dye that will wash and dye at one operation—clean, quick, safe. Such a dye is Maypole Soap. 10 cents (15 for black) of your grocer or druggist—but insist on having them—

Maypole Soap Dyes.

When You Order.....

PELIEE ISLAND WINES

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROGRESSION LITERARY.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUNN.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. G. SCOVIL

Tealand Commission Merchant | 62 Union Street.



"Too sweet for anything," is the Baby after a Bath with

Baby's Own Soap

Used by Thousands of Mothers.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

The second wedding will take place at five o'clock this afternoon at the handsome residence of Mr. J. J. Wallace, General Freight Agent of the I. C. R., when his second daughter Miss Jessie Wallace, will be married to Mr. W. N. Rippey, chief clerk to the General Superintendent of the I. C. R. Mr. Rippey's fair bride sister is amongst the most popular of our young people, and they will carry with them the best wishes of hosts of friends on their journey through life.

The third wedding will be that of Miss Isabella Scott, niece of Mr. Alexander Donald of the I. C. R. who will be wedded this evening to Mr. E. C. Coleman of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway, son of Mr. A. S. Coleman, of the I. C. R. The ceremony will take place at the residence of Mr. Donald, on Weldon Street, and will be performed by Rev. J. M. Ribbison, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church.

A wedding in which Moncton people will be deeply interested took place at the Methodist church in Shediac, last Wednesday afternoon, the bride being Miss Laura McFadden, daughter of Mr. John McFadden of the I. C. R. and the groom Mr. Harley White, of Alma Albert County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Howe, pastor of the church in the presence of a large number of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom. The bride is one of the fairest and most popular of Shediac's daughters, and looked charming in a very handsome dress of navy blue, with hat of navy blue velvet trimmed with ostrich plumes. She carried a shower bouquet of cream colored roses and carnations, and was attended by Miss Alice Rippey of whose fresh beauty was set off by a most becoming costume of green cloth, with large hat of green velvet. Miss Rippey carried a beautiful bouquet of pink roses. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by friends of the bride with ferns, pot-td plants, and trailing vines. Amongst the many beautiful and valuable presents received by the bride was a cheque for a thousand dollars from the father of the groom, one for five hundred from groom's brother, and a handsome piano from the groom himself.

Cards have been received by friends in Moncton announcing the marriage of Miss Jane Patrick Simpson, daughter of Mr. Robert Simpson of Glasgow Scotland, to Mr. Cecil Pattison Guard Fowler of Great Falls Montana, which took place last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's sister 144 West 46th street New York city. The New York Herald in giving an account of the wedding says that the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. T. S. Pratt in the presence of a small company of relatives and friends. The bride wore a very beautiful dress of white corded silk trimmed with lace and chiffon and made with a court train and carried a bouquet of bridal roses and maiden-hair fern. She was unattended. Luncheon was served after the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Fowler departed shortly afterwards on a short bridal tour through the Eastern states, before leaving for their home in Montana. Mrs. Fowler is a sister of Mr. R. W. Simpson of the I. C. R. engineering department and has been a frequent visitor to Moncton where she has many friends who will be interested in hearing of her marriage and who will unite in wishing her every possible happiness in her new home.

Mr. Edward Mcweeney, eldest son of the late Edward Mcweeney, for many years one of Moncton's most prominent business men, left town last Thursday for New York, where he intends trying his fortune in the field of journalistic work. Mr. Mcweeney graduated with honors from St. Joseph's college last June, and is said to have displayed such marked ability in the direction of literature that his instructors predict a brilliant future for him in his chosen profession. Mr. Mcweeney's Moncton friends will unite in wishing him every success.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Parsons of Woodstock, delegates to the Sunday school convention held here last week, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore of Fleet street, during their stay in town.

Miss Poole of Charlottetown, is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Cowling of Church street.

Mr. Mayne Archibald, son of Mr. F. S. Archibald of this city, left town on Thursday for Montreal in which city he has been fortunate enough to secure a good position. Mr. Archibald is a general favorite amongst the young people of the city who will deeply regret his departure.

Dr. Borden of Sackville, principal of Mount Allison Ladies' college, accompanied by Mrs. Borden and little daughters, spent a few days in town last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden of Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Parks, of St. John, who were delegates to the Sunday school convention, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Mcweeney at Hotel Brunswick, during their stay here.

Mrs. F. S. Yorton of Truro, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wallace of Cameron Street.

Mrs. Josiah Wood of Sackville who has been spending a few days in town visiting Rev. John and Mrs. Price at their home on Church Street returned home on Friday.

Mr. Hugh Hooper brother of Rev. E. Bertram Hooper, and himself a divinity student, is spending a few days in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hooper at St. George's rectory. Mr. Hooper assisted at both services in St. George's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Welleley Parson of Sussex, Sunday School delegate, were the guests of Captain and Mrs. W. C. Edgett of Harper Street, during their visit to the city.

Rev. James Crisp pastor of Carmarthen Street Methodist church, St. John who was also amongst the delegates was the guest of his brother Rev. R. S. Crisp, pastor of Wesley Memorial Church, during his stay.

Mrs. H. A. Price, who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Sloth, of Bonaccord Street returned to Halifax last week.

The numerous friends of Mrs. W. H. Burns of Fredericton, who is always a welcome guest in our city, are glad to see her in town again. Mrs. Burns is visiting her mother Mrs. Samuel McKean, at "Ravenswood."

Mr. E. A. Harris left town on Saturday night to spend a few days in Montreal.

The numerous changes which have taken place recently in the I. C. R. staff will have the effect of making a good many changes in society circles. Mr. J. E. Price former division superintendent between St. John and Halifax having been promoted to the position of general superintendent with headquarters in this city will remove his family from Truro to Moncton, while Mr. George M. Jarvis who takes Mr. Price's place at Truro will no doubt remove his family there. Mr. H. B. Fleming succeeds Mr. Jarvis as chief train despatcher of the I. C. R. and Mr. Gland W. Price takes Mr. Fleming's position. In fact there seems to be a general promotion all around in the train despatching department, and one pleasing effect of the changes will be the return of Mr. Andrew Dunn recently transferred to Campbellton. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn's numerous friends in this city will be very glad to hear of the change.

Mr. J. D. McNutt who has been stationed at Montreal for the past four years as relieving despatcher between Moncton and Truro has been promoted to the position of train despatcher at New

A BOOK OF 1,500 PAGES FOR ONE DOLLAR

Each number contains upwards of 125 PAGES with a number of Lithographic and Colored Plates devoted to FASHION, CULTURE, WOMAN'S WORK AND RECREATION. Interesting, reliable and thoroughly up-to-date information and exposition of the prevailing and incoming styles in dress and materials are set forth and illustrated, besides which The Delineator covers a wide range of topics touching on nearly everything else of interest to women: Fancy Work, Cookery, the Care of the Children, Household Duties and Appointments. Beauty and Hygiene, Etiquette, Education, Employments and Professions, Handicrafts and Occupations, Entertainments, etc., etc., with a short story each month by a distinguished novelist.

The December The Delineator Christmas Number of

and is a marvel of completeness in all its departments. The Winter Fashions in Dress and Millinery are elaborately illustrated and described, the Literary features are of an unusually high order of merit, and the Household Specialties are of the most seasonable and original character. The tender sentiment of A Modern Christmas Saint, by Clara E. Laughlin, will appeal to lovers of Stevenson in a peculiarly affectionate way. The Roboso of Senora Vigiel, by Eva Wilder Brothard, is a captivating sketch of passionate, kind-hearted character to be found in the Southwest. Washington Society During the War, by Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, is an interesting retrospect of life at the Capital during the late conflict. Keeping Watch, an impressive Christmas poem, by Edith M. Thomas, tells the shepherd's story of the finding of the Christ-child. In the series on The Commonwealth of Life, Dr. Grace Peckham Murray analyses the physical conditions and social aspects of Old Age. The article in the series on Amateur Photography contains a number of suggestions in regard to making photography remunerative for the amateur. Eleanor Georgian contributes another and arly chapter on The Cultivation of the Voice. In Porter Tableau, by Lina Beard, will be found complete technical directions for preparing an elaborate artistic entertainment. A notable group of Holiday Household Hints, by Helen M. Winslow, includes Holiday Candy Making, Holiday Games, Holiday Girling at Home, by Ruby F. Warner, and Festivities of the Holiday Season, by Blair. Girls' Interests and Occupations, by Lafayette McLean, and Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow, are characteristically entertaining; and the regular departments: Social Observances, conducted by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones; The Tea-Table, by Edna S. Witherspoon; Fancy Stitches and Embroidery, by Emma Haywood; The Dressmaker, Millinery, Lace-Making, etc., comprise a profusion of additional matter of distinctive interest.

The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited,

33 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Imagine a book 11 in. long, 8 in. wide and 3 in. thick, which comprises 1,500 pages of readable matter, printed on good paper, and including at least 24 Full Page Lithograph Plates, 36 Printed Color Plates and 96 Colored Pages on Heavy Paper, and you will have a conception of what you will receive when you



Do you know that the subscription price of The Delineator can be saved many times over in ordering patterns with the coupon or pattern check, which appears in each issue of the Magazine? Look in The Delineator, just after the Ladies' colored pages, and you will find the check. You can save \$4.50 a year, or 40 cents a month, if you find your family or dressmaking requirements call for one each of the Patterns specified in the Check.

After a long visit spent with relations in Philadelphia, Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher has returned home accompanied by her sister, Miss Wincock, of Philadelphia.

The Misses Thomson, daughter of Hon. F. P. Thomson entertained a small party of friends most pleasantly on Tuesday evening in honor of their guests. Games of all sorts whiled away the hours all too soon till supper was served and the guests departed at an early hour.

Mrs. John Palmer, is tonight entertaining a juvenile party in honor of his young son's James birthday.

Mr. Robert Edwards of Halifax is in the city, visiting his mother, at her handsome villa at the West End.

Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield of Jersey City, N. S. are spending a few days in town.

Premier Emerson is here attending the local government which is now in session.

Miss Mamie Coleman is on a two months' visit to New York City.

Mr. Donald Fraser was in St. John this week and returned home Tuesday evening.

Mr. Bell and Mr. Hasan Grimmer of St. Stephen are in the city.

Miss Casey of New York City who has been spending the summer there with her aunt Mrs. Craugh returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. James Jardine of Detroit, Michigan, is paying a flying visit to the Celestial this week.

Mr. Walter Scott and Mr. W. Perth of Montreal spent Sunday in the city.

MONTON.

[Programme is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.

Oct.—"Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all," is a wedding advice which seems to be almost universally believed in since fully three thirds of the marriages which are recorded take place on Wednesday. Perhaps the fact of the lucky day coming in the middle of the week, and therefore giving plenty of time for preparation, and "setting to rights" again may have something to do with its popularity but it is undoubtedly a favorite day with those who are about to commit matrimony. It is recorded by an observer of such phenomena that on one Wednesday last summer there were no fewer than nineteen bridal couples on the train which passed through Moncton between St. John and Halifax. Of course that was in June, and this is the latter part of October, but yet no less than three weddings will have taken place in Moncton today between sunrise and sunset—a very creditable record indeed for one of the off months in the matrimonial calendar.

The first of these happy events took place this morning at the early hour of six o'clock, in St. Bernard's R. C. church, when Miss Annie Hamilton eldest daughter of Mr. James Hamilton of the Customs department was married to Mr. Michael Meagher of the C. P. R. Telegraph Company. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Meagher, and in spite of the early hour a large number of friends and relatives were present. The bride was unattended, and looked exceedingly well in a most becoming travelling gown of cadet blue cloth, with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Meagher left immediately after the ceremony in the early morning train, for a short trip to St. John, and other points. They were followed by the best wishes of their numerous friends.

relish that dainty, nutritious dessert Junket, made with so little trouble, in so short a time, and at insignificantly small a cost with

PAPAS AND MAMAS TOO.



Hansen's Junket Tablets

A quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring, a single Junket Tablet, a very little heat, 5 minutes in all and you have Junket.

Sold by grocers and druggists in packets of ten tablets at 15 cents. Booklet containing 35 recipes accompanies.

AGENTS FOR CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Glasgow and left town on Saturday to assume his new duties. Mr. McNutt has made numerous friends during his residence in the city and will be greatly missed especially in the choir of St. John's presbyterian church of which he was a valued member.

Mr. I. L. Boomer of the Moncton office has been promoted to Mr. McNutt's place and departed last Saturday for Truro.

It is understood that Mr. George C. Allen of this city has been appointed travelling advertising agent of the I. C. R. and his numerous friends are congratulating him on his good fortune.

Mr. W. N. Rippey of the General manager's office has received the well deserved promotion to the position of chief clerk to the new General Superintendent. Mr. E. Colelong, of the same office takes the post of private secretary.

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considered beneficial. It is hoped that he will be completely restored to health on his return.

Mr. W. Arthur Boyd, for some years a member of the Moncton staff of the Bank of Montreal, but more recently of Goderich, Ont., has been transferred to the branch at Regina, N. W. T. Mr. Boyd left hosts of friends in Moncton who will be interested in hearing of his promotion, and wish him every success in his new home.

Mr. R. C. Donald returned home yesterday from Windsor, N. S. where he has been associated with Mr. Paul Lea in a number of large contracts for past eight or nine months. Mr. Donald intends spending a short holiday at his home in Moncton.

HAVALOOK.

Oct. 18.—Mrs. Davidson, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. A. H. Robinson, has returned from Sussex.

Miss McCready of Moncton is visiting Miss Blanche Alford.

Rev. Mr. Saeli, drove to Canaan Sunday afternoon to attend the "quarterly meeting."

Mr. Hickson of St. John is in the village.

Mr. A. H. Robinson was in Moncton on Saturday.

Mrs. R. McCready and Mrs. Davidson spent a few days at Elgin last week.

Miss Palmer of Sackville is the guest of her sister Mrs. H. Sharpe.

Messrs. Hilyard, K. H. and J. D. Seely drove to Elgin, on a hunting expedition the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Oran Keith who was visiting her daughter Mrs. Ritchie, of St. John has returned home.

Rev. Mr. Paisley of Sackville preached in the Methodist church Sunday afternoon. Mr. Paisley was the guest of Mr. Robert Taylor, over Sunday.

THINGS OF VALUE.

In the bar-rooms of Klondike, when a man wants a whisky he reaches over his neighbor's bag, from which is taken a pinch of gold dust.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dyspeptic Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which obtains saving, great suffering, and frequently irremediable lives. The Cordial has earned for itself a wide spread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

No married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Expeller because they know it is safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

The cost of St. Peter's, Rome, was over £14,000,000.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corn by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes: Mrs. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

A man walking day and night without resting would take 428 days to journey round the world.

Six Oils.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' ECZEMA OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest essential oils in existence—removes rheumatic pain, eradicates skin-diseases of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

He knows much that knows enough to know that he knows nothing. True; but he knows more that knows enough to look as though he knew everything.

A CAREFUL PREPARED FILL.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Farmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pill may be, Farmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion, and whose livers and kidneys may conceivably accept them as being what they are represented to be.

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe, the yearly average being 5,000 hours.

A STOCKHOLDERS MEDICINE.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Farmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfill every wish claimed for it.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator.

and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

CAFE ROYAL

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

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

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership subsisting between us, the undersigned, as

E. LAWTON & CO.

has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be paid to Edmund Lawton at St. John aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edmund Lawton, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at St. John this 10th day of September, 1898. EDMUND LAWTON, A. M. PHILLIPS.

CARD.

E. LAWTON

Wishes to inform his friends and the general public that he will be found at the old stand 114 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Horn Building, and by keeping the very choicest stock of Wines and Liquors to merit a fair share of the business. O. J. HAVANA cigars a specialty.



FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degraas Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Miss Bailey has returned from a visit to St. Stephen where she was the guest of Mrs. Harriet Clarke and Mrs. D. A. Melvin.

The marriage took place in St. Stephen's church Thursday when Rev. D. J. Fraser united in marriage Miss Nina Golding, daughter of Mr. A. W. Golding with Mr. James B. Gillespie. The bride was attended by a sister in a brown travelling suit of cloth; the marriage was witnessed only by immediate relatives of the contracting parties. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie are spending their honeymoon in St. John's and other Canadian cities.

The Kennebec Yacht Club concert on Thursday evening was largely attended and brought together a most fashionable audience. The various numbers on the programme were most enjoyable and those whose names appeared in connection therewith acquitted themselves very creditably.

Next week the attraction for theatre goers will be The Burglar, and The Empress of France, the latter to be played on Wednesday evening. William Harris and Augusta de Forrest the two leading people in the company are said to be exceptionally clever in their line of work. The Empress of France is a strong play, and of a style all too rare in St. John in these days of cheap repertoire. The engagement promises to be successful.

Rev. Dr. Chapman of Point de Bute, who has been suffering from poor health for the past few weeks, has gone to Boston to consult physicians there.

The Misses Oly entertained a few friends very pleasantly at their residence on Orange street last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Rising spent a few days in Nova Scotia recently. They returned home this week.

Miss Lily Upham has returned to her home in Sussex after a pleasant stay with friends here. Miss Jessie D. Hunter accompanied her home.

Mrs. Mark Teakles of Sussex, sister of Dr. A. Stockton is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Sears who was the guest of Mayor and Mrs. Sears for a little while returned to Kingston, Ont. this week.

The Misses Nicholson are visiting friends in Halifax for a few weeks.

The Misses Rodden have returned from a very pleasant and agreeable trip through the New England States.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collins are back from an extended and agreeable trip through the New England States.

Mrs. John R. Copp left last week to make a visit in Shelburne, after spending a few days there, with friends she will go to Charlottetown, where she will visit her parents for a few weeks.

Miss Annie Lead who has been visiting Miss Worden, has returned to New York.

Mr. Hedley Barbour spent last Sunday at the capital.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLean of Charlottetown are spending a portion of their honeymoon in St. John.

The East Indian fair which was held in St. Matthews church, Douglas avenue was well attended despite the unfavorable weather, and was quite successful. The ladies connected with the church worked little sleepably for the fair and it is pleasing to know that their efforts have been rewarded.

Sergeant-Vajor and Mrs. Walker entertained the Colonel and officers of the Fusiliers at supper, at their residence Princess street last Tuesday evening. About twenty-five guests were present and enjoyed the excellent supper prepared by the gracious hostess and her charming daughters. The evening was spent in music, speckmaking and other pleasant pastimes.

Mr. and Mrs. Leville White returned this week from a three weeks trip in the Upper Canadian cities and the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Harding left Thursday for a short visit to Montreal.

Miss Jessie Slipp of the west end was also among Thursday's exiles, having left for a few weeks' visit to Ottawa.

Mrs. Joseph Meredith of St. Stephen was here for a few days during the week.

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!



- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, \$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted, 2.15
Years - .90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years - .65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, .85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece, - .20
Alloy Frames, Note - .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, - .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay.

Respectfully yours, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

interesting lecture by Rev. W. G. Lowe on Tuesday evening. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of views in all colors.

Mrs. Townsend left on Wednesday for a visit in Montreal. Dr. Townsend accompanied her as far as Amherst.

Mr. H. E. Quinn, Annapolis, is staying at the Alpha.

There is a general feeling of regret at the departure of Rev. E. H. Stone and his family who have this week removed to Kingston.

Mr. Lawson Jenks has gone to F. E. Island.

DORCHESTER. [Programme for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Oct. 26.—The death occurred last Wednesday of Mrs. Wealdon of London, Eng., after an illness of about six months. Mrs. Wealdon was a sister of Messrs. H. W. Palmer, M. S. Farmer, and F. Palmer and also a sister of Mrs. Joshua King. She leaves a husband and one daughter Miss Daisy Wealdon who has been here all summer to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place on Friday at three o'clock from Mr. M. B. Palmer's residence to Trinity church and from there to the cemetery.

Mr. G. R. Poynter returned from Canning N. S. last week.

Miss E. M. Dibble is visiting friends in Sackville.

Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum of Fredericton spent a day in town last week the guest of Mrs. G. W. Chisholm at Maplehurst.

Mr. R. W. Hewson of Moncton was in town today.

Mrs. G. W. Chandler and Miss E. M. Dibble spent a day in Sackville last week the guest of Mr. J. F. Allison.

GREENWICH. Oct. 25.—Mrs. David Crowe of Fredericton made a short visit to her mother last week and returned home on Monday. On Saturday Mrs. Holder went to Fredericton to spend Sunday with her daughter.

Miss Fairly was the guest of Mrs. Fred Whippley last week.

Capt. Peatman went to Dalhousie last week to join the stmr. City of Monticello.

Mrs. Albert McCleery visited friends here last week.

Mrs. and Mrs. McLeod were in St. John last week attending the wedding of their granddaughter.

HAMPSHIRE. Oct. 25.—Rev. W. B. Perry, free baptist clergyman, who has lately resigned his charge at Grand Manan, to take up a new field of labor at this place entered upon his new duties last Sunday. Mr. Perry's family have arrived here and have received a hearty welcome from the people. The free baptist feel gratified to know they have secured the services of a very energetic clergyman. During the last five years Mr. Perry has attended 200 preaching services per year, 185 prayer and conference meetings, 84 funerals, 90 baptisms and has travelled, 10,000 miles.

BURROUGHS'S MARRIAGE PLANT. Beautifully illustrated for Making Runaway Couples One and at Home.

The Rev. A. H. Burroughs, perhaps better known as 'Parson Burroughs,' of the city of Bristol, Tenn., probably bears the distinction of marrying the most runaway couples during the last nine years of any licensed clergyman in this country.

Parson Burroughs is an ordained baptist minister of the State of Virginia. In August, 1889, he decided to give up regular preaching and moved to Bristol, Tenn., where he leased the Nickles House and established himself in the hotel business.

The hotel building is a two-story and very dilapidated structure. He soon discovered that his location and his authority to perform the marriage ceremony could be put to a profitable use.

During the first four months of his hotel life he had been called upon to marry eleven couples, nearly all of them being runaway couples, and in the case of either one or both of the contracting parties there were unmountable obstacles in the way of their getting married in the State where they lived, for they were nearly all from the States of Virginia or West Virginia.

He made an investigation and found that the marriage laws in the State of Tennessee permitted the marriage of any woman of twelve years of age or over and of any man of fourteen years of age or over without the consent of their parents or guardians, while in the States of Virginia and West Virginia the consent of the parent or guardian must be obtained for both parties for all ages under 21 years.

Whenever we see an old woman with whiskers, we wonder if they grow after marriage or before.

COULD SCARCELY RAISE HIS HAND.

Yet took care of seventy head of stock.

The farmer who found a friend.

Several results often follow a strain, especially when it affects the back, and few people are so liable to strain as those who are lifting heavy loads of various kinds, from day to day. The teamster invariably overtaxes his strength. Fatigue, with the class of work he handles, enables him to entirely give the load he lifts so as not to put an excessive burden on himself. But with the farmer it is different. He is lifting loads of such varying weights and under such varying conditions that he is very liable to lift a little too much some day, with injurious results. Many serious affections of the great organs of the body originate in a strain of this kind.

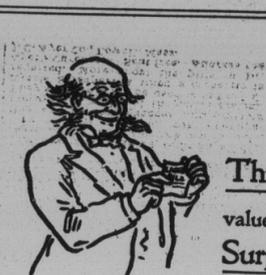
It was so in the case of H. R. W. Bentley, of Fowler, North Dakota. A strain resulted in serious trouble with the liver. How he recovered and was enabled to feed seventy head of stock during the winter, let him tell himself:

"About a year ago, I sustained an injury in my back and shoulders by lifting a heavy weight. After a time, a liver trouble came on, which so weakened me that I could scarcely lift my hand to my head. While in this condition, I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills, and finding almost immediate benefit, continued until I was cured of my complaint, so that I was able to take care of seventy head of stock all through the winter, which shows that the cure was not temporary but permanent."

H. R. W. BENTLEY, Fowler, N. D.

The action of Dr. Ayer's Pills on the liver makes them invaluable for those living in malarial climates. C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas, writes: "I have found in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to malarial localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these pills act well on the liver, aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons, and restoring its natural powers. I could not dispense with the use of Dr. Ayer's Pills."—C. F. ALSTON, Quitman, Texas.

Dr. Ayer's Pills are a specific for all diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels, and its consequences, and promote the general health of the entire system. They should always be used with Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla when a cathartic is required. More about the pills in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. Sent free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



Thrifty people look for low cost and high value when buying Soap.

Surprise is hard, solid, pure Soap. That gives the highest value in Soap.

Surprise is the name of the Soap. You can buy it at any grocers for 5 cents a cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

The hotel kept by Parson Burroughs was most admirably situated for the marriage and entertainment of runaway couples.

Bristol is what is known as the Twin City. It has a population of about 10,000 and is divided practically in the centre by its Main street. The State line between Tennessee and Virginia is the centre of Main street. The Union depot is situated on the Virginia side of Main street, and the Nickles House, where Parson Burroughs resides, is on the Tennessee side and only about 300 feet distant. When the good parson got these conditions all figured out he decided that keeping a hotel, preaching on Sunday as occasion offered and marrying runaway couples, if not wholly consistent, would be a source of profit, besides making a lot of people very grateful to him. A little judicious advertising soon brought his business into notice and business began to come his way.

During a recent interview Parson Burroughs stated that his business increased very rapidly until he reached his maximum number for a single year, as follows: In the last four months of 1889, 11 marriages; in 1890, 53; in 1891, 95; in 1892, 111. This last year was during the boom which at that time was spreading all over the South and which soon after came to a disastrous end. Since that year runaway marriages have not been quite so plenty, and the parson has not kept his tally by years. His total number of marriages for the past nine years, however, reaches the large number of 750, an average of over 80 a year. Marriages licenses in Tennessee are issued by the County Clerk, or a deputy by him appointed. The deputy in the city of Bristol is John R. Snow, and one of the recent licences by authority of which Parson Burroughs had made an eloping couple happy read as follows: 'State of Tennessee county of Sullivan.

To any minister of the Gospel having the care of Souls, Judge, Chancellor or any Justice of Peace of Sullivan—Greeting: You or either of you are authorized to solemnize the rites of matrimony between James F. Branson and Ellen Taylor of your county, agreeable to the direction of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided.'

Parson Burroughs felicitates himself that he has never married a couple where the bride was under 14 and only one of 14. This 14-year-old bride was married to a man 21 years old. With one couple which the parson married the bride was 18 and the groom 70. Among the 750 couples there have been those of all ages and social and financial conditions. In nearly every case there was some circumstance which rendered it impossible for them to get married in any other State but Tennessee. While most of the couples who come to the parson to be married come from Virginia or West Virginia, his record shows the following other States as having contributed a small quota: North Carolina, Kentucky, Ohio,

Indiana, Pennsylvania and Michigan. Parson Burroughs' record for one day is four couples. He said that he always left the matter of the fee to the generosity of the groom, with the result that his fees had run all the way from a 'thank-you-sir' to \$10. But the mere fee is not the only income from the business. The parson has fitted up in his hotel two cosy bridal chambers, and it is not uncommon for the newly married couple to decide to stay all night at the Nickles House. The parson, of course gets a liberal fee for their entertainment. He remembered one occasion when both bridal chambers were occupied by newly married couples. He also kept on hand a fine assortment of marriage certificates designed for framing, for which, when properly filled out, he collects a fee ranging from 25 cents to \$1. This matter of a certificate he claims is a very popular feature of his business, for being mostly runaway couples they invariably want to possess themselves with the best possible evidence of their new relations when presenting themselves to their wrothy parents for forgiveness.

Parson Burroughs, as the time for the arrival of the trains approaches, puts on his most clerical looking garments and leisurely saunters over to the passenger station. If a couple bent on getting married should alight from the train the good parson never needs a second look to detect their errand. He has a quiet way of slipping up to them and letting them know that he is just the man they are looking after. Then, taking them in a carriage, if they are rich enough to pay for it, and on foot if they are not, he escorts them to the deputy County Clerk, where the license is procured, and back to the Nickles House, where the knot is firmly tied in the shortest possible time. It is said in Bristol that so expert has the parson become that he never makes a mistake. He never approaches the wrong party or allows the right party to escape him.

A New Profession.

To anyone acquainted with the complex characteristics of London life it would appear almost incredible that a man could make a living as a pickpocket by immediately restoring what he has stolen to its original owner. A detective officer, however, has recently informed the writer that such, indeed, is the case. For some time past an ingenious individual has made it his business to wait upon ladies as they leave theatres, calling their carriages, and aiding them to enter. He is decently dressed, very polite, and has a way of holding up the lady's dress behind—especially if the weather be wet—which is particularly pleasing to his patronesses. But it seems that his action in this respect is not nearly so disinterested as it might appear, for he makes his little courtesy a subterfuge for picking their pockets or removing any article of value within reach. His methods, however, are not those of the common thief, for he presently proceeds to the police station nearest at hand, and there delivers up his spoil, coolly stating that he has 'found it' outside a certain theatre. He, of course, furnishes also his name and address, and in due time his 'honest' action receives his reward. He has 'found' so many things recently that the police are anxious to find him.

Whenever we see an old woman with whiskers, we wonder if they grow after marriage or before.

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns,

- Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE, Manager for New Brunswick, P. O. BOX 128, St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1898.

A PROSPECTOR'S STORY

HOW HE FOUND THE GREAT STUPID ANIMAL

That Fished With Remarkable Ease and While Enjoying His Repast was Shot and Killed by the Author's Wife Shot—A Powerful Beast of Prey.

In the spring of 1897, when I left New York with the Russian engineer, Mr. Boris Michaeloff, who had engaged me and four other young 'Techs' for the survey of the Trans-Siberian Railway, I had no idea that I was going to the country of the most powerful of all beasts of prey, but when I come home I will bring with me a most convincing skin, for which I have already refused four hundred dollars. Brought up a reader of the Youth's Companions, as I was, I think it was a sort of duty to send in an account of how I obtained the valuable pelt.

Throughout October and November, 1897, I was 'levelling' in the Yablonoi Mountains, beyond Cuits, one of the roughest regions through which the line passes, and survey work progressed slowly through the thick, tangled brush on the slopes. Before we could use instruments it was often necessary to send axemen, convicts, in advance, and frequently we could not get on the line for a day or two, or three together. At such idle times I commonly went prospecting, for there is a good deal of mineral wealth in the district which will be far more valuable after the completion of the railway.

On one of these jaunts in November, I climbed the long, low, rocky ridge opposite Mount Kathuan, and descended into the valley beyond it, a distance of seven or eight versts from camp. A verst is about two-thirds of a mile. Then I was in a fine wild country, wholly uninhabited and devoid of heavy forests, though there were scattered birch and larch coppes. Pheasants abounded; with a double-barrelled gun I could have shot thirty brace, but I had taken only my American carbine that day, thinking that I may fall in with bears, and never imagining anything worse to be in the neighborhood.

In the valley of a clear, mountain river, a tributary of the Shilka, the steady roar of falling waters led me half a mile or more to where a cataract of twenty-five or thirty feet pours over a break of the strata into an opalescent pool which shoals out on pebble bars less than a hundred yards below. On the south side, where I approached, the pool is walled in by abrupt, smooth ledges of granite ten or twelve feet in height, and such a tangle of evergreen shrubbery grows on its brink that I could not get near enough to look down into the pool until I had crawled under the boughs. There I lay, out-stretched on the margin of the hoary, lichen-stad rock, looking down on the foam-flecked pool and up to the milk-white fall.

Directly below the rock where I lay, the water of the pool seemed no more than three or four feet in depth. It lay over yellow gravel, and presently I noticed large fish lying almost motionless, as if brooding on their spawning-beds—fish of five or six pounds each. At first I thought them carp, but soon I concluded that they were a large variety of river trout. Earlier in the season I might have supposed them salmon, since the Shilka is a tributary of the Amar, which flows into the Northern Pacific Ocean.

About twenty of these fine fish were lying so that with hook and line I might easily have dropped before their noses, and I was thinking to shoot one of the largest with my carbine, when a throaty scream from a tallow-sportsman—a fish-hawk, perched on a large, leafless tree across the pool—caused me to look in that direction. A minute later the hawk took wing, and with two or three claps of his powerful pinions came sailing across the pool and circled overhead, one round, red eye turned downward.

I thought him about to plunge down for a fish, but soon perceived that his attention was fixed on some object in the thicket either on me or on some object near me, something on the brink of the very crag where I lay. 'He has seen me,' I thought, 'and resents my intrusion on his fish preserve; and I was on the point of rising up to punish his inactivity with a shot when I heard a slight, stealthy crackle in a thick brush a few yards away.

I cast my eyes warily around. The boughs of the low evergreens were moving slightly, as a very great snake or a creeping man might move them. Still lying low,

I brought my carbine into position and cocked it. Although I could see nothing alarming save the curiously moving boughs my impression that some large creature was coming slowly forward, and its stealthy movements were unlike those of a bear.

Whatever it was, it seemed to be on my track,—hunting me,—and I was much startled, although I lay quiet and held myself ready to fire the instant I caught sight of its head. But I quickly perceived that the rippling movement of the boughs was not directly approaching me, but passing toward a part of the brink of the ledge that was twenty or thirty feet away, and a moment later I caught a puzzling gleam of yellow, black and white among the less thickly growing bushes near the brow of the ledge.

The blending of bright color with the deep green of the boughs was strangely confusing—there seemed to be so much of it! I could not make out the shape of the animal, for its head was held low to the ground and it was stealing forward; what I saw was a long streak of mottled color, more like a big snake than a quadruped.

But the animal emerged on the bare brink of the rocks, and then, indeed, I saw plainly enough that the creature was an enormous Mongolian tiger, which, with its tail slowly swaying back in the bush, looked, actually, to be twenty feet long!

My alarm was simply sickening. Certain authentic accounts of the size and ferocity of the Mongolian tiger came into my mind with awful suddenness. I knew that there monsters had been occasionally seen in Siberia, but had never dreamed that any were left there. But there was one before me,—one large enough to eat a man at a meal,—one so close to me that I dare not stir, or even move the muzzle of my gun!

My former fear recurred,—that the tiger had scented me and was crawling forward on my track, but as it emerges into full view I perceived that its eyes were not on me. Halt crouching, it crept, catlike, to the extreme verge of the ledge and peered intently downward at the pool. Before I could even conjecture what attracted its attention, it drew itself still farther forward curving its neck over the brink and drawing its feet beneath its body. For a moment or two its black-tipped tail whipped the boughs, then suddenly it leaped down with a splash.

With intense relief at heart, I peeped over and saw the tiger in the water, grabbing with lightning-like motions of its head and paws. Then, with a gleaming, struggling fish in its mouth, it bounded

through the shallow water on the gravel around the foot of the pool. Never shall I see a more beautiful spectacle than that of this magnificent beast of prey as it went at long leaps through the water in the afternoon sunshine, while over it the hawk circled and swooped with whistling screams, as if with some intent to snatch the fish.

Crossing the shallows, the tiger bounded up the rocky bank, its claws scratching audibly on the rounded boulders, and ran for forty or fifty yards to the leafless oak on which the hawk had been perched. There it stopped and crouched to eat the fish.

From where I lay, the tiger was in full view, and distant about four hundred feet. My courage had revived considerably, now that the pool and the steep rock lay between us, and I considered whether it would do to risk a shot. My carbine was a good one, and at that range one long forty-five caliber slug might be expected to kill or disable almost any creature smaller than a rhinoceros. Yet such terror had been struck into me by the brute's sudden appearance that I felt much inclined to steal away. But I dared not. Ten to one it would detect some sign of my moving and follow my tracks. To shoot it seemed the only way of saving my life.

While I was thus meditating, the tiger suddenly rose to its feet and stalked down to the pool again. It desired more fish. For a time it scanned the water, then entering the shallows, it began to cross over, walking somewhat gingerly, as if disliking to wet itself again, or also unwilling to disturb the pool.

It occurred to me instantly that its purpose was to cross to the ledges and repeat its former tactics of springing down on the fish. Fresh alarm took possession of me. If I lay there, the tiger might come upon me.

Clearly, I had better take the initiative and shoot the beast, if possible, while still down on the gravel. The distance was not more than fifty yards, perhaps less. I rested my carbine along the smooth surface of the ledge and fired, just as the animal was at the deepest place on the shoals. Its head was turned up-stream as I fired, and the bullet as appeared afterward, passed through its right nostril, smashed its lower jaw, slipped underneath the skin of the neck and penetrated its chest.

With a howl which blent strangely with the steady roar of the cataract, the great yellow and black brute reared, all glistening with water, and fell over backward, splashing and leaping wildly. Then getting into deeper water below the bar, it rolled over with the current, wallowing, now up, now down, till, coming to a half-submerged rock, it struggled to climb on it and clung there, with awful gurgling outcries.

I fired again, sending a second bullet clear through its body, when it leaped clear of the rock and went rolling over in the stream for twenty or thirty yards, stranding finally against a rick of driftwood near the right bank of the river.

Elated at the success of my marksmanship, I made my way down the bank and found the tiger dead. By dint of hard tugging, I drew the body ashore.

There I left it while the afternoon sun was waning, and made for camp with a speed that came partly of my impression that tigers generally travel in pairs. If there was another about the place I was willing to leave it alone, in case it should not hunt me.

But next morning two Cossack rodmen went back with me to the scene of my 'kill,' and with their assistance I drew the dead tiger completely out of the water and removed the skin.

As subsequently cured, it measures an inch over eight feet in length, not including the tail and has an average breadth of about five feet and a half.

But the splendid, rich tints of the thick fur and hair will have to be seen to be appreciated properly. Owing to climatic influence, the pelage, or furry hair, is much thicker and heavier than that of the Bengal tiger.

GIRLS WHO LOVE OLD MEN.

Mr. Gladstone and Others Had Scores of Unknown Sweethearts.

To those who know how charming a stout-hearted veteran can be when he likes, it does not seem surprising that the prettiest of girls should occasionally fall in love with old men. In some people's eyes there is nothing so beautiful as a face which, though wrinkled, shines with the radiance of everlasting youth, and the deeper the lines upon it the more attractive it becomes.

Mr. Gladstone, though he probably never knew it, caused many a young heart to beat faster for love of him. On one of the last occasions that he spoke in public, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer would have forced her way to his side and declared her affection for him had not her friends violently restrained her. 'It is his voice I love,' she cried, passionately. I hear it night and day, and there is nothing like it in the whole world.'

Another girl, though she only had one fleeting glance at the Grand Old Man, worshipped him with a devotion approaching mania, and was only with great difficulty prevented from committing suicide when he died.

A white-haired man of science, known and respected everywhere, has been the recipient of some very embarrassing attentions from pretty young women. He has a cabinet drawer which is choked with girlish letters, all breathing the true spirit of love, and he respects the confidence of his fair correspondents so much that he will not allow a single one to be seen. However, he does not attempt to deny the touching story which is related of a certain beautiful young girl who had secretly ad-

mired him for years. She came to him one day while he was with her father, and without hesitation put her arms round his neck and kissed him. She had been married that very day, she said, and would never be able to see him again.

'My husband is a dear, good boy,' she went on, 'but he knows I don't love him as much as I do you. We are going to pray nightly that, when he grows old, he may be blessed with hair, eyes, and features resembling yours.'

When a great strike threw the inhabitants of a northern manufacturing town into a state of sordid poverty, a benevolent old gentleman came from London to do what he could to comfort the suffering workers. He preached no cant, only the doctrine of cheerfulness amid difficulties, and crowds of admiring people flocked round him in the market-place every night. To the women his clarion voice and bright, wrinkled face appealed irresistibly, and two handsome factory lassies were so much impressed that they fell in love with him almost at the same moment. But as time went on, and the strike still remained unsettled, the old preacher showed visible signs of weakness, and one morning the people were shocked to hear that he had been found dead in bed. He was buried in the local cemetery, and among the flowers strewn on his grave a beautiful cross was found, bearing the inscription: 'From his sorrowing sweethearts, Jennie and Jane.' Jennie and Jane were the love-sick factory girls, and it is said that they actually lived on scanty food for weeks in order to pay for the costly flowers which formed the cross.

Borrowing a Horn.

In his interesting book, 'The Lawyers of Maine,' Willis relates an anecdote of Judge George Thatcher, who was noted for his humor. Solicitor Davis and Judge Thatcher, when boys were neighbours in Barnstable and Yarmouth Massachusetts.

The day after the Battle of Bunker Hill, the militia of these two towns set off for Boston. The boys accompanied the soldiers, Davis acting as fifer. A few miles out from Barnstable, an order came directing the military to return home. In their retreat, Thatcher and Davis, tired of their march, mounted an old horse they met on the road without saddle or bridle. After riding some miles they dismounted, and abandoned their steed in the highway. Many years after Davis, as solicitor-general, was prosecuting a horse-thief before Judge Thatcher in the county of Kennebec, Maine. In the course of the trial the judge leaned over the bench and said in an undertone to the solicitor:

'Davy, this reminds me of the horse you and I stole in Barnstable.'

A good dinner often transforms a bitter memory into a pleasant forgetory.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

* A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. *

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED.
CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR TIPTAFT IS SENT FOR.
The Muggleton family had always attended Divine Services at Little Cleeve, and, although Mr. Muggleton was desperately angry with Mr. Tiptaft, and didn't at all like the idea of being 'preached at by the fellow,' yet he was too proud to be absent himself from church, or to permit any of his family to do so.

Accordingly, the Muggleton coach rolled up to the church just before the bells rang out their last peal, and the millionaire, with a very red face, and a very fierce and dignified air, marched up the aisle to his pew.

In a minute or two, Mr. Tiptaft emerged from the vestry, came down the chancel and took his place at the reading-desk.

He had on a clean white surplice, and a very handsome hood, and his hands—if the irate father had but known it—had been embroidered by the fair hands of Marie.

In Marie's eyes the look of meekness on his face was quite seraphic.

It seemed to say that he had forgiven everybody who had offended him, and was ready, at any moment, to give them a kiss of peace.

When Mr. Muggleton had said to the wife of his bosom that he had no taste for being preached at by the fellow, he showed a very accurate knowledge of what was in store for Mr. Tiptaft, and availed himself to the very utmost of the opportunity afforded by his position for avenging himself on his enemy—the pious-proud soap-maker, who had dared to cill him a beggarly parson, and had as good as dismissed him from his house.

When he opened the service by announcing that 'the wicked man, who turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, shall have his soul alive, it was perfectly clear to Mr. Muggleton that he was the wicked man whom the reverend gentleman had in his eye.

Equally clear was it that to him, about every other member of the congregation was given "the ghostly benefit of the absolution."

It was the same all through the prayers and when, in the Litany, Mr. Tiptaft slowly intoned the petition—"That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts," Mr. Muggleton went crimson with rage, and Marie was so deeply moved that a tear fell on her prayerbook, and she was unable to utter the responses in a clear voice, as usual.

And if the set form of words could be made thus useful, what shall be said of the sermon, where the reverend gentleman had it all in his own hands?

Suffice it that Mr. Muggleton drove home to luncheon in a terrible temper, seemingly very little benefited by his morning's devotions.

Mr. Tiptaft had been practically forbidden to speak to him if they met—in fact, to hold any intercourse with him whatever.

She did not go out of her way to disobey her father's injunctions, but she went about the village of Little Cleeve as usual, and, of course, it was not long before she met her lover.

He assumed a chastened manner, admirably suited for the occasion.

He was tender and reverential, but he was very humble, and spoke much of his own unworthiness.

He could not and would not blame Mr. Muggleton for looking higher for his daughter; and although, as a man, he was deeply hurt at the imputations cast upon him, as a Christian, above all as a parish priest—for this was Mr. Tiptaft's favorite character—he was resolved not to be offended at them.

All this was 'Heavenly-mindedness' in the eyes of poor Marie, and more fervently than ever did she resolve to let nothing part her from so good a man.

'If only your father would tie up his money away from you, I would marry you tomorrow!' he said, pathetically. 'Then he would have to acknowledge my disinterestedness.'

'He says he won't give me a penny. Oh, Augustus!—for it had got to Augustus now—are you sure you shouldn't mind?' 'Mind! My sweetest, how can you ask me such a question?' he exclaimed, with tender reproach. 'Nothing could give me such happiness as for you to come to me penniless. It is the opportunity I long for showing the disinterestedness of my love.'

The truth was, Mr. Tiptaft had very accurately gauged the character of Mr. Muggleton.

He was a hot-tempered, and, in some things, a stern-natured, man; but he loved his girls far too well to disinherit any one of them.

However he might fret and fume, and storm and rage, he would be sure to come round at last.

If only Marie stood firm, her father would give way; and hence the reverend gentleman, with no little tact and cleverness, devoted his energies entirely to strengthening his hold on her affection and esteem.

The father he could afford to let alone. And so matters went on some days.

Marie went about with a pale, pensive face, Mrs. Muggleton looked anxious, Mr. Muggleton was in a state of chronic ill-

humor, and, altogether, things were unpleasant at The Towers.

Janetta and Vi were inclined to take their sister's part, the more especially as their own little love affairs had been allowed to proceed so smoothly; and Kate, though she had no love for Mr. Tiptaft, agreed with them.

In her charming, girlish fashion she tried to coax the millionaire into a softer frame of mind, and she might, in the end, have succeeded, had not an unlooked-for circumstance taken the honour of victory out of her hands.

Marie tell ill. Her disappointment in regard to Sir Patrick had not only weakened her nervous system and all this agitation over Mr. Tiptaft had, of course not tended to strengthen it.

She caught a cold through her being out in the rain one afternoon, and the cold, after a day or two, resolved itself into a slow fever.

The doctor talked about 'loss of tone,' and looked grave.

Mrs. Muggleton who was the tenderest of mothers, was terribly anxious.

The girls looked reproachfully at Mr. Muggleton, and he at length under these combined influences, began to feel himself a guilty wretch who might yet become the murderer of his child.

One afternoon he stood beside Marie's bed, looking down at her, and thinking, with a pang, how thin and pale she was, how pinched were her features, how sad and weary her once bright eyes.

'If she is really fretting after that fellow,' he thought, but did not finish the sentence even to himself.

Marie closed her eyes, as if she would try to sleep.

She looked more frail than ever lying thus, as Mr. Muggleton noted, with a sickening throb of fear.

The heart of the father struggled with the ambition of the millionaire, and overcame it.

He drew a chair forward, very softly, and sat down beside the bed.

Marie opened her eyes, and gave a faint, sweet smile at seeing him sitting there.

She had been very affectionate to him all through her illness, showing no touch of resentment, and, perhaps, this had softened him more than any number of reproaches could have done.

'Marie,' he said, abruptly, as such a man is bound to speak under such circumstances, but very kindly too, 'should you like me to send for Mr. Tiptaft?'

'If you please, papa,' was all Marie said, in a low voice, for she was very weak.

And the next moment a tear rose to her eye, and trickled down her cheek.

The sight of that tear quite finished Mr. Muggleton.

'Don't cry, my Pollie. It shall be as you wish,' he said, huskily, and stooping over her, he kissed her quivering lips.

She knew what he meant, but had barely strength to thank him. She could only press his big red hand with her feeble white one, and look the gratitude she could not speak.

And so Mr. Tiptaft was summoned to the bedside of his love.

Mr. Muggleton wrote him a brief note, in which he intimated he was welcome to come if he chose; and, of course, such an intimation was equivalent to a permission to prosecute his suit.

The reverend gentleman was not exultant.

He was only mildly benignant and complacent, as a virtuous man should be when, by patience and meekness, he has overcome his enemies.

Arrived at The Towers, he was received by Mrs. Muggleton, who glided smoothly, and with a woman's tact, over the difficulty of the meeting.

She said much of 'dear Marie,' and nothing at all of Mr. Muggleton, who meant to keep out of the way as long as he decently could, and then invited him upstairs to her daughter's room.

Force of habit was so strong, that when he entered the virginal chamber of his betrothed bride, he was very near beginning with the office for the sick, as appointed by the church; but he remembered himself just in time, and, walking to the bedside, took Marie's hand, and asked her how she was, in a low gentle voice, which brought the tears to her eyes.

She was a little better this afternoon, but still weak.

She looked very pretty and charming, with her faintly-flashed cheeks and large blue eyes, but woefully delicate.

Mr. Tiptaft thrilled with gratified vanity at the thought that she had pined away like this for love of him.

The Reverend Augustus deceived himself in supposing that Marie loved him; but the thought pleased him immensely.

He whispered a tender inquiry as to how she felt; then, growing bolder, he stooped and kissed her. Mrs. Muggleton standing by, and exhibiting no disapproval of the salute.

Marie, if not exactly happy, had a feeling of restfulness at the thought of belonging to such a good man.

The agitation of her spirits becoming

composed, she rapidly grew stronger, and within a week, was able to leave her bed.

Mr. Tiptaft was a most devoted lover. He came to see her twice, and sometimes thrice, a day.

During one of his visits, he met Mr. Muggleton, who held out his hand, with a brusque 'How d'ye do?' and made no further reference to that memorable interview, when he had called him a beggarly parson, and refused him his daughter's hand.

Of course it was understood that Mr. Tiptaft was to become his son-in-law, though not a word was said about it, and in a few days the society papers had got hold of it, and were chronicling the fact that a marriage had been arranged, and would shortly take place, between the Reverend Augustus Tiptaft, rector of Little Cleeve, Hanst, and nephew of the Earl of Gowan, and Marie, eldest daughter of the well-known millionaire, Mr. Samuel Muggleton.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
THE HOME COMING.

Lights were gleaming from many windows in Vivian Court.

The great door was thrown open, and the entrance-hall was lined with servants, butler at the head of the men, the stately, silver-haired housekeeper—in stiff black silk, and cap of Maltese lace—at the head of the women.

The cause of all this unwanted excitement was that Sir Gerald and his bride were coming home.

They had spent the lune-de-miel at The Dower House, in perfect privacy and retirement, the world forgetting, by the world forgot; but now they were returning home, to take up the duties of their station.

It was a wild night—one of those nights which are not infrequent with us in late October—the wind blowing tempestuously the rain beating in the face, the swollen rivers mournful in their sound.

Certainly not a night of happy augury, so far as the elements went.

If the newly-wedded pair had been superstitious, they might have said it was unlucky to take possession of their home in such a storm.

However they had come, and, perforce, must make the best of it.

Lady Ruth, in dainty silver-grey and Honiton lace, sat in the drawing-room awaiting their arrival, glancing at the clock every other minute or so, and listening anxiously to the howling of the wind and to the beating of the rain.

'What a terrible night!' she murmured, half to herself half to little Sylvia who sat on a footstool at her feet—a dainty little figure in a white silk slip, with blue ribbons in her hair.

'Will they come, auntie?' said the child, anxiously. 'Perhaps they won't in all this rain.'

'They are sure to come dear. For one thing, they would probably have started before this storm came on. Besides, your brother always keeps his word.'

'And the rain won't hurt them in the closed carriage, auntie.'

'No; the rain won't hurt them,' assented Lady Ruth. 'But it's a terrible night. I really shouldn't care to be out in it myself.'

The clock struck seven, and the heavy purple curtain from one of the windows, and looked out into the night.

She was the more anxious for the arrival of her nephew and his bride because she had not once seen them since the marriage.

Her niece, Lady Hamlyn, had been suddenly taken ill, and she had had to go to her, and stay with her over a fortnight.

She had returned to the Court only two days ago, and had brought Sylvia back with her, Lady Vere having asked that the child might be at home to welcome them.

The night grew wilder.

A terrific blast of wind was followed by a storm of rain, which beat like rain upon the windows, and, in the midst of this tempest, Sir Gerald's carriage turned in at the lodge gates, the coachman urging on his horses at a tremendous pace.

The servants in the hall could hear the wheels and see the carriage lights.

A few more moments, and the coachman pulled up his steaming horses at the door, and Sir Gerald was assisting his bride to alight.

He drew her arm through his, and, with head thrown proudly back, walked with her through the lines of bowing and curtseying servants.

'I hope you are all well he said,' in his old general manner, then turned to the housekeeper, and shook hands with her cordially.

Lady Vere did the same, adding a pleasantly uttered word of greeting.

Then they passed on to the drawing room at the door of which Lady Ruth stood awaiting them.

She saw, in a moment, that her nephew looked radiantly happy; but she saw, also, that there was about him a certain excitability of manner which made her feel rather uneasy.

From a boy, though always generous and affectionate, he had shown a tendency to become over-sensitive and impressionable.

This, united with a singularly romantic and poetic nature had threatened to unfit him for the wear and tear of everyday life.

Careful training had done much to counteract this tendency, but Lady Ruth, who knew and understood him as a mother might have done, saw signs of nervous excitability now underneath all his radiancy of happiness.

From him she turned to gaze at Lillian, and thought she had never before seen her look so beautiful.

For one thing, she had never seen her in such rich attire.

Her carriage dress was of dark blue velvet, bordered with the costliest fur. It enhanced the exquisite fairness of her complexion, and the beauty of her wonderful dark eyes.

She looked happy, but calmly and serenely so, not radiantly like her husband.

She kissed Lady Ruth as a daughter

might have done, then turned to Sylvia, and clasped her in her arms.

'Darling, I am your sister now. Will you try to love me?' she said.

'I do love you!' said the child, promptly, and with great earnestness. 'You know I do!'

A tender smile parted the lips of Lady Vere.

That little affectionate speech of her late pupil's seemed to have pleased her well.

'Are you tired, my love?' said Sir Gerald, bending toward his wife.

'A little—only a very little!' she answered, smiling.

'Yes, shall be brought in this moment, said Lady Ruth. 'I thought you would take it here. But if you would rather have it in your own rooms—'

'Oh, no! We would ever so much rather have it here, with you, wouldn't we, Gerald?'

So tea was brought in, the table being already set for it and Lady Ruth dispensed it in her own quiet refined fashion, while Lillian, having simply loosened her cloak from about her neck, leaned back in an easy chair to partake of it, with little Sylvia on a footstool at her feet, and Sir Gerald sitting beside her, alert, and eager to minister to her lightest want.

That she was grateful to him for his devotion, Lady Ruth could see.

It was not that she thanked him much in words, but her eyes rested on him, now and again, with a look in its depths which quite satisfied Lady Ruth, notwithstanding that she had a belief—strong as his own mother's could have been—that he was worthy of all widely worship.

After a pleasant half-hour spent in this way, Lady Vere retired to her room to dress for dinner, her husband accompanying her.

She came down again, as the second dinner bell was ringing, in a white silk dress, with trimmings of priceless lace.

Lady Ruth had scarcely expected she would dress so splendidly on this her first evening at home; but when she saw the look of gratified pride with which Sir Gerald regarded her, she understood that it was to please him that the costly dress was donned.

Certainly she looked peerlessly beautiful in it, and nobly fitted to be the mistress of that proud old home.

In all the picture gallery of the Veres, there was not one face or form to be compared with hers.

After dinner, Sir Gerald left the table with his wife and aunt.

He was no great drinker of wine at any time, and just now he seemed as though he could scarce suffer his wife out of his sight for a single unnecessary moment.

'Will you sing for me, dear?' he asked as soon as they were comfortably ensconced in the drawing-room.

She complied in a moment, as, indeed, she seemed to comply with his every wish.

He turned the leaves of her music-book for her, and hung over her in a kind of rapture.

A passionate, soul-absorbing love was this which had taken possession of Sir Gerald Vere.

Lady Ruth, watching them together, told herself that her nephew, after all, could scarcely have done better than marry this girl on whom his heart was so strongly set.

He was rich enough himself not to need riches with a wife, and Lillian was unmistakably a lady of gentle birth, though not of the highest rank.

The ordinary young ladies one met in society were not very well-fitted to please a taste at once so romantic and so fastidious as his; whereas this girl, with her startling, peerless beauty, had not only won his heart, but would assuredly have the power to keep it.

And what a sensation she would make when she was presented at Court next year!

Her beauty would be the rage.

Her husband would be far prouder of her than ever he could have been of a duke's daughter, or of an heiress who had brought him boundless fortune.

'I needn't have troubled Emilia about it; for I really believe it's all for the best!' thought Lady Ruth, as she sat by the fire

and listened, dreamily, to Lillian's thrillingly sweet voice.

'I'm afraid I'm wearying you, my darling,' said Sir Gerald, at length, and Lillian, looking round at him with a smile, let him draw a chair forward to the fire, and seat her in it with a scream in her hand, to protect her from the heat.

'Well, now, auntie, tell us the news!' he said gaily. 'What's happened while we've been away?'

'But I've been away, too, my dear. You forget that. However, there is some news, I heard yesterday, which will interest you, I think. In the first place all the Muggleton girls are engaged.'

'What! all of them?'

'Yes, I thought you might of heard. 'No; Lillian and I lived in quite the old-fashioned honeymoon style. I should say we haven't had audience of half-a-dozen people since we went away from here. The Dower House might have been quite out of the world. And so they're to be married, are they? Well, I am sure I wish them every happiness. They are genuinely nice girls.'

'Yes, I like them—especially the youngest one,' said Lillian. 'She is a bright pretty little thing. I think they call her Vi.'

'Who are the happy men, aunt?' asked Sir Gerald.

'Gues.' 'Well, Sir Granville one, of course. He takes the middle girl—Jane or Janetta isn't she.'

'Yes.' 'And Harry Rolleston pairs off with Lillian's favourite, the little bright one.'

'Yes, said Lady Ruth, again. She smiled amusedly, as she added: 'One more guess, Gerald.'

'Why, you know we always hoped Donovan would make up to the eldest girl. I'm sure she favoured him. But he went off and never spoke, like the hair-brained fellow he always was. I suppose it isn't he. No such luck!'

'A nearer neighbour than Sir Patrick, my dear. Guess again.'

'Not Tiptaft!' exclaimed Sir Gerald, disgustfully.

And then she told him all the current gossip about the engagement.

'I never felt more disgusted in my life!' ejaculated Sir Gerald. 'Poor old Donovan! What a misdeed he made! And, do you know, I'm certain the girl cared for him. Indeed, how could she help it? Such a dear old fellow as he is! I shouldn't be surprised if there's been some underhand business somewhere. Don't tell me that any woman could prefer that sneaking parson to a man like Donovan.'

'Tastes differ, my dear,' said Lady Ruth, placidly. 'It is fair to suppose it is a love match on the lady's side, whatever it is on his. But I've some more news for you. When did you hear from Morewood last?'

'Oh, a month or so ago. What about him? Is he going to be married, too?'

Lady Vere, who had been toying with the gold handled fire-screen, here pushed her chair further from the fire, as though she could not bear the heat.

A deep pink flush suffused her face.

She hurriedly fled up the screen, so as to almost quite conceal it.

Sir Gerald, in his interest in his aunt's news, did not notice this.

'Is he going to be married?' he repeated, as Lady Ruth answered only with a smile.

'At any rate, he is engaged.'

'I think I know to whom, then—that very lovely girl the Muggletons had staying with them—Miss Lisle?'

'Yes, Miss Lisle is the young lady.'

'And when was it all arranged?' demanded Sir Gerald, keenly interested, and leaning forward in his eagerness, so as to put himself quite in front of Lillian.

'Three or four weeks ago, I fancy; but it is only within the last few days it has been made public property.'

'Have you seen him since?'

'Yes, he was here yesterday. He told me about it quite frankly, and said I might tell you. I am very pleased. She is a particularly charming girl; and, although she has no money, her family is of the best.'

'Does he seem happy?'

'Happy! He is in raptures. He can talk of nothing but his Kate.'

'Well, I'm very glad, I'm sure. I must go over in the morning, and congratulate him.'

Sir Gerald, as he said this, put back his chair, and, in so doing, caught sight of Lillian's face.

'My dearest, don't you feel well?' he asked, with low-like anxiety. 'You can't think how pale you look—doesn't she, aunt?'

'The fire was so excessively hot—I ought not to have sat so near,' murmured Lillian, dropping the screen. 'It has made me feel a little faint. Please don't take any notice. I shall be better in a moment.'

But Sir Gerald would take notice, would insist on ringing for wine and water, and or smelling-salts.

Neither was all this anxiety without some cause, for Lady Vere's face was as white as the face of the dead.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BALL.

A month after the home-coming of Sir Gerald and Lady Vere, a grand ball was given at the court.

Sir Gerald, of course, wished to present his beautiful wife to the county.

In her honour it was that the ball was being held.

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 20-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

HOW A HERO WAS REBORN. The Wife of Rudyard Kipling and his Waste Basket.

Great poems, hymns and songs have had strange histories. Some of them were clearly sudden outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm, as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and the 'Marseillaise.' In almost every case the author did not, at any time, think much of what he had accomplished.

Of late two continents have joined in gratitude to Mrs. Rudyard Kipling for rescuing her husband's 'Recessional' hymn from the waste basket where he is said to have thrown it. The waste basket story will live as long as the poem; and the poem will probably be said and sung when the Queen's Jubilee, the event which caused its production, is well-nigh forgotten.

God of our fathers, known of old— Lord of our far-flung battle-line— Beneath whose awful Hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Went to the Lowly. An interesting anecdote of Dr. Charles H. Hall, one of the most eloquent and useful Episcopalian clergymen in the Middle States, was told after his death, by a writer in the Congregationalist.

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished. A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

would be safe in hanging his gold watch and chain on a tree with the assurance that it would be there when he returned to claim it. A cache of provisions is subject to a slight modification in respect to the rule of inviolability. A hungry Indian discovering such will make a fire in front of it, to make it apparent that there is no secrecy intended in connection with his visit.

The Key-Note of Life.

An ingenious inventor claims to have discovered that each individual has a key or tone which must harmonize with those of the people around him in order to insure a peaceful and happy life. Another gentleman, commenting on this, declares that it is not a new discovery, but that in teaching music he has for many years ascertained the individual key of each pupil before giving him his first lesson.

The Farmer Boy and the Preacher.

Elisha was the son of a farmer; his father was very well-to-do, and had a rich farm in the valley of the Jordan. Among the visitors who came to the farmhouse was a quaint circuit-rider of the olden times, they called them prophets in those days; and his name was Elijah.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates

follow Elijah and become a prophet himself. He ran after the older man, and obtained consent to go and say good-bye to his father and mother and his friends. He took the oxen he had been plowing with and that he would not need any more, and killed them and made a great feast of farewell, and went away to live one of the purest lives, and filed with noblest service, that is pictured in all the Bible.

An Indian Child's Prayer.

Miss Mary P. Lord, a teacher on the Sioux Reservation, North Dakota, relates this touching little scene of wigwam life: The infant daughter of One Bull lay in her father's arms, sick unto death.

"Papa, little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray." She knelt at her father's knee, and prayed in her Indian tongue: 'Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen.'

Miss Lord's little pupil is one example of the education that begins with the children to Christianize a pagan race. This tiny girl is a grand-daughter of the famous Sitting Bull. He was a capable warrior and chief, but a ruthless man and a savage.

The Helpfulness of Little Things.

No one can measure the happiness that comes from little deeds of kindness and mercy. Henry Van Dyke sings the truth with great clearness:

Only a little shriveled seed— It might be a flower or grass or weed; Only a box of earth on the edge Of a narrow, dusty window ledge; Only a few scant summer showers; Only a few clear, shining hours, 'Twas all. Yet God could make Out of these, for a sick child's sake, A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Gold in a Honey-Tree.

Some boys in the Tennessee mountains the other day discovered a bee-tree. The bees had selected a big hollow limb of an oak-tree for their hive. The boys set to work and cut down the tree, though it was a work of many hours. They were, however well repaid for their work, for after they had filled themselves with honey and had taken out several buckets of the delicious food, they saw some shining object still further down in the tree, which they found to be a pot with \$2,000 of gold in it.

Relief in a Day.

The red letter promise that never fails in cases of the severest and most chronic stomach troubles in using Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Nature decreed the pineapple as one of humanity's great panaceas—medical science has searched it out and now it's at the door of every sufferer. A pleasant and positive cure. 35 cents.

WHILE WAITING TILL PROHIBITION COMES

Dodd's Cyspepsia Tablets are the Best "Bracer" Known.

They steady the Nerves, Cool the Blood, and Brace the Whole System, Giving it Strength, Steadiness, Freshness and Vigor.

Prohibition may put an end to consumption of alcoholic liquors, and it may not. Some think it will; others think it won't. Whether it will or not, remains to be seen.

Next morning they'll be sorry for it, even as thousands of "other fellows" have been sorry for similar mistakes, thousands of times before.

AFTER "MORTAL" WOUNDS.

Remarkable Results From Medical and Surgical Science.

When Mark Twain's hero, after being severely mangled by the Celtic pseudo-Indians of Niagara Falls, remarked that only nine of his wounds were mortal, and the doctor expected him to pull through, it was looked upon as a more than usually farcical exaggeration on the part of the American humorist; but instances are continually cropping up which go to show that people can and do recover from injuries which are usually considered mortal.

Only a few months ago a German scientist leapt suddenly into fame from having performed the brilliant surgical feat of removing the entire stomach of a patient, the said patient being at the time of writing alive and well. How long ago would the idea of anyone living without a stomach have been scouted as a madman's dream?

Certainly one of the most marvellous recoveries is that which took place at Birmingham not many years ago. A girl of about twenty, in descending some dimly lighted steps, fell and actually broke her neck. That is to say, the bones were severed; but, by a miracle, the spinal cord was uninjured. She was lifted with the most scrupulous care, and removed to the Queen's Hospital in Bath Row, Birmingham. There she lay for four months, with her neck encased in plaster-of-Paris, and was eventually discharged cured.

Several injuries to the brain are not always followed by death. Dr. Agnew relates two striking instances of this. In one case a man was run over by a tram-car. He got up instantly, walked home, and went to bed. In the morning he was found insensible, with portions of the bone of the skull driven deeply into the brain. He eventually recovered.

So did, as by a miracle, the man in the second case. A wheel broke in front of him as he stood at work, and a flying piece of iron carried away not only half the frontal bone of the skull, but portions of the brain itself!

It may astonish many of our readers to learn that at this heart itself—the very seat of life—may be penetrated without fatal result. In the reports of St. Thomas's Hospital may be seen the record of a man who was treated there for a knife-stab in the chest, and discharged cured. He lived for four years afterwards, and after death a deep scar was found in the wall of the heart.

Many cases have been known of recovery from doses of poison which medical experience has generally considered fatal. That well-known professor of medical jurisprudence, Dr. Dixon Mann, relates one in which a youth drank half a fluid ounce of nitric acid, and is still alive; while in another instance the huge quantity of an ounce and a half of spirits of salts was not sufficient to cause death. In a third case two ounces of the same substance were taken without fatal result.

Probably the most remarkable recovery from drowning was that related recently. The victim's boat capsized, and he was precipitated into the water with a heavy weight on the top of him. He retained sufficient presence of mind to grasp the gunwale of the boat, but speedily lost consciousness, so that with the exception of a part of his left arm he was under water for a quarter of an hour. He was eventually rescued, artificial respiration was applied, and the man yet lives to tell the tale. The favorable issue was attributed to the weight pressing on his chest, thus preventing any water from entering the lungs.

Identified.

Nor long ago a man who gave his name as Jack Wilson was arrested in St. Louis charged with petty larceny. When the chief of police saw him and heard him talk, he perceived at once that he was probably no ordinary criminal, and ordered him to be measured by the Bertillon system. This was done, and at its completion the prisoner's average was found to be 1149. Then the books were searched, and it was found that of all the criminals whose measurements has been taken and

ringing or a roaring in their ears, and they will yearn, with a great yearning for "a bracer."

The best, surest, and speediest bracer, in case of this kind, is one (or two) of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cool the fevered blood, calm the shaking nerves, soothe the aching brain, tone and brace up the entire system, and impart steadiness, freshness, strength and vigor to the frame.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets can be carried easily in the vest pocket; they are pleasant as "candy" to the taste, and positive, rapid and permanent in their effect. One or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets taken just after meals, will correct acidity of the stomach, cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Biliousness, and all other Stomach Troubles, except Cancer.

Fifty cents a box; six boxes \$2.50, of all druggists.

KIDNEY'S CLOGGED.

Many Victims of Bright's Disease—Diabetes, Dropsy and Distressing Urinary Troubles Have Been Saved by the Timely use of South American Kidney Cure.

The kidneys are nature's filters in expelling from the body all impurities. If the kidneys are out of sorts the whole system becomes impaired and disease follows as sure as fate. Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy and distressing urinary troubles infest four-fifths of the race. It need not be so, for South American Kidney Cure is a power in dispelling all tendency to the seating of disease. It has cured cases that have been long and stubborn and that have baffled medical skill.

Caught in a Box.

'Why is it,' he asked 'that beautiful women are always the most stupid?'

'Oh, no,' he hurriedly returned; 'I have always said that you were one of the brightest girls I ever—'

But he didn't finish. Before he could do so he realized that he had said the wrong thing and could never make it right.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been found of great service in croup and whooping cough. No house where there are children should be without a bottle.

Mr. Oldchap: 'Are you interested in fossils, Miss Gushley?'

Miss Gushley: 'Oh—er—this is so sudden!'

A man imagines before marriage that he will be his wife's cup of joy, but finds out afterwards that he is only a fly in it.

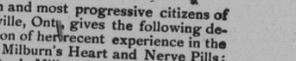
A Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Japanese Catarrh Cure—use six boxes—buy them at one time—apply exactly according to the directions—and if you are not cured see your druggist; he will arrange to pay you your money back. There's a positive guarantee with every box that Japanese Catarrh Cure will cure. No cure, you get your money back. Guarantee in every package. 60 cents at all druggists. 115.

A Dunnville Jeweller's Wife

CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOTHERING SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. Lassalle, Canal Street, Dunnville, Ont., whose husband keeps a jewellery store, and is one of the best



known and most progressive citizens of Dunnville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills:

"I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried."

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart."

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, soc. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Laxative Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work without a gripe or pain. Price 25c, all druggists.

Notches on The Stick

Our October by the Penobscot has for gone something of its blazonry in this desiccating air, but nothing of its skiey balm or brilliancy. The maples have rusted out and are without the sappy greens and crimson and purples we are accustomed to see; and the ashen leaves have crumbled from our elm colonnades before their time. Yet, here and there, flames the gonfalon of autumn from the bluffs that enchant the stilly-shadowny water; and day by day the purest strained honey of the sun has fallen on our trout streets, and the fields that still are brightly green.

"Some village—Hampden," was the friendly adaptation of Gray's line by a compatriot near the Narraguagus, when we were on the point of departing. "The words have lingered in my mind, ever since I knew whither you were going," she said, "though I do not remember that I ever heard of the place before." The words she quoted, or misquoted, do indicate the origin of the name of our little town—the existence of which is not to be ignored—nor its importance to be lightly considered,—for it bears the cognomen of the incorruptible Englishman who set his veto against the collection of ship-money. It was originally known as Wheelersborough, having first been settled by Benjamin Wheeler, in 1767, and was so known till 1794, when the name was changed by certain patriotic citizens who were not insensible to the courageous spirit of John Hampden.

Sitting in the little pavilion on "the ledges," when the pencil of the evening had drawn its long lines of shadow down the stream, or sunset had begun to golden the sails of upward sailing vessels, we have experienced the dreams and visions peculiar to the scene. We have looked down the dim postern of departed time, and seen the high shores, whereon now gleam the lights of sequestered cottages, clothed with old forest trees, where wild men and wild creatures of the wood roamed unmolested by the white man. The sweep of the wave on rocky cliff, the swirl of ripple on curving beach, the rustle of oak and maple, or the sigh of pine tassels, were the sounds that broke the solitude. The Indian—not the hybrid that steers out from the island at Old-town, but the prime and undegenerate savage,—plied his canoe on these lovely waters. Perhaps one day the Norseman's prow cut in the smooth pathway below our perch or, in an evening like this, the Frankish Knight, and his benchman, who was to leave a grave in the woods marked by a mossy cross, came seeking Norombega. Then Champlain and his men came sailing by,—a genial, adventurous soul, the glow of a true manhood in his honest face. Later, the belligerent British, with intent less pacific than the sons of France, appeared on the scene. Up-stream on a stilly day you may discern the bleaching ribs of the English sloop of war that here met her fate, down through the clear water. Yonder, whence the bells ring out the hour of noon from the village academy, the men of Hampden met the British regulars who charged up and over the hill; and in the little burial yard back of the Town-House some of the slain red-coats were buried.

But Hampden, that boasts the home of a national Vice-President—Maine's sturdy man of the people, of their own plain tastes and simple straightforward habits—Hannibal Hamlin;—a grayish brick house on its knoll, among its enclosing trees,—has other claims to distinction. It was the roving ground of the poetess, Mrs. Frances L. Mace, in her girlhood days,

ASTHMA

—The Kola plant proves the pancreas
—for this distressing ailment which
—has baffled medical science for
—Centuries.

It was Stanley, the African explorer, who discovered the Kola plant on the banks of Congo River in Africa, and sufferers from Asthma have to thank him for the discovery of a permanent cure. Clarke's Kola Compound represents this wonderful medicinal plant in a highly concentrated form. It is a positive cure for asthma, and has been tested in severest cases. Endorsed by eminent physicians everywhere, and borne out by the testimony of the cured ones. Mr. W. R. Hume of Kamloops, B. C., a C. P. R. engineer on the Western Division, was a sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over twelve years. Nothing gave him more than the merest relief until the railway physician prescribed Clarke's Kola Compound. He took two bottles and was permanently cured. If you doubt it write him for particulars of his case. Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by all druggists. Price two dollars per bottle; three bottles, with cure guaranteed, for five dollars. The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C.

HAY FEVER

Clarke's Kola Compound is guaranteed to cure Hay Fever. All Druggists sell it.

The New York Christian Advocate speaks with appreciation of the poetic vigor

Constipation Hood's Pills

causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

and it was the home of her mother. The Parker home, a rare old farmhouse, with spacious chambers, and friendly-spreading roof, enmassed, overshadowed by balm-of-gileads, with wide fields and near-hand woods for roaming and dreaming was an ideal place for a poet, and much she loved it. But Hampden is not only made memorable by the love of statesman and poet, it is also to be regarded as the birth-place of a world renowned philanthropist, Dorothea Lynde Dix.

A recent article concerning her, written by Mrs Helen Coffin Beedy, appeared in the Bangor Commercial, from which a few facts are drawn. Some uncertainty had existed among writers of her biography concerning the actual place of her birth; till the matter was investigated by a lady citizen of our town. "In 1862, Dr. Bowdoin Reed Baker and his wife, Eliza Thomas Baker, Hampden, went as assistant nurses into the hospitals of Alexandria. While on an official visit to Washington. Dr. Baker was introduced to Miss Dix. When she learned he was from Hampden, Maine, she said to him: 'I was born there, but have not visited the place since I was twelve years old.' On their return to Hampden, Dr. Baker and his wife sought out the 'oldest inhabitants,' or rather the town historian, who proved to be none other than the Wasgatt sisters. Mrs. Mary Ann Wasgatt Jackson was able to tell them where the house stood in which the great philanthropist was born,—and more, she had herself searched out the town records and found written thereon: 'Joseph A. Dix his wife, their children, Dorothea Lynde Dix, born April 4, 1802,' thus confirming Miss Dix's statement 'I was born on the fourth day of the fourth month.'

A venerable matron of the town, not many years departed, seemed unaware of the woman so widely known and so highly useful, but remembered the sequestered child who was the companion of her girlhood. She was asked if she remembered Dorothea Dix, and she replied: "No, I never knew Dorothea, but the little Dolly Dix who lived on the Isaac Hopkins place, I knew her well and have played with her many a time; and," added Mrs. Jackson, "I remember the house well, though only a part of the cellar now remains. When I was a child of only four years old I was sent over there to get a live coal as our fire had gone out." The neighboring towns of Dixfield and Dixmont drive their present names from Dorothea's father.

The lot of land on which the house stood is now owned by Capt. Thomas C. Lennan, superintendent of pilotage in New York harbour, a lover of, and frequent visitor to his native town. "When this genial gentleman," writes Mrs. Beedy, "learned that the woman of Hampden were interested in preserving and in some way marking the birthplace of Dorothea Dix, he very generously offered them all the land they desired for that purpose, and is now only waiting for a fitting organization of trustees to whom he may make out the deed." The last resting place of this worthy woman is at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass., where she was laid in July, 1887. She is justly said to have been one of the most useful and distinguished woman America ever produced."

The connection of Hampden with the city of Bangor by an electric railway has opened it to other sources of distinction. The State Woman's Suffrage Association recently held its Annual Convention here, and among other noted visitors there appeared Miss Susan Anthony. For days after the convention was ended the venerable lady whose courage and independence are not open to question, lingered here in a charmed hospital. She said to me: "I love your little town which has the advantages of rural beauty and retirement, and is one of the places where the rude and noisy world has not broken in." This was once as strong hold of Methodism, and the Penobscot at this point was one of the boundaries of the primitive Itinerant, Jesse Lee. Our town was the latest home and the burial place of Charles B. Dana, one of the whitest, wisest and most eloquent ministers of our State.

and beauty of Bliss Carman's latest volume. Of all recent books of verse it by its excellence claims first attention. "We have become familiar with the style of this writer through the magazine in which his shorter poems have appeared. He stands in a commanding place among his fellows, and we find the true poetic ring in his words and the true poetic glow in his thought. The art of Keats, Shelley, Raphael and Verlaine kindles his imagination. In his reflections upon nature it is very noticeable how deeply he is affected by the beauty of the rain, and the words he chooses to paint pictures of it for our enjoyment are remarkably vivid in the effect. There are numbers of phrases describing the falling rain in this volume [By The Aurelian Wall and Other Elegies,] which are exceptionally beautiful. With the exception of the artistic temperament a prejudice which seems to be accepted by the artist as an essential of his mental equipment—Bliss Carman takes up the cudgels—or more properly we might say, wings his arrows—in defence of the personal failings and sins of men great in the art life of the world. Those who love musical, chaste, and satisfying phraseology, coupled often with most exquisite appreciation of nature's varying moods, will find By The Aurelian Wall a well-spring of pleasure." We select a few of the passages to which the above writer alludes.

"The ghostly houses of gray rain."
"The marching sweep
Of blown white rain
Go rolling up the sky hills."
"Like the lulline of a sick
Uttered in the trembling grass."
When a shower has gone by
And the sweeting shadows pass."
"There was manna in the rain."
"he rain-winds looses from reverie."
"April frost and iron rain."
"The roaring mountain rains."
"Creeks are now like rain at sea."
"The rain diminishes of the rain."
"The lullaby the rain."
"The pale and wandering rain
Will roam on the hills forever."
"Wind of the April rains,
Win of the dawn."
"Called to rest at last from roving
To the music of the rain."
"The shingle rough mouth March
Crumbles into sun and rain."

The "Exhibition Number" of "Farming," published at Toronto, marks it as in the front rank of agricultural journalism in America; and perhaps agriculture is as intelligently and as systematically presented in Canada as anywhere in the world. This copy of an enterprising monthly, is most excellently printed and abounds in illustrations, and well written articles, by orchardists, stock raisers, and practical farmers in all parts of the Dominion. We were particularly interested in an article entitled "Agriculture," which relates to a new Text-Book on that subject for public schools prepared by C. C. James, of Toronto, and published by Geo. N. Morang, of that city. We meet the frequent sneer at the farmer by book and rule, which may not be amiss in cases where books and rules are applied without brains. The wide awake may, however, profit by inquiry and speculation, and a high grade of intelligence is needed today in the operation of the farmer. Articles attractive to us are, "The Agricultural Outlook in Nova Scotia," by J. E. Hopkins' Dairy Supt. Nappan, N. S., "A Typical P. E. Island Farm," by J. Hamilton, New Perth, P. E. I.; "Dairy Progress in New Brunswick," by Harvey Mitchell, Dairy Superintendent, Sussex, N. B.; and "Handling the Apple Crop," by J. E. Starr, Starr's Point, N. S. Among the illustrations, "An Ontario Road Scene," "An Ontario Orchard in Bloom," "View of Mixed Forest Belt," "A Seventy-Year-Old Apple Tree," "Contentment,"—a croup of cattle—and "Ayrshires in Scotland" are worthy of special mention.

FREE WATCH

One Day's Work

Write for this free Watch, Chain & Charm for the next two days. Packages of Watches, Chains & Charms at ten cents each. Send address and we forward the perfume, soap, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the perfume among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, soap, and the perfume. The genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper. Home Specialty Co. de Victoria St. Toronto

Gabriele D'Annunzio sees the "tragic death of Elizabeth of Austria" through a haze of fancy. In the thought of the great Italian she dwells in an apothecistic realm with the daughters of poetic romance. The assassin has elevated her above the stars; she walks with Iphigenia, with Sappho, with Artemis: "The swift, unerring stroke suddenly revealed to our eyes, in extraordinarily pure relief, the set of beauty of this imperial life, as the immortal statue suddenly shines forth from the stone which the blow of the brutal hammer breaks. . . . A harmonious death at the fitting moment" . . . Were not her sorrow and her dream as ripe as those fruits of September which she ate sitting on the lacustrine rock, watching the beautiful waters? . . . Had she not desired a sudden death 'beneath the splendor of the sky?' The poetry of her wish was surpassed by the real glory of her final moments. The words of Goethe were in the silence of her sanguineous lips: 'Thus, then, O Realization, most beautiful daughter of the august Father, thou descendest to me at last'. . . A Latin poet must sing the praises of this Far Off Empress, this heroine of the dream. She knew how to create a world for herself, and to live in it according to the strength of her liberated soul. She must be celebrated. Perhaps she would have disappeared in the oblivion of men, if, by virtue of the steel, her image had not been violently thrown out from the shadow in an empyrean splendor. It is necessary to celebrate the hermetic beauty of her immobile face under the heavy autumnal color that dulled her tresses, and the silence of her close-set lips where the sweetness of 'fruits mitigated the bitterness of tears, and her soul, her secret soul which bore in its centre that Medusa's head with which Pallas armed her golden segie."

Joaquin Miller will hew from the rock no mortuary chamber, and will build no vaulted room for his tomb; for after death he does not look for the burial of a Christian. Rather he chooses the pyre of a Trojan. "The poet," as we learn, "has just finished at his home on the heights back of Oakland, a funeral pyre, on which he has ordered that his body be burned after death. This pyre is a solidly constructed, rectangular piece of masonry, covers one hundred square feet, and is eight feet high. It is made of six hundred and twenty boulders of various sizes, set in cement. At the top of the pyre is a coffin-shaped depression in which the poet has left orders that his body be placed and cremated, and the ashes flung to all points of the compass. Nearby a granite boulder, which weighs two tons, will form the poet's tombstone. No name is carved on it, but in white letters has been painted, "To the Unknown." If the old poet wishes to be pagan, why will he not patronize a regularly arranged crematory, by the use of which his last wishes might be more affectively carried out, and more agreeably to the neighbors, and the persons who may have the work in charge?"

William Kirby, F. R. S. C., poet, historian, romancer, author of "The Golden Dog," "Canadian Idylls," etc., writes an agreeable anniversary article on, "The Knight of Spencer Grange," who, it will be known by most readers, is Sir James Macpherson Le Moine, the gifted historian of Quebec, author of "Maples Leaves," "Legends of the St. Lawrence," and many other popular works. Mr. Kirby says: "January the 1st, 1898 ought indeed to be a pleasant anniversary to the author of "Maples Leaves;" early that morning, a year ago, a telegraph messenger was knocking at the portals of Spencer Grange the bearer of a telegram from the Earl of Aberdeen, the Governor General, announcing that "Her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to confer the honor of Knighthood, for literary service rendered Canada, on Sir James Macpherson LeMoine, Past President of the Royal Society of Canada." This mark of Royal favor to a Canadian litterateur for distinguished service to his native land, must have been a pleasant recognition and surprise. The guerdon in Sir James LeMoine's case, was not won without patient toil." The article is prefaced by a quotation of George Martin's poem to Sir James on the occasion of his knighthood.

"His laurel crown provokes no frown.
No politician's wiles have won.
Deductions for her learned pen,
No path unless has solled his gown."

A Russian paper asserts that the poems of Edgar A. Poe, having been translated into Russian, are more popular in that country than in the United States.

PASTOR FELIX.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

There are still judges in the world who are almost as wise as King Solomon, and veritable 'Daniels come to judgment.' Such a man presides over a local court in the Isle of Socio. An action for damages was brought against the local railway company, arising out of a serious collision. A man had lost an arm in the affair, and a young married woman has been made a widow. For the loss of the arm the judge awarded six thousand piastres, and only two thousand for the loss of the husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge justified himself in the following terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you, turning to the woman, 'you are still young and pretty. You have now some money; you will easily find another husband who possibly may be as good, perhaps better than your dead lord.' The people cheered and congratulated each other on having such a wise judge.

An Extended Experience. Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

Baby-Mixing Wholesaler. The creche system—introduced into England in 1871 by Mrs. Hilton—has proved an inestimable boon to poor women. In the neat and wholesome apartments of these institutions, the children of the poor, from two weeks to five or six years old, are cared for whilst their mothers are engaged at work. The little ones are bathed when admitted, dressed in clothes belonging to the creche, and fed at intervals during the day. The charge is usually threepence for twelve hours, from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m., widows paying less.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

Curious Imperial Ukase. An ordinance has lately been promulgated in Japan exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race.

There should be certain fine stones laid aside in heaven for the crown of any man whose record shows that he never bought a musical instrument on the installment plan.

If a man wants to think, don't present him evidence to the contrary; prejudice is stronger than evidence.

Raw From Ear To Jaw.

"I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease." G. WHITE, Carleton, N.W.T.

B.B.B. cures Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Shingles, Boils, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, and all forms of Skin Diseases and Eruptions, from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

The steadily increasing demand for . . .

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

shows that those who have been using it have told their friends how it gives

Immediate Relief

to the most

Obstinate Coughs

and does not derange the digestion.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO.
484 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

Now, I am going to tell you, this week, a story of self-sacrifice and courage which was enacted about two miles above the great falls, up the St. John river, where dwelt Pierre Robideaux, an upright and respected Frenchman, and his two children—Alphonse, a lad of sixteen, and his sister, Julie, who was about fourteen. The house was low, with wide eaves, and there was a sort of courtyard, after the manner of the stateries residences of the old seigneurs of Quebec, about whose past splendour Pierre was so fond of telling his children. A short way back was a windmill that liked to loll around when there was a little breeze, but when it blew hard it strove so savagely and swiftly through the air that you might think it was going to destroy all the heavens.

Madame Robideaux had been dead for many years, and the management of the children, fell entirely to the father. In the winter they went to the free school at the village of Grand Falls, but in summer they could not be spared from the farm, but were busy from the time the crops were put in, till they were harvested away in barn and bin.

On the side of the river where his dwelling stood, Pierre had long stretches of upland, upon which he raised buckwheat, and which he also used for pastures; he had some "intervale" land and upon this he raised oats, clover and timothy. This intervalle fronted on the dark river that went racing, eddying and tumbling by to launch itself in thunder over the falls below.

From the upland, where stood the grey house and the old barn, you could trace the great river till it was lost in mist at the brink of the precipice. Sitting at the open windows on calm summer nights, they could hear the galloping thunder far below, and Julie often remarked how dreadful it would be, for any one to be ever borne over the falls. Its tolls are just as deadly as Niagara's and nothing that lives, except perhaps a few fishes has ever gone over it, however protected, and come out alive.

Julie shuddered at the steadily booming below, because she and her brother were so much on the river, and Pierre himself often trembled at the thought of any mishap in the management of the boat, as the children crossed the hurrying flood. And cross it they were obliged to do, almost steadily through the summer, for they had gardens, cabbages, several potatoe patches, cucumbers, peas, and various other things. These needed weeding, tending and watching.

Pierre who was sometimes assisted by a hired farm-hand attended to the crops on the home side of the river, the grain and hay crops being most important claimed his attention there. In addition to the gardens on the further side of the river Pierre had great stretches of swampy land upon which grew many different kinds of sedges, which, when dried and bound and shipped to market, fetched a good price for bedding, for horses and cattle, for filling mattresses, and often as fodder, to go along with timothy or clover. This crop was cut after the hay was disposed of and the work of tossing it out on fine mornings turning it, raking it together, and then, when evening came, or rain threatened, of putting it in stacks, was left to Alphonse and Julie, and, as I have said, in order to do all these things the boy and girl had to cross the river in a boat, at a point just about two miles above the falls. Other habitants living near and knowing how perilous the passage was, and how frequently the youngsters made it murmured "May they never come to harm."

One morning towards the last of July, the brother and sister set out for the wild meadows, at a much earlier hour than usual, as there was a great quantity of the wild grass out, and there had been several wet days so that it was important to give it the benefit of all the sun possible and then get it stacked.

Robideaux had one boat but it could carry only the mother and sister; whenever their father went across with them he borrowed

a boat of similar size from his nearest neighbour, Jean. There were larger boats farther up the river, but these small ones were easier to row and to manage, so the father preferred the children should use a little skiff of this size.

As the boy and girl shoved off, he gave them some instructions as to the grass to be raked first, and then told them as he always did not to stay too late, for he could never shake off a certain haunting dread of the river. Moreover the cows would be at the bars by six o'clock, and they would have to milk them, as he would be too busy that evening.

The day was a glorious one for hay-making, the sun being strong, and the breeze fresh. At six o'clock, Pierre looked down from where he was at work on the uplands, saw the cows at the bars, but saw no trace of Alphonse and Julie. He did not mind this very much but went on with his work for eight or ten minutes longer. Then not seeing them, he began to grow uneasy, for they were usually very prompt about getting home. So he made his way rapidly down to the house, leaving Andre the hired man to attend to the horses. But still there was no sign of Alphonse and Julie.

"They have tried to get it all in stacks" he said to himself "but they must not take such risks."

Masses of dark clouds began trooping across the heavens, and rain with thunder might be expected any minute. This made Pierre more uneasy still and he stood by the brink of the sullen hurrying river, looking with all his might toward the opposite shore.

"Ah bon, c'est bon, they come" he cried, and the tiny speck of a boat could be seen moving off from the other shore.

But for some reason or other, the father was more anxious than usual on this occasion, and as he watched his children push their tiny craft out into the swirling waters, the booming of the remorseless falls fell more distinctly upon his ear, than he had ever heard it before. He murmured a prayer, and yet he was not sure why he should be alarmed at all. His fear he thought was brought on by the threatening storm, which might swoop down upon the river at any moment, moreover the children might not be able to keep their presence of mind and their steady caution with the tempest lowering upon them.

(To be Continued.)

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Black ribbon velvet true-lover's knots, in spite of their long popularity, seems to have taken a new lease of life and promise to make their appearance in the most persistent fashion upon nine out of ten of the newest hats. Very frequently a big bow of this kind forms the center of the trimming upon a hat, with possibly two large black or white ostrich feathers curving away on either side.

Paris, having loved blue very dearly smiled persistently on black and white, is now turning much of her attention to red, and the best of her satin toulard gowns appear in this color spotted with white. They are invariably made on a simple plan, the skirt with a single flounce, the bodice crossed over on the bust to show a chemisette of ecru muslin, slightly pouching in the front, with a very narrow belt, and crowned with a hat turned off from the face trimmed with indispensable cherries.

The long jeweled chains have by no means gone out of fashion yet, though perhaps there is not quite so marked a craze for them as a few months back. Pink coral, strung in long ropes, is most becoming with a pink or white evening toilet, and at a smart dance recently a girl in coral pink embroidered chiffon was all hung about with ropes of fine coral. They looked newer than gold chains or pearly ropes, and had the merit of being genuine, which the latter rarely are in these days of imitations.

The remarkable fondness for lace seems likely to outlive every other caprice of fashion, and the fortunate woman who has a stock of real lace is more to be envied this season than ever before. Fine specimens of renaissance lace are in great demand at the moment. It is used for hat trimmings very effectively over white satin ribbon, for bows, for dress trimmings, for neck bows, and to cover revers on some of the dressy evening wraps.

Every kind of lace, either real or imitation, is in use in some way. Entire dresses of real lace, mounted on chiffon and made over white satin, are the thing for evening gowns, and the little sleeveless coats of lace are charming. Ecru guipure over white with a colored velvet belt, is especially pretty for the gown or coat. Lace polonaises are worn as well. They are cut away at the neck usually to show the under bodice of chiffon. Short jackets of black Chantilly over white satin are exceedingly stylish, made with round cutaway



THE ROMANCE OF THE SEACOAST

A series of thrilling articles of little-known phases of life along the Atlantic coast.

I—The Lights Along the Shore will describe the wondrous changes in lighting, and of the perfect system by which our Government takes charge of the thousand and more lighthouses of the nation.

II—When the Fisher Fleet Goes Out to Sea. The thrilling dangers of a class seldom heard of—the Nova Scotia fishermen in their daily lives, their hardships and sufferings.

III—With the Life-Savers Along the Coast will tell of the everyday lives of those brave men who dare death and darkness in their angriest forms—showing the workings of a system that saves thousands of lives yearly.

IV—The Men Who Wreck Ships. It is popularly supposed that wreckers no longer exist; this article will tell of well-organized bands of wreckers who lure on to rocks, by means of false signals, rich vessels for the sake of their treasures.

V—Perils of the Smuggler's Life. The risks that are taken nightly to circumvent the Customs officials—a business that is much larger to-day than it is supposed to be.

The illustrations in this series will be the most striking that have ever appeared in the Post.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Is the title of a weekly page that displays at a glance the panorama of people prominently before the public—portraits and paragraphs that tell the week's history among the notables.

POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES The Post will give, in the course of the year, thousands of brief biographies, and sketches of its writers and authors, illustrated wherever possible with photographic portraits.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

The poems in this series will be admirably illustrated, and, wherever possible, there will be given a sketch of the life of the poet, with a portrait, and the story of how each poem came to be written. The poems will be selected, not from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man of woman, but for their appeal to lovers of sentiment. They will be poems of the emotions—those that appeal to the heart; poems that tell a story—those that are filled with human interest. They belong to what may be called the "pocketbook school of poetry"—those poems that one cuts from a newspaper and carries in the pocketbook till they are worn through at the creases.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST WILL BE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS FROM NOW TO JANUARY 1, 1899, ON RECEIPT OF ONLY TEN CENTS. THE REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS \$2.50 PER YEAR

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Filling it up.

Mr. R. H. Russell, a prominent New York publisher, was invited to a tea in the apartments of a young but rising novelist some time ago. He managed to drop in before the throng, and as he was gazing on the various curiosities scattered in profusion about the room his eye fell upon a calendar, conspicuously displayed, which was crowded with an obtrusive array of memoranda of teas, receptions, dinners, etc. On one evening there was this modest entry: 'To dine with Russell.' To say that Russell was surprised is to put it mildly. He recognized in this entry a little device of the novelist to fill up his calendar for himself if others would not do it for him. He kept his own counsel, however, and when his host disappeared from the room for a moment he quietly turned the pages of the calendar and against one of the evenings of the following week he placed this entry: 'Invited Russell to dinner. Russell accepts.'

Minister (who has taken a house in the country for the summer): But, my good man, I have brought my servants with me. I have no employment to give you. Applicant: 'Ah, sir, if you only knew how little work it would take to keep me employed!'

Important to Athletes.

Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoode Hall Football Club, writes: 'I consider Griffiths' Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25 cts.'

DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY.

Metric System Taught By MRS. E. L. ETHIER,

88 ST. DENIS ST., - - MONTREAL.

Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec. Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.



The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Nothing makes a man quite so mad as to offer to help his wife, and then be told that she can get along better without him.



For Sports or for Dress

Priestley's
Covert Suitings reach the ideal of perfection in style,
fit, finish, wear. Cravenetted—hence rain and damp
proof. The highest type of fashionable Dress Fabric
manufactured.
Rich—firm—durable—original in design.

are in
a class by themselves, and are so recognized by particular buyers everywhere.
"Priestley" stamped on the selvage of every fifth yard.

Cravenetted

Sold by Dry Goods Houses everywhere.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Women of experience in ordering coffee from their grocer are careful to specify Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, which comes in pound and two-pound tin cans, knowing that satisfaction accompanies every can.

Thousands of refined people who know and appreciate good coffee endorse this famous brand. The signature and the seal of these well-known importers guarantee its excellence.

Papa, if you hadn't married mamma—
Well?
What a lot o' fun me an' you could have—a doin' as we please!

Chippie: 'I don't look at all like myself to-day.'
Old Crosschap: 'It would be a good time to have your portrait taken.'

Buyer: 'Is this dog affectionate?'
Dealer: 'I should say so. I have sold him four times, and every time he's come back to me.'

Tukelev: 'They say, Blokeley, old man that your wife has an independent fortune.'
Blokeley: 'That's right. It's so confoundedly independent that I can't get any of it.'

Teacher: 'In this stanza, what is meant by the line—'The shades of night were falling fast'?'
Bright Scholar: 'The people were pulling down the blinds.'

Judge: 'What is your name?'
Pedlar: 'Moses Grrrrzzvppdalkaky.'
Judge: 'What's the matter—have you got a fit?'
Pedlar: 'Naw; dot's me name.'

'How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Dobbs?'
'Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till morning he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he is afeared he must give him up.'

'Professor Brainard is the wisest man that ever lived.'
'Indeed?'
'Yes. Why, he can say 'I love' in nine different languages—and hasn't said it in any.'

At a Parisian cafe.—Guest pays his bill, and, receiving the change, pushes a franc towards the garcon. The latter regards him with an expression of respectful reproach, and says: 'I beg monsieur's pardon, but that is the counteriteit franc.'

Frank (reading daily paper): 'What's a centenarian, Bill?'
Bill (promptly): 'A cricketer, of course who makes a hundred runs.'
Frank: 'You don't say so. I thought he was called a centurion.'

Physician (looking into his ante-room, where a number of patients are waiting): 'Who has been waiting the longest?'
Tailor (who had called to present his bill): 'I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago.'

Wife: 'Was that man ever a farmer?'
Husband: 'No.'
Wife: 'But he's always talkin' about the delights of livin' in the country.'
Husband: 'Exactly. That's what shows he never was a farmer.'

Teasing Friend: 'What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?'
Tommy (indignantly): 'It don't cry so very much; and, anyway, if all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying yourself!'

'I suppose, Henry,' said the old gentleman to the new son-in-law, 'that you're aware the cheque for £1,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect?'
'Oh, yes sir,' responded the cheerful Henry, 'and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word.'

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay, and finally said to one of the children, 'I'm going away direct, Stanley, and I want you to go part of the way with me.'
'Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave,' replied Stanley.

'Time is precious,' remarked the minister.
'It is, indeed,' replied the man of business, 'and I've wasted lots of it.'
'By indulging in foolish pleasures, I suppose,' said the good man.
'No,' replied the other; 'I lost it by being punctual in keeping my appointments with others.'

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked:—
'George do you shave yourself?'
'Yes,' he replied.
'I thought so,' she said. 'Your face is the roughest I ever—'
Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

In a recent county-court case in which a man sued another for balance of wages the defendant called a witness.
Witness: 'I beg pardon, your Honor. Before I give my evidence I want my expenses.'
Judge (to defendant): 'Pay him 7s. 6d.'
The defendant having done so the judge said: 'Now that you have had your expenses, what do you know of the case?'
Witness: 'Nothing at all, your Honor.'
(Roars of laughter.)

A short time ago a somewhat laughable incident took place in a northern church. The minister, after proclaiming the banns of matrimony between a young couple, concluded by saying, 'If there be any objections, they can now be stated.'
A fashionable youth, an old admirer of the intended bride, noticing the eyes of a portion of the congregation fixed upon him rose up and exclaimed, 'I have no objection for my own part,' to the astonishment of all about him, and resumed his seat, as if he had done a mere formal piece of business.

SAGACIOUS BLACK BEARS.

Their Acumen Displayed in Hundreds of Unique Ways.

The acuteness (sagacity some observers call it) of a black bear is shown in hundreds of different ways. All hunters have had experiences in which they have been led many miles from camp, across mountains, over wide areas of boulder and through rocky canyons, by some smart old bear that seemed to have a human mind in teasing the hunter along, and at the same time adroitly keeping out of range of the rifle when there was an opportunity for the pursuer to shoot. The bear that knows it is hunted and sees a chance to escape will do this every time. It will climb hastily into the most inaccessible spots to a man, and when it has surveyed the field from behind a titanic boulder or in a dense chaparral, where the hunter cannot shoot, it will decide upon a course of escape. Then it goes on ahead. If it is a she bear and her cubs are along, she will drive the little fellows on ahead a few feet and defend them in the rear. When the old bear knows there is a chance for a bullet from the hunter's gun to come that way it will hasten as fast as possible, not stopping to rest until some protection is afforded from bullets by rock or timber. Many she bears in their anxiety to save their cubs have been seen to pick them up in their fore paws and trudge clumsily along. The sagacity of black bears is very often shown in their manner of seeking food. A ranchman in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains a few years ago found that a little pig disappeared about every week from his pig-pen. The prints of the bear's paws told what was carrying away the little porkers, but the pen was surrounded by a paling so strong and high that the ranchman could not imagine how any beast ever got in there. An allnight watch showed him that a black bear came that way, limbed a live oak tree that grew near, and, walking out on the branch that grew over the pig-pen, dropped to the ground, snatched a terrified pig, and making for the gate that could be opened from the inside only, made off to the family den, miles away up in the cañon. The discrimination of a bear is constantly shown by its warieness of traps and decoys. Some bears have had traps fixed for them hundreds of times, but have sagaciously passed them by. A bear hunter has to exercise all his ingenuity to devise schemes

for catching a black bear of any experience. A man's hat lying near a concealed trap may be a warning to Bruin, and hunters say they have known instances where bears have smelled man's presence even a half a mile away.

SAVES OUR WOMEN!

Paine's Celery Compound Banishes
All Their Troubles.

Fully Restores Every Womanly
Function.

Fortifies the Entire Female
Organism.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.
Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the wonderful good that I have derived from Paine's Celery Compound. I was run down and greatly troubled with indigestion, and after using several bottles of your medicine I was completely cured, and can say that I feel like a new person. I trust this may be of some use to others who suffer as I did.

Yours truly,
ELIZA CRUISE,
391 Pine Ave., Montreal.

It Was all in the Family.

In a provincial town in France a strange marriage took place recently. Everyone interested bore the name of Duplas—the bride, bridegroom, the mayor, the witnesses and all the bridesmaids.

MOTHER JOYS.

A Dimpled Dot in her Arms and a Body Without a Pain—Here's a Case of Mother Cured of Tormenting Piles by Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

'After baby was born I suffered great torment from piles. Nothing gave me any lasting relief or benefit until I had used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application of it gave me almost instant relief, and a few applications cured me. Mrs. M. K. Colliger, 30 Pacific Ave., Toronto.'

Mr. Ballard: 'Why, of course he's welcome to the use of it at any time.'
Bobby: 'An' he wants to borrow your garden rake and hose pipe, so's he can have the flower beds raked and the lawn sprinkled.'
Mr. Ballard: 'Very well, you'll find them in the tool-house. Tell him to come and get 'em any time without asking. He's just as welcome to use them as can be. You're a bright, manly little chap, and here's a penny for you to spend.'

A circus paid a flying visit to a small country town not long ago, and the price of admission was sixpence, children under ten years of age half price. It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom, aged thirteen, took her in the afternoon to see the show. Arrived at the door, he put down ninepence, and asked for two front seats.

'How old is the little girl?' asked the money taker, doubtfully.
'Well,' replied Master Tom, 'this is her tenth birthday, but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon.'
The money-taker accepted the statement and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.

'Which of these roads leads to the village of W—?' inquired a traveller, as he came to a place where the road he was travelling forked in different directions, of an urchin who sat upon a gate near by, and whose appearance indicated that he was evidently a bright specimen.
'Any one on 'em, sir,' answered the boy.
'Which is the best, my lad?' inquired the traveller.
'Ain't nary one on 'em the best.'
'Which is the nearest?'
'Ain't much difference.'
'Which do you think I'd better take?'
'You may take any on 'em; and afore you git half way thar you'll wish you had tuck 't'other one.'

DOSE

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD WITH POWERFUL CHEMICAL DRESSING AND—WHAT WILL FOLLOW!—EXTRACTION OF OIL—CRACKING—SHOE DEATH. WITH ONE EXCEPTION ALL SHOE DRESSINGS ARE SHOE-CRACKERS—SHOE KILLERS.

Packard's Special Combination
Leather Dressing.

(FOR RUBBER, TAN, BROWN AND ALL COLORED SHOES)
IS THAT SOLE EXCEPTION.

Is its extraordinary popularity, therefore to be wondered at?

25 CENTS ALL SHOE STORES.



PACKARD MAKES IT
PACKARD OF MONTREAL.
(L. H. PACKARD & CO.)

Strategy Won.

Bobby: 'Ma wants—'
Mr. Ballard: 'Yes, I know; she wants to borrow my lawn-mower. You tell her she can't have it.'
Bobby: 'She don't want your lawn-mower. She wants to know—'
Mr. Ballard: 'Oh, she wants to know if I'll lend her my garden rake again, does she? Well, you tell her I say no!'
Bobby: 'But she don't want your garden rake. She wants to know if you'll be kind enough to lend her—'
Mr. Ballard: 'No, I won't be kind enough to lend her my hose pipe, nor anything else. I'm going to put a stop to this lending business for all time to come. Now, you young rascal, clear out!'
Bobby: 'Ma don't want any of your old tools; she's got plenty of her own. She wants to know if you'll be kind enough to lend her that book of patriotic poems that you wrote and just had printed?'
Mr. Ballard: 'Patriotic poems? Why certainly, with pleasure! Tell her she honours me with the request.'
Bobby: 'She'll be glad to read 'em. She says your 'Hauling Down the Flag' has made a great hit, and your 'Ode to Strategy' is the talk of the town.'
Mr. Ballard: 'Indeed! Tell your ma to keep the book as long as she wants it. Can I do anything more for you, my little man?'
Bobby: 'Yes, now I come to think of it, pa says I might as well get your lawn-mower while I was over here, if you'd let me have it.'

Vim Vigor Vitality

FORWARD'S
BLOOD & NERVE
PILLS

VIM—to work and to win—to keep a sane mind in a sound body—to laugh at worry.
VIGOR—to ward off disease—to conquer obstacles—to transmit health and strength to your posterity.
VITALITY—to resist the fearful strain and tension of modern life—to make up for the constant drains of overwork.
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills confer all these essential qualities on the user.

THIS EVIDENCE IS AMPLE PROOF.

Before using Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills I felt weak, nervous and run down. I had lost weight steadily for some time; my circulation was poor; hands, feet and limbs were cold. I always felt weak and my muscles trembled. Now, after the use of one box of Dr. Ward's Pills, I feel like my old self. I have gained five pounds in weight and 100 per cent. in cheerfulness. I now walk firmly, my muscular system is strong and my blood circulates vigorously. I have more comfort than I have experienced in years. Dr. Ward's Pills have done more for me than any medicine I ever took.

PETER CARMICHAEL,
13 Bright St., Toronto, Ont.

All good druggists can supply you. If they won't, we will by mail. Price 50c. per box, or 5 boxes for \$2.00. THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Vim

Dr. Ward's
Blood & Nerve
Pills.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

DISAPPEARED!

Kidney Pains All Gone.
What Did It?
Doan's Kidney Pills.
How Do You Know?
A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Pappa, 112 Barrie St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: "Having been troubled with kidney disease for years, and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in letting others similarly afflicted know of the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before taking them I was troubled at night by having to rise, but can now sleep, and do not feel weary in the morning. I hope that this may induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the only sure cure for Backache, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all Kidney and Urinary troubles. Price 50c. all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS.

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life. But to every lady who uses TURKISH DYES success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible. Simple to use, these beautiful dyes produce the richest and most lasting effects. TURKISH DYES are complete in themselves. Every color is distinct, effective, and has its own special character. Use TURKISH DYES upon any material whatever that can be dyed and you are sure of success. They put life into old garments, they add lustre to what is lack lustre and dingy and poor. TURKISH DYES are as different from the common dyes as the bright day is different from the dark and desolate night.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

NOT Good to Eat

Not applied to the chest in Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy and Pneumonia, and to painful spots in Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Kidney Troubles, etc., BENSON'S POROUS PLASTERS instantly relieve and cure quicker than any other external remedy. All druggists. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using
CALVERT'S
CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
6d., 1s. 10d. and 1s. 5s. Tins, or
CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE
6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

Continued from Tenth Page. An excessively grand affair it was to be. A famous chef from London had come down to assist; a cart-load of flowers had been brought in addition to those which Sir Gerald's own gardens and conservatories could produce.

One of the finest military bands was to play. And, altogether, it was to be a function such as would be talked about, and not soon forgotten.

'I am a little surprised at Gerald,' Lady Ruth thought. 'He used not to be fond of extravagance and display.'

It seemed as if this unspoken thought of hers lurked also in Lillian's breast. For one day, as she and Lady Ruth were sitting together, she said—

'Auntie, I wish you would persuade Gerald not to lavish so much money on me. It troubles me sometimes.'

Lady Ruth was on the best of terms with her nephew's wife; indeed, it might be said with genuineness and tenderness attached to her.

Lillian always addressed her as 'aunt,' and received, in the sweetest possible manner, any words of counsel which the elder lady, out of her riper experience, might have to give.

'What do you mean, my dear?' said Lady Ruth.

'Gerald is so extravagant. You must have noticed it. He insists on my getting the best and costliest of everything. He wouldn't even let me look at Madame Eloise's bill; and I am sure it was because he knew my dresses had cost so much, that I should be really alarmed to think of it.'

'Those Parisian dressmakers always do charge exorbitantly, my dear.'

'But it is not dresses alone I mean. Only think of the jewels he has bought me! I am sure they must have cost him thousands of pounds. And then this ball! Everything is to be on so very grand a scale. "Spare no expense!" That is Gerald's command to everyone. It is as though he could not pour out his money lavishly enough. It troubles me,' repeated the youthful Lady Vere.

'My dear, your husband has a large income. You need have no fears on that account,' said Lady Ruth, gently.

'Oh, it is not that—not that at all!' cried Lillian, hurriedly. 'You don't quite understand!'

'What is it, then, my love?' questioned the elder lady.

The troubled look deepened on the face of Sir Gerald's wife.

A delicate rose flush mantled her cheek and then she said, evidently with an effort—

'It isn't that I fear he is exceeding his income, though even that ought to be thought of, of course; but—but—'

'But what, my dear?' asked Lady Ruth not a little curious to know where the root of the objection lay.

'It makes me feel, almost, as if he had bought me for his wife.'

'The colour deepened in Lady Vere's face as she said this, in a low, hesitating voice. Gentle Lady Ruth, who was thoroughly qualified to sympathize with the workings of a delicate mind, pressed her hand kindly.

'My dear Lillian, you must never have such as thought as that.'

Lady Vere raised her beautiful eyes to her face, and said, in a firmer and more assured tone—

'At any rate, I wish I could make him understand I do not desire these things—do not greatly value them.'

'I am sure he does as now that.'

Lillian looked at her, wistfully.

'Do you really think so? Oh, I wish I could be quite sure of it! I wonder, some times whether he surrounds me with all these luxuries because he thinks he has not my love, and hopes to buy it with them.'

'But, my dear, he has your love, and I am sure, he knows it. How could he help it? You'll forgive me for saying so, Lillian, but I never saw a more truly loving and devoted wife than you.'

'Do you really mean that? Oh, I am glad—very glad!'

A tender light broke in her eyes as she spoke.

Lady Ruth's assurance seemed to have thrilled her inmost heart with joy.

With a swift graceful movement, she left her chair, and came and knelt on the rug beside Lady Ruth.

'I will tell you what makes me so especially sensitive,' she said with a frank, sweet glance. 'When Gerald first asked me to marry him, I had to confess I did not love him. I liked him and esteemed him very much, but I did not love him and told him so. He said he would be content to begin with liking and esteem, feeling quite sure that, in the end love would come. And so.'

Coughs That Stick.

You don't seem to be able to throw them off. All the ordinary remedies you've tried don't touch them. The cough remedy for you is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It loosens the phlegm, allays the irritation, heals and soothes the inflamed lung tissue.

MR. WM. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont., says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Never fails to Cure.



she concluded, after a little pause—'I married him.'

'Married him without absolutely loving him, you mean, my dear?'

'Yes! Did I do wrong?'

And there was a world of wistfulness in the beautiful eyes upraised to Lady Ruth's.

'Certainly not, seeing you told him the truth frankly, and that you did feel for him a real liking and esteem. But, Lillian, my dear, may I ask you one question? Marriage has the power to change liking into love. What is your feeling towards Gerald now?'

A wonderful light overspread the face of Lady Vere.

She drooped her head.

'Now I love him with all my heart and soul!' she breathed, softly. 'Better, far better, than my life!'

The evening of the ball had come. Lady Vere, gowned in ivory-white satin, veiled with net, stood at the entrance to the ball-room to receive her guests.

Everyone remarked on her imperial grace almost as much as on her great beauty.

'No wonder he married her!' said the men. 'A girl like that would have grieved a coronet—ay, or even a crown!'

Her dress was trimmed with white roses, and her jewels were a superb parure of diamonds, which flashed like points of flame on her beautiful neck and arms.

Not one touch of colour was there about the whole costume—not so much as a thread of gold or a single rose leaf.

All was bridal whiteness.

Perhaps nothing could have shown to such perfection the fairness of her complexion, the shimmer of her golden hair, or the dark, thrilling beauty of her eyes.

Among the earlier arrivals were the Muggletons, and with them came Kate Lisle.

She had left The Towers some weeks ago; but her aunt had been called to France to nurse a sick relative, and Kate, at V's urgently expressed wish, had come back to Hampshire.

It was quite possible she might spend the winter with her friends, the Muggletons. It so chanced that Lady Vere had never once seen Kate.

Before her marriage, she had gently persisted in keeping herself almost wholly retired from visitors.

Lady Ruth, appreciating the delicacy of her motives, had abstained from sending for her to the drawing-room when visitors were there, and thus it happened that, in spite of the friendly feeling existing between The Towers and Vivian Court, Lillian had never met Kate Lisle.

Kate had returned to Hampshire only three days ago—just in time for the ball. She looked lovely in a gown of cream-colored silk, with a cluster of crimson flowers at her bosom.

Morewood was, of course, her escort; and very proud and happy he looked as he led her up to his friend's wife.

Lady Vere let her eyes rest for a moment on that fresh fair-girlish beauty.

And, as she looked, a shade of sadness flitted over her own beautiful face.

Only for a moment did that shade remain.

Then she was murmuring a gentle word or two of special greeting to Kate, with a smile that was pure and bright as a sunbeam.

'How beautiful she is!' said Kate to her lover, with frank, generous enthusiasm, as they walked down the ball room. 'I don't wonder Sir Gerald fell in love with her.'

'After a moment, she added, archly—'I only wonder somebody else did not!'

'Meaning me, dear?'

'Certainly!'

'Ah! I waited for you, you see. I had a sort of prescience you were coming; and, of course, it would have broken your heart if you'd found me already disposed of.'

Morewood spoke with that playful teasing in which a man likes to indulge when he is quite certain of the affection of his betrothed.

'But, seriously, John,' persisted Kate, 'I do wonder you didn't fall in love with her. If I'd been a man, I really don't think I could have helped it.'

'I was preserved for you! For which, if you are a properly-disposed young woman, you ought to be exceedingly grateful!' retorted Morewood, with a loving glance, though his tone was still a quizzical one.

He did not say how near he had been to falling in love with Lillian Delisle.

He had by no means forgotten this, but he did not choose to tell Kate of it.

It was not that he was not perfectly honourable and true-minded.

Never a more honourable man stepped than John Morewood, of Beech Royal.

But he was prudent.

He held it to be quite unnecessary, and unwise, to say things which would run the risk of waking even the tiniest flutter of jealousy in his Kate's heart.

If he had ever feared himself to Lillian, if he had even breathed so much as one word of love to her, it would have been different.

But, as it was, there was no need to mention that love which had sprung up so rapidly, and had been so quickly crushed.

The secret was confined to his own bosom, and in his own bosom it should remain—at any rate for the present.

Perhaps, at some future day, when he and Kate were playing at Darby and Joan together, when he would be sitting on one side of the fire, smoking a cigar, in dressing gown and slippers, while she would be sewing on the other—perhaps then he might tell her how in his breast there had been conceived the dawning of what might have been a mighty passion for Lillian Delisle, and how he had stood aside at the call of friendship, and had dug a grave for that dawning passion, and buried it, retaining nothing but a memory which must make him ever think very kindly of Sir Gerald's wife.

All this was to be told in the "some-day" but, assuredly, he did not mean to tell it now.

So he answered his love with quizzing

words and gay smiles, as he ever did when she asked him those tender questions which girls delight in, as to whether he had ever loved before.

Kate had the least mistrustful nature in the world, and was easily satisfied.

During the evening, Lady Vere came up to her, as she sat alone, in the conservatory, in the absence of her lover, who had gone to fetch her an ice.

'I am pleased to see you alone!' she said, softly. 'I so wanted to tell you how glad—how truly glad—I am to know you. There was no time, in all that crush. I have heard so much of you. And you are to be our neighbor soon? I do hope you will let me be your real friend, dear.'

There was the most thrilling earnestness in Lillian's sweet voice.

Her eyes, too, seconded her words' appeal.

One might have fancied she saw some dark shadow which threatened to cloud Kate's future, and longed to have power to save her from it.

Kate answered with grateful warmth.

She felt greatly drawn towards this beautiful Lady Vere, with the sweet voice and the wonderful dark eyes.

To her it seemed, as it had seemed to Sir Gerald when he first looked on Lillian Delisle, that those eyes were sorrow-haunted.

In spite of the sweetly-smiling lips and the sunny brow, she found herself wondering what grief had entered so early into the life of Lady Vere.

'Mr. Morewood is my husband's dear friend, as, of course, you know; and I think I may say—here, for a single moment, she pressed her hand, as if involuntarily, above her heart—'I think I may say he is my friend as well.'

At that moment Morewood came back. He looked delighted to see his betrothed conversing with Lady Vere on such evident terms of friendliness.

'Mr. Morewood, I am asking Miss Lisle to let us be real friends.'

'That is very good of you!'

And his frank eyes sparkled with grateful feeling as they looked down into hers.

The next moment, someone else entered the conservatory—the Duke of Oldacre, who had come to claim Lady Vere as his partner for the next dance.

Kate watched the graceful white-robed form as it passed through the banks of blossoms, on the arm of the duke.

'John,' she said, softly, 'I do like her so much. I believe I should love her very soon.'

CHAPTER XL.

LADY VERE ASKS A FAVOUR.

The acquaintance between Lady Vere and Kate, so auspiciously begun, ripened and developed rapidly.

Kate was constantly at Vivian Court. Sir Gerald sometimes told his young wife he felt himself growing quite jealous of Miss Lisle.

One afternoon, when Kate was at the Court, Sir Granville Grantly who chanced to be there also, began to speak of a clairvoyante, who was giving a remarkable exhibition of her powers in the neighbouring town.

'I went to her séance the other day,' he said, 'and what she did was really very remarkable. A Spanish woman, I should imagine she is. She calls herself Madame Santanello.'

Lillian, who was arranging some flowers in a vase, looked round with some eagerness.

'Do you say you saw her, Sir Granville? What was she like?'

'A very grand-looking woman, tall and stately, with a superb figure, and a handsome melancholy-looking countenance. She wore blue spectacles, which rather spoiled her appearance. Otherwise, she was a splendid-looking woman.'

'How old?' asked Sir Gerald.

'Oh, I'm not very good at guessing ladies' ages. Something between thirty and forty, I should think.'

Lady Vere turned to her flowers again. There was a very thoughtful, and slightly troubled, look on her fair face as she bent over them.

'And what did she do?' queried Kate, eagerly. 'I have never seen a clairvoyante. I should like to, very much. I wonder whether Mr. Morewood would take me?'

'Kate, don't ask him. I mean, don't go.'

It was Lillian who thus spoke, in a singularly earnest and beseeching tone.

She left her flowers, and came and stood Kate's side, as though to urge her request with greater force.

Kate laughed.

'Why shouldn't I go? I'm sure I should like it ever so much.'

'Dear, if you knew what awful power those women sometimes have! They work infinite misery. I have known cases in which they have wrecked the happiness of whole lives.'

'Why, Lillian, how tragical you are! I verily believe you are in earnest!'

'I am in earnest!' cried Lady Vere. 'And no one, who saw her then, could doubt it.'

Ernestness sat on her flushing cheek, and sparkled in her eye.

'My love, what do you know of clairvoyance?' asked Sir Gerald much impressed.

'What do I know? I have seen such misery—' She broke off suddenly, adding, after a moment or two, in a slower, calmer voice; 'Some day I will tell you of a case I knew—the case of a young girl whose whole life was ruined by what she heard from the lips of a clairvoyante. You would understand then why I so greatly dread such people. But even the memory

I shall be turning superstitious myself next,' he thought, half uneasily, half-amused, 'if I have much more to do with these mysteries.'

Aloud, he said, in that pleasant, manly fashion which made most women look up to him as a protector—

'Well you may rest assured Kate shall not consult the oracle with me. And for all her wifeliness and independent spirit,

of it is so painful to me, that I don't care to talk about it.'

'Lillian, I never saw you so affected before!' exclaimed Sir Gerald.

And, indeed, a mist of tears had started to her eyes.

She smiled, albeit a little sadly.

'I know I am foolishly impressionable,' she said; then she turned to Kate again. 'Kate, I wish you would promise me not to go. I have a presentiment—don't call me foolish—that harm would come of it!'

And Kate laughed, gaily.

'Can't you? Wouldn't it be harm if you heard some hateful statement or prophecy of evil, such as made your heart ache with fear and dread lest it should prove true? Don't smile, Kate. Such things have been.'

'Well, you see, if the evil had to come, I might as well know it. Besides, I don't believe in these people as you do. They are only clever cheats, are they not, Sir Gerald?'

'Upon my word, I don't know. They have certainly marvellous powers sometimes. And, you know, Shakespeare assures us there are more things in Heaven and earth than our mad dreams of in his philosophy.'

Sir Gerald, as has been said, had, by nature, a strong leaning towards the mysterious and metaphysical. Moreover, he had been impressed by the emotion shown by Lillian.

At this moment more visitors were announced, and the subject dropped.

But, later in the day, when Morewood chanced to be there, Lady Vere resumed it with him.

'Mr. Morewood, have you heard of this Madame Santanello?'

'Yes. A good many people have told me how clever she is.'

'You haven't seen her?'

'No. Sir Gerald wanted me to go with him the other day, but I couldn't manage it. I had an engagement.'

'Kate wishes very much to go!'

'Yes. And I want you to promise me not to take her! Will you, Mr. Morewood?'

It was evening—after dinner. Morewood had been dining at the Court, and was now sitting in the drawing room with Lady Vere and Lady Ruth. Sir Gerald having gone away to write an important letter.

Lady Ruth was sitting at one end of the room, half asleep over some wool-work.

Lady Vere was at the other end, at the pianoforte.

She had been playing a few soft chords, with Morewood standing behind her, admiring the grace and beauty of her fingers, as they wandered over the keys.

She had ceased playing when she began to speak about the clairvoyante, and now she left the piano stool, and seated herself on a luteul near.

'I was trying to persuade Kate this afternoon, not to go!' she resumed. 'But, as you know, she is rather willful, and opposition only makes her more determined to have her way.'

'Yes, I believe that is a little trick of hers!' said the lover smiling. 'How well you know her, Lady Vere!'

'I know her well, because I love her well!' said Lillian, softly. 'Dear Kate! I ought to love her. She is so very good to me! With a smile, she added: 'But she is willful. Because I have spoken against the clairvoyante, she is sure to want to go. But she won't go unless you take her. If you would promise me not to go, I should feel sure she wouldn't either.'

'Will you promise, Mr. Morewood?'

She leaned a little nearer to him, in her earnestness, the color deepening in her cheeks, her beautiful eyes shining.

The delicate-hued silks and filmy laces at her bosom were stirred a little by the quick beating of her heart.

'With pleasure, Lady Vere. I have no interest at all in such exhibitions, and I'm sure I've no wish to take Kate to see them.'

'Thank you—oh, thank you so much!'

And she leaned back in her chair, with an inexpressible look of relief on her fair face.

'But now,' he said, smiling, 'in return for my promise, do you mind telling me why you are so anxious Kate shouldn't go to this clairvoyante?'

A faint flush mantled her cheek.

'Will you promise not to think me very foolish?'

'Certainly I can promise that!' he said, with a frankly admiring glance.

'Well, then, I once knew a young girl, who was placed—in many respects—very similarly to how Kate is now. Her life seemed to promise unclouded happiness; but she went to a clairvoyante, and the woman prophesied such an awful thing as likely to come upon her, that her life was spoiled from that hour. She lived henceforward in awful dread.'

'And did the evil come to pass?'

'In part it did. I tremble when I think of the powers these mysterious people possess. It seems to me they could almost control Fate. I would not go near one for the world.'

An involuntary shudder thrilled her as she spoke.

Morewood, though gently sympathetic in outward manner, thought, privately, that she was a little too impressionable—as fine-natured women so often are.

Nevertheless, he could not help recalling that weird prophecy of Madge's.

Had she not possessed a wonderful knowledge of the future when she spoke of the baleful influence which Madeline Winter was likely to exercise on Gerald Vere!

Might there not be some occult and mysterious power residing in these clairvoyants which it passed the power of ordinary man to fathom?

He shall be turning superstitious myself next,' he thought, half uneasily, half-amused, 'if I have much more to do with these mysteries.'

I think she may be trusted not to go by herself.'

'Thank you, so much, Mr. Morewood. You are very good to me!' said Lillian, simply.

The next moment, Sir Gerald came back to the room, and the subject dropped.

To be Continued.

HOME FAILURES

And Serious Losses from Use of Common and Adulterated Dyes.

DIAMOND DYES

Are Used by All Wise and Economical Women.

The only pure, harmless and successful package dyes for home dyeing are the Diamond Dyes.

The imitation package dyes and the common soap grease mixtures are so largely adulterated with foreign substances that they are positively dangerous to use and handle. No lady who values her garments and materials will care to risk the coloring powers of these adulterated dyes. Suffice it to say, the colors are dull, muddy and lifeless, and cannot stand the most ordinary washing.

The Diamond Dyes have a long record of triumphs and well-done work that has never been equalled in the history of home dyes. In every part of the world they give delight and satisfaction, and are hailed as true money savers.

Easy, pleasant and profitable home dyeing is only possible with the tested and popular Diamond Dyes.

As there are still storekeepers who sell inferior package and soap grease dyes for the sake of long profits, see to it that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them. Every genuine package has the name "Diamond."

It is poor judgment to pay ten cents for adulterated dyes when you can get the guarantee Diamond Dyes for the same price.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for book of directions and sample card of 48 colors; free to any address.

To Impress the Neighbours.

A Lady who knows the working classes well informed the writer of one peculiar little weakness of a section of that portion of the community. 'There are some families,' she said, 'that care nothing about the comforts of the week provided they can make a show on Sundays. Their dearest ambition is to possess a relative owning at least a pony and trap, who will come to dinner on the Sabbath and leave the vehicle outside. This being so, I knew a man and his wife, owning a neat little turnout, who pretty well all the year around, had the Sunday's dinner free. Posing as relatives of people who desired to make their neighbours' mouths water, they drove out every Sunday and were welcomed as guests, the equivalent for such hospitality being found in the pleasing knowledge that the neighbours were certain to discuss the equipage kept standing at the door.'

ON A FRIEND'S RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Gampton Uses Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and Receives Instant Lasting Relief—Immediate Relief is What the Sufferer Wants—and Gets when Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Used. 'I was for a long time a great sufferer from heart trouble. I had palpitation and smothering accompanied by great weakness and painful spasms. I got very little relief from remedies, and doctors failed to give me real benefit. A friend of mine had used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it had been a great relief to her. I procured a bottle and it has proved a great blessing to me. I think it a great heart cure and heartily recommend it to all like sufferers. Mrs. Gampton, 46 Bishop Street, Toronto.'

Sound to Win.

The late Lord Glenelg was fond of telling the following story of Mr. Lebouchere, father of the first Lord Taunton, as illustrative of the enterprise necessary to the success of the poor but clever young man:

As a young man Lebouchere was employed in the great mercantile house of Hope.

When it came to marry, having discreetly made his own choice of the lady, he applied to Sir Francis Baring for leave to pay his addresses to his daughter. Sir Francis demurred, as Lebouchere, though a rising young man, had no fortune.

'But if Hope takes me into partnership?' said Lebouchere.

'Oh yes, if Hope takes you into partnership.'

Lebouchere then went to Hope, and intimated his wish for this arrangement. Hope in his turn demurred.

'But if I marry Baring's daughter?' said Lebouchere.

'Oh, if you marry Baring's daughter—'

Polly's Papa's Home-Coming.

'Are you a soldier?' The old man who sat facing the little girl looked at his wife and smiled encouragingly. 'Yes, I am a soldier.'

match. My dolly's rag, you know. It's a beautiful dolly. Grandma used to play with it when she was a little girl. It's named Polly, after her and me. Papa said he's got me a real war doll when he comes back. I wish he was back now—not for the doll though, she added with a little blush, 'but because I love him. He tells me such beautiful stories.'

The officials decided quietly to put his vigilance to the test. One day he was sent with four men to a railway station to receive from an incoming train a large amount of gold. They carried the gold to their delivery-wagon, but while they were putting it in, a bank detective, cleverly disguised in appearance, succeeded in snatching up a bag containing a thousand sovereigns, and walking away with it under his coat.



Truro, Oct. 14, to the wife of W. H. Buck, a son. Westport, Oct. 10, to the wife Eliza Titus, a daughter. Bear River, Sept. 30, to the wife of J. A. Crouse, a son.

Yarmouth, Oct. 19, Henry A. Jones to Marion Murray. Westville, Oct. 19, Edward Jenner to Elizabeth Thompson. Kentville, Oct. 12, by Rev. Mr. Gaste, Cecil Harris to Rosa Laundry.



Rain and Sleet Don't Injure THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT It's made for painting buildings—for painting them in the best way it's possible to paint them. It's made to withstand the destructive elements better than any other kind of paint, no matter what the other kind is made of or how it's made.

International Pier, Oct. 10, by Rev. F. Beattie, Harris E. Stuber to Mary A. McNeill. Short Beach, Oct. 18, by Rev. G. W. Macdonald, Mr. Bowman Shaw to Agnes J. Bethune.

DIED. Sandon, B. C. George H. Aitken. Kemp, Oct. 4, Mahalia Card, 86. Halifax, Oct. 17, John Esau, 86.

Star Line Steamers Fredericton. (Local Time.)

Main Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) 8.50 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John.

CHANGE OF SAILING. Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Oct. 29, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early morning.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 29th October, 1898 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Ficton and Halifax, Montreal, 7.00. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Ficton, 7.30. Express for Quebec, Montreal, 7.50.

EASY TO MAKE MISTAKES.

A Customer of the Bank of England Finds This to be True. On the day after the recent robbery of a bag of one thousand sovereigns from the Bank of England was announced, says a Companion correspondent, a depositor at a private banker's office near by expressed his opinion with great emphasis while transacting his own business.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Oct. 19, Henry A. Jones to Marion Murray. Westville, Oct. 19, Edward Jenner to Elizabeth Thompson. Kentville, Oct. 12, by Rev. Mr. Gaste, Cecil Harris to Rosa Laundry.